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A CUP OF TEA

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THE  
MAGAZINE  
OF  
ART

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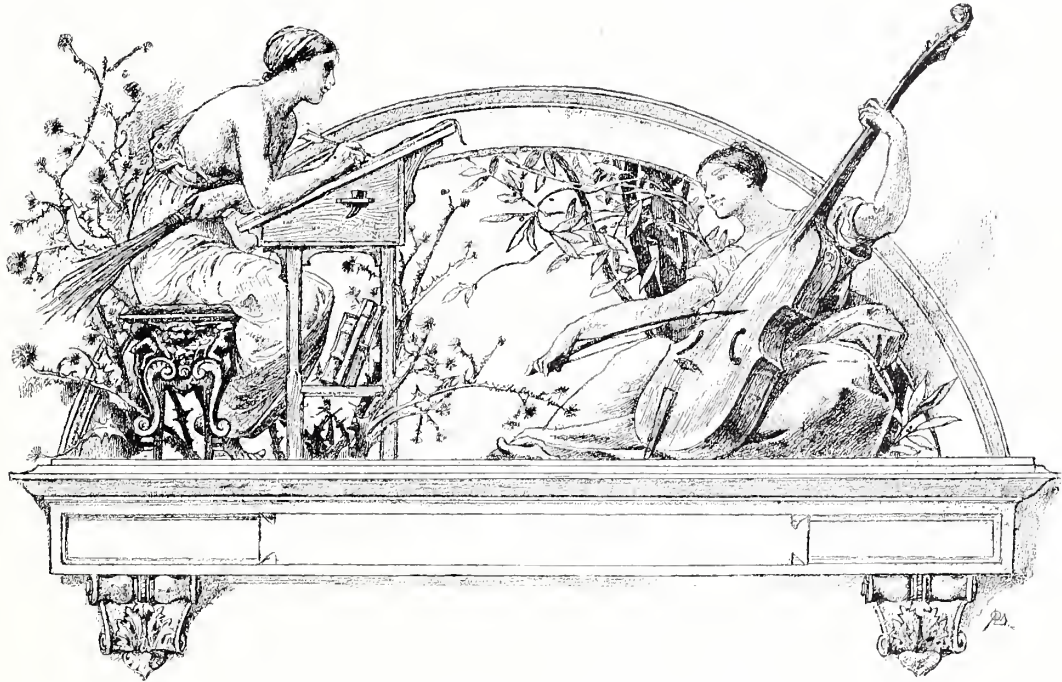
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# THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

## THE BUILDING UP OF A PICTURE.

BY THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

2, Holland Park Road, W.  
March 20, 1889.

DEAR MR. S—,—It strikes me that, as you take a serious interest in the subject of our conversation the other day, viz. my mode of procedure in the building up of a picture, and as possibly some of your younger readers may derive assistance from the knowledge of it, I may as well slightly amplify the information which I gave you orally on that occasion.

(a) I will take, for simplicity's sake, the case of a one-figure picture like the "Sybil," of which you have the studies. I may say in the first instance that in so simple a design (and, indeed, *sometimes* in a more complex one) the first mental conception is not necessarily committed to paper at all; and that the study from the model, or rather the study in the presence of the model, is in fact the first external operation. At that stage, as I told you, I put the figure before myself in the life, as exactly like what I wish ultimately to represent as is possible—like, I mean, in regard to *form* exclusively, *colour* being always treated more or

less ideally. I explained further that if in this first stage the figure is draped, it is partly on the ground that human beings do not move in the same way draped and undraped, and that also the bulk and material of the drapery in some degree necessarily modify the attitude and general appearance of the figure. Taking this first sketch as my starting-point, I

(b) draw a study of the figure in the nude. The next operation

(c) is the placing of the figure in its surroundings and establishing its exact relation to the canvas. The result is the first sketch of the entire design, figure and background, and is built up of the two previous ones. It must be absolutely exact 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 absolutely established, the *coloured* sketch is made. It is deferred till now because the exact *placing* of the colours is, of course, of as much importance as the harmony.

(d) The whole design being thus squared off



on the canvas, the nudes are painted in a warm monochrome from Nature, and with, as far as possible, the utmost precision. It is my aim, and one which I generally fairly achieve, never to depart by a hair's breadth from the outlines and forms thus obtained, over which, therefore, as you will understand, much care and thought must be once for all expended.

(6) I now take a sheet of brown paper and draw out on a larger scale than in the previous sketches, still in simple chalk outlines, the nude as painted from Nature on the canvas. (This is a vital point.)

(7) The draperies are now laid with infinite care on the living model, and 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; the larger designs being, of course, only an amplification of the smaller. These draperies have often to be drawn piecemeal, as the living model cannot by any means always retain the attitude sufficiently long for the design wholly to be carried out at one cast. The draperies are then drawn with the utmost care in black and white on the paper, tinted as I above said, with special reference to *painting*—that is to say, giving not only the form and light and shade, but the relation and “values” of tones. These draperies are drawn over and made to conform exactly to the forms copied from the nudes of the underpainted picture. This is a cardinal point, because in carrying out the picture the folds are found fitting mathematically on to the 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 be lost sight of. I should have said just now that the canvas itself is habitually prepared

with a grey tone, lightish or less light according to the subject in hand, and the effect to be obtained. The background and accessories being now added, the whole picture presents a more or less completed aspect, like, say, that of a print of very 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 again 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 composition, being, of course, as *completely drawn in monochrome as any other portion of the design*): or if I had to deal with rich blue mountains, it is possible that a strong orange wash or tint might be used as a bed. At this point, the structure of the picture being absolutely complete, and the effect being distinctly determined by a sketch which it is my whole, and often unsuccessful aim to equal, I have nothing to think of but the colour, with which I now proceed deliberately but rapidly.

These disjointed remarks, with the assistance of the drawings which you have, may, I think, or at all events hope, be of use to students who read your article in showing the method by which at least one artist finds it convenient to build up his picture.

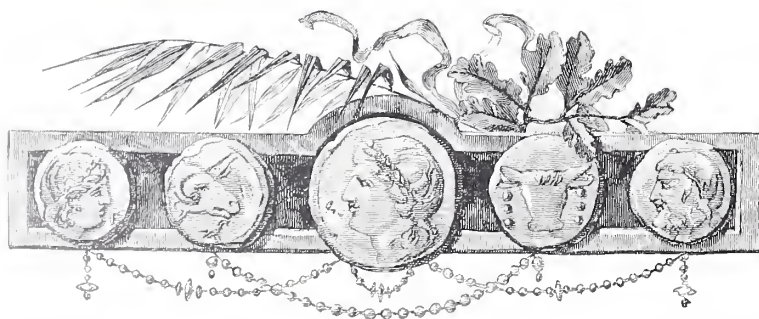
I should ask you, however, not to allow me to speak in the first person, for the reasons which I have given when you requested me to contribute to your paper.\*

Believe me,

Faithfully yours,

FRED. LEIGHTON.

\* The reasons here referred to—now, alas, no longer to be considered—consisted in the stereotyped refusal with which Lord Leighton was forced to meet the continual requests with which he was commonly deluged for addresses and contributions to newspapers and magazines.—EDITOR.





PENCIL STUDY

## ROBERT FOWLER: ARTIST.

BY EDWARD RIMBAULT DIBDIN.

FROM one end of Castle Street, Liverpool, the domed Town Hall looks proudly down to the dome of the Custom House, which closes the prospect. Round one are clustered the stately buildings in which banks, insurance offices, merchants, and brokers do their business; while the other is the centre for all those industries savouring of tar or brine that exist for the convenience of shipping. Midway, in the zone of differentiation, and upon the site of our mythical mediæval castle, is situated the studio which Mr. Robert Fowler, R.I., has occupied for nearly twenty years. There is nothing "æsthetic" in its surroundings; indeed, the immortal Mr. Postlethwaite would find the place unapproachable because of the blatant blast of discordant colour from a flag-shop window which adjoins the entrance. The stairway admits to various ship-offices, but from time to time a good many artists great and small have

inhabited the upper rooms of the building, and quaint chapters in the life of Bohemia might be culled from the lives of some previous tenants.

His painting-room is fairly spacious and bare of meditated adornment. Few of the accessible wall-spaces are without charcoal studies of the nude figure, drawn rapidly and without revision. In some the germs of long-since executed pictures are to be traced. So much of description must be forgiven me, for, broadly speaking, Mr. Fowler's artistic life has been passed in this room. Nay, more, it is a place in which many young men have been strongly influenced. It is one of Mr. Fowler's qualities to attract all sorts and conditions of artists, and his studio has long been a rendezvous for aspiring poets, prose-writers, musicians, and painters. It goes without saying that some of his cygnets develop into birds of a less noble strain; but, on the other hand, it would be



ROBERT FOWLER R.I.

(From the Painting by R. E. Morrison.)



difficult to name any notable person contributed by Liverpool to the service of the arts in recent years who has not been a frequenter of this unique school of disputation. To it come poets with their sonnets and tragedies, composers with their friendships of Wagner, pianists with their latest feats of keyboardism, painters with their newest designs. All are welcome and few go away without benefit; and the advantages are reciprocated. Mr. Fowler is

and a mother whose character was marked by sincerity and intensity, as well as that strong personal effectiveness which is a magnetic quality of genius. Born at Anstruther on the wild coast near the "East Neuk," and brought up there chiefly at an uncle's house (parents globe-trotting the while), the boy scarcely knew that the scheme of life included such a thing as art. This, however, made no difference. Mr. Fowler's earliest recollection is



STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

fully convinced of the wisdom of Solomon's axiom as to the sharpening of iron upon iron, and he never paints with such *brío* as when he is simultaneously hearing and criticising freely the productions of an author or composer, or the dexterities of a pianist. In this way he partakes of that social relaxation which, otherwise, he avoids. Apart from art and artists and domestic felicities, he has no use for his fellow-men.

It is to this all-round artistic equipment that Mr. Fowler is indebted for much of the distinction which characterises his work in the branch of art he practises. Whence he had it I cannot say: for those who exalt the Celtic genius it will be sufficient that he was born in the Kingdom of Fife, because, says the old saw, "If you're a Fifer, you're half a Highlander"—a pronouncement which is supported by the frequency of Gaelic place-names throughout the county. For parents he had a father who combined business aptitude with a roving disposition;

of an old-fashioned chimneypiece—painted a light colour—upon which he was in the habit of drawing with a lead-pencil; his indulgent aunt winking at the misdemeanour, and, indeed, encouraging it by having the panels cleaned once a week. Later, when drawing-book and paints were substituted, there seems to have been no opposition, and the aid of the "tawse" was not invoked even when the youngster got lumps of clay and invented the art of modelling for himself. On the settling down of Mr. Fowler the elder in Liverpool, his son was brought there, and placed at the Liverpool College, where he escaped much of the deadening effect of English education by getting other boys to do his lessons for him in consideration of drawings. At sixteen or thereabouts he was placed in a commercial office, where his success as a caricaturist caused such an increase in the stationery bill that his employer soon begged to be relieved of his services, remarking that the boy would never be of use at anything but





APOLLO.

(From the Painting by Robert Fowler, R.I.)





art, so the sooner he was put to it the better. The hint was taken, and Robert was sent to London, where he seems to have pursued his studies with much the same apparent disregard of routine and inward steadiness of aim as the youth who at one time in Anstruther lodged under the same roof with him—to wit, R. L. Stevenson. Mr. Fowler's own opinion is that he learned as much at this period at the British Museum as anywhere else;

pictures to Munich and Paris, and his art has been particularly well regarded in Germany. A recent issue of *Die Kunst unserer Zeit* was devoted to an appreciative monograph upon him by Herr Max Nonnenbruch, with excellent illustrations of a number of his most important pictures.

Mr. Fowler has arrived at what he is to-day after having burned incense on many altars. The gods and demigods of his polytheism are a very



STUDY FOR "AFTER MUSIC."

he drew from the antique there, and was particularly captivated by the Elgin marbles, of which he declares that he who once looks steadily at them is never the same man again. His chief relaxation was the gratification by constant attendance at concerts and operas of an intense curiosity in regard to music. At the Academy schools he got no further than being a probationer, for after some years in London his health gave way, and so he went into Yorkshire for a long period of rest and outdoor study, thence to Llandudno, where his health was at length so far re-established that about twenty years ago he determined to return to London. Liverpool lay in his way, and, dallying at home there, he drifted into taking a studio temporarily: he is there yet, and though he still talks periodically of completing the long-suspended journey, we all hope he will do nothing of the sort. His first pretentious picture was produced in 1876, and since then he has been a constant exhibitor in London, Liverpool, or elsewhere. Latterly he has sent

respectable band—he has no need to be ashamed of any one of them. From Walker, Albert Moore, Leighton, Mr. Watts, and Mr. Whistler he has taken what he wanted: in landscape as many more have paid him toll; and in the combination of figure with landscape, as well as a characteristic perception of lovely qualities of colour, he stands indebted to that wayward, subtle artist, Mr. David Woodlock, who seems to take as much pains to avoid due recognition as others to obtain it. It was from him that Mr. Fowler first had that bias towards Japanese pictorial ideas which has significantly enlarged his artistic aims. In his beginnings Mr. Fowler inclined to be classical, and so he remains to this day, though with such a substantial difference that few classicists would be prepared to accept him as belonging to their camp, because of the strange guise in which the desired thing appears. For the same reason the open arms of welcome are as little likely to meet him on the other side, because he pursues the elusive mysteries of aerial colour, and



every delicacy and refinement of tonal relation (be-  
 gotten or his incessant painting of open-air studies of  
 light) on canvases which abound with allusion to classic

club rooms. Such artistic fellowship as he has comes  
 to him by affinity, and he usually is the inspirer,  
 not the inspired. Another cause of Mr. Fowler's  
 aloneness is the unusual combina-  
 tion in him of landscape painter and  
 man of literary ideas. In the studio  
 he rarely paints landscape pure and  
 simple, which seems a pity to those  
 who have the privilege of looking  
 through the piles of swift sketches  
 in oil-colour he usually brings back  
 as the result of going into the  
 country for a rest. The freshness,  
 modernity, subtle colour, and spark-  
 ling suggestiveness of touch in these  
 studies almost provoke regret that  
 he has too well furnished an imagin-  
 ation to be a landscape painter. Yet,  
 after all, perhaps this is what, in his  
 own peculiar fashion, he is.

For what are his pictures but  
 landscapes seen with a Greekish eye,  
 which gives to every tree its dryad,  
 every stream its nymphs; which sees  
 the passing of glorious gods and  
 goddesses in every gleaming shaft of  
 sunlight, Pan piping ever among the  
 sedges, centaurs prancing across the  
 plains, tritons and mermaids riding  
 gleefully on each rolling breaker of  
 the sonorous sea? The persons de-  
 picted belong to the landscape setting  
 rather than it to them, and yield up  
 their individualities of colour to the  
 paramount tone-scheme of the scene.  
 A reproduction in black and white  
 can no more show this adequately  
 than it can suggest the peculiar tech-



THE VOICE OF SPRING.

nical methods employed in brushing on the pigments.  
 The illustrations given, however, sufficiently show  
 the unusual balance held between the parts of the  
 picture and the memorable thoughtfulness, vigour,  
 and truth of the landscape design. It might be said  
 that the god Pan he is so fond of representing is  
 an emblem of Mr. Fowler's art, which is in sympathy  
 with all things in Nature. In some recent pictures  
 one observes evidences of a growing regard for the  
 possibilities of what are conveniently called pre-  
 historic times—strange mountain forms, trees, and  
 reptiles that might belong to a past geological  
 period, lakes, in whose sullen depths the kraken  
 is surely lurking, and uncouth human beings with  
 matted hair and wild regard from which no soul  
 looks out. The nearest approach to this among  
 the pictures reproduced here is seen in "The Voice  
 of Spring."

fable and romantic story, with allegory, symbolism,  
 idealisation, and consciously decorative design. The  
 characteristics that make Mr. Fowler so difficult to  
 assign to any set category, any accepted school, are  
 partly due, no doubt, to the peculiar isolation in  
 which he has always worked. To be in Liverpool  
 at the present time in itself sufficiently cuts an  
 imaginative artist off from free communion with  
 those who are working in the same field with similar  
 aims. Still more solitary is an artist in Liverpool  
 who, like Mr. Fowler, evades free intercourse with  
 all and sundry, preserving his own atmospheric en-  
 velope almost as intact as George Eliot hers, while  
 jealously guarded from chill draughts of criticism,  
 or the miasma of philistinism by the faithful George  
 Henry Lewes. It is a favourite legend of the Liver  
 Sketching Club that during the year when Mr.  
 Fowler was its president he was never seen in the



The latest stage of Mr. Fowler's development, to which almost all our illustrations belong, is only a few years old. It succeeded a period in which he devoted himself chiefly to water-colour, and produced many fine things, full of jewelled colour, illustrating such themes as the Death of Virginia, Prospero and Caliban, Soerates and Xanthippe, the Death of Soerates, and the Witch of Atlas. This period of

ceased to be, but its purpose was attained, for, after all, it was but the gestation of Mr. Fowler's new departure. It is unfortunate for his fame that as yet comparatively little of his maturest work has been seen in this country; much of it has gone direct to Germany and remained there, and the only important example that has been seen at Burlington House is "The Coming of Apollo," his largest



THE ENCHANTED \*GLADE.

aquarelle culminated soon after his election as a member of the Institute in a life-size recumbent "Sleep," in a landscape composition measuring some eight feet long, shown there in 1893. When the art of Mr. Hornel and other Glasgow painters made such a stir in Liverpool that the echoes of it even reached to the quiet back rooms of South Castle Street, Mr. Fowler returned to oil, and forthwith from his brain there sprang into brief existence a sort of secret society which had for its purpose the Quest of the New Beauty. I remember one or two delightfully mysterious nocturnal meetings in Mr. Fowler's studio, to which some half-dozen kindred spirits brought the results of their trial explorations. We examined them painfully by bad lamplight, as Mr. Fowler expounded the new gospel (making it up as he proceeded), while Mr. Woodloek kept up a fire of criticism from a sofa in the obscurest corner, and Mr. Morrison occasionally interjected fragments of the lore of Parisian schools. The society soon

effort. In a work exhibited at the Royal Academy this year Mr. Fowler shows that he has by no means come to the end of his inspiration—indeed, the picture seems to me likely to be one of the finest of his imaginative works. The landscape, studied in the Conway Valley, is transmuted to a bosky glade in sunny Greece:

" Deep in the shady sadness of a vale  
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,  
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star."

Here, amid tangled greenery, stands a girl—one of the most gracious figures the artist has imagined—gazing with a fascination akin to terror on a weather-worn terminal image of the Gorgon Medusa. One is impressed first by the rich and harmonious chord of colour, then by the winning suavity of design, last of all by the half-suggested reference to myth—the momentary glimpse into Arcadia from which each for himself may weave a story half



hinted at in the fortunate title, "Some Enchantment Old, Whose Spells have Stolen my Spirit."



ARIEL.

(Reproduced from the Original Painting in the Possession of the Corporation of Liverpool.)

This, so far as I have observed, is the order in which Mr. Fowler's pictures come into being. Given the germ-idea, the first business of the painter is to realise its emotional colour. From this form emerges, like contrapuntal order from the first chromatic improvisings of the creative musician: and last of all the full expression of the germ-idea is attended to. Then, like the musician still, the painter sits down more coolly before his accomplished work, to cogitate on its exact relation to articulate thought, to wrangle upon it with whomsoever may happen there, until in some pigeon-hole of his well-stuffed mind an absolutely fitting line or phrase is found. Sometimes Mr. Fowler has been fortunate enough to have a poet handy at the baptismal hour. Among others who have served him

thus is Mr. William Watson, who supplied admirable epigrams for several of the important pictures of his water-colour period. Such a picture as the one I have just described affects me much in the same way as a memorable passage by, say, Schubert: in which the witchery of harmonic colour seizes the imagination even before the sweet melodic progressions are unfolded, and long before the mind can disengage itself for the effort of thinking about the creator's meaning. Even if you should afterwards escape the spell enough to be coldly critical, and should discover some perversity of drawing, you are as little inclined to cavil as would a lover of Schubert at that master's inability to write a double fugue with pedantic propriety.

Other works that illustrate this distinctive quality of Mr. Fowler's latest period include his "Eye and the Voices," one of the two pictures by him in the permanent collection of the Liverpool Corporation, his "After Music" and "The Enchanted Glade," which are now owned by the well-known collector, Herr Seeger, of Berlin. One feels, in looking at these, that



STUDY FOR "LILITH."

Mr. Fowler's imagination, after beating the air in all directions for his ideal with a passionate desperation equal to that of d'Albert, has at last found it. They hold in perfect solution some of the best qualities of Japanese art, and at the same time utilise the painter's powerful instinct for landscape beauty, his literary equipment and his unusual knowledge of music. He has worked out for himself the axiom that "Nature is a purely anthropomorphic conception to be used by the artist with perfect freedom," and in this connection styles himself an "optionalist." The technique does not cry out for notice; there are none of the lumps and trowel-marks of a certain lusty order of executants, but yet Mr. Fowler is an undoubted technician. His finished surfaces have a mysterious elusiveness as of paint softly blown on the canvas, which is all the more difficult to understand after having seen their first state of swiftly-smear'd brush-marks of crude, violent colour.

Such pictures are peculiarly ill-adapted for reproduction in monotype, even by the most expressive methods, but those which are selected for illustration here retain, even when so reduced, sufficient of their significance to convey a tolerably definite idea of the character of Mr. Fowler's imagination and of his conceptions of pictorial design. The "Ariel," which is the first picture by the artist purchased for the Liverpool Galleries, dates from 1890, and belongs to the end of his earlier period, as appears in its more conventional composition, its definiteness, and its frank exposition of a well-known passage of poetry. Here the painter keeps strictly within his recognised province as an illustrator of a poet's conception; it is quite otherwise in the "Eve and the Voices" of four years later. I believe (though doubtless Mr. Fowler would contradict me with characteristic vivacity of denial) that the germ-idea of this picture originated in talk about the "Eve" of Mr. Greiffenhagen—that sumptuously imagined "fit mother of mighty nations" who seemed to belong to Greek mythology (Dutch edition) rather than to Biblical story. Mr. Fowler's Eve presents the complete antithesis of the other's ample contours and quiet unconsciousness of aspect. She is a nineteenth century Eve, who with neurotic introspectiveness lies dreaming troubled day-dreams of the future in the midst of an appropriately occidental Eden. As the last subtle stanza of Mr. Charles Dyal's poem on the picture has it—

"The present wonder, and more wondrous fate,  
As portents glisten in her troubled eyes;  
But, ah! no earthly wisdom can translate  
What good or ill unfathomed in them lies."

The order is changed: the poet now follows the painter. Such an Eve in such an Eden was surely never before imagined! Mr. Fowler here is no longer a mere illustrator, but has added the part of thinker in symbols to his equipment. Apart from the main allegory the picture is full of incidental symbolism—even the moist, opalescent river-mist that veils the landscape has its contributory significance. In Mr. R. E. Morrison's memorable portrait-picture of Mr. Fowler one sees most clearly that very habitual mood of mind which has given birth to such pictures as "Eve and the Voices," and the weirdly fantastic "The Enchanted Glade" which has no relation to any story at all but what you may read into it. There are other moods, not least remarkable of them that of humorous fantasy, which is illustrated in the highly-original poster designed in 1895 for the Liverpool Autumn Exhibition—one of several very clever and effective things of the sort done by Mr. Fowler. Yet another mood, and perhaps the most admirable, is that which brings forth the placidly sensuous beauty of such compositions as "Stars of the Summer Night" and "After Music," which latter is, I think, the most beautiful picture Mr. Fowler has yet painted—excepting, perhaps, the unfinished work I have mentioned, which bids fair to run it very closely for the first place.

Mr. Fowler's full recognition has probably been retarded by his residence in Liverpool; retarded even there, for provincial opinion looks humbly to the metropolis for guidance, and the metropolis, having a family big enough of its own to look after, is excusably slow in discovering talents not affiliated to any of its own associations. Like the silver-smith's spoons, genius must be hall-marked in London before we dare accept it unquestioningly as being of precious metal. Mr. Fowler, however, is now a member of the Royal Institute: metropolitan criticism begins to be conscious of his existence, and his sudden successes in Munich and Berlin promise to react in this country. Few painters of the day are so ready to be discovered as he—so fully equipped with intelligence, enthusiasm, imagination, versatility, and technical facility for the toilsome climb towards Fame's highest pinnacles.



## THE NEW DECORATION OF ST. PAUL'S BY SIR W. B. RICHMOND, R.A.

BY ALFRED LYS BALDRY

THERE are not many among modern decorative undertakings which can be said to approach in importance the work that is being carried out by

successfully accomplished, is by itself an effort of which any artist might legitimately feel proud, for it is a record, excellently expressed, of intelligent appreciation of what is appropriate, and of strenuous labour to overcome in the right way difficulties inseparable from work on a large scale and in an unaccustomed medium. But it is also extremely instructive on account of the manner in which it not only foreshadows the decorative completion of the entire building, but also sets the key in which the general harmony must be finally carried out. To deal with the choir as an independent fact would be an artistic mistake. At present, circumstances impose upon it an apparently separate interest; it affords the first proof of the spirit and intention of the many art-lovers whose minds are exercised by the long continued neglect of St. Paul's Cathedral; but as time goes on and the necessity for indefatigably pushing on a work which has already been too long delayed becomes more widely appreciated, the inclination to set it apart must give way to a larger and more generous view.

It can certainly not be said of Sir William that in his treatment of the choir he has forgotten the needs of the whole cathedral. He has allowed no limitation of his idea and no use of principles applicable only to a partial scheme to hamper the possibility of treating the great interior in the right way. On the contrary, what he has already done has been really in the nature of a judicious preparation for what is to follow. He has laid a



CARTOONS FOR THE MOSAICS.  
(Photographed in Sir W. B. Richmond's Studio.)

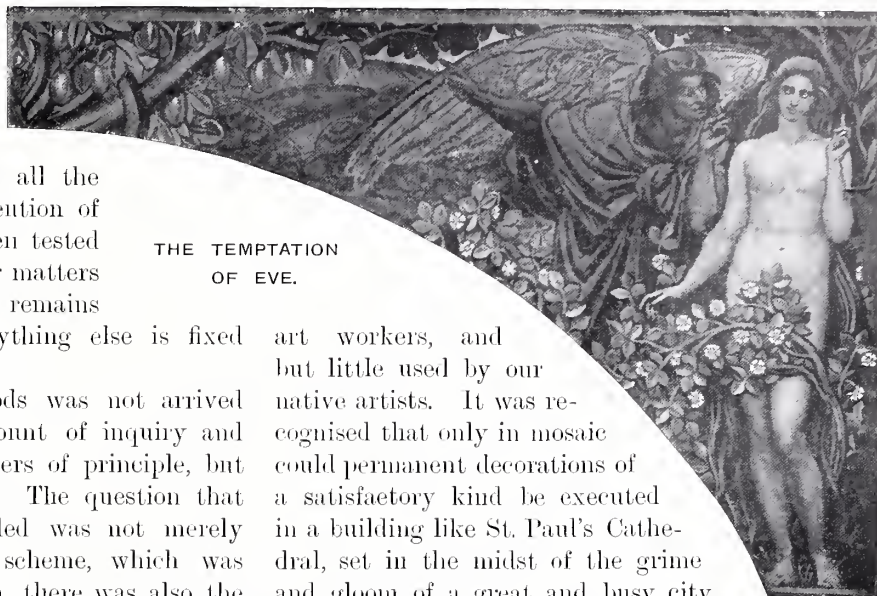
Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., in St. Paul's Cathedral. Even the comparatively small section of the whole design which has now been completed is to be regarded as a memorable achievement, valuable not merely on account of its independent interest and artistic meaning, but especially because of its significance as an earnest of ultimate perfection. The adornment of the choir, which has been

foundation, and on it has now to be built up a splendid superstructure. This foundation, in view of the great edifice which it is destined to carry, has necessarily been treated with all possible care. It is elaborate, perfected in all its details, full of ingenious devising, and an embodiment of endless experiment and many experiences. But the very care with which it has been laid makes the



subsequent operations the more certain. There is little now over which there is any cause for hesitation. All the facts of the work are known, and all the ways of setting about the execution of what is to come next have been tested and settled. It is only in minor matters of artistic treatment that there remains any room for variation; everything else is fixed and decided.

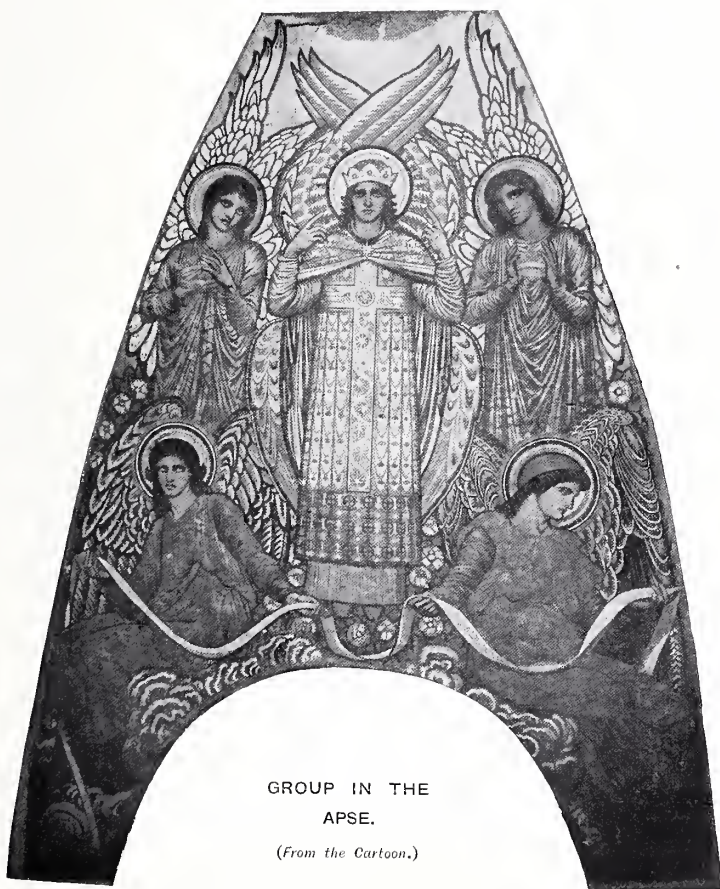
This decision as to methods was not arrived at without a very serious amount of inquiry and investigation, not only in matters of principle, but as well in details of practice. The question that had at the outset to be settled was not merely the devising of a decorative scheme, which was capable of the fullest extension, there was also the more complicated scheme of practical execution to work out and perfect. This latter part of the undertaking was made more difficult by the fact that the medium in which the artist had



THE TEMPTATION  
OF EVE.

art workers, and but little used by our native artists. It was recognised that only in mosaic could permanent decorations of a satisfactory kind be executed in a building like St. Paul's Cathedral, set in the midst of the grime and gloom of a great and busy city. But the trouble that had at once to be faced was a very serious one. Sir William, judiciously enough, took exception to the pictorial mosaic which has become fashionable in modern times. He felt that what merely professed to be imitation, as exact as the limitations of the medium would permit, of picture painting on canvas was quite unsuited for the adornment of the large spaces at great altitudes which were presented to him in the cathedral. Such work was too lifeless, and too mechanical, to be well adapted for the particular purpose in view. He required something far more robust, and more exactly calculated to produce the right effect among important architectural surroundings. So he decided to revert to a more primitive style, and to seek in the less laborious methods of the Byzantine school a type of expression which would accord with the particular needs of the undertaking to which he was committed.

In coming to this decision, he was, as the result proves, unquestionably judicious, but at the moment he found himself in no small difficulty. He was anxious that all the work should be executed by British workmen, and he intended that it should be done in the manner that he felt was most suitable. But the workmen were hard to find, and those that were finally discovered had only had a very limited amount of practice, and that in the very class of mosaic which he wished above everything to avoid. Two members of the staff of Messrs. Powell, to which firm was entrusted the



GROUP IN THE  
APSE.

(From the Cartoon.)

from the first decided that the work should be carried out was one comparatively novel to British



preparation of the materials for the decoration, had, it chanced, already carried out a panel in glass mosaic, and thus gained that experience. However,

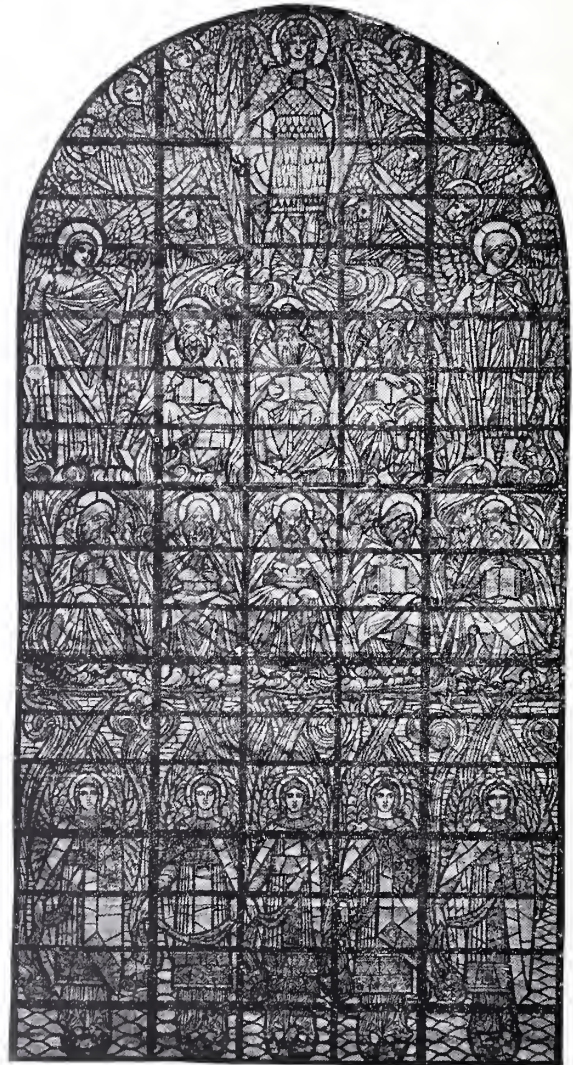


THE PERSIAN SIBYL  
(From the Cartoon.)

with them and some half-dozen others who were from time to time added to the group of workers Sir William commenced his operations. Of course this meant that he had not only to invent his decorative scheme, but also the way in which it was to be accomplished: and that he had as well to train his whole staff of executants from practically the very beginning. Even the mechanical details, such matters as the best shape for the tessere, the number of colours necessary for producing a proper effect, and the nature and composition of the cement by which they were to be attached to the wall surface, were by no means capable of immediate arrangement. A long course of experiments was necessary to settle these and kindred questions; and it was only after numerous experiments and by many modifications based upon troublesome experience, that the way of arriving at the best

results without waste of time and effort was finally fixed. When these experiments were, however, concluded, he found himself in possession of a valuable store of practical knowledge, tested in every possible way, and adapted for the overcoming of all the difficulties which he was likely to meet in carrying out his great undertaking; and he also saw himself surrounded with a body of assistants upon whom he could depend. The skill which his workers then possessed was the immediate result of his own training, perfected under his supervision, and established, by his constant explanation of the why and wherefore of every detail of practice, upon a secure basis of intelligent appreciation of what was required for the efficient completion of the scheme he had devised.

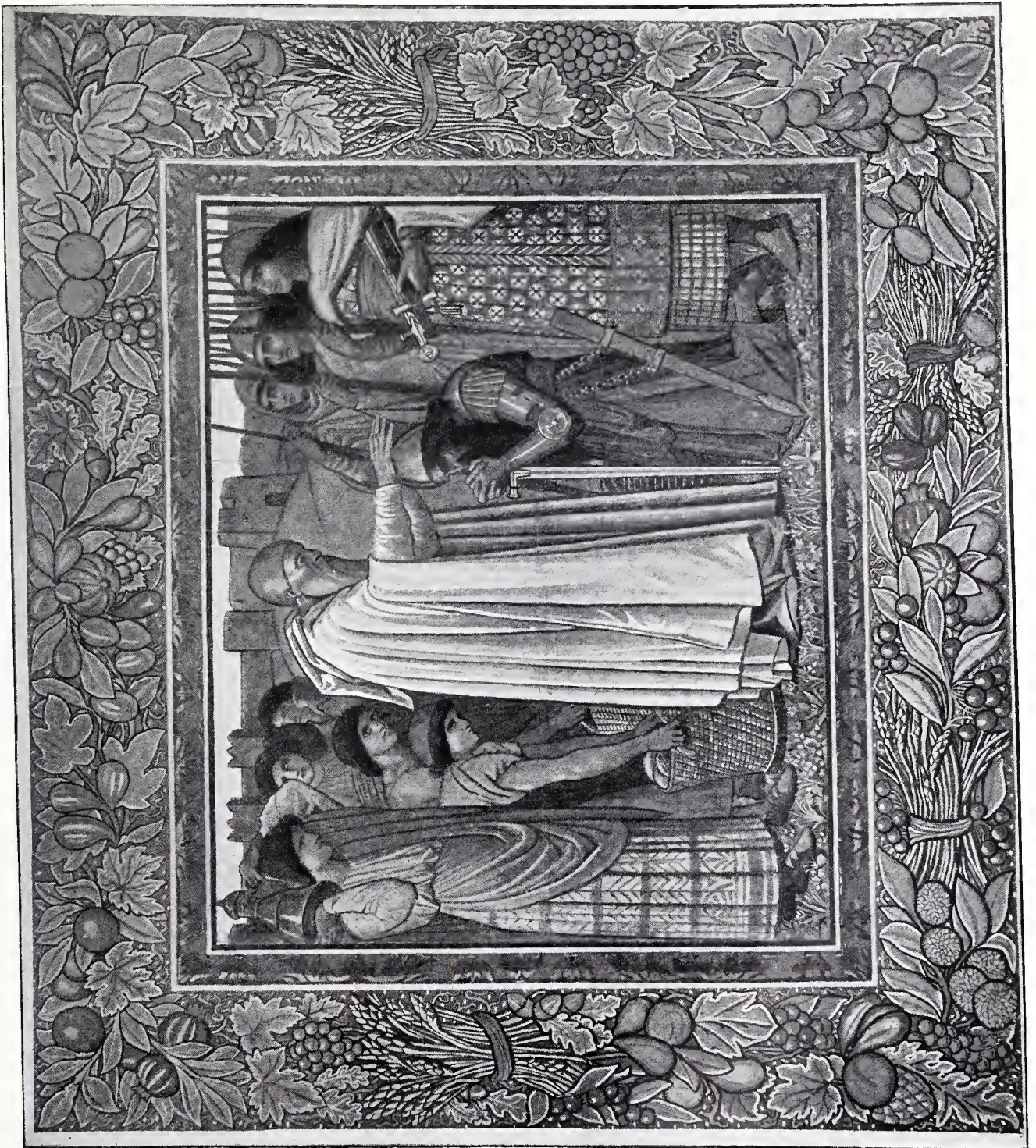
What was arrived at during this educational



A WINDOW IN THE CHANCEL.

stage of the proceedings had a very important bearing upon the work that followed. Not only





MELCHIZEDEK.  
(From the Cartoon at South Kensington Museum.)



were the stability and permanence of the mosaics assured by the successful contrivance of a cement which would retain its elasticity long enough to make the placing of the tesserae a matter of certainty, and yet would, in no great period of time, harden

offer themselves for treatment are at considerable distances from the eye of the spectator, simple chromatic statement is by no means likely to prove successful. Sir William found very early in his preliminary labours that a system of curious

juxtapositions and accentuations would have to be followed, and that this system would have to be constantly varied in its details to meet the difficulties presented by the absence of any common conditions under which the many available spaces could be treated. Where the decorations could be seen only by reflected light, a particular class of colour application was necessary, an arrangement in many respects unlike that which was possible where the incidence of the light was direct and the amount of it unlimited. Projections, too, needed to be managed with discretion, lest their relief should be exaggerated; and in depressions the mean between blankness and excessive elaboration had to be most judiciously arrived at.

All these conflicting points were only settled by the



CENTRAL FIGURE AS IT APPEARS IN THE APSE.

(Photographed from the Mosaic.)

so absolutely as to be impossible to remove except by the most violent means; but the character also and the effect of the decorations were definitely settled by the exact adjustment of the range and variation of colour permitted by the materials at his disposal. The colour question was, perhaps, the most difficult of all. In a building like St. Paul's Cathedral, where the spaces to be decorated are lighted in all sorts of ways, and the surfaces that

use of a very elastic system of colour distribution. It was found in practice that the manner in which colours in contact influenced one another had to be taken very seriously into account, and that very much depended upon the character and strength of the outline by which the forms in the designs were defined. Insufficient separation of the various masses not only caused a want of clearness in these forms, but produced as well a mixing of the colours



which reduced their individual value and brought the effect of the whole dangerously near a monochrome. So a constant watch had to be kept upon the work in progress, and every tendency which threatened to become dangerous had to be vigorously counteracted. For instance, white in any quantity was quickly seen to be unsuitable on account of the optical effect which it has of spreading and obliterating or modifying colours close beside it. Silver has a similar quality of greying the whole harmony into which it is introduced, and has the additional disadvantage of being very dark in places where it does not gleam in a direct light. Strong yellow greens hardly tell as they should unless they are surrounded with a thick line of red or warm brown; and burnished gold has an effect, like silver, of shining excessively in light and becoming in shadow disproportionately dark. Knowledge of all these pitfalls was necessary before any safe method of working could be arrived at, and on this knowledge had to be built up the more subtle experiences upon which depended the proper application of all the other colours. There was almost as much to test

and settle in these minor matters. The modification of a colour mass by the outline was a practical fact upon which great stress had to be laid. A red outline makes blue purple; a blue or a red environment gives to greys of any shade a strong tinge of its own hue; pale pink loses its value unless outlined with red; black round a blue mass accentuates the blue and prevents its modification by an adjoining colour. Even a flat gold background requires to be humoured, for its force would be greatly reduced if in the spaces between the tessere

a white cement appeared instead of a red one. To codify and reduce to order such a series of minute matters necessitated, as may be well imagined, almost endless consideration and a really vast amount of contriving; and hardly any better evidence of



CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE  
APSE

(From the Cartoon.)

the devotion both of the artist himself and his assistants could be found than is supplied by the fact that in the face of all difficulties the first division of the work has been carried through in a fashion fully appropriate, and with a degree of success quite proportionate to the greatness of the opportunity.

Another vital secret of the success which has been achieved by Sir William and those working under his direction is explained by his assertion of the importance of executing the actual work



on the spot. Mosaics of the modern type are too often prepared in sections in a distant workshop, and then fastened together section by section on the wall space which they are intended to decorate. Under such a system no living appropriateness is



A PANEL IN THE CHOIR.

possible, and an almost inevitable absence of artistic agreement results between the work done and the position in which it is permanently seen. In the case of the St. Paul's mosaics only one pair of spandrels was, at the very commencement, treated in this way, and the unsuitability of the method was made vividly apparent to the artist himself directly the sections were put into place. So strongly was he convinced that such a manner of working had failed to give him what he was aiming at, that he had extensive alterations made in these spandrels as soon as they were fixed; and from that time onward no part of the permanent translation of his designs was carried out anywhere except in the Cathedral, and actually on the wall itself. By this precaution he saved himself from the annoying necessity of revising his final statement, and gave himself the valuable opportunity of altering and adapting, during the actual progress of the work, any details in which conditions of situation, juxtaposition, or lighting necessitated a special manner of treatment. He was able, too, to consider systematically, as he watched each part growing towards completion, what was desirable to bring the existing details of the building into agreement with the new features that were being introduced. Everything under this system proceeded naturally and in proper sequence; nothing was done in haste or under misapprehension of its bearing upon the whole; so that what is now open to our inspection in the Cathedral is a logical and consistent production, the outcome of dominating circumstances, and valuable

because it expresses the spirit of the locality rather than the abstract conclusions of a particular artist. Artistically, this is the great characteristic of the St. Paul's decoration: it is impressive by its completeness and by the skill with which it has been adapted to the peculiarities of the Cathedral. It has, too, both in subject-matter and in style, a welcome reticence and dignified reserve—qualities of incalculable value in a building where any hint of triviality or poverty of intention would have been painfully jarring and inappropriate. Neither in choice of motives nor in his manner of treating them has Sir William committed himself to anything like matter-of-fact realism, and yet he has avoided those symbolical conventions which have done so much to limit the scope of ecclesiastical art. He has steered a wise middle course, which has left him free to deal faithfully with natural forms and yet has not denied to him full opportunity to turn to account those formalities of line and mass arrangement which have a helpful effect in the formulating of a serious decorative scheme. He has, indeed, varied his manner as the occasion demanded. The windows, too, of the choir, and those which have been added in other parts of the Cathedral, are purely formal, line and colour arrangement designed to be in exact accord with the mosaics. The idea which runs all through the work is to arrive at harmonious uniformity without the sacrifice of those essential variations by which alone the suggestion of vitality



THE CREATION OF THE BIRDS.

and well sustained interest can be given. Nothing seems mechanical or perfunctory; we feel instead that both the initiating artist and those who have laboured to carry out his intentions have the right kind of enthusiasm in their work, and have striven their utmost to show worthily their appreciation of the greatness of the occasion.

NOTE.—All the illustrations in this article are from photographs by Mr. F. Hollyer.

## METROPOLITAN SCHOOLS OF ART: HARROW SCHOOL.

### A NOTABLE EXPERIMENT.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

ALTHOUGH the art school of Harrow is but a departmental section of Harrow School itself; although none but pupils of the great College on the Hill are eligible for instruction there; and although—if I judge it aright—the ultimate aim

there than that entertained by the average school-master throughout the kingdom. But about that time Mr. W. Egerton Hine was appointed art master, and apparently carried with him the enthusiasm for art and not a little of the force of



FIG. 1.—HARROW ART SCHOOL

of this model institution is less the practice than the appreciation of art (a point to which I return later on), the inclusion in these pages of this young but promising training-place among the *ateliers* of the Metropolis needs no apology. The importance of the experiment, which is now, in fact, fast passing from that elementary stage, as well as the interest of the details which together constitute its importance, render an examination of its origin and its working of more likely profit to the reader than the consideration of nine out of ten of the ordinary art schools established and conducted on the well-known lines.

It is, of course, too soon to judge by results how far the art school of Harrow has succeeded in the objects it set out to achieve, for no more than five years ago the view of art education held there seems to have been little higher or broader

character that marked his distinguished father—H. G. Hine, one of the greatest water-colour painters England has produced. He appealed to the Governors and the Headmaster against the relative neglect which art suffered at all schools, at Harrow as elsewhere; and reminding them that art should be considered as something more than a mere “subject” in the curriculum, and was capable of the highest utility in the development of the character and intellect, he claimed sympathy with the view that the teaching of it should be treated with proper seriousness of aim and effort. Fair conditions were asked for, and were readily granted. A small room was hired and a sum of money was allowed for the purchase of casts and models, and Art was set up upon her pedestal on a level with Science and Music. This practical form of sympathy produced





FIG. 2.—CLASS AT WORK.

in Harrow at once a strong impression; but I am bound to say, as a result of observation on the spot—though I am willing to be convinced that I have misjudged appearances—that music is still the favoured sister-art. The feeling is, I imagine, “singing first and drawing afterwards”; the former, by reason of the more immediate and pleasing results, being the more popular. For it does not yet appear to be universally recognised that the technical excellence arrived at by the pupils in art at least equals, if it does not excel, artistically considered, that achieved in music.

Not less than the Headmaster, the assistant masters encouraged, in so far as they could, the novel scheme of granting to art the opportunity of advancing towards its logical development. Before long, the greatest number of pupils for drawing and painting ever known in Harrow were crowding into the room; and as soon as they were made to feel that elementary art instruction could be so placed before them that there was little actual mystery in the acquisition of it, the boys responded with evident interest; and, it is to be supposed, the strange suspicion inherent in most English lads, that the arts are effeminate and

not worthy of entirely serious attention at the hands of boys and men, gradually disappeared. So promising became the outlook, and so widely was the idea of supplementary private tuition taken up by the parents of many of the boys, that a further step was felt to be necessary. The happy idea of calling upon the patriotism of an old Harrovian to found a building for art-teaching worthy of its dignity occurred to Mr. Bosworth Smith, who thereupon laid the suggestion before Mr. Henry Yates Thompson, at one time head of the school. Mr. Thompson responded immediately, and with characteristic munificence gave £4,000 towards the building and its equipment, on the condition that the governors provided the site and added £1,000 to the funds. In 1896 the inadequacy of the previous arrangements, which had to a great extent crippled the efforts of the art master, made way for what is, so far as I am aware, the finest art school in any public school in England, Rugby and Wellington not excepted. Nay, more; I know of none more perfectly adapted to its purpose, more completely appointed, or more worthily equipped. The building—designed by Mr. William Marshall, characteristic in



FIG. 3.—AFTER A DEMONSTRATION

style, and a good example of late-Victorian architecture—stands upon the brow of Grove Hill, next to the great Speech Room. It contains one large studio, forty feet square and over thirty feet high. It is divided on the north side into three separate studios by long curtains and screens, and each of these divisions is lit by a large window seventeen feet high by nine feet wide. These bays are used for advanced drawing and painting; the centre of the room, receiving light from all three windows, is used for class-teaching. From a large upper gallery along the south side, backed by sliding doors, the art master's studio, an excellent room, is reached. These details are here given, as the arrangement of such a school is of high importance; and who knows but that it may haply come to the mind of one of my readers to help his old school with just such



FIG. 4.—PEN-AND-INK DRAWING.  
(By G. L. Watson, aged 16.)

a signal service as that which Mr. Yates Thompson has rendered Harrow?

The system adopted is at once intelligent and effective, and accordingly appeals to the intelligence and the sympathy of the scholars. That other conditions prevail in many schools the reader need hardly be reminded—nay, “stippling for breadth at South Kensington” was at one time a standing witticism much enjoyed by students of a former day. Perhaps the common-sense course was the more necessary at Harrow, inasmuch as there, as at most public schools, drawing is for the greater number of pupils not compulsory; indeed, only a certain proportion of the Fourth forms is obliged to take drawing in class, singing being taken as an alternative by the remainder. Not more than ninety boys are in the compulsory classes, while about sixty from all other parts of the school take up



FIG. 5.—APPLICATION OF MARGUERITE TO CIRCULAR TILE.  
(By C. H. Green, aged 15.)



FIG. 6.—APPLICATION OF MARGUERITE TO CIRCULAR TILE.  
(By F. Harrild, aged 14.)



the study of art voluntarily as a special subject—these boys giving up their leisure time freely, each having not less than two lessons a week, and some as many as four or five: beyond which number they cannot go.

The voluntary boys come up in batches of from

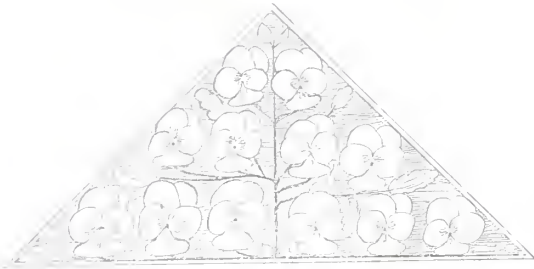


FIG. 7. ADAPTATION OF THE PANSY TO A GIVEN SPACE.  
(By E. W. Swan, aged 14.)

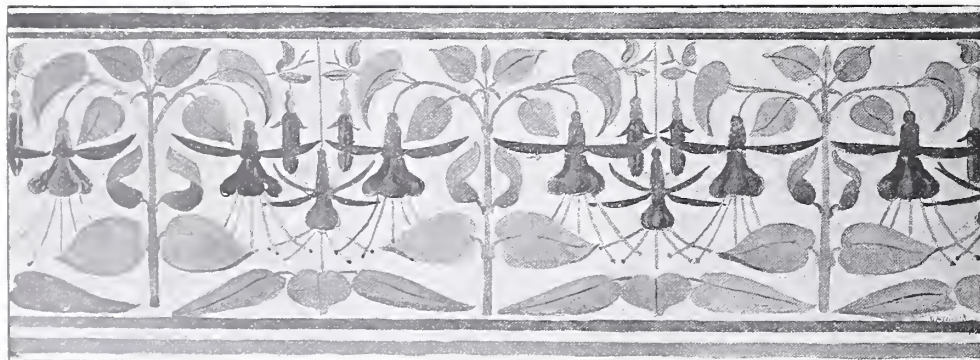
two to eight at a time, and are variously occupied, while the same subject is taken by the classes, consisting of about thirty boys each. To these the lesson is explained from the platform verbally and by demonstration on the blackboard, and every drawing is criticised and to some extent corrected in forty minutes; and the next five minutes are

a variety of objects; copying from the flat—usually on a different scale—in order to cultivate firmness of line: flower- and plant-drawing, each boy having his



FIG. 8.—APPLICATION OF THE PANSY TO A GIVEN SPACE.  
(By L. J. Wallis, aged 15.)

own separate specimens in a bottle hung to the front rail of his desk. Elementary design is also taught,



FIGS. 9, 10. DESIGNS FOR BORDERS: THE FUCHSIA.  
(By D. A. Nightingale, aged 16.)

occupied with preparations for the class following, so that no time be wasted in class-teaching.

The subjects taken in class are freehand, from

generally based upon the flower studies already made, aided by demonstrations on the blackboard. Drawing from memory is part of the course of study, the

object being first shown to the class, its construction explained, and its proportion and the direction of the attention of the boys and forces them to think. Plane geometry is also taught in class—a useful



FIG. 11.—DESIGN FOUNDED ON THE COLUMBINE FOR TEXTILE OR WALL DECORATION.

(By W. S. Medlicott, aged 17.)

its lines insisted upon. This demonstration lasts about five minutes, and the boys have then to draw the object from memory, being allowed to look at it for one minute towards the end of the lesson. During its exhibition no line is drawn: all pencils are laid upon the desks. Then the object is again withdrawn, and the boys correct and finish from memory.

“Dietated drawing” is another subject in which considerable interest is taken. To cite an elementary instance: the class is told to draw two vertical lines parallel and of equal height, and two other parallel lines uniting the bases and tops of the verticals. It is explained that these two horizontal lines are the major axes of ellipses; and, the length of the minor axes being given, the curves are drawn and the result is a cylinder. Such dictated drawing, especially when more advanced, always secures

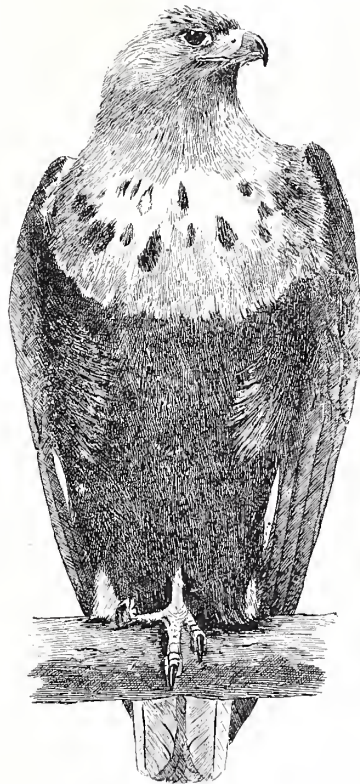


FIG. 12.—STUDY FROM LIFE (PEN-AND-INK).

(By D. Meinertzhagen, aged 19.)

and highly appreciated branch. The private pupils proceed as in ordinary art schools, excepting that the hours which they can spare from the regular school-work are few enough. They draw and paint from casts, from still-life groups and landscape, and at original design. For portraiture they draw from themselves in mirrors, or from one another. Modelling, machine and architectural drawing, and drawing from flat copies and by measurement, all come within the range of the teaching.

The prevailing idea which seems to govern the instruction is—that systematic demonstration should be combined with that elastic sort of guidance necessary to the nursing of originality or the respecting of mental bias or individual taste in the pupil; in the belief that the best teaching is not so much that which “puts in” ideas as that which brings them out.



The *art master*—Mr. Hine and his assistant, Mr. Gilroy—*draw side by side* with the boys, so that from the beginning to the end of a study the

bound up with the success of our national thought and manufactures, and that familiarity with them will not be without later influence on those students

who, when they take their places in the world, may become interested in the evolution of British education and of British trade in its more decorative aspects, whether from the point of view of the legislator or of the producer.

Having watched the boys in class and examined the results of the training they receive, I can bear witness to the value of the system and the quality of the work. Taste is fostered, and observation and independence are encouraged as far as possible. It is pleasant to see the intelligent renderings of the glasses of flowers placed before each student, but pleasanter still to note with what ingenuity and feeling these lads proceed to apply them, by conventional treatment, to purely decorative purposes. The examples here chosen for illustration might no doubt have been bettered had a sterner selection for the purpose been exercised, but they demonstrate fairly enough the system



FIG. 13—STUDY FROM LIFE (PEN-AND-INK)

(By D. Meinertzhagen, aged 19.)

pupils may see clearly how the work may be done. But to every student there is allowed a certain latitude in departing from the exact method employed by the masters, if the desire to do so indicates original feeling on the pupil's part. As little as possible is done by the hand of the teacher on the boy's own work, save sometimes when the pupil's aspiration ranges beyond the limits of his power.

But a wider view than is commonly entertained in public schools has been taken of primary art education and of art instruction generally. It has recently been decided by the Headmaster, Mr. Weldon, that in order to encourage the interest and add to the knowledge of the students of art subjects in general, lecturers on various branches of art shall from time to time be invited to the art school to address the boys, the lectures, if possible, to be illustrated by lantern-slides or demonstration; and it is proposed in due course to vary these studies with a practical grounding in certain of the art crafts. For it is recognised that these are more than ever

and its average working. The variation in the two very youthful adaptations of the marguerite (Figs. 5 and 6) afford an example of the independence of mind exercised, whether in respect to the treatment of the flowers or the leaves. The pansies (Figs. 7 and 8) are not, perhaps, much more advanced, being the work of boys who are still scarcely more than children. But in the treatment of fuchsias as a border for stencils or textiles (Figs. 9 and 10) a great advance is evident; and a design still more ambitious by W. S. Medlicott, based upon the columbine, proves a considerable sense of decoration.

It is only natural, perhaps, that among the fifty private pupils a higher average of merit and advancement is attained, and that several among them show strong tastes and peculiar precision of manner. Of these a number not unnaturally find their favourite sketching subjects—especially for holiday tasks—in natural history. Representative examples are to be seen in Figs. 12, 13, and 14; while Fig. 15 is a serious study thrown off at

high speed by one of the cleverest pupils of the school.

It must be borne in mind that these boys are not—as is the case in all ordinary art classes—young students who believe that they have a “call” for art, and who are working at what they believe to be the serious pursuit of their life. They are probationers rather, whose desire it is to discover whether they have any talent at all, or at least enough to justify them in hoping that they may some day perhaps produce work of some sort of merit; but well aware, meanwhile, that failure, abject and profitless, cannot by any means result from so admirable a training, and that, whatever happens, they will always be so much to the good.

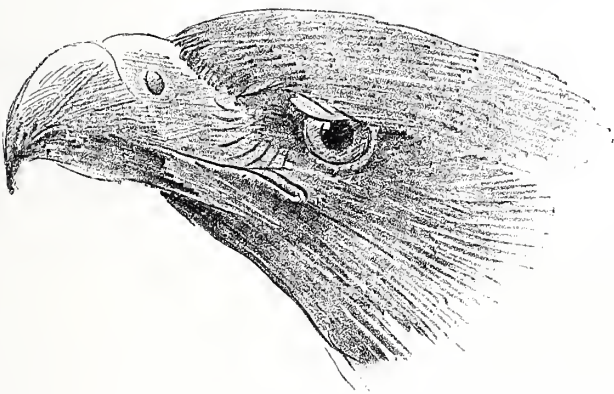
But the chief, the highest value of this school, which is, perhaps, liable to be lost sight of, is that its main result will always be, not to teach the youth that seeks its up-bringing in Harrow to *produce* art, but to understand and appreciate it. The great trouble in England now and for centuries past—

greater the artist, as a rule, the less recognition he finds among the people; the greatest of all finds too little employment if he be unfortunate, and, if



FIG. 14.—STUDY FROM LIFE PEN-AND-INK.

(By G. Watson, aged 16.)



D. Meinertzhagen

FIG. 15.—RAPID STUDY FROM LIFE (PENCIL).

(By D. Meinertzhagen, aged 19.)

little recognised because not most obvious—has not been the lack of artists, but the lack of a discriminating public to appreciate those we had. The

he be fortunate, too little appreciation outside the narrow circle for whom and in which, he works. Harrow Art School, then, is not only—or, at least, not so much—an institution to educate boys into artists; it is rather to educate them to understand artists and their work, to appreciate what is finest and what is beautiful, and why it is fine and beautiful. It teaches that art is not only a “subject,” but that it is a refinement, and that so far as it is a subject it teaches to see and feel and think and do. It is therefore clear why the new art school has awakened so much practical sympathy and enthusiasm in headmaster, governors, and all others whom it may concern, and why the boys themselves regard the development with ever-increasing interest and respect. The matter appears to me to be one of national importance, and in the opinion of many likely henceforward to mark out Harrow as the school beyond all others—*res ipsa loquitur*—to which boys of artistic tendencies should be sent. To be taught how to appreciate Art and Nature is a boon infinitely greater than the old-style idea of stereotyped instruction how to draw “common objects”; and that this is the aim, and likely to be the achievement, of Mr. Egerton Hine at Harrow School, it needs but a little observation to discover.



## THE QUEEN'S TREASURES OF ART.

### DECORATIVE ART AT WINDSOR CASTLE: BOULLE-WORK.

BY FREDERICK S. ROBINSON.



Our former article on the furniture in the style of Boulle we attributed the red-shelled examples to Dutch contemporaries of the great artist, and suggested that the little cabinet work-table on eight legs which, from the profusion of white metal and coloured horn employed, is so charming in colour, might be the work of Philippe Poitou. It is a matter for great regret that signatures of artists upon the furniture of the end of the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth centuries are so excessively rare, even if they are to be found at all. Not till 1751 was the practice of stamping furniture with the maker's mark, which was only commenced under Louis XV, made compulsory. Then, by some evil fate, the same ordinance was not imposed upon the brass-founders and sculptors. So that, throughout the whole of the eighteenth century, we are lucky if we can find an occasional signature upon the ormolu which was such an important adjunct of furniture of every kind. We shall find that there is a pretty controversy which can never be definitely settled, as to whether a "C" with a crown over it is the signature of the celebrated Philippe Caffieri, or merely the mark to denote that the objects on which it is found were made in the Crown workshops.

If it is impossible to state with absolute certainty that a particular piece of furniture was the work of André Charles Boulle the elder, it is equally difficult satisfactorily to describe successive periods in the development of his style. It seems to us, on the whole, rather unnecessary to make the attempt. In painting, nature is said never to afford us the luxury of a definite line to mark the contours of objects. One mass melts into another, so that it is almost impossible to see exactly where one edge ends and another begins. We have seen that there is no fixed date which we can put forward for the commencement of the style of Louis XIV or the end of that of Louis XV. Our logical, cut-and-dried minds are always hankering after these visible signs, which scarcely exist. It is exactly the same in the case of the style of Boulle. Any division must be but a makeshift, as there is not much doubt that late in

life he employed his various manners concurrently to suit the taste of his patrons.

It seems, however, certain that Boulle did not, at the outset of his career, begin with the brass and tortoiseshell inlay with which his name is associated. We have seen that he had possibly a grandfather, and certainly a father, who was an inlayer of wood and gave him his first instruction. His earliest royal commissions were on the parqueting of the floors of the palaces. We find also, from the inventory which he made after the destructive fire in his workshops in 1720, that there were "five cases filled with different flowers, birds, animals, foliage, and ornaments of wood, in all sorts of natural colours, mostly made by the *Sieur Boulle the elder*" (André Charles Boulle's father) "in his youth.—Twelve cases of all sorts of rare coloured woods for making inlaid furniture." These last were, no doubt, not a legacy from his father, but the products of his own workshops. As he reckoned the whole at 8,000 livres, it is probable that he regarded these unfinished details as valuable for stock-in-trade; and that at the end of his long life, as well as at the beginning, he was making furniture in inlaid wood. His first cabinets were of ebony inlaid with lines of white metal, and with central panels of wood inlay. Parrots and tulips in wood, tinted and shaded, are characteristic of his early style, which was, no doubt, imitative of Dutch inlay. That he did not entirely give up this manner in later life is proved by a fine cabinet in the Jones collection (No. 1,045) most typical of Boulle. This piece, mounted with satyr masks with a fan shell or scallop ornament round the head (which are exactly similar to those on the cabinet with appliqué ornament and the *secrétaire* with a bronze relief of our illustrations), has the upper part of its side-panels inlaid in wood inlay of marked Dutch character. It may be noticed, as an instance of unity of conception in the design, that the satyr mask is repeated in the coloured woods with a pleasing effect at once of resemblance and dissimilarity. We have already attributed the "William and Mary" cabinet, illustrated in our former article, to the massive style of Boulle, and it will be remembered that in this, too, wood takes the place of shell.

In middle life he seems to have abandoned Dutch influences and followed, says M. de Champeaux, by means of inlaid brass and tortoiseshell alone, the

grandiose spirit of the compositions of Le Brun. To this phase belong the examples with large ornate figures and sweeping curves which are illustrated by most of the reproductions in this article.

Later still he may have adopted the more fan-

the grotesque style of Bérain at all, and bears a much closer resemblance to that of the "William and Mary" cabinet. The close resemblance of its curved tripod to those of the silver pair may, perhaps, be taken as a sign that there is not much



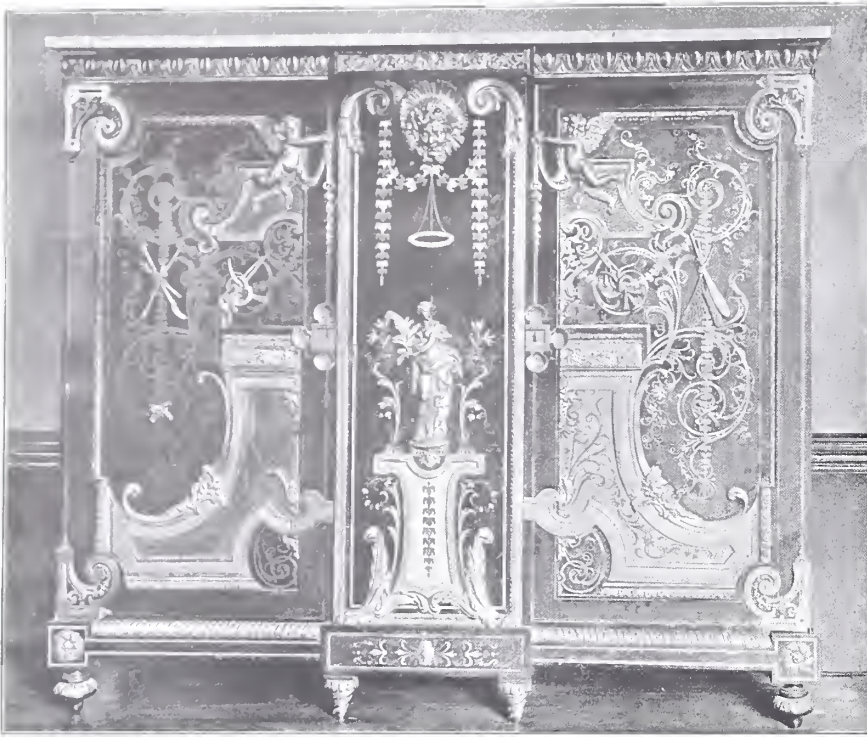
BOULLE-WORK TABLE AND SILVER TRIPODS

tastic style of Bérain, and strewn his grotesques and comic or mythological figures upon a field of shell, touched with different colours, in combination with white metal.

The beautiful little work-table with folding flaps, photographed between two silver tripods of Charles II, is in the most elegant style of Boule work in the natural colour of the shell. There is a large admixture of white metal, which should place it in the third of M. de Champeaux's periods, were it not that the delicately waving scroll pattern is not in

difference in date between the three. These silver tripods have the monogram of Charles II, which would give them a date before 1685, and there is no reason why we should not, in spite of the white metal—which, by the way, is found as far back as 1653, at least, in furniture of Cardinal Mazarin—attribute this beautiful little table to the second period of Boule. This was the time when he was making the "commodes en tombeau"—such as that now in the Bibliothèque Mazarine, which M. de Champeaux ("Le Meuble," Fig. 14, Vol. II) takes as





BOULLE CUPBOARD WITH APPLIQUÉ EMBLEMS.

the type of Boulle's finest work—and also those sarcophagus-shaped marriage chests for the apartments of the Grand Dauphin, which formed some of the chief treasures ("Le Meuble," Fig. 12, Vol. II) of the San Donato collection. It is interesting to note that the single standard of our little work-table resembles in its square terminal shape the legs of the console of the San Donato coffer, and that the inlaid ornament on the legs of the two is extremely similar. The *fleur-de-lis* repeated once or twice might almost prove that this beautiful little work-table was made for the Dauphin's bride. It is admirably constructed, inlaid, and engraved, and most harmonious in colour.

Speaking of the Windsor collection, M. de Champeaux deplors the renovations which have taken place. Such renewals are unavoidable, but it is better to preserve by their means the central panel of an undoubted piece of Boulle of fine quality than to allow the whole to be made away with. There was illustrated in our introductory article a long cabinet with two glass doors, which supports two white Dresden vases and an elaborate ormoulu candelabrum. The centre panel of this is superb, but the rest of the cabinet has been built round it. The ormoulu corner and keyhole ornaments, the latter showing two cock's heads facing each other, are stock patterns, scattered broadcast. The execution of the newer parts of this "vitrine" give us an excellent object-lesson in the striking superiority

of genuine work of Boulle to modern repetitions. The Boulle furniture in the Louvre has suffered from restoration in a terrible degree. King Louis Philippe was a dreadful sinner in this respect. He did not hesitate to make two pieces of furniture out of one by separating the upper part from the lower, and putting both pieces upon entirely new bases. New plinths, new spiral pointed feet, new staring white marble top slabs, were amongst his minor alterations.

The best large examples at Windsor are four important cabinets in the Corridor. Two of these are tall "armoires," similar to the Bérain one (No. 1,026) of the Jones collection. A re-

production of one was shown in our last article on Boulle. It has ormoulu mounts representing Apollo and Daphne and Apollo and Marsyas. The pedestals on which these figures stand have a ground of blue horn inlaid with brass. The inlay is "first part," and very finely engraved. The side panels are not one whit inferior to the front in this respect, and are decorated with ormoulu figures of Youth on one side and Age warming itself at a fire on the other. The small upper and lower panels of the front have white metal in them, which is not the case with the companion armoire. This latter—which, on account of its position, could not be adequately reproduced—has a thinner and more wispy design of brass inlay. There are two large oval reliefs in ormoulu representing mythological subjects, and the hinges and keyhole ornaments are very finely and sharply chiselled. On each side panel is a figure—the one of Flora, the other of Ceres. The Duke of Westminster has, we believe, two similar tall cabinets to these; while there is yet a third at Windsor with a glass front and some fine inlay.

Another of our illustrations represents a wall cupboard with "appliqué" ornaments of ormoulu representing implements of the chase and agriculture, pistols, oars, and fishing-nets, superimposed upon an elaborate and very fine design of black Boulle. This is also one of a pair, and is in "first part." The flying cupids in ormoulu which make a



feature of the upper end of the two door-panels, the cockleshell ornaments of the locks, and some of the "appliqué" emblems, are found repeated on a tall armoire which is in the Louvre, and is figured (Fig. 16, Vol. II) by M. de Champeaux. There seems, at first, something quite irresponsible in the manner in which the emblems are placed over an elaborate scroll-work design. It will be found, however, that the effect of Boulle furniture is very carefully considered. The Dutch tulip and carnation wood inlay is rather striking than restrained. The flowers scattered all over a piece of furniture prevent the eye from considering the outline of the piece. This is a mistake in art. No such accusation can be made against the inlay designs of Boulle's work. They are extremely elaborate; there is an endless involution of their wispy curves, besprinkled with vases, birds, and beasts; but the Louis XIV designer never loses sight of the importance of the general effect. The actual shell and brass inlaid work is kept as a quiet ground. The finely gilt mounts emphasise the general shape, and are the first things to attract the eye. The skill with which in this cabinet the curves of the ground are made to emanate from and combine with those of the applied ornamental mouldings is a point to be noticed.

The illustration upon this page represents a very typical piece. It is one of a pair adorned with large figures in relief of "Religion" and "Sagesse," and also with ornamental garlands which serve as settings for medals commemorative of the victories of Louis XIV. The medals bear such legends as "Victoria comes Francorum, 1697," "Francorum exercitus ad Rhenum Ter Victor," "Confecto Bello Pitatieo, 1684." These pieces are more suggestive of Boulle's own work in design than in execution. They have not the fine engraving which is characteristic of the best period of Louis XIV. Great interest, nevertheless, attaches to these "medal" cabinets. The Garde Meuble National de France possesses ten cupboards with double doors similar

to these, which were in the Tuileries. Boulle had executed a commission for this palace of fourteen pieces of furniture adorned with these figures of Religion and Wisdom, which were supposed to inspire the actions of the great Louis. Upon them were fixed, as seen in the reproduction, the medals for which the "Academy of inscriptions" had composed the legends. Baron Davillier has found a document which establishes the fact that this series of furniture was repeated in the reign of Louis XVI by the well-known cabinet-maker, Montigny, to replace the originals, which were worn out. Most of the ten belonging to the Garde Meuble have the stamp of Montigny on them, and the rest that of G. Jacob, an equally famous maker, whose successor, Jacob "Desmalter," became the noted furniture-maker of the period of the empire and later. "Four other cabinets," adds M. de Champeaux, "are to be found in private collections. We have already mentioned those similar ones belonging to the Queen of England. Boulle, moreover, often reproduced this design." Although we did not have the chance of discovering the name of Montigny stamped upon the Windsor examples there would seem to be not much doubt that they are Montigny's reproductions of the original work



Boulle cupboard with figures of Religion and Wisdom.



of Boulle. While admitting that they are somewhat inferior in workmanship to the other four cabinets in the Corridor, they cannot but be interesting as good reproductions of a known series of Boulle's furniture, and valuable in themselves as works of the period of Louis XVI and by the hand of the well-known maker who was commissioned to make these reproductions.

The commode with four drawers has a very handsome front design of red shell inlaid upon brass, which is similar in pattern to that on one in the palace of Fontainebleau (Fig. 26, Vol. II, "Le Meuble"). This piece was "purchased by Lord Ravensworth for His Majesty George IV in 1830," as a label on the back informs us. It has a superb top slab, finely engraved. The sides are also very fine: but the front, in "second part," is hardly equal to the rest.

The secrétaire upon four short legs, boldly mounted with massive ornamental leaf ornaments, is another handsome piece of furniture, nearly five feet high, as to the attribution of which it is impossible to speak with certainty. The bronze relief on the falling front represents infant hunters. The chasing of the leg mounts is very fine. Mounts exactly similar to these, including the mask of a satyr with scalloped head ornament, are found on a commode of one drawer described as "en forme de tombeau" by M. Henry Havard, in his little book on "L'Ébénisterie," but he omits to mention where the piece is to be found. He attributes it to Boulle, but there seems a probability that it is a rather later specimen, perhaps by Cressent, who, with Oeben, was one of Boulle's most successful pupils. There is a commode by Cressent, with remarkably similar acanthus mounts on the legs, which points to this conclusion. We have noted before that the satyr mask is found again upon the cabinet with appliqué ornaments. It should be said that the maker of the catalogue of the South Kensington Special Exhibition in 1862 describes it as "probably one of the finest works of Charles André Boulle."

It may easily be inferred that it was impossible for Boulle to have executed himself a tithe of the work which was produced under his name. He was obliged, therefore, after making the general designs of his furniture, to apply to other artists for the completion of details. For his ornamental mounts—which are large in treatment, as a rule, and not so finicking as those of the latter part of the eighteenth century—he employed Domenico Cucci, another of those clever foreigners who were located at the Gobelins. But although he employed the collaboration of others, there is no doubt that, except in the cases where, perhaps, the king directed Bérain to supply the design, he kept the general direction

of the work to himself. A versatile genius, who excelled in various branches of invention and execution, he was able to impress his ideas upon his collaborators and attain, in his particular style, results beyond anything before accomplished.

There has so far been little but praise for Boulle. It is only just to point out the defects of his new style of French furniture. These, to our mind, are largely theoretical. M. Havard describes three phases in the history of the art of furniture. Mediæval furniture, he says, commenced by being made in a cumbersome manner of thick, solid planks pegged together without any attempt at ornamentation (such as carving) arising logically from the construction or material of the object. The chest of the thirteenth century was dependent for its beauty upon iron hinges exaggerated to a large size, and painted canvas afterwards applied. In other words, when the patron required a chest (and there was very little other furniture then used), the joiner fastened plain boards clumsily together and then handed it on to the artist, who painted his design on canvas. This was spread over the rough wood, and, with the addition of the ornamental ironwork, the structure, if such it might be called, was complete.

Next, with the Renaissance, came the application of architectural ideas. Extraneous painting upon canvas was gradually given up, and colour ceased to be the main means of ornament. The sides of a chest were no longer solid boards poorly pegged together. A science of construction intervened by means of which a framework ("ossature") was first made, into which panels were fitted, "pour boucher les vides," as M. Havard says. Your skeleton framework was filled in with panelling to cover the square holes between the pilasters and stiles. Greater strength by means of better joints, and at the same time lightness, was thus attained. Ornament is derived from carving the woodwork, and the simple oak chest, with moderate carving on its panels and stiles, and, perhaps, the linen-fold pattern to enhance them, is the most logical type of furniture ever made. But the sculptor steps in and adds heavy mouldings and figures, till we get the ponderous dressers and cabinets of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which yet are logically ornamental, not mere boxes with ornament applied. At the same time, people begin to miss the colour of the old painted furniture, and have recourse to rich-hued hangings to deck out the plain oak or other wood.

Wood-carving can no further go. Some new start must be made, but what shall it be?

The introduction of exotic woods has suggested the new manner, may be. Why not, by inlaying, let the various colours of these woods take the place

of the added hues of damask and tapestries? So be it. But gradually it is found that inlay requires flatter, less broken surfaces, than those of the heavy Renaissance furniture. Moreover, exotic woods are rare and small in size; they cannot be carved in the solid. So, by a swing of the pendulum, though there is no return to the solid boards of the Middle

ornament from the material. The decoration is even purposely made in another material, namely metal.

At this point we come back to Boulle, and find that he is one of the greatest and most splendid sinners in this matter of illogical shape and ornament. He will make you a chest shaped like a sarcophagus which should open at the top with a



BOULLE COMMODE.

Ages, it is found that a simple flat surface of panels and plain stiles is best adapted to show off inlay. So variety of profile becomes of less importance, and inlay—*i.e.* added or superimposed ornament not logically emanating from the construction or the material of the chest or cabinet, as the case may be—becomes of highest consequence. Fashion has thus swung back almost, but not quite (for it preserves panels and stile construction well mortised and tenoned), to the mediæval times, when ornament was a thing apart, put on by someone—*viz.* the painter—other than the joiner who made the cabinet. But at this time of day ornament added thus is so skilfully made and so rich in material that it completely ousts all ideas of logical dependence on architecture or derivation of the

lid; but, behold! it has drawers in the side made to fit its bulging shapes! Again, he will build you an irreproachable cabinet, and its lower doors, with all the appearance of being real, are merely sham. Hence he incurs the accusation of having been a maker of “meubles d'apparat,” or show furniture.

There is, no doubt, ground for this condemnation, both by reason of the shapes of his furniture and the delicacy of its external ornament. To its want of dependence upon architectural form we do not attach much importance, while agreeing that an occasional sham door, or a tomb-shaped chest with unexpected drawers at the side, is a not altogether welcome surprise. There is no doubt that, on the other hand, Boulle made much furniture—such as the little work-table here illustrated—which was



eminently fit for service. His veneer was so good that it would, and does still, stand a great deal of wear and tear. The accusation that his works are merely "meubles d'apparat" seems to us to be carried too far.

As to his merits, we entirely agree with M.

busts, emerges from shade into light, is harmonious to a degree. It is admirably adapted to show off the colour of fine porcelain or Japanese lacquer, for which it has a pronounced affinity.

The characteristics of Boule's style have been described as evincing sobriety combined with rich-

ness, a fine arrangement of lines, proportion, and, lastly, extreme care in details. Mariette asserts that Boule combined taste with solidity, and that his fine furniture is as intact after one hundred years of usage as when it left his hands. Asselineau, writing later, says that it is still so, after almost two centuries; and this is hardly beyond the truth. When one considers the number of skilled workmen who must have been employed on this furniture, the cost of it at the time and the prices now paid for genuine specimens are both justified. The designer, the joiner, the sculptor, the brass-founder, the inlayer, the engraver, and other intelligent assistants, had to co-operate for the production of a single piece. The vogue of Boule has lasted straight on into the nineteenth century. M. Williamson attributes its lasting popularity to the nobleness of its lines, which

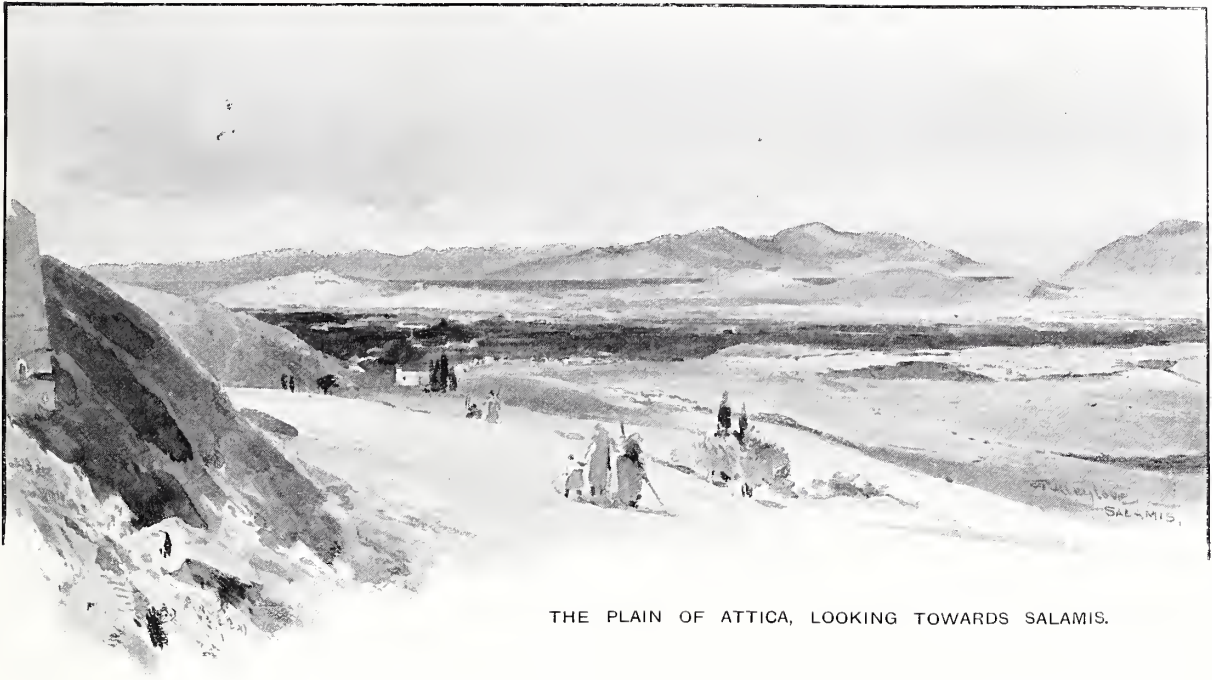


SECRÉTAIRE WITH BRONZE-RELIEVO PANEL.

Havard:—"Entre ce qu'on sait de la cour de Versailles et les meubles de Boule, il y a en effet une corrélation absolue; ceux-ci sont la parure naturelle de celle-là, et les chefs-d'œuvre enfantés par le grand artiste sont restés l'expression mobilière la plus complète de la somptuosité de Louis XIV." It is not easy to imagine anything more suited for the decoration of the great galleries and corridors of palaces than the style of Boule. It attracts both by its fine finish and the contrast of the glittering ormolu mounts in relief upon the sombre shell. By light of lamp or candle it is at its best; but by day at Windsor in the Corridor the effect, as the series of Boule cabinets, flanked by fine bronze

were due to the inspiration of Mansart, Le Brun, and Bérain; to the richness of its material; to the fancy, variety, and sure taste of its ornamentation; and, lastly, to the thorough conscientiousness of its original workmanship. As a comment on this last, we may end with a quotation from Auguste Luehat: "Nowadays I know of a manufactory of Boule work in which the shell (made of gelatine), the horn, the pearl, the ivory, all are false. Ebony has been given up in favour of dyed pear-wood, because ebony is not supposed to take varnish well. Boule had no need to varnish his work. Now," he adds, "is the day of rubbish (*la camelote*) and work without intelligence and without good faith."





THE PLAIN OF ATTICA, LOOKING TOWARDS SALAMIS.

## SKETCHES OF GREEK LANDSCAPE AND ANCIENT GREEK ARCHITECTURE.

BY ALFRED HIGGINS. ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FULLEYLOVE, R.I.

IN every branch of art we find that the works of the greatest masters, and the noblest types of beauty, require a certain amount of training for their due appreciation, even by those who have fine artistic instincts; and this is no less true of natural scenery than it is of works of art. It applies as truly to Greek landscape as to Greek sculpture or architecture. A strong feeling for beauty of line and for pure and bright colour is also an indispensable requisite for the full enjoyment of the scenery of Greece. It is eminently necessary, therefore, for a painter who studies Greek landscape that he shall be not only a good colourist but also an accurate and fine draughtsman. Whatever may be the merits of the blottesque and sunless-grey schools, their professors may safely be warned off such a land of definite forms and bright colour. There could, however, be no greater mistake than to suppose that in Greece, or in the similar climate of

Sicily, the forms of the landscape are in the least degree hard because they are clear and well defined. In those countries, as also in Egypt, at all events in the cool season, notwithstanding that minute details are seen an enormous way off, nothing can exceed the refinement of the modelling of distant mountains or the softness of the delicately coloured shadows.

From whatever side the traveller approaches Greece, he will be almost sure to obtain a foretaste of the magnificence of the scenery of the country before he actually lauds. If he should happen to go by the convenient direct route from Marseilles, and should have the good fortune to be coasting the Peloponnesus just after stormy weather in spring, when the sea is mightily swollen and seems to consist of immense floes of half-molten glass, sapphire in colour and laced with silver foam, he may see range after range of lofty mountains of the most striking and varied



CARYATIDS-  
ERECHEION  
F. FULLEYLOVE



form; some of them brilliantly white or yellow, and others clothed with an intensely rich, impalpable purple, which can only be compared with the most delicate bloom on a deep-coloured plum.

It must not be assumed that the romantic and imposing coast of the Peloponnesus often presents itself under such a splendid aspect as I have just attempted to suggest. Frequently, no doubt, a

especially in the neighbourhood of Megalopolis, are often extremely fine.

After turning his back on the snow-clad range of Mount Parnon, which he will have had upon his left hand for some hours, the traveller driving from Tripolitza to Sparta soon begins to descend into a wide valley, whose upper slopes are covered with bays, and the lower with olives and oleanders. Reaching



STREET OF TOMBS, ATHENS.

visit to the finest parts of the interior of the country will first give an adequate idea of the real character of the scenery. If the visitor lands at Nauplia, under the lofty castle-crowned cliffs of Palamidi, he enters almost immediately upon the Argive Plain, with the famous and most striking sites of Thyrs, Mycenæ, and Argos within easy distance. Thence by a mountain railway, hardly less interesting than the St. Gothard itself, he may be carried as far as Tripolitza, in the centre of Arcadia. The upland plain of Arcadia, ringed round on all sides by high mountains, owes its fame to its complete seclusion and the simplicity of the life of its inhabitants. In beauty it cannot be compared with the valleys which radiate from it; and yet it comes as a pleasant contrast after the richer and more Southern type of scenery in Argolis; and the mountain forms,

the bottom of the valley, he passes through groves of white poplars—perhaps with their delicate yellow spring foliage just fully out—and he almost immediately crosses the clear, shallow, pleasantly rippling river Eurotas, in full sight of the imposing chain of Mount Taygetus with its summits (the loftiest 7,900 feet high) sharp-edged, in spite of their covering of snow, and its lower ranges of strange elephantine form and curious mouse-like colour. Except by the river, the valley is filled for the most part with olive trees, far deeper and richer in colour than those familiar to many of us in Italy and the South of France; but round the village-like town of New Sparta there are orange gardens, which sometimes make the air oppressive with the overpowering scent of their blossoms.

I have not the space in which to dwell upon





THE THESEION AND LYCABETTOS





THE PARTHENON, FROM THE PROPYLÆA: EARLY MORNING.

the grandeur of the views seen by the traveller who crosses Taygetus by the Langada pass to Kalamata and so on to the monastery of Vomkano on Mount Ithome in Messenia; and I must forbear to describe the further route by Andritzena, the mountain temple of Apollo at Bassæ, the wonderfully situated mediæval castle of Karytæna, and even the beautiful valley of the Alpheios, with the excavations at Olympia and the museum containing the noble pedimental sculptures of the great temple of Zeus and the marble Hermes by the hand of Praxiteles himself.

At Olympia we reach the railway once more; and a few hours' journey, through vineyards first and then through forests of oak, brings us to Patras, where we are in sight of Zante, Cephallenia, and Ithaca, and may hope to have the good luck of seeing these famous islands bathed in the golden light of a brilliant sunset.

Words would entirely fail to convey any notion of the astonishing and varied beauty of both sides of the Gulfs of Patras and Corinth, which are usually seen but too hurriedly by travellers passing, either by train or by steamer, from Patras to the Piræus. We should do well to stop, if possible, for a day or two at Itæa, and visit the plain of Cirrha and the site of the Delp'ic oracle on the mountain-slope below Parnassus. A whole gallery of drawings would be required to give anyone who has never seen the place any idea of the surroundings of Delphi. The

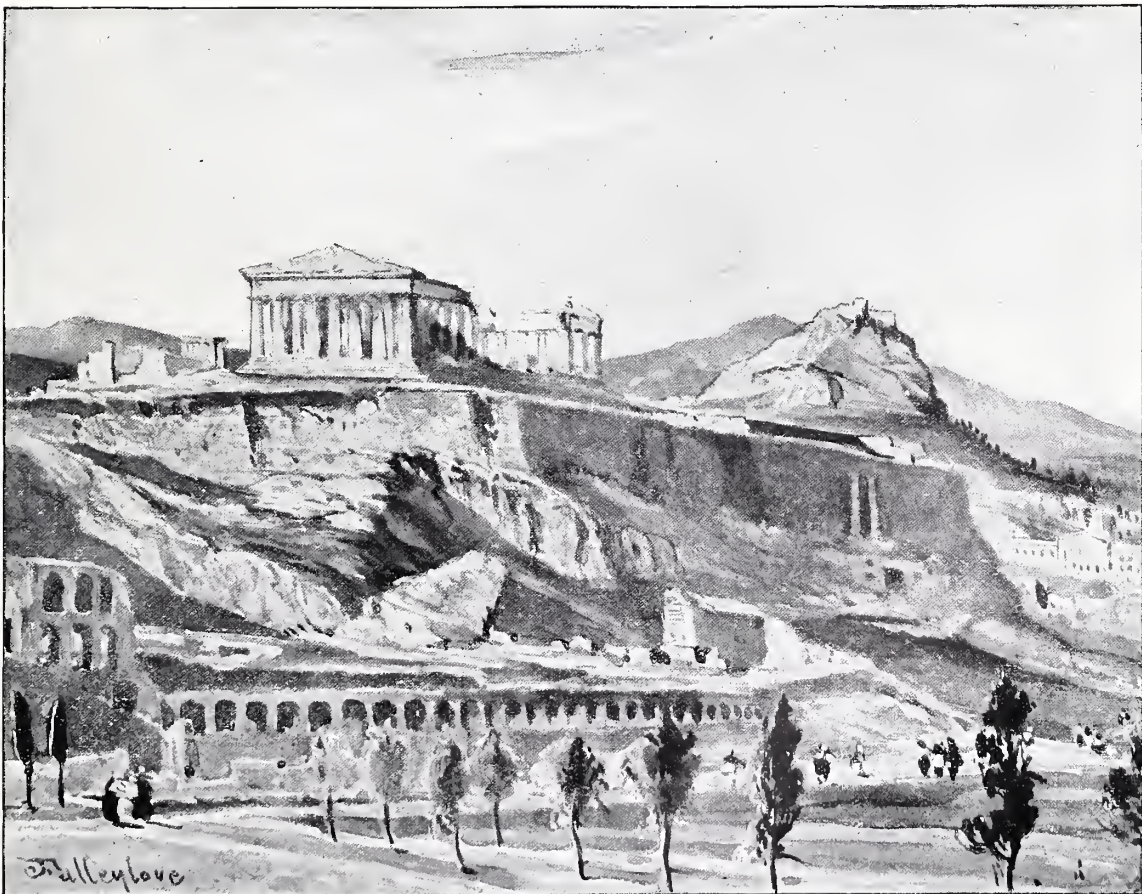
published descriptions and prints are, for the most part, entirely misleading. The illustration on p. 38, from a drawing by Mr. Fulleylove, who recently visited Greece for the purpose of making sketches and studies of Greek landscape and architecture, will indicate in a general way—so far as a distant view can do so—the position of Delphi with regard to the plain below, near Itæa, and Mount Parnassus above. But, in order to understand the artist's intention and the scale of the illustration, we must remember that the snowy mass of Parnassus, in the distance, rises to a height of more than 8,000 feet, and that Delphi itself is over 2,000 feet above the sea-level. We see the site of Chryso (the ancient Krissa) and also that of the new village of Delphi, on the sloping ground connecting the mountain to the left with the dark hill in the centre of the drawing. This hill lies on the left (*i.e.*, our right-hand side) of the opening of the valley of the Pleistos; and above it we can make out the entrance to the gorge through which flows the water of the Castalian spring between cliffs ascending almost vertically to a height apparently of many hundred feet.

The illustration can, unfortunately, give no suggestion of the extraordinarily fine colour of the landscape, the dark rich green of the olives, or the warm red of the soil. We miss, too, the colour of the mighty rocks, red also, but relieved by a warm grey where they have been exposed to the action of

the air for ages. The imposing character of the scenery of Delphi depends not only on the colossal cliffs behind and in front of it, or on the grand mountain valley to the eastward, but also on the superb prospect to the west, with the top of Kiona, 8,000 feet high, in view above and a glimpse of the pale blue of the bay of Itea below. To the south, also, the blue and white of the mountains of the Peloponnesus are visible and are delightful in colour, even when—owing to the absence of bright sunshine—they do not tell with full effect. It would be beside my purpose to dwell upon the intensely interesting discoveries recently made at Delphi by the French School of Archæology. Although no single drum of a column or other stone of the superstructure of the temple of Apollo remains *in situ*, the elaborate substructures required for a large building erected on a sharply sloping mountain-side, and also the wall of the sacred enclosure (*temenos*), covered with inscriptions, are intact. Enough also remains of the adjacent treasure-houses, altars, and votive offerings to enable us to picture to ourselves something of the general aspect in ancient times of the most famous of the sanctuaries of the Greek world.

It is deeply to be regretted that the enchanting scenery of the Gulf of Corinth was unknown to Turner, who of all the painters who ever lived could best have done something like justice to the infinite beauty of its ever-varying colour. We most of us, perhaps, picture it to ourselves with a hard dark blue sky overhead, whose monotony would soon pall upon us; but such skies are not found in Greece, where the constant changes of temperature, due to the nearness of lofty mountains to the sea, produce in the finest weather filmy clouds and fine wisps and bars of white vapour, which give beauty and variety to the sky, and consequently to the sea.

When we are sailing in the Gulf of Corinth, with Parnassus and Helikon or the mountains of the Peloponnesus in view, it seems to us that nothing can match the loveliness of that enchanted region; but we find out that there is a beauty even greater than this when we become familiar with the landscape of Attica. The colour may not be so rich, but it is even yet more delicate; and the refinement of the lines of mountain and plain exceed all that we find in Greece elsewhere. The illustration at the head of this article shows a bit of the seaward end



THE ACROPOLIS FROM THE PHILOPAPPUS HILL.



of the Attic plain, looking towards Salamis. Over the long stretch of olive-groves in the valley of the Kephissus is seen, to the extreme right, the end of the range of Mount Egaleus, connected by low hills with the promontory, far to the left, on which stands the town of Piræus. Glimpses of the Gulf of Athens

summit he can clearly make out the remains of the most perfect building ever erected by the hand of man—the Parthenon, or temple of the virgin goddess Athene.

Terribly marred and ruined as that building is by time, and still more by violence suffered at the



DELPHI AND PARNASSUS, FROM ITEA.

are visible, and over them appear the island of Salamis and some distant mountains of the Peloponnesus.

The master-mind of such a writer as Sir Walter Scott, who describes so well in "The Heart of Midlothian" the intricate topography of the country round Edinburgh, could alone convey by words any conception of the wonderful complexity of the imposing assemblage of mountains and rocky heights surrounding Athens; a complexity quite bewildering to the visitor on his first arrival off the Piræus, anxious to identify at least the main features of one of the most famous scenes of the world's history. He soon, however, learns to recognise the real centre of the landscape in a steep-sided, rocky hill, some five miles inland and about 200 feet high, upon whose

hand of man, we are still able to form some conception of the effect it produced as a conspicuous, and, indeed, the most conspicuous, feature of the landscape in the immediate neighbourhood of Athens when the temple was first completed, more than twenty-three centuries ago. From certain points of view on the hills near the Acropolis the terrible gap which was made in the outer circuit of columns when the Turkish magazine was exploded by a Venetian shell in 1687, may almost be overlooked and the temple be seen as a whole once more. To a very large extent this effect depends upon the fortunate circumstance that enough of the western pediment remains to give the general form of that most important feature; and if, owing to the great







THE OFFERING

*From a Water-Colour Drawing by Sir Edmund J. Poynter P.R.A.*

fissures in some of the marbles of the western architrave, the superstructure should collapse, the loss would be most deplorable. But this source of danger is well known to responsible persons, who are doing their best to guard against it. There is, in my opinion, no good reason for the alarm which has recently been raised in the *Times* newspaper on this subject.

The illustration on p. 37, which is a view taken from the neighbouring Philopappus hill, shows very admirably how the Parthenon is poised, as it were, high in air, visible to its full extent from all sides, and in the very centre of the landscape. The distant mountain to the right, with a slope recalling the outline of the pediment of a Greek temple, is Pentelikon, from whose quarries came the marble of the Parthenon and other public buildings of Athens. In front of it is seen the fine mass of Lycabettus, over 900 feet high, which lies on the north-east outskirts of the modern city. Another and more distant view of the Parthenon—that is to say, from the north-west instead of from the south-west—is given in the illustration on p. 34. It has in the foreground an interesting series of sepulchral monuments, chiefly of the fourth century B.C., from the street of tombs outside the Cerameus.

In the illustration on p. 36 we get a near view of the Parthenon taken from underneath the Propylæa, the splendid marble gateway leading to the sacred enclosure of the Acropolis, and dating from the later part of the fifth century B.C. Of this gateway nothing is here visible except the lowest drum of a column in the right-hand corner. Within the line of the eight columns of the temple facing us

is seen the inner row supporting the western frieze, a thing of indescribable and inexhaustible beauty when studied *in situ*; yet some poor tasteless archæologist not long since actually proposed to take it down and stow it away in a museum, where it would be a dead thing, hardly of more value than a good set of casts.

An interesting feature of Mr. Fulleylove's faithful drawing is the way it shows the extraordinary extent to which the live rock of the Acropolis has been cut away to serve as a backing and support to the wall of the sacred precinct of Brauronian Artemis. In fact, the original water-colour, from which the illustration has been redrawn, is of first-rate importance, not only for its rare and beautiful colour, but also on account of the absolute faithfulness with which not merely the Parthenon itself but also its exact relation to its site is rendered.

There is another temple in Athens, almost contemporary with, and in a far better state of preservation than, the Parthenon—the well-known Theseum, or temple of Theseus. A good representation of it, from a fine point of view, is given in the full-page illustration on p. 35. It shows, I think, how admirably the simple form of the Greek temple is adapted to its native soil; but the immediate site is really immeasurably inferior to that of the Parthenon; and the temple itself, though built of fine Pentelic marble, and not wanting in the extreme refinements of constructive skill, to which the Parthenon owes so much of its beauty, cannot for one moment be compared with the masterpiece of Ictinos and Phidias.



## “THE OFFERING.”

By SIR EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A.

THIS reproduction of the charming drawing executed last year by the President of the Royal Academy has been made, not on artistic grounds alone, but in order that we may show the exact point to which what is known as the “three-colour process” has developed. Not quite a year has passed since we demonstrated in a startlingly truthful representation of “Hadrian's Villa,” by Wilson, in the National Gallery, the highest degree of excellence which this wonderful process had attained. But the qualities of oil paint, its texture and surface, as well as colour, are much easier of reproduction than the more delicate subtleties of water-colour. These difficulties have been met to a considerable extent, though not altogether, in

the plate which, by Sir Edward Poynter's courteous interest in the work, we are enabled to publish with this part. Some of the delicacy in the silvery touches has been lost, but there are passages which represent the original with curious felicity. It is difficult for those who are familiar with colour-printing as known and practised heretofore, to realise that in a plate such as this, with its infinite gradations and passages of delightful tones, no more than three blocks—three coloured inks: red, blue, and yellow—have been used in the printing of it. The process is rapidly being perfected, and it is confidently expected that within a very short time absolute facsimile, not of pictures only, but of objects, will be within its capacity.



## THE ART MOVEMENT.

### "JUGEND": SOME DECORATIONS AND A MORAL.

By GLEESON WHITE.

WHATEVER may prove to be the ultimate value of the so-called "decorative movement" in illustration, one fact is certain, that it has become alarmingly popular. This in itself should inspire doubt: for a fashion that spreads rapidly through different nations is evidently not inimitable, and can no longer be considered indigenous. If in other countries this movement still appears mainly imitative and exotic, the chances of its proving to be more than a passing influence are few. In England it was indigenous—to a great extent—and existed long before Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. For it was unquestionably that young artist who set many draughtsmen in Europe and America on the quest of the "weird intense." So much may be granted without ignoring his forerunners. The moment was auspicious, and the influence of a most individual

if erratic designer was felt almost immediately, not merely at home but abroad. Of course the toy books of Mr. Walter Crane, the legend of William Morris, and the Arts and Crafts movement had attracted the attention of foreign critics. But all decorative illustrators before Mr. Beardsley had obeyed, more or less, the conventions of previous centuries. It was left for him to discard the trammels of Medieval and Renaissance draughtsmen, and to embody some of the spirit of the work of both periods, with other and newer influences drawn from Japan, the French poster, and other sources. Yet the one factor in his design that has in a way effected a revolution is undoubtedly his dexterous use of solid blacks, knit

together with fantastic, nervous lines, almost or quite unrelated to nature. Of course, later events prove clearly enough that while Mr. Beardsley could play antics in a grand manner, his imitators are more often become merely absurd.

The public, however, welcomed the unorthodox method, and this fact gave other illustrators the courage to break away from realism and academic convention. Hitherto in Western art, Verger stood almost alone in his use of solid blacks. Those artists who sought to revive the "decorative" style commonly employed the Dürer line, whether as Rossetti used it in the dozen illustrations which created a school, or as Mr. Walter Crane employed it in his "Grimm's Fairy Tales," or as Mr. Howard Pyle in his "Wonder Clock." In all these, and in designs by Mr. Sandys, by M. J. Lawless, and



COVER (1896).

(Designed by Fritz Erlor.)

one or two more, you felt that it is to a great extent a revival of the German school of Holbein, Dürer, Burgmair, and the rest, or more rarely of certain unknown Florentine artists.

Since Mr. Beardsley showed the way the decorative movement has become an orgie of riotous experiment. The ultra-eccentric school has found nowhere more ample publicity than in the pages of *Jugend*, a weekly paper issued in Munich. In its volumes you will find a few efforts to continue the Dürer tradition, but the majority may be traced to Mr. Beardsley, to Japanese colour-prints, to all and every source except the sober convention that our Englishmen of the school had employed up to 1892.

To consider *Jugend* entirely for itself would be not without interest; but as you study its pages you cannot help feeling that it is still better worth regarding as a late nineteenth-century document of uncanny import. For here is "the movement" at its maddest, so that even those who applauded its first experiments begin to doubt their wisdom in so doing.

It is one thing to let loose a whirlwind and quite another to prevent it from doing mischief. As you study the pages of the German *Jugend*, of the French *L'Aube*, or of the American *Bradley: His Book*, and other "up-to-date" efforts to be "decorative" at any cost, the old gibe rings again in your ears—"To be decorative one must first learn how not to draw." If not in the above three, yet in the rank and file of their imitators you find faults of drawing flaunted bravely which no half-penny comic paper would tolerate if they appeared in realistic illustration. In this craze there lurks unquestionably a deadly taint which may destroy not merely the feeble but the strong also. It is just because the German phase of the movement is less open to attack on this score,

that *Jugend*, *Pan*, *Simplicissimus*, the books illustrated by Joseph Sattler and many other publications, may be taken as fair samples of the decorative movement to-day, at its strongest; and that, side by side with appreciation of their good qualities, a warning may also be set down. For in Germany these new artists of grotesque and fantasy show, as a rule, sound academic craft. It may be that this very knowledge is apt to confuse their convention, so that they unconsciously strive after more subtlety of modelling than the Dürer convention permits and leads to a compromise. To begin in simple outline or silhouette, and finish with realistic shading and stipple, is apt to yield a very unpleasant result.

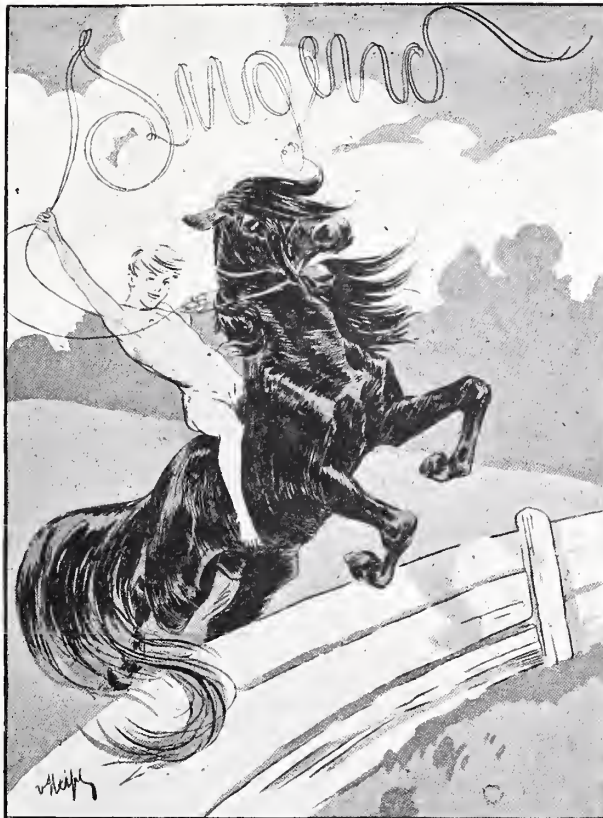
In not a few modern designs we find that it is easier to tamper with the convention another illustrator has evolved than to obey it. In the work of Rossetti or Lawless, of Mr. Walter Crane or Mr. Howard Pyle, of Mr. Auning Bell or Mr. Gaskin, of Mr. Laurence Housman or Mr. Selwyn Image, of Mr. Beardsley or Herr Joseph Sattler, you discover rigid observance of certain self-set rules. But in the work of too faithful disciples of these artists the manner of each is mixed, or made absurd by the lack of unity. In decorative illustration that obeys

its own convention you find a limit which is never passed; much of it may be quite unconcerned with the accidents of light and shade; it may ignore not merely the modelling of nature, but even perspective. These qualities may be suggested in "decorative" compositions, but the artificial expedient of a broad outline, or of silhouettes sharply contrasted, replaces nature-imitation entirely.

This long preamble is almost essential to bring one to the right frame of mind to estimate fairly a most amusing journal, that by its very audacity and vigour may easily provoke undeserved censure or exaggerated approval. *Jugend*, its title, is obviously not

*Youth* as we accept the word. It is not the youth of innocence, virginity, and ignorance, but the *jeunesse dorée* of vigour and vivacity as often applied to mischief and extravagance as to more worthy ends. Yet this attempt to explain the meaning of its title must not be misunderstood. It holds nothing that—especially in the obscurity of German text—need exclude it from a suburban drawing-room, even if it is not quite adapted for the school-room, as its name when Englished might suggest.

Its chief purpose is social satire, with a weekly political cartoon usually devoted to not very kindly ridicule of John Bull; here represented no longer as a country squire in obsolete costume, but as a



COVER.

(Designed by A. von Meissl.)





THE MARSH-FLOWER.

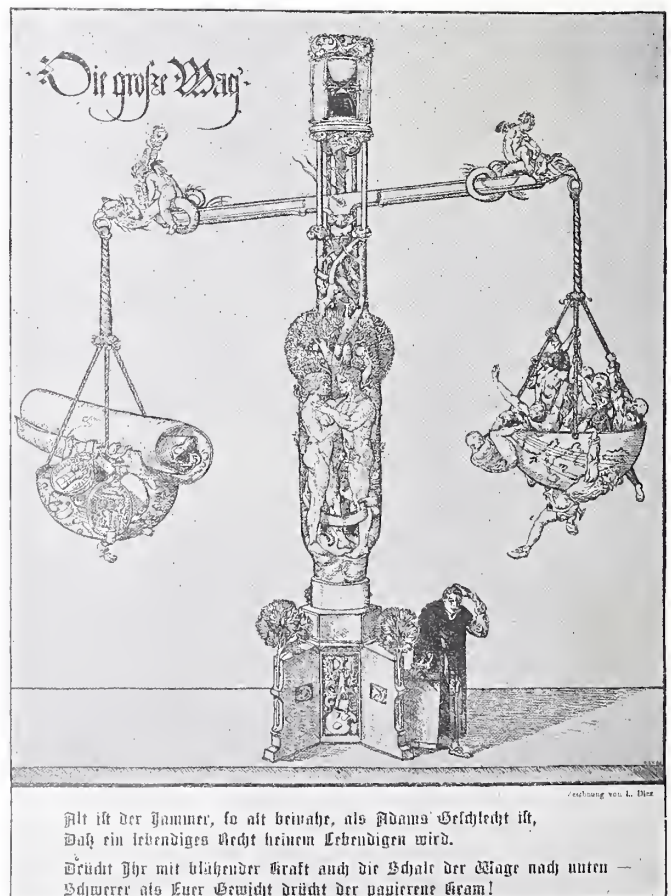
(By Caspari.)

sleek, clean-shaven Stock Exchange man, with aquiline features, faultless garments, pointed patent-leather boots, and irreproachable silk hat. But, unlike most of our satirical papers, the cartoon is relegated to a small block, on a back page. Its cover, always newly designed for each number, is elaborately printed in colours, and many of its full- and double-page drawings are also chromatic. The variety of these cover-designs is a very striking feature of the periodical. Some are in simple flat-colours, after the manner of a modern poster—as, for instance, the nude boy on a leaping horse here reproduced; others are in mixed schemes of monochrome and colour, as the head in grey, crowned with pink roses; others, again, are conceived in moods as widely different as an oil-painting of the older Munich school and the latest vagaries of symbolists or impressionists, and represent figures and landscapes now grave, now gay, and at times positively dazzling. The restless effort to be new at any cost, although the most pronounced feature of the paper, gives way at times to far more academic methods; but it is never commonplace, and, if often ephemeral, as a rule escapes platitude. It is impossible to give an adequate sample of its illustrations: one, of "The Marsh Flower," will suffice to show the ultra-decorative style, which is, perhaps, too prevalent, especially in recent issues. But its more serious moods cannot be adequately represented here.

That *Jugend* believes itself to represent the latest school may be deduced from a very amusing series (here reproduced in much smaller size) of "Portraits of the Painter Modeslaw Manierewicz, by Himself." The text below these, freely translated, runs:—

(1) As may be seen from these eight portraits, M. Manierewicz has passed through all the styles of painting fashionable at Munich since 1878. In No. 1 we have his portrait painted in 1875 (good old school); motto, 'Once I was a youth with curly hair.' In No. 2 we have his likeness in faint Munich light (1880). Sauce hollandaise; genial mood of the studio; brown in brown; masterly treatment of still life—unmistakable influence of Franz von Defregger. No. 3 (1885) is 'plein air,' in chalk and spinach, all browns carefully avoided. Device, 'true rather than beautiful;' exactly done as by a camera (see the right hand). The artist's homely love of nature is apparent even in the frame, which is made out of the lid of a chest. No. 4 (1888) is Impressionist in the seven colours of the spectrum. The exact impression made by the picture is obtained if you look at the sun for five minutes, about the time of sunset, then at the model, then at a white wall. Observe the rococo frame in green-gold upon strawberry-coloured plush. No. 5 (1890) is *à la Lenbach*, painted under the influence of the works of that master in the Glass-palace. Best three-hundred-years-old-gallery-tone, with soulful painting. Notice the expression of the eyes, and the newest 'antique' frame! No. 6 (1892) Symbolist, with aniline chromatic treatment. Naïve, *intime*, and full of 'feeling.' Influence of Botticelli not to be denied. The painter's depth and sincerity are shown in the monogram. No. 7 (1894), dotted, *style ribriste*; prismatic colours, with masterly use of complementary opposites. To be looked at with half-closed eyes, through the hollow of the hand, from a distance. No. 8—*à la* title-page of *Jugend*. Portrait of the artist, together with the whole of human life and some things bordering on it. Wonderful! the deeply intellectual slate-pencil art of the end of the century."

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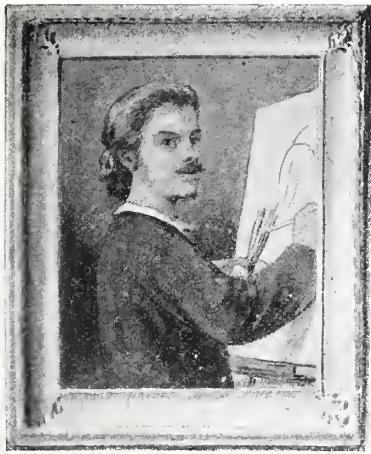


THE GREAT BALANCE.

(By L. Diez.)



These amusing comments deserve quoting at length as summary not wholly satirical of the course versions, some serious, others conceived in the broadest burlesque, of old-world legends—such as “Eye



1



2



3



4



5



6

of art-fashions for a quarter of a century. From their rapid succession we can hardly augur a very long career for the “*Jugend*” style, not inaptly burlesqued in the eighth example.

The variety of subjects that *Jugend* finds place for in its papers is far beyond that of any English weekly—any one, that is to



7



8

THE PORTRAITS OF THE PAINTER, MODESLAW MANIEREWICZ.  
(In his successive manners. See p. 42.)

say, confessedly frivolous in character. Therein one finds a really powerful “Easter Morning,” by J. Carben, a “Madonna,” treated as Von Udhe set the fashion, with modern environment. Others are

produced; a grimly didactic conception after the manner of Holbein; or another entitled “Civilisation,” which shows a young man and woman in fashionable attire dancing over a field thickly strewn with

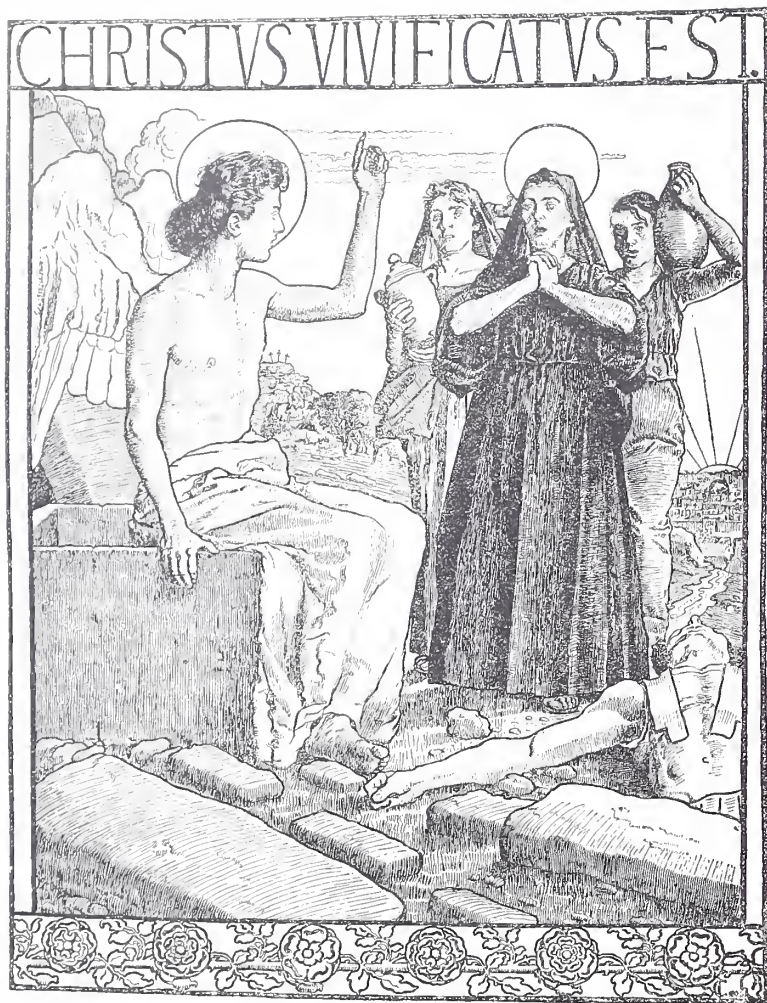
and the Serpent,” “Edipus and the Sphinx,” “Circe,” “Hero and Leander,” and the rest. One version of this latter theme in No. 25, 1897, by J. R. Witzel, would suffice to justify every protest raised here by its appalling though clever eccentricity. Here also are moralities, as “The Great Balance,” by L. Diez, which is re-



skeletons and bones. Nor are all its illustrations by German artists, for Vallatou and Jossot (who are French by reputation, whatever their birthplace) appear frequently with designs characteristic of the strongly individual manner each has developed. Other pictures are artists' studies, pure and simple, not always of "the altogether;" but frankly studies

really fine qualities of a master are recognised again at their intrinsic value. It would be easy to name a dozen English illustrators of the decorative school whose work will no doubt survive the inevitable reaction which may be quite near, or still many years ahead.

Despite its follies, some good things will certainly survive; one, a right use of colour—in printing—which the Japanese discovered long ago, is brought nearer by *Jugend* and other publications of its kind. No lover of illustrations should overlook this amusing journal, which is issued in London by H. Grevel and Co.; for if its pages show the *reductio ad absurdum* of the decorative school, they also show many examples of its rightly ordered manner. It would not be fair to regard *Jugend* only as a presage. For its delirious moments are succeeded by sane periods. Among a little that is crazy there is much that is good, and even at times very good. No designer should ignore its pages, for its technique should make Britons humble. But all the same its final effect should be to make him still more eager to attain that "simplicity which is the final refuge of the complex." It may be that England—the land of the Renaissance of "decorative" illustration—which has hitherto escaped most of its excesses, may also preserve its vitality. But, if this is to happen, one hopes devoutly that the style may soon go out of fashion. Then the comparatively few who will continue to employ it will stand clear of their incompetent followers, and escape the vulgarity which is reflected just



EASTER MORNING.

(By J. Carben.)

with no pretence of subject, or anecdote to explain their presence.

It is somewhat depressing to find that a movement which many of us believe to be full of vigour, is, as *Jugend* shows, not only over-blown already, but likely to perish. Yet, since extravagance has brought almost its own decay, a certain moral is enforced. And its chief lesson is surely that the only style which lasts is the one a painter evolves for himself. It is not a Beardsley who will be forgotten, but his followers; although for a time the imitators succeed in bringing ridicule on their leaders, and a certain period must elapse before the

now upon the whole school from the inanities of its imitators. No true appreciator of the work of Mr. Walter Crane and Mr. Charles Ricketts (to name but two representative artists) will feel anxious to defend the preposterous extravagance of the great army of decorative draughtsmen; but whether you dislike, or sympathise with, the present fashion, if it is pushed farther in the direction of sheer oddity its doom is certain. One can but hope that its sterling merits, overshadowed for the moment, may be ultimately regarded as worthy a place in the ranks of permanent art.



## STENCIL DECORATION.

AS distinct from those examples previously noticed in these pages, some stencilled ornament as executed by Messrs. Hayward and Sons is in water-colour.

upon textiles of jute or silk. Now, in the case of wall-papers that are printed (since the process must needs result in uniformity of tint), the joints offer



THE "FIG-TREE" FRIEZE

(By A. L. Gwatkin.)

In this medium, varied and effective decorations are produced upon plain paper, ingrain paper, flock, and

no difficulty to an average paper-hanger, though parts of the pattern overlap from one breadth to



THE "SUNFLOWER" FILLING.

(By A. L. Gwatkin.)



THE "PETUNIA" FILLING.

(By L. Pinhorn Wood.)



another. But with stencilled surfaces the reverse holds good. Here, so far from evenness of tint being sought or attained, a characteristic feature is that variety and gradation which belongs naturally to hand-work. A leaf, for instance, cannot be stencilled in two halves and then made to correspond: the design, on the contrary, has to be so arranged that the several parts may be contained, as far as may be, within the compass of one breadth: and the paper is not cut with a

straight edge, but according to a metal template which follows the main lines of the pattern. It will be understood that rather more than usual care is required in the hanging to make the repeats of the pattern fit properly.

When carried out on paper, the design is outlined by printing just like ordinary wall-paper. This method generally is an advantage, as it helps to define the ornament. Whereas the absence of outline in other materials is apt to give an involved effect confusing to the eye, unless a very simple

and bold pattern is taken; and some of Messrs. Hayward's designs are very elaborate and even complicated. The stencil decorations upon a flock ground present a wonderfully rich and velvety appearance, especially when viewed sideways. Looking at them straight from the front, one scarcely obtains the full value of the effect.

Though verbal description conveys but an inadequate idea of the designs, the "Langham" frieze (by Mr. A. Beresford Pite) in russet greens and reds,

the "Water Lily" frieze (by Mr. F. Graham Rice) in indigos, the "Fig" (by Mr. A. L. Gwatkin) and the "Dalmeny" (by Mr. Clement Heaton) friezes may be mentioned. The last is embossed with a roller and afterwards enriched with colouring by hand. Among wall fillings the "Thistle," which looks well with a dark outline, and the "Petunia"—both designed by Mr. L. P. Wood—in grey-greens and indigo, are both flowing patterns, suitable for living-rooms; while for halls and large public rooms Mr. Gwatkin's "Sunflower" may be named as an excellent design.

AYMER VALLANCE.



THE "GRENVILLE" FRIEZE.

(By F. Graham Rice.)

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

[76] **WILKIE'S PRACTICE AND TAX ON ARTIST'S CANVASES.**—I should be glad to see information on the following:—Who supplied David Wilkie with canvases, etc., when he first painted in London? In what year was the duty on artist's canvases taken off? How were they stamped and by whom?—S. J. W.

\* \* \* Messrs. Roberson and Co., of 99, Long Acre, inform us that "this firm was in existence in 1819, while Wilkie only died in 1841; he used our materials, not always direct, but through some Scottish house, as we supplied them all at that time. The duty upon prepared canvas was

removed about 1838; previous to that date every yard of canvas had to bear the Government stamp and consecutive number; our firm and a few others held a licence for stamping canvas, and blind manufacturers who had printed designs upon linen had to bring them to be stamped."

[77] **DE TESSIER AND GARELLI.**—I should be obliged if you could give me any information as to two gem engravers, De Tessier and Garelli. I have an onyx cameo head of Diana by the one and an intaglio of the Three Graces on cornelian by the other.

\* \* \* There are no means of ascertaining the facts desired by our correspondent. The names of neither De Tessier nor Garelli are to be found in any of the standard books upon gem-sculpture, nor are they known to the authorities of the British and South Kensington Museums. The question ought rather to be addressed to a dealer in modern engraved gems.

[78] **A CRUIKSHANK CARICATURE OF CHRISTIE'S.**—Will you kindly state what was the picture by Cruikshank of Christie's referred to in the article "Glimpses of Artist-Life: Christie's," by Mr. M. H. Spielmann in the *MAGAZINE OF ART* for 1888? I cannot find it in Reid, and neither of the several auction pictures by George Cruikshank fits in.—W. R.

\* \* \* The print in question is a caricature—No. 889 in Reid's Catalogue, inscribed: "Sales by Auction!—or, Provident Children disposing of their deceased Mother's Effects for the Benefit of the Creditors!! | Yedes *invt.* | G. C. *fecit.* | Published May 6th, 1819, by S. Sidebottom, No. 287, Strand." And it is thus described: The Prince Regent represented as an auctioneer, and standing tip-toe on his rostrum, offering some of his late mother's clothing for sale. The Duke of York, seated at a desk, having one arm in a sling, is officiating as clerk. The remainder of the Royal family stand behind. The buyers consist of five women seated round the table, and a few male bidders, who stand further off, near a gorgeous bed and hangings, which was presented to Queen Charlotte by Governor Hastings. Various garments hang behind the royal auctioneer; strewn on the floor are the late Queen's old china and snuff-jars. The Regent calls on his "good people" to "bid liberally, or the children will be destitute," and states that the rags in his hand "were never worn, and that his mother died very poor, having given away *all her money* in charity." The scene is said to be intended for Christie's first room.

[79] **WORKS BY THOMAS HEARNE.**—I have several engravings of ancient churches and castles executed in the eighteenth century by William Bryme from drawings by Thomas Hearne. Can you tell me anything of this artist and his work?—J. E. T. (Bournemouth.)

\* \* \* Thomas Hearne must be accounted one of the founders of the English school of water-colour painters. He was born in 1744, at Brinkworth, near Malmesbury, and in 1765 was apprenticed for a term of six years to William Woollett, the great engraver, in London. In 1777 he began the great work of his life, by which he is best known, "The Antiquities of Great Britain." It is doubtless some of the

plates of this series which "J. E. T." possesses. The drawings, fifty-two in number, were made on the spot in every case, and the whole collection was exhibited in the Spring Gardens Rooms. Between 1780 and 1802, Hearne contributed twenty-four drawings to the Royal Academy exhibitions. His work had a strong influence upon Girtin and Turner, who copied his drawings at Dr. Monro's and Mr. Henderson's houses.

[80] **STOTHARD'S "SEVEN AGES OF MAN."**—A friend of mine owns a copy of this work, engraved by William Bromley and coloured by hand. The plates are in good condition, but the colouring is somewhat erude. He tells me that a copy was sold some time ago in London for between £200 and £300. Can you or any of your readers inform me if any such price has ever been paid for a copy (or what its probable value may be); and also whether the plates were ever really published in colours? I have an idea that the set in question has been coloured since issued by some amateur, and that the price mentioned is quite imaginary.—"ENQUIRER."

[81] **"THE BLIND FIDDLER."**—Did Wilkie ever paint a replica of "The Blind Fiddler" for one of his patrons?—S. J. W.

[82] **A PICTURE BY THOMAS WOODWARD.**—May I inquire, through the medium of "Notes and Queries," if any of its readers know of a picture entitled "A Tempting Present," painted by Thomas Woodward, exhibited at R.A. 1841, and if for sale; also if any other works by the same artist in collections, and if for sale?—H. A.

#### REPLY.

[69] **CURIOSITIES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY CATALOGUE.**—I may add a few examples to the curiosities of the Royal Academy Catalogue which appear in the *MAGAZINE OF ART* for October. It was in 1797 that the list of the members of the Royal Academy was added to the Catalogue, but no place was definitely assigned to the page, which was dodged about the book, generally at the end in front of the index, until 1828, when it was finally placed in its present position, facing the first page of the Catalogue. Until 1819 only the names of Academicians, Associates, and Associate-Engravers were given under headings, but in that year the Professors were included. In the year 1855 appeared for the first time a new division—"Associate-Engravers of the New Class," and in the following year "Academician-Engraver of the New Class." This was Samuel Cousins: and the incident represented the triumph of a great struggle and the complete, though tardy, recognition of engravers



as full Academicians. "Associate-Engravers of the New Class" appeared in the Catalogue up to 1872, when Stocks was made a full Academician and Thomas Lindseer disappeared. It was in 1815 that the letters "P.R.A." were first used after the President's name—Benjamin West, like his predecessors, Reynolds and Wyatt, having theretofore been content with the ordinary "R.A." In 1806 J. Wyatt's name appears with "President" after it, *not* "President-elect"—a proof (when the invariable custom of the Academy is considered) that Wyatt was considered full President and not merely President-elect, as it is now pretended. The list of "Honorary" exhibitors, abandoned a few years after the opening of the Academy, was resumed in 1792, when nineteen works were so included—from their titles, if they may so be judged, very childish productions. These "works" were hung among the ordinary exhibits, doubtless to please these amateur-patrons or the amateurs' friends. Some of the contributors were clever, such as Sir George Beaumont and N. Dance. This list and practice actually continued until 1867! In the previous year the honorary list consisted of Henry Cole, C.B., Miss Cole, Sir R. P. Collier, Solicitor-General, and Sir Coutts Lindsay. The list of the works in the Academician's Diploma Gallery was begun in 1811, when it

numbered fifty-one, and was continued up to 1836, when seventy-nine were catalogued; the practice was thereafter abandoned. "Honorary Foreign Academician" composed a new Order, invented in 1870. These were Gallait (misprinted then and the year following Gallais), Gérôme, Viollet-le-Duc, Henriquet-Dupont, Meissonier, and Guillaume. Of these only Gérôme and Guillaume survive. In the year 1875 the practice was abandoned of affixing a red star to a picture which was sold. The catalogue-notice as to the meaning of the star had appeared from 1865. Up to 1865, but not after, appeared a notice at the head of the Catalogue explaining the conditions upon which artists might put their names down for election; this notice had been so printed since the previous 1852. "Honorary Retired Academicians" were first constituted in 1863, when Edward Hodges Baily, sculptor, and Charles Robert Cockerell, architect, availed themselves of the new regulation. In 1869 the plan of the galleries of Burlington House, into the possession of which the Academy had just entered, was added to the attractions of this most entertaining Catalogue. I may add that a fine copy of the Catalogue, from 1769 to the present day, is worth about £70, though incomplete ones, or completed by reprints of certain numbers, are now and again to be had a bargain for £30.—S.

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## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—NOVEMBER.

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**Acquisitions at the National Portrait Gallery.** THE most important recent addition to the National Collection of Portraits is a painting of "Sir Martin A. Shee, P.R.A.," by himself. A fine example of ROMNEY'S work has also been acquired—a portrait group of Adam Walker, with his wife and children. It was bequeathed by Miss E. E. GIBSON of Durham, a granddaughter of the subject of the picture.

**New Members.** At a general meeting of the Royal Society of British Artists the following gentlemen were elected members, viz.:—Messrs. A. D. McCORMICK, HARRY G. SHIELDS, R. GOODMAN, PERCY CRAFT, JAMES GREIG, R. PONSONBY STAPLES, IVYSTAN HEATHERINGTON, and W. G. KNIGHT.

**Exhibitions.** THE Scottish Artists' Society, which is mainly composed of the young artists of the East of Scotland, opened its fourth annual exhibition in the beginning of last month. One of the objects of the Society is to procure for exhibition "interesting and educative examples of various schools of modern art," in which purpose the Council has been very successful on this occasion. One of the features of the exhibition is a series of works from the last Paris Salons. It includes pictures by PAUL BERNARD, GASTON LA TOUCHE, A. ZORN, PAUL VAYSON, and FRITZ TRAULOW—artists whose works have possibly never before been seen in Edinburgh in a public exhibition. They have been cordially welcomed

and very much appreciated by the general public. There are in all 387 oil paintings, water-colour drawings, and pastels placed, as also eleven pieces of sculpture. Not a few of these works by the younger artists are exceedingly interesting, showing as they do a fine feeling for tone and colour and increasing technical ability. In this connection may be specially mentioned Mr. W. S. MACGEORGE, whose three cabinet landscapes with figures combine happy subjects and glowing colour. Mr. R. BURNS has a clever study in low tones of a gipsy girl; two young artists who have done well in landscape are Mr. C. H. WOOLFORD and Mr. T. B. BLACKLOCK, and two pleasing pictures of the sea in grey tones are sent by Mr. MARSHALL BROWN. Mr. J. H. FORD contributes a striking study of a head under strong lamplight. The lady artists of Edinburgh are also well represented. One of the outstanding portraits in the gallery is that of Archbishop Macdonald, in ecclesiastical vestments, by Miss M. CAMERON (*see* p. 51). In the water-colour room, drawings by MESSRS. R. B. NISBET, JAMES CADENHEAD, H. W. KERR, J. M. BROWN, T. MARJORIBANKS HAY, and EDWIN ALEXANDER are prominent. The best sculpture is contributed by Mr. PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY.

An exhibition of work executed by the art students of the South West London Polytechnic displayed the wide scope of the system of tuition carried on under the direction of Mr. C. L. BURNS. The drawing and painting section



was the strongest, some pastel and water-colour drawings by Miss M. KEMP WELCH being particularly noticeable. The wood carving and modelling exhibits were too few to give an adequate idea as to what is being done in this direction, although Mr. HAWKINS had a beautiful design in plaster for an electric light fitting, to be ultimately executed in bronze and copper and hammered iron. There were two designs in stained wood which call for special mention—one, a small panel with a poppy pattern, which had been awarded a bronze medal at South Kensington, and which the National College of Art authorities have purchased; the other is a book cabinet, with a design with figures in stained wood on the door. This is the work of Mr. BRAGG, which was awarded a national silver medal. The needlework exhibits were, on the whole, excellent; a design of poppies and seagulls, in appliqué and embroidery, by Miss HEWITT, quite admirable. Miss SIMONS's specimens of weaving were interesting, and novel from the fact that the ground work of her designs was executed on the loom, and the colour effects obtained various and charming.

The exhibits at the forty-second annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society are of very high average merit. Few are poor and very many of great interest. Among the portraits which are specially noticeable are Mr. W. M. WARNEUKE's "Girl with Violin," "Three Studies of Heads" by H. W. BARNETT, an exceedingly good study of "John Leighton, F.S.A.," by the Rev. F. C. LAMBERT, a characteristic head of "Napier Hemy" by Mr. FREDERICK HOLLYER, and some clever "studies" by Mr. HAROLD BAKER. A series of four subject-pictures by Mr. FRED MARSH—"Gas Works: Clinking," "Charging Retort," "Warm Work," and "A Village Smithy"—are triumphs of flash-light photography, and are to be reckoned among the best prints in the gallery. The landscape section contains some beautifully finished prints of charmingly selected views, while the interior views of churches and other buildings by Messrs. BULBECK and S. B. BOLAS and Co. are all that can be desired in this respect. Composition pictures are few; the most successful, in that it is least suggestive of the deliberate photographic pose, is "A Pleasant Occupation," by Mr. WILLIAM GILL, which is awarded one of the Society's medals. The exhibition is praiseworthy as giving us, on the whole, subjects which legitimately come within the scope of the camera and the possibilities of the skillful operator, with but few of the stilted strivings after



EVE REPENTANT.

(By G. F. Watts, R.A. From "Sacred Art." See p. 52. Photograph by F. Hollyer.)



effects which cannot successfully be produced directly by either. The judges in the Art section were Messrs. F. P. CEMBRANO, JUNR., B. W. LEADER, A.R.A., G. A. STOREY, A.R.A., W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A., and Sir J. D. LINTON, P.R.I.

The fifth exhibition of the Photographic Salon at the Dudley Gallery again invites comparison with that of the older Society's, referred to in the preceding paragraph; and we again come to the conclusion that the best work is shown at the Pall-Mall Gallery. In spite of the "colour and character of the walls upon which the Pictures hang" (*vide* the "Forewords" of the catalogue), the striving after "subtleties of Pictorial effects" do not compare favourably with the genuine work of the camera and developing-room. The beautiful photographic portraits of Messrs. W. CROOKE, RALPH W. ROBINSON, F. HOLLYER, and H. H. CAMERON are all that can be desired, and show at once the affectation of work such as that of Mr. HOLLINGER, who gives us just the face of the sitter without the rest of the head or any of the body. The landscapes of Messrs. LANKESTER, ROBINSON, and HORSLEY HINTON, too, are photographically excellent, and emphasise the fatuousness of the exhibitors who, by mis-spent labour, make their photographs take the appearance of crayon or pencil drawings, or even oil monochromes. Of these there are not a few at the Dudley Gallery. Of the "pictorial" photographs, the nude "dryads" perched among the trees, the "coloured" landscapes and impressionistic effects, it can

only be said that they are poor as photographs and worse as pictures; they are neither "documentary facts" nor "works of fancy and imagination," but a hopeless jumble of both.

The hundred and thirty pictures selected from the two salons exhibited at the Continental Gallery are for the most part uninteresting and commonplace. The landscapes by the Scandinavian artist, M. A. NORMANN, of which there are four, are good examples of his work, and are the most striking pictures in the Gallery. Others of note are "Glaukè and Thalcia," by M. P. A. LAURENS; "Christ and the Holy Women," by M. D. SÉRAFIM; "The Lily" (The Annunciation), by M. ALBERT THOMAS; "On the Downs at Katwyck," by M. EUGÈNE JETTEL; and "The Last Rendezvous," by PROFESSOR GROSSO of Milan. The latter is a repulsive subject, but a skilful example of flesh-painting.

**Reviews.** SIR EDWARD POYNTER'S "*Lectures on Art*" are too well known and too highly appreciated to need criticism or analysis afresh; but as nearly twenty years have passed since first they were issued, and longer still since they were delivered, serious attention must be accorded to

this fourth, annotated edition, recently put forth by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. So much sound sense, sound learning, and true artistic perception are gathered in these pages that the perusal of them is incumbent on every art-student, and on everyone at all intelligently (as opposed to sentimentally) interested in the fine arts at the present day; and few there are who will not recognise how powerful an antidote they provide to much of the neurotic extravagance that infects and infests many of the younger artists and art talkers, not in England only, but on the Continent as well, not less in Europe than in the United States. A tidal wave of morbid passion for novelty and eccentricity has been passing over the land for these several years past; and although Sir Edward's warning

voice may not serve to stem the torrent, it may, at least, be heard by some sturdy souls who may be saved from the suicidal folly of plunging into the rush of waters. We are, on the other hand, certainly of opinion that Sir Edward goes too far, and justifies to some extent those of his critics who charge him with some disposition, in certain directions, towards reaction: with too great a tendency to accord undue importance to subject in painting; and, above all, with some touch of cruelty in the fierceness with which—in more than one lecture—he meets Professor Ruskin on the subject of Michelangelo. This great master, indeed, is Sir Edward's ideal—he calls him "the Divine"—and he defends him with a passion at which many who know the critic only by his pictures may stand amazed. Except in this bout, Sir Edward is calm, judicious, and dispassionate



VULCAN CHAINING PROMETHEUS.

(From the Painting by M. Boyer. Awarded the Prix de Rome, Paris.)

in his writing, entirely honest and free from cant; inspiring the confidence of reader, and in the course of his pages justifying the sentiment. The book is more than a personal confession of faith; it is an exposition of art and aesthetics conceived with honesty, felt with sobriety, and reasoned out with logical mind. The words on realism, style, idealism, decoration, the romance of mediævalism and the reticence of the Greeks, are as pregnant with excellent suggestion as the more instructive portions of the book are fruitful in good advice. But there are certain other points to which exception must be taken: to the definition of "style" (p. 44) as inadequate; to the assertion as to the "low level" of the Dutch masters on account of their "gross representations of drunken scenes"—quality in a painting being wholly independent of its subject, however foul or commonplace; and to the statement that "the worst and most tasteless efforts in architecture . . . are better than the outrages your men of science inflict on us in their railway bridges and other works." Professor Ruskin never said anything more impulsive and, we venture to say, more ill-advised. We hold the theory false and mischievous which teaches that bad art is better than no

art; and we assert that a railway bridge which pretends to no beauty is infinitely preferable to a pretentious building that defies the canons of taste; and we prefer a blank brick wall to its decoration by "the worst and most tasteless" picture. Absence of taste can be more readily remedied than



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP MACDONALD.

(From the Painting by M. Cameron, in the Exhibition of the Scottish Artists' Society.)

presence of bad taste. A mind without appreciation of art is at least fallow ground; but one which is taught to delight in false and tasteless art there is no hope for, and we are surprised to find the President of the Royal Academy acting to such alarming purpose the *advocatus diaboli*. Nevertheless—and these blemishes notwithstanding—we recommend everyone of our readers to become possessed of this volume, which, it is no exaggeration to say, they will find of far greater usefulness for practical purposes and everyday thought than the discourses of Lord Leighton, or the lectures of Barry and the addresses of Fuseli.

For the first time it is possible for French readers to judge Professor Ruskin completely and thoroughly. Here in England, where for half a century he has fought for his ideas and ideals, for his great principles of morality, economies, and art, and maintained them with a vast section of the public in spite of furious and extremely able opposition, Ruskin has been understood, and misunderstood, by the light of the truths he has established and the mistakes he has made, and is becoming a tradition in the land—even with those who go so far as to suggest the foundation of Anti-Ruskin Societies. Abroad there has been far too little opportunity for thinkers to form any real independent estimate of Ruskin's work as a whole—of his synthetic philosophy, of his manner and his methods, of the greatness of the man, of his brilliant understanding, of the width of his perceptions, the depth of his sentiment, and the breadth—we had almost said the universality—of his sympathy. He has been fortunate in the latest of his expositors, M. ROBERT DE LA SIZERANNE, who in his admirable study entitled "*Ruskin, et La Religion de la Beauté*" (Hachette), places before his countrymen a view of the Master of Coniston, his work and his philosophy, that

must rank with the very best books of the sort published in this country. To any scholar so sensitive and intelligent as M. de la Sizeranne a clear exposition is of course possible; but the author possesses the rare gift—rarest of all, we are accustomed to believe, in a Frenchman—of appreciating at once a British author and the nation to whom that author primarily addresses himself; and the completeness of his understanding and the lucidity of his criticism cannot be pronounced otherwise than masterly. We are not quite sure that he has plumbed all the depths of Ruskin's many-sided philosophy—perhaps because we doubt whether he has read all the works to which he refers, perhaps satisfying himself in some cases with the summaries of previous writers. But of this we are certain: that no one has more readily quickened, without surrendering in any way his independence of thought, to Ruskin's æsthetic philosophy; no one has more freely or more sympathetically criticised the main aspects of it, artistic, literary, social, or moral. He defines "Ruskinism" as the "Religion of Beauty," resisting the temptation to narrow it down to the "Beauty of Religion." In truth there is good reason why Ruskin should find one of his ablest critics and commentators in France, for Ruskin's genius, we think—his imagination, his picturesqueness, his versatility, his refinement—is perhaps more affinitively French than English; the gracefulness of his prose, the daintiness of his humour, the pliability of his reasoning, and the fineness of his intellect, all are perhaps less Saxon than Gallic; indeed, his sympathy with French Gothic architecture, which symbolises all that exquisiteness of character which is essentially French, is such as no Englishman has ever before so fully displayed or expressed, and may be quoted in proof of our contention. It is not many years since we drew attention to an Italian criticism in which our great writer was



BY THE LIGHT OF THE LANTERNS.

(From the Painting by J. A. Ford, in the Exhibition of the Scottish Artists' Society.)

referred to as "one Ruskin," his fame not having yet penetrated the land to the glory of which he had devoted so many of the best years of his life and the best pages of his eloquence. And, except to lovers of æsthetics, he was not much better known to the serious readers of France up



to recent years. M. de la Sizeranne's volume, which leaves so little room for criticism, even for discussion, will at last make known in its entirety the personality and the influence of one of the most remarkable geniuses of our day: and that, we presume, even his adversaries will not deny, even though they denounce as false the premisses of his art-philosophy, and cry aloud unto Baal to dry up the streams of eloquence which he has poured against the social economy and false morality of his day.

The idea of telling the Bible story by well-known pictures executed by well-known painters is a happy one. The selection is made by the Editor, Mr. A. G. TEMPLE, F.S.A., Director of the Art Gallery of the Corporation of London, who has shown in his choice a most catholic taste and a wide knowledge of contemporary art. In the first part appear works by Sir E. BURNE-JONES, MESSRS. WATTS, CALDERON, HOLMAN HUNT, CORMON, BOUGUEREAU, and Sir NOEL PATON, together with TURNER, MARTIN, BELLANGER, MACLISE, ETTY, and others. The pictures are well reproduced and admirably printed—a full-page picture on one side of the paper only. "Sacred Art" (as the new serial work is called), accompanied by explanatory text of the pictures, will doubtless bring to Messrs. Cassell and Co., the publishers, the great popular success it deserves.

The excellently illustrated and tasteful series of standard English novels now being issued by Messrs. Service and Paton, at a low price, is being continued with spirit. Firstly, we have THACKERAY'S "Vanity Fair," with sixteen pen drawings by Miss CHRIS HAMMOND, and SCOTT'S "Rob Roy," with as many by Mr. F. H. TOWNSEND. The former are dainty, conceived with full sympathy not only with the story, but with the period in which it is cast, and the latter admirable alike in design and execution, in character, observation, humour, and dramatic power. It is a pleasure to see such steady improvement in this accomplished young artist. "Old Mortality" has been admirably pictured by Mr. SIDNEY PAGET, whose work with the pen is as good as with the brush, and whose fine drawing and studied characterisation are striking merits of his work. Mr. E. J. SULLIVAN'S illustrations to "The Pirate" are a degree less satisfactory, despite the charm of his touch. Yet there is elegance in several of them, and in "Fear Confers Wings"—the flight of Triptolemus—the inspiration of Mr. Hugh Thomson has been very cleverly followed.

The first report of the County Council Schools in Bolt Court, E.C., has just been issued. Intended for craftsmen connected with printing and its allied professions, the work of the school includes photography, "process" reproduction, and lithography. Some excellent blocks and lithographs are published in the book. The fact that the little book is printed entirely by students of the St. Bride's Foundation Institute—and excellently, too—lends it an additional interest.

**Miscellaneous.** A GOLD medal has been awarded at Dresden to Mr. GEORGE HITCHCOCK for his picture, "The Flight into Egypt."

Mr. WALTER CRANE has been appointed Art Director of the University Extension College at Reading. Mr. Crane has, we believe, been granted a free hand in the organisation of the classes, so that a happier result may be looked for than that which attended his Manchester enterprise.

Mrs. BOYCE, the widow of the late Mr. GEORGE P. BOYCE, R.W.S., has presented to the Chelsea Public Library, Manresa Road, his well-known water-colour drawing of "St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, in 1867." The drawing was recently on loan at South Kensington, and Mrs. Boyce selected it for deposit in the Library in memory of her husband, who resided for twenty-eight years in Chelsea.

**Obituary.** THE death has occurred, in his seventieth year, of Mr. DOWNWARD BIRCH, a landscape artist of great ability. In his early years he exhibited at the Royal Academy and other London galleries, but afterwards retired to Italy, where he worked at his art without seeking for public recognition. An exhibition of some of his pictures is to be held at Messrs. Graves's Gallery next spring.

Another artist little known to the public, Mr. R. PILSEBURY, has recently died at the age of sixty-seven. As Art Director of Messrs. Moore Brothers, of Longton, he exerted a powerful influence upon English ceramic art. For many years with Messrs. Mintou, he was one of the first to produce designs based upon natural flowers for the decoration of pottery and china. He received his early training at the Burslem School of Art, where he gained no fewer than twelve national medals, six of them in one year. In 1851 he gained a scholarship, and went into training at South Kensington for an art master. This,

however, was not congenial to him, and he returned to Burslem and engaged in the occupation which he followed for the rest of his life.

Mr. J. MILO GRIFFITH, the Welsh sculptor, has recently died after a short illness. His earliest public work was done for Llandaff Cathedral, where he carved many of the stone capitals. In 1883 he commenced exhibit-

ing at the Royal Academy. He was the designer of the silver shield presented by South Wales to the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1888. For some time he was Professor of Art in a college at San Francisco.

The death has occurred of Mr. CHARLES ROSSITER, who for a quarter of a century has been the Art Master at Uppingham School. The Tercentenary window placed in the schoolroom in 1885 was executed from his design.

The death has occurred, at the age of seventy-two, of M. ALOÏS SCHÖNEN, Professor at the Académie des Beaux-Arts at Vienna. He acquired a reputation as a painter of Eastern—principally Egyptian—scenes. He studied under Führich and Horace Vernet, and was created Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1878.

**Our Competition.** OWING to the pressure upon our space, we are compelled to hold over until next month the reproductions of the successful designs. Competitors desiring to have their drawings returned must send stamps to cover the cost of carriage.



DESIGN FOR A CHURCH, WITH APPROACH FOR PILGRIMS.

(By M. Duquesne. Awarded the Grand Prix de Rome, Paris. Photograph by Pourchat, Paris.)





FALSTAFF REVIEWING HIS RAGGED TROOPS (Water-Colour, 1853.)

(In the Collection of Gilbert Moss, Esq.)

## SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.R.W.S.: A MEMORIAL SKETCH.

BY THE EDITOR.



SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.R.W.S.

(From the Photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons.)

IF the public fails to appreciate the consummate ability of the great artist who has passed away, it has at least this excuse—that his greatest qualities were not those which proclaimed themselves the loudest, and that the merits by which he achieved his amazing popularity, sound and even commanding as they are, belong less to the technical ex-

cellences which raised him to his pinnacle than the appeal they made to the understanding, not necessarily artistic, of the people. Though Sir John Gilbert practised art in many of its branches, it is only in one—and that not, in the public estimation, the one by which he defied the rivalry of all comers—that he showed himself head and shoulders above the draughtsmen of his time. Distinguished as he was as a painter, whether in oil or water-colour, it is in virtue of his achievements in black-and-white that he takes his place among the few masters, not of his age and country only but of all time, who, through the medium of the hand or printing press, have ranged themselves among the highest. He may be voted “old-fashioned” for the moment; but real art rises superior to mode or vogue in taste. It has Time upon its side.

When Captain George Felix Gilbert, of Blackheath (where John Gilbert was born in 1817), found by the disbanding of his regiment—the Royal East London Militia—that his income shrank to an inconvenient degree, he adopted the calling of a land and estate agent; and when a friend engaged in a similar pursuit offered to take young Gilbert into his office, the father accepted with gratitude. So for two years the firm of Dickson and Bell entertained an unwilling recruit, whose chief—indeed, his only—joy was to look from the windows in Charlotte

cellences which raised him to his pinnacle than the appeal they made to the understanding, not necessarily artistic, of the people. Though Sir John Gilbert practised art in many of its branches, it is only in one—and that not, in the public estima-



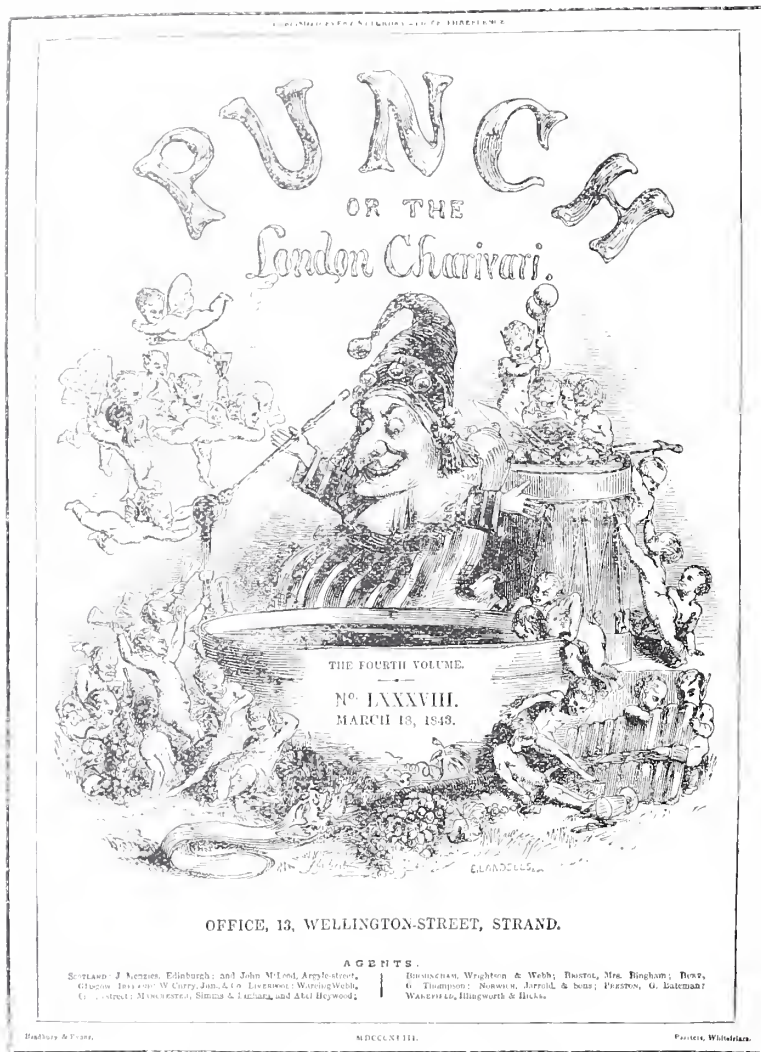
law upon the abolition of the Mansion House, where the frequent displays of civic pomp—the gorgeous carriages, gorgeous servants, and gorgeous trappings—all the showy details of state and circumstance, with the crowds and movement in the City's throbbing heart—gave opportunities for the pencil and material for the sketch-book that were the only solace of the young student in exile. His comments sarcastically declared that his sketches unquestionably proved him "excellent at figures;" but it was these same notes that saved him from a life of office drudgery by convincing his parents of the ability and power that were in him.

He had sketched upon his book at school, he had sketched upon his blotting-pad at the office, and gave little attention to the original purpose of either. He now devoted himself to sketching

from nature and, like so many other self-taught artists before him, to copying prints as a guide to art—just as his contemporaries Mr. Watts, Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. Frith, for all their difference in artistic aim, were doing at about the same period. He had taken all the prizes that were offered for drawing at his school; but when he attempted to enter the classes of the Royal Academy he failed, as Mr. Yeames and others have done before and since; though the Academician, Sir William Beechey, who had been attracted by his talent, gave him all the support and advice that he seemed to need. So the lad

took refuge in Reynolds's "Discourses" and Bernet's "Practical Hints," and sought a few lessons from the fruit-painter George Lauce, who, the distinguished pupil of Benjamin Robert Haydon, was the most skilful oil-painter in his line we have ever had in England, just as William Hunt was in water-colour.

With that energy and industry of his which, maintained almost to the end of his long life, have always been one of the wonders of the art world, Gilbert applied himself to the acquisition of every process of his art; and with a perseverance not less intense for being quietly and modestly sustained, he learned to work upon paper, wood, canvas, metal, and stone, and, we are told, to model in clay and carve in marble, as well as to etch, to paint in fresco (on the chance of commissions happening), and to execute portraits from the



THE FOURTH COVER OF "PUNCH."

(Designed by Sir John Gilbert, 1843.)

largest dimensions to the smallest. But the earliest work which he exhibited was in water-colour—"The Arrest of Lord Hastings at the Council Board in the Tower by the Protector, Richard of Gloucester"—contributed to the Society of British Artists in 1863, when he was nineteen years of age; and the second, a picture in oil, "The Coronation of Inez de Castro," at the same gallery in 1837. In 1838, two years after his first oil picture had been refused at the Academy, he contributed there a "Portrait of a Gentleman," and in the dozen subsequent years he was represented in Trafalgar Square by some ten



works in either medium, illustrative of scenes in Shakespeare, Cervantes, or Scott. His first Suffolk Street picture had found an immediate purchaser; and although "Holbein painting the Portrait of Anne Boleyn," exhibited at the Academy in 1841,

But just as he was embarking on his career as a painter his pen-and-ink sketches, including some of those which had been the despair of his father in the days of the son's abortive estate-agency, fell under the eye of Mr. Sheepshanks (happy days,



CONVOCAION OF CLERGY (Oil Painting, 1871.)

(In the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy, Engraved by C. Constantine.)

failed of a like success, "Don Quixote advising Sancho Panza upon entering his Government," shown in the same year at the British Institution, was acquired at once by the famous collector, Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, on the strength of its fineness of character, its power, and its judicious self-restraint. From the first, Gilbert was an inveterate illustrator—"Art for Art's sake" had few advocates sixty years ago—and the adventures of Don Quixote, Tristram Shandy, and Gil Blas provided him with many a congenial subject. Not till 1845 did he begin what may be called the long gipsy series which afforded him opportunities for rendering the more rugged side of picturesque humanity, and that rougher and raggeder side of nature in which he so delighted.

those, for youthful talent!), who, at the suggestion of Mulready, backed by Duncan, advised that young Gilbert should devote himself to drawing upon the wood. The notion was not altogether original, for Gilbert had some little while before put Clarkson Stanfield's drawing for Marryat's "Poor Jack" upon the wood for Henry Vizetelly.

From that time began Gilbert's career as a black-and-white artist, especially as a draughtsman on wood; and to the connoisseur's interposition and encouragement Gilbert primarily owes the greatness of his position, and we the brilliant illustrator whose fame and name are, I believe, imperishable: among artists, if not among the public. Unprecedented as became his popularity, his success



was not undeserved, whether for the novelty of his handling or for its more solid artistic merits. At the beginning his more deliberate work was not so dashing as that which he executed for the newspapers, nor as "blottesque" as his method grew later to be; indeed, his "Cowper" shows designs as minute and careful in finish as the work of Mr. Birket Foster

"Rubens" on the paper drove him off it, and he was enabled, in response to the invitation of Mr. Herbert Ingram, who had just started the *Illustrated London News*, to throw himself, with all his inexhaustible energy, into the first worthy illustrated newspaper that the country had known. Jerrold's animus was entirely defensible; for although Gilbert was, or soon became, a powerful rival to William Harvey—indeed, his only rival—he was no match in the comic line for John Leech, who on purely artistic grounds cannot be mentioned with him.

It is interesting to observe that the three early contributors to *Punch*—Birket Foster, H. G. Hine, and John Gilbert—all developed into highly popular and distinguished artists (Mr. Foster, of course, the least of them) whose English feeling and devotion to English landscape are their chief characteristics. For Sir John, England was always the England of St. George, Old, and Merrie, fertile mother of stalwart sons, rich soil of golden harvests, with a strong flavour of Robin Hood and the Greenwood Tree, modified—except in his finest conceptions—by a suggestion of Drury Lane transferred to the open. In his dramatic moments he is a sort of genial and kindly Salvator Rosa, a vigorous Gaspar Poussin, loving grandeur and broad effects, various though they be, powerful, and romantic; and, though not aiming at absolute truth or accuracy of detail, successful in his attempt to harmonise the landscape, both in its lines and in its atmospheric



RICHARD II. RESIGNING THE CROWN TO BOLINGBROKE. (Oil Painting, 1876.)  
(In the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)

of the same period, with whose feeling, indeed, his landscape at that time showed much affinity. His drawings for book illustrations were always careful and delicate; but it was in his work for the pictorial Press, only then springing into real being, that his capacity for initiation and his full freedom and vigour first showed themselves. In the early pages of *Punch* (1842) he had proved his quality in the cover he wrought for it and in a few unimportant illustrations; but the hostility of Douglas Jerrold to a

conditions, with the spirit and sentiment of his subject. Yet through it all, as Mr. Quilter once observed, Sir John Gilbert is an optimist; and he draws smiling valleys and blasted heaths with the pride and enjoyment of Millet in the peasants of France, or of Henry Moore in the blue waters of the English Channel.

Above all other qualities, Gilbert's artistic instinct declares itself the fountain of all his work, at once explaining and justifying his almost incredible output. It has been computed—although





BREAKING UP THE ENCAMPMENT. (Oil Painting, 1888.)



the artist appears to have suggested that for the *Prophet and Lunatic*. "Now come, brethren, not base (for 30,000 cents," "a great amount of great good and finely-complimentary design—processions, court ceremonies, and the like; and to these must be added the numerous contributions to the *London Journal* and to ephemeral newspapers, pamphlets and books, besides his thousands of careful illustrations to the works of nearly all the English poets and many British authors, to Longfellow, Cervantes, Le Sage, and others.\* And beyond these are the 400 pictures—in oil and water-colour—contributed to the Royal Academy (about 55), the (Royal) Society of British Artists (20), the British Institution (40), and the Royal Society of Painters in

\* Of the folio catalogue of the British Museum no fewer than six pages are covered with 150 entries under his name.



FAIR ST. GEORGE. (Oil Painting, 1881. In the Guildhall.)

many hundreds of pictures), or "Wordsworth," or

† As in the brilliant "Book of Job," with fifty illustrations, published in 1857.

Water-Colours (about 270): and in addition are the works he has never exhibited at all. Figure, landscape, beasts, birds, and fishes †—they were all treated by him with the same care, knowledge, and artistic success.

Yet, though his unprecedented fertility was due to rapidity not less than to industry, there is no sign of haste in his drawings: they are often, no doubt, "sketchy," but there is nothing in them which suggests that greater excellence would have attended greater deliberation. Moreover, whether the task be story-book or Bible, the "Proverbs of Solomon," Mackay's "Thames," or the "Works of Milton," or of "Shakespeare" (Knight's and Stanton's, with



THE RETURN OF THE VICTORS. (Oil Painting.)  
(In the City of Birmingham Art Gallery.)



"Scott," or the early "Cowper" (with its extremely dainty drawings, tight and somewhat finicking in handling though they are), he was completely at ease in them all. At a time when illustrated books were the fashion—even more the vogue than they are to-day—"he contributed to nearly every important illustrated work." His rapidity never slackened, and it rather insured than impaired the artistic quality of his work and its sense of style; for the speed of his practised hand followed but the quickness of his intelligence—the intelligence with which he apprehended the author's meaning, and "saw" the picture in which it should be realised. He thought out the subject with the point of his pencil. Besides, he had not much need to study; he had stored his mind with a marvellous stock of knowledge of periods and costumes, of races and types of men, of figures and proportions, of architectural orders and facts of natural history, ornament and archaeology, arms and decoration and styles—all the details which most artists have to "work up" when a subject is delivered to them; and as he rarely, if ever, made studies—at least, for his journalistic work—but drew direct upon the block, his working hours were every minute of them productive. Nothing came amiss to his pencil: his facility was as prodigious as his readiness and his memory. He "extemporised upon paper" with originality, *verve*, and brilliancy. He would make a full-page drawing upon the block while the messenger would pace the heath for an hour or so, or refresh himself in the kitchen. According to Mr. Harrison Weir, Gilbert on one occasion drew two-thirds of all the drawings in one week's issue of the *Illustrated*. So quick and deliberate was he, both in point of work and knowledge of composition, that when he was engaged upon such a block he would, in time of stress, proceed without sketching his subject in, finishing it off as he went on, and as he completed parts of it, would unscrew the squares of which the whole is composed and send the bits one by one to the engravers—thus never seeing the finished work until it was cut. He kept the mental picture of the composition before him and never lost sight of the general effect. The engravers, whom he was educating away from the dull convention that ruled before (though Mr. W. J. Linton curiously declared that "he *mis*-led them back to mechanism"—*i.e.* facsimile cutting), received with delight the new

method and new technique which he initiated—so brilliant in its spots of black and telling whites—a Spanish touch, which, though easy to engrave, was so effective in its result.\* Although his facility of execution and inexhaustible invention are leading qualities in his black-and-white work, he had that feeling for beauty of line which is a



EGO ET REX MEUS. (Oil Painting, 1889. In the Guildhall.)

merit of higher value and importance. In fact, his quality of artist is well matched by his skill as draughtsman, and power as illustrator.

He was a humorist too, but had rather the appreciation and power of realisation of other men's humor than a broad creative humorous faculty of his own. His drawings for *Punch* have little fun in them, except, perhaps, the drawing for "Mokeanna," in which he caricatures his own style. But we must never forget that it is to him we owe that Scotch joke of perennial entertainment—

\* Sir John Gilbert was, on the whole, very fortunate in his engravers. His "Cowper," for example, was exquisitely engraved by Orrin Smith, assisted by Alfred Haral; his Staunton's "Shakespeare" and "Longfellow" by Dalziel; the "Percy Tales" by Kirchner and others as clever; the "English Ballads" by Folkard; and other works by Whymper, Nicholls, Mr. W. L. Thomas, etc., of like ability.





THE ENCHANTED FOREST (Water-Colour, 1886. In the Guildhall.)

“Bang went saxpence”—for it was Gilbert who first heard the words, uttered seriously, and gave them to Mr. Birket Foster, by whose intermediary they reached Charles Keene.

Gilbert's water-colours always recall to me the draughtsman's pencil. I doubt if he ever felt what Alfred Hunt used to call the “witchery” of the method, rather regarding it, like all the other mediums he practised, as an instrument for expression, and little more. He cared for the subject firstly and secondly too, and he never probed far the possibilities of water-colour. That he could have done so had he chosen, I have no doubt. His early sketch-

whether or not he aimed at the appearance of tempera-painting, whether he kept his colour pure

drawings in pure wash are delightful in their tenderness, and as far removed from the heavily laden body-colour drawings of later years as the broad dashing handling with pen or pencil of his maturity are removed from the exquisite touch of the early 'forties. Some of his architectural sketches—such as “La Chapelle du Sang de Dieu, Bruges,” now in the Guildhall—are worthy of the fine point of Ruskin or of Turner, with whose methods, indeed, they have much in common; while his drawing of French dragoons Raffet or Charlet might have been proud to sign. Nothing was at that time too refined for his firm hand and observing eye. But



“AN ARMED HOST DRAWN UP BELOW, A BATTLE IN THE SKY.” (Water-Colour.)  
(In the Guildhall.)



or lapsed into relative muddiness, he was invariably the master of composition.

His composition, indeed, always seemed to fall right rather than to be deliberately devised, in striking contrast with such a master as Leighton, whose ingenuity always seems to the spectator to

them for the same end. That end, whether he liked it or not, earned him the *sobriquet* of the "Scott of Painting," so far justifying the charge brought against him of sharing Carlyle's disdainful denunciation of the Northern Wizard as indulging in "the buff-jerkin business." Though narrow in his artistic



CRUSADERS ON THE MARCH. (Oil Painting.)

(In the South Kensington Museum. Engraved by Madame Jacob-Bazin.)

have been planned with deliberation. The grouping was instinctively good, and always in admirable relation to the effect of the whole; while no frequency of repetition in the class of subjects with which he had to deal ever betrayed him into repetition of the scheme. His composition, in fact, was never the bald arrangement accepted by so many painters and their admirers; it was Design in the higher and broader sense, invariably spirited and picturesque, full of vivacity and dramatic force. Gilbert was so much of a stylist that we lose sight of his near approach to being a mannerist, and in his versatility we forget that his range was comparatively narrow. He used many methods, but most of

view, he was so widely sympathetic within those restrictions that every subject and every passion seemed to come within his power—passion, that is, the emotions of the heart, though not the higher conceptions, the emotions of the soul, and the sentiment of the higher intellect. In his more elaborate compositions the management of crowds is astonishing. They are instinct with life and as full of movement as Pradilla's, and drawn with infinitely more thoroughness—not, one would say, more carefully but more successfully. Crowds in all ages, of all classes, civilians, soldiers, armies, in all sorts of circumstances, yet rarely suggesting confusion; pompous State pageantry, imposing





DON QUIXOTE DISCOURSES UPON ARMS AND LETTERS TO THE COMPANY AT THE INN (1891).



procession, the dash of cavalry charge, or simple conclave of calm electors or assemblage of street on-lookers, all are depicted so judiciously as not to bewilder, while yet convincing, the spectator. And even if the drawing be sometimes loose, it is not noticeable (and if it were it were certainly pardonable) for the sake of the vigour, the delightful impetuosity and ease of the performance.\*

In expression Gilbert could be as noble and dignified as he pleased, imparting to his figures a grand air—superb in gesture, robust in action—almost

the surface merely—neither in colour, handling, nor quality of paint is there any real resemblance; and it is certain that in his work he was as much in sympathy with Rembrandt and Velasquez as with the great master of Flanders.

As an oil-painter he showed a subdued flamboyancy, so to speak, that is full of spirit and yet well within the bounds of good taste. His shadows were often heavy, but he was so good a craftsman that his colours have never changed. He had a frequent trick of modelling by "pencilling" or



THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD, NORTHALLERTON. (Water-Colour, 1879-80.)

(In the Guildhall. Engraved by Madame Jacob-Bazin.)

achieving the heroic. His dramatic and narrative powers were equally great; he could tell his story unflinchingly, and would sometimes rise to the dignity of history, without falling into the common fault of stiltedness. Incident he loved, and treated it with vigour and masculinity; and he was always sensitive to beauty, whether in line or in touch, in figure male or female, or in nature. There is hardly a sketch by him but what is full of charm. Grace was his, too, when he sought it—but rarely repose. And he loved opulence in colour, line, and form; for which reason superficial observers have dubbed him the "English Rubens." But the resemblance is of

\* Like Mr. G. F. Watts, Sir John Tenniel, Gustave Doré, and other eminent designers, Sir John Gilbert did not draw from the model.

hatching, by which he gave fulness to his forms, that was sometimes irritating—the result of his draughtsman's practice—not at all necessary, however, as his admirable portrait of Thackeray at the Garrick Club, for example, abundantly proves. With "tones" and "values" he troubled himself not at all, and not greatly with the Problems of atmosphere. Breadth he sought for and obtained, and sufficient verisimilitude to force his conventions upon the spectator. So successfully did he achieve his aim that his pictures are never merely costume-pieces. His colour, though rich, was sober, and was admirably adapted to the representations of those imposing scenes from history, scenes of chivalry and poetry, and subjects of a spirited kind, that made him *par excellence* the painter of robust mediævalism.





A BISHOP. (Water-Colour, 1889.)

(In the Guildhall. Engraved by Romagnolo.)

He loved what was dramatic, whether in scene or character, but he was never stagey in the rendering of it: and could be not only dramatic but tragic too, ascending on some occasions from the grandiose to the grand. Yet his grandeur was not that of Mr. Watts: for he lacked the necessary elevation of thought and loftiness of conception.

It was in 1852 that Gilbert was elected Associate of the Old Water-Colour Society, and in the following year he was created full Member. He was elected to the Presidency in 1871, the honour of knighthood being signified to him soon afterwards, though only actually conferred early in the following year. He resigned his post in 1888, but was unanimously re-elected, a few members being appointed Deputy in turn to perform the duties of his office. It was during his term of service that he initiated the annual exhibition of sketches which has proved so popular a feature with the patrons of the Society.

He had been badly hung in the early years of his exhibition at the Royal Academy, and refrained,

therefore, from sending again from 1851 for sixteen years onwards, save on a single occasion—in 1863, when “The Army on the March” was placed. In 1867, however, he resumed the regular contribution of important works, in 1871 sent in his “Convocation of the Clergy,” and on January 29th, 1872, he was elected an Associate. Four years later (June 29th, 1876) he was promoted to full membership, when “Richard II. resigning the Crown to Bolingbroke” (now at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool) justified his election.

Inspired by the spirit, if not by the example, of Mr. Watts, Sir John Gilbert in 1893 carried out the long-cherished intention of presenting to the nation an important collection of his works. With this view he brought together a noble series representing his work from 1838 to 1891, and distributed them among London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and Blackburn, depleting his own house for the greater satisfaction he sought. London acknowledged the gracious act by conferring its freedom upon the donor, the first artist ever so honoured. It must be admitted that, seen together, the number of his works somewhat suggests monotony, lacking that independence of intention that gives variety to Mr. Watts’s collected works. His collection of sketch-

books he had already presented to the Royal Academy.

The end of his long life, so lacking in incident though so full of industry, closed sadly for the gentle and the kindly old man, whose physical infirmity notwithstanding, up to a year or two before his death, was powerless to subdue his will or dampen his artistic ardour. One whose independence and individuality had withstood the influence, positive or negative, attractive or repellent, of the Pre-Raphaelite movement on the one hand, or of any other successful artists of the day on the other, when art-dialectics were at their height, was surely of no common sort. He always showed it in his work, and he proved as much by giving back to the public at the last much of what he had so nobly earned from the beginning, and (on the 5th of October, 1897) sank back quietly into the grave—beloved by all who knew him, without a single enemy, and in the full knowledge of a life’s work done.





LEOPARD PLAYING WITH TORTOISE.

(By J. M. Swan, A.R.A.)

## SCULPTURE IN 1897.

BY ALFRED LYS BALDRY

THERE is hardly any branch of art in which so great an advance has been perceptible in this country during recent years as in sculpture. It is not so long ago that the sculptor's profession was regarded as one that involved endless struggles, and one for which any real popular appreciation could not be expected. Absence of support was until quite lately the lot of most of the men who had the temerity to try and work out original ideas in sculpture, or had any ambition to attempt anything better than commonplace portraiture. Ideal work was distinctly discouraged, and neither in quality nor quantity was it, as a rule, calculated to do credit to the British school. But this condition of affairs has now undergone a marked change. Not only has there sprung up, in response to a quite sincere and widespread demand, a considerable group of thoroughly able sculptors; but there has also developed, soundly and systematically, a spirit of truer aestheticism, which has affected the general

public quite as much as the workers themselves. A vastly improved type of production has resulted from this change. Sculptors have gained heart, and have, in response to the more sympathetic attitude of their patrons, set themselves to raise their art from its former state of despondent resignation to a definitely progressive one, full of vitality and robustness of spirit. Already sculpture has become one of the most active of modern artistic influences, and the promise it gives of even greater advance in the near future is most hopeful and encouraging.

It is sufficient to review the achievement of a single year to gain an idea of the position which this one branch of art occupies at the present moment. Although it may happen that during the period chosen for examination some of the more notable artists have been prevented from doing themselves fullest justice, or may even have failed to show any work at all in the various exhibitions, there are so many men now who are able to arrest attention that



the absence of even a great master does not cause the blank that would not so very long ago have been only too plainly perceptible. During the past twelvemonth the record has in one sense suffered by the inadequate representation of such modern leaders as Mr. Thornycroft, Mr. Gilbert, and Mr. Brock, and by the failure of Mr. Harry Bates to complete anything at all for exhibition; and yet 1897 deserves to rank as a year of marked success in sculpture. It is true that Mr. Thornycroft's bas-reliefs at the Academy, though small and departing little from the beaten track, were technically of great excellence; and that Mr. Brock's one large work, the memorial "Effigy of a Lady," exhibited at the Academy, was a fine piece of design and admirable in its display of executive skill. It must be conceded that Mr. Gilbert's metal-work, in the same exhibition, showed the most attractive side of his superlative capacity, and revealed to perfection that sense of applying materials which puts him justifiably among the chief decorative sculptors of any period. But all three artists have in past years given us so much evidence of energy as well as skill, that we have become accustomed to expect from them an array of important efforts; and to have nothing from Mr. Harry Bates, one of our most poetic and classic sculptors, is to lose one of the attractions of the art season.

But this year there were compensations even for such gaps as these. We have had instead a demon-

stration of all-round ability that is most instructive, and a proof of the power of the younger men that is full of significance and of promise for the near future. Obviously, there is no cause for alarm lest the progress of modern sculpture should be checked or interrupted by any falling off in the number of artists capable of great achievement. We can plainly see that among those who are now coming to the front there is a full measure of the right spirit and a strong sense of what is appropriate in sculpture; and we are left in no doubt concerning the soundness of the technical knowledge which these younger men have acquired. They are no less skilful in execution than they are judicious in design and intelligent in manner of treatment; the combination of these qualities gives to their work a degree of vitality that is a sure sign of further development.

One of the most remarkable of the larger examples of sculpture in this year's Academy was the statue of "Dame Alice Owen" by Mr. G. J. Frampton, an artist who has accustomed us to expect from him a very happy alliance of originality and power. In this piece of work he had to face the difficult problem of combining harmoniously various materials, and had to deal



OCEANA.

(By Bertram Mackennal.)

with questions of colour as well as form; but his

success was beyond dispute. No hint of discordance spoiled the general effect of the statue, and the admirable workmanship, both of the bronze and the tinted marble, could scarcely be too highly praised. Equal skill was shown in his two bronze reliefs of "Charles Keene" at the Academy and "Reginald Stuart Poole" at the New Gallery. Another young sculptor, Mr. Bertram Mackennal, added appreciably to an already sound reputation by the work which he sent to the Academy. His "Oceana," a marble statue slightly under life-size, was a delightful piece of idealism, charming in its refinement and yet perfectly robust and real in its representation of a wholesome physical type. A marble bust and some small bronzes exhibited at the same time were, if less important in scale, no less interesting as evidences of his definite and striking individuality. Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, too, made his mark at the Academy, where his skilfully composed and daintily handled statuette, "The Nymph of Loch Awe," found favour with the Council and was purchased for the Chantrey Fund Collection; and he was represented more than satisfactorily at the New Gallery by a bronze statuette, "Pensée." Mr. Alfred Drury's chief produc-



INVOCATION TO THE GODDESS OF LOVE.

(By H. C. Fehr.)

tions during the year have been devised for other purposes than exhibition, for the decoration of buildings or for erection in public places, so that a single bust, "The Age of Innocence," was all that he sent to Burlington House. This, however, by its exquisite appropriateness and charm of manner, fully confirmed the good impression caused by his "Griselda," to which last year was accorded the same honour that has now been gained by Mr. Pomeroy's "Nymph of Loch Awe." Mr. Toft, Mr. Pegram, Mr. F. E. E. Schenck, and Mr. Fehr all aided materially in keeping up the artistic standard of the season. Mr. Toft's statuettes — "Spring," at the Academy, and "An Invocation," at the New Gallery; Mr. Fehr's statue, "Invocation to the Goddess of Love;" and the decorative figures by Mr. Pegram and Mr. Schenck, were marked by quite notable power, and were very welcome additions to the varied series of illustrations of the modern point of view which were gathered together in the two chief galleries.

Among the sculptor-Academicians the only one who availed himself to any great extent of his privilege as a member was Mr. Onslow Ford. He showed as many as eight examples of his work, all in his very best



manner and all worthy of the closest attention. Seven of them were portrait busts abounding with vivid reality and treated with the sincerest sense of style; and the eighth was his quaint and unconventional "Jowett Memorial," intended for the chapel of Balliol College, Oxford. It would be difficult to say which of the seven busts could be fairly regarded as representing him most adequately, for all were in different ways as complete as the best balance of artistic qualities could make them. Perhaps the preference might be given to the portrait of Professor Herkomer, which revealed a singularly sympathetic appreciation of character; but the subtle delicacy of the "Portrait Bust" of a lady, the vivacity of the bronze of "The Late Sir J. E. Millais," and the judiciously differentiated individuality of the others, make any attempt at serious comparison of excellence ineffective, if not impossible. We may fairly feel grateful to him for his industry: we could not have spared any one of his contributions. In addition to these exhibited works he has also quite recently completed the masterly statue of Dr. Dale, which will, in the Birmingham Art Gallery, serve as a permanent memorial of the great Nonconformist leader.

About a dozen examples of sculpture of various types represented the total contribution of the rest of the Academy members. Mr. Brock, in addition to his "Effigy of a Lady," sent an admirable marble bust of Sir Richard Quain; Mr. Arnstead a statue, "Playmates," of a nude girl playing with a kitten; and Mr. Thornycroft some portrait medallions—these, with Mr. Frampton's two works and Mr. Briton Riviere's "Anatomical Lion," comprised nearly the whole of the Academic effort in art of this class. Some pieces of metal-work must, however, be added to complete the list. Mr. Gilbert's extremely beautiful "Ewer and Rose-water Dish," and his gold medal for annual presentation at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in memory of the late Sir William Lawrence; Mr. J. M. Swan's silver group of a young Indian leopard playing with a tortoise; and Professor Herkomer's gold and ivory Presidential badge for the Royal Water Colour Society, made a most important addition to the sum-total of the interest which was to be derived from an inspection of the two rooms assigned at Burlington House to sculpture, and, with the silver bon-bon dish by Mr. Reynolds Stephens, gave a pleasant hint of the progress which is being rapidly made towards the creation of a really worthy school of workers in the more costly metals. Another application of the sculptor's craft was illustrated in the coloured plaster relief which Mr. Aiming Bell exhibited in the spring show of the New English Art Club—a successful combination of colour with modelled form which could only be judiciously attempted by an

artist who possesses, as Mr. Bell certainly does, a most sensitive feeling for colour arrangement as well as a true sense of line composition and decorative balance.

Even outside the exhibition galleries the record of sculpture for 1897 is lacking in neither value nor variety. The steady demand for the services of the sculptor as a coadjutor to the architect, which has been very plainly perceptible of late, shows every sign of becoming year by year more active and gives every promise of growth into a great art movement. Several of our younger artists find constant occupation in the treatment of the ornamental details of architectural designs, and the effect of their participation is seen in a marked improvement in the decorative accessories of newly erected buildings. What was formerly merely a matter of mechanical manufacture has now become a subject for artistic attention, therefore no consideration of the sculpture of to-day can be complete unless notice is taken of what is being done in the public places and streets of our cities and towns. Indeed, to omit this notice would be to overlook some of the best efforts of our ablest sculptors. Mr. Stirling Lee, for instance, has during this year put himself in evidence at none of the galleries, as his time has been entirely taken up with architectural work. Mr. Drury has been chiefly occupied with terracotta modelling for various buildings in London and the country, and has also made considerable progress with the clay models of some colossal bronze figures intended to serve as electric-light standards at Leeds. Mr. Pomeroy's sculpture and plaster-work for a house in Mayfair has been recently referred to in this Magazine. Mr. Schenck's energies have been almost entirely devoted to the decorative features of the Oxford Town Hall. Mr. Pegram's only exhibits at the Academy were a couple of figures intended for the base of a candelabrum; and much of Mr. Mackenall's output for the year has consisted of designs for metal-work required for electric-light fittings, a class of production for which he is, by his strong sense of line value, peculiarly well suited.

Several important memorials have been brought to completion or considerably advanced during 1897. Mr. Ford's "Dr. Dale" has been already referred to, and among other productions of the same class must be reckoned Mr. Thornycroft's statue of Oliver Cromwell for a site at Westminster; Mr. H. Montford's bronze figure of Charles Darwin, unveiled in August at Shrewsbury; Mr. Goseombe John's "Memorial to the Late Canon Guy, D.D.," for the chapel of Forest School; Mr. Onslow Ford's monument to the late Hamilton Macallan at Beer; and the statue of Mrs. Siddons by M. Chevalland, unveiled at Paddington by





SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

*(By E. Onslow Ford, R.A. Presented by the Sculptor to the Royal Academy, to be placed in the Vestibule.)*







DAME ALICE OWEN.

(By George J. Frampton, A.R.A. Unveiled at the Lady Owen School, October 21st, 1897. See p. 66.)





THE NYMPH OF LOCH AWE.

(By F. W. Pomeroy. In the Chantrey Collection, Millbank.)

Sir Henry Irving. Among the chief works recently commenced are the statue of Judge Hughes for Rugby School and the memorial of Lord Leighton for St. Paul's Cathedral, for both of which Mr. Brock is to be responsible; the canopied tomb by Mr. Jackson and Mr. Brock in memory of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, which is to be erected in Canterbury Cathedral; and a statue of the Duke of Norfolk which Mr. Onslow Ford has been commissioned to execute for the new Town Hall at Sheffield. As a natural consequence of the Jubilee, several statues or statuettes of the Queen have been commenced or actually completed. Among the smaller works of this class, perhaps the most interesting are Mr. Mackenall's small full-length of the Queen in her coronation robes, and Mr. E. E. Geflowski's reduction of his large statue at Singapore.

Among the honours gained by sculpture this year, the awards at the Brussels Exhibition are most important. Mr. Onslow Ford received a first-class medal there, and Mr. Frampton and Mr. Drury second-class

medals. Another work by this last-mentioned sculptor, "The First Reflection," was purchased from the Dresden Exhibition for the Queen of Saxony's collection. It is worth noting, too, as a matter of some significance, that in the National Competition at South Kensington five out of the sixteen gold medals, offered for art-work of all kinds from all the art schools in the country, were awarded to

modelled work, against one only for figure-drawing and none for painting. The success of the modelers in the competition was, indeed, second only to that of the designers of all classes, to whom seven gold medals were given. On the whole, the record of the past twelve-month is an excellent one, and full of promise for coming years. It is, too, a matter for rejoicing that death has removed from the sculptors' ranks only two men of note—Mr. J. Milo Griffith, the Welsh artist whose comparatively brief career was a very distinguished one, and Mr. G. A. Rogers, the veteran wood-carver who, though he had practically retired from active work, was up to the very last a man of influence in the art world.



PROFESSOR HERKOMER, R.A.

(By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.)

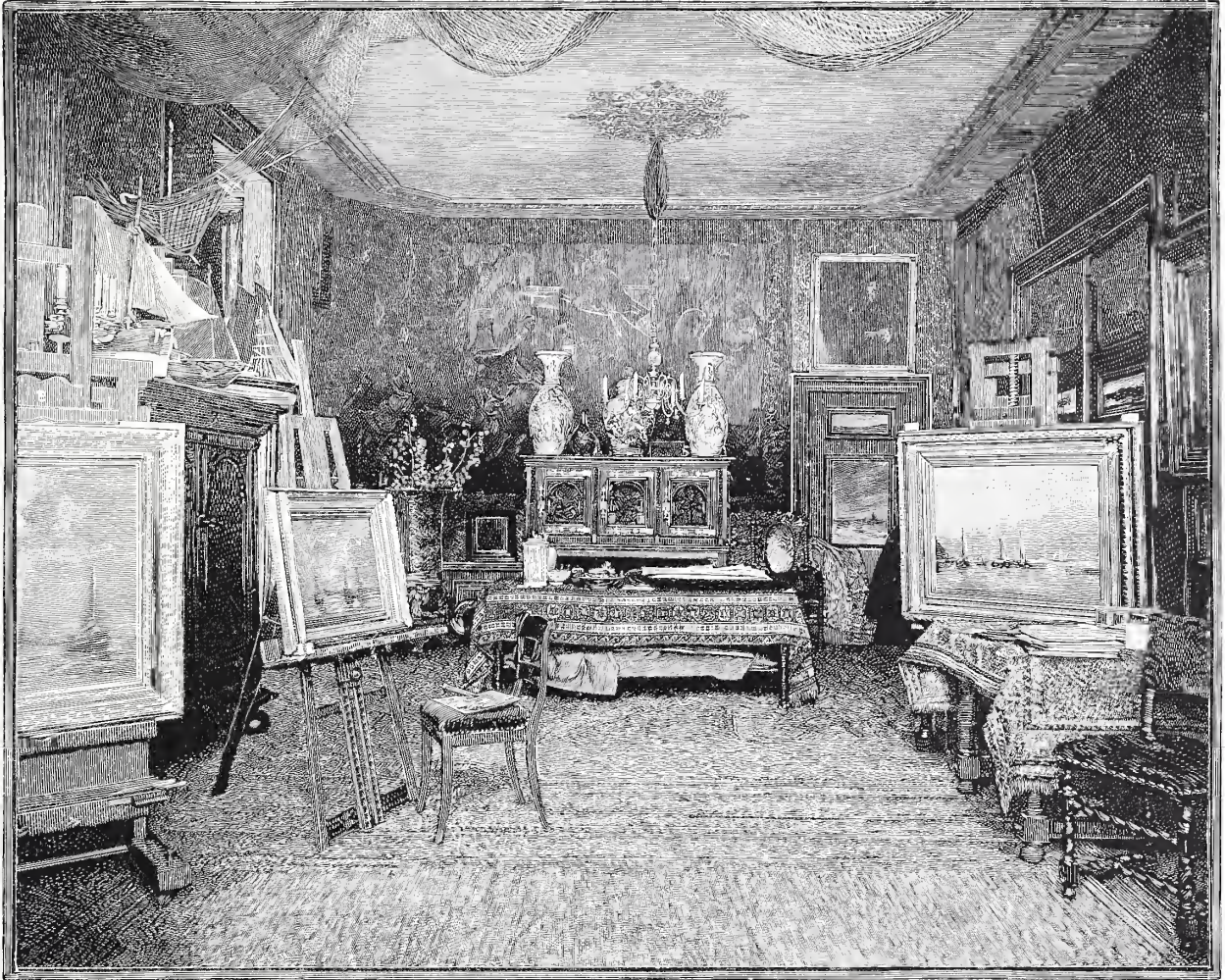


## A MODERN DUTCH MASTER.

H. W. MESDAG, PAINTER OF THE SEA.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN

THE headship of modern Dutch art belongs to Josef Israëls on land and to Hendrik Willem Mesdag on the sea. To many beyond the borders of Holland the names of no other living artists are so well known and so universally recognised—not even those of the brothers Maris. Robust, original, sincere in his observation and skilful in recording it, M. Mesdag takes his place without presumption, with the acquiescence of his fellow-painters. His popularity is based on grounds personal as well as artistic, and with these his official chieftainship has combined to call forth the tribute of a handsome biographical "album," in honour of his career.\* The book is a beautiful one and a credit to its printer, Mr. A. W. Sijthoff, who has produced it in a manner uniform with the "Henriette Romer,"



THE STUDIO OF H. W. MESDAG.

of Holland the names of no other living artists are so well known and so universally recognised—not even those of the brothers Maris. Robust, original, sincere in his observation and skilful in recording it, M. Mesdag takes his place without presumption, with the acquiescence of his fellow-painters. His popularity is based on grounds personal as well as artistic, and with these his official chieftainship has combined to call forth the tribute of a handsome biographical "album," in honour of his

which I wrote for the same publishers. The etchings are good examples of their class; but it can hardly be said that the fine point with which they are wrought is well adapted to the translation of work so vigorous, bold, and virile as Mesdag's, nor is the biography or the criticism so complete as might have been expected from an artist judging another with whom

\* "H. W. Mesdag: The Painter of the North Sea." With etchings and descriptive text by Ph. Zilcken. Translated by Clara Bell. (Cassell & Company.)



he is in cordial and friendly sympathy. I may perhaps be permitted to review the facts of the artist's life and add such estimate of his work as appear to me to be necessary.\*

The use of adversity as a sort of incubator of

\* It should be remarked that the illustrations accompanying this paper are not borrowed from the volume in question; they have been independently prepared.

talent is widely believed in by many of those who have seen genius spring forth in spite of hardships and of a lifetime of poverty and disappointment. Poverty, it is true, often acts as a stimulant to literary talent, just as suffering may bring forth the loftiest and deepest note of the poet. But it has been observed in the case of the artist that care and wretchedness, if they do not always stunt

his fancy, tend to cripple his capacity for his best work, weighting his hand and burdening his touch. Art, no doubt, has often flourished on unfavoured soil; but that is only because Art has no special affection for wealth, and poverty is good for a student if not for the accomplished craftsman. The fact is as clearly recognised in the neighbourhood of Chelsea as in Montmartre, where the proverb "*gucua comme un peintre*" is as applicable to-day as it was when Thackeray wooed the unwilling goddess. There are some who go so far as to say that if an artist is not born to wealth he should "marry money," in order that he may quietly pursue, untorn by care, the practice of that art which demands unceasing devotion not less than mental equanimity. History, no doubt, affords us few examples of artistic genius nurtured by wealth; but that is less an argument against the theory than an illustration of the well-known prejudice, existing



THE LIFEBOAT



until within recent years among the rich who set their faces against their offspring embarking upon a career which in their hearts they despised as much as the Romans despised it in a former decadent age.

Mesdag is one of the few banker-artists who have appeared to the world: indeed, I know of but one other—Seymour, the poor caricaturist, whom, in spite of all, misfortune dogged and drove him finally into self-destruction. Born in Groningen in 1831, the son of a merchant and banker, he was brought up strictly to a commercial career, to which he remained faithful until after his marriage. Nevertheless, from the first he had shown something more than an aptitude for drawing; all his spare time he devoted to the pencil; he practised with diligence and took lessons, as Israels had done before him, from Buys. At the age

of thirty-five, encouraged by his wife, he finally quitted the counting-house for the studio—or rather for that larger studio of nature, the open fields and highways of his country. He threw himself into his art with feverish passion, and studied still-life and natural objects continuously, and with the humility and intense application of a Pre-Raphaelite brother. His hand, guided by his natural talent, soon responded to the work, and in 1868 he exhibited in the towns of Holland and Brussels the first-fruits of his labour. He was only an amateur as yet; still an amateur of the stamp of Seymour Haden and the Marchioness of Waterford: that is to say, a heaven-born artist for whom practice alone is required to transform him into a painter. He had begun comparatively late in life; so had Corot, so did Verheyden, so did Renouard, and others of his contemporaries; and with a genius so natural he was not long stayed in attaining the position at which he aimed. At first he was not appreciated in his own country. Brussels showed more encouragement; so to Brussels he went to live. But in the summer he spent his holiday at Norderney and saw the great North Sea spread out before him, palpitating under the breeze and dotted with the lumbering boats of the fisherfolk—so picturesque, so quaint, revealing in their heavy lines few of those

sailing qualities with which they rival the luggers of Norfolk and of Kent. This spectacle established his career: the sea was his destiny, and to it he determined to devote the practice of his art. For that purpose he settled in the Hague, and not long elapsed before he forwarded to the Paris Salon his “Breakers of the North Sea”—a work which brought him the amazement and delight of the gold medal and a letter of congratulation from Millet. He continued to paint the sea under every aspect, and to



OFF TO THE FISHING GROUND

study cloud-forms and all the landscapes of the sky by day and night, which he treats with such unsurpassed harmony of feeling in the whole series of his pictures. The details of his boat-drawing were open to criticism by the sailor, and his handling had hitherto been somewhat tight, as might be expected from so mature a recruit. But facility was being rapidly conquered and practically been almost obtained. Mesdag had the good sense to vary his sea studies with pictures of the surrounding landscape; and it must be confessed that some of his exquisite pictures of fishing village and of street scenery in summer and under snow, and even of orchard trees white with blossom, are certainly not less charming, not less true, or well felt than the marine-paintings with which he established his fame. But it is essentially as the pictorial historian of the North Sea coast of Holland that he appeals to us. He represents not only the sea but the weather; he paints not only the wind but the salt air itself. He shows us the people and their occupations at all seasons of the year—when the men work in fair, brisk weather under a clear sky or lie becalmed under the rays of the summer sun; when the snow is thick, and boats are beached, or their black hulls lifted by the packed ice; when storm is brewing and luggers flying for safety before the wind. He can paint



atmosphere as unerringly as he can paint sea, and the sea he shows us in every phase known to that shallow shore, all but its brilliancy flashing in the sun—the life of the mariners from Scheveningen to Katwyck he has studied and painted with vigour and virility, infusing into his pictures a noble sympathy and a keen insight which to the foreigner, at least, is of hardly less account than the technical merits of the work itself.

There is never any doubt as to the meaning of Mesdag's work. In this quality he carries on admirably the tradition of his great ancestors in art. His realism is of a sturdy sort and his sense of composition an accomplishment natural rather than acquired. Deliberate in his methods and forceful in his expression, his pictures are deliberate and forceful too, and a sense of space and movement gives them life. His touch is somewhat rugged; the rather, I imagine, that emphasis of statement comes natural to him than because he has any express contempt for finish or delicacy of handling. Boldness is in his touch, and in all his pictures an absence of affectation which in these latter years of realistic and impressionistic art and *preciosite* is delightful and refreshing.

Another achievement to which reference must now be made is the great panorama which some twenty years ago M. Mesdag painted for a public company that was erecting these great circular pictures in several of the cities of Europe. The best of such works of long, if not of high, art, within recent years, will be remembered by the reader: the great battle panoramas of action by Philippoteaux and Détaillé, the portrait panoramas by Gervex and others, the superb picture of Cairo and its neighbourhood by Emile Wauters—now permanently set up and splendidly housed in Brussels—and others more sensational perhaps, but less striking in their artistic merit. The panorama of Mesdag representing the view around his beloved Scheveningen ranks high amongst the highest. Assisted by his pupils Breitner and De Bock, as well as by his wife, he produced a work of very remarkable beauty. The illusion is complete, but at no sacrifice of technical quality. The sea and the Dunes, the church and town buildings, some of them since then removed out of their picturesque surroundings, all appeared as truthfully on canvas as they did to the eyes of the painter and his assistants when they stood upon the sandhill on which the Seipost now resounds to the music and laughter of merrymakers. The atmosphere and space are not less remarkable than the relief: the people working on the beach; the little fishing town with its blue smoke rising into the air—all combined to infuse sweetness and quiet beauty into this picture—a picture three hundred and sixty feet long.

Not the rendering of landscape, nor even the study and representation of the human face and figure, reveal more certainly than sea-painting the temperament of the artist or the idiosyncrasy of his taste. Man's sympathy with man—at least with man reproduced in paint on canvas—often blinds us to some extent to the humour and the "point of view" in which the painter has regarded his model: he is apt to consider less the bigness or the peculiarity of the artist's conception of his fellow-man and to ignore any special idiosyncrasy, unless unmistakably manifest—such as the mighty impressionism of Velasquez and Hals, the fine realism of Millais and Holl, or the poetic intellectualism, so to call it, of Mr. Watts.

In the case of the sea it is different. We see at a glance that one painter loves it for its colour, another for its form, a third for its mighty movement, a fourth for its gentle swell. One worships the fury of its waves and its threatening grandeur, another regards it simply as an element in which and on which to float his ships. Its wetness fascinates the one, its translucency another; for a third it is merely the mother of a cloud of snowy foam, and for another the medium of reflection of the sky and of a complex problem of the refraction of light. According to the man is the love thereof; and whether his affection is for the sea itself, or for its qualities and its characteristics, it is clear that it is regarded by few indeed for all its beauties, comprehensively considered.

Although Mesdag knows the sea and represents it more sympathetically than any Dutchman before him, it is idle to contend, as M. Zilcken does, that his knowledge and achievement would exceed that of any recent master—if any other sea painter could be said to exist. Of the general character and the conduct of the sea round about the shores of Holland—yes; but of its details a little further off, when its sandy grey or brown, and murky blue, give way to a thousand tints and waves cut into a myriad facets—emphatically no. The variety of the sea is infinite, and its devotees numerous beyond bounds of M. Zilcken's imagining. Think of the blue seas of Henry Moore—blue, in general effect, but in reality composed of every colour on the palette, to express the infinite play of hue that dances all over in and out of the marvellously drawn waves—rolling in majesty or dancing in sparkling playfulness, vaguely receding to the horizon. And his grey shore-seas, great gloomy breakers bursting on the beach, or his tempestuous wave crumbling into foam away out to sea, more threatening than the clouds that scud under the winds that lash them to fury and tear them into rags. Is this great master of the deep sea to be ignored to brighten the fame



of the man who in generous sincerity returned to him the homage he received? Think of the green storm-swept seas of Mr. Peter Graham, bursting into columns of foam against the cliff round which the gulls are sporting. Recall the green, translucent waves of Mr. Walter Shaw or of Mr. Olsson—now a hollow cave, now a marble pillar, now a cloud of mist, as Ruskin somewhere puts it: the rich depths of opalescent blue of Mr. Watts; the oily ground-

personality as to realise on canvas so universal a sympathy even did it exist.

But it is enough for Mesdag to be what he is—the supreme master of his line. The sea as a mass he appreciates, and he can give us with unsurpassable truth its humours: but its characteristic details are, if not beyond, at least outside, the range of his art. As Mr. Watts regards humanity so does M. Mesdag regard the sea—with a broad generalisation that



WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

swell of Mr. Wyllie; the tempestuous grey-green waters of Mr. Edwin Hayes or Mr. T. B. Hardy; the realistic calmness and optically-distorting ripples of Mr. Tuke; the in-sweeping tide, bearing in its white line of crests, of Mr. J. C. Hook: the Scotch waters, brown and green and blue, of Mr. Colin Hunter: the sparkling expanse of the English Channel of Mr. Brett; the grimly realistic poetry of Mr. Brangwyn's storm-driven ocean—and then endorse, if you can, M. Zileken's claim on behalf of M. Mesdag. As I said, the aspects of the sea are too various, the humours too many, to find a sympathetic response in the bosom of one man. Still less could we hope to find an ability so complex in any one

suggests, though it does not specify, detail such as is realised by some of the painters I have mentioned. As Courbet painted his "Wave"—and Mr. Whistler following him—so Mesdag the broad characteristics that have so fascinated him and have claimed the devotion of his life. Compared with him Schotel, Cuyp, and Baekhuizen were mere dabblers in sea-knowledge, and Clarkson Stanfield a surface specialist in luminosity. Turner alone among our older painters could head him, for he could see the mass as well as the detail. De Louthembourg, our first real sea-painter in England, was theatrical rather than truthful in his observation; but Turner, in this, as in all else, intensely sincere and earnest in his passion for



truth, would have himself lashed to the mast that he might, without the risk of being washed overboard, study the tempest and watch sea and sky. The result he gave us in several of his mighty canvases, such as "The Slave Ship," and "The Calais Boat." In these cases, it is true, he makes us feel that his first aim—fully attained—is to oppress us with the majesty of the storm, but in such a way as to impress us too with the artistry of his composi-

truth of the sentiment enhances the truth of the representation. Moreover, the excellence of his seas is matched by the massive grandeur of his skies. In this respect, it must be admitted, he surpasses Henry Moore, who, magnificently and truthfully as he arranged his cloud-effects, rarely, as it appears to me, succeeded in entirely removing a certain painty quality that militates against some of his finest canvases. But M. Mesdag rarely fails so; and



BACK FROM THE NORTH SEA.

tion. With M. Mesdag we feel rather, with him, the tyranny of the waters over the poor fisher-folk who eke out a precarious livelihood on its treacherous bosom; and when we see them calm and blue, lapping gently the sides of the battered boats that take their rest in them—even when we see their grey streaks dimly shining under the misty rays of the rising sun—our thoughts are always those of the sailors whose home they are. M. Mesdag's seas are the domain of the Dutch fishermen—their hunting-ground and their cemetery—loved perhaps by the men, but feared, with good reason, by the women. Herein lies one of the chief charms of M. Mesdag's art: it is as human as it is sincere, and the unerring

frequently he adds a subtlety of lighting, effects rather felt than seen, by which his pictures are lifted into the front rank. It is this power that elevates the painter into the artist. The sentiment is not only true, it is modern and intensely national in character, and is raised by its individuality and originality from any suspicion of conventionality.

There are few moods of the sea that M. Mesdag has not recorded. His aim is not so much perfection of technique as the faithful record of the emotion aroused in himself. Herein, I believe, he succeeds completely: he is the Millet of Holland—a little more materialistic, perhaps, and less exquisite in colour, but as true to nature as Old Crome or

Constable, Morland, or Segantini, or whoever else you like to whom the intention of realisation came before idealisation as the first duty of art.

M. Mesdag is somewhat ill-known in this country, certainly not known as he should be, for he takes rank by right among the great artists of the day. We pride ourselves upon our appreciation of the school of Barbizon; we accept in greater measure or in less the latest views of artistic France and accord a welcome to style and no-style from what-

ever country it may emanate. But we take little pains to increase our knowledge of men of established reputation. If M. Mesdag were encouraged to contribute from time to time to our periodical exhibitions, even though our painters might not learn much from him of wave-form and colour, they might at least receive inspiration from the sight of his unaffected canvases with their finely worked-out problems of light and composition, and their noble virtues of breadth, simplicity, and style.

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## THE EXPOSURE OF SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.\*

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WHEN, a year ago, the Select Committee for inquiry into the administration of the Museums of the Science and Art Department was promised by the Leader of the House of Commons, we published, under the title which heads this article, some observations upon the imperfections of system and management which needed practical reform. Although this mass of evidence will be added to when the Committee resumes next session, the reader will find enough in these interesting pages to satisfy him as to the justification for the vast majority of the charges which have been levelled against the administration. He will also discover other facts of serious import which we did not touch upon. That the imminent risk of fire has placed the collections in continuous jeopardy; that board-meetings have been suspended by the present Lord President and Vice-President (the Duke of Devonshire and Sir John Gorst); that thousands upon thousands of the books and photographs in the Art Library are uncatalogued, and are therefore inaccessible to the public—unknown, many of them, to the officials themselves; that, owing to this ignorance, money has been wasted on repetitive purchases, sometimes up to many copies; that spurious, sophisticated, and undesirable objects have been acquired at high prices; that useless things have been bought; that the Director for Art has no belief in *expertise*, and is not much concerned as to the genuineness of an object so long as it is beautiful; that the Chairman of the Committee withdrew from the chair after a heavily adverse vote, and thereafter stood up for the Department of which he is the parliamentary chief; that the Secretary of the Department, its permanent head, made a number of strange slips in his evidence, some of which he afterwards modified and set right, and was often unable, in common with

several of his subordinate officers, to give replies to questions asked; that records had been destroyed; that Mr. Weale, the Art Librarian, who has since been peremptorily dismissed, gave evidence which told against the Museum and some of its officials, and that the Director for Art, whose services have since been continued by an extension of his term, defended his Department. He will see that the absurdly inaccurate "Catalogue of National Engraved Portraits," compiled by Mr. Julian Marshall, against the compilation of which the Librarian protested, is still being sold in the Museum at the approximate loss of £1 3s. 6d. per copy, the sale price being 3s. 6d.; and that, generally speaking, blunders are admitted enough to justify the criticism which the officials and their champions professed to resent so bitterly. It is not difficult, after mastering the evidence, to understand the witty opinion expressed by the late Mr. Hodgson, R.A., for many years connected with South Kensington, that the Department was bound up so tight with red-tape lest it should fall to pieces.

Now such a contingency would undoubtedly be a national disaster. South Kensington is doing a considerable work; reformed, it would fulfil its great mission. It is recorded in the evidence that two of the reforms we asked for have been, to some extent, introduced—after the Committee was appointed. "Circulation" has been placed under a new chief, and the shifting about of the staff (by which they were prevented from becoming experts) has been stopped. But much more is needed; and we look forward to the recommendation in the final Report that military control be dispensed with; that the system be thoroughly revised; that the office of Secretary be shorn of much of the power which, contrary to the original plan, it has gradually acquired; and that South Kensington be raised to the same standard of efficient working as the British Museum and the National Gallery.

\* "Museums of the Science and Art Department. Second Report." With evidence. Her Majesty's Stationary Office. 660 pages. 1897.



## REMINISCENCES OF J. D. HARDING.

By W. COLLINGWOOD, R.W.S.

IT is pleasant to remember old friends who have long since passed off the stage. I have a grateful memory of J. D. Harding, to whom I



J. D. HARDING.

owe my adoption of art as a profession. As a boy, amusing myself with drawing, I revered his name as one of the great ones of the earth. It was partly from family association: for his father, a drawing-master of the old school, and a most worthy gentleman, was a neighbour and friend of my father; and the son's rise into eminence was naturally a source of pride to both. My first efforts at learning to draw had been from his drawing-books, which then came out annually. These I had assiduously copied and studied, and by degrees had arrived at the stage of making

small drawings, half original and half "cribbed," which I sold by the dozen to some drawing-master I knew, till by degrees these little successes, and my love for the employment, awoke in me, as in too many others, the desire to be an artist. With this feeling the thought possessed me, Could I but get to know the great man whose works I so admired and whose name I so revered! It seemed for a long time too high for my ambition to grasp, till one day, sitting with my father, out it came; and what was my delight when he at once said he would himself take some of my drawings to show him. This he did that very week. Mr. Harding expressed a wish to see me, and not only encouraged me to persevere, but used his influence with the firm to whom I was apprenticed to induce them to give me up to what I had set my heart upon, only sorrowing at my prospects lost, and a life thrown away on such a miserable occupation.

Harding was true to his kind purpose. Though he had now almost relinquished the practice of teaching, he said he would give me a start in four lessons. I knew something of his lines of thought from his "Elementary Art," which had just been published (about 1835), and I was prepared to find he could teach me something sound and earnest. How I drank in every word in those four important hours! Each night before I went to bed I had written out all

as nearly word for word as possible; for it was so orderly, plain, and forcible, that it could not fail to be graven on my memory, at least when fresh. After this he turned me over to one of his favourite pupils for practical work, inviting me to come to him from time to time with the results.

This is perhaps more about myself than Harding; but it is recalled for the sake of the man and his generous character, which many besides myself have proved.

Out of our connection as neighbours with Harding's father arose an intimacy between Harding

and my uncle, the father of Collingwood Smith. He was a shrewd and thoughtful man. Harding was pleased to say, in presenting him with a copy of his first large work, "Elementary Art," that if there was any good in it he owed it to him. It was not surprising that young Smith, who inherited his father's penchant for drawing, should be destined for an artist, or that Harding should take him under his wing. He was like an adopted child, artistically; and hence the influence of Harding on his manner all through life. Smith could never speak of him but with gratitude for the unwavering interest he took in his career.

Harding was a man of independent and original thought. He found the landscape art of his early days to consist in imitation of the Old Masters, who in that department hardly claimed to be students of Nature but of each other. Great and almost unapproachable as are the works of the early schools as to the figure, as to landscape they had never pursued the same course or reached the same goal. Their ideal too often was art, not Nature, nor sincerely founded on Nature. And in the art prevailing in the early part of this century the bean-ideal was attained when it was on the model of some great man of past times, when a work could be called Rembrandtesque or Cuypp-like, or in the style of Ruysdael, and especially the art commonly taught, that of the popular drawing-masters of the day, was the purest mannerism, in the formation of which Nature had absolutely no share. In the pencil, mere smoothness of execution passed for "finish," while truth seemed never to be thought of. And again, there was "the bold style," a libel on all that it pretended to pourtray, violating every sense of beauty or correctness. These defects Harding keenly felt, and steadfastly set his face against them. He early went straight to Nature, and humbly sat at her feet. One of his first lithographs was given to me as "a Pre-Raphaelite Harding," servile only to Nature as he saw it, with no mannerism yet evident, no copying of anything but what he had before him. He learned to see how trees grew, studied their habits, their "manners and customs," entered into their life, perhaps not so deeply as Ruskin; but he did what Ruskin has since done better still and carried further. No wonder, then, that he abhorred the rosy curves that make up the ideal of tree-life in the art too common at that day. No wonder that he struck out for himself a new "style," which should be founded on Nature. And if he became a mannerist—which he would hardly himself deny—it was a manner of repeating *truth*, telling all the truth in the best way he could devise for that end.

He loved Nature; but he loved her best *at her best*. He loved trees; but he did not love their deformities. He did not love to represent disease. His was the ideal of an Apollo. He sought the highest standard, the most perfect model for whatever he drew. He eschewed the rule on which the Pre-Raphaelite school was founded—that of "selecting nothing and rejecting nothing." He would paint only what was beautiful, or what he thought so. It was not with the courtier feeling that would flatter his subject; it was the love that would cover all faults. He would speak evil of nothing in Nature; if he saw it he would seek to hide it. Nature to him was synonymous with beauty; and since that beauty was so far beyond him in the race, he at least would not be handicapped by anything ugly. He said of William Hunt that if he had to paint a beggar he would be sure to give him a cut finger with a rag upon it; and as he remarked to me, "in the next exhibition there it was!" Hunt could make a saint of his beggar with his sores. Harding's feeling was different; each, it may be, right in its place.

Of course he abhorred Pre-Raphaelism; to him it was the apotheosis of deformity. He had hailed the first appearance of "Modern Painters" as the advocacy of an abler pen of the great principles he was teaching; and he was willing enough to have Turner held up as a model: for though he never emulated his imagination, or accepted the extent to which it was carried, in Turner's work he found an example of what he taught about looking out for Nature's beauties and making them the theme of art. But when it came to the setting up of a school of ugliness—as it seemed to him and to most—in the palmy days of the P.-R.B., he could not abide it. Perhaps he ought to have foreseen that these childish beginnings, these outcomes of boyish conceit, would give way to more sober experience, and that the youth who painted the "Carpenter's Shop" would become the man who should produce the loveliest touches of infant beauty, and the boldest strokes of life-like portraiture. As it was, Harding's antagonism to what he saw growing up damaged him by holding him back from lessons he himself might have learned, and which would have made him a greater painter.

It was always a treat to go round the exhibition with the man who was undoubtedly by far the best teacher of his day—one who had studied art thoroughly and practically, who had unusual power of communicating what he knew, and no less loved to do so. Many a point of lasting instruction I have thus gained from him. If I



mention any example, it must be some that would interest the reader. I remember standing before a Stanfield, the principal feature in which was a large boat in the foreground high and dry on the sand, most carefully studied, and every bit of light and shade on it drawn. We had been talking of the importance of drawing shadows correctly; I remarked, "There is a man who understands this." "How so?" he replied: "he does not seem to know what a shadow is. That boat has been drawn from the object with care; he has put in the 'darks' as he put in the colour, because he saw them, but only for their picturesque value. When he comes to paint his boat on the shore, it never occurs to him to put any shadow on the dry sand." So in fact it was. The boat had been studied in the water in full sunshine, but now on the sand it cast no shadows.

Harding laid great stress on the part which shade or shadow plays in expression. In the Royal Academy (it might have been on the same occasion) we came upon two pictures placed near each other—a head by Eastlake and a dog by Landseer. He pointed out how, with a fortnight's labour and all his sweetness of flesh tint, Eastlake had failed to make the head appear round; there was none of Nature's shade anywhere. In Landseer's dog, by one stroke of a large flat brush just at the junction of the light and shade, the head stood out in startling reality. Harding ever enforced the finding out and emphasising of that on which expression depends, and leaving other things to take their time and their chance.

He was always inventing some new appliance, some new mode of work. The solid sketch-book was first his idea, to use up old seraps of paper too small to be stretched on a board. He had his own drawing desks and nests of models, his stump and his port-crayon, and numberless other things were the fruit of his ingenious brain. Perhaps the most important was his "pure drawing paper," which he got made up to his ideal—perfect as suited to his habit of work, and certainly for those whose work it suited it was a great boon; a machine-made paper, with two surfaces, the rough side having a pleasant tooth, unbleached and therefore with a slight tone. So long as he lived to superintend its make it was perfect in its sort. This must not be judged of by the rubbish after-

wards turned out with his initials upon it, and which is a libel on his reputation. I have saved some pieces of the old, and as they can never be replaced, I grudge to desecrate them by working on them.

To one who did so much with the point—pencil or chalk—lithography was a great gain, and he carried it to its full strength, applying it ever in new ways. Among these was lithotint, in which, at great cost of time and experiment, he ultimately succeeded, giving what was till then unknown, a reproduction of Indian ink or sepia drawing. The effect was so charming, and the process, as he completed it, so simple, that I have often wondered how it should have so soon fallen into disuse.

He worked sometimes with great decision and designed with facility. I remember a large drawing—antiquarian, I think—of a distant view of the Alps, which, when he saw it on the exhibition walls, he took from its frame and sponged out the lower half, putting in an entirely new foreground and restoring it to its place in three hours.

Neither of Harding's two sons inherited his talent for art. His mantle, as a teacher, fell on W. Walker, of Manchester, a man quite his equal, if not superior, in the power of communicating instruction. This Harding highly appreciated, and left to him the republication of any of his works. Walker's teaching was known in and around Manchester as being of the highest order, and to his influence Society owes many a useful member. He never went in for artistic reputation, but gave himself up to the work he could do so well, till paralysis laid him low, and has disabled him from all active labour. He leaves it to his son Wm. Eyre Walker, R.W.S., to take rank as a painter.

I should not do justice to these reminiscences of Harding if I omitted to mention his religious character, which those knew best who knew *him* best. And his convictions stood him in good stead when his end drew near. Though his fame never could rank among the greatest, he had fulfilled his mission. His influence in the development of art was far more than he is usually credited with. Others have reaped the fruit of his labours; but it was he that did more than any to set the ball rolling which has gathered the force we see at this day.

## DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE.

BY R. PHENÉ SPIERS, F.S.A., MASTER OF THE ARCHITECTURAL SCHOOL, ROYAL ACADEMY.

IN the first half of this century, during the period of the Greek revival, there were not wanting persons of influence and position who, directly or

The Greek revival lapsed with the death of Cockerell, and so far as our public monuments and domestic architecture are concerned, the Gothic



REGENT'S PARK LODGE: VIEW FROM NORTH-EAST.  
(Designed by W. E. Nesfield.)

indirectly, materially assisted in the development of architectural style. The publication of the series of measured drawings of ancient Greek work, which was commenced by Stuart in 1762 and carried on by the Dilettanti Society till 1862, stands forth as evidence that the keenest interest was taken by the upper and more cultured classes in what they considered to be a purer and more rational style than that which had previously existed. Equally throughout the Gothic revival a similar interest was taken by the more intellectual classes and writers of eminence, just as Hope, Freeman, and Ruskin popularised the study of the new architectural development.

revival came almost to an end with the death of Street, Scott, and Burges.

Already, however, in the 'seventies a new influence began to display itself, and the last twenty years has witnessed a reaction which in its scope and variety far eclipses any of its predecessors; but, up to the present time, with one or two rare exceptions, no lay writer or person of eminence has come forward to criticise adversely or otherwise the new movement. The Architectural Gallery of the Royal Academy is frequented by those only who search for solitude, or more rarely by those who, having already built or intending to do so, are anxious to refresh



their memory or to attempt to fathom the mysteries of architectural design.

What may be called a negative opinion was given three years ago by Mr. Gladstone in the course of an address delivered at a National Workmen's Exhibition in the Agricultural Hall, when he expressed his dismay at the tendency in modern domestic architecture to redundant ornamentation. "There are," he said, "a great number of new buildings in London with regard to which, if you look at them, you will find that the architect had either a horror or a dread of leaving bare a single square foot of wall—as if there were something indecent in leaving it bare. Excess of ornamentation is of all things the most hostile to a due appreciation of proportion, because it is in proportion to the perception of breadth and beauty and line, and in the adjustment of lines to

Mr. Gladstone was not lecturing on architecture; but we have every reason to be grateful for the opinion expressed, especially as it was preceded by reference to Early Christian architecture, in which the "chief characteristic was its extreme simplicity—every line instinct with a beauty which the rudest and most untutored could hardly fail to recognise."

If "redundance in ornament" was the only failing in modern work, architects might be congratulated on getting off so easily. Unfortunately, at the present day, not only is there an excess of ornamentation, but the ornament itself is frequently so vulgar and out of scale that it becomes a blemish, and it is almost as often as not put in the wrong place, being occasionally an addition which has nothing whatever to do with the destination of the structure or its constructional requirements.



REGENT'S PARK LODGE, FROM THE WEST

one another, that the essence of the art lies, and in that you will find the hope of attaining high excellence in great works."

The occasion was not one on which the speaker could be expected to enter more into the subject, as

A writer of eminence was once asked by a friend how he managed to make his descriptions so clear and lucid, and he replied, "By cutting out all the useless adjectives when I am revising my proof-sheet."



If the architect could be prevailed upon to erase all the useless ornament in his design and to trust to the material itself—stone, brick, or wood, with their ever-varying tints, tints which are further developed by age—how much more satisfactory the result would be! This is especially the case in London, where the dust, blackened by smoke, rests on the upper surfaces of the ornament, showing black lines where evidently high lights were intended.

Mr. Gladstone not only reflected on the excess of ornamentation in modern architecture, but, by way of contrast, referred to the beauty and simplicity of the remains of Early Christian architecture. "In those remains," he said, "beauty is not supplementary and occasional, but uniform and invariable;" and continued, "I am not now speaking of the works which were produced in the later middle ages, but of those which present most of the character of simplicity as their main characteristic." "Salisbury has less ornamentation on its exterior than any other cathedral, and I believe in a great many houses in London."

The conclusion, therefore, to which Mr. Gladstone's remarks lead us is that the hope for progress lies rather in a search for simplicity than in over-elaboration.

I have already, when speaking of the redundancy of ornament in modern architecture, pointed out that it is frequently put in the wrong place, and is occasionally an addition which has nothing to do with the destination of the structure or with its constructional requirements. It is in this latter sense that modern design suffers the most, and it is some consolation to find that the more eminent of our architects have recognised the fact, not only that ornament should be applied sparingly, except in cases which call for great elaboration and richness, but that it should be used rather to emphasise and give life and character to the constructional requirements.

As an example of the application of this principle, we give an illustration of a small building which at the time of its erection came as a revelation to artists, and may be said to have been the fore-

runner of that type of country domestic architecture which superseded the Tudor lodge style of the first half of this century. The small lodge built at the



REGENT'S PARK LODGE: THE ENTRANCE.

south end of the central avenue of Regent's Park, from the designs of the late Wm. E. Nesfield, in 1864, being in a Royal park, was fortunately not subject to the regulations of the London Building Act, so that picturesque features, which are more or less confined to the country, were here adopted, almost, it may be said, in the centre of London.

Nesfield in his early days had drawn, measured, and analysed a large number of the half-timber and tile-hung cottages which are still to be found here and there in the Kent and Sussex villages, and had recognised that these simple structures (the work probably of the village bricklayer and carpenter) not only contained in their design the most rational and the simplest construction, but, in the framing of their timber-work, they constituted, without any architectural pretensions, the most picturesque outlines, absolutely in keeping with their rural surroundings.

Many an architect and artist had selected such subjects for a picture or sketch, and had taken the keenest delight in depicting these simple structures, but Nesfield was, perhaps, the first to recognise that their chief elements could not only be reproduced, so far as the principle of their design was concerned, but that they were really of the simplest and most economical character, and only required slight



modifications to make them applicable to the wants of the present day. It is true that such structures require the eye of an artist to conceive them, and of an architect thoroughly acquainted with the most solid and durable methods of framing timber to work out the necessary drawings: but otherwise, beyond the taking of infinite pains to instruct the workmen (as Pugin had to do when working out the details for the Houses of Parliament), there was no difficulty in reproducing not only many of the forms, but the real spirit of the ancient designs. To the casual visitor walking round the Regent's Park Lodge, the design might seem to be of the most complicated character. No two parts present the same design. The projecting eaves in the lower portion of the roof all seem to be at different levels, and no two windows seem to be of the same size or form; and yet there is not a feature in the building which is not the natural outcome of an actual requirement and the simplest means of meeting it. The plan is, with the exception of the bow-window and the porch, as nearly as possible square, and contains on the ground-floor a sitting-room (once used as a refreshment-room, whence the luxury of a bow-window), kitchen, scullery, and other offices, and the staircase; and on the upper floor three bedrooms: a simple problem, which in Italy would have been met by carrying up the walls through the two floors, and covering the building with a flat or low-pitched roof. In France, and as may be seen even in the parks and suburbs of Paris, the roof would have had a higher pitch, all four sides sloping equally inwards and terminating in a point or short ridge, the chimneys in both cases taking their chance in the composition. If a more ornate building were required, the window and doors would have pediments added afterwards with pilaster strips or stone quoins, none of which formed any part of the necessary structure. The general appearance would have been that of a box pierced with holes. And however rich the decoration might be, however elaborate and artistic the carving of the detail, the general effect would be just the same. This, however, was not Nesfield's interpretation of the problem. The front or eastern half he covers with a high-pitched roof, the other half with a similar roof of slightly lesser height running at right angles to and penetrating the first roof. This is the first element, as seen in illustrations on pp. 83 and 84, which show that the upper floor, devoted to bedrooms, is virtually almost in the roof. To give variety to the roof and get rid of its formality, a portion is carried down to a lower level over the bow-window (see p. 83). The upper portion of the roof on the right-hand side is brought forward to protect the oriel window which lights the chief bedroom.

The whole of the first floor is in half-timber work, and this allows of greater size being given to the room by a portion of it being brought out to overhang the ground story. This portion, as well as the whole of the north side of the eastern half, is tile-hung, so that in material as well as in colour the character is homogeneous. Variety, however, is given to the vertical portions by the use of scalloped tiles, except in the four lower courses of tiles, which are brought forward to throw off the rain. The roof is covered with plain tiles and a plain ridge roll, and these, by their simplicity, add to the decorative quality of the scalloped tiles.

In the west front (p. 84) the lower portion only of what might have been another gable is carried up vertically, overhanging as before the ground story; the remainder is hipped back. To give more room inside, the window is brought forward as a dormer-window under a pent roof, and the upper portion of roof, instead of being hipped back, is emphasised by being made vertical. The fireplaces are all arranged in the centre of the building, so that there is only one chimney-stack, which forms, it may be said, the crowning feature of the structure. On the north side of the lodge, underneath portions of the bedrooms, is an open loggia, entered under the gable with the oriel window before referred to and carried across to the west front. There was a low fence wall enclosing this latter portion with a central support in wood turned with beautifully designed mouldings. The fence wall is now removed, and the turned-wood shaft has been replaced by a cast-iron column of execrable taste. The south front is so masked by trees, that no photograph of it could be taken. It follows on the same lines as that of the north front, except that the gable end, instead of being brought forward on the moulded beams which carry the floor, as seen in the illustration, is carried by a coved cornice which runs round the bow-window and entrance porch. This coved cornice was run in plaster, and whilst still wet Nesfield scored it over with a geometrical design encrusted with bottle-ends suggestive of the filagree work and jewels which enriched the old chalices. I have only here described the leading features of the lodge, but every detail of it, large and small, is full of design. More artistic thought, in fact, has been bestowed on this little structure than on many a town-hall twenty to thirty times its size. The old Latin motto of *ars est celare artem* was never better exemplified than in this lodge, for whilst the design seems to be of the most varied and complicated character, all the problems solved in it are constructionally of the simplest kind—they are of the same type as those shown in many of the Kent and Sussex villages, probably carried out by the village carpenter, who

was not only a master of his craft always on the look-out for some new combination, but who worked on the traditions handed down to him by his forefathers, of good solid workmanship and sound construction. It is on these latter qualities that I wish to lay stress, for in this lodge the whole design is based, first on the actual requirements as far

on the architecture of this last quarter of the nineteenth century than many more imposing erections; and although we have no longer that wealth in English timber possessed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, supplies from the Baltic have rendered it possible to revive the ancient traditions, so that within the last twenty-five years half-



LODGE IN KEW GARDENS.

(Designed by W. E. Nesfield.)

as accommodation is required, and, secondly, in the rational treatment of the materials used in the construction. There is not a single exotic architectural feature employed; there are no ornaments applied or mouldings introduced which do not arise out of the best and most rational treatment of the woodwork, the tiles, or any of the materials which constitute the building. The result was a revival of a long-lost tradition, the tradition of the village bricklayer and carpenter, who in Kent, Sussex, and Surrey produced unconsciously, two or three hundred years ago, the most picturesque and the most artistic rural cottages, the chief qualities from their point of view being that they were admirably adapted to their requirements, soundly and solidly built, and of the best materials for the purpose which the artificers had at hand. There is no doubt that this small lodge has exercised more influence

timbered houses of considerable size have sprung up in various parts of the country.

Many other lodges of a similar kind were subsequently built by Nesfield, all varied in design in consequence of other requirements. I have now, however, to refer to a design of a different nature by the same architect in one of the lodges of Kew Gardens. Here again the plan is square with a single ground story, all the bedrooms being arranged in the roof and lighted by large dormer windows. The ground story is in brick with a coved cornice, the roof is covered with plain tiles, and the hips of the roof, the sides of the dormers, and their roofs are covered with lead. A central chimney-stack here again forms the leading feature—it has the defect of being too lofty, but this may have been necessitated by the proximity of high trees. The chimney-stack is a beautiful piece



of design, but out of character, it seems to me, with the ground story, the walls of which are decorated with flat Doric pilasters surmounted by an architrave and carved cornice, the latter in plaster decorated with rosaces and spirals roughly incised on the wet plaster. The material of the ground story does not lend itself naturally to the evolution of Doric pilasters with their capitals. They were, however, favourite features in the Queen Anne days, and as one of the leaders in the introduction of the revival of that style during the last twenty-five years, it can only be supposed that Nesfield, charmed by the decorative effect of these features in old work, conceived the idea of reproducing them here. The principle was probably wrong, and if he had sought for some other method of breaking up his wall

surfaces based more on the design shown in his chimney-stack, the result might have been more rational. The mouldings, however, are so simple and so completely in accord with the dimensions of his bricks, that we may forgive the introduction of this one exotic feature, the more so as he returns to his rational methods in the mouldings of his window-frames. The two dormer windows shown in the illustration are of the same design, a third dormer window on the further side, as it lights a larger room, is double the width, of less height, and roofed with twin, high-pitched gables, instead of the semi-circular pediment of the examples shown in the illustration. This second lodge was built in 1866—many years, therefore, before the revival of the so-called Queen Anne or free Classic style.



## “CONTEMPLATION.”

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



HIS graceful portrait—one of the most beautiful, yet one of the least known, or most rarely seen, of Sir Joshua Reynolds's semi-subject pictures—represents the Hon. Mrs. Stanhope. The lady was a Miss Eliza Falconer, who, we are

told, “married the Hon. Henry Fitzroy Stanhope, second son of William, second Earl Stanhope. She was one of the fashionable beauties of the day, and spoke the epilogue at Lady Craven's private play.” Sir Joshua's first portrait of Mrs. Stanhope is well known through the mezzotint of J. R. Smith in 1783, but it is not so beautiful as that which Caroline Watson reproduced, in stipple engraving or “mixed manner,” in 1790. The latter was issued, under the title of “Contemplation,” by the Boydells, but in the fourth state the fancy title was removed and the lady's name appended. For the first-named she began sitting before her marriage; it is probably the picture, at one time called “Melancholy,” for which Mr. Stanhope made a “second payment” to the artist of £73 10s. in 1777. At the Thomond

sale, in 1821, “Mrs. Stanhope as Contemplation” was knocked down for £152 5s. to one Pinney; but another “Mrs. Stanhope” was acquired by the same purchaser for £1,105. In 1863 it was bought by Lord Normanton at the Alnutt sale for £1,050; while the other picture of the same name, the Thomond picture, was bought by Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, of Paris, at the Munro of Novar sale, in 1878, for 3,000 guineas.

Caroline Watson, the engraver of this charming plate, was one of those finished artists whom Alderman Boydell not only employed, but, practically speaking, educated for his stupendous Shakespeare scheme. She was the daughter of James Watson, the mezzotint engraver, whose name will always be remembered in connection with that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The pupil of her father, she worked with equal ease and excellence in mezzotint and stipple, and became in time engraver to Queen Charlotte. She engraved not only from Reynolds, but also from Gainsborough, Romney, Gilbert Stuart, Correggio, and other painters, her plates being issued by Richardson and others, as well as by Boydell.

It should be added that in the picture before us the lady wears a white dress, her hair is brown the riband green, the velvet bands at the wrists black, and the curtain in the background red.









CONTEMPLATION (THE HON. MRS. STANHOPE).

*(From Caroline Watson's Stipple Engraving of the Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.)*







MORDECAI REFUSES TO BOW THE KNEE TO HAMAN.

(By Jean François de Troy )

## THE QUEEN'S TREASURES OF ART.

### DECORATIVE ART AT WINDSOR CASTLE: TAPESTRIES.

By FREDERICK S. ROBINSON.

IF the fine tapestries at Windsor Castle belonged to the earlier golden age of these fabrics, a description of them should have been given sooner in this series of articles—especially as at Windsor itself efforts have been bravely made to revive their manufacture. Those which are the subject of our sketch belong to the period of the art when the original purpose of tapestry had been very much modified, and a new function found for it as the handmaid of painting. When the tapestry was a wall-hanging, and often hung in folds, the idea of a pictorial composition with a central group of figures did not exist. Each part of the field was equally valuable, and so the early design was crowded with figures untrammelled by perspective laws, which were not even known. Fold it how you might, there was always something interesting to see when no central motive reigned supreme. We

must not stop to trace how the influence of Italian painting altered this conception, tending to spread tapestries flat and make them imitations of the painted picture. It was a fatal misconception which caused the tapestry maker, whose chemical knowledge was not equal to his infatuation for a technical triumph in the illusive copying of a picture, gradually to employ by the hundred tones which were doomed to fade. His predecessors had been content with few, and those strong, saturated blues and scarlets and greens which were known to last. They kept their flesh tones nearly flat, relying on the outline for effect. The painters insisted that they should imitate the colour of paint, ignorant of the fact that the pale faded more quickly than the deep tones, and that, consequently, their compositions would soon be out of joint. Faded as the early works of Arras, Brussels, and Paris may be, they





ESTHER'S PETITION

*(By Jean François de Troy.)*

preserve their decorative effect, for it never depended on the subtleties of modelling. With the foundation of the manufactory of the Gobelins this revolution had been carried far.

That famous workshop had not sprung into existence without a forerunner in Paris. Henri IV had brought Marc de Comans and François de la Planche from Flanders in 1607. Their success compelled them to seek larger quarters, which they found at the Hôtel des Gobelins, who were scarlet dyers first heard of in Paris in 1450. Comans and de la Planche were partners till 1629, and then their sons could not agree. The younger Comans stayed at the Gobelins, while de la Planche went elsewhere. Colbert re-united these two firms and others in 1662, and, with larger ends in view, was the prime cause of the action of Louis XIV, who, in 1667, instituted at the Gobelins the "Manufacture Royale des meubles de la Couronne." Not only tapestry, but carving and wood and Florentine stone inlay, gold and silver work, all kinds of decorative furniture, in fact, were to be made at this one great centre. Such an institution could never have

flourished without the happy accident of a genius to direct it.

Charles Le Brun, born at Paris in 1619, but of Scotch origin, a pupil of Simon Vouet and Nicholas Poussin, became the rival of Le Sueur. Though, as Bryan puts it, he was "more suited to that cast of composition called the great machine . . . he possessed a noble conception and an inventive genius; he produced with facility the most abundant compositions, and was a perfect master of the mechanism of the art." As a proof of his facility, d'Argenville tells us that while the poisoning Marquise de Brinvilliers was on her way to execution, the enterprising Le Brun asked the "exécuteur des hautes œuvres" to stop the cart for a moment. A wheel, he said, was wrong. The executioner complied, and "in four pencil strokes he made a perfect likeness. Her hands were joined holding a torch, and the confessor at her side." A good deal to be done "in four strokes," but d'Argenville says he saw the sketch and, indeed, had a fine copy "of this fine drawing" made for himself by an Academician. We may take the tale



*cum grano*, but Le Brun's designs for every sort of decorative furniture besides tapestries were masterly and innumerable. Bryan's is a jejune account of the man who directed the style of Louis XIV and united the artists of the Gobelins, so different in their methods and their aims, into one great family connected by ties of marriage, as by loyal helpfulness, beneath his versatile and masterly domination.

There are not tapestries at Windsor after the designs of Le Brun, but the decorative series there to be found is from the drawings of one of his collaborators, while the more pictorial ones are from the paintings of a man who continued his grandiose tradition. These last are, moreover, examples of two of the most popular series that were, perhaps, ever made—The Story of Esther, and of Jason and the Golden Fleece.

The painter of these, Jean François de Troy, was the son of the successful François de Troy, who had studied under Nicholas Loir, a chief assistant of Le Brun. Jean François, the son,

might have been, says d'Argenville, a great painter, if he had only worked. He was born at Paris in 1680, and went, as everyone did in those days—except his father—to Rome in 1699. In Italy he stayed nine years. He was made an Academieian in 1713, and Professor in 1719. His pictures were, many of them, too careless for the public taste, and had not a ready sale. "He showed me, one day," says d'Argenville, "more than thirty completed canvases of which he had been unable to get rid." This determined him to ask for employment at Rome, "not being able, as he said, to live honourably at Paris." In 1738, accordingly, he was appointed director of the Academy of Rome. "No one," says his biographer, "was more polite with the fair sex, or more gallant, than De Troy." He fell in love with the widow of an officer of the Châtelet who had a beautiful daughter. The widow died, so De Troy consoled himself with the daughter, whose face appears in all his "*morceaux galans*." As she had a cast in her eye, he always tactfully drew her in profile. His marriage brought him some



JASON AND THE BROOD OF THE DRAGON'S TEETH

(By Jean François de Troy.)



money. Wishing to occupy himself, he undertook to paint pictures for the king's tapestries at a cheaper rate than that which his colleagues approved of—two instead of three thousand livres. He chose the stories of Esther and of Jason for his subjects,

neither, his place at Rome was filled up, and he died disappointed in 1752.

The tapestries of the story of Esther are arranged, four in the Queen's Presence Chamber and three in the Queen's Audience Chamber, without following



THE POISONED ROBE.

(By Jean Francois de Troy.)

and three of the Esther series of seven were exhibited at the Salon in 1738 before his departure for Italy. "The dispositions," says d'Argenville, "were magnificent—especially the triumph of Mordecai. The prevailing tone of colour was as much admired by Italians as by Frenchmen." The Italians made him "Prince de l'Academie de St. Luc" in 1743. The Jason was not so successful as the Esther. De Troy's spirit was broken by the loss of his wife and only child. Besides, "his peculiar talent for the *ajustemens galans* (a delightful expression) was more advantageously displayed in the first works than in the last, where passion and hatred are substituted for grace and charm." A slight from Court made him resign. He had still hopes of obtaining lodgings in the Louvre and the title of "*premier peintre*;" but he obtained

the historic order. The first which is here reproduced represents Mordecai refusing to bow the knee to Haman. "*Solus Mardocheus non flectebat genua*" is the motto in a cartouche on the imitation gilt frame border of the tapestry. Haman in a crimson robe, supposed to be of cloth of gold, is the central figure. The figure on the left is resplendent with scarlet. Mordecai stands up very stiff and proud upon the right, clad in a blue mantle and yellow under-garment. As a colour scheme this piece, though brilliant, is now deficient, because, the whole of the top of the tapestry being taken up with buildings and sky, the blue in the latter has faded. The anatomy of Mordecai is a compensation to the observant. Only one of his feet is in view, and on that foot the great toe is light-heartedly placed outside. No wonder, if that was his unique construc-



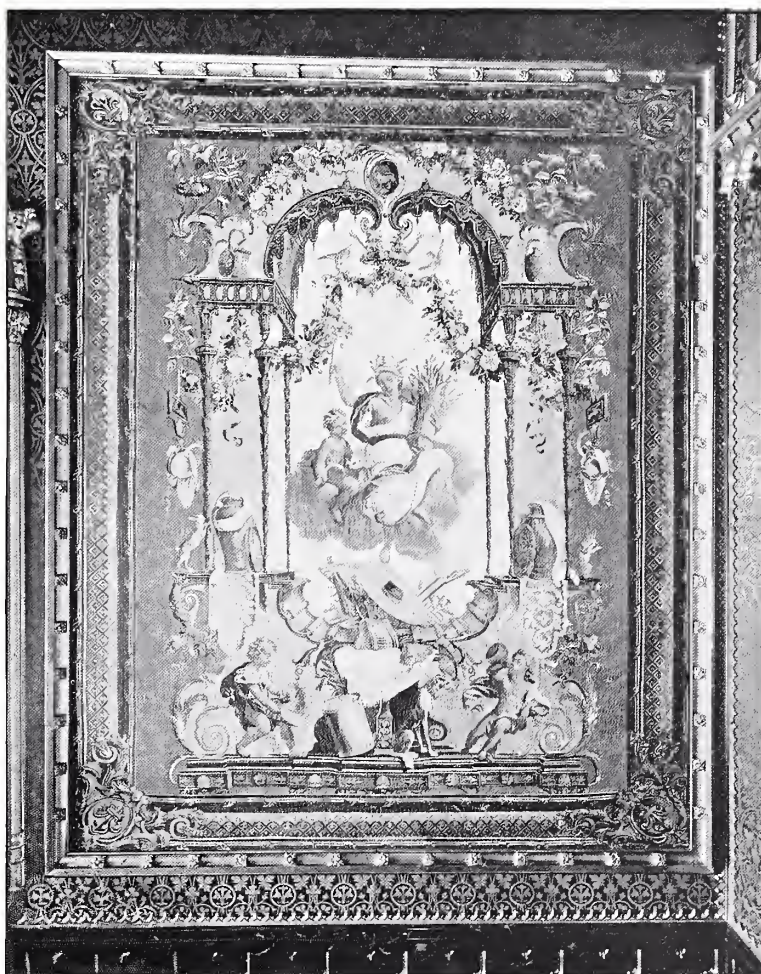
tion, Mordecai was not as other men, and refused to bow the knee. It would be interesting to know whether this peculiarity—did it lie with the “careless” De Troy, or was it a copyist’s mistake?—was perpetuated through all the numerous replicas that were made of this series. This particular specimen, signed “Peint pas de Troy à Rome” on the base of the steps, is a very late copy, completed thirty-two years after De Troy’s death. In the right-hand lower corner of the picture is the large signature in capitals of the “*entrepreneur*” or contractor in whose *atelier* it was worked, that of Cozette, in 1784. Another piece inscribed “*Esther pro populi sui vita precat*” shows (ch. iv., verse 4) the queen in great distress at the plot against the Jews. She is supported by three tearful ladies of her court.

The second illustration represents Esther at the banquet proffering her request to Ahasuerus for her own life and that of her people—“*Dona mihi animam pro qua rogo.*” This is a more striking composition than the last; the great twisted columns in dark relief against a light sky—again faded—are quite striking in effect. The rendering of the pattern on the white tablecloth with its border of drawn threads was probably regarded at the time as a triumph of technique. The inevitable alteration of such light tones in tapestry was ignored by the painters, though the *tapissiers* had in vain protested against the principle of striving for the illusion of oil-paint. This piece was completed in Cozette’s *atelier* in 1783.

The remaining subjects have such explanatory texts as these: “*Circumdatus est gloria sua.*” Her servants make Esther’s toilet—“Now it came to pass on the third day that Esther put on her royal apparel:” “*Fecit eam reginare.*” This has in the foreground a *cassolette* or scent-box with winged-figure handles, copied, as many of the accessories of the tapestries were, from one of those made by the goldsmiths of the Gobelins of the Louvre. On it is the name of “Audran, 1785.” He with Neilson, the clever Scotchman, were the other two “*entrepreneurs*” besides Cozette. Devoted as they were to their art, their accounts were not paid by the Crown, and they were all brought to ruin together. “*Rex illum voluit honorare*” represents the un-

willing Haman leading the king’s own white horse on which Mordecai rides in triumph, “the man whom the king delighteth to honour.” For the last subject, “*Etiam reginam vult opprimere,*” we may refer to Esther vii. verse 8.

The whole story is brilliantly told in these



THE SEASONS: SUMMER

(By C. Audran.)

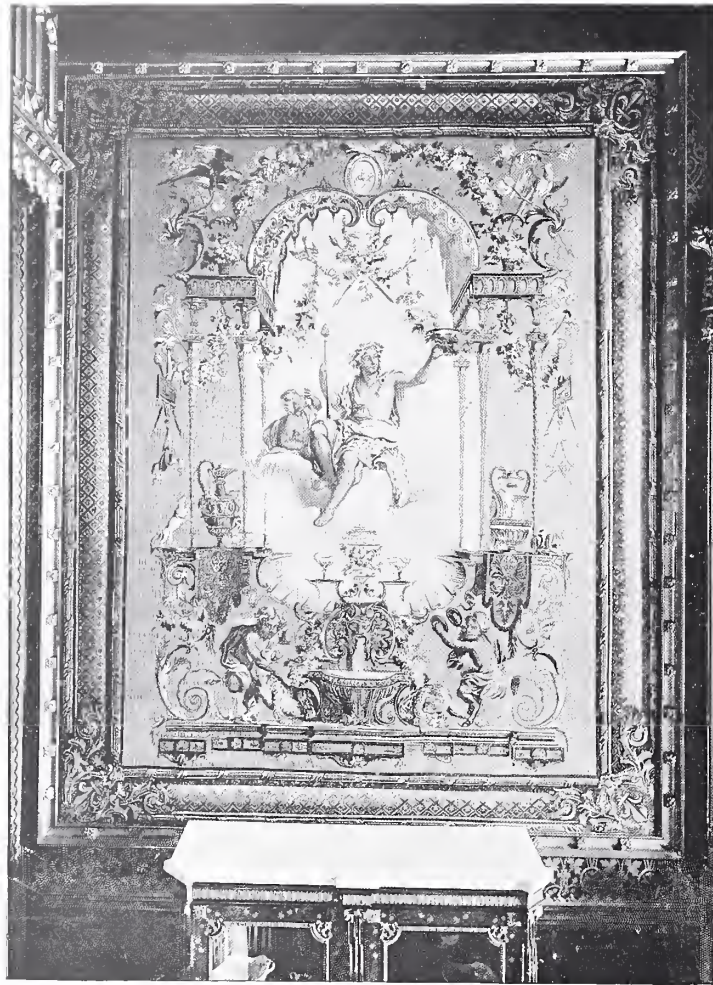
tapestries after De Troy, with turbans thrown in as an enterprising touch of local colour. Of religious feeling there is, of course, less than nothing. M. Muntz (“*La Tapisserie*”) is severe. “As to that,” he says, “the artists could plead their absolute impotence. Considered from the point of view of expression, the few religious suites of tapestry conceived at this period were better calculated to provoke scandal than devotion.”

Of the story of Jason and the Golden Fleece M. Havard (“*Les Manufactures Nationales*”) says that the Mobilier National possesses eight suites of from six to seven pieces. “*Une tenture complète décore la salle de bal du château de Windsor.*” It



en existe encore dans une des galleries de ce même château un autre non moins belle." Here we fancy he is in error. There are not, as far as we know, two sets of the Jason tapestries; but there are, besides "The Seasons" tapestries in the Tapestry Chamber, to which we shall presently refer, repetitions of them in the State Ante-Room. M. Havard has inadvertently confounded the three. The story

fighting in the background. The oxen Jason has subdued to the plough loom in the distance. The hero in the centre seems to be awaiting breathlessly the result of his conjuring trick, the secret of which, to judge from the decent attitudes of the king and courtiers, is not entirely unknown to them. "Jason" next "*assoupit le dragon, enlève le toison d'or, et part avec Médée.*" The fleece hangs



THE SEASONS: AUTUMN.

(By C. Audran.)

of Jason, in the beautiful Grand Reception Room, is in a quieter scheme of colour, grey and blue predominating. The mottoes are in French. "*Jason engage sa foi à Médée, qui lui promet les secours de son art.*" The hero and the witch are together, with cupids symbolically flying above them. This, the most striking perhaps of all, is too much in the shade for successful reproduction. The next in historic order reproduced here has the motto, "*Les soldats nés des dents du serpent tournent leurs armes contre eux mêmes,*" and is signed "De Troy à Rome, 1744." The brood of the serpent's teeth are

on a tree, from which Jason, standing on the dragon, cuts it down with his sword. "Cozette, 1779," is the signature of this. Jason now, "*infidèle à Médée, épouse Creusa, fille du roi du Corinte.*" The simplicity of the hero appears to have become a little contaminated by the course of events. He is a most affected figure in this tapestry, which is signed "De Troy à Rome, 1745." But his felicity is not of long duration. In our next illustration Creusa is consumed "*par le feu de la robe fatale dont Médée l'a fait presentee.*" This is a scene of truly Gallic lamentation produced from the *atelier* of Audran. This tapestry was one of those which was condemned to be altered, on September 10th, 1794, by the Revolutionary scum, which ordered the portrait of Marat to be reproduced on the looms. One would have thought that the obliteration of the fleur-de-lis in the four corners of the border would have satisfied the sensitive "*sans-culotte*;" but the father of Creusa, it will be noticed, has a diadem besides his turban. This it was which was "calculated to wound the eyes of a Republican." These Windsor specimens, however, came over as presents before the Revolution was thought of, and so they have escaped the childish mutilations of the scoundrels whose miserable successors in 1870 were to do their best to burn the Gobelins to the ground.

In the last of the series, "*Médée poignarde les deux fils quelle avait eus de Jason, embrase Corinte, et se retire à Athènes.*" This picture, signed "De Troy à Rome, 1746," and "Cozette, 1776," represents Medea escaping with the dead children in her flying-dragon chariot, after setting fire to Corinth, while Jason ineffectually draws his sword below. The background is a fine one, of a general tone of grey.

With two other picture subjects of a more modern date, in the Oak Breakfast Room, representing Atalanta, and Meleager hunting the Calydonian boar, which were presented by King Louis





BEAUVAIS TAPESTRY.

(By J. B. Oudry.)



Philippe, the collection of pictorial tapestries at Windsor comes to an end.

In the small Tapestry Room are four fine decorative tapestries from the designs of Claude Audran the younger. If M. Muntz is correct in his attribution, amongst so many Andrans to choose from, he was the second son of Claude, brother of Charles, first of the line, and was born at Lyons in 1639. He studied with his uncle Charles, and subsequently went to Rome. On his return "he was engaged," says Bryan, "by Le Brun at Paris, and assisted him in his Battles of Alexander. He painted also in fresco, under the direction of Le Brun, the chapel of Colbert's Château de Sceaux, the gallery of the Tuileries, and the grand staircase at Versailles. He drew well and had great facility of execution." Audran died at Paris in 1689, having given designs for these four tapestries of "The Seasons," a similar series of "The Elements," in which the main lines of the ornamentation are so much alike that a hasty observer might confound them, and the "Mois Grotesques." We reproduce the "Summer" and "Autumn" of "The Seasons," appropriately expressed by figures of Ceres and of Bacchus.

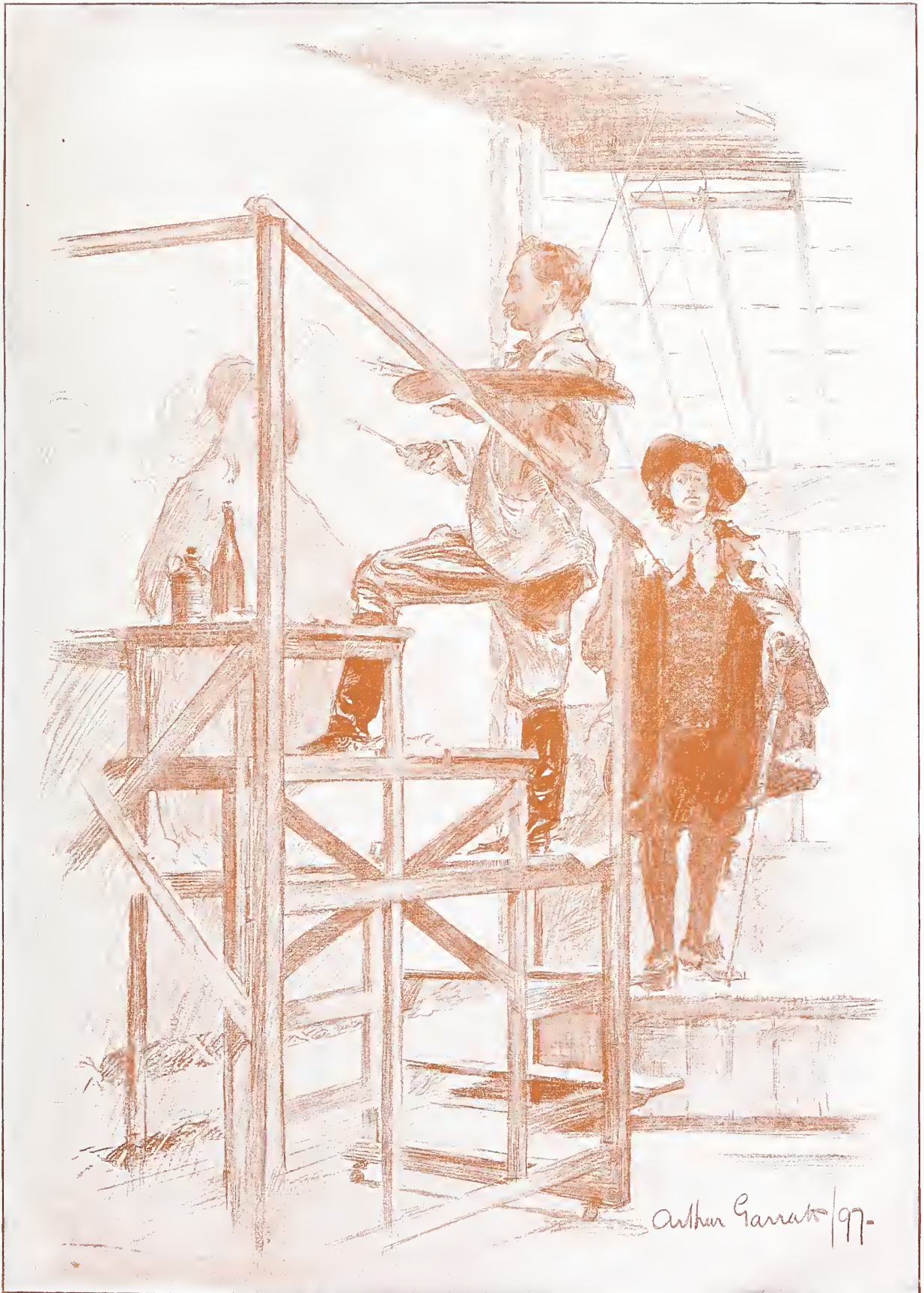
Opinions may differ as to the respective merits of these tapestries, pictorial or frankly decorative. The latter are in an irresponsible style, formed of the agglomeration of an impossible architecture with a most illogical assortment of accessories. Yet the very recklessness of this kind of decoration is not without its charm, which seems as suitable to the approaching age of Louis XV as the pictorial style is more characteristic of the grandiose days of the Grand Monarque.

The last of our illustrations is of a gilt sofa and two chairs from the suite in the Rubens Room, which are covered with tapestry of Beauvais. This manufactory was founded very soon after the Gobelins, but it was not till 1684 that it began to prosper, and especially after 1694, when the Gobelins was closed for four years. Beauvais was always a low warp manufactory, with methods more summary and less artistic than those of the Gobelins. Critics like M. Burty have fallen foul of the new development which placed pictures flat upon chairs. "By a manifest error of taste," he says, "Boucher and his pupils made their enterprising shepherds and sheep with lilac bows come down from the walls, and placed them on the horizontal seats of sofas and arm-chairs. So you might sit on a pigeon-house and rest your feet on a seaport." Beauvais is connected with the name of Oudry, whose influence on the fortunes of the Gobelins also was artistically fatal. Jean Baptiste Oudry, painter and engraver, was born at Paris

in 1686. A scholar of Largillière, he first painted historical pictures, but took to executing hunting pieces and animal subjects. The success, perhaps, of his "Chasses de Louis XV"—painted in 1738 and reproduced in tapestry—and the favour not only of the queen, but also of her rival, Madame de Pompadour, obtained for him the inspectorship of the Gobelins. He had some years before that been one of the contractors at Beauvais, where his animal subjects were in great demand. Those of our illustration represent fables of *Æsop*.

Oudry came into contact with the "*entrepreneurs*" of the Gobelins—Audran, Monmerqué, Le Blond, and Cozette—through a too great anxiety to teach them their business. He wished them to import into their work "all the spirit and intelligence of paintings, in which alone," he avers, "lies the secret of making tapestries of the highest beauty." Oudry was unaware that these same ignorant tapestry makers had interpreted his pictures already into something better than the originals. "If you compare to-day at Fontainebleau," says M. Muntz, "the pictures of Oudry, smooth and monotonous in execution, with the wonderful translations, so vibrating and so full of life, which the tapissiers of the last century have made of them, you cannot but be sorry for that eminent artist who so completely misunderstood the interests of his reputation." It was in 1748 that Oudry complained that all the advice of the artists was neglected for pretended reasons of technique. The tapestry makers had refused to multiply the lighter tones in order to obtain perfect imitation of oil paintings. They said that the extra labour swallowed up all the profits, besides resulting in quick-fading work. Their reasons of technique were not fanciful. They compared the old tapestries in deeper, simpler colouring of the days of Jans and Lefèvre with what had been turned out at Beauvais "under the direction of the *Sieur Oudry*." These had faded irreparably in six short years.

It was a pretty quarrel, and it was aggravated by the fact that Oudry in his dealings at Beauvais had entered into trade competition with the Gobelins. The latter factory had commenced in 1748 the making of chair and portière tapestries similar to those which fashion demanded in such numbers from Beauvais. That Oudry had been victorious before he died in 1755 is proved by the significant fact that in 1763 pictures and their illusive translations in tapestry were hung side by side in the Salon. "Fatal victory," says M. Muntz, "the consequences of which are still felt in our own days."



MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A., AT WORK UPON HIS "CHARLES I." FOR THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

(Drawn by Arthur Garratt.)





## CURRENT ART.

WHATEVER truth may lie in the charge that we English are not an artistic nation, it cannot be said that we do not care for art. No capital in

think it necessary—or, at least, excusable—to joke or experiment upon canvas, well persuaded that their pictures will be hung—not so much because of their merit as because the walls of a given number of rooms have got to be covered. At any rate, this system of producing works that will startle rather than works that will charm has not yet become acclimatised in England; less through any very superior degree of æsthetic morality than through that happy, yet oft-denounced, slowness of the English mind which, in other respects than in art, prevents us from accepting without careful deliberation the “newest thing out.” It was just the same with telephones, electric light, and motor-cars, as with “tones,” “values,” and the many movements, true and false, that have sought to impose themselves here; they had become recognised for good or evil in most other countries before they so far penetrated to this island to



REST.

(From the Painting by Sir J. D. Linton, P.R.I., at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours.)

the world can vie with London in the number of exhibitions held within the year at the recognised galleries, and few can compare with the average standard of excellence of the works displayed. The love of art is manifestly there, or these numerous galleries would lack the necessary support; so that it is obvious that the limit of endurance of the public has not yet been reached. The responsibility, therefore, lies with the artists, who this year show that they can fill the current exhibitions with works, produced for the most part within the annual term, of importance sufficient for the purpose. Now this is exactly what the French artists cannot do; they, even with their single exhibitions a year, cannot fill their galleries with works of serious art, deliberately conceived and sincerely executed. We made this clear, we think, when criticising the Salons; and we have no doubt that it is in no slight degree owing to this incapacity that so many of them

make themselves recognised for anything—for anything at all. This slowness of evolution is good—at least, in art—and we have now our reward: for while we find some other nations deploring their decadence and wondering if it is all the beginning



DOOMED.

(From the Painting by E. F. Brentnall, R.W.S., at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours.)



of the end, we hear England hailed as the most living and vigorous of all the homes of national art, and welcomed as a leader. This vigour shows itself in the galleries to-day.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

Rarely has the Institute presented a better display of pictures. The collection is considerably smaller than of yore and infinitely better hung—

of the French school; but they are strong and harmonious, and full of individuality and charm. Mr. Thacker's "Threatening Weather" is an admirable little study of sea and sky—not much more than black-and-white, but finely felt, drawn, and realised. Mr. Walter Osborne, chiefly known for his portraits and figure subjects—even here well represented by his fine sketch of an old Irishwoman smoking in her cottage, called "The Pipe of Peace"



AN ALLEGORY.

(From the Painting by Rupert C. W. Bunny, R.B.A., at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours.)

far more of art and less of commerce than usual, relatively. The pictures are usually of cabinet size, and are placed a distance apart, each from each, as if they were works of art, not mere goods. Whatever the rejected painters may think of it, the public cannot but applaud the new policy, which, in the long run, must be as advantageous to the members as it is pleasing to the visitors.

It is in landscape that the exhibition is strongest; and the front rank includes painters whose names are little familiar to the general ear. Chief among these rising men is Mr. Alfred Withers, who, though he has been an occasional exhibitor at the Royal Academy since 1881, hardly won general recognition before his recent Salon success. "The White Mill" and "The Linn Mill" are doubtless founded on Constable, modified by a study

—proves in "A Connemara Village—Evening" how fine an eye he possesses for nature and for quality of colour. The little picture is one which will appeal only to the true connoisseur; but it may be looked upon as a little bit of Bonington, luminous and delicate. Mr. Peppercorn, too, has abandoned his eccentricities and given us, in "The Solent near Yarmouth," an altogether excellent study of grey clouds and sea; and in "Freshwater, Isle of Wight," a grey, Corot-like sketch that shows his power better than the deep green masses which he has hitherto chiefly affected. Mr. East has not put forth his full strength; but Mr. Aumonier, one of the truest and most masterly of our English landscape-painters who love nature smiling and at peace, carries on the fine tradition of the true school. When, it may fairly be asked, will the Royal





"ALONE ON A WIDE, WIDE SEA."

(From the Painting by Edwin Hayes, R.H.A., R.I., at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours.)



Academy do justice to these two fine painters? Mr. Robert Noble has recovered from painting in what at one time appeared to be bitumen, and now gives us pure instead of smoked country. His "Blink o' Sunshine" and "Harvest Moon" are both inspired by the right feeling, without undue straining after effect. For a true touch of poetry we may look at the posthumous exhibit of that untutored artist, Mr. Hope McLachlan, whose Millet-like "Evening Quiet" and the less spontaneous yet still impressive "Ste. Geneviève" bear witness to the fine and tender sombre-ness of his sympathetic imagination. Mr. Leslie Thomson is here to carry on a good deal of his past spirit, but with a more accomplished brush; there is a fine feeling and breadth in his "New Moon, Wareham." Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove is following in much the same direction, just steering clear of the monotony which at one time threatened him. Had Mr. Brewtall's "Doomed"—an ancient vessel on the rocks by the sea-shore, with a lurid sun setting behind—been endowed with some air

of mystery, it would have been dramatic rather than melodramatic; as it is, there is a fine line in the picture, and strong and extremely well-managed colour. There is little of the *Fun* draughtsman to be discovered here! Mr. Wimperis has brought back from Devonshire "A Dartmoor Storm"—a powerful composition of fen and flood; and Mr. Arthur Severn shows a subtle and highly agreeable study of "Ice on the Thames," a delightful opportunity successfully, and even subtly, seized. There are the highly finished study by Mr. Bright Morris of "A Corner in a Spanish Garden, Granada," Mr. Archibald Reid's sensitive little view in "Cromarty," Mr. Orrock's vigorous "Estuary of the Nith," Mr. Fulleylove's "Hampton Court," Mr. Nicolet's sunny studies by the Paillon at Nice, and Mr. George Thomson's curious view of the Monument and the surrounding district as seen from the top of a neighbouring building, in which difficulties of perspective are deliberately courted. There is here, as will be seen, a remarkable variety of work, in which, free from the

trammels of foreign schools, the painters proceed, each one, to realise their artistic views. With them, in short, independence means individuality, not pose.

Mr. G. F. Watts's opulent picture of a ruddy-faced, low-necked, gorgeously-attired young woman in a chair is not at first sight attractive, but as an exercise—it is frankly called a "Study"—in reds and flesh it is a work worthy of him; in all respects, we think, to be preferred to the head he contributes to the Grafton Gallery. Sir James Linton's "Rest" seems almost a finished design for pictorial tapestry, so subdued and quiet is it, full of careful work and well-observed detail. Mr. Sargent's sketch of "Egyptian Indigo Dyers" is brilliant and summary work, not designed for exhibition; but it lacks quality of colour, except in parts, and makes no strong appeal. A sound study of flesh is to be seen in the "Study" by Mr. Melton Fisher of a girl's back; but his far more dainty and popular contribution is the "Silent and Chaste" which is here reproduced, tender alike in handling and colour. The



"SILENT AND CHASTE  
SHE STEALS ALONG, PURE BOSOM'D."

(From the Painting by S. Melton Fisher, at the Institute of  
Painters in Oil-Colour.)

ambitious composition of Mr. Kennington—"Cephalus and Procris"—capital though it is as flesh-painting and as a reticent display of the painter's knowledge, so far fails in its subject as Procris is clearly not dead but sleeping. Mr. Robert Fowler's "Mutual Curiosity" is one of his most successful works; entirely conventional, of course—or, rather, arbitrary—as to lighting and colour, but a fascinating study of diaphanous greens and of the grace of a nymph who is clearly not of this world. An important composition by Mr. James Clark—"The Fountain," round which are grouped semi-nudes and harmoniously clad figures in jewel-like colour—is inspired by the better tradition of the French school of half a century ago; it is well we should have one artist in England to show us in so able and poetic a fashion the full significance of the movement that influenced Diaz at the beginning, for such we take it to be. The agreeable fancies of Mr. St. George Hare, and the originality he embroiders on to them, always impart an extraneous charm to his painting;



and his green-haired "Sea People," and the infant girl wounded by her chubby "Dangerous Playmate," a remorseful Cupid, deserve credit for their intrinsic cleverness. Mr. Hugh Carter's Israels-like "Old Highland Woman," Mr. Dudley Hardy's Brangwyn-like "Nomad" and "The Stream," and the spirited figure pictures of Mr. Wollen, Mr. Bundy, and Mr. Lomax give their full abilities to the exhibition.

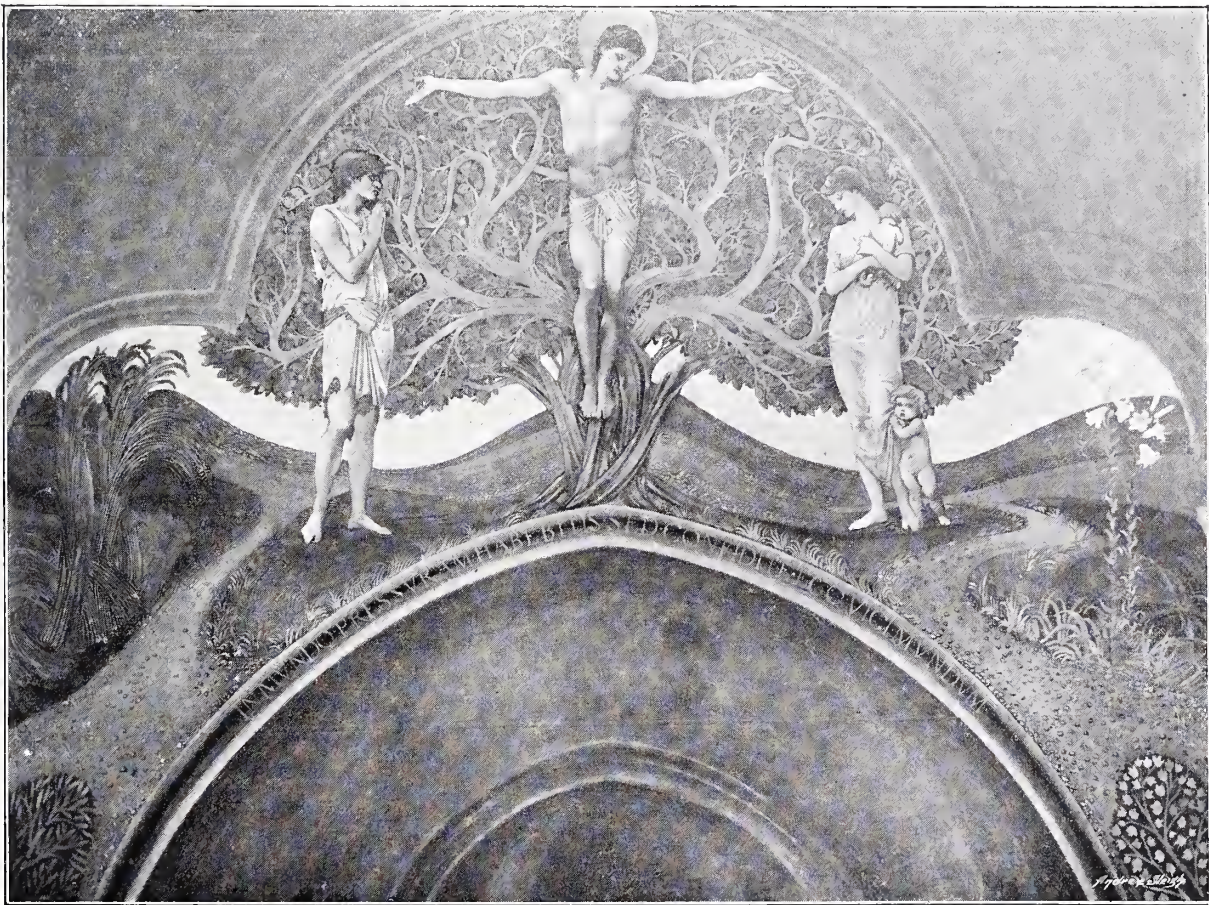
The various aspects of the sea are given by Mr. Edwin Hayes in his impressive and well-composed "Alone on a Wide, Wide Sea;" by Mr. Allan in his sea-shore pictures; by Mr. Wetherbee in "A Nymph of the Shore" (too sketchily brushed in for accurate truth of effect); by Mr. Julius Olsson in "The Siren's Pool," in which he has sought only for the brilliant colours and flashing lights; and by Mr. Pickering in "The Keep, Holy Island"—which, for all its silveriness, would have been better without the obtrusive squareness of his touch.

For the rest, M. Fantin-Latour is again at his

no falling off from her high standard; Mr. Rupert Bunny's enigmatical "Allegory" is a good-humoured piece of decoration—of brightly coloured costumes set in mysterious atmosphere; but Mr. C. E. Swan's "Jaguars Drinking," good as they are, suggest too close an imitation of his namesake.

#### THE SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT-PAINTERS.

Only in an exhibition such as this can the visitor fully realise the development of the theory of modern portraiture. In former times the art was accepted as signifying the reproduction upon canvas of the form and features of a sitter with as much truth and realisation of character as the painter was capable of, with the addition if need be of decoration founded essentially upon ornament in personal or architectural adornment. It is only in recent times that this view has been extended by certain schools of innovators; and we find not a few who care less for likeness and character than for decoration and



THE TREE OF LIFE.

(From the Painting by Sir E. Burne-Jones, Bart., at the Royal Society of British Artists. Photographed by F. Hollger.)

best in the flower-piece called "Fleurs Variées;" "arrangement;" others who regard the sitter as a mere accessory in their "scheme;" and others



again, for whom likeness, arrangement, and scheme are alike of subordinate importance to sentiment; and a final sect for whom portraiture is merely the *motif* for a colour-symphony to be played—if very advanced and original and clever and up-to-date—upon a couple of strings.

In the Grafton Galleries all these phases and demi-semi-phases are to be recognised and studied more easily than in an ordinary exhibition. And it is not to be denied that, contrary to what might

but blackened in certain passages of its colour; Professor Herkomer's beautiful "Madonna" and his "Hon. Cecil Rhodes;" Mr. Whistler's charming little note of Mr. C. E. Holloway, re-christened "The Philosopher;" Lord Leighton's early "Mrs. Hanson Walker;" and M. Emile Wauters' powerful and learned pastel portrait of the editor of this magazine.

The other foreign painters form a group of extreme interest. In "Miss Capel" M. Blanehe continues his delightful practice of engrafting his



MORN

(From the Painting by Arthur Meade, R.B.A., at the Royal Society of British Artists.)

be expected, these portraits are infinitely more interesting when seen in the mass than when met with in a mixed collection; a sympathy is awakened for these painted personalities and still more for their painters, not unconnected, perhaps, with that deep appreciation of portraiture, which, beyond every other section of art, has always been a distinctive feature in English taste. This collection, as usual, contains pictures new and old, British and foreign, old-fashioned and new-fangled, offering opportunities for the formation of opinions and the drawing of conclusions denied by most exhibitions.

Among the leading portraits which have been seen before in London are Holl's two masterpieces—his "Lord Spencer, K.G.," and "Lord Overstone," both vastly mellowed with time; Millais' tender "Shelling Peas" of his penultimate period, and "Miss Siddall" of his earliest, exquisite in its way

own dainty grace and delicate colour on to the sentiment and manner of Reynolds and Romney, and in the result produces a picture of singular charm. A more subtle scheme in a prevailing tone of lilac and russet in M. Aman Jean's "Madame X," poetical as it is, shows a predominant care for colour; while M. Besnard's rather revolting "Portrait of a Lady," for all the rather fussy chromatic exercise, has for its real aim and achievement the play of light about a head. In method of handling and treatment, M. Nicolet, in his capital "Miss Maud Ritchie," appears to be a disciple of M. Besnard.

The realistic party among the exhibitors show some works of power, headed by Professor Herkomer, with his "General Booth," a forthright portrait of dramatic intensity and emphasis of characterisation. Mr. Donne's "Dr. Williamson" among his books, Mr. Stuart Wortley's highly attractive "Portrait

Sketch" of a beautiful sitter, Mr. Watts's "Study," Mr. Kennington's "Lady Hartland"—reproducing in the picture the colours of the Chinese picture-book she holds in her hand—Mr. John Collier's charming "Joyce and her Grandfather" (the latter a bronze bust of the late Professor Huxley), all belong to the same category. Ranged in opposition to these are the "Opal and Grey" (a rather dirty grey) of Mr. Arthur Melville; the "Mrs. Sauter"—a harmony in tender whites, greens, and flesh-tints—by Mr. George Sauter; the extremely dainty and graceful, if a little affected, "Portrait of a Lady" in greys and pinks, by Mr. A. Neven du Mont; and Mr. Lavery's "White Duchess," also in greys—*spiritual* and individual. They are representative of that Grey-Ghostly school which, in its yearning after a charming effect, ignore almost completely the qualities of expression and character in the model. When well done, these effects are charming in an exhibition, but in one's own room they tend to become very shadowy companions. Mr. Guthrie is far more vigorous and virile, and not less artistic, in his portrait of a middle-aged lady with weak eyes, an uncompromising study. Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. Strang, Mr. Muirhead, and Mr. William Stott is each somewhat of a "poseur" in the portraits he exhibits; but each is remarkably clever, and helps to a sensible extent the piquancy of the exhibition. One of the most dashing studies in the collection is the extremely bold and delightful and wayward little full-length of "Captain Wisely," by Mr. E. A. Walton; a work which justifies some protest against the principle of leaving a brilliant piece of painting with its accidents thick upon it.

#### THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The contribution of an important work by Sir Edward Burne-Jones lends unusual importance to the exhibition of this Society. This exquisitely poetical and pathetic picture, so original in conception and so beautiful in execution, has already been dealt with in these pages at length, when the

cartoon for the great mosaic of "Christ upon the Tree of Life"—a decoration for the Church of St. Paul in Rome—was shown at the New Gallery (MAGAZINE OF ART, 1895, p. 295). There is little inducement to feel contented with Mr. Cayley Robinson's charmingly fanciful design—seen through modern Belgian spectacles—of "The Return of Spring." The imagery is dainty and even poetic, but the whole is utterly ruined by the transparent affectation of a primitive inability to draw that transforms the picture from a delight into a frank irritant. Mr. Montague Smyth's reminiscence of Artz in "Across the Dunes," Mr. Armstrong's powerful Scottish aspect of a "Torrent," Mr. T. Robertson's sombre yet luminous view, "On the Lagoons, Venice," Mr. A. Meade's "Morn" (a composition of some importance), and works by Mr. G. C. Haité, Mr. Lee Hankey, Mr. Ryle, and Mr. Spenlove include the principal efforts in land and seascape. We have an example of tender charm in figure subjects in Mr. Schäfer's "Open Book;" of quiet realism in the "Meditation" of the Australian painter, Mr. Abbey Altson—a little too equal in its effect throughout, but a clever work notwithstanding; and of violent



MEDITATION.

(From the Painting by Abbey Altson, R.B.A., at the Royal Society of British Artists.)

action in Mr. McCormick's "Song of Triumph: Kaffirs of the Hindu-Koosh returning from a Raid"—a picture which seems to be based upon genuine experience. Sir Wyke Bayliss's interior of St. Peter's at Rome is a more than usually good specimen of his elaborate church interiors.

The policy of the Society in including so many schools is the feature of its galleries to-day. The increase of its roll from 28 in 1852 to 145 in 1897, signifies not alone extension of membership in point of numbers, but also in width of view. The artistic survey, as shown upon these walls, seems to display not alone the academic and the "modern" schools, but also the mystic, the independent, and the "intransigent." The visitor, therefore, must look for no special style of art upheld, but will find before him a little of everything.



## FRENCH WOOD-CARVINGS.

BY LEWIS F. DAY.

UNDER the title of "French Wood-Carvings from the National Museums," Miss Eleanor Rowe has edited for Mr. Batsford a series of colotype plates after wood-carvings selected for the most part from the recently acquired Peyre Collec-

sionally, as she tells us, plates such as Nos. XXV, XXXI, because they meet the wants of teachers having charge of amateur and "Home Arts" classes where the student can hardly be expected to know much about modelling, nor yet to be very expert in the use of his tools.

So it happens that, although the examples given in these fifty-four folio plates are ample "to make known the carvings in our national museums," and include, indeed, some very beautiful specimens of art, they do not always represent the highest types of design; for, as every teacher knows, there is many a time a lesson in what is perhaps rather crudely done, which would not be so readily conveyed by means of work more technically accomplished. Rude workmanship has, that is to say, sometimes just that over-emphasis which is necessary to enforce a moral, though not so well calculated to adorn a page. This moral the editor is most careful to inculcate. For example: "Note," she says, "how the pattern is united with the ground by a few gouge cuts, suggestive of the under-side of the leaves, and how effective the simple gouge cuts are round the plain surface of the medallion." Or again: "The margin is effectively treated with a fillet and deep hollow beyond, and although in the plate the fillet looks detached, it is not so, as the inner line is not cut straight down, but sloped to the ground with rather a deep hollow." There is no pretence of literary flavour about this kind



CHAIR-BACK (HENRI II).  
(In the South Kensington Museum.)

tion, now distributed among the museums of South Kensington, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin.

The book is a valuable record of a most valuable national purchase; but it is not merely that. The Principal of the School of Art Wood-Carving could hardly edit a work of this kind without a very definite view to its practical use to the particular class of students whose wants she, if anyone, is in a position to understand. She has catered accordingly for wood-carvers, and yet more especially for students of wood-carving, choosing occa-

of explanation, but it tells the workman what he wants to know. In many cases very minute information is given as to the depth of the carving in its various parts, and occasionally this is supplemented by sections.

There is a danger always that books in which sumptuous plates form the most conspicuous feature may be referred to only for their illustrations, and never be read at all. Miss Rowe's letterpress deserves a better fate than that. Her criticism of the examples given is enough to help the



student to see what is good and bad in them, but never too much; it is practical without being so highly seasoned with technicalities as to make it unpalatable to the popular taste. In some few



PART OF UPRIGHT PANEL: LILIES AND OLIVES.  
(In the South Kensington Museum.)

instances she points out, almost too obligingly, the new use to which certain old examples could be put. That might well be left to the initiative of the student. We pamper him too much in these days. Enough to provide him with food: he must mentally mastiate it himself.

The book is in three divisions. The first treats of Gothic woodwork, the second of Renaissance; and Miss Rowe gives just the outline of the history of the Revival in France necessary to make clear the course of Style; in the third section, dealing with the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, she distinguishes the characteristics of the styles to which the later Louis gave their names, and tells something of the men responsible for the changes of fashion, giving prominence naturally to those who were wood-carvers. One cannot, however, even on the

authority of M. Peyre, accept Gille-Marie Oppenord as in any sense a precursor of the style Louis XVI: he was one of the most hardened sinners of the Rococo, untouched by any redeeming grace of Classicism. The panel-end attributed to him (see below) is quite unlike the rest of his work. Apropos of this shutter-panel, it is pointed out that the system of "interpanelling" there shown is about the best legacy left to us by the artists of the Regency; and wonder is expressed that modern decorators working in other styles have not taken a hint from it: they might certainly have done so with advantage.

In discussing the period of Louis XVI it is explained that in neither of the preceding reigns are details so delicately and gracefully carved; "flowers are treated much more naturally, and" —("but" would have been the more appropriate word)—"the veining of the petals, which is a very characteristic feature during the reign of Louis XIV, is quite discontinued." That broad and simple yet delicate treatment of leafage is shown in



END OF WOODEN SHUTTER: LOUIS XV.  
(In the Edinburgh Museum.)

the olive wreaths illustrated on this page, a curious instance of eighteenth-century ornament to which it is not easy to assign a very precise period. The editor



finds it strange that the carver should have given the lily five petals; but "twas ever thus." Never, from mediæval times to our own day, have the "freelances" of design scrupled to rob the lily of a petal—or of a sepal, rather—to which brutality may be attributed a certain just resentment of that conventionalisation in whose name deeds like this are done.

Not content with describing the rendering of the acanthus scroll peculiar to the period of Louis XVI, Miss Rowe goes on to explain the way in which the stem of the scroll or "spiral" is most satisfactorily

treated in carving, by outlining it, that is to say, "with a fluter or veiner, using the sides of the tool to cant the edges; the spiral then seems to blend with the background, and has not that detached look which is so often noticeable when the edges are cut down vertically."

The quotations above given will show the kind of information which is to be gathered from the text. Attention is called to it rather than to the plates, because they speak for themselves: they are well chosen and most admirably produced.

## THE ART MOVEMENT.

### ECCLESIASTICAL ART AT NOTTINGHAM.

#### I.—THE CLERGY AND ARTISTS' ASSOCIATION.

**T**HIS Association, which was opened in May of last year by the Bishop of Stepney—on which occasion addresses were given by Mr. W. Holman Hunt and others—seeks to establish the means through which those desirous of information in regard to the best work being done by individual artists may be helped in various ways towards obtaining it. Its object is to enable the clergy and others to approach the artist more directly, and to secure that work in churches shall be the work of artists of individual attainment. It has been felt by many of the clergy that some central place where examples of artists' work executed in churches could be seen would have great value at the present time, so much of the difficulty being that the clergy do not know where to go to obtain such work.

A central consultative body has been formed, with exhibition rooms at 6, Millbank Street, Westminster, for supplying information and advice—a body of representative clergy and artists meeting periodically, to whom applications are made. An opportunity is thus presented of counteracting the facilities offered in wrong directions. The complete mystification of the public mind can hardly

be touched on here. But nothing is commoner than for the artist working in churches to be asked in regard to his work whether he is going to do it himself, or to be told that "S. Peter and S. Paul are such well-known figures I suppose they would be cheap."

The Association is administered in the interests of art as a whole, and not of any particular school or elique. Amongst the patrons, in addition to the Bishops of London, Peterborough, and Stepney, are Messrs. G. F. Watts, R.A., W. Holman Hunt, and John Ruskin. The Committee of Direction includes the names of Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., Mr. Conrad Dressler, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Hallward, Messrs. Louis Davis, A. H. Skipworth, and W. Bainbridge Reynolds. Membership of the Association is open to the public generally. The Clergy and Artists' Association depends solely on the subscriptions and donations of its members. No commissions of any kind are charged on the artists working through the Association, or from those seeking its aid. With the exception of the Assistant-Secretary,



CHALICE AND PATEN.

(By W. Bainbridge Reynolds.)

the officers are unpaid. This is considered essential to sustain the independent position of the Association, which has no commercial object whatever.

The second Church Congress Exhibition of the Clergy and Artists' Association

was held at the Castle Museum, by permission of the Committee of the City Museum and Art Gallery, who came forward in a generous way to further what they felt to be a great object. Mr. Wallis, the Art Director, gave the warmest assistance to the undertaking.

It would be impossible to include the names of all the contributors to an exhibition which was of the most representative kind, but amongst the most prominent of them were the names of Messrs. W. Holman Hunt, Frederic Shields, George Frampton, A.R.A., Henry Holiday, Conrad Dressler, A. G. Walker, Nelson Dawson, W. Bainbridge Reynolds, J. D. Batten, Mrs.



WINDOW FOR KELVEDON CHURCH, ESSEX.

(By Louis Davis.)

Sargent Florence, Mrs. Reginald Hallward, Miss Emily Ford, and Miss Mary Newill. The catalogue records 195 exhibits, including painting, sculpture, glass (cartoons), metal-work, embroidery, a special feature of which was the exhibition of work executed under the auspices of the Clergy and Artists' Association, either through its members or otherwise. Amongst these may be mentioned the cartoons for windows in Kelvedon Church, Essex, by Mr. Louis Davis; the decoration in tempera of the roof of a chancel in course of execution, by Mr. J. D. Batten; the cartoons for wall-paintings executed in Lustleigh Church, Devon, by Mr. Reginald Hallward; the design for rood-screen, reredos, retable, altar, etc., for Adimore Church, by Mr. A. H. Skipworth; and designs for two windows in St. Paul's Church, Hamstead, by C. M. Gere.

In regard to the work done by the Association, it is gratifying to be able to state that, through the means adopted of setting up direct relations between artist and employer, there are now working in churches individual artists who, but for the existence of the Clergy and Artists' Association, would not have been employed, and who, previous to its existence, had never for want of opportunity worked in a church before. The Association has also by its advice already been able in several cases to prevent the carrying out of inferior and mechanical work, and has begun to set a standard interfering with the easy acceptance of work of purely commonplace commercial character.

The permanent exhibition of artists' work is open to members, who receive notice of any particular example of work on exhibition. The Association is



THE CRUCIFIXION.

(By Conrad Dressler. Glazed Earthenware.)

hoping to obtain the support of the Church and the public in its efforts to foster a more living art in churches. The Church cannot afford to be without



good art, and the best can come only from those whose cultivated talents give them the independent position of artists, and not from those who turn the supply of church decoration into ordinary trade.

This Association has been able to replace the purely negative criticisms of such a wearisome character by definite practical steps to improve the state of things—made possible by the loyal co-operation of those concerned in the movement—and is able to show that united action is more capable



CARTOON FOR WALL-PAINTING, LUSTLEIGH CHURCH  
DEVON.

(By Reginald Hallward.)

of achieving the end in view than oceans of merely barren criticism and weary complaint.

II.—SIR W. B. RICHMOND, R.A., AND DECORATION IN  
ECCLESIASTICAL ART.

At a meeting of the Congress at Nottingham, Sir W. B. Richmond delivered an address upon "Decoration" as it affects religious art. After referring to mediæval art, when belief in religion went hand in hand with taste and executive skill, he compared

the condition of the present time, when "contentment with the commonplace—ay, preference of it—has permeated every class and industry more or less, and has crept into the Church . . . There, as in our public buildings and in our houses, the tradesman is more evident than the artist, the commercial rather than the creative instinct."

After reviewing the progress and decline of religious art up to and from the Renaissance, he dealt with English modern work, and asked, "How is it that the most renowned painters of our time have been so rarely employed in the service of the Church, whilst there has been so much opportunity presented in that direction? The Gothic revival naturally led architects towards antiquarian research. Hence there has arisen a clear definition of the styles of various epochs. To accommodate these it has been sought to permit no decoration in glass, sculpture, or wall-painting which did not belong to the style chosen . . . of whatever century, Gothic or Renaissance!

The real artist, painter, or sculptor, being so because he has something to say for himself in his own style . . . would be shy of obeying an architect's demand to supply him with what is, practically speaking, nothing but a method of statement foreign



LECTERN.

(By Messrs. Benham and Froud.)



ALTAR CROSS FOR ST. MARY  
MAGDALEN, OXFORD.

(By Messrs. Hart, Peard and Co.)



to his impulse, hence the reverse of spontaneous. So he would not sacrifice his own individuality as one day to design in the fourteenth-century style, another in the sixteenth, to order. Seeing that there was business to be done, enterprising persons established trades in church decorative art, where the various centuries have been turned out at the command of the architect, hopelessly artificial manufactures. Precious little vitality could even a genius endow upon such an unconvinced convention. . . . Surely, it is not 'styles,' but 'style,' that is wanted—the expression of something that an artist has to say after his own fancy, in accordance with such traditions as he has accepted as monitors. . . . Surely, when art is obliged to be in exact obedience to dates she may be said to be dead. It is the *merit* of the design, the quality of style in the drawing, the beauty of colour, not its accordance with a particular date, that matters in a work of art. You will never get art worthy of your religion until you care for it and realise its great

importance. You will never get it if you treat it as furniture. . . . I have tried to show that art which has survived, or that will live in the future, has been and must be spontaneous, that manufacture of styles is fatal, and that it must proceed from the *heart* as well as from the head and hand. What better motto is there for conclusion than 'Walk in the light of your own fire and the flames which you have kindled'?"

### III.—MR. JOHN HART'S EXHIBITION.

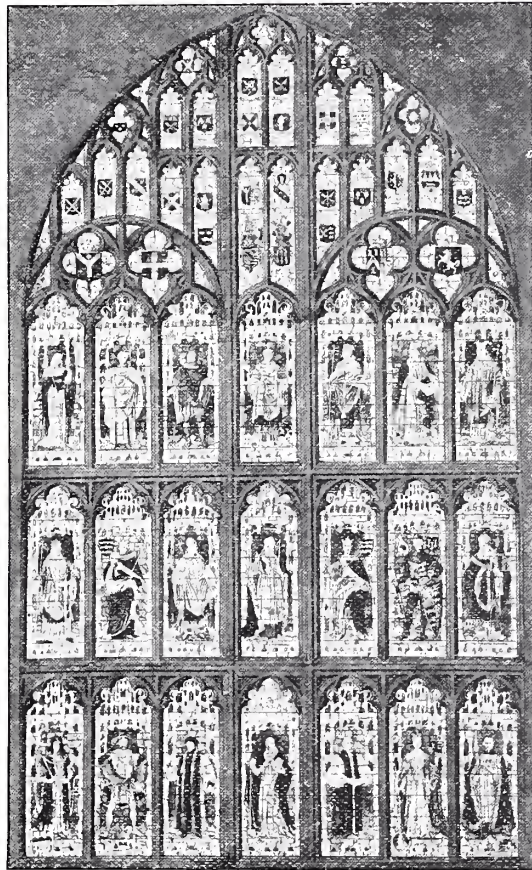
Mr. John Hart's Commercial Exhibition of Ecclesiastical Art was a feature of great interest during the Church Congress in Nottingham, the

object of which claims to be the furthering of the industrial arts in relation to church decoration. The exhibition was divided into two sections—viz. the trade and general division, and the loan collection. To the former the leading ecclesiastical and educational firms contributed largely.

Messrs. Benham and Froud, of London, who, in 1821, made the ball and cross of St. Paul's Cathedral, had an excellent display of communion plate, altar furniture and lecterns. On p. 108 is an illustration of one of the latter. It is executed in solid brass, and represents an angel supporting a tracery stand of Gothic design. Messrs. Hart, Peard and Co. had also a very attractive stall of art metal-work for churches, and we illustrate an altar-cross executed by them for the church of St. Mary Magdalen, Oxford. It is in the late Decorated style, with ogee fleury ends, Tudor rose centre, and enriched with faceted crystals. The vertical and horizontal bands between the rose centre are decorated with vine branches and grapes, emblematic of love. The

knop upon which the cross proper is set is pierced and engraved. The whole is supported by a circular base, with gadroon ornamentation, and fleur-de-lys above.

The examples of stained glass work sent by Mr. E. Frampton were exceedingly meritorious of their kind. Mr. Hemming's fine collection of drawings of stained glass attracted a good deal of attention, and included one of the east window in the Chapter-house of Canterbury Cathedral which Mr. Hemming executed a short time ago. By Messrs. J. Harris were contributed church embroideries, banners, and flax fabrics for decorative purposes; and by Messrs. Burnet and Co. a stand of beautiful textiles.



EAST WINDOW IN THE CHAPTER-HOUSE,  
CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

(By Mr. Hemming.)



## DECORATIONS AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

BEAUTIFUL in every respect architecturally, Mr. Beerbohm Tree's charming theatre in the Haymarket is decorated internally in a manner

artist's choice, but from unavoidable necessity. In that time Mr. Black had to choose his subjects, make his sketches and drawings, and execute his complete work. Considering that sixteen spaces had to be filled, and that time did not permit of colour-studies being made, no small credit is due to him for the satisfactory result obtained.

For the eight ceiling panels Mr. Black has chosen symbolical representations of the different divisions of the day, and has produced figures for the most part poetical in conception and graceful and varied in pose, while the colour scheme is delicate and refined, and in full harmony with his subjects. Beginning with "Dawn," the cycle proceeds with "Sunrise," "Morning" (perhaps the least satisfactory of the figures), "Noon"—an extremely



STUDY FOR "SUNRISE."

(By Arthur C. Black.)

that leaves little to be desired. The white and gold of the walls and auditorium are pleasing in themselves, but the paintings on the ceiling and in the spandrels of the arches of the side walls add considerably to the beauty and effectiveness of the scheme of decoration. The general design was supplied by Mr. H. Romaine Walker, but the paintings themselves are the work of Mr. Arthur J. Black, by whose courtesy we are enabled to reproduce some of the cartoons on which the paintings were based. Notwithstanding that in themselves they bear no evidence of hasty execution, from the day when the commission was placed by Mr. Beerbohm Tree in the hands of the artist, to that on which the scaffolding was removed, barely three weeks elapsed: not, of course, of the



STUDY FOR "SUNSET."

(By Arthur C. Black.)

charming figure—"Afternoon," "Sunset," "Twilight," and "Night." Blues, pinks, and yellows are the

principal colours, and the series of panels form a most effective centre-piece to the decoration of the building.

In the eight spandrils, in which the story of Psyche is illustrated, Mr. Black has taken advantage of the opportunity offered him for poetic treatment. The figure of Psyche throughout is charming, and each composition skilfully adapted to the space for which it was designed. The first painting of Psyche, in which she is looking anxiously for her god-lover, is excellent in pose, and the pathos of the story



STUDY FOR "PSYCHE BEFORE VENUS."

after her desertion by Cupid is daintily expressed in the subsequent pictures. The nude figure in the fifth panel and the descent of Cupid in the seventh are probably the best of the series, but all are full of interest, and prove Mr. Black to be both a skilful draughtsman and a clever colourist. The drawings we reproduce are crayon studies from the model, and are sufficient to show—for their lines have been carefully followed in the finished pictures—the freedom and accuracy of the artist's touch.

ARTHUR FISHER.



STUDY FOR "TWILIGHT."



STUDY FOR "NOON."



## NOTES AND QUERIES.

[83] AN "ÉDITION DE LUXE" OF "THE MAGAZINE OF ART."—I have often wondered why no *édition de luxe* is issued of THE MAGAZINE OF ART. The value of the publication and the beauty of its illustrations would be warmly welcomed in a more luxurious form, I am sure, by every lover of art and of beautiful books. Other publications do so—such as *La Revue de l'Art Ancien et Moderne*—the price being just double of that of the ordinary edition. Surely there must be many who, like myself, would be willing to pay, say thirty shillings a year, for so fine and useful a work. Only, of course, the edition must be strictly limited in number.—A SUBSCRIBER.

\* \* Our Subscriber's flattering suggestion is not entirely new to us. We can only say that if his view is shared by a sufficient number of subscribers, the Publishers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART would be most happy to fall in with the suggestion. Perhaps those of our readers who think with our correspondent will oblige us by communicating with us.—ED. MAGAZINE OF ART.

[84] THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE LOUVRE "APOLLO AND MARSYAS."—Where shall I find any reference to this picture, especially as to its authorship?—J. HARTLEY, Leeds.

\* \* Our correspondent evidently has in mind the contest of view as to the proper ascription of this beautiful work. Since Mr. Morris Moore sold it to the Louvre, it has been called a Raphael, but it is doubtful if anyone quite accepts the ascription. From Passavant to Morelli, nearly all the analytical critics have denied it that authorship, though whether it is by Perugino, Timoteo Vite, Francia, Pinturicchio, or other painter, it is impossible to get them to decide. Mr. Moore bought the picture as a Mantegna, and sold it to the Louvre for £8,000 as a Raphael. Morelli asserts positively that it is by Perugino, and we incline to the same opinion. The cartoon, or drawing, for this picture is in the Venice Academy. Bacchiacca, curiously enough, plagiarised the design for his "Adam and Eve," the figure and pose of Apollo being cleverly adapted to the needs of the First Mother.

[85] MERLIN, OF THE ROYAL MINT.—What were the Christian names of the French artist, Monsieur Merlin, who was employed at the Royal Mint, London, during the reigns of George IV, King William IV, and the early part of that of Queen

Victoria, as an engraver of dies for striking coins? His initials, "I. B. M.," appear in relief on the obverse of the two-pound piece dated 1823.—HENRY GARSIDE (201, Burnley Road, Accrington).

\* \* Although Merlin is mentioned in Hawkins' "Silver Coins of England," in Kenyon's "Gold Coins of England," in Henfrey's "Guide to English Coins," and other books, English and French, his first names do not appear. Probably the only authority able to throw light on the matter is the Mint itself. At the same time, we never heard of a Frenchman whose initials were "I. B." (*i.e.* "J. B.") which did not represent the ever-popular "Jean-Baptiste."—S.

[86] M. VAN HELLMONT.—Will you or your readers inform me what is the position, artistic and otherwise, of the pictures signed by "M. van Hellmont"? There is here in Rio a picture signed by that name. It represents a kitchen with two persons in extremely friendly conversation, painted in the style of Teniers. It is named "The Proposal," and is unquestionably an old picture; and, whether or not an original, it is painted by a good artist. I never heard the name of the painter.—CARLOS AMERICO DOS SANTOS (12, Rua de Mouro Brito, Rio de Janeiro).

\* \* Matthew van Hellmont was a little master of the Flemish school whose approximate dates are 1650–1724. He was born in Brussels. His more important works resemble those of Van der Meulen, and his smaller ones—like that referred to by our querist—those of Teniers. Indeed, at a short distance these small pictures might well be taken for those of the greater master. In his skies and backgrounds Van Hellmont's colouring closely resembles Teniers', but not his brush-work. Only a minority of Van Hellmont's pictures are signed. They are not in great request; indeed, the prices fetched at Christie's rule so small that neither Mr. Roberts nor Redford has recorded them. Seguier, however, states that "A Flemish Market, with numerous figures," was knocked down for £40 in 1801, and that certainly for forty years later that price was never touched again. The facts of the painter's career are very obscure.

[87] AN UNKNOWN PORTRAIT OF NELSON.—I have lately fallen in with an old portrait in oil of Lord Nelson. It seems a good work of art, and I would be glad to receive, through your "Notes and Queries" column, any information as to the painter,

as there is no name on it to be seen now. I send herewith a photo of the portrait. It does not appear in G. Lathom Browne's "Nelson: His Public and Private Life (1891)." It would be obliging if you could let me know whether it appears in any of the other Lives of Nelson.—COLLECTOR (Bank House, Castle Douglas).

\* \* \* There is little doubt that this portrait, of which our contributor sends us a photograph, is by Lemuel Francis Abbott, the painter of two portraits of Nelson—the one a replica—the other. That now brought to our notice—apparently in somewhat poor condition and unfinished—is slightly different to that in the National Portrait Gallery, and contains such modifications as to preclude the idea that it is a copy. We lean to the opinion that it is probably a picture by Abbott, but abandoned by him before completion in favour of those to which we have already referred.

#### NOTES.

**A GREAT "ARTIST-PHOTOGRAPHER:" MR. F. HOLLYER.**—It is a fact—which will not, it is to be presumed, seriously be contested—that nearly every important discovery or great reform which has been introduced into photography from its inception to the present day, has been the work of the "amateur." The professional has, as a rule, done little beyond confirming and establishing the discoveries of the amateur—beyond walking in the path whither the non-professional has pointed the way. This curious circumstance, which is almost unique in the worlds of science and art, does not stop short at the point of theoretical innovation; the phenomenon is to be observed not less clearly in the ranks of the practical professional photographers, the majority of the most artistically-distinguished of whom have invaded the circle of the craft from the wider, but more imaginative and intelligent, field of the amateur. A typical instance is to be seen in Mr. Fred Hollyer, whose name is familiar to artists and photographers throughout two continents. He would doubtless be the first to admit that not himself only, but his rival Mr. Cameron, and one or two others hardly less successful, have adopted as a profession what was at first a hobby, and that they are better photographers for not having been bred up with their eyes and wits narrowed and confined between the two blinkers of professionalism and convention. Mr. Hollyer being, as has been said, a type of the creative photographer—so far as a photographer can ever hope to become "creative" at all, especially in the difficult art of

the reproduction of pictures—a few words as to his career may be helpful to the reader. In 1861 he first began his experiments; but it was only when he found that those experiments led him beyond the usual goal either reached or aimed at by others, that he adopted photography as his profession. He had many friends among artists and art students, but it needed not them to convince him that photography was limited and cramped in its capabilities, and that its creative potentiality was not less restricted. He began experiments on the reproduction of pictures by his friends, who, having nothing to pay, freely damned his efforts. This encouragement was chiefly useful in taking the conceit out of the worker. The first picture successfully copied was Miss Osborn's "Christmas" in 1865, and this was quickly followed by a series by the late Albert Moore, who took a vivid interest in the process, and was never tired of criticising, instructing, and helping, with special reference to the rendering of colour values into monochrome. Then the attention of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., was attracted to the increasingly successful efforts of the young photographer, and he devoted considerable time to examining the plates after his own work, and to showing when and why success had been attained; for to the photographer it is difficult enough to know when he has done his best with the pictures of a subtle colourist and a mystic in paint. Defects were explained and remedies suggested in the case of failures, until at last the photographer found himself fully equipped not only for the reproduction of the subject of a picture, but even for some suggestion of its colour and feeling. How could the humdrum everyday photographer hope to go through such a training to arrive at such attainment?

**FRENCH IMPERIO-REPUBLICAN COINS.**—There has recently been some correspondence in the *Times* as to a "mysterious" five-franc piece which on obverse and reverse bore respectively the imperial and republican legends. There is no mystery about it at all, and little rarity. It must be remembered that at the time when Bonaparte became first consul and then emperor he was very circumspect in his changes, and slow to introduce innovations. From 1799 to 1802 he permitted the old type of national coin to prevail, and not till the next year did he place his own portrait upon it. When he became emperor a year later he substituted "Empereur" on the coin for "Premier Consul," but retained the republican legend until 1808. This applies not only to five-franc pieces, but also to the rest, the smaller coins and the greater. It must be borne in mind that the smallest values were plated—copper was not thereafter used in France until 1848.



## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—DECEMBER.

**The South Kensington Scandal.** IN modification of the indignation aroused by the treatment of Mr. WEALE, late art librarian at South Kensington Museum, it has been circulated that the Lords of Committee of Council on Education are guiltless of the harsh injustice attributed to them in respect to the sudden dismissal of the official who had had the pluck to speak out; and that when the papers are forthcoming it will appear—as might indeed, have been expected from so shrewd and diplomatic a department—that everything is in order, and that Mr. Weale has not so very much to complain of. If this is really so, it merely means that responsibility is shifted to other shoulders. It is stated that the Director of the museum strongly insisted in a report to the Secretary upon the retention of Mr. Weale's services, on the ground that there was no other man equally fitted in the kingdom to carry on his important duties; and it is known that the Treasury, in the Minute laid upon the table of the House, continued Mr. Weale in office, according to the *Times*, for another year. It is now put forth that the extension was "during the sitting of the Committee." There is therefore only one conclusion to draw—namely, that the Secretary must have presented, instead of the Director's report, another merely retaining Mr. Weale's services for the benefit, not of the public service in the museum, but of the Committee in the House of Commons. But his evidence could equally have been given without his being retained in office—better, in fact, as no official reticence would have weighed upon him. Of course the Committee has not yet completed its labours, and is to be reappointed next Session; but as, technically speaking, the Committee has lapsed during the prorogation, advantage has been taken of it to dismiss this most efficient officer. Meanwhile, it is to be noticed with interest that Mr. Armstrong, whose time has also lapsed, and whose examination before the Committee was a curious enlightenment as to his views regarding his post, but who offered out-and-out support to his department, has without demur had his service extended. It is to be observed that Mr. Armstrong, who is jointly responsible for purchases for the museum, actually informed the Committee that he did not care whether an object was genuine or not so long as it was beautiful, and that this Committee, he supposed, had knocked the bottom out of *expertise*. This gentleman's services have been retained; but we would like to know what would happen to any expert in the National Gallery or British Museum who gave vent to such extraordinary opinions.

**Civic Haste.** WHAT appears to be a serious piece of reckless haste on the part of the late Lord Mayor, Sir Faudel Phillips, promised to place the Common Council and Corporation of London in a somewhat ridiculous position. The offer to the Corporation of no fewer than two hundred Old Masters, publicly announced by the Chief Magistrate as a sort of blaze of triumph in the midst of which he should retire, would have been a happy thought had the examination and judgment of the pictures in question by the President of the Royal Academy been given before, instead of after, the statement was made public. And, to crown the blunder, the gift was accepted by acclamation, without apparent reference to the possible

adverse verdict that might be forthcoming. The facts are at once simple and suggestive. Mr. Sellar, a collector whose name is not well-known to those most concerned non-commercially in works of art, drew considerable public attention upon himself during the past season by summarily withdrawing from Christie's, during the sale, a collection of alleged Old Masters, which were fetching the most insignificant prices. Certain experts who saw these pictures did not consider the prices too low in view of the quality of the works themselves. It is therefore only natural, when the same gentleman offers his collection shortly afterwards *en bloc*, that the public should, rightly or wrongly, identify the pictures with those to which such disagreeable notice had already been drawn. As Mr. Sellar has acknowledged the identity, we must deplore the injudicious conduct of Sir Faudel Phillips in not taking expert advice before placing his friend and himself in so unpleasant a predicament. As to the Art Gallery of the Guildhall, no false delicacy must be allowed to prevent the final refusal of the pictures should they be as relatively worthless as dealers and experts have thought them. In any case, no huge collection should ever be accepted *en bloc* without a careful examination and recommendation in respect to every separate item. In France, where public spirit is far less generous than here, and valuable public bequests infinitely less numerous, no gift of any sort is allowed to be accepted on behalf of the public without a special commission approving of every item. The public taste should not be less jealously guarded here than abroad, even at the risk of hurting the feelings of an intending donor. But it need hardly be pointed out that should the general suspicion be correct, and the present collection prove no better than dealers and collectors lately suggested, no particular tenderness need be shown towards one who has chosen to pit his own challenged opinions against those of connoisseurs, and has risked the victimising of the public before the verdict of our chief official authority has reinstated the reputation of the collection.

**The National Portrait Gallery.** THE fortieth annual Report of the National Portrait Gallery, dealing with the twelve months from April, 1896, to April, 1897, has recently been issued. It records the appointment of Viscount KNUTSFORD to the trusteeship vacant by the death of Sir John Millais, P.R.A., and the succession by virtue of his office of Sir EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A. During the year sixteen portraits were presented to the Gallery, of which the following are the most important: "John Curwen," painted by WILLIAM GUSH; "Sir Henry Holland, M.D., F.R.S.," marble bust sculptured by W. THEED; "Sir Henry Halford, M.D.," painted in 1811 by Sir W. BEECHY; "Sir John Bankes," painter unknown; "Sir Richard Francis Burton," painted by Lord LEIGHTON; "Sir William Maynard Gomm," painted by JAMES BOWLES; "Dean Stanley," a miniature; "William Morris," painted by Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A.; "Coventry K. D. Patmore," painted by Mr. J. S. SARGENT, R.A.; "Dr. Colenso," painted by SAMUEL SEDLEY; "Richard Jefferies," a bust in plaster; and "Joseph Hume," by C. B. LEIGHTON. Thirty-one purchases were made, including twelve works by the late GEORGE

RICHMOND, R.A. The total number of works now in the Gallery is 1,085, of which 933 are paintings, 123 works of sculpture, and 29 miscellaneous works in cases. As we foreshadowed when the Gallery was first opened, the space at the disposal of the Director has already become too limited. Screens have had to be erected, and warning is duly given in the Report that many of the pictures will have to be placed in positions where the light is too bad for them to be seen. The vandal has been at his tricks in the Gallery; for, besides a series of minor injuries, a serious damage was perpetrated upon LELY'S portrait of the first Earl of Sandwich, the result of which has been the strengthening of the police force; and the trustees make a recommendation that all pictures within reach shall be placed under glass in all cases where it does not already exist. The total number of visitors was 254,942, the highest previous record being 146,178, when the collection was at South Kensington. In pursuance of their desire to promote the educational influence of the collection the following new regulation has been made: "Parties from schools, wishing to visit the Gallery for educational purposes, can be admitted free on students' days (Thursday and Friday), on notice being given to the Secretary, stating the number of the party." Arrangements have also been made whereby lectures can be delivered in the Gallery, students' tickets being issued upon the application of the lecturers. The number of students' tickets applied for since the opening of the Gallery is seventy-seven, twenty-seven of which have been renewed.

#### The National Gallery.

We are glad to be able to announce that the picture entitled "Salvator Mundi," in the National Gallery, hitherto attributed to JOHN JACKSON, R.A., but which we have more than once denounced in these pages as a false ascription, has been withdrawn from the walls. This act is entirely satisfactory, and worthy of Sir Edward Poynter's courage and judgment. How so weak a picture was ever accepted as the work of the painter in question is a mystery—not so much that it was incompetent and unworthy of a place in so august a collection, as that it is neither in the style nor the spirit of the artist. It is gone, and we are thankful for it.

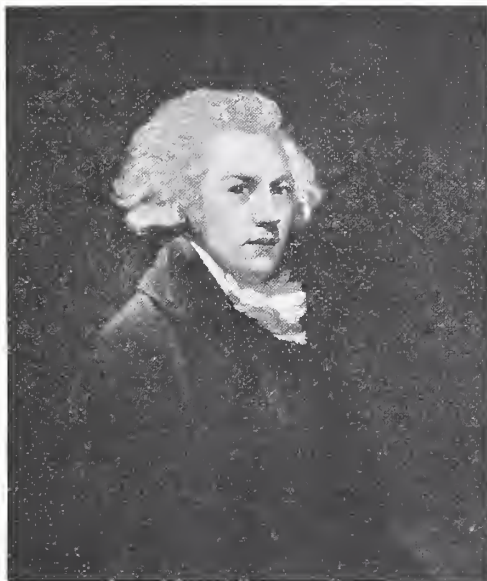
#### A Third Salon?

THE rumour that a further split is imminent in France, which is to result in the formation of a third Salon, is of evil import. It was thought, when the Société des Artistes Français of the Champs Élysées fell out amongst themselves and resulted in the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts of the Champ de Mars as an offshoot, that the final consequence would be a healthy competition out of which a striking advance in art might spring. The result has been unfortunate. So far as we can see, expectation has been wholly disappointed. Competition has borne effort, but an effort which is strain, unhealthy and morbid on the one hand, and ever duller academicism on the other. No new work of merit, no new

painter of genius, has it brought forth that would not naturally have emerged from the Champs Élysées. The principal thing achieved has been the proof that a certain group of artists despises "medals," while they retain to the full the passion for the rosette in the button-hole. A further secession will be still more disastrous, and the exhibitions of the two main sections balder than heretofore. Internecine war is always suicidal, and even so admired a group as the artists of France cannot but suffer from so foolishly wilful a policy.

Reviews. JUST as a boy at school may learn to compose

Latin verses, so may a draughtsman be taught in a way to make patterns. But what, in either case, can be the result other than a lifeless, rule-of-thumb production? For designing that is worth the name, designing that has vigorous originality, is a gift not to be acquired by learning. Nevertheless, the gift is such that needs training and disciplining: no artist, however talented, can dispense altogether with certain elementary rules of construction. If he be a designer of repeating ornament, he must be acquainted with the mode of planning a pattern upon a "drop," a "net," a "scale," and a few other rudimentary bases; and, moreover, it is essential that he should know the exact measurements current in certain manufactured goods such as wall-papers, silks, damask-linens,



SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, P.R.A.

(By Himself. Recently acquired by the National Portrait Gallery.)

and so on, as well as some details of technical processes. Thus there is a definite use for such works as "*A Text-Book Dealing with Ornamental Design for Woven Fabrics*," by C. STEPHENSON, Bradford Technical College, and F. SUDDARDS, the Yorkshire College, Leeds (London: Methuen and Co., with 66 plates, and 62 diagrams in the text), in which the authors treat their subject, in a systematic and fairly exhaustive manner; and especially for their last chapter, on "The Limitations Imposed by the Structure of a Fabric." At the same time, there is a marked tendency towards over-analysis. A young designer who is going to harass his brain over the complicated directions given for the construction of the various "sateen" orders, for example, is only too likely to lose heart in the necessary strain and tension involved in the effort. Mechanical regulations inevitably stifle rather than stimulate the spirit of aesthetic creation, and ought to be mastered from the teacher's demonstration on the blackboard of the lecture-room, only to be forgotten at the actual moment of designing. Wide as is the scope of the book, it shares the common fault of others of its class—viz. it does not treat of the forms of historical architecture, upon which, indeed, all true ornament must be founded more or less directly; and it devotes but one chapter to animate forms, an unaccountable omission being the noblest and most difficult of all—the human figure to wit. Floral design, then, forms the staple of the illustrations, though some designs given are not ornamental, others not even bad ornament. Thus there are drawings from nature of a moss-rosebud, and of that most



exquisite flower, the columbine, in both cases accompanied by the identical form translated into the language of mechanical reproduction, instead of any attempt being made to convert them into ornamental design. If it is suggested that a unit of this sort, by any repetition or disposition whatever, can constitute ornament, it is misleading in the extreme. In Plate XLIX, which gives a design founded upon the crocus, is committed the unpardonable artistic offence of making two distinct stalks from two distinct roots terminate in one and the same flower-head! However, in spite of these obvious defects, the work is one that contains a sufficient amount of solid advice and information to entitle it well to rank among the classics of the practical designer.

A work which should prove of great interest to archaeologists is "*The Hill of the Three Graces*," by H. S. COWPER, F.S.A. (Methuen and Co.). The author has travelled through the interior of Tripoli with a camera, and has photographed the curious megalithic remains known as "senams," scattered throughout the hill districts. In appearance they are not unlike Stonehenge; and the author reproduces a Babylonian seal, upon which is engraved a priest engaged in the observance of a rite before a structure similar to a senam, in support of his theory that they are of Chaldean origin and connected with the worship of Ashtoreth and Baal. To the migratory Phœnicians is ascribed their translation to African soil. The title of the work is presumably taken from a beautiful marble relief representing the Three Graces found among the ruins of Tarhuna, the original of which is in the author's possession. Similar to an Athenian work in the British Museum, except for some of the details, it is, however, later in date, and is probably a Roman copy of a Greek work, the original of which has not been discovered. Accompanied by maps and plans, the book contains valuable information respecting the hitherto comparatively unknown country of Tripoli.

We have received the new "*Directory of the Science and Art Schools and Classes*," which we recommend all intending South Kensington students to acquire at once, as the modifications, shown in italics, are very numerous and of great importance. It is noteworthy that many reforms have been introduced. A glance at this considerable work will convince the most uninitiated how great and intricate a machine is the Science and Art Department, and how difficult it must be to introduce improvements of any sort if those who are responsible for its working choose to raise difficulties. How admirable an instrument for good it might be under happier conditions is not less obvious.

A fine sense of decoration distinguishes Mr. ANNING BELL's embellishments to Messrs. George Bell and Sons' beautiful edition of KEATS' "*Poems*." Decorations they are, not pictorial illustrations, which really add greatly to

the charm of this exquisite work; and the beauty is enhanced by the sense of style. Facial comeliness is not usually among the merits of Mr. Bell's work, but charm of silhouette, refinement, excellence of composition, and purity of form. There is evidence of the Italian influence throughout, but the elongated forms which belong to the "modernity" of Mr. Charles Ricketts and others of his

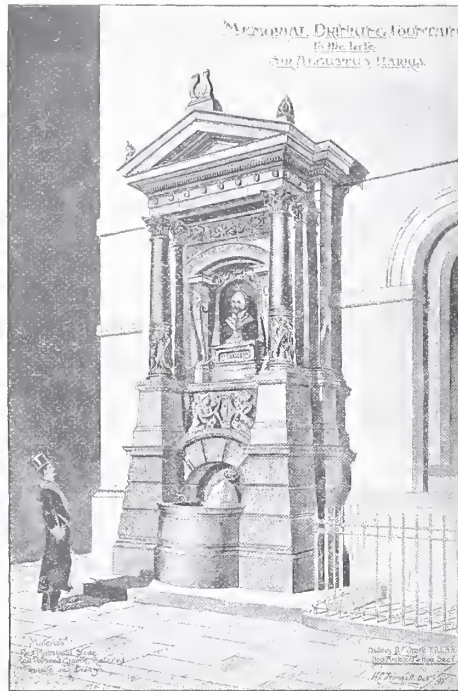
school does not always help the attractiveness of the designs. Admirable pen-work is to be seen, as in the "*Ode to Autumn*," and fine appreciation of masses of white and black, as in that to "*Melancholy*."

Lovers of Cruikshank will thank Mr. FREDERICK MARCHMONT for his attempt at a bibliographical catalogue of the chief works of "*The Three Cruikshanks*" (W. T. Spencer). So far as it goes this little book may be accepted by collectors, but only as a work that is under revision. The arrangement is neither the happiest nor the clearest that might be adopted; nor can it be said (especially considering that "a few etchings and loose plates" are included) that it is complete. At the same time, there is the making of an excellent and most useful handbook in this little volume.

To the usual autumn issue by Messrs. Blackie of illustrated books for boys, Mr. HENTY, that hardy annual, contributes three. His "*With Moore at Corunna*" is illustrated with spirited draw-

ings by Mr. WAL PAGET. Mr. W. H. MARGETSON supplies some spirited drawings to "*A March on London: a Tale of Wat Tyler's Rising*," and Mr. WAL PAGET also illustrates with characteristic vigour "*With Frederic the Great: a Tale of the Seven Years' War*"—a rather more seriously historical story than Mr. Henty usually gives us. Drawings even more attractive by Mr. RALPH PEACOCK embellish the Rev. A. J. CHURCH's "*Lords of the World*," a story of Carthage and Corinth—as good and attractive a book for boys as the others.

The masterpieces of literature in inexpensive form, but well printed and admirably illustrated with pen drawings by some of the cleverest draughtsmen of the day, continue to be issued by Messrs. Service and Patten. THACKERAY's "*Newcomes*," with nearly a score of skilful and sympathetic drawings, for half-a-crown, must be accounted among the marvels of latter-day publishing. Perhaps Miss CHRIS HAMMOND's realisations of the Colonel and Clive Newcome will not be those of other readers of Thackeray, but they are clever and pleasing, all the same. Mr. F. H. TOWNSEND's illustrations to "*The House of the Seven Gables*" lend an added charm to NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE's quaint and delightful if somewhat stilted masterpiece. The most important of these reprints is SCOTT's "*Lady of the Lake*," well edited, with a bright and interesting introduction by Mr. ANDREW LANG, and embellished with more than a score of Mr. C. E. BROCK's agreeable drawings, dainty and humorous. The issue is admirable in every respect, tasteful alike in typography, paper, and binding.



THE HARRIS MEMORIAL, DRURY LANE.

(Designed by Sidney R. J. Smith, F.R.I.B.A. See p. 117.)

Among the Christmas books for the little ones are "*Adventures in Toyland*," by EDITH KING HALL, and "*Red Apple and Silver Bells*," by HAMISH HENDRY (Blackie and Son, Limited), both illustrated by Miss ALICE B. WOODWARD. Although this lady's designs are very unequal in merit, there is a dainty fancifulness about them that will appeal at once to young readers. Unlike many pictures designed for books of this sort, they are not mere decorations, but skilful illustrations of the text. From the same publishers comes also "*Just Forty Winks*," by HAMISH HENDRY, with illustrations by Miss GERTRUDE M. BRADLEY. These pictures, again, are all that can be desired in the way of illustrations; being entirely free from the vagaries of the ultra modern school of black-and-white artists, they are to be welcomed.

A charming "*Book of Nursery Rhymes*" (Methuen and Co.) has been very pleasantly illustrated by Mr. FRANCIS D. BEDFORD, in manner savouring equally of the styles of Randolph Caldecott, Mr. Walter Crane, and Miss Kate Greenaway. Printed with all the old skill by Mr. Edmund Evans, it is a book to delight children, who will appreciate the pictures if they do not esteem the decorations, perhaps the most meritorious of the designs. There is some lack of vivacity of expression, but the general effect is very satisfactory.

The Christmas and New Year Cards sent to us by Messrs. Marens Ward display the taste, novelty of design, and excellence of execution characteristic of the productions of this firm. There is naturally more fancy and ingenuity than serious art in these cards and calendars, but they are admirably adapted to the needs of the jovial, merry, and religious season.

**Miscellanea.** THE Czar has conferred upon Professor AIWASOWSKY the Alexander Newski order, on the occasion of the artist's jubilee. We propose soon to treat more fully of this artist's work.

Messrs. Debenham and Freebody are the publishers of a statuette of Lord Nelson, by Mr. J. H. M. FURSE. It is twenty-eight inches in height and is cast in bronze.

We illustrate on this page the memorial statue to the late Dr. DALE which has been placed in the Birmingham Municipal Art Gallery. The statue, which is life-size, is the work of Mr. E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

Probably as a peace-offering for the withholding of awards from British exhibitors at the recent International Art Exhibition at Venice, the following works by British artists have been purchased by the King of Italy:—"Ludgate and St. Paul's," by Mr. W. LOGSDAIL; "Moonrise," by Mr. TOM ROBERTSON; "The Old Windmill," by Mr. MACAULAY STEVENSON; and "An Evening Pastoral," by Mr. ARCHIBALD KAY.

Mr. GEORGE FRAMPTON'S statue of Dame Alice Owen (see p. 71) has been placed in the entrance hall of the

Lady Owen Schools at Islington, where it forms an imposing memorial of the foundress. On the wall behind are two conventional trees, from the boughs of which hang the arms of Lady Owen and the Brewers' Company (the trustees of the schools), executed in gesso by Mr. Frampton, and immediately over the head of the figure, in a niche bordered with coloured marble, are the remains of the effigies from the tomb of Lady Owen, removed from St. Mary's Church, Islington.

On November 1st was unveiled the memorial erected to the memory of Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS at the north-west corner of Drury Lane Theatre, designed by Mr. R. J. SMITH, F.R.I.B.A. The memorial is in the form of a drinking-fountain, a niche over the water jet containing a bust of Sir Augustus by Mr. THOMAS BROCK, R.A. The structure is twenty-one feet high, the base being of rusticated granite, the body and pediment of red Mansfield, and the columns of polished granite. Our illustration shows the design to be of an imposing nature, classical, and refined in feeling (see p. 116).

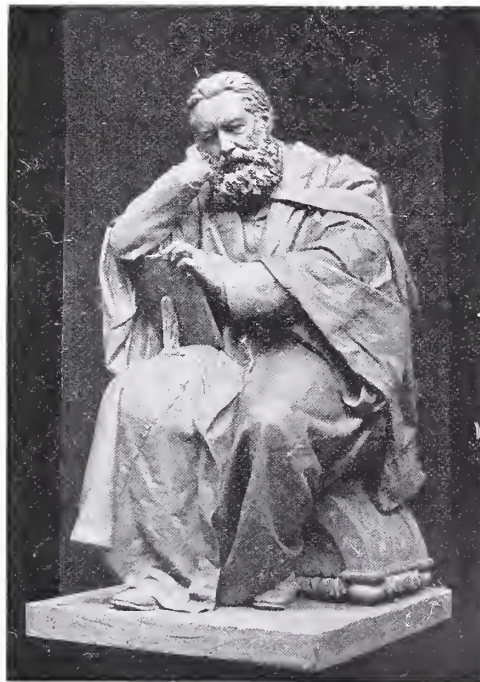
The rumour that several of the finest pictures from the Six Collection in Amsterdam, including REMBRANDT'S portrait of the Burgomaster himself, had been disposed of to the Duke of Westminster for some fabulous sum for the purpose of a Jubilee presentation to the Queen is, as might be expected, practically groundless. It is, however, true that three pictures have been sold from the collection to Baron Rothschild of Frankfort—we believe for the sum of £66,666. These pictures are TER BORCH'S "Music Lesson," GERARD DOU'S "Girl at the Window," and CUYP'S "On the Dort."

**Obituary.** THE death has occurred at Philadelphia of Mr. WILLIAM SARTAIN, at the age of fifty-four. He was the son of John Sartain, the engraver. After studying in Paris under M. Bonnat he returned to America, becoming a member of the Society of American Painters upon its foundation in 1877. He was chiefly known for his pictures of Algerian and Italian life and scenes. He was an Associate of the National Academy.

From Berlin is announced the death of Herr LUDWIG GURLITT, the landscape painter, at the age of eighty-five. He was born at Altona, and, after studying at Hamburg, travelled and worked in various countries till 1873, when he returned to Germany. He was a member of the Copenhagen Academy.

M. GUSTAVE MAINCENT, the painter of the Seine, has died at Paris at the age of eighty-seven. He was a pupil of Pils and Cabasson, and found nearly all his subjects on the banks of the river of Paris. He obtained an honourable mention at the Salon in 1881, and was a Knight of the Legion of Honour.

We have also to record the deaths of M. GASTON BETHUNE, the water-colour painter; of M. ADOLPHE VARIN, the engraver; of M. J. J. H. VAN WICKEREN, the Dutche



STATUE OF THE LATE DR. DALE.

(By E. Onslow Ford, R.A. In the Birmingham Art Gallery.)



portrait-painter, at the age of eighty-nine; of Signor TEJA, the Italian caricaturist of "Pasquino;" of the Russian artists, MM. PAUL A. K. SOVROSOV and A. D. TCHIRKINE; of M. CHARLES GOUBOT, secretary of the Société des

Artistes, and M. THÉODORE LEGRAND the landscape painter.

Owing to the great pressure upon our space, we are compelled to hold over several notes on exhibitions.

"MAGAZINE OF ART" POSTER COMPETITION.

IT is idle to deny that the result of this competition is to some extent a disappointment. There has been a good deal of talent and a vast

amount of ingenuity expended in the best of the designs sent in: but of those that are worst, scores did not come up to the average of the former



SECOND PRIZE, £15.  
(Drawn by B. W. Swale.)



THIRD PRIZE, £10.  
(Drawn by Professor Sezanne, Venice.)



£3 3 0 PRIZE.  
(Drawn by Ernest C. Sanders.)



£3 3 0 PRIZE  
(Drawn by Thomas Kinsella.)



£3 3 0 PRIZE.  
(Drawn by Reginald F. Wells.)





£3 3 0 PRIZE.  
(S. P. Artist's name not known.)



£3 3 0 PRIZE.  
(Drawn by Robert Hope.)



£3 3 0 PRIZE.  
(Drawn by Dudley Heath.)

competition. What appears to have set the majority of capable designers on the wrong path is that passion for "modernity" and novelty at any price which, as realised by the younger school, is not at all essential to work of art: nay, as understood by them, is in opposition to it. The inevitable result has been a loss of balance, a lack of dignity, and an absence of style.

In the majority of cases no heed was paid to the character and dignity of such a periodical as THE MAGAZINE OF ART. Some designers relied upon their humorous powers, of which the drawing by "Ploumanac'h III." (J. Houry) is the most whimsical:

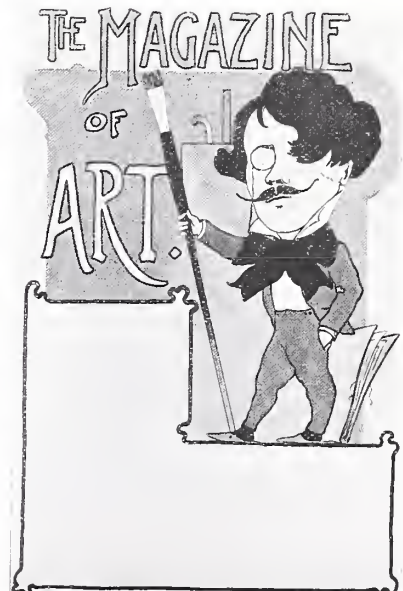
others, such as "Elsil" (J. W. Lisle), upon clever characterisation—more suitable for shop use than for the purpose explained; and but a fractional proportion of the competitors sought to suggest in their designs the aims or even the tone of the Journal they were to herald. Some relied solely upon elaborate ticket-writing; others upon the vague prevailing notion that Art must be represented by a female figure, classic or modern, but usually so far out of all harmony with the views which we entertain and uphold that excellence of figure-drawing was not among their merits. Now anyone who is familiar with this Magazine is aware that we are



£3 3 0 PRIZE.  
(Drawn by J. W. Lisle.)

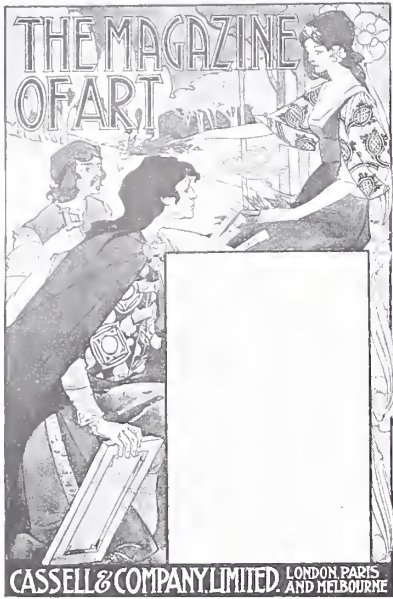


£3 3 0 PRIZE.  
(Drawn by Baron A. Fossencantz.)



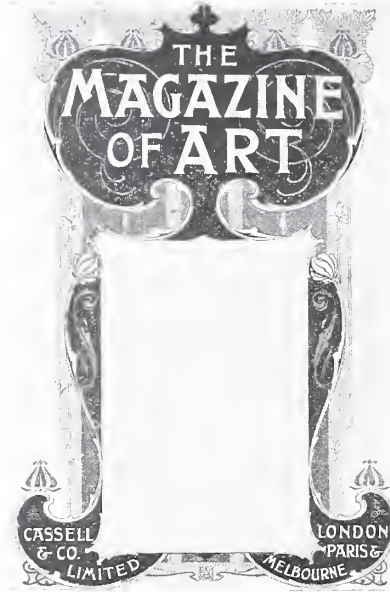
£3 3 0 PRIZE.  
(Drawn by J. Houry.)





£3 3 0 PRIZE.

(Drawn by W. C. Grievz.)



"JOCKEY."

(Drawn by James T. Archer.)



"SIMPLE."

not of those who recognise modernity-at-any-price as art, and who consider mere novelty and "originality" an excuse for bad drawing, ill-considered design, or sheer irresponsibility with the pencil. We have made, therefore, a careful selection of the best, which we place before our readers in order that they may judge approximately of their respective merits—approximately, because in this uniform reduction eccentricities of colour and drawing are to a great extent softened and modified.

Not all of them fulfil the conditions laid down, either as to proportionate space left for lettering, or the limit-number of colours permissible, and some have been disqualified by being left unfinished. For the rest, these small posters, or contents bills, speak for themselves; the best of them do not come under the strictures we have felt compelled to express; and we desire to thank the competitors, prize-winners and unsuccessful alike, for the efforts they have made.



"SEL DOT."

(Drawn by Henry S. Banks.)



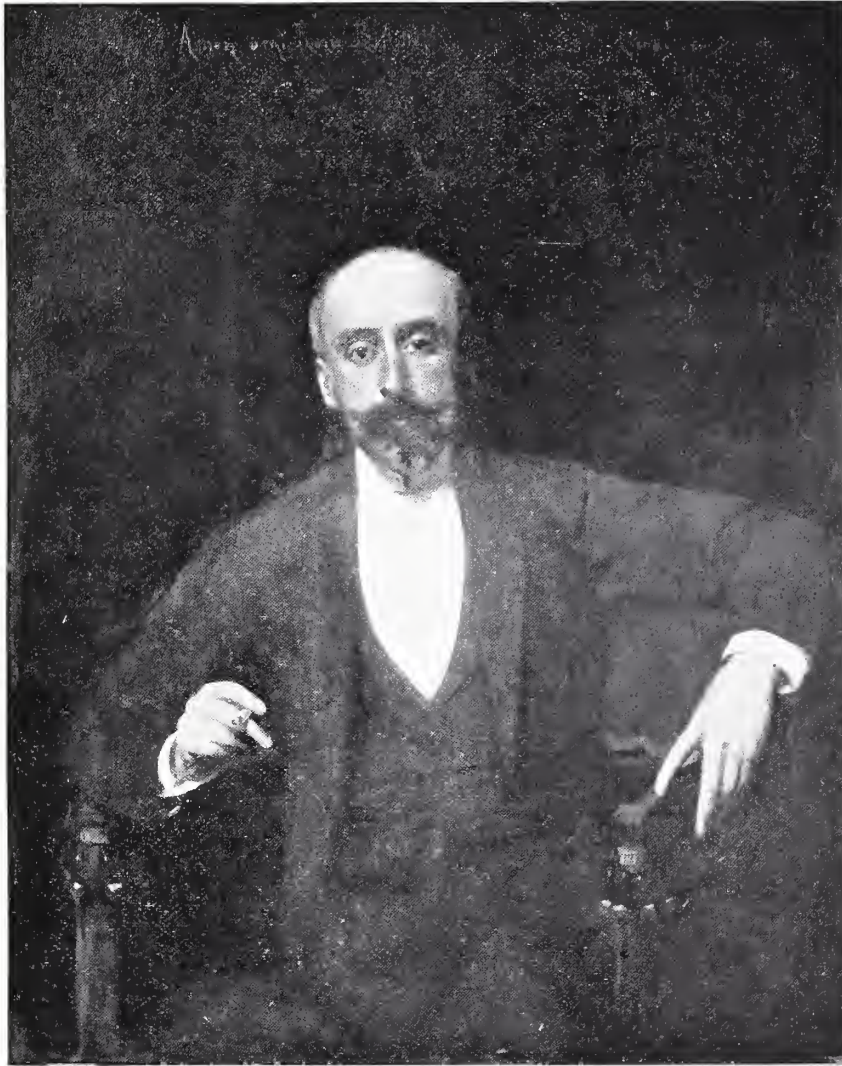
"LABORE DECUS"

## RENÉ BILLOTTE: "THE PAINTER OF THE PARISIAN SUBURBS."

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

"THE Painter of the Suburbs." It is not an inspiring or very expressive title, perhaps—nor one which at first hearing confers any particular distinction on the artist to whom it is applied.

trickery of modernism, experiment, old-masterism, or other device of the day, that Monsieur René Billotte has captured the suffrages of the intelligent public and won the admiration of the



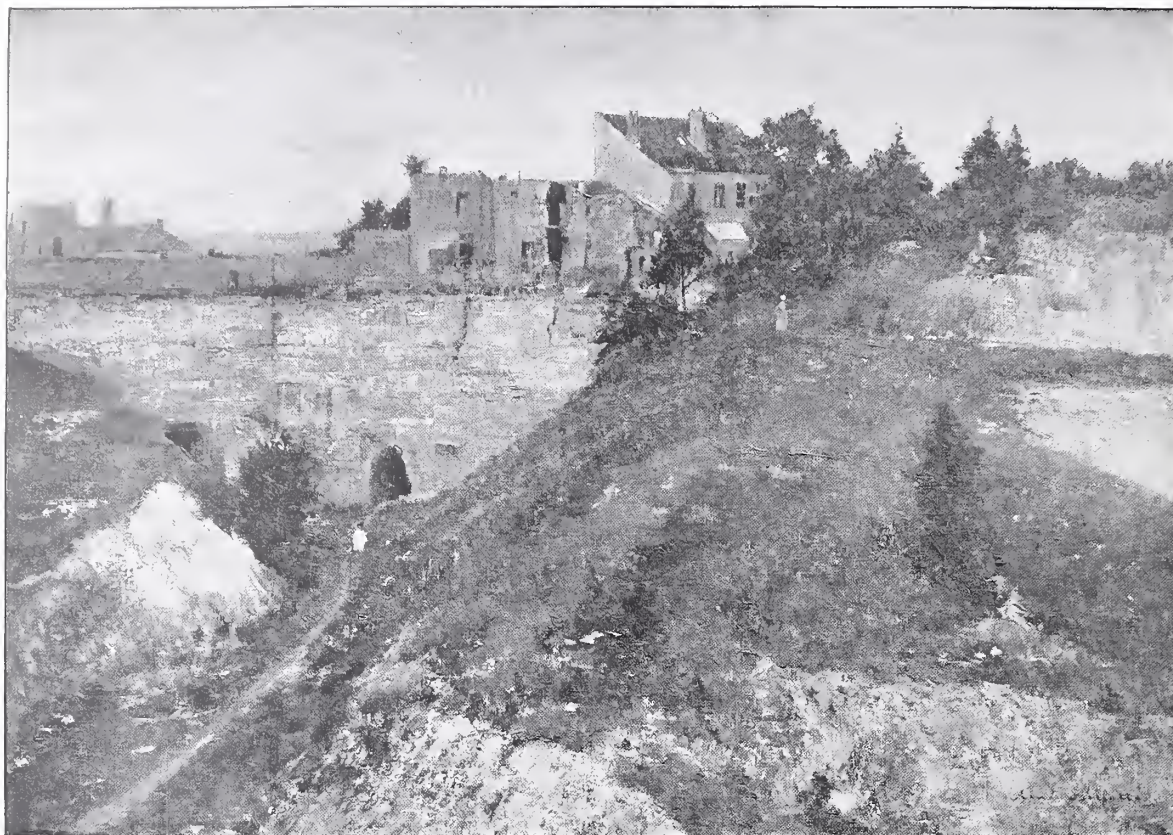
RENÉ BILLOTTE.

(From the Painting by Carolus-Duran.)

But to have earned the *sobriquet* at all at the hands of the Parisian public is a good deal; to be recognised with gratitude, almost with affection, by the mass of metropolitan art-lovers, for the devotion and tenderness with which a hitherto neglected zone of their beloved capital has been dignified and ennobled by his brush, is a great deal more. It is by no concession to popular taste, by no

critic and the connoisseur. It is by originality unforced, by "modernity" natural and artistic, by unaffected sincerity, and by total absence of *parti pris*—by the very qualities, in fact, which are entirely unassociated with the majority of the pictures with which French painters of to-day profess to demonstrate the rejuvenation of Art. He appears to me to be as thorough as many of his





QUARRY OF NANTERRE.

(From the Painting in the Luxembourg Museum, Paris.)

contemporaries are insincere, be they experimentalists or manifest *farceurs*. For some few years past I have picked him out of the exhibitors of the Salon of the Champ de Mars as, along with M. Cazin, one of the few landscape painters France can at present boast, possessing at once striking individuality and originality, remarkable excellence, refinement, and charm.

Now, it is altogether unjust, this title of "the Painter of the Suburbs." M. Billotte is a vast deal more than the maker of pictures of Paris, even with the aforementioned highly-belauded virtues as attributes. It is true that he has made Paris in certain aspects his own, and so has captured the heart of the most enthusiastic metropolitan patriots in the world. But the subject of his pictures is their lesser merit. Nor is their greatest excellence their technical artistry. It is the poetry that pervades them that has raised the painter to his present position, already imposing upon the collector the necessity, or at least the delight, of placing in his gallery beside, say, a Corot or other work of silvery beauty, a René Billotte to keep it company. I would call him rather "the painter of effects"—of city atmosphere, with its strange qualities, full of sadness and significance to those who can understand its appeal; but above all I would name him "the laureate of the

twilight." It does not suffice to him to envelop the desolate streets or interminable boulevards with that strange "civic air" that seems to weigh alike upon the spirits and the lungs of their indwellers; he enwraps the whole in the kind twilight of the early morning or the evening, hazy or murky or clear, and seems to penetrate the spectator with the very spirit of the scene. For the very essence of such scene is the inexorableness of its truth, and, above all, the sympathy of the man who has discovered beauties which we never fully knew before.

Yet he does not confine himself to urban scenery. Landscape in the broadest sense sometimes engages his brush, however much his admirers may begrudge the time and attention he devotes to districts lying without the circle of Greater Paris. Yet there is no direct relation between the great classic landscape of Claude, of Turner, of Harpignies, and the work of Monsieur Billotte. He does not affect the "grand style," though he does not *disaffect* it. He pretends to no contempt for tradition, not even for the academic. It is merely that he is sincerely, honestly natural—a man who desires to paint what he feels: and he stands head and shoulders above most of his fellow-painters by also wishing to paint what he sees, not what might seem to appear in that fractional flash of a side-glance which breeds the

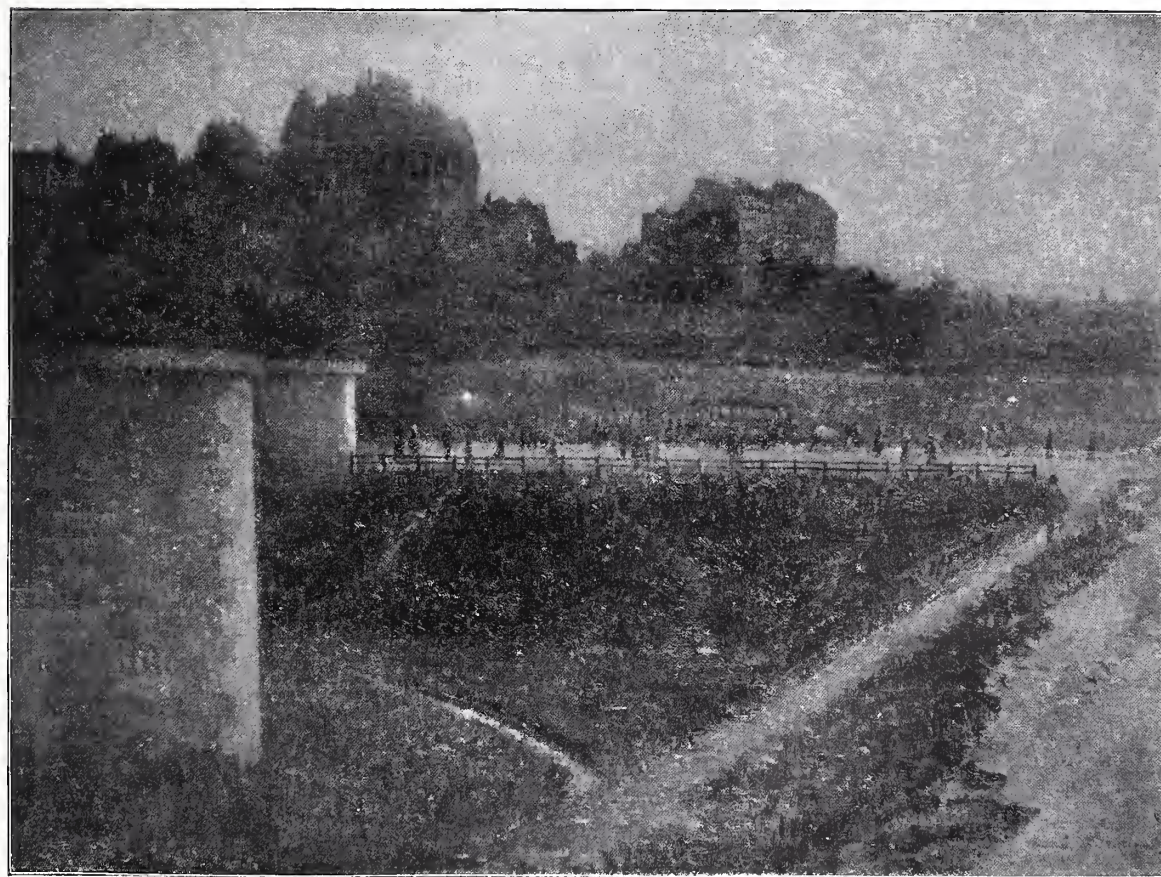


more rabid form of Impressionism. The result is that like a true poet and genuine artist, he has evolved without effort a style of his own—a style that is fine and noble, and that compels the admiration and respect of every artist. I see in M. Billotte's work much of the delicacy of M. Cazin's, alike in sentiment and sense of colour, and much of the unconventionally truthful appreciation of city and life of M. Raffaëlli. But never could one mistake a picture of his for theirs, nor point to another painter in all France who could produce a work that—unless deliberately imitative—would resemble a Billotte.

Now, what are the artist's qualities and subjects, the characteristics and chief excellencies, that together constitute his universally acknowledged charm? He is a magician in greys of the most delicate and beautiful quality, rather pearly than silvery. He loves the blue-grey distance that cloys the atmosphere of a city at a hundred yards, and hangs like a cloudy curtain in the country at five miles distance at sundown. Belonging to the small group of truly creative artists, he can impart as much charm to a picture of a factory flanked by a row of bare trees with a bald and barren scrap

of wilderness for a foreground, as to a broad piece of open landscape whose sylvan loveliness is primarily its own possession before the painter sets about adding to it upon his canvas. Or a broken-down hovel, a ruin of plaster and rubbish, affords a subject, uninviting enough, one would think; yet as pregnant with beauty for M. Billotte as the grey perspective of an outlying Parisian boulevard.

And this grey misty air of Paris, which he loves with such deep and constant devotion; and the town itself, with its fortifications and ramparts, its suburbs, and its winding river with the quays that flank it; and the plaster-works and worked-out quarries—the quarries of Montrouge, Clamart, Nanterre and Bezons and the surrounding country, and the forest of Montmorency, the Landes, and, travelling much further, the wilds and mountains of Albania—all of these he has made pictures of, which may claim companionship with the work of any modern master. But whether it is the fortifications of the north and west, and the suburbs, Asnières or Courbevoie, just beyond them, or whether it is the vast sketching-ground of the Balkan range, that engage him, M. Billotte remains the true and simple artist,



EVENING AT THE PORTE DE COURCELLES (1897).

(From the Painting at the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia.)



probing into Nature in search of her poetry, and laying it on the canvas with unerring touch. He has painted the mountains of Albania with as much insight and sympathy as the fortifications of Paris, and has realised the immense solitudes as completely as the city streets. The blue and luminous waters of the Bay of Arta are not less faithfully rendered than the grey stream of the Seine, or the mountain heather than the murky mother-of-pearl of the

have formed harmonious backgrounds to some of Charles Dickens's sterner and more dramatic scenes.

Melancholy? Often more than that. It is not that the scenes chosen constantly deal with poverty-stricken subjects. These scenes are often desolate, distressing, penetratingly depressing, and are only saved, artistically, by the striking beauty of the treatment and handling. Then it is that the painter's higher qualities become apparent—his refinement



THE WALLS OF PARIS AT THE PORTE D'ASNIÈRES.

(Salon of the Champ de Mars, 1896.)

metropolitan canals. And the limpid air and azure sky share with the wintry fog of Paris twilight the quality of harmony and truth.

His pictures have a true melody of colour—and the orchestration is perfect of its kind, even though the harmony is in some respects restricted. They are tender without being sickly, and the tints of his palette are subtle and pure. His pictures have much of that quality, contemplative and genially sad, that suggests the "rêverie," for his note is more often set in the minor than the major key. In his best works, indeed, he is usually subdued in feeling, not to say poetically melancholic, though not without vigour: so much so, indeed, that one of his critics has declared that had the artist painted English landscape, his pictures would, many of them,

and tenderness both of sentiment and execution; his simplicity and sensitiveness, directness and discretion; his exquisite taste and excellent colour. As a subtle colourist M. Billotte has few rivals in France, and his gradations are as delicate as Mr. Whistler's, and, moreover, play along the whole gamut. Gaze at his pictures of the desolate ramparts in winter; see the unaffected cleverness of their composition, and the vivid realisation of the scene. The trees bare of leaves, the snow powdering the way wind-swept into curves upon the frozen ground: a salmon-pink sun set in the mist-grey sky, hardly colouring the frost with its struggling rays—all so coldly true that it sends a shiver through the spectator, as convincing in its actuality as in its artistry. Yet the picture is one to which we return with pleasure



over and over again, for besides the charm of quality there is a certain *maîtrise* of composition—always right although for the most part transparently unsophisticated—that never fails to please, and which, combined with other merits, constitutes M. Billotte a true artist for the connoisseur. Although he has as much feeling for beauty in landscape, and can render a bit of Holland or a gem of sylvan scenery with the same relish as another, he has a felicitous way of seizing what to many eyes is at the first glance ugly, or at least uninteresting, and transforming it into a thing of beauty—even as Rembrandt, or Morland, or Van Ostade loved to do. And when a man can touch a scene of desolation—forbidding in itself and almost repellent—with his brush, and prove clearly and at once that he can draw and can paint, and that he has taste and soul, he makes good his claim, it may be maintained, to be accepted as an artist and a poet.

But M. Billotte can be bright and pleasing too, and paint the sunshine he learnt to love in the days of his early youth; for he was born in the land of the sun, at Tarbes. This circumstance is to me not uninteresting, inasmuch as there is no doubt that the great school of landscape belongs to the North, not to the South, at least in its highest walks. Therefore the justness of his feeling for landscape (that is to say, not for its colour merely, nor its sunshine, nor its sadness or other qualities which most attract ordinary painters) is a "document" to be taken into consideration by those who love to generalise upon artistic psychology. Perhaps it was in rebellion against the reputation, or the limitation, ascribed to

him—that he was the Turner of the suburbs *par excellence*—that he painted the hundred little pictures for exhibition in London. The versatility was wonderful, and sadness gave way to gaiety, and joyousness filled nearly every one of these little canvases. Nevertheless, I was not wholly pleased. These pictures were charming and could unquestionably extort the tribute of the critic. Painter-like, artistic in point of view and sentiment, always good and sometimes fine in colour, giving proof of deep observation, yet—well: they were hardly "Billottes." Dordrecht was lovely, and the windmills delightful, and the whole collection was gay and luminous, full of delicacy and even daintiness: and here and there, a really touching bit: yet



EVENING AT HARFLEUR.

(Salon of the Champ de Mars, 1894. Pastel.)



the artist was not in them so completely as in those to her works in which he is acknowledged master.

Another class of subject—the nearest approach to a convention of his own—is broad landscape with the sun or moon at the full in much the same relative spot in all of them. Of course, this practice (if the word be not too insistent) becomes objectionable only when many of the class are seen together; but in some sort of defence it may be remarked that attention is thereby drawn to the excellence of the skies, with their fulness of cloud incident or brokenness of surface, from which they derive their interest, breadth, and vibration.

It is, no doubt, from his cousin and only master, Eugène Fromentin, that M. Billotte has derived his subtle sense of charming colour, or at least his power of realising it. I say "master:" but I should explain that Fromentin fully understood the value of non-interference, and accordingly allowed his young kinsman to run riot in the studio, play or work with the colours as he listed, and pick up such education as he could acquire by watching the progress of his own noble canvases. But, as it turned out, the training sufficed; and not only did M. Billotte master the craft of the oil-painter, but he became known as practised equally in the arts of water-colour and pastel. His pastels, indeed, are of the highest merit—not mere sketches with coloured chalks, but pictures as subtle as oil-paintings, as deliberate in the execution and as conscientious in finish. In them we see the full attractiveness of pastel, the flattery of the medium, so to call it, which, in the hands of a master, loses the triviality that seems inherent to it in less practised and intelligent hands, until it stands beside oil alike in dignity and effect. Except for these works, the painter is one who always paints out of doors—save for his very large oil-canvases—and defies wind and weather, rain and sun, mud and ice and snow, in his enthusiasm for his art. Indeed, all of these it is from time to time his particular purpose to paint: and you may meet him, on the fortifications, or beside the causeway, in weather that would drive a cowboy under cover, sitting at his work, feet cased in top-boots and body swathed in furs, good humouredly proceeding with his damp or chilly labours. He makes no studies—with the aforementioned exception, as to pastels and large canvases—and does not alter (the "selecting nothing" in Mr. Ruskin's early creed) what he sees before him when he has chosen his point of view; and for "composition" prefers to paint what is there, harmonising all by the tone and the sentiment of the whole. This is where his "modernity" lies—original, no doubt, but reverent in the love and rendering of nature, and honest and laborious in his work.

He will sit down and begin the picture forthwith, and finish it, however unpromising the subject may be in appearance, the while another artist is spending a week in "finding" his picture. But M. Billotte is otherwise eclectic. His touch is firm, delicate, and even precise, but there is no hint of "fiddling." Varnish, it may be observed, you will never find on a picture of his; for, says he, it robs a picture of all verisimilitude. "There is no varnish in nature." I am not quite sure of that: I am not sure that it is not just varnish—that and little else—that painted sunlight lacks.

It was in 1878, that M. Billotte, then thirty-two years of age, began painting and exhibiting his works, and from that time onward his name is to be found in the catalogues of the Salons, first in the Champs Elysées and then of the Champ de Mars. At the Paris Exhibition of 1889 he received a first-class medal, and he has the still higher distinction of being the initiator of the movement which split the members of the old Salon into two sections, and accordingly became one of the chief founders, and was appointed Secretary, which he still remains, of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts—better known in England as the Salon of the Champ de Mars.

It is difficult to make a selection of M. Billotte's best works; but reference to our annual reviews of the Salons will satisfy the reader of the position and reputation the artist enjoys. Chief among those of the year 1897 are the "Quarry of Nanterre," which has been bought by the State, and "Evening at the Porte de Courcelles," a most accurate representation of a Parisian scene, acquired for the Museum of Philadelphia. Among his snow pictures the most striking and popular are perhaps "Snow at the Porte d'Asnières," which is in the Luxembourg; "Evening in the Avenue de Villiers: Snow Effect," belonging to the Dijon Museum; and "Snow Effect at Prey (Eure)." Among the numerous pictures of the other favourite class are "The Fortifications of Paris," still in the artist's possession, and "The Fortifications at Courcelles," which is the property of the Musée de la Ville de Paris. Typical of the "fog pictures" is the "Fog at the Porte Champerret;" and of the twilight pictures, "Twilight at the Quarries," now in the Imperial Museum of Berlin. "By the Harbour of La Rochelle" is a remarkable work of another *genre*, the property of the Bourges Museum; "The Seine at the Quai d'Orsay," a notable decoration for the Paris Hotel de Ville; while "At Dordrecht: the Hay Boat," which gained a gold medal at the Universal Exhibition in 1889, shows the painter in his wider and less accustomed humour—as much "bigger" than his usual manner as, say, Old Crome is broader than Mr. Herbert Marshall. Finally, I would refer to

the much-appreciated series of pictures of the great buildings of Paris, such as "The Towers of Notre Dame: the Fleeting Haze," now at the Museum of Bucharest; and to the exquisite pictures of the type of "Harfleur at Night," which more than justifies, by its exquisite and harmonious colour, its originality, and charming treatment, everything I have said of M. Billotte as a pastellist.

I hardly think that I have spoken of M. Billotte's talent with too much enthusiasm. Two conditions are to be considered in studying a painter in the present state of art-opinion: first, the actual merit of the craftsman and his works; and secondly, the circumstances under which he has formed himself and proved the excellence that was in him. There is surely less merit in achieving public success and in choosing the right path when, as once on

a time, in the general opinion and by common consent there is only one path to tread; than in such a fussy, transitional period as at present, when many of the cleverest men seem demented with the crazes that infect the very atmosphere of the art-world. Monsieur Billotte has produced a long series of works which are unquestionably works of fine art, altogether independent of the discussions, the arguments, and the taunts of colliding "schools." He has produced them unmoved by all the disturbing pranks of painter, Morris-dancers, and the temporary success of the artistic Kings of Misrule: his sensitiveness, his poetry, and his art, personal and individual, proving him a man of character as well as a man of ability, and assuring him an important place in his country's roll of fame, when the harvest of the century is taken into account.

## ENAMELS.

BY ALEX. FISHER. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR'S WORK.

WHEN one watches the fire-flame leaping round the crucible in the enameller's furnace, caressing the inert mass of silica and lead, giving it its own life and brilliancy, one's thoughts revert to that great furnace of nature below us, which gives the black carbon its white gleam and makes the diamond, "with all the beauty that we worship in a star." And so the enameller, watching over his little fire, unconsciously fulfilling like laws and methods common to the universe, in earth and sun and stars, gives the world an array of colours that is matchless in the realms of art. This thought leads one to wonder who was the first to discover this beautiful art. Perchance by accident, in a dim remote age, unknown, unrecorded, when the making of glass was in its infancy, a glass-worker was stirring his pot of "metal"—as it is called—with a copper or bronze rod, and in withdrawing it observed, first, that the

glass adhered to metal, and, secondly, that it gave a colour which it had not before. He may then have endeavoured to cover pieces of metal with the glass, and perhaps to have made a pattern with it.

However, the discovery at its inception was not carried very far, or, if it were, then it was allowed to fall into disuse. For many centuries elapsed, the Egyptian, the Greek, and Roman civilisations passed, without the artist-goldsmith paying much heed to enamel—not because he did not love colour, but



DAMASCENED STEEL CASNET WITH ENAMEL PANELS.

partly perhaps on account of the initial difficulties to be overcome, and, again, by failure to perceive its great possibilities. So we find that not until the eighth and ninth centuries of the Christian era did enamelling play any important part in the decoration of metal-work, when we have Byzantine and Celtic enamels, both of a very high order, most beautiful in execution, and of extremely simple workmanship.

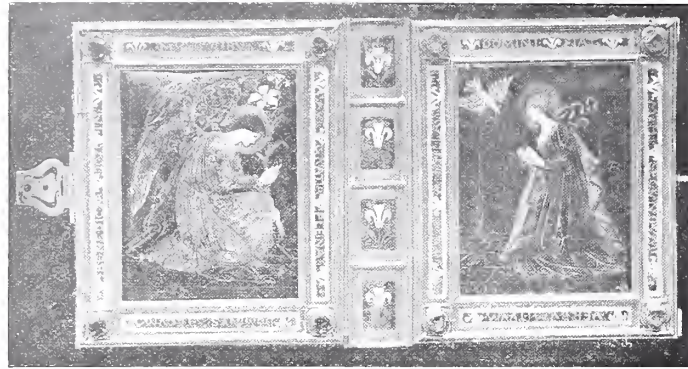


From that time, principally at Limoges—the home of enamelling—there was a steady progress in the art until the fifteenth century, when, owing to the renaissance of all the arts, together with two important discoveries in the method of work, a great change and a great advance took place. The two discoveries were these. First, it was found that by covering the back of a piece of metal with enamel as well as the front there was no necessity to carve out spaces to make the enamel adhere: and, secondly, that white enamel could be painted over a ground of enamel in different thicknesses, giving it the effect of a black-and-white drawing: and, further, that this white

exception of the beautiful process called plique-à-jour. The initial difficulties are enormous, as all who have ever tried to work them out have found.

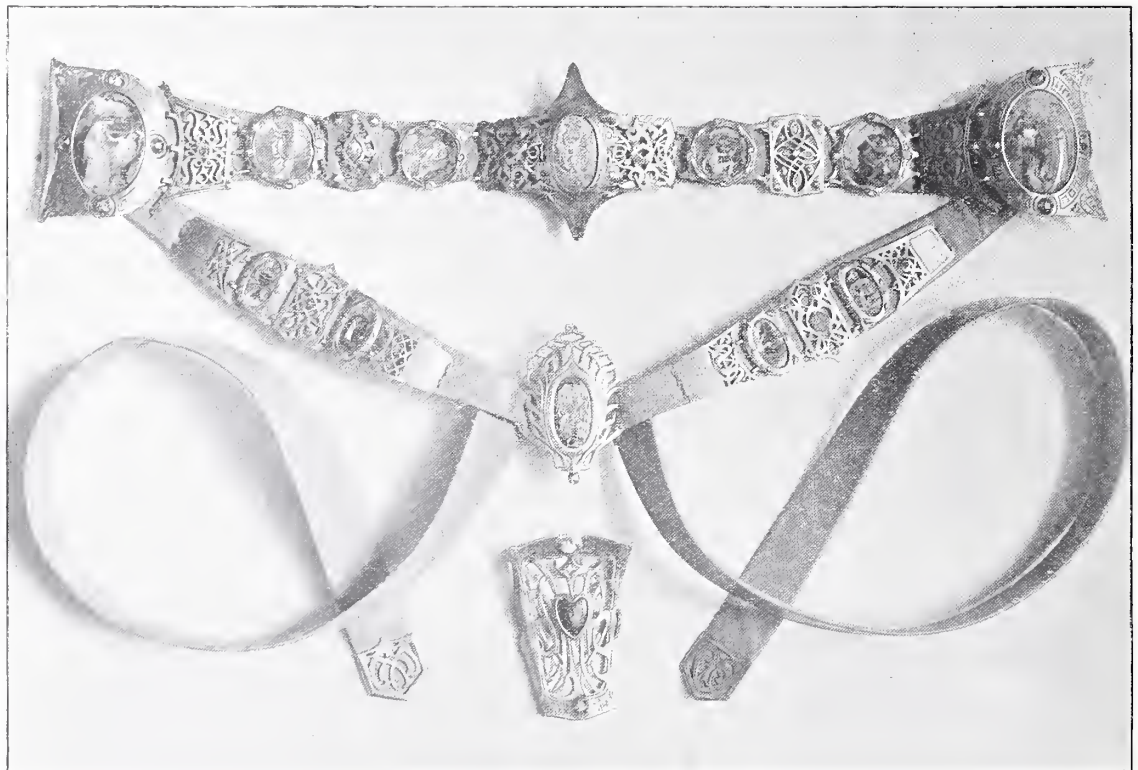
To state some of these difficulties at the very outset in the making of enamel may be interesting. It is comparatively simple to make a glass or enamel of almost any colour, but to make such an one that will not crack and peel off when applied to the surface of metal is by no means an easy matter. For one

must bear in mind that the expansion of metal—with the exception of platinum—is enormous by the action of heat, whereas the expansion of enamel is practically nothing; so that in the cooling the con-



GOLD AND ENAMEL BOOK-COVER.

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BELT IN STEEL AND TRANSPARENT ENAMELS. SUBJECTS FROM WAGNER'S OPERAS.

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would receive coloured enamels. Up to that time the processes of *champlevé*, *cloisonné*, and *basse-taille* had been exclusively used, with the very rare

traction of the one and the non-contraction of the other appears to be a difficulty which it is impossible to surmount. Nevertheless, it is overcome, as we all

know. The next thing to be considered is that iron, copper, standard silver and gold—not fine gold—develop a large amount of oxide when put in a furnace. Now, as all enamels depend upon metallic

oxides for their colouring matter, it will at once be perceived that here we have another gigantic obstacle to conquer, especially when transparent enamels are used; so that what is required in the manufacture of enamels—which are by no means perfect to this day—is, first, that they shall adhere; secondly, that their colour shall not change by the influence of an additional and different oxide

give another green and another red; from antimony, a yellow and orange; from iron, orange, a brown and red; from manganese, a violet; from gold, a ruby; from cobalt, a blue; from tin, a white; and from iridium, a black enamel. The oxides of these various metals are combined with silica, minium, and potash to form an enamel. Many of them require the greatest possible care and experience both as to temperature, length of time in fusion, and exactness of proportions in their manufacture.

Regarding these difficulties at their true value, we find the reason of the methods employed from the earliest times up to the present hour. It has never been so much a question of what the artist wished to do as of what he was able to do. And for this reason we find the first attempts were naturally in the simplest of all forms. The method called "ehamplevé" consists of a plate of metal carved out into little cells, which are afterwards filled with enamels; this, being the simplest, was therefore the first discovered. The enamels at this time were always opaque. We find this so in the Byzantine crosses, pyxes, and chalices; we see it in the Irish brooches, the horse-trappings, the many



MEMORIAL PORTRAIT OF THE LATE  
EARL OF WARWICK.  
(ENAMEL, TRANSPARENT AND EN GRISAILLE.)  
(Reproduced by Permission of the Dowager  
Countess of Warwick.)

to the one already used in its composition; and, thirdly, that no action of damp, of air or water or gas, or length of time, shall have any deleterious effect upon them. It took me some years to understand and estimate these various points at their true value, and to get over them. And it is with no small wonder, and in some cases with profoundest admiration, that I regard the achievements of the old enamellers, who had none of the advantages which modern science has so lavishly laid at the feet of all earnest workers.

Copper is, and has been, used more than any other substance for enamelling upon. It is in its pure form extremely beautiful and pliable, and capable of a very high degree of polish. Its one great drawback is that it oxidises very rapidly under heat.

Silver and gold have also been very largely employed. All enamels are coloured by the oxides of metals, as I have previously stated. From oxide of copper, red, blue, and green are obtained. The red is an opaque Indian red; the blue a turquoise blue; and the green ranges from pale emerald to deep olive, from a light-yellow green to a dark-blue green. The oxides of iron and copper used together



GOLD AND ENAMEL PENDANT.  
(Reproduced by the gracious Permission of H.M. the Queen.)

bronze ornaments which adorned the shields, swords, and helmets of the warriors and the costumes of the women.

Then it must have been after a considerable lapse of time that an interesting departure took



place. For the metal cells were prepared in quite another way. Thin strips of metal were bent and soldered on to the ground to form the pattern, which



PAINTED ENAMEL PORTRAIT IN SILVER FRAME

(Reproduced by the kind Permission of H.R.P. the Prince of Wales.)

was afterwards filled with enamel. It may have been suggested by the way in which paste gems were cut to fit into such a pattern. This method is called "cloisonné," and is the one invariably employed by the Japanese.

Many centuries passed ere it was discovered that by placing a thin layer of enamel on both sides of the metal they both adhered without further assistance, and simultaneously it was found that a pattern might be formed without cloisons or carved cells. The whole surface was covered with enamel, and figures and ornament and landscape were painted in white on a dark ground, generally black, the whole being modulated, giving the effect of a shaded drawing. This is the method known as *grisaille*, and was very greatly used during the fifteenth century, the names of Penicaut, Leonard and Jean Limousin being the foremost artists of that date. To connoisseurs and collectors the history, the antiquity, and above all the extreme difficulty of a process have very strongly appealed.

The execution of the work, the originality of the design, and the artistic merit of the whole have never been so much thought of. And perhaps that is the reason why some of these enamels in *grisaille* or black and white have always commanded such enormous prices. There is no question of the

difficulty of this process. But where enamel, of all things in the world, is capable of giving the most beautiful colour, that mere black and white should be the form in which it is most prized is a great unappreciated mystery to me. Fortunately for us, we are not all collectors, or at their merey either; nor, again, are all collectors of enamels so devoted to this style that they are blind to every other. We have at this same period a great range of lovely colour, of most exquisite design and feeling. It is the one manner of all others where beautiful drawing, expression, and colour are possible—where the art has a freer life, and is no longer arbitrarily dominated by the exigencies of material requirements. Still, for all this, it has limitations sufficient to compel the artist to be more or less decorative and severe. So we find that while the draperies are gorgeous and luminous, lit up with gold, the hands and faces are generally cold white, which was no doubt owing to the fact of the inability of the artists



GROUP OF ENAMELS.

of that date to treat them in a warmer and richer colour.

There are two other ways that are quite distinct and unique; they are known as "*bassetaille*" and

"plique-à-jour." The word "bassetaille" is descriptive, meaning "low-cut," and this method is generally on gold or silver. The word refers to the way the metal is prepared, and not to the enamel. The ornament or figures, or whatever the subject may be, is carved below the general surface of the metal, in exactly the same way as an Egyptian bas-relief, which is afterwards covered over with transparent enamel, the different heights of the relief giving the

divisions, and which cannot follow the outlines minutely, here the "cloisons" or metal divisions follow the pattern, and the whole is fused together. This is the last, and in some respects the most enchanting and fascinating of all the methods.

In presenting to my readers the few illustrations of my own work, I trust they will view them in the spirit with which I show them, as though they came on a visit to my studio and workshop, where I should



SILVER AND ENAMEL BOAT. "BIRTH OF APHRODITE."

(Enamel encrusted on the Figures and plique-à-jour on the Sides of the Boat.)

effect of light and shade through the colour, which is very splendid. Here the goldsmithery plays as important a part as that of the enameller. The St. Agnes Cup at the British Museum is the most perfect piece extant of bassetaille. The other method, known as "plique-à-jour," has been developed very greatly these last few years. It is a beautiful process, and has all the appearance of a cloisonné enamel without the metal ground. It is like a miniature stained-glass window more or less, the main difference being that, whereas in the stained glass the pattern consists of separate pieces of glass which are held together by means of the lead

endeavour to explain the various processes and illustrate and elucidate them by examples. The subject of enamelling on metal is one that would fill many volumes; to deal with the history, the manufacture, and the art in one article is, of course, impossible. I have confined myself chiefly to a description of the methods, to enable those who were not cognisant of them to enter into some knowledge of this side of the subject. It is one of the most beautiful as well as one of the most difficult arts to acquire, and the knowledge and practice of it so rare that it is to be hoped the public will cherish and foster it, so that it may never again sink into obscurity and oblivion.



## THE ART COLLECTION AT "BELL-MOOR," THE HOUSE OF MR. THOMAS J. BARRATT.

BY JOSEPH GREGO.



ENTRANCE HALL, "BELL-MOOR."

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Bedford LeMère and Co.)

"BELL MOOR," Mr. Barratt's pleasant residence on the healthy elevation of the Upper Heath, Hampstead, has been selected for the beauty of its situation, commanding, as it does, on all sides extensive landscape prospects, such as are probably unique in the vicinity of any great metropolis. Facing every window, and from all sides, are spread distant views so varied as to constitute the finest landscape-gallery the eye could desire, pictures fresh from the hand of bountiful Nature, sufficient to delight and content the most ardent lover of landscape beauties.

These inexhaustible external attractions are supplemented within doors by a no less vast, varied, and comprehensive collection of the first landscape pictures of native art, by the hands of the universally recognised great masters of the English school; in this gathering most conspicuously figure picked examples of painters who, in their respective careers,

have the further local interest of having been associated with Hampstead and its vicinity, such as John Constable, R.A., William J. Müller, George Morland, William Collins, R.A., Peter de Wint, John Linnell, John Varley, Thomas Collier, and others, the history of some portions of whose lives is associated with the locality. Mr. Barratt's full appreciation of English art is practically demonstrated in his mural surroundings, which include fine examples of David Cox, Raeburn, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Patrick Nasmyth, Bonington, Creswick, H. Dawson, G. Chambers, Sir John Gilbert, R.A., Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., T. S. Cooper, R.A., James Holland, and so on, through the history of native pictorial art; the owner's artistic preferences and his love of landscape painting being further illustrated by his fondness for the sterling productions of the leaders of the "Norwich School;" it is not saying too much to assert that foremost



examples of Old Crome, of Stark, and Vincent are seen at "Bell Moor" to the best advantage.

Evidence of Mr. Barratt's taste for good art is displayed in the "speaking" contents of one wall in the principal dwelling-room of this treasure-house, whereon hang three undoubted *chefs-d'œuvre*, Sir Edwin Landseer's "Monarch of the Glen," David Cox's paragon, "Vale of Clwyd," with, as a pendant, the noble work by George Vincent, "Crossing the Brook;" with David Cox's breeziest version of "Going to the Hayfield," and Crome's gem, probably unequalled, "The Way through the Wood" (left by the painter in his will to a particular friend) on one side, and, balancing these, Cox's "Fishermen landing from the Net Boat," and a marvellous harmony by Diaz, "A Group of Flowers." This is an inventory of the contents of one side of the apartment under consideration. A masterpiece of sculpture—Gibson's "Tinted Venus," standing in an appropriately classic background of beautiful-coloured marbles—finishes the vista at the lower end of this noble room. The side facing what

may be described as "the wall of masterpieces" exhibits a large and important pastoral picture by George Morland, "A Farm Yard," for silvery tone, glowing, gem-like pigments, and spontaneous freedom of handling unequalled, or at least unsurpassed, even by this master of harmonious colouring; Raeburn's superb portrait of Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff, hanging on another compartment; while set within the carved architectural framework of the deep-toned mahogany overmantel is one of Sir Thomas Lawrence's most favourable studies, "Miss Farren," replete with delicate charm, an example of the master's technical ease and dexterous handling.

Within the entire range of John Linnell's art it would be difficult to find an example rejoicing in a greater breadth of full light and buoyancy of atmosphere than the beautiful English pastoral we have here reproduced, which in its present position is enclosed in a carved overmantel of rich-coloured wood. The effect of looking at this brilliant example amidst these surroundings is absolutely illusory; it is like taking in the actual scene direct from Nature, of



A BARLEY FIELD WITH WAGGON AND HAYMAKERS.

(From the Painting by John Linnell.)



which it is a marvellous transcript. The subject is "A Barley Field, with Waggon and Haymakers," and it was painted in 1865, described as "the culminating period" of Linnell's remarkable powers, when he was producing such glorious masterpieces as the "Noonday Rest" (1862), "The Hayfield" (1864), and "The Moorlands" (1865), all exhibiting a mastery which even the painter had seldom excelled.

Mr. Barratt's Linnell, which is unequalled of its kind, was secured at the Harter sale in 1890; it had previously figured at the Orme sale in 1887, when it was sold for £997.

Noteworthy amongst the list of illustrious painters who have, at one or another period of their artistic careers, been attracted by the scenic beauties of Hampstead to reside in the vicinity of the Heath, is John Linnell, who in early days was induced to take up his abode on the Heath itself; and it was within these picturesque surroundings that he first directed his attention to landscape, although at the time his actual practice was portrait-painting. His

diary records that he made his earliest pastoral sketch from Nature at Hampstead in July, 1822. This was in the first summer of his residence there. "He afterwards made a large number of sketches in the neighbourhood of his home, and used many of them in subsequent pictures. These studies are still in existence, and very fine work they display."

In the summer of 1822, when in his thirty-first year, Linnell took lodgings for his wife and children at Hope Cottage, North End. His studio continued at Cirencester Place, to which he travelled by coach. Finding that the fresh air of Hampstead had proved beneficial to himself and family, then numbering four children, he, the following year, took lodgings at Collins' Farm, North End, and removed thither August 29, 1823. In 1824 Linnell took Collins' Farm for a permanent residence; two years later, August, 1826, he built a small additional room to the other apartments of the farm. This was of wood, and was his first venture of this description, the forerunner of the house building of which he did a great deal later on.



BELINDA, OR THE BILLET-DOUX.

(From the Painting by George Morland.)





THE VALE OF CLWYD.

*(From the Painting by David Cox.)*

It was while on his way to town from this spot that Linnell had an adventure with an infuriated bull, which might have terminated tragically but for the painter's presence of mind. On the high road between Highgate and Hampstead, he suddenly heard the cry, "Mad bull!" followed by a charge of the animal. Linnell's cloak was swiftly thrown over the bull's head, while he nimbly sprang aside and thus saved his life.

While enjoying several pleasant years at Collins' Farm, Linnell was associated with Blake and Varley, who were accustomed to argue on their pet theories, Blake's visionary sitters from the dead and Varley's besetting craze for casting nativities. These meetings occurred in the painter's parlour at North End, where he was accustomed to sketch the spiritualistic pair whilst in animated discussion. Here, too, Linnell, Constable, and Collins formed another friendly triumvirate of Hampstead artists, who were accustomed to exchange visits at their respective houses, and also to meet on the top of the Hampstead coach on their journeys to and fro between town and suburb.

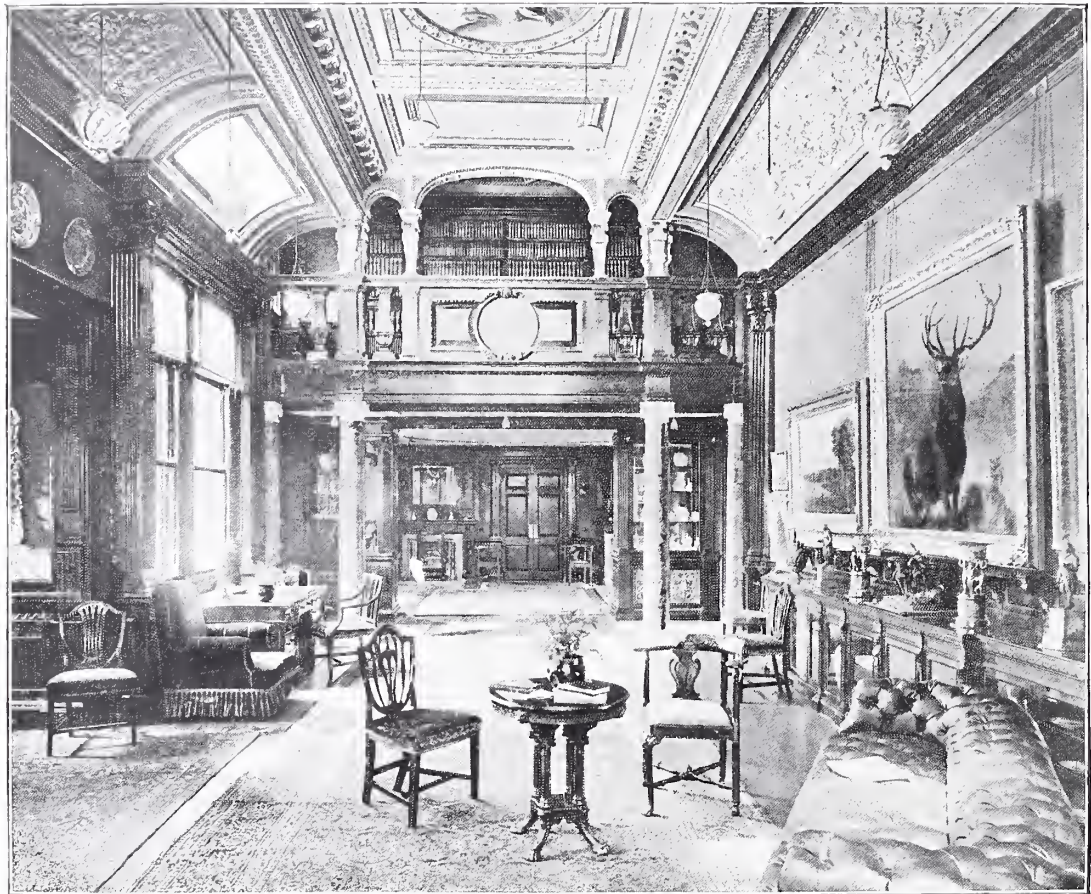
In the fine example of Sir Henry Raeburn's feminine portraiture which forms the frontispiece to the present notice, Mr. Barratt has been so fortunate as to secure one of the first and foremost examples of that great and characteristic portrait-painter, the Scottish Velasquez. His own countrymen, with

Wilkie at their head, quickly recognised the expressive and masterly art of this native painter, who was so happily at home amidst the scholarly and intellectual society of Edinburgh, the leaders of which ranked as his friends. To Raeburn's vigorous manipulative skill is due the transmission to posterity of speaking likenesses of the most illustrious of "northern lights." It was suggested of old that, powerful as was Raeburn's genius in delineating the individualistic and forcible characters of his male friends and sitters, his magic brush was less successful in treating female portraits. Disproof of this prejudiced insinuation is sufficiently given in the example at Bell Moor, "Isabel," otherwise Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff; of which wondrous effort of portrait art another version, more familiar and equally convincing, is in the Scottish National Gallery. With these examples in point may be joined the winsome portraits of Mrs. Robert Bell, and the exquisite full-length of the painter's wife; there is an air of romance, which emphasises the interest in Raeburn's likenesses of the lady whose alliance so materially added to his fortune and social position. By a lucky freak of fortune, when in his twenty-second year, he was asked to paint the portrait of a young lady, whom he had previously observed and admired while he was sketching from nature in the fields. She was the daughter of Peter Edgar of Bridglands and widow of Count Leslie. The lady



was speedily fascinated by the handsome and intellectual young artist, and in a month she became his wife, bringing an ample fortune. After the approved fashion of artists of the time, it was resolved that Raeburn should visit Italy, and he accordingly started with his bride for that paradise of aspiring artistic genius. Later on, it fell to Raeburn's lot to

original sitter's *ensemble*. The fine "Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff" is a further instance of Raeburn's marked adoption of the theory, shared by Gainsborough, that as portraits are intended to be viewed from a distance, and, further, as placed at a certain elevation on the walls of the apartment in which they are exhibited, so ought the sitter to be elevated on the



LIBRARY AT "BELL-MOOR."

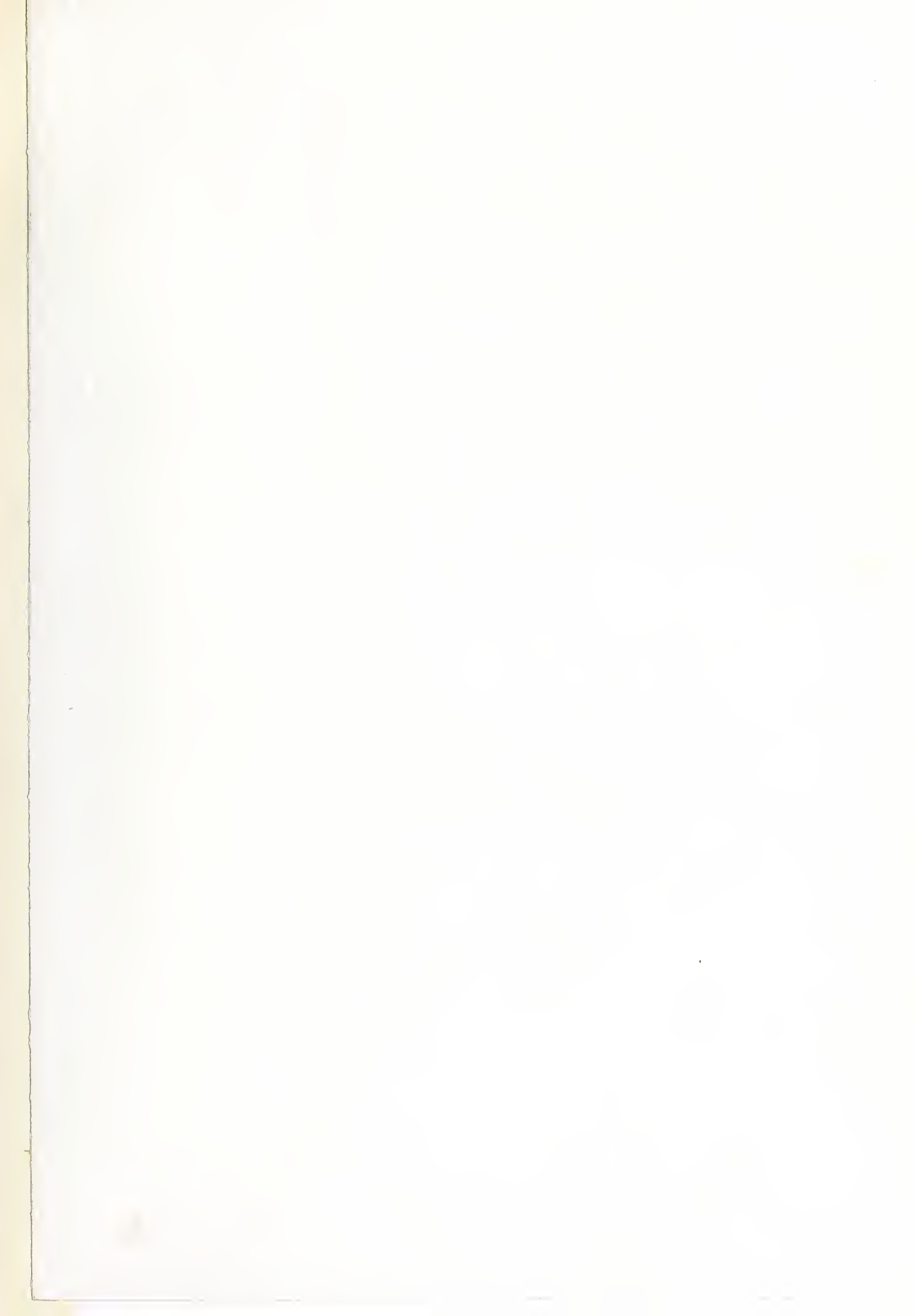
(From a Photograph by Belford Lemère and Co.)

immortalise by his portraiture the personalities of the illustrious worthies who happened to be his contemporaries; curiously enough, in addition to the portraits of his wife, and of Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff—amongst the finest examples of his fully-matured manner in the regions of male portraiture must be esteemed his own likeness, and that of the Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff Wellwood; all of these are veritable *chefs-d'œuvre* of the first interest.

As in the instance of Reynolds, his genius soared beyond the effort of copying mere features, the studied exact proportions of brow, eyes, nose, and mouth—his brush aimed at great breadth of character and treatment of individuality, fidelity of expression, and that "resemblance" which is as much intellectual as physical in its suggestiveness of the

same principle, the painter looking upwards at his model from an inferior level. A plausible idea, requiring genius for its application, which otherwise might run to exaggerated foreshortening.

When the critical world first heard that the illustrious sculptor John Gibson was thinking of reviving the tinted statuary which found favour in the heroic times of Greek art, people began to say that "a coloured statue could not fail to be vulgar," until they went to the sculptor's studio to see for themselves. Perhaps Gibson's own theories on the subject are of the first interest. Here is an extract from his letter to Professor Scharf (4 October, 1854) throwing all the necessary light upon this question, from the point of view held by the great sculptor.







CHRIST BLESSING THE CHILDREN

*From the Picture by HENRY LE JEUNE, A.R.A.*





LITTLE CHILDREN.

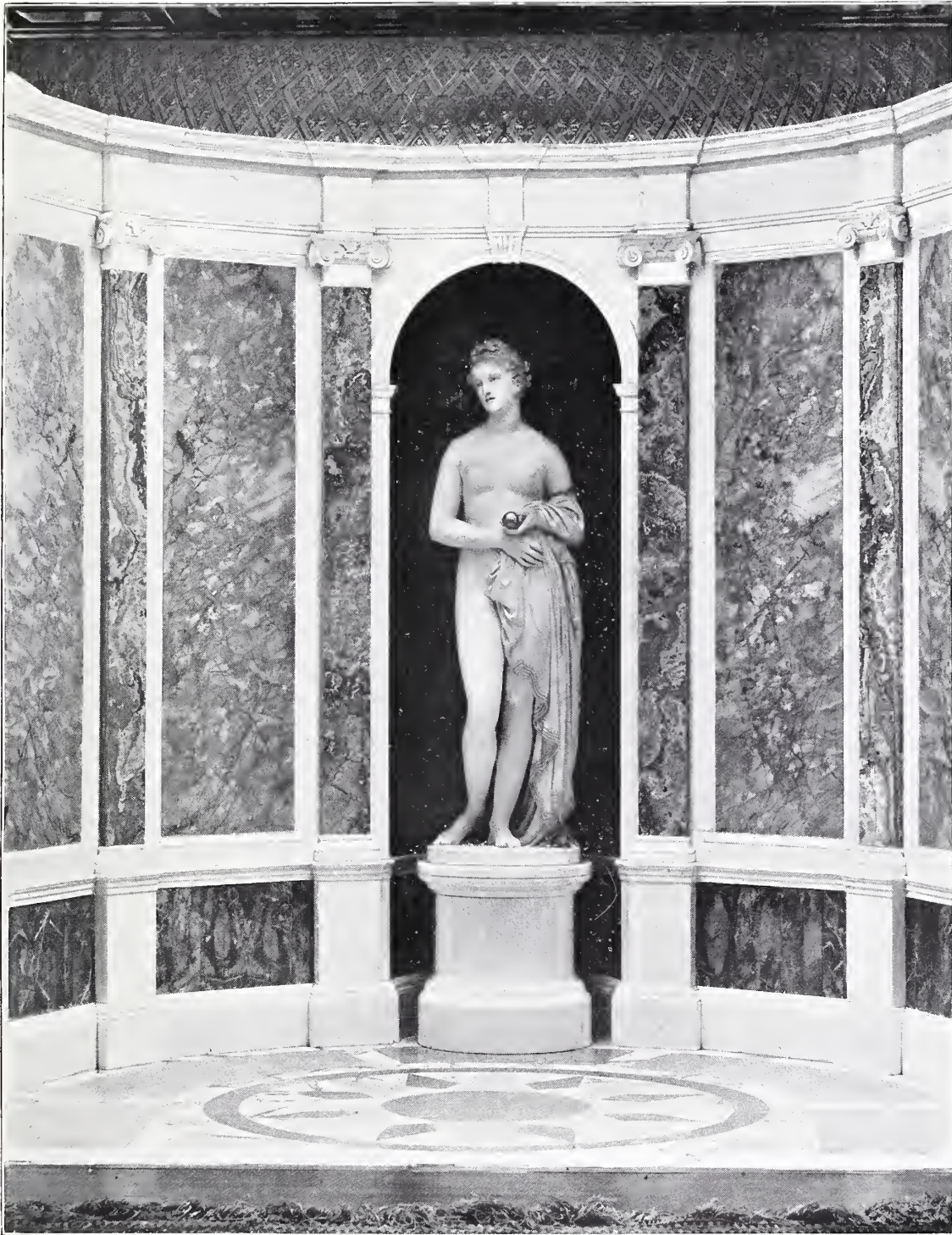
*Presented with THE QUIVER for March, 1898.*





"Polychromy applied to sculpture has for a long time occupied my thoughts. I now join those who are of that sect, because I have attempted the effect. My 'Venus at

she looked like a celestial spirit before me. As many people—who came to see it—said that no words can give a true idea of the effect of the statue—it must be seen.



THE "TINTED VENUS."

(By John Gibson, R.A.)

Rome' is entirely coloured, flesh, eyes, hair, and gold ornaments in the head, and the apple in her hand. I had to do and undo before I could satisfy myself, at last I felt satisfied—as I sat before my Venus, alone and intent,

"During the winters that the statue has been seen in my studio some hundred people came to see it, numbers expressed their objection, but the majority admired the effect. I am convinced that if the moderns had always



seen statues coloured they could not have tolerated the cold white stoney-eyed statues. Such an object in a furnished room is out of harmony with everything around it. On my arrival in England this year I coloured my statue of the Countess Beauchamp, but a portrait statue is not so favourable a subject as an ideal figure.

"The colouring of the Venus is much more careful and perfect. From my own experience at present I am convinced that it would be very easy to produce vulgar effects. Polychromy in sculpture should be applied with nice taste, the colouring should not interfere with the plastic character but be subordinate to it. Cornelius last winter in Rome came to see my Venus. After contemplating it for some time, he said, 'The effect is beautiful. This is just my idea as to the degree it should be carried, and I have no doubt this is the kind of effect the Greeks produced.' I was glad to have the opinion of so great an artist; afterwards Visconti expressed himself the same, but he said, 'The difficulty will be to bring over the public.' I said, 'I seek to please myself, and do not care for the public.' Last winter I finished a statue of Cupid, which was ordered some years ago by Mr. Holford, etc. To his questioning, I replied, 'Polychromy was practised by the Greeks, as we all know, in the best period of art. I have given this subject my most serious reflection, and I am convinced that our superiors, the Greeks, were right in everything they did in art. I have attempted the effect—I am satisfied. To my eyes polychromy gives a charm that cannot be described by words. The Cupid I will colour, and I never can complain if you reject it on that account.'

"The Duke of Wellington wanted to have my Venus, but as his Grace could not have it, he has ordered me to make him a coloured statue; it is to be Pandora. Another gentleman has ordered also a coloured statue, and that is to be Hebe, etc."

When Gibson ventured upon this experiment, he occupied the proud position of being esteemed the foremost sculptor of the age. The so-called "Tinted Venus," from being the conversational theme of Rome, came with a full heritage of popular fame, some few years later, as the most-talked-of attraction of the Great International Exhibition of 1862, when the original in question belonged to Mr. Preston, of Liverpool, the first proprietor.

The colouring is the merest suggestion of delicate tinting; the flesh has the faintest blush of warmth, lending an air of feminine softness to the figure. "The hands and feet," wrote a critic in 1854, "are small, beautiful, and perfectly formed; they seem as if they would be quite soft and warm to the touch." The eyes have the lightest touch of blue. The hair, plaited and arranged in the graceful and becoming classic fashion, is touched with a pale auburn tinge, it is shown confined in the *kekrophallos*, a fragile net of threads and fillets heightened with gold and accentuated by a fine line of pale blue down the centre; the armlet and the apple held in the left hand are gilt, and the earrings are of gold. Gibson's Venus is represented with a tortoise at her feet, as of old the Queen of Love and Beauty was worshipped in her temples at Elis.

The statue was sent to Christie's by the family of the first proprietor, June, 1890, when a warm competition between the Master of the Drapers' Company and the present owner advanced the bidding to nearly £2,000.

David Cox, whose pictures of breezy commons and spreading heaths are unequalled, has not been fixed as a student of Hampstead Heath. Apart from those local associations, which in this instance are incomplete, Mr. Barratt's collection is rich in fine oil paintings by David Cox. Noteworthy as examples are that celebrated masterpiece "The Vale of Clwyd," the most breezy example of all David Cox's numerous versions of "Going to the Hayfield" (1852), Welsh landscape from the Marquis de Santuree's sale; "Fishermen landing from the Net-Boat" (1852) (same collection); "Welsh River with Water-Mill and Bridge," from the Murrieta collection; and among water-colour drawings from the same source, "Flint Castle."

"The Vale of Clwyd" is certainly David Cox's most ambitious and famous production; the scene is taken from the neighbourhood of St. Asaph, half-way between Rhyl and Denbigh; the first version (1846) was by the painter priced at eighty guineas, and remained at Liverpool from July, 1846, to March, 1847, when it was returned unsold. The handling of this earlier example falls somewhat short of the freedom generally distinctive of the artist's apparently spontaneous work. The *chef-d'œuvre* "Vale of Clwyd," dated 1849, was painted for Mr. Briscoe, who paid Cox £95 for it; in 1860 Mr. Timmins secured it for £278; and it subsequently came into M. de Murrieta's collection for £2,500. In 1892 this paragon example came to Christie's, and after a spirited competition amongst the chief connoisseurs of the day, was secured by Mr. Barratt; as Mr. James Orroek wrote on this occasion in THE MAGAZINE OF ART (September 1892), "although the price, viz., 4,500 guineas, astonished the public, Mr. Barratt is nevertheless to be congratulated on the possession of *the finest pastoral picture in the world.*" Mr. Orroek, as an artist and expert critic, has pointed out that David Cox's "Vale of Clwyd" is a convincing proof that English art possesses a school which is unequalled for certain qualities; thus eloquently summarising its pre-eminent merits:—"Like Turner, De Wint, James Holland, and other masters in water-colours, Cox carried the pure and brilliant character of this medium into his oil-pictures, and the 'Vale of Clwyd' in tone also reflects the 'modesty of Nature,' and is therefore an 'impressionist' picture of the highest class. . . . Cox, like a true Briton, stepped boldly into daylight and painted Nature as the sweetest pastoral singer only could, and as the healthy, unjaundiced eye sees her."



*Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., pint.*

LADY SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

*(In the Collection of Thomas J. Barratt, Esq.)*





## THE ART SALES OF 1897.\*

BY W. ROBERTS.

THE fact which becomes most clearly crystallised in the mind of the student of past and present art sales is that the best period for selling or collecting objects of art is when history is not being made. When affairs at home and abroad are in what may be described as a comatose state, money is secure, and collectors never hesitate to buy or sell as the occasion may be. Wars, rumours of wars, strained relations between neighbouring countries, internecine squabbles and boundary differences—good as these things are for the proprietors of daily newspapers, they are the purgatory of the pastime of collecting. The last few seasons have been periods of unrest, and the few great collections which have come under the hammer have been, almost without exception, *post-mortem* sales. The past season, however, compares very favourably with its immediate predecessors. If one had to specify what the drapers describe as the "leading lines" of the season, the answer would be: Sir John Pender's pictures, Mr. Massey-Mainwaring's snuff-boxes, the Montagu coins (which are perhaps more correctly classified as antiquities than as objects of art), and the Bessborough engravings.

It is a fairly obvious fact that when fashion dictates a run on any one special phase of art collecting all the others suffer. The Early English school of painters has more than maintained its position with collectors during the past season, and absurd prices have been paid for pictures which do not bear the test of scientific criticism. Very few modern masters, living or dead, have been able to hold their own. It is true that many of the modern men have painted far too many pictures to exhibit a uniform excellence in their works. The temptation to make hay while the sun shines is undeniably great; but the wintry blasts of the auction-room have shattered many popular idols. Collectors invest their money in the Early English and the Dutch schools, but other phases of art they regard as extremely hazardous. The great founders and consolidators of the English school—Reynolds, Romney, Gains-

borough, Lawrence, and Hoppner—well maintain their position in the favour of collectors—not quite, however, in the order named, for this year, as last, the top price of the season has been carried



MISS FARREN. (2,250 GUINEAS.)

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

off by a Romney. This picture, comprising life-size portraits of two children in a garden, and was sold at Messrs. Foster's, realised £9,100; its beauty as a work of art is undeniable, but its authenticity has been vigorously assailed by some experts. The Romneys of the year included the beautiful portrait of Anne Kershaw, who married a cousin of the Duke of Bedford, sold at Christie's for 2,300 guineas; and others of Mrs. Tickell and Mrs. Grove, for 2,000 guineas and 3,500 guineas respectively.

No first-class examples of Reynolds occurred during the season; those offered were, I believe, either replicas or copies. The picture of Lady Anne

\* Except when otherwise stated, the sales referred to in this article have taken place at Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods'.



Fitzpatrick as "Sylvia" brought 1,800 guineas; a portrait of Alexander Wedderburn, Lord Loughborough, afterwards Earl of Rosslyn, sold for 1,200 guineas. The Gainsboroughs make a very much more imposing array than the Reynolds's. Baron Hirsch's portrait of Lord Mulgrave sold for 700 guineas—a



ANNE KERSHAW. (2,300 GUINEAS.)

(From the Painting by George Romney.)

distinct advance upon the 570 guineas paid for it about four years previously; Colonel Paget's portrait of Mrs. Paget (*née* Hawkins), in an oval, went for 4,800 guineas; that of Charles Frederick Abel, the German musician, for 1,200 guineas; whilst other pictures, portraits and landscapes, realised very good figures. By far the most interesting of the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence sold during the season was the Cholmondeley portrait of Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby, in white silk dress, trimmed with fur, and fur muff. The full-length Lawrence of this lady is exceedingly well known, and is, perhaps, the artist's finest work. An over-zealous weekly paper obtained an engraving of the well-known picture and published it as representing the Cholmondeley example! The latter portrait is totally different; it was formerly in the possession

of Sir F. Grant, P.R.A., at whose sale in 1863 it sold for 79 guineas; it now realised 2,250 guineas. The same artist's unfinished canvas of the Misses Fullartons realised the high figure of 2,200 guineas; whilst the amounts fetched by the series of family portraits by Raeburn of the Frasers of Easter Moniack, N.B.

suggested the possibility of a not very remote boom in the portraits of this artist. A few perfect specimens of Landseer came under the hammer, and helped considerably to disprove the general impression that the works of this great animal painter are declining in value. On March 13th, "A Piper and a Pair of Nutcrackers" and "The Eager Terrier" realised 1,550 guineas and 540 guineas respectively, and in each case more than twice the amounts at which they had previously changed hands. The exquisite little works of William Hunt fully maintain their high rank; whilst Morland, Ansdell, and J. Linnell are still obviously in favour with collectors. The finished works of the last two (deceased) Presidents of the Royal Academy continue to command high figures, but for some of Lord Leighton's pictures the demand was not at all keen. The highest priced Millais was "The Proscribed Royalist," in Sir John Pender's sale, 2,000 guineas. Phillips' masterpiece—and, indeed, one of the greatest works of the English school—"La Gloria: a Spanish Wake," reached the quite unexpected figure of 5,000 guineas; and it is now in the National Gallery of Scotland. The Pender Turners offered one of the sensations of the year, the four—"Mercury and Herse," "Wreckers, Coast of Northumberland," "The

State Procession," and "Venice"—realising 28,900 guineas. They probably cost Sir John Pender considerably under £10,000.

A few good specimens of the Dutch school were sold, notably at Robinson and Fisher's, on April 1st, when a portrait of a gentleman by Franz Hals went for 3,350 guineas; next to this in price came Sir John Millais' example of Holbein, a portrait of a man, 3,000 guineas—it cost Millais 70 guineas. A Vandyek portrait of a boy in purple dress, 1,600 guineas; a good Hobbema, a rural village scene, 1,900 guineas; and a very good Hondecoeter, 2,180 guineas. The best Velasquez of the year, a view of a back door of a house, with birds, was in the Cholmondeley sale, and fetched 1,340 guineas; whilst of the Italian school, Messrs. Robinson and Fisher sold a portrait—catalogued as by Giorgione,

but obviously much later than this artist—for the sum of 900 guineas. Perhaps one of the most curious facts in connection with the past season's



EMBOSSSED AND DAMASCENED CASQUE. (£300.)

(From the Zschille Collection.)

auctions is the number of artists' "clearance" sales—R. Beavis, G. Fripp, Hamilton Macallum, Sir John Millais, and George Richmond, R.A., come within this category.

So far as the sales of engravings are concerned, the season has been perhaps more than an average one. The dispersal of the collection of the works of Bartolozzi and of the very complete collection of engravings after Sir Joshua Reynolds, formed at the end of the last and beginning of the present century, by Frederic, Earl of Bessborough, gave a distinction to the season which it otherwise may have lacked; but even more remarkable than either of these was the very small but choice collection of old mezzotint portraits after Reynolds formed by the late H. T. Broadhurst, of Leamington. In respect to engraved portraits, Sir Joshua ranks first—300 guineas were paid for a first state of Lady Catherine Pelham Clinton, by J. R. Smith; 285 guineas for a similar state of Jane, Countess of Harrington, by Valentine Green; and two first states of Lady Elizabeth Compton, by the same engraver, fetched 275 guineas and 195 guineas respectively; for Mrs. Carnac, by J. R. Smith, 265 guineas; and for Lady Betty Delmé, by V. Green, 250 guineas. But these prices fade almost into insignificance beside the staggering sum paid for the first state of Green's engraving of the Ladies Waldegrave—viz., 560 guineas.

It is impossible not to be forced to the conclusion that these prices are absurd; they are very many times more than the sums which Reynolds received for the original paintings, and as objects of art an engraving bears no kind of relation to the original picture. Engravings after portraits by other English masters than Sir Joshua have realised fancy prices; notably a fine proof before all letters of the Hoppner portrait of the daughters of Sir Thomas Frankland, by W. Ward, sold for 280 guineas, whilst another copy of the same, "finely printed in colours," fetched 290 guineas. One in colours of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, after Gainsborough, by W. Barney, ran it close at 240 guineas. The highest price paid for an engraving after Romney was £180 for a very fine early impression of J. Walker's engraving of Mrs. Musters. It is curious to note that J. R. Smith's rendering of Sir Joshua's portrait of the same lady only fetched 102 guineas. The quite inexplicable demand for engravings printed in colours appears to be as keen as ever. Comparisons are proverbially odious, but these smudgy productions of inartistic



MERCURY AND HERSE. (7,500 GUINEAS.)

(From the Painting by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.)

printers bear the same relation to finely-printed engravings as German-made cups and plates do to old Sèvres. To what extent collectors are willing to pay for these "prints in colours" two illustrations



may be sufficient. Two complete sets of "The Months," after Hamilton, by Bartolozzi and Gardiner, appeared in the market; for one of these in

Peter Lely's collection, and this sold for £290. The two sales most talked about during the past season were distinguished for very different



LA GLORIA. (5,000 GUINEAS.)

(From the Painting by John Phillip, R.A., now in the National Gallery of Scotland.)

colours £175 was the sum paid; that in brown only realised 70 guineas. An open letter proof of Mrs. Siddons, after Downman, by Bartolozzi, sold for 35 guineas; but one in colours realised 100 guineas! The sales of the year include Mr. H. W. Bruton's choice collection of works, illustrated by Cruikshank, and the complete series of original water-colour drawings to Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge," and these drawings—121 in all—fetched £610. Of the very few etchings by the old masters which occurred during the year, the only one of note was a brilliant impression, full of burr,

reasons. The earlier of these comprised water-colours and sketches made in different parts of the world in his travels during the last thirty-five years, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Dumore; the day's sale of 117 lots realised about £16! The second "sale" comprised the collection of old masters of Mr. D. P. Sellar; the sale was fixed for July 8, but, after fourteen lots were knocked down at prices which varied from 15s. to 10 guineas, the owner refused to allow the sale to proceed. This fine collection of inferior copies, and of pictures which have not even the merit of being copies, has



LOUIS XVI GOLD BOX. (1,450 GUINEAS.)

(From the Massey-Mainwaring Sale.)

of Albert Dürer's "St. Jerome," formerly in Sir

since been offered to the Corporation of London, the offer, according to the newspaper reports, being

received with "loud cheers." But after examination of the collection by the ex-Lord Mayor and Sir E. J. Poynter, the gift was declined. *The Times* of November 20th contains Mr. Sellar's account of the history of the pictures. Yet another incident of the year's sales may be mentioned as showing how little association influences prices. A flower piece, signed and dated, by Mary Moser—one of the only two women ever elected to the Royal Academy—sold for the small sum of 8 guineas. This picture was exhibited at the first Royal Academy Exhibition in 1769, and is No. 74 in the catalogue.

No great collection of *objets d'art* occurred in the sale-rooms during 1897; but one of the smaller ones, that of the late Rev. Montague Taylor, was remarkable on account of its antique bronzes and gems of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, and other objects of art, many of which were exhibited at South Kensington in 1862, and at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1879; the collection of 436 lots realised £6,362. Of its kind the old Nankin porcelain of the late George James was the choicest which came under the hammer, seventy-five lots realising £2,700; it included an oviform vase and cover of fine quality, decorated with branches of hawthorn, 10½ inches high, 410 guineas. From another collection came a pair of oviform old Nankin porcelain jars and dome covers, 9¾ inches high, exhibited at Nottingham in 1880: the price paid for this pair amounted to 1,220 guineas. In another sale two cylindrical vases of old Chinese famille verte, richly enamelled, one being 29½ inches and the other 28 inches high, brought 650 guineas. The unique collection of fruit and vegetables in porcelain and pottery, formed by Captain P. Green, and numbering in all 734 pieces, may be mentioned as a curiosity rather than on account of either its beauty or its prices, which were small. The small collection of porcelain of his Highness Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh comprised some capital old Dresden groups, figures, services, of the highest quality, the highest price, 235 guineas, going for group of a lady and

gentleman embracing, 8 inches high. A few unusually big prices were paid for Chelsea ware—an exceptionally fine group representing Boucher's famous picture, "The First Lesson on the Flute," 16 inches high, 460 guineas; two vases, each of the highest quality, with two medallions and scenes after Boucher, 360 guineas; a helmet-shaped ewer and dish, dark blue and gold ground, painted with garden scenes, 310 guineas.

Mr. Massey-Mainwaring's sale, at Robinson and Fisher's, of old French snuff-boxes, bonbonnières, etuis, caskets, etc., of the periods of Louis XIII, XIV, XV, and XVI, comprised a very choice array, the 114 lots realising £13,100; the collection is said to have cost close on £20,000. The choicest article in the sale was a Louis XVI gold box, with six plaques of figure subjects by Fragonard in brilliant colours, and measuring 3¾ inches long, 1½ inches high, and 2¾ inches broad; it sold for 1,450 guineas. A large Louis XVI oval gold box sold for 535 guineas, and a Louis XIV octagonal-shaped ditto for 520 guineas. Another collection of quite a different character—Herr Richard Zschille's armour and arms and hunting equipments—may be here mentioned, 862 lots showing a total of over £11,200. A few very good pieces of tapestry occurred during the season. Sir John Millais' suite of fine old Beauvais panels brought 2,000 guineas; a set of four panels of old Gobelins, 2,150 guineas; and a panel of old Mortlake work, £380. The demand for old French, English, and other decorative antique furniture is as keen as ever,



PANEL OF GOBELINS  
TAPESTRY.

(Design after Bérain.)

and really genuine specimens fetch very high prices. The Rev. Sir Algernon Coote's magnificent oblong-shaped table of inlaid lapis-lazuli and coloured marbles, with a wreath and border of flowers, foliage, and other ornament in Florentine mosaics, brought 300 guineas. I have space for but two further illustrations from the sales of the past season:—A complete set of Jacobean silver apostle spoons (one of three complete sets known), with the London hall-mark of 1617, realised £650; a portrait of George IV, enamel by H. Bone, in gold locket set with eighteen diamonds, presented by the King to Elizabeth, first Marchioness Conyngham, brought £450.



## NEEDLEWORK AS A MODE OF ARTISTIC EXPRESSION.

## IN TWO PARTS.—PART ONE.

BY WALTER CRANE

IN that remarkable English revival of decorative design and handicraft which has taken place during the last five-and-twenty years, the art and



PORTION OF BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

craft of the needle hold a distinctive and distinguished position. *Distinctive*, I would say, because of the peculiar charm and delicate beauty of needlework among the sister arts of decoration; *distinguished*, because of the skill, taste, and devotion of individual craftswomen who have raised the standard of accomplishment.

We should have to go back to the early seventies to trace the movement, which seems to have derived early inspiration and practical stimulus, in common with so many of the other arts and handicrafts, from the workshop of the great poet-craftsman we have so lately lost—William Morris—and his colleagues, who may be said to have carried into practical shape the ideas of the great romantic and realist revolt of the mid-nineteenth century, associated, in painting, with the rise and influence of the Pre-Raphaelite school.

Immediately prior to this period the leading kind of what was called "fancy needlework" took the form known as Berlin-wool work, elaborate designs for which were sometimes prepared (like carpet designs) on squared paper. The design was outlined upon a very open kind of canvas, or stiff white net, and worked by means of a cross-stitch which neatly covered each hole of the canvas, square by square, building up—in generally the crudest colours obtainable in dyed wool—the design, which was apt to take the form, after the first geometric essays in chequers, of rather emphatically shaded flowers relieved upon positive grounds of black or some dark hue; or even, in its more elaborate

phases, of reproductions of some popular painting, undaunted by the mechanical necessity of turning every outline into that of a staircase.

The period was marked by an extensive deposit of slippers—the favourite objects for daring effects of colour, and offering not too arduous a field of work to fair amateurs, while at the same time they afforded a graceful mode of expressing sentiments of esteem, say, to a popular ecclesiastic, who, perhaps, might emulate Chaucer's squire, with

"Paule's windows corven on his shoes,"

by designs still more wonderful and fearful. The earlier forms of such work, however, were agreeable enough, as may be seen by an example on page 148 containing the royal arms. The square stitches are, in this case, smaller.

This was before the formation of industrial art museums like our unrivalled South Kensington. And here let me say, in expressing my obligations to the authorities, who placed every facility in my way as regards illustrating these remarks from their magnificent collection of textiles, that it is impossible to put too high an educational value upon such collections, the only pity being—indeed, I would say it is nothing short of a national reproach—that they cannot yet be properly housed and therefore not properly displayed. It is, I think,



PORTION OF BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

not sufficiently realised by the public at large that a museum such as this is really a reference library of examples to the designer and the craftsman of

inecalculable importance and value, and, as such, it bears upon the industries of the whole country.

The cultivation of taste by means of the study of the best examples of old work in such collections and existing in many historic houses in different parts of the country, the charming samplers of our great grandmothers' days, the influence of rich specimens brought from Italy and the East by travellers, or imported by commerce, all these had, no doubt, an important effect in the creation or revival of better ideals and aims in decorative needlework.

Before the Royal School of Art-Needlework was founded, which has done so much to spread the knowledge of the different methods and applications of the craft, and has offered both training and employment to many workers; from which, also, have sprung so many branches and offshoots, and which is now entering a new existence as a technical school under the Technical Education Board of the London County Council; before these organised efforts in technical instruction and revival, here and there an enthusiastic needlewoman quietly set to work with coloured cottons, or crewels, or silk, to endeavour to give expression to the new-old conception of decorative beauty which not only was capable, in the various forms of its application, of giving a touch of peculiar refinement to the domestic interior and character to dress, but also lent itself to the representation of certain forms and textures, and even to suggestions of poetry and romance.

Indeed, if we look to the past, needlework has been the medium for the record of important historical events, of which the famous so-called "Bayeux tapestry" is an instance. Here we have the history of the events connected with and including the Norman Conquest of Saxon England. It is expressed in a very simple but very direct and dramatic manner. The figures are worked in coloured worsteds upon linen, mostly in a kind of chain-stitch. The design being treated as a continuous pattern, in frieze-form, the subjects are on the same plane, as in picture-writing, leading on without break one to the other; legends in Latin worked clearly upon the linen ground explaining each incident and giving the names of the principal characters, the lettering forming a decorative item

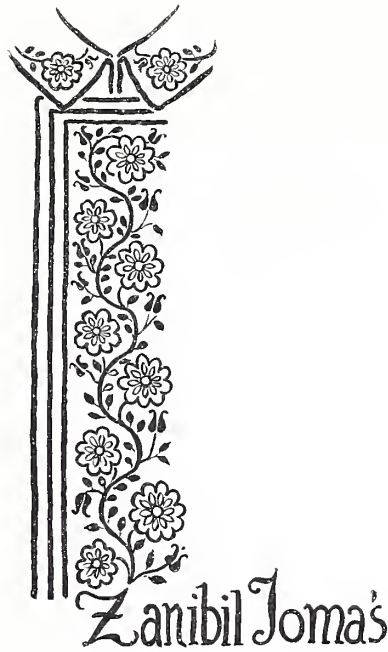
in the work. There is no background, and there is an ornamental border of quaint animals, divided by diagonal bands, framing the frieze of subjects above and below. The design has very much the characteristics of the contemporary design of the same period as found in other materials (allowing for differences of adaptation)—as, for instance, carved stonework, illuminated MSS., and mosaic—while showing a certain simplification of treatment adapting it to that form of needlework.\*

The history of design in needlework, too, shows much the same characteristics and seems to fall under similar influences in the course of its evolution as design generally speaking. We have the common origin of necessity and utility in the primal function of the needle—to join textiles together and to form garments—and in its early forms we find it closely united with weaving. We have the early symbolic period, the picture-writing, the ecclesiastical influence, and we may trace, all along, the purely ornamental feeling influenced by the desire for naturalistic representation, the pictorial influence from the fifteenth century onwards, and this again mingling with the ideas of the classical revival, merged with the later rococo forms, and so on

to naturalism again; all these forms or styles now existing side by side in their revived forms, to the confusion of modern taste, struggling to maintain its equilibrium amid such contrasts; albeit, one may be aware of a new spirit—a feeling distinct and modern—asserting itself; derived, it may be, or inspired, from many sources, but with a certain fresh infusion of natural feeling, and a determination towards primitive simplicity of form and arrangement.

We may trace the origin of decorative needlework, as I have said, in necessity and utility. We may see its traditional forms in the peasant embroidery still surviving in some European countries, in patterns and methods handed down probably from quite early times, and often showing traces of mediæval and Oriental influence. We all know the *vesta* apron of blue or green cloth of the Roman

\* The work—which was said to have been by Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror—is to be seen in the little museum of the quiet and quaint Normanly town, which retains in this piece of needlework and in its noble cathedral the relics of its former historic importance.



BOHEMIAN SHIRT-FRONT.



peasant, with its bands of bright worsted embroidery, sometimes heightened by spangles. In parts of Bohemia peasant women still decorate their costumes with embroidery. I sketched a man from the Austro-Hungarian frontier, at Prague, who had his name beautifully worked upon his shirt-front with a floral design in red and yellow thread. The beautiful embroideries of the Cretans are well known: and in travelling in Greece I saw a peasant woman by the wayside embroidering one of those woollen Albanian jackets which are part of the distinctive national costume of the people of modern Greece. The country-women sometimes

The East, as the great source of the glowing stream of pattern invention and colour, however, seems to have been the natural home of embroidery from the time of Solomon—who places the art among the occupations of the ideal woman—onwards. Modes of life and habits of the people continuing with but little change, the artistic traditions have been much more permanent.

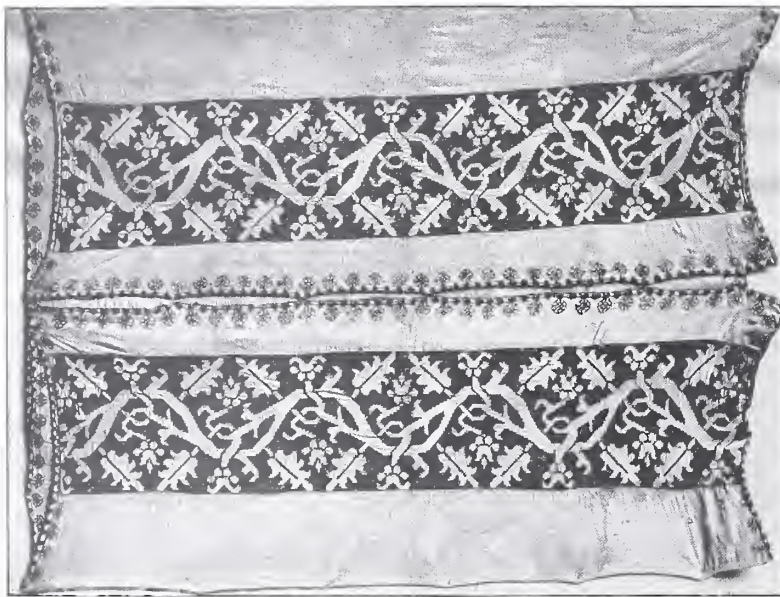
The Persian women, for instance, still work, I believe, beautiful covers, carpets, and hangings for their marriage. The material may be only cotton, but the decorative effect produced by their large bold patterns of rich red flowers and the serrated green leaves and stems, worked in silk, is extremely fine. In the hangings from Bokhara the Persian feeling is very marked. The pattern is finely distributed over the ground, and the relation of border to field well maintained. They are interesting, too, as illustrating an important principle in floral design, well understood throughout the East, of a controlling shape or enclosure which determines the limits of the sprays—the favourite being the oval, or pine, or palmette shape—from which the modern designer may learn much.

Like sculpture and painting, in its early and mediæval forms, the most splendid achievements of needlework were dedicated to religion, and had their place in its functions, the accessories of symbolic and sacramental ritual. Perhaps some of the most magnificent

specimens of the art and craft of needlework are to be found in the class of ecclesiastical vestments.

From the symbolic, severe, and mystic dignity of the embroidered designs of the earlier centuries of the Christian era that have been preserved—say of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries—which retain traces of Byzantine influence, to the floral and decorative freedom of those of the sixteenth century onwards, we may see a wonderful series of examples of methods of needlework expression, governed by motives of ceremonial splendour.

Closely allied in spirit and method were the heraldic embroideries contemporary with these, which set forth in all the beauty of material and splendour of texture, gold, and colour, the bearings and badges of feudal families, of states, and of cities. The colour combinations and devices of heraldry, taking Gothic models, are peculiarly adapted to



TOWEL BORDERS

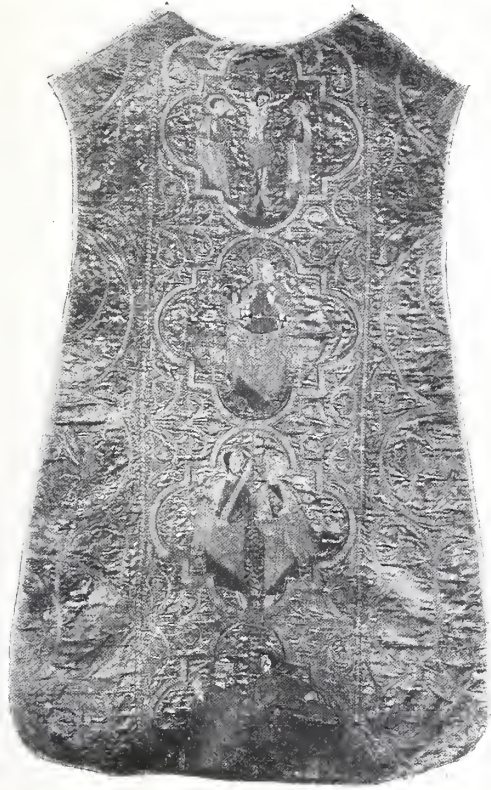
(In the South Kensington Museum.)

wear a kind of sleeveless overcoat of wool heavily embroidered or darned with blue, green, and brown worsted, which adds both weight and warmth.

There is a form of blouse worn by Russian girls which is decorated by bands of embroidery in bold conventional patterns worked in cross-stitch. These garments are worn by quite young girls, and growth is allowed for by simply adding on extra rings or bands of embroidery, the garment being sufficiently amply constructed otherwise, and intended to be put on over the head. These cross-stitch borders recall those found on Spanish and Italian linen cloths and towels of sixteenth-century date, of which beautiful specimens are to be found in the Museum. These are worked in red silk, and are generally of a repeating pattern of a woven textile character, which may arise from the pattern having been woven in the linen, as in damask table-cloths, and afterwards emphasised by the needlework.



decorative expression by means of the needle. The necessary boldness of design, and the typical selective characterisation of form, the frank and



THIRTEENTH CENTURY CHASUBLE (ENGLISH).  
(In the South Kensington Museum.)

ornamental system of coloration, all lend themselves to its remarkable adaptability to the various methods and materials of needlework, from the finest piece of delicate silk work on the scale of a book-cover to the boldness of a large appliqué hanging.

There is probably no more effective method of covering large surfaces, such as lower wall spaces and large doorways where draperies can be used, than by designs in appliqué needlework of an heraldic character. Much, of course, depends upon the design—upon good (if simple) form of silhouette, good spacing, appropriate choice of scale, and harmonious if bold colour scheme. But these considerations are common to all decorative art.

Appliqué needlework, by the judicious and imaginative use of textile material, may have a richness and distinction all its own, and possess qualities which no flat painting or inlay can really rival. We have only to consider the different qualities of surface and texture represented by linen, by wool, velvet, satin, and silk, and the power of expression and emphasis of the needle in defining and uniting them—to realise the range and resource of the textile palette, in fact—to be convinced of this. Yet needlework has this in common with the art of design generally—that it is not *dependent* upon richness or costliness of material. A good and suggestive design, well spaced and judiciously treated, may be most effectively and adequately expressed on linen with crewels, or cottons, or flax-thread, and the result may be highly decorative.

Needlework, too, has the advantage over many other arts that it requires but little space. Its materials are few, light, and portable; it is an art that can be practised anywhere, requiring no expensive plant, or even any special sort of workshop or studio. It is an entirely domestic art, and its greatest charm is its personal and homelike character and suggestiveness.

It was a gratifying thing to see so much good work of this kind among the works in the national competition at South Kensington last summer, both as to design and execution. Much depends, as to choice of material and treatment, upon the object and purpose of the work, its scale, position, and relations to its conditions and surroundings—the same considerations, in fact, which govern all decorative art.

I think we might discern very distinct differences of aim in needlework which should naturally regulate the treatment and choice of material. When the design and expression is of a very abstract character, and its decorative effect mainly



PORTION OF A COPE (ENGLISH FOURTEENTH CENTURY).  
(From a Drawing by Miss Hunter in the South Kensington Museum.)



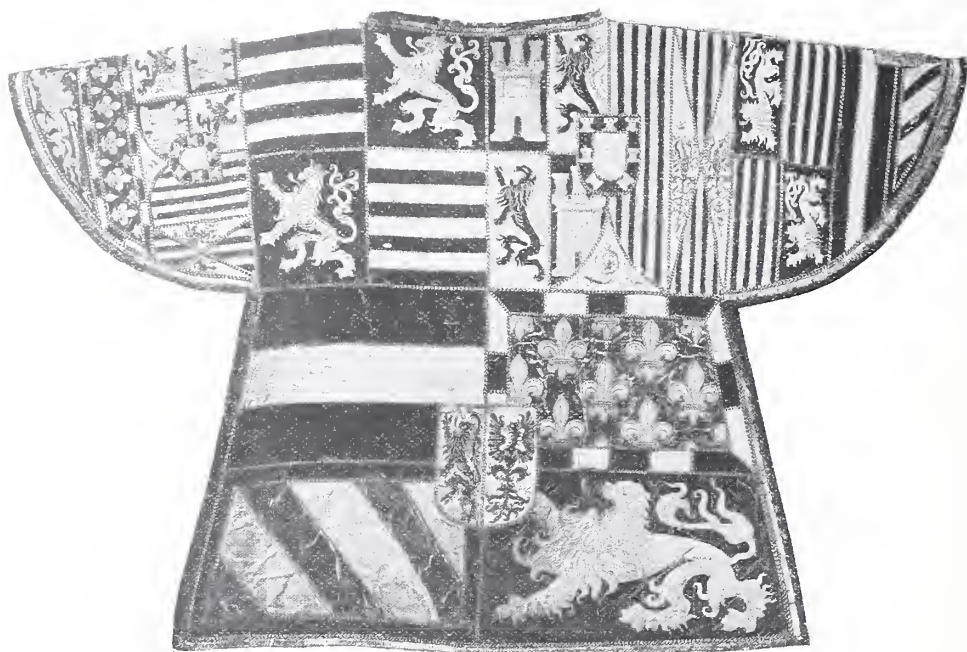
depends upon arrangement and quality of line, one would say the simpler the better, since the ideas are conveyed by means of suggestion rather than by any attempt at realisation of form in its full substance and colour.

Designs of symbolical or typical figures on a large scale, for instance, can be rendered effectively,

afraid that in needlework, as in other things, there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The only way of avoiding this pitfall is in getting very simple and straightforward drawing to follow, which gives no complexities, and conveys the expression with the utmost economy of line.

Large scale faces, owing to greater clearness and



HERALD'S COAT OF PHILIP II.

if the drawing be simple, in outline of one, or of various colours, in thread or crewels upon an unbleached coarse linen ground.

Such designs as some of those of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, where the decorative effect depends rather upon the disposition of the lines, their quality, and the sentiment of the figures than of qualities of colour, texture, or surface, can be appropriately rendered in a bold but closely-stitched outline which gains a certain richness owing to the relief of the needlework from the ground. The chief difficulty in treating figures in needlework lies with the faces and features, where the expression is apt to be distorted by the buckling of the material under the tension of the stitches, and of course the slightest twist of a line or displacement of feature makes all the difference. So that it may sometimes happen that what is intended for an expression of gentle benigance is apt to become a grin. I am

openness of drawing, are probably easier for interpretation by means of the needle than small ones, and a profile easier than a full face. When a face is filled up with stitching to give the effect of the full local colour, and the outline becomes distorted, slight corrections to counteract it can be made by painting in lines or additions to lines which may be followed by the needle. If faces and figures *are* used, it is better, however, to struggle with the difficulties and make it throughout a genuine piece of needlework than to fly to the specious aid of another art, as was done in the last century, in those specimens of silk work we have seen on fire-screens, or even assuming the form of framed pictures, where the faces are *painted* in, the worker having exhausted the resources of the silk in the endeavour to imitate the effects and quality of painting. The painted faces always remain patches more or less, and have no real relation to the needlework.

(To be concluded.)

## THE QUEEN'S TREASURES OF ART.

### DECORATIVE ART AT WINDSOR CASTLE: INLAID WOOD FURNITURE.

By FREDERICK S. ROBINSON.

(BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.)

IF our Royal Collectors have shown a preference for the style of Boulle, it is possible, nevertheless, to illustrate almost every variety of eighteenth-century French furniture from the collections at Windsor and Buckingham Palace. In the latter are to be found the earlier specimens of that Florentine work in coloured stones or "pietra dura" which Louis XIV and Colbert tried to acclimatise in France at the Gobelins with no very happy result. The style itself is, perhaps, one of those mistakes to which artists of all times, besides our own much-maligned century, are occasionally prone. Possibly the inlay of coloured stones in flower and landscape pictures required a more delicate colour sense than French craftsmen possessed. The flat mosaics are unsatisfactory enough: those in which fruits are represented in high relief are more unfortunate still. The names of certain Italians imported by Cardinal Mazarin have come down to us. The brothers Ferdinand and Horace Migliorini, Branchi, and Louis Giacetti were employed in making table tops and inlaying the floors of the royal palaces. Associated with them was a Frenchman, Letellier. Under Le Brun and Robert de Cotte successively these men executed many works, which M. de Champeaux admits were very inferior to the work of the artists employed by the Dukes of Tuscany. Italy was the country in which this stone-work flourished, having been introduced about the beginning of the seventeenth century. It was only continued for a time in France. Louis XIV at the close of his reign was compelled to restrict his sub-

sidies to the Gobelins, and under Louis XV the manufacture of furniture ceased altogether, and the Gobelins was confined to tapestry. We cannot regret that the relinquishment of pietra dura left



CABINET WITH PIETRA DURA INLAY AND LOUIS XVI MOUNTS.

the field open for wood inlay and ornamental work, which was so much better suited to the French genius.

Of the examples which we illustrate, the first has late Louis XVI ornamental mounts. The round, fluted corner pillars, spiral feet, and striated flats of brass on the plinth above the feet are characteristic of some maker — possibly Beneman — who flourished when that "industrialising" of the art was commencing which was fated to bring it



to ruin. The stone panels have a border of good Boulle work in brass and white metal. This combination is not happy, but it is interesting as suggestive of the attempt to naturalise an Italian mosaic style alongside of the more truly French manner of Boulle inlay. The bronze statuette upon this piece is French of the latter end of the seventeenth, or early eighteenth, century.

Our second illustration shows mounts of a most pronounced Empire type. The coldly-modelled Sphinx "consoles," the "palmettes" above and below them, and the central trellis mounts of the two columns on each side of the middle panel may be set down as the work of J. Jacob or, perhaps, his successor, Jacob Desmalter. On the marble slab is a pair of green and pink striped vases of Sèvres, *pièce dure* of the Louis XVI period, of a beautiful quiet colour. These two flank one of a pair of vases, mounted with winged figures, which are also very fine of their kind. They are enamelled on copper, may be either German or French, and are more than two feet high. It will be noticed that on both of these pieces of furniture the "Crown Imperial" lily is used as a motive. It occurs frequently in *pietra dura*—probably because its peculiar grey-green and dull orange colour can be very exactly reproduced in certain stones.

It is a subject for perennial regret that the makers of fine furniture have not always made a point of signing their works. If they had realised that, some day, their achievements would fetch prices equal to those paid for the finest paintings, they would not have helped, by this fatal habit of anonymity, to depress the status of the fine art of furniture. For it is a fine art, however wide the gulf which fashion has set in later days between the arts of painting and sculpture on the one hand, and what are called "decorative arts" and "minor arts," on the other. In the splendid days of the Renaissance there was but one art, with many manifestations. The goldsmith was a sculptor, and he often became a famous painter of pictures. Indeed, as Vasari tells us, if he did not show a competent knowledge of modelling and draughtsmanship, he was reckoned no true goldsmith. Men were not confined to a narrow groove in the days when every object of daily use was invested with artistic beauty. The decorative art of the eighteenth century in France was the outcome of a similar versatility. We have seen that Boulle had a "vocation mixte," an intense desire to be a painter, a wonderful skill in the various processes necessary for the production of his masterpieces. It is reasonable to suppose that the pupils of a man who ruined himself by his love for the paintings and drawings of the Old Masters would have had

no illiberal teacher. At any rate, the best-known pupil of Boulle was also a great artist. It is a pity that the collections at Windsor and Buckingham Palace cannot show a masterpiece of the work of Jean François Oeben. It is, however, necessary to mention him as the master of the consummate Riesener, whose work is splendidly represented in both palaces. The date of Oeben's birth is unknown, but in 1754 he obtained the title of "ébéniste du roi" and lodgings in the Arsenal. On his diploma was noted the fact that he was a pupil of Boulle, and we find him soon lodging at the Louvre in rooms let to him by Charles Boulle, and behindhand in his rent to the latter. He supplied much fine furniture to Madame de Pompadour from the years 1743 to 1759, as may be learnt from the journal of Lazare Duvaux, who was Court furnisher and intermediary at that time between Oeben and the Marquise.

As I have mentioned, early Louis XIV furniture is generally straight-sided. Ormoulu work is, compared with the later style of Louis XV, sparingly used, and runs in lines, generally speaking, parallel with the outline of the cabinet or commode which it adorns. There are, of course, as we have seen on the Boulle furniture, medallions at the tops of central panels, and fine acanthus scrolls ending in lions' feet below, while rosettes and ribands and garlands are added. But, on the whole, the ormoulu ornament is kept within the outline of the piece of furniture it enhances. Now, Oeben was above all things a wood inlayer. Hence we find that his work is not conspicuous for a profusion of ormoulu mounting, which would have distracted the eye from the inlay. He seems to have been the legitimate artistic descendant of the earlier Dutch inlayers. Their style of inlay, as I have already pointed out, was rather unrestrained. The bold shapes of their tulip flowers compel attention overmuch. It seems characteristic of French inlaid work that it does not usurp the main functions of ornament. It is kept as a quiet ground of a trellis or lozenge pattern running all over the piece. If natural objects are introduced, such as parrots or flowers, they are confined to a panel in the centre, which is surrounded by the trellis or lozenge ground we have described. Characteristic Louis XIV inlay, indeed, is often of a more simple character still, and merely consists of the clever disposition of the natural grain of one wood, four pieces of veneer being so arranged in a panel that the lines of the grain start from a point in the centre and radiate outwards. There is, perhaps, a band of darker wood to act as a frame for the panel. This quieter Louis XIV fashion of inlay seems better calculated to show off fine ormoulu mounts than that which

displays flowers running wild in various colours. The intricate designs of Boulle were upon a very quiet dark ground, and avoided very large masses which might interfere with the ormoulu mounts. The straggling foliage of the Louis XV Caffieri's style of ormoulu is not seen to the utmost advantage on furniture veneered all over with flowers.

day the steam saw was unknown. If we remember that veneer, properly laid in the first instance, has been proved to last 150 years and more if preserved from damp—which is only a reasonable precaution; that beautiful effects of opposition of grain are produced by it—a thing impossible to effect in the solid on account of warping; and that, if veneer



CABINET WITH PIETRA DURA INLAY AND EMPIRE MOUNTS.

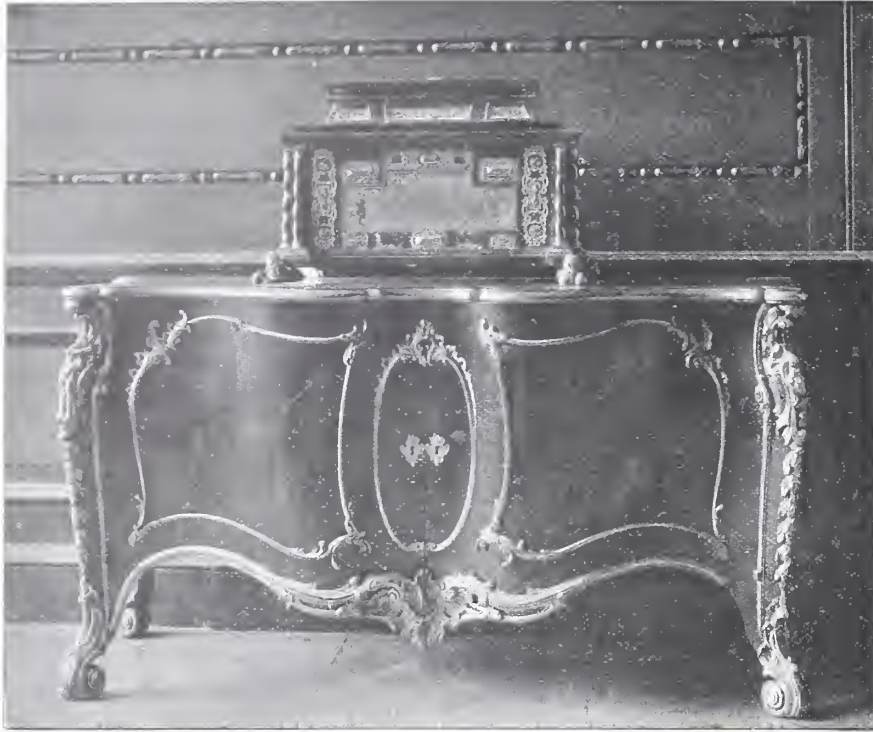
The strong colours of the wood interfere somewhat with the effect of the elaborate mounts. We shall find that the profuse Louis XV ormoulu looks best upon a ground of dark lacquer.

The process of veneering is much decried at present by a certain class of narrow-minded designers, who are all for simplicity and solidity of furniture. Sheraton remarks that, in his day, "in most cases the (oak) ground, glue, and extra time are equivalent to the expense of solid wood, except it be to save very rich solid boards." But in his

were given up, many kinds of beautiful wood (such as tulip, which is seldom more than five inches wide and four feet long) would have to be avoided, it will, we think, be conceded that the present prejudice against veneer is unreasonable.

The work of Oeben is a sufficient answer to the critics of veneer. It is difficult to imagine anything more delightfully refined than some of his pieces in the Jones Collection at South Kensington. They recall the warm tones of a Dutch picture, or the fine amber colour of the earlier





MAHOGANY CABINET WITH DIAGONAL VENEER.

Italian marquetrists. Speaking of the Dutch inlay of Galle and Verdt, Mr. Williamson says, "Les couleurs vives se sont fondues dans un tonalité jaunâtre qui ne manque pas d'harmonie." A reference to Oeben's work in the Jones Collection (*cf.* No. 1107, 1111, 1114) will show that this "general tone of amber or yellow" is characteristic of him. Oeben had married a certain Françoise Marguerite van der Cruse, by whom he had a daughter, who married Charles Delacroix, and was the mother of the celebrated painter, Eugène Delacroix. When Oeben died—about 1765—his widow continued his business, and soon married her "premier garçon" or "contre-maitre," the pupil who had long assisted Oeben, and actually completed the celebrated "Bureau du Roi," figured in Mr. Williamson's book, which Oeben had begun. This is one of the five famous bureaux extant, one of which by Riesener, is among the chief glories of Buckingham Palace.

Jean Henri Riesener was another of those versatile foreigners who found their way to Paris as the centre of art. He was born at Gladbeck, near Cologne, in 1735, and became, the year after he married Oeben's widow, "maître menuisier-ébéniste," in 1768. Born in the reign of Louis XV, his life-work was accomplished chiefly in the reign of Louis XVI. Consequently there is not much trace left in him of the parsimony of ormoulu mounting which Oeben seems to have had as a legacy from the style of Louis XIV. That style,

as we have seen, restricted the metal mounts, on the whole, within the outline; but before the death of Louis XIV, the fashion had set in which was to end in the negation of all straight lines, and with its splayed curves and twisted endive foliage, to be called "Rococo." The lines of legs and table-tops take those shapes with which we are familiar in the age of Louis XV. Ormoulu work splays all over the fronts of commodes, and continuously edges their outlines. As Mr. Williamson puts it, there is "un filet de cuivre uni épousant toutes les courbes de la silhouette," and in the earlier work of Riesener these continuous lines of brass which are "married to the sil-

houette" of the piece of furniture are found to perfection.

This new manner was perhaps due to Robert de Cotte (1636-1735), brother-in-law of Mansart, chief architect of Louis XIV in 1699. De Cotte chiefly concerned himself with the elaborate paneling of rooms in oak or painted wood, out of which the splendidly profuse leaf ornament is so beautifully and lightly carved in that "style Régence" which succeeded the more formal fashion of Louis XIV. That more pompous style, in which Boulle worked, was better suited to the galleries and halls in which, during the palmy days of Louis XIV, the ever-public life of the king and court was passed. But with the reverses of France at the end of Louis XIV's reign, and the minority of Louis XV, the way of life had changed. Privacy became "the mode," and into smaller rooms a lighter, more profuse, more delicate style was introduced. There is a still greater divorce than ever between furniture and architectural influences in the days of Louis XV than there was in the reign of the previous monarch. If, for instance, you find a pier-glass of Louis XV of which you are compelled to admit that the sides are straight, you will find that the straight line is completely modified by a continuous garland of flowers, which winds over the upright moulding from top to bottom. The Cabriole leg in consoles, chairs, and tables, completely takes the place of the straight, terminal-shaped leg of the severer style of Louis XIV. You might look in

vain, perhaps, for a cabinet made during the reign of Louis XV with square, straight, tapering legs such as those upon the little inlaid piece we reproduced in a previous article as having belonged to "William and Mary." The tall clock by Le Roy, which we illustrated in our chapter on the Windsor clocks, has the quiet angulated veneer of Louis XIV, but it is impossible to find a straight line either in its vertical elevation or its horizontal plans. It is of king wood, and contains an elaborate movement "invented in 1736 by Julien Le Roy, of the Society of Arts," thirteen years after the end of the Regency. It is a typical specimen of Louis XV work in its shape and the style of its ornamental mounts. A companion barometer is by Ferdinand Berthoud, of Paris, and made later. The same diagonal veneer is found in the commode which we illustrate with a easket on the top.

The work of Riesener is remarkable for a profusion of ornamental mounting. He combined this

with considerable elaboration of inlay, but by confining his "picture" to a panel in the centre and surrounding it with a trellis or lozenge pattern, he prevented the one means of ornament from interfering with the other, and produced furniture very sumptuous in effect. At Windsor there are several beautiful and typical examples of his work. Most notable are a priceless commode and its two similar encoignures—all "en suite." It will be seen from our illustrations that although the fronts of these fine examples are curved so as to entail the utmost possible difficulty in fitting and fixing the inlay, and to add enormously to the expense, and also to the effect, the vertical lines are straight. This commode and its encoignures show, in fact, the distinct characteristics of the reaction from the perpetually curving Louis XV style, though they have not attained the greater severity of late Louis XVI work. These pieces, which were exhibited at the great exhibition of "Art Treasures"

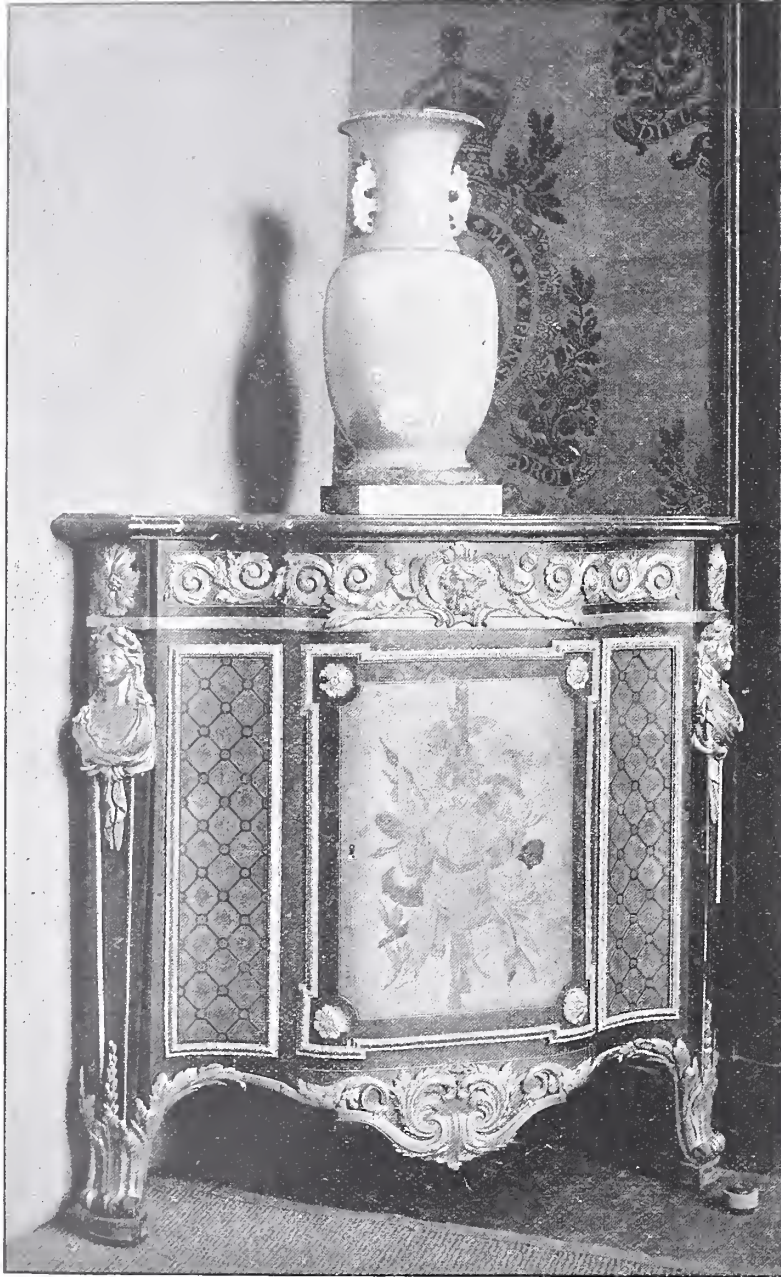


INLAID COMMODE BY RIESENER.



at Manchester, have an inlay of pale woods. The commode has two large "shaped" drawers and three small ones in the frame. The two side-panels of the front are bouquets of flowers, such as tulips and

work of the frames beneath the Rosa marble slabs, the "culot" ornament beneath the centre panel, and the acanthus-leaf feet, are all entirely admirable. The encoignures, mounted in similar style, have



INLAID ENCOIGNURE BY RIESENER.

roses in vases. The centre panel has flowers in a basket, a wheat-sheaf, agricultural implements, two doves, and other objects. The end panels are in a trellis inlay of a different kind to that which is found on the front of the two encoignures. There is a charming use of green stained wood. The ormoulu mounts are magnificently modelled and gilt. The caryatid consoles at the side, the scroll-

work of the frames beneath the Rosa marble slabs, the "culot" ornament beneath the centre panel, and the acanthus-leaf feet, are all entirely admirable. The encoignures, mounted in similar style, have door-panels inlaid with trophies of armour, a cock surmounting a wreath, and other ornaments. Each piece has a drawer in its shaped frame. A commode which has some resemblance to the Windsor example is figured ("Le Meuble," Fig. 64, Vol. II.) by M. de Champeaux, and is in the Palace of Fontainebleau; but the only point in which the two are exactly similar is in the fine ormoulu mounts of the feet. Riesener could design his own brass mounts, though there is not much doubt that he employed others also. A portrait of him exists which represents him sitting, pencil in hand, before a design placed upon one of those oblong slender tables with straight legs and a brass pierced railing on three sides which he made towards the end of his life. Although his work shows great variety, there are two general characteristics which mark his style. One is his tendency to confine his picture inlay to a panel in the centre of his furniture, the rest being filled up with a trellis or lozenge design. Another great characteristic is his fondness for elaborate ormoulu mountings, especially in the "ceinture" or "frame" of tables or commodes, just beneath the top slab, and in the "culot" centre ornament on the lower frame below, between the legs. He used tulip, rosewood, holly, maple, laburnum, and purple woods. He was also partial to trellis inlay upon mahogany, as may be seen in the secrétaire with Sèvres plaques and little short legs (No. 1,046) in the Jones collection. Another very fine piece in the same

collection is the cupboard (No. 1,082) with floral inlay in various woods, and exquisite Gouthière mounts of the freest possible execution. Others are the pedestal secrétaire in tulip and king wood (No. 1,117), two similar ones (1,012 and 1,012A), and a charming little writing-table of tulip and sycamore (No. 1,017). The Wallace collection possesses a most celebrated example—the bureau made for Stanislas,



King of Poland, which we shall have to compare with the bureau at Buckingham Palace. It was, perhaps, Riesener who popularised the use of mahogany and the cylindrical-fronted bureaux which in England degenerated into those fearful pieces of furniture familiar to us all.

Riesener's first wife, the widow of Oeben, died in 1776, and, six years after, he married Anne

Delacroix, who married the daughter of the widow of Oeben, was one of the directors of the sale. Quite possibly he bought up his own works cheap; and if so, it is pleasant to think that at least it came back to appreciative hands. Thus "No. 205, Secrétaire d'acajou à dessus de marbre (du petit Trianon)" is adjudged "au citoyen Riesner, 326 livres;" No. 2,340, "Une table à écrire en bois de palixandre



INLAID COMMODE.

Grezel. When he first married he had no resources except his talents; but on his second marriage he possessed—in money, and owing for work done for the king, the royal family, and private clients—more than 500,000 livres, without counting his stock-in-trade and other considerable effects. He was in full work when the Revolution broke out. Two pieces which were in the Hamilton collection bear the dates of 1790 and 1791 in their inlay. They were made for the Palace of Saint Cloud, as was to be gathered from the mark put upon them by the officials of the Garde-meuble of Marie Antoinette. He was appointed with David, the painter, to guide the members of the Convention in their selection of pieces of furniture which were to be reserved from that terrible sale described in our introductory article. It is interesting to find his name as a purchaser. His operations were probably facilitated by the fact that Charles

en mosaïque richement ornée de bronze doré d'ormoulu, au Cn. Riesner de Paris, 3,240 livres; No. 2,503, Une pendule de Le Pautre, au Cn. Riesner, 4,200 livres."

But the glorious days of artistic furniture were over, and things did not mend. In the second year of the new calendar, on the date of the 11th "pluviose, au II"—a terminology which makes one wonder who was the stilted idiot that invented it—we find our poor Riesener, in spite of having discreetly become a "citoyen," compelled to announce a sale of fine furniture. A large part of it comes from the private rooms of Versailles and Trianon. But the taste for such fine things was gone, or else people had not time for them, and the sale had no great success. Riesener's last years were saddened by differences with his wife. They divorced each other as soon as they got the chance in the new order of things. He moved from the Arsenal,



where he had continued to live on the royal concession which had been made to Oeben, and died, at the age of seventy-one, on the 6th of January, 1806, in the "Enclos des Jacobins," leaving one son, who became a portrait-painter of repute.

There are other fine pieces of furniture at Windsor which may be attributed to the most

versatile Riesener, "without a doubt," says M. de Champeaux, "the first of the cabinet-makers who lived in the reign of Louis XVI." As, however, they are in an entirely different style to that which we have been considering, we shall reproduce them in a later article when we review the furniture with Sèvres plaques and examples in ebony and in lacquer.

## ARTISTIC "ALPHABETS."

THERE is vastly more than the charm of the old chap-books in "An Alphabet" (William Heinemann), which Mr. William Nicholson has designed with as much spirit as originality. Those of our readers who remember the design of "Persimmon" in our pages last year—Mr. Nicholson's debut in this style of art—will realise in some degree the quaintness, the suggestiveness, and the artistic quality of these apparently rough and summary pictures. As a matter of fact, despite the archaism affected in these admirable designs—in two or three colours apiece—and despite, too, the reticence practised, the character of each respective subject is truly and unerringly obtained. "M for Milkmaid," bold as the rest, reeks with the sentiment of the chap-book and the horn-book. "T for Trumpeter" is

Velasquez-like in vigour, firmness, spirit, and dignity. The masses of black are happily introduced throughout. Children may not appreciate all of the designs, but there is no doubt that many of these are more within their understanding than some of the pictures of these latter days, which, nominally addressed to children, in reality make their appeal to adults.

On the other hand, "Phil May's A B C; forming two humorous alphabets" (The Leadenhall Press), will be a delight to old and young alike who

can appreciate fun and humour, and who could see how common subjects can lose their grossness if but the hand that presents them is refined. Mr. Phil May's pen is as skilful as ever, while he is importing a delicacy into his work to a degree beyond what we have observed heretofore. He can render character in the single line of a feature, or in the dot for an eye, with all his old facility and certainty, but he often seeks now for something more subtle and complete in the rendering of modelling and expression. Strictly speaking, these "alphabets" consist practically of groups of guttersnipes, East-Enders, and so forth—without any special reference be-



"THE BROKEN HEART."

(From "Phil May's A B C.")

tween the art and the letters; but they are so full of humour, of human nature, of pathos, rendered with such unsurpassable skill and feeling, that the sketch almost suggests inspiration, and the volume is worthy to stand beside any work of the young master. A good example of the work is here reproduced—"The Broken Heart."

## THE CHÂTEAU CHANTILLY AND THE MUSÉE CONDÉ.

BY ROBERT DE LA SIZERANNE.

THE most notable artistic event that will take place in France in 1898 will probably be the transformation of the Château of Chantilly, the residence of the late Henri d'Orléans, Duc d'Aumale,

order of aristocratic pomp. But let them not remain the victims of a misconception! In opening its doors to the public the Château of Chantilly will change its character hardly at all. It became a museum long since, and the illustrious general who dwelt in it had long worn the air less of an owner than of a curator. Pending the actual transformation, however, that is to be, there is a certain melancholy pleasure for a lover of art in sketching out some idea at once of the treasures soon to be shown to all and of the artist-prince now gone for ever.

If, a few years ago, a stranger had been led, without explanations, into the galleries of Chantilly on some Sunday afternoon, he would never have had a doubt but that he was in a museum. On every side he would have seen long and well-lit halls filled with works of art, their walls hung with pictures by the great masters, from Giotto down to Reynolds, and from Jehan Fouquet to M. Bonnat; here and there glass cases full of gems and medals and precious manuscripts; beyond, examples of antique statuary, busts, specimens of old stained-glass designs, and tapestries arranged in proper sequence, as though by conscientious guardians bent on enlarging the minds of the people. After the lapse of a few minutes the stranger would, without surprise, have seen passing in front of him a group of visitors—men and women of position, a score of them, perhaps—preceded by an old man (leaning on a stick and limping a little) holding forth in a somewhat high-pitched and monotonous voice. Seeing this old man with the sparse white "imperial" and with hands dreadfully disfigured by gout, dressed in black and wearing in his buttonhole a great red rosette of the Legion of Honour, the stranger would naturally have taken him for some old soldier, some pensioner appointed to the guardianship of the museum. This assumption would have been confirmed had he listened to the detailed but stereotyped explanations given by the *cicerone* every now and again as he raised the thick end of his stick towards some masterpiece which called for admiration, and had seen him then, his explanation ended, proceed upon his way with the air of a man who has carried out conscientiously his daily task by stages that have been mapped out beforehand and admit of no modification. The group would follow, silent and admiring, without understanding very clearly, without attending very closely, and not differing, therefore, very much from the ordinary



THE DUC D'AUMALE  
(From the Medal by Chaplain.)

son of Louis Philippe, into a public museum, open to all the world under the designation of the "Musée Condé." I say "probably," because Chantilly is not yet in the hands of the Institut de France, to which it was left by the Prince, and when the Institut does come into possession next May, many months must elapse, in all likelihood, before the public can be allowed to visit the art collections of the Château "at least twice a week," as the Prince laid it down in his will.

But this transformation is inevitable. Here, then, hard upon the Louvre and upon Versailles, is yet another palace about to turn museum! Yet another home to become a place of passage for the bearers of "Bædeker" and the hordes of Cook! Yet another lordly mansion, peopled by the shades of some among the greatest personages in the history of royal France, and screened until now from prying eyes, to be invaded and overrun by Sunday sight-seers!—persons who will wake with their vulgar talk echoes lulled of yore by the soft voices of prince or diplomat or academician, and who will find an absurd amusement in seeing themselves reflected in the polished floor! Such, perhaps, will be the thoughts of certain fastidious partisans of the old



tourists to be seen making their way through any of the museums of the world. From time to time the words of the guide would be followed by a cry of admiration uttered confidently, to which, however, he paid no attention. Then the whole party would be lost to sight in the distance, at the end of the galleries, whose floors, like mirrors, become peopled with reflections. The uncertain footfall would die away, the monotonous voice become inaudible; and never for a moment would the stranger, thus distracted from his meditations on art, have formed the idea that these people he had seen were the guests—often the illustrious guests, generals, academicians, masters, great personages from all countries—of the guide who had preceded them, and that this guide, victimised by gout, was the greatest princely figure contemporary France had ever seen, the Mæcenas of the great sculptors of his time, the author of the history of the Condés, the fortunate soldier who at twenty, in his devil-may-care fashion, by a wild heroic charge at the head of five hundred weary cavalymen, had routed the “Smalah” and five thousand fighting men of Abd-el-Kader.

Every Sunday, in truth, the Duc d’Aumale received a certain number of his friends at this spot, “situated on the confines of France, ten leagues from Paris, and one from the town of Senlis;” and the whole reception took the form of a dissertation on war and on art, in the midst of trophies and masterpieces. When the guests arrived they were shown into the Salon, decorated by Huet, and in which the Prince was to be found, engaged in a discourse upon the friezes, imitations ascribed to Watteau; or else, perhaps, into the Galerie des Batailles, where he would be pointing out the pictures by Martin representing the victories of the great Condé. In the middle of this gallery was to be seen the portrait of that hot-headed and troublesome hero who for eight years had fought against his king, and who, we see, in token of remorse, has torn some pages from the book of his life; these pages have fallen to the ground in front—but on them, in big letters, easily deciphered, are to be seen, carefully inscribed, the names of the victories Condé has gained in the course of his rebellion, and which he is ready indeed to deplore, but not to allow to be forgotten! From these salons one passed to the great Salle des Cerfs, made one’s way under the admirable tapestries of Van Orley, and took one’s seat at the table placed under the mantelpiece, decorated by Baudry with a “Chasse de St. Hubert”—in which it came as a surprise to one, in the midst of the meal, suddenly to recognise in the saintly hunter M. le Duc de Chartres, and, in a round-checked, rosy-hued, fair-haired squire, the

young Duke of Orleans. The *déjeuner* over, the picture-gallery was resorted to. There the Prince seated himself, drank his coffee, filled and lit his little briarwood pipe, and began to describe the marvels by which his guests were surrounded. All around were paintings of the French school of this century—paintings full of movement, for the most part, spirited, lavish of sport and war, whether in Africa or the East; Bashi-Bazouks by Decamps, caravans by Marillhat, hawking scenes by Fromentin, and the *petits chasseurs* of Vincennes, by Protais, as seen both before the fight and after. They were all so many illustrations to the memories the Duke would unfold. He spoke of the wars of the First Empire, and we looked up at “The Plague-Stricken of Jaffa,” by Gros; or of the Algerian expedition, of the most brilliant episode in which—the taking of “Smalah,” rich as a treasure and elusive as a mirage—he had been the hero, and one’s gaze was turned at once upon the delicate productions of Fromentin; or he would speak sadly of the engagements of 1870, and all eyes were directed towards Neuville’s “Combat on the Railway-line.” Or did he refer to the *chasseurs à pied*, about whom he had written in former days, there they were in the paintings of Protais. On one occasion he had pointed out a drawing by Detaille in which he himself was depicted leading a cavalry charge, with a few riders ahead of him, but the bulk of them behind; and on the beauty of the drawing having evoked expressions of admiration—“Yes, yes,” he said, “it is very beautiful, but it is not accurate. When I charged I had nobody charging in front of me.”

In the midst of the smoke-clouds diffused by his little pipe, the old soldier-prince seemed to live over again, delightedly, the days he had had the good fortune to pass before the enemy’s fire; and in those blue eyes of his, so infinitely kind and sad, one could read his regret that there had not been more of such days for him to live. He thought mournfully on all the battles that had been fought, *without him*, in France, while he must stand aside, quivering with impatience, and see himself refused, for that he was a Prince, the right to tread his country’s soil—in her defence! Then he would place his pipe upon the table, rise to his feet, and, that he might shake off these painful memories, resume his promenade among the works of art he had gathered round him. Whenever he came to one of his own portraits, all of them by masters of the modern French school, one found oneself comparing the head that spoke with the head that the painter or sculptor had produced. Turn by turn, he was to be seen represented as a child in a garden, by Tony Robert-Fleury; still as a small boy, by Winterhalter; at nineteen, as Colonel of the 17th Light Cavalry,

by Raffet; as Maréchal de Camp, by the same artist; by M. Bonnat, as a General of Division in command of a *corps d'armée*; the bust by M. Paul Dubois, to be seen at the end of the gallery, should also be mentioned; and, finally, that profile portrait on the medal, executed by M. Chaplain for the Institut, with which one could compare his features as they were in his later years, and in which, indeed, the Prince seems to live again (see p. 157). From the purely critical and æsthetic point of view, a series of opportunities for comparison was thus secured of inestimable value, for it is seldom they are thus afforded in the presence at once of the model, the works, and the workmen themselves. One portrait, however, was lacking—that by M. Benjamin-Constant. It could not long figure in the collection at Chantilly, having been finished very shortly before the opening of the Salon of this year, and when it returned from the exhibition, the Duc d'Aumale was no more.

The story of this portrait is a curious one. None of the likenesses of the Duc d'Aumale quite satisfied his friends, and, in truth, whenever the royal guide passed by these pictures, one could not but contrast the dull and commonplace aspect of the painting with the bright blue of the mobile, alert eyes of the Prince—that quality of blue which was peculiar to his family, and which prompted the remark of the Comte de Paris on his exile's death-bed, when speaking of his son: "In the eyes of D'Orléans I seem to see the sky of France." M. Benjamin-Constant was eager to make *his* attempt, also, at achieving the impossible, but those blue, ever-moving eyes were soon to be his despair, and there went the round of the studios of Montmartre a story about the woes of this eminent and amiable artist hunting among all his colour-tubes for "the blue of the eyes of the Duc d'Aumale."

His first idea had been to depict the Prince in his library, standing under the bust of the great Condé, with his hands in his pockets to hide the great disfigurement produced in his fingers by the gout. He abandoned this idea, however, and painted the Prince, as is known, sitting on a bench in the garden, on his return from a walk, wearing gaiters, his head bare, his hands disguised in great fur gloves—the whole figure standing out in relief from a background of foliage *à la* Gainsborough. "Monseigneur," he said to his subject, "I want to paint you for the populace, for the masses who throng the Salon, for the Sunday crowds." Thus it was, indeed, he appeared to his visitors tired, his shoulders bent, but his spirit ever ardent and on the alert, simple, hearty, and infinitely bright. Receiving a visit one day from Mme. Benjamin-Constant, who is the daughter of Emmanuel Arago, he told her of an amusing conversation he had with the illustrious

François Arago at the Tuileries in the time of Louis Philippe. "Arago was wearing his dark green coat"—members of the Institut dress in dark green from head to foot on occasions of great ceremony—"and I being ten years old," so ran the Prince's story, "and being audacious enough for anything, asked the illustrious *savant* how he came to be thus attired. 'Because,' he replied, 'I am extremely fond of parrots, and do all I can, therefore, to look as much like them as possible.'"

Recalling these stories and a thousand others, the Prince would make his progress through the galleries, followed by his ever-growing flock of visitors. Among them there were always some old generals who, in front of a Giotto or a Botticelli, would exert themselves to conjure up some sentiments proper to High Art; and artists who would declaim with warmth concerning cavalry charges and firing at long range. And these things set one thinking of the twofold physiognomy—the soldier and the lover of letters—of the great figure whose shade haunts the château—

"Le grand Condé pleurant aux vers du grand Corneille"—

and whose portraits by Juste d'Egmont or Teniers the younger (and the bronze by Frémiet) greet us at every step, as we pass from room to room.

Simultaneously with these memories, there appeared before us on the walls a series of admirable works by the greatest men who have ever held a brush. There was the "Mystical Marriage of St. Francis of Assisi with Chastity, Poverty, and Humility," by Pietro di Sano, in which you see, on the earth, near the walls of Portiuncule, a great expanse of green stretching out behind, the monk affiancing himself with the three Virtues—with their long, slender fingers and in their long robes—and, if you look again, in the sky, these same Virtues winging their flight, Poverty turning her face the while towards the saint once again. This strange bride,

"a cui, com' alla morte,  
La porta del piacer nessun disserra,"

is ascending in the air and treading the azure with her feet, conscious that she has no place in a world where she has found with difficulty a single suitor, and where in all likelihood she will not find a second.

There, too, was the "Belle Simonette Vespucci," by Pollajuolo, with her high, bulging, somewhat bare forehead, surmounted by clusters of pearl-besprinkled locks thrown backwards, her white profile broken into by the dark thunder-cloud behind, her face full of sensuality, and as though revelling in the cold touch upon her neck and naked breasts of the snake in enamel, twisted, as it were, into a living,



hissing rope. And there was the "Vierge Glorieuse" of Perugino, painted for the church of St. Jerome at Lucques, in which the traditional lion places his heavy paw on the cardinal's hat; there, the panel of a *causone* painted by Filippino Lippi, in which you see the old king Ahasuerus on his throne, in almost as deep a sleep as is he in Burne-Jones's "Briar Rose," and yet this king is receiving Esther in his best style, she bowing to him modestly, while the eunuchs move off the other beautiful young women of the kingdom, who are marvelling at these beautiful porticos built by the Medici, and at that distant *cortile* in which they are keeping holiday in the Florentine fashion; and there, the "Three Graces" of Raphael, a quite small picture, a pretty piece of symbolism, in which each of the three nude women holds in her hand not an apple but a sphere of gold, emblem of the world over which she reigns. Opposite this the Duc d'Aumale would stand still and point out that the three figures represented woman at the three ages which correspond with the principal phases of her beauty. There, finally, was the "Vierge de la Maison d'Orléans," by Raphael, thus entitled because it was in the gallery of the Palais Royal so far back as the eighteenth century. The Virgin is simpler and more humble, is surrounded by commoner objects, than in any other work by the same master. This picture was sold for 12,500 francs in 1798, for 24,000 francs in 1843, and finally repurchased by the Duc d'Anmale in 1869 for 150,000 francs.

Next, we passed before that grave and frigid portrait, attributed to Roger van der Weyden or to Ugo van der Goes, representing the strange "Grand Bâtard de Bourgogne," the valiant warrior who, having suffered himself to be taken prisoner by the Duc de Lorraine, was sold by the latter to Louis XI for 10,000 crowns. On his head is a wonderful black felt hat, cylindrical and high, similar to the horrible stove-pipe affair we wear to-day, the centenary of which we celebrated last year. Of this portrait, it is said, there are replicas or copies in the Dresden Museum and in the Stafford collection in London. The "Grand Bâtard," in this picture, has the intractable, inhospitable air which seems to be promised by his motto, "*Nul ne s'y frotte.*"

A long stay used to be made in the room that was devoted to the forty small pictures by one of the greatest of our old French painters, Jehan Fouquet, that is to say the miniatures detached from the "Heures" of Estienne Cavalier, painted in the middle of the fifteenth century. It was an amusement to note the delicious anachronisms in these latter—the "Annunciation" taking place in a Gothic church full of statues of the saints, to whom the Virgin is praying; the representation of the

"Adoration of the Magi," in which Charles VII, surrounded by his *grand garde*, plays the rôle of the Magi Gaspar, and in which, lest so exalted a personage should soil himself, a cushion has been placed under his knees, and under his feet a fine carpet embroidered with *fleur-de-llys*; and then the picture of poor Job, whom his friends seem in no way astonished to see sitting on his dunghill at the foot of the prison of Vincennes!

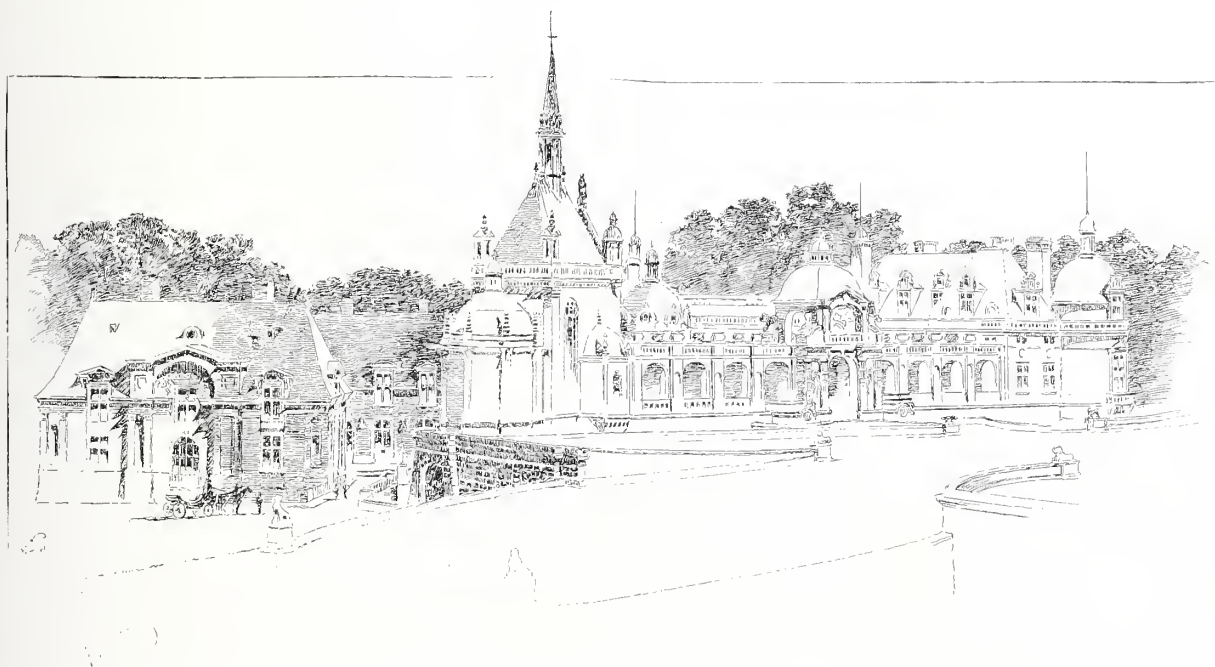
But the modern French school claimed even more attention. The gaze roamed over the ceiling painted by Baudry—"The Rape of Psyche"—a deliciously-veiled "Matinée" by Corot; the famous "L'Assassinat du Duc de Guise," by Delaroche; a replica of the "Malaria," Hébert's first success; two masterpieces by Ingres, the "Stratonice" and the "Portrait de Mme. Davauçay;" "The Two Foscari" of Delacroix; the "Turkish Children by a Fountain" of Decamps. The whole of the romantic school and part of the great school of landscape painters are represented there, to greater or less extent; and a visit to the Musée Condé will certainly be as valuable as a visit to the Louvre to anyone who would gain an idea of the French school of the nineteenth century. The Prince did not confine himself to the works of the great painters who are dead. He gave many orders to living masters, encouraging young sculptors, as he did, for instance, M. Tony Noël, for whose earliest works he paid a price far higher than had been agreed upon. Another picture to be seen there was the "Jeanne d'Arc" of Chapu. As we made our way round the gallery on one occasion, we talked of how the Revolution of 1789 had destroyed the treasures of the Chantilly of those days. How many statues of bronze and lead had gone to the making of artillery! There was a group by Falconnet, "L'Amour et le Silence," which disappeared, and was believed to have been converted into cannon—a singular touch of irony! Love and Silence transformed thus into a symbol of Noise and Hate!

By the end of a couple of hours the royal *viccrone*, tired by his exertions, would have regained his library. There he would sit down again by a table, littered with books, newspapers, and reviews, and would proceed to refill his pipe. His white head was seen, thus, surmounted by the dark head of the great Condé. Then, his guests took their leave of him. Descending to the court where the carriages were waiting, we looked out again on the calm horizon, on the expanse of wood and lawn and lake, stretching out in lines simple and majestic as a tragedy of Racine. And now, in turn, quite near us or far off, we saw the equestrian statue of Anne de Montmorency by M. Paul Dubois, the statue of Bossuet by M. Guillaume, that of La Bruyère by

M. Thomas, of *Le Nôtre* and *Molière* by M. Tony Noël, and of *Condé* by *Coysevox*. We heard, too, the fountains—fountains which were singing the same song already in the ears of Louis XIV, and which sobbed through the oration of Bossuet at *Condé's* burial. The carriages crossed the moats at full trot and, traversing the wood, reached at last the station. In our eyes we retained a twofold vision—the vision of warlike and royal monarchy grown old and worn, and the vision of Art, young eternally.

To-day silence reigns at Chantilly. The tribune of the *Salle des Cerfs* will resound no more with the

blare of trumpet. The arms of bronze that stretch out from the walls to hold the torches in which gas-jets shone brightly in the guise of *fleurs-de-lys* will illumine no more the whitened head of the old Prince. None will go now to Chantilly as to a place of royalist pilgrimage or as to a soldier's sanctuary. The pilgrims that the train will discharge upon the station platform will be more numerous, they will be of every party and every race; the pilgrimage to the *Musée Condé* will be one of those in which all the creeds, religious or political or social, blend and are forgotten in a sentiment more wide-embracing—it will be a pilgrimage of Art.



CHANTILLY: THE CHÂTELET.

## THE ART MOVEMENT.

### THE RECENT IRISH TEXTILE EXHIBITION.

FOR some years past an industrial revival has been taking place in Ireland, but of its extent and importance few people had any conception, until the end of August, when the Textile Exhibition, organised by H.E. the Countess Cadogan, was opened in the Royal University Buildings, Dublin. Though the Irish Industries Association has expended time, money, and infinite patience in fostering old and promoting new industries, the results of its efforts were only locally known, and the recognition of Irish dexterity and skill by the public of Great Britain and other countries was still a longed-for but unaccomplished fact.

It needed the energy of Lady Cadogan and the practical co-operation of her committee to focus all the isolated industrial efforts, and to present them to the public in an exhibition which, if up to the present unique in Dublin annals, will, it is hoped, be repeated at no distant interval, and on a larger scale.

No longer can it be said that the hand of the Irish lace-maker has lost its cunning; on the contrary, several famous specimens of old Limerick and needle-point lace ill bore comparison with recent efforts. In almost every instance the superiority of the new designs was apparent, this being due to the



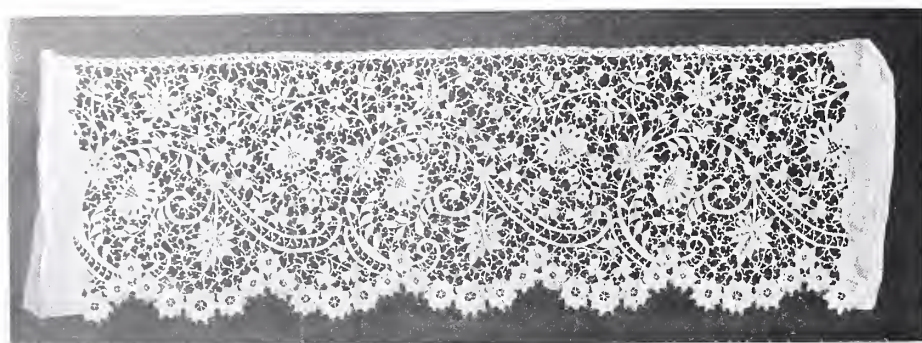
co-operation of the Science and Art Department (South Kensington) with the Irish Industries Association, by which means a constant supply of new

lace school at Crossmaglen turns out much beautiful work.

In the Inishmacsaint, or raised point lace, some of the most beautiful work in the exhibition was found. So like is it to Venetian rose point that it needs an expert to discover the difference; except when the subject of price is mooted, and then the Irish lace is found to be very much cheaper—a somewhat curious fact when it is remembered that the cost of living in Italy is infinitely less than in the Emerald Isle.

St. Joseph's Industrial School, Kinsale, showed some good Limerick lace, and St. John's Industrial School, Birr, several fans, pocket handkerchiefs, and flounces of point lace of exquisite quality. Other notable exhibits were those of Mrs. Vere O'Brien, the convents at Kinsale, Kenmare, New Ross, Mrs. MacMorrough Kavanagh, Miss Keane (Greek lace), and the magnificent cases of the Irish Industries Association, containing lace from every centre in Ireland, all of which, it is pleasant to record, was sold on the first day of the exhibition.

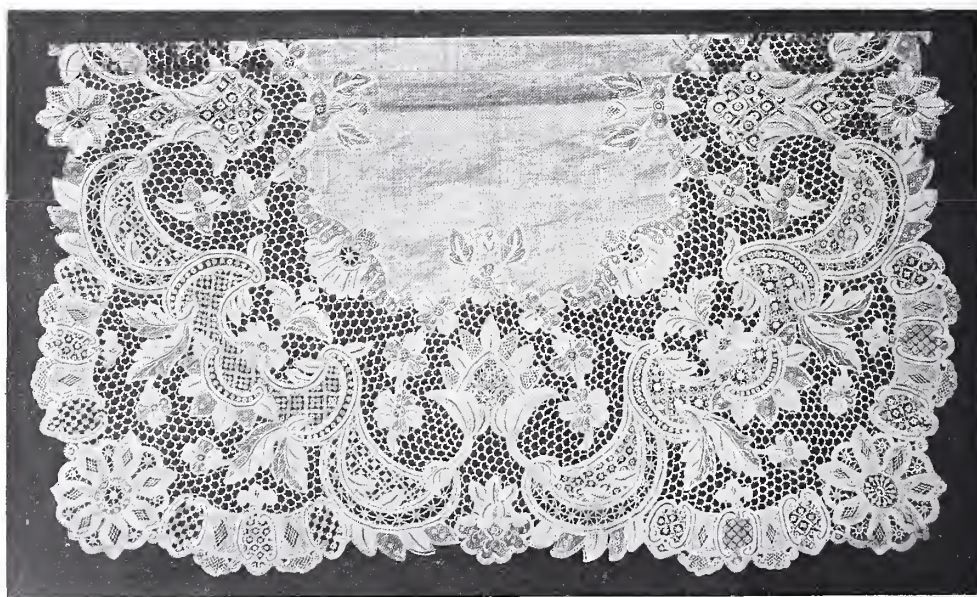
The display of Clones guipure was excellent. This essentially Irish production is a fine kind of crochet, closely resembling the old raised Venetian point, from which the designs are generally adapted.



CARRICKMACROSS GUIPURE.

and really artistic designs are lent to the various centres, and grants are made for the production of trial pieces. The best lace comes from the large convents, where the lace-workers receive their training, often continuing to work under the nuns, though some undertake orders in their own cottages. A fan of Irish point made at the Presentation Convent, Youghal, was a beautiful example, both in design and workmanship; the festoons of flowers connecting the medallions were exquisitely worked, and the centres of the medallions were filled in with the very finest diaper designs. From the same convent came notable samples of point lace copied or adapted from the finest old Brussels and Italian point. A deep flounce of run lace from the convent of the Good Shepherd, Limerick, is considered the best specimen of this lace extant; many other examples from Limerick were shown, including Valenciennes, which has only lately been attempted in Ireland.

The Bath and Shirley School's exhibit of Carrickmacross lace was remarkably fine, and a vast improvement in the designs used was noticeable. Another important exhibitor of this typical Irish lace was Mrs. Donaldson, whose

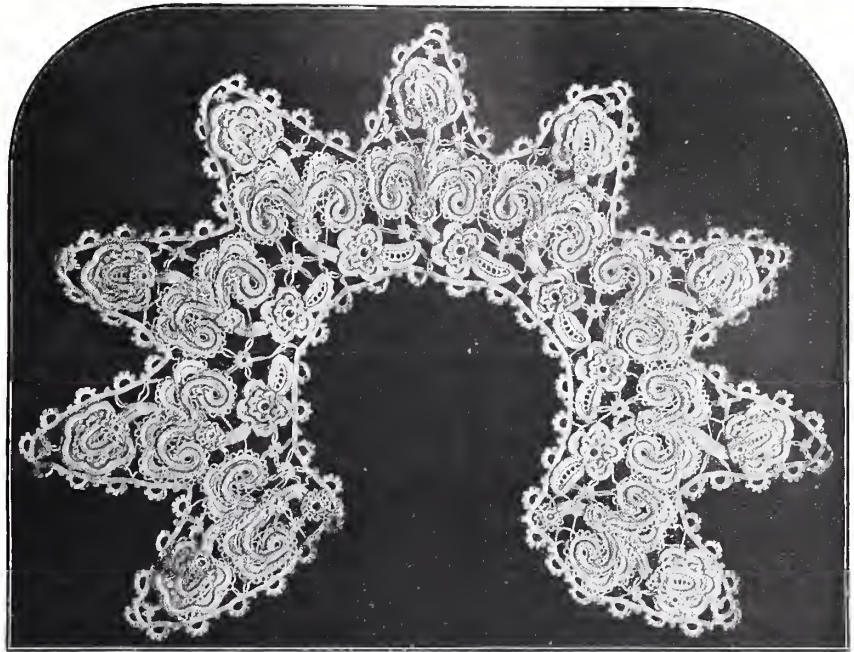


HANDKERCHIEF IN YOUGHAL POINT



Fashion having recently favoured laces of heavy and decided style, this guipure has found a ready market both in London and Paris.

The embroidery sections were extremely interesting, and it was difficult for visitors to realise that much of the most beautiful silk work was executed by peasant girls in their own cottages. Naturally the exhibits of the Royal Irish School of Art Needlework, Viscountess Duncannon's Garry Hill classes, and the Belfast School of Art Needlework take premier place. The first-named, in addition to some large curtains, replicas of the seventeenth and eighteenth century designs, showed some charming work on white satin, the *motifs* being chiefly of the Empire period, and most suitably applied to the decoration of fans. Mrs. Dalison's work was very good, notably a large piano-cover, decorated with a floral design: the entire background being worked in white silk formed a wickerwork pattern. Several needlework pictures were likewise commendable. In bold, striking work nothing could compare with the large portière shown by Miss Perry,

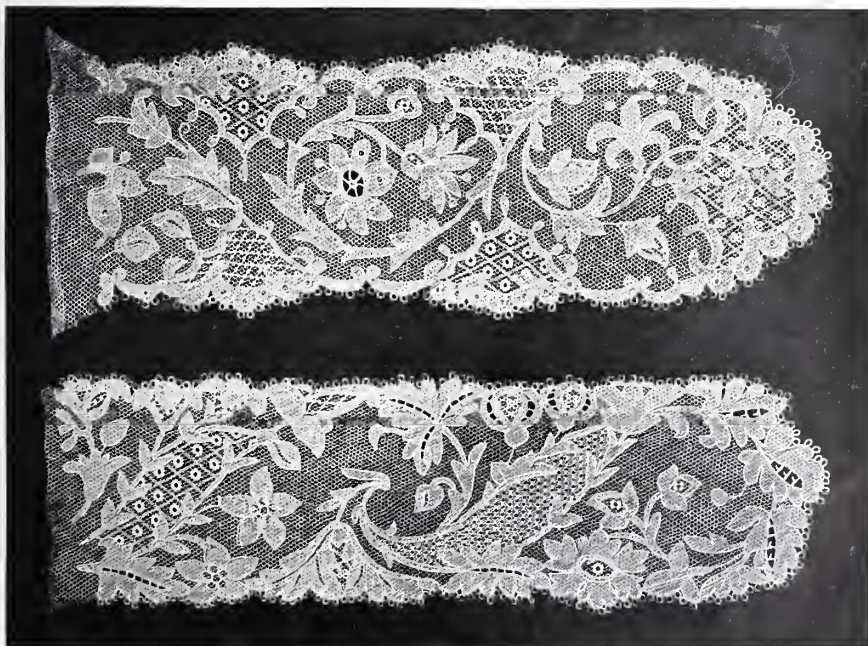


COLLARETTE, CLONES CROCHET GUIPURE.

Crawford School of Art, Cork. Amidst effectively coloured foliage, magnificent peacocks, half-life size, disported themselves, their gorgeous colouring being well thrown up by a dull russet green background. In ecclesiastical work originality of design was somewhat lacking, though the workmanship was invariably good.

White embroidery and "sprigging" belong more properly to the "Linen Section," which, though the most important, cannot adequately be commented on. The improvement in designs for Irish damask is of world-wide importance; and now that the insignificant, niggling patterns of thirty and forty years back have been cast on one side, naught but praise can be accorded their successors, which include classical Greek *motifs*, Pompeian designs, and adaptations from the Book of Kells; and certainly nothing shows to more advantage on the surface of a damask tablecloth than the "Kells Beastie" in various postures, or the interlacing pattern which was the Celtic representation of eternity.

ANNIE B. MAGUIRE.



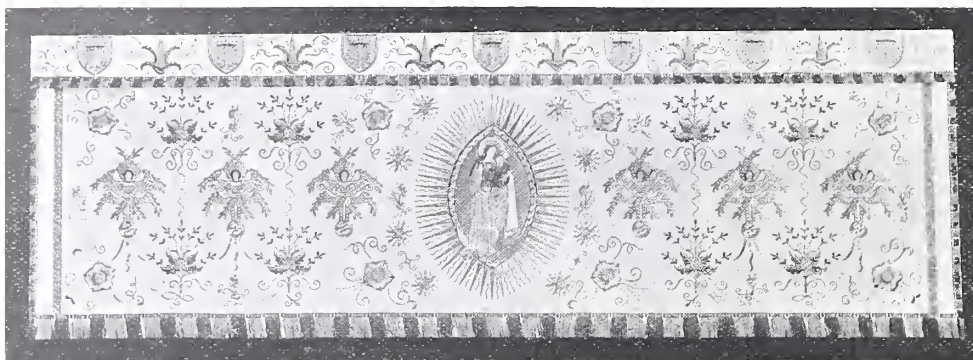
LAPPETS IN CARRICKMACROSS APPLIQUÉ.



## ECCLESIASTICAL EMBROIDERY.

SOME beautiful examples of needlework, of which a series of altar frontals for the new church of St. Mary at Sledmere, now being built from the designs of Mr. Temple Moore for Sir Tatton Sykes, were the principal features, have lately been

robes of the Virgin being blue and red. The angels, archaic in type, are worked in gilt thread, and the roses in delicate pink. The shields along the top have a blue ground with gilt ornament, and the fringe is pale green and gold. Another frontal of



ALTAR FRONTAL.

(Designed by Temple Moore. Executed by Messrs Watts and Co.)

executed and exhibited by Messrs. Watts and Co. The one which we illustrate is a most ornate piece of work, delicate in colour and texture, and very effective as a decoration. Worked entirely on a white ground, the colours of the embroidery are charmingly blended and harmonised. The centre panel, containing a representation of the Virgin and Child, as the most important part of the decoration is executed in the brightest colours, the

a red ground, with blue shields and conventional roses in gold, when complete, will form a work of great richness. Two other frontals for side chapels are executed, one in tapestry of blue ground and gilt ornament, and the other with the same decoration on a red ground. Still another is of blue and white tapestry of excellent design. The whole were designed by Mr. Temple Moore.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

[88] **WHO WAS O. LUCAS?**—I have in my possession a pair of oil paintings by O. Lucas of nude figures (18 inches by 24 inches). Will you kindly inform me if he is a prominent artist, as the pictures are so well executed? — W. GIBBS (Old Market Street, Bristol).

\* \* O. Lucas was certainly not an artist of prominence, nor are we aware of ever having seen any works by him. The artist-family of Lucas is, of course, well known, and their works, for the most part, stand high in the estimation of the connoisseur. But no painter with the initials given had ever contributed, up to 1893, to any of the recognised exhibitions held in London.

[89] **REMBRANDT'S ETCHING OF UYTENBOGAERT.**—Is Rembrandt known to have painted Uytenbogaert, and where is the original if existing? I have a small oil-picture on panel, apparently contemporary, which in all main respects agrees with the etching. — T. (Cardiff).

\* \* Jan Uytenbogaert (or Uijtenborgaerd—written "Vytenbogardus" on the Goltzius etching) was the great Remonstrant Minister and active theologian of Rembrandt's day, whom Jacob Baeker painted, the portrait being to this day shown in the Municipal Orphanage of the Kalverstraat. When Rembrandt made his etching in 1635 (Bartsch, 279; Middleton-Wake,

114; Wilson, 281) his sitter was seventy-eight years old. Now, there is a painted portrait of Uytenbogaert, or so believed to be, by Rembrandt at the Stockholm Museum (No. 585 in the catalogue), probably painted in 1633. This is a half-length life-size picture called "Portrait of an Old Man," which used to be in the Adolphus Frederick Collection. But the master sometimes painted small oil sketch-portraits of persons he was about to etch, as in the case of the study (belonging to M. Bonnat) for the Burgomaster Six, so that it is not absolutely impossible that our correspondent has an original study. This Uytenbogaert must not be confounded with the Treasurer of the States of Holland (known as "The Gold-weigher" or "The Treasurer"), whom Rembrandt etched, and of whose country-house he also made a plate in 1651, known as "The Gold-weigher's Field." It was to the latter officer, and not, of course, to the theologian, that Rembrandt so urgently and so pressingly applied for the moneys due to him for official portraits, when the instalments fell due for his new house in the Jewish quarter.—S.

[90] **SCULPTURE.**—Would you kindly inform me the subject and origin of the group of statuary of which I enclose a rough sketch, and, if practicable, the present location of the original?—C. B.

\* \* The group is entitled "The Rape of Polyxena," and is the work of a modern sculptor, Signor Fedi. It is in the Loggia dei Lanzi, in the Piazza della Signoria, Florence, and was erected in 1866. Imitations are often sold.

[91] **COPYRIGHT AND ART SCHOOLS.**—Is it lawful for the students of an art school to copy *without* permission, for exhibition in *their own rooms*, any pictures which are freely circulated or published—such as "Bubbles," "Long Bill," etc., appearing in various Christmas numbers?—NEMO.

\* \* Copyright is the right to copy; and, whether published or not, a copyright work had better not be copied, even for the innocent purpose named by our correspondent; for, though the intention may be innocent, the result may eventually be damaging to the owner of the copyright. It is not difficult to imagine the students of the art school referred to all making excellent copies of "Bubbles" "for exhibition in their own rooms;" but who is to guarantee that these pictures will stay there and that they will never be seized, say by a landlord, and thus

find their way upon the market? The best way is to avoid all copyright works. Even the National Gallery contains some copyright pictures, for we have not yet reached the point attained abroad by which a picture loses its copyright as soon as it is hung permanently in a public gallery or museum.

[92] **"THE CASCADE," BY J. RUYSDAEL.**—Have you ever seen the original painting of "The Cascade," by J. Ruysdael, engraved in the *Art Journal*, 1852, on page 183? It is there stated "that we have no clue as to where this picture is, nor can we on referring to Smith's catalogue find any description of it." I have a painting by J. Ruysdael, which is like it in every detail, signed thus—[signature copied]. I am certain it is the picture they have engraved in their *Journal*. Could you tell me if you ever came across this picture and who it belonged to? I have written to the *Art Journal*, but have not succeeded in getting any light on it, nor even ascertained where the engraving was taken from. It is painted on oak, eighteen inches by fourteen inches, and it is in good preservation; evidently been taken care of, carved frame, and covered with glass.—J. E. SYMONS.

\* \* It is impossible for the present writer to give any positive reply—though other readers of this Magazine may be acquainted with the picture. That this is one of Ruysdael's Norway pictures there is no doubt, painted under the influence (in a sense) of Van Everdingen. It is probably, but not certainly, the picture in the Antwerp Museum which was acquired at the Hodston Sale at Amsterdam in 1872 for 58,000 francs. That picture is not in good condition. But it must be remembered that Ruysdael repeated himself a good deal in his Norwegian pictures and painted a vast number of "cascades;" but a picture signed as the querist says it is, may as likely as not be the original or a replica. It depends greatly upon the intrinsic quality of the picture. The glass is against it.

#### REPLY.

[82] **PICTURE BY T. WOODWARD.**—Colonel Malet, of 12, Egerton Gardens, writes: "The picture by T. Woodward, entitled 'A Tempting Present,' is in the possession of my brother-in-law, and I have the same subject (also attributed to this artist) in water-colours. If 'H. A.' cares to write to me, I shall be pleased to show him my drawing."





SCENE FROM MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S REVIVAL OF "HAMLET": ROOM OF STATE IN THE CASTLE.

(By Hawes Craven. By Courtesy of the Nassau Steam Press.)

## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—JANUARY.

**Art in the Theatre.** WITH the advance of autumn a goodly crop of stage productions has ripened in theatrical fields, and here and there one may glean evidence of an artistic appreciation of possibilities. In the happily-named *White Heather*, at Drury Lane, a pleasant suggestion of rising mists on "the moor" and a suitable employment of the hydraulic lift in the scene of "Boulter's Lock" may be noted; but in both pictures Mr. HARKER's growing tendency to a coarse technique is to be deplored. The rest of the scenery is contributed by Messrs. CANEY, PERKINS, and BRUCE-SMITH, and perhaps the most convincing scene of the play is that of the divers and the sunken yacht, with an admirably contrived effect of real fish looming vaguely amidst a tangle of wreckage and submarine growths—a subject difficult to realise without risking comparisons, here skilfully avoided, with effects familiar in pantomime. The Stock Exchange scenes are satisfactory and unexaggerated, and the final tableau of "the Costume Ball"—reviving the splendours of a recent notable Society function—is commendably dignified in treatment. The Battersea Park scene is less successful, and one of the interiors shows a wall-decoration (?) needlessly crude in colour and design. At the Adelphi the Wellington drama, *In the Days of the Duke*, presents a series of curiously unequal scenes by Mr. HARFORD. His best picture is that of the prologue, with the sun glow on the distant Himalayas—a capital suggestion of height and distance. "A Hostelry near Plymouth" is unatmospheric and reminiscent of "Skelt," whilst his

"Duchess of Richmond's Ball" sets all accepted tradition at defiance. The closing picture, from the brush of Mr. HARKER, of the "Field of Waterloo" gives us a sky of unusual accomplishment. The mounting of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's revival of *Hamlet* at the Lyceum scarcely touches the high-water mark of distinction, and some of the costumes—those of Horatio and other courtiers, for instance—are singularly unpleasant in colour and device. The scenery, if fairly adequate, certainly does not represent Mr. HAWES CRAVEN at his best. His "Room of State in the Castle," which does duty for the greater part of the play, is well composed, and lacks the mannerisms that mar the "Orchard" set of Act IV. A promising effect of dawn over the sea at the close of Act I is disappointing in its development, and the churchyard scene is tame and conventional. A new version of *La Périochole* at the Garrick Theatre has attracted attention, but neither the scenery by Messrs. SPONG and HICKS nor the dresses designed by CORNELLI call for detailed criticism. Both are on accepted lines, and reveal no new perception of colour or composition.

### The Experiment at Harrow School.

WITH reference to the article upon the teaching of drawing at Harrow School which appeared in our November number, we have received with some surprise from Mr. ABLETT, the honorary director of the Royal Drawing Society, a protest against our use of the word "experiment" in describing the teaching adopted by Mr. EGERTON HINE. Mr. Ablett assures us at some length that such teaching is



no experiment, and that he himself has used it in connection with the operations of his Society. No doubt. We never intended to suggest that memory drawing and so forth were an invention of Mr. Hine's, or were being tried for the first time. In referring to this teaching as a "novel experiment," we meant—as surely the vast majority of our readers must have understood—that the system was an experiment as applied to Harrow School; nor do we imagine that the Royal Drawing Society itself would claim any monopoly in the initiation of the system. This Society is doing good work, but credit should not be grudged

much to be doubted whether as a whole it does itself any good in permitting so considerable a proportion of its members to exhibit "works" not only incomplete but to a sad extent unaccomplished. When the Society began there was some attempt to admit only miniaturists of a certain proficiency, but it appears that since that time no sort of test is applied or standard exacted. The exhibition of maiden or very early efforts can have only one result—the advertisement of the worthlessness of the Society's diploma. Upon the roll of members are two or three miniaturists of distinct ability, even though some of them appear far



THE NEW ART GALLERY AT READING. (See p. 168.)

to others who are helping forward the cause of art education. We are glad to hear that, as a consequence of our article already referred to, the headmaster of Uppingham School has decided to follow the example of Harrow, and that Mr. F. S. Robinson has been appointed art master, charged with carrying the scheme into effect.

**The New  
P.R.W.S.**

THE new President of the Royal Water-Colour Society, in succession to Sir JOHN GILBERT, was finally selected on the evening of November 30th. Thirty members out of the nominal forty assembled to vote, and considerable feeling was shown. Professor HERKOMER, the energetic Deputy-President, was for some time past considered certain of election; but latterly an objection took root that he was not a naturalised Englishman, and the vigour of his efforts in favour of the Society were interpreted as "autocracy." The ballot resulted in a tie—fifteen for each candidate. In the second voting one member spoiled his vote, and Mr. WATERLOW, A.R.A., the admirable artist both in oil and water-colour, was elected.

**Exhibitions.**

THE Society of Miniaturists has held its exhibition at the Grafton Gallery, and is believed to show some slight improvement on that of last year. It is

too photographic in their methods. The admission of the incompetent is injurious to all; and though among them there may be embryonic Cosways and Hilliards, it would, we think, be better, until their talent is more fully fledged, that they be relegated to Associate rank or their little pictures subjected to the judgment of a jury not too complaisantly indulgent.

The autumn exhibition at Messrs. Graves and Co.'s galleries consists of over three hundred water-colour drawings by living artists, British and foreign. Two charming little drawings of "Wood-Nymphs," by Prof. HERKOMER, R.A., are noteworthy among the former, though there are many others of high merit, among them being "Stirling from Abbey Craig," by Mr. SAM REID; "Lucerne," by Mr. ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S.; and "Wensleydale, Yorks.," by Mr. OLIVER HALL, R.E. "Red Azaleas" and "Landscape and Animals," by Miss BERTHE ARTE, are two charming drawings by this talented German artist.

At Messrs. Shepherd's winter exhibition there is an interesting exhibition of British work, both of old masters and modern artists. Among the former the chief place must be given to a magnificent portrait of Mrs. Trimmer, by GEORGE ROMNEY. It is a dignified picture of an old



lady, broad in treatment and charming in colour. By the same artist there are two smaller portraits of the Ladies Charlotte and Anna Waldegrave. By GAINSBOROUGH there are three works—a portrait of "John Festin," and two landscapes. One of these is a large early work, showing an expansive landscape, curiously Wilson-like in parts. Six CONSTABLES, a good "Old Crome" and a beautiful "Welsh Valley" by COX also claim attention. "Sir O. Cromwell" (uncle of the Protector), by ROBERT WALKER, is a characteristic example of this portraitist's work. Among the work of modern men, "The Empty Saddle," by Mr. F. A. STOREY, A.R.A., is of great interest, painted as it was in 1858 under the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites. "On Dartmoor," by Mr. E. M. WIMPERIS, is perhaps one of the finest works executed by this artist. The view of the moorland stretching away in the distance, with a sky filled with masses of cumulus clouds, constitutes a picture remarkable for power and breadth of handling. "Sunrise," by the late EDWIN ELLIS, is another strong piece of landscape painting, and Mr. C. G. JOHNSON'S "Sunrise," E. J. NIEMANN'S "Grand Quay, Rouen," "In Normandy," and "Golden Noon," and HENRY MOORE'S "Off Margate," are all interesting. Among the subject pictures, there is an early work of Mr. W. Q. ORCHARDSON—"Imogen in the Cave of Belisarius"—and a good example of Mr. DENDY SADLER—"Shelling Peas."

At the new Burlington Art Gallery are to be seen several examples of the work of those extremely clever, if eccentric, artists, MESSRS. MANUEL, S. H. SIME, and OSCAR ECKHARDT, with, among others, pictures by Mr. G. C. HAITÉ, W. A. BREAKSPEARE, and W. D. ALMOND. A series of Langham sketches is also included, the best of which are two landscapes by Mr. WALTER FOWLER.

A collection of drawings, lately on view in illustration of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," has introduced to the world the decorative pen-work of Ford Madox Brown's pupil, Mr. WOOLLISCROFT RHEAD, and his two brothers, Frederick and Louis. There is no doubt that the first-named is the strongest of the three, vigorous alike in his conceptions and his use of the pen; all of them show decorative ability in imitation of the old German masters on wood. But there is a certain affectation about this ruggedness which appears to be merely assumed in order to fit in with the great allegory—a suggestion, in our opinion, that the book is not "for all time." Some of the drawings are weak and lacking in relief, but others are striking in conception and excellent in design. Despite their defects, they should prove satisfactory illustrations to the book.

Miss ROSA WALLIS has been exhibiting at the Rembrandt Head a series of bright and clever drawings of Italian landscape, for the most part at the moment when trees are in blossom and flowers in full glow of colour. She manages her palette with considerable skill, and the reticence with which she meets the temptations to commonplace effect is highly commendable. Unlike most painters of Italy, she gives effects of atmosphere so as to add peculiar interest to the beautiful land which often lacks that particular charm.

The pastels of Mr. FRANCIS E. CHARDON at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery constitute an interesting novelty. The chief merit of this large collection of views of Italy, Switzerland, and Germany lies not so much in their felicitous choice of scene as in the skill with which the medium is handled, and the delicate and often subtle appreciation of colour which is shown. In some drawings Mr. Chardon is naturally less successful than in others, but there are few indeed where he fails to prove his

mastery of his material. The adaptability of pastel to landscape is little recognised amongst English artists. The exhibition, therefore, is not less interesting to professional men than to others.

Mr. C. L. BURNS, of the Chelsea Polytechnic, has been appointed head master of the Camberwell School of Arts and Crafts.

**Miscellanea.** THE latest completed work of the series at the Royal Exchange is that by Mr. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A. It represents the visit of Charles I to the Guildhall for the purpose of demanding the giving up of the five members of Parliament whose arrest was resisted by the House of Commons. The picture is the gift of Sir Samuel Montagu, Bart., M.P.

We have received the syllabus of the second winter session of the Northern Art-Workers' Guild of Manchester. The papers to be given form a sequence of subjects relating to a one-staircase house, commencing with "Planning," and including "Furniture," "Household Pottery and Table Glass," and "Exterior and Gardens." It is proposed to hold a public exhibition of the work of members at the close of the session in May next.

We cannot congratulate Brighton on its memorial of the Jubilee. This statue of Her Majesty the Queen impresses us neither as a portrait nor as an example of sculpture. But what can be expected when the commission was placed with a commercial sculptural company which undertakes to supply "busts of statesmen and others executed from photographs," together with "stairs, balusters, headstones, and other marble works"? We have received from them a eulogistic description of the Brighton statue, accompanied by a biographical sketch of the "eminent sculptor" who executed the work, which, however, omits that most important detail, his name. Is it that the company in question is afraid of being outbidden for his services, or is the eminent sculptor—presumably an Italian—ashamed of his connection with commercial sculpture?

Upon a site given by the late Mr. GEORGE PALMER and Mr. SAMUEL PALMER the Corporation of Reading has recently built a new art gallery. The building adjoins the Free Public Library, and, as may be seen in the illustration on page 167, the whole forms an imposing block of buildings. The position of the main gallery is shown by the broad unbroken wall surface between the ornamental bands. The room is 68 feet in length, and is lighted throughout its whole length from the top. One of its features is a dado composed of a reproduction of the Bayeux Tapestry, which was presented some time ago by Mr. ALDERMAN HILL, J.P. In a smaller room are displayed the British Roman mosaic pavements discovered at Silchester. The design of the new galleries was necessarily influenced by the previously existing buildings, but the architects—Messrs. COOPER and HOWELL, of Reading—have done well in their work. The modelled frieze, executed by Mr. W. C. MAY, consists of four panels representing "Ancient Britons," "Roman Arts and Industries," "Literature," and "Science."

Mr. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A., has lately completed and erected at Holyhead a monument to the memory of the late Hon. William Owen Stanley of Penrhos, Lord-Lieutenant of Anglesea, and for many years member of the House of Commons. It is a work on which Mr. Thornycroft has been engaged for some years, and is of rather unusual importance as an intra-mural monument. It is placed in a chapel especially built for its reception on the south side of the choir of Holyhead old church, and is visible through wide arches opening into the choir and transept. In style





VISIT OF CHARLES I TO THE GUILDHALL

*(From the Wall Painting by Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., in the Royal Exchange.)*





it is Italian Renaissance, and consists of a life-sized recumbent statue of the deceased lying on an altar-tomb, with winged angels at the ends—the one at the feet with inverted torch representing "Death;" the one at the head "Immortality," who places a wreath upon the pillow. The wings of these attendant figures are outstretched, and form an arch-like curve above the recumbent one. The front and ends of the base immediately below this group are enriched by panels in low relief; the centre one of these contains the inscription tablet, with kneeling winged figures of children supporting it. The whole is executed in white Carrara marble, except the steps below, which are of polished green Anglesea marble. In front, and at some distance from the monument, is a finely-wrought iron grille, which protects, but does not greatly obscure, the work. The chapel, which was designed by the architect, Mr. HAROLD HUGHES, is lighted by stained-glass windows from the designs of Sir E. BURNE-JONES. The principal one, which especially lights the monument, is inscribed to the memory of the devoted wife of Mr. Stanley. This is appropriate, as it was by her will that the monument was erected to him.

**Obituary.** It is with great regret that we record the death of JOHN BAGNOLD BURGESS, R.A., in the sixty-seventh year of his age. We have so fully dealt with the art and career of Mr. Burgess in a previous volume of this Magazine that we need not recapitulate the details of his art-life. We would remind the reader, however, that this popular painter—popular alike in his art and personality—was born on October 21st, 1830, and, visiting his relations in Spain in company with Edwin Long, he became fascinated with the picturesqueness of the land. A better draughtsman and a truer story-teller than his companion, he regarded his subjects, not with the breadth of John Phillip, but as an accomplished painter of anecdote, deliberate in composition, conscientious in his craftsmanship—in fact, as a distinguished painter of *genre*. His long series of pictures of Spanish and Moorish subjects (the latter perhaps the best), and the numerous types of female beauty, gained him a circle of admirers which not even the work of his later and less accomplished age very sensibly diminished. "Bravo, Toro!" "The Letter-Writer," and other works of the kind gained him critical comparison with the decadent masters of the Italian and Spanish school. His "Licensing the Beggars, Spain," is in the Royal Holloway College, purchased for it for £1,165. He began exhibiting

at the Royal Academy in 1852, when he was twenty-one years of age, and thereafter contributed with regularity, the total number reaching to seventy, while those sent to other exhibitions amounted to a further sixty. Mr. Burgess was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1877, and a full member in 1888. He often complained of the comparison with John Phillip to which he was constantly subjected, pointing out that to be second in painting Spain seemed to be less original and less excusable than to be the two thousandth in painting Italy.



MONUMENT TO THE HON. WILLIAM OWEN STANLEY.

(By Hano Thornycroft, R.A.)

Sir HENRY DOULTON was a business man, an administrator. His value in this capacity was very great to many public institutions. In his own business he showed that rare power of judging character which enabled him to surround himself with men of ability in the various departments of his great pottery, and it was characteristic of him that having found his man he trusted him and rarely interfered with him. But there was another side to his character. When you met him in your house or his own, "business" was never mentioned. If he knew you intimately, and you were an interested visitor, he might show you the last achievement of the potter's art which had just reached him from Burslem or Lambeth, but you might see him a hundred times and never know that he was the head of one of the largest businesses in England. In literature, art, science, politics, men, he was profoundly interested. He had always read the latest books that were worth the reading, and his memory of what he read was marvellous. His knowledge of the English poets and in quoting them his power and aptness were quite unusual. It was this side of his character that led him to develop an art branch of his business. Long before the development of what is now known as "Doulton Art Pottery," he began



of his own initiative to improve the forms and the decoration of some of the common articles of daily use made in the pottery, and it was towards the end of the fifties that he applied to South Kensington for designs and models. At that time the Lambeth School of Art, which was ultimately



THE LATE SIR HENRY DOULTON.  
(From a Photograph by C. Vandyk.)

to play so important a part in the development of his business, hardly had an existence. It was a night school, meeting in the National School-room of St. Mary the Less, of which church Dean Gregory was then the Rector. Mr. Sparkes, the present Principal of the Royal College of Art at South Kensington, was the master, and Mr. Edwin Bale had charge of the modelling class. Their difficulties may be judged by the fact that every night all signs of work had to be packed away to make room for the children of the National School the next morning! Dean Gregory was chairman of the committee of the school, of which Sir Henry Doulton became a member. If the Doulton Art Pottery was due to the suggestion of Mr. Sparkes, it was not less due to the way in which the idea was taken up by Sir Henry. Mr. Sparkes found the designers and workers, but Sir Henry supplied the sinews of war. It has been stated that Sir Henry Doulton made enormous sums out of this art pottery. This is mere gossip. Sir Henry Doulton lost heavily in money, but he got a new and intense interest in his work, and he gained much *kuolos*. It was only when the change of fashion set in, which tended to the diminished demand for "Doulton ware," that the more paying practice of manufacturing more or less artistic patterns for trade purposes was adopted. It was a matter of sincere regret to Sir Henry that this change in fashion led to the necessity of parting from several members of his art staff, which took place some ten years ago. The effort to graft an art quality on to a common material was fruitful in bringing into existence many similar undertakings all over the country, and it may be said that "Doulton ware" is the father of the numerous art pottery works that have been started since 1870, some of which still exist. Sir Henry Doulton was an interesting combination of business man and artist. A love of the beautiful was always strong in him, but the perception of business necessities was also keen, and this is a key to many things in his life that to outsiders are enigmatic. He was a strong man; he was a just, kind, and generous master; he was a good friend; and the world is the poorer for his death.

Signor GIOVANNI BATISTE CAVALCASELLE has survived his collaborator, Sir Joseph Crowe, by little more than a year. Born in 1820, he studied and practised art, and threw himself into the political troubles in Italy in 1848 and the succeeding years, and, escaping to England, worked again at his art, and finally entered into literary harness with Sir J. Crowe, whom he had met on the Continent years before. For twenty-five years they worked together

in mutual friendship and esteem. In 1857 appeared "Early Flemish Painters;" in 1864, "A History of Painting in Italy;" in 1871, "History of Painting in North Italy;" in 1877, "Life of Titian;" and in 1882, "Life of Raphael." When it was safe for Cavaleaselle to return to Italy, chiefly through the efforts of Sir Charles Eastlake, permission was with difficulty obtained, and he became Inspector of the National Florentine Gallery, and afterwards Chief Inspector of Antiquities and Fine Arts in Rome. His knowledge of art was profound; but he never succeeded in acquiring the English language.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. JOHN ALDAM HEATON, the well-known decorator. Born and brought up amongst the looms of Yorkshire, he had the fullest technical knowledge of what could be done with every sort of fabric, and this, united to an exceptionally good eye for colour, enabled him from the first to make interesting combinations of materials and to enrich his work with the most charming embroidery, every part of which he designed and arranged with his own hands. Whatever he produced was invariably stamped by his strong individuality, and was always conspicuous by its freedom from affectation, its graceful drawing, and vigorous colour.



THE LATE J. B. BURGESS, R.A.  
(From a Photograph by Bonfig and Small. Engraved by M. Klinkicht.)

Always a busy man, he had little time for the literary side of the central object of his life and work, but his chief book, in two folio volumes, "Furniture and Decoration in the Eighteenth Century," published in 1889, is recognised as the first authority on the subject.

We have also to record the deaths of Mr. WALTER CAFFYN, the landscape painter, and M. CHARLES LOUIS COURTY, the engraver.

# THE FACE OF CHRIST;

A PAINTER'S STUDY OF THE LIKENESS FROM THE TIME OF THE APOSTLES TO THE PRESENT DAY.

BY SIR WYKE BAYLISS, P.R.B.A., F.S.A.



GLASS RELICS FROM THE CATACOMBS, IN THE MUSEUM OF THE VATICAN. (See pp. 177 and 178.)

WHEN I entered my studio this morning I found a flower on my writing-table. It was a rose. I admired its beauty and then wondered. For it is December—and the time of roses is long past. If I look into the garden all is colourless and sad—the lawn is covered with frost, the landscape is a pale etching in black and white. What is this lovely creation that brings colour into the dull light of the decaying year? The children are busy in the house, decorating everything for Christmas. Is it a rose, then? or is it only one of those clever imitations in which the mind of a child takes delight.

Whatever the thing may be, it is certainly beautiful. It looks like a rose—but one's eyes may easily be deceived by the cunning of the artist. It smells like a rose—but its perfume may have been imparted by the skill of science. I may be told that it was cut from the tree to-day—but that would be testimony, not proof.

See, I will make sure for myself: I will examine the delicate texture of the petals; I will push aside the corolla, and come to the stamen; I will observe how these grow out of the sheltering calyx; I will reach the living sap, and there shall be no longer any doubt. If the thing has the life of the rose, it is the rose itself.

Now in the Paradise of Art we have many beautiful flowers, and amongst them one more lovely than the rest. Whether or not it be the White Rose of the Paradise of God, it is at least the rose of our garden. Is it real; or is it a sham? Is the face we recognise as the face of Christ the real likeness of a real man? or is it only the fanciful creation of an artist's dream?

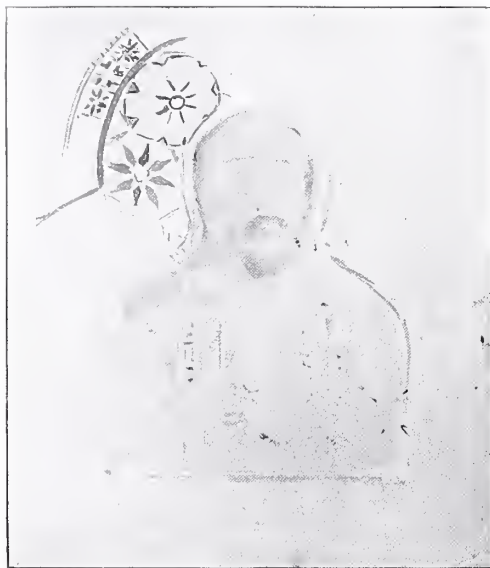
The doubts which have been expressed with regard to the authenticity of the commonly received likeness of Christ have not arisen through any defect in the chain of evidence by which it is supported. Apart from religious sentiment, every *a priori* consideration leads to the belief that it is a simple historical record—drawn by men who had seen Christ, for men who had seen Christ—in an age and amongst a people with whom the art of portraiture was a common practice—imperfect, it may be, from the point of view of the artists of to-day, yet fairly trustworthy, or it would not have been generally accepted at the time. Against this common-sense view of the question, however, is to be set an esoteric feeling that it cannot be true—that it is too good to be true. It is held that Christ, being God—the very God who forbids the making of an image of God—cannot have given to the world an image of Himself. This argument, however, is based on incomplete premises, and contains a three-fold error.

In the first place, it ignores the dual nature of Christ. These pictures of our Lord do not pretend to be representations of his Divinity, but only of his Humanity. No doubt the commandment stands: He who is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever, will not be worshipped through an image, even though it be an image of Himself. And yet, in taking our nature upon Him, the Master gave us the right to look upon His face. If we refuse to look upon His face we deny Him as the Son of Man.

Secondly, the argument takes no account of facts. As a fact, the direct teaching of the story of the



Cross was—at least for the first millenium of the Church's history—committed to Art rather than to Letters. Since the invention of printing the written word has taken the place of pictorial representation. But forty generations had lived and died and the World had become Christian, before the sacred text was in the hands of the people, and the people were educated to read it for themselves. In the preface



LIKENESS ATTRIBUTED TO ST. PETER.

(In the Basilica of S. Prassede. See p. 178.)

to the Revised Version it is stated that the earliest MS. of the Old Testament of which the age is certainly known, bears date A.D. 916; and that, of the New Testament, nearly all the more ancient of the documentary authorities have become known only within the last two centuries; some of the most important of them, indeed, within the last few years. So that, if the nearness of the record to the event counts for anything, the frescoes of the catacombs have an advantage over the Bible of nearly a thousand years.

In the third place, the argument is irrelevant to the issue. If it means anything it means the total prohibition of all pictorial representations of our Lord. But if *all* are forbidden it matters not whether they are true or false; the general interdiction would destroy true and false alike.

With this brief reply to the difficulties which have been raised by theologians, I should be content to leave Theology altogether, and pass to the consideration of the subject as it affects Art and artists alone. But since 1893—when, in the *Illustrated English Magazine*, I set forth the evidence which I think establishes the authenticity of the likeness—

the Very Reverend the Dean of Canterbury has contributed to the discussion a work of inestimable value. "The Life of Christ as Represented in Art" sums up for the first time all that can be said against the views I have expressed. Hitherto objections have taken the form of parenthetical allusions, scattered through the pages of many writers. At last a distinguished author has addressed himself to the subject, with the result that, to his own mind at least, the controversy is closed. Dr. Farrar says, "Whatever may be written to the contrary, it is absolutely certain that the World and the Church have lost for ever all vestige of trustworthy tradition concerning the aspect of Jesus on earth."

This is a bold statement; and of course, if it is



THE VERONICA LIKENESS. (See p. 178.)

(In the Church of S. Silvestro, Rome.)

true, there is nothing more to be said, except that it is as sad as it is strange. Happily it is only necessary to read a little further in Dr. Farrar's book to find that it is only a pessimistic view of the case, not based on any solid argument.

One notices, first, that, beginning with the assurance that the likeness is fictitious, Dr. Farrar follows it through the long centuries into every ramification of time and place, style and material—fresco, mosaic, sculpture, painting—with an affection and reverence and appreciation difficult to conceive in one who all the while believes it to be a fraud. One then perceives that the authorities he quotes against it are not historical or archaeological or artistic; they

are solely theological. Moreover, they do not touch the question of the verisimilitude; they deal only with the question whether *any* representation, true or false, should be permitted by the Church. And on that question, on which alone the Church—as distinct from the Studio—has a right to speak, Dr. Farrar does not himself accept the authorities he cites. On the contrary, he gathers together in his beautiful book nearly two hundred of the forbidden things, which he says invaded the Church at a very early date, and publishes them for the edification of the Church of the nineteenth century.

And what are these authorities which Dr. Farrar himself sets quietly aside? They are certain of the Fathers, of the second and third and fourth centuries. But it is obvious that if these objected, they were in a minority—that their objections were overruled by the Church—and that the Church itself became the guardian and keeper of the likeness. The first is Tertullian—"the fierce Tertullian," as Matthew Arnold calls him—who said: "*The sheep He saves, the goats He doth not save.*" Now, I am not concerned with the opinions of Tertullian as a divine; but I can see at once that they are in direct antagonism with the belief of the artists who, in their humble way, taught Christianity by means of Art in the catacombs. With them the favourite subject for illustration was Christ as the Good Shepherd. And I observe that it is not always the lamb—it is the kid of the goats—that is carried upon His shoulder. *The sheep can run by His side; it is the goat that must needs be saved.* Art is already in conflict with dogma. If Tertullian cannot bend it to his will, Tertullian will break it.

But then there is Origen. The Church had been taunted by an Epicurean philosopher on the ugliness of their God. The first pictures of Christ in the catacombs were indeed ugly—to Celsus—just as the teaching of St. Paul was foolishness to the Greek. But that is strong evidence that they were honest attempts by inefficient artists to represent one whom they had seen, and not ideal creations of their own imaginations. Celsus was right in describing them as ugly. The second-rate painter who can make a likeness, absolutely startling in the vividness of its physical resemblance, will often fail to show the beauty of soul that underlies and transfigures the face of a man who has passed through the fires of suffering or tribulation. If Celsus could have seen the face of Christ as painted by the masters of the Renaissance, he might have withheld that taunt.

The time had come, however, when the Church, in defining her dogmas, had to face the subtleties of the Philosophers. Origen undertook to answer

Celsus. He admits the ugliness of the outward form; but to those who have eyes to discern spiritual beauty, he thinks Christ will appear beautiful. The likeness of Christ, so far from being unknown either to His disciples or to His adversaries, had become a battle-ground even in the second century. The pagan Philosophers, to whom physical beauty was an attribute of deity, derided it. Some of the Fathers were for destroying it altogether—but that happily was impossible—it was treasured in too many hands. Irenæus inveighed against the Gnostics for claiming to possess a likeness made by order of



MOSAIC FROM THE CATACOMBS. (See p. 178.)

(Now in the Museum of the Vatican.)

Pilate, but that only demonstrates at what a very early date the claim was made. Eusebius gently reproves the Empress Constantia for asking him to send her one of these likenesses. He does not say that he has it not; nor does he question its existence. On the contrary, he speaks of it as a thing well known. But he dissuades her from desiring it. "Do you desire," he writes, "the true unchangeable likeness which bears His impress, or that which, for our sakes, He took up when He put around Him the fashion of the form of a slave? Such images are forbidden by the Second Commandment. They are not to be found in churches." These words could scarcely have been written by a man to whom the real likeness was unknown or inaccessible. He adds, moreover: "It would be a scandal if the heathen supposed that we took about with us the pictures of Him whom we adore." That



was at the time when the Church, emerging from the darkness of the catacombs, brought in her hand the treasured likeness of the Redeemer. Fifty years later Epiphanius was not so gentle. Seeing one of these pictures of Christ painted upon a curtain in a church, he tore it down with his own hands, and ordered the verger to use it as the shroud of a



A FRESCO IN THE CATACOMBS.

(From the Drawing by Mr. Heaphy, in the British Museum.)

pauper. Happy pauper, to be wrapped in the arms of Christ! Was ever warrior or ecclesiastic or king buried in such panoply as that? Epiphanius was counted one of the saintliest and most orthodox prelates of his age, and he tells us this story of himself, so we must believe it. It is hard, however, to reconcile the good Bishop's views with the ideas of the early painters in the catacombs. Something had happened. The simple likeness, drawn by the contemporaries of Christ and the Apostles, and cherished by their immediate friends and followers, conflicted with the subtle definitions which were being formulated by the growing Church. The Church was surrounded by idolatrous practices. Whichever way the controversy as to the personal beauty of Christ was settled, the Church could not suffer the likeness to be treated as that of one more added to the many Sons of the Gods in the Pantheon of Rome. Theology was stronger than Art, and Art perished in the conflict. But not before it had left records which are unchangeable and imperishable.

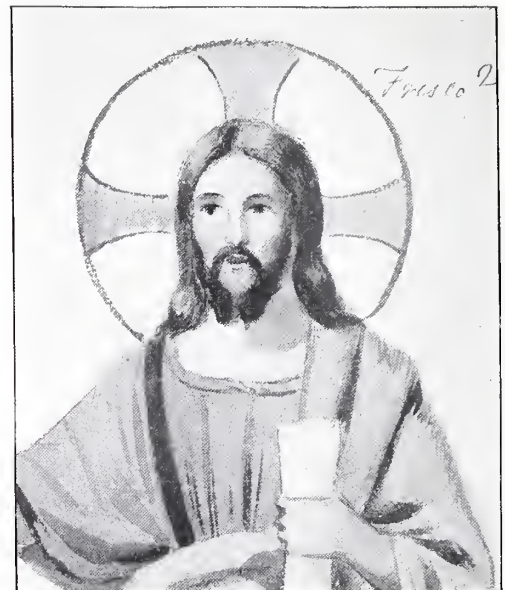
Such is the array of the opinions of the Fathers as to the unlawfulness of preserving the likeness of Christ. The thing may have been unlawful, but it was done. To say that it was not done because after it was done it was condemned, is illogical. To say that it was not done because it was forbidden, is to attribute to the artist a spirit of docility to which he has no claim. Such an argument is about as cogent as would be the contention a hundred years

hence that paintings of the nude were not admitted to exhibitions of the Royal Academy in the nineteenth century because a distinguished Academician inveighed against them at a Church Congress! No artist would believe it, especially if he found some of the condemned pictures in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House.

Now, the catacombs are in effect the Diploma Gallery of the early Christian painters, where we may see what they were doing eighteen hundred years ago, and discover what were their ideas upon the subject which was the light of their life and the crowning glory of their Art.

And the very first thing we note is that these artists, living in the time of Christ and His Apostles, were before all things painters of portraits.

In the Text-Book on Classic and Italian



A FRESCO IN THE CATACOMBS.

(From the Drawing by Mr. Heaphy, in the British Museum.)

Painting, by Sir Edward Poynter and Mr. Percy Head, we read that "From the time of Augustus to the time of Diocletian was the period during which true Roman Art, such as it was, chiefly flourished. Portrait-painting engrossed the energies of the most capable artists. Portraits were indeed produced in great abundance; pictures or statues of eminent men were multiplied in public places and private collections: and portrait-painters in this epoch are mentioned for the first time as a distinct class of artists."

The scene is Rome. The persons concerned are the early converts to Christianity. The time is when Paul, abiding in his own house for two

years, is teaching the things concerning the Lord Jesus Christ with all boldness, none forbidding him. He writes affectionately to Timothy, sending salutations from Ebulus, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia, and all the brethren. It is inconceivable that none of these should have had any authentic knowledge of the likeness of Christ. It is still more inconceivable that they should have sanctioned the perpetuation of any representation of Him, knowing it to be untrue. The practice of portraiture was common amongst them. Christ had himself pointed to the likeness of Cæsar and based an argument upon it. Why should they have the likeness of Cæsar, and not that of the Master? The writings of the Apostles are absolutely silent upon the subject. Minute as are the instructions of Peter and Paul and James and John, in their Epistles, as to the management of the churches, there is not a word to be found in any one of them forbidding to the followers of Christ this natural desire to look upon His face.

What, then, were these pictures in the catacombs? We see in our municipal galleries portraits of mayors and councillors who have served their city well. But the citizens would not accept these portraits if they were imaginary sketches made in London by artists who had never seen the men they desired to honour. We see sometimes round the neck of a woman a miniature of husband or father or mother or child. But it would not hang there unless it bore resemblance to the dear original. And it is so with these portraits of Christ. They were sketches passed from hand to hand by the early Christians to remind each other of their Lord, or sent, as a newspaper is sent, to distant places to spread the light. They were pictures painted on the walls of the first places of assembly, to show to new disciples what the Master was like. They were ornaments worn round the neck, which recalled to their owners the face of their Friend and Redeemer. When the Apostles preached in the catacombs it must have been with these pictures looking down upon them. One seems to hear their very words. It is St. Paul who, with great boldness of speech, says, "We are not as Moses, who put a veil upon his face, which veil is done away with Christ;" and again, "We have the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." It is St. John who says: "That which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, which our hands have handled, that declare we unto you—the Word of Life. No man hath seen God at any time; but the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us, and we beheld His glory, full of grace and truth." I do not say that these words were spoken before these

pictures, but men who both speak and write find very often that the same words fall from their lips as from their pen. I do not say that St. John pointed to these pictures as he spoke. They were but poor works of art, and the beloved disciple may have been a connoisseur in painting. They would have been sufficient for his purpose, however, if his desire was to show that, without derogating from the majesty of the Divine Being or materialising



MOSAIC IN THE CHURCH OF SS. COSMA E DAMIANO.

(From the Drawing by Mr. Heaphy, in the British Museum.)

the spirituality of our conception of the Father, we might yet approach Him as little children without fear through the humanity of the Redeemer.

The three medallions on the first page are demonstrably of the time of the Apostles. They are of glass, engraved with lines filled in with gold. I have examined them very carefully in the Museum of the Vatican, where, through the courtesy of the late Cardinal Manning, I received great and special facilities for pursuing this study. Observe, in the first of them, the individuality of the heads. They are obviously portraits. But when were they done? Obviously again, while the men were living. They



are not traditional imaginings of four Saints. Three, indeed, are now called Saints, but these must have been drawn before they were so called, while Damas (who was Damas?) was one of them, and they were not differentiated by an aureole. No doubt John and Peter and Paul had preached or prayed in these dark chambers, and Damas may have taken the chair. This medallion is perhaps the record of their visit, and Damas stands with the other three, not knowing that while his name will be forgotten theirs will live for ever. But now turn to the second and third of these medallions, and you will see a strange thing. Again the figures are portraits—St. Peter and St. Paul, Timothy and Justus. The four are treated alike. Over their heads are no aureoles; but One is crowning them with the Crown of Life—or of martyrdom, it may be, for Paul was beheaded, Peter was crucified, and Timothy was stoned to death. The point is that these likenesses were executed before the three were differentiated from the fourth as Saints, when the aureole was for Christ alone. See, then, what follows! At that early date the One who awards the Crown of Life, or gives the martyr's palm, bears the likeness we know to-day. And the artist, who thinks it necessary to write the names of Paul and Peter and Timothy and Justus over their portraits, does not think it necessary to write the name of Christ. Why? Because His face is so well known that no Christian amongst them can mistake it.

But how small are these tiny engravings! Surely they are a slender foundation upon which to build so mighty a structure as that of the likeness of Christ through nineteen centuries. Now, it is in this smallness, this slightness, that the force of this part of the argument lies. It is not supposed that the masters of the Renaissance—to say nothing of the mosaic workers of the middle ages—rested on an outline so slight, an idea so falteringly expressed. They did not take the likeness from these tiny heads; it was these that indicated to them which was the true likeness. It was these that identified the larger pictures—painted on the walls, or wrought in mosaic, or faintly sketched on cloth—as real portraiture and not exercises of the imagination. Imaginary likenesses are quite out of place while the original, or those who knew him well, are living. These minute outlines were made, not to show to strangers what Christ was like, but to be recognised by those who knew what Christ was like. That is a very different thing. The men who accepted these portraits of their friends—Peter and John, and Damas and Paul—would not have accepted a mock likeness for the face of the Giver of the Crowns. It is not the crowning simply—

the crowning by anybody—that they asked of the artist; it is the crowning by Christ.

The next three illustrations may be passed with little comment; for they are legendary, and the evidence of the authenticity of the likeness is complete without reference to them. They are from fac-similes, now in the British Museum, made



MOSAIC FROM THE BAPTISTERY OF CONSTANTINE.

(From the Drawing by Mr. Heaphy, in the British Museum.)

by the late Mr. Heaphy, and they find a place here because of their very early date. The first is the likeness attributed to St. Peter—to enshrine which St. Helena built the basilica of S. Prassede. The second is the most remarkable of the Veronica likenesses, or cloth pictures, in the church of S. Silvestro, Rome. The third is a mosaic from the catacombs, said to have been the work of a pagan artist, and to have borne an inscription to the effect that the likeness was not satisfactory, having too much the appearance of a Greek philosopher.

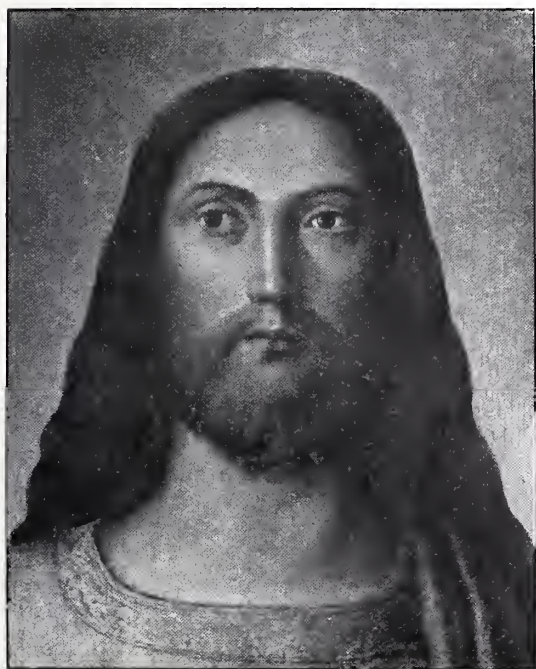
I say these likenesses are legendary because, beyond a certain point, the history attached to them cannot be verified. There is nothing, however, incredible or unworthy of belief in the story of their origin. The Veronica picture I believe to be a face-cloth taken from the grave of one of the martyrs, upon which had been originally drawn a likeness of our Lord. The contact of the dead face with the linen would result in a stain or imprint superimposed on the original outline, that might well suggest the fanciful legend of the Veronica handkerchief. The

interest attaching to the likeness attributed to St. Peter is of a different character. It is said to have been drawn by the Apostle for S. Prassede when he was sheltered in the house of her father, Pudens, a Roman senator. It is but a faint penumbra of a sketch, but before the close of the third century it was of venerable antiquity, and it demonstrates that the likeness was not singular to the catacombs, but

unmistakable marks of portraiture—not portraiture of the highest class, but of such a kind as a Roman artist could accomplish who felt his way, and had a model before him. By a model I do not mean Christ Himself. This portrait was painted in Rome, where Christ had never been, and where His followers were hunted down like dogs; but it was done by a Roman, for Romans who expected a portrait to be a likeness.

The other is a more finished work, and of later date. It is probably of the second century, and forms a connecting link between the earliest relics and the later frescoes of the third century—when the knowledge of the likeness of Christ had become the common possession of all the artists of Rome and Byzantium.

These are a few only of many records still existing of the face of Christ as represented by the contemporaries and immediate followers of the Apostles. But the argument does not rest upon numbers—if one petal can be found of the true substance it proves the existence of the flower. And yet men are so slow of heart to believe things concerning Him, that they tear the corolla to pieces—not knowing. Their hands are wet with the living sap—and they think it is only from dew that fell an hour ago. They pass through the catacombs and observe pictures on the walls, by Roman artists, in the Roman style, of a Roman youth, a Fair Shepherd, an Orpheus—and they say “These are imaginary likenesses of Christ—but Christ was of the Jewish race—and these are Romans—these are not like Christ—we have no likeness of Christ—we have no likeness but that of Caesar.”



FROM A PAINTING BY BELLINI.

(In the Gallery at Berlin. From a Photograph by Franz Hanfstängl.)

existed and was treasured in the houses of the early Christians of Rome.

But, passing from these likenesses which have traditions attached to them, let us look at one or two of the faded frescoes of the catacombs. They were painted over the graves of the martyrs, so that the face of the Redeemer might at least overshadow the place where they lay, until once more they should see Him as they had seen Him before they fell asleep.

That these men had a clear perception of the likeness of Him whom they should see when they awaked, is evident by the words of St. Paul. He appeals, in proof of the Resurrection of Christ, to more than five hundred witnesses, and he adds that the greater part of them remain unto this day. It is obvious that their witness would have been vain if they had not known the face to which they testified.

Two of these frescoes will be found on page 176. The first is an attempt, for some reason unknown to us now, never completed. It has the

But consider. It is true that in the catacombs are found many representations of Christ that do not bear this likeness in any marked degree, and many more that do not bear it at all. There is the likeness as we know it, of which I have been speaking throughout, and there is the representation of Christ as a Roman youth, showing no attempt at portraiture. Under one or other of these two types all the pictures in the catacombs may be classified. There is no third type. The beardless lad, with crisp, curling locks; or the solemn face we know, with drooping eyebrows, long masses of waving hair, and parted beard. If we have the likeness of Christ it must be one of these.

How, then, came the conventional type into the catacombs? That is one of the most interesting episodes in the history of the likeness. To the early Christians it was not always safe to declare their faith by openly bearing upon their persons the portrait of their Master; nor, indeed, would it have



been prudent for the artists they employed to have identified themselves with the new sect by painting or engraving the likeness of the Galilean. The natural alternative was symbol. That which they could not venture to paint under the direct likeness they painted in a form familiar to the Romans—

succeeded to the throne, embraced Christianity, and adopted the Cross as the Imperial ensign. The Christians were free. The Emperor built many churches, and undertook a journey to Jerusalem to discover the Holy Sepulchre. He erected a magnificent basilica at Bethlehem. At this time the Church



FROM THE PAINTING BY FRA ANGELICO.  
(In the Gallery at Munich. From a Photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.)



"REX REGVM," BY VAN EYCK.  
(In the Berlin Gallery. From a Photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.)

artists and people alike. "Paint me now"—they would say—"Paint me now the leopards and the lions we saw yesterday in the arena—and in the midst of them one playing upon a harp." And thus Christ subduing the hearts of men, was typified in the form of Orpheus attracting the wild beasts with his lyre. Christ, whose word runneth very swiftly, is figured by David with a stone in his sling. Christ, as the good shepherd, is represented by a youth carrying a lamb across a stream. These were symbols—safe yet intelligible. But the *essential condition of them was that they should not bear the likeness.* And so a type was adopted—a simple Roman type which Roman artists, taught in the great pagan schools, understood and followed. But side by side with it existed always the other type—the true type—the face at which Celsus scoffed as being too ugly for that of a god—which fewer hands could reproduce—but which the disciples loved, and in which artists to day, as well as in the days of Constantine or the days of Raphael, recognise the characteristics of true portraiture.

I now pass to the consideration of the mosaics of the basilicas. In the year A.D. 306 Constantine

was torn by the controversy between Arius and Athanasius. One triumphed for a time, and then the other. Like the figures in a Dutch clock, one was always in banishment. But the final victory rested with Athanasius. In A.D. 325 the Nicene Creed was adopted and the Arians were condemned. It was during this period that the likeness as seen in the basilicas was finally accepted by the Universal Church as the likeness of Christ. But it did not originate then. As we have seen, it came from the catacombs. It existed in frescoes by Roman artists; in enamels and small mosaics imported from Byzantium; in relics of glass engraved with portraits of the Apostles; in pictures on linen which had been used as face-cloths for the dead; in a faint outline, drawn not by an artist at all, but evidently an attempt to delineate the features by one who was not an expert. These were the materials out of which the beautiful mosaics of the basilicas were designed—just as, in the Renaissance, they and the mosaics of the basilicas together were the materials out of which Raphael and his contemporaries designed their wonderful creations. The likeness had never changed, and now it became stereotyped. For the difference between mosaic-work and painting is that the one is mechanical, the other is the action of

a free hand. There is no brush-work in the mosaic, no touch of a master's hand, no infirmity of a false eye or doubtful vision. The design being complete, the tesserae can be counted as a child counts the stitches in a sampler: and though there may be good or bad workmanship, there is little room for the difference between good and bad Art so far as the worker is concerned. And the workers of these mosaics were copyists; they learned the design by rote, and executed the likeness as they had learned it. Only there could be no advance, no reaching out towards the infinite, no attempt to express passion. It is to this limitation that we are indebted for the preservation of the likeness during the ten dark and silent centuries when Art scarcely so much as existed. On pages 177-178 will be found two of these mosaics. The first is the magnificent figure in SS. Cosma e Damiano: the second is from the Baptistery of Constantine.

These beautiful examples suffice to illustrate the mosaics of the basilicas. Serene, solemn, dignified, they possess some of the finest characteristics of Art. They are a priceless inheritance. But they do not give us all that we ask from Art, or that Art can give, in the likeness of Christ.

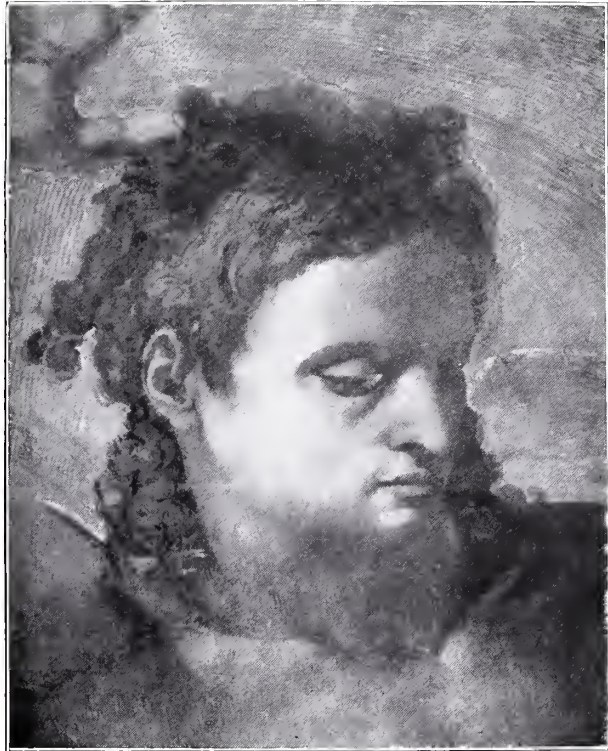
"Full of grace and truth," St. John says. His words are—*πλήρης χάριτος καὶ ἀληθείας*. Now "grace" (*χάριτος*) means "kindness," and "truth" (*ἀληθείας*) means "honesty." A kind and honest face—that is what St. John saw with his eyes. But St. John was speaking of the face of the living Christ, of which these early drawings give, as I have said, but a poor resemblance. To express adequately the exalted character and higher emotions of the spiritual life is the noblest achievement of Art. It needs the vision of a great painter, and the language of a great poet, to define the Art of portraiture at its highest. Lord Tennyson once asked Mr. G. F. Watts to describe his ideal of what a true portrait painter should be—and Mr. Watts' reply is enshrined in the "Idylls of the King"—

"As when a painter, poring on a face  
Divinely, through all hindrance, finds the man  
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,  
The shape and colour of a mind and life,  
Lives for his children, ever at its best."

In this sense we have no likeness of Christ. Such an achievement would have been far beyond the reach of Roman portrait painters in the time of our Lord. To delineate the features—the fine broad forehead, the arched eyebrows, the straight nose, the kind and yet serious mouth, the falling of the hair upon the shoulders (for He was a Nazarene), the parting of the beard—all this was well within their power. Beyond all this lay the soul, which

to their Art was an unknown quantity—just as the Divinity is still an unknown quantity even to the greatest of the painters of to-day.

Thus, if we look for expression in these pictures of the face of Christ, we shall look for it in vain in the earlier records of Christian Art. It came with the Renaissance. "Full of grace and truth," says St. John—and the frescoes of the catacombs say the same thing. The solemn eyes never change; the lip never quivers with emotion, is never compressed



FROM "THE LAST JUDGMENT," BY MICHAEL ANGELO.  
(In the Sistine Chapel, Rome.)

with anger or rebuke. And during the long centuries—from the time when the Church came forth from its hiding-place in the catacombs to the days of the early painters of the Renaissance—the great mosaics of the basilicas have repeated the same story. In S. Paolo fuori le Mura, in SS. Cosma e Damiano, in the Baptistery of Constantine, in S. Prassede, in S. Pudenziana, it is always the same Christ, with the same grave and serene countenance, full of grace and truth.

Then came the great change. The likeness remained, but to the likeness was added expression. The change is not very noticeable in the works of the Pre-Raphaelites. Bellini, the immediate forerunner of Titian, painted the figure of our Lord as the Great Teacher, His right hand pointing to



heaven. He holds a book in His left. But Bellini's picture is little more than a transcript of the mosaic in SS. Costanza e Damiano, where our Lord stands in the same attitude, but holds in His left hand a scroll instead of a book. The faces are wonderfully alike,



FROM "THE TRIBUTE MONEY," BY TITIAN.

(In the Dresden Gallery. From a Photograph by F. Hanfstängl.)

and there was no occasion for the expression of passion or emotion in the action of the benign Lawgiver. A generation before this Van Eyck had painted his "Rex Regum." This picture marks the transition from the simple portraiture with which the Church had hitherto been content, to the imaginative renderings which were to follow. The frescoes and glass pictures of the catacombs had served their purpose in securing the likeness. The mosaics of the basilicas had preserved it through the dark ages. And now the dawn of the Renaissance of Art was breaking. The sun was indeed high in the heavens when Van Eyck invented oil painting, and painted his "Rex Regum." The sacred tradition, however, suffices. The King of Kings is grave, but not wrathful. Van Eyck, like Bellini, is content to follow the mosaics of the basilicas.

And so, when Venice and Flanders begin to speak the language of Art, they tell the same story. But they do not speak alone. It is being told also

at Florence. Fra Angelico da Fiesole, however, has a different problem to meet. He paints the Crucifixion. Surely there will be a difference between the face of Christ upon the Cross and that of the Divine Teacher, or the King of Glory! And so Angelico turns to the Veronica or cloth pictures, in which, though they show the same likeness, he finds a darkness and mystery more consonant to his subject. From this time the painter is no more content to paint the likeness of Christ apart from expression. The whole story of His life must be told, not in the passionless simplicity with which it had been told in the catacombs by men of limited imagination, but with the fervour of the great revival of Art, and with the knowledge that makes the human face an open book to the artist.

Of [the great painters of the Renaissance there are five men to whom we must look as representatives of Italian Art at its highest. They are, naming them in the order of their birth—Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, and Correggio. From this quintet have come the finest interpretations of the face of Christ the world has ever seen. Let us consider them for a moment.

I will take first the head of our Lord by Leonardo da Vinci. It is the work of a Florentine, a man highly educated, and erring—if he errs—in the direction of over-refinement. All his associations in Art were with the old school; and his Art is, in effect, a transition between the simplicity of the earlier men and the masterful daring of his later companions. His greatest work, perhaps, is the picture of "The Last Supper." It is a fresco in the refectory of the Church of the Dominicans at Milan, and was painted about 1494. But the head of our Lord in that painting is not available for the purpose of showing Da Vinci's conception of the face of Christ. He studiously avoided finishing it; and, although he lived five-and-twenty years after the picture was painted, he left it still only a shadow. The head I have chosen is from the Lichtenstein Gallery in Vienna. It has both the strength and the weakness of this great painter. The tenderness—the learned technicality—become almost affectations, and distress us, as we are distressed by the works of the Decadents. We feel that Da Vinci had not yet seen the direct vision—just as we feel that Guido Reni had lost it, and that Carlo Dolci had never even been conscious of its existence.

But when we turn to Michael Angelo it is a very different matter. Michael Angelo holds us as

in the grasp of a giant. If we are distressed it is only for a moment, and it is with fear rather than with doubt; a fear, however, that never degenerates into weakness, but is rather transmuted into love. The head which I have chosen in this case is undoubtedly from the painter's noblest work—the great fresco that covers the wall of the Sistine Chapel.

In approaching such a subject as this picture of the "Dies Irae" one must move with careful steps. Almost every writer seems to come with some pre-conception, that gives a false bias to his judgment. One critic describes Michael Angelo's Christ as "a thundering athlete—a nude, wrathful giant, without one touch of pity or mercy in Him," and contrasts it with the "Fair Shepherd" of the catacombs, the sweet, solemn mosaics of the basilicas, and the lovely sculptures of our Gothic churches. He condemns it as partly the cause and partly the effect of the cruel, dark views of Christianity prevailing in the sixteenth century. What a chasm, he says, separates the Christ of the Sistine Chapel from the Fair Shepherd of the catacombs! Yes; but what a chasm separates also heaven and hell!

It is the common failing of amateur criticism to look for qualities in a work of Art that are incompatible with the artist's primary intention. Thus, one complains that the eyes are stern—forgetting that they are the eyes of Christ when He was rebuking the Pharisees. Another objects that they are too tender—forgetting that they are the eyes of Christ comforting the women who wept as He fell beneath the cross. When Angelo represents the infant Saviour, caressed by Joseph and Mary, he represents Him as a child. When he shows us Christ as Creator, he gives Him divine strength and knowledge and benignity. When the dead Christ lies once more on His mother's knee, he shows the pity of it. When Christ rises to judge the world, Michael Angelo represents Him as the Avenger. Did the beloved disciple darken the imagination of Christendom? and yet he writes: "Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. Even so, Amen." That is what Michael Angelo has painted.

But whether Dr. Farrar's criticism of Michael Angelo's great picture is just or not, his description of it is magnificent. "This nude, wrathful giant," he says, "looks down upon the damned, whom he is hurling into darkness as a crushed, agonised, demon-tortured rainstorm of ruined humanity, with inexorable rejection. His muscular right arm is uplifted as though at once to drive away and smite. He is just rising from his seat, and in the

next moment will stand terrifically upright. The Virgin shrinks terrified under the protection of His arm."

Is there a cryptogram underlying all great Art, that different men read such different meanings in the same line, the same brush-mark, the same presentment of vision? To me it seems that the Mother, so far from shrinking from Him in terror, turns to find shelter in His wounded side. She remains a woman still, but He is a God. The picture which the Dean places in comparison with this is the "Dies Domini" of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. But I believe that both pictures are right. The attitude is singularly the same in each. The right arm is uplifted. In the "Dies Irae" it is uplifted to strike. "*Thou shalt break them in pieces like a potter's vessel.*" In the "Dies Domini" it is raised to show the pierced side. "*Come unto Me.*" But it is the same Christ. Surely, as our Lord moved amongst men, the features remained the same. Surely also, under different circumstances, the expression of his countenance changed. That is what



FROM "THE TRANSFIGURATION," BY RAPHAEL.  
(In St. Peter's, Rome. From a Photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.)

Art says in the works of the great painters of the Renaissance. Does the Church teach differently? Does the Church say there is no wrath, no terror, in the "Dies Irae"?



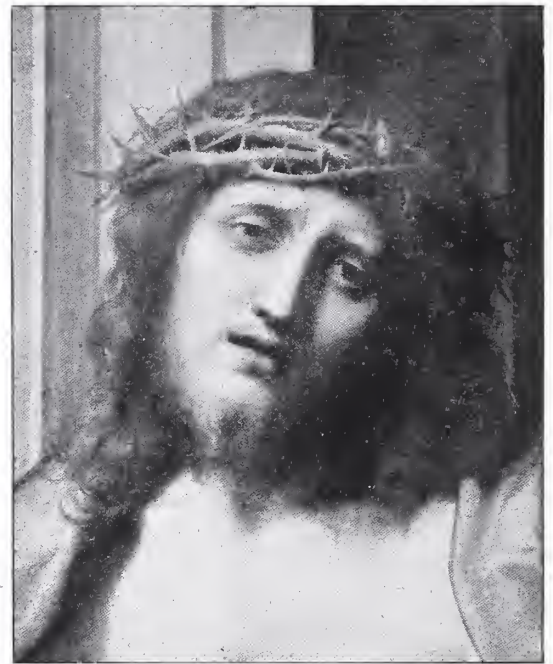
But there is peril to the critic who attempts to interpret the work of a great painter through his character, or to interpret his character through his works. Art is a force that bends men to its purpose

From Michael Angelo we turn to Titian. Unhappily, the relations between Angelo and Lionardo Da Vinci were strained. Michael Angelo drove Da Vinci from Florence; but Titian was his friend.



FROM A PAINTING BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

(In the Lichtenstein Gallery, Vienna. From a Photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.)



FROM "ECCE HOMO." BY CORREGGIO.

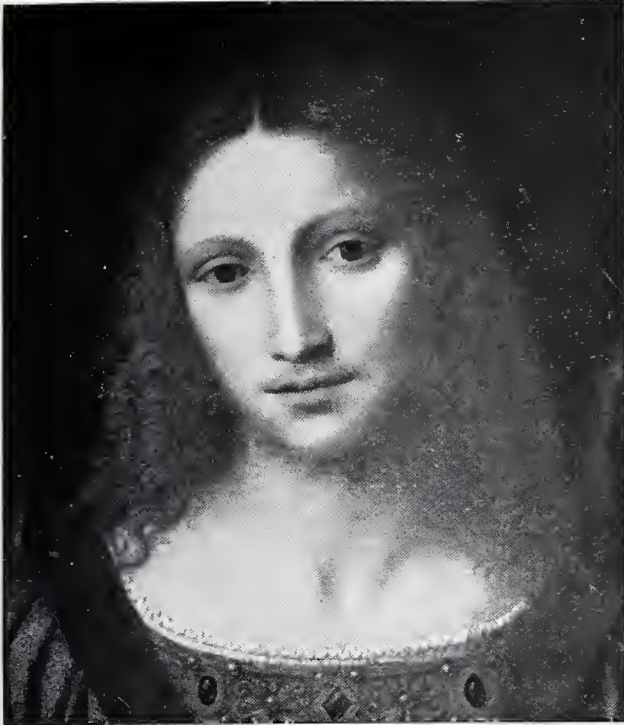
(In the National Gallery, London.)

despite their character. At the very time when Michael Angelo was painting this picture of the terrors of the Last Judgment, he wrote to Vittoria Colonna, the woman he loved: "I am going in search of truth with uncertain step. My heart, always wavering between vice and virtue, suffers and faints, like a weary traveller wandering in the dark." There is no fierceness in this. Nor, indeed, when the great painter turns from the mood of self-introspection to the controversies of the studios, does he appear to be the "terrible fellow" the critics love to paint him. He contends for the supremacy of Italian Art. But that is natural in a painter born in Arezzo, educated in Florence, living and working in Rome. Flemish Art, he thinks, is more devout than that of Italy. "Italian painting," he says, "will never bring a tear to the eye, while Flemish will make many a tear to flow. Flemish Art will always seem beautiful to women and priests and nuns, and even to noble spirits if they are deaf to true harmony. But it is only works executed in Italy that are really true Art." And he adds that "Good painting is in itself religious and noble. It is a reaching after His perfection, the shading of His pencil, and unites us to God."

They were nearly of the same age, and met each other in Venice and Florence and Rome, each the accredited master of a great school. Titian is a man strongly built, full of life and movement; the proportions of his face are perfect, the forehead high, the brow bold and projecting, the features finely chiselled. There is a marked likeness between Titian and Angelo, even to the lines of their beards, worn a little short and pointed, and the fineness of their hands. But how different are their temperaments! How different their Art! Angelo is "of imagination all compact." Titian is altogether controlled by the sense of beauty—and of beauty especially the beauty of colour. And now these two men, both masters of their craft, but each from a different point of view, approach the subject of the likeness of Christ. The head I have chosen to represent Titian is from the famous picture at Dresden of "The Tribute Money." Christ is standing between the two disputants, who think to disarm him with a little flattery. "Master, we know that Thou art true, and teachest the way of God, neither carest for any man. Tell us, therefore: Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar?" One is showing Him the coin, not yet realising the significance of

the question, "Whose is this image and superscription?" There is no great manifestation of passion or emotion in this. It is the strong presentment of a living man: it is the splendour of colour; it is the

has yet been painted, even as I am by so many years the nearer to seeing Him myself." Titian was an old man then, bent with the age of ninety-nine years, and the "pietà" was never finished.



FROM "CHRIST DISPUTING WITH THE DOCTORS," BY RAFAEL.  
(In the National Gallery, London.)

mastery of technique; in a word, it is the work of Titian. But it is also the face of Christ—not agonising in the garden, not dying upon the Cross, not transfigured with blissful emotion; but calm and thoughtful, the Jewish type well observed, the likeness vividly realised. It cannot be described better than in the words of St. John—an honest and kind face.

Titian, however, is by no means limited to the expression of beauty without passion. His range is through all the regions of intellectual, sensual, or emotional Art. How this subject of the likeness of Christ held his imagination may be seen in the few pathetic words with which his life closed. "Dear to me," he says—"dear to me are the mountains of Cadore and the rushing waters of the Piave, and the murmur of the wind in the pine-trees, where my home lies far away. But not there! In the city where I have laboured, in the church where I achieved my first triumph—bury me there! Promise to bury me there, and I will yet live to paint for you another 'Christ,' a 'Christ of Pity,' that shall be more near to what He is than any that

And then, from a little town in the East, between the Apennines and the Adriatic, comes Raphael d'Urbino. Raphael was, as so many great painters have been, himself the son of a painter. Nothing that Art could yield in the way of teaching was withheld from him. Not only was he trained from his earliest years by his father, but he was a pupil of Perugino. Michael Angelo and Da Vinci and Masaccio were his inspiration in Florence and Rome. He had learned all that could be taught of perspective, of the technique of Art, of the science of Art. Artists were employed for him to make sketches in Southern Italy and Greece. And now he too must paint this face of Christ. Again we are able to turn to the greatest work of a great master. The picture of the Transfiguration is his masterpiece. The figure of Our Lord is sublime. And the face! It expresses the rapture of actual communion with God. The hair is lifted by a breath that comes from Paradise. The eyes, large and full, look up without fear, without regret. There is no cloud between Him and the Father; there is no exultation; there is no pain. Raphael has realised the words of St. John more nearly than they have ever been realised before.

Raphael and Da Vinci died in the year 1520—the one a veteran of seventy-five, the other scarcely having reached the full strength of manhood. And now we come to the youngster of the group, Correggio. Titian and Michael Angelo were still living, both of them men of between thirty and forty, when Correggio was a lad of nineteen. There is nothing more interesting in Art than to observe the relation between the elder and younger men. Naturally the young learn from the old, but the old learn also from the young if they are true artists. Correggio has left his mark upon Art, which can never be effaced; but he was not a follower of any School. He never studied the antique, yet he is the apostle of the grace of form. He never troubled to visit Rome, yet Giulio Romano, a Roman born and bred—the favourite disciple of Raphael—declared that the paintings of Correggio were the finest he had ever seen. There are no smart touches in his handling; his technique is tender and sweet. Women and children, and angels, nymphs, and goddesses, are his theme; but the face that every Christian painter is painting draws him by its fascination, and he too must paint Christ. He paints "The Agony in the Garden" and the "Ecce Homo,"



and of these I have taken the latter from our own National Gallery. As Da Vinci shows us the Comforter, as Angelo shows us the Avenger, as Raphael shows us the Son communing with the Father, as Titian shows us the Man Christ Jesus reasoning



FROM "THE CRUCIFIXION," BY VELASQUEZ.

(In the Prado Museum, Madrid.)

with His opponents, so Correggio shows us the Christ "made flesh" and suffering.

There were, of course, many other great painters of the Renaissance who not only exalted Art, but poured out the passion of their lives upon this subject. Ghirlandaio, the master of Michael Angelo, the favourite of Florence and Rome and Pisa and Lucca and Siena—a little dry, perhaps, and stiff in manner, but fertile in invention. Botticelli, the master of Lippo Lippi the younger, as he was the disciple of Lippo Lippi the elder. Fra Lippo, the scapegrace of convent life, who, again, was the disciple of Masaccio. Then there was Andrea del Sarto—the special rival of Raphael—with capacity for the highest achievements, but weighted down with the chains of a dissolute life. There were Cimabue, Giotto, Orcagna, Cima, Mantegna, Verrocchio, Perugino, Tintoretto, Veronese, Giulio Romano. The works of these men, masters and pupils, cover the whole period of the transition from twilight to dawn, from dawn to midday, of Italian Art. And there were besides these, Memling of Flanders, Morales of Spain, Dürer and Holbein of Germany. Amongst the Italians, Luini has left a record more lovely than the rest, in the painting, now in the National Gallery, of the youthful Christ discoursing with the doctors. The face is full of animation and sweet

reasonableness. The likeness is finely preserved, even though there is no beard, for it is the face of a youth. It is the lad with kind and true eyes, with whom St. John had played when they were children together—one of the most beautiful visions left to us by the painters of the Renaissance.

These men all painted Christ, whether they knew Him or not, whether they followed Him or not. Their paintings are the corolla of my flower, as the mosaics of the basilicas and the relics of the catacombs are the stamen and the calyx. But the petals withered in the Decadence, and though they retain something of the colour and perfume of the rose, they are scattered leaves rather than the rose itself. In the three heads which I have selected to represent the likeness of Christ as rendered by the painters of this period there is still much to remind one of the great magicians. Guido Reni amongst the Italians, Velasquez of Spain, and Vandyck of the Low Countries are not unworthy of the traditions they inherited. The "Ecce Homo" of Guido is from the famous picture in Dresden—one of many painted by the artist, in his dextrous and accomplished manner. It is, perhaps, more human and less divine—if we know what it is to be divine—than the conceptions of the earlier schools. The "Crucifixion," by Velasquez, is the



FROM "ECCE HOMO" BY GUIDO RENI

(In the Gallery at Dresden. From a Photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.)

expression of the agony of death, by the most realistic of painters. How many times had Velasquez seen such suffering as that in the living—the dying—faces of the martyrs in the city of Madrid, where the picture now hangs? The magnificent

head by Vandyck is from his painting in Buckingham Palace, of Christ healing the sick. There is little sentiment in it, but there is fine painting—and its frank realism almost disarms the critic. But when the petals have fallen from a rose they never grow again.

Of the likeness of Christ in Modern Art the story is quickly told. It does not change—any more than it has changed during the darkness of the catacombs, or the twilight of the middle ages, or the blaze of meridian splendour that made Art the glory of the world during the Renaissance. Creeds have differed; Churches have separated; Nations have struggled for the mastery in religion, and for their particular interpretation of the teaching of Christ; but they have all alike accepted Him as represented in Art. If Art was the battle-ground of the early Church, it is now the only common ground on which there is no strife. There is no difference between the likeness as adopted in Italy, or Spain, or Germany, or France, or England; there is no difference between the Latin, the Greek, and the English communions; there is no difference between Catholic and Protestant; there is no difference between the Old World and the New. As the petals of the flower are one and live by the same sap, so the likeness is one and is inspired by the same original.

This fidelity to a type does not by any means detract, however, from the originality of conception with which the modern painter can deal with his theme. To have a theme is not a restraint to genius but an incentive. It is only the false that cannot conform to facts. The portrait painter never claims to have invented his subject. The problem he has to solve is to put before us, not something new and strange, but something we shall recognise. Thus, in taking for his theme the historic likeness of Christ, the painter has inherited all the splendour of the past and all the promise of the future. He holds in his hand treasures the use of which can be limited only by his capacity to reflect the divine mind.

How are these treasures being used to-day? The three examples by Holman Hunt, Bonnat, and Von Uhde are from England, France, and Germany. They serve to show the retention of the likeness. But that is an incident only in the movement that is taking place in Modern Art with regard to the representation of Christ. It is a necessary incident, however—for, without the retention of the likeness, the special meaning of the new school would be unintelligible. I refer, of course, to the painting of the figure of Christ in the midst of scenes and accessories of the present moment.

For instance, in Von Uhde's beautiful painting of "The Journey to Emmaus," we see a lane outside a Dutch village; the light lies low on the horizon, the trees are dark against the sky, for it is evening; two men are trudging homewards along the lane, when they are joined by a third—Christ. It is the old story freshly told, and seems to make Palestine lie very close to our doors.

After all, however, the new movement is not so very new. It is just what Rembrandt did when he painted Christ amidst Dutch Boers. It is what the Church required when it asked for altar-pieces



FROM "CHRIST HEALING THE SICK," BY VANDYCK.

(In the Buckingham Palace Collection. From a Photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.)

in which Christ and His Mother should appear, surrounded by ecclesiastics. Or is Christ only for ecclesiastics and not for laymen?

Before I lay down my pen I would refer to a fine passage by one who differs altogether from my views on this subject. Dr. Farrar says that "Art cannot deceive. It is an unerring self-revelation of the character both of nations and of individuals. The Art of every age and country infallibly reflects the tone, the temper, the religious attitude of which it is the expression." If this be true—and I, of course, cannot but accept it, for it is the whole thesis of my book, "The Witness of Art"—if this be true, then everything that I have said here is vindicated. The



relics of the catacombs infallibly reflect the tone, the temper, the religious attitude of the early Christians, from the days of the Apostles. They made the dark chambers beautiful as with the visible presence of the Master. His face overshadowed the graves of his martyrs. His likeness hung round the necks of women who died in the faith. His acts of love and mercy were pictured on the dreadful walls. Since then the Church of Christ has been the guardian and keeper of the likeness of Christ.

We are told to-day that this likeness is a delusion. If so—has the Church been the deceiver—or has it been deceived? Looking back on what I have written I perceive that it is not the year only that is growing old—the centuries—the millenniums—are growing old too. It

phantasm—a will-o'-the-wisp? Before we can believe it to be so we must be convinced that two special miracles have been wrought—the first to conceal the true likeness, in order that it might never be degraded to superstitious uses; the second, for the purpose of misleading the Universal Church into accepting the false. In reply to the first hypothesis, it is sufficient to point out that if a miracle has been wrought for such a purpose it has been ineffectual. The second hypothesis is even more untenable. It violates our faith in the Divine Being as the Author of Verity. If the petals of our rose were only artificial, not all the gold of Arabia or the wisdom of the Wise Men could so put them together that they should grow as a living flower. But if



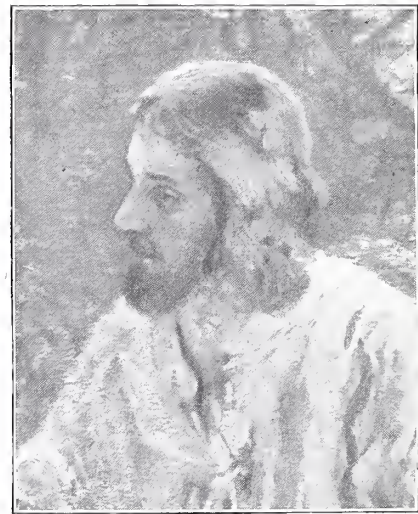
FROM "THE CRUCIFIXION," BY LÉON BONNAT.

(From a Photograph by Braun.)



FROM "THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD," BY W. HOLMAN HUNT.

(By Permission of the Artist.)



FROM "EASTER-MORNING," BY FRITZ VON UHDE.

(By Permission of Franz Hanfstaengl.)

is not only that the time of roses is past—we are invited to throw away the one rose that remains to us, because it seems a little touched by the frost. And yet—as the children are still decorating the house—so our artists are still striving to make the world more beautiful. Amongst their highest conceptions of beauty I find this likeness. They have followed it for nearly two thousand years. Is it a

they are real, even though they may be torn asunder and scattered, their colour remains and their fragrance clings to them still.

And it is so with the likenesses we have been considering. They are but scattered petals: nevertheless they come from a living stem, and Art reverences them, being true, for their truth's sake.



HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

(From the Painting by John Constable, R.A.)

## THE ART COLLECTION AT "BELL-MOOR," THE HOUSE OF MR. THOMAS J. BARRATT.—II.

By JOSEPH GREGO.

**F**OREMOST amongst the works of painters identified with Hampstead, the pictures of John Constable, R.A., and William J. Müller are most conspicuously represented in Mr. Barratt's collection. At "Bell-Moor" there are found nine examples of Constable in various degrees; three of these possess a local interest, "Hampstead Heath," "Hampstead Fields," and "Sir Richard Steele's Cottage, Haverstock Hill." There are further, by the same artist, one of the "Dedham" series; the fine examples—smaller versions of two of Constable's well-known masterpieces—"Hadleigh Castle near the Nore" (1829) and "Summerland," a view near Bergholt. Another wonderful harmony of colour is a palette-knife sketch for another of Constable's famous works, the water-mill with "Willy Lott's" house. It is familiarly known that the artist manipulated his palette-knife with marvellous dexterity, and, allowing for the effect of being viewed from a distance, the example in question is unsurpassed for its breadth, brilliant colouring, glowing harmonies, atmosphere, and illusory qualities. There are also two small works—one from the Wells collection. "Hampstead, sweet Hampstead"—as Constable designated his

chosen spot—held out for the painter special attractions; picturesque nature, of which his art is the best interpreter, completely satisfying his requirements as regards the presence of unrivalled atmospheric effects, with boundless expanse of varying prospects, themes most congenial to his hand and to his pictorial preferences. Writing of the artist's best efforts in 1818, his sympathetic biographer, C. R. Leslie, R.A., has recorded: "Constable's art was never more perfect, perhaps never so perfect, as at this period of his life. I remember being greatly struck by a small picture—a view from Hampstead Heath—which I first saw at his residence in Keppel Street." This refers to a picture apparently wholly painted in the open air, in which the midday heat of midsummer is so admirably expressed that, but for the shade thrown over the foreground by some young trees that border the road, and the cool blue of water near it, "one would wish, in looking at it, for a parasol, as Fuseli wished for an umbrella when standing before one of Constable's showers."

The year following Constable "settled his wife and children comfortably at Hampstead," things being in an agitated condition in town, owing to the



excitement of Queen Caroline's trial then proceeding. The results of this retirement amidst these favourable surroundings were sent to the Royal Academy in 1821, where the painter exhibited another of his wondrously faithful versions of Hampstead Heath.

In the summer of the same year Constable was residing at 2, Lower Terrace, Hampstead, where he was working assiduously from nature. With characteristic ardour he wrote to his friend Archdeacon Fisher: "I have made some studies, carried farther than any I have done before; particularly a highly elegant group of trees (ashes, elms, and oaks) which will be of as much service to me as if I had bought the field and hedgerow which contain them; I have likewise made many skies and effects; we have had noble clouds, and effects of light and dark and colour, as is always the case in such seasons as the present." The world of art-lovers has long since realised how perfect were these studies, absolute transcripts from evanescent effects, on which pictorial truth must rest; they are set down with seeming ease, yet, like everything that wears the rare charm of spontaneity, they were the outcome of constant effort and untiring observation, and the indefatigable artist wrote from the same address in

the autumn: "I have done a good deal of skying, for I am determined to conquer all difficulties, and that among the rest." Hampstead studies were turned to account at the following Academy (1822), where three of Constable's five exhibits were drawn from these experiences: "A View of the Terrace, Hampstead" (where he still kept his residence), "A Study of Trees from Nature," and another version of the practically inexhaustible aspects of "Hampstead Heath."

Existence at Hampstead, with the ever keen delight of drawing at will direct from the undiluted font of nature, evidently refreshed and stimulated Constable's energies; under these invigorating auspices he is found writing (1822): "I am determined to overcome all my difficulties while a great deal of health and some little youth remain to me." "Green Highgate" was engaging his attention at the time, and he records having "made about fifty studies of skies, tolerably large to be careful." This close application, directly in touch with the effects he thus diligently assimilated, rendered Constable's work the perfect embodiment of local truth.

After a protracted familiarity with the varied beauties which there delighted his eye, Constable



SIR RICHARD STEELE'S COTTAGE, HAVERSTOCK HILL.

(From the Painting by John Constable, R.A.)

seems to have felt that he had found the spot best suited to his artistic ambition, and there he hoped to pass the rest of his career. In 1827 he sent to the Academy his picture of "Hampstead Heath," produced on the spot, and here he painted the very numerous studies of those unsurpassable sky effects and cloud-modellings, more readily secured on "Hampstead's breezy heights" and expansive heath than elsewhere. "Steele's Cottage" belongs to this series of Hampstead pictures, and dates from his temporary residence there, which he trusted to make permanent. In the August of 1827 the painter was fixing up his abode in Well Walk, Hampstead. He wrote: "My plans in search of health for my family have been ruinous; but I hope now that our movable camp no longer exists, and that I am settled for life. So hateful is moving about to me that I could gladly exclaim, 'Here let me take my everlasting rest.'

. . . This house is to my wife's heart's content; it is situated on an eminence . . . and our little drawing-room commands a view unsurpassed in Europe, from Westminster Abbey to Gravesend. The Dome of St. Paul's in the air seems to realise Michael Angelo's words on seeing the Pantheon: 'I will build such a thing in the sky.' We see the woods and lofty grounds of the East Saxons to the north-east."

Sir Richard Steele's cottage stood on the right-hand side of Haverstoeck Hill, within a garden facing the public-house known as "The Load of Hay," now modernised into the usual suburban tavern. The cottage was pulled down in 1867. Steele's retreat had a further literary interest as a link with the past, for the gay courtier, witty poet, and playwright of the "Restoration" epoch, the notorious Sir Charles



THE WAY THROUGH THE WOOD.

(From the Painting by "Old" Crome.)

Sedley, had died in this retirement in 1701. In his "Essays illustrative of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*," Drake has set down concerning the fortunes of Steele that, in 1712, he retired to Sedley's cottage from motives of choice, for the advantages of privacy and seclusion, or, more probably, from the necessity of keeping away from those unfortunate creditors whose importunities constantly harassed the careless author. Steele himself is found writing to Pope, June 1, 1712: "I am at a solitude, an house between Hampstead and London, where Sir Charles Sedley died. This circumstance set me thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which men of wit exercise themselves." Steele describes himself as writing in the very room in which eleven years previously the brilliant Sir



Charles Sedley breathed his last. Nichols alleges pecuniary reasons for Steele's refuge in this retreat. Here, at least, the *Spectator* was able to work at peace, and, at the same time, was within easy access of his friends and fellow-members of the famous Kit Cat Club, whose summer meeting-place happened

to Archdeacon Fisher, his "father confessor," as "perhaps one of my best, and noticed by *John Bull* as a 'redeemer';" and another, "Hampstead Heath," of which he thus speaks in the same letter, "less in size but equal in quality, purchased by Chantrey."

In 1830, when Constable was elected into the Academy as a full member, another important "View of Hampstead Heath" was his principal contribution. "Well Walk" continued Constable's address in 1830, and in the opening of the year, as he wrote to Leslie, his attached friends the brothers Chalon — as usual, inseparable — "were here on the Heath for six weeks, and it was delightful weather."

Among the artist's contributions to the British Gallery in 1834 was another "Heath," and to the Academy he sent a large drawing in pencil, "A Study of Trees, made in the grounds of Charles Holford, Esq., at Hampstead." This connection was life-long; "his placid and contented wife," whose delicate health was another motive for the painter's choice of the invigorating Heath, had died at Well Walk, November 23, 1828, and was buried in the vault purchased by Constable in Hampstead Churchyard, and there the painter was laid by the side of his loving partner nine years later, thus carrying out the expression in his letter already quoted: "I could gladly exclaim, 'Here let me take my everlasting rest!'" "Alas! by how slender a thread hangs whatever in life is most firmly set up" is the rendering of the Latin inscription by Constable placed upon the tablet over his wife's last resting-place.

With the evidence of Constable's numerous paintings of Hampstead it must be realised that the breezy locality exercised a well-marked influence over his practice. Whenever the most favourable aspects of Hampstead views, with their wondrous atmospheric effects and their wide-spreading horizon, present themselves to the eye familiar with the artist's masterpieces, the suggestion at once arises to the mind: "There is a true Constable of the freshest and crispest description." The place and the artist seem made for each other, and to Constable's thorough insight into the charms of Hampstead are due the most perfect realisations of its ever fresh and picturesque resources.

Constable's interest in Hampstead has bequeathed to posterity a series of pictures which must be esteemed amongst the foremost achievements



THE OPIUM SELLER.

(From the Painting by William J. Müller.)

to be the "Upper Flask" at Hampstead Heath, premises still standing within extensive grounds, and merely divided from "Bell-Moor" by the pathway leading down to the Lower Heath.

Appropriately, the original portrait-studies by Sir Godfrey Kneller of the most brilliant members of the Kit Cat Club—Steele, Addison, Congreve, Vanbrugh, etc., "The Wits among Lords," and including "Lords among Wits," such as the Dukes of Marlborough, Kingston, Grafton, etc.—are in Mr. Barratt's collection of Hampstead notabilities.

In 1828 Constable sent to the Academy his large upright landscape "Dedham Vale," which he frankly mentions, under the seal of friendship, writing





THE FARMYARD.

(From the *Painting* by George Merland.)





of landscape painting. Beyond this the painter has also left the strongest literary evidence of his attachment to the spot, for he has embodied the fruits of his experience and deep knowledge in the form of three lectures, which were there delivered, eloquently conveying, with a charm which was Constable's gift, the teachings of his lifetime in the series described as "An Outline of the History of Landscape Painting." The first lecture was delivered in June, 1833, at the Literary and Scientific Society of Hampstead at the assembly-room; the abstract of this discourse is printed by his biographer.

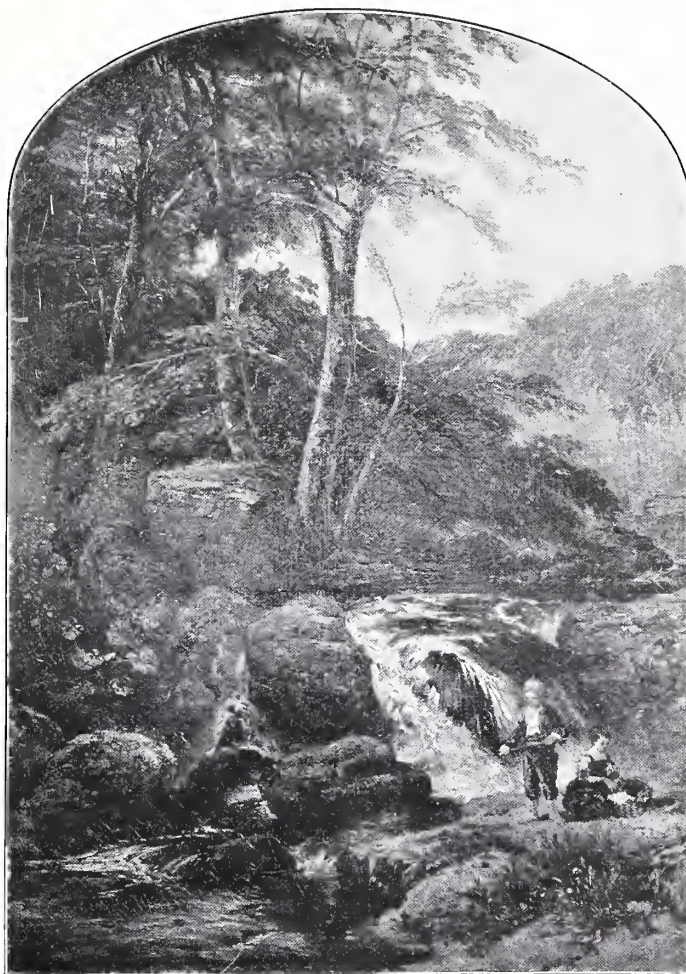
The second lecture was given June, 1835, at the same place. Leslie, who accompanied Constable to the assembly-room, has recorded: "I remember that the sky was magnificent on the day on which it was delivered, and as I walked across the West End Fields to Hampstead, towards evening, I stopped repeatedly to admire its splendid combinations and their effects over the landscape, and Constable did not omit in his lecture to speak of the appearances of the day."

The third and last lecture was given under similar circumstances on July 25, 1836, but a few months before his death.

Few examples of John Crome of Norwich, known as "Old Crome," surpass the fine picture engraved in this notice from the collection of Mr. Barratt. It must be remembered that Crome's art was largely founded on Ruysdael and Hobbema. The specimen in question recalls the foremost landscape art of the Dutch school, with certain inimitable qualities distinctive of native British art of the eighteenth century in addition, a combination which leaves nothing to desire, and attains the perfection of technique. Another example, remarkable in various respects, is the freely-handled version by George Morland of one of his "Farmyard Scenes," of important size (36 by 28), which must be esteemed a rare instance of that gifted genius's most successful efforts. Painted *con amore* and with phenomenal facility, it retains all the spontaneous qualities of a "first painting," and really seems to have been executed "straight away," so fresh, clear, bright, and juicy is the colouring, so breezy and dexterous the handling. Monochrome fails to convey the special attractions of this most harmonious picture, and its silvery tones and glowing hues are untranslatable by any black-and-white process, and this may account for the circumstance that this fine

work, strange to say, has hitherto remained unengraved.

The works of William J. Müller are equally well represented in Mr. Barratt's collection. One of the most important examples is the fine and powerfully coloured "Waterfall on the Lyn, near



A WATERFALL ON THE LYN NEAR LYNMOUTH.

(From the Painting by William J. Müller.)

Lynmouth" (55 by 40), painted in Müller's strongest manner in 1844, and, as mentioned in the artist's biography, for the most part direct from nature. This admirable work was secured from the David Price collection, and was exhibited at the Municipal Art Gallery, Leeds, in 1889, and, at the present moment, is at the New Gallery. Other important works by Müller are the "Landscape with Cottage and Children," concerning which the artist wrote in 1844, "The one 'Cottage' is very brilliant, and, I think, is as fortunate as any picture I have painted for some time past;" and "The Opium Stall, Cairo," from the collection of Samuel Mayou of Edgbaston. Examples of Müller's



Egyptian experiences are found in the glorious specimen of colouring, "Slave Market at Manfalout, Upper Egypt," and another "Slave Market, Cairo." The painter wrote: "I only wish some artist would make this the spot of his studies, and paint the figures and the groups."

In his subsequent work Müller put this suggestion into practice; many were the wonderful

be imagined, as it is painted in a dazzling key of transparent colours—suggesting translucent enamels—which "pale the ineffectual fires" of nearly every picture placed in proximity.

In the same collection are some water-colour drawings by Müller, "Turcoman Tent, Lycia," and "Groups of Fir Trees," studies from clumps of firs still standing on the neighbouring heath.



COTTAGE AND CHILDREN.

(From the Painting by William J. Müller.)

versions of slave markets, glowing with all the effulgence of Oriental colouring, which spread his reputation as the foremost colourist of his time. Yet his pictures frequently sold for the modest equivalent of ten pounds; and, with the advanced request for his splendid productions, destined ultimately to bring their lucky possessors as many hundreds. For instance, "The Slave Market, Egypt" (1841), 15 in. by 25 in., from the collection of Charles Birch, brought at the Gillott sale, in 1872, £1,510, when "The Chess Players, Egypt," from the same collection, reached nearly £4,000. Another transcendent example of glowing harmonies painted in the full breadth of Grecian sunlight—a group of dancers, with musicians seated, one of the Lycian pictures—is in Mr. Barratt's possession. Nothing more brilliant can

It is interesting to note the artist's partiality for Hampstead as a sketching ground. One of numerous examples of "Hampstead Heath" is described as formerly in Mr. Robertson Blain's collection: "A view of the heath, with trees and a few figures; a sandy, gravelly bank and a pool of water complete the foreground: the colouring is warm, rich, and juicy the handling very rapid." "Bird Catchers, Hampstead Heath," was another picture of local interest, painted in 1843. Of this the artist wrote to Mr. B. Johnson, the purchaser:—"The 'Bird Catchers' is another *catching* bit, being clear, etc. My price will be £10, and this evening I will get your son to leave it at the office for you." The youth mentioned was Harry Johnson the artist, Müller's pupil, the companion of his journey to Lycia in 1843-4.



## NEEDLEWORK AS A MODE OF ARTISTIC EXPRESSION.

## SECOND PART.

BY WALTER CRANE.

WHERE the whole gist and beauty of needlework lie in the qualities of surface and texture over and above that of form and abstract or symbolic



"THE FIVE SENSES," COVERLET OF LIGHT RED LINEN, WORKED IN COLOURED THREADS. (SIXTEENTH CENTURY GERMAN.)

(In the South Kensington Museum.)

expression, material becomes of great consequence, as, for instance, when we desire to work a design of birds and flowers, for the purely decorative beauty of their natural tints, and when the work is intended for comparatively small panels, screens, or hangings near the eye.

If a peacock were our subject, and we desired to present the bird in all its glory, we should naturally choose the lustrous surface and sheeny quality of silk to work in, and in that material might approach as near to nature as perhaps it is possible to do in any art, since the natural beauty of the silk, by means of cunning stitches, is enhanced by the way in which the light falls upon its surface when worked; and in meeting that contingency—regarding it as an essential condition of the work, and making the most of it—all the skill and resource of the worker, all the art and craft of the needle, may be exercised. Look

at a peacock in his fresh plumage, as he may be studied any day in Kensington Gardens by the Serpentine, with the promise of a fine London spring morning. See him on the grassy slope, the tender green of the new springing grass leading up to, as the highest note of the harmony, the flashing gold and emerald of the tail coverts.

There are, perhaps, no other decorative methods which could reach the pitch of brilliancy in the rendering of such qualities of colour as is attainable in silk embroidery, and none can rival it in beauty of texture and surface, and therefore in fidelity to the character of plumage.

The atmosphere, which makes a difference to our vision, only painting can express, but that is its prerogative, and the attempt to imitate the special



HANGING OF WHITE COTTON. (PERSIAN, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.)

(In the South Kensington Museum.)

qualities of painting in any other art is a mistake and quite beside the mark.

Perhaps the best examples of beautiful silk work in the rendering of birds and flowers are those of



China and Japan, which for fineness, firmness, and precision of workmanship, brilliancy of colour, and characterisation of natural form are wonderful. Both birds and flowers lend themselves peculiarly well to representation in needlework, not only



because of their obvious decorative value, but also owing to the fact that both the structure of feathers and the structure of flowers and leaves can be rendered with close fidelity by means of the needle. A feather, for instance, very obviously adapts itself to representation by stitches, and in fact it might almost be said that in this case representation and imitation are synonymous—by no means *always* the case. The feather, by the way, gives its name to a particular stitch familiar to needlewomen.

The structure, colours, and surfaces of flowers and leaves can be expressed with extraordinary fidelity

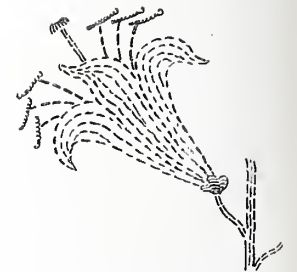


in needlework, and too much attention can hardly be given to the study of the direction of line which characterises in nature the different types of leaves and flowers, for not only will the design be stronger and more full of character, but have more beauty of line where these things are observed. It is tolerably evident that the nature of a leaf (of, say, a bay or laurel) and the law of its growth are conveyed with a

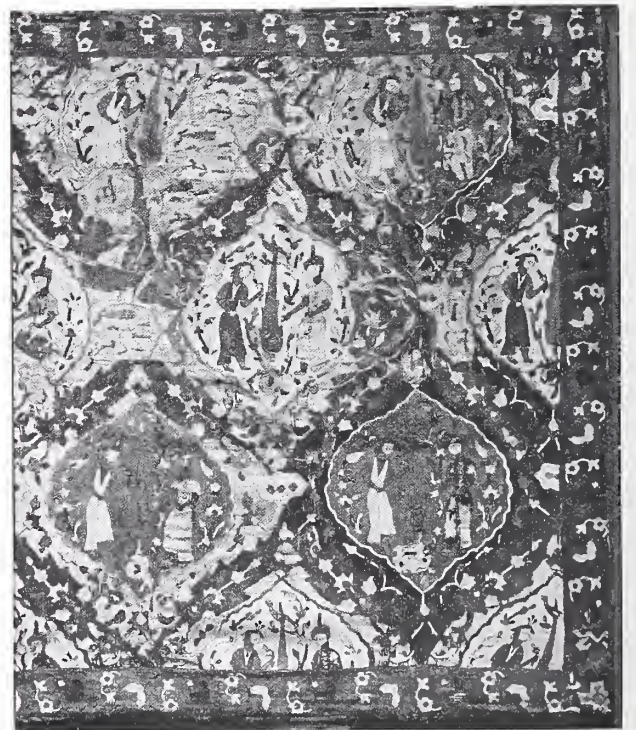
better sense of design if it is represented by stitches springing from the central stem and sloping upwards towards the point, than they would be if placed the reverse way and nature contradicted. A leaf of the plantain or arum character and the palm tribe, on the other hand, would be represented by vertical stitches diminishing towards the point. It would be possible to work leaves, say, like lime and hazel, by long horizontal stitches at right angles to the centre stem, and afterwards cross them by single lines of stitching to express the veining, after the method known as "laid" work (p. 199) we may find in Persian and Portuguese and old Italian silk work. The stems of trees are very suggestively expressed by a series of vertical stitches crossed by closely

laid horizontal ones, which pleasantly recall the texture and surface of the bark.

The lines of structure in flower petals, again, demand different treatment, though there is no doubt more range for varied treatment. A rose, perhaps, might be treated effectively by stitches laid either horizontally or vertically (or by satin or feather stitch) according to the degree of convention, realism, or relief desired, though the best means of obtaining the proper colour value would be of more importance here, perhaps, than the direction of line. The lily, however, would naturally be worked on the same principle as the palm leaf, the stitches tapering longitudinally towards the points of the petals or worked in the laid method before mentioned.



Gold thread has always been a fine decorative resource in embroidery, and when judiciously used gives a very rich and splendid effect. It may be



"THE TREE OF LIFE," LINEN COVER EMBROIDERED IN COLOURED SILKS. (PERSIAN)

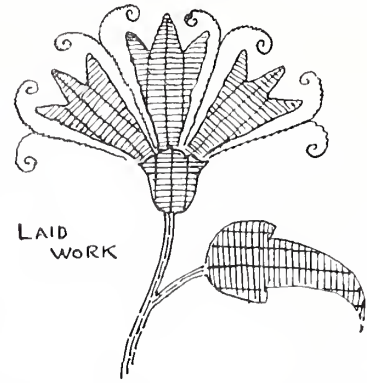
(In the South Kensington Museum.)



used throughout a design as an outline to emphasise the silhouette of, or clear the colours of,

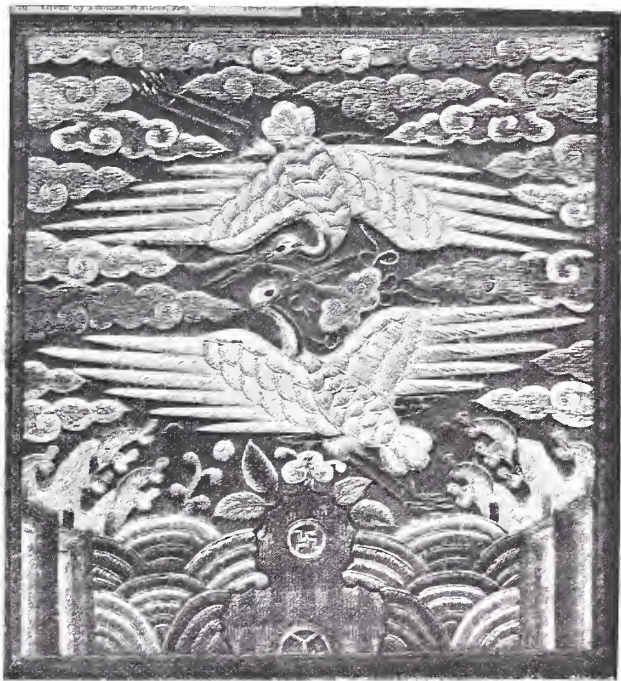
saint or angel, or to distinguish precious things, as gold ornaments, armour caskets and vessels, much on the same principle as such things were introduced in mural paintings by the early Italian painters, raised in gesso and gilded.

The Japanese kimmo use gold effectively in embroidering parts of a printed design, while other parts are enriched by coloured silks, and others left in the printed

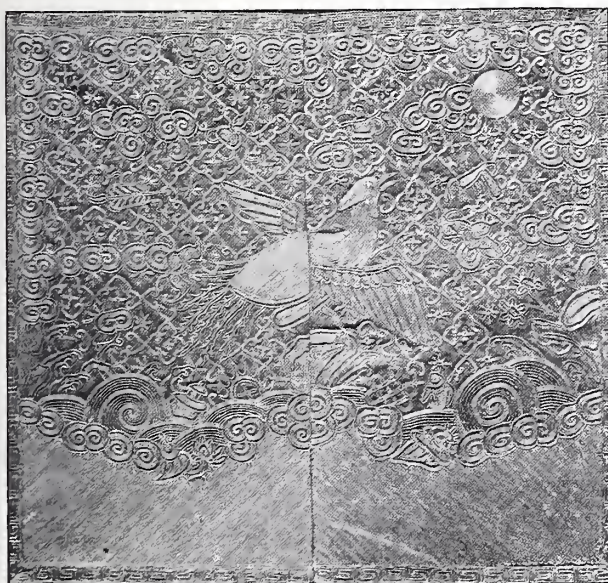


CARPET OF WHITE COTTON, EMBROIDERED IN COLOURED SILK. (PERSIAN, SEVENTEENTH OR EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.)  
(In the South Kensington Museum.)

an arabesque of flowers and leaves (somewhat after the method of cloisonné enamel); or it may be used to heighten the effect of parts only and used in masses, as in the case of an aureole around the head of



PILLOW MAT EMBROIDERED WITH STORKS. (CHINESE.)  
(In the South Kensington Museum.)



SQUARE FOR MANDARIN'S ROBE, GOLD THREAD LAID. CHINESE.)  
(In the South Kensington Museum.)

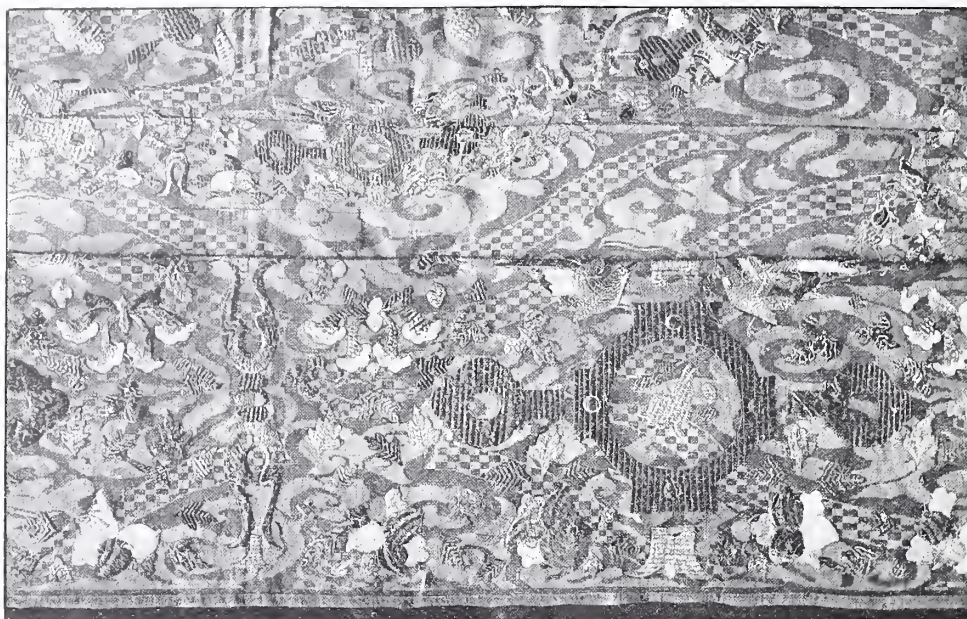
pattern. Persian and Indian printed cotton and linen hangings and colours are often found embroidered upon wholly or in part. This suggests that the print was originally intended as a guide to the embroiderer. The Japanese, in their large chain-stitch worsted embroideries of figures, generally rather dark and sombre in colour, frequently introduce large disks of gold thread with wonderful effect and apparently



SPIRAL METHOD OF LAYING GOLD THREAD



solely with ornamental purpose, the thread in these disks being spirally twisted round and round from the centre and stitched down or laid on to the fanciful pomegranate-like fruits and flowers which form the pattern. The metal has no doubt blackened a good deal with time, but a certain charm



PORTION OF BORDER OF A COVER IN YELLOW SILK, DAMASK GROUND, EMBROIDERED WITH BIRDS AND FLOWERS. (CHINESE.)  
(In the South Kensington Museum.)

fabric by fine thread. Upon the masses of gold thus formed the light falls into broad radiations of shade and shine, planes of luminous gold with all sorts of variations of surface, so that the effect is extraordinarily bold and rich. We have besides from the Japanese embroideries entirely of gold thread, which are very wonderful. The use of gold in Cretan, Syrian, and Persian embroideries is very effective. Silver thread, owing to its liability to tarnish, is difficult to use, though this does not appear to have been an obstacle in old work. In a sixteenth-century cope in my possession silver thread is very beautifully wrought into the colours of the



COVER OF DARK BLUE SATIN, EMBROIDERED WITH STORKS IN SILK IN GOLD AND SILVER COLOUR SILK THREADS. (JAPANESE.)  
(In the South Kensington Museum.)

attaches to its present condition as of a kind of subdued crystallised splendour. The method in which the flowers and leaves are worked, the direction and use of the stitches, etc., are well worth study.

To revert again to such forms, as their natural characteristics are capable of being expressed by needlework, animals may be included, with flowers and birds, as being extremely adaptable, their forms being decoratively valuable as patterns, while the colours and textures of their coats, the direction of the hair and characteristics of its textures, distinctive markings, all belong to the methods of expression by the needle,

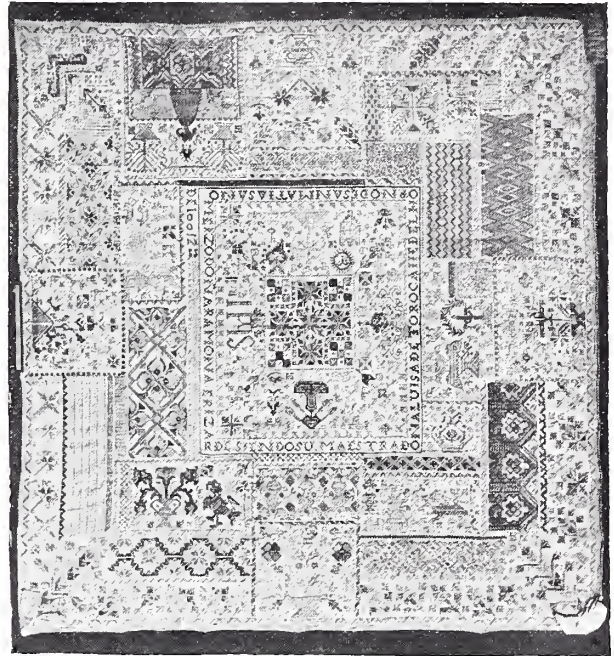


much in the same way that was observed in the case of feathers and leaves. The flowing mane of the lion, the black stripes of the fiery tiger, the spots of the yellow leopard, the rough coat of the wild boar, the dappled sides of the fallow deer, the woolly fleece of the sheep, all seem to fall into the range of what might be called the natural expression of the needle, which by the very necessity of its fibrous method can characterise the rough and the smooth, the wavy, or the straight.

In the adoption and adaptation of the forms of nature by any art or form of handicraft we should expect some distinct and characteristic treatment, separating them in the particular design and material from any other; and so far from trying to imitate in one material or method effects or treatments only adapted to another, we should rather seek to obtain more distinct character by *emphasising the technical differences* between one method of design and expression in handicraft and another.

Nature in all art is the great storehouse of

important in design of any kind than the use made of natural form and fact. They may only reappear in highly abstract shape after passing through the crucible of ornamental and technical demands, or they



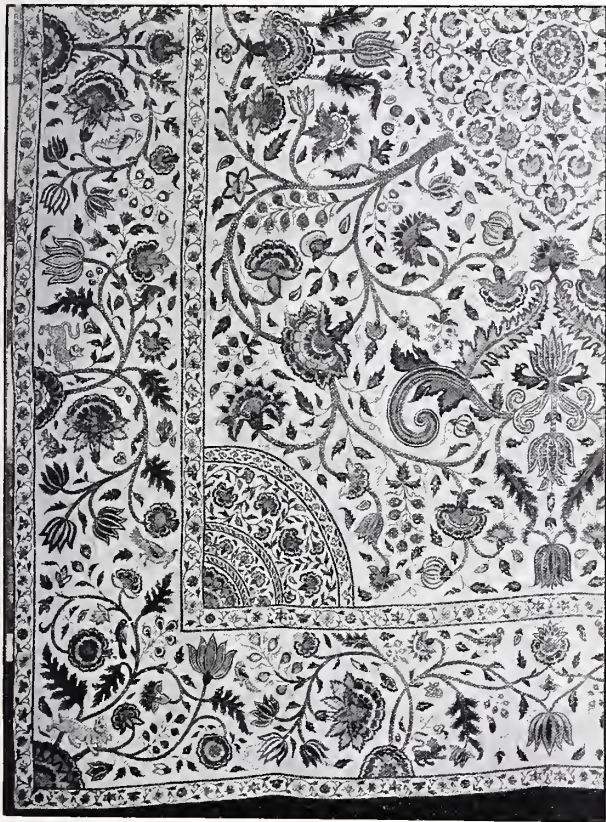
SAMPLER IN COLOURED SILKS. (SPANISH, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.)

(In the South Kensington Museum.)

may be almost a direct transcript. Much depends upon method and material, and more upon decorative use and purpose; and within this range both abstract ornament and close naturalism must have due place. Everything finally depending upon judicious individual choice, or what is called *taste*—perhaps more important in these distracting days than any other factor in art.

We shall find no better models for treatment of floral design in textiles than in Persian art, of which our South Kensington Museum contains a wealth of beautiful specimens. Persian floral design appears to me to be so dominated by decorative instinct and invention, that the blend of naturalism and formalism is perfect. The unity is so complete that we feel here is a world of ornamental beauty with laws and harmonies as well as forms of its own, just as natural, on its own plane, as Nature herself, because just as much the result of adaptation to conditions. We can identify the rose and the pink and the iris, the palm and the pomegranate in Persian embroidery, but they are each of a specialised decorative genus perfectly adapted to their purpose, and governed by the principle of controlling boundary before alluded to.

Now I feel that the ideal to aim at in needlework



PORTION OF PIECE OF EMBROIDERY FORMERLY BELONGING TO TIPPOO SULTAN. (INDIAN.)

(In the South Kensington Museum.)

suggestion and revivifying influence, but it is often through art—historic or traditional art—that we get the key to its fitting expression, and this is perhaps especially so in needlework. Nothing is more



design is something distinctive and inseparable from the characteristics and conditions of the craft. We should not be content with merely *imitating* either nature, or Persian work, or Indian, or Chinese, or Japanese, or Cretan, or Italian, or Spanish. If embroidery is to be a living art it must, like the other arts, find its own distinctive forms of expression, gathered from many sources, perhaps, and having roots in the traditions of the past, but belonging to the present.

A general survey of needlework as part of the great historic record of design, after its rude and primitive efforts, shows us, in the course of its artistic development, exquisite workmanship perfectly united to decorative beauty both of form and colour; we may see, perhaps, the results of patient years of labour lavished upon a few square inches of fine silk or gold work; we may find the sacred symbols of religious faith, the badges of family and race, the frank colour and artless traditions of the peasant, the proud ensigns of nations and peoples, the little child's sampler, the *tour de force* of the expert, the quaint shadows of human follies, fancies, and fashions, and the romance of faded lives—all these the needle has recorded for us in unmistakable characters, so that there can be no question of its place in art and history, its human interest, its range of suggestion and expression, apart from its undoubted decorative and domestic value.

Yet all this decorative richness and historic significance has sprung out of the common ground of necessity and utility—the necessity of the needle and thread applied to the fundamental utility of clothing. So it is with any handicraft: pursued under natural, human, and free conditions it is certain, sooner or later, to blossom into design. So it comes about, I suppose, that Cinderella, stitching towels or marking linen by the kitchen fireside, is transformed in the course of time into a dream of decorative beauty in a fairy palace.

It is well that the technical methods and mysteries of needlework should be studied, just as we should study the grammar and literature of a

language while endeavouring to write or to speak in it; the traditional stitches adapted to the different kinds of work, the expression of surface and decorative effect, and so forth.

What beautiful works samplers can be made may be seen in the fine Spanish specimens of the seventeenth century in the South Kensington Museum, one of which exhibits forty different patterns of stitches. Yet I presume there is no finality in the art of the needle, and it may be possible to invent or adapt new ones and new forms of design.

The more thoroughly the resources and limitations of a craft are understood the better for the work, since in meeting conditions we really conquer them, and working freely under them, are more able to make them the medium of new motives in design.

A few years ago, I remember, in New York the head of a school of industrial design there wrote to me, and he said, "We have a primitive art *which knows nothing of technique*, and we have an up-to-date art which *knows nothing but technique*."

That, perhaps, is a condition of things characteristic of the age. Let us take care that between the two stools art does not fall to the ground. Let us see that while we strive to perfect ourselves in methods of expression—to master the technical difficulties and necessities of any art or handicraft—we do not lose sight of the *end* in endeavouring to realise the *means*. Let us not forget that every art is a method of expression, and that the highest expression of any art is, after all, the expression of beauty. And how can that expression be full or perfected unless it springs out of the joy of life and pleasure in handiwork, and answers to the spontaneous demand of the human spirit for harmonious conditions?

NOTE.—In the first instalment of this article, which appeared in the January number of THE MAGAZINE OF ART, the reference to the herald's coat of Philip II illustrated on p. 148 was inserted by mistake. The example intended to be referred to (on p. 144) is one of the time of our James II, and is in the South Kensington Museum, but not illustrated in the article. The herald's coat was, of course, given as an example of appliqué and its effectiveness in rendering heraldic devices.

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## "ST. STEPHEN."

BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

PAINTED towards the close of the career of the artist, the picture forming our frontispiece serves, with the "Ophelia," the purpose at the National Gallery of British Art of affording a means of comparison between the methods of the Pre-Raphaelite and latest periods of his work. We see how breadth of treatment has given place to the early insistence

on detail. The feeling for colour, although almost monochromatic, and beauty of line is still here, and the sentiment of the painter, religious and poetical, as the martyr is discovered lying in the early morning light, is true—reminding one not a little of Delaroche's "Christian Martyr"—but there can be little doubt as to which is the greater picture.



ST. STEPHEN.

*(From the Painting by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A., in the National Gallery of British Art, Millbank.  
By Permission of Henry Tate, Esq., the owner of the Copyright.)*







"CASE A," IN THE GRAND CORRIDOR.

## THE QUEEN'S TREASURES OF ART.

### DECORATIVE ART AT WINDSOR CASTLE: THE PORCELAIN.

BY FREDERICK S. ROBINSON.

IT is difficult to give any adequate idea of the porcelain collections at Windsor within the limits of one paper. A volume would be required to do justice to the hundreds of pieces there to be found, and then the tale of these royal treasures would remain incomplete, for at Buckingham Palace are other splendid examples of Sèvres, and an astonishing collection of Oriental porcelain adorned with French mounts. We are compelled to restrict our remarks to the more important decorative specimens, which are now no longer in daily use.

The great ambition of the potters of the eighteenth century was to produce a genuine hard porcelain similar to the Oriental, which had been introduced to Europe by the Portuguese. How Böttcher the German succeeded in 1715 at the great Meissen factory, near Dresden, is an interesting story too long to repeat. The exportation of the kaolin or white clay, which was its base, was strictly forbidden, and the endeavours of other nations to obtain the secret do more credit to their persistence than to their honesty. But technical artistic secrets of this nature are bound to leak out in time. One

of the foremen of the Dresden factory—which was ordered almost as a prison—escaped to Vienna, and from that city the knowledge of the use of kaolin spread all over Germany. From 1731 to 1756 was the great period of the Dresden porcelain.

In England as early as 1698 a ceramic factory had existed at Chelsea, and in 1745, when Louis XV gave exclusive privileges for thirty years to the predecessor of Sèvres, "for the establishment of the manufacture of porcelain in the manner of Saxony (*i.e.* of Dresden) at the castle of Vincennes," one of his inducements was the desire to counteract the importation of the wares of England and Germany. Chelsea flourished exceedingly from 1750 to 1765, and its ware "does not disgrace the company" of fine Sèvres.

In 1754, owing to the buildings of Vincennes being too small, the company formed by de Fulvy, brother of Orry, the director of the King's buildings, moved to Sèvres, where a place less like a factory than a French château, with its outside blinds and dormer windows, received the workmen in 1756. Though unsuited for a factory, the new abode was well





"CASE E," CHELSEA VASES, WITH THE "VAISSEAU À MAT."

adapted for a royal hobby. A suite of rooms, including a chapel, was furnished and kept up for the King's use when he should visit the porcelain works, in which he had at first a third share. Vincennes had been too far away from Versailles and the Court. Though quantities of china were made for common use—generally of a plain white ground painted with flowers in patterns or medallions—the *articles de luxe*, with which we are concerned, were the special craze of the King and the nobility. The grounds of these were in the well-known colours, "gros bleu" or "bleu de roi," first to be invented; then, in 1752, turquoise or "bleu de ciel," discovered by Hellot. In 1757 came the "rose éarné dit Pompadour," called after the ill-natured woman who cost the nation in ten years' time the sum of thirty-six millions of francs. She died in 1764, and was succeeded by the good-natured Madame du Barry, after whom the pink colour invented by one Xzrowet is erroneously called in England. Then came "violet pensée," "vert pomme," "vert anglais," and "jonquille." In

the Jones collection may be seen specimens of nearly every colour that was ever made at Sèvres.

The products of the factory attained perfection for another good reason besides that of royal support. To pay his expenses, in 1759 Louis XV had, like his predecessors, resorted to a wholesale melting of plate. Even the Church had been "invited" to contribute to this destruction. The nobility, who, following the example of the Duc d'Antin, had discovered in 1709 that they could manage to eat their dinner off earthenware as well as off silver plate, were eager to buy a fine porcelain as soon as it was made in France. Yet the management of Sèvres were always in financial difficulties, chiefly owing to their methods of distribution, and in 1760 Louis XV took over the company, and Sèvres became a *manufacture royale*.

Its artistic history is very similar to that of the Gobelins. At first triumphs in colour were rightly aimed at. The best painters and modellers—Boucher, *peintre en titre* to Madame de Pompadour, Duplessis, the King's goldsmith, who supplied the shapes and the beautiful metal mounts, helped to make the *pâte tendre* what it is. But for every day use the *pâte tendre* was not perfect. It rubbed easily, and though it was not so tender as its name implies, it was apt to break in clumsy hands. The expense and complication of the paste, and its habit of falling during the process of firing, were anathema to the scientific potter. So the chemists set themselves to work, and the hard porcelain, *pâte dure*, was invented sixty years after it had been made at Dresden. Very interesting is the tale of the discovery in France of the earth required. The desired object was gained at last, but at what an artistic sacrifice! The hard porcelain would not give the same depth of glaze and softness of colour which so beautifully suffused the *pâte tendre*. The more compact and less absorbent material troubled the painters, and the glory of finest Sèvres was over. It was ruthlessly sacrificed by the chemists, just as at the Gobelins they were abetted by the painters in forcing the tapestry-maker to multiply his shades and overstep the limits of his art.

From 1740 to 1774 is the great period of *pâte tendre* at Vincennes and Sèvres. In the latter year Boileau, the able director, died, and the manufacture

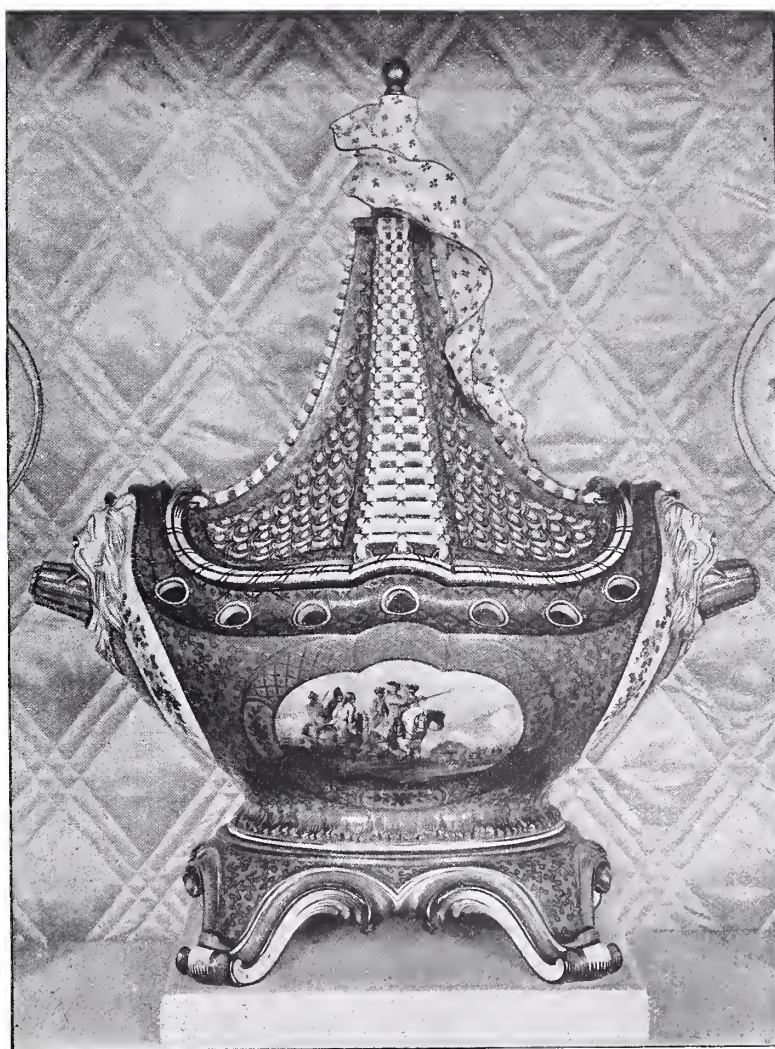


of the hard porcelain was first in full swing. In 1780 began the manufacture of porcelain decorated with enamels, "jewelled" with little drops set in the glaze to imitate rubies and other precious stones. There are several specimens of this species in the Green Drawing Room at Windsor. It may be observed that examples of jewelled Sèvres which have a ground other than "bleu de roi" should be regarded with suspicion.

These are beautiful things, but the artistic quality of the porcelain was waning. In 1780 Hettlinger the Swiss, who, with Regnier as co-director, succeeded Boileau, invented the snuff-box imitative of agate—a bad sign of artistic degeneracy. He had also a desire to make big things, and follow the example of the Gobelins in imitating pictures. In 1784 commenced the practice of copying sculpture in white "biscuit." Louis XVI had been as great a well-wisher of the Sèvres manufactory as his predecessor. During his reign the best artists had always been employed. Amongst the sculptors were Caffieri, Pajou, and Clodion; amongst the painters Fragonard and Boizot, Julien and Roland. Up to 1780 the inspiration of Boucher and Watteau continues. Gradually, says M. Havard, "allegory ceases to be galant and becomes philosophical." It is the ideas of the Revolution which are approaching—"Friendship stretches a hand to Love," "Hymen conducts a young Couple to the Altar"—Venus and Cupid make way for these. To amorous mythology succeeds history, with portraits of heroes and inventors. An evilly inspired realism is superadded, worthy of the Revolutionaries who voted that Marat's portrait should be reproduced broadcast in tapestry. "As at the Gobelins, the habit of creation is gradually lost. Painters no longer make special designs for porcelain. The potter begins to borrow from pictures." Then come the financial and revolutionary troubles of 1789. The workmen starved, as they did at the Gobelins, but still they worked and remained faithful. Both factories survive, and flourish to this day; but the artistic glory of Sèvres, the fine flower of finish, the best work of the artists of the old *régime*, who worked for Kings of France and a feudal nobility,

belongs to the first three or four decades of its history.

The collection of Sèvres, Dresden, Chelsea, and other porcelain at Windsor is placed partly in eight large cabinets in the corridor, partly in the Green Drawing Room, but large and beautiful examples are scattered about on furniture in many other rooms. Let us begin with the first cabinet that we meet as we enter the corridor. "Case A," or rather its contents—for the cases are not beautiful—is in many respects one of the handsomest of all. The centre-piece on the upper shelf in our illustration happens to be a piece of Worcester on three dolphin feet in a Sèvres style. On the white satin quilted back of the cabinet are Chelsea plates. The two white vases flanking the Worcester centre-piece are Sèvres of a *pâte tendre* model, but made of *pâte dure*. "As good as possible of their kind, with genuine Louis XVI mounts," says the inventory with pride. "Worth £250 the pair." The outside end pieces on this

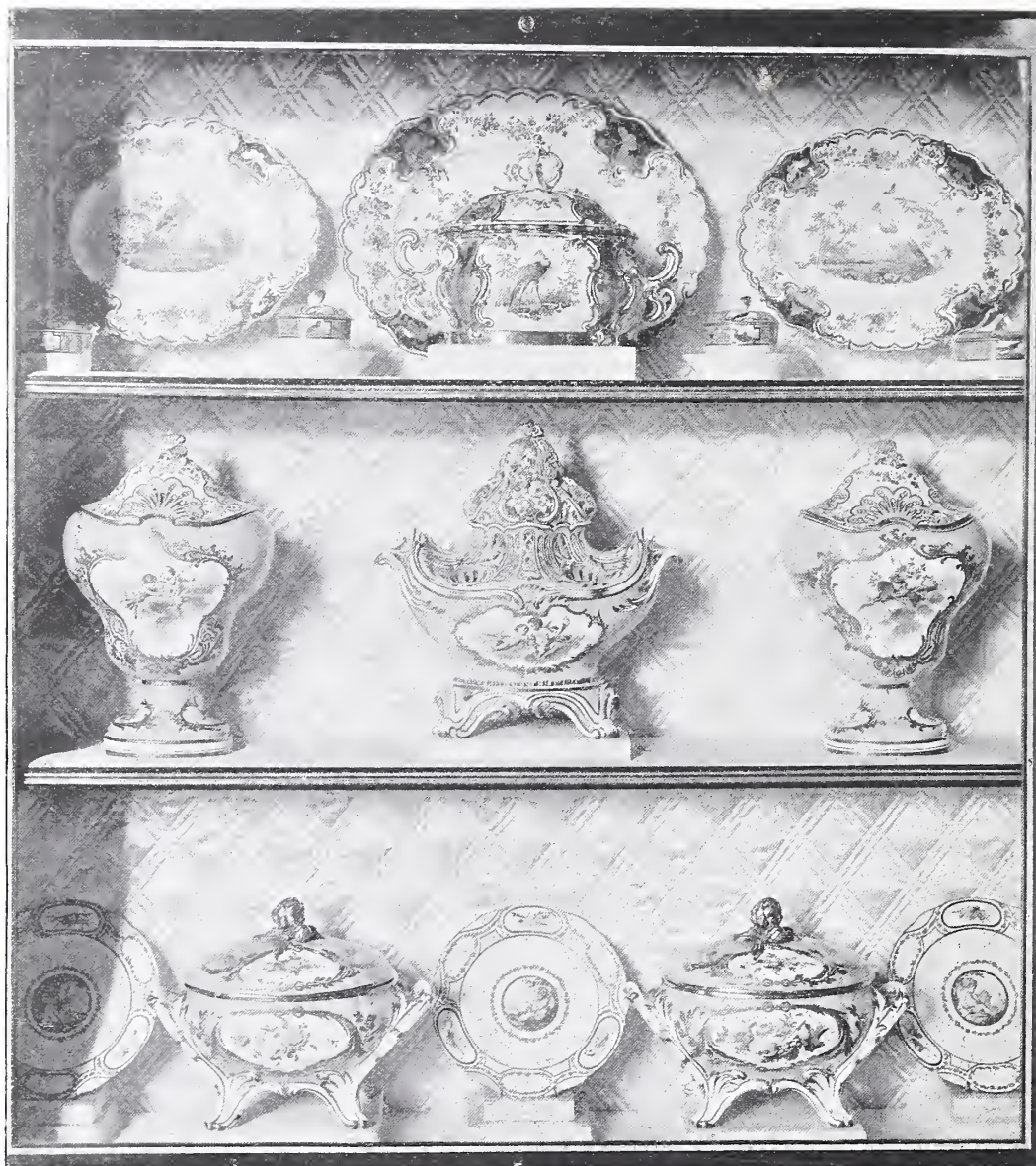


THE "VAISSEAU À MAT."



shelf are Sèvres "jardinières" with dark blue ground, richly pencil-gilt, and nine inches high. The flowers are painted with birds encircled in wreaths of flowers. The marks on these are for 1772 and 1785, and they are worth a matter of £1,500 apiece.

curling handles. The height of these is one foot five inches each. The inventory marks them as "Dresden, very good, fine old French Caffieri mountings, £100 the pair"—a price which, we fancy, would be far exceeded now. Lurking in the two corners, next to



"CASE F."—THREE ROSE POMPADOUR VASES ON CENTRE SHELF.

On the lower shelf of "Case A" is another Worcester centre-piece, flanked by two little pieces of Tournay, a factory established in 1750 and flourishing most in 1762. Then come two magnificent Dresden vases with covers and splendid ormoulu mounts. The ground of these is dark blue and purple, pencil-gilt. The pastoral subjects on white panels are very strong in colour compared with the painting of Sèvres. Of one of these we give a large reproduction for the sake of the beautiful fine detail of the

these broad Dresden vases, are two Sèvres vases of "gros bleu" with acanthus handles rising from the lower body. These handles are in white and gold, and are connected round the neck of the vase by a reeded and ribboned band in white, which is very pretty in effect. The panels are Oriental figure-subjects by the hand either of Le Guay or Durand perhaps, who were both noted painters in this style.

"Cabinet B" contains nothing but apple-green Sèvres "vert pomme," and has a very fine effect.



The next case is full of white Dresden painted with flowers. Amongst the numerous pieces are fine tureens with Cupid handles and lemon tops to the covers.

"Cabinet D" vies with the cabinet-full of "vert pomme" which we have mentioned, by the completeness of its series of turquoise-blue Sèvres. It includes sixteen plates, *en suite*, with pale turquoise-blue borders and a medallion portrait on a white ground in the centre of each plate, representing, in each case, an historic lady, such as Diane de Poitiers. These are of the date of 1761. Tureens, ice-pails, and sauceroons complete the cabinet.

In "Cabinet E," which we illustrate, the upper shelf contains a soup tureen and dish of Chelsea, and two superb Chelsea vases with covers, about thirteen inches high. These have a dark blue ground and pierced handles, necks, and covers. They are beautifully painted with conversational groups. The brilliant scarlet of the coats against the greyish background of the pictures makes an extremely gay and unexpected piece of colour. These are of the finest Chelsea, and "certainly worth £2,000 the pair." They appear again in our illustrations as pendants to a very tall Sèvres vase, which we shall presently describe.

On the centre shelf are Chelsea dishes and small pieces of Tournay. The curiously-shaped "jardinière" on the lower shelf, which rears its steeple head above the centre—a foot and a half high in all—is not Sèvres work, though it seems to be at first sight. It is Messrs. Mortlock's copy of the celebrated Buckingham Palace "Vaisseau à Mat," to which we referred in our introductory article. This specimen of modern English skill in china-painting was made by command of Her Majesty in 1880 at a price of 240 guineas. It was purposely varied from its prototype. The ground is "gros bleu" pencilled in gold "vermicelli." One picture panel represents a battle scene, with officers on horseback, illustrated in our large illustration; the other panel is of flowers. There is no danger of this being confounded at any time with any original example, as the Buckingham Palace prototype has a mixture of "gros bleu" and green for ground and a different picture-subject. Messrs. Mortlock's mark upon their own piece—in which the pictures are paler in colour than Sèvres work would be—will prevent it being confounded with the similar specimen which is reproduced in colours in T. Maryat's "History of Pottery and Porcelain" (second edition: Murray, 1857). Further description of this curious

form, made for holding bulbs or flowers, we shall defer till we come to the genuine piece at Buckingham Palace.

"Case F" is very beautiful to look at, and contains most priceless treasures. In the upper shelf is a Chelsea soup tureen of white, dark blue, and gold,



"CASE G."—VASE WITH SATYR HANDLES AND "ŒIL DE PERDRIX" VASE PAINTED BY MORIN.

with birds, flowers, and butterflies, backed by three large dishes, all marked with the well-known anchor on the back. The smaller pieces are Tournay, painted with oblong panels of birds and butterflies, the names of the birds being written under each. This ware is very pretty, but the gold pencilling, though elegant, is very thin and empty compared with the best of Sèvres. In the centre shelf are



the great prizes. These are three pieces of the colour "rose carné dit Pompadour," known here as "rose du Barry," though the only record, says Marryat, of Madame du Barry in connection with Sèvres is a label affixed to two vases in the model room, "Vase du Barry." It was, however, probably her favourite colour, and her château at Vincennes was stocked with Sèvres, as Belle Vue was for Madame du Pompadour before her. This lovely pink, which shows against the ivory-white satin as a warm "strawberry cream" colour, is quite superior in quality to its faded counterpart in the tapestry of the period. The centre-piece, over fourteen inches high, is painted with flowers and *amours*, and is perforated to serve as a "jardinière." The cover has flowers in relief, and the date of the piece is 1757, as the E between the two L's interlaced signifies. The two side vases *en suite* are also perforated. In the design of these three the influence of the silversmith upon porcelain models is very apparent.

It is an instance of one medium being tortured into the shapes more suited to another.

On the lower shelf are two soup tureens with covers, ten inches high. The ground of these is turquoise-blue; the handles and feet are white and gold. The blue is splendidly brilliant, though one tureen has a fire flaw at the bottom to show how difficult it was to produce perfect pieces of this precious porcelain. When the practice of forging Sèvres commenced in England, by alteration of the old stock, which was bought up by dishonest dealers, the turquoise-blue was found to be the easiest to sophisticate. There is more of this about than of any other colour, and, though difficult of detection, the comparative deadness of the colour is one sign by which it may be known. The double "BB" mark on these signifies the date 1778. Gilt artichokes form the knobs of the covers. The three plates that flank them are bordered with pale diapered blue and white, and have Cupids in the centre panels.

"Cabinet G" has on the upper shelf of its centre part a splendid vase of a "gros bleu" ground, with raised trellis-work on its cover, richly pencil-gilt. Oval medallions of Cupids in ornoulu mounts also decorate the cover, which rests on an open rim of vine foliage in ornoulu. The handles are satyrs' heads, with long, curved horns. The base is of ornoulu, with a large guilloche ornament and four lion's-paw feet. This handsome vase is one foot eight and a half inches high, and has the mark "E," proving it to be *pâte tendre* of 1757.

On the lower shelf is a very tall vase of "gros bleu," pencil-gilt in the dotted circle pattern known as *œil de perdrix*. A picture-subject of a quay, with fish, fishermen, and a mast with a lateen sail furled in the background, adorns the body of the vase. A bouquet of flowers is on the other side. This vase, nearly two feet six inches high, is mounted



VASE BY MORIN (see p. 207), AND CHELSEA VASES (see p. 204). ENLARGED REPRODUCTION



with graceful ormoulu handles, and its cover rests on an open-work ormoulu rim. The painting is by Morin, and is of the very finest quality. We give a

musical instruments. Four small rings take the place of handles. These are *pâte tendre* of the finest quality, and worth at least £2,500 the pair. The side



OAK-LEAF AND RIBBON VASE AND TWO VASES "EN CAMAÏEU" ("CASE H").

large reproduction of this vase, flanked by the two fine Chelsea vases before described. Only two other specimens of this shape of Sèvres vase are known. Mr. Harvey Parkes had one, Mr. Angerstein the other—a broken one—a good many years since. On December 6th, 1873, a well-known dealer cheerfully offered to pay £3,000 for the Windsor vase—if it were only for sale! It may be noticed that on the cover of this vase there are pendent gilt garlands sunk in the flutes, just as one finds the little ormoulu hanging garlands in the flutes of contemporary furniture.

The illustration on this page is of three vases more or less *en suite* on the upper shelf of cabinet "H." The centre is of a dark-blue ground, with *œil de perdrix* pencilling. It has a long oak-leaf festoon going over the centre medallion, which represents two Cupids, and a ribbon flutters above it. The medallion and the base are ormoulu mounted. This vase has suffered misfortune. Its top is a clever wooden imitation, and the whole was found in the stores broken to pieces. It was carefully mended in 1874. The two vases which flank this are of a plain "gros bleu" ground, and are decorated with white circular medallions *en camaïeu* painted with Cupids, torches, quivers, and

wings of cabinets "G" and "H" are filled with a tea and coffee service of the finest Dresden, said to be "King's-mark"—*i.e.* when the factory, in 1778, was under the immediate direction of the King. It consists of two crossed swords and a dot between the hilts.

The Green Drawing Room contains the celebrated dinner service which was ordered in 1784 by Louis XVI, but only used on two or three State occasions. So numerous and crowded are the pieces that they do not lend themselves to photography. It is "gros bleu," pencil-gilt. Each plate has five medallions, separated from the blue by a thin zone of white—a large medallion in the centre and four smaller ones on the rims. The most talented artists, including Dodin and Le Guay, were employed to paint the pictures, which represent classical subjects and animals, and only about a dozen pieces could be completed in a year. All were of the highest finish, defective pieces being replaced and the bad ones presumably destroyed. The details of the Windsor inventory are copied from the sedulously kept archives of the Sèvres factory for each separate piece. This is important, as we shall see. George IV used the service at Carlton House and St. James's Palace. During that period some of the pieces, doubtless,



were broken, for there are twelve missing in all. In 1882 there took place in London an exhibition of fine Sèvres, promoted by a well-known dealer. Amongst the exhibits were sixteen pieces, which were said to belong to the celebrated Windsor service. That could hardly be, for only twelve were

one other, in the exhibition of 1882. The Sèvres archives are of inestimable value for affirming the authenticity of a piece—or the reverse!

There are also in the Green Drawing Room two other sets which require notice in this context. The first is of twelve plates of "gros bleu" ground with



DRESDEN VASE, WITH LOUIS XV MOUNTS

missing. They had been collected by another dealer of a former generation, who in 1840 had offered them to Her Majesty for £10,000. The offer—very wisely refused—gives some notion of the approximate value of the entire service. These sixteen pieces have been compared with the Sèvres list, and found not to agree with the record of the twelve missing from Windsor. The discrepancy between twelve and sixteen—an extra four—seems puzzling enough, but is capable of explanation. In the Loan Exhibition at South Kensington in 1869 there were fifteen pieces apparently belonging to this celebrated Windsor service. Two only of these were the property of the dealer who made the offer in 1840. These fifteen specimens were similar to the Windsor service, but were not authenticated by the Sèvres list. It is possible that they may have been extra pieces made in case of necessity, or else that some of them were slightly imperfect, and were condemned but, as not unfrequently happens in a case like this, not destroyed. They may have figured again, with

figures of the nine Muses, and of Flora, Ceres, and Pomona as centre subjects, and Cupids on the borders: the second is a breakfast service of "gros bleu" painted with medallion portraits of celebrated painters. Both of these, though quite excellent, are counterfeit. They have the double "L" mark of Sèvres, and underneath a signature, "S——." The old *pâte tendre* was not made after 1804. In 1812 the white unpainted stock was sold to three workmen, Jaquemart, Pérès, and Irlande. These men speculated in having the stock finished as old Sèvres, employing, in particular, for the subjects one Soiron, a very clever painter and enameller, Swiss by origin, but working in Paris. He used the signature "S——" here found. The Sèvres Museum has a coffee service of "gros bleu" with portraits of Louis XIV and the ladies of his Court, which these workmen palmed off on Louis XVIII as having belonged to his brother, Louis XVI. When counterfeits are as clever as this, it behoves the amateur of Sèvres to be wary!



FRIENDS OR FOES?

(Engraved by P. Kahdemann.)

## THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

ERNEST A. WATERLOW, A.R.A.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

THE election of Mr. Ernest A. Waterlow to the Presidentship of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours was one of the principal events of the art-year 1897, and a surprise alike to the public and to the eminent painter on whom the honour fell. Not until within a few days of the election had he consented to be nominated, when he was assured of substantial support, and when Sir Edward Burne-Jones (to whom he was personally unknown) put forward his name as a candidate—as a characteristically English painter who had for many years been connected with the Society. How the first ballot was a tie, while the second was won by a bare majority (through one voter marking the name of an artist immediately above that of the loser), constitutes an exciting incident in the annals of recent art-history. Mr. Waterlow accepted the honourable office, and with it responsibilities of an onerous kind. And, inasmuch as the “Old Society” by seniority takes precedence of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, he assumed the headship of English water-colour art, which for years past had been the

undisputed possession of his great predecessor, Sir John Gilbert.

In Ernest Waterlow there reappeared a talent for art which had lain dormant in his family for nearly two hundred and fifty years. Antoine Waterloo (or Waterloo), who was born at Lille in the early part of the seventeenth century, painted landscape with unaffected simplicity, into which Jan Weenix would paint the figures, coming to his château near Utrecht for that friendly purpose. In the Low Countries, too, he executed his seven-score plates before the family name dropped permanently out of the roll of artists until Mr. E. A. Waterlow revived it in the catalogue of the Royal Academy. Born in 1850, the boy was so delicate that his health was a serious anxiety to his parents, who in due course decided—in order to provide him with an easy, an agreeable and light profession—to encourage him in his passion for drawing, and to help him enter on an artist's career.

O parents! who devote your children to Art, little do you wot of the severity of the fealty



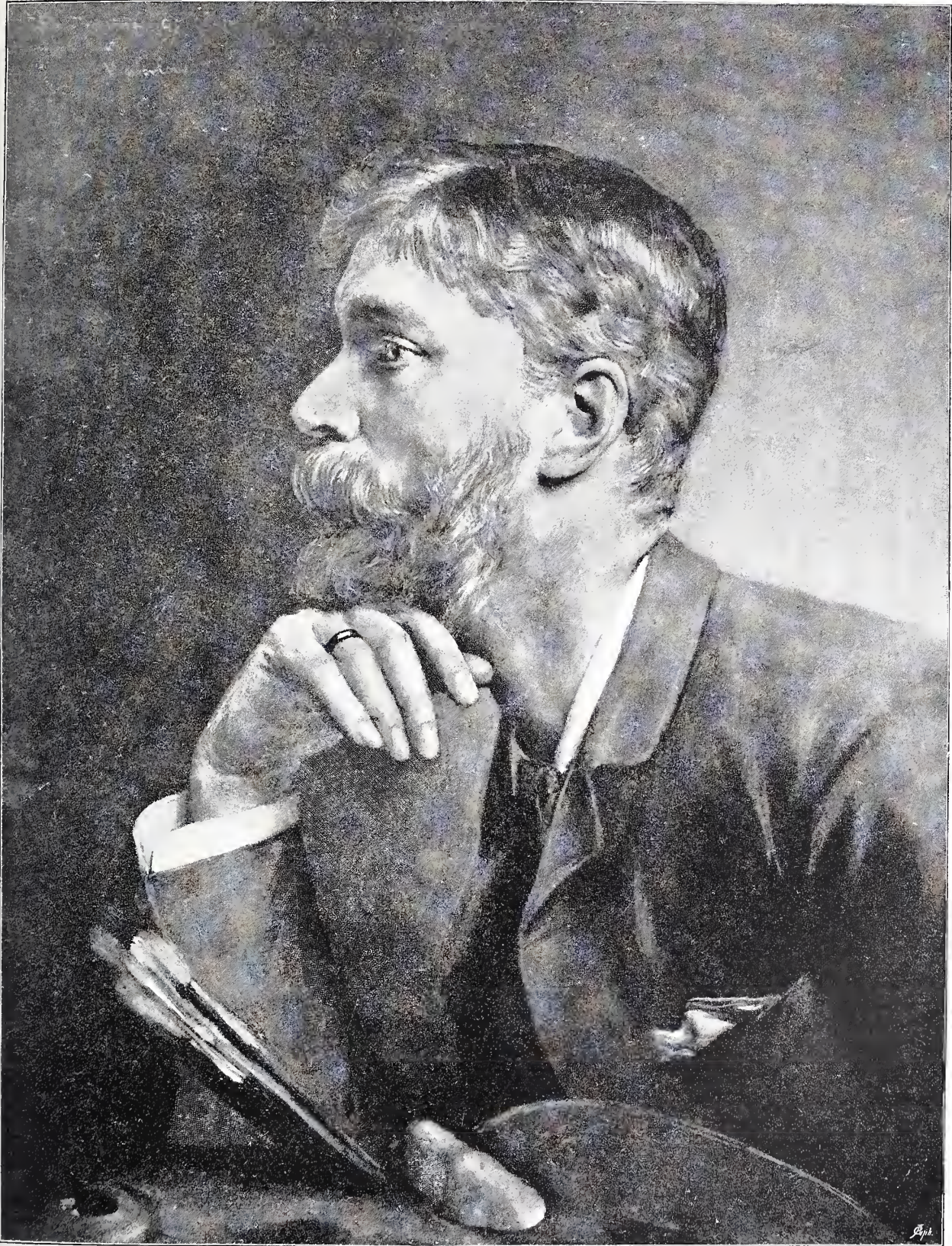
exacted by that stern Divinity! Little do you know of the intensity of the application demanded; little do you guess of schools by day and classes by night, day after day and night after night, of work in an atmosphere suited better to the needs of the undraped model than of the student, in a light that is often enough a strain to the working eyes; little have you heard of the training in which to the earnest and determined the day's work is never done, the day's progress is never enough, the day's ambition never satisfied. And when the student has become the independent painter, and the figure-draughtsman stands before his picture in the studio all the live-long day in anxious toil, or is stopped in his work by the many accidents that attend him; or when, having to sacrifice a whole morning's work with which he has become discontented, he finds the responsibilities of life weighing heavily upon his spirits and cramping his hand; or when the landscape-painter haunts the fields all through the trying day, and works by weather—in sun, and wind, and cold, and wet—that strains the very strongest: the question arises whether the calling of the painter is of such luxurious ease, and whether it is not to be ranked in very deed among those dangerous occupations for which the interference of legislation has been called into play. The Arts hold forth an enviable profession for the apt and healthy: painful and telling toil, for all its delights, is the price that must be paid by the weak. And this you may see by reference to the history of artists—in the extreme longevity that is commonly the lot of the robust among them, and the early extinction of the weak and ailing. The names of Fred Walker and Cecil Lawson spring from the pen at the word.

So Ernest Waterlow was sent to study at Carey's School of Art at Bloomsbury—studying from the life; and when he left, he travelled through Switzerland and Germany, and painted on the way. This practice fixed him in his future work: he applied himself to landscape, and landscape he has been painting ever since. He returned to England in 1872, and set to work with all the conscientiousness and care that characterise him. I have seen a study of the steps and terrace at Haddon Hall, worked out with an accuracy of perspective and detail that is almost pathetic; and it is worthy of note that this early work is a water-colour, strengthened with body colour, which, however, might almost be taken, by its vigour, for a picture in oil. Then he entered the Royal Academy schools, and there worked for a year and a half, when he gained the Turner gold medal for a landscape (exhibited at the Academy in 1874) on the given subject—"A Land Storm"—in which

a wind-blown figure strives along the path, while the trees are bent sharply back, and the driven mist sweeps on. A course of out-of-door landscape study followed, influenced somewhat by the fact that his first contribution to the exhibitions of the Academy (in 1872) had been hung—but skied. That treatment, of course, matters little to a young painter in regard to a first picture: the artist is content to find himself upon the walls on any terms, and the lesson he learns from the aspect of his work in such surroundings rarely fails to leave an indelible, as well as a valuable, impress on his mind. "An Evening in Dovedale," a scene in Derbyshire, had been accepted—that was the main point; and the encouragement was not lost upon the painter. Next, a visit was made to Newlyn, before that village had been invented by the School of that name, and there he painted a strongly coloured picture (not very well composed, by the way), which would have been the despair of those of the subsequent colony for whom Nature is only at her best on "a nice grey day"—when colour is melancholy, emasculated, and subdued, and there can be thought of little beyond tones and values. Then Mr. Waterlow seems to have passed under the influence of George Mason and Fred Walker, with whose sentiment he then and since constantly showed himself in harmony, just as in later years he over and over again proved his strong sympathy with Constable and Corot.

The *plein air* theory—work in the open air—he was now possessed of; but it was a theory with a limitation. The artist, he felt, must conceive his picture upon the spot, and collect all the necessary details, make numerous studies—bring about him, so to say, all the materials and the scaffolding of the work which he had already planned and which he was about to construct. But that construction had to be carried out in the studio. The ever-shifting light and colour of nature, compared with which the chameleon is a beast of permanent hue, render the complete painting of an elaborate landscape upon the spot a feat almost impossible, as it is undesirable, of execution, save in exceptional circumstances. It was the natural difficulties of the task which led the great Northern landscape school—which has had to deal with a climate and a sky far more variable than is to be found in the sunnier but less interesting South—to adopt with few exceptions the studio system. Ruysdael, Van Everdingen, and Hobbema, for example, carried the principle too far, and appear to have painted their pictures throughout, with but few exceptions, in their ill-lighted studios—and that not from painted studies, but rather from pencil notes, so that the artists possessed not even a rapidly





ERNEST A. WATERLOW, A.R.A., P.R.W.S

*(From the Painting by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.)*



executed colour scheme to guide them. The result was that their pictures are all wrought on one or other of a few well-differentiated types of composition, light, and atmospheric effect—exquisite as paint, but, from the point of view of truth, unrepresentative of brilliant nature. Indeed, save for the pine trees introduced into some of them it is impossible to tell which of Ruysdael's and Van Everdingen's pictures represent Holland and which Norway; nor can it be pretended that the rich greens of Rubens' landscapes and the browns of Rembrandt's are aspects of nature seized upon the spot.

On the other hand, painters who execute their finished works entirely out of doors dare not match

tempter who has lured so many an artist to his ruin—never consented to repeat a work which has gained the success of popular approval, or to embark upon a pre-commissioned series, how seductive soever the offer might be. One of his first paintings was a picture of the sea, and he was, in consequence of its merit, referred to as “our coming marine painter;” yet not for many years did he produce another. Landscape, sheep, cattle, the beasts and birds of the farm, claimed him in turn; he was always changing, and so contracted no mannerisms. Sincere and modest in his work always, he has gone on his way simply and quietly, and such success as he has gained has come to him by itself.

Every summer the artist makes his usual trip to form ideas and collect material for his year's work. But, in the first place, he always paints, in carefully wrought studies, what strikes him at the moment; it may not be required at once, but it is stock-in-trade that is sure to have its use. He takes his box before him and makes studies of foregrounds—leaves, ditches, sedgy bits and reeds, water, road, rock, and all the rest—of middle planes



STUDY OF TREES (Water-Colour).

their colours by the nature before them, or the result—as well they know—when viewed indoors will appear flat and devoid of luminosity. The work must be “foreed” in order to impart to it some of that vividness which Nature puts into her landscapes, but which she withholds from mere pigments.

For this main reason Mr. Waterlow lives and carries out in London the pictures he has prepared in the country. Such a man, indeed, could hardly live elsewhere, for without the companionship of artists, and without communion with men upon whose brains to sharpen his own, his vigour and interest in life and art would alike evaporate. For the artist is a man of sentiment; and he has been true enough to himself always to have painted what pleased him, uniformly indifferent to the suggestions of dealers and the requests of picture-buyers. He has never listened to the blandishments of the

and distances of upland and moor, of trees and stream and waterfall, of skies and clouds and atmospheric effects; of everything, in short, that comes within the landscape-painter's ken. These studies are very elaborate. In the vast number which he has collected (every one of which he remembers whenever he requires to refer to it) are accurate studies of cloud forms and effects, of tree-form searchingly portrayed, of waggon and cart and plough, of horses and cattle in every sort and variety of attitude and position, all with backgrounds painted in, that true relation of tone may be preserved. I have said that these studies—all of them fairly large and important—are numerous; but a word of explanation will afford a better idea of the labour they represent. Last year the painting-tour was at Walberswick—that quaint and charming district which Charles Keene





GREEN PASTURES.



discovered—and it produced forty studies of landscape and thirty of cattle; so that, as the artist has been painting for a quarter of a century, the aggregate number, at a like rate of arithmetical progression, would amount to something like 1,750. And in the meanwhile Mr. Waterlow has exhibited, in round figures, 50 works to the Royal Academy, 100 to the Royal Water-Colour Society, 25 to the Grosvenor and New Galleries, and 100 to various other exhibitions: and we have a total of 275 pictures in oil and water-colour and 1,750 studies—which is eloquent enough of industry and enthusiasm.

The first time I visited Mr. Waterlow he had moved into the house in Bayswater which had been



A HAMPSHIRE STREAM (Water-Colour).

occupied by Fred Walker, his sometime ideal. It was not for some while after that he erected a glasshouse behind the house and painted in that. The result was magical. Surrounded by a strong and brilliant light, the artist's health and eyesight were improved, while the result upon his work was not less marked. His colour became lighter and more sparkling, and his outlook upon nature entered into a more poetical and more sympathetic phase. The human interest and sentiment—which have always been one of the characteristics of Mr. Waterlow's pictures—were not sacrificed: but there was a disposition to become more thoughtful and to invest his pictures with a finer feeling than the more romantic element of previous years.

Since 1872 the painter has been a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy, the year 1876 only

excepted, and has touched every subject that comes within his range. He has painted them all with a love that tells of close observation and intimate knowledge: only of winter have I never seen a picture from his hand. He has been charged with having imitated Corot in Picardy and Brittany, and Constable in Suffolk. But surely it is fair to believe his pictures are what they are, not because they are like Constable or Corot, but because they are true to Suffolk or Picardy.

It was in 1887 that "Galway Gossips" was exhibited at the Academy, and was bought for the sum of £300 under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. He had been for seven years past an

Associate of the Royal Water-Colour Society: but hitherto the Academy had shown him no more attention than is conveyed in the acceptance and hanging of his works. Now, however, things were changed, and in his case, as in that of so many before and since, such "Chantrey notice" was a first official acknowledgment of success, and heralded further advancement. This occurred three years later, when he was elected an Associate of the

Academy (1890). The election, no doubt, was in immediate recognition of the admirable exhibits of 1888 and 1889; for in the former year there was the touching picture of "The Orphan"—a shepherd feeding a lamb—and in the latter "St. MacDara's Day" (a fisherman's religious custom) and "Wolf! Wolf!" In 1890 there appeared "Friends or Foes?"—children frightened by an advancing phalanx of geese. The same subject had been worked out before by Fred Walker and others, on much the same plan: but Mr. Waterlow's rendering had much individuality and charm, and his drawing of the geese—the long-lived, loyal, vigilant, and courageous *anser domesticus*—(though to the unthinking it is only "silly" and ungainly) was at once correct, characteristic, and humorous. In the same year "Homewards" was exhibited—a well-



lighted scene of sheep returning from pasture, along the dunes by the sea. Then in 1891 came "A Resting Place," representing Bavarian peasantry resting by a wayside shrine on the borders of a town. "Launching the Salmon Boat" was first shown in 1893, but as I first saw it in the studio it appeared somewhat heavy. This fault has since been removed by careful re-touching, which has rendered it at once more brilliant in parts, more delicate and tender. His other works need hardly be mentioned in detail, for during the past decade they have nearly all been reproduced in these pages or in those of "Royal Academy Pictures."

So far I have spoken of Waterlow almost ex-

clusively as a painter in oils. But, as I have shown, his earliest work with which I am acquainted is a water-colour, and to that medium he has been constant during the whole of his artistic career. It may be observed that he never takes up the practice of this branch of painting now and then between whiles; feeling that the medium is so essentially different to that of oil, he must have a spell at it when oil-colour and oil-painting are for the time wholly laid aside, and if possible forgotten. His general procedure, notwithstanding, is not so very different. For his water-colours as for his oils he makes his studies of tree, sky, and country with the same care, accuracy, and elaboration. This method of work he has adopted ever since the opening of the Dudley Gallery in 1870—in several respects the most important and pregnant event in the political history of water-colour art during the last half-century—gave him his chance. Since "The House on the

Moor" first carried his name into the catalogue he has diligently pursued the wooing of Art in her most fascinating and her most winsome aspect. In 1894 he was promoted, along with Professor Herkomer and Mr. Lionel Smythe, to full membership of the Royal Water-Colour Society, and after an interval of only three years has been selected to rule the affairs and guide the destinies of the "Old Society." His career has therefore been a brilliant one; its developments will be watched by all who take an interest in him and his art, for the distinction which fortune has put in his way offers a field for action which most men might envy and would turn to best account. Every year his art improves, his touch becomes



STUDY IN OILS OF FOREGROUND

more sympathetic, his vision better focussed, and his appreciation—or, at least, his power of demonstration—of the sentiment of landscape, quickened. How true this is may be seen in the little exhibition of landscape which he, along with five fellow-artists, now annually organises at the Dudley Gallery. There, in my opinion, you may see the most poetical of his work—little pictures, apotheoses of the potboiler, some might say, in which he tells us all he has to say of Nature, in his tenderest and most unaffected way. These works may not have what is called the "importance" of pictures intended for the Royal Academy; but to my mind they are all the more valuable for that—more intimate, more truly felt, awakening more readily and gratefully an echo in a responsive chord of the spectator's heart. They show that Mr. Waterlow has not yet reached the heyday of his career, and in truth hold out the bright promise of the future.

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CHIMNEYPIECE.

## VALLGREN: ARTIFICER AND SCULPTOR.

BY PRINCE BOJIDAR KARAGEORGEVITCH.

ABOUT four years ago, Pierre Loti, passing through Paris, asked me to take him to the Champ de Mars to see the pictures—I have now forgotten what—of some famous painter. On reaching the exhibition, we both almost involuntarily stopped to look at a group of statuettes, bronzes, and busts.

A wonderful head of a woman of Brittany, with a light in her wide-open eyes, gazing into infinite distance, captivated Loti; and I, for my part, was no less in love with an exquisite statuette of a widow bearing in her arms, with a most expressively caressing gesture, the urn containing her husband's ashes. Another statuette of a blind woman, reminding us both in its rigid action of one similarly afflicted whom we knew so well on the Bridge of Ciboure, made us exclaim with admiration; and we lingered looking at these figures, and finding some new perfection every moment.

At last we looked in the catalogue for the name of the

artist, which I spoke out loud, "*Vallgren*." A gentleman who had been following us all the time we had been walking round the table, very much amused by our conversation, smiled outright as I pronounced the name, and, as I turned away, we exchanged a little sympathetic glance, almost a bow.

Even in the presence of the masterpieces we had come to see I was haunted by those statuettes; their intense artistic feeling, their truth, so genuine, free and living, certainly detracted from the other works exhibited, and I made the round of the galleries thinking of them alone, and presently of the gentleman's smile—a rather large-made man, very fair, with a genial, open, happy expression—and I racked my brain to imagine what tie there might be between him and the artist Vallgren, the sculptor of fragile forms, of the widows of the shipwrecked, eyes looking for ghosts, and of cinerary urns wet with the tears of heartbroken women.



A BENITIER.



A DOOR-KNOCKER.

A week later I happened to be on a visit to some friends at Grez, in the Forest of Fontainebleau, when a message by telegraph announced that Vallgren was coming. We all went to the station to meet the great artist, to whom I was already devoted, and I naturally expected to see a being consumed by art, haggard and absent-minded. And the man I saw was my friend of the Champ de Mars. We needed no introduction; he remembered what Loti and I had said so freely of his work, and the statu-

ettes and sketches each side of the hearth, while, on the front, a group of children that may have sprung from the flames dance with nimble grace.

Then he moulds flowers into fruit-dishes, twists leafy tendrils round the handles of spoons, and adapts poppies to the bolts and handles of a glass case. Again, he takes up a bust, or a group, giving life and actuality to every subject.

A large statue of "Hunger," a man cramming his fist into the gaping mouth in the middle of his horror-stricken face, is one of the most terrible things I have ever seen in art; and, by the side of it, the bust of the Comtesse de C. displays a womanly grace in lines of perfect harmony, finishing below in a plinth which gives to the whole the magical effect of a flower which has expanded into a woman.

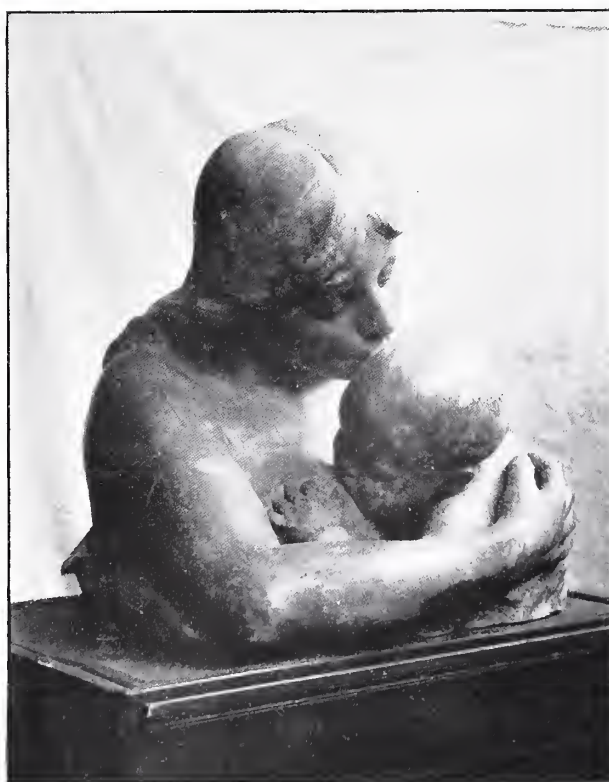
In his curious glass cases, made by Vallgren himself out of bits of old carved wood, worked over again by his own hand, and joined by engraved metal of sober and original design, dwells a whole crowd of little statuettes—Luxury and Misery, hieratic dancers supported on pointed pyramids, their hands calmly clasped on their bosom and their heads crowned with a tiara, side by side with a mother sitting on the worn steps of some old church, suckling her infant, and a nymph on tiptoe, her slender body stretched to the utmost to

were stamped on my admiring memory.

Still, I was a little disconcerted. He and Madame Vallgren—such a pretty, fair creature, as lively and cheerful as her husband—talked without ceasing, and in the garden they took to running; and my ideal, compounded of poetry and romance, had vanished into thin air, when Vallgren, presently gathering a flower, selected a huge purple poppy. But never have I more thoroughly felt or understood the sculptor as I did on seeing the caressing touch of those hands as they held the flower, the eyes that drank in its form and colour. This Vallgren, holding the poppy so lovingly, suddenly, and as if transformed, was the Vallgren of his work, of his sorrowful statuettes, of his dreamy and exquisite art.

Since then we have been intimate friends; and many hours spent in the studio with these two artists—for Madame Vallgren is also a subtle and refined seeker after novelty in art—have bound me to them more and more closely by the ties of affectionate admiration.

From a bust Vallgren turns to a monumental fireplace; sunflowers supply the motive for the decorative ornament in slight relief; an old man and woman crouch humbly to warm themselves on



MATERNITY.



smell a flower that hangs above her. A "Door Knecker" represents the figure of a suppliant, with hands uplifted to the barred glass panel, behind which a drama may be imagined; she strikes with all the weight of her supple body, which ends, siren-like, in drapery that clings to her feet and finishes in a flower, the whole admirably proportioned. "Consolation" is a group of two figures closely clasped in an eternal embrace—an almost

vestigations, tentative trials, and great impatience over the huge studio stove brought to a white heat,



REVERIE.

painful grip; in spite of their nudity exquisitely chaste, a pure kiss of souls.

Here are admirable busts of Edelfelt and of Strindberg, and another of Madame Segond Weber; three busts of children forming one group, elbow to elbow, crowded together in sweet harmony; another chimney-place where women-flowers spread their skirts like fragrant petals, and their tiny feet, like pistils, scarcely touch the ground.

Vallgren gets a patina on his bronzes of amazing brilliancy and vivid richness, shaded off by some process, from verdigris green to a rosy tint, through all the tones of gold. A little girl, her body of a warm gold, smells a flower of very dull red; the plinth and the leaves of the spray are of a pale soft green; at a short distance the statuette appears to be all of one colour—it is only on looking into it that the varying tints appear and charm the eye. This is the result of elaborate chemical treatment, firing and re-firing the bronze with different acids that affect its colour; the outcome of curious experiments, in-



CURIOSITY.

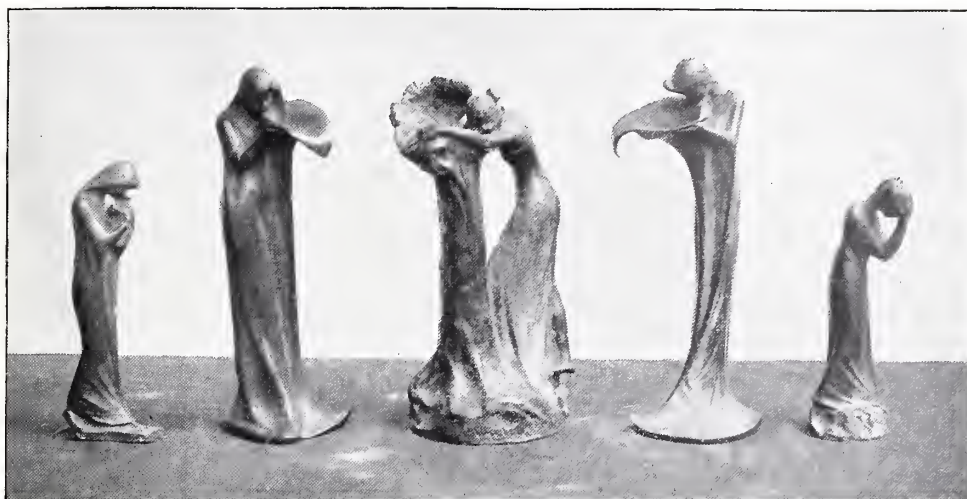
in which the statuettes are baked, coming out iridescent with every colour of the rainbow, to be



GIRL OF LOCTUDY.

rubbed down, seraped here and there, and polished with the application of some other acid perhaps.

Vallgren was born at Borgo, and educated at the



THE WIDOW.

GIRL-FLOWERS.

THE WEEPER.

Polytechnie School at Helsingfors. His parents had decided that he was to be an architect. As a favour, his masters, with whom he was very popular, allowed him to copy some Pompeian frescoes and architectural ornament; but his instinctive predilection, to which he could give himself up entirely only in the holidays, was unmistakably for sculpture, so, in spite of the adverse judgment of the learned professors of

Arts, and became Cavalier's pupil. Nothing can be funnier than his account of his first arrival in Paris; he could not speak a word of French, and his protector was a fellow-countryman who was, like him, studying at the Beaux-Arts, and knew no language other than Russian and Italian.

He could fill chapters of jest and fun with the story of his first efforts as a student—a student



GRIEF.

YOUTH.

CINERARY URN.

DESPAIR.

art, after producing a bust of his father, which was a marvel of likeness and vitality, Vallgren obtained parental permission to become a sculptor, and even the unhopèd-for joy of being sent to study in Paris.

He was at once admitted to the *École des Beaux-*

destined, indeed, to become a master—the master of sculptured elegance, of undulating female forms ending in flowers, of funeral urns suggestive of the void and of the woes of the poor, appealing, when admiration has had its say, to Charity and to Pity.



## NEW GALLERY AND "OLD MASTERS."

IT is fifteen years since the Royal Academy, which for well-defined reasons had never recognised Dante Gabriel Rossetti with election, paid posthumous honour to his genius. The attitude of the Academy was doubtless clear and logical enough. Such institutions are primarily established to teach the crafts of drawing and painting even before it preaches the beauty of sentiment or the elevation of thought and style. It is not their business—nay, it is not their right—to encourage the neglect of the grammar of art by honouring relatively untutored genius, however genuine, passionate, and powerful that genius may be. We all, academies included, admit the existence of higher qualities in art than mere drawing; but academies are bound to insist on some degree of proficiency in school-grammar in the members of the society. But when the artist has died, their protest being made, they may not illogically claim to pay the highest respect in their power to the genius of the man. Even in France, Manet, Monet, and their schools have been flouted by the Institut with cold disdain; but the doors of the Luxembourg have been opened to them notwithstanding.

Now the imperfection of technical accomplishment in the work of Rossetti—which fills the whole South Room of the New Gallery—is sufficiently obvious to need no demonstration. But there is a sustained poetic vein of thought, an opulent sense of decoration, a strictly original and creative realisation of romance, an ability to make colour ring and resound, so to speak, like the strains of the organ, that force the spectator to realise the splendid gifts of this extraordinary artist-poet. This ex-

hibition, better than all the writing in the world, sets before the visitor the full merits and defects of the man. His career, indeed, resembled the life of a flower. There was the early growth and budding;

there was the full and gorgeous blossoming; and there was the noble decay—a decay that reminds us always of the glory that has passed. But this, unhappily, is mistaken by many as a reincarnation of the healthy spirit of the flower. Indeed, in these splendid failures—such as "A Vision of Fiammetta" and "The Blessed Damozel," for relative failures they unquestionably are—many collectors see Rossetti's apogee, and contend for their possession with all a connoisseur's eagerness, while they look, almost unmoved, on such miracles of glowing colour as "The Borgia Family,"

"Paolo and Francesca," or "The Bethlehem Gate," and on such a pure piece of pious painting as the early "Girlhood of Mary Virgin" (wrongly named in the catalogue). At the Royal Academy there were eighty-three numbers; here there are seventy-four; yet in spite of this numerical inferiority, and in spite, too, of the absence of many of Rossetti's best-known works, the artist is perhaps better represented than if the whole of his 395 works, in all mediums and methods, had been collected together.

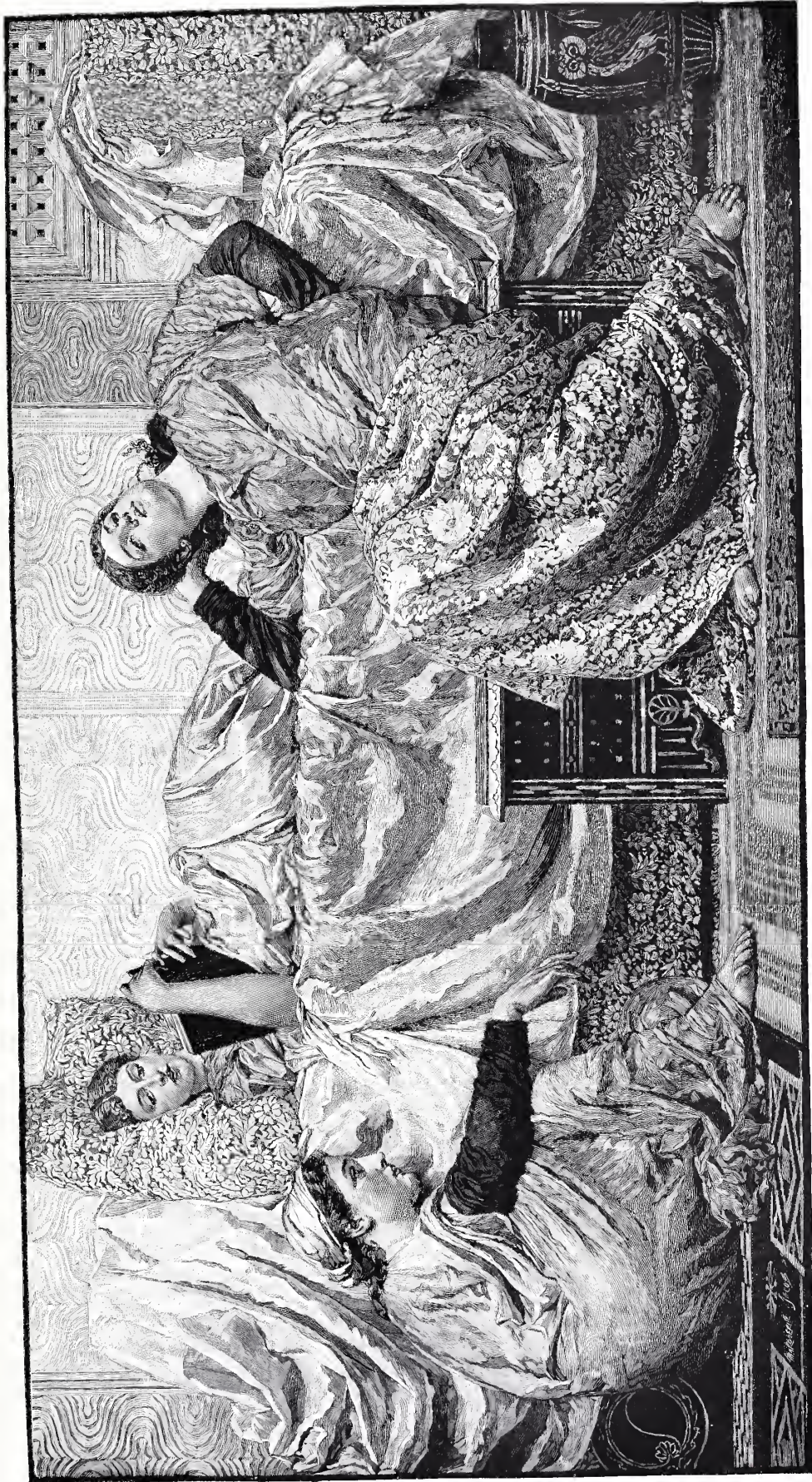
There are, no doubt, two ordinary classes to whom Rossetti's work will never appeal: the first, those who see in him merely the imperfect painter of dreams, whose power over hand and materials is limited; and the second, those who regard with temperamental aversion his "heart-sick, sad refrain of Love, Love, Love," of Dantesque yearning and of myth—who decline to forgive, for the sake of



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

(From the Portrait by Himself. The Property of M. H. Spielmann, Esq. Reprinted from "The Magazine of Art," 1889, p. 139.)





READING ALOUD.

(From the Painting by Albert Moore, the Property of W. Connal, Esq., jun. Engraved by Madame Jacob-Bazin. Reprinted from "The Magazine of Art," 1894, p. 365.)



the penetrating poetry, his eternal subjection to woman's thralldom, to love unrequited or else requited too much, to sensuous human passion oftentimes guilty, or else to some mystic Grail, or else, again, to the sacrifice of robust and healthy life to beauty of affected pose. To none of these does Rossetti all

combines in some measure the poetry of Rossetti with the strength and the disposition towards the *belle horreur* of Millais at that period. Rich and strong in colour, the work is of high merit, of great interest, and considerable facility; but the statement of the catalogue that this is the only picture of



MIDSUMMER.

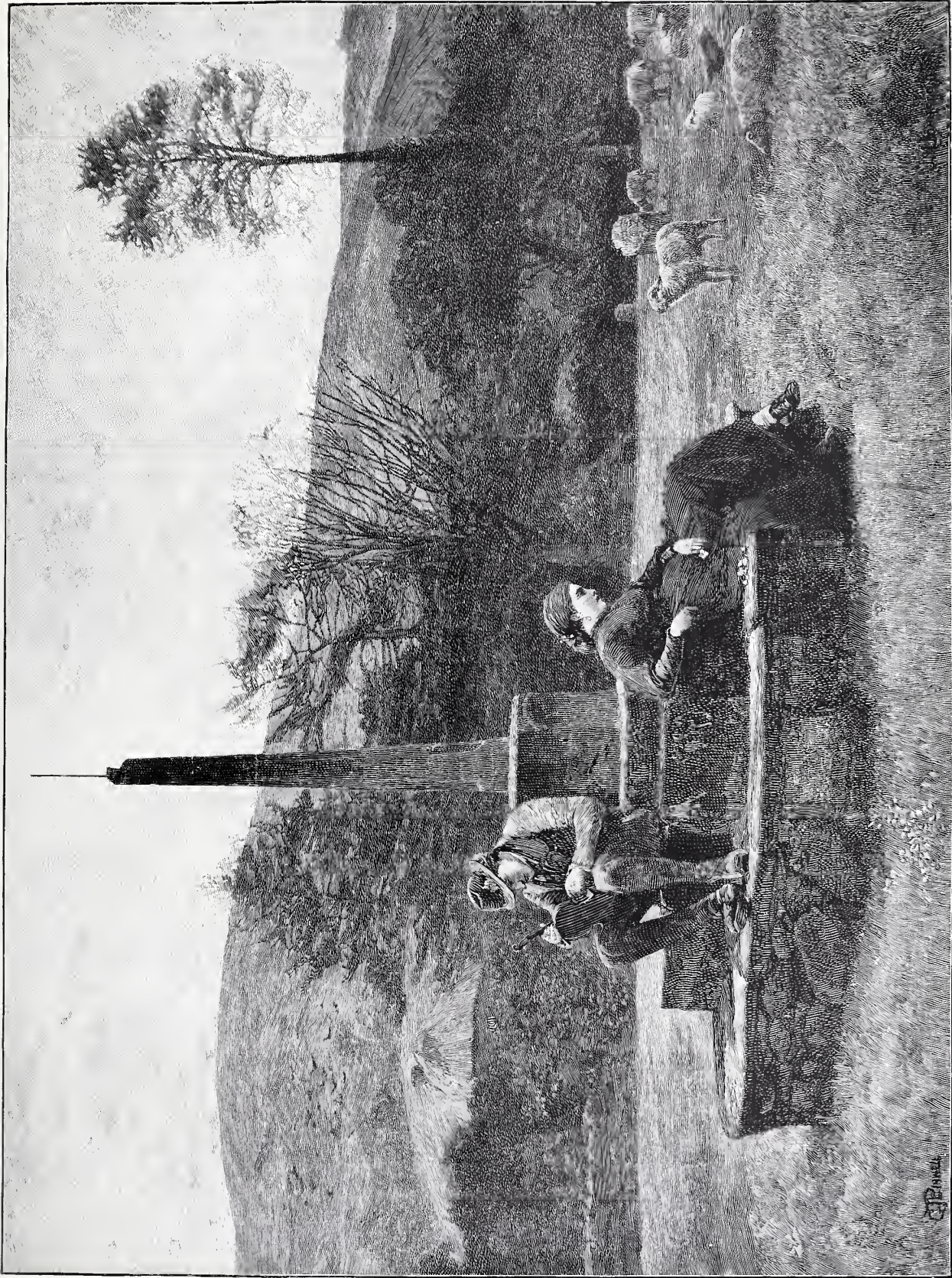
(From the Painting by Albert Moore. The Property of W. Connal, Esq., jun. Reprinted from "The Magazine of Art," 1894, p. 361.)

at flame appeal—nor by any of them must he be judged; robustness, breeziness, the vigorous health of the Anglo-Saxon, must not be asked from this son of the South, whom only chance brought to our shores, and who—for all his love of England and prejudice against foreign nations—in his characteristics as in his qualities, belonged little essentially to his foster-country. In proof of which it may be pointed out that his pictures illustrating Dante (43) about equal in number those illustrating all other writers put together. Among his pictures one is set which is from the brush of William Morris—a practical joke of the Directors, one would say, upon the public. This powerful little work, "Queen Guinever,"

William Morris is a little unintelligible. Why, then, is no account taken of his "Sir Tristram and Iseult's Dog"?

The duty which the Royal Academy has relinquished—at least, for a time—has been assumed at this Gallery, where there has been brought together a gathering of Old Masters, not quite, perhaps, up to the standard of Burlington House, yet fine, nevertheless, and supported by several famous collections. We have here the Duke of Norfolk's masterpiece by Vandyck, "Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, and his Grandson," and Mr. Charles Butler's fine "Portrait of a Lady and Child," by Cornelius de Vos, and Mr. Martin Colnaghi's still more remarkable "Portrait of





OUT OF TUNE.

(From the *Painting* by George Pinnell. The Property of Sir W. Cutbort Quilter, Bart., M.P. Reprinted from "The Magazine of Art," 1857, p. 557.)



a Lady," by Cornelius Janssens. There is Mr. Humphry Ward's pleasing "Judith," with the head of Holofernes by Sir Peter Lely—chiefly remarkable, perhaps, apart from the unjustifiably engaging prettiness of the principal figure, for being one of the few subject-pictures of the painter. Then there are the fine dashing sketch by Rubens of "The Boar Hunt;" the superb little portrait of a demure young man in a black doublet slashed with red—ascribed to Hans Holbein, and certainly worthy of his brush; and the extremely important *grisaille* painting by Albert Durer of "The Procession to Calvary," of which other versions are known. These three masterpieces all belong to Sir Francis Cook. The Duke of Norfolk sends his "Lord Mowbray and Maltravers," by Vandyck, another *chef-d'œuvre*; Mrs. Samuel Joseph the superb little Jan Ochterveldt—"A Singing Practise"—exquisite in touch and entirely individual as to colour. Lucas van Leyden's "Ecce Homo" is another work of exquisite delicacy and beauty. There is interest in the series of pictures illustrative of the affairs of the King and Queen of Bohemia, attributed to Otto van Veen—the master of Rubens. But the pictures are evidently Dutch, both in subject and method, and the authorship of these large canvases recording Dutch events in Holland requires some further proof than mere catalogue statement.

Some of the chief among the later masters of the British school are admirably represented. Of Müller there is the superb "Chess Players"—glowing like jewels, and standing testimony of how colour can repay rapid, forthright, honest work, even when a picture is painted in two days—and the "Waterfall on the Lyn," illustrated on p. 195 of this Part. George Mason, finer in his smaller than in his larger works, is seen to great

advantage in "The Gander" and "The Calves" and the cool "Young Anglers;" while the celebrated "Evening Hymn," a little too obvious in its composition, perhaps, is here to remind us of his more ambitious work. Fred Walker is represented by "The Plough"—the large work with the ruddy glow—and "The Wayfarers." But Walker suffers by being seen in too many of his works; in his larger figure subjects his Greek swing of body—his view of "style"—appears almost an affectation and quite an unreality; and in his water-colours such devices as spotting in his background sky with blots of white body-colour becomes a trick neither quite honest nor effective. Indeed, at near quarters, his blotted-in sky among the trees looks more like blossom. Pinwell, euri-ously enough, looks more sympathetic here, especially in the water-colours, lent chiefly by Mr. H. Hartley and Mrs. Joseph, such as "The New Book," "Mamma's Watch," "Old Time and his Wife," and "The Vagrants." His famous "Village Cross"—here called "Out of Tune"—is here from Sir Cuthbert Quilter's collection.

The older painters—such as Wilkie, Constable, Gainsborough, Etty, and Wilson—are not inadequately represented; and of the late Albert Moore

there are "Reading Aloud," "The Quartette," "The Toilette," "An Embroidery," "Midsummer," and "White Hydrangeas." These are, all but the first-named, hung together, and support one another by their delicacy and tender decorativeness. They have already been fully described in these pages, so that no further comment is needed; but satisfaction may at least be expressed that Albert Moore has at last been recognised not only as a "master," but as an "old master," and that he rises to the ranks of the non-academic Immortals.



WHITE HYDRANGEAS.

(From the Painting by Albert Moore. The Property of W. Connal, Esq., jun. Reprinted from "The Magazine of Art," 1894, p. 363.)



## THE ART MOVEMENT.

### THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

ONE is apt to forget when considering the New English Art Club that it is after all a club, the all-saving clause in art, instead of securing some one particular excellence of the sort which

for many years has played the will-o'-the-wisp to so many of the painters. Such "style" may be found in the elegant "Souvenir of Vandyek," by Mr. C. H. Shannon. This child, masquerading in a cook's dress, graceful and, with very slight qualification, exquisite in drawing, charmingly posed, and seductive in the technical quality of the paint, proclaims the artist a painter of a high order who, if he adheres to oil and canvas, should develop an increasing reputation, swiftly and surely, in the coming years. "The Quarry" of Mr. W. Y. MacGregor is equally distinguished in style—a landscape, broadly seen and executed with sobriety yet strength of



THE QUARRY.

(From the Painting by W. Y. MacGregor.)

and not an exhibiting society of the ordinary kind, and that accordingly the members have a right to exhibit what they choose—however experimental, however "amusing," however incomplete—without justifiable complaint on the part of the critic. There is the greater reason, therefore, for congratulating the club on the increasing reticence and sincerity displayed in their last collection. French influence of the worse sort is disappearing gradually from the walls, and the spirit of the old masters of England and the Continent is re-asserting itself in many of the contributions, heralding the complete return of the *intransigents* to sanity. There are several attempts, singularly successful too, to achieve "style,"

colour, which contains an element of nobility. These are the chief works upon the walls, but others claim



BUSHEY PARK.

(From the Painting by D. S. MacColl.)





STUDIES FOR "SOUVENIR OF VANDYCK"  
(By Charles H. Shannon.)

attention. The rapid out-of-door effect of Mr. D. S. MacColl's "Bushey Park" suggests the honest swiftness of Constable as much as Mr. Fred Brown's "Coming Storm" recalls his impressiveness in the composition of clouds against a blue sky. The ideal treatment of "The Shadow of the Cliff," by Mr. Henry Tonks, gives us a charm of atmospheric quality and a colour which could only have been obtained by an intelligent study of Turner. Another atmospheric effect bathed in sunlight is Mr. Charles Conder's "Sea View," which represents a female figure bathing in the sunlight beneath the cliff. Mr. Francis Bate has never done better than in his thoroughly capable sylvan study, entitled "Through the

Trees." Mr. Wilson Steer, in an unfinished sketch which he calls "By Lamplight," gives us a clever imitation of a laughing head by Romney; Mr. Fry, in "Nemi," a composition by Wilson; Mr. Titcombe, in "Misty Morning," a study after Whistler; Mr. Arthur Tomson, in "Walberswick Church," reminds the spectator of Old Crome; and so on—all of them clever and welcome, and all of them founded upon the men who helped to make the great traditions of art. To Mr. Douglas Robinson's "Nude Figure Reading" we referred when dealing with the Salon of the Champ de Mars: the flesh-painting is excellent, and the little picture altogether an achievement. It is, unfortunately, on too big a scale for its frame, for a perfect effect. Besides these, we have the well-designed "Prelude"—a girl at the piano—by Mr. David Muirhead; the powerful study of "An Autumn Cloud," by Mr. Bertram Priestman; and interesting drawings by Mr. Brabazon, Mr. Laurence Housman, Sir William Eden, and Miss Mary Hogarth.



SOUVENIR OF VANDYCK.

(By Charles H. Shannon.)



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

THE gold medal competitions for the Royal Academy students for the year just ended revealed the fact that landscape painting was by

The fourth gold medal, for design in architecture was gained by Mr. Archibald H. Christie.

In addition to the gold medal for historical painting, the first Armitage prize for a design in monochrome for a figure picture ("Jephthah meeting his Daughter") was not awarded, nor was the silver medal for a design for a Jubilee medal. Miss Mary E. F. Brickdale carried off the prize for the design for the decoration of a public building, upon the motive of "Spring."

An interesting series of works was submitted for the silver medal for the painting of a head from life. The first prize was secured by Mr. Alfred Guy Smith and the second by Mr. Edmund L. Van Someren, the latter gentleman also being awarded the Landseer scholarship for painting. The silver medal for a cartoon of a draped figure ("Hermione as a Statue") was easily secured by Miss Mary Tow-



SUBJECT: "A LOCK."

(From the Painting by C. M. Q. Orchardson. Awarded the Creswick Prize.)

far the most successful branch of the work of the schools. So unsatisfactory, indeed, were the competing works for the gold medal for historical painting that the prize was not awarded. While making full allowance for the difficulty of the subject—"Cleopatra clandestinely introduced into the Presence of Cæsar"—it must be confessed that the performers were unexpectedly poor. Of the Turner gold-medal work (Mr. Alfred Priest) and the Creswick prize picture (Mr. C. M. Q. Orchardson) we give reproductions, as well as of Mr. Turner's group "Charity," which gained the gold medal and traveling scholarships. For the sake of comparison we have placed opposite to it the illustration of the work which was lately awarded the *Grand Prix de Rome*, and it will be seen that the result is not altogether confounding to the English student. Mr. Turner was also awarded the Landseer scholarship for sculpture.

good, and that for a painting of a draped figure (open to ladies only) by Miss Hilda Koe.



LANDSCAPE: SUBJECT—"AFTER-GLOW."

(From the Painting by Alfred Priest. Awarded the Turner Gold Medal.)





SUBJECT: "CHARITY."

*(By Alfred Turner. Awarded the Gold Medal at the Royal Academy Schools.)*





ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

(By A. J. V. Séguin. Awarded the Grand Prix de Rome at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Photograph by Barler, Paris.)



## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—FEBRUARY.

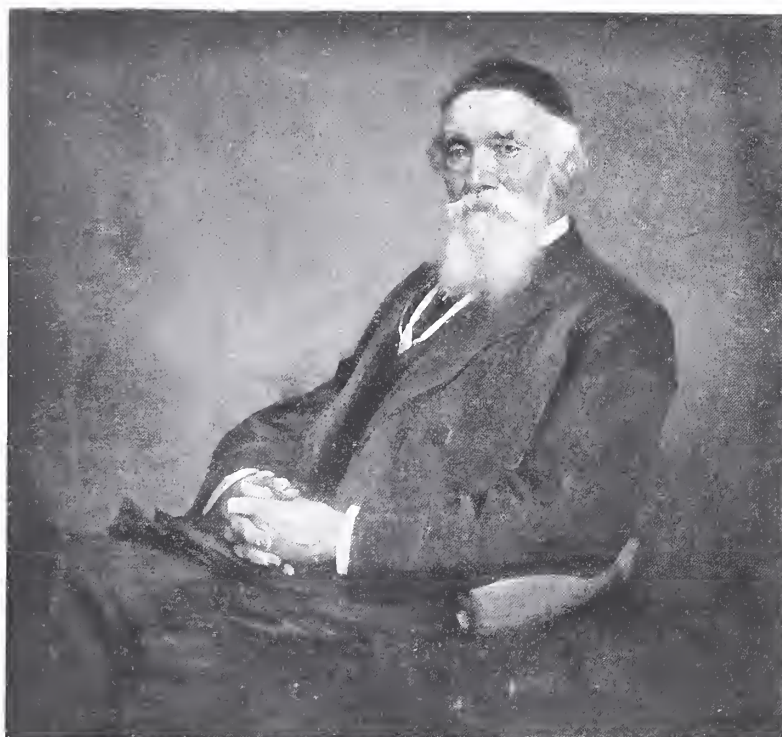
The Camberwell Art School.

THE opening of the School of Arts and Crafts at Camberwell marks an era in the advance of art education, inasmuch as it is the first institution of the kind in London to be placed under the control of the local governing body—in this instance the Vestry of Camberwell. The building has been erected at the joint cost of Mr. PASSMORE EDWARDS and the City Parochial Charities, and is intended as

reply to that was, "Let your work be sincere and your commercial dealings honest, and the art shall sanctify the commerce." The final part of the lecture dealt with the assertions "that the English are not an artistic race, and that the golden age of art is past." Sir Wyke reminded his audience of Turner, Cox, and Constable, and that two special developments of modern painting—landscape and water-colour—had come from the English School.

**The Goldsmiths' Institute.** ONCE again the School of Art at the New Cross

Institute leads the way for London schools in the National Art Competition, its record for 1897 being three silver medals, sixteen bronze medals, twenty book prizes, and eight other prizes. Out of this total of forty-seven awards no fewer than twenty-eight were for applied design—strong evidence that the tuition in this school is being carried on in the right direction. The silver medals were gained by Mr. ALBERT COUMBER, for architectural design; Mr. FRANK P. MARRIOTT, for modelled design (figure); and Miss MARGARET E. THOMPSON, for applied design (book illustration). Mr. Marriott and his staff of assistants are to be congratulated upon this eminently satisfactory outcome of the year's work. On December 23 the art students held a conversation in the large hall of the institute, the principal feature of which was a very successful series of *tableaux* "reproducing the styles of illustration." About 150 students were in costume representing characters from the drawings by Miss K. GREENAWAY, CALDECOTT, Sir EDWARD BURNE-JONES, MESSRS. E. A. ABBEY, A.R.A., WALTER CRANE, ANNING BELL, HUGH THOMSON, AUBREY BEARDSLEY, etc. A number of the costumes were made by students of the dressmaking class from



MR. JOHN BURNET, ARCHITECT.

(From the Painting by James Guthrie, R.S.A.)

a memorial of Lord Leighton. Sir EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A., opened the institution, and took the opportunity to eulogise his predecessor as an artist, for, as he said, "the very exalted place which he held as a painter was, in view of the ceaseless energy he displayed in other matters, and his numerous brilliant accomplishments, apt to be overlooked."

"The Bogey of the Studio." SIR WYKE BAYLISS, P.R.B.A., when distributing the prizes to the students of the Hornsey School of Art, delivered an interesting and eloquent address on "The Bogey of the Studio." He referred in the first place to the increasing competition against which young artists have to contend. "Art was such a common thing that everyone did it," and to that he replied, "Well, let them do it, it will raise the standard of the world." "Art might be common as everything in nature is, it might be imperfect, as everything the artist did must be, but there was one thing it could not be—it could not be commonplace." The second bogey "was that art must not be commercial." His

designs supplied by members of the book illustration class.

**New Members.** ROYAL Institute of Painters in Water-  
Colours:—MESSRS. J. GÜLICH, MORTIMER MENTES, DUDLEY HARDY, W. W. COLLINS, CHARLES SAINTON, and DAVID GREEN. Institute of Painters in Oil-  
Colours:—MESSRS. L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., and JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A. (Honorary Members); E. MATTHEW HALE, DUDLEY HARDY, GABRIEL NICOLET, G. C. HINDLEY, A. D. REID, A.R.S.A., and R. G. SOMERSET.

**The Millais Exhibition.** WE have so lately dealt at length with the art of Sir JOHN MILLAIS that it is not necessary to review in detail the wonderful collection of his works brought together at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The collection as it stands, numbering 190 oil pictures, besides a few black-and-white drawings—although it leaves out of account over a hundred pictures in oil—presents his full power to public view with a completeness which is amazing. The virility, the independence, the variety, the brilliancy of this wonderful painter—our greatest painter of the century and on the whole our most

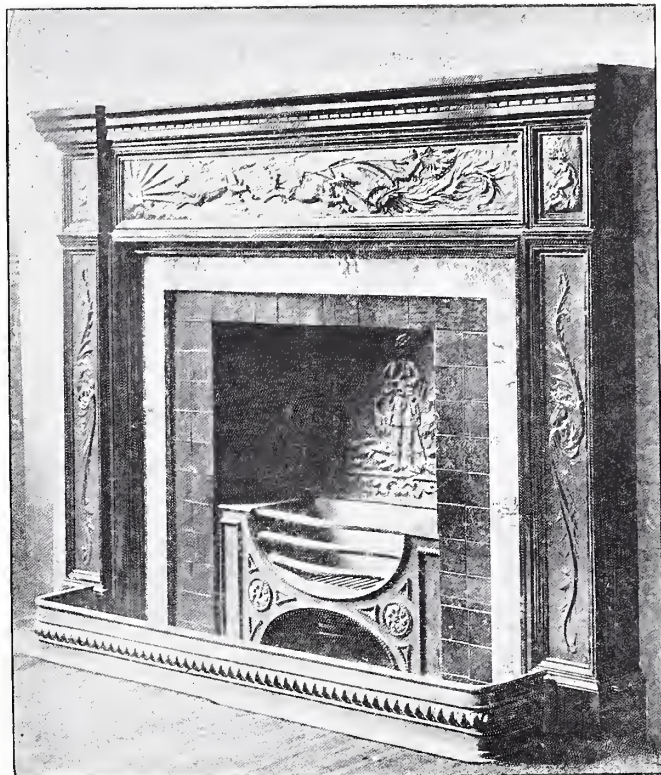


remarkable colourist—stand forth with triumphant splendour. This is an exhibition to draw not only all London: it will draw all England, if Millais' memory is to be duly honoured, or his countrymen are to do justice to themselves.

**Other Exhibitions.** THE landscape exhibition, which has now become an annual feature at the Dudley Gallery, is as usual exceedingly bright and interesting. Messrs. E. A. WATERLOW, P.R.W.S., A.R.A., J. AUMONIER, R.I., A. D. PEPPERCORN, R.I., LESLIE THOMSON, R.I., R. W. ALLAN, R.W.S., and JAMES S. HILL contribute works each in his own style, which are sufficiently diversified to destroy any suggestion of monotony. Mr. Waterlow's drawings, for the most part, represent scenes in and around the picturesque Suffolk village of Walberswick. "The River Blyth" is a delightful little transcript from nature—the fast-flowing stream, the red-roofed cottages, the decaying jetty, the solitary fishing-boat, forming a characteristic representation of this charming old-world village. His largest contribution is "Launching the Salmon-Boat," referred to in the article on p. 217 of this Part. One of the best of Mr. Aumonier's dozen pictures is "On the River Arun," showing a stretch of the stream above Arundel, with the curious patch of bald white cliff at the end of a vista of wooded banks. "Lingering Sunlight" is an exceedingly clever drawing of a flock of sheep seen in the twilight. The moon is already up, but the reflection from the setting sun still illumines the scene, tinting half of the flock with its rosy hue. Mr. Peppercorn's "Corn Ricks" is full of the atmosphere of evening, and "The Estuary of the Avon at Christchurch" is delightful in its silvery greyness. The river scenes in Dorset, Suffolk, and Essex by Mr. Leslie Thomson are excellent, "On the Waveney"—a stretch of typical Broad scenery, with a lofty sailed wherry on the sluggish stream—being noteworthy among his other works. The sea pieces of Mr. Robert Allan are as refreshing and invigorating as ever; while his "Lowlands of Holland" and "Moret, France," prove that his powers are not confined in one groove. These landscapes are fully equal in excellence with his paintings of his well-loved North Sea. Mr. Hill's work shows once more his talent as a poetic landscape painter, his "A Canal," with its white horse on the towing-path, being one of his most successful pieces.

If the selection of the Queen's Jubilee presents on exhibition at the Imperial Institute is a representative one, it can only be said that artistic merit, generally speaking, is more than commonly absent. The infinite opportunity afforded, in the innumerable Addresses which have been presented to her, for the display of such national improvement in design as has been effected under the rule of the Science and Art Department, appears to have been thrown away. Gaudy intricacy seems to have been mistaken for design, and highly coloured fussiness for decoration. Of course there are exceptions both in the direction of taste and skill. But the vast majority of these Addresses irresistibly suggests ticket-writing *in excelsis*. The caskets, similarly, are for the most part of the old pattern, turned out, like the Addresses, by firms and not by artists. Exception should be made of the charming cover in olive-wood, diamonds, and gold, by the Jewish Board of Deputies, and of the presentations from the English colonies in Munich and Milan, and the French colony in London. M. Detaille's equestrian portrait of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught has already been

noticed in THE MAGAZINE OF ART. The gifts from the Emperor and Empress of China and their Ambassador to England are without question the richest and most magnificent; superb ancient bronzes with rare patinas, fine jade, both white and yellow (including symbolic Joo-ees of the same stone), rare porcelain, and magnificent cloisonné screen, form a group which alone demands a visit to the Imperial Institute. Besides these are the two superb gifts of the Emperor of Japan—the first an incomparable cabinet in gold lac, and the second a screen in silk embroidery, which in its own way we have never seen surpassed. To the other rich gifts of value, except the little vases presented by the Comtesse de Paris, we need



CHIMNEYPIECE IN WOOD

Designed by J. A. Simpson. Executed by J. Aldam Heaton and Co.)

not refer, as art has not in them been the chief consideration.

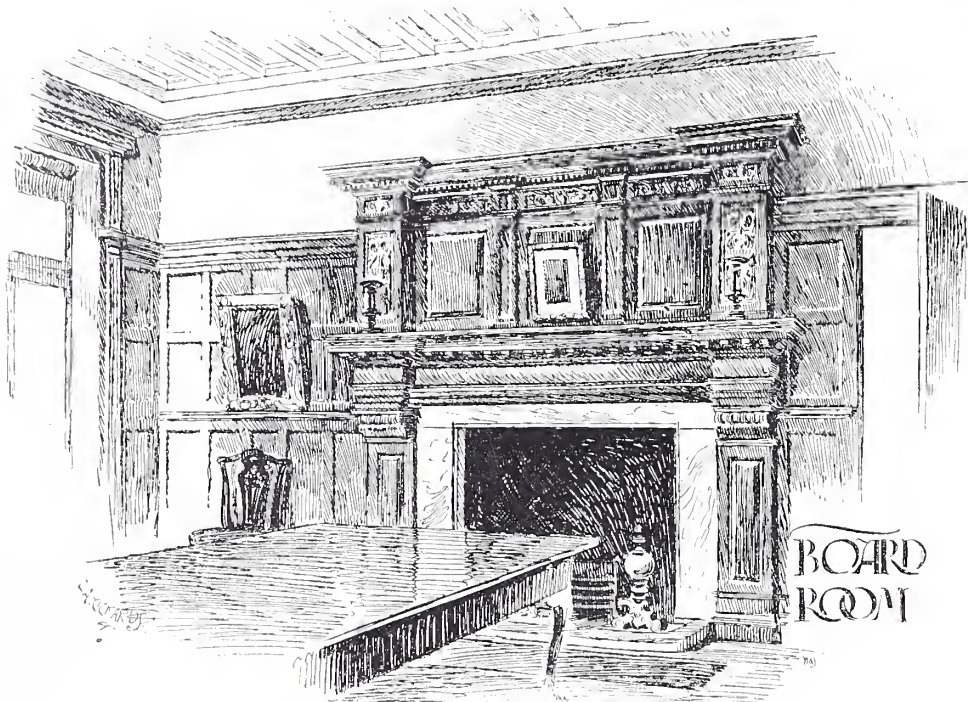
The Glasgow Art Club Exhibition, which was open during November in the Royal Institute Galleries, Sauchiehall Street, is always of an interesting character. Glasgow at the present time is undoubtedly a centre of art activity and influence. Within recent years it has done much to leaven—in one direction, at all events—the landscape art of Scotland; and as the Club exhibition is confined to members, it affords an opportunity of taking stock, as it were, of the "Glasgow School." Judged by the work on the walls, the Club is still, artistically, in a healthy state. Many of the members show a keen perception of tone and good colour, and the 250 works exhibited attain, on the whole, to a high standard of merit. Two of the members of the Club whose reputation extends far beyond the boundaries of the "second city" are Mr. JAMES GUTHRIE, R.S.A., and Mr. JOHN LAVERY, R.S.A. The former shows a masterly portrait in a grey scheme (which we reproduce) of Mr. John Burnet,



architect in Glasgow, and the latter a graceful half-length of a lady, posed and painted in the style of the early English masters. One of the most promising of the younger men is Mr. DAVID GAULD. His landscapes attracted attention on account of their brilliant lighting, and latterly he has taken to portraiture with excellent results. On this occasion he exhibits a full-length of a boy in a sailor costume, which has some admirable qualities. Mr. W. G. GILLIES also does credit to himself as a young artist by a dainty portrait of a pretty girl in pink and black. Mr. MACAULAY STEVENSON and Mr. GROSVENOR THOMAS show poetically

sunlight, colour, and luminosity are so remarkable that they deserve to be seen in the Metropolis. It is unnecessary to refer to the exhibition in greater detail, but we would suggest the propriety, if the Society is to be influential for good and to obtain the popularity and applause of the general public as well as of its members, of raising the standard by stiffening the back of the Selecting Committee.

The work of the students of the Royal Female School of Art for the past year is well up to the standard of previous exhibitions. Two of the National Queen's Prizes were awarded, one to Miss EMILY G. COURT for a study of flowers in water-colours, and the other to Miss MILDRED JACKSON for a monochrome painting of ornament from the east. Miss BERTHA SMITH, who for the second year gains the Gilchrist Scholarship, shows some interestingly varied work. A wall-paper and frieze and an altar-cloth and super-frontal gained for her National Silver Medals; a water-colour drawing of cockatoos; a clever design for a fan to commemorate the Queen's reign was awarded the prize of £10 at the Fanmakers' competition. Besides these, she has a good design for a lace collar and some clever landscape work in water-colours. The Queen's Gold Medal was awarded to Miss EVELINE M. J. HOWELL for a charcoal drawing from the life



BOARD ROOM AT MESSRS. MACMILLAN'S NEW OFFICE. (See p. 236.)

treated landscapes; Mr. STUART PARK beautiful flower studies; and Mr. W. FULTON BROWN broad and effective water-colour drawings.

The Oxford Art Society for the first time holds its exhibition in the gallery of the fine new Municipal Buildings which have been contributed by Mr. HARE to the architectural attractions of the university city. The Society, it should be explained, has adopted the somewhat doubtful policy of exhibiting the work of none but men identified with Oxford either by birth, residence, or university connection. It may well be questioned whether this exclusiveness will in the long run be the more beneficial to the Society, or whether it will not rather militate against its popularity amongst the visitors to whose support it partially appeals. Apart from the several distinguished artists, such as Sir EDWARD BURNE-JONES and Messrs. BRITON RIVIERE, ALBERT GOODWIN, J. FULLEYLOVE, MATHEW HALE, and SPENCER STANHOPE, together with Mr. T. F. M. SHEARD and Mr. CARLETON GRANT, the exhibition contains over two hundred paintings. It must be admitted that the majority of these do not stand the test of exhibition with any degree of credit, as the work proclaims itself that of amateurs, clever though many of them are. Mr. WALTER S. TYRWHITT, however, the backbone of the Society, as well as its honorary secretary, shows a number of drawings, chiefly of the East, in which

of the head of an Italian peasant. The water-colour section was the strongest of any of the work shown, the black-and-white being relatively weak and uninteresting. Among the modelling exhibits Miss SPILLER's design for the back of a mirror and her panel of "Wild Hops" were the most original and dainty.

**Reviews.** A BOOK to be commended without qualification of any kind is Mr. ERNEST LAW'S "*Short History of Hampton Court*" (George Bell and Sons). That admirable work in three volumes which we dealt with at length as it appeared, being too expensive for the ordinary book-buyer, has here been condensed into a single volume not less authoritative and, it may be added, hardly less delightful than the fascinating work upon which it is based. Indeed, we are not sure that, from a certain point of view, this last book is not the more useful one, unencumbered as it is by much of the discursive matter which, thoroughly in place in "*History of Hampton Court Palace*," is nevertheless not indispensable to the reader. In only a few cases can we make any reservations as regards the utility and adequacy of the numerous illustrations, those exceptions being the reproductions of certain of the pictures, which, over-reduced in size and printed on rougher paper than is suited to them, are somewhat blurred. In a work of such importance, however, the technical quality of the illustrations is a matter of comparatively little concern.



In daintiest garb, beautifully printed and tastefully arranged, the extremely well-selected anthology edited by Mr. FREDERICK WEDMORE and Miss WEDMORE, and entitled "*Poems of Love and Pride of England*" (Ward, Lock, and Co.) is one of the daintiest volumes of patriotic verse ever issued. The selection, which extends from Skelton to Mr. William Watson, is intended to inculcate patriotic virtue and to inspire a passionate pride in the great deeds which form the Englishman's noblest inheritance.

The first six parts of Mr. WILL ROTHENSTEIN'S "*English Portraits*" (Grant Richards) testify not only to the artistic ability of the young artist but to the very real importance and historic interest of the work. Mr. Rothenstein's method is to select men and women of distinction in the worlds of art, literature, science, criticism, and so forth, and to execute for each part two portraits. Now these portraits, whether as heads and as likenesses, are admirable; they are executed with a sympathy and a ready skill that make us forgive the often summary and careless drawing of the bodies under them. They are exercises in character and expression—sensitive, keenly seen and realised, and well sustained throughout—that are surprising in so young a man. As "lithographed drawings," too, they have great charm for the lover of the stone. Mr. Rothenstein has learned the secret of making the stone, or the transfer-paper, "sing;" his touch is delicate yet firm, and the silvery quality of his delicate greys is charming. Though sketchy in effect, these drawings are often very subtle; but the suggestion of amateurishness affected at times by Mr. Rothenstein now and again militates against their effect. All the same, the series is one to be possessed by every lover of lithography who can appreciate the true touch and good printing.

A work of great value—not even so much important by what it gives as by what it heralds—is the altogether admirable "*Léonard Limosin: Peintre des Portraits*" (Société Française d'Éditions d'Art; May; Paris). For many years past the authors, Messrs. L. BOURDERY and E. LACHENAUD, have been engaged on a complete survey of the works of enamel painters of Limoges, accumulating some 17,000 slips, descriptive and critical, dealing with every detail of technique, of particulars, of collector's facts of every sort; and the first volume of the series is now before us. This remarkably detailed handling of the subject, it must be observed, treats of Léonard Limosin as a portraitist only, setting forth the facts, dates of exhibition, and symposia of criticism of the 131 portrait-enamels known to be by, or traditionally attributed to, the master. But there is nothing here of Léonard's purely decorative work—dishes, tazze, and so forth; these will come into another volume. The elaborately classified indexes and tables would satisfy by their completeness a German professor. Under the heading of "Collections," however, some of the most recent changes have not been included—such as the François Ier. and the Queen Claude from the Seillièrè collection, which now belong to Mr. George Salting, and the Henri d'Albert (91), now the property of Mr. J. E. Taylor. It is difficult to praise too highly this scholarly work. (Illustrated, 15 francs.)

We have more than once borne witness to the exceptional ability of Mr. BYAM SHAW as an able revivalist in his own person of the Pre-Raphaelite school. In the volume of "*Poems by Robert Browning*" (George Bell and Son) he gives another phase of his individuality, and displays a Rossettian appreciation of the poet, and the

possession of a responsive talent, that will be cordially recognised by every reader. Rich fancy, beauty of design, and excellence of draughtsmanship are evident in most of these drawings, and feeling and humour too. He is somewhat unequal, and the printing is not always of the best; but such an illustration as, for example, "Hist!" said the Queen," compensates for a great deal more than there is to forgive.

Mr. WM. NICHOLSON has followed up his "Alphabet" with an "*Almanac of Twelve Sports*" (Heinemann), accompanied by clever verses by Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING—verses which as often poke fun at the sports as celebrate them. These lithographs show a developing talent and a keen appreciation of the value of masses of black. It is a book



ALMS DISH.

(By Henry Harvey. See p. 236.)

to acquire as an entertaining curiosity. Mr. Nicholson thoroughly understands the capability of the rough wood block.

To all lovers of the "West Countree" we can recommend "*Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall*," by ARTHUR H. NORWAY (Macmillan and Co., London). The author starts from Lyme Regis and takes us round the coasts of the county of Devon and "The Duchy"—making occasional jaunts inland to places of interest—and discourses pleasantly upon the folk-lore, historical associations, legends, superstitions, and topographical beauties of this delightful corner of our country. There is not a dull page in the whole book. Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL supplies illustrations of many of the places mentioned in the author's itinerary, some of which are not altogether satisfactory—as, for example, the view of Plymouth (page 109). Mr. HUGH THOMSON contributes half a dozen or so characteristic drawings of old-time scenes, which add to the interest of the volume.

Mr. Jewitt would hardly know his old magazine, "*The Reliquary*" (Elliot Stock), in quarto form and full of illustrations. It still keeps up a high reputation, and is more instructive and valuable than ever. An article on the "Florentine Caged Crickets" is a very important contribution to a little-known subject, and those on



"Tallies" (fully illustrated) are worthy of the Society of Antiquaries' Proceedings. This volume is thoroughly interesting, and its articles are of permanent archaeological value and well illustrated.

We have received the "*Goldsmiths' Institute Calendar, Session 1897-8*"—a volume extending to over a hundred pages, and dealing with the work being accomplished under the direction of the energetic secretary, Mr. J. S. REDMAYNE, B.A. It is well illustrated by photographs, and drawings by members of the art classes.

To all interested in the progress of photography during the past year "*Photograms of '97*" (Dawbarn and Ward: London) is an indispensable volume. The work of the leading photographers in England, France, and America is dealt with by competent writers and illustrated by excellent reproductions. The book is faultlessly printed. (2s. cloth.)

Miscellanea. Mr. J. J. SHANNON, A.R.A., was awarded a gold medal (with £300) at the Pittsburgh, U.S.A., International Art Exhibition.

Mr. T. ARMSTRONG, C.B., has been permitted by the Treasury to retain his position as Director of Art in the Science and Art Department for another year. Mr. WEALE'S dismissal has not been rescinded.

The illustration of Sir JOHN GILBERT'S "Richard II resigning the Crown to Bolingbroke" in our November Part was wrongly described as a reproduction from the oil-painting at Liverpool. It was done from the water-colour drawing in the possession of W. J. Baker, Esq., of Streatham.

The work of the late Mr. ALDAM HEATON is not to be lost, for the business established by him is to be carried on both at Bloomsbury Street and at the premises opened shortly before his death at Mount Street. We illustrate on p. 233 a chimneypiece in wood, a laudable feature of the firm. It was designed by Mr. J. A. SIMPSON, and has been executed in the Bloomsbury workshops.

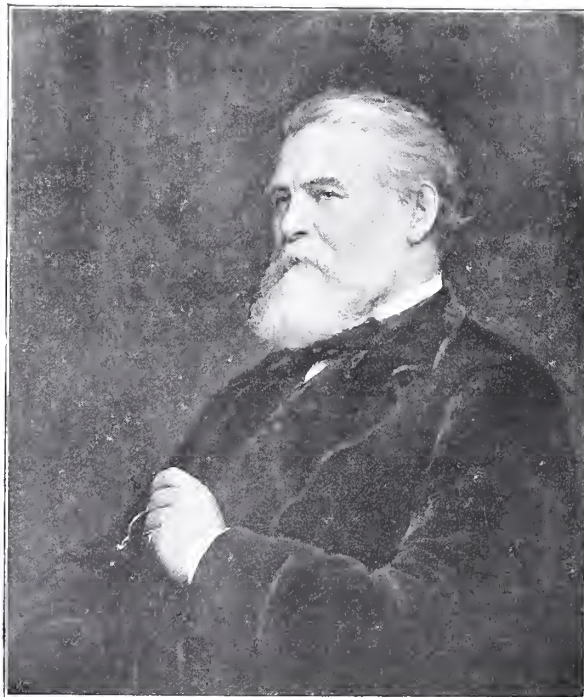
The alms-dish illustrated on p. 235 is the work of Mr. HENRY HARVEY, and gained for him some time ago a prize of £50 given by the Goldsmiths' Company. The central plaque has for its subject "The Scapegoat," the whole design being skilfully treated, especially in the border. Mr. Harvey gained a National Scholarship for three successive years, the last two of which were spent under M. DALOU. He has exhibited several busts at the Royal Academy, one of them "General Lord Roberts."

The new publishing offices of Messrs. Macmillan are a model of good taste, architectural and decorative. Designed by Mr. JOHN CASH, the building is a good example of Classic, modified with a few touches of Renaissance. It is particularly in the interior that the sober and judicious taste of the architect is most apparent, in the planning and

the designing of the fine hall and staircase, the corridor, and principal rooms. The high oak-panelling, the refinement and general reticence of the decorative treatment, impart an air of elegant luxury at once charming and reposeful. The carving in stone and wood, by Mr. WILLIAM AUMONIER, is not less admirable; an excellent craftsman, he has shown himself an artist as well. The well-known series of portraits of distinguished authors, by Mr. F. SANDYS, and other pictures now acquiring the interest of tradition, add considerably to the pleasing effect of the whole.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. Obituary. JOHN LOUGHBOROUGH PEARSON, R.A., in his

eighty-first year. The eminent architect was the son of a water-colour artist, and was born in Durham. At the age of fourteen he became an articled pupil of Bononi, and early in his professional career showed his predilection for ecclesiastical architecture. Coming to London, he worked firstly for Anthony Salvin and afterwards with Philip Hardwick, and it was not long before his talent attracted attention. Holy Trinity Church, Vauxhall Bridge, was his first public work, and this was followed by St. Peter's Church and Art Schools in the same neighbourhood. His reputation rapidly spread, and in course of time he became architect to Rochester, Bristol, Peterborough, Lincoln, and Exeter Cathedrals. In 1874 he was elected Associate of the Royal Academy, and in 1880 full member. His greatest achievement in England was the design-



THE LATE J. L. PEARSON, R.A.  
(From the Painting by W. W. Oulless, R.A.)

ing of Truro Cathedral, a work which he had the satisfaction of seeing completed. As a student and exponent of Gothic architecture his knowledge was unrivalled.

The death is announced of Mr. W. J. LINTON, the celebrated wood-engraver, at the advanced age of eighty-five. At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to Mr. W. G. Bonner, and fourteen years later he entered into partnership with Orrin Smith, and worked for the *Illustrated London News*. He took rank as one of the most artistic exponents of his craft, and wrote one or two books dealing with its history and practice, and extolling the "white line." He lived in America from 1866, and was a member of the American Society of Water Colour Painters and the National Academy of Design.

The death of Mr. T. B. HARDY removes one of our most popular marine painters. He was possessed of extraordinary capabilities, being probably one of the most rapid and prolific of our water-colour men, and this doubtless militated against his latterly accomplishing much work really worthy of his talents.

We regret to learn as we are going to press of the death of Mr. H. STACY MARKS, R.A. We shall deal more fully with his career in our next number.

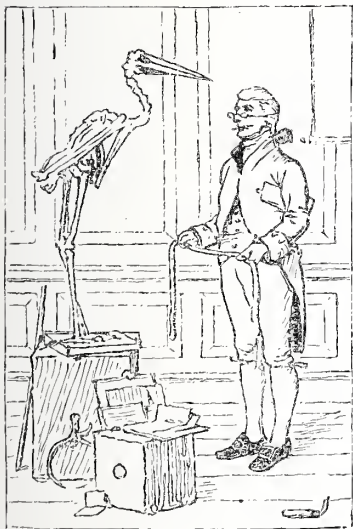


THE LATE H. STACY MARKS, R.A.  
 (From the Painting by W. W. Oules, R.A.)

## In Memoriam:

HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.: born Sept. 13, 1829: died Jan. 9, 1898.

BY GEORGE D. LESLIE R.A.



"SCIENCE IS MEASUREMENT."

(From a Sketch by the Artist. Diploma Work.)

IN the obituary notices, that have lately appeared, it seems to me that those writers have been somewhat hasty in forming their opinions who assert that Henry Stacy Marks was not a genius. It is quite true that his works lack the glamour of mystery, that he had but little feeling for grace or beauty, or for grandeur of effect

and composition, and that his execution is neither brilliant nor facile. But are there not many mansions in heaven? Are there not glories of the moon

and stars as well as of the sun? Originality, a keen and refined sense of humour, an infinite capacity for taking pains, a reverence for truth and nature,—are these not also characteristics of Genius? All these qualities "Marco" possessed in a high degree and, what is more to the purpose, made good use of them.

Although of course we may not rank him on the same shelf with Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, or Velasquez, yet is he entitled to find an honourable place on that whereon Hollar, Bewick, and Chodowiecki repose.

Marco had a good and sufficient education for his work. Not at school, nor at the Royal Academy, nor even at "Dagger Leigh's" nor M. Picot's. Thanks to his father, Marco made an early and thorough acquaintance with the works of William Shakespeare; these he knew, loved, and appreciated. His Shakespeare was very nearly his only book, but he knew it well, by heart and in heart, and it sufficed for him. It was to Shakespeare that Marco owed the refinement that always characterised his humour, and that reverence with which he always approached nature.





ST. FRANCIS PREACHING TO THE BIRDS.

Marco's pictures are never vulgar. He never dishonours his Creator by giving human eyes and human expressions to the birds that he portrays in order to gain a cheap popularity for humour; he seeks to raise feelings of kinship in our hearts towards the creatures, but never at the expense of their true bird nature and aspect.

Marco always painted everything he had to, as well as he possibly could; his works have ever a sense of completeness and sound execution about them that gains them the approbation of his fellow-craftsmen.

To the younger artists of the present day—when flimsy shorthand painting is so much in vogue—Marks' works may appear dull and laborious productions; but, no matter what the passing fashion may be in the art world, there will always be those capable of appreciating the merits of such complete and conscientious work, coupled with such earnest purpose and refined humour as are to be found in his pictures.

Born and bred in town, as he was, and brought up under the influence of the gloom of Calvinism, with but rare glimpses of sweet country life permitted to him, we are not astonished to find in his later life a strong reactionary attachment to nature and her beauties. His exquisite little water-colour

landscapes ought to be better known; they all testify to his feeling for the truths of nature. I especially recollect one of a rabbit warren that I think I coveted more than anything he ever painted.

He passed many weeks in the country sketching with me, and I was particularly struck by the intense enjoyment that he showed in rural life and scenes. I, who had been always accustomed to the country, used much to envy the keen appetite and relish that his early environment had given him; whilst he used frequently to lament that his knowledge of plants and the animal life of nature was but limited, owing to his having been forced by circumstances to pass the greater part of his early youth in town. A similar lament occurs in the concluding lines of the first chapter of his *Reminiscences*:—

“It has ever been a matter of regret to me that I had so little acquaintance with country sounds, scenes, and occupations in the more impressionable hours of childhood and early youth.”

My introduction to Marco took place in the Antique school of the Royal Academy, in the winter of 1853. He was engaged on a chalk drawing from the *Germanicus*, but his heart was very little in his work; he derived, I believe, but little good from our school; he never succeeded in getting into the Life Class, and left the place altogether soon after I first met him. I remember that almost his first words to me were from Shakespeare, *apropos* of the weather—“The air bites shrewdly; it is bitter cold.”

Those were exciting times for a young artist just commencing his career. The electrifying efforts of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and the writings of John Ruskin were stirring the hearts of everyone. At each succeeding exhibition the new school increased the numbers of its adherents, and that such a painstaking and conscientious worker as Marco should have inclined towards this revival of nature *versus* conventionalism can scarcely be wondered at.

But though greatly taken by the aims and principles of the new sect, Marco never became a mere imitator or plagiarist, for he was, above all things, honest and original in all he did. His little picture of “*Dogberry*” and his “*Toothache in the Middle Ages*” exhibited a style and method and a refined dryness of humour which was entirely his own. Marco retained this style to the end, for



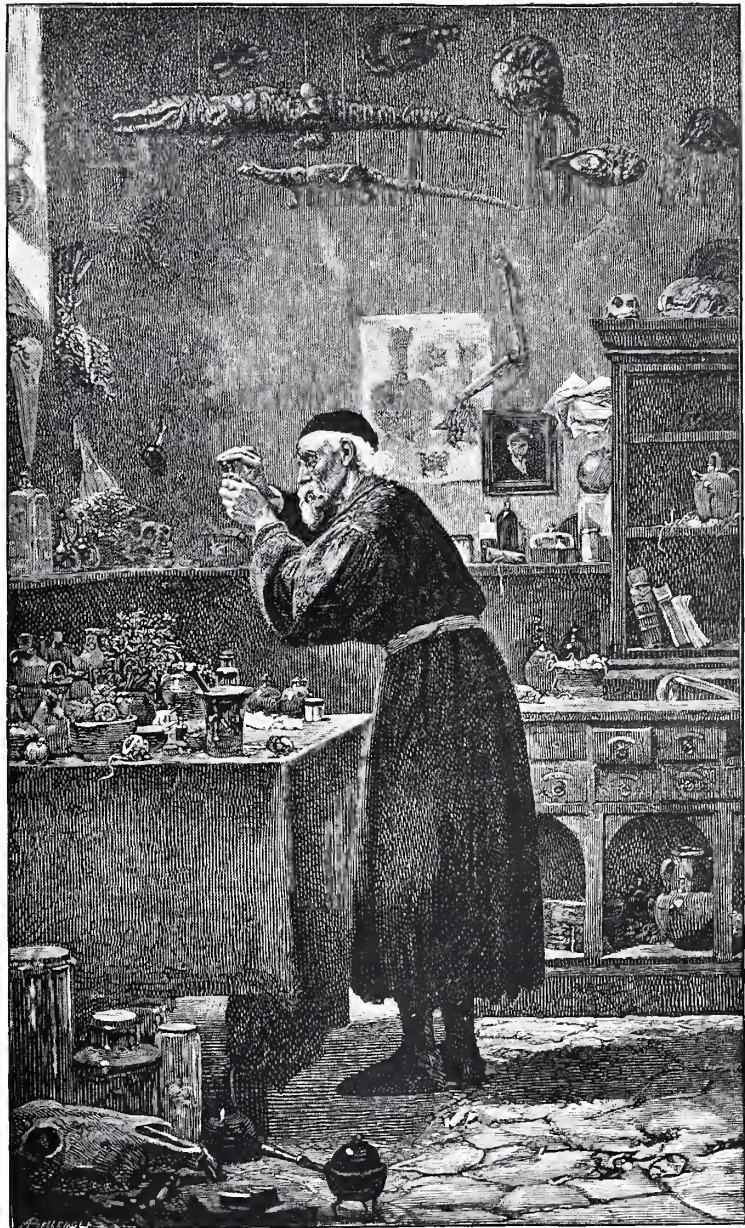
although in the choice of his subjects and in the arrangements of his compositions he varied occasionally, according to the changing fancies of the times, he never altered his simple and effective style of execution, and always told his stories with the same delightful quaintness of humour.

Marks hated to be considered as a comic artist, he never intended to raise a broad grin, and he carefully avoided all vulgar exaggeration. His humour was, perhaps, somewhat akin to Hogarth's, but it differed from Hogarth's in that it had little or no satire or moral attached to it. Marks resembled Hogarth very closely in the skill he displayed in the introduction of details and accessories, every object introduced having some bearing on the subject. And like Hogarth, Marco gave his spectators credit for discernment, leaving the pleasure of finding out these little bits of by-play to them: neither artist ever forced these accessories upon the careless and unobservant.

Marks always shone to the best advantage when the subject of his picture admitted of simple treatment—in such pictures, for instance, as "The Franciscan Sculptor and his Model," "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds," "Science is Measurement," "A Page of Rabelais," "The Apothecary," "The Bookworm," "Cowper and his Hares," and many others of a like character. In those pictures which had many figures in them he was at times embarrassed by the difficulties of composition, trammelled by the cares of correctness of costume, and haunted by recollections of the works of Baron Leys and Viollet-le-Duc. But when engaged on the more simple themes, his works have a peculiarly naïve and placid charm about them very analogous to that which is to be found in the writings of Isaac Walton or Defoe.

We are captivated by the very artlessness of the work and the utter absence of all attempt at cleverness or show off. No one succeeded better than he in portraying some little episode in the everyday life of an old-fashioned country gentleman. You cannot help feeling an interest in these old men, for the artist himself has been so fond of them, and has painted them so carefully and lovingly.

It is the same with his bird-portraits, for in these Marco is in entire sympathy with his subjects, revelling in their quaintness of expression and habit. Marks did not possess much feeling for ideal beauty, nor, indeed, did he succeed in his representations of women or children, and in his bird-paintings he is far more at home with birds of quaint and grotesque form, such as the pelicans, storks, parrots, penguins, and kingfishers, than he is with the nightingale, the swallow, the robin, or the thrush, to grasp the slender and dainty beauty of which seemed beyond his power. I do not think we should find fault with him for this; an artist is not to be blamed for the fewness of his talents



THE APOTHECARY.



so long as he makes the best possible use of those which he possesses. Marco had a very strong and keen natural perception for the charms of age and quaintness of form and character; by means of this he interests us in that with which he sympathises and feels an interest himself.

Marco made good use of the Zoological Gardens; his kindly, sympathetic nature gained him the friendship of all connected in any way with the collection there. He was always a good picker-up of information, and possessed the art of extracting it from people of all sorts. I even fancy the birds themselves must have liked him, for these creatures have a wonderful faculty for recognising a friendly eye and voice, and are known to take strong likings or dislikings to persons at first sight.

I only paid one visit to the Zoo in Marks' company, but it was a great treat to me, and I regret much that, owing to my residence in the country, I had not the opportunity of going there many times with him. I can well imagine the delight which John Ruskin must have had in going round the gardens with his friend Marco.

In his bird pictures I think he always succeeded best in those in which he was unembarrassed by having to think of a subject or title, in order to give a popular handle to them at the exhibition. When not thus troubled, as in his water-colour studies or in his decorative panels, the individuality of the birds is, perhaps, better preserved. Most of his water-colour studies are astonishingly beautiful in colour and execution, and full of the very essence of bird character; a good selection of these should certainly find a place in our National collection.

Marco had to work hard for his living from first to last, for, though his pictures were always welcome to the public at the exhibitions, they pleased only a few of the most discerning of the patrons; in consequence of which the prices he obtained were never over high. Marco, however, though he grumbled a little at times, never lost heart or became sour or discontented; he would redouble his industry and energy, and when he found any difficulty in disposing of his productions in one branch of art he would cast about and find a means of lucrative occupation in another. Thus it is we find him busy at one time on oil pictures, at others on water-colour work, wood-drawing, decoration, or even turning an honest penny by designing book-plates or Christmas cards. Decorative work, at least as far as the execution was concerned, came easily from his hand, which had had an early and accurate training in the days when he was employed by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, and others. His designs, though generally a little conventional in treatment, abounded in pleasant and even beautiful passages of composition. The dancing

figures on the frieze for the Gaiety Theatre are full of the pastoral feeling of the Shakespearian age. "Here a dance of shepherds;" one seems to hear the drum and tabor and the morrice bells. The little frieze which was bought for the South Kensington Museum, and which most of my readers will be familiar with from the reproduction of it, on tiles, in the refreshment room, is replete with honest, healthy life, as well as being a very beautifully balanced little piece of line and colour.

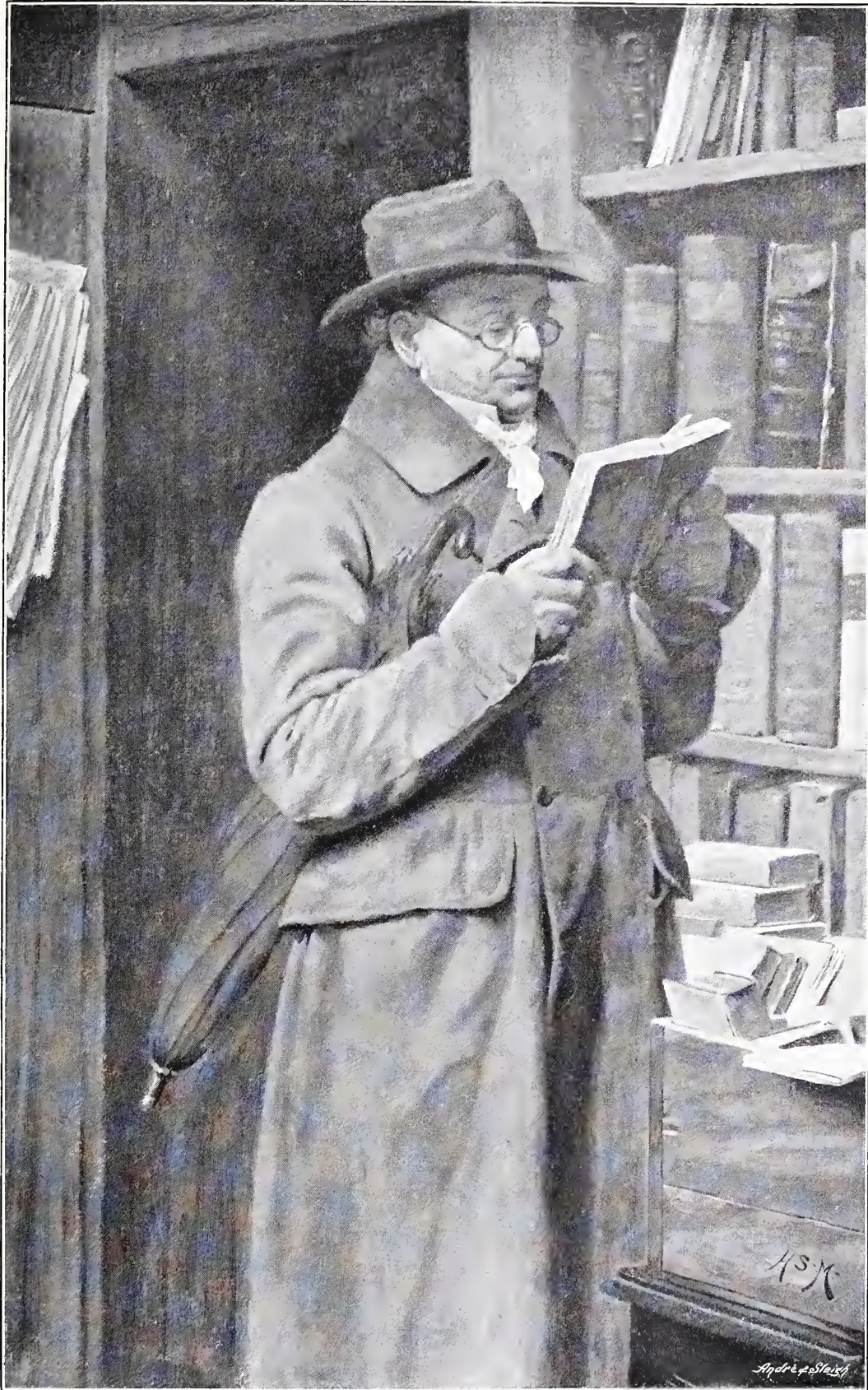
Of his decorative work at Eaton Hall I cannot form a just opinion, never having seen the works *in situ*, but certainly the bird panels are bright and pleasant in aspect, and cleverly varied in arrangement and composition.

Whatever work he undertook, Marco always tried his very utmost towards success, and in forming our judgment of him as an artist we should not forget to take into account his great versatility. Indeed, it would be difficult to point out any other artist of the present day who held his own so easily in so many different branches of art. And, be it remembered, he was no "Jack of all trades and master of none." His subject-pictures were full of interest and originality; his water-colour drawings, both of landscape and of birds, were marvellously beautiful; he was the first to introduce a new departure in the illustrations of our children's books; his decorative skill was far above mediocrity, and his little book-plates and Christmas cards were the best of his day.

That Marks had considerable literary skill the two volumes of personal reminiscences entitled "Pen and Pencil Sketches" (Chatto and Windus, 1894) I think amply testify. In these volumes will be found several songs and verses which he composed and used to sing to his friends at their convivial meetings. I felt sorry when I found that he had inserted these in his book, because read there, in cold blood—possibly by many who would be strangers to the personality of Marco—the impression they convey is, I must confess, to a certain extent, one of feebleness. These same songs were full of allusions to the doings and sayings of the time when they were written, and of personalities which have since lost their force. They were intended to be sung at our "clique suppers," or after one of the Greenwich dinners of the Royal Academy Club, and thus sung by Marks himself in his unique and inimitable manner they delighted everyone. But it seems to me that they might very well have been left to the recollection of those friends who heard them sung at the time and place for which they were intended.

It was very much owing to Marco's good nature in amusing his friends so readily at all times by his





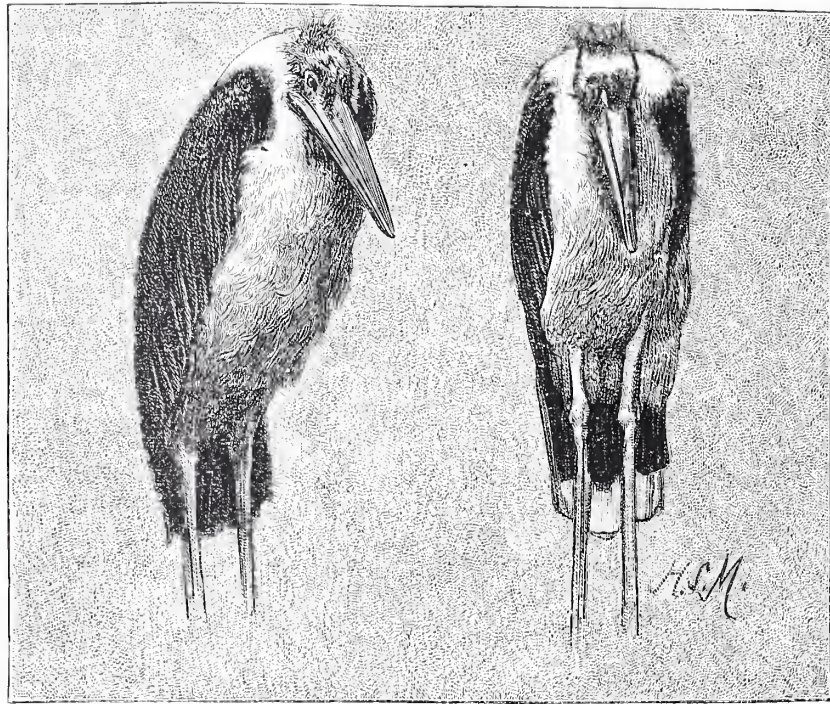
AN ODD VOLUME.



singing and dramatic power that people came to regard him as a comedian, and no doubt it happened thus that Marco unconsciously tied the very label of "Comic Artist" on himself that he so bitterly resented as the deed of others. The fact of the matter is that Marco was hardly ever anything else but grave and serious; even when singing these songs his face retained the utmost gravity, as

His impersonation of a drunken man entering a public-house was one of the most terrible pieces of reality in the way of acting that I think I ever saw.

Marco was a most delightful companion: he had a wonderful power of adapting himself to times and circumstances; no one could be more gay and playful on a holiday; no one more sympathetic and kind



A SKETCH IN THE ZOO.

the little caricatures of him in the act of singing, by F. Walker, bear witness.

As an evidence of the truth of my assertion that gravity was the prevailing tone of Marco's character, I would also point out that in no portrait of him that remains—not even in the caricatures and little drawings of him by his friends—can the slightest approach to a smile be traced. Mr. Oules, in his wonderfully successful portrait, has hit exactly the usual grave and thoughtful expression that was habitual to him. Marco himself has supplied us with a clue to his most inner self by introducing a skull beneath the jester's cap and bells in the little book-plate which adorns the cover of one of his volumes of *Reminiscences*; and by the setting sun and pensive expression of the jester which appear outside the other volume.

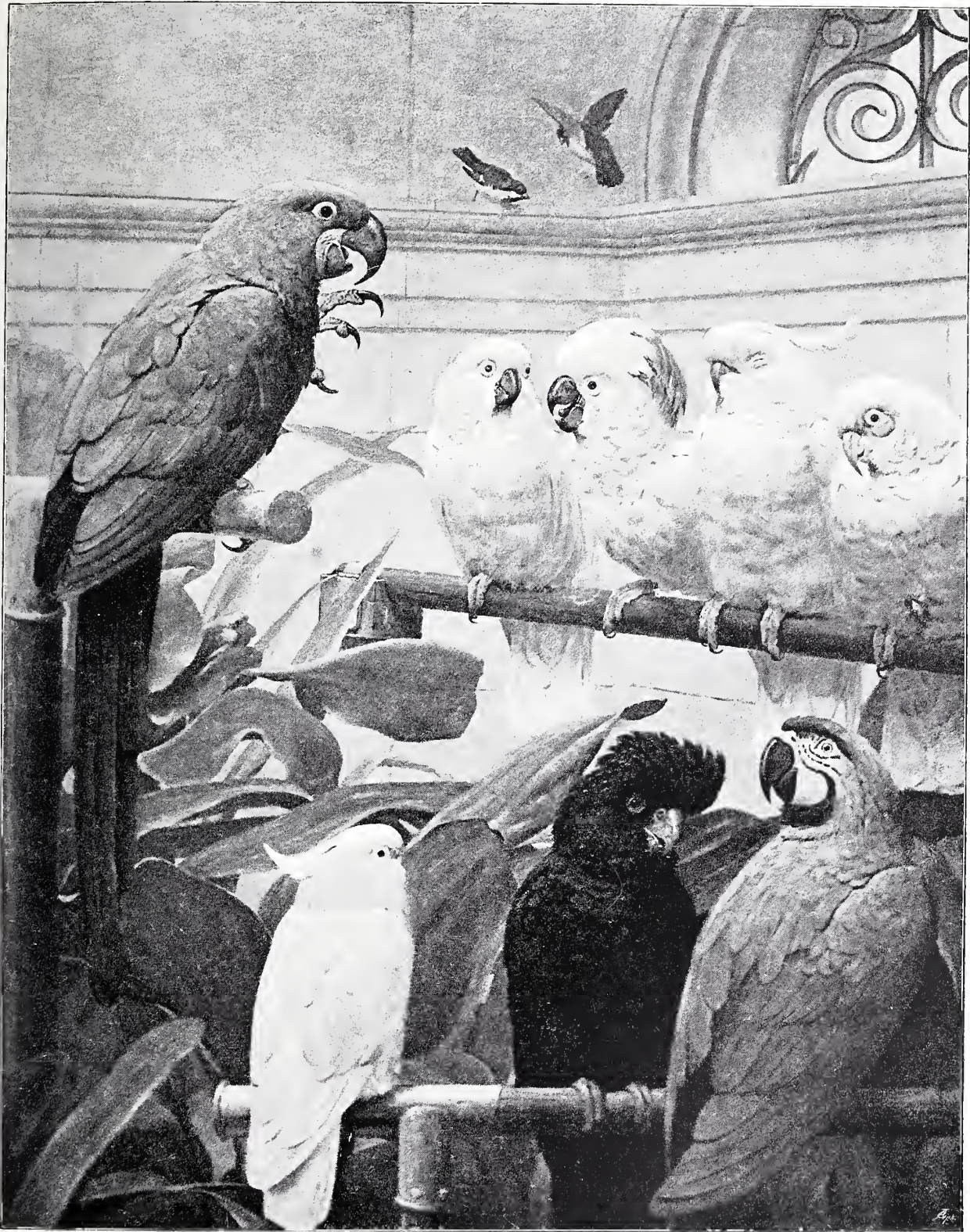
At any rate, his comedy was not of the vulgar music-hall type. He had great dramatic powers.

in the day of trouble. There was no self-assertion in his manner; he was a good talker and a good listener, always ready and glad to obtain information from those able to afford it, paying the utmost deference to the aged, and winning the hearts of children by numerous little tricks and devices.

It was the simplicity and manly sincerity of Marco's personal character that gained him the hearts of so many friends; it was for these qualities that John Ruskin loved him so well. Marco was always welcome in the studios of his friends; for they trusted him, and his advice was ever sound and wholesome.

Marco had quite his share of this world's troubles, but he never aired his grievances in the presence of his friends. He was heroic in his endurance, his one and never-failing solace and comfort being hard work. No more fitting motto for Marco's gravestone could be found than—"Laborare est Orare."





CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE.





## THE QUEEN'S TREASURES OF ART.

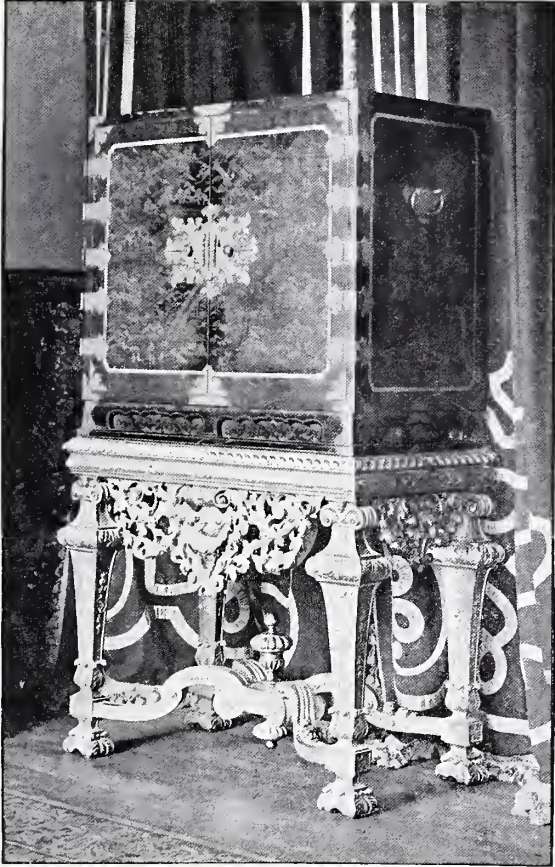
### DECORATIVE ART AT WINDSOR CASTLE: WOODEN FURNITURE.

(BY HER MAJESTY'S SPECIAL PERMISSION.)

BY FREDERICK S. ROBINSON.

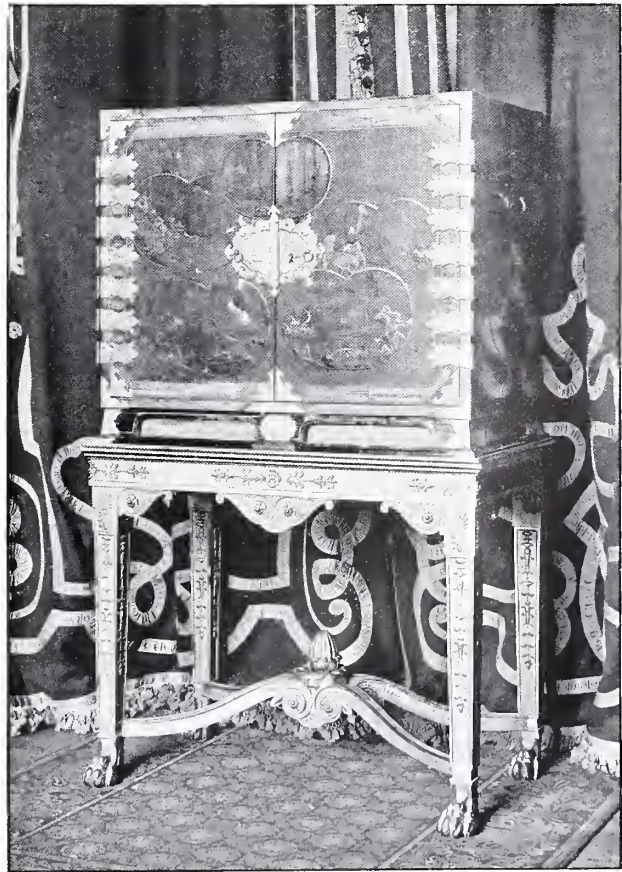
IN our last chapter upon wood-inlaid furniture we dealt chiefly with the marqueterie of Riesener. He was not the only master in this beautiful style

new method of shading. Until his advent shading had been accomplished through scorching the little pieces of veneer by plunging them into hot sand, or else by skilful gradations with a brush filled with a biting acid. Roentgen's method, which greatly impressed his contemporaries, was to attain the modelling of his figures by letting in small pieces, each of suitable colour or duly tinted, to form the shadows, so that the juxtaposition of three or four pieces in successive tones produced the effect of modelling required. He no longer used "etching" or engraving, or the burning process to make a graduated tint on a single piece of wood. At Windsor there is no example of his work, but at South Kensington, in the Jones collection, he is very well represented. An oval-topped table with an inlaid representation of Æneas carrying Anchises away from Troy is a good example of his style of figure shading. A similar one with the same subject



JAPANESE CABINET ON LOUIS XIV GILT CONSOLE. (See p. 247.)

of decoration, though he seems to have understood the artistic limitations of his craft better than any. A younger compatriot was to carry it by his wonderful technique too near to the confines of realism. David Roentgen was the successor of Riesener in popular favour. He was born at Nieuwied, in Germany, about 1745, and became a master *ébéniste*, thanks to the patronage of Marie Antoinette in 1780. He was, however, not a resident in France, but had his workshops in his native town, from which he used to make periodic visits to Paris. The development of inlay with which the name of "David"—as he is sometimes known, or "David of Lunéville"—is associated, consisted in a use of large figure subjects and a

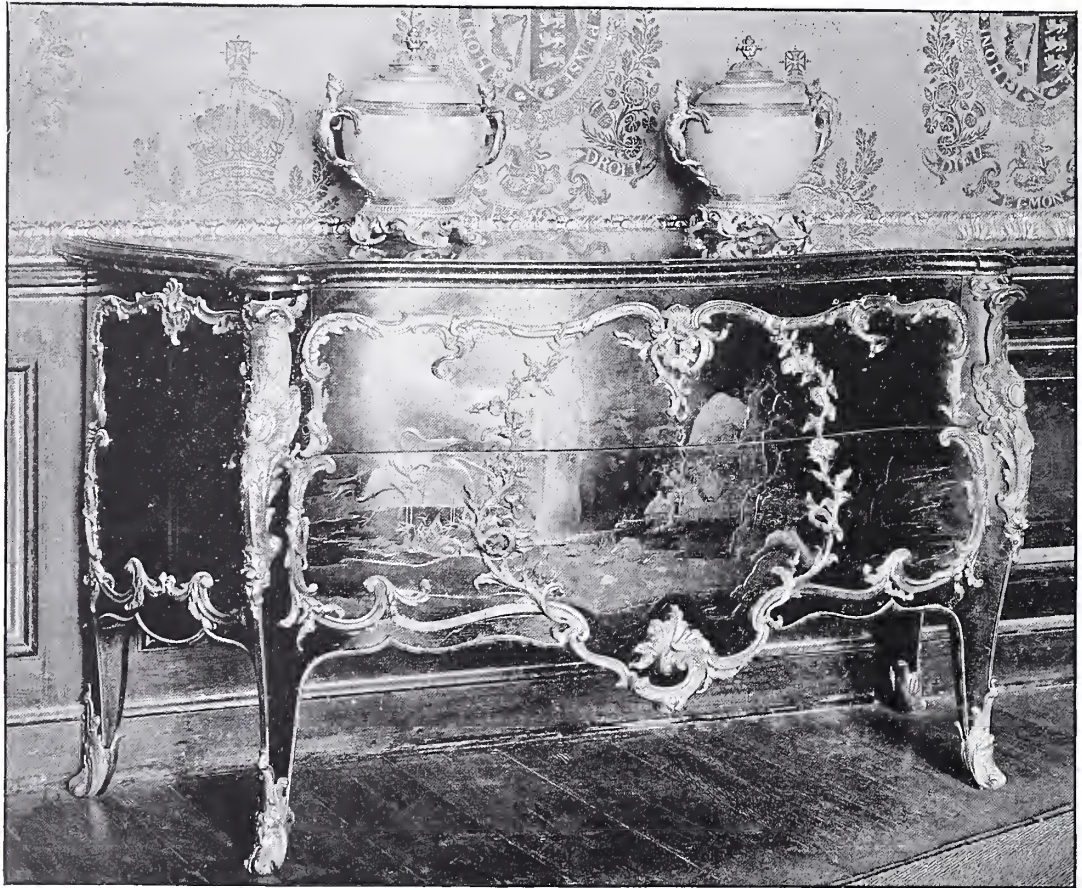


JAPANESE CABINET ON EMPIRE GILT CONSOLE. (See p. 247.)



is in the boudoir of the Marquise de Serilly (No. 1,736), which is set up in another part of the museum. A third example is the large writing-table (No. 1,076), with Sèvres plaques and two figure groups on the top, which M. de Champeaux regards as the most interesting of all his work. These are an addition to the table, which had originally only a leather top. They represent Geography and Maritime Commerce.

1790. He left France completely at the Revolution. The Convention, never averse to seizing anything, pronounced him an *émigré*—on the score of his having had a shop at Paris and a diploma from the queen—and confiscated his stock. He died about the year 1807. M. de Champeaux compares him unfavourably with Riesener, though he admits that the vigour and brilliance of his inlay is remarkable. As to the form and shape of his design and



LACQUERED COMMODE, WITH CELADON VASES, MOUNTED IN ORMOULU. (In the Rubens Room. See p. 248.)

While admiring the skill with which his inlay is executed, it is permissible to regret that Roentgen should have been tempted to embark upon the inlaying of human figures nine or ten inches high, instead of confining himself, as Riesener did, with a more correct taste, to quiet flower-panels upon a ground of lozenge or trellis inlay. Roentgen was not the first to employ figures; Cressent, a successor and pupil of Boulle, and *ébéniste* to the Regent Philippe d'Orléans, had made a speciality in his panels of children playing with dogs and monkeys, during the Regency and the commencement of Louis XV's reign. These, however, had not the realistic nature of Roentgen's work.

Roentgen's flourishing time was from 1780 to

decoration, "the German workman," he remarks, "is crushed by the French artist."

Now this opens up a very interesting subject, for the truth is that, as we have seen, neither the one nor the other was a Frenchman at all. Riesener came from near Cologne, and Roentgen from the neighbourhood of Coblenz, and it is a fact that for many of her most famous furniture-makers France was indebted to Germany and the countries north of France. In the early years of Louis XIII French furniture had so lost its reputation that for a royal present of a cabinet, recourse was had to Germany. When the fresh impulse was born for making inlaid furniture, it was the Dutch who showed the way. We need only repeat once more



the names of Golle, Vordt, Somer, Oppenord, and Staber, who were all either Low Country natives or men who had been apprenticed there. For stone inlay it will be remembered that the Italians supplied the workmen with such names as Migliorini, Branchi, and Giacetti. Even for sculpture, Domenico Cucci, an Italian, was the chief artist employed by Boulle, who himself was probably Swiss, if his family did not come from Flanders. The Caffieri family, his celebrated successors, also came from Rome. Then we get the famous Oeben's name, which is not French, though we have no data as to his birthplace. He is succeeded by Riesener, Roentgen, Beneman, Janssen, Weisweiler, Jacob Desmalter. Amongst the very best known of the cabinet-makers as many are foreigners as French, and the most famous are the Germans.

It seems, therefore, quite unnecessary for M. de Champeaux to draw any distinctions of race between Riesener and Roentgen. Neither would it be wise to lay too much stress on the assumption that French taste always guided foreign workmanship. The Caffieri family certainly themselves helped to make that taste, nor must we forget Jacques Verberck, of Antwerp, who directed the decorative sculpture-work at Versailles during the whole reign of Louis XV, and was a most versatile artist. Oeben, too, as M. Maze-Sencier says, was "a master of the first rank, and the expert Remy rightly styled him famous." Riesener was equally skilful as a designer. Roentgen invented his own technique and colouring. No doubt they assimilated French ideas, but in their turn they helped to guide them. It is better to agree with M. Havard ("L'Ebénisterie"), and to extend his dictum to the eighteenth century, when he says, "It seems that our craftsmen in the Middle Ages and in the period of the Renaissance seldom practised the art of the inlayer, which necessitated, in particular, qualities of precision, patience, and perseverance little in accord with the somewhat hasty and unthoughtful genius of our race. These qualities, on the contrary, are characteristic of the slow and methodical natives of Germany and Flanders."

It was a happy concatenation of circumstances which brought the patient and skilled foreign workman to the assistance of the Frenchman with ideas. The splendid results of their co-operation could not have been otherwise attained, and it would be a very great mistake to suppose that in the partnership the labour only was on one side and the brains on the other.

A reference to Roentgen was necessary, if only for the sake of comparing him with Riesener, who stands out as the greatest of the inlayers. We should not, however, be doing justice to the latter's

versatility if we did not include him amongst those who produced the charming furniture which was constructed either from old Chinese and Japanese lacquer panels or from French imitations of the same.

Japanese and Chinese lacquer cabinets with gilt metal mounts are commonly known to most of us.



LACQUERED CORNER CUPBOARD, WITH PORPHYRY VASE, MOUNTED IN ORMOULU. (See p. 250.)

Many an old country house contains a specimen similar to, though perhaps not originally so fine or in such perfect preservation as, the two which we illustrate on p. 245. They are nearly always of the same type, with a large centre key-plate of fantastic shape profusely but sketchily engraved, triangular corner-pieces, and six or eight hinge-plates on each side. Their two folding doors reveal, when opened, lacquered drawers of various sizes; and they are mounted, as a rule, though not at Windsor, on



four spindly plain black legs, with perhaps a C curve at the junction of the latter with the frame. Louis XIV attempts at lacquer-producing were made. So many cabinets of the kind were included



ORIENTAL LACQUER SIDEBOARD, WITH ORMOLU MOUNTS, PROBABLY BY RIESENER, AND CISTERN MOUNTED BY CAFFIERI. (See p. 250.)

The Dutch were probably the first importers of these, and Louis XIV is said to have been presented with many of them by the embassy from the King of Siam, which created such a stir at his Court. These cabinets in their original state did not long satisfy French taste. The cabinet-makers saw their way to turn them to account. The panels were divested of their hinges, were framed in ebony stiles, and were decorated with the handsomest of ormoulu mounts. The transformation was complete, and though something was lost, French furniture gained in the process. There are many fine specimens at Windsor like those which we illustrate. They look very handsome on their gilt consoles. The most elaborate of the latter is in Louis XIV style; the more simple and slender one in late Louis XVI.

The French very soon began to imitate the Oriental lacquers. It is probable, indeed, that the imitation was prior to the adaptation of the genuine pieces into new furniture. In the first years of

in the inventory at his death that it is very likely some at least were imitations. Huygens, a Dutchman, is said to have been the first to invent an imitation lacquer which was very deceptive, but even earlier rough English attempts are found. The "Livre Commode" of Pradel, published in 1692, mentions a maker named Le Roy as a painter of all kinds of furniture "en vernis de la Chine." The celebrated Martin family of four brothers, while endeavouring to imitate the Oriental lacquers, discovered the varnish which has made their name famous, and which led to the production of that charming furniture painted with flowers or Watteau and Boucher figure subjects on a fine gold (or sometimes green or red) ground, with which most of us are familiar. There is no example of this at Windsor, but at Buckingham Palace there is a notable piece, to which we shall refer in due course. For the present we must confine ourselves to the black and gold lacquer, of which the Martins were granted a monopoly for twenty years in 1730 and



1744. In 1748 their several establishments were declared "Manufacture Nationale."

Windsor is rich in this beautiful style of furniture, and Buckingham Palace also. An elegant example, which also is earliest in date, is the commode with two drawers which we illustrate on p. 246. This has Louis XV mounts in the style of Caffieri (to whom, in another article, we shall refer), but with a certain Dutch element besides.

It will be seen that in this beautifully-shaped piece of furniture there is no trace of the pomposity of the earlier age of Louis XIV. We have stepped into the period of a court life carried on in private rooms with less ceremony and greater intimacy. The long, lofty gallery is deserted for the boudoir scattered with a hundred little playful ornaments in the Rococo style which purists condemn. In its less extreme manifestations, nevertheless, how charming it is! The ormoulu mounts are no longer

silhouette" is here found to perfection. How devoid of awkwardness, and yet how free from weakness, are the lines of this commode! What unity there is between the shape of the structure and the ornament applied to it may be seen from our illustration.

A favourite device on these pieces of furniture is to raise the twisted ormoulu stems of trailing foliage from relief to full solidity so that they may be grasped by the hand and act as handles for the drawers. This system of occasional complete solidity may be found in exactly the same way on the carved oak panelling of rooms in late Louis XIV style. I have seen a complete room from the castle, near Bordeaux, of Phœbus d'Albret, Baron de Pons, in which the motive of ornament on the oak panelling carried out almost exactly that of the ormoulu mounts on a Caffieri commode placed against the wall. On the wall the stems were detached merely



LACQUER SIDEBOARD, WITH ORMOULU MOUNTS, PROBABLY BY RIESENER, AND VINCENNES VASE MOUNTED IN THE STYLE OF CAFFIERI. (See p. 250.)

confined, as in the furniture of Boulle, within the straight outline or profile of the piece. They seem to run at their own sweet will, and the "continuous thread of brass married to every curve of the

as a wonderful *tour de force*. On the commode they admirably serve a useful purpose. In the Jones collection are one or two magnificent lacquer Caffieri commodes with handles fashioned in the same style.



The lacquer upon "bombé" or curved and swelling furniture is probably of French manufacture. It would not be easy to find Oriental panels which could be adapted into the curves of the Louis XV style. Therefore the surface of this commode, which has a Rosa marble top, cannot be compared with the mirror-like polish of true Oriental work. It has, however, a fine character of its own.

There are two "corner cupboards" or "encoignures," one of which we illustrate on p. 247, which may be reckoned as being *en suite* with this commode. Their panels are in black and gold lacquer, but the borders are of a red which makes them very pleasing in effect. The ormoulu curves, round which light foliage so beautifully twines, are almost identical in feeling with the mounts on a book cupboard in rose-wood in the bishop's palace at Mans ("Le Menble," Fig. 45, vol. ii.), and are very characteristic. These encoignures also have Rosa marble slabs, and came from 105, Pall Mall, bought August 3rd, 1829, from Mr. Owen, of Bond Street." Whether the commode is from the same house we have not been able to discover, as we were not able to see the back of it, but it is more than probable. The two green Celadon vases on the top are mounted with good ormoulu ornaments chased and repoussé in the same style. On the encoignure is a porphyry vase with ormoulu mounts of the later date of Louis XVI.

We must remind the reader that the Rococo style of shell and rock work and twisted endive leaf ("feuilles tordues en chicorée") has many manifestations. The less pronounced is better than that which was carried to extremes. There are one or two clocks at Buckingham Palace which will show us what it could become, but we may refer here to one of Caffieri's pieces of furniture as a pronounced example. It is a bureau in the collection of Prince Metternich, and is figured (Fig. 43, vol. ii.) in M. de Champeaux's book "Le Meuble." At the same time it is well to state that Caffieri was quite capable of other forms of design.

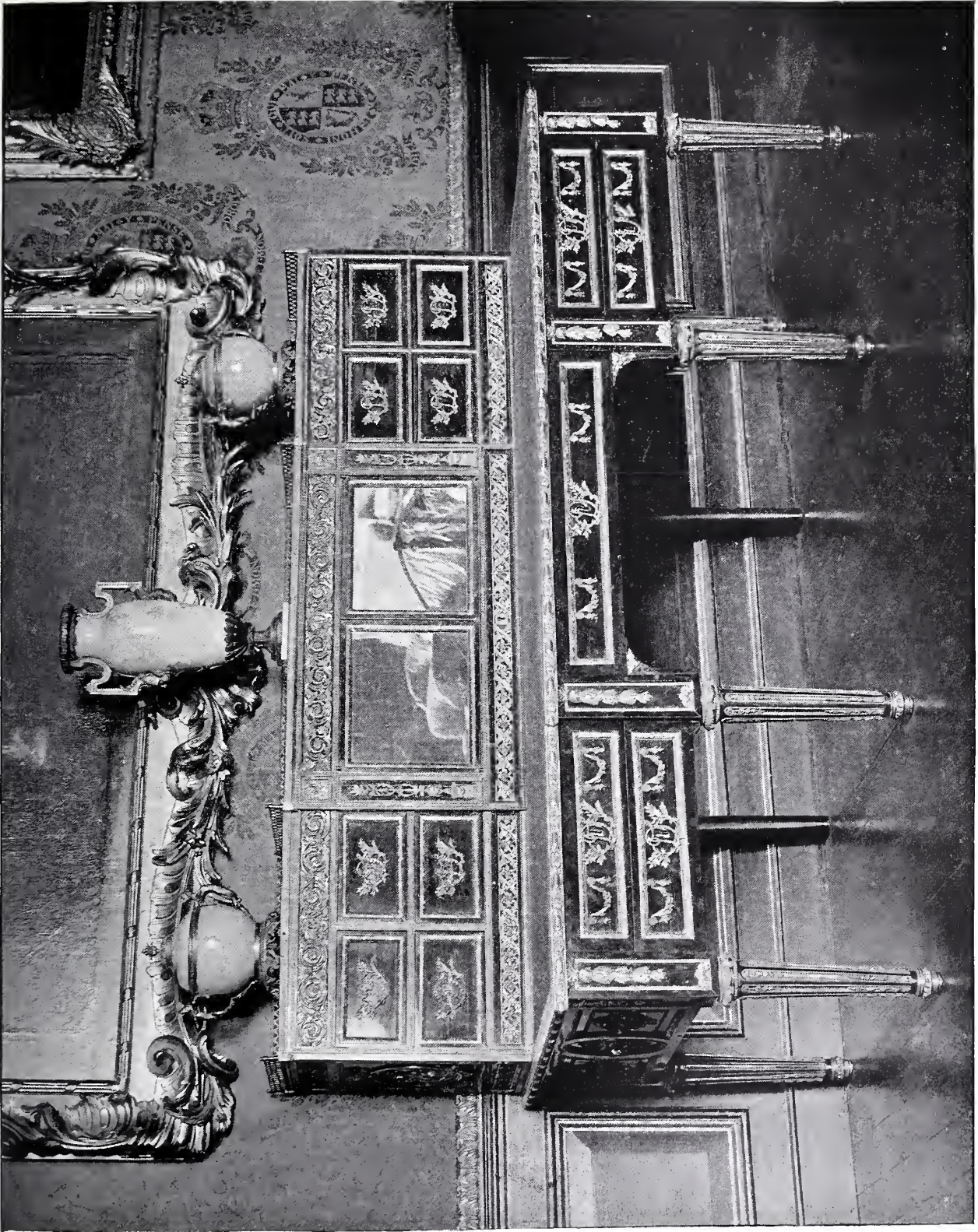
Our next illustration (p. 248) is of a sideboard in which the panels are straight and probably of genuine Oriental manufacture. This is a very interesting example. M. de Champeaux says, "Windsor Castle contains some large pieces of furniture which come from Versailles. Amongst them are some low sideboards with mounts representing female figures." These he attributes to Riesener. He makes, however, the mistake of referring to these in connection with the furniture with Sèvres plaques which Riesener also manufactured. Now of the three fine pieces of furniture with Sèvres plaques at Windsor not one is a "sideboard with female figures." But there are three pieces of lacquer furniture which may be described as having terminal ends with figures of

women. We can only imagine that his survey was necessarily hasty and that he has confused the different pieces of furniture. It will be remembered that the Riesener commode and encoignure which we illustrated in our former article on inlaid furniture had terminal female figures at the corners. In our sideboard, one of a pair here shown with three mounted pieces of porcelain, are similar figures. Moreover, there is rich ormoulu scroll ornament on the "ceinture" or frame (below the marble top slab), and beneath the centre panel is a rich "culot" ornament. These characteristics of Riesener's style incline us to attribute this piece to him. It is very likely that if it could be moved his stamp would be discovered. Perhaps the finest examples of his work in this style were bought from the Hamilton Palace collection. They are two secrétaires from St. Cloud, sold for a song at an anonymous sale "le 28 Germinal an XI." They are now in the possession of the Vanderbilts. The fine pair in the Vandyke Room, one of which we illustrate, are six feet long and fitted with three doors in the front and three drawers in the frame. The mounts are finely gilt and chased. On the top slab of white marble our illustration shows a beautiful blue Oriental porcelain cistern with exquisite scroll handles and base of ormoulu in the style of Caffieri. This is flanked by a pair of green porcelain vases with mounts, including twisted drop handles, probably made for George IV. (See p. 248.)

The other "buffet" is found in the Rubens Room. This also might be attributed to Riesener, but not perhaps with so great probability. It is, however, worthy of anyone on account of its splendid corner busts. Clodion perhaps might have modelled and Gouthière have executed them. On the top slab is a low chandelier surmounted by a vase of a Vincennes shape, but with the enamel "jewels" of Sèvres *pâte tendre*, which attracted the notice of M. Williamson, the French connoisseur, when he paid his visit to Windsor. The ormoulu base might be by the same hand as that which probably executed, with such beautiful freedom, the mounts of the Oriental cistern above mentioned—namely Philippe Caffieri. (See p. 249.)

The name of Carlin is best known amongst the men who began to use up the old Oriental lacquer panels in the construction of new furniture, because they found that the previously popular imitation lacquer was not refined enough for their ormoulu. He became *maître ébéniste* in 1766 and worked in a pure Louis XVI manner. In his fondness for a profusion of ormoulu, especially on the upper frames of his furniture, he resembles Riesener, but his designs are generally in a smaller, less massive style, with much detail. Many of his works were made for the Château de Bellevue, the former pleasure house of Madame de





LARGE EBONY WRITING-TABLE WITH ORMOULU MOUNTS AND MONOGRAM "D.L.," PERHAPS BY CARLIN. (See p. 252.)



Pompadour. After her death it was stripped of its furniture, and the two daughters of Louis XV, Victoire and Adelaïde, lived there during the reign of their nephew Louis XVI. They were great collectors of lacquer and porcelain, and called in Carlin to construct their furniture to match. The circular table with two tiers and Sèvres top in the Jones collection (No. 729) is signed by Carlin, and another small table (No. 1,058) has the stamps of both Carlin and Pafrat, his collaborator. A special interest attaches to a cabinet (No. 1,074) in ebony and black and gold lacquer in the same collection. It has a main panel lacquered with a large vase of flowers. The edge mounts are elaborate beads. There are also large corner rosettes, and pretty little leaf ornaments in ormoulu are sunk in the flutes at the corners. This is stamped N. Petit, and is said to be similar and companion to one in possession of Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace. Carlin also was addicted to the use of these little ornaments sunk in the flutes of panels, and legs of furniture. In the Rubens Room is a very large and striking piece of furniture which, on account of the profusion of its mounts, their design, and the presence of the sunk ornaments before described in the flutes of its round legs, we are disposed to attribute to Carlin, though it is not in lacquer but entirely of ebony veneer. This writing-table, on eight legs, six of which are fluted, is seven feet three inches long, and contains five drawers. A cabinet on the top of this table at the back has eight deep drawers (four at each end) and six shallow ones in the frames. In the centre is a eupboard with mirror doors. This very handsome piece has an additional interest as the keyhole mounts of foliage have the monogram DL everywhere repeated. It would be interesting

to know who was the DL for whom this was made. It was hardly a royal personage, or the monogram would have been probably removed by the Revolutionists. The "swag" wreath handles and the magnificent gilding are two very characteristic signs of the work of Carlin. This effective piece, which is placed under the equestrian portrait of the Archduke Albert, Governor of the Netherlands, helps with the rest of the black and gilt furniture to make the Rubens Room one of the most handsome in Windsor Castle. The vase on the centre of the *verde antique* top slab is of blue Oriental mounted with angulated and curved ormoulu handles, and is probably the work of Vasson, who affected that shape. (See p. 251.)

It will have been noticed that the furniture we have been describing is, with the exception of the Caffieri style commode, in a straighter and more severe manner than that of the style known as Louis XV. Towards the end of his reign the Revolution had swung back, and a reaction had taken place in favour of straight instead of curved lines. At Buckingham Palace we shall find charming little straight-legged tables of Louis XVI, which at length make way for the cold classicality of the Empire. In our concluding article upon the Windsor furniture we have to deal with the inlaid examples with Sèvres plaques which became the fashion when that porcelain attained its great perfection. We have also to notice the propensity towards plain mahogany with ormoulu mounts. This phase will be exemplified by the magnificent cabinet made for the Comte d'Artois and called after the name of the incomparable Gouthière. This is the pride of the Windsor Castle collection, and can scarcely be approached by anything of the kind in the world.

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## METROPOLITAN SCHOOLS OF ART: THE CALDERON SCHOOL.

BY AYMER VALLANCE.

THE principle to which the School of Animal Painting in Baker Street owes its existence is that, just as a regular and definite training is required for the proper understanding and delineation of the human figure, so for the correct representation of animal forms a special course of study is no less indispensable. This is obviously true; and yet, strange to say, while schools for human figure study abound, it had until recently no adequate means of being put into effect in the Metropolis. It is only fair, however, to record that a somewhat similar

attempt had been made previously in Gower Street; but, at the time when Mr. Frank Calderon established his classes for the purpose, some four years ago, his enterprise stood alone. It had to be so far experimental that the school was started for landscape study conjointly with that of animals. But the rapid development of the latter feature, and the success which the school began to attain, attracting, as it has done, pupils from France and America as well as from all parts of the United Kingdom, proved how real a want there was for an institution of the



PENCIL SKETCHES.

(By Miss Imogen Collier.—Mr. Frank Calderon's School of Animal Painting.)





sort, and justified Mr. Calderon in carrying out his intention more fully than he had ventured to do at the first. And so, as his coadjutor, Mr. Johnson,

weekday during term time, and furnishes accommodation for forty students, a considerable proportion of whom are ladies. The school year is divided into three terms of twelve weeks each, commencing respectively at a given time in January, April, and October. In the interval between the end of the summer term and the beginning of the next, the London school is closed and Mr. Calderon conducts a class for the purpose of open-air work in the country. Last year, for example, he secured a farm in the picturesque neighbourhood of Midhurst, Sussex, and pupils to the number of forty availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded to study animals and figures in relation to their natural



transferred his landscape class to Richmond, the Baker Street school, from the beginning of last year, has been devoted exclusively to the study of animal painting and anatomy.

Mr. Calderon's method, it may be observed, so far commands the approbation of distinguished authorities, that they act as official visitors of the institution. Foremost among them is Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., who has taken the liveliest interest in the school from its foundation. To popularise the school, and for the benefit of those students to whom pecuniary assistance may be helpful, the Principal offers three Free Studentships annually. The competition is open without restriction, save that any intending candidate is required to have attended regularly throughout the school course of three months preceding the examination in April. The school is open every



IN THE STUDIO AT BAKER STREET.

(From Photographs by Elliott and Fry.)

surroundings and under varying conditions of light, and so on. A constant supply of horses, cows, calves, goats, donkeys, and sheep was forthcoming; and, since Mr. Calderon has his own studio on the spot, his pupils were enabled to



work every day in all weathers. It will naturally be understood that the country offers the readiest the study of dogs and three for horses, the latter occasionally mounted, or otherwise accompanied



THE OUTDOOR CLASS AT MIDHURST.

(From a Photograph by F. Coze, Midhurst.)

facilities for obtaining animal models. But neither is there any lack for the use of the London classes. Two days a week are set apart for by a human figure in costume. No fewer than three hundred horses are posed in the Calderon studio in the course of the year. Many of them



STUDIES OF FOXHOUNDS, SHOWING METHOD OF SUPPORTING THE ANIMALS.

(By Miss Imogen Collier.)

are pressed into the service from the various livery stables round about the school headquarters, but others are brought thither from more distant parts; for Mr. Calderon is continually on the alert, in the streets of London and in the country also, to note and apply for suitable models for his purpose. In the kennels upon his own premises

hour at a time throughout the day, while an attendant—as, in fact, in the case of horses and other animals too—keeps watch lest they should show any inclination to be restive. Experience proves that, no matter how vigilantly tended, an animal rarely stands for long together absolutely motionless in one position, and even a slight change



COSTUME MODEL ON HORSEBACK.

(By the late R. Shober.)

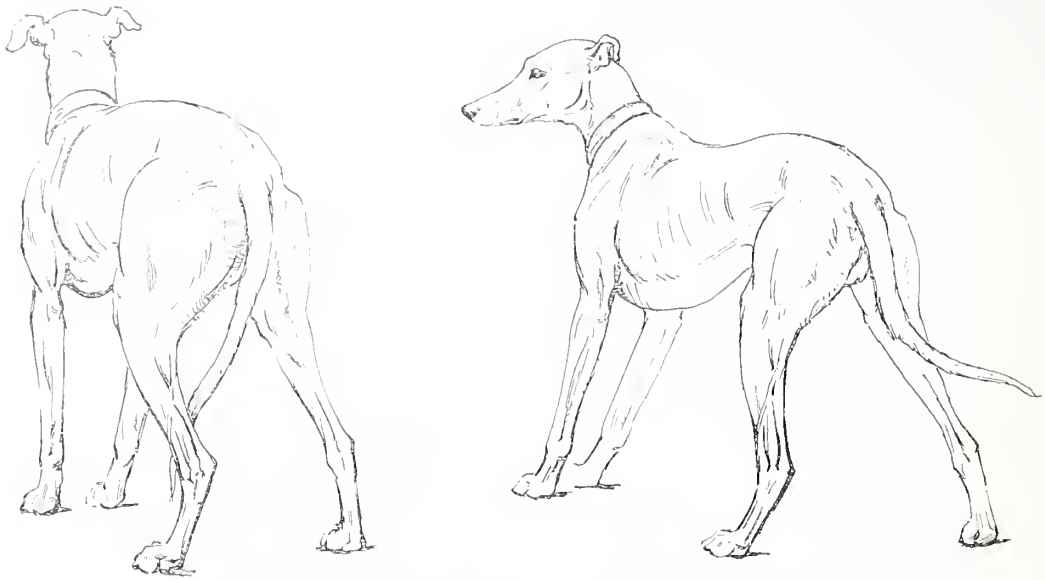
he keeps a terrier, a greyhound, and three wolf-hounds—splendid animals the last-named, one of them of Russian, two of Irish breed—all trained expressly for “sitting.” It is wonderful how quickly they can be accustomed to it, the chief difficulty being to make them keep in a standing posture while required. With this object a light band or halter is passed round the middle of the body and attached to some point above at such a height as allows the animal to stand quite comfortably but keeps him well suspended should he attempt to lie down. Moreover, the dogs are relieved by being made to take turns for half an

is enough to shift the balance of the body and alter the whole attitude. The students, therefore, are encouraged not to trouble themselves with over-anxious endeavours to complete a drawing in the first position if the animal shall have moved before it is completed, but to begin to draw the model in the next position assumed, and the next again if a further change should interfere with the second. For it often occurs that the animal returns of its own accord to the original position, or to something so nearly approaching it that the first drawing begun and perforce left unfinished can, after a little patient waiting, be completed. Not only are these



studies useful in themselves, but they help the student to acquire a versatility, a quickness of observation, and a facility of handling, perhaps not

Occasionally the study of horses and dogs is varied by the introduction of cows or donkeys. Evening classes for black-and-white work are held on

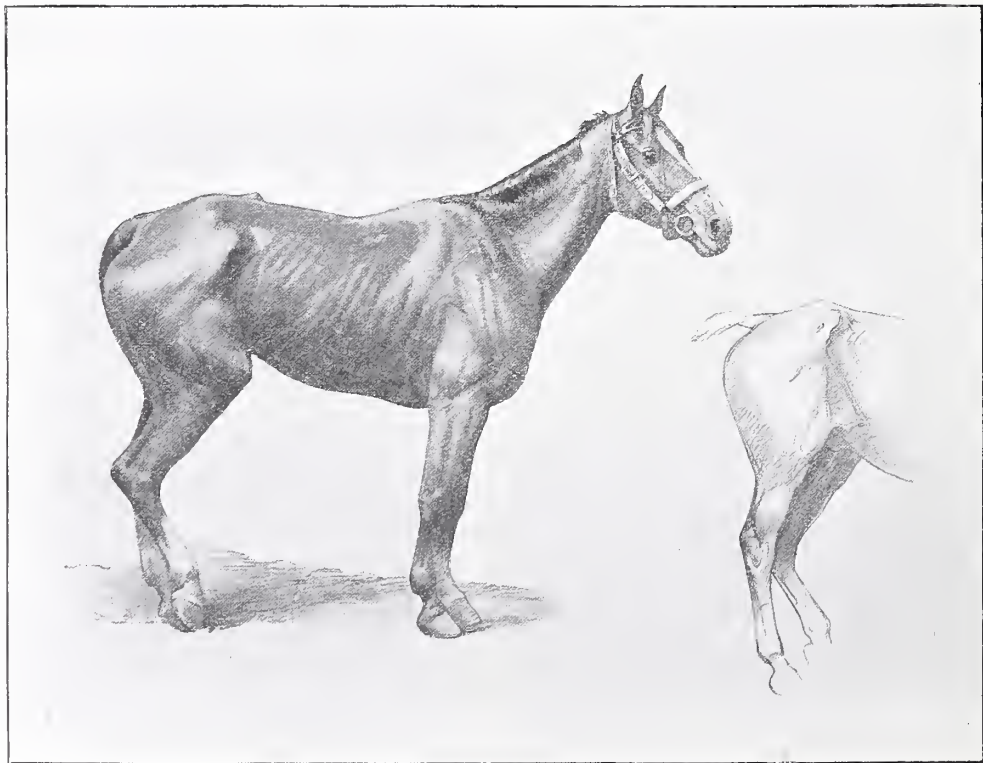


PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES WITHOUT PRELIMINARY PENCIL WORK.

(By Miss M. A. Brown.)

to be surpassed by any other kind of artistic training. Of this fact the spirited pen-drawings which some of the students learn to produce bear witness.

Mondays and Thursdays. Five days a week the school is under the immediate personal direction of Mr. Calderon, but on Saturdays it is in the hands



LIFE STUDY.

(By Miss I. Collier.)

of Dr. Armstead, for the purposes of the class for Animal Anatomy, on which subject he is a specialist. To this department Mr. Calderon rightly attaches particular importance, for though, of course, the subject is necessarily incidental to all studies in the school, under Dr. Armstead it is systematised in a way that previous teachers do not appear to have deemed it worth while to do. The anatomy lesson takes the form not so much of an oral lecture as of actual demonstration by means of dissection and by the display of diagrams, etc. The collection of casts is, indeed, a special feature in the school. Many of them have been moulded expressly from dissections made by Dr. Armstead, others taken from dead animals under his and Mr. Calderon's joint supervision; and these, together with a quan-

tity of casts of wild and domestic animals selected from among the best existing supplies attainable in Paris and in this country, and a number of skeletons and life-size diagrams, constitute a valuable museum of animal anatomy. There is, in addition, a reference library of standard works on the subject.

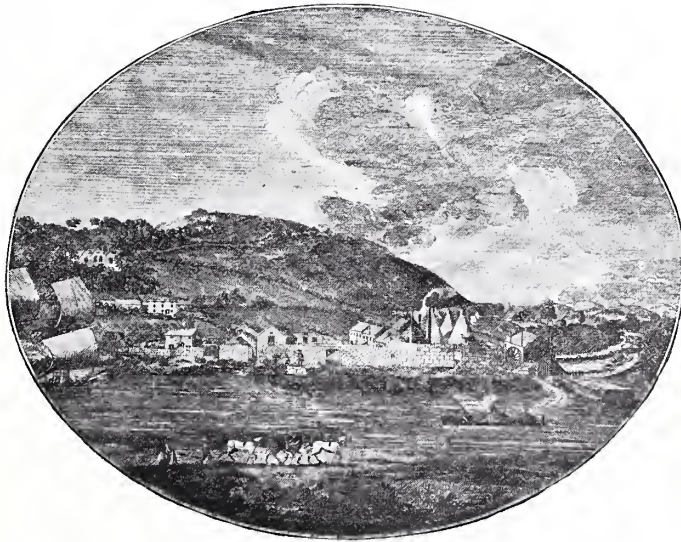
If there is anything that one might wish changed with regard to the Calderon School, it is its situation. Could it only be transferred to the region of South Kensington, and the ample resources of the Natural History collection there made practically available for the use of Messrs. Calderon's and Armstead's classes, the usefulness of museum and school together might be capable of being augmented to an almost indefinite extent to the advantage of all concerned.

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## SWANSEA PORCELAIN.

BY COSMO MONKHOUSE.

IT was quite time that somebody should attempt to rescue from oblivion the still surviving facts about the once famous potteries of Swansea and Nantgarw. Except what may be called the brief but brilliant Billingsley period, there is not much that is fascinating in their history, but if it were only for the sake of that potter's gallant attempt to make an ideal porcelain combining the qualities of Nankin and Sèvres, the pains which Mr. Turner has taken would be well justified.\* But



THE SWANSEA WORKS.

of course Mr. Turner could not confine himself to Billingsley and his products, and having once set his shoulder to the wheel he has done his work thoroughly, and presented such a picture of the rise and decline of Cambrian pottery that his name will hereafter be ranked as an authority with Binns of

\* "The Ceramics of Swansea and Nantgarw," by William Turner, F.S.S., with an Appendix on the mannerisms of the artists, by Robert Drane, F.L.S. (Bemrose and Sons.)

Worcester, Owen of Bristol, and Haslem of Derby —at all events, as far as history is concerned. Nor

is it only with regard to historical facts that his book will in the future be sought for reference. Although he modestly disclaims any technical knowledge of ceramic processes, and distrusts his ability as a critic of art, he has done his best to provide connoisseurs with all available means to determine not only the dates of their specimens but the artists by whom they were decorated.

To aid in this he has called in the assistance of a learned lover of Cambrian pottery, Mr. Robert Drane, who has selected the illustrations with the special object of distinguishing the mannerisms of the china-painters employed at Swansea and Nantgarw, and has contributed a very helpful appendix on this difficult subject.

Like every other serious and determined investigator of the truth, Mr. Turner has had to



encounter great difficulties, not only in discovering new facts but in demolishing old falsehoods, and he gives one very amusing instance of the latter. "Another error," he writes—"a newspaper one—is this: the reason for the works being open at Nantgarw is there said to have been because (amongst other advantages) there was plenty of china clay at Caerleon, near Newport. By correspondence and search I traced this error to its

was 1811 to 1824. It might be called Billingsley porcelain, for though it was made at Swansea for some five years after that remarkable man returned to Nantgarw, it was made there after his receipts, more or less modified.

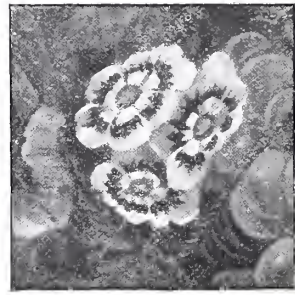
These facts assumed, one would have thought that there could not be much difficulty in determining pieces of Nantgarw and Swansea china, especially as (thanks in a great measure to Mr.



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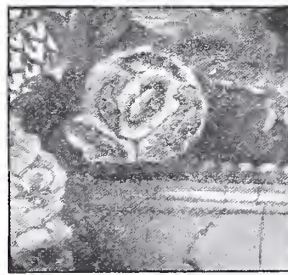
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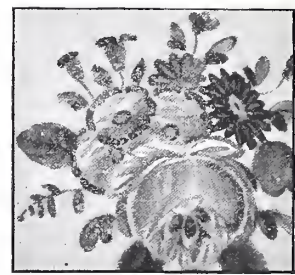
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6.

THE AURICULA (FULL SIZE). PAINTED BY—1. BILLINGSLEY. 2. T. PARDOE. 3. MORRIS. 4. POLLARD.  
5. WEBSTER. 6. UNKNOWN.

source. The writer—an anonymous one—was discovered; his alleged authority was interviewed. I found it was a misunderstanding, and that, in all probability, as Marryat had mixed Pardoe up with Billingsley, so he (the anonymous writer) had mixed up the words Caerleon, a village, with Kaolin, a china clay."

One advantage of Mr. Turner's subject was the definiteness of its limits. Altogether the Cambrian potteries had but a short existence. The Nantgarw works were started in 1811 and finally closed in 1822, the finest porcelain being produced from 1812 to 1814 and from 1817 to 1819, while Billingsley and his son-in-law Walker managed the works. The works at Swansea lasted from about 1764 to 1870, but it was only from about 1813 to 1824 that porcelain was made there, and the best of it was produced from 1814 to 1817, when Billingsley and Walker were working for Dillwyn and Bevington. The entire period, therefore, of that remarkably translucent porcelain which, under the names of "Nantgarw" and "Swansea," is so sought by connoisseurs,

Turner) we know pretty well all the artists who were employed at both those places; but as a matter of fact the right assignation of pieces to these factories and to the artists who decorated them is of unusual difficulty. In the first place, a great quantity of white china made at Swansea was stamped Nantgarw, and at Swansea also two receipts (and probably a good many more) were used, as experiments were constantly being made to get a more trustworthy paste, and so save the enormous loss caused by the habit of Billingsley's "body" to crack and spit and shiver and fuse in the kiln. Though not "refractory" in the technical sense, it was very refractory as we use that term to a naughty child, and the continual destruction of a very large percentage of the pieces fired, many of them after elaborate and costly decoration, was, no doubt, the reason why the works both at Nantgarw and Swansea were ultimately abandoned. The "body" was very beautiful, clear, and white, and with a soft glaze in which the enamels melted almost, if not quite, as beautifully as in the soft



paste of Sèvres. At first it differed little from the Pinxton "body," being principally composed of a grit, made of Lynn sand, and bone with a little potash, which was ground and mixed with very varying proportions of china clay. No paste so nearly uniting the beauties of glass and porcelain has ever been made, but it would not pay, and all attempts to make it more practical by

white stock was decorated for sale, and the same happened with Nantgarw when Billingsley removed to Coalport, some of the pieces not being painted till many years afterwards. In order to help the collector in the midst of all these difficulties Mr. Turner and Mr. Drane have done what they could in a manner not before attempted, by giving examples of the styles of all the painters which



PLAQUE (HALF SIZE). (Painted by William Pegg.)

increasing the proportion of china clay and the addition of other materials appear to have been unsuccessful.

The difficulties of the collector are greatly increased by the fact that much of the ware made in Wales was not decorated at the factory. To begin with, a good deal of it probably was brought by Billingsley to Swansea and decorated there, and more was sent out in white to London and other places, to such firms as Mortlock's, and painted by London artists to suit the custom of the dealer. Mr. Turner tells us of one service in which pieces of Sèvres were mixed with pieces of Swansea and decorated to match. After the manufacture of porcelain ceased at Swansea a quantity of the old

are known to have decorated china at Nantgarw and Swansea, examples attributed with some certainty to the respective painters themselves. Unfortunately this method has its limits, as the painters as a rule did not sign their work, and therefore the number of indubitable specimens of their skill is very limited. Moreover, many of the artists—Billingsley himself, for instance—had two styles, perhaps more. Of Billingsley's two styles Mr. Turner gives illustrations on one page, containing portions of Billingsley's "Prentice Plate" which served as a pattern for boys at the Derby Works for seventy years, and of a plaque in the collection of F. Walker Cox, Esq., of Breadsall, Derby. The "Prentice Plate" has an interesting history of its



own which is well told by Mr. Turner, and it has now found a resting-place in the Museum at Derby. On another page Mr. Turner gives examples of the style in which several painters drew the aurioula. These artists are Billingsley, T. Pardoe, Morris, Pollard, Webster, and an "unknown." It is impossible, in looking at these two full-page illustrations—incomparably the most important of the illustrations to the volume—not to wonder why they are in monochrome, for the absence of colour robs them of at least half their value.

Of all the painters on Swansea china, though



THE NANTGARW WORKS.

Billingsley is the most celebrated, and probably unsurpassed in knowledge and finish, the work by Pollard is marked by the greatest originality and the finest artistic feeling. Examples of his painting, both of garden and wild flowers, are given in this book (Plates XI and XIV) and justify the admiration which Mr. Turner cordially entertains for this artist. The author has given us too little criticism, probably through diffidence, but his description of a plate by Pollard shows what a true appreciation he has of the special quality of a finely decorated Swansea plate. Billingsley with all his skill could never have inspired a passage like that, but he was a remarkable man, forming, indeed, the central interest of this book. Mr. Turner traces his history with more thoroughness and care than has hitherto been done, and writes of him with that enthusiasm which is so often generated in an author by his subject. The little "clouds" in his career—the difficulties which prevented him from visiting his native Derby after he left it about 1796, his separation from his wife, his breaking his engagement with Flight and Barr, the assumption of a false name to avoid arrest—are all brushed aside very lightly. It is certainly in his favour that his daughters followed his fortunes rather than remain with their mother, and

he no doubt devoted a great part of his life to the improvement of English porcelain, but there is scarcely sufficient material to make a hero of him. Nevertheless he was a remarkable man of talent and energy, if not of genius, and his life of constant effort and invariable misfortune cannot fail to enlist our sympathy. Nor can anyone who reads his letter to his wife after the death of his two daughters doubt the depth of his affections. Altogether he certainly demands our admiration and our pity, if not our love and our worship. Not the least pathetic fact of his life was the obscurity of his later years. He had risen to be the best china painter at Derby, perhaps in England. He had founded the porcelain works at Pinxton and Nantgarw. If unsuccessful commercially he was at least successful in this, that he made porcelain of a quality so rare and beautiful that it was the admiration of his contemporaries, and is now a treasure for the rich. Yet of his last nine years scarcely a record is left, except that he lived at Coalport or near it, and painted china for Mr. Rose, until his death in 1828.

Mr. Turner has spent so many years in collecting the information contained in his book, and has established so much

that was doubtful, that it seems ungrateful to suggest anything in the nature of a defect, or to hint that he should add to his labours. He has supplied us with much interesting information about the "Etruscan Ware" made by the later Mr. Dillwyn, and some good illustrations of it, but our curiosity is not satisfied with regard to the early light stoneware made at Swansea, or the once celebrated "opaque china." Of a very important figure in the history of these Cambrian Works, Mr. William Weston Young, he supplies a number of very interesting facts, but he gives but one illustration, and that an uncoloured one, of his remarkable skill in painting. The book would also be improved by a fuller index to the plates, which should tell us where these objects were made, by whom they were painted, and to whom they belong. A chronological list of events in the history of the factories would also be convenient. This book and its illustrations have been very carefully produced by Messrs. Benrose and Sons, of Derby, the head of which firm is a well-known collector of china. To the valuable pamphlets which he has already written upon English ceramics it is understood he is about to add a small volume containing some hitherto unpublished documents relating to the history of the factories at Bow, Chelsea, and Derby.



A BELLE OF SEVILLE.

*(From the Painting by J. B. Burgess, R.A. In the Collection of Thomas J. Barratt. Esq.)*







THE LIBRARY, BELL-MOOR, SHOWING "THE TINTED VENUS."

(From a Photograph by Bedford, Lemère and Co.)

## THE ART COLLECTION AT BELL-MOOR, THE HOUSE OF MR. THOMAS J. BARRATT.—III.

BY JOSEPH GREGO.

IN the present chapter on Mr. Barratt's pictures at Bell Moor, a selection has been drawn from the fine apartment here illustrated. On the principal wall of this artistic chamber are found side by side "The Monarch of the Glen," "The Vale of Clwyd," with the breeziest version by David Cox of "Going to the Hayfield," besides the masterly example by George Vincent, "Crossing the Brook." The winsome example by the late John Bagnold Burgess, R.A., one of that accomplished artist's happiest efforts in portraying female comeliness, in which his art excelled, was formerly in the collection of Mr. G. Godwin, F.R.S. The picture of this typical Spanish belle is reproduced as the frontispiece of the present number. The *spirituelle* head of Miss Farren, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, has already been described as inserted in the overmantel of the fireplace, which faces the more noteworthy masterpieces here reproduced. It has been mentioned that Mr. Barratt's predilection for landscape

art is practically evinced by the numerous picked examples of the English school found in his collection—among others, the Norwich school being adequately represented. "The Way through the Wood," by "Old" Crome, already reproduced, was, by the founder of the Norwich school, bequeathed to Mr. Rainger, Secretary of the Carlton Club, and was bought by the late Mr. Henry Graves at that gentleman's sale, in 1863. Besides the *chef-d'œuvre* by Crome's great pupil, "Crossing the Brook," at Bell Moor there is quite a collection of the finest specimens of George Vincent's fascinating art: "On the Yare," a perfectly Cuypp-like example; another "View on the Yare," surpassing in golden atmospheric effects; a Hobbema-like "Landscape, with Group of Cows and Haycart;" "Cattle Crossing a Bridge;" and "A Mill, with Women and Boys on a Bridge." All these Vincents are typical examples, and full of the subtle "charm" which that delightful painter had the secret of conveying in so unusual a



degree. "The Path through the Wood" is one of the choicest specimens of Stark's most prized landscapes; and a large picture of "Windsor Forest,

There are also two beautiful examples of James Holland's flower-painting in oils, from the Huth and Burton collections respectively; and examples of



CROSSING THE BROOK.

(From the Painting by George Vincent.)

with Men Ferreting Rabbits," by the same painter, ranks as another masterpiece of the first importance.

In the list of leading examples of landscape art must be mentioned two choice specimens of Patrick Nasmyth, of unusually distinctive quality and crispness of execution; one, a sea-piece, possesses the most perfect freshness, and expresses all the buoyancy and colour of real nature at its breeziest. Nor must the works of R. P. Bonington pass unrecorded; the characteristic work, "Church at Rouen," from the collection of Mr. J. W. Adamson; and one of that gifted painter's interesting pictures of the quaint French cities by the sea, like St. Malo, and the sea-board towns of Normandy and Brittany, which Bonington loved to paint. James Holland is also well represented, in his richest key of harmony and most brilliant efforts of colouring; from the Marquis de Santurce's collection and the Murrieta sales come the glowing Venetian examples—"On the Grand Canal, Rialto in Distance," 1853, "San Giorgio, from the Dogana," and "A Canal Scene in Venice," 1852.

the same gifted artist's water-colour drawings. Thomas Creswick, R.A., is appropriately represented by one of his waterfalls; and at Bell Moor may be seen two superlative examples of Henry Dawson—"The Bend in the River," and "The Keeper's Pool;" the latter example presents the finest possible effect of sunlight in full effulgence, and was painted at Sutton Coalfield Park, near Birmingham, towards Warwick. A more gorgeous representation of the glories of a resplendent sunlit sky it is difficult to imagine. The artist and his family esteemed this the most successful typically rich sunset ever painted by Henry Dawson; one of the happiest efforts of sun-delineation, when the painter contrived to hold Apollo's team harmoniously in hand by a marvel of cleverness rarely achieved and almost unsurpassed—a veritable *chef-d'œuvre* as regards richness, luminosity, and the glowing brilliancy of sunlight, seized at the most impressive stage of a glorious sunset, where all is molten and dazzling.

The majestic "Monarch of the Glen" is accounted by many the foremost achievement of animal-painting; in fact, it rises to the memory as the best-recognised masterpiece of this order of delineation, the *chef-d'œuvre* with which the fame of Sir Edwin Landseer must be most popularly associated. It is interesting to recall the lines, from "The Legends of Glenoreby," appended to the title by the painter on the picture's first exhibition in the Royal Academy, 1851—verses which fully explain the artist's intention:—

"When first the day star's clear cool light  
Chasing night's shadows grey,  
With silver touched each rocky height  
That girded wild Glen-Strae,

public attention, and the famous "Historical Cartoon" competitions had been held for three or four years at Westminster, Landseer received from the "Commissioners on the Fine Arts" a proposal to paint in oils three subjects illustrative of the chase, appropriate for the embellishment of the Peers' Refreshment Room. The remuneration suggested for this commission was, according to some accounts, £300 each picture: or, on more trustworthy authority, as stated by Mr. F. G. Stephens in his account of Sir Edwin Landseer, £500 apiece; the sum in either case was wretchedly inadequate, and it is evident that the painter undertook this congenial task on patriotic grounds, and for honour rather than for profit. Happily



THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN.

(From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.)

Uprose the monarch of the glen,  
Majestic from his lair,  
Surveyed the scene with piercing ken,  
And snuffed the fragrant air."

As early as 1848, when extensive schemes for decorating the Houses of Parliament were engaging

for Landseer's interests, but to the national loss, the scheme was burked. The House of Commons, as paymasters, marked their disapproval of the manner in which the plans for decorating the palace of Westminster were being conducted by the Fine Art



Commissioners; for when the item of £1,500 was submitted in the estimates as the proposed payment to one of the greatest artists of the time for these three important works, after a sharp debate this sum was struck out by a vote of the Commons, and Landseer was thereby released from an unremunerative bargain.

"The Monarch of the Glen," intended by

on steadily increasing in value. From Lord Londesborough's collection it passed into the hands of other art-lovers. In 1884 "The Monarch of the Glen," sent to Christie's by Lady Otho Fitzgerald, was purchased by Lord Cheylesmore (then Mr. Eaton, M.P.) for £6,510. On the death of Lord Cheylesmore his collection was sent to Christie's in 1892, when an animated competition for Landseer's masterpiece



GOING TO THE HAYFIELD.

(From the Painting by David Cox.)

Landseer to occupy in the Peers' Refreshment Room one of the panels of the then new Houses of Parliament, was thus free to be sent for exhibition to the Royal Academy. There, in 1851, it evoked universal admiration, and was promptly purchased by Lord Londesborough for £840; Landseer, at the same time, having sold the copyright for engraving to Messrs. Henry Graves for a further sum of £500: thus at once bringing up the amount to the more adequate figure of £1,340. The engraving by Thomas Landseer, published in 1852, has enjoyed the vast popularity such a work was certain to command, proofs having mounted up to high figures. For instance, an artist's proof realised £120 at Christie's in 1894.

The painting, as was inevitable, has since gone

brought the price up to £7,245. Mr. T. J. Barratt subsequently purchased this coveted painting from Messrs. Agnew.

Messrs. Graves's copyright having expired, "The Monarch of the Glen" was successfully engraved again in 1893 by Mr. J. B. Pratt, and published by another firm.

The works of that "artless genius" George Morland—"Nature's favourite child," according to the verdict of his contemporaries—are extensively represented at Bell Moor. There are installed, amidst congenial surroundings, nearly all his most interesting engravings—choice examples printed in colours, which constitute the "Morland Room," and are found lining the walls of three staircases. Indeed, in this respect the collection offers the best

possible review of those popularly-appreciated examples which have immortalised the artist's name, for nowhere can Morland's productions be seen under more favourable conditions.

the first time. In this collection there are several of the artist's choicest cabinet specimens, displaying his art to perfection—examples which, in their beautiful ease of treatment and glowing harmonies of colour,



MISS FARREN.

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

In speaking of Morland's more interesting original paintings, I have already alluded to these in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for February, the important rustic example (36 by 28) being reproduced for absolutely

can only be compared with corresponding *chefs-d'œuvre* by Watteau. The pen may describe the subject, or the engraver's art may paraphrase, but nothing short of the originals can convey true



impressions of the unequalled technical qualities, pervading mellow richness, with the charming secret of wrapping up gem-like pigments in enduring glazings which are the specialities of these rare masterpieces.

As regards subjects, I may mention "Belinda or the Billet-Doux." Of this example a graphic version has already been given (Part I.) which so far tells the story, but of necessity fails to convey the principal quality of this work, the beautiful harmony and surpassing richness of its colouring. The subject is that of a fashionable nymph, supposed to have been aroused from a *siesta* by the insistence of her pet spaniel. The awakened sylph's emotion is caused by the discovery on her table of a tender effusion from an admirer—Belinda's first

view of the *billet-doux* in question. The engraving of this work by Burrows appeared in 1794, with explanatory verses. In the hall at Bell Moor, side by side with "the gems" by James Holland, hang the two wonderful examples alike of "quality" and absolute unstudied ease of execution, "Contemplation"—otherwise "Caroline of Lichfield"—and the companion painting "Contemplating the Miniature," works familiar through the engravings by William Ward; the latter was published in 1788 under the title "The Pledge of Love," with the following descriptive lines engraved beneath to explain the subject:—

"The lovely Fair with rapture views  
This token of their love:  
Then all her promises renews,  
And hopes he'll constant prove."

Some idea of the value, in the estimation of collectors, attaching to these engravings may be

formed when it is mentioned that £60 was the price recently asked for an original impression of "Contemplation" printed in colours (published in 1786); while, as regards the original paintings,

£1,200 represents the elevated figure demanded for the three foregoing cabinet examples the last time they were sold.

Mr. Barratt had the singular luck to add to this little group of cabinet gems by Morland another example of equally choice quality—a well-known work, familiar to Morland collectors through W. Ward's engraving, and originally painted in illustration of a ballad; the stipple version was published in 1788 under the title of "Constancy," companion work to "Variety."

It was while travelling in Spain that this work was discovered by the

fortunate proprietor. It has an early history of some interest, for it passed from the artist's own possession into that of J. Hassell, who, in 1805, favoured Morland's admirers with a life of the artist, bearing the apposite motto from Pope, "His art was Nature." "'Constancy'"—wrote Morland's biographer, who at that time treasured the original painting—"a sweet, engaging figure leaning against a rock, with a handkerchief in her hand. The expression of the countenance is truly indicative of sorrow for the loss of her lover. The figure is simple, elegant, and emblematical of innocence; a white dress with a straw hat and white feather. In the distance is the ocean." W. Ward's engraving of "Constancy" appeared with the explanatory lines:—

"Firm as the rock on which I lean,  
My mind is fixt, and cannot rove,  
The foaming billows roll between—  
I'll ne'er forsake the youth I love."



THE PLEDGE OF LOVE.  
(From the Painting by George Morland.)

It is understood, from the evidence of the time, that "Variety" was painted from Mrs. Morland (sister of W. Ward, the engraver); while Maria Morland (Mrs. W. Ward) was the model for "Constancy." The cabinet examples of Morland at Bell Moor all belong to the best period of the painter's powers, when his art attained its amazing ease and perfection of technique—long before he became indifferent to his professional standing or degenerated into careless mannerisms, the besetting sins of his declining days.

Among local traditions, especially as concerns the Hampstead Road, the eccentric reputation of George Morland cannot easily be forgotten. With his friends and colleagues, Francis Wheatley, R.A., and P. de Louthembourg, R.A., Morland was accustomed to seek at the Heath, and the lanes near Hampstead, Hendon, Willesden, and the neighbourhood, inspiration and materials for his rustic pictures; and there, from early days, and while following in the footsteps of Wheatley and J. C. Ibbetson—whose success in the treatment of English pastoral influenced Morland to produce compositions of rural nature—he also sought appropriate human interest to animate his delineations of the surrounding scenery. With spirit he studied those groups of sturdy peasants, with cattle, horses, donkeys, and dogs; especially the incidents of gipsy camps, which he introduced with picturesque effect into his foregrounds and middle-distances.

Morland's biographers relate instances of the buoyant spirits and of the boyish love of practical joking which were characteristic of the painter's disposition at this early period of his career. Hassell

records his being, with a party of friends returning from Hampstead, confronted by Morland, who had taken a passing fancy for turning night-patrol. There was the painter "mounted on horseback, with

a parish great-coat, girded round with a broad belt, and a pair of pistols depending." In this assumed character he challenged the party, crying "Horse patrol!" but, failing to disguise his natural voice, the painter was quickly discovered, much to his own relief, as he promptly seized the opportunity of shedding his official trappings, and carried off his captives to a deep carouse at the "Mother Red Cap"—more to his inclinations than patrolling the lonely roads at night.

On another occasion Morland, from acting as volunteer patrol,

for which office his ardour cooled with the approach of cold weather, was tempted to test the courage of the real patrol. Returning to town late at night, or in the early hours of the morning, it is related that the painter, armed with a brace of pistols, discharged both weapons close to the ear of the guardian of the night, to try his resolution, and started off at a run. The watchman pursued with fixed bayonet, but, being unable to overtake the fugitive, threatened to fire if he did not stop, "when Morland, having carried the joke as far as he durst, laughed and disclosed his name."

Another escapade in this connection was the painter's assumption of the duties of "head borough." It is related that he paid a friend, who was cast as constable, for the privilege of serving as his substitute. Morland fancied that, while wielding the staff of civil power, he would enjoy plaguing his friends and making things unpleasant for anyone



CONTEMPLATION.

(From the Painting by George Morland.)



against whom he cherished a grudge. His discharge of these duties—billeting soldiers by day and presiding in the constable's chair by night—amused him for awhile; but he found this employment inconvenient in many ways. "If he had to serve a summons for a jury he was ever behindhand in executing it, and seldom accomplished it till he had exhausted the patience of the coroner, who did not fail to reprimand him severely. He was not only embarrassed in the discharge of his duties as 'head borough,' but his companions, the hired constables, imposed on his inexperience by feigning that there were disagreeable commissions to be executed, to get rid of which he would treat and bribe them in various ways." The inevitable consequence of Morland's disillusionment was that he was obliged to pay someone else to relieve him of the disagreeable duties he had bribed his friend to transfer in his own favour. It has been wondered that Morland should neglect his opportunities for such eccentric whims, but even these circumstances were turned to artistic account. His experiences of billeting soldiers brought the artist into acquaintance with a serjeant, drummer, and trooper in pursuit of deserters; this party he promptly carried off to his own house, regaled them liberally, detained them in his painting-room

carousing freely for a couple of days, while seizing the opportunity of painting their portraits, cross-examining them upon the business of recruiting; by inquiries making himself familiar with the usual practice in relation to deserters, and obtaining everything suitable for the purpose he had conceived of painting a dramatic *suite* of pictures, in the Hogarthian spirit, graphically unrolling the story of "The Deserter," thus effectively arranged in successive *tableaux*:—

1. Enlisting a Recruit.
2. Recruit deserted, and detected hiding in his wife's room.
3. The Deserter handcuffed, and conveyed to a court-martial.
4. The Deserter pardoned and restored to his family.

The consideration of the fine original Morland pictures—amongst the choicest examples of that painter's art—and the vast collection of rare engravings, printed in colours, gathered at Bell Moor, together afford the most complete evidence of the talents and industry of that gifted genius, and fully justify the epitaph written by the artist's friend, William Collins:—

"Pure Nature's darling son, of arts the pride,  
Thy works the test of ages shall abide."

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## ART TEACHING AT THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

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THE article on the Art classes at Harrow School, published in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for November, has in some quarters been somewhat misunderstood. The sub-title of the paper, "A Notable Experiment," which was intended to apply to Harrow only and not to art teaching in public schools in general, has been interpreted by several influential correspondents in the narrower sense. They have drawn our attention to the fact that certain portions of the system in vogue at Harrow have for many years been practised at Rugby under the distinguished direction of Mr. Thomas M. Lindsay. It is hardly necessary for us to say that not the slightest desire exists to deprive anyone of the smallest fraction of credit that may be due to him for having initiated the attempt to popularise art teaching in its fully developed form in our public schools. That this credit belongs to the art master at Rugby is an undisputed fact which we duly recognise and record. The good work which he accomplished at Belfast, and which he is accomplishing at Rugby, secured for him the reputation, alike

in this country and on the Continent, as the most experienced exponent up to his day of modern methods of art education. In Ireland he holds the position of art examiner to the Intermediate Education Board, and from the Minister of Education in France a permit which enables him to enter any governmental school in the country where art is taught.

Whilst adhering to some extent to the South Kensington methods, he has adapted the system suggested by Richard Redgrave, R.A., to the needs of public-school teaching: whereby incorporating with them ideas born of his own experience, he has been enabled to produce at Rugby a revolution in the art education of the great school. What he has there accomplished can best be told in his own words, taken from a lecture which he delivered in the Nottingham Art Gallery in 1893.

"The problem to be solved was how to make the study as practical and complete as possible, considering the period the boys are under instruction. Until five years ago drawing at Rugby was, as it is still in many public schools, a voluntary subject.

Too often it has been treated as a pastime or amusement. Under Dr. Percival, drawing has been made a compulsory subject, of one hour a week, for all boys in the middle and lower schools, as well as for the army class. Many of these, together with a contingent from the upper school, attend the voluntary classes on the half-holidays. Recently a scheme has been started so that boys may 'specialise,' taking drawing as a technical subject in place of Greek or Latin verses, which enables them to get about six hours a week in the drawing school. At Rugby drawing from flat copies is confined to beginners and backward boys, large diagrams being mostly used. As soon as a boy can use the pencil he takes up model and object drawing. All boys draw from flowers and foliage in the summer term; they have also to take a course of geometrical drawing, and are trained to draw rapidly from memory—a practice they delight in. Freehand should be essentially free; it should represent graphically what the eye sees or the mind apprehends; it is a misnomer to apply it to the methodical, the mechanical mapping out of the flat examples. A little perspective is taught as a friendly guide, and the blackboard is largely used for all explanations. Boys are induced to attend the voluntary classes, where they may immediately take up shading from models and the cast. Shaded copies and elaborate outlines are never used. Pencil is used by most of the army class for rapid work, but the 'stump' is chiefly in favour. There is a plentiful supply of the best examples for study, such as picturesque objects, casts from fruit and foliage, ornament, masks, busts, and full-length figures, etc. Occasionally there is a draped life model, which causes considerable excitement.

"The institution of the modern side at Rugby has brought a large number of boys whose future career will demand a knowledge of the use of instruments. These take up practical geometry, machine and architectural drawing and building construction, from copies and actual measurements. Twice a year there are set examinations for prizes. First a preliminary trial secures the best of the pupils, and these afterwards go in for the further examinations.

"All boys have to take up a holiday task, some latitude being allowed in its choice. Parents are thus enabled to judge of the unaided ability of their sons. Not a few bring back well-filled sketch books after the long holidays, drawings of ancient buildings, landscapes, boats, etc. One pupil after leaving school carried off the Pugin Silver Medal for a set of drawings from English cathedrals."

In addition to the subjects he mentions in this

extract, Mr. Lindsay further interests his pupils by delivering lectures in the museum on various phases of art, with talks upon the pictures and objects there; and the results are said to be eminently satisfactory.

Thus when, three years or so ago, it was decided to give to art a more prominent place at Harrow, and Mr. Hine visited various schools in order to see the latest developments that might help him in his work, Rugby claimed a due share of his attention. Mr. Hine readily acknowledges indebtedness to Mr. Lindsay's methods in certain particulars, and the excellent plan of the Rugby drawing school-room was partially adopted in the new building at Harrow. Mr. Hine, too, secured as his assistant Mr. Walter Gilbert, who received his early art training in Mr. Lindsay's South Kensington class—a class outside his school-work—and afterwards became his assistant at the "big" school.

The methods which are in practice at Harrow were fully described in the article, but Mr. Hine subsequently pointed out to us that "the substance of teaching there is essentially design with the intention of after application to handicraft. The principal antecedents of my methods of teaching—for I do not claim to have a fixed system—are first my Continental training at Nürnberg, Paris, and a fair amount of travel in Italy, but more recently I owe somewhat to the progressive ideas emanating from Birmingham." Mr. Hine's colleague has been of much assistance in carrying out this part of the scheme; for after leaving Rugby he worked in schools and studios at Leicester, West Bromwich, Birmingham, the Royal College of Art, and at Bushey, with Professor Herkomer's craftsmen.

It will thus be seen that both at Rugby and Harrow the masters, with the same enthusiastic endeavour to make their teaching attractive to their pupils, and working on somewhat similar lines, have each adopted modifications, dictated by their own personal experience, of a system not entirely inaugurated by either. Mr. Lindsay, as the pioneer among Public School art-masters in renouncing the old-fashioned iron-bound methods which were calculated to destroy rather than foster the art instincts of the pupils, has attained a reputation which places him in the forefront of art-masters in England. His experience, like that of all reformers, will be of the greatest service to those who follow him.

We hope at an early date to place before our readers some account of the Art Museum at Rugby—a development of art school work which we believe, so far, to be unique.



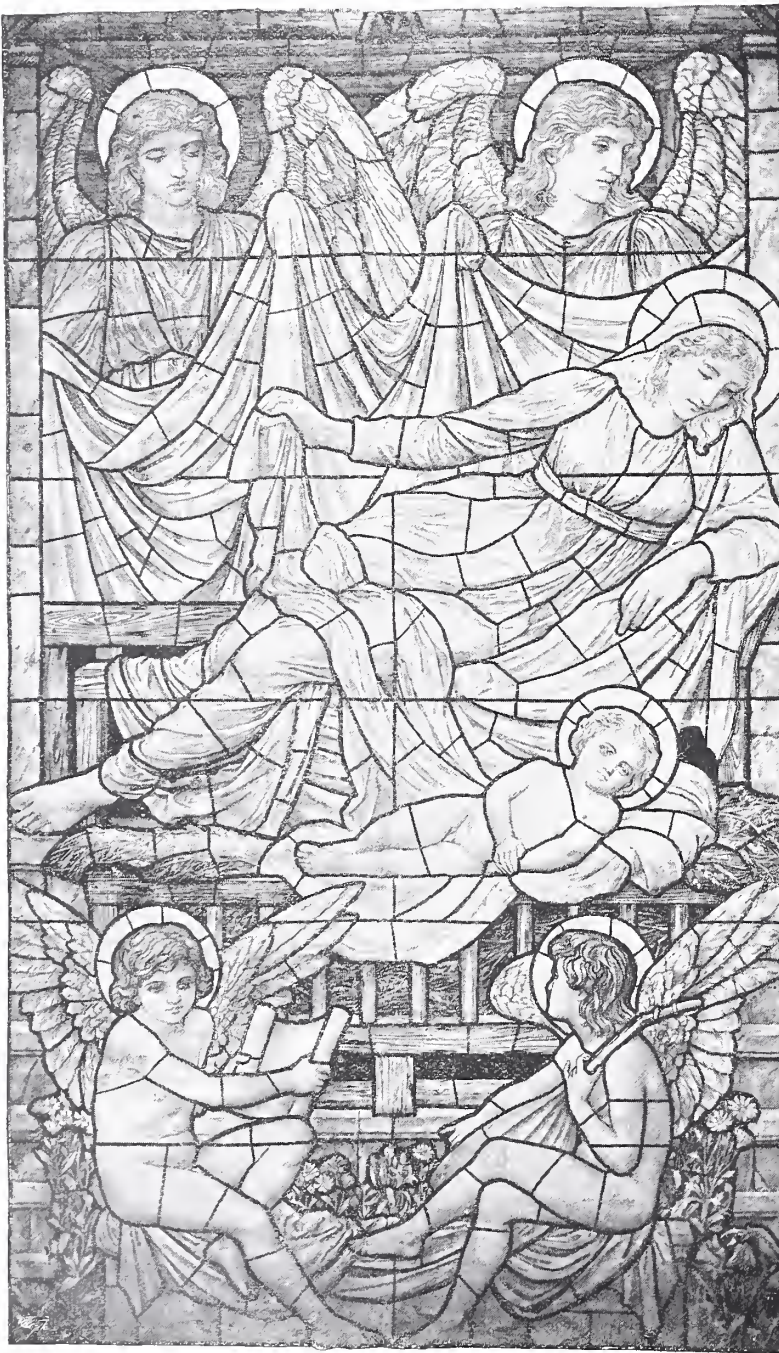
## RECENT ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.

A WRITER who, from motives of delicacy, illustrates an important work upon his craft almost entirely with his own designs, lays himself open to a charge of weakness. Really, in his elaborate essay on "Stained Glass as an Art" (Macmillan and Co.), Mr. Henry Holiday need have had no such scruples. Expert in knowledge and deter-

mined, if not stiff, in his opinions, he would have had nothing to fear had he decided to include specimens of other leading workers besides himself. The book suffers somewhat from the similarity of character in the profuse and beautifully executed illustrations (alike in colour, collotype, and half-tone); but if the author's intention was to impress

the reader by the numerical and artistic importance of his work, he certainly has achieved his purpose. The amount of his work is very considerable, so that it would be strange were he not entirely competent to speak upon his fascinating art, whether as designer or craftsman. Mr. Holiday is a painter of singular suavity and grace of line, with an academic correctness of drawing (a virtue not too common in this country), with pleasing, even dainty, ideal of beauty, with invention and resource, and a gentle harmony of colour that fairly corresponds with his facile sense of composition. But of vigour there is very little, and not much more of that sort of "grit" we look for in great designers of such important and enduring works as stained glass windows. This is the more surprising as Mr. Holiday's well-known opinions—artistic, political, or social—are extremely well-defined, vigorous, and uncompromising, overflow, indeed, here and there into his book in fashion somewhat more insistent than to some would appear useful.

But Mr. Holiday's work is a very valuable one all the same. In the first place, it is thoroughly practical in the manner in which it sets forth the technique of the art. It is, moreover, useful in the references (somewhat too slight, perhaps) to fine works of the past. And the passages upon the sentiment that must animate the artist before he can hope for style or any other of the highest merits are wisely and sincerely put. It is hardly necessary to point out that Mr. Holiday must believe in the virtue of



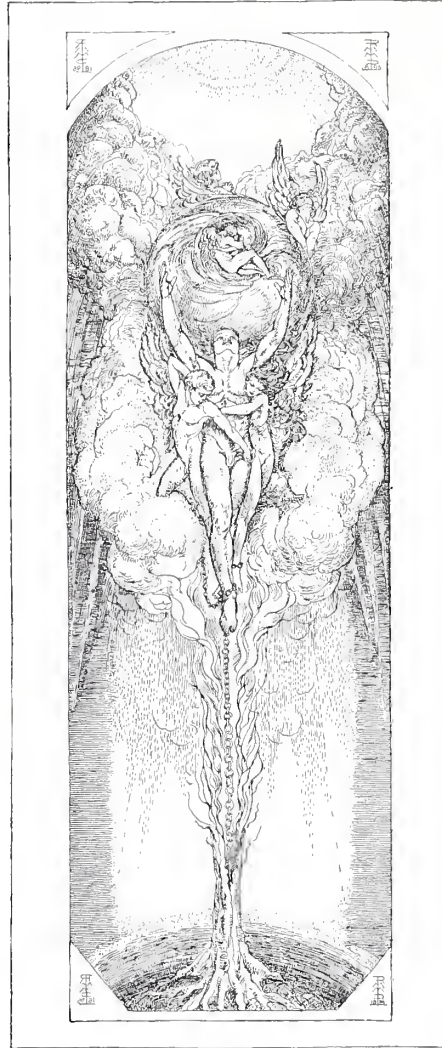
PANEL FROM THE EAST WINDOW OF THE CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY, WOLVERHAMPTON.



painted glass as superior to that of stained glass—the character of his designs demanding more fine pencilling than would be necessary in that broader treatment of design which to our mind constitutes the highest beauty of stained glass. “Pot-metal” is more applicable to Mr. Seddon’s work than to Mr. Holiday’s. And Mr. Holiday, we think, is a little hard—for all his courteous deference and appreciation—on Mr. La Farge’s Tiffany glass, for his main objection is not entirely to be sustained. He says that “it substitutes accident for design.” Not quite; for, when the “accident” is completed, the deliberate selection and intention of the artist begins. No doubt, such relatively subjectless glass cannot appeal highly to the artist of important subjects involving drawing and composition and sentiment, dignity and intention; but there is a magic about this American glass not to be met with in the more calculated Bible-pictures. Furthermore, it must be remembered that even in this glass pictures may be produced, as those of our readers will call to mind who saw Baron Rosenkrantz’s window at Wickham-breaux, near Canterbury, reproduced in these pages.

Mr. Holiday’s book is a very serious contribution to the literature of the subject, thoughtful and suggestive. The artistic possibilities of the material, either inherent or considered in relation to the purpose of the work; light and shade; style, whether in relation to architecture, ornament, or archæology, as well as its limitations—are all the subjects of careful consideration. But probably nearer to the author’s heart is the desire to prove—as he successfully does—that there is nothing in stained glass to require the traditional mediævalism of treatment that many persist in thinking characteristic of stained glass. On the other hand, the style adopted by Mr. Holiday sometimes bears in too strongly on the spectator, by comparison, the almost over-emphasised modernness of his own productions. Nevertheless, Mr. Holiday can think about his art and induce his readers to do so too.

highest credit to the young artist. She is not a mere illustrator; she shows the power of original thought which marks the true artist. It is possible here and there to find fault with drawing of face



THE ASPIRATION OF THE SOUL.

(Drawn by Rosie M. M. Pitman.)



(From "Undine." Drawn by Rosie M. M. Pitman.)

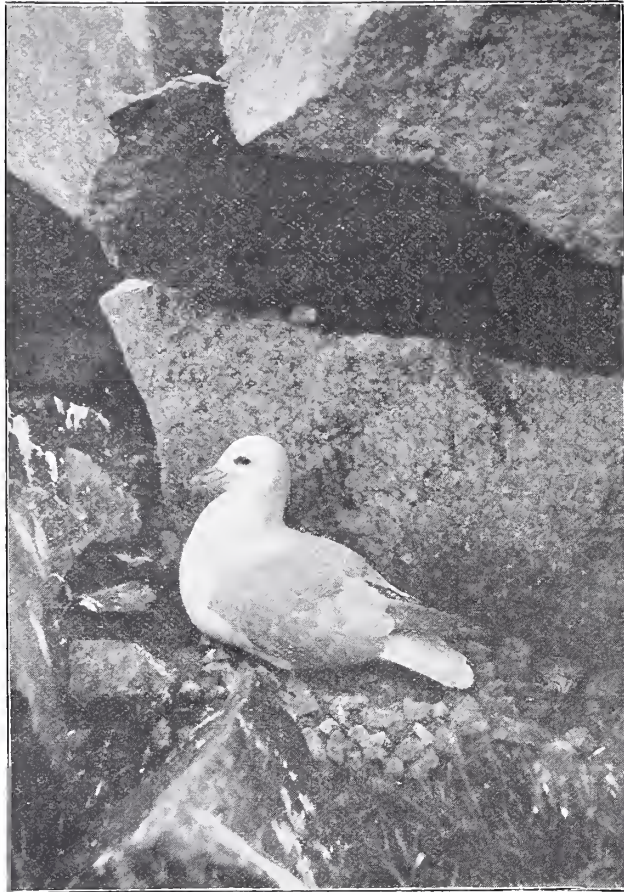
grace, invention and resourcefulness, that do the

or figure, but even in such cases the daintiness of her technique, the unflinching fancy of the decorative headings, and the intelligent sympathy with which she realises the author’s meaning, or even helps to develop it, are merits well seconded by her clever pen-work and her knowledge of effects of light and shade, at one time dainty and at another vigorous and strong. On its own merit this achievement is a very considerable one; but there is little doubt that the book introduces the public to an artist of whom we are destined to hear a good deal more, and to whose power and charm we are likely to owe much. It is too late in the day to say aught in praise of the romance itself.



NO more delightful book of its kind can naturalist or artist imagine than Mr. Richard Kearnton's volume, "With Nature and a Camera."\* It is a book written by an expert who deserves some of the praise commonly reserved for the scientist and the explorer, for he is original in all he describes, and as fresh and breezy as his own beloved wild Nature in the setting forth of his discourses. Field natural history would obtain no mention in the pages of an Art

\* "With Nature and a Camera," by Richard Kearnton, F.Z.S. Illustrated by 180 pictures from photographs by Cherry Kearnton. (Cassell and Co. 1897.)



THE FULMAR PETREL.

Magazine; but Mr. Kearnton's work makes an indirect claim to artists, full of instruction as well as charm. For the first time a photograph of the Fulmar petrel has been taken; and it shows how inaccurate have been artistic representations of it hitherto. He gives a plate of a kingfisher—obtained, like most of the other negatives, after infinite expenditure of patience and skill—the first time this shy and brilliant bird has had his photograph taken. This fascinating book—which, apart from its lively and well-informed text, demonstrates so well the true function of the camera—appeals to an extremely wide circle.



A KINGFISHER.

(From Photographs by C. Kearnton.)

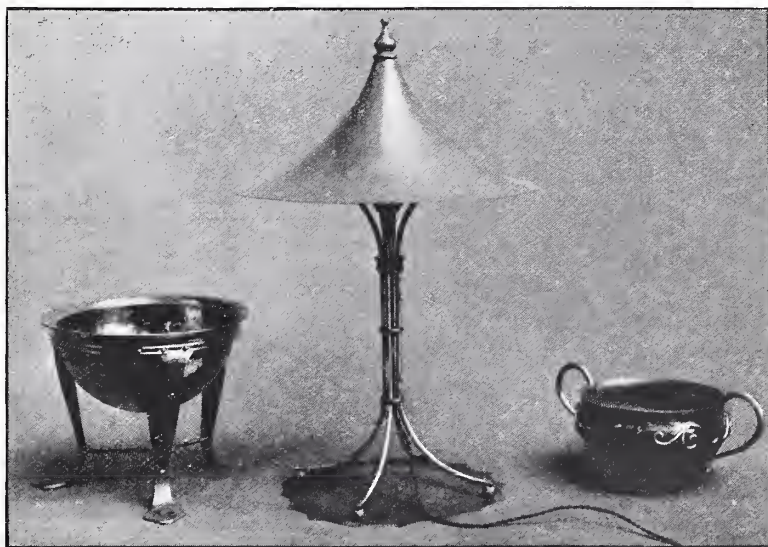


## THE ART MOVEMENT.

### ARTISTIC METAL WORK.

OF the several craftsmen who have undertaken the artistic treatment of metal work of late years, although there is no need here to mention names, it may be said roughly that while some affect an almost archaic ruggedness, others incline towards over-refinement, which eliminates the stronger and more virile qualities of the material. Now, between these two opposites on either hand the members of the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft seem to have struck a middle course; and in this respect no doubt they have done wisely. With the exception, however, of certain exhibits shown at the Arts and Crafts at the New Gallery, the London public has hitherto had little opportunity of judging of this portion of the Guild's work, until recently, when an arrangement was entered upon by which a selection of representative objects is being permanently shown at the rooms of Messrs. Morris and Co. The collection includes various articles in the precious as well as in the less costly metals. While the latter class of work owes its inception chiefly to Mr. Dixon, the jewellery and goldsmith's work is, in the main, designed by Messrs. Gere and Clavering, well-known artists of Birmingham. In some pieces gold wire is

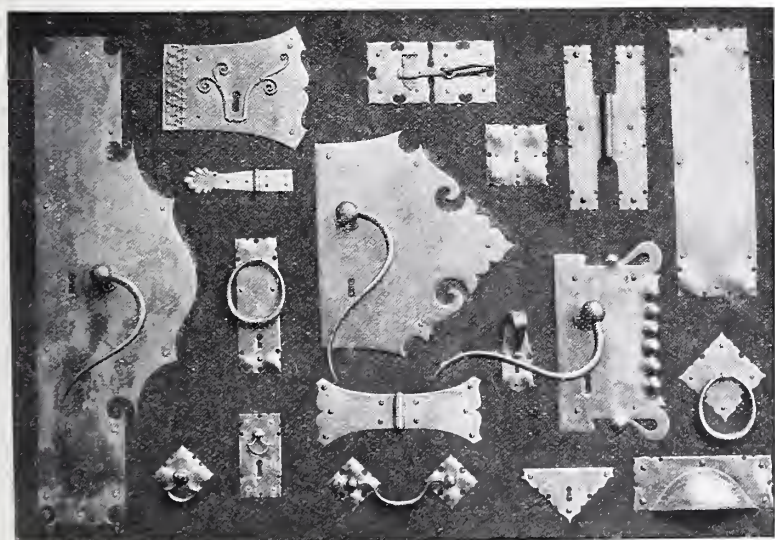
employed with delicate and happy effect; but the same cannot be said of all the jewellery set with stones. For here, unfortunately, is to be found the



READING LAMP, &c.

old mistake of mixing different kinds of transparent stones together in one composition. Whereas, not once nor twice only, have connoisseurs pointed out that the juxtaposition of opaque with transparent stones is the surest way to preserve the full beauty of the former without sacrificing the brilliancy of the latter; while, on the other hand, white trans-

parent stones throw into the shade and deaden the effect of coloured ones by sheer force of overwhelming rivalry. On the whole, then, the brass, copper, and iron work is more satisfactory than the other. Simplicity of form, combined with straightforwardness of construction, seems to be the two most prominent aims of the Guild in their copper and brass vessels, door furniture, and fittings for various kinds of lighting. These are excellent qualities, certainly. But the present affectation of extreme simplicity—not to say overtness—of design contains elements of a possible danger, which it were wise to bear in mind lest a deplorable error, like that of the "Oxford" frame, be renewed.

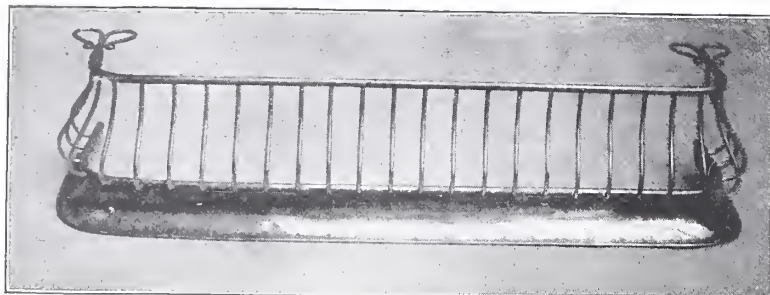


LOCK PLATES, &c.



We can all remember how welcome, in the days of artistic dearth and hideous shams, was the solitary object that ventured to avow the manner of its fashioning. The history of the Oxford frame, nevertheless, is a fearful warning. The honest nails, the

would seem to indicate a tendency on the part of the Guild to exaggerate the use of bolts, clamps, and rivets; or even to resort to such where they are not required for constructive purposes. It is perfectly legitimate, of course, to convert necessary



COPPER AND BRASS FENDER.

marks of construction, became degenerate and falsified, so that where the Oxford frame still survives, it is as an utter monstrosity, with excrescences of blackened wood shaped like nail-heads bradded on to the points of intersection at each corner. Could any more perverse travesty of a principle, itself sound and true, be imagined than this? It would be almost a calamity if anything of the sort were to occur again. Some slight symptoms, however,

items into as ornamental a feature as may be; to arrange such factors as nails in the order of a methodical pattern, where the exigencies of the case admit of it. But, though this much were granted, it were well, for the rest, to keep the two kinds of bolts, etc., viz. those which are constructive and those which are decorative, distinct from one another, by giving them such diverse aspect that their respective functions may be unequivocally apparent, and there

be no risk of their being confounded. All this may, perhaps, sound like the hard restriction of the purist; but unless a new organisation, such as the Birmingham Guild, be scrupulously watchful to avoid errors at the outset of its career, it may awake one day to find itself far advanced in a wrong course, from which the having to retrace its steps cannot but prove a laborious and time-consuming discipline. AYMER VALLANCE.

### THE GREAT NEW DOORWAY BY RODIN.

AMONG the creations of a great artist or a great writer there is often one to which he has devoted the chief portion of his life, on which he has bestowed his most loving labours, and which is most representative of himself—his aspirations and his soul. It is from such work as this that an artist's talent may be definitely pronounced upon, and that we form a comprehensive idea and a just estimate of his genius.

Thus did Michael Angelo paint the Sixtine chapel, and thus has Rodin executed his great doorway—a *capo d'opera* on which the sculptor has worked incessantly during these last years, after cherishing the conception from his earliest youth. It is now on the eve of completion; only a few details remain to be finished, and it is

one of the grandest and most impressive works of genius of our day.

This doorway, a true cathedral portal, is, so to say, a sort of vast fresco full of figures standing out in



FIGURES FROM THE NEW DOOR BY RODIN.

magnificent relief. The leading idea is taken from Dante's "Divine Comedy," which has been the never-failing source of inspiration to so many artists, an endless mine of ideas, of images, and of attitudes.

Rodin has derived from Dante his conception of

yet what a vein of reality runs through it all! It seems as though the sculptor had succeeded in perpetuating here every sentiment of humanity. With what burning pathos has he created the eternal pair, Paolo and Francesca, who appear living on one of the jambs. What nightmare horrors beset us as we see Ugolino and his children, a group of wondrous feeling, in which the artist seems to have sounded the secret depths of human sorrow and suffering.

No one is more anxious than Rodin for absolute perfection: no one, with equally spontaneous impulse, can reflect more seriously on each work he takes in hand. Every group, every figure of this doorway, has ripened slowly in the mind of the thinker and the sculptor. Every day



GROUP FROM THE NEW DOOR BY RODIN.

hell as a whole. His doorway is the gate of hell, of which it depicts an epitome. At the top sits Dante, absorbed and thoughtful, his eyes fixed on the infinite, with the lofty expression assigned to him by tradition, into which the sculptor has infused increased serenity. The great Florentine here appears as released from human sorrow, and he contemplates his work—that swarming creation that surges about him.

Here the damned are tossing deliriously, writhing in convulsions of pain and anguish, terrible in their truth, but full of plastic beauty. Supreme harmony seems to have guided the artist to the whole result;



GROUP FROM THE NEW DOOR BY RODIN.

has brought some new inspiration to this great work. He did not conceive of this portal as in bas-relief; on the contrary, every portion of it



was finished in the round and subsequently took its place in the general design, where each of these innumerable parts finds a position so exactly right that it fits them of necessity.

What is especially characteristic of Rodin's art



GROUP "UGOLINO AND HIS CHILDREN" FROM THE NEW DOOR BY RODIN.

is his gift of life-like creation. He appears to outstep the limitations of his art by giving an impression of action, of movement, such as sculpture in most other hands seems incapable of producing. His art is a combination of the subtlest shades of form with an almost architectural treatment of line. The beauty of detail is never impaired by the grandeur

of the whole, and never sacrificed to it. The artist adheres to the geometrical scheme of the masses, the essential and primordial structural forms on which nature insists.

Rodin's portal was originally intended to form the entrance to a Palace of Decorative Art, which was subsequently given up. It will figure at the Exhibition of 1900 as one of the finest works of the sculptor's art of this century. The artist's dream is to have the jambs carried out in marble and the two doors in bronze. The splendid decorative effect of the combination of these two materials may be imagined.

It is impossible to rid oneself of a certain melancholy pathos as one reflects that few indeed of the innumerable works which every day brings forth are likely to be immortal. In the somewhat troublous times in which we live, and in which so much talent is spent in vain, especially in sculpture and painting—for in decorative art strong individuality is not lacking—few works seem to have both the beauty of form and the depth of inspiration which will enable them to survive triumphantly all the fluctuations of taste and fashion. But Rodin's portal will, I believe, escape the doom that threatens most of the works of this century; it so clearly bears the stamp of genius of the highest kind. The sight of such a work is encouraging and consoling.

HENRI FRANTZ.

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#### LUIGI FRULLINI.

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**B**Y the death of Luigi Frullini in Florence a short while ago the art of wood-carving lost a past-master, indeed one of the first of modern artists to devote himself to this branch of the artistic profession, which has hardly even yet emerged from the realm of the artisan and the craftsman.

About the middle of the present century some Italian Jews of wealth and culture united their efforts to collect from all parts of Italy examples of an art at that time fallen into neglect and oblivion. Their richest acquisitions were made in Tuscany,

always famed for its wood-carvers. With the demand for the antique there naturally followed a corresponding desire for copies of old furniture and works of art that should match as nearly as might be the treasured collections. Among the young artisans encouraged to take an interest in this then humble industry was one, a boy of only twelve years. The son of a struggling artist, Luigi Frullini had no education except that gained in the studio of his father and in the conversation of his father's friends. Beginning in the workshop of one of these,



who copied after the antique, the young boy rapidly rose to the position of foreman. While merely copying, he gave to his work a touch of originality so bold as to attract and please his master, who soon

Nevertheless, his course ended, Frullini determined, against the counsel and advice of all his friends, to return to his first occupation. His desire was to convey through the medium of wood whatever he



AMORINI SYMBOLICAL OF "THE ARTS."

(By Professor Frullini.)

relieved him of this labour and set him to following out designs of his own imagination. Thus encouraged, Frullini determined to subject himself to the course of instruction given by the Florence Academy of

felt he had the power of presenting. Bringing all his newly acquired knowledge and his rich imagination to his aid, Frullini set himself to revive the well-nigh lost art. He studied the works of the



DANCE OF THE HOURS.

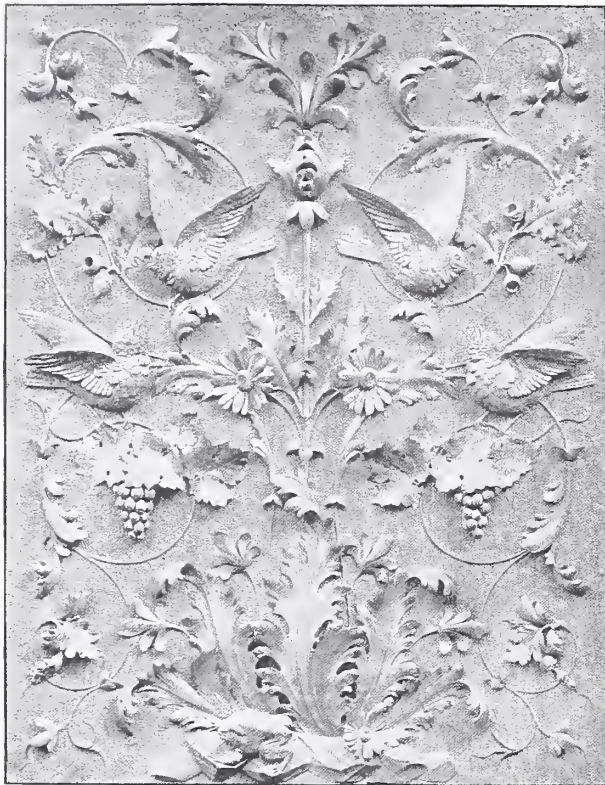
(By Professor Frullini.)

Fine Arts, where he studied modelling, design, and architecture. Very soon his masters perceived that they had the guiding of an unusual intelligence, and persuaded him to adopt a sculptor's profession.

great masters of the fifteenth century, and having no school to follow and no living master to imitate, he made for himself a school from Nature, reproducing realistically all things beautiful he found therein.



What he may have lacked through the absence of contemporaries he more than gained in the breadth of his nutried field and the liberty with which he

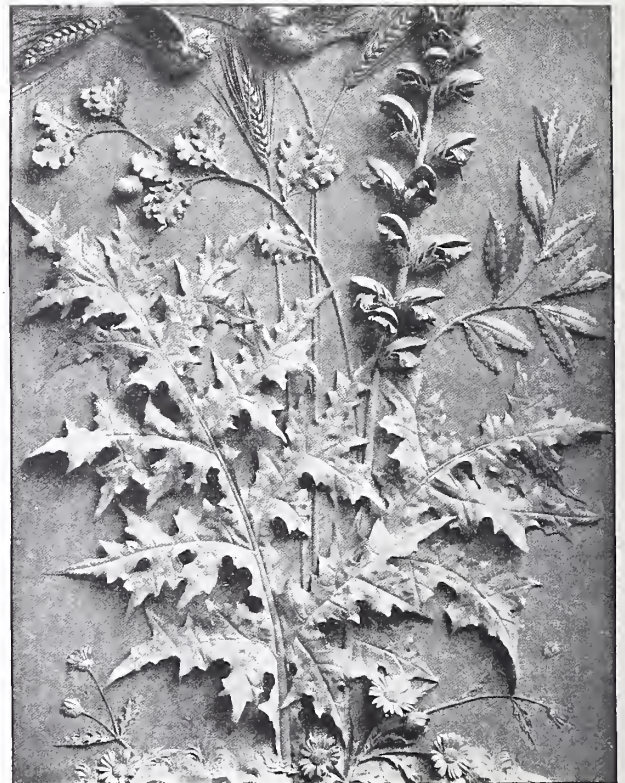


A PANEL.  
(By Professor Frullini.)

followed any and all avenues which seemed to him to lead to success. While striving to depict simple designs of flowers, leaves and fruit, and afterwards figures and groups, he became discouraged in his first resolve to devote himself to wood-carving, because he found it impossible to reproduce with the primitive and meagre supply of tools then in vogue the desired effects and combinations. Thinking he might have mistaken his career, he turned his attention to sculpture; but after an honest trial he found that he could not make stone respond to his sympathy; therefore, returning to his first material, he resolved to effect what he desired and to create the means by which his ideas should be materialised. Turning to the antique, he found that certain cuts must have been made by certain edges. Led by the study of these works and the hints given by them, and with his own ingenuity, he fabricated implements by which the wood-carvers of to-day are supplied with such a diversity of tools as are required for all possible varieties of work. In his ardour to execute his designs he impressed every means to the service. In his studio there are to be found blades and points

and edges and files made by himself, at his own forge, and only finished so far as the necessity of their use demanded.

Never did Frullini allow an object to enter one of his works until its nature had been minutely studied from every aspect. Never a flower of his modelling had a petal too many or one too few. He was a man who saw the beautiful and the graceful in all, and with his unerring genius he plucked out, as it were, the heart of his subjects, realistically reflecting the central point without being over-elaborate. Going straight to Nature, his work-bench was covered with the flowers or leaves which he was reproducing with even more deliberation than a painter. In fact, with more than a painter's attention was every line executed, for from the living model he worked straight upon the final study. And thus he brought the life and movement of his subject into the very fibre of the wood. His own reason that he could not be a sculptor in the general sense of the word was that it is not the work of the sculptor that really comes before the world but a third-hand copy. He said that if the clay were the



A PANEL.  
(By Professor Frullini.)

result he might have brought his feelings to it; but when the statue was finished it would be no longer his work or his individuality which would appear in



the marble, and all the personal touches would have disappeared. Frullini worked without design or sketch, following Michael Angelo in cutting immediately from the final material, and, like him, he often found that the block from which he worked was not of sufficient size to contain the work of his imagination. Consequently in his studio are numberless figures in graceful poses, one lacking an arm, another a bit of floating drapery. But the similarity does not stop here, for in many of his bold half-finished studies there is seen a striking likeness to the great master. So careful was he of every detail in his work, so conscientious and scrupulous that he would not, for example, twine primroses and morning-glories together, insisting that though they might appear in the same panel, they must represent a different set of thought and ideas, for they could not be in bloom at the same time, and therefore could not be copied together, unless one of the two were faded.

Frullini specially succeeded in the figures of children. The cupids in his work were so life-like as to be startling. In the representation here given each curve of the plump limbs reveals the true artist and the acute student.

Luigi Frullini drew his inspiration from the antique and attracted from it all the good it had to give, yet he added to its frequent conventionality and absence of life the vibrating realism that is a characteristic of modern art. He has touched a note so long unheard as to create the impression of novelty, and he is in truth the master of his school.

After many years of faithful work and unstinted admiration in his own country, Frullini launched the results of his hands upon the great art centres of

the world. The first appearance at Paris won for the Italian all that he could desire in the line of praise, and the medal of the Legion of Honour was accorded him upon the exhibition of "The Dance of the Hours," babies that might have come from Donatello's chisel. In England he also won great appreciation, and was the recipient of all the medals and honours that were available in this country. The novelty of his work was at first a shock to critics, who found it difficult to classify such efforts. Nevertheless it is quite fitting that fairy-like sylphs and floating draperies should be executed in a material light in itself, which by its very nature leads to the delicate effect of instability.

Perhaps one of the chief charms of Frullini's work is that he never attempted to force wood to perform the duties of marble or bronze; he never forgot his material, and invariably utilised it to its best advantage.

To Frullini was entrusted the carving of the choir-loft of the New Old South Church in Boston, U.S.A. The soft draped figures, the chubby cupids, and the delicate bas-reliefs are so exquisite as to rival the most delicate ivory tracings. Unquestionably Frullini was the Donatello of wood-carvers, and faithful to the maxims of his famous countryman, never did he allow a piece of work to be touched by his artisans until it had been entirely blocked in by himself. With the same care and skill that a sculptor uses in giving the last touches to his statue Frullini's hands were the last to touch work ere it left the studio. His death is a grave loss to his art, though happily he has formed a school and has disciples, none of whom, however, approach the master in skill and invention.

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## NOTES AND QUERIES.

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[93] **HAYDON'S PORTRAIT OF KEATS.**—I believe that Benjamin Robert Haydon painted a portrait of Keats. Was this a portrait in the ordinary sense, or was it—in the manner of the artist—only a portrait introduced into a figure picture? The known portraits of Keats are not many.—A. RUMBULL, Florence.

\* \* \* It was into his picture of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem" that Haydon introduced the portrait of Keats (there was no other), along with those of Hazlitt and Wordsworth. The fact is recorded in Tom Taylor's "Life" of the artist. It may be added that Wilkie "sat" for the uplifted hand of Christ. Of this hand a

beautifully drawn pencil study exists; it was sold a few years ago at Christie's for three or four guineas.

[94] **AN "UNKNOWN" ENGRAVING.**—Can you enlighten me as to an engraving made from a picture by F. Luccarelli, published by F. Nivares, 7th August, 1753? In the left-hand corner is the painter's name, and on the right, "F. Nivares, Sculp." I cannot find any mention of painter or engraver in any books I have consulted.—H. M. REID (Muckamore, Antrim, Ireland).

\* \* \* We are not surprised at Mr. Reid's lack of success; he has evidently been defeated by the florid script engraving of the words he has



misread. The painter is F. Yuccarelli who worked in England from 1752 to 1773, and was especially popular with the owners of great houses. At Windsor Castle there is a whole room full of his pictures. After the painter left England and retired from his profession, he came to grief and died in indigence. The engraver is F. Vivares, who is to be reckoned an engraver of the English school; he was one of the thirty-one children of his father, an engraver of France, who emigrated to England and passed many years in this country with considerable honour in his art. The son engraved many of Yuccarelli's pictures.

[95] **VANDYCK'S SISTER**.—Vandyck is said to have painted a portrait of his sister, and presented it to a convent at Facon, near Antwerp, where she then was. What was it like? Is there any engraving of this painting? Where is the original, or where was it last heard of? I have a painting of a nun standing, holding a rosary in the left hand. The right is resting on a table on which stands a crucifix, bearing a scroll; on this is inscribed a text from St. Augustine. The painting is unsigned, but bears the following inscription:—"Ætatis Suae 24 An<sup>o</sup> 1662." It is said to be by Vandyck, evidently a portrait. I would like to know of whom whether my surmise be correct.—EGAR (Wryde, Peterboro').

\* \* \* The only portrait of Vandyck's sister of which we have any record is the circular one which represented her reading and was sold in 1896 at Christie's for 300 guineas. In 1895 there was sold the "Portrait of an Abbess," which came from the Barberini Palace, and was knocked down for 230 guineas. A considerable price for those days.

[96] **CONCERNING ART STUDENTS**.—I should be glad to know if there are any examinations held in London or elsewhere which it is possible for an art student in an out-of-the-way place to study for without going up to town for examination. I am in a place where there are no art schools or teachers, and cannot afford to proceed any distance for examinations in connection with art schools. What prizes are offered to such students?—and is the money value sufficient to enable him to study in his own district?—H. O. S. (Stornoway).

\* \* \* We recommend our correspondent to apply to the Secretary of the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, who will give him all needful information on these points.

[97] **A PICTURE BY ROBERT WALKER**.—I have a picture which purports by the label on the frame to be a portrait of Samuel Rutherford, the well-known Scotch divine, and painted by Robert Walker, the celebrated portrait painter of Cromwell's time. I should be glad to have the name of any expert who could identify the work as genuine or otherwise.—J. R. B. (Liverpool).

\* \* \* We have received from our correspondent a photograph of the picture, and we may inform him, while he is waiting the reply of some connoisseur, that the style of his picture is certainly that of the painter by whom the picture claims to be, and that the treatment greatly resembles that in the portrait of Robert Walker by himself, now in the National Gallery.

[98] **THE LATE T. B. HARDY**.—Will you please inform me whether the late T. B. Hardy was ever a painter in oil colours; also whether he was ever a member of any other society than that of the Royal Society of British Artists?—T. T.

\* \* \* Mr. Hardy painted occasionally in oils some years ago, but of late years did very little in that medium. In 1891, however, he recommenced to work in it. The last big canvas he executed was in 1892, the title of which was, we think, "Off Dover." He was not a member of any other society than the British Artists.

[99] **OUTLINE OF THE SPHERE**.—Is the outline of the sphere affected by the principles of perspective?—STUDENT.

\* \* \* A perfect sphere in perspective is represented by a circle and from every aspect has the same appearance. It may, as C. R. Leslie, R.A., points out in his "Handbook for Young Painters," be subject to the apparent change of size, but not of shape. Every plane section of a sphere is a circle, and all sections made by planes equally distant from the centre are equal. A circle of the sphere whose plane passes through the centre is a great circle; all other circles are small circles.—F.

[100] **IDENTIFICATION OF FIGURES IN TRUMBULL'S PICTURES**.—Could you obtain for me the names of the principal groups in these prints?—"The Battle of Bunker's Hill," published 1798, painted by J. Trumbull, engraved by L. J. Muller; "The Death of General Montgomery," painted by J. Trumbull, engraved by P. F. Clemens; and "Sortie made at the Siege of Gibraltar," painted by J. Trumbull, engraved by W. Sharp.—J. JAMES CAREY, Guernsey).

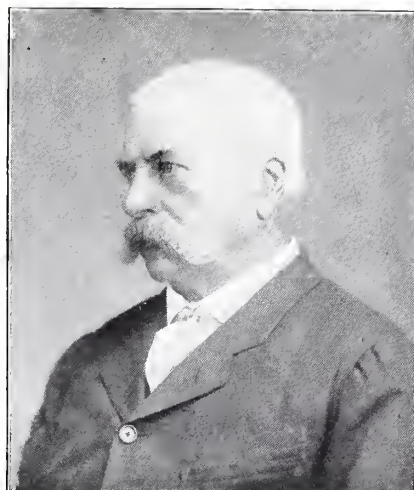
## THE ROYAL ACADEMY ELECTIONS.

WITH the details of the elections which have taken place at the Royal Academy since our last number went to press, we deal fully later on. number of figures however complex, yet with a strain of poetry entirely individual to the artist, Mr. Gregory, since first he came before the public



J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)



B. W. LEADER, R.A.

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)



E. J. GREGORY, R.A.

(From a Photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn.)

These elections have given not fewer than four new Academicians and three new Associates—the results, except in a single case, being fully in accordance with anticipation.

The promotion of Mr. E. J. Gregory is a step which all approve. A fine draughtsman, a superb artist in water-colour, and an admirable painter in oil, gifted with an exquisite touch, capable of grappling with any composition however elaborate, with any

about a quarter of a century ago, has always shown himself an artist of the right fibre, even though he has not always exerted himself to the utmost. "Boulter's Lock," exhibited last year, was recognised as a great achievement in spite of the peculiarity of its colour. It is, perhaps, not remarkable that Mr. Gregory's qualities are more thoroughly appreciated abroad than they are in his own country.

Mr. George Aitchison has received that acknow-



H. H. LA THANGUE, A.R.A.



G. AITCHISON, R.A.

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)



LIONEL P. SMYTHE A.R.A.

(From a Photograph by A. Lormier.)



ledgment from the Academy which was his due, for no one in the character of professor and lecturer has shown himself more assiduous and more devoted to its cause. It is probable that he has been elected more as a teacher than as a practitioner: for his work he has separately been honoured with the Presidentship by the Royal Institute of British Architects. Best of all is Mr. Aitchison known for his knowledge of decoration and ornament, and for the work, executive and literary, which he has accomplished in connection with it. Seventeen years ago he was called to occupy the place left vacant by William Burges: now he has been promoted in succession to Mr. Pearson.

The election of Mr. Lionel P. Smythe was a surprise for the public more than for painters; perhaps the Academy was not credited with going to seek for an artist of distinction and poetic power, rather than to accept one of the several of obvious merit and undoubted claim who have long stood ready at their hand for selection. For more than thirty-six years Mr. Smythe has been before the public with poetic renderings of Nature and simple themes painted about his much-loved home in the Pas-de-Calais. Mr. Smythe has never made a bid for popularity, but everything that he has done has been charming and graceful of its kind, whether the work be an elaborate picture or the merest memorandum in his sketch-book. Three years ago he was elected member of the Royal Water-Colour Society.

In Mr. H. H. La Thangue the Academy has taken to itself another of the strong independent young artists who formed and led the New English Art Club in its assault on the Academy some thirteen years ago. But the institution in Burlington House is different now from what it was in those times; and Mr. La Thangue, the admirable painter of "The Man with the Seythe," and within the last two years of more powerful pictures still, will add to its strength, and aid that gradual evolution which is taking place within its ranks.

Mr. B. W. Leader, who, along with Mr. Gregory,

became an Associate in 1883—two years later than Mr. Aitchison—is essentially the landscape painter of the people. His power of agreeable composition and his pleasing view of Nature are doubtless more striking than the subtlety of his colour, and it may well be doubted if the name of any member of the Academy is so widely known or so generally applauded as that of the new Academician. For many years we have recorded with all the fulness that "Royal Academy Pictures" has permitted, the successive works of Mr. Leader, which, even through the medium of black and white, have amply illustrated to our readers the secret and the strength of the public esteem in which Mr. Leader is held.

Mr. J. Seymour Lucas—still a young man as Academicians go, being at present not more than forty-eight—is to be considered the most dramatic and, at the same time, the most vigorous historical painter within the ranks. His great capacity as a draughtsman is not less striking than his sound knowledge not only of art itself but of those accessories which are necessary to accurate and convincing history painting. His "Gordon Riots" and the "Armada in Sight" have long since ceased to be his best or even his

second-best pictures. An admirable artist in black and white, Mr. Seymour Lucas, like Mr. Herkomer and one or two more, is a craftsman-artist—and his first teaching of wood carving has had no slight effect in the development of his sense of form.

Mr. C. Napier Hemy is another great acquisition to the Royal Academy; his knowledge of the sea, sky, and weather has not been obtained at his home in Falmouth alone, but on board his other home, his yacht the *Van de Velde*, from whose studio-cabin he has for many years devoted his whole-minded attention to his art—seeking only to record poetic truth, and caring nothing for the applause of the multitude. Last year's picture, "Pilchards," is perhaps his nearest approach to popular subjects, but its subject was more than justified by the masterly treatment. The picture now hangs at Millbank.



C. NAPIER HEMY, A.R.A.  
(From a Photograph by Hollger.)

## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—MARCH.

**The Royal Academy Elections.** IN accordance with our usual practice, we give the principal figures of the Academy elections, the first four of which took place on the 19th January, and the last three on the 2nd February.

**FIRST ELECTION.** *First "Scratching":* Mr. Gregory, 10; Mr. Leader, 8; Mr. Aitchison, 7; Mr. Lucas, 7; Mr. Bodley, 5. Others



KATHERINE PARR.

(? English School. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. No. 1,652, Room XVIII.)

received support but did not get upon the blackboard. *Second "Scratching":* Mr. Gregory, 19; Mr. Lucas, 11; Mr. Aitchison, 10; Mr. Leader, 8; Mr. Bodley, 8. *Ballot:* Mr. GREGORY, 29; Mr. Lucas, 25.

**SECOND ELECTION.** *First Scratching:* Mr. Aitchison, 15; Mr. Lucas, 10; Mr. Leader, 9; Mr. Bodley, 7. *Second Scratching:* Mr. Aitchison, 25; Mr. Lucas, 16; Mr. Leader, 12; Mr. Bodley, 3. *Ballot:* Mr. Aitchison and Mr. Lucas, 27 each. The President gave the casting vote in favour of seniority, and Mr. AITCHISON was elected.

**THIRD ELECTION.** *First Scratching:* Mr. H. La Thangue, 9; Mr. Lionel Smythe, 7; Mr. Alfred East, 6; Mr. J. Farquharson, 5; Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., 4. *Second Scratching:* Mr. La Thangue, 15; Mr. East and Mr. Smythe, 13 each; Sir George Reid, 10; Mr. Farquharson, 4. *First Ballot for tie:* Mr. Smythe, 29; Mr. East, 26. *Final Ballot:* Mr. SMYTHE, 28; Mr. La Thangue, 27.

**FOURTH ELECTION.** *First Scratching:* Mr. La Thangue, 18; Mr. East, 8; Sir George Reid, 8; Mr. Aston Webb, 4. *Second Scratching:* Mr. La Thangue, 22; Mr. East and Sir George Reid, 14 each; Mr. Webb, 4 [one vote here not accounted for]. *First Ballot for tie:* Sir George Reid, 29; Mr. East, 26. *Final Ballot:* Mr. LA THANGUE, 28; Sir George Reid, 27.

**FIFTH ELECTION.** *First Scratching:* Mr. Lucas, 15; Mr. Leader, 14; Mr. Macbeth, 5; Mr. Waterlow, 4; Mr. Swan, 4. *Second Scratching:* Mr. Leader, 20; Mr. Lucas, 15; Mr. Swan, 6; Mr. Waterlow, 4. *Ballot:* Mr. LEADER, 28; Mr. Lucas, 21.

**SIXTH ELECTION.** *First Scratching:* Mr. Lucas, 23; Mr. Macbeth, 8; Mr. Swan, 5; Mr. Waterlow and Mr. Colin Hunter, 4 each. *Second Scratching:* Mr. Lucas, 24; Mr. Macbeth, 11; Mr. Swan, 6; Mr. Waterlow, 5. *Ballot:* Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS, 36; Mr. Macbeth, 14.

**SEVENTH ELECTION.** *First Scratching:* Mr. East, 10; Mr. Farquharson, 7; Mr. Napier Hemy, 6; Sir George Reid, 5; Mr. Cope, Mr. Corbett, Mr. Belcher, and Mr. Aston Webb, 4 each. *Second Scratching:* Mr. East, 11; Mr. Hemy, 9; Mr. Cope and Sir George Reid, 6 each; Mr. Corbett, 5; Mr. Belcher, 4. *Ballot:* Mr. HEMY, 26; Mr. East, 25.

### Acquisitions at the National Gallery.

A FINE example of ROMNEY's work has been lately added to the National Gallery in the portrait of "Mrs. Mark Currie" (No. 1,651, Room xviii). "Katherine Parr," the work of an unknown artist of the 16th century, has been hung in the same room (No. 1,652). Two other portraits have also been added—one of "Madame Vigée Le Brun," by herself (No. 1,653, Room xvi), and the other of "Mr. Russell Gurney" (late Recorder of London), by Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A., has been presented by the Rev. Alfred Gurney, M.A. (No. 1,654, Room xxi).

### Rearrangements and Additions in the South Kensington Museum.

ANOTHER old English Room has been set up in the Western Arcade of the South Court by the side of the "Inlaid Room" from Sizergh Castle. It is from an old house, now pulled down, at Bromley-by-Bow, and belongs to the early years of King James I.—the date 1606 having been carved on the outside of the house. The spacious stone fire-place has over it an elaborate mantelpiece in oak with the Royal Arms very boldly carved. The ceiling bears in the centre the same arms with the initials "I.R.," and is covered with fine strapwork ornament having floral enrichments and medallions containing heads of ancient warriors. An extensive alteration was made in the last century whereby the room was shortened and the panelling was shifted to suit the new conditions. A few mouldings and door-heads of the latter period have been left out, as they were in pine wood and consequently appeared incongruous by the side



MRS. MARK CURRIE.

(By George Romney. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. No. 1,651, Room XVIII.)

of the old oak; the room is, therefore, more nearly in its original form than when demolished. Specimens of furniture of the period have been taken from the Museum and arranged in the room in order to give it a furnished aspect. The rooms in the Picture Galleries formerly given



up to the pictures of the Chantry Bequest have now been hung with water-colour paintings which were previously on screens. Many interesting works can thus be seen to greater advantage, but this change is only provisional. The arrangement of two rooms in the Cross Gallery con-



THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

(By William Dyce, R.A. Recently acquired by the Birmingham Art Gallery. See p. 288.)

necting the Indian Section and Science Collections has now been completed. The first room on descending the staircase is devoted, for the most part, to Cairene Art: three of the well-known lattice windows are shown here with their curious projections for holding water-bottles: on one side is a Mosque pulpit of wood decorated with delicate carved ivory plaques: specimens of doors with similar ivory plaques are arranged in cases against the walls: casts of architectural ornament from the Mosques of the Sultan Hassan and Kait Bey, and the Wekaleh of the latter Sultan fill the upper parts of the walls and the corners of the room. In the second room are textile fabrics and embroideries from various parts of the Turkish



THE SHEEP DROVE.

(By John Linnell. Recently acquired by the Birmingham Art Gallery. See p. 288.)

Empire. To the left are brocades and velvets, probably from Broussa, while to the right are the remains of seventeenth-century brocaded dresses from the tombs at Constantinople of young Princesses. The screens contain

embroideries in endless variety of stitches from Syria, the islands of the Levant, and other parts of the East; against each of the long walls is one side of a room from Damascus, one of the early eighteenth century and the other about fifty years later, with their quaint cupboards and recesses. On the ground floor of the Indian Section an important addition has been made to the plaster casts by a collection of ornamental details from the palace of the great Akbar at Fathpur Sikri, near Agra.

Henry Morland in the Sale Room. Of the few mildly sensational events in the art sales of the past season, quite the most startling was that which dragged HENRY R. MORLAND, the father of a celebrated son, from rank obscurity into sudden celebrity. The portrait of the lady ironing had been on view for a week or two before the



LADY IRONING.

(By Henry Morland. Recently sold for 3,250 guineas.)

sale on December 4, and attracted a very wide amount of interest. It was a pretty picture, and by general consent admitted to be quite the best of the several known examples; but the price, 3,250 guineas, at which it was knocked down to Mr. Charles Wertheimer, was far beyond anything generally anticipated. No single example of George Morland, who was in every way a much finer artist than his father, has realised so high a price in the open market; and the incident is only one illustration of many which go to prove that reputations are fickle and obscurity by no means a quantity to be neglected. "The Lady Ironing" and "The Lady Washing" form a pair of well-known pictures, and one, if not both, was engraved twice. There is a pair in the National Gallery which cost the authorities about £400 about four years ago. It is said that this pair was at one time in Lord Mansfield's possession at Caen Wood; if that is so, then they were in the Stowe sale of 1848, when they were purchased for 68 guineas the two. They were at South Kensington in 1867. The lady ironing is said to be a portrait of Maria Gunning Countess of Coventry, and the lady washing is described as her sister,



Elizabeth Duchess of Hamilton. Both these ascriptions are absurd; it is much more likely that they represent the artist's sisters. The mezzotint engravings by Philip Dawe were once very popular, but are now not at all common. We do not think that the extraordinary price quoted above is likely to result in much of a boom for this very third-rate artist, but it will almost certainly result in a very "extensive" appearance of his works in the market during the ensuing season. Colossal reputations are often founded on mere flukes.

**Art in the Theatre.** IN the **Drury Lane** Pantomime, *The Babes in the Wood*—admittedly intended "for children"—exception must be taken to the gruesome nightmare goblins, and the nursery cots that become sheeted ghosts in the opening scene. The picture of the "Sporting Club," excellent in its way, clearly defines the limitations of Mr. EMDEN's work; his "Palace Garden" cloth is prettily imagined, but scarcely fulfils its possibilities, and his "Coronation" scene is almost as meretricious in colour and design as the ill-assorted dresses that pervade it with glittering furbelows and feathery fans, in which an unpleasant beetroot tint asserts itself. The costumes of some "jockeys" (or are they postillions?) in another scene may reasonably be termed indiscreet; and in the bewildering "Fair" scene, a dance of electric-grey and white yokels with girls in scarlet and white morrice dresses alone calls for mention. KAUTSKY's panorama of the usual pattern comprises one tableau of significance—"Gulliver's Glade," with its skeleton trees and weird suggestions. The much-talked-of "Orchid" scene displays Mr. CANEY's skill in a picture of delicate greenhouse growths, but the association of a group of inexplicable chanticleer trumpeters, and of the inevitable Grigolatis troupe as a flight of fantastic spangled "blue birds," may be pronounced detrimental to the full effect of the wonderfully detailed orchid and insect costumes and accessories. These are ably interpreted by Alias, to whose skill at least as much recognition is due as to the sketches of Comelli. At the **Garrick Theatre** Mr. OSCAR BARRETT has been happily inspired to revive the grateful impressions of his Lyceum *Cinderella*, and it is pleasant to renew one's acquaintance with Mr. HAWES CRAVEN's "Wood" scene, and its beautifully painted undergrowth of tangled bracken; and with Mr. WILHELM's subtly devised interchanges of colour. These find, perhaps, their most fortunate expression in the costumes of the "Prince's Ball," to which is now assigned a white and gold saloon from the brush of Mr. EMDEN, instead of the garden fête originally presented. There is no doubt that the scheme of golden hues in the masque illustrating the chronology of the dance finds its newer setting the more sympathetic. The departure of Cinderella's carriage from the "Fairy Boudoir" kindles all the old enthusiasm, and the Watteau harmonies of turquoise and coral and silver have been enhanced by some striking electrical effects. The story of *Beauty and the Beast* supplies the **Alhambra** management with a seasonable "ballet féerie." Mr. RYAN's mise-en-scène is oddly Tonkinese in character, and rarely soars above the commonplace in conception. Mr. HOWELL RUSSELL's rose-dresses are well

contrived, but crudely contrasted with a bevy of gorgeous butterflies. The final tableau (apparently at the base of a monolith nearly related to Cleopatra's Needle) introduces a succession of vaguely Orientalised groups—tiring to the eye in their over-insistent and flamboyant decoration—a medley that recent ballets at this house have made us all familiar with. The resurrection of OFFENBACH's *Grand Duchess* at the **Savoy** seems to have inspired the scenic artists with a surfeit of old-fashioned conventionality. Mr. SPONG's "Camp" scene is chiefly remarkable for fir-trees that might more appropriately have figured in "The Mikado" as the typical Japanese Cryptomeria, and Mr. HARBORD's pictures of the "Throne-Room" and "Market-Place" sadly lack distinction. Mr. PERCY ANDERSON is at his best in the dainty old-world toilettes and wonderful coiffures of the court ladies, and his peasant girls are smart, if a little reminiscent; but the dingy mustard colour conspicuous in



GLACIER RANGES, HEAD OF LAKE WAKATIPU, N.Z.  
(From the Water-colour Drawing by W. J. Wadham. See p. 287.)

the uniforms of the regiment might advantageously be exchanged for the fresher tint sported by Her Grace of Gerolstein. *Peter the Great*, Mr. LAURENCE IRVING's interesting historic play at the **Lyceum**, calls for all the assistance that admirable stage appointments and embellishment can give to relieve its gloom. The opening scene in the Kremlin is throughout a fine picture, revealing Mr. HAWES CRAVEN's mastery of colour and composition; and Mr. HARKER's "Tribunal" is an impressive "set." Mr. TELBIN's Neapolitan picture unfortunately suffers from a faulty construction that permits a series of disconnected sea-horizons to offend the eye, whilst the transitions of lighting are somewhat clumsily contrived. The second act passes in a log-built cabin on the Neva, and the sumptuous court-ropes of the Empress Catherine and the gaudy dress of Euphrosine accord but ill with such surroundings.

WE have before referred in courteous terms to Mr. D. P. SELLAR's offer of a great number of so-called "Old Masters" to the City of London. These pictures, after examination by Sir Edward Poynter, Director of the National Gallery, and Mr. Temple, of the Guildhall Art Gallery, were very properly declined. Since that time, however, unconvinced by the ridicule of the "trade," and contemptuous of the opinion of the first professional expert in the country, Mr. Sellar



appealed to Press and public by exhibiting his pictures at the Grafton Gallery; *not them alone*, but a great number of other (and, it has been suggested, slightly better) canvases—three collections in one. Taken as a mass, and with but a few exceptions, this combined collection forms about as absurd and impudent a display as we have ever seen, in a sale-room or out of it. But Mr. Sellar, having



CHARITY

(By William Bouguereau. Recently acquired by the Birmingham Art Gallery. See p. 288.)

charged the dealers with boycotting his pictures (or making a "knock-out") "because they were offered without reserve" (!), and having by imputation charged Sir Edward Poynter with gross ignorance at the very best, now turns upon the Press, which, with curious unanimity, had laughed at his unfortunate infatuation, and, persisting in the infallibility of his own lack of judgment, thinks that art-critics are greater ignoramuses than himself, whose duty it is to echo the opinions of Sir Edward Poynter. He appeals in the last instance from Press to the public, in the hope that "the man in the street" may reverse the judgment of those who form the expert art opinion of the country. The whole episode is a pitiful one; but it should not end here. As Mr. Sellar asserts the genuineness of his canvases, and prints in his catalogue that certain of them are "the originals" of celebrated pictures in celebrated galleries, or replicas of others, it is his duty to prove that he is not jesting at the expense of his fellow-citizens, by stating from whom he acquired these pictures. He should deliver up the dealers' names and assume the onus of proving that they do not come from the hot-bed of spurious picture-manufacture in Belgium. If he refuses, the public will form their own conclusion.

M. Munkaczy  
and M. Dagnan-  
Bouveret.

It is somewhat unfortunate for the reputation of Monsieur MUNKACZY that at the moment of the exhibition at the Dowdswell Gallery of his "Ecce Homo!" there should be exhibited in London the "Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus." The latter has the disadvantage of artificial lighting throughout the day, as if the colour were not good enough to stand the test of daylight, an arrangement worthy neither of the picture nor of the highly reputable gallery at which it is exhibited; yet with its

quiet intensity of religious thought it makes ten times the impression of the screaming rabble that curses and insults the Christ in the picture of the Hungarian painter. M. Munkaczy's work reminds one of perfect stage-management and infinite scenic skill; we seem to have here a religious picture-play for which the Saxe-Meiningen company have stood as models, with all the success and failure of such an arrangement. Ten times as many persons will probably visit the "Ecce Homo!" as the other picture; yet (so far as we can judge by the artificial light) the picture by M. DAGNAN is as infinitely superior in colour and handling as it is in conception and execution. We are sorry to hear that the latter picture is going to America for good; we do not very much care where the former will find its home.

WE have so lately dealt with the work of the late Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.R.W.S., that any detailed criticism of the great memorial collection now

on exhibition at the gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours would necessarily involve tiresome repetition. We may say, however, that this collection which Mr. Herkomer has brought together fairly staggers the visitor by its beauty and excellence, in spite of the somewhat monotonous character of the subjects. There are in this great sample of the man's life-work a dignity, a sonorous rhythm, a sense of style and line, richness of imagination, infinite invention and resource, a superb power of eloquent and harmonious colour—which seems to issue from the pictures like the sounds of a great organ—that convince those of their mistake who thought that

Gilbert's greatest achievement was his work in black and



THE LEIGH HUNT MEMORIAL.

(By George Frampton, A.R.A. See p. 288.)

white. We have here his first drawing, exhibited when he was sixteen, and, by its side, the last, on which he was



at work at the time of his death. The change after his first youth was not very great; but he became early a great colourist and a great stylist, apart from his minor merits; and so deserves an undoubted and ungrudged place in the sparse rank of our really great artists.



DEERSTALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS: A QUIET SHOT.

(By E. J. Niemann. Recently acquired by the Nottingham Art Gallery. See p. 288.)

An interesting exhibition of water-colour sketches of Australian and New Zealand scenery has been held at Messrs. Graves's galleries. The drawings are the work of Messrs. W. J. WADHAM and A. SINCLAIR, both well known Australian artists. The picture we illustrate is one of the largest, and is characteristic of the whole collection. The white-topped mountains in the distance stand up clearly in the brilliant atmosphere, and with the red-brown foliage of the foreground make up a pleasing picture. The river scenery of Australia affords good opportunities for the display of Mr. Wadham's skill, and his views on the Yarra and Murray are excellent pieces of work.

Very slowly the old art of miniature painting is reviving. The artists at last are developing their own personal characteristics. Mrs. CHARDON's remarkable work at the Miniature Painters' show at the Modern Gallery is the most noteworthy in the room, and next to it comes Mr. ALYN WILLIAMS's dainty delicate brush-work and the clever work of the Hobson family. Mr. CECIL HOBSON's portrait of a child is delightful, and Mr. and Mrs. (Miss Hobson) LEE HANKEY's miniatures are really good work. A word in favour of Miss GIBSON, whose work if somewhat hard is yet sound and meritorious, and a mention of Mr. ROBERTSON must be made. The others did not interest us, nor have we space to allude to them.

Two exhibitions of landscape have recently taken place—the "Gardens of England and Italy" in water-colour by Mr. ELGOOD, R.I., at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, and "The Down Country" by Mr. THORNE WAITE, R.W.S., at the Dowdeswell Gallery. The former handles his subject with singular good taste and good sense; his colour is not forced beyond a judicious point, his drawing is excellent, and his treatment of this out-of-door vision of gorgeous colour and dainty forms, in an atmosphere now Italian and now English, is not only judicious but altogether delightful. Mr. Waite's drawings are thoroughly characteristic and, as usual, highly accomplished. His view

of nature is becoming, perhaps, a little mannered; but, granting the charm of that view, we gladly realise the delicacy and beauty that inspire it.

**Reviews.** THE past season has been rich in books for the architectural student, from the most elementary sort to the most elaborate. Mr. T. S. ROBERTSON's "*Progress of Art in English Church Architecture*" (Gay and Bird) belongs to the former class. It is a clear and sensible manual, well suited to the introduction of the subject to readers for whom the more scientific treatises are liable to prove too heavy. There are certain expressions we would object to; we would not, for example, describe the pointed arch as a characteristic "detail" of Gothic. The illustrations, though not satisfactory as architectural drawings, sufficiently serve the author's purpose and the reader's. (5s.)

Nowadays, when the prowess of the collector and the art-movement of the sale-room become matters of interest not to buyer and seller only, but also to every intelligent lover of the arts, books upon this important subject become not only entertaining but necessary. In England we depend, for the history of art-sales, upon the works of Seguiet, Redford, and Mr. Roberts. In France, hitherto, we have had to content ourselves mainly with the annual volumes dealing with the doings of the Hôtel Drouot. We have before us a work which is practically an index of all the chief art-sales which have taken place in France, and the most important in other countries, from 1800 to 1895. This book, entitled "*Les Ventes de Tableaux, Dessins, et Objets d'Art au XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle*"—an elaborate bibliographical compilation, being based upon the catalogues of the sales themselves—has been written and published by Monsieur Louis Soullié (Paris: Rue de Lille), who is, perhaps, best known for his speciality of issuing to his clients priced and annotated catalogues of any given sale. The total



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTH.

(By J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Recently acquired by the Birmingham Art Gallery. See p. 288.)

number of sales here alphabetically catalogued amounts to not less than *six thousand*. There is a cross-chronological index which sets forth the sales in each year—from the eleven in 1801 to the 113 in 1894. Assuredly these things are better ordered in France than here.



In "*The Print Gallery*" (Grevel and Co.), of which the first volume has just been issued, there are reproduced over a hundred examples of the art of the engraver in various methods. The work is clearly not intended to appeal to the connoisseur, for the conditions inseparable from a fine print cannot possibly be obtained from ordinary process-blocks, printed without the extraordinary care which the printer of real engravings is forced to use. But the volume is a work of reference and instruction, in which the examples selected are grouped by nationality, and in which the notes appear to contain trustworthy information. It is to be hoped that this magazine will be continued.

Among the several children's books issued since our last notice are the following:—"Two Old Ladies" (Cassell and Co.), a story written with much freshness by Miss MAGGIE BROWN, and illustrated with daintiness by Mr. ARTHUR RACKHAM—a fairy story that deserves to be popular. The book is a companion volume to "Wanted—a King." "*Micky Magee's Menagerie*," by Mr. HAMER, intended for young folks with special love of "unnatural history," is illustrated by Mr. HARRY NEILSON with much more humour than is generally extracted by draughtsmen from the animal world. Another of Messrs. Blackie's stirring and thoroughly wholesome stories for boys is Mr. HERBERT HAYENS'S "*Paris at Bay: A Story of the Siege and the Commune*." It is effectively illustrated by Mr. WOOD, and reproduces with spirit the reign of passion and heroism. But "*Vive la Polande!*" is not French.

"*The West End Review*" appears in a new coloured wrapper—designed and printed in France. Well illustrated and printed, the publication easily takes a front place in the ranks of society journals. (1s. monthly.)

MR. GEORGE OGLIVY  
Miscellanea.

REID has been elected Member of the Royal Scottish Academy. The final vote was Mr. Reid, 21 votes; Mr. A. Roche, 17 votes.

The memorial to LEIGH HUNT, illustrated on p. 286, has been placed in the vestibule of Hammersmith Free Library. It is similar in general design to the Charles Keene memorial in the same building, which we illustrated some months ago. The two figures represent "Prose" and "Poetry."

The art gallery in connection with the Maidstone Museum, which was established by the late Mr. S. BENTLIF in 1890, has recently benefited to a further extent under the will of the founder. The executors are to pay the trustees of the "Bentlif Wing" (as the art gallery is called) £4,000 as an endowment fund, and after the decease of the testator's sister a further sum of £6,000 is to be paid for the same purpose. Also, at the same time, all pictures and books in Draycott House (Mr. Bentlif's residence) are to be handed over to the trustees of the gallery. By a codicil to the will Mr. Bentlif bequeathed to the gallery all his bronzes, together with photographic portraits of himself and his late brother, George Amatt Bentlif (to whose memory the gallery was built), and the illuminated copy of the minutes of a resolution of the Town Council acknowledging the gift of the Bentlif Wing to the Maidstone Museum.

The Birmingham Art Gallery has recently received some important additions to its permanent collection of pictures. Mr. Charles Harding has gracefully presented the fine example of the work of the distinguished French painter, M. BOUGUEREAU, called "Charity." In this painting his technical skill and a certain intellectual quality in his art are characteristically represented. In addition to this notable work, the Gallery has acquired by purchase a small but extremely interesting specimen of the Pre-Raphaelite manner of WILLIAM DYCE, R.A., called "The Woman of Samaria," in which the painting of detail almost equals that of Mr. Holman Hunt for accuracy of observation; an early and notable drawing by J. M. W. TURNER, a view of Salisbury Cathedral taken from the south; and a good landscape, a hilly scene with trees, figures in the foreground, and sheep in the distance, by JOHN LINNELL, called "The Sheep Drove." We give reproductions of these four pictures.

Several important additions have recently been made to the permanent collections of the City Museum and Art Gallery at Nottingham, probably the most important being the notable picture by EDWIN ELLIS, R.B.A., entitled "After Three Days' Gale." This picture figured prominently in the collection of works by this artist which Mr. Wallis, the Art Director, brought together in 1893. By bequest the Gallery has been enriched by another valuable addition, the very fine painting by E. J. NIEMANN, entitled "Deerstalking in the Highlands: a Quiet Shot," probably the painter's best work. To the collection of local portraits a gift of considerable interest and importance has been made by Miss MARGARET HOWITT of the portraits of her parents, William and Mary Howitt, who for some time resided in Nottingham, and whose career of joint



THE LATE W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A.  
(From a Photograph by Window and Grove.)

authorship is so widely known. It is a charming painting upon ivory by the celebrated artist, MARGARET GILLIES.

**Obituary** THE death has occurred of Mr. W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A., at the advanced age of eighty-one. He was the son of an English merchant residing in Hamburg, and at a very early age exhibited a taste for drawing. When nine years old he was brought to England, and at fourteen began to draw from the antique at the British Museum. Five years later he was admitted to the Royal Academy Schools, and in 1843 was appointed to the important post of head master of the Government School of Design at Birmingham. He only held the position for two years, when he resigned, for the purpose of visiting the various art centres on the Continent. He exhibited little figure-subjects regularly at the Academy, and in 1860 was elected an Associate, the full membership being accorded to him twelve years later. Similar works to those executed in oils for the Burlington House Exhibitions were sent to the Royal Water-Colour Society, and showed his skill to better advantage in the lighter medium, for his water-colour drawings were exceedingly delicate and refined even if sentimental in subject. He was a member of the "Old Society" and till a few years ago, was a constant contributor to its exhibitions. Full details of Mr. Dobson's career have already been recorded in THE MAGAZINE OF ART.



LINCOLN, FROM THE BRAYFORD RIVER.

(From the Water-Colour Drawing by Peter de Wint.)

## THE ART COLLECTION AT BELL-MOOR, THE HOUSE OF MR. THOMAS J. BARRATT.—IV.

BY JOSEPH GREGO.

IN the second notice of Mr. Barratt's art collection at Bell-Moor (*MAGAZINE OF ART*, February) references were made to the two pictures by William J. Müller, "Slave Market, Cairo" and "Slave Market at Manfalout," brilliant examples of his Egyptian experiences. Of these picturesquely typical Oriental scenes the artist has set down some interesting notes, which appeared in the *Art Union* at the time of his residence in the East:—

"The slave market was one of my most favourite haunts, although no figure painter. One enters this building, which is situated in a quarter the most dark, dirty, and obscure of any at Cairo, by a sort of lane; when one arrives at some large gates. The market is held in an open court, surrounded with arches of the Roman character. In the centre of this court the slaves are exposed for sale, and in general to the number of from thirty to forty, nearly all young, many quite infants. The scene is of a revolting nature; yet I did not see, as I expected, the dejection and sorrow I was led to imagine. The more beautiful of the females, I found, were confined in a chamber over the court. They are, in general, Abyssinians and Circassians. When anyone desires to purchase, I not unfrequently saw the master remove the entire

covering of the female—a thick woollen cloth—and expose her to the gaze of the bystander. Many of these girls are exceedingly beautiful—small features, well formed, with an eye that bespeaks the warmth of passion they possess. The negroes, on the contrary, have little to please; they disgust, for their hair is loaded with two or three pounds of a sort of tallow-fat, literally in thick masses, and as this is influenced by the heat of the sun, it gradually melts over the body, and the smell from it is disagreeable in the extreme. Yet in this place did I find more delight than in any other part of Cairo; the groups and the extraordinary costume can but please the artist. You meet in this place all nations. When I was sketching—which I did on many occasions—the masters of the slaves could in no manner understand my occupation, but were continually giving the servant the price of the different slaves, to desire me to write the same down, thinking I was about to become a large buyer."

In 1841, when Müller was in his twenty-ninth year, he is described characteristically as enjoying the buoyant spirits of youth, his natural vivacity stimulated by the invigorating air of the Heath on the sketching expeditions which afforded him keen enjoyment. Here is a typical account of one of





THE PATH THROUGH THE WOOD.

(From the Painting by James Stark.)

these jaunts, as related by his biographer, N. Neal Solly, forcibly recalling Müller's own sentiments, as expressed in a letter written very few months before his untimely end:—"I am looking forward to sketching green fields, trees, etc., the works of a living God—these things make my heart glad. It is in nature, and not in streets, that I find my *own self*." "Müller and his young friends, Dighton, Gooden, and others, also often made excursions to Hampstead. Starting in the morning on foot, they walked by the fields (since built over) on the north of the canal, sketching pollard-willows or other little 'bits' that came in his way. The sand-pits on the Heath were Müller's favourite subject. Of these he made many capital sketches and little pictures. Late in the afternoons they adjourned to some inn, generally the 'Bull and Bush,' where the day's sketches were discussed over a light supper, and the evening was wound up with a game of skittles. Going home, it was Müller's delight to go straight, 'like a bee,' over hedge, over ditch or swamp, or any other obstacle. On one of these excursions to Hamp-

stead, Müller and his companions were passing along a lane near the Heath, when one of them observed, *à propos* of subjects, 'Well, at all events, there is nothing to sketch in *this* lane!' 'Nothing to sketch!' exclaimed Müller, 'why, the road and that gutter would make a capital sketch.' So he sat down and sketched the 'gutter,' and afterwards worked it up into a capital drawing. It has often been remarked that Müller 'could not exist alone.' He always contrived to get some young companions to join him, and innumerable were the merry and sociable evenings spent in his front room in Charlotte Street."

Referring to the examples chosen for illustration, as reproduced in the present review of Mr. Barratt's collection at Bell-Moor, we have already instanced the picture by James Stark, "The Path through the Wood," as one of the choicest specimens of this favourite artist's most appreciated landscape paintings, and, as may be seen, suggesting the influence of John Crome, the honoured founder of the Norwich school, to whom the faithful Stark was articled for three years at the beginning of his career.

"The Fair Widow," by Roehard, is an example of a rare master, whose practice was influenced by the schools of Greuze and Höppner; the few examples Roehard executed of this order were reproduced in "Keepsakes" and "Books of Beauty," in one of which ornate "Annuals" a version of "The Fair Widow" was engraved in the distant days when these expensively produced publications embodied the popular art. Conspicuous among the water-colour drawings collected at Bell-Moor is the ambitious and very important example by Peter de Wint, "Lincoln from the Brayford River," a noteworthy drawing both as regards size (39 by 26) and superlative quality. In the whole range of this accomplished master's practice it would be difficult to discover a finer example, or one more typical; embodying, as it does, all the excellences which endear De Wint's pictures to connoisseurs. Among the water-colour drawings in Mr. Barratt's possession, I have already alluded to small examples by W. Müller and David Cox. The late Thomas Collier is well represented in the ranks of artists who have selected for their headquarters the picturesque vicinity of breezy

Hampstead Heath; many of these commissions were painted for Mr. Barratt by that gifted master of English landscape, whose unmistakably strong and distinctive art so sympathetically continues the sterling traditions of De Wint, David Cox, and the great founders of English water-colour art in the direction most congenial to Mr. Barratt's sympathies and tastes—the delineation of native pastoral landscape. George Barret is also represented, and there is a group of charming and characteristic examples by Copley Fielding. John Varley is represented by his "Kilgarvan Castle." Glancing at the productions of members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, among the present workers, whose aim is truth and sincerity, and whose observations of Nature impel them to regard landscape delineation with the vision of their illustrious predecessors, we find at Bell-Moor a group of chosen examples by Mr. James Orrock. There are three large and important drawings by Mr. A. Thorburn, respectively Grouse, Partridges, and Pheasants, admirable specimens of the accomplished art which that painter has brought to perfection in the delineation of those objects of the sportsman's delight; attesting the strongly-marked sportsmanlike predilections of their owner—tastes further evinced in quite a collection of "sporting pictures." These include representative examples of all the famous sporting delineators: George Stubbs, J. N. Sartorius, P. Reinagle, Charles Hancock, Sawrey Gilpin, R.A., Alken, Rolfe, etc., affording ample materials for a comprehensive "sporting number." In considering the works by members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours the names of a distinguished group of figure-painters claim mention as having executed characteristic drawings for Mr. Barratt—for instance, Messrs. F. Dadd, Dollman, and Brewtnall (of the Royal Water-Colour Society), and the late H. Stacy Marks, R.A.; and again the refined works by Mr. Charles Green, "Tis a Century Ago," "The Minuet," and "Sir Roger de Coverley;" by Mr. G. G. Kilburne, "A Duet;" both painters being dwellers at Hampstead; together with Mr. John

Fulleylove, who has joined the "Northern Heights" contingent, with his old-world residence in Church Row, Hampstead. There is also a Constable-like picture of Bell-Moor by this gifted member of his Society, and several masterly examples of his water-colour art, the outcome of recent studies in classic Greece. There is also a gorgeous and important example, "A Carpet Bazaar," glowing into Oriental effulgence of colour, by Robertson.

Mention has been made of the grand historical work of vast size (8 ft. 3 in. by 5 ft. 2 in.), a gorgeous *chef-d'œuvre* by the late Sir John Gilbert, R.A.—the characteristic example, "Meeting of Henry VIII and Francis I at the Field of the Cloth of Gold." There are further examples by Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A., Mr. Thomas Faed, R.A. ("The Silken Gown," from the collection of the Marquis de Santurce), E. W. Cooke, R.A., Henry Moore, William Collins, R.A., George Chambers, Heywood Hardy, R.I., and a vast number of similar works by representative artists both of the early and modern English



THE FAIR WIDOW.  
(From the Painting by Roehard.)



school. Among many foreign examples the most important are two admirable and characteristically brilliant masterpieces, "A Group of Flowers" and "Diana," by Diaz: "The Smithy," by E. A.

This list by no means exhausts the muster roll of painters whose works are hung at Bell-Moor, in either branch of pictures in oils, or water-colour drawings.



THE BRIDPORT RELICS.

Schmidt (1887): Lucien Gerard; V. Chevillard; by I. Gallegos, "The Notary;" by F. Weisser, "Check;" by W. Kauler, "Midday Halt;" "On Guard," and Groups of Hounds, by Otto de Penne (from the collection of Henry Wallis); "The Russian Post," by Schreyer (from the collection of George Stevens); by J. H. Koekoek, "A Calm, with Men-of-War;" "The Signal," by P. Korle; F. SoulaCroix: C. le Blant; by C. Seiler, "Off Duty" (The Smoker) and "Card Players;" with numerous

Particular reference has been made to the masterpiece of sculpture, "The Tinted Venus." In the category of sculpture mention must be made of a beautiful work by R. J. Wyatt, "The Bather;" of "Hereward the Wake," by Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A.; and "Esmeralda with her Goat," by P. Brazzanti.

I have further to speak of artistic memorials of silver-plate in Mr. Barratt's collection, otherwise rich in treasures of antique silver, ancient



THE NELSON PLATE.

other examples, including pictures by Van Os, Old Teniers, and representative masters of the Dutch school (seventeenth century).

cup, and examples by the great artificers, like Paul Lamerie. More than ordinary interest attaches to the relics here reproduced. The Nelson presenta-



tion plate has quite a national importance; for the pair of Ice-pails were offered as a public recognition of the gallant Admiral's heroic exertions at the momentous seafight off Copenhagen, when the heroic Danish defence was with difficulty overcome by the intrepidly daring and resolute attack of Lord Nelson's fleet. These Ice-pails are of silver, with covers and liners, with lion's mask and ring handles, the lower part fluted, and with gadroon borders. On one side are engraved the coat of arms, crest, and supporters, with the famous motto, *Palmarum qui meruit ferat*, granted to Lord Nelson "for his brilliant services at the battle of the Nile, 1st



THE ABERCROMBIE ICE-PAIL.

French force." Among Lord Nelson's crests engraved on the covers are the two armorial grants commemorative of Aboukir Bay, the stern of the *Vanguard* (Nelson's flag-ship), the naval crown, and the star and plume of honour offered by the Sultan, surmounted by the Nelson coronets.

The story of this memorable presentation from the Underwriters, Members of Lloyd's Subscription Rooms, is embodied in the inscription engraved on the respective Ice-pails:—

"Presented by the Committee appointed to manage the subscription raised for the benefit of the wounded and the relatives of those who were killed in the glorious victory obtained off Copenhagen on the 2nd April, 1801, to Vice-Admiral



THE DICKENS SALVER.

August, 1798, when a British fleet under his command obtained a most decisive victory over a superior

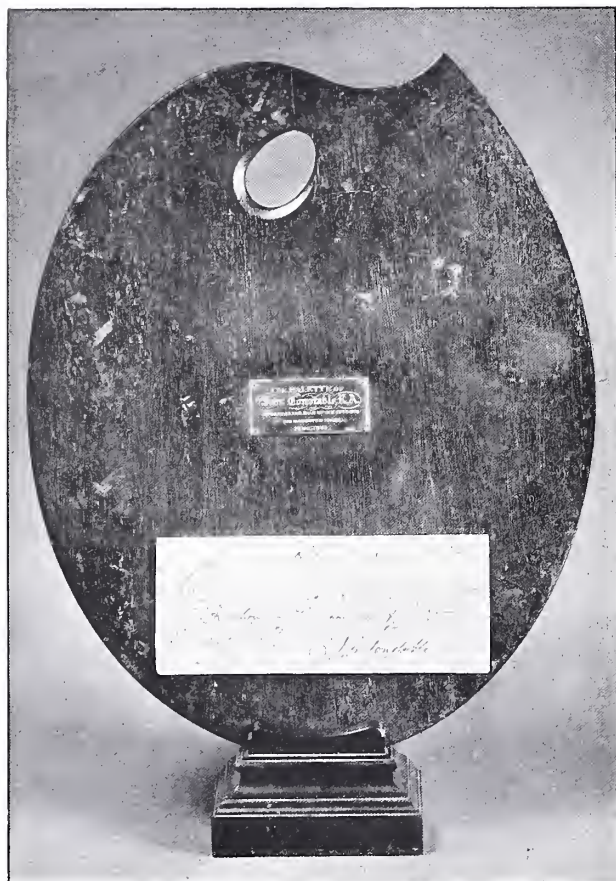
LORD NELSON, K.B., DUKE OF BRONTÉ, &c., &c., &c., in testimony of the high sense entertained of his meritorious and



unprecedented exertions in defence of his country, which, at the peril and danger of his life, he so nobly sustained previous to the engagement, and as a token of his brilliant and gallant conduct during the whole of that ever-memorable action.

“JOHN JULIUS ANGERSTEIN, Chairman.  
“Lloyd’s Coffee House.”

In the same group with these interesting memorials is Lord Nelson’s teapot, with beaded and threaded



CONSTABLE'S PALETTE.

borders, also bearing the crests and coronets granted for his services at the signal victory of Aboukir Bay. The portrait is the Wedgewood plaque, showing Lord Nelson in profile, wearing those prized decorations and honours he had gallantly won at such imminent personal risk. On the reverse is the facsimile of Horatio Nelson’s autograph.

Another group of commemorative relies belonged to the gallant Admiral Hood, Viscount Bridport; the pair of oval sauce-tureens and covers, with gadroon borders and handles, and claw feet, are similarly engraved with the arms and supporters granted to this brave Admiral for his services at sea, including the signal victory of Trafalgar. The two casters in the same group also belonged to Viscount Bridport.

The Ice-pail, one of a pair, appropriately designed

and ornamented with Egyptian devices, resting upon four winged “Sphinxes,” is also a relie: commemorative of Sir Ralph Abercromby’s successes in Egypt, the important campaign of 1801, in which, at the battle of Alexandria, the intrepid commander gained at once a brilliant victory and “a death of glory.”

The “Dickens Memorial” at Bell-Moor is a large and highly elaborate salver (25 by 19) in antique taste of the ornate order, with Jupiter in the centre, and a series of mythological and classical figures and situations in high-relief figuring in the various compartments, all drawn from episodes of “The Iliad.”

This unusually interesting example of the artistic taste and excellence attained by English craftsmen under the Victorian Era is by the producers, Messrs. Elkington, described as “The Iliad Salver,” and was designed by Mr. Charles Grant, who deserves recognition for this adequate instance of harmonious composition and sculptor-like modelling. The central compartment represents the appeal of Thetis to Jupiter on behalf of her son Achilles, unjustly deprived by Agamemnon of his beautiful captive Briseis. The further details are thus given on the same authority:—“In the angular compartments surrounding the centre are sea-nymphs attendant upon Thetis, who, although the mother of the mortal Achilles, was herself a goddess of the ocean. The outer border is divided into eight very carefully wrought designs, representing the contest between Agamemnon and Achilles; the heralds leading Briseis from the tent of her captor; the Greeks driven from their fortifications; the body of Patroclus, slain by Hector, rescued by Menelaus and Ajax; the flight of the Trojans at the reappearance of Achilles; the grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus; Achilles’ cruel revenge on the corpse of his foe Hector; and the supplication of Priam for the body of his son.” The various compositions are of elaborate character, and are skilfully combined into an artistic whole.

The circumstances of the presentation are detailed by John Forster in his “Life of Charles Dickens.” The following inscription is engraved on the salver:—

“This Salver, together with a diamond ring, was presented to CHARLES DICKENS, ESQRE, by a number of his admirers in Birmingham, on the occasion of the Literary and Artistic Banquet in that town on the 6th of January, 1853, as a sincere Testimony of their appreciation of his varied literary acquirements, and of the genial philosophy and high moral teaching which characterise his writings.”

The novelist treasured this salver throughout his life, and it was, by his last will, dated 12th of May, 1869, specially bequeathed to his eldest son:—“I give to my eldest son Charles the silver salver presented to me at Birmingham.” This memorial was secured at the sale of the effects of Charles Dickens the younger.

## CHARLES VAN DER STAPPEN.

BY EMILE VERHAEREN.

CHARLES VAN DER STAPPEN has made himself a name both as an artist and as a professor. He works and he teaches; he is in the first rank of Belgian sculptors, and one of the foremost masters of the aesthetic school. I propose to study him from both points of view.

First as an artist. His beginnings were humble. At the age of twelve he was apprenticed to Monsieur Léonard, a decorator; he was a workman before he was a sculptor and familiar with simple, elementary, common craftsmanship. Beauty bewitched him even when it was as yet scarcely visible in its most primitive form in human work. Art in its widest sense, taking the world and man for its subject, though it must study both body and soul, must remain plastically decorative. Hence it is no loss of time, but a conspicuous advantage, for a sculptor to begin with an initiation into the charm of pure line, of the effects of masses and spaces, before setting to work more seriously on his own art.

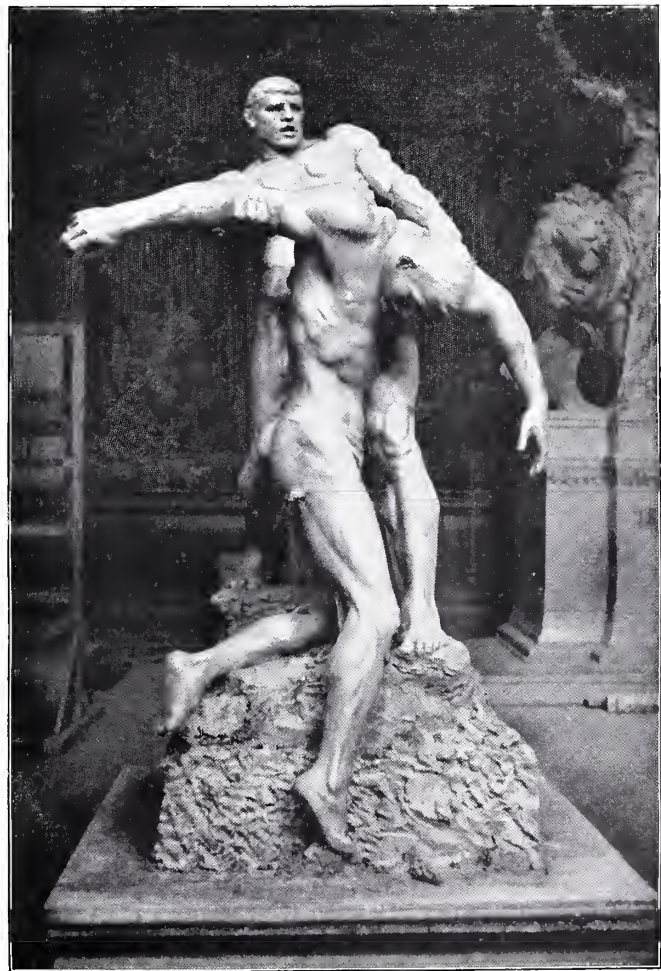
Charles van der Stappen had this advantage. In Monsieur Léonard's studio he made the acquaintance of Monsieur Charles Buls, who was also a pupil there, and who has since become a burgomaster of Brussels; and their friendship subsists to this day.

Till the age of nineteen Charles van der Stappen haunted the Brussels studios—a *rapin*, a painter's devil, so to say—ready to undertake the humblest task, eager to learn everything, never neglecting the simplest craft, till the day when, thanks to the interest of Joseph Gérard the painter, he was admitted as a student to Jean Portaels' studio.

Portaels, his real master, was at the head of the only school where art was truly understood. This was in 1860. The Belgian art academies sacrificed everything to routine, to the classic model, to copying—doing nothing—death! There was no life at all. What had been done was to be done again *ad infinitum*. Nature was the enemy. Formula was everything. Although Jean Portaels was a painter, he admitted all forms of art and all artists, and his teaching was life-giving. He enforced nothing, and set the example of persevering toil. He respected individuality, spontaneity, living force. These were what he valued in himself and in others. He led the way

for the most dissimilar artists: Emile Wauters, Agneessens, and Cormon.

Among such surroundings Charles van der Stappen began to train himself. His mind shook off its swaddling clothes and asserted itself by degrees.



THE WRESTLERS.

He entered into all the awakening, all the ardour that was animating the brain of his new comrades and friends, and warmed himself at the fire of their boldness and insight; he took up the struggle with enthusiasm, and from a decorator determined to become a sculptor. At that time his former masters regarded him as a madman, a revolutionary, just as the younger generation now look upon him as classical. And every true artist goes through these two phases.

The work he sent in to the Salon of 1863 was refused by the jury. In 1866 a sketch was accepted.



In 1869 "The Faun," the first of his works which made him a name, won the medal. Thus in six years the revolutionary had gained his footing. Van der Stappen's amazement was great. He had hardly



IMPERIOUS FANCY

dared to hope that his statue would be accepted, and he was admitted to academic honours with Constantin Meunier, Hermans, Cluysenaer, Devigne, Jelotte, and Artan, his elders, almost his masters!

"The Faun" stood out among the statues its neighbours. It showed truth of attitude, modelling, and muscle. The figure bent his knee and smiled, not like a model, but like nature; he was fresh from the woods and fields, and had not come out of a cellar where old students' work lay rotting.

In 1872 a "Charmer;" in 1875 the candelabra for the palace of the Comte de Flandre; in 1876 the "Swordsman" in the Brussels gallery were added to the works of Charles van der Stappen. The "Swordsman" is almost French in style; Mercié's influence is very perceptible. It is supple, refined, and elegant, and it won golden opinions, but I doubt whether at the present day it has any charm for its creator.

During this period of success the artist came back to his beginnings; the arts of decoration. He executed a balcony for the orchestra of the Conservatoire, another for the Alhambra Theatre, some decorations for the Post Office, and the Caryatides for the Hôtel de Curte. Then he went to Italy to refresh his mind at the fountain-head of modern sculpture. He executed several busts, but the masterpiece which stamps this period is the "David."

It is exceptionally fine. The ingenuousness, the mixture of confidence and recklessness in this figure, its slenderness and strength, the novelty of the attitude, the certainty and delicacy of the sculptor's touch, all give distinction to this statue, which is in marble.

On his return to Brussels, after a prolonged visit to Paris, Charles van der Stappen began in 1883 his group for the façade of the Palais des Beaux-Arts. In this he seems to have returned to the old Flemish tradition. Strength, not free from some heaviness, manly power, broad and strongly marked vigour characterise it. His statue of "William the Silent" is, on the contrary, severe and closely wrought, as becoms the hero. And then we have the two "Saint Michaels" of the Brussels Hôtel de Ville; the patron saint is seen proud and exultant, the demon raging but conquered, as legend requires. The artist had striven to give them, if not a new character, at any rate a new aspect. The helmet, sword, and armour are very simply treated; and all the purpose of the figure is concentrated in its bright and fiery spirituality.

The two "Saint Michaels" were finished for the town council at the same time with a table decoration for the municipal banquets. Here the decorator



JEAN PORTAELS.

again came to the front. In a moment of true inspiration he designed these two candelabra and a centrepiece, in which episodes from the history of the town were illustrated; the decorative features

being adapted from the iris, an original and novel style of treatment which has since been extensively imitated.

Before speaking of his later works, mention must be made of two groups, one called "Ompdrailles" or "The Wrestlers," and the other, "The Builders." "Ompdrailles" is a personage who figures in a romance by Léon Cladel; he is typical of youthful agility which decays and is exhausted in its bloom

strongly marked spaces and an excessive play of light and shade. "The Builders" is in the simplest style of art, strong and severe, the sense of line predominating over the feeling for chiaroscuro.

Until this time, however, that is to say, before 1893, large schemes of work, whole effects, cycles of figures, had had no place in Charles van der Stappen's work. In spite of groups and statues his talent was to some extent frittered in what



MONUMENT TO LABOUR.

under the fierce breath of Love. The group represents the wrestler beaten, carried out of the fight by his friend, and displayed piteous and dejected to the public in the amphitheatre. The different character stamped on the figures and the flesh of the two champions, the well-knit, mature strength of one, the elegant but broken energy of the other, the variety of attitude, the crestfallen and dying combatant, the epical and solemn character of the whole composition, stamp it with the style of the truest beauty. Here already Charles van der Stappen had shaken off his tendency to indulge in detail for its own sake, and to elaborate parts to the detriment of the whole. He has not aimed at gracefulness, hardly even has he thought of the picturesque.

In "The Builders" the figures are treated in masses. The sculptor had been blamed for working out his groups from the point of view of tone, with

might be termed *enamel* work—commemorative tablets, bas-reliefs, busts of painters, his friends, and of literary personages, statuettes, portraits—he had taken no wide flight.

At the present time he is working with great promise of success on three important schemes. In collaboration with Constantin Meunier he is directing all the monumental decoration of the Botanical Gardens at Brussels. Balustrades with allegorical figures and emblems, designs for fountains, statues of the seasons, groups of animals, reapers and sowers, unite to harmonise art and nature. The general design was exhibited and the execution entrusted to ten or more sculptors.

His "Chimera" fountain is to be retained in the "Parc du Cinquantenaire." In the centre, on a granite rock, a stalwart young hero in the pride of his strength seizes a chimera by its wings, and



holds it captive if not conquered; at the four angles of the pedestal are seen the Child trying to reach its own chimæra; Youth abandoning itself to the power of his; Motherhood taking refuge under its protection; Old Age sitting dejected at having failed to subdue it. The originality of this work consists in having appropriated an idea of universal meaning and clothed it, for a decorative purpose, in glowing and vigorous plastic forms. Blocks of rock form the base of the whole composition; water rushes out from among them, and the monsters also spout water from their open jaws as they rear with their forefeet in the air and outstretched neck. This fountain was exhibited at the Universal Exhibition of 1897.

A "Monument to Labour" is as yet only sketched. Charles van der Stappen here recurs to the time-honoured formulas symbolical of Art, Commerce, Agriculture, and Science. Among the figures and emblems of science he introduces the skeleton of an iguanodon. He has illustrated the other allegories by less primeval objects; and the group representing "Art" is full of spontaneous inspiration.

This is a hastily compiled list of his more important works. If we go to seek in his studio the author of so many pieces, many of which will hold a permanent place in Belgian art, we are startled to find quite a little man instead of the colossus we might expect to see. We meet an amiable and good-humoured personage, very eager in talk. His eyes are keen and look large behind his eyeglasses, his shoulders square, his hands active and pliant. Well-knit strength lurks in that compact frame, which is sturdy though short. We feel the presence of a tenacious will. If we are privileged to know the man well we find him kindly, obliging, a pleasant companion, a faithful and generous friend. I know many admirable facts concerning him. He is well informed, well read, and familiar with the history of his art. He loves the great geniuses—Michael Angelo, Donatello, Rude. He is devoted to his fellow-worker, his companion in many a struggle and sometimes in

glory, Constantin Meunier; and last year he lent his studio to a party of young artists that they might do honour, among his statues and casts, to the artist whom Paris had proclaimed to be a master.

We have seen the Artist and the Man; now for the Teacher.

Before he was appointed professor at the Academy he had opened a free school. All might come who would. The first tests were soon passed;

he knew at once whether to keep or dismiss a learner. Paul Dubois, Fernand Dubois, De Haen, Samuel, De Vreese and Charlier had their first teaching under Charles van der Stappen. As soon as he was elected to the Academy he began to act largely on his own principles of instruction.

In a letter he wrote to me some time since, he thus expresses himself: "In my opinion, since there is no doubt that classes for teaching Art are indispensable, the lessons ought to tend to develop the pupil's temperament and individuality. To explain: To begin, outline-drawing must be taught, from vegetable forms or ob-



SILENCE.

jects in daily use; this is to give the learner practice in the use of his materials and some sense of relation and proportion. From the first the master should incite his pupils to a love of nature, and impress on them that nothing is unimportant in the life around them; that the man who feels the beautiful side of everything he sees will easily penetrate to the soul of things, which is the supreme end of art. Above all else, I insist on the laudation and encouragement of that feeling; for, observe: the rapidity and certainty of a young artist's aesthetic growth (whether painter or sculptor) depends on his first impressions. As soon as the pupil thus predisposed begins to give style to his drawing of what he sees—that is to say, begins to render his own view of what lies around him—absolute respect for his point of view is the first thing to be considered. The master must then divest himself of his personality. He must be a sympathetic guide and not a pedantic pioneer.

"This apprenticeship to art is a sort of grammar lesson for the pupils. When they have mastered the proportions and the living sense of the simplest objects; when through this they have begun to draw things from nature and in accordance with their own temperament, it will soon be easy to discern which are equipped for the great struggle—that is to say, for art—in the highest and widest sense, and which will never be anything more than its journeymen, gifted with skill and something beyond. Such a classification is of the first importance and ought to be carried out after a few years' study at most.

"Since art must yield to needs, and in the age in which we live is so much in demand that we cannot conceive of existence without it, the craftsmen of art are more and more indispensable.

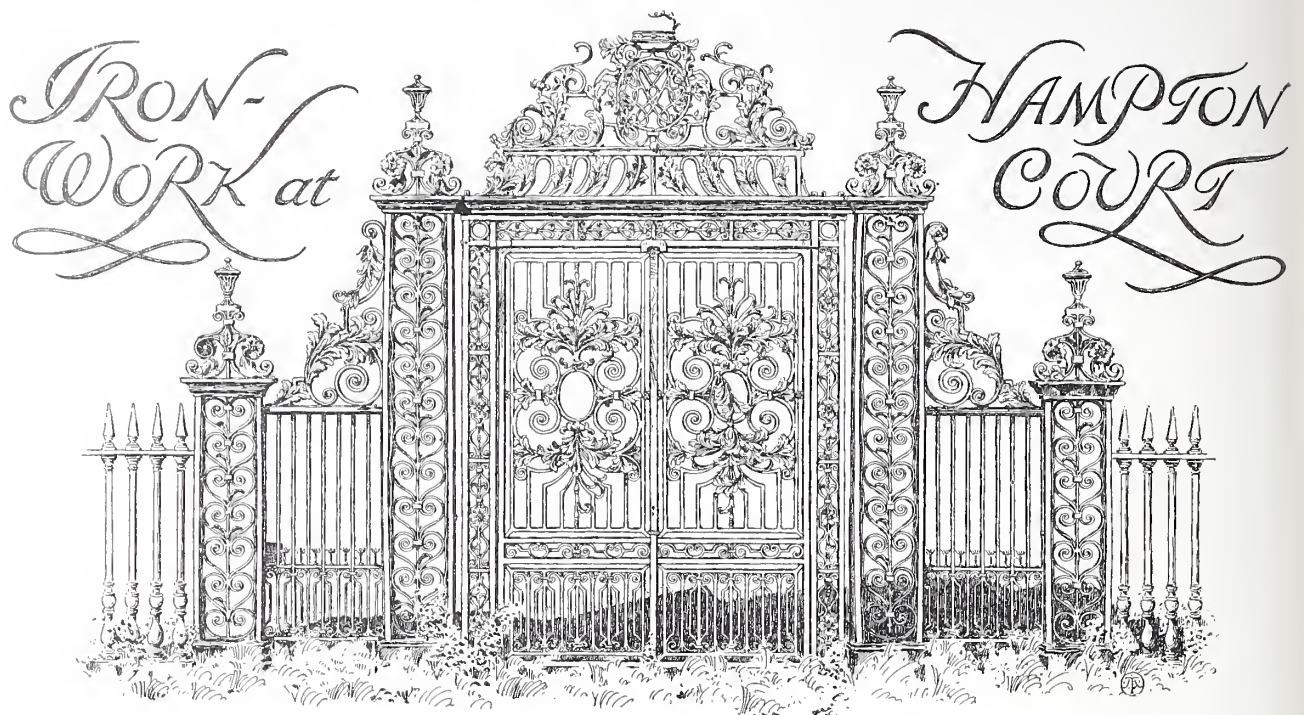
Academies are made for them above all others. But those who are of such metal as fits them for the loftier struggle can learn in any school: they are above all conventionality. Is better teaching desirable in the academies? Certainly; for even there a mechanical and intellectual training are needed to equip the craftsman, and he cannot dispense with them."

Such, in brief, are Van der Stappen's theories of teaching. They may be summed up thus. The professor must be able to awaken the pupil's mind, and his teaching must not impress his own individuality. The artist, on the other hand, must develop an individuality or he is not an artist. It may be added that Charles van der Stappen has fully come up to his own standard both as a teacher and as an artist.



THE OCTOPUS.





BY J STARKIE GARDNER.

IN mediæval days, if peace prevailed, it was the custom of the monarch and court to progress from city to city in order to keep a watchful eye on the doings of high sheriffs and the powerful nobility. Royal residences were then numerous in many counties, yet of all the feudal castles thus used by royalty in England, few remain inhabitable except the Tower and Windsor, while of purely domestic residences scarcely one exists in a perfect state except Hampton Court. Built in that deeply interesting age when the new lights of the Renaissance were blending with feudal traditions, its erection is indissolubly linked with the memories of two of our greatest historic figures—Wolsey, who made it a palace, and Henry, who made it royal. In no way inferior in historic interest, for the time it has existed, to either Windsor or the Tower, its mellowness has been less impaired by official restoration, and it remains not only one of the most charming of our national monuments, but one apparently kept up mainly for the people, who are free to linger in its apartments or wander about its lawns and terraces, even on their one day of leisure, without being either personally conducted or harried. Though stripped of a good deal to enrich Windsor, not a little of its original furniture and pictures remain. There are still to be seen some of the tapestries collected by Wolsey, once resplendent in brilliant silks and threads of gold, the glorious roof of the banqueting-hall, the carved badges of the Cardinal and of Henry and his unhappy consorts, the curious pictures of incidents in his reign, the great clock, the superbly decorated closet, and capacious

kitchens of Tudor days, to say nothing of the magnificent apartments in the wing added by Wren, still with some of their Queen Anne and Georgian furniture.

In so vast a building, where everything is deeply interesting, even the most important examples of the minor arts may scarcely attract attention; yet few visitors can fail to observe the ironwork, which is probably, except that attributed to Quentin Matsys in Antwerp, the most famous in the world.

Little, if any, of the ironwork, however, belongs to the Tudor buildings. No doubt fine work of that period must have existed, for both Wolsey and Henry had sumptuous tastes, which they gratified in every direction. Nonsuch, Greenwich, and Richmond bristled with gilded iron and copper pennons and girouettes, and old illustrations show that the roofs and terraced gardens of Hampton Court were similarly adorned. Some of the beasts that supported the pennons yet remain on the old banqueting-hall. Indeed, the king considered the quaintly carved monsters and the pennons they supported so essential to his royal estate that, according to Hall, he even took them to France with him. Mr. Law, the historiographer of Hampton Court, has published extracts from the building accounts relating to the vanes, showing them to have been the work of John à Guelders. The name of this smith, whose employment at Hampton Court extended over many years, suggests the country of locksmithing, and it is, indeed, improbable that this palace was wholly without the finely chased iron locks which are so



prominent in contemporary Flemish, French, or German interiors, and which are not inconspicuous features in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, or King's College Chapel, Cambridge. The total absence of any Tudor lockwork in the rooms open to the public would be even more singular were we not aware that Henry VIII had a special lock carried about with him, which accompanied him on all his journeys, in charge of a special locksmith, and which was fixed to the royal sleeping apartment, wherever that might be. A fine and unique example of a lock, with Henry's royal arms and cypher, is preserved at Carshalton, which may well be the identical one he travelled with. The great rarity of locks with royal badges of the Tudors is most remarkable when contrasted with the abundance of locks with royal cyphers in France, especially as Henry had *mignons* at times who greatly affected the manners and dress of the French Court.

Whatever lockwork, however, there may once have been at Hampton Court, none is now to be seen or heard of, and the only Tudor ironwork remaining appears to be the kitchen-range, the works of the great clock, and some window gratings.

The existing ironwork is indeed almost wholly connected with Wren. The panels of the great garden screen, separated and deposited in various museums, have rendered the Hampton Court work familiar all the country over. These formerly passed as the productions of Huntingdon Shaw, of Nottingham; but it is now conclusively proved, however disinclined we may be to give the credit to a foreigner, that not only nearly the whole of the Hampton Court ironwork, but that at St. Paul's Cathedral, Chatsworth, and many other places, was actually designed and supplied by a Frenchman named Jean Tijou. This gifted ironworker has, like many of his compatriots, left a record behind him, in the form of a splendid book of designs, recently reprinted and published by Messrs. Batsford. The engravings in it are very fine, and comprise most of the work at Hampton Court and Chatsworth, as well as some at Burleigh, Trinity College Cambridge, etc., which is thus seen to have been designed not later than 1693. Of the author's life nothing is known, either as to the time of his arrival in this country or his departure or death; nor do we know the sites of his workshops nor places of abode. The solitary fact that has been



EAST ENTRANCE GATES.

recorded concerning his domestic affairs is the marriage of his daughter with the famous painter Laguerre, who had been originally educated for the priesthood. Tijou could therefore hardly have been a Protestant refugee, and was possibly attracted over by Wren, or else induced to seek his fortune abroad, like many other noted craftsmen and designers, through a superabundance of famous workers at home. The status of his son-in-law Laguerre was no doubt good, he being a god-son to Louis XIV and a favourite of William III, and this marriage, taken with the fact that the Treasury accounts disclose balances of nearly £2,000 owing to him for two or three years at a time, show, notwithstanding that he pleaded poverty in some letters pressing for payment, that he was a man of substance and of fair position in life. As neither will nor place of burial has been traced in this country, it seems probable that Tijou returned to France soon after



1711, the date of the last entry yet met with relating to him, when he completed the magnificent series of works entrusted to him by Wren for St. Paul's. It is strange that though Wren patronised him so extensively for 30 years, there is no allusion to Tijou in any of his letters or memoirs; while there are none of the usual expressions of gratitude to Wren or to any other patron in the peroration to Tijou's book of designs. An explanation of this may be perhaps found, for on comparing the designs and the executed work, it is apparent that important modifications were introduced, imparting a more noble appearance as well as an English look to the work; though Tijou himself did not appreciate them, and ignores them in his book. The French *amour-propre* was possibly piqued so far as to annul all sense of benefits received. May 200 years of oblivion not be the deserved penalty of undue

egoism and vanity? Anyway, not only was the credit of his work given to Huntington Shaw, but his design book was filched by a compatriot in France, who appropriated and republished as his own all Tijou's plates of designs; while Batty Langley acted not dissimilarly in England by embodying the best of them in his work without the slightest acknowledgment or comment as to their authorship.

As to the possible collaboration of Huntington Shaw in the work, the epitaph in Hampton Church, the local tradition, his intimate association with the king's mason in charge of the works, Shaw's removal from his house near the Palace to London coinciding with the completion of the ironwork for Hampton Court and the commencement of the long series of work for St. Paul's, and the fact that Tijou's career in this country as an ironworker apparently closed soon after Shaw's death, all tend

to show that they were associated together in the work. Shaw's position in life and handsome monument show that he was a person of consideration, and it may be inferred, therefore, that if he took a part in it, it would not be a mean one. Perhaps, even, Tijou was but the designer and master-mind and no smith at all, while Shaw was the individual who actually carried out the work. There is much to favour this idea, but whether wholly or partly due to Shaw, this Hampton Court work marks an epoch in the artistic working of iron in England.

In any account of the ironwork at Hampton Court, the imposing garden screen—mentioned as having been distributed over several provincial museums—must come first. Standing about ten feet high, it consisted when all together of twelve strikingly bold, rich, and florid panels, which displayed various badges, emblems, and cyphers of English royalty, separated by stately pilasters surmounted by royal crowns, and buttressed by massy scrolled supports. The acanthus work and arabesques are in the most florid taste of Louis XIV, but the pilasters are dignified and English in feeling. Screening the formal terraces and Dutch parterres of the private garden of William and Mary, this range of stately



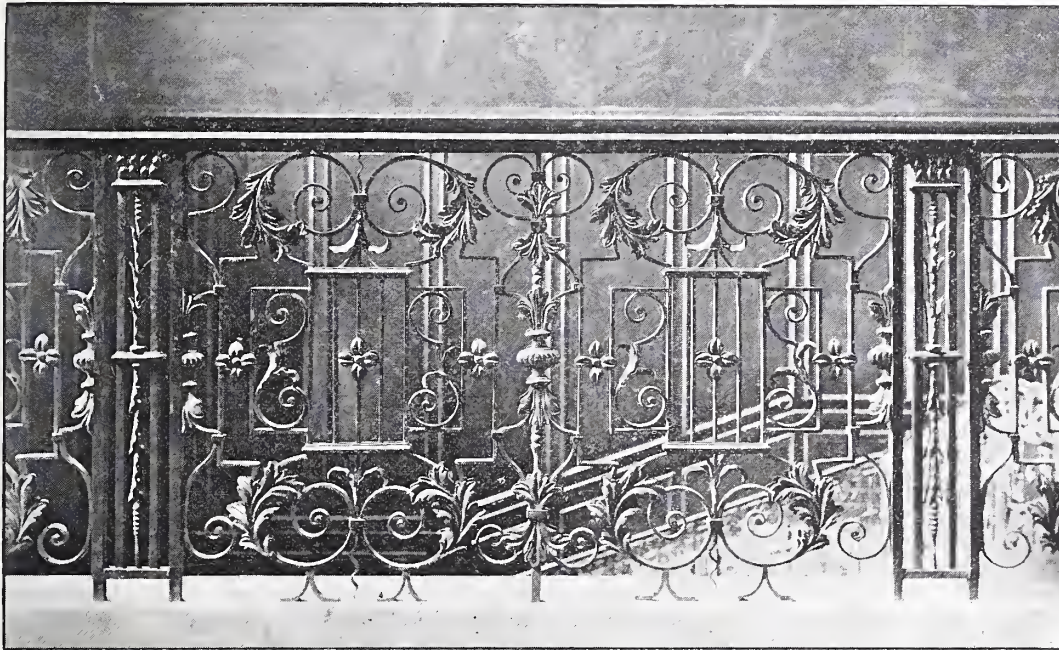
THE PRINCE'S STAIRCASE.



ironwork must have presented a magnificent appearance, but the ever-changing views as to the laying-out of the gardens, and the transformation of terraces into grassy slopes led to its being shifted from pillar to post, until—no place remaining in the gardens—it was finally got rid of and banished to the Park. Though its removal from the gardens must be lamented, there can be no question as to the propriety of transferring it from its late incongruous position in the Park, where there was nothing to screen and a total lack of appropriate surroundings, and where, to judge from the con-

cypher they bear, and inferior in execution. This position was apparently intended to receive some far more grandiose gates, but only the stately stone piers were erected—under Queen Anne—and these “pitiful low gates,” as Defoe calls them, substituted.

The somewhat plain railing, nearly 500 yards long, separating the gardens and park is Tijou’s, and was put up, as ascertained by Mr. Law, in 1700, at a cost of 5*l.* per lb. The picturesque railing to the garden terrace with its simple but finely-proportioned pilasters and panels, as well as the balustrade with



BALUSTRADE OF THE KING'S STAIRCASE

dition of the gates left behind, it must have fallen to rust and decay. Even now, the extensive repairs necessitated by time and exposure considerably detract from its beauty and interest.

In far better preservation, due to a sheltered position, and scarcely inferior in importance, are the three pairs of noble iron gates which still close the arched entrance to the Queen’s side of the Palace. These were produced between 1694 and 1696, and must be ranked among Tijou’s finest works. The central and the richest are illustrated on page 301.

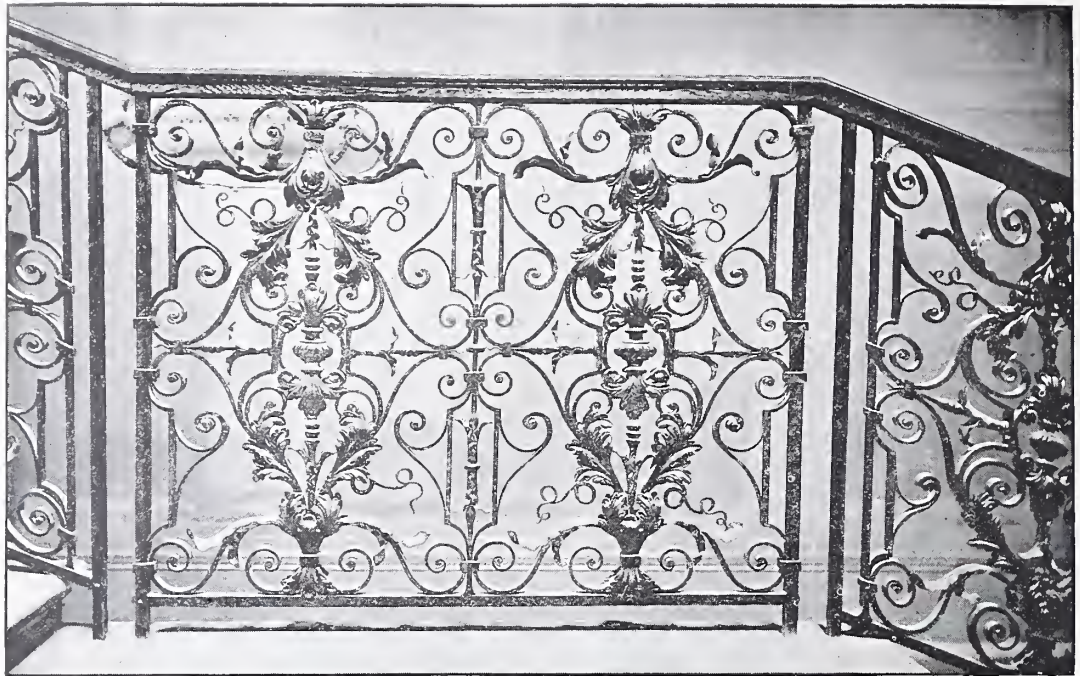
Of the many park or garden gates recorded as having been made for Hampton Court by Tijou, but one pair of any importance now exists: those banished to the Long Walk, beside the Home Park. These are in his design-book, but with proportions improved in execution. The well-known Lion gates, facing Bushy Park, are as near as may be a facsimile of them, but of the time of George I, whose

ovals at the head of the ornamental water in the park, so frequently copied, and the railing to the orangery, are also in the style of Tijou. To him, again, are due the various simply designed stair-rails, which were formerly back stairs to royal, but now lead to private, apartments. They were produced prior to 1696, the accounts for them being still in existence. One of these, not accessible to the public, has the curious addition of two rich brackets and festoons, perhaps added to subdue the severe effect of the stone and iron above. The superb King’s staircase—by which visitors ascend—painted by Verrio, presents in its balustrade another of Tijou’s works, finished in 1699. The somewhat geometric panels are cleverly designed, and follow the rising steps without effort. The moulded iron handrail shows that the use of mahogany, first introduced for this purpose under Louis XIV, did not reach England till after the close of the century.



The corresponding handrail to the Queen's staircase —by which visitors descend—is of mahogany, and

and was the last of any importance erected about Hampton Court Palace until the Office of Works



BALUSTRADE OF THE QUEEN'S STAIRCASE.

exactly repeats the older iron section, the early wood rails being usually reproductions of metal. This ironwork was not put up till 1731, under George II,

contributed, a few years since, a kind of Tudor pattern gate, to hand down the Victorian taste in ironwork to posterity.

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## JULES CHÉRET: PAINTER.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

NOTHING could be more unjust than to write down Jules Chéret "the Poster King"—and leave his fame at that. There is no doubt that the many hundred posters he has designed since 1866 have carried his name throughout the world, and have identified him for ever with the *affiche*. Yet this very creation of his—this apotheosis of the advertisement, whereby the idea of commerce has been carried up into the high places of the artistic elysium—by occupying too completely the aspect in which the public regard Chéret, leads them to neglect what are in reality his greatest attainments and his finest works. It is idle to pretend that, admirable as are these posters, and brilliant as original decorations, they contain any of the subtlety that is to be found in the artist's pastels, or represent in

any complete fashion the richness of his imagination, or the playfulness of his fancy.

The fact is, that the peculiar demands made upon him in his poster-work constitute a decided restriction, although to that restriction M. Chéret owes the chief triumph of his life. The commercial economy which at first called the poster into being dictated a further economy in the number of lithographic stones employed by artist and printer, as well as in the number of inks used. Thus M. Chéret became a pioneer in the use of the three primaries which nowadays has developed the "three-colour process." No one has been more learned in the effective use of so limited a number of colours; no one has better known how to make these colours sing. After his early apprenticeship as



A CHALK STUDY.

(By Jules Chéret.)





a lithographer, and during his long stay in England, he began to think of work more original and artistic than that at which he was set, for the art of the advertiser was at a very low ebb in the early 'Sixties; and when, in 1866, at the age of thirty, he returned to Paris he had laid out for himself a course from which he has never deviated one inch. He would regard colours as flowers, and would make up his bouquet so that the impression of his combinations should be that of a floral composition. But for that colour was not enough; the spirit—beauty and brightness—must be there as well, so that dainty grace and joyousness should combine with pleasing hues to present the commercial idea in an alluring and fascinating form. With this ruling idea he designed his first poster "*La Biche au bois*," and it has governed him to the last, whether with "At the Wings of the Opera," "La Terre," "The Dancer's Lover," "Danee," "Music," "Olympia," "Spanish Dancers," "Our Sailors," "Punch Grassol," "Saxoline," and "Pastilles Géraudel"—that is to say, whether the subject be gay and quint-essentially "Parisian," or whether it be patriotic, or even sombre. For thirty years Paris—nay, all France—has been charmed by the original design and grace of the artist, and by the pleasing *pastiches* of his imitators: and even now as much interest is taken as in the days before the artistic quality of his designs called the poster-collector into being. That strange product of commerce, art, and the passion for acquisition, who successfully brings together all M. Chéret's performanees, will have his hands full—and his house as well—if he succeeds in his task, for the artist has produced hardly, if any, fewer than fourteen hundred. This, as a simple calculation will show, represents the extraordinary average of nearly one poster a week for the whole period of his lithographic career.

But, as I began by saying, it is by something more dignified, more complete and subtle, that Chéret's great talent must be judged: that is to say, by his pastels, his decorations, and by his wall paintings. Commerce is then banished from his mind; he is an artist pure and simple, revelling in colour, and, freed from a difficult and sometimes almost untreatable subject, playing with his ideas

and his materials as a child with his toys, evolves things of fresh beauty and unsophisticated charm. Then he will go a step farther and make studies in chalk from life—such as those which are produced in these pages—studies made in all earnestness, searching for artistic significance of pose as well as for truth of character, of person, and of attitude. In all of this, of course, he is as the poles asunder from Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Watts, and the artist philosophers, the very foundation of whose beliefs it is that art is for a higher purpose than mere amusement. Well, M. Chéret—a philosopher, too, in his way, finding grim consolation in the perusal of Schopenhauer—pretends to do nothing but to trifle delicately with life, to amuse with his pretty girls, his dainty idealisations, his quaint pierrots, his funny polichinelles, his charming babies, floating and scampering about in a firmament of blue delight flecked with strange, laughing masks, bright flowers, and coloured streamers. Some have traced in these designs a resemblance to the floating divinities, *amorini*, and angels of Correggio and Tiepolo: with perhaps better reason could the ceiling decorations of the Italian and German decadents be pointed to as the fount of inspiration. But for my own part, knowing as I do M. Chéret and his work, I am



JULES CHÉRET.

(From a Photograph by Nadar, Paris.)

inclined to believe that there is no imitation, no direct source of conscious inspiration—only a rendering of the thoughtless gaiety of the moment based on the knowledge—and disregard in some cases—of the resources of art.

Offensive to the artist beyond all else is the conventionality against which his life has been a perpetual protest. Anything that savours to him of academicism is so little sympathetic that he is, perhaps, too appreciative of originality for its own sake. In any case, he will not use the professional model, except for his serious drawings; and even then he will ask a friend to sit in preference. "Models," he told me once, "*ça sont la pose*. The spirit of the lay-figure is over them all." He, therefore, provides himself with the casts with which his studio is hung, laughing heads of children, dimpled limbs of *amorini*, and torsi of women, which are of such help when foreshortening is required. It is, therefore, not just to say—as is so



often said of M. Chéret's work—that it is all done *de chic*. Indeed, these chalk studies are drawn from friends of the artist, or, in one case, perhaps, from a professional model, whose singular freedom from conventionality was sufficient to recommend her to his notice. These drawings, with their refined passages, their knowledge of the figure, their



A CHALK STUDY.

feeling for drapery, and absolute naturalness, present a clear contradiction to those who protest that the art of the *afficheur* makes no demand whatever upon the power of the draughtsman or upon the higher capabilities of the artist. M. Chéret has shown that he is a descendant of Watteau and his school, by virtue of the elegance and charm of his eighteenth century daintiness, modified by the quality of grace which he has had the wit to adapt to the needs and the temper of his own time.

Chéret the draughtsman and painter is not to be confused with the designer of posters. The lithographs which he has produced, based upon these very studies, have hardly been exceeded even

in France itself for lightness of touch and appreciation of the most alluring and delicate of feminine grace and charm—a tribute at once to the lithographic stone and to the gentle sex which he has spent his life in idealising. But not the stone alone has engaged the legitimate practice of his art in this direction. In the bigger of his studios in

the Rue Laugier, there was lately to be seen a wonderful suite of furniture, the panels of which had been decorated as a private commission. These panels, painted upon maple, mounted upon furniture of oak, chestnut, or moiré satinwood, are charmingly adapted to the purposes to which each room is put. What could be more appropriate than that the panels in the bedroom should be decorated with "Night," "Day," "Waking," "Good-night," and "Pleasant Dreams"? or that the electric lights beside the chimney-piece should be held up by the merriest and prettiest of all M. Chéret's nymphs? or that the breakfast, sitting, drawing, and dining rooms should have "Breakfast," "Tea and Coffee," "Wine," "Gaming," "Smoking"—all represented with such pretty and rather obvious symbolism as the artist may obtain from the amusing puppets of his *dramatis personæ*, with all the suggestiveness of a prolific fancy and luxurious and fertile imagination?

But more important than all these various demonstrations of whimsical grace, are the decorations with which the Salle des Fêtes in the Paris Hôtel de Ville is about to be embellished by the painter's brush. No subject could be more

thoroughly in harmony with his talent and his bent, no commission more welcomed by the artist himself. Panels, over-doors, inter-windows, of different shapes and sizes, have offered an opportunity, both as to treatment and extent, of which the artist has taken full advantage. The fêtes that take place in such an apartment are various, and as various are the topics taken by M. Chéret as his subject. Dancing and music prevail throughout in all the Rabelaisian, yet really inoffensive, riot—Parisienne, polichinelle, pierrot, pierrette, *bébés* once more, dancing upon thin air, very bubbles of fanciful humanity, created but to burst into a shower of prismatic colours. Song, music, and dance—

supplemented by the colours of the painter—these typify the idea of Parisian fêtes in this beautiful room; while the upright panels, devoted to the



A CHALK STUDY.

delights of children, show congeries of little ones with toys and objects of infantile bliss and affection. It has been objected that these figures, male and female, who revel in *la joie de vivre* in the best of all saltatory humorous, dainty or quaintly artificial, exquisite though they be in their way, adopt attitudes and gestures impossible, or at least unnatural, to human habit and to the human frame, even when engaged in the wildest dance or other occupation suggested by the refinement of luxury. Wine and women are M. Chéret's artistic divinities, however platonic may be his love, despite the exuberance of his worship; but those women of the painter's fancy have little in common with the woman of the earthy world. They are the women of his palette, the creatures of his primary colours as far removed from the *demi-mondaine* on the one hand as from the *mondaine* on the other. They are

rather the little ladies of Watteau, Boucher, and Laneret come to us through the puppet show, as innocent as they are unconventional, and incorruptible and uncorrupting, though their costume be not staid nor their attitudes severe. Mr. R. H. Sherard has pointed out how, in the search after life and movement, "idealisation and intensification—not to use the word exaggeration—are, indeed, the principal factors in M. Chéret's artistic process, and just as there never were such postures as he depicts, so never either were such men and women seen as his. And this, perhaps, is the chief charm of the painter who has come in an age of the crudest realism."

It is hardly correct to imply that M. Chéret is influenced solely by the "bouquet;" the rainbow is even a closer guide—one so closely followed that it is very clearly seen in some of these elaborate pictures that represent "Pantomime," "Comedy," "Molière's Personages," and the rest. Here in one, the scheme of colour is from the reds and pinks to the blues and greens right through the whole gamut, and in another from greens and blues back



A CHALK STUDY.



again to the reds and purples. And we may see, generally speaking, how in his bigger works the artist cleverly varies the system by introducing his colour in one work the actual dresses of the figures, and in another by scumbling or

significance of the work will be made clear to him, and he will realise why this painter—who is so much freer than Willette, though without that designer's depth of sentiment, and whose motive is neither philosophy, politics, nor humanity, but frank Gallic brightness and jollity—has adopted the simple scheme of softly vibrating tones that are intended to awaken a response in the breast of the merry-maker of life. From the lithographic workshop of the London ticket-writer to the *atelier* of the Hôtel de Ville decorator is a long stride: but M. Chéret has not forgotten the years he passed in England nor the tongue he learned there, and he—a type, one



A CHALK STUDY.

glazing the graduated scale over the variegated composition. M. Chéret's feeling for colour is very delicate; it has not suffered, but has rather been kept fresh, by his continual dealings with the primaries, and his technique is admirably adapted to his subject and his methods.

In judging of these mural decorations, as of the furniture panels, the spectator must bear in mind that the artist has adapted his work to its main purpose, and the visitor to the Hôtel de Ville must remember that these pictures are intended to be viewed principally by artificial light. Then the full



A CHALK STUDY.

would almost say, of an English guardsman—has bequeathed to this country a son who is now serving in the British navy.

## HUMOUR IN ANIMAL PAINTING: THE WORK OF MR. A. W. STRUTT, R.B.A.

BY ALFRED LYS BALDRY.

WHEN artists attempt to be deliberately humorous in their pictures, and to paint subjects that are calculated to make the beholder smile, the result is more often than not depressing. The sustained effort to be funny seems to exhaust the painter, and the witty intention formed in his mind rarely takes any form that can be regarded as even moderately amusing. Some men try to make their point by open caricature, others by exaggerations which are only momentarily comic, and, if repeated, become absolutely wearisome; and some few descend to depths that are really not permissible, and paint pictures that are alternately childish and gross. These mistakes are, as a rule, caused by a misconception as to the sort of humour that lends itself to pictorial treatment. The artist does not think out his motives, and does not, in his wish to be wildly funny, stop to consider matters from any reasonable and dignified point of view. He lowers his art to the level of the common herd, and puts himself in a false position as a trickster whose mission it is to make the groundlings laugh, while he is leading the judicious, who see in him greater possibilities, to grieve sincerely.

What makes this perverted idea of humour the more distressing is the fact that some have proved the feasibility of combining really subtle and intelligent quaintness of subject with technical ability of quite a high order. That pictures, excellent in all the essentials of execution and thoroughly carried out in every detail of treatment, can be so painted as to delight every lover of a good, wholesome joke is fortunately quite undeniable. There is plenty of true humour in the art world, humour that is gained without grimace or contortion, that is free from malice or unpleasant suggestion, and that adds legitimately to the enjoyment of everyone that does not take life too seriously. But the artists who have so treated this branch of expression as to make it worthy of acceptance by people of discretion, have done so by the help of acute observation and thorough understanding of those occasions when nature unbends and shows the frolicsome spirit

that underlies her impassive dignity. They have avoided trivialities that are unfit for perpetuation in paint, and have accentuated the point of their story by embroidering it with a pattern of well-chosen details. In this way the merely joecular subject has been made the motive for many a sound work of art, deserving respectful consideration, and capable of being judged by the higher standards.



"HOW MANY MORE?"

(From the Painting by Alfred W. Strutt, R.B.A.)

As an example of what may be done by combining the intention to amuse with a correct appreciation of the value of careful study, the work of Mr. A. W. Strutt merits to be quoted. He has always kept in view the idea of representing humorous situations, and has chiefly occupied himself with the material that would give him opportunities of playing on the lighter emotions of his admirers; but at the same time he has steadily striven to make his pictures as exact as possible in their reproduction of natural facts. It is not so much the comic side of life that he has insisted upon, as the momentary glimpses of character that he has noted during his observation of the people and things that have seemed to him to be pictorially useful. His attitude has been that of a devoted lover of nature, keen to study her ways, and anxious to record them with absolute fidelity; but in doing so he has seen and seized upon every chance of telling pleasant anecdotes about his experiences.



The record of his work is a summary of small events, each one of which is of a type to appeal to anyone who concerns himself with the by-play of the great drama of life, and holds even the

Directly any touch of human cunning is introduced the comicality of the creature is gone. It becomes at once a mere sham, without distinctive character or personal quaintness, simply a rather unpleasant piece of affectation.

By his care in illustrating natural history from the point of view of absolute fidelity to the originals, Mr. Strutt has succeeded over and over again in giving us pictures that are quite genuine in their comicality. In his first exhibited works he chose as a model that curious little beast, the stoat, and painted it with all the accuracy of a scientific observer. Indeed, but for the titles he gave to these studies—"I hope I don't Intrude," a stoat disturbing a sitting partridge; "The History of a Crime," where the bloodthirsty robber is meditating a descent upon a black-bird's nest full of eallow young; and "The Way of Transgressors is Hard,"



A FLYING VISIT.

(From the Painting by Alfred W. Strutt, R.B.A. By Permission of J. P. Mendoza, King Street, St. James's, the Owner of the Copyright.)

trifles of existence to be fit for the attention of thinking men.

It is not surprising that he should, in his desire for the realisation of varieties of humour, have limited himself to subjects from animal life and to incidents in which men and animals could be shown together. The characteristic habits that in all sections of the animal kingdom distinguish every individual have an essentially comic side, that is the more fascinating to the human observer because it is absolutely natural and unconscious. There is no posing and no intentional fooling on the part of furred and feathered things. They are always in deadly earnest; and they take themselves so seriously that their very air of conviction becomes quaintly amusing. Everyone who gives to animals the study they deserve is constantly impressed with their self-importance; and the less prominent the place occupied in the scheme of creation by any particular beast or bird, the more calculated to amuse the superior human are its manners and customs. For this reason, the painter who would depict the humorous peculiarities of animals, wild or tame, must know them so well that he can simply show them as they are, free and unstrained, and uncontaminated by human influences.

another stoat looking at a wall hung with the dead bodies of many of its relatives—the jocular intention would have been scarcely perceptible, and the series would have claimed attention simply because the study revealed in them was exact and intelligent. Even when, as years went on, he widened his range and began to deal with the sporting and hunting subjects, by which he is best known, the episodic side of his pictures was never allowed to come in



THE RETURN VISIT.

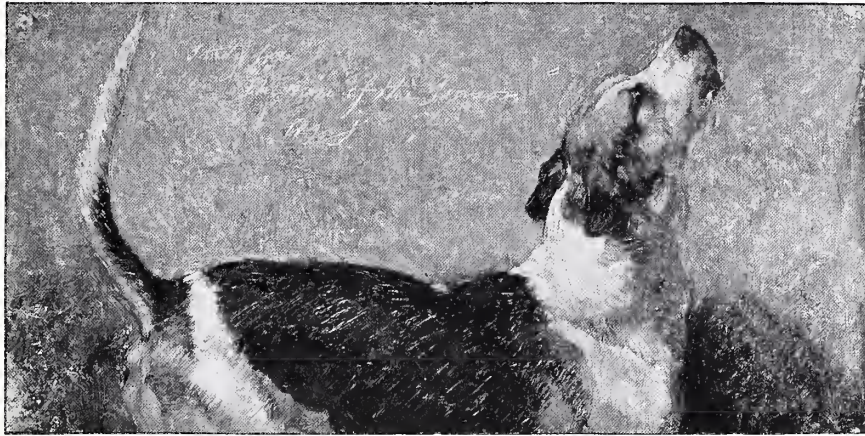
(From the Painting by Alfred W. Strutt, R.B.A. By Permission of R. Dunthorne, the Owner of the Copyright.)

conflict with their illustrative and naturalistic motive. "Dazzled," for instance, is a piece of pure realism, a record of the habits of the fox set down



with a degree of truth that only a naturalist who had observed the beast in its wild and independent state could hope to gain, and painted with a feeling

almost human sympathy. It was only when Mr. Strutt began to paint comedies, in which the chief parts were played by men and women, that he

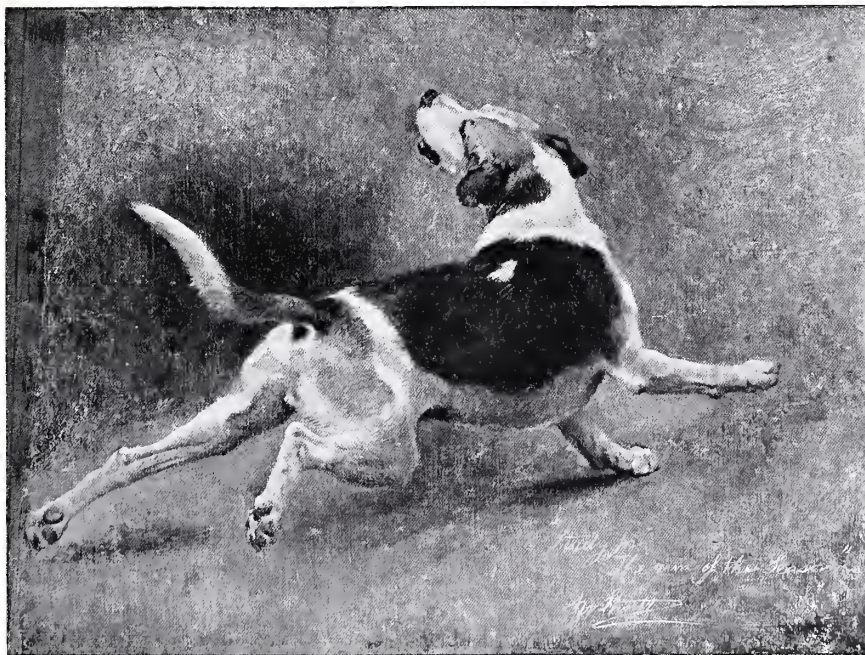


STUDY OF A HOUND FOR "THE RUN OF THE SEASON."

(By Alfred W. Strutt, R.B.A.)

for colour combination, and light and shade variety, possible only to an artist. In the same way, "How Many More?" is made important by its interpretation of equine character; "A Flying Visit" and its sequel, "The Return Visit," by their representation of the

tried to make the humour of his motive tell obviously. "In a Fix," an old woman vainly striving to induce an obstinate donkey to do its duty as a beast of burden, was plainly designed to please a public which derives its chief enjoyment from



STUDY OF A HOUND FOR "THE RUN OF THE SEASON."

(By Alfred W. Strutt, R.B.A.)

cunning and ready resource of the fox; and "Live and Let Live," a St. Bernard mastiff benevolently tolerating a half-starved terrier, by its touch of

the ridiculous misfortunes of others: and to the same category belongs "Move On," a costermonger, whose barrow has broken down, worried by an



unsympathetic policeman, who, seeing no pathos in the situation, is only concerned about the interruption of the traffic in a crowded street. A more legitimate piece of humour, a contrast of opposites, was to be found in "The Praises of Flora," a burly and not too prepossessing young costermonger juxtaposed with a barrow loaded with delicate flowers, but here again the chief point of the joke lay in the title.

Such street scenes, however, hardly showed the



SKETCH FOR "THE RUN OF THE SEASON."

best side of the artist's ability. His rural sympathies and knowledge of animal life were displayed to better advantage when he returned, as he did soon after painting "The Praises of Flora," to the material that the country districts provide in profusion. The hunting subjects, by which in recent years he has added to his popularity, seem to accord more completely with his instincts, and to give him the opportunities that he can use most satisfactorily. In the trio of canvases that are among his latest productions—"Any Port in a Storm," "The Run of the Season," and "Not Caught Yet"—the subtle devices of his old model, the fox, are once more illustrated. The first of the three shows the beast taking refuge from the hounds on top of some hen-coops in an old woman's donkey-cart, the second the wild bolt of the donkey, roused to action by the clamour around it, and the third the strategic retreat of the fox from its temporary place of concealment to the distant woods, where it may have

a chance to escape its pursuers. Here the humour is genial enough, and the atmosphere of the countryside is well suggested. The whole sentiment is healthy, and a pleasant touch of nature is felt throughout. But the chief merit of the series lies in the serious and faithful manner in which it is worked out. Like all the best of Mr. Strutt's productions, these pictures are acceptable mainly because they reveal sincere study, and depend not at all upon a deliberate purpose to be funny by the use of unjustifiable exaggerations and eccentricities. They are worthy of attention even from the purists who are indifferent to, or perhaps dislike, the introduction of a jocose idea into a work of art, for it is possible to examine them detail by detail, and to respect the knowledge that is apparent in every part, without being offended by the manner in which a subject exactly suited to please the crowd is made to tell.

Indeed, all art work which is so honest, and so soundly based upon close study of the best class of material, deserves to be taken seriously, whatever may be the form in which it is presented. Every encouragement should be given to a painter who, if he does not wish to aim at lofty ideals, is still conscientious enough to desire to make his craftsmanship and his characterisation as complete as it can be made by assiduous toil and constant endeavour. His choice of humorous titles for what are really accurate records of nature is not to be quarrelled with, if by deciding upon them he can gain attention for sound achievements, that would not be so generally respected by the untechnical public if the labels on them were less attractive. Humour may be, as the higher æstheticism declares it to be, a blot upon art, but it will be asked for, and artists will do their best to supply it, so long as the great mass of art lovers know little, and care less, about the thoughtful purpose of the idealists. It is better to accept the craving for amusing pictures as a fact which cannot be disputed, and to try and educate it, than to seek to force unwilling people into a grudging admiration of things they do not understand. The dignity and perfection of art can only be brought home to the popular mind by a process of long preparation, and at present the condition of this mind is by no means well suited for the appreciation of vast abstractions. How soon the proper degree of enlightenment may come it is impossible to say, but meanwhile it is the business of every capable expert to do his best with the means at his disposal; and from these a touch of humour can certainly not be excluded.





DAZZLED.

"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH ANY."

(From a Painting by Alfred W. Strutt, R.B.A., A.R.E.)

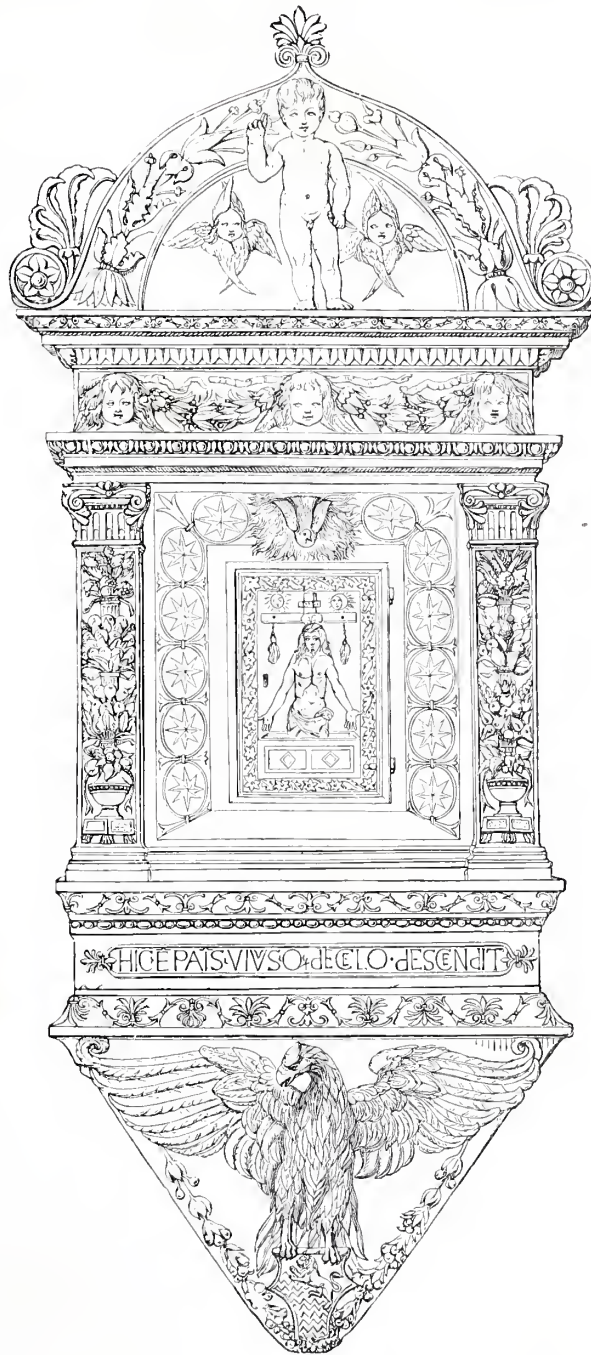




## RECENT ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.

THE present age is fortunate in the number and excellence of the books that are devised for the use of the student of decorative art. The comprehension of the arts of design has vastly developed since the days of Owen Jones and Digby Wyatt—not only better understood, but improved beyond measure in respect of taste. The present tendency appears to contrast favourably not only in the direction of intelligence of appreciation, but also in regard to that spirit of pedantry which, when they were right, seems to have governed our earlier decorators. Nowadays, instead of being one of the worst served, the section of ornament and decoration is amongst the best treated in the domain of artistic text-book compilation. This much may, in a very great degree, fairly be placed to the credit of the work of the Science and Art Department at South Kensington. It is that vast, unwieldy institution which, acting as a factory of art students, has created a demand for better text-books, to which a number of competent authors have been induced to respond. The art "movement" in this section is both rapid and vigorous, and the present season is as promising as any other which we remember in respect to the production of works designed to meet the higher requirements of the student. England now takes the lead in these matters, but other

countries are following closely at her heels; indeed, the first number of an excellent magazine published in Munich under the title of "*Decorative Kunst*," and another from Darmstadt called "*Deutsche Kunst und Ickoration*," reach us as we write. Amongst recent authors is Mr. JAMES WARD, to whose "*Principles of Ornament*" we have on more than one occasion had reason to refer in terms of approbation. There now comes from him a work more important in its way—"*Historic Ornament: A Treatise on Decorative Art and Architectural Ornament*" (Chapman and Hall), a work which we accept with cordial recognition of its adequacy and high utility. It is the first of two volumes tracing the subject from pre-historic times down to the present day, that now before us stopping short at the Renaissance. The author's former book set forth the principles of design—that is to say, it was a practical instruction-book on the spirit and planning of ornament. Realising, however, that instruction by bare precept is not in accordance with the more philosophical spirit distinctive of true education, Mr. Ward has rightly sought to infuse a good deal more than craftsmanship into his students by setting concisely before them the history of the development of ornament and decoration, arranged geographically and racially in its plan. Only by this method is it possible to

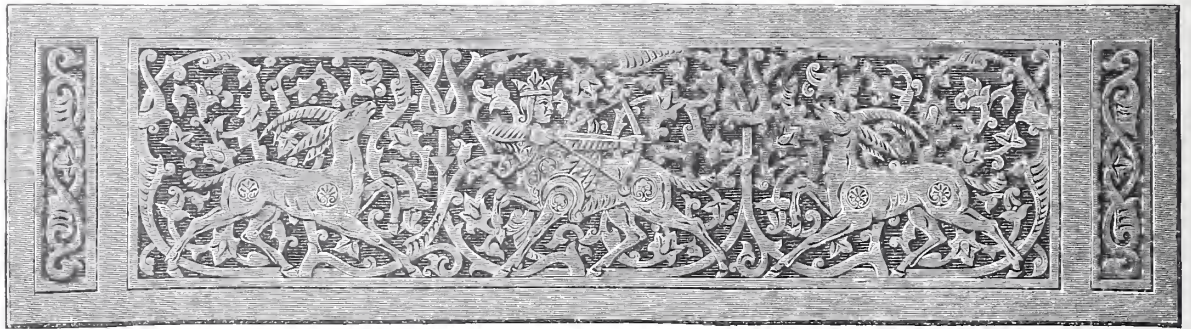


TABERNACLE. END OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY (ITALIAN).  
(From "*Historic Ornament*.")



educate the designer, who requires to look into the origin of the principles upon which he is taught to work, realising, in brief, that it is as necessary for

tectural forms: that ornament should be essentially constructed on that basis; and that mere applied ornament is not necessarily decoration. The book



CARVED PANEL, FROM THE MARĪSTAN OF KALAUN. (AFTER PRISSE D'AVENNES.) LATE THIRTEENTH CENTURY (SARACENIC).  
(From "Historic Ornament")

the production of fine work that the student should know how a rule or an order has been evolved as it is to know the principles of that rule or order. Mr. Ward has very ably covered the whole field up to the Renaissance, and has crowded his pages with excellent illustrations from many sources to illumine his text. We might well criticise the somewhat disproportionate length of the chapters which he has accorded to certain, especially the earlier, periods of art, and a few of his statements we might feel inclined to dispute; but a work like this is so big in its character that lesser matters of opinion may be dismissed in recognition of the soundness of the greater principles involved. On all the chief questions Mr. Ward is a trustworthy guide, soundest on the most important of all—that is to say, he makes it clear, and insists throughout, that ornamental design and pattern are to an extremely great extent dependent on archi-

is an elaborate sketch, accurately and intelligently drawn up, with careful demonstration of the truths by which good ornament must inevitably be governed. It would have been better, however, had a more successful application of Mr. Ward's taste and knowledge been made to the binding of his book.

In his attempt to do justice to his theme of national portraits, particularly in respect to the National Portrait Gallery, Mr. H. B. WHEATLEY has not been unsuccessful in the delightfully chatty volume called "*Historical Portraits*" (G. Bell and Sons). Regarded as a contribution towards the important undertaking of drawing up a complete catalogue of the portraits of English worthies in whatever collections they may be found, it cannot be taken very seriously. Not only are form and matter so chatty and amiably instructive, but the manner is so diffuse that very many volumes such as this would be



NELL GWYNNE.

(By Sir Peter Lely. From "*Historical Portraits.*")





JOHN MILTON.

(By Pieter van der Plaas. From "Historical Portraits.")

required to carry out the task. As a companion, however, to the National Portrait Gallery in particular, and as a general dissertation upon the title-subject, it merits strong commendation. Mr. Wheatley shares the belief of many non-artistic master-minds, from John Evelyn to Carlyle, that portraiture is the most worthy and the most valuable and instructive of all forms of art; so that the earnestness with which he has approached this task argues well for that greater inventory which he promises us in his Introduction. The subject is a fascinating one, handled by many before him, from the imposing importance of Lodge to the anecdotal curiousness of Gray. The merits of most of these contributors to the literature of the portrait Mr. Wheatley shares in some degree. He is entertaining, instructive, and a master of his subject; but he sometimes lacks a sense of proportion, and errs in detail of less important kind. For example, to say that Leighton "was a painter of a few portraits" is to belittle one side of the President's achievements. To omit John Lucas from the list of important portrait-painters in

England is to ignore a man more considerable than several whom he includes; while it is a mistake to suppose that Mr. Abbey is as yet an Academician, or that Sir Martin Archer Shee's poetic achievements were not the equal of his work in art. Such blemishes are perhaps inseparable from a book in which a vast subject has to be compressed within a relatively small compass. But it is not to be thought that the volume lacks interest on this account. The field to be covered includes spurious and misnamed portraits, British portrait-painters from Holbein to Millais, amateur portraitists, portrait exhibitions and portrait collections, sovereigns and their courts, the classical professions, with science, literature and art, the stage and the counting-house. All these are dealt with in the most readable fashion; and the book is embellished with some scores of well-executed reproductions of pictures in the national collections, as well as in the galleries of



HENRY VIII.

(By Luke Hornbolt. From "Historical Portraits.")

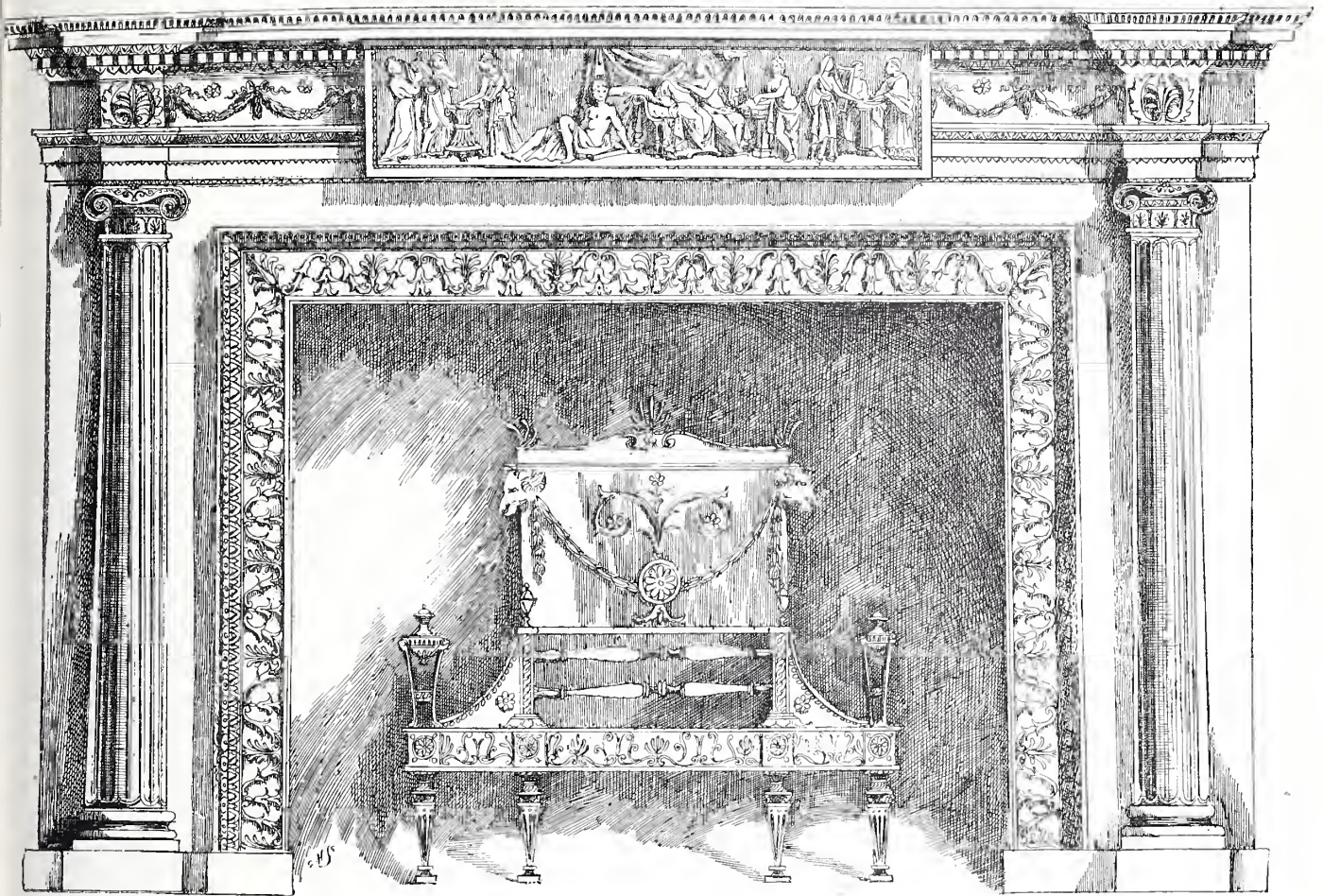






accurate. Mr. Eve leads the reader from a primer of heraldry through chapters on the origin of heraldic forms, the development of heraldry, its renaissance,

process called "Rembrandt Intaglio" has not yet attracted the attention of the authors). With a volume such as this in existence, the public no



CHIMNEYPIECE FOR ONE OF THE ROOMS IN ST. JAMES'S PALACE, AND STEEL GRATE DESIGNED FOR SIR WATKIN WYNN (ADAM).

(From "The Chippendale Period in English Furniture.")

decadence, and final revival. The illustrations help to render the volume an inducement to the popular study of the art rather than a deterrent, such as we often find in the more "scientific" handbooks. (10s. 6d.)

It is extremely refreshing to meet with such a volume as "*Etching, Engraving, and the Other Methods of Printing Pictures*" (Kegan Paul and Co.), by MESSRS. HANS SINGER and WILLIAM STRANG. It is a book to delight the artist and everyone truly interested in the arts. Being above all things a "practical" book, due attention is accorded to modern "process work," of which—as in all other cases—a full and lucid description is given; but artists such as these authors are naturally take up a hostile attitude towards every method of reproduction in which the craftsman substitutes himself for the artist. (We observe, however, that the new

longer has any excuse for ignorance as to any method of engraving in any of its manifold expressions and demonstrations. Herr Singer's admirably informed text has been illustrated by Mr. Strang with embellishments, which are in the completest sense illuminations of the text. The versatility of the latter is seen with the ease in which in nearly every case he has demonstrated the process, partially failing only in that of "engraving" wherein the technique of the burin work is not so expressive as it should be. The bibliography, which contains all the principal volumes published upon the subject from 1583 to the present time, is extraordinarily complete—indeed, the only volumes which we miss are Colonel Waterhouse's "Practical Notes" of 1890 and Mr. Lawrie's "Facts about Processes" of 1895. It is a book that claims unqualified commendation. (15s. net).



## THE QUEEN'S TREASURES OF ART.

### DECORATIVE ART AT WINDSOR CASTLE: ITALIAN AND FRENCH BRONZES.

(BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY.)

BY FREDERICK S. ROBINSON.

IN our former article on bronzes and marble busts were chiefly illustrated portraits of historic interest. We come now to the fine series of subject groups and single figures, and those French works which, serving as candelabra and the like, may be fairly described as "furniture" bronzes. Let us, however, again beware of attaching any slighting signification to this expression. These bronzes are for the most part of the most exquisite finish, and from the hands of the sculptors who executed the important works in marble and bronze of the eighteenth century. We have occasion to admire over and over again the beautiful specimens of furniture in the Royal collections. These would not be what they are unless the sculptor had loyally co-operated with the designer of furniture to produce a masterpiece. Our illustrations will show that, conversely, the furniture-maker A. C. Boulle was also an accomplished sculptor, besides being one of the greatest masters of an art worthy of the best efforts of such men as Caffieri and Clodion.

But before surveying the masterpieces of French eighteenth-century art, we must remember that Italy is the true home of bronze sculpture, and that we have one or two important Italian groups to describe. For the proper display of sculpture in bronze with its deep local colour, a strong sunlight is required, which is the exception in more northern countries. Moist climates are not favourable to the formation of the surface

or "patina" which is the collector's delight, but rather, as in our London statues, to an accretion of mere smoke and dirt. Moreover, it was in Italy that the re-discovery of innumerable antique fragments caused such an enthusiasm for works in bronze. The awakening of art in the Italian Renaissance showed itself full early in magnificent works in this material. The researches of Donatello and Brunelleschi in Rome for antique remains, and their emulation of them, are stories well known. The names of Andrea Pisani, Ghiberti, Verrocchio, and Pollaiuolo, are indelibly stamped on splendid works in bronze, and the influence of the goldsmith—so often in those days the teacher and trainer of the painter and the sculptor—may be noted in the

delicate incised work of the portrait busts which illustrated our former article. This passion for finish is found again—though under a different aspect—in the French sculpture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a natural consequence of the custom which sent every painter and sculptor in those days, for long years of training, to Italy.

The Royal collections do not contain specimens of the great early Italian masters. Our first illustration is of a fine contemporary reproduction, two feet high, of Bologna's famous marble group of "The Rape of the Sabines" at Florence. The small wax fragment in the South Kensington Museum of the same subject is well known to students, and has inspired at least one modern



RAPE OF THE SABINES.

(Bronze of Bologna's Marble.)

painter. Giovanni Bologna was not an Italian, but a Flemish sculptor, who came from Douai. "He is, indeed," says Vasari, "a young man of singular talent." His great works were the fountain at Bologna, with figure of Neptune nine feet high, and the equestrian statue of Cosimo I. He had many pupils, who helped him to make, as most Italian sculptors did, the thousand and one ornamental objects of all kinds in bronze—inkstands, door-knockers, candlesticks—such as are so admirably illustrated in the Soulages collection at South Kensington. Nothing was too trivial for the sculptors of the Renaissance so long as it was justified by the example of the antique, which they venerated, and gave them scope for the exercise of their decorative talents.

As to the authorship of the fine bronze which is the subject of our next illustration there is complete uncertainty. It is called "Diana and Antaeus," but we know of no legend which connects the two. There was, however, an Antaeus, king of Erasa near Cyrene, who had a daughter Alceis, or Barce, whom he had promised to him who should conquer in a foot race; and the prize, as Pindar tells us, was won by Alcidas. We gather from the inventory that it is the top of a fountain, the vase of which is perhaps somewhere hidden away in the stores. Its present position is on the Flemish ebony cabinet, with elaborate gilt mounts, which we illustrated in our second article. It is of a fine light-brown patina—not highly polished, and three feet two inches high. Mr. Fortnum says it is "a very fine bronze bearing the monogram  $\Delta$ , of an artist of the school of John of Bologna. Brulliot in his dictionary of monograms (i., p. 43) gives this monogram as occurring on a bronze group which belonged to a family of Augsburg. It may be that of Franz Aspruck, a goldsmith of Brussels, who was living at Augsburg about 1598-1603. It might be that of Adrian de Vries (Fries)"—whose relief, the Triumph of Maximilian, we reproduced in our first article on bronzes

—"but it is not known as such, nor is the group in his manner. Neither does it agree with that of Francavilla (Pietro)—pupil of Bologna, 1548-1618. I am therefore the more disposed to ascribe it to

Franz Aspruck and to think it is the work referred to by Brulliot. It is an important and fine original work, and probably represents Achilles carrying off Briseis. The bow would refer to the father, a priest of Apollo!" Here is a pretty excursion into the mists of expertism, when we can neither settle as to the subject or the attribution! The suggestion of Mr. Fortnum that the subject is Achilles and Briseis seems to be very far-fetched, and the attitude of the charmingly modelled female figure with her upraised fingers, inclines us against it. The bow would hardly be added for such a recondite reason as that which he offers. It is true that this is no known monogram of Adrian de Vries, but although the detailed treatment of the anatomy is unlike him, the pose strongly reminds us of his Mercury carrying a nymph, a life-size cast of which is in the South Kensington Museum. The man's figure seems of an Italian character. Long-limbed and not very happily posed on his somewhat bandy



DIANA AND ANTAEUS.  
(Unknown.)

legs, which are the drawback of a fine work, he reminds us strongly of another Italian fountain figure with which we are acquainted, but of which, alas! the author is equally unknown.

The David with the sling, one foot ten inches high, is a fine contemporary bronze after the marble in the Villa Borghese by Lorenzo Bernini, 1598-1680. This great architect and sculptor of a Neapolitan family worked little in bronze himself, but he did in marble everything that technique could accomplish, except the repose and majesty of his predecessors. The face of this David is rather that of an Italian scoundrel than of the young shepherd of Palestine. Bernini it was, it will be remembered, who made a marble bust of Charles I of which the bronze bust reproduced in our former article was possibly a copy. The original marble bust, made from Vandyck's



three heads of Charles, now at Windsor, which caused Bernini when he saw them to cry "Ecco il volto funesto!" was destroyed in the fire at Whitehall in 1697. Henrietta Maria had been so pleased with it that she wrote herself to Bernini in 1639 commissioning a companion bust of herself also to be made from drawings or pictures, which, as the



DAVID WITH A SLING.

(After Bernini.)

civil war supervened, was never executed. In 1665 Louis XIV sent Bernini a flattering invitation to come to Paris. The artist came with a numerous retinue and great pomp. He confined himself to sculpture during the eight months of his stay and did not interfere with the designs which Claude Perrault was then making for the Louvre. His Apollo and Daphne, finished when he was eighteen, showed an excellence which he perhaps never surpassed. His great architectural work is the Colonnade of St. Peter's at Rome, and he died in 1680, leaving £100,000, a vast fortune for an artist in those days, to his family.

Bernini's influence helped to develop the style of Louis XIV, florid and finished but not entirely devoid of the dignity of former art. His chief work in bronze is the baldacchino of St. Peter's, and he had many followers, such as Algardi, to whom may be ascribed the fine bust of Innocent X in the South Kensington Museum (No. 1,088), if, indeed, it is not by Bernini, a fine portraitist himself. This artist who, if he had lived a hundred years earlier, might have been numbered amongst the very great, is the last of the important sculptors of Italy. Bronze sculpture was not much encouraged there during the eighteenth century, though there was great demand for ornamental objects and statuettes copied from the antique. Windsor boasts a good number. The nymph and young satyr of our illustration is, perhaps, by Giovanni Zoffoli of Florence, one of the most able of the eighteenth century Italian bronzists, or else by F. Rhigetti, who worked at Rome. For the fine work of the end of the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries we must turn to France, where Louis XIV's glory gave an impetus to every art.

We reproduce an ormolu group which displays the versatility of the great André Charles Boulle, and which shows that his diploma as a sculptor was not given to him by Louis XIV for nothing. This is one of a pair which symbolise the art of sculpture and some one of the sciences. There is a vigour and masculine character about the figures which classes them as very early eighteenth, if not late seventeenth century work. The pedestals on which they are placed are beautiful examples of ormolu and Boulle decoration. They are in white metal and brass on dark shell, and a capital instance of the skilful combination of the curves of ormolu mounting with those of the inlay. The chasing of the ormolu is very crisp and sharp, worthy of the finest period of this style of decoration. These were exhibited in the special exhibition at South Kensington in 1862, and are described as "a pair of groups in gilt bronze and ormolu on black boule pedestals; two of a set of four allegorical compositions typical of the arts and sciences. Probably by Charles André Boulle, circa 1700. Height two feet one inch, width eleven inches." We have not been able to discover the other two groups—if they still exist—at Windsor.

Not far from these groups in the corridor are the two celebrated bronze babies of Pigalle, exhibited at South Kensington in 1862. One, a boy with an empty birdcage, is signed "Pigalle fecit 1733," and is one foot seven and three-quarter inches high. Jean Baptiste Pigalle, as we gather from d'Argenville (*Vies des Fumeurs Sculpteurs* 1787), was born at Paris in 1714, the son of a *menuisier entrepreneur*—master carpenter—*des batimens du roi*. He is said to have had a want of facility which obtained for him from









THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

BY W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A.

(By Permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co, Pall Mall, S.W.)

Dedicated to the 60 000 Members of "THE QUIVER" League of Christian Compassion.

Presented with "THE QUIVER" for November, 1897. Published by Cassell & Company, Limited.





his companions the nickname of "Tête de bœuf." However this may be, it does not seem to have interfered much with his success, for he produced this delightfully natural bronze of a baby at the age of nineteen. Like most artists he went to Rome for seven years, and worked from five in the morning till eleven at night. At twenty-five he did a Mercury of which his master said, "My friend, I should like

to the king and see his Mercury and his Venus again. The king asked at a state supper who the Frenchman was amongst the people looking on. "Tell the king," said a friend of Pigalle, "that it is the author of the Mercury." Now the king had lately been much incensed by an article in the French paper of that name, and immediately jumping to the conclusion that Pigalle was "the author" of



NYMPH AND YOUNG SATYR.

(By Zoffoli or Rhigetti.)

to have done it myself." This praise encouraged him to become a candidate for the Academy, of which he was elected an Associate. One day when the Mercury was on view in his studio a stranger came in and admired it so much that he said, "The ancients never did anything finer." Pigalle, who was quietly listening to all opinions that were being expressed, exclaimed in modesty, "Monsieur! Have you well studied the statues of the ancients?" "Eh, Monsieur," replied the stranger, who did not know he was addressing the sculptor himself, "have you well studied that figure there?"

Pigalle made a Venus to accompany his Mercury, and both were given by Louis XV in 1748 to the King of Prussia. A curious incident befell the sculptor when he went to Berlin to pay his respects

to the king and see his Mercury and his Venus again. The king asked at a state supper who the Frenchman was amongst the people looking on. Upon the subject of these bronze children d'Argenville says: "We have a pleasant recollection of a child holding a cage from which his bird has escaped. Its naïveté commended it highly, and the general opinion was that nothing more true to nature had ever appeared in that manner." It will be seen from our illustration that this high praise is deserved. Nothing could be more natural than these two charming bronzes done at the beginning and end of a period during which it is the fashion to say that nothing unaffected was produced. This is pure nonsense. Pigalle was not the only sculptor who could do natural work. To mention only one other



Houdon has earned the same praise. "To match the boy," says d'Argenville, "Pigalle at the end of his life modelled a little girl holding a bird that has flown



BRONZE GILT GROUP OF THE SCIENCES. (ONE OF A PAIR)  
(By André Charles Boulle.)

away from its cage. This is the companion of our first illustration, and is equally charming. It is not often that an artist has succeeded after an interval of fifty years in producing a sequel so worthy of the original. This little girl, one foot six inches high, is signed "Pigalle F. 1784."

One of the great moments of Pigalle's life was when Bouchardon chose him to finish his monument of Louis XV, an equestrian statue set up by the city of Paris in 1749, "the richest monument of the century." Bouchardon was not a personal friend of Pigalle, but he had such respect for his talents that before his death he begged the municipal authorities to entrust the pedestal of the statue to the latter, who followed Bouchardon's designs religiously. Pigalle had refused the order of Saint Michael because his elders, Bouchardon and Lemoyne, had

not been decorated with it. When Bouchardon died, and Lemoyne preferred a pension, he accepted the cordon. Pigalle was a man of a noble nature, an honest and wildly generous disposition. "Dear to the arts, to his family and friends," he died in 1785, rector and chancellor of the Academy. D'Argenville sums him up in these words: "He had less invention than talent, less scope than correctness in his ideas; but if we cannot place him amongst the men of genius, we can willingly rank him amongst those artists who have reflected honour upon the French school."

The wonderfully finished bronze of Prometheus with the eagle pecking at his liver is signed "F. Dumond Fecit 1710." This is a very fine work, with a lightish brown patina, and full of vigour. François Du Mont, or Dumond, was born in 1688, the son of a painter of the "community of Saint Luke," and won all the prizes at the Académie



BOY AND BIRDCAGE.  
(By Jean Baptiste Pigalle.)

Royale. He married into an artistic family, his wife being Anne, daughter of Noel Coypel, a director of the Academies of Painting of France and at Rome, and sister of Antoine Coypel, who was "premier

peintre du roi." Dumond was very precocious. He was made an Academician at twenty-three. He was much employed by the Duc d'Antin on the bas-reliefs of his château de Petit Bourg, the fate of which his work has shared. In 1725 he did four nine-foot figures of Scripture personages for the church of Saint Sulpice, which were much approved of by connoisseurs. He came to an unfortunate and untimely end. Whilst working upon the tomb of the Duc de Melun in the church of the Dominicans at Lille he broke his leg, owing to the collapse of the scaffold upon which he was giving the finishing touches. D'Argenville remarks: "The treatment in Flanders, very unlike our own, does not make much use of letting blood. He was only bled once, and after a protracted illness, during which he spat blood, he died in 1726."

There is another work probably by Dumond at Windsor, but it is not an original one. It is a Pluto and Proserpine three feet five inches high, after the group by François Girardon in the garden at Versailles. Girardon, born in 1630, was a supple sculptor too apt to be dominated by stronger minds. Employed by the great Le Brun in 1662, "Girardon's complaisance degenerated almost into blind submission." Four out of seven marble figures for the "Bain d'Apollon" at Versailles, for which Le Brun made the general design, were by Girardon. D'Argenville says he "worshipped success" so much that even in his private commissions "you recognise the taste in design of the first painter to the king"—Charles Le Brun. Girardon's most important work was the equestrian statue of Louis XIV, twenty-one feet high, set up in the Place Vendôme in 1699. "Not to trouble about the bad taste which has dressed the head of a king habited as a hero of antiquity with an enormous periwig. . . . the statue is, all the same, a big

machine which necessarily required brains to execute it." In our first article on bronzes we gave a small reproduction of an equestrian statue of Louis XIV with a wig and in Roman armour. This is probably a copy of one of Girardon's colossal monuments. A



PROMETHEUS AND THE EAGLE.

(By François Dumond.)

first statue of Louis had proved too small for its place and was given to Marshal Boufflers for a country house which he intended to put up near Beauvais. The mansion was never erected, and the Comte de Crillon, the next owner of the property, found the statue in a solitary wilderness, and it was transported to Beauvais. D'Argenville mentions two small reproductions, about three feet high, of this figure. There is at Windsor, in the corridor, besides the smaller statue which we illustrated before, one which might also be a reproduction of Girardon's work.



## THE DISCOVERY OF GHIRLANDAJO'S VESPUCCI FRESCO.

BY LEADER SCOTT.

WE are accustomed to the discovery of lost works of art in Florence, and generally take such excitements calmly. But we do not often get an important discovery, at such a very *à propos* moment, as the finding of Vespucci's portrait and Ghirlandajo's lost fresco in the church of Ognissanti just on the eve of the Vespucci centenary fêtes.

The world rolled on for centuries, and the old paintings under the whitewash were forgotten till Vespucci's centenary set every one seeking for the things appertaining to him.

First the architect, Signor Spighi, found an ancient shield in a corner of the church near the tower. It was emblazoned with the arms of the Vespucci, and



DETAIL OF GHIRLANDAJO'S VESPUCCI FRESCO.

AMERIGO VESPUCCI.

The last representative of his line has been discovered in a charming little grey-haired Comtesse de Talou, and now we may compare her with her great ancestor as he appeared in life, for Domenico Ghirlandajo, as everyone knows, was a first-rate cinque-cento portrait painter. Nothing can be more lifelike than the family groups in this work, which has the further interest of being one of Ghirlandajo's first pictures. It must have been painted about 1476 or 1477, as it was prior to the "Cenacolo" in the same convent, which was painted in 1480.

Vasari says in his life of Domenico Ghirlandajo: "His first pictures were in the Vespucci Chapel in All Saints' Church, where is a dead Christ with some saints, and over an arch [Vasari should have said above *in* an arch] is a 'Mercy,' in which is the portrait of Amerigo Vespucci, who made the voyage to the Indies." Bottari, and Milanesi, the learned annotator of Vasari, assert that in 1616, when the Vespucci Chapel was ceded to the Baldovinetti family, the frescoes were whitewashed over, a painting of St. Elizabeth on canvas by Matteo Roselli being placed over them.

had a funereal inscription to "*Amerigo Vespucci posterisque suis.*" This Amerigo was the explorer's grandfather. The architect searched for a tomb in vain.

Then came Roberto Razzoli, a learned father of the order of the Minori Osservanti, who had been engaged for some years in compiling a history of his church. He thus describes his part in the discovery.

"On the first of February, Guido Carocci, the Inspector of Monuments, came to visit the church of Ognissanti in fulfilment of his office. He had finished his survey and was going away, when I, overcoming my natural timidity, addressed him and said that, according to my researches on the history of this church, there ought to exist two antique frescoes which were placed there in the time of the Umiliati;\* that in the chapel of St. Elizabeth they

\* The fathers of the Umiliati who perfected the "Arte della Lana" (Guild of Wool) came to Florence in 1239 and were given a church outside the Porta al Prato. This being found inconvenient, they were in 1251 transferred, within the walls, to Santa Lucia al Prato, and after that built a church for themselves, which they dedicated to All Saints, next their convent. Here they remained till 1564, when the Franciscans came.





THE GHIRLANDAJO VESPUCCI FRESCO.  
(Recently discovered in the Church of Ognissanti, Florence.)





ought to find a 'Pietà' and in the chapel of St. Andrew a 'Trinity.' The worthy inspector was much astonished, but finally became fired with enthusiasm, and promised to send competent persons at once to remove Matteo Roselli's paintings of St. Elizabeth and St. Andrew, and verify my assertion. Two days later the two oil paintings (and white-wash) were removed, and, to the amazement of all, the ancient frescoes reappeared after three centuries, just as I said; only that above the 'Deposition from the Cross' they discovered also Ghirlandajo's 'Misericordia' (Madonna of Mercy), which *savant*s had made so many vain efforts to find, as it contained the portrait of Amerigo Vespucci . . . The following day the Inspector Cav. Carocci and other members of the Commission of Art returned to the church; and their judgment confirmed my opinion that Amerigo was not the old man kneeling dressed in a red 'lucco,' but the young one with the inspired face between the aged personage and the Virgin." The writer farther adds with pride: "From this it is plain that the indisputable author of the great discovery, is the undersigned Father Roberto Razzoli, and that all others were merely diligent executors of my indications."\*

So much for the discovery; now for the fresco. It is wonderfully preserved, and shows many of the characteristics of Ghirlandajo, with a less finished technique than that of his later frescoes in Santa Maria Novella. The composition is divided in two by an architectural design. A niche with a saint within it stands on each side, one appears to be St. Michael; and an architrave imitating carved stone, divides the lunette from the square picture below it. The niches on the edge have been very much injured by some vandals, who hammered irons into them to support the frame of the superimposed painting, which hid the whole arch.

It seems especially uncourteous of the Baldovineti family to have been so disrespectful of Ghirlandajo's painting; as one of their ancestors, Alessio Baldovineti, was Domenico's master and much beloved by him.

In the lunette of the arch is the Madonna of Mercy spreading her sacred mantle protectingly over the Vespucci family. The women are kneeling on one side, the men on the other. There are Amerigo the grandfather, and Anastagio or Ser Nastagio, the father of Amerigo and Antonio, Girolamo and little Bernardo, his brothers; on the other side Monna Lisa, his mother, with little Agnoletta and other members of the family.

The father's head with profile is a masterpiece of portraiture, besides being very beautiful in itself.

\* From a letter by Father Razzoli in *La Nazione* of Feb. 6th, 1898.

The child's face on the other side is a delightfully natural bit of drawing, the nun's is also very sweet in expression. The figure of the Virgin is gracious and graceful. Underneath it are the words:—"Misericordiae Domini plena est terra." The names and ages of the family are gathered from a letter by Cav. Jodoco del Badia, one of the Commissioners for the Vespucci fêtes, who gives the following extracts from archives. One from the register of baptism of S. Giovanni, which when anglicised runs:—"Monday, March 18, 1453 (our style 1454) Amerigo and Matteo sons of Ser Nastagio di Ser Amerigo Vespucci, *popolo* or parish of S<sup>ta</sup> Lucia Dognisci." The other is from the *catasto* (census), where Ser Nastagio thus report the *bocche* (mouths) comprising his household in March, 1457 (1458). Monna Lisa, his wife; his sons Antonio, aged six, Girolamo five, Amerigo four, Bernardo three; and his daughter Agnoletta, aged one year. If, as it seems from the baptismal register, Amerigo had a twin brother, Matteo, he evidently did not live long, as his name does not appear in this.

At the time the fresco was painted—about 1475—the young explorer (born March, 1454) would have been above twenty years of age. The Commission of Art has agreed with Father Razzoli in deciding that the eager boyish face close to the Virgin represents Amerigo. It would be well to make more researches before deciding this, and to compare it with a portrait which is in the Comtesse de Talon's possession. That boy's figure is certainly the youngest of the group, and the pleated blouse dress was at the time emphatically the dress of a child. A young man of twenty would more likely have worn hose and doublet. The tax-book statement shows that Amerigo had a younger brother, Bernardo; consequently, it would seem more probable that the boy should be Bernardo, and that Amerigo was one of the more serious young men behind the bishop.

The figures are about two-thirds of life-size, and are very well grouped. Beneath this is the "Pietà," or "Deposition from the Cross." The Madonna is kneeling beside the body of the Redeemer just let down from the Cross. St. John Baptist, St. Mary Magdalen, and other saints are grouped around. In the background the Cross stands up in the centre, with Jerusalem in the distance behind it.

The colouring is quite fresh, indeed crude, in some parts. This is no doubt due to some inexpert retouching, which luckily the upper part with the Vespucci portraits has escaped. As is usual in Ghirlandajo's works, every figure seems a portrait. When one reflects that the artist was only five-and-twenty years of age himself, being born in 1449, the painting is marvellously good. It has,



as we have remarked, been injured at the edges, where there was an architectural ornament of a saint in a niche on each side, but the painting itself is intact. It would seem in this first work that he was less masterly in his scheme of colour than he afterwards became. There are none of his telling yellows. The heavy reds and purples outweigh other tints, and there is less finish of detail than his later works display. But these defects may be due to the old restorer. Notwithstanding them it is a precious specimen of Ghirlandajo's early style; while to Florence at this moment the discovery of an authentic likeness of Amerigo Vespucci is a still more precious relic.

It is said that the Comtesse de Talon has a portrait in oil of him, in the lineaments of which there is a strong likeness to herself. She says it is a copy of some older portrait, but where the original is, or who painted it, she cannot tell.

Matteo Roselli's St. Andrew, in the opposite chapel of the church of Ognissanti, has also been removed: and, as Father Razzoli predicted, has brought to light a "Trinity," which if not a first-rate work of art, is an unusual rendering of the subject. The Eternal Father, in the guise of an aged man robed in

majestic vestments, is sitting on one side, and blessing the Son, who half kneels before Him with His arms folded. The Dove is flying down between them. The drawing of the nearly nude figure of Christ is clumsy and heavy, the colouring is monotonous, and wanting in chiaroscuro. Perhaps this want of shade is intentional, as an indication of celestiality, which however it does not quite suggest.

The artist's name is not known. Father Razzoli has searched the archives of the Umiliati unsuccessfully. From the painting one would judge that a search among the later archives of the convent might reveal it, as the work is assuredly not of the early Florentine school.

Father Razzoli has further come across proofs that under the "sei-cento" fresco of Cosimo Ulivelli, over the central door of the church in the interior, there should be a recess, and in this recess a more ancient fresco, representing the "Virgin and two Saints of the order of the Umiliati." If this were not destroyed when the new façade was made in 1872, it ought to be still there. It would certainly seem that if the "sei-cento" fresco were left entire, the one beneath it could not have been destroyed. Future ages may yet see it.

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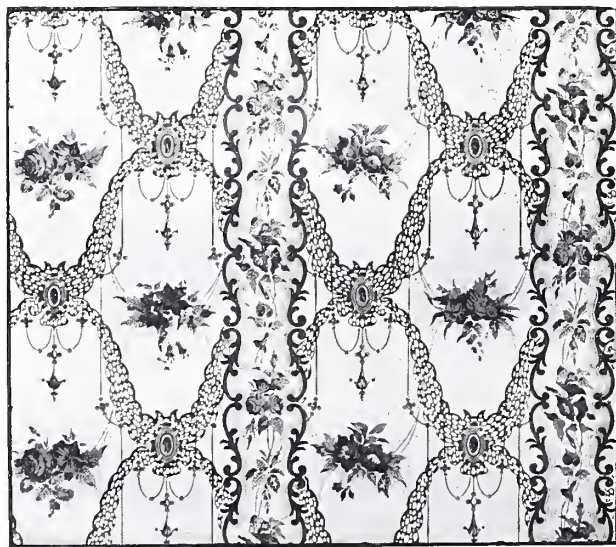
## THE ART MOVEMENT.

### THE DEVELOPMENT OF WALL-PAPER DESIGN AND MANUFACTURE.

THE year of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee was a year of retrospects, a point of view which, as regards the history of the Arts during the present reign, was embodied in tangible shape in the Victorian Exhibition at Earl's Court in 1897. The general progress that has taken place is remarkable, in no instance more so than in that of wall-paper manufacture, a fact which was fully exemplified by the exhibit of Messrs. Wm. Woollams and Co.

To consider first the materials employed. So universal at this day is the use of continuous paper,

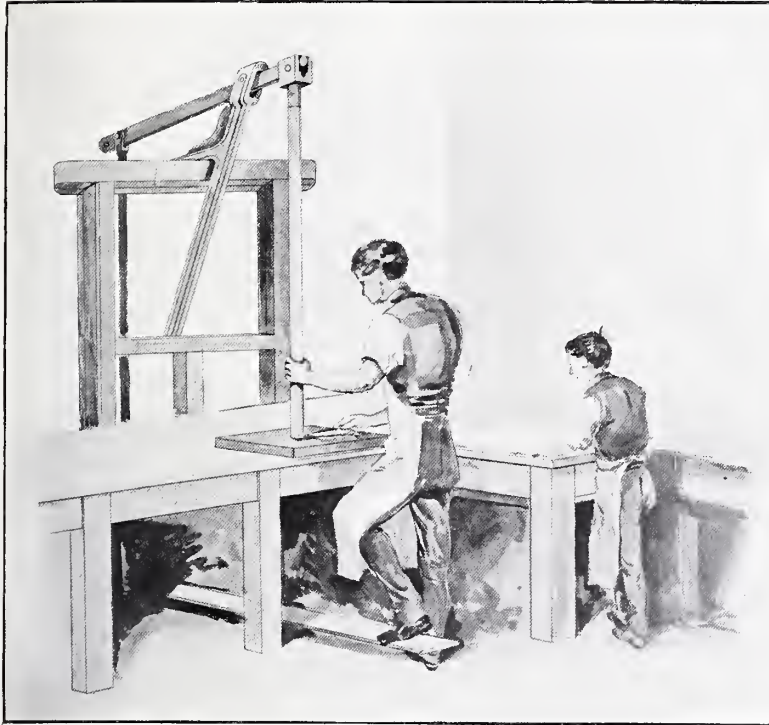
that it is hard to realise that, until the first decade of the nineteenth century, such a thing was unknown. Continuous paper, to our eyes now so obvious, was a French invention, which resulted at the beginning in a failure, involving the proprietor of the patent in such heavy losses that it was scarcely earlier than the year 1830 that the new method began to be generally adopted. The method that had prevailed until then was to paste separate sheets together to obtain the strips of the required length. The largest dimensions of these sheets did not exceed



AN EARLY VICTORIAN WALL-PAPER

thirty-six inches, whereas paper now supplied to the paper-stainers is in rolls measuring half a mile each in length! The original paper was hand-made, and in texture somewhat resembled the ingrain

young competitors. The staple of their business is still, as it should be, printing from hand-blocks; but at the same time they do not disdain, when the saving of expense is a consideration, the more modern and artificial method of printing with the machine cylinder.



BLOCK-PRINTING PAPERS BY HAND. (OLD STYLE.)

papers which are considered a comparative novelty to-day. One may regret the substitution of machine-produced paper for hand-made material, but it must be confessed that the practical convenience of the former far outweighs anything that can be urged in favour of the old system. Think of the amount of vexatious officialism involved by the exciseman overhauling and stamping at the back every single sheet—for this had to be done under the former system for the purposes of taxation. The duty of 1½d. per pound weight of paper, in fact, remained until October, 1861. Its removal, as may be imagined, lifted a heavy incubus from the industry, which, unfettered from that time forth to the present day, has been making enormous advances. New firms have sprung up on all sides, and many of them are producing excellent work. That of Woollans and Co., as is well known, are among the oldest established manufacturers; nevertheless, they are not to be surpassed in enterprise by

point of view. Very striking decoration can be obtained from what are named "chameleon" effects, a sort of transparent surface of flocking laid over a paper already printed with a pattern. Regarded from a right angle the design underneath shows

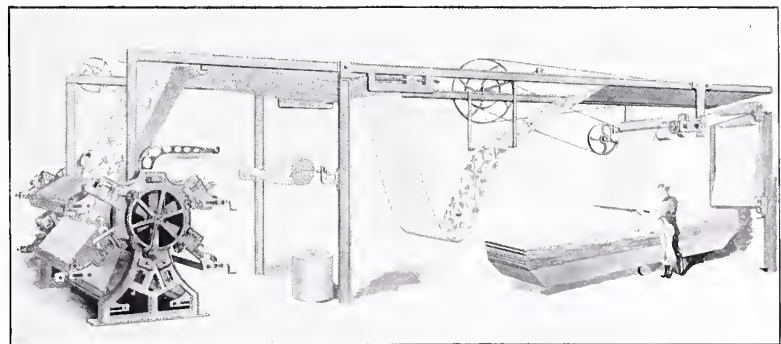


DIAGRAM TO SHOW MACHINE PRINTING, WITH METHOD OF DRYING AND FOLDING. (NEW STYLE.)

through the veil of flock, while viewed slant-wise it seems to fade away into a uniform tint of another hue, the general effect being such that may be compared with shot silk.



Turning now to the subject of design, we find that the series of patterns of wall-papers, collected and arranged in chronological order, demonstrate in an interesting and convincing manner the



"THE MERMAID" DESIGN IN EMBOSSED LEATHER.

(Designed by Thomas Godfrey.)

great improvement that has been effected in this branch of the craft. Nothing could have appeared more hopelessly dead than the art of decorative design at the beginning of the Queen's reign, when the least objectionable patterns to be obtained were imitations of old quasi-Indian chintzes; and, as for the worst, unless it is untrue that *corruptio optimi pessima*, the lowest point of degradation surely was reached in travesties of Gothic traceries, shaded to counterfeit relief, sometimes represented as ruinous,

according to the "picturesque" notions of the period, the foundations rising out of patches of emerald herbage, or balanced in mid-air among festoons of garish flowers and fruits. Aniline dyes for textiles were not discovered—so history assures us—before the year 1858; but the vivid colourings of early Victorian wall-papers managed to anticipate the evil day by a quarter of a century at least. It is a sign of the times, and proves how largely the vaunted taste and art-culture of many people is, after all, but a passing fashion, that some of the old in-artistic patterns which one would fain have hoped were dead and buried long ago, are being resuscitated to meet the demand of to-day, and reprinted with just such necessary modification in colour scheme as will enable them to avoid outraging modern eyes accustomed to so-called æsthetic tints. All this is very discouraging to the artist, who, however, though he finds on the one hand many things to deplore, can yet console himself on the other with the reflection that articles in the best taste actually are manufactured and are to be had at the present day, whereas the time once was when they were simply non-existent. It is something to be thankful for that so much has been accomplished already; the rest one can only trust to time and education to bring about.

A word or two, in conclusion, about our illustrations, which for the most part explain themselves. Those on p. 329 show the methods of hand-block printing and machine printing respectively; and how, after the latter process, the paper is carried over a long stretch of supporting framework to allow it to dry before it is folded. Another illustration has been chosen as typical of a thoroughly bad and commonplace class of ornament of early Victorian date. The last specimen is a recent design executed in embossed leather for wall decoration. The artist here has achieved an exceedingly difficult task, and such that comparatively few, even in the best periods of art, attempted, while fewer still met with success in attempting. Let there be no misunderstanding on this point. The introduction of human, as also of animal, shapes presents no particular difficulty, so long as the identical form occurs but once in a given design; the problem is to render the like satisfactorily in frequent recurrence. For it is one of the indisputable canons of the designer's craft that the higher the organism the less adaptable is it for repeating ornament. The figures in the present instance, it is true, are not complete human bodies—their lower extremities are those of tritons and mermaids rather than terrestrial men and women. Yet, notwithstanding this feature, which serves to remove them from the domain of the natural order

into the realm of fantasy, the forms are so far human that to have given them any prominence would have made them, when reduplicated, displeasing to the eye; to prevent which contingency they have been rightly kept in strict subordination to the main structure of the pattern. And, furthermore, where the figures are placed in pairs in juxtaposition to each other, the one is not made, line for

line, the reversed double of the form which corresponds to it, but is altered enough to give an agreeable variety in detail, while a perfectly symmetrical balance, each with each, is maintained in all the parts. This is an ingenious device, and is to be commended indeed as the only possible one to insure a decorative effect, out of the given materials, being produced.

AYMER VALLANCE.

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A SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVAL: *JULIUS CÆSAR*.

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PLAYGOERS with artistic perceptions owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Tree for the series of fine pictures with which he has embellished his production of *Julius Cæsar* at Her Majesty's. Inspired

a more impressively contrived effect of gathering storm and realistic lightning. The scene of Brutus' garden—where the pear blossom dapples the shadowed colonnades—is a welcome contrast to the



MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS "PORTIA."

(From a Photograph by T. C. Turner and Co., Ltd.)

by Mr. Alma-Tadema's precept and example, Mr. Harker and Mr. Hann have respectively furnished Acts I and II with scenes of conspicuous excellence. The tableau on which the curtain rises is a striking one, and the solidity of the great arch spanning the stage is cleverly suggested, though handicapped by the relative weakness of a garlanded front border; and surely the theatre has rarely, if ever, witnessed

turmoil of the tempest; but it may be asked why the (stage) moonlight is unnecessarily focussed on a marble seat that has already done good service in the preceding picture. A voluminous drapery of deep hyacinthine blue thrown across it would do much to mitigate the one blot in an otherwise delightful scene. A simply arranged "Street in Rome" gives us quite the best painting in the play,



with its breadth of light and shade and well-balanced composition. The Senate House—the scene of Caesar's murder—is unfortunately marred by the statues in the foreground, flanking the steps: they are the nearest objects to the spectator and should, more than anything else in the scene, have

the populace a recollection of Gustave Doré springs irresistibly to one's mind. It is perhaps a little hypercritical to object that the mantle wrapping the dead Caesar is needlessly tattered, and palpably inferior in fabric to that worn in the Senate. In the last Act it must be confessed that both scene-



"ET TU, BRUTE?"

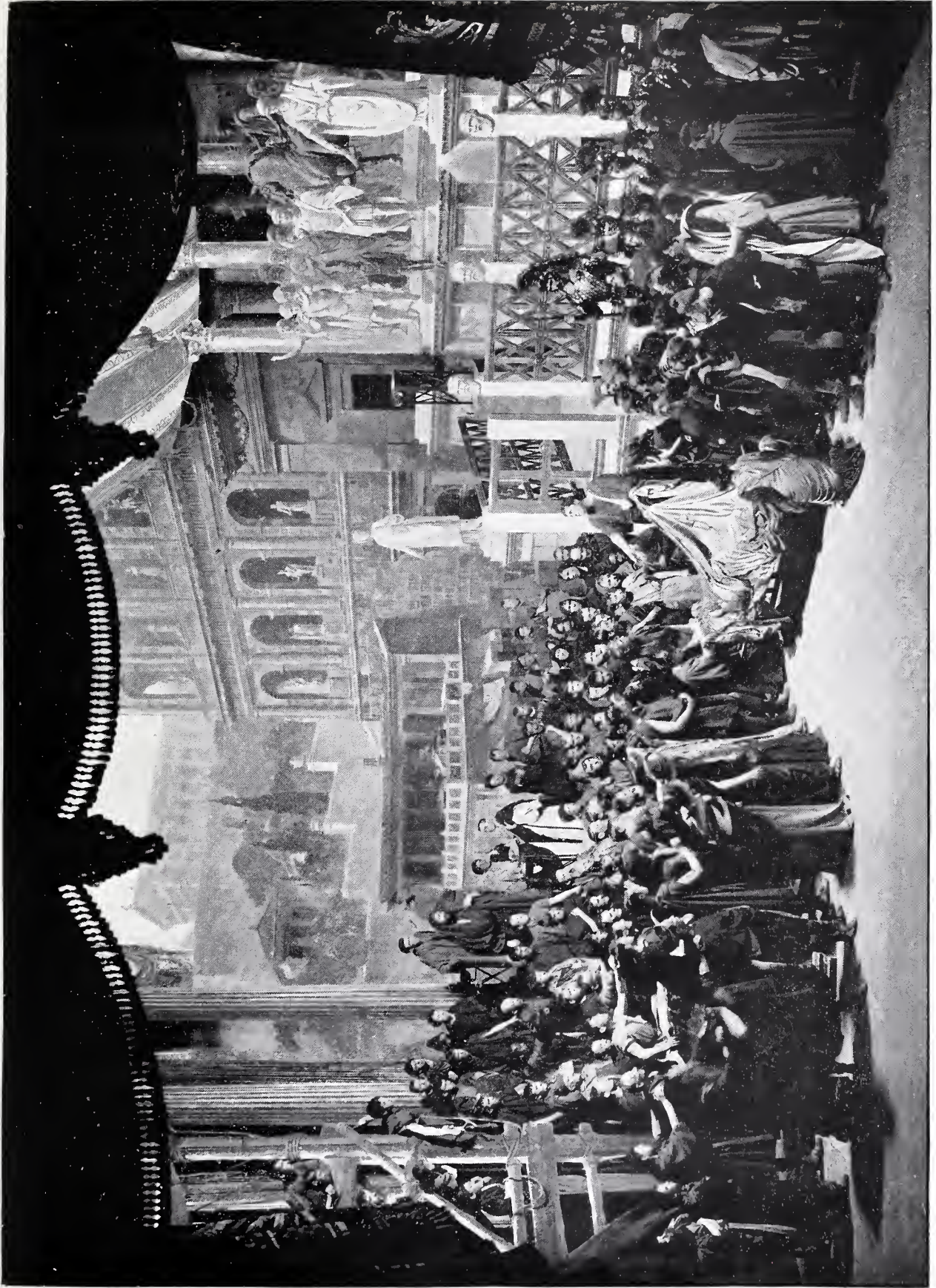
(From a Photograph by T. C. Turner and Co., Ltd.)

been modelled instead of flatly "profiled"—to the destruction of all illusion. It may not be out of place here to suggest to Mr. Harker to bestow a little more care on the actual draughtsmanship of his details. Mr. Hann's "set" of "The Forum" is a skilful piece of work, but are not the columns of the Temple of Saturn too slender for their height? The capitally managed stage-crowd is an essential factor in the pictorial success of this scene, and especially at the moment of Brutus' exit amidst the gesticulations of

painter and stage-manager have failed to compass the difficulties of an adequate presentment of the battle on the plains of Philippi. Let us, however, hasten to acknowledge the appropriateness of the costumes throughout. Miss Hanbury makes a most imposing figure of Calphurnia in her coronal of arum lilies and her gold-embroidered draperies of steely-blue, whilst Miss Millard, in her Hypatia-like robes of fringed white silk clasped with turquoises, and carrying a chaplet of roses, looks charming.







THE ORATION FROM "JULIUS CAESAR."  
(From a Photograph by T. C. Turner and Co., Ltd.)



ART IN SCOTLAND: THE ROYAL GLASGOW INSTITUTE AND ROYAL  
SCOTTISH ACADEMY EXHIBITIONS.



EVE.

(From the Painting by T. Millie Dow, at the Royal Glasgow Institute.)

IN the excellent exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute which was opened in February, the visitor has a convenient opportunity of taking a wide survey of the art of his own and of other countries. He can especially see at its best, in its own home, the work of the artists of the Glasgow school. Among the loan pictures are two by Sir Joshua Reynolds; "The Fur Jacket," by Mr. Whistler, is here, lent by Mr. James Burrell, and gives character to the gallery in which it is placed; Millais' small head of Mrs. Rossetti and his "Shelling Peas," lent by Mr. James Orrock, are hung; there is a fine Orchardson, "Testing the Sword Blade," and works also by Blommers, James Maris, Corot, Bough, and others principally from private collections in the city. On this occasion there has been a pleasant exchange of courtesies between the council of the Institute and the Munich artists, who have for several years past given a cordial welcome to pictures sent by Glasgow men to the German art capital. In return the Institute extended an invitation to a selected number of Munich artists, and eight gentlemen have

responded to it, including Professors Bartels and Ziegel, Messrs. Max Pitzner and A. Sauter. Among them they contribute fifteen or sixteen works, and if none of these are of first-class importance, they are interesting as showing the trend of the art movement in Germany at the present time. The chief feature of the exhibition, however, lies in the admirable work by the Glasgow men themselves. They worthily sustain the reputation of this school, alike for charm of colour, suggestive technique, tonal, emotional, and other qualities. Mr. James Guthrie's contribution is a masterly portrait in a scheme of black and grey of ex-Bailie Osbourne Glasgow. The head is a splendid piece of accomplished modelling. Mr. John Lavery sends a fancy portrait, "Alice," of a girl in white, with black hat, painted in a dainty manner after Mr. Whistler's "Miss Alexander;" Mr. Roche has also a fancy portrait of a young lady, "Olivia," executed in soft, tender tones; while Mr. D. Y. Cameron is represented by a full-length portrait of Mr. Robert Meldrum, painted with great distinction. Mr. Hornel shows two landscapes with



children, in which the colours are decoratively arranged so as to suggest a brilliant bouquet of lovely flowers; for, as Manet and Monticelli did before him, Mr. Hornel has reduced the human figure to a spot of colour in the landscape. Many of the landscapes are of much beauty. Among these may be cited a delightful impressionist study by Mr. Walton, which he calls "White Horse Landscape," notable for the fulness and serenity of its atmospheric effects; there are attractive spring landscapes by Mr. A. K. Brown, Mr. James Paterson, and Mr. Macaulay Stevenson; a fascinating twilight by Mr. Grosvenor Thomas; a clever brown-toned yet silvery Thames landscape by Mr. Henry Muhrman; while Mr. W. Y. Macgregor exhibits his impressive picture of a quarry—an unpromising subject made interesting by able treatment. Several of the younger men have this year advanced their position. In this category is Mr. Robert Brough, whose envoy is an artistically handled fancy portrait study of a young lady; and in landscape, Messrs. W. Wells, R. Donnan, W. A. Gibson, and James Riddel distinguish themselves. The best of the local water-colour drawing is by Mr. W. Fulton-Brown, Mr. James Laing, and Mr. R. M. G. Coventry, the two last mentioned being greatly under Dutch influence. The sculpture gallery is made attractive by liberal contributions from London, which have been seen at Burlington House and elsewhere. Glasgow sculpture is not so advanced as its painting. The busts, however, by Mr. A. McF. Shannan are broadly and rather picturesquely modelled.

The Council of the Royal Scottish Academy has this spring accepted more pictures than was done either in 1896 or 1897. On this occasion 1,500 works of art were sent in, and of these 799 passed the jury—72 more than last year, and 143 in excess of 1896. Many are inclined to think that such leniency is misplaced; but it fortunately has not, to any extent, affected the general standard of the exhibition. Its only visible effect has been a return to high-hanging in several of the rooms. The result presents a fair average; and the opening of the exhibition has as usual been cordially welcomed by the citizens as an event which brings pleasure and variety to the spring season in Edinburgh. The chief pictures obtained on loan are a fine work by M. Munkacsy, "My Mother's

Old Song," and a rustic figure entitled "Mischief," by M. Bouguereau, both lent by Mr. J. M. Fraser, Perth, and three portraits by Mr. Orehardson, two of which, that of Sir David Stewart, Aberdeen and Mrs. Tullis, Glasgow, have been seen at Burlington House. Several of the best pictures shown by members of the Academy were not painted last year, but have been exhibited in Paris and London before reaching the Scottish metropolis. In this category are the elegant portrait of Miss



THE WATER-GATE.

(From the Painting by W. S. MacGeorge, at the Royal Scottish Academy.)

Mary Burrell, by Mr. John Lavery, three first-rate portraits by Mr. James Guthrie, including his Master Ned Martin, and the half-length of his mother; and a gracious head of a girl, decoratively treated by Mr. E. A. Walton. There are two notable portraits contributed by the President. That of Mr. William Carnie, Aberdeen, is quite a masterly piece of character painting, and has been greatly admired. One of the best pictures of the year is a large and ably-handled Normandy coast scene, with shrimpers wading in the shallows of a fine expanse of water painted in cool, silvery tones by Mr. Robert Macgregor. Mr. Martin Hardie has rendered with much felicity two scenes of English rural life; while such landscapists as Mr. John Smart, Mr. G. W. Johnstone, Mr. Lawton Wingate, and Mr. J. Campbell Noble maintain, if they do not add to, their former reputation. The figure painters of the Academy—there are not too many of them—are well represented by Mr. Robert Gibb and by Mr. G. Ogilvy Reid. The Associates this year have allowed the Academicians fairly to outstrip them, and nothing of special merit is contributed by any of their number, save Mr. A. Roche, who has a fine landscape; Mr. J. Coutts Michie, Mr. Henry Kerr, and Mr. Thorburn



Ross. The last-mentioned gentleman has painted an original study of a boat among rolling billows, which is clever in design and bold in treatment. There are many pictures of an interesting character by young men outside the Academic circle, which show that a section of them are advancing with the times, are giving to art patient and loving study, and are striving diligently to advance themselves in their profession. In several cases much progress may be noted; and the exhibition is certainly the richer by the contributions of such excellent artists as Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. W. S. MacGeorge (whose chief work we reproduce), Mr. Robert Burns, Mr. C. Mackie, Mr. Robert Brough, and Mr. R. Gemmill Hutchinson, who give evidence of an increasing knowledge of how a picture should be made, and of ability to paint it. The artists composing this group are diversified in their methods, but they have these qualities in common of being good craftsmen and stylists in colour. Earnest artistic work is also shown by a few of the lady

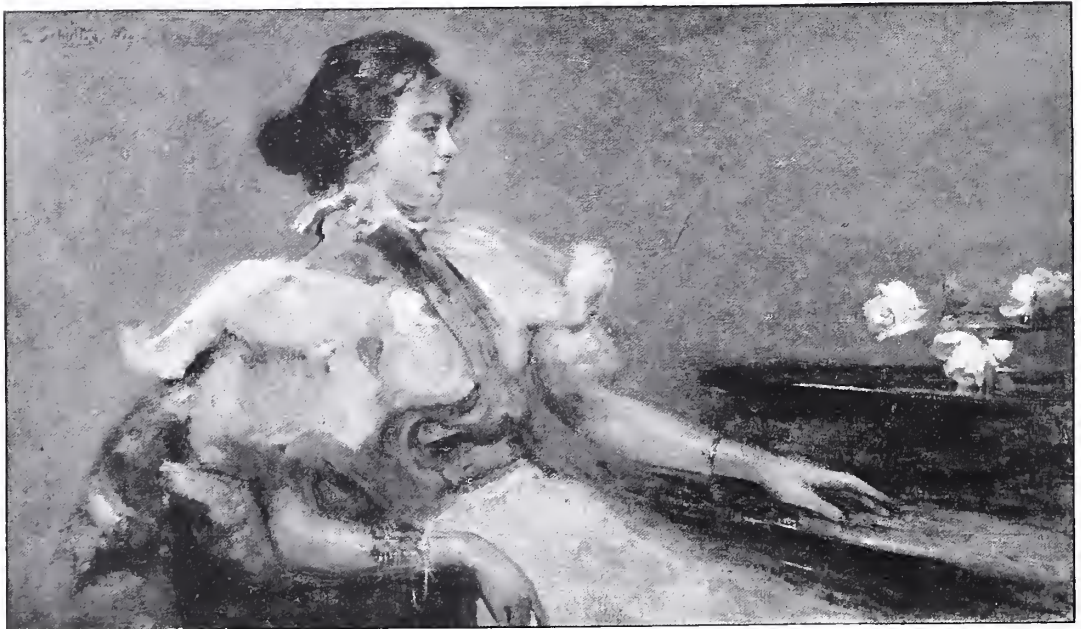
artists, such as Miss M. Cameron, Miss A. MacRitchie, Miss L. Perman (Glasgow), Miss M. Wright, and Miss Amy Stewart. The chief contributors to the Water-colour Room are Messrs. Arthur Melville, R. B. Nisbet, Tom Scott, James Cadenhead, H. W. Kerr, and W. Fulton Brown, but their drawings are on familiar lines and do not call for special remark. The sculptors' art has of late shown some signs of revival north of the Tweed, where for want of appreciation it had fallen on evil days. This hopeful sign may be attributed in some measure at least to the encouragement given to it by Mr. J. R. Findlay, who has commissioned a number of statues of eminent Scotsmen to adorn the façade of the National Portrait Gallery which he presented to the nation, and to the interest taken in the excellent work of Mr. Pittendrigh MacGillivray, whose portrait in marble in relief of Miss Hannah Findlay, alike graceful in design and accomplished in handling, touches a high level of excellence.

W. M. G.

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#### MADAME SCHULTZE-NAUMBURG : PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

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PORTRAIT OF A LADY

AMONG the lady artists of Germany few have acquired reputation as portraitists equal to that of Madame Ernestine Schultze-Naumburg. Gifted with a strong individuality, her portraits exhibit a breadth of execution and forcefulness of character

seldom seen in ladies' work. Influenced to a great extent by her master, Herr von Lenbach, in her methods of painting, she has ideas of her own as a colourist, and acts up to them.

Born in 1869, she developed an early aptitude

for drawing, and as a child was sent to the Academy at her birthplace, Hanau. Afterwards she proceeded to Karlsruhe, where she studied seriously as an art student. From thence she went to Munich and worked under Lenbach. The eminent portraitist showed great interest in Fraulein Marof (her maiden name) and found in her a ready and receptive pupil. She adopted portraiture as her special work, and her first exhibited pictures placed her in the front rank of German women-artists. In 1893 she married Herr Paul Schultze-Naumburg, the well-known art-writer, and with him joined the "Seession" when the split occurred in the ranks of the Munich artists. To the exhibitions of this Society at the *Glaspalast* she has been a regular contributor, showing among other works portraits of



PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.

Paul Heyse, the celebrated poet; Professor Dill, the president of "Seession"; Professor F. von Keller, the president of the Karlsruhe Academy; and Max Liebermann, the painter. She has, however, turned her attention specially to portraits of ladies and children, in which she exhibits marked talent. Avoiding conventional poses as far as possible, she presents her subjects in a manner at once picturesque and characteristic, and, as a woman, is quick to appreciate any special traits of her sitters, and turn them to account in her delineation of them.

The two portraits which we reproduce are characteristic examples of her work, and serve to show, as far as black and white reproductions can, her style and method—at once vigorous, facile, and "modern."

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

[101] **PAUL VERONESE; RAPHAEL; AND "NEPTUNE AND VENUS."**—I should like to know

(a) If Paul Veronese ever painted a picture of a "Baptism," and if so, what is its size and general composition?

(b) In what gallery or in whose collection is Raphael's "Annunciation"? [Here follows a long description.]

(c) From what original has been reproduced a picture on the subject of "Neptune and Venus" in which the chief characters are half-standing, half-sitting on a shell chariot drawn by sea-horses? [Here follows another description.] Can you give me any information as to its probable date, and who the artist may have been?—ARTHUR C. WOODWARD (Waterloo Place, Bendigo, Victoria, Australia).

\* \* \* (a) The only "Baptism" by Paul Veronese we recall is the "Baptism of Christ" in the Pitti Gallery in Florence. The baptism is performed by John the Baptist while Christ kneels upon a rock in the Jordan; three angels are in attendance, and above hovers a dove shedding light. This picture, which has been engraved by Rosaspina, measures 6 feet 4 inches high by 4 feet 4 inches. (b) The description given of "Raphael's "Annunciation," is new to us; we know of no such picture by the master. The picture does, however, seem to us a study for, or a variant on, the "Annunciation" by Fra Bartolommeo in the Louvre. (c) The picture to which our querist refers is clearly not "Neptune and Venus" but "Neptune and Amphitrite" by Rubens, in the



Berlin Museum (9 feet 6 inches by 10 feet). The picture was painted between 1609 and 1612, and was acquired by the Museum from the Schönborn collection of Vienna. The picture is well known through its engraving by Schmützer.

[102] **AN ELIZABETHAN MAP BY AGGAS.**—I have in my possession a wonderfully correct copy, faithful in every minute detail, drawn in pen and ink by Mr. R. H. Richards in 1873, of a map of London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth: "Civitas Lon Dinum Año Dni Circiter MDLX." The drawing, though a facsimile (and a clever piece of art work), is reduced, the size of the work itself being 4 feet by 1 foot 6 inches. Can any of your readers inform me if the original map or a copy of it is procurable?—EMILY RICHARDS (Falmouth Sea, Young Street West, North Unley, Adelaide, South Australia).

\* \* The map to which our correspondent refers is that by Ralph Aggas of the year 1560, one of the best known of all maps of London. It was reproduced in facsimile for Cassell's "Old and New London," and was issued with that work as one of the three presentation plates. On account of its shape it was printed in two sections of the exact size mentioned. The drawing of it in pen and ink, therefore, has no commercial and probably little artistic value.

[103] **THE PLYMPTON PORTRAIT OF REYNOLDS.**—I should be glad of information about an evidently original portrait of Reynolds painted by himself, 23½ inches by 27½ inches, three-quarter face looking to his left, attired in the crimson robes of a Doctor of Laws, while in the background is a wooded landscape. In Taylor's Life of Reynolds there is mention of such a portrait which he presented to the Corporation of Plympton. When the Corporation was abolished under the Municipal Corporation Act, it was sold to Lord Egremont. A duplicate was given to Northcote, and is now in the National Gallery of London. I own such a picture, and should be glad to know if there is any likelihood of it being that which he presented to his native town.—A. S. (Mireheston, Edinburgh).

\* \* While leaving to some correspondent the task of answering the question in detail, we would recall the fact that Plympton tried to sell its heirloom in 1838, but as this only reached the sum of £129 5s. it was bought in. At the sale in 1821 of many of Sir Joshua's pictures and much of his property which had descended to his

niece Mary Palmer, afterwards Marchioness of Thomond, two portraits of the artist were sold: the first, holding a book, which Lord Normanton bought for 234 guineas; and the other, in spectacles, which was knocked down to an unnamed purchaser for 100 guineas. At the Phipps sale in 1850 one of the Reynolds portraits was bought by Farrer the dealer for £222 12s. Sir Joshua painted himself many times, and up to 1885 his genuine portraits had passed through Christie's not fewer than twenty times. Lord Spencer bought a small portrait at the Metcalfe sale in 1850 for £43.

[104] **ETCHING BY A. VAN OSTADE.**—I have a small etching signed A. Ostade, 1697 (last two figures are rather indistinct, especially the third one), of a Dutch interior with peasants—a man, a woman and baby, small boy drinking from a saucer at a round table opposite to a young man, who seems to be feeling a dog. Bartsch, I think, has given a list of A. J. van Ostade's drawings and etchings. Would anyone who has his list or catalogue be good enough to inform me whether my little picture is described among the fifty etchings enumerated by him? and, if so, how described, how signed, and how dated? The date on my etching may be 1641.—E. WHITING, 24, St. George's Square, Sunderland.

\* \* The etching referred to is No. 46 in Bartsch, p. 378 of the first volume. It is called "The Family." We translate Bartsch's description of the states of the plates for Mr. Whiting. "The Family,' height, six inches, six lines, breadth, five inches, eight lines. There are two different proofs of this plate. The first, with less work, is the rarer. The second, more elaborated and better effect obtained; it is to be recognised by the three steps of the stairs, seen in the middle of the plate, in the direction of the round table, being covered with horizontal hatches; whereas these steps are almost entirely white in the first proof. Furthermore, all the ceiling, only covered with a simple hatching in the first proof, has cross-hatching in the second." The correct signature and date are A. v. Ostade, 1647.

[105] **"WOLFENGEN": SEA PAINTER.**—Can you give me any information in regard to a painter named "Wolfengen" who painted seascapes and coast scenes?—S. J. S. (Darlington).

## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—APRIL.

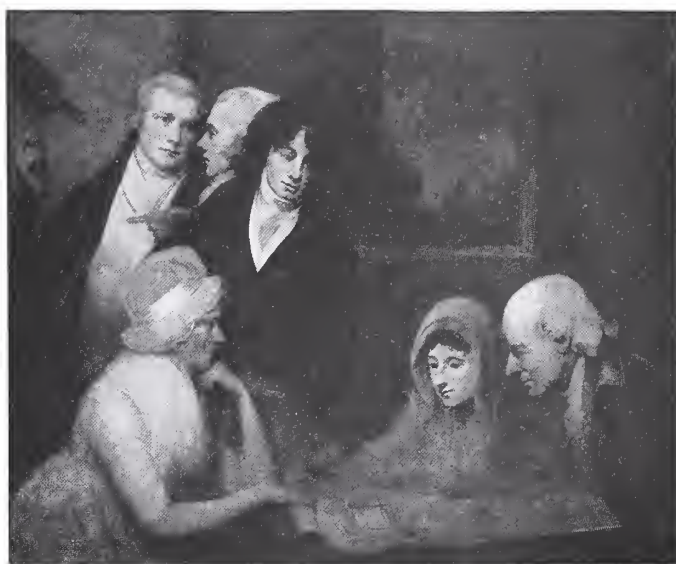
**Carelessness at Bethnal Green.** THE damage which has been inflicted upon the celebrated picture by MACLISE of "Macbeth" gives point to the objection raised before the Committee of Enquiry at the Science and Art Museum as to the placing of art collections in the charge of a science chief. The public is probably not fully aware that one of the anomalies of the department is the predominance given to the science section even when the art collections in the Museum are of great importance. Contrary reports state that the science chief had the frame of the picture wedged up (unauthorised by the owner) with so much force as to burst the canvas, with or without the instruction of the Director for Art; or that, the picture having been taken down, a heavy object was allowed to fall against it with disastrous effect. Accidents are, of course, always liable to happen; but the usual indulgence is hardly likely to be extended when the meddlesomeness of a scientific gentleman officially placed in charge renders the lending of works of art a risky matter to their owners.

**Acquisitions at the National Portrait Gallery.**

THE following portraits have recently been acquired by the trustees:—A large family group of "Adam Walker" (1731–1821), natural and experimental philosopher, with his wife, his daughter (afterwards Mrs. Gibson), and his three sons, William and Deane F. Walker, lecturers on experimental philosophy, and Adam Walker, afterwards prebendary of Hereford; painted by his friend GEORGE ROMNEY. Bequeathed by the late Miss Ellen Elizabeth Gibson, of Durham, grand-daughter of Adam Walker. "Sir George Hayter" (1792–1871), a sheet of sketches by himself, representing himself in the act of painting the large picture of the House of Commons in 1833, now in the National Portrait Gallery. Presented by Major Harrel. "Mungo Park" (1771–1806), the African traveller and explorer of the River Niger; a miniature painting after H. EDRIDGE, A.R.A. Presented by Lawrence W. Adamson, Esq. The following have been purchased:—"Thomas Gainsborough, R.A." (1727–1788), a drawing by F. BARTOLOZZI, R.A., taken from the original portrait of Gainsborough by himself for the purpose of engraving. "Jane Porter" (1776–1850) and "Anna Maria Porter" (1780–1832), novelists, companion drawings by G. H. HARLOW, which were engraved for "Jerdan's National Portrait Gallery," vol. v. "Tobias George Smollett, M.D." (1721–1771), the eminent novelist, painted at Pisa probably by an Italian artist, and formerly in the novelist's own possession at Leghorn. "General James Wolfe" (1726–1759), a full-face portrait, seen to the knees in the uniform of the Marines; painter uncertain. A full-length portrait of "Henry Prince of Wales" (1594–1612), painted by PAUL VAN SOMER, and formerly at Blenheim Palace, has been purchased from a fund presented by the Committee of the Stuart Exhibition in 1890.

**Two New Societies.** Two new artistic Societies, each filling a place which has long been left open for it, and each celebrating its inauguration by an exhibition of its members' works, have been

established since our last issue. The first is the Society of Medallists, which has held its first exhibition at the Dutch Gallery: this Society was doubtless suggested by the French body of a similar name which made so notable a presentation to the Queen at the time of her Jubilee and attracted so much attention in the collection of the presents. The President is Professor ALPHONSE LEGROS, with MESSRS. LANTÉRI, CHARLES HOLROYD, ROTHENSTEIN,



GROUP OF ADAM WALKER AND HIS FAMILY.

(By George Romney. Recently acquired by the National Portrait Gallery.)

and CHARLES SHANNON as members of the Committee; Mr. NATORP, Mr. CHARLES RICKETTS, the Countess GLEICHEN and Miss ELINOR HALLÉ as members; and Sir EDWARD POYNTER and M. AUGUSTE RODIN as honorary members. It is encouraging to observe that the members' work did not include in this exhibition all that is most interesting there; some of the most striking examples, both as regards design and execution, being contributed by Mr. DAVID MCGILL and Mr. FRANK BOWCHER. It is evident that there is a great amount of talent in this most promising Society.

The Society of Mezzotint Engravers includes, with the exception of Mr. SCOTT BRIDGEWATER, Mr. FRANK SHORT, and perhaps one or two others, every distinguished "scrapper" in the land. The existence of the Society is more than justified, and may be depended upon to strengthen the position of the essentially British art of mezzotint, which, although it was undoubtedly injured by the rise of reproductive etching, has always been able to withstand the insidious encroachments of photogravure and kindred processes. Mr. STACPOOLE, A.R.A., is the "retired" President; Mr. GERALD ROBINSON, mezzotint engraver to the Queen, is the President; and there are besides sixteen members, as well as a number of associates, and a dozen honorary members. The interesting exhibition held at the Goupil Gallery, contributed to by the Society as a body, gives a brilliant *cachet* to the inauguration of the Society. An exhibit of singular interest is the great plate of TURNER'S



"Calais Pier" by Lupton, newly printed by Mr. Goulding in the interests of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

IN attempting so sumptuous a presentment of *Art in the Theatre*. *Much Ado About Nothing* at the St. James's, Mr. ALEXANDER provokes an inevitable comparison with the memorable Lyceum revival. In the present instance the garb of Messina in the early sixteenth century is worn "with a difference." We know not to whom to assign the responsibility of selecting colour and material—whether to Mr. Karl, Mr. Graham Robertson, or to Mr. Arthur Melville; but the result certainly disproves

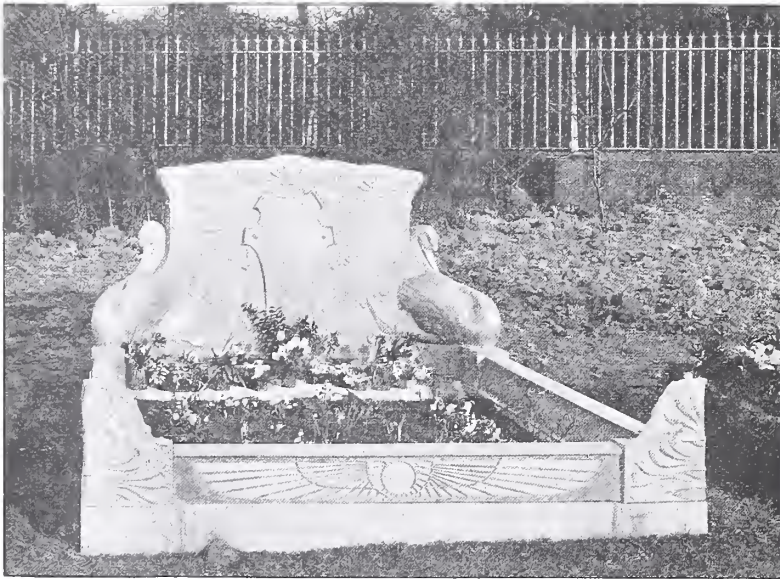
somewhat over-insistent geometrical decoration on the shafts of the pillars, above which is suspended an admirably painted velarium.—The "Press Ballet" which Mr. WILHELM devised for the *Empire Theatre* has achieved a success so instantaneous and well-merited as to call for a more detailed description than is possible at the moment; and we hope at an early date to review it in a specially illustrated article.

#### The Wood Engravers.

WE are gratified to receive the "Sixth Annual Report of the International Society of Wood Engravers." The support accorded to the art by publishers is becoming so much reduced that the flourishing condition of this little body is one on which the public, as well as themselves, are to be congratulated. The chairman is Mr. COMFORT, the treasurer Mr. WERDMÜLLER, and the librarian Mr. HAUCK, while the list of honorary members includes nearly two score names of persons who take a very warm interest in the continued existence of this art, almost fatally threatened so far as this country is concerned.

**Spring Exhibitions of Pictures, Sydney, N. S. Wales.** THE Spring Exhibitions of Sydney's two rival Art Societies are now closed,

and rival supporters can only agree upon the point, "pity it is they do not amalgamate." The community is too small yet to provide artistic material for two societies; and interest in locally produced art is still insufficient to support it, so that the best men seek larger fields as soon as they prove their worth, so that Sydney is always left in the elementary stage. The older and more conservative Art Society had the larger and



THE GALPIN MEMORIAL IN ROEHAMPTON CEMETERY.

(Designed by Will. Dixon Galpin and Executed by George Frampton, A.R.A. See p. 344.)

the proverb that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety, though it justifies another and a far homelier one. With some few exceptions—notably the Dons Pedro and John, and the Dogberry and Verges group—the majority of the characters in their gay apparel savour too much of "dressing-up," and the costumes are ill-contrasted: witness Benedick's cherry-coloured velvet suit of Scene I as a foil to Beatrice in grass-green attire with a twelfth-century border of mauve birds entangled in gold scroll-work. Claudio and Hero in the ensuing scene are in a like sorry plight, and elements that should combine in a picture are hopelessly discordant. The scenery has been entrusted to many artists; Mr. RYAN'S "Court of Leonato's House" is too suggestive of an inn-yard, and the sky-borders are of the most rudimentary description. Mr. H. P. HALL provides a picturesque, if somewhat conventional, environment for the merry-making in Leonato's Palazzo; and the orange-trees in great majolica jars are effective features of the scene. Mr. HANN is responsible for the "Orchard," which suffers from a lack of transparency and atmosphere in the backcloth representing the Sicilian Sea. His street scene, which witnesses the arrest of Borachio and Conrade by the watch, is well imagined, though we cannot understand the lurid bit of distance beyond the steep flight of steps that carries on the perspective of the old houses. Mr. TELBIN probably never put together a finer picture than his cathedral scene for the Lyceum; here he has had to avoid a similar treatment and gives us more of a chapel, with

stronger show; but it was lamentably monotonous in its subjects. A new painter from New Zealand exhibited a very charming composition—"A Chrysanthemum Garden"—which delighted with its wealth of autumn colour. Mr. W. PIQUENIT departed from his eustom and painted a picture full of spring and gladness—"A Garden at Ryde," with the pink blossoming peach full of bloom. Mr. W. LISTER LISTER'S pictures are mainly a repetition of the type of subject of former years, well treated, well painted. Miss ALICE NORTON was very happy in her delicate bits, which are quite un-Australian and altogether charming in their poetic suggestiveness. On the whole the exhibition was probably above the average, but lacked originality of theme, while no picture stood out as an effort of genius. Turning to the younger society, "The Society of Artists," one finds a numerically weaker show, shorn of one of its strongest exhibitors, Mr. TOM ROBERTS, the President of last year. Full of faults and "precocities," it is yet interesting and superficially attractive, because combined with it is an exhibition of Applied Arts, of Black and White, and of Posters. The new gallery in Vickery's Chambers is a spacious series of courts, well lighted and well arranged. The whole gives an up-to-date impression which the older society lacks. The pictures are characteristic of the exuberance of youthful daring rather than of matured thought. Mr. FRANK MAHONY'S "To the Bitter End"—Centaur's fighting on the edge of a precipice in our Blue Mountains—is



startling but unconvincing, while the anatomy of the human part of the figures may be questioned. Mr. SID LONG's "Spirits of the Plains" is bizarre. Mr. STREETON's "Lapstone Cutting" is the cleverest water-colour on the walls; Mr. MARTYN ROBERTS' and Miss ALICE NORTON's the most pleasing. The Black and White section is unusually strong and good. Trade, Art, Science, all develop on the lines of least resistance, and black and white is the backbone of artistic existence in the Colonies. People look at pictures, but they do not buy them. In view of the proposed exhibition of Australian pictures in London this coming Spring, these local exhibitions have a special interest, and speculation is rife as to how the English eye will judge of Colonial art. It is safe to predict that the pictures which will find most favour will not be true to normal Australian conditions. The strong clear atmosphere induces a garishness, a hardness of outline, a depth of shadow, and a brilliance of colour quite opposed to accepted canons of European art, and does not give that sense of repose which is the charm of a picture in the popular eye. If "Lapstone Cutting" is exhibited it should be looked at: it is absolutely true to the conditions of Summer's midday sun. But, doubtless, it will be condemned.

#### The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.

THE feature of the sixteenth exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers is the show of mezzotints in various stages of progress. The President, Sir SEYMOUR HADEN, contributes four plates after pictures of Turner, one of which is an overbitten proof of "Calais Pier." Besides these he has three original pure mezzotints, one of which—"An Early Riser"—a stag seen through the clinging mist on the mountain side, is a good example. Mr. FRANK SHORT has no fewer than thirty-five brilliant exhibits in this section, eighteen of them being after Turner, in the manner of the *Liber Studiorum*. Amongst the remainder are plates after Mr. Watts's "Orpheus and Eurydice" and "Diana and Endymion." But it is Mr. Short's original work that has the most interest, beautiful as are his renderings of other artists' pictures. "When the Weary Moon was in the Wane," "The Curfew," "Per Horse-Power per Hour"—a steam tug puffing up stream—are plates of extraordinary quality. Each of them is an evening effect in which the softness and beauty of the method are exemplified to the full. In the etching and dry-point section, Messrs. LEGROS, STRANG, HOLROYD, GOFF, CHARLES J. WATSON, and HELLEU are once again pre-eminent. M. Legros's "Portrait of the President" is in his very best style, but not a first-rate likeness. Mr. Strang's sixteen proofs are placed together on one of the end walls, chief among them, in point of size, being an allegorical group, "Britannia," though in this, as in the other large plate, "Adoration of the Kings," he emphasises, we think unnecessarily, his affectation of ugliness. The head of the "Portrait of a Boy" is very delicate and refined, and shows that the etcher can render beauty just as easily and effectively as the less attractive aspects of nature. Mr. Watson's "Old Sarum was built on a dry barren hill" is a charming rendering of the undulations of Salisbury Plain, and stands in markedly favourable contrast to Mr. F. S. WALKER's rather laboured "Salisbury," which hangs very near to it. Mr. D. Y. CAMERON's "Ye Banks and Braes" and "Une cour des bons enfants," M. Hellen's dainty ladies, Mr. SLOCOMBE's refined dry-points of nude figures, and Mr. A. H. FISHER's "View of the Strand on Jubilee Day" are plates that demand special notice among much which is excellent.

MISS KATE GREENAWAY has once more brought together a charming collection of her extremely individual and daintily characteristic illustrations of child

life. Nothing could be more quaint and demure, more solemnly funny and delightfully simple, than these illustrations. Her style has developed greater variety than heretofore—outline, water-colour, pencil, wash, all methods are used with pleasing freedom, and in certain special cases, as in "Bridesmaids" (No. 26) and "Well?" (59—a perfectly Caldecottian sketch), she has struck out a line which is worthy of all the encouragement which appreciation can offer. Miss Greenaway is the devoted slave of babyhood: it is her record that she should have reformed the dress of a whole nation, and made her name familiar and beloved throughout two continents.

At the same Gallery—that of the Fine Art Society—Mr. MACWHIRTER has shown a long series of water-colour drawings painted in the course of his travels in Scotland, in America, and around the Mediterranean. The easy sweep of Mr. MacWhirter's brush, the purity of his wash when he is not using body colour, his love of flowers as well as of strong colour in all other demonstrations of nature, are visible in all the many renderings of the scenes he has witnessed, and of the trees and flowers



THE BATTLE OF WAKEFIELD. (From the Frieze by Henry C. Fehr, in the County Hall, Wakefield. See p. 344.)



which he has loved, that cover the walls. But breadth of effect is his chief success, and atmospheric quality and dramatic arrangement of cloud and light help to maintain the great popularity which the artist enjoys. Mr. WILLIAM TYNEDALE'S series of drawings of Egypt, recently exhibited at the Dowdeswell Gallery, brings prominently forward a



JUBILEE MEMORIAL, KING EDWARD SCHOOLS, BURY ST. EDMUNDS

(By Mark Rogers, jun. See p. 343.)

young artist hitherto not well known in metropolitan circles. His touch is firm, his drawing good, his rendering of light vivid, and selection as felicitous as the composition, and as full of character as of life. We look forward with pleasure to better acquaintance with the artist's work.

**Reviews.** THE tenth edition of Mr. E. T. COOK'S "*Handbook to the National Gallery*" (Macmillan and Co.) testifies to the enormous popularity of the work. Containing not fewer than 200 more pages than the first, including reference to 250 more pictures—to say nothing of the Tate pictures (which add 200 more to the National Gallery numeration)—the volume is a handy one despite its 900 pages, and should be an inseparable companion of every visitor to the Gallery. Instead of the original arrangement by rooms, which was adopted at first and found impracticable in consequence of the frequent shifting of the pictures, the works are now described and their authors commented on in the order of the official numbers. To compensate for any consequent lack of convenience, preliminary articles on the general character of each room's contents are dealt with in the opening chapters. The form of criticism adopted is the popular as opposed to the scientific—the Ruskinian as opposed to the Morellian. There is an infinity of intelligent labour in this book—sketches of the life and work of each painter, comment, historical and literary, on each picture, with a strong poetical and romantic flavour, and illustrative quotations from notable authors, felicitously and appropriately selected—these tell the general visitor exactly what he wants to know. There are many

who would wish such a book as this to be compiled in the more scientific vein of the art-critic. Mr. Cook, while appreciating fine art, appreciates not less the popular needs, and sets himself to appeal to the more cultivated. If he quotes Ruskin more than any other writer he does so with the utmost tact, nor gives any of the more hasty judgments of the Master of Coniston. There is here just what each visitor would care to know, while for those more deeply interested in the growth of the Gallery there are the tables showing exactly the conditions of acquisition of each picture. Here, we think, we find a few errors—in the prices paid for certain pictures and in the present whereabouts of works not retained at Trafalgar Square. Thus CRUIKSHANK'S "Triumph of Bacchus" is not at Bradford; it is now rolled up in the cellars of the National Gallery, after having been on loan for some years at Dundee. "Mr." Taylor on p. xxiv should be "Sir John." Apart from this, nothing but approval can be expressed of this most pleasant and useful guide. It is interesting to observe that since Sir Edward Poynter's appointment in 1894 (he is P.R.A. now, by the way) some 250 works have been added to the national treasures.

As the illustrated volume entitled "*Millais and his Works*" (Blackwoods) is from the pen of the Editor of this Magazine, it would be manifestly unbecoming to offer any critical remarks upon it. It may be said, however, that Mr. SPIELMANN has brought together a list as complete as possible of MILLAIS' oil pictures (including more than 160 beyond the 189 in the recent Academy Exhibition), together with other information of the master's work; as well as a running comment on all his chief pictures, critical as well as anecdotal; and a life of the painter, and an essay upon the exhibition. There is also reprinted the striking paper by Millais, "Thoughts on our Art of To-day," originally published in the pages of this Magazine.

The elaborate task of telling in a single volume exactly "*Who's Who*" (A. and C. Black) has once more been carried out by Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN with characteristic energy and success. This volume is an extraordinary *recueil* of persons of some distinction in their day, or who are qualifying to become so, and the accuracy and extent of the information thus brought together render the book unique and of high interest and utility. Greater completeness is to be noted in the artistic section, although artists are still coy in giving particulars. We note the omission among the Royal Societies of the Royal Society of Literature.

Now that the second volume of "*Les Maîtres de l'Affiche*" has been reached, its subscribers find that their appreciation of its excellence and its interest has transformed it practically into a periodical. The success of the work results from the admirable colour reproductions—reduced facsimiles, in fact—of the large wall-pictures upon which so many artists of repute, old and young, both in Europe and America have expended their talent. The art of the poster has received no more brilliant tribute, no more charming exposition than this; and the prospectus of the third volume fully maintains the promise of its predecessors.

In "*J. F. Millet and Rustic Art*" (Elliot Stock), what might have been a useful and valuable book has been spoiled by the over-enthusiasm and hero-worship with which the author, Mr. HENRY NAEGELY, has tainted it throughout. It is probable that no painter of the century, living or dead, enjoys a reputation more respected and more widely recognised. But this is not enough for the



author. He will hear of no word of criticism, not a suggestion, that is not wholly adulatory. It is faith-worship, not reasoning admiration, that he demands from us; and when a critic (whether artist or writer) asks a question on this point or that Mr. Naegely comes quickly, in pained surprise, with an antidote. Were it not for this vitiating quality, the book would have been welcome, in spite of the prolixity and of the irritating "fine writing" that disturb the reader. For the author is a thinker who can interest, and he has, moreover, introduced to us a little new matter in connection with the life of Millet; and for this real service he is warmly to be thanked. There is no index, and not even chapter-headings, to the book.

The "*Verse Fancies*" (Chapman and Hall) by Mr. EDWARD LEVETUS are more agreeable than the illustrations provided by Miss CELIA LEVETUS. This lady's work is not ill-designed, but the affectation of coarse technique robs it of the daintiness which ought to be its chief recommendation. The figure-drawing of the fanciful designs, too, is somewhat better than of the more realistic.

The compiler of "*Notes on the Painted Glass in Canterbury Cathedral*" (Aberdeen University Press)—as Dr. Farrar states in the preface which he has contributed—has done good service in issuing an accurate and lucid guide to the windows of the cathedral, explaining their origin and subjects. We hardly agree that the value extends to the enlightenment of posterity as to the difference of finer glass and that of recent execution; we fear that none will ever be deceived as to the relative merit. All visitors who are interested in fine stained glass will be glad to have this little book.

The discrepancies between the theory of perspective and its practical application to model drawing form the subject of a small book—"Model Drawing" (T. Nelson and Sons) by Mr. WILLIAM MANN, who is a drawing master in more than one Birmingham art school. It should prove useful to art masters, especially to those persons who have encountered the difficulties the book deals with without realising for themselves how to deal with them.

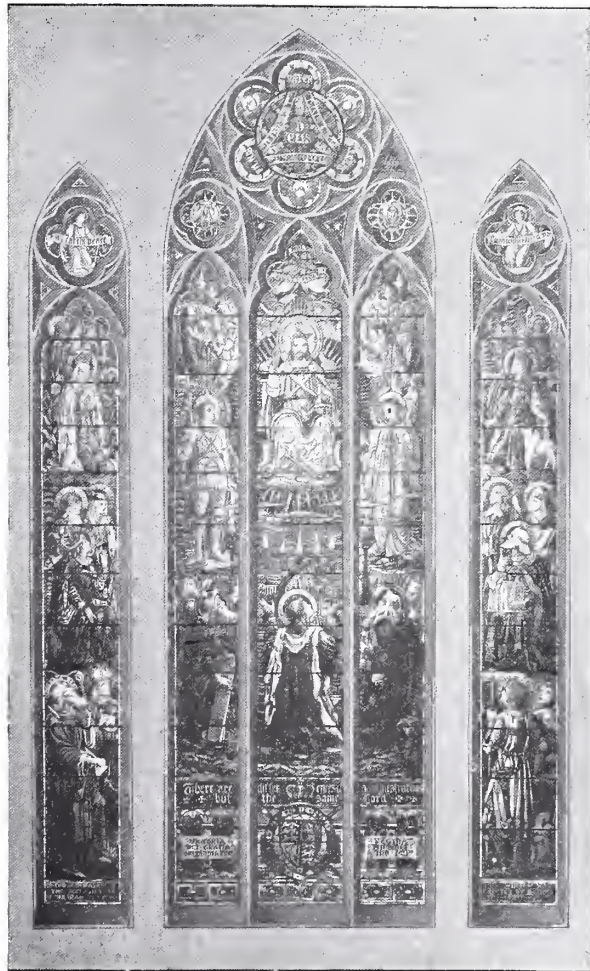
Mr. CECIL TORR, M.A., has issued a controversial little pamphlet on the subject upon which Sir Wyke Bayliss, P.R.B.A., recently wrote in THE MAGAZINE OF ART. "*On Portraits of Christ in the British Museum*" (Clay and Sons, Cambridge University Press) deals only with portraits dating from the second and fifth centuries, and is illustrated with fragments of two glass bowls, and an ivory tablet containing pictures—they can hardly be called portraits—of Christ.

For the second time within a few years Mrs. GASKELL'S "*Cranford*" has been embellished by the sympathetic and accomplished skill of a pen-draughtsman. For Messrs. Service and Paton's admirable "Illustrated English Library" Mr. H. M. BROCK has drawn a series of sixteen illustrations admirably treating the charming story. They inevitably invite comparison with Mr. Hugh Thomson's pictures, selecting, as they sometimes do, the self-same scenes or incidents; but they stand well, both as to spirit and execution, and do no dishonour to the classic.

**New Engravings.** IF a good presentation plate will secure subscribers, the Art Union of London should have a big subscription list this year. M. FLAMENG has etched a plate of Mr. EDWIN ABBEY'S picture, "Richard Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne," which was a centre of attraction at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1896. M. Flameng has caught the spirit of the painter. The sombre mourners of the dead king with their weird

faces looking out from the gloomy masses of low-toned colour, the pretty page boys holding out the train of the dainty lady who is being wooed in such strange manner by the crook-backed Richard, are all rendered with a feeling for the atmosphere of the picture.

SIR GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A., recently painted and exhibited the portrait of Emeritus Professor Masson of Edinburgh. This portrait has been etched by Mr. FRED HUTH in a manner which does the etcher the greatest credit and must be a satisfaction to the painter. It is one of the best reproductive etchings we have seen for a long time. The publishers are Messrs. Doig, Wilson, and Wheatley, of Edinburgh, who are issuing the impressions in two states only—artist's proofs and prints.



JUBILEE MEMORIAL WINDOW, ST. AGNES' CHURCH, MOSELEY.

(Designed by Messrs. Ballantine and Gardner. See p. 344.)

"The Seething Salt" is the title of a photogravure plate from a painting by Mr. H. MUSGRAVE of a stretch of breezy sea. It is a sharp, crisp reproduction of a piece of frank painting. It is published by Mr. Artemus Tooth.

**Miscellanea.** ON p. 342 we reproduce a photograph of the Jubilee Memorial which has recently been placed over the scholars' entrance of the King Edward Schools at Bury St. Edmunds. The cost has been defrayed by the contributions of old scholars of the school and the work executed by Mr. MARK ROGERS, jun.



An "International Art Society" has been formed in order to bring the best examples of foreign art before the English public, but from the executive council Mr. ALFRED GILBERT and Mr. CHARLES RICKETTS are already said to have retired, leaving Mr. WHISTLER, Mr. SANDYS, Mr. FURSE, Mr. GUTHRIE, and others to direct operations. We understand that the exhibitions will be held at the Prince's Skating Club at Knightsbridge, under the direction of Admiral Maxse. Such a Society may become a valuable supplement to the Academy Spring Exhibitions.

Mr. H. C. FEHR has recently designed and executed a striking sculptural frieze for the new West Riding County Hall at Wakefield. The work consists of four sections, in which the following scenes from the Wars of the Roses are represented:—(1) "The Battle of Wakefield" (illustrated on p. 341), in which the incident of the Duke of York's death is the principal feature; (2) "Henry VII receiving the Crown on Bosworth Field;" (3) "Uniting of the Houses of York and Lancaster—the Progress of Henry VII and Elizabeth of York through the City;" (4) "Margaret of Anjou Placing Herself and her Son under the Protection of the Robbers." Each panel is 27 feet in length, and 4 feet 9 inches in height, and worked out in full colour. The decorative effect is exceedingly good, and although the relief in no part is more than half an inch, the figures are so skilfully modelled and painted that they appear far more solid. The work will, without doubt, greatly enhance the reputation of the young artist.

The window illustrated on p. 343 has recently been unveiled in St. Agnes' Church, Moseley, in commemoration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. It is designed to symbolise the progress and developments of Arts and Science. Round the central figure of our Lord enshrined stand the Archangels Michael and Gabriel, with Isaiah, Moses, St. Paul, and St. John on either side. Music, History, Theology, and Science are represented by allegorical figures. In the left sidelight is the Venerable Bede, the first Englishman to grasp the true idea of history, and St. Cuthbert of Lindisfarne represents the See of Durham, to which Birmingham has supplied two Bishops, one of whom was closely connected with Moseley. There are also figures of St. Elba, St. Margaret of Scotland, and Alfred the Great. In the opposite light are figures of Friar Roger Bacon, representing Science; St. George of England and St. Alban the Martyr; St. Augustine of Canterbury and St. Chad, St. Mary the Virgin, and St. Agnes (the designatory saint of the church) also occupy conspicuous positions. The colour scheme is a rich harmony in blue and gold, with a judicious introduction of russet and green. The window was designed by MESSRS. A. BALLANTINE and GARDNER, of Edinburgh.

An interesting example of memorial sculpture is illustrated on p. 340. It has been designed by Mr. W. D. GALPIN in memory of his mother, and was executed by Mr. GEORGE FRAMPTON, A.R.A. Every part of it has a symbolical significance, which is explained by Mr. Galpin in the following manner:—"The outside is made somewhat formal and severe in style, and the ornamentation within expanded and enriched to express the belief that life hereafter is more full and perfect than the earthly existence—an instance of this will be noticed in the Greek scroll,

which suggests the outline of a swan, and is expanded into the perfect form within; so also with the flowers used in ornament, the sculptor has endeavoured to suggest fuller life within than the conventional forms without. The winged bee is the Egyptian symbol of resurrection after death, a simile they found in the rising of the sun after night is passed. The shape of the tablet is also symbolic, being taken from the early Christians, who used it to represent a fish, as the Greek word *ixthos* contains the initial letter of each name by which our Lord is known." The monument is executed in bronze, and the swans and corner pieces are of tin, a combination of metals that is, we think, unique in memorial sculpture.

**Obituary.** WE have to record the death, on the 3rd inst., of Mr. E. P. BRANDARD, younger brother of the eminent line engraver, the late Mr. R. Brandard. Mr. E. P. Brandard was one of the last survivors of the famous Birmingham school of pure line engraving. Born in 1819, he became apprenticed, when still a boy, to his brother, who lived in the suburb then known as "Merrie Islington." From the first he gave evidence of the talent that was in him, and

such was the ardour which he threw into his dearly-loved art that for months together he would rise at four in the morning and set off for Hornsey or Highgate, sketch-book in hand, that he might spend some hours in practising drawing before the time he was due in the studio. He was an ardent admirer of J. M. W. Turner, and could recall the visits of the great painter to the studio to touch the proof which might be in hand from one or other of his works, and among Mr. Brandard's most cherished relics was a knife which the great master used to scrape up some lights. Mr. Brandard engraved several of Turner's celebrated pictures, among them the "Grand Canal at Venice," as well as "The Hay Wain" and "Salisbury Cathedral" by Constable, etc. etc. He contributed numerous plates to the Art Union of London, and engraved



THE LATE E. P. BRANDARD.

(From a Photograph by Disderi and Co.)

for the Queen's "Journal of the Highlands" a view of Balmoral Castle, from a drawing lent from Her Majesty's special collection. Subsequently, he was engaged on the "Idylls of the King," illustrated by Doré. One of his latest works was "The Lord of the Glen," by Mr. McWhirter, R.A. Not only in the delicate and subtle art of engraving did his talent show itself. He has left numerous drawings, which have been exhibited in the Royal Academy and other galleries, to testify to his high artistic abilities.

The death has occurred at Munich of Professor VON LIEZEN MAYER, the historical painter. He became a member of the Vienna Academy in 1887, Director of the Stuttgart School of Art in 1880, and Professor of the Munich Academy in 1883. Among his best known works are "Queen Elizabeth Signing the Death Warrant of Mary Queen of Scots," and a portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph. He illustrated scenes from *Faust* and several from Shakespeare's plays, the "Imogen and Iachimo" being one of the best.

NOTE.—We regret that in the article on the late STACY MARKS, R.A., in last month's issue, we omitted to state that the copyright of the picture reproduced under the title of "Chairman of Committee" is the property of the Trustees of the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. The drawing hangs in the gallery, and bears the title of "A Select Committee."



## THE WORK OF JOHN DA COSTA.

BY GLEESON WHITE.

IF only such a statement in print is apt to appear in doubtful taste, if not actually ridiculous, it would be easy to shirk the criticism of any contemporary work by telling the hypothetical reader that he must needs admire it because it pleased the writer. Yet even granting it were "good form" to write thus, the chances are that at least half the people who read the advice would at once oppose the thing forced upon them, provoked by that fatuous desire to possess independent views which we all share. But on many subjects there are only two possible opinions—the right and the wrong—which, being interpreted, means usually our own and another person's. And the worst of it is that very few æsthetic questions can ever be proved ultimately. It may indeed be possible to back up a definite opinion by claiming that it is one whereon the majority of competent critics are agreed; but this only shifts the dispute back one stage, and the competence of the critics will provide a new theme equally beyond mathematical proof. The "majority of critics," even those that in the past have been accepted as more than competent, and regarded as inspired judges, have often enough proved mistaken guides when sufficient time has passed to change the prevailing canons of taste on which their verdict was founded.

Yet to admire a painter's work one should be able to show reason for the faith. There are many cases when that is easy; even if the reasons have to be uttered in his presence, and in that of his friends and foes also. But what you can say of a man before his face, in praise or censure, is as limited as what you are debarred from saying of him behind his back. If you are bent on summing up judicially, strengthening your case by conceding every weak point and relying only on those which are beyond dispute, the remainder may satisfy his opponents, and possibly his friends also, but hardly himself. In nearly every painter's work there is usually a large proportion of weakness, and

perhaps some actual shortcoming, that nevertheless helps to shape his individuality. It has been said that you must have something to forgive before you



A PASTORAL.

can love; and the statement, sweeping as it sounds, is not far from the truth. But in such a case it is not courteous to proclaim the forgivable defects too blatantly in his presence, nor wise, if you chance to be retained as special counsel for his defence. Yet if, careless of the vagueness thereby imparted, you claim for your hero that he has individuality of expression, and can support the claim, the mood of to-day is inclined to forgive much that is faulty if the residue be his own, all his own, and nothing but his own.



The influence of frequent travel, and much illustration of current art, make for imitation, more often unconscious than conscious. Some natures respond so readily to each new influence that if every scrap of their writing or their design were available, a shrewd observer might form a rough record of the books they had read or the pictures they had seen during the period, covered by the available scribbles or scratches. It would be hard to do this in the work of Mr. John Da Costa, for although the influence of Bastien Lepage and the "plein-air" school of France (possibly by way of Newlyn) is evident, his output (to use a commercial term) has been so little, and in that little the influence has been so well assimilated, that it would be very hard to gather details of his career from his paintings.

In the days when people had more faith in cut and dried formulae, it was said that no picture could retain its power of pleasing unless from it looked at

least one pair of eyes whose glance intercepted the spectator's. Certain folk, who love to expose the fallacy of this class of utterance, discovered notable instances of paintings that had once great popularity without possessing this feature. But Mr. Da Costa's could not be instanced as among them. Indeed, looking back in memory to his paintings and sketches with a view to finding what was the most striking effect that lingered there, the peculiar steadfast, far-away gaze from the eyes of each one seems to assert itself anew. As after a visit to a crowded gallery some picture which attracted but a bare glance recurs to your memory again and again, so that years after it is the first object that comes to mind in thinking of the show; so these same eyes which had never forced themselves on one in studying Mr. Da Costa's work face to face seem now to have held the secret, or at least part of the secret, of its peculiar charm. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say of its

charm to one who has felt it; for the essence of good work is surely that a hundred people can discover a hundred distinct, if not actually contradictory reasons for admiring it. But one thing is almost beyond argument, if in one's memory any picture keeps its colour and its form clearly after a lapse of years, and shapes itself distinctly from the crowd, as an individual, not as a species, that work is at least proved to be detached from the amiable non-entities, human or pictured, that cannot be recalled to memory, try as hard as you will.

The first important picture Mr. Da Costa exhibited, "A Pastoral" (here reproduced), will be remembered by every visitor to the Royal Academy of 1892. It is obviously inspired by France—indeed, lately one has heard people (of slipshod memory, it is true) declare that it is but a barefaced imitation of a picture they remember in some past Salon. The source of this confusion is clear if you turn to the illustrated catalogue of the Salon of the Champs de Mars for 1893, where a full-page drawing of "A Pastoral" appears which is obviously the same *motif*; but it happens also to be the same picture—hung a year after, and well hung, too—at the Salon, painted, of course, by John



YOUTH AND AGE.





CHILDHOOD.

Da Costa. To accuse a man of plagiarising his own picture exhibited a year later is a novel form of depreciation which, if expressed in private conversation only, is worth refuting in public. In 1894 "Youth and Age" was shown at the Royal Academy, its title accompanied by these words from Shakespeare:—

"Youth like summer's morn, Age like winter's weather;  
Youth like summer brave, Age like winter bare.  
Youth is full of sport, Age's health is short;  
Youth is nimble, Age is lame."

In the Academy of 1895 his two pictures were "Childhood" and "Sophia," and in 1897 "The Promise of the Spring," a charming decorative panel of a nude child standing amid primrose-blossoms, while spring is dawning in the blue sky beyond. Several portraits and other works shown at other galleries need not detain us. Nor would it be fair to describe a picture now in hand which may possibly not be finished when the sending-in day for 1898 has arrived. At its present stage it promises to be Mr. Da Costa's best, both in colour and design. But he is fastidious, and destroys his own work remorselessly should it fail to come off exactly as he hoped. For this reason, a beautiful picture of a bride accompanied by white-robed children and surrounded by tall spikes of evening-primrose, which those who saw it expected would establish his position as a painter of poetic fantasy, was never sent to an exhibition and was ultimately destroyed. This explains why Mr. Da Costa, in spite of working vigorously, has such a comparatively small record even for the few years

since his student days. It certainly reveals that "divine dissatisfaction" which should be felt by every artist. Sometimes, however, self-criticism may be carried too far, and works which not only the world, but his fellows would have gladly accepted are snatched from them; even as some parents are the least just to their own offspring, so some painters full of appreciation for the work of others lack mercy for their own. Yet even the excess of such a virtue is not a vice; and Mr. Da Costa, if he has treated his work too rigorously, may look back with entire satisfaction on the few canvases he has allowed to be exhibited, even if others look back with regret on more he did not complete.

The chief qualities of his work lie in its distinct feeling for colour as colour, and its poetic fantasy applied to purely naturalistic presentation of the theme. In common with the school to which he



THE PROMISE OF SPRING.



belongs, he is an actualist in details; but, unlike some of its supporters, he does not permit realistic accidents in his model or his scene to mar the unity of his original conception. He idealises by omission of the unbeautiful, and by selection rather than by any falsification of existing facts. So far, his children's heads are, perhaps, his most individual works, but no little of the feeling which makes

more marked in his work than it is in the painting of most young painters who have studied in Paris. Like these, he still preserves a belief in the importance of "values" and in painting from the model. Of late he has done some illustrations for the pictorial press; but as these have been worked entirely in wash, except that they are in monochrome, they exhibit no essential difference



A STUDY.

them so notable is present in the "Head in Sanguine," here reproduced, and in other studies.

It is interesting to discover that Mr. Da Costa's bent was manifested at a very early age. His juvenile efforts show innate feeling for design and form. It was by the advice of Sir John Millais that he ultimately decided to become a painter; although students of heredity may be interested in tracing his pedigree from Sir Joshua Reynolds' forebears, and his collateral relationships with another painter of great eminence. After studying much in Paris and elsewhere, Mr. Da Costa went to Newlyn and worked there for several years in a studio on the hill-slope hard by those of Mr. Stanhope Forbes and others. Thus at one time he was actually of the "Newlyn School," but now, like so many sojourners there, he has settled in London, and the influence of Newlyn is hardly

in handling or manner from his paintings. Yet the fancy they display and the careful elaboration of their construction show that if he chooses to devote a large portion of his time to illustration, he will easily take a position therein no less honourable than the one he has secured among painters. It is because his work is so unsensational and thorough that it is difficult to assess it accurately—for it is singularly free from the faults of youth, and full of characteristics which it is convenient to call "painter-like," in spite of the term being hardly less illuminating than the celebrated definition of an archdeacon as one who fulfils archidiaconal functions. Mr. John Da Costa has his future well in his own hands—and, without straying into the dangerous realms of prophecy, it will be a surprise if the advice of Sir John Millais is not justified by his career.





STUDY OF A HEAD IN RED CHALK.

*(By John da Costa.)*





## THE QUEEN'S TREASURES OF ART.

### DECORATIVE ART AT WINDSOR CASTLE: LATER WOODEN FURNITURE.

(BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY.)

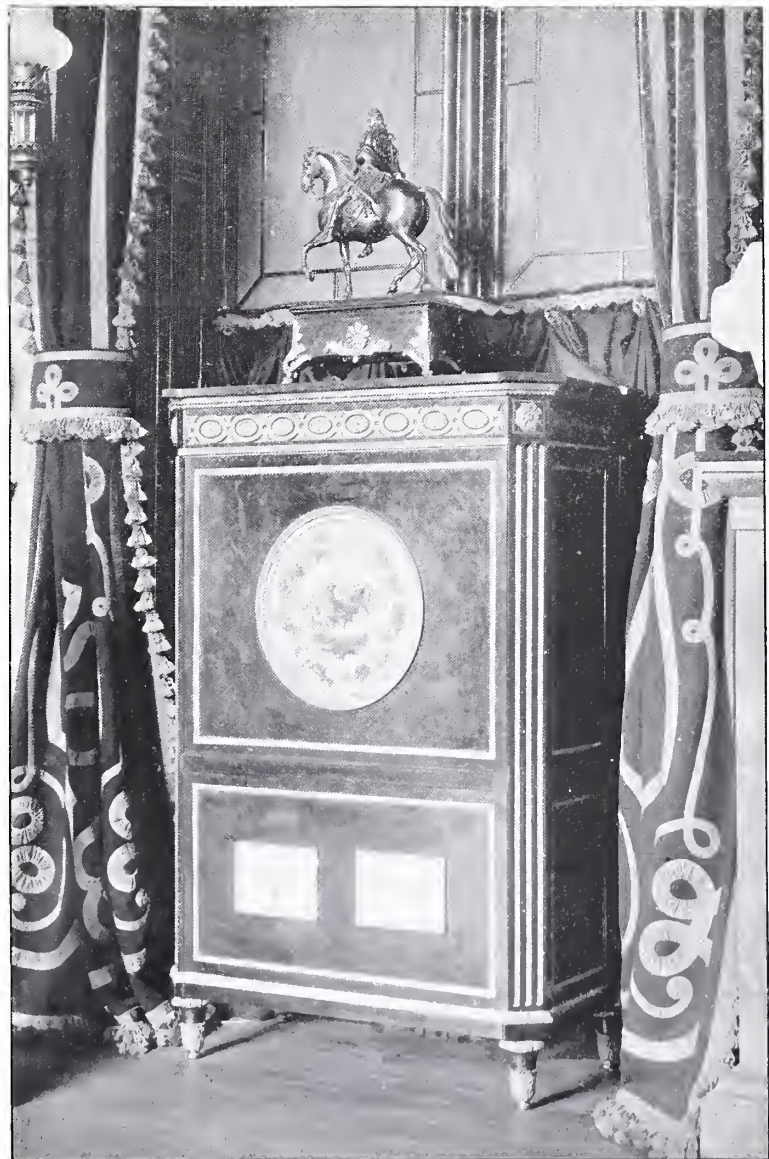
By FREDERICK S. ROBINSON.

IN previous articles upon furniture we dealt with the tortoiseshell and brass inlay of Boulle, the inlaid wood of Riesener, and the lacquer of the East and its imitation in Vernis-Martin. We have now to consider two new styles characteristic of the end of Louis XV's reign and of the period of Louis XVI.

It was about 1767 that pictures of importance were first painted on plaques or slabs of Sèvres porcelain. Louis XV presented to the King of Denmark three figure pictures painted on this china after Genest, Pierre, and Vanloo. From 1767 to 1779 many similar ones, averaging in value from 1,200 to 1,500 livres, and in size about ten and a half inches by twelve, were shown in the annual exhibitions at Versailles. In 1781 were hung nine hunting scenes after Oudry, valued at 24,000 livres, which were placed by the king's order in the private apartments at Versailles, whence they eventually came to the Louvre. Later pictures attained the size of nearly three feet in length. Up to 1800 they were executed upon soft paste porcelain and were used for the decoration of all sorts of furniture, and even for carriages. In her memoirs Mme. du Barry mentions the equipage of Mdle. Beaupré at Longchamps in 1780. "We saw her appear in a carriage the panels of which were adorned with porcelain deliciously painted. The frames were of leather gilt; the inside of the carriage was lined with fire-coloured satin, embroidered with silver." The harness, coachman's box, and liveries were of suitable magnificence, and we may imagine what a commotion such a turn-out would cause at Ascot or Goodwood at the present day.

It is said that one of the sons of Boulle (Charles André Boulle "de Sève" or Sèvres) was the first

to encrust porcelain upon ebony furniture. If so, he was before his time, for he died in poverty in 1745, when Sèvres and painted plaques had not been thought of. As soon, however, as they were produced, there was as great a craze for them as there had been for the porcelain flowers of Vincennes, and it is no wonder that the cabinet-makers were moved to turn it to account. The designers seem to have thrown over considerations of art



SECRÉTAIRE WITH THREE SÈVRES PLAQUES





SIDEBOARD WITH TEN SÈVRES PLAQUES AND ORMOULU MOUNTS BY GOUTHIERE.

in order to profit pecuniarily by a prevailing fashion. It is matter for regret that the more instructed public did not perceive that furniture in mahogany and other woods, with ormolu mounts, was not a suitable background for the display of the china paintings of Sèvres. We cannot believe that a man of fine taste, such as Riesener, a pupil of Oeben, whose inlaid work is noted for its quiet harmoniousness, was not aware that the cold white of Sèvres porcelain does not at all agree with the warm red tone of woods which are quite sufficiently varied by their elaborate metal mounts. French critics are perfectly alive to this mistake of taste. Speaking of the examples at Windsor and in the Wallace and Jones collections, M. de Champeaux says: "Like all his colleagues, Riesener was obliged to follow the taste of the day, though probably he did not bring himself without a protest to decorate his furniture by means of painted porcelain—a false system to

which it was necessary to sacrifice his fine inlay and the harmonious mouldings of his panels."

The deed, however, was committed, and at South Kensington may be seen numerous examples (Nos. 1,046, 1,057, 1,058, 1,090) which may be compared with those at Windsor. The writer of the handbook to the Jones collection says, "The very aspect of such furniture marks it at once as suited *par excellence* to the drawing-room or the boudoir." When he adds that he agrees with somebody else's "complaint that so little has yet been done in England in this blending of porcelain with inlaid precious woods in the higher class of cabinet work," we can only consider him singularly ill-advised, and hope that, if such things must be, someone with at least rudimentary ideas of colour harmony will have the carrying of them out.

Taken in detail, there is much in these objects of furniture worthy of admiration, besides the enormous price which would be paid for them at Christie's. But they fail in effect. Our illustration of an upright *secrétaire* with three Sèvres plaques may be compared with No. 1,046 in the Jones collection, which is similar in design though more elaborate in detail. This ingeniously constructed piece of furniture stands in the Corridor, and is made of a veneer of very knotty wood. The keyhole, lock, and hinges are completely hidden, the keyhole being concealed by a small piece of the thin ormolu bead which borders the large square upper panel, and is made to turn upon an invisible hinge of its own. The large circular Sèvres slab represents a cock surrounded by a garland of flowers outside of which is a border of "bleu de roi." The top slab is of porphyry, and the ormolu decoration, though formal in design, is crisp and finely gilt.

Our next two examples are far more elaborate, and surpass in grandioseness anything of the kind in the Jones collection. They are placed in the



White Drawing-room, and though not a pair, are extremely similar in general design. The first is a cabinet or sideboard of tulip-wood and ebony, with two large oval plaques of Sèvres, painted with baskets of flowers, and four smaller flower plaques at each curved and recessed end. It is a great pity that this piece, with its companion, is disfigured by a white marble slab. The tone of this does not agree with that of the porcelain and is entirely out of harmony with the wood-work. The fact is that there is, perhaps, only one species of marble which is really suitable to the decoration of furniture made of warm-toned woods, and that is the dark green verd-antique. The painting of the Sèvres porcelain in this sideboard (which is 5 feet long by 3 feet 1½ inches high), considered by itself, is beyond praise, and that of the large circular plaque in the companion piece (4 feet 6¾ inches by 3 feet 2¼ inches) is quite remarkable. The mass of flowers in a basket placed on a grey marble slab is exquisite in drawing and brilliant in colour. The recessed ends of the second piece are filled with mirrors, and, like the first, it is elaborately ornamented all over with the most finished ormolu work.

This profuse and beautiful metal decoration brings us to the name of the incomparable Gouthière, who is responsible for the work on these two sideboards, and for the marvellous "cabinet of the Comte d'Artois," which is the subject of our next illustrations. The "celebrated Gouthière," as he was called during his lifetime, was but one, if the most famous, of the clever modellers and chasers who worked for the cabinet-makers. With Duplessis, Louis XV's gold and silversmith, worked Hervieux, Gallien, Gobert, and Forestier for Riesener and his rivals. Gouthière was born in 1740, and became a pupil of Martincourt, one of the best chasers of his day. In 1771 his pupil was appointed chaser and gilder to the king. Up to the year 1773 he had done 124,000 livres' worth of work for Mme. du Barry's Pavillon of Luciennes, "where she spent more than the mistresses of ten kings together," and lived in retirement after the death of Louis XV. The architect

Le Doux supplied some of the designs for Gouthière's work, but he was a fully competent designer himself. He had a shop on the Quai Pelletier, "at the sign of the Golden Buckle," where he sold commoner work not executed by his own hand. A great patron of Gouthière was the Duc d'Aumont, for whom he had mounted many vases in his house in the Place Louis XV, and in the Château de Guiscard. The artist had a large claim against the estate of the Duke when the latter died, and it is on record that at the great sale of his collections, at which Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were large buyers, Gouthière was present out of curiosity to see what prices his work would fetch. Very little is known about his life; but the melancholy fact has to be told, that though on the death of Mme. du Barry he made a claim of 624,000 francs for work done, the money was not paid, and the artist, who had spent his life and amazing talent in the service of the nobility, was



SIDEBOARD WITH SÈVRES PLAQUE AND MOUNTS BY GOUTHIÈRE.



left to die in poverty. His descendants in 1836 were awarded 32,000 francs from the property which eventually came to the heirs of Mme. du Barry. This tale of labour unrequited might be told of too many of the artists of the eighteenth century.

Caffieri was paid in bills on the farming of the Posts at four per cent. Later on, in answer to petitions for payment, came the curt and ominous intimation, "No funds." Some accounts were left unpaid for a quarter of a century. Such treatment it was which made Philippe Caffieri give up working for the king and take to designing for the Church.

In his brass work for vase-mounts and candelabra, Gouthière may be recognised by his predilection for beading and for the prevalence of bunches of grapes in his garlands. There is seldom any tendency in him to be massive. Slimness is characteristic of the stems of his leaf ornament, in which the curves are somewhat circular and decided, but perfectly easy. His work is crisp and often beautifully undercut. In the Jones collection may be seen some charming specimens of his work, notably a pair of delightful little wall-lights, and a pair of candelabra with bronze figures modelled by Clodion and exquisite naturalistic flowers in ormolu. The Sèvres clock, mounted in ormolu (No. 1,005), has leafage and beading somewhat similar in style



CABINET OF THE COMTE D'ARTOIS, MOUNTED BY GOUTHIERE (OPEN).

Neither kings nor courtiers seem to have hesitated at heaping up artistic liabilities. At the commencement of the eighteenth century, while Louis XIV was in his glory, artists were paid without too great delay; but we learn that in 1746—a period of comparative prosperity, when, after Fontenoy, France was again victorious and possessed herself of almost the whole of the Austrian Low Countries—the Caffieris, Jacques and Philippe, father and son, were forced to wait two years for their money. In 1759 Philippe

to the great Windsor masterpiece which we are about to describe.

The metal work of this mahogany cabinet, of which we give two illustrations, showing it both open and shut, might for the most part be cut into small pieces and used as jewellery, so wonderful is its delicacy and finish. The two outside folding doors are mounted with a head of Apollo, a lyre, birds, and rich foliage—a wonder of metal work. The frieze contains three drawers, and is supported by two





CABINET OF THE COMTE D'ARTOIS, MOUNTED BY GOUTHIERE (CLOSED).

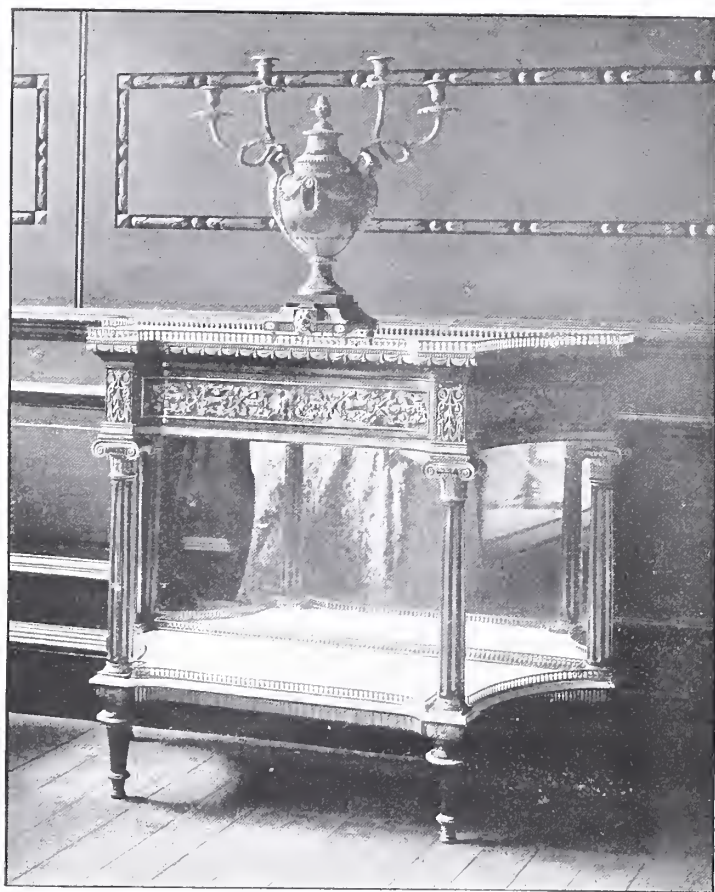


gracefully shaped caryatid figures, which are very probably after the designs of Clodion. The arms of France and Sardinia are seen above, supported by cupids disporting themselves on the inevitable brass clouds of the period. The flanking tazzas, or cups, are coloured in mazarine blue and filled with exquisitely chased fruits and flowers. The cabinet is placed on a frame with three drawers, the centre one decorated

in height, 4 feet 9 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches in breadth, with a depth of 1 foot 10 inches.

M. de Champeaux compares this Windsor cabinet with a jewel-cabinet made by Schwerdfeger under the direction of Bonnefoy-Duplan, keeper of the furniture at the Château de Trianon in 1787. He attributes its metal mounts to Forestier, Thomire, or Feuchère, as the only artists employed by the keepers of the furniture then capable of producing it. This has four caryatid figures and panels ornamented with arabesques under glass. The legs, as in our Windsor cabinet, are quivers of arrows, with the addition of the crossed ribbons of the Roman fasces and a species of eagle capital above the feathered arrow-tops. As a work of art this composite affair is not comparable with the Windsor cabinet, which, in "Le Meuble," Vol. II., p. 282, M. de Champeaux proceeds to describe at great length. He remarks at the end: "The designer Cauvet, to whom we may ascribe the honour of having designed this composition, worked for the two brothers of Louis XVI."

There is, indeed, some doubt as to the personage for whom this masterpiece was made. The arms of Sardinia and France coupled point either to Louis XVIII, formerly Comte de Provence, or the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X, both of whom were brothers of Louis XVI and made alliances with daughters of the King of Sardinia. The money value of this unique cabinet is fabulous. Any sum from £30,000 upwards might reasonably be paid for it as prices go. The writer of the handbook on the Jones collection, referring to it, says: "The famous cabinet with mounts by Gou-



PIER TABLE IN MAHOGANY WITH ORMOULU MOUNTS.

thière in her Majesty's possession was copied, by permission, for the late Marquis of Hertford about twenty-five" (now forty) "years ago. No one unaccustomed to see furniture of such a kind would believe that there could be much difficulty about the business. The wood was merely plain polished mahogany, without relief or inlay. Almost all the decoration was in the ormoulu mounts . . . . Every pains was taken to chisel the metal work as delicately as the original, and it took months and even years before the copy was complete. The bills amounted to more than £3,000, fairly spent in workmanship. A large part of the expense was incurred in the last finishing and fitting of the metal work." This copy is now at Paris, in the house of the late Sir R. Wallace.

with cupids in high relief. The supporting legs are the one defect—if we accept the brass clouds—of this beautiful object. They represent quivers full of arrows, which, as supports for a heavy cabinet, are as incongruous and unsuitable as anything that can be imagined. However, forget that they are quivers containing thin feathered arrows, and the eye ceases to worry itself, and is lost in admiration of the general beauty of the design and its marvellous execution. Tall vases with blue bodies and cock's-head handles repeat the effect of the tazzas above. Nothing could be more charming than the handles of the drawers inside the cabinet, which our second illustration shows. The solid mahogany groundwork of this colossal and splendid piece of furniture is of a pale colour. Its dimensions are 8 feet 7 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches





QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S SEDAN CHAIR (FRONT).

Needless to add that her Majesty's cabinet, when exhibited in the special loan exhibition at South Kensington in 1862, was minutely described and commented on at length in the catalogue. The only other cabinet that can be compared with it is the jewel-cabinet made by Jacob Desmaller for the Empress Marie Louise in emulation, perhaps, of the cabinet of Marie Antoinette. These are both illustrated in M. de Champeaux's book, "Le Meuble," Vol. II., pp. 283, 305, and are inferior as works of art to the Windsor masterpiece.

We reproduce a smaller piece of mahogany furniture in a similar style, with excellent ormoulu work in the manner of, if not actually by the hand of, Gouthière. It is one of a pair of pier tables with eurved hollow ends and one drawer in the frieze. They are supported on fluted columns with ormoulu capitals. The upper and lower shelves are of white marble with pierced ormoulu rails, and there are mirrors at the backs. Close to these, which are three feet nine inches high, are two upright secrétaires in the same style, with plate

glass fronts; but these are rather cold-looking compared with their magnificent neighbours. They have, however, good ormoulu reliefs on their sides. Placed on the subject of our illustration is one of a pair of Derbyshire blue spar vases with ormoulu mounts—nude figures supporting branches for four lights, each one foot ten inches high.

Our two final illustrations are not of French art. The Sedan chair of George III's queen, Charlotte, is a beautiful example of the capacity of English designers and workers in ormoulu. It is of red leather, and the metal design, though not so highly finished as French work would be, is very beautiful in arrangement.

We have now completed our survey of the furniture at Windsor Castle—a collection of decorative treasures of unrivalled value, but only a part of what belongs to the Crown. In succeeding articles upon the contents of Buckingham Palace we shall be able to show another side of the wonderful riches of the royal collections.



QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S SEDAN CHAIR (BACK).





CENTENARY BRACELET (1889).

## OSCAR ROTY.

BY HENRI FRANTZ.

**B**EFORE studying in detail the works of one of the greatest medallists of France, it will be well to define—if only to enter more fully into a comprehension of his art—the peculiar evolution through

grandeur. Be it a medal of Argos or of Corinth, or—among many Italian examples—those which were struck by Antonio Pollaiuolo of Lorenzo and Giuliano di Medici, the interest always centres in



OSCAR ROTY

(By A. Besnard.)

which medals have gone in recent times, and wherein they differ from the earlier notion of what a medal should be.

Of old, the medal, whether Greek, Roman, or of the Renaissance, was, above everything, symbolical. It bore a synthetic idea of the Fatherland, or it commemorated some great feat of arms, and its first aim was to be striking and impressive in design. It was a sort of epic poem, restricted to a minute form of expression, but yet not bereft of dignity and

one or more brilliant deeds, whether we see a Greek hero overpowering a monster or an Italian *signore* quelling a conspiracy.

The modern medal, on the contrary—and it is on this novelty that Roty's scheme of work partly depends—starts from a perfectly different principle. It may, no doubt, still record great deeds, but it will become more intimate, more domestic in character, and sentiment plays a more important part in it. Roty has brought the medal into semi-official life, to

commemorate important dates. For instance, it may perpetuate the year when a railway, a canal, or

memory of events adapted to the comprehension of all. It will be the concentration of an idea,



THE CAMPBELL MEDAL.

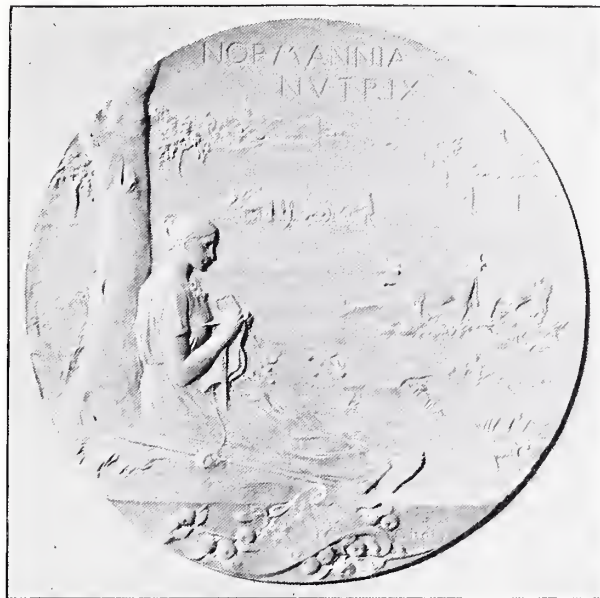


MEDAL TO COMMEMORATE 25<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY OF THE WAR OF 1870.



a factory was first opened, or, maybe, the fiftieth year of its existence. The medal may penetrate more nearly to the heart of family life even, by commemorating interesting domestic events—births, baptisms, marriages, silver or golden weddings. It preserves for succeeding generations the features of the one who has done great deeds, crowns the career of the savant or the artist, and honours a life of severe work. Thus the medal, as treated by Roty, will by degrees be further and further removed from its original purpose. It will combine a group of ideas and a

and, in an age when we reflect too little, it will invite reflection and inspire thought.



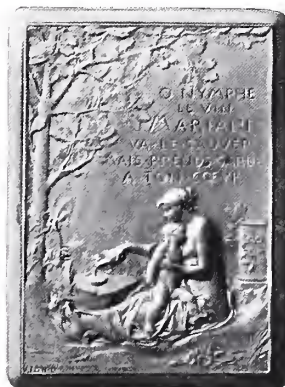
ROUEN EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL

The art of the medallist will, nevertheless, still be one of the widest fields for artistic activity. The point is to group, within this tiny space, the necessary facts by extracting their essence, as it were. This art is synthetical and at the same time practical and symbolical. It has a mission at once of instruction and sentiment. Hence it must endeavour to state very clearly, within narrow limits, the ideas it is required to express.

Great powers, then, must be needed for



A MATCH-BOX.



ST GENEVIÈVE





complete success in an art of which the field is at once so narrow and so wide. The medallist must in the first place be a perfect draughtsman, able to

an art to which he is passionately devoted, and which, with Chapu, Degeorge and Chaplin, he has done most to revive. For five-and-twenty years



DUPLESSIS MEDAL (REVERSE).



BOULLANGER MEDAL.



DUPLESSIS MEDAL (OBVERSE).

render a vast number of impressions in a small compass, familiar with Nature, skilful in the treatment of drapery, and excelling in portraiture, since medals are very commonly portraits. Add to all this the decorative sense, enabling him to group and arrange the various elements of his subject, and we have the ideal and typical medallist.

It is because Monsieur Roty excels in these various domains, and possesses in a high degree all these qualities, that he is a past master of his art—

Monsieur Roty has worked with an ardour that nothing can damp at giving us these miniature masterpieces, which we now admire in our national museums after seeing them in private hands, and which invariably strike us by their exquisite quality. Whether it be "Maternity" pressing the babe to her bosom, "Study" gracefully bent in an attitude of deep thought, the "Préfecture de Police" watchful by its burning lamp, or "Youth paying homage to Chevreul at the age of one



PORTIONS OF A PLAQUETTE EXECUTED FOR THE MAISON CHRISTOFLE.



hundred," the most finished examples of such work come to us from Roty's skilful graving tool.

and power—a very satisfactory result when we think of the stiff conventionality of some medals

In this resuscitation and altered life of the medal, it is but a minor merit that Roty has seen how to avail himself of every part of the surface. The medals of the early part of this century show very plainly how much the artists were inclined to neglect the reverse of the medal, devoting themselves principally to the obverse alone. Roty understood from the first that, even though the reverse were not the essential part of the medal, it could be very beautifully finished, and that, by a happy lavishness of detail, he could there present and graduate or enhance the impression of the whole design. He makes real little pictures in which the artist succeeds in sketching the biography of a man clearly and



WEDDING SOUVENIR.

dating from about fifty years ago, stiff alike in design and execution.

If, to appreciate Roty's skill as a designer, we make ourselves acquainted with his methods, we are amazed at the enormous number of sketches and studies he makes before finally deciding on the form his work is to take; so much so, that he often hesitates for years before taking the execution of a piece in hand. Though he is sometimes a little too academical in the attitudes he selects, the drapery is nevertheless designed with real mastery, and few artists, as it seems to me, have studied and rendered it with so much charm as we find in his study for the medallion in memory of Carnot or his "Observation," a female figure forming the reverse of a medal for the "Musée Social."



CONVENT SCHOOL MEDAL.

eloquently, setting forth his tastes, his talents, and his virtues. Thus as a reverse to the head of Professor Gosselin we see the figure of "Surgery" meditating at the foot of a corpse stretched before her; the vaccination of sheep and fowls symbolises Bouley's researches, while the medal commemorating Monsieur Duplessis shows a personification of "Engraving" looking through some prints. On a medal recording the anniversary of a marriage Roty very happily represents two beech trees with their trunks entwined.

Men of the calibre of Roty seem able to transform the characteristics of a branch of art according to their requirements, and to extend its

Roty has thus carried out on the reverses his ideas, thus embodied, by various picturesque devices. We find him fascinated by flowers, landscapes, and trees, and giving them their full effect on however small a scale, impressing us with a sense of truth



SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY.

time-honoured forms as they please. Who but Roty would have ventured to modify the shape of the



medal as he has done? After attempting, in the first instance, to mitigate the severity of the type by a certain freedom of decorative treatment, he sought more convenient and effective shapes for his pieces, such as a rectangular oblong or the ellipsoid oval, thus varying the outline of the medal.

Roty has almost always avoided the perils of



A STUDY

From this casting the reduction is next made. The reduction is not finished till the artist has worked it over with infinite care; this finishing

the shape and design of his work, models in wax, on a slab of slate, a bas-relief sketch which, when it is sufficiently advanced, is touched up and finished with the greatest care, and finally a cast is taken from it and reproduced in metal.



A STUDY.



MEDAL OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE (REVERSE).

allegory, expressing his idea with fresh precision and simplicity, giving to symbolism a real renaissance to youth and vitality. The *clearness* of the idea is what always strikes us, as, for instance, in the medal he was commissioned to execute for the Exhibition at Rouen. On one face the splendid city is seen with its belfries and churches, and on the other Normandy, personified as a stalwart young woman, watching the flocks and herds that graze at her feet in a beautifully serene and poetical landscape.

Few persons probably are familiar with the technique of the medallist; it is nevertheless interesting to study. Monsieur Roty, having decided on

is done on a steel die, and is in relief, an exact model of the medal when stamped; this pattern is tempered to excessive hardness.



PRIZE MEDAL ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE.

Another piece of steel is prepared, soft steel annealed with the greatest care. This is pointed, but has the form of a die at about one-third of its whole height.

The medallist, seated at the coining press, adjusts this blank die to an enormous screw, point downwards, and exactly above the model in relief. He gives the screw a slight turn, which crushes the point of the cone; this operation is repeated as often as may be necessary to stamp the soft steel till it has taken the exact

impression of the composition. This stamp, in intaglio, is now called *the die*. Two are made for

places a piece of blank metal between them. The metal, of whatever kind, is cut to the exact size and



JOAN OF ARC.

each medal or coin—one for the obverse, the other for the reverse.

thickness required for the medal. The screw turns: once—twice—and the relief is already visible. It is



CLASSIC STUDY.

ST. NAZAIRE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

PORTRAIT MEDAL.

These dies are trimmed by a turning lathe and set each in a collar, also of steel, and without a seam;

then fired, or, to be exact, annealed once more, to give the metal malleability and softness; and these



REVERSE OF THE PREFECTURE OF POLICE PLAQUE.



REVERSE OF THE COLIN (SURGEON) PLAQUE.

they are tempered to hardness and are now ready for the coiner. He, after fixing them firmly in a bed,

operations are repeated as often as may be necessary to obtain a perfect impression.



To coin a medal 30 millimètres in diameter (or 1.181 inch) about three strokes of the press are needed, but for a medal twice or three times this size, the number of strokes required is enormous.

We must rejoice to see such an artist as M. Roty

engaged in perpetuating in work worthy to survive, the important events of our age. And we may surely hope that they will contribute to exculpate, in the eyes of posterity, a century which has too often witnessed the triumph of ugliness and of the commonplace.



(From a Pencil Sketch by Oscar Roty.)

## THE INVENTION OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

BY AYMER VALLANCE

SOME eighteen months previous to my first acquaintance with Aubrey Beardsley a friend, who had known him in his schooldays at Brighton, had told me of the young artist's gifts and asked me to call upon him. It proves what mistaken notions one may preconceive when I say that, because my informant was a cleric, I did not accept his recommendation to be disinterested, and neglected to act upon it for so long. Imagine my amazement when I did at last make my way to Charlwood Street one afternoon in the winter of 1891-2, and Beardsley at my request showed me his drawings! They were nothing less than a revelation! I well remember Beardsley's child-like delight at my unfeigned admiration for the work he placed before me. At that early date he had made himself known to but few; however he mentioned the name of Sir Edward Burne-Jones as one who had given him some kindly encouragement. As to making art his profession, the idea apparently had not yet occurred to Beardsley as practicable. He had not yet earned a penny for original work. As a child indeed he had made a few shillings by hand-painted Christmas-cards, copied from Kate Greenaway, and so forth, but that was all. I have seen a letter of acknowledgment from the lady who bought some of these nursery productions. The

writer thanked his mother for sending them and ended with words of unconscious prophecy: "I hope your little boy will grow up some day to be a great artist."

The first published work of Beardsley's appeared in the programme and book of words of the Brighton Grammar School annual entertainment at the Dome in December, 1888. From the list of players on this occasion it may be seen that A. V. Beardsley took the part of *Mereury* in the prologue and of *Herr Kirschwasser* in the comic opera, which was based upon the story of the *Pied Piper of Hamelin*. The drawings, eleven in number, illustrate the latter. They are unsigned, but a note at the beginning testifies that they are "the perfectly original designs . . . of a boy now in the school," and mentions him by name. The note goes on to express regret that through lack of the needful experience in preparation of drawings for the photo-engraver's process, the reproductions fall far short of the originals. The drawings, though erude, are nevertheless strikingly individual, instinct with life and movement; and, compared with the artist's later work, there can distinctly be traced in them foregleams of that which followed afterwards. It is worth observing, by the way, that although the

magazine remarks that Beardsley has "added to his reputation" by these "careful and natural" illustrations of his, among the list of school awards for drawing his name does not appear; neither is it to be found among those who obtained drawing certificates in the Cambridge Local Examination, nor in that of the College of Preceptors. The next published drawing, I believe, was that in "The Bee" magazine at Blackburn in December, 1891. The subject is "Hamlet," and in the emaciated figure, hurrying through a wild thicket, with hair flying, and clinging draperies huddled to the breast, shows a style fully developed. No more had Beardsley published when I first knew him. He was then occupied all day as



EARLY DRAWING BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

(From "Past and Present," the Brighton Grammar School Magazine, Feb., 1889.)

clerk in the Guardian Fire office, and the only spare time he had for drawing was in the evenings from about nine o'clock. When one remembers the delicate state of his health—for he was liable to frequent attacks of hæmorrhage—it is obvious that at the close of the long day's work at the office, he was not really fit at night again to set to work upon his drawings. In spite of everything, however, he had produced a portfolio full of drawings, every one of them not merely not commonplace, but suggesting the most astonishing imagination, coupled with a fine appreciation of music and an intimate acquaintance with French literature; and all this at the age of eighteen. It was literally marvellous. I cannot imagine how or when he ever managed to do it, unless, as I suspect, he had been in the habit of working far into

the night. He had had no sort of special training for an artist beyond the short period he had passed in an architect's office, when he left school. Without claiming to have foreseen the full extent of Aubrey Beardsley's powers, I may say that I perceived at once that he was an artist of very abnormal ability; and I did all I could to urge him to leave the Guardian office without delay and devote himself exclusively to art. But it was some while yet before he felt sufficient confidence to take the final step. In the meantime he entered himself at Mr. Fred Brown's Studio in Westminster for the purpose of studying the human figure. His attendances there, however, were few and irregular, although it may be taking him too much at his word to state, as he himself told me, that he did not go to Brown's more than half a dozen times altogether.

It was then at the very outset of his career, while as yet the course which his genius might take was undetermined, that, fearful lest Aubrey Beardsley should fall under unworthy influences, I endeavoured to bring him within the sphere of William Morris, to whom I am myself more deeply indebted than I can ever hope to estimate aright. Morris had recently told me of the difficulty he experienced in providing suitable illustrations for his Kelmscott books, naming in particular the reprint he was then contemplating of "Sidonia the Sorceress." I believed that if Beardsley could but make a good impression on Morris my object would be attained. To this end I persuaded Beardsley to make a drawing of Sidonia, which being added to his portfolio, I took him to show the collection to Morris. So far as I can recollect, it was in the spring or early summer of 1892 that Beardsley and I made our way to Hammersmith one Sunday afternoon, and Morris, with his usual courtesy, looked through the drawings we had brought. But it was instantly evident that they had failed to arouse in him any particular interest. Beyond remarking: "I see you have a feeling for draperies, and I should advise you to cultivate it," Morris's reception of Beardsley was almost discouraging. The boy was disappointed. He was peculiarly sensitive, and he felt that he had been repulsed. Even then, however, I would not abandon my scheme until I had made one more effort. It must have been about the close of 1892 or the beginning of 1893, when a few of the earliest drawings for the "Morte d'Arthur" were already printed. I could not prevail upon Beardsley to accompany me to Morris's house a second time, but I took a proof of one drawing of which I felt convinced Morris could not fail to appreciate the merits. It was the illustration which represents the Lady of the Lake telling Arthur of the sword Excalibur. There were several friends



of Morris's present at the time, among whom I remember was Mr. Emery Walker, and, if I mistake not, Professor Furnivall. I can only say the result was such that convinced me once for all of the futility of hoping to bring about any co-operation between Beardsley and Morris, who was so indignant at what he deemed an act of usurpation not to be allowed, that it was only by the prudent advice

English Art Club accordingly hastened to annex Aubrey Beardsley, with a result that is well known.

Not to anticipate, however. It was Beardsley's custom at the beginning to carry about his portfolio of drawings to show to publishers and others. Early in 1892 I introduced him to some of my most intimate friends, one of whom was desirous of purchasing the original of the Jeanne d'Arc procession,



(From a hitherto Unpublished Drawing in the Possession of Aymer Vallance, Esq.)

of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, as I afterwards learnt, that Morris was prevented from writing a letter of angry remonstrance to the publisher. "A man ought to do his own work" was the line Morris took in what he said to me at the time. If only I could have succeeded in bringing the still impressionable young artist under the mastery of William Morris, if only the latter had chosen to make him an ally instead of treating him as a rival, from what might not Beardsley have been saved! I failed, as I have said, and failed utterly. But for what I tried to do in the matter I am confident that every earnest lover of art and beauty in the highest sense will commend my motives. But that which was not acceptable to the old school was a boon and a godsend to the new; and the New

a magnificent conception for a lad of eighteen. This one, however, was a drawing with which in those days the artist refused to part. He therefore made a replica in pen-and-ink and sold it in May, 1892. The original, in pencil, subsequently became the property of Mr. Frederick H. Evans; not, however, until, being on a long slip of paper, the ends of it had become somewhat damaged in the process of being conveyed hither and thither in the portfolio. When Aubrey Beardsley happened to want fresh volumes for his library he would take a drawing or two to Queen Street and barter for books. It was there one day that the above-named Mr. Evans, of the firm of Jones and Evans, introduced him to the publisher, Mr. Dent. Beardsley was full of schemes, not a tithe of which ever came to maturity. One of





*(From a hitherto Unpublished Drawing in the Possession of Aymer Vallance, Esq.)*



these was to illustrate "The Shaving of Shagpat," and, knowing Mr. John Lane to be a fervent admirer of George Meredith, I invited artist and publisher to meet in my rooms. That was in November or December, 1892, before ever anyone dreamt of such a thing as the Vigo Street school. I hoped Aubrey Beardsley might obtain a commission to illustrate "The Shaving of Shagpat," but the project fell through, and, to the best of my belief, not a single drawing or study was ever made for the proposed edition.

The illustrating of the "Morte d'Arthur" was the largest work Aubrey Beardsley ever carried through, and a colossal work it was for a lad of nineteen to undertake! He entered upon it full of enthusiasm—it was his first public order—but long before he came to the end the enthusiasm had died out, and the task had become the veriest drudgery to him. He was disappointed, I know, with the printing, and at finding how much the beauty of drawings on which he had bestowed infinite pains was lost in excessive reduction. One has only to compare the miniature circle of the Merlin in the "Morte" with the same design in large in the "Book of Fifty Drawings" to understand the difference. Whether it was from these causes or because he had taken upon himself a burden beyond his strength, a quarter of the work in serial parts had not been issued when Beardsley declared he would not go on with it; every subsequent drawing was wrung from him by threats and promises and entreaties. The publisher was in despair over it, and no wonder; Beardsley on his part was under contract to supply so many drawings per month until the whole was completed, and yet again and again he was on the point of renouncing the obligation. Not one of the outside public knew what the struggle cost the young artist; how he used to put off the irksome duty as long as ever he could, and then, as the day approached when the month's work was due, how he had to strain every nerve, working early and late, to get it done. Knowing what I do of the way Beardsley's "Morte" was produced, I have always been surprised that intelligent writers should have regarded it and criticised it as a complete whole; whereas it is in fact a most incongruous medley. It contains some of the artist's very best, together with some of his most indifferent and slovenly work. True, the down-grade stages are not so apparent as they might be if the drawings had been placed in the same order in which they were designed. Thus the Caxton Preface, bound at the beginning of the first volume, displays a border which, in point of time, is later than, and, in point of design and workmanship, inferior to, the border of the opening chapter, or to that of the first full-page illustration. Some of the

later borders mark the lowest depth to which the artist ever allowed himself to sink *through mere carelessness*. It was in order to spare him from having to invent so many fresh border-designs that it was conceded to him by the publisher to give a limited number of double-page illustrations in the second volume; the border in such cases being practically one design doubled; whereas every full-page illustration in the first volume has a separate border to itself. But more than this: the character of the illustrations themselves changed completely as the work proceeded. The earlier drawings are executed with a conscientious elaboration of detail worthy of the very best pre-Raphaelite work. Look, for instance, at the masterly drawing of the drapery folds gathered about the stooping figure of Merlin in the picture of "Merlin and Nimue." Has anything superior to it been produced since the days of the fifteenth-century German woodcutters? The lines are firm and strong; they need no shading, dotting, nor other expedient to enhance their own bold and admirable effect. There is no mistaking—here is the drawing of a thorough artist whose heart is in his work. But turn to some of the illustrations in the second volume, and, though there are flashes of the same genius here and there, you may plainly see the work of one whose thoughts are alienated, whose hand is merely trifling. In the backgrounds, contrasted with the minute delineation of grass and flowers in the earlier pictures, blottesque affectation of Japanese is a facile trick to play. Worse still, whereas the type of the figures began by being severely dignified—nay, almost ascetic—in the later drawings there are introduced fat and coarse features, leering gestures and coquettish costumes that accord ill, not only with the spirit of Malory, but with Beardsley's own better self as evinced in the earlier pages of the book.

For meanwhile a great revolution had taken place. That very fate against which I had wanted to provide when I took him to Morris, had laid hold on Aubrey Beardsley. He awakened suddenly to find himself famous, and was as promptly preyed upon by the latest charlatanism of the hour. The art of the pavement in the name of Impressionism, the art of the monstrous and the distorted in the name of Japan, and of all that was most insincere and corrupt in the name of the French decadents claimed him: a combination of forces that bade fair to extinguish whatever of good and noble and inspired was in him.

It was close on the end of 1892, or the beginning of the next year, that I showed Beardsley's drawings to Mr. C. L. Hind, then actively engaged in editing the forthcoming "Studio." Mr. Hind introduced Beardsley to the proprietor, to whose

sympathies the Japanese qualities of the work immediately appealed. Mr. Joseph Pennell, already a friend of Beardsley's, undertook to write an article about his work for the first number of the new magazine. It bore date April, 1893, but, even before it appeared, Beardsley had become known to a considerable circle. For although Mr. Pennell's notice, in that writer's Transatlantic eagerness to advertise the superiority of process reproduction to hand-work, missed, to my mind, some of the most striking points about Beardsley, yet the illustrations, then for the first time given to the world, spoke for themselves. The recognition they won was instantaneous, and from that day forward Beardsley's career became a matter of public history.

I have said that the illustrations to the "Morte d'Arthur" were both unequal and ill-matched. It was otherwise with the three small volumes of "Bon Mots" which followed from the same publishers. The subject, however, was too trivial to deserve serious comment, and such that, as a miscellaneous collection from various authors, did not require consistent treatment throughout. It was in the play of *Salome*, published in 1894, that Beardsley for the first time proved himself capable of sustained imagination—I do not say as the book stands in its published form, but in the drawings as the artist designed them. The substitution of the present numbers three and eight, by desire of the publishers, for two of the original series went a long way to mar the unity and completeness of the work. The drawings were quite terrible in forefulness, and yet Beardsley was hardly in earnest over them. Who before him had ever used the book he was commissioned to illustrate as a vehicle for ridiculing its author? But, out of the ten pictures in the *Salome*, four contain distinct caricatures of the writer. The idea was as audacious as it was successful. The preponderating influence is decidedly that of Japanese grotesque with a certain admixture of the symbolism of Carlos Schwabe, as in the illustration where a lily springs into flower from the blood that drips from the severed head of Iokanaan.

But I do not intend to trace the many successive undertakings which Beardsley managed to crowd into his short life. My purpose is rather to tell of

him as I knew him. I remember on one occasion he was telling me of his amusement in noting how the different students at Brown's school would always interpret the subject before them, each according to his own individuality: the stout men drew stout figures and *vice versa*. In fact, he remarked upon the universal tendency to reproduce one's own personal type, and that he supposed it had always been so. "Not, surely, in the case of Botticelli?"



(From a Sketch in the Possession of Aymer Vallance, Esq., hitherto unpublished.)

I asked; and, on his replying in the affirmative, I suggested that it would be an interesting experiment to reconstruct Botticelli's portrait from the materials supplied in his own works. The idea evidently attracted Beardsley, for, without saying any more, he went off, evolved a head of Botticelli on those lines, and, not long afterwards, came and presented it to me. Until now the drawing has never left my hands nor been reproduced. It was executed in the spring or summer of 1893. About the same time I arranged for Beardsley the fittings and decoration of his new home in Cambridge Street, Warwick Square. The orange walls and black woodwork everyone who used to visit him during his residence there will remember. It was during that time that Beardsley painted his sole oil-painting, a grey and leaden representation of a woman (half-length) contemplating a dead mouse.



It was not an attractive work, and was never finished. It was also during the Cambridge Street days that the quarterly, "The Yellow Book," was started, with Beardsley as art editor and Mr. Henry Harland as literary editor. For some unknown reason Beardsley's name seems to be better known in connection with "The Yellow Book" than anything else, although as a matter of fact only four numbers contained work by his hand.

It was in the middle of 1896, while Beardsley was seriously ill at Bournemouth, that the "Book of Fifty Drawings" was in preparation; and, being too unwell to write himself, he sent me a message asking me to compile the iconography to be included in the volume. Now, though I had, for some two years or more past, lost touch with a great part of his work, I knew, and Beardsley was aware that I knew, more than most people about his earlier drawings, and therefore, when he begged me on that score, I felt it to be a last request on the part of my old friend, and such that I could not refuse, whatever it might involve. I was obliged to seek, and obtained, valuable assistance from Mr. Evans and Mr. Pennell; and, pressed though I was at the time with other work, I finished the MS. by the end of September, and sent it down to Beardsley for the approval which he warmly expressed.

The last time I saw him was on April 8th, 1897, the eve of his departure for the Continent. He telegraphed to me to come and see him at the Hotel Windsor, and, cheerful as he tried to be when we met, I knew it meant good-bye. He had been terribly ill in Bournemouth; and he was indeed only going abroad to die, if it might be, in the warmth and sunshine of France. Whenever he could, and as long as he could, he worked. The latest drawings, for the illustration of "Mademoiselle de Maupin" and for "Volpone," some of the latter produced only four or five weeks before his death, show no falling off in vigour and inventiveness, but rather a fresh development in technique. It is pitiful to think of him lying prostrate, his active brain teeming with ideas which his poor, wasted hand was unable to express; to think of him asking for pencil and paper, and, after a few unavailing efforts to commit his ideas to definite shape, having to let the pencil drop from his enfeebled fingers.

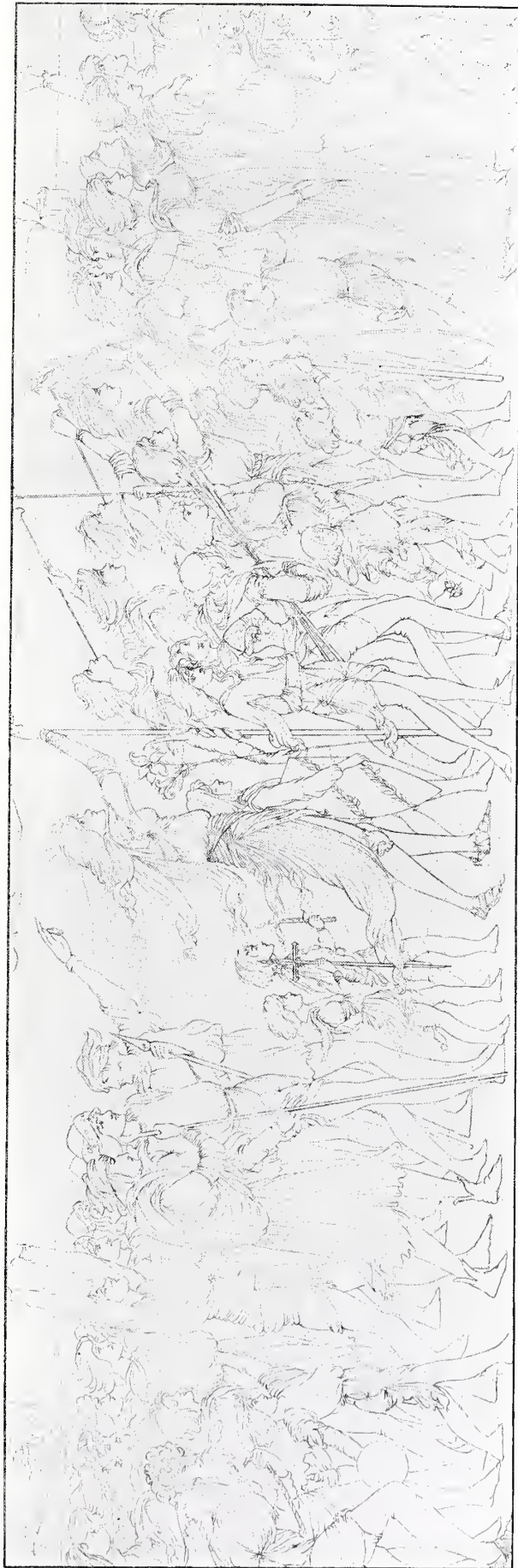
I have heard it more than hinted at that Beardsley was coarse in life and conversation, and am glad to take this opportunity to testify that, as far as my own experience of him went, such was certainly not the case. It was always an enigma to me how and where he acquired all the knowledge of the dark side of life which his work seemed to indicate. Though in years he was but a boy, some

of his drawings betray, like Leonardo's Gioconda, a vampire's hoary veteranship in vice. The wantonness, the despair, the cruelty, the lecherousness, the cunning, the malice of some of his figures—and that expressed not only in the face but in every line of the body—might have been attributed to one who had served a life-long apprenticeship in the purlieus of Hell. Yet, with it all, Beardsley scarcely ever produced any drawing that had not some delicately redeeming feature that made up for the sheer brutality of the rest. Take, for instance, that entitled "L'Education Sentimentale." The subject, a procuress and her victim, is about as repulsive as it could well be, and yet the lines of the young girl's figure are absolutely exquisite. Again, though one might justifiably object to the eccentric proportions of some figures, his masterly portrayal of texture was amazing. In one of his extant drawings of Madame Réjane the fabric of muslin is depicted with a diaphanousness more dainty and subtle than gossamer. Beardsley's tricks and mannerisms many might eopy, but in such respects as these above mentioned he was simply unapproachable. I can insist on the fact the less reservedly, since I confess that the "modernity" of the subjects is not to my liking at all.

We are wont to call the Tannhäuser story an old legend, but it is one, nevertheless, that is often being re-enacted in real life. For Beardsley it had a strange fascination. He let his fancy dwell upon it until he had clothed it in a new dress; and so pictured and re-wrote it. In some sort, maybe, it is an allegory of his own mental transports. But just as the Tannhäuser of the story knew there was but one road to peace, so likewise at the last did Aubrey Beardsley, and he travelled along it. His life was short, as we reckon human lives, and within that brief span of four and twenty years much was compressed—much of suffering, much of experience. But, at the end of it all, more fortunate than Tannhäuser was Aubrey Beardsley, because in very sooth the Pope's staff blossomed for him, and blossomed not in vain.



(From a Sketch in the Possession of Aymer Vallance, Esq., hitherto unpublished.)



JOAN OF ARC.

(From a Pencil Drawing by Aubrey Beardsley. Hitherto Unpublished. By Permission of Frederick H. Evans, Esq.)





## HOW A BALLET IS DESIGNED.

### THE "PRESS BALLET" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILHELM.

THE difference between the ballet of to-day and that of even the recent past—judged by artistic canons—is not less marked than in the case of stage-mounting generally. We refer here, of course, to the "dressing" and the presentation of the *ballet d'action*, to the total exclusion of the dancer's art, with which we have no concern. The readers of this Magazine have become acquainted through these pages with the artistic evolution of the ballet and of the masque, and have some knowledge of the steps by which the present perfection has been attained—a perfection which, it must be confessed, has reached a higher degree of development in the section of costume than in any other. This circumstance, indeed, is our chief justification for dealing with the matter at all, for were it not for the delicate artistic instinct which has made these exquisite displays a charming possibility, there would be little temptation to throw open our pages to the subject. But these complicated, moving pictures, these ever-changing compositions, these never-ending harmonies of colour, these pleasing combinations of several of the minor arts, draw so greatly upon artistic powers of a considerable order, that special interest, we think, will be taken in some description of the manner in which so notable an undertaking as the "Press Ballet" at the Empire Theatre is conceived and realised.

The costumes have in recent years become the main feature of these entertainments—it is they which may make or mar the success of a ballet,

almost independently of the story it illustrates or the dancing which once was the *raison d'être* of the whole; a fact that is patent to anyone who has witnessed a rehearsal of a great spectacular ballet, in which everything is complete, save that the dancers are in ordinary practising-dress. The ingenuity, the

creative ability, the taste, the resource and delicate fancy expended on this section of the work, need hardly here be insisted upon, nor need it at any length be explained how necessary for complete success is the harmony of view as well as of talent that must exist between the chiefs of the various sections.

Without such harmony, failure must wait on confusion. Plan he never so carefully, never so beautifully, the costume-designer will, in the end, find his excellent intentions absolutely defeated, if the author of the scenario insists, for example, upon changing his scheme and bringing on at once two actors, or two bodies of coryphées,

attired in costumes which were first designed on the understanding that the wearers would never occupy the stage at the same time. Or again, if the ballet master yields to the ever-existing passion of his *première danseuse* to wear a garland of flowers which, however flattering they may be to her complexion, will clash with her own costume, or that of her companions; or else, if the scene-painter adopts a general scheme of colour not conciliatory to every costume that will be upon the stage during the scene; or if evolutions are indulged in by the dancers not in conformity with the dignity, not to say the



"LA MODE."





"THE TIMES."

possibilities, of the costumes worn—the whole effect of the ballet must suffer, if it be not absolutely ruined, by such lapses of taste, of conciliation, or omissions of care. A ballet, in truth, is a structure requiring infinite skill, care, experience, and knowledge of details, the whole governed by an artistic taste up to the level of the most exacting of the critics; and if one single important item be overlooked or neglected, the entire *ensemble*, so far as its character for beauty and refinement is concerned, is in jeopardy, along with the reputation of the artists engaged, and the credit and the interests of the management.

And so it comes about that the spectacular ballet of to-day is a thing of more concentrated aim than the elaborate *divertissements* of old, which, nevertheless, were planned and carried into effect by the great masters of painting, sculpture, or architecture of their time; when kings and queens and princes took leading parts with incomparable dignity and unsurpassable grace; or when, as in the ballets of the Court of Valois, the entertainments would consist of the classic five acts and two "entrées," and the whole display would spread itself over several days. Nowadays, the representation of the work must be compressed into an hour or so, brightness and movement take the place of stateliness, and although the richness of

those early efforts is hardly rivalled by theatrical enterprise to-day, the variety and the taste are as evident, despite the fact that supers are indeed supers, instead of knightly personages to the number of several hundreds, such as were at one time pressed into the service of the spectacle.

Latterly, however—in one notable case at least—the artist is now allowed to be also the inventor of the scenario, and, consequently, he is allowed a restraining and counselling voice (to be used with all needful geniality, firmness, and tact) in the labours of the scene-painter, a weighty influence with the ballet-master, and even to exert some power of friendly consultation with the composer of the music. He is, of course, subject from the first to the fiat of the manager, or of the directors of the theatre, not only in respect of the subject of the ballet, but also, of course, in regard to those plans and arrangements which affect the general expense of the undertaking. It must be remembered that even an hour's entertainment, mounted with the liberality that distinguishes the "Press Ballet," involves an outlay that constitutes a very serious speculation, or, by good luck it may be expressed, investment. Indeed, it is probable that by



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the conclusion of the first performance such a ballet would have cost hardly less than £6,000 or £7,000.

It is obvious then that the designer must be a man singularly gifted. Not only must he be able to plan out a story at once pictorial and dramatic, but every idea must be clearly realised by a separate impersonation; each figure on the crowded stage must, by her costume, and, if possible, in her wearing of it, typify and personify a distinct conception. Each costume must adequately express its meaning, and not only adequately, but beautifully, and be at the same time as full of fancy and invention as the mind of the artist can invest it with. Such a man is Mr. Wilhelm, to whose remarkable work and graceful imagination attention has heretofore been drawn in these pages. He is an

and capital ideas may be elaborated and then abandoned as undesirable, it may be mentioned that the



artist of infinite resource, of rich and graceful invention, and yet possessed of that reticence in taste, whose sense of refinement controls an imagination at once poetic and dainty, and whose colour-sense is equally opulent and chaste. To such a one the idea of a ballet on the subject of the Press, though to most perhaps not greatly inspiring, might at first suggest, say, the animation of a popular railway book-stall, or again, perhaps, an editorial sanctum of burlesque design, with its distracted occupant invoking the aid of scissors, paste, blue pencil, and waste-paper basket. In some such elementary idea the whole conception would take root. In order to show what opportunities





introduction of politics and gay party-colours was at one time under consideration, as an excellent motive that would supply material for a moving conflict of the pens. The policy of prudence was perhaps the right one, but a tempting opportunity was lost for the relief of the prevailing black and white of the main treatment with a little positive colour.

But the scheme of a Newspaper Divertissement, it is understood, had commended itself to Mr. Wilhelm years before it had gathered sufficient force to take definite shape, and it had long awaited the right opportunity to be exploited. The germ of it was, no doubt, the idea which has been coquetted with at many a fancy-dress ball, when a costume decorated with quill-pens and inscribed with the motto, "The Pen is mightier than the Sword," has always



achieved its oft-repeated little success. But to work out the complete scheme as it has since been elaborated has been a labour involving not less than five months of continuous effort, not only in the designing itself, but in general superintendence and in the reetification of the unexpected disappointments which always attend the realisation of every project so complicated and to so great a degree dependent upon the capacity and goodwill of a crowd of collaborators.

The evolution of such a ballet—however attractive in subject excessively difficult of properly sensitive treatment—is in this wise. The designer, being applied to for a suggestion for a new ballet, thinks out his subject and makes his proposal. The successes hitherto resulting from the artist's resources of experience and fancy, probably justify the managerial faith in his judgment,



and despite the fact that to them the scheme makes no very rich promise of elements of beauty or popularity, he is asked to prepare a few sketches in illustration of his notion. In a short time these are produced, and, the managerial appreciation being now set all aflame at the sight of them, the designer is practically given *carte blanche*. In the present instance Mr. Wilhelm made not fewer than one hundred highly finished designs of costumes for the ballet; and when all the pretty little symbolic touches are taken due note of (many of which we fear are lost upon the public), the amount of effort may be to some extent computed. These are apart from the rough preliminary notes and suggestions of design, and the many elaborate full-scale drawings of device for embroideries and the like (such as the combined tragic and comic masks used on the dresses of the theatrical papers, reproduced on p. 377)—altogether a bewildering number. Nor is it enough to design a dress as seen from the front; the back must also be indicated where necessary, and, moreover, working sketches made at times to show how it is to be devised and how worn: all these, be it remembered, in addition to sundry sketches for the needful properties and accessories, and the more or less detailed drawings of effect and composition to guide the scenic artist in his department.

So the actual development of the ballet and its equipment were gradually matured. A beginning is appropriately made with a scene representative of a tableau of Caxton, as shown in Maclise's well-known

chievous, "distribute the type," when to the amazed vision of the distracted printer is presented the consoling contrast of the extreme development of the printing press in



Fleet Street, with all its marvellous accessories for the collection and distribution of news, and its multifarious methods of serving the various tastes of all classes of readers of the daily and weekly Press. Then follows

the entry of the most popular papers of to-day aptly personified, and the whole closes with an appropriate apotheosis of the subject. Such is the main idea, of which no elaboration is here needed; but a few words may be said on the artistic presentation of a subject which, at first blush appearing curiously unsuggestive and commonplace, has developed into a display that is a real work of art.

In the opening scene of the discomfiture and final triumph of Caxton, the artist has deliberately and very felicitously ignored Maclise's own colour-scheme, and has adopted an

picture, receiving his royal visitors to examine the first printing-press set up in England. Soon there appears a band of singularly diabolical "printers' devils"—true conventional imps—who break up the press and, fiercely mis-

original and independent one, doubtless in the belief that the public's acquaintance with, and affection for, the painter's own were not in themselves sufficient to restrict special treatment for the stage. He has consequently adopted a harmony of warm tints, keeping their brightest expression for the sealing-wax red of the King's cap, and the gold and ermine of his robes. The Queen in Venetian red and gold brocade, the Duke of Clarence in deeper crimson and purple, and the little Princes in heliotrope velvet, lead the eye into the surrounding russets, browns, and greys of Caxton and his artisans; while the figure of the Duke of Gloucester



in bronze and black brocade helps to accentuate the touches of steel and dull orange that light up the group. Flame-colour, melting into black, in suits of mediæval quaintness, distinguishes the mocking band of printers' devils aforesaid, who break in on Caxton's reverie, and, as an initial step in revealing to him the development of his invention, destroy his printing-press. But from its ruins there arises, with the well-timed appropriateness known in its fullest development only to the ballet stage, the saving grace of the Liberty of the Press. This amiable spirit is no other than the *première danseuse*,



golden grounds of her bodice (suggestive of the darkness of the past and the glory of the present), and the clarion and the winged pens that radiate around her skirt, she is, as it were, an epitome of the ballet, and a personification in brief of the history of the Press.

The journals themselves—to the number of over three score—were naturally selected for their popularity on the bookstall. First divided into their obvious classes, they grouped themselves readily into dailies, weeklies, and Sunday papers, classed separately



who though her dress is arranged somewhat conventionally as to style, yet atones for it by a wealth of decorative symbolism which can be appreciated in a measure by a glance at our illustration. From the diamond star glittering on her Cap of Liberty, to the contrasted dates, "1471-1898," on the respective black and



as journals of news, sport, stage, finance, fashion, humour, and the like. The natural difficulty that lay in the selection was to some degree modified by the guiding rule that it was necessary as far as possible to keep to broad masses of colour and effect whenever practicable, and to avoid resemblance to an ordinary fancy-dress gathering of single figures in ill-assorted garb. Such a subject is necessarily full of pitfalls for the unwary, and the opportunities for giving offence to sections of the audience or of the Press are many: so that the actual scenario took shape slowly, while the fact that the available *personnel*

of the stage had to be arranged and rearranged for with careful forethought and great deliberation, necessarily impose further limits on the artist. Indeed, the fitting of players to costumes, and, even worse, the fitting of characters to the players, seem to be among the greatest yet least-accounted difficulties in the



whole proceedings; for it is as important that personal characteristics should harmonise with the costume as that the costume should fit the character.

The general idea of causing the dresses to suggest the journals is not only an admirable one, but it is admirably carried out, the notion of the pages of the paper being maintained in nearly every dress, while the flying ribbons, flaps, and pennons typifying newspaper columns is at once felicitous and expressive. The "Times" is naturally foremost

in suggesting a special scheme, and the winged hour-glass, carried aloft by its leading representative, typify the spirit of progress, as the light in it glows brighter and brighter while its ebbing sands run out. On the dress, here and there, are



hints of the characteristics of the paper. Indeed, throughout the whole series similar suggestions are to be found. The "Daily Telegraph" shows its golden heart of charity traversed by the telegraph wires that flashed to the ends of the Empire the growth of the various funds it has raised; and the "Standard," proudly conservative of the banner of the kingdom, is alike happy and fruitful in inspiration. But with the rest of the morning dailies it became necessary to adopt a general type and array them all as Knights of the Quill, with crests adopted from the early chauticleer, and only such differences of device as might best accord with their respective titles. Thus the "Morning Post" bears on oval plaques the familiar "V.R." upon a red ground, and the "Morning Advertiser"—the organ of the Licensed Victuallers—carries a tiny barrel slung across the shoulders in the manner of a *cantinière*.

A similar plan is followed with the evening papers, another style of dress being taken and carried out in the various tints of the special editions—all alike being surmounted by the crescent of the evening moon and the bat's wing head-gear that should distinguish them from the morning papers. The irresistible attraction of their titles exempt the "Sun" and the "Star" from the rank and file, and assign to them the prominence of single character costumes. "Black and White," too, for the same reason is more generously

treated than some of its older competitors for public favour; and, indeed, nothing could be prettier than the arrangement of bottles of lamp-black and Chinese-white at the sides of the pretty face. With the "Graphic," too, the arrangement of the hat as a large palette is most felicitously carried out, and the colour of the green cover, as in the case of all other papers, is accurately reproduced. The gay wrappers of the popular weeklies—"Pearson's," "Answers," and "Tit-Bits"—are useful in providing legitimate splashes of bright colour in the dresses worn by groups of children in the ballet—(as many children, in each case, as there are letters in the title)—and their head-dresses, ingeniously combining the folly-cap of amusement with the mortar-board of instruction, supply a characteristic effect to the costumes. The puppets of the several theatrical journals help to differentiate them, despite the uniformity of their dresses; and panels dealing with racing, yachting, cycling, and kindred subjects are of similar service to the sporting papers. The petticoats of the latter in turf-green are intended as a suitable foil to the black-and-white of the frocks, as are also the orange underskirts of the theatrical papers—fancifully supposed to typify the footlights' glow. Notable among them all, and in some respects above them all, are the grace and nameless "style" of "La Mode" (daintily impersonated by Madame Zanfretta), the ultra-French divinity who rules the fashion papers. Her weather-vane wand, fitted with the glass of fashion, typifying caprice, the touches of tri-colour symbolising her nationality, and the almost *outré* charm of her exquisite costume, personify together ever-changing taste in dress with unsurpassable verve and conviction.

It is unnecessary to examine further into this pretty entertainment. The reader will, at least, be able

to form a fair idea of the amount of labour and delightful effort that go to make up a ballet devised by a man of talent who is a good deal more than a costume-designer, and more thoughtful than a mere juggler with pencil and colour.

S.







A BREAK AWAY.

(From the Painting by Tom Roberts.)

## ART FROM AUSTRALIA.

BY A. L. BALDRY.

THERE is nothing more interesting in the study of art history than to watch the development and progress of a new school. It is fascinating to see how the ideas of a group of painters who are breaking new ground increase in subtlety and width of range, and to trace the growth in the executive effort of the members of the group from simple and obvious beginnings to mature achievement full of graces of style and marked by intelligent suggestion. A national school in its first stages is generally marked by a curious childishness of view and expression, by a desire to state truisms in a matter-of-fact way which escapes being contemptible because it is so absolutely sincere. We forgive the absence of imagination because the intention is good and the motives are frank and straightforward. But, like a child, the school as it grows up and increases in strength becomes dissatisfied with its own simplicity. It must have someone else to lean upon, some model

upon which to base itself: it must put on affectations and ape the mannerisms of older people so that it may pretend to the possession of an importance which it is uneasily conscious of lacking. This stage may last for years, or it may, if there is real individuality and sturdiness of character in the developing body, be soon succeeded by the creative period in which independence of idea and originality of effort have their full value and lead to results which are worthy of close attention and real respect. It is in this maturity that the best works of any school are produced, and the claims that it may have to an honourable place in the art record of the world are asserted and accepted. But it must, if it is to be enduring, go through all these stages. If it starts fully blown it is only an exotic forced by artificial devices into a sham vitality, and certain to wither under the first cold blast of discouragement or opposition.

It is, therefore, by no means uncomplimentary to describe the collection of Australian pictures at the Grafton Gallery as a child-like one. The chief interest of this exhibition lies in its curious revelation of immaturity, and in the manner in which it betrays the inexperience and youthful simplicity of the school which is growing up in Australia. If the intention of the promoters of the show was to dazzle us here with the brilliance of Antipodean art, this display is made a quarter of a century too soon. If, on the other hand, the idea was to show us how hopeful are the future prospects of great results, nothing could be better timed than this appeal to British judgment. For here are gathered together the typical works of a school which is in its earlier stages of development. As yet the capacity for mighty initiation is absent, or is at all events but dimly hinted at; and there is no evidence of any extraordinary independence or desire to leave the beaten track. But there are clearly displayed, a keen wish for improvement, abundant vitality, and a strong sense of the essential principle of good art, which need only judicious encouragement and wise restraint to give results that will compare to advantage with the best that has been done by the older schools of Europe.

What is most perceptible in the Grafton Gallery exhibition is the fact that the painters represented belong to a group which has not as yet made up its mind. There are a good many pictures shown which have no other intention than to be simple records of easily observed facts, quaintly unconscious bits of realism in which no regard is given to any matters of execution, and no effort is made to suggest any mystery or subtlety. These are

the purely imitative studies of the unimaginative beginner, the primitive first attempts of the men who have not cultivated their creative capacity, and, for want of the power of selective observation, know no better than to put down literally what is before them. With these are juxtaposed the more advanced performances of the painters who have become dissatisfied with mere literalism, and have begun to base their practice upon that of workers in other parts of the world; and here and there in the show are examples of enlightenment which prove that the individual and independent stage is even now beginning for the school. But the bulk of the collection consists of imitations, of work which reveals a decided interest in what other schools are doing and a very widespread desire for experiment and investigation. By these reflections of outside opinion, the outcome of other than local influences, the present position of Australian art can best be judged, for they are essentially illustrative of the progress which is



"PURPLE NOON'S TRANSPARENT LIGHT:" HAWKESBURY RIVER, NEW SOUTH WALES.

(From the Painting by Arthur Streeton. Lent by the Trustees of the Melbourne Gallery.)



being made in that part of the world. The very strength of the efforts which the most able of the native artists are making to bring their productions into agreement with what they see is being done elsewhere, and the very eagerness of their desire to leave behind them the tentative realism which marks the infancy of their art movement, can be quoted as the best auguries for ultimate distinction. They prove that there are, actually existing, the

handicapped. The swiftest runner will scarcely do his best to beat the record unless he has a pace-maker beside him to keep him to his work; and in art the most useful part is played by the few great men who set the standard to which those who are about them, and will come after them, have to strive to attain. The pace-makers in the Grafton Gallery are such artists as Mr. Longstaff, Mr. Arthur Streeton, Mr. Tom Roberts, Mr. E. P.



IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY.

(From the Water-colour by Albert Hanson.)

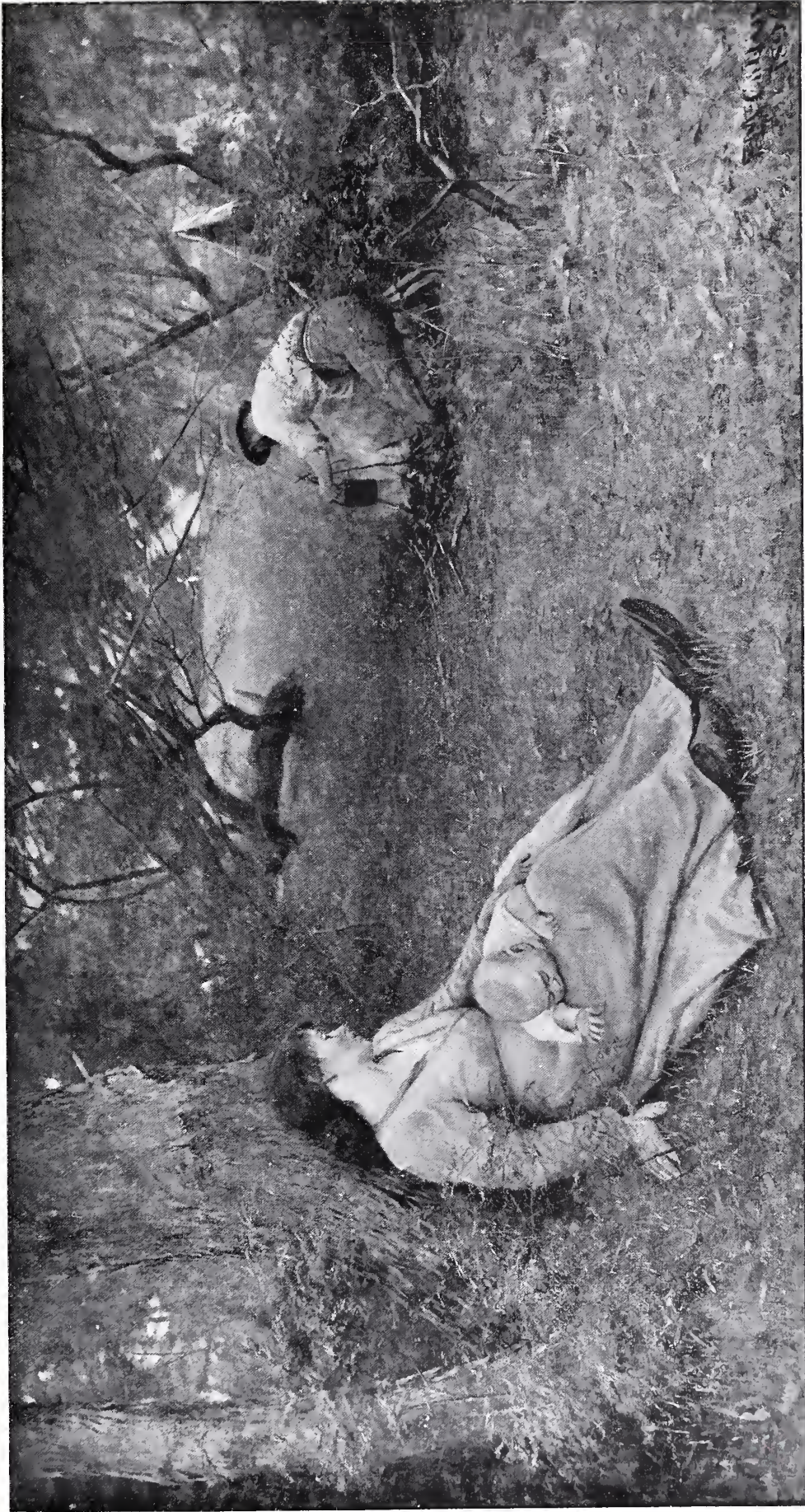
instincts which are indispensable for the right kind of æsthetic activity, and that no artificial stimulus will be needed for an art which is already flourishing and securely rooted. The school is starting under the most favourable auspices. It has admirable vitality, it is not ashamed of its youth, nor is it in any way unwilling to learn what, as yet, it does not know; and best of all, it is prepared to go slowly and to make no sensational grasp at things which are not at present within its reach.

But Australian art is most of all fortunate in the possession of several exponents who are capable of the duties of leadership, and have it in them to set a valuable example to the men who will come after. The personal influence is a great factor in artistic development, and a school without any figures of dominant importance is from the first severely

Fox, and Mr. J. R. Ashton. They are pointing the way which will lead the Australian school to success, and they have a turn of speed which will tax the utmost energies of their followers. But they are just the men who are wanted to influence the movement in the right fashion. They do not stand so far apart from the lesser artists that their performances could fairly be considered to mark unattainable heights, and they are not so absolutely original in their technical view that they might be held by painters of less courage to be too eccentric and unconventional for serious attention. They are, in point of fact, the most complete demonstrators of what can be done by a local and half-developed art while it is yet in its stage of reliance upon others, and before the highest phase of independent activity has been reached.

So much for the position which these artists





ON THE WALLABY TRACK.  
(From the *Painting* by F. McCubbin. Lent by the Trustees of the Sydney Gallery.)



occupy among their home surroundings; as they have, by the public display of their collected works in a London gallery, invited a comparison of their achievement with that of older and more mature



ADELAIDE, DAUGHTER OF PROFESSOR TUCKER.

(From the Painting by E. Phillips Fox.)

schools, some consideration must be bestowed upon the place they can assume in the record of the whole art world. Credit must certainly be given to them for the courage with which they have pitted themselves against men of greater experience and deeper knowledge of artistic traditions, and they deserve respect for the completeness with which they have set about the definition of their claim to wider appreciation than they can command at home. On the whole, they justify themselves, for if it cannot be said that they have brought to this country anything which ranks as a revelation of unexpected powers, they may fairly be praised for having done much that is well up to the average of what we are accustomed to here. This certainly applies to the half dozen or so of painters whose

canvases make the chief points of interest in the Grafton Gallery exhibition; and even if it cannot be extended to include the lesser men who are not so original in ideas and skilful in practice, the limiting of praise does not imply any discredit to the achievement of the school as a whole. It is, indeed, no small thing, when we remember how slow a process the growth of an art movement really is, that Australia should be able to produce even half a dozen artists whose works would creditably occupy prominent places on the walls of an important London gallery.

With Mr. Longstaff we are already acquainted. He has exhibited at the Academy at least one picture



A PORTRAIT STUDY.

(By J. M. Longstaff.)

that the public quite willingly recognised as having more than an ordinary amount of power; and the good impression he made then will be increased



A PROSPECTOR.

(By Julian R. Ashton. Sketched by the Artist.)

rather than diminished by the charm of his "Portrait Study" of a lady in a black dress, which is certainly one of the strongest pieces of able technique to be found in the Grafton Gallery collection. Mr. E. P. Fox is another figure painter who has the right sense of technical necessities and can view his subject with discretion and good taste. His small full length of a child, "Adelaide, daughter of Professor Tucker," is excellent, very well painted and full of character: and both his "Portrait of my Cousin" and "The Orphan," a clever study in grey tones, are thoroughly sound and skilful. Mr. J. R. Ashton is more robust, and less sensitive to delicacies of tone in his large picture, "The Prospector," a gold miner by a stream deciding whether or not he has made a find. As a vivid

realist with a remarkable appreciation of effects of colour and light, Mr. Tom Roberts is seen at his best in "A Break Away," expressed with extraordinary force and yet with perfectly artistic reserve. In "The Golden Fleece," a scene in a shearing shed, Mr. Roberts is as successful in his treatment of a subject full of movement and rich in contrasts of light and shade. Mr. Lister-Lister is most ambitious in his large landscape, "Through the Bracken," but his technical method is hardly suited to so extensive a canvas. His water-colour of "Stonehenge, N.S.W." is more agreeable and more true in its effect of bright daylight; and there is capacity of a noteworthy type in Mr. A. J. Hanson's "In the Heat of the Day." One of the few pictures in which the pathetic side of Australian life is treated at all elaborately is Mr. F. McCubbin's "On the Wallaby Track," a big grey landscape with weary wayfarers resting under the trees. It is strongly painted, and impressive in its somewhat morbid reticence. But of all the interpretations of nature Mr. Arthur Streeton's fine view of the Hawkesbury River, the "Purple Noon's transparent Light," deserves the highest praise for its many artistic qualities. It is well drawn, admirable in colour and suggestion of atmosphere, and extremely graceful in composition. It is in almost every way superior to anything else in the Gallery, and is surpassed, if it is at all, only by another of Mr. Streeton's contributions, a water-colour of "Mittagong, N.S.W.," in which his rare ability to deal with vast expanses of distance full of minute detail is displayed to perfection. All his landscapes—and there are several of them in the show—are remarkable; but these two show the highest development of his art, and to a great extent mark the furthest limit of progress to which the Australian school has, so far, attained. The whole of this group of paintings deserves to be noted, for it summarises not only the measure of success which has up to the present attended the cultivation of artistic beliefs in the colony, but points plainly the direction in which future development is to be looked for. No one who realises the conditions under which it has been produced can fail to appreciate the significance of such work.



STONEHENGE, NEW SOUTH WALES.

(Water-Colour by William Lister-Lister. Lent by the Trustees of the Sydney Gallery. Sketched by the Artist.)



## METROPOLITAN ART SCHOOLS: THE BATTERSEA POLYTECHNIC.

BY ARTHUR FISH.

**F**AVOURED in many respects above similarly populated districts of London, Battersea is especially fortunate in the possession of one of the

tunities of study which threatens to exceed the supply. Whether or not this enthusiasm is a passing phase time will prove, but certainly, up to the



BUDDING ARTS AND CRAFTSMEN AND WOMEN: AN ELEMENTARY CLASS AT WORK.

largest and best-equipped of the Polytechnic institutes which have sprung into existence during the last few years. The development of technical educa-

present moment, it shows no diminution in force. Polytechnic institutes have been built in nearly every district of the Metropolis, and the classes



THE HOUSE PAINTERS' AND DECORATORS' SHOP.

tion under the fostering care of the School Board and the Technical Education Board of the London County Council has created a demand for oppor-

have been filled directly teaching operations were begun, apparently without affecting in any marked degree the evening continuation classes established

in the schools under the control of the School Board. In the south of London this is especially the case. The Goldsmiths' Institute at New Cross,

Among the various classes at Battersea, those related to the Art Department have, perhaps, been the most popular and have achieved the most suc-



MODELLED SKETCH FOR FRIEZE.  
(Designed and Executed by J. H. Collingwood.)

the Borough Polytechnic, the Battersea Polytechnic, the South Western Polytechnic at Chelsea, and, more recently, the Camberwell School of Arts and Crafts, have in turn been instituted. All are, apparently, working successfully, and, although not

successful results. The general scheme of instruction is far-reaching and all-embracing, and includes practical designing, drawing, painting, and modelling, particularly in their various applications to trades and industries. Facilities are offered to workers in the



EXERCISE IN BRUSH-WORK. (ORIGINAL DESIGN.)  
(By Ernest J. Langman.)



LACE COLLARETTE.  
(Designed and Executed by Mabel Capes.)

very far removed from each other, and running on similar lines, they do not overlap the particular spheres of influence created by each.

building and allied trades—house-painting and decorating, cabinet-making, pattern designing for wall-papers, mosaics, and woollen fabrics. The syllabus

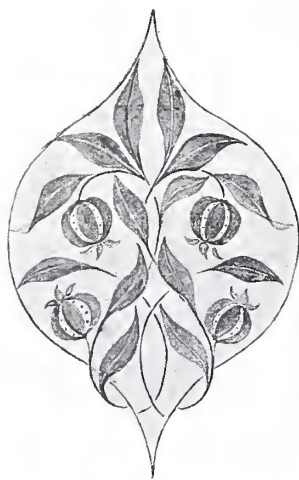
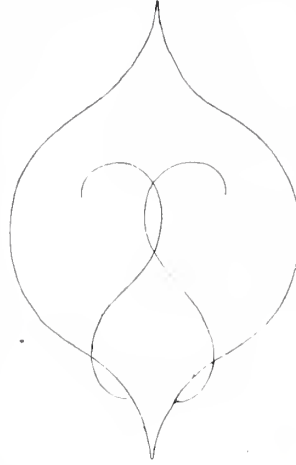


includes dress-making, millinery, and art-needlework, and special classes exist for technical art education, modelling, plaster-work, and wood-carving. In addition to these there are the usual classes which come under the South Kensington schedule—elementary freehand, plane geometry, model-drawing, perspective, light and shade, design, brush and colour work, and a preparatory course for the special classes in design.

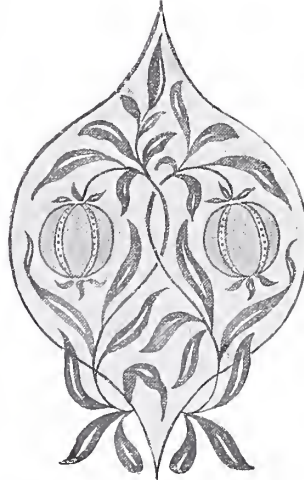
The advanced classes are recruited mainly from this elementary section and take up the subjects of drawing and shading in chalk, pen, and brush; painting in oil, water-colour, tempera, or monochrome from flat copies and casts of decorative art, antique figures, flowers, fruit, still life, drapery, and landscape: working from the living model, human and animal,

complex body of students—numbering well over 600—is no light task, and needs a man of encyclopædic knowledge and wide experience to do so. Mr. Thomas is an art-designer with a record rarely surpassed, and has qualifications which fit him for such a post as this, where the primary object is to teach design in its application to industries, and not to turn out artist painters or sculptors.

His experiences are all identified with the special subject he has to teach, with the result that he has been remarkably successful. By persuasion he induces the members of the trade classes to take up design, so that he now has house-painters who can not only execute stencils or paint door-panels, but can actually design them first; plasterers who are not only expert in their craft, but who



(By S. E. Peskett.)



(By A. H. Meelboom.)



(By E. O. Armour.)



(By H. Smith.)

## EXERCISES IN ELEMENTARY DESIGN.

and anatomical drawing—all with particular regard to their application to various industries. Students in these classes may attend any of those intended for art teachers, and work in the life-classes on payment of their share of the model's expenses.

This is a very comprehensive course of study, but it does not by any means exhaust the system controlled by the headmaster, Mr. W. G. Thomas. There are classes for domestic teachers in training in connection with the County Council scheme of technical education, the members of which come to the art department for lectures on dress-designing, and the harmonising of colour in relation to dress; and there are the organised science classes, consisting of boys and girls, who come for drawing in the daytime.

Thus it will be seen that the direction of this

understand the principles of designing an ornament and carrying it out in plaster. The *sgraffito* panels which are illustrated on p. 387 were designed by Mr. Thomas and executed in the plasterers' room at the Polytechnic—*sgraffito* being a process which is understood by very few workmen who are supposed to be skilled in their craft. The members of this class, be it noted, are only lads in their apprenticeship, who give up their evenings' and Saturday afternoons' leisure to attend the class. During the last three years five exhibitions, one of £10 and four of £5, have been secured by members. Most of these pupils were employed in fitting up "Old London" at the last Earl's Court Exhibition.

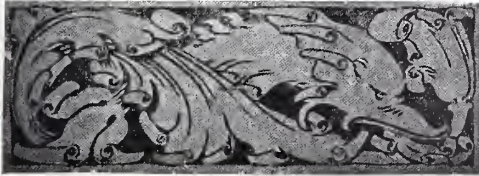
Similarly in other departments, Mr. Thomas seeks to get hold of intelligent craftsmen and to teach them, as it were, the refinements of their



trade. Designs for book-covers have been his speciality for many years, and he has several working bookbinders learning design under him. Art-needlework claimed his attention some time ago, and he promptly started a special class in connection

task, but by a series of lectures on "The History of Costume," on colour-harmonies and art applied to dress, he at last secured their attention and roused their interest. These lectures he has continued at Battersea in connection with the classes for domestic teachers in training. After the lectures outline figures representing abnormally attenuated and over-developed women are issued to the students, who have to design dresses adapted to the necessities of the figures and calculated to tone down their peculiarities of build and stature. The results are at times startling, but always interesting. Besides the form of dress, colour has to be suggested to suit the stated complexions of the models.

In the design classes practical work is obtained by exercises from flowers, shells, or fish, each student having one of the objects before him, and, after a demonstration by the teacher, working out in his own way its application. The examples of work by

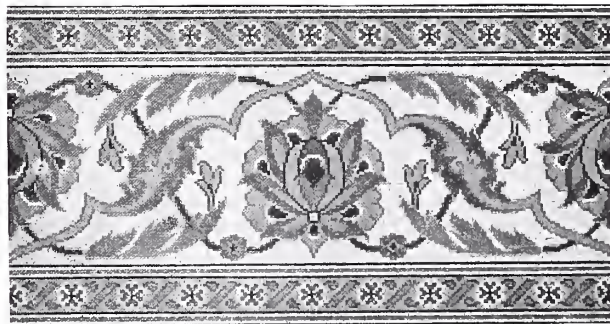
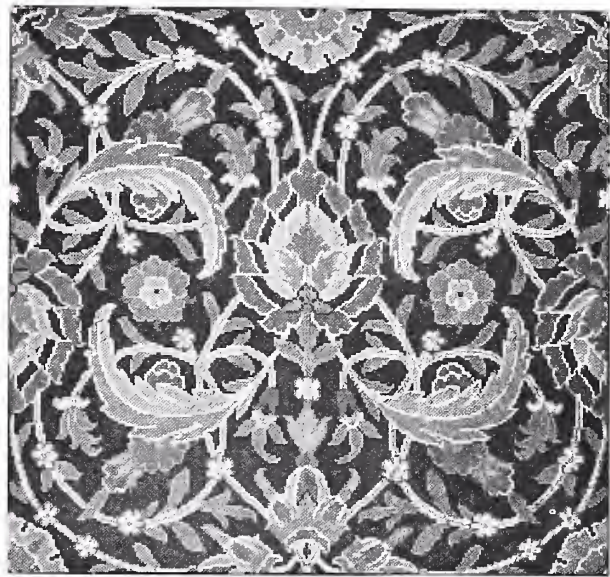


SGRAFFITO PANELS.

(Designed by W. G. Thomas. Executed by Members of Plasterers' Class.)

with this department. To induce pupils to take such an interest in their work as to consent to attend the design classes was at first a difficult matter, but he succeeded at last, and work of considerable merit has been the outcome. Instead of sitting down to work over traced patterns, as is the usual custom of pupils in the ordinary "art needlework" class, they here are taught design in its special application to needlework; they are familiarised with the infinite variety of stitches by the exhibition of old pieces of Spanish, Italian, and other work, and, in fact, trained to become artists in needlework rather than assisted to become expert copyists of other people's productions.

When at the Borough Polytechnic Mr. Thomas started his classes for design in dress, the members of which were for the most part employed in the neighbouring mantle manufactories. It was no easy



WORKING DESIGN FOR A CARPET. (NATIONAL BRONZE MEDAL.)

(By Frederick Cox.)

elementary students reproduced here show somewhat the method first employed in teaching design. A form is given them in outline, and the student



has to fill it either with flower or fruit pattern—this, of course, after a special lesson. The designs are executed in colour, and these examples, chosen at random from a number, serve to illustrate the quality of the work produced.

Brush-work is taught in a manner which enables the student to grasp at once the possibilities of the brush in ornamental work. In the illustration given (p. 385) each mark represents one stroke of the brush, and, executed as it is in white on brown paper, the result is very creditable. In the life class, too, design is the main object of all the studies, the application of the human figure to given spaces being the chief feature of the teaching. Notwithstanding this, the sketching club in connection with the Polytechnic demonstrates at its annual exhibition that the artistic instincts of the members are in no wise fettered, but rather developed, by the practice obtained.

Mr. Thomas has an efficient staff of teachers under his direction; Messrs. R. Jennings (bronze medallist), J. W. T. Vinnall (silver medallist), and W. F. Wright, and Miss A. Cannon give general assistance in the classes; while the specialists are Miss Maggie Briggs (silver medallist), art needlework; Mr. W. Aumonier, jun. (silver medallist), for modelling and wood-carving; Mr. A. C. Jackson for painting and house-decoration; and Mr. C. Quirk for the plasterers. In all branches of the teaching the interest of students is aroused in their work by demonstrations and lectures by the

masters. There is no dulness in the lessons, the enthusiasm of the headmaster influencing all, down to the youngest pupil. It may be noted that two of the teachers at the Central School of Arts and Crafts received their artistic training at Battersea, and were selected for the position by the excellence of their work while at the Polytechnic.

Summarising the results obtained since the foundation of the Polytechnic in 1894, we find that there have been obtained from the Science and Art Department 741 successes, including four National Silver medals, eight National Bronze medals, fourteen National Book Prizes, and three Queen's Prizes, the awards for 1897 being one silver and five bronze medals, and three National Book Prizes. From the Society of Arts there have been received two bronze medals and two Owen Jones Book Prizes. Since the plasterers' class was started in 1895 the City and Guilds of London have awarded three first-class certificates and a bronze medal with

a prize of £3; and the painters' class, started in the same year, has been awarded five ordinary and one Honours certificate by the City and Guilds of London. The total number of art exhibitions and scholarships gained under the Technical Education Board of the County Council during the three years 1895-6-7 has been eighty-two—more than double the number obtained by any other Polytechnic Institute during the same period; the total value of these scholarships amounts to over £1,000.



SGRAFFITO PANEL.

(Adapted by W. G. Thomas from  
Albert Dürer.)

## THE ART MOVEMENT.

### RECENT ROYAL WORCESTER.

NOT many manufactories of decorative objects for daily use have such a tradition behind them as that of the Royal Porcelain Works at Worcester. Their history has been written, as lovers of porcelain know, by Mr. R. W. Binns, F.S.A., whose name, as a former proprietor with Mr. Kerr, is indissolubly connected with the artistic development of the factory, which was started nearly one hundred and fifty years ago by Dr. Wall. The story of past triumphs it is not our task at present to tell. Our immediate concern is with the work of to-day, and we propose in this short article to show

how the Royal Porcelain Company (for it is a company now under the energetic management of Mr. E. P. Evans, with Mr. W. Moore Binns at the head of the art departments) is continuing to produce beautiful and artistic wares worthy of its well-earned reputation.

That there are plenty of people who fully appreciate the value of world-wide fame such as is that of Worcester porcelain, may soon be learnt from the interesting museum attached to the works. Here one may not only compare the old Worcester with the new, but also the genuine with the counterfeit.



TEA AND BREAKFAST CUPS AND SAUCERS.

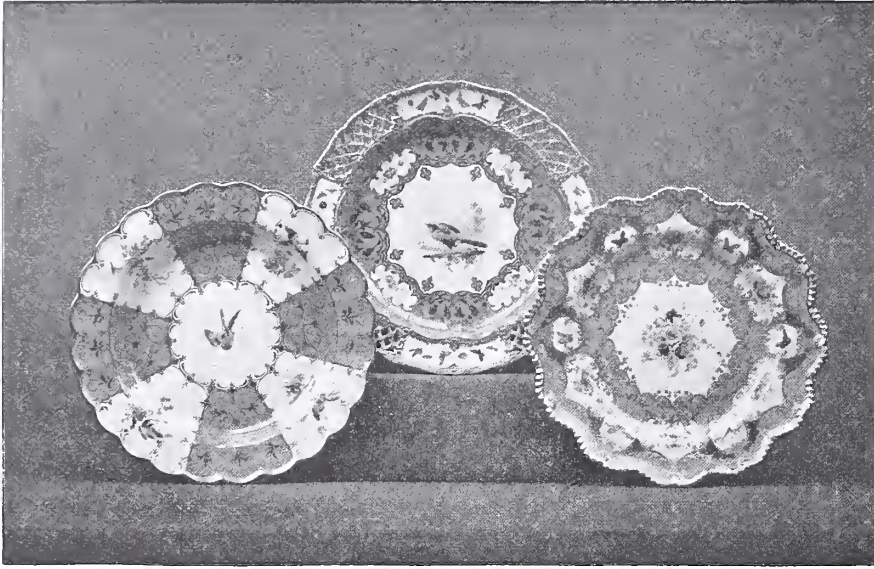
Side by side with delightful examples of the simple blue and white, either plain in shape or delicately fluted and gadrooned, are specimens of the famous blue-seal pattern with charming flower and bird panels, and pieces made in emulation of the imported Oriental. These are imitations, but with an English note about them which seems to turn them into something delightfully fresh and new. Just as all the great ceramic factories of the last century set themselves to adopt the chief merits of the Oriental, they were not above borrowing hints of technique and style from each other. Battersea, Chelsea, Dresden, Sèvres, Worcester, are all connected together in the history of the potters of the eighteenth century. It was workmen imported from Chelsea, who had learned their art at Vincennes and Sèvres, who brought to Worcester the skill in the blue-seal and painted panels of which one can inspect here the fraudulent foreign or Staffordshire imitations. Examination of these last gives, more than anything else, an insight into the excellence of true Worcester. The imitation of the blue-seal is pitiable, the gilding is especially thin and poor compared

with the original. Only in the simplest blue and white does the counterfeit approach the Worcester quality. These nefarious specimens have been put upon the market with a covering of some cement to resemble a rather dirty unglazed patch and hide the fraudulent marks. Scratch off the cement, and the unlawfully used crescent, or the W, or the square Chinese mark of Worcester porcelain, is brought to light. The reputation of this historic factory has been, indeed, a thing to conjure with. No wonder, then, that the legitimate heirs and successors of Dr. Wall should cherish a sense of tradition, and be anxious, while embarking upon new paths of style, not to forget what has been done in the past. Thus it will be found that the pieces which we illustrate are, some of them, decorated with panels of birds in the old Worcester style, which, combined with more modern attributes, gives a pleasant suggestion of historical sequence and association. It is the most natural thing in the world not to be in a hurry to throw



VASES IN TURQUOISE AND APPLE GREEN, GILT AND PAINTED WITH FRUIT AND FLOWERS.





DESSERT-PLATES.

away the benefits of that experience upon which a long-lasting celebrity has been based. And a very good thing it is just now, when there is a tendency among designers determined to be original at all costs, calmly to close their eyes to all that has been done before them, and to think that in their ignorance of and contempt for all former styles they are going to produce fresh forms of beauty. As well try to make bricks without straw as start with your memory unstocked, imagining you can develop something new and charming at once in the way of ornament.

That there never was any want of enterprise in the past at Worcester a glance at the wonderfully varied contents of the museum shows, and as to the present there is certainly no doubt. It is natural that manufacturers who have a reputation for excellence of technique one hundred and fifty years old should spend their utmost efforts to continue in the first place as regards material and quality. The Worcester porcelain was early famous for its fine warm tone, in such contrast to the cold bluish-white of Oriental, and for the homogeneity of the paste with the glaze. It was durable, did not easily chip, or wear to a dull brown. If you take in your hands

a Worcester cup and saucer of the present time its beautiful transparency and lightness are obvious at once. It would be impossible to surpass it in these respects. In contrast with the white paste, the "ivory" ware, a modern innovation of quite a different kind, is also very well known, and has commanded for some years past, and still commands, an enormous sale.

Great efforts, too, are being made in the matter of colour. The problem is, keeping in mind the inexorable necessities of commerce, to attain the greatest

possible brilliancy of effect. There is a little vase and pedestal in one piece amongst our illustrations in which a turquoise blue has been produced, at a small cost, equal to, if not better than, any other that can be found in Sèvres or what not. Equal success has been attained in a dark "Bleu de Roi," a "Rose du Barry" pink, and two fine tones of apple-green; while, as for Worcester gilding, it is beyond reproach. In the photographs the graceful shapes speak for themselves, but from them only a very inadequate idea can be realised of the brilliance of the examples chosen.

Our coloured supplement, however, will give some notion of the endeavour which is being made



FORM OF THE "VAISSEAU À MAT" IN DARK BLUE AND GILT, PAINTED WITH OLD-FASHIONED BIRDS.



at Worcester to emulate fine work of the last century, and to recall, though with a difference, the motives of Sèvres, Dresden, and Chelsea, which are linked together in the history of porcelain. The fine vase illustrated is no less than twenty-seven inches in height, and is conceived, both as to form and decoration, in the style of the early Sèvres. The material is a fine soft paste, admirably suited to

display the richness and brilliance of the glaze. The ground colour of the whole piece is an excellent example of the "Bleu de Roi" of Sèvres—sometimes called "Mazarin blue." With the exception of the painting in the white panel, the only other colour used, if we omit the gold enrichments, is a beautifully soft and deep copper green, characteristic of the early Sèvres porcelain. The celebrated "Vaisseau à Mat" at Buckingham Palace has a similar combination of blue and green ground; in our opinion the most effective and charming of all the Sèvres harmonies of colour. Visitors to the Jones collection at South Kensington may have noticed a lovely little cup and saucer with the same scheme of ornamentation. In the piece before us the green is introduced upon the upper part of the handles, in the foliated work springing from the base, and in the festooned wreath which hangs in full relief across



VASE IN DARK BLUE ("BLEU DE ROI")  
GILT AND PAINTED IN "OLD  
WORCESTER" STYLE.

from handle to handle. The green is relieved by gilding, and also separated from the surrounding blue or white with burnished gold. The panel is a charming subject of tropical birds painted with excellent harmony of tone. The framework of the panel is in low-raised and chased gold, and the same scheme of ornamentation is found on the cover. While the use of the connecting wreath between the handles, the knob of the cover, the foliated work clasping the body of the vase, and the beading above the square base, is in accordance with the Sèvres style, it should be observed that that style has only been followed in the spirit. There is no copying either of form or details of ornament, the whole being an original model based upon an intimate acquaintance on the part of the designer with a style of porcelain decoration which has deservedly held the field for more than one hundred years. The elegant form of

the cover resting upon the prettily varied and delicate rim of the vase, and the detail and general shape of the handles, are noticeable features of this piece of porcelain.

In our illustration of dessert-plates, the centre one is in the so-called "Rose du Barry" pink, varied with white, and has a partly perforated rim. That on the spectator's right is in a fine apple-green and creamy white, with flower and butterfly panels and touches of purple pencil-gilt. This piece has the gadroon edge characteristic of silversmith's work and the period of Barr, Flight, and Barr. Two other plates deserve attention. One has a white centre with a bird picture and a little gilding. Its chief feature is a beautiful dark-blue rim, slightly waved and reticulated; a good example of excellent quiet taste. The other is a dessert-plate reminiscent of a perfectly lovely old Worcester pattern. The rim of this was divided into partitions, in which a pink, a turquoise blue, and a marone colour were placed side by side in exquisite harmony. The centre of the plate has a white ground and ornament similar to, though not identical with, the plate before described.

When one goes round the large show-room of the Royal Porcelain Works, one is astonished at the immense variety of patterns always to be seen.

Useful objects, such as tea and coffee services, do not, owing to their frequent simplicity of shape, lend themselves to photography. A visit will show how delightful very many of these examples are. Just at present there is being made a charming set based upon the beautiful Japanese fan pattern, the divisions in which are brilliant red, blue, and gold on a ground of white. Another teacup and saucer is in somewhat similar colours to the well-known Crown Derby pattern, but vastly superior in taste. Sprays of dark blue follow each other round the top of the cup, laid on an edging of delicate black diaper pattern, while red flowers and green sprays grow between. The design is excellent in effect, because the masses of dark and light have been well calculated by the designer, and the colours are harmonious. A sweet little teacup quite recently produced has a simple crocus-flower



pattern prettily drawn in lilac and green on a ground of white. But these are only a few out of a number of attractive designs. It would be easy to make several harlequin sets, in which each eup with its saucer should be different, and all delightful.

The directors of the Royal Porcelain Works have always been enthusiastic admirers of the fine period of Dr. Wall, but they are no slaves to the attractions of one particular style. Experiments are continually being made, not only with porcelain, but with earthenware, and designs are executed for

we expect to see the refinements of finish. Earthenware is suited for more summary effects, especially of broken colour. Of the examples before us not one was like another. There were charming passages of brown transformed through green to a blue different in quality to anything we have ever seen before. Close inspection showed quiet patterns of hawthorn and other plants just revealing themselves beneath the glaze. There is nothing "primitive" or "naïve"—which generally means technically unsatisfactory—in the making of these wares, the colour effects of which are saturated through the ware by means of what is known to the workman as a "resist."

The production of such work is a proof that in the pursuit of freshness and originality the managers of the Royal Porcelain Works are well to the front. Manufacturers in general are sometimes accused by thoughtless persons of not knowing the desire to produce artistic works. Such people, besides being for the most part wrong in fact, labour under an incapacity for realising the enormous difficulty of the problem which the manufacturer has to face; they forget that he has to do, not with the *elique* of dilettanti to which they, perhaps, belong, but with an enormous artistically uneducated public. In a very provoking way the multitude passes over the most refined and artistic efforts of the designer



VASES IN TURQUOISE AND DARK BLUE, PAINTED AND GILT.

and the decorator. The middleman has no particular ambition to reconcile art and commerce, as long as he can do without the former. The difficulty is to make an artistic production at the middleman's price, and therefore, in designing, the artist is hampered by the recollection of that important distributor. The independent artist, working for himself, takes his own risk when he produces a new work—"Here is something which I hope is new, or, at any rate, different to what other people are doing just now. You can take it or leave it," he says; "I shall not alter my conception to suit a buyer's fancy." If the heads of a large manufacturing firm could say the same they would be only too happy to do so. When a new departure not only satisfies the aesthetic aspirations of the designer and manufacturer, but is at the same time a commercial success, then occurs a red-letter day in the annals of applied art.

sheer love of the art, in excellent taste, with the hope of persuading the public to prefer them. It is not considered an advantage by the distributor of objects of applied art that a vase or plate should be unique. Of a new design each example must, for purposes of commerce, be exactly like its fellow. What a mischief this may be, artistically speaking, need scarcely be pointed out. A series of earthenware jars for holding out flowers, in quiet tones of browns, greens, blues, and greys are simple wheel-thrown forms for the most part, not modelled and cast in moulds, as is the case with porcelain enriched with all manner of "embossments." The adoption of the forms suggested by the art of the gold- and silver-smith led to the development of mould-making for porcelain. The usage of a hundred and fifty years has legitimated it, and there will always be room for both technical methods. Upon fine porcelain



MAGAZINE OF ART.

André and Steigh, Ltd.

ROYAL WORCESTER VASE.

(Reproduced in Colour direct from the object.)





## REVIVAL OF THE BRITISH SILK INDUSTRY.

IT is not often that the demands of fashion tend towards the encouragement of our native industries; indeed, it would seem the farther removed is the place of production the more favour do the products receive. It comes, therefore, as a pleasant surprise to find that the word has gone forth that English silks have come into favour and are to be in great demand. The work from foreign looms has for so long dominated our markets that silk manufacture in England has for many years been drifting rapidly towards decay, and its total extinction seemed an imminent probability. The great centres of the industry have had to find other outlets for their labour, with more or less success. But now the hopes of the surviving manufacturers have been revived; looms are once more busily employed in meeting the demand that has arisen for home-made

silk materials. Among those who have prepared for the emergency is the firm of Liberty and Co., who inform us that they will soon be supplying none but

British designed and manufactured goods, with but few exceptions. Many of our best designers have been employed to furnish designs both for dress materials and hangings, and in the latter especially have produced excellent results. The silk brocade materials which are illustrated here are good examples of the class of work that is being done in this direction. The "Renaix" pattern is produced in three schemes of colour; one, from which our illustration is made, has a rich yellow ground

with the pattern in green and yellow; the others have grounds of sage green and white; the effect in each case being very refined. The "Patley" hanging is in white and dull yellow on blue ground, and



THE "HONEYSUCKLE" BROCADE.



THE "PATLEY" HANGING.



THE "RENAIX" BROCADE.



is also produced in three or four varieties of ground colour. Simple in design and subdued in colour, it, nevertheless, has great charm. Other effective designs are the "Mechlin" and the "St. Amand"—the latter a very rich combination of green and gold.

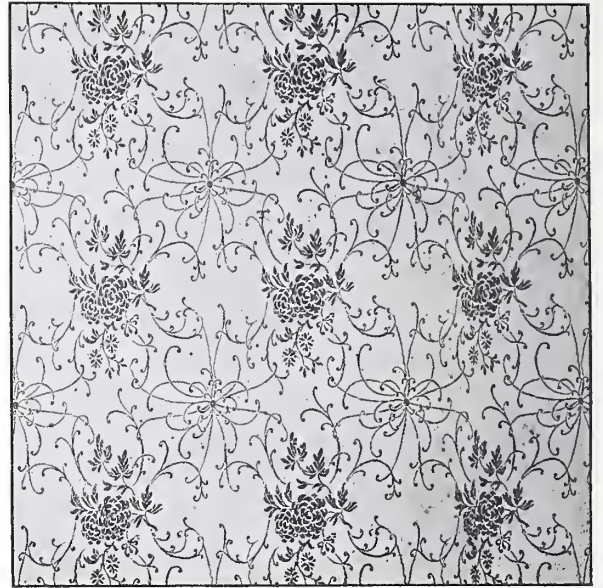
Passing to the dress-stuffs, we find that Japanese influence is paramount in the designs. The "Sakura" brocade, with a bright satin face, with its yellow flowers on a sheeny white ground, is perhaps more successful in its material than design, but the



THE "SAKURA" BROCADE.

"Guelder Rose," with its green flowers on a similar ground, is highly satisfactory. The "Delia"—a frankly Japanese design, is excellent, and we

regret that it does not lend itself to illustration. The "Livia" brocade, a material with a combined printed and woven pattern, is also a successful and



THE "GUELDER ROSE" BROCADE.

interesting example. The "Aliven" brocade in green is again an adaptation from a Japanese design with a praiseworthy result. The "Honeysuckle" brocade, which we illustrate, is worked out in red and blue on white ground. The "Orion" satin is a rich pure silk material in one colour—a beautiful golden yellow, which alone would prove that English weavers have not yet lost their old skill and cunning, in spite of their struggle for existence. We thus have here a development of an art-craft as unexpected as it is encouraging—one which will be watched with interest for the sake of its commercial as well as its artistic promise.

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## AN APPRECIATION OF SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD.

BY HARRY FURNISS.

THE work of an amateur artist possessing a distinct vein of humour is, in my opinion, far more entertaining than that of the professional caricaturist, the former being absolutely spontaneous and untrammelled by the conscientiousness of correct draughtsmanship, made only from impressions of the moment, and not the effort (as in the case of many a professional humorist) of having to be funny to order.

An excellent example of the amateur at his

best is to be found in the collection of drawings by Sir Frank Lockwood recently on exhibition at St. James's Gallery in Piccadilly. No one would resent less than Sir Frank himself having the term "amateur" applied to his work, for, as we are told in the preface to the catalogue, the collection is made of sketches hastily executed, and by their author always most lightly esteemed; indeed he would, I am sure, have felt proud to be classed in the same category as several of our

most celebrated humorous artists. It will doubtless be looked upon as rank heresy (but it is nevertheless true) if I mention that John Leech—the most delightful and refreshing of caricaturists which this century has known—was in technique essentially an amateur. Randolph Caldecott, too, always styled himself an accomplished amateur. If one were not certain of the fact, it would be impossible to believe that his unsurpassably graceful and humorous sketches were the result of several “hit or miss” attempts at the same subject, many trials having been made before one was finally selected for publication. It will be noticed from a careful study of Sir Frank Lockwood’s work that it was his practice to resort to a similar expedient. In one or two instances in the exhibition, several examples of this may be noticed in the various studies of the same subject hanging side by side on the walls.

In the work of many of our most notable living caricaturists, and in particular one whose name I will not mention, this same amateurishness of style—evidenced in the portrayal of anatomy generally, and particularly by the faulty drawing of the hands—shows a want of artistic training; and yet the work is in itself so fresh and spontaneous that we willingly overlook the faults of style in our admiration for the charm of its inception.

It was Charles Keene and George du Maurier (influenced by the Fred Walker school of black

and white) who, studying everything carefully from the model, introduced into their work that great attention to the correctness of drawing which so greatly handicaps the humorous artist, who must of necessity retain his humour whilst struggling to endow his design with artistic merit.

Sir Frank Lockwood was perhaps the most favourable modern specimen of the buoyant amateur. Possessing a big heart, kindly feeling, a brilliant wit and a facile pen, he treated Art as his playfellow and never as his master. And in the spirit in which his work was executed so must it be judged.

Many of his sketches were re-drawn for publication by professional artists, myself among the number.

In his sketch of Charles Peace, the notorious criminal, indeed a fine feeling for art is exhibited, but then it is entirely at the expense of his humour, for in truth the subject was not one to jest upon—and, moreover, the drawing was made at an anxious moment, on the occasion of Sir Frank Lockwood’s first success at the Bar.

The rest of the sketches speak for themselves, and show the genial caricaturist in his happiest moments; and as one quits the exhibition, crowded with admiring friends of the artist, mingled with a deep sense of loss which all who knew him must experience, comes the thought that it would be well indeed for us had we many more amateurs of his calibre and attainments in the world.

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## NOTES AND QUERIES.

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[106] “**LA VIERGE AUX CANDÉLABRES**”—Can you tell me of the whereabouts and the value of Raphael’s “*Vierge aux Candélabres*,” which was at one time in the possession of Mr. Munro; and what engraving has been made of it?—AN ART MASTER OF LANCASHIRE.

\* \* \* “*La Vierge aux Candélabres*”—better known, perhaps, as the “*Madonna dei Candélabri*”—was painted by Raphael about the year 1514. It has been engraved by Ern. Moraus, Pietro Bettelini, M. Blot, A. Fabri—in “*La Galerie Lucien Buonaparte*” (No. 130)—G. Levy, J. Folo—without the candelabra, which were doubtless added later on by some very minor master—I. Droda, Fr. Janet, A. Bridoux; and, in lithography, by Hermann Eichens. The picture passed from the Galleria Borghese into the collection of Prince Lucien Buonaparte, was by him sold to the Queen of Etruria, and by her to the Duke of Lucca. At

his sale, in 1841 (at Phillips’s, in Bond Street), Mr. Munro of Novar and of Hamilton Place, London, bought it for the sum of £1,500; and when the last-named collector died, it was brought to auction, in 1878, and was bought in at the great price of £20,475. So great was the public interest taken in the sale of this work that it was exhibited both in Paris and at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street, for the benefit of the Artists’ General Benevolent Institution. The sale was conducted amid great excitement and some signs of hostility, the first bid being nominally 15,000 guineas; but it was afterwards believed that the final reserve price was £35,000. The picture was exhibited for sale in 1886, but was not then disposed of. The last owner of this great work (a circular picture, it will be remembered, twenty-six inches in diameter) was Mr. Butler-Johnson. Immediately after the sale the existence of an



alleged replica with slight alteration was announced; and it is said that four copies are known—one by Pietro Antonio di Battista Palmieri d'Urbino, a contemporary and fellow-townsmen of Raphael's; by Convoli (a later one); and a third, which was at one time in the collection of Ingres, the great French painter. And it is said that another exists in the collection of a private gentleman at Bath.

[107] **THE WORK OF SAMUEL COUSINS, ENGRAVER.**—Can you give me any information as to the work executed by the late Mr. Samuel Cousins, R.A., and of the number of plates he executed after Sir Joshua Reynolds and the principal painters? and can you give any idea of the average number of plates scraped by him in various years of his career?—L. BURTON (Compton Street, W.).

\* \* After Sir Joshua Reynolds, Cousins executed 106 plates of which the great majority were engraved when he was an apprentice to S. W. Reynolds from 1820 to 1825, and were included in the set of 350 plates which his master contracted to produce after the works of the President. After Sir Thomas Lawrence, he engraved 32; after Landseer, 11; Millais, 10; Thomas Phillips, R.A., 10; George Richmond, R.A., 8; Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A., 7; Winterhalter, 7; Chantrey, 6; Sant, 5; Mrs. Carpenter, 4; Sir Francis Grant, 3; and Lord Leighton, 3. These numbers are perhaps not quite accurate, nor do they pretend to include all the work which Cousins produced. For full information our correspondent is referred to Mr. Algernon Graves's book upon the subject. Any "average" that could be given would be misleading, as Cousins's work varied greatly. In 1827 he scraped 5 plates; in 1830, 7; in 1831, 5; in 1832, 10; in 1837 (the year of "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time"), 4; in the next year, 10; in 1840, 2 (including the "Sutherland Children" by Landseer). After that he rarely exceeded 4 plates, usually 3, and sometimes only 1, as in the years 1848, 1849, 1856, 1857, 1861, 1870, 1873, and 1883.

[108] **JOHN DOYLE'S "HB CARTOONS."**—Is there any regular price for a complete set of the HB cartoons, and if so, can your readers give me any information on the subject?—M. MONTAGU (Brighton).

\* \* A complete set is a rarity so great that there cannot be said to be any market price for a copy. Such a set occurred about nine years ago, consisting of from vol. i., 1829, to vol. ix., 1851, containing 917 numbers, with the illustrative key to Nos. 1 to 800 in two volumes—in all, 9 volumes folio, and two volumes 8vo, calf gilt, with fine original impressions, the price

being £35 10s. To that price probably about a quarter more would nowadays be added. The value of the work, not only as a political and social commentary, but as a portrait gallery, can hardly be overrated, so that the price of the book is always rising, and may be expected to mount still further every time a copy occurs for sale.

#### NOTE.

**HOLBEIN'S "AMBASSADORS."**—When Earl Radnor bought the picture now called "The Ambassadors," he sent it to be reframed or regilt to my grandfather, Mr. William Habgood, carver and gilder of North and South Audley Street. The frame was sent to his workshops in Bayswater and the picture to his residence, where a large bay-window with the balcony on the first floor had to be taken down for its admittance, and where all the notabilities of the time came by the invitation of the Earl to view it. It was then called "The Philosophers," but Earl Radnor judged it to represent a diplomatist and a man of learning and science discussing a treaty and planning a scientific frontier; so that the name of "The Ambassadors" would be more appropriate. When my grandfather told the Earl that he had bought a bargain, and that in fifty or sixty years it would be worth treble the money—(I think it was £20,000 that was paid for the picture, but here I may be mistaken)—he good-humouredly replied: "That is a trader's point of view. It shall become an heirloom and never leave the family." When the restorations were finished the picture was packed in a two-horse waggon, and the Earl of Radnor and my grandfather walked after it some distance along the road and then returned to town. They parted, and the Earl held my grandfather responsible for the picture's safe conduct into Radnor Castle. The next day my grandfather and my father (then a lad of ten) took coach to St. Albans to await the arrival of the waggon, saw that all was safely started on the road and took stage to the Castle. Scouts were sent out to watch for its approach; but when it arrived it was found that the picture could not enter the gallery, so that a window and the handsome brickwork had to be removed to admit it. When they were busy arranging the pictures in the gallery, the Earl Radnor being on a ladder, hammer in hand, and divested of coat and waistcoat, the steward rushed in excitedly, saying that there was a bull-bait in the village. The Earl jumped from the ladder, snatched his coat, sprang through the window, calling on my grandfather to follow, and all the servants obeyed the call. For a day or two no one would help in the gallery, from the Earl downwards; art had fled, and nothing was thought or talked of but the fury of the bull and the pluck of the dogs.—PHEBE YORKE HABGOOD.





J. L. F. Meissonier, pinx.

Dujardin, photographus

A RECONNAISSANCE,  
*In the collection of C. T. Yerkes Esq. Chicago.*





## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—MAY.

## The Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

THE Spring Exhibition of water-colours at the Royal Institute, while containing few pictures of note, shows nevertheless a fair average of merit. Among the figure subjects the honours are divided between the "Waiting for the Fishing Boats" of Herr HANS VON BARTELS and the "Violin Concerto" of Mr. JOHN GÜLICH. The former is a drawing of a Dutch fisherwife carrying her child, walking along the wind-driven beach. So large is the figure that but little of the sea is visible, but there are strength and virility in the drawing that are the more striking when compared with the sentimental domestic subjects which find so much favour with the members of the Institute. Mr. Gülich's clever drawing attracts attention for the same reason. On a platform of a concert-hall stands a graceful figure of a lady violinist, behind whom is ranged a stringed orchestra, the sober black of the men's dresses and the browns of their instruments throwing into relief the fair performer in front. Unfortunately, the artist has seen fit to introduce a spiritual figure which is placing a substantial laurel wreath upon the soloist's brow: a touch of sentiment altogether unnecessary—indeed, it is distinctly harmful—to the picture. The triumph of the performer is sufficiently suggested in her face, lighted as it is by the passion for her art; but the introduction of the ghostly figure mars the picture altogether, lending to it a touch of bathos. Mr. LEE HANKEY'S two pastorals, "When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs" and "Une Vierge," are tenderly rendered, and Sir JAMES LINTON'S "Roses," Mr. MORTIMER MENPES'S "Maud," and Mr. BUNDY'S "Market Day" are other prominent figure subjects. Among the landscapes Mr. BERNARD EVANS'S "From Gourdon to the Mediterranean," Mr. AUMONIER'S "Chalk Cliff," Mr. SWANWICK'S "Duck Pond," Mr. J. STUART RICHARDSON'S "Bristol Docks, Early Morning," and Mr. ALFRED PARSON'S "A Savoy Garden" are to be ranked as the best.

## Royal Society of British Artists.

At the Suffolk Street Galleries the landscape painters claim first mention, not only on account of their preponderating numbers, but also for the quality of their work. The Newlyn artists are again well to the front. Mr. ARTHUR MEADE has a charming picture, "Across the Common"—a wide stretch of landscape brilliant with sunlight, in the foreground of which a girl is driving some geese. Mr. GREVILLE MORRIS'S subdued moonlight

scene, "The Fold," is one of the best canvases we have seen from his hand. Mr. FRANK SPENLOVE-SPENLOVE'S "Herald of Spring" and "A Breezy Morning, Scheveningen, Holland," will do much to advance his reputation. Mr. E. BOROUGH JOHNSON'S "At Close of Day" is refined in sentiment and execution; and among others calling for mention are Mr. DAVID MUIRHEAD'S charming little seaport "Evening," Mr. MONTAGUE SMYTH'S "The Flock Returning," and Mr. ROBERT GOODMAN'S bright and cheerful "By Mead and Stream." The position usually occupied by

Mr. CAYLEY-ROBINSON'S work is this year given up to Mr. S. H. SIME'S strikingly clever "Portrait" of a lady, which proves that he can attract attention pleasantly, as well as by the *outré* productions with which his name has hitherto been associated. Mr. J.W.T. MANUEL, on the other hand, still adheres to his own peculiar methods in his portrait of "Mlle. Lavallière"—a lady robed in a red walking costume, with her face almost entirely covered by a huge collar of the same colour. The vestibule is given up entirely to a series of sketches of London streets and



THE PLOUGHMAN AND THE SHEPHERDESS.

(By F. Goodall, R.A. Recently acquired by the Tate Gallery. See p. 400.)

other scenes, by Mr. Manuel—some grotesque, some a little vulgar, but all clever. Mr. ADAM PROCTOR'S "Winter Fuel: Stonehaven" is a forcible picture—the figure of the old woman, heavily laden with faggots, being pathetically rendered. "Children of the Foam," by Mr. A. D. MCCORMICK, is an ambitious work which nearly approaches success. "Gleaning," by Mr. SANDERSON WELLS, is good but very suggestive of Mr. LA THANGUE'S last year's Academy work of the same subject. The prominence given to Mr. Manuel's work in the recent exhibitions of the Society have tempted several to adopt him as their model—with a result not altogether pleasing. Mr. Manuel is acceptable for his daring originality, but weak imitations of him are unbearable.

As an illustration of extremely varied imagination and of technical skill very much above the average, the collection of etchings and drawings by Herr MAX KLINGER shown at Messrs. Obach's gallery was extraordinarily interesting. The artist is equally successful in his management of subjects that are grimly imaginative, simply realistic, and daintily decorative; and excellent examples of each phase of his capacity were brought together in the gallery, and contributed appreciably to the value of this assertion of his rare individuality.

The exhibition of ceramics by M. EDMOND LACHENAL at the Hanover Gallery came as a welcome variation on the ordinary picture show. It was full of objects which



showed how wide is the range possible to the potter who can combine a real decorative sense with a thorough knowledge of the devices of his craft. Beauty of form, charm of colour, and delightful ingenuity in the treatment



MADAME VIGÉE LEBRUN.

(By Herself. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. Room XVI., No. 1,653.)

of detail were to be discovered throughout the collection, which was large and representative.

The recent exhibition of the Ridley Art Club at the Grafton Gallery included, as it usually does, a considerable amount of quite excellent work. Many artists of note were represented, and characteristic pictures and drawings by Mr. G. C. HAITÉ, Mr. M. P. LINDNER, Mr. H. S. TUKE, Miss H. DONALD-SMITH, Mr. OLSSON, and Miss I. L. GLOAG added to the value of the show. A great many contributions by less known painters were worthy of attention.

**Reviews.** We have every reason, after examining the third edition of Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL'S "*Pen-Drawing and Pen-Draughtsman*" (Macmillan and Co.), to repeat that it is the best book on the art of drawing with the pen which has ever appeared; a work of great permanent value, a delight to the eye; a treatise unlikely ever to be supplanted by any other which may be published in this country. The addition of recent examples brings up the total number of drawings to nearly four hundred—well chosen and admirably adapted for illustrating, as the case may be, the artist's talent or the writer's opinions. So much may be said in frank and well-earned praise; but a few words may be added in protest against the opinion which Mr. Pennell seems to entertain—to his own ruffling of temper—that criticism is "abuse," and that any difference of opinion partakes of the character of malevolence—"cheap sneers and poor sarcasm." Because certain foreign artists did not give effect to their promised support, Mr. Pennell charges them with never having had the intention of doing so, and sweepingly adds: "It is thus they order these matters in France." We also regret to see his wholesale charge against his countrymen—in his Appendix—that, apart from Mr. W. H. Bradley and Mr. McCarter, there are "hordes" of draughtsmen "ready to crib and steal and imitate every original man's ideas." If the statement is

really true, the fact (which we do not accept) might have been more courteously expressed. Turning to the chapter on "Pen-Drawing in England," we see that it has not been brought up to date, that Sir Edward Poynter's present position and Lord Leighton's peerage and death are alike ignored, while William Morris is spoken of as still living. As the author accepts corrections, with however ill a grace, we may point out the mis-spelling of the full name of M. Merson, the mistake in supposing that *Jugend* was founded last year (misleading only as a matter of history), and the error of stating that Sir John Gilbert's "freedom is the result of study." His handling was always free, except when minute and precise drawing was specially asked of him. Furthermore, the Japanese Art Commission have not "just" sent in their report to their Government; that occurred years ago. On the other hand, we welcome Mr. Pennell's excellent denunciation of the "sham mediaevalism" through which England is passing—a protest which, it may be hoped, will be taken to heart by the students to whom it is addressed. We welcome, too, in the Appendix the author's discovery of Goya's drawings and the *Jugend* artists. But it is a pity that Mr. Pennell insists on comparing for study drawings by Titian and Maxime Lalanne, although he knows that the latter drew for reproduction and the former did not; and a greater pity still that, as in the case of Charles Keene and Vierge, he shakes the confidence of the reader by exaggerations and over-statements. Thus, for example, he deliberately says that "a pen-drawing is quite as interesting if well done as a painting in oil;" and again, in respect to silhouette drawings by Henri Rivière and others, "I have never seen such a feeling of movement given in any form of art. . . . Nothing more impressive has been done in art"—a brace of proclamations which tend to prove that he can have no adequate sense of colour and no proper appreciation of art other than pen-



RUSSELL GURNEY (LATE RECORDER OF LONDON).

(By G. F. Watts, R.A. Recently acquired by the National Gallery. Room XXI., No. 1,654.)

drawing. Nevertheless, when allowances are made for the author's lamentable idiosyncrasies, we cannot but admire his earnestness and diligence, and the success with which he has compiled not only a treatise but a picture-book

fascinating for others besides the mere student of pen-drawing. It is a great drawback that there is no index to the book. (42s. net.)

The importance of the latest book of Mr. BERNHARD BERENSON—"The Central Italian Painters of the Renaissance" (G. P. Putnam's Sons)—must not be gauged by its size. The truth is that in this small volume the American Morelli has compressed enough material, started enough theories, and formulated enough new ascriptions to provide material for half a dozen volumes. Mr. Berenson has courage, initiative, self-confidence, and ingenuity; presumably knowledge as well; he has besides no little charm of manner, literary pleasantness, and originality; so that he is a companion not more dangerous to others than to himself. The spirit of youth is on him when the fancy lightly turns to thoughts of altering the accepted ascriptions of classic works. Mr. Berenson not only tells us, for example, that the Garvagh Madonna is not by Raphael, but he can put his finger on the man who painted it—Giulio Romano; while the execution of the cartoons at South Kensington, which we have so foolishly regarded hitherto as being by Sanzio himself, is to be credited "chiefly" to G. F. Penni. He runs through the Stanze and the Loggie at the Vatican and tells us exactly what part Raphael painted, what Giulio Romano, what P. del Vaga, and what the assistants. No doubt the vigour, brightness, and charm of his writing are in themselves persuasive (although he harps again upon "tactile values" with irritating reiteration); yet we require more evidence than he adduces to accept the new attributions he advances. We should like to see Mr. Berenson review his own book in ten years' time; for he is far too earnest and conscientious a thinker—withal unsuspectingly light-hearted—to hesitate to criticise it as fearlessly as he now criticises the critics who have gone before. As it is, the book is a mere sketch. We should like to see it worked out. (4s. 6d.)

A work of real scholarship, and of extreme utility to the student, Mr. ERNEST A. GARDNER'S "Catalogue of the Greek Vases in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge" (University Press, Cambridge), is not only a descriptive record of a section of the treasures at Cambridge; it is also an introductory treatise on the technique and the history of Greek vase-painting. The introduction though brief is suggestive, and precedes the forty plates with a lucid sketch treated with a felicitous conciseness we do not remember to have seen surpassed. Not only is the catalogue *raisonné*; the illustrations also are set before the reader in diagrammatic outline as well as in photographic facsimile. We might point out, as a slight error, that the description (No. 140) is not entirely correct: the spear leans against the woman's shoulder, not her elbow. It is much to be desired that the other treasures of the Fitzwilliam should be similarly catalogued.

The publishers carry off the honours in "The Glasgow School of Painting" (George Bell and Sons). The subject offers a great opportunity, but the opportunity has been thrown away. It is true that most, though certainly not all, of the painters who constitute the so-called "Glasgow School" are here included; but it is unfair to pretend that the pictures by which the notices upon them are illustrated, even in most cases, represent their best work. The greater thoroughness was necessary, as the works of other groups of painters lose so much in the translation of their pictures into black and white. Nor do the notes of Mr. DAVID MARTIN and the essay of Mr. NEWBERY show that the writers are quite alive to the real weight of the occasion.

Nevertheless, the volume is a useful book of reference, and as such will serve its purpose well until the fully-written and well-illustrated history of the Glasgow movement makes its welcome appearance. (10s. 6d. net.)

In "The Two Duchesses" (Blaekie and Son) Mr. VERE FOSTER has given us a selection of family correspondence of the two celebrated Duchesses of Devonshire, Georgiana and Elizabeth—intimate friends of each other, and wives in succession of the Duke of Devonshire—which not only tends to justify the contemporary verdict that they were the two most brilliant, witty, and clever women of their



KEYS FROM THE GURNEY COLLECTION.  
(Recently sold at Christie's. See p. 400.)

time, deservedly the leaders *par excellence* of fashion, but throws some new light on the social history of the day. Their salons attracted the most eminent persons, and though the artists were few, but Canova and Thorwaldsen are introduced, with the result of showing in how high esteem the two sculptors were held in England. The book is generally edited with great judgment; but when Mr. Foster considers it necessary to annotate a casual reference with dates, and Raphael, Shakespeare, Dürer, in like manner; and when a reference to Sheridan calls forth an appendix—a biographical notice from Chambers's Encyclopædia—it is surely rather absurd. The book is illustrated with seventeen admirable photogravures of pictures by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence and others, which greatly add to its interest. It is noticeable that we are given no glimpse of either Reynolds or Gainsborough in the text.

To the excellence of "The Year's Art" (Virtue and Co.)



we have so often borne witness, that we find little else to say of Mr. A. C. R. CARTER'S new issue than that it is a little more complete and more accurate than the previous volumes, which, however, have rarely lacked these merits. The work is extraordinarily full and complete, and is indispensable to all who take a real interest in the progress of the arts. (3s. 6d.)

A monument to the extraordinary and delicate talent of Miss FRANCESCA ALEXANDER, "*Tuscan Songs*" (Houghton Mifflin)—a complete collection of what has hitherto been known in England as "The Roadside Songs of Tuscany"—marks the highest point to which the art of the reproducer of pen drawings has hitherto attained. This series of 108 photogravures is exquisite in every sense, and a memorial such as any artist might be grateful for. Questions of copyright, we believe, prevent the commercial introduction of the book into England—so much the worse for us, for this is one of the most beautiful books that one could covet and possess.

We can hardly congratulate Mr. BEERBOHM TREE upon his souvenir of *Julius Cæsar*. Produced by the proprietors of "*The West End Review*," the portrait sketches have been executed by Mr. JULE GOODMAN with but indifferent success, while the representations of scenes from the play are objectionable, inasmuch as they neither adequately illustrate the subjects nor please the eye. Mr. RAILTON'S delicate drawings of bits of the scenery are the redeeming features of the book.

THE picture by Mr. GOODALL, reproduced on *Miscellanea*, p. 397, has been presented to the Tate Gallery by a body of subscribers.

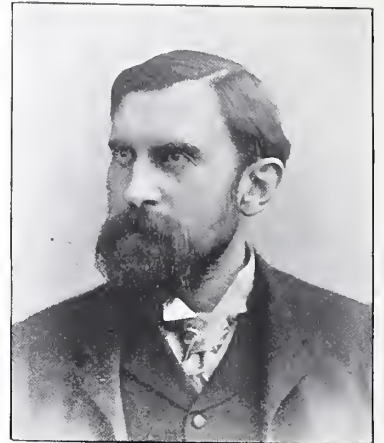
The competition for the Taylor Bequest Art prizes in Dublin has resulted in Miss ALICE M. LATIMER securing the scholarship of £50 with an excellent interpretation of the set subject, "Confidences." The composition



A BREASTPLATE FROM THE GURNEY COLLECTION.  
(Recently sold at Christie's.)

is easy, and the colouring, though a little gloomy, harmonious. The £15 prize was awarded to Mr. FRANCIS O'DONOHUE for an autumn landscape illustrating "Woodland." Mr. O'Donohue, who is a student of the Dublin Metropolitan School of Art, also gained a prize of £10 for an optional

work, a boy cutting a stick for a flower-pot. Another £10 prize was divided between Miss E. G. WYNNE (School of Art, Killarney) and Miss H. WALL (Dublin School of Art). The £5 prize fell to Mr. A. TROBRIDGE (Belfast School of Art) for a clever water-colour of a pond backed by dense woods. The best illustration of "Woodland" was, however, sent up by Miss A. Latimer, but as winner of the scholarship she was disqualified from taking another award. The judges were Viscount Powerscourt, appointed by the Royal Dublin Society; Mr. Alfred Grey, R.H.A., by the Royal Hibernian Academy; and Mr. Walter Armstrong, by the governors of the National Gallery. It is to be regretted that no sculptors competed this year.



THE LATE W. H. OVEREND.  
(From a Photograph by Barraud.)

The late Mr. JAMES GURNEY was a well-known connoisseur, and some high prices were paid at his sale at Christie's on March 8th and four following days. One of the most interesting features of the sale was a very fine collection of locks and keys of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries; the majority of these were purchased at very small prices at the Shandon sale of Robert Napier in 1877. The extraordinary variety and fine workmanship of some of the examples can be seen at a glance at our illustration on p. 399. The very high price of 180 guineas was paid for what was certainly one of the most interesting lots in the sale—the Star Chamber lock and key of Charles II, and formerly the property of the Duke of Ormond; the elaborately chiselled key is pierced and chased with two portraits of Charles II in armour. Another article which attracted much attention was a breastplate of bright steel, engraved on the right with the crucifixion, and on the left with a figure of a knight in the costume of *circa* 1530; the whole of this fine harness engraved in vertical bands in the style of Peter Speier; it realised 130 guineas: at the Bernal sale in 1848 it was purchased for £12.

**Obituary** THE death has occurred of Mr. W. H. OVEREND, the well-known black-and-white artist and painter of naval subjects. He was born in 1851, and received his education at the Charterhouse. He started his artistic career as a marine painter, but soon became connected with the *Illustrated London News*, a connection which continued up till the day of his death. His work as an illustrator kept him from painting to a great extent, but he several times exhibited at the Royal Academy, and was a member of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours. He was not a fine colourist, yet a very competent artist, who has rarely been surpassed as a draughtsman of naval life and naval warfare, or as a learned expert on all that concerns marine matters, so far as they concern the artist. His figure drawing was full of spirit and his book illustrations altogether admirable. Mr. Overend's death came as a shock and a grief to a large circle of friends, for few men have enjoyed greater personal popularity and esteem than he.







AFTER THE BATTLE: SEDAN.

(From the *Painting* by John Charlton, in the possession of E. Schumacher, Esq.)





BAD NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

(From the Painting by John Charlton, in the Possession of E. Schumacher, Esq.)

## JOHN CHARLTON: PAINTER OF SPORT AND WAR.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

IT is surely matter for surprise that in the minds of a nation so sport-loving and so warlike as the English, the painting of sport and war should be adjudged of so little account—should, relatively considered, be so little practised and so faintly applauded. It is commonly assumed that the painting of a horse—when the horse is the *raison d'être* of the picture—is something derogatory if not reprehensible in an artist, and that the painter who has devoted himself to the study and the representation of the animal from the point of view of sport has done something to degrade his art, if not to prostitute his artistic powers.

The ground for this strange misconception is clear enough. No man, generally speaking, is more exacting of accuracy or more impatient of artistic licence than the sportsman, and the slightest concession made to art, where art and sport appear to contend, is bitterly and contemptuously resented. In course of time, therefore, the artist comes under the heel of him for whom he works, and recognises that if he is to please the general public—in whose veins courses the blood of many generations of

sportsmen—he must, as far as he can, bring himself to his patrons' artistic level and give them the art they ask for. And as what is demanded of him is very emphatically to render the sporting element, whatever he does with the aesthetics of it, a separate style of art, a school wholly apart has in the hands of the majority of sporting painters been gradually evolved. Assuredly the hunting-man is not to be blamed for the infelicitous result, for artistic emotion and sporting sentiment are hardly akin: the poet and the steeplechaser cannot have the same artistic ideals, though they may find a point of contact. Even Lucretius recognised the truth—

“A hardy race of mortals, train'd to sports;  
The field their joy, unpolish'd yet by courts.”

However, it has come to be considered that while, in the hands of all but a few, the painting of horses and dogs is deserving of censure, or at the most of toleration, the representation of cows and sheep is worthy of the highest efforts of acknowledged genius. This is, of course, on the surface an illogical contention; but such blame as is to be accorded, must be apportioned between



the robust Philistine who dictates and the sensitive artist who concedes.

This passion for accuracy—for that truthful representation, which, after all, should be the basis, though not the all-in-all, of genuine art, whether of the hunt, the racecourse, or the battlefield—is comparatively new-born: at least in this country. The horses of H. P. Briggs, R.A., and of Pollard—drawn almost invariably like rocking-horses with the rockers off, the animals being, with curious unanimity, fully and mechanically extended, their hind legs always resting on the ground—showed no advance, naturalistically, on the action of the equine monsters of so many of the great masters. The appalling beast on which the youthful Don Balthazar Carlos so calmly sits in Velasquez's masterpiece resembles rather an excited, apoplectic terrier about to "beg" than the beautiful beast that nowadays represents the gambling-table of the English people; while the specimen in the same painter's "Marguerite of Austria" lifts his near fore-leg in the manner of a graceful Italian greyhound.

Carpaccio set his St. George upon an animal of shape and breed so strange that the spectator is put in mind of the intensely pathetic exclamation of the gaol-born child (who, on first issuing from the prison-gates, cried to her mother, "Look at that big cat!") which did so much to reform our prison system. Many are the masters who have shown just so little sympathy with the horse; but more numerous still are those who, painting him with full intelligence, bear him neither love nor interest beyond his intrinsic merits as a battle-charger, or his æsthetic value as a picturesque object. Such an artist was Wouvermans. The majority of painters, even in the present day, value him mainly for his decorative effect, as you may see as well in the magnificently prancing steeds of the *haute école* order of the Baron Gros, Delacroix, and Regnault, as in the imposing *melées* of Raphael and Rubens. Very few loved him for himself, when he was humble and decrepit, as Morland did, or for his nobler characteristics, as James Ward. He was just a useful accessory to

help the spirit of a page, as we see in the etchings of George Cruikshank and the lithographs of Raffet.

It is only when we come to the moderns that we find the true appreciation of the horse. In De Neuville and Meissonier, in Mme. Rosa Bonheur and M. Detaille, down to Mr. Caton Woodville, Mr. Crofts, and Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, we have that real sympathy, direct as well as artistic, that

complete knowledge of the horse, of his temperament, his anatomy, his action, his whole economy of body both in vigorous motion and at rest, which are essential to the proper equipment of the painter of sport and battle. Who is better acquainted with the "points" of the war-horse than Mr. Gow, or with his action on the field than M. Verestehagin; and who, among draughtsmen, is quicker to see the bucolic humour in him than Mr. Hugh Thomson, his spirit than Mr. Corbould, his fine action than Mr. Cleaver? Realism is demanded nowadays; and we arrived at it chiefly, perhaps, through the generally unappreciated ability of the first of our genuine painters of horse,



JOHN CHARLTON.

(By Himself.)

hound, and pink—Sir Francis Grant, the President of the Royal Academy, who rose, in no slight degree, to his high post through the esteem in which he was held by the aristocratic hunting interest and sporting gentry of the country. On the shoulders of Mr. John Charlton, in great measure, has Grant's mantle fallen.

Mr. Charlton is, in a sense, the Laureate of the M.F.H.—that, and a good deal more. He occupies a position which he has won through natural ability, hard work, and tenacity of purpose. His aim has been to import as great a proportion as possible of the ingredient of art into the mixture of qualities that go to make up the sporting picture, and in his hands the conventional to a great extent gives way to realism. Horse-portraiture, pure and simple, has never been practised by Mr. Charlton, although it is accounted by those who follow it one of the most pleasant and profitable missions that can be undertaken at the English country house. A continuous series of such portraits is ever being produced—a tribute, necessarily, to horseflesh rather



BESIEGED.

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than to art—and the leading animals in such stables as those of the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Portland, racing-men, and others, are habitually placed upon canvas for the delight of the sportsman of the future and for the honour of breeder and owner of to-day. That these portraits may also be works of art is proved by the canvases of Mr. Emil Adams, the German painter who has established himself as the leading practitioner in this line, and who has succeeded in bringing together upon his canvas that rare combination of resemblance, sport, and art.

Few of those who pass by horse-painting with a sidelong glance or with a shrug have much conception of the difficulties of horse-drawing—at least, when the animal is in action; and it may even be said that it is less common to see faulty drawing of the human figure than of the horse, even by those who make a speciality of the latter. Knowledge of anatomy is no insurance against such failure, so various is the breed of the horse, and so infinite his movements and attitudes. The painter, moreover, is always at the animal's mercy, for the beast takes little heed of what position he is

required to assume; he is not often to be coaxed into resuming an attitude or a look, and the artist must patiently await his good pleasure before he can proceed with the picture. And not only of horses is this difficulty true, but of hounds as well.

It may profitably be explained that in the painting of horses—which, after all, in Mr. Charlton's class of work really does mean horse-portraiture—the artist usually follows the same procedure. He first rubs in the sketch in pencil; then he makes it into a water-colour drawing, highly finished. This drawing he constantly qualifies or modifies by supplementary corrective pencil sketches, to be used for reference when the final painting is attacked. This last painting is in oil, correct in "form and figure, face and limb," in colour, attitude, and general character; and even, if necessary, in trick of gait. And while all this multitude of details must be cared for, the broader circumstances of composition, arrangement, chiaroscuro, and general keeping, must be kept in sight. There is no playing with the picture for the painter, as in other and more romantic walks of art; there is no margin of licence, no elastic limit of concession on the part of him who



PLACING THE GUNS.

(By Permission of Arthur Lucas, the Owner of the Copyright of the large Etching.)





THE ROYAL JUBILEE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH TRAFALGAR SQUARE, JUNE, 1887.

(By Permission of J. P. Mendoza, the Owner of the Copyright.)

commissions the work. Indeed, I take it that the sportsman, generally speaking, would rather have a photograph of the horse, the hunt, the scene, if he could only get it with truth of action and of local colour. As it is, he accepts painting as the best process at his command, and, in nine cases out of ten, tolerates rather than welcomes the artistic quality of the work.

Mr. Charlton, who was born at Bamborough in Northumberland, in 1849, proved himself an animal draughtsman from early childhood, and I have seen sketches by him at twelve or thirteen years of age which justified the highest hopes from an observation so keen and a hand so firm. From the very first there was the suggestion of Landseer's early work about him—of Landseer's subjects as well as of his arrangement and handling; but while far less romantic than the master he was far more vigorous. In none of his pictures will you find that human character, that anecdotic pathos, and factitious "eloquence" in the dumb brutes which brought Landseer such infinite popularity with the people—while it

made those grieve who loved animals better for themselves than for their capability of adaptation to human passions and sympathetic emotions. I am, of course, not now comparing Mr. Charlton with Landseer otherwise than to show that there is more sober truth and nature in this painter's representations of animal life and characteristics than in the majority of the great artist's noblest and most delightful productions.

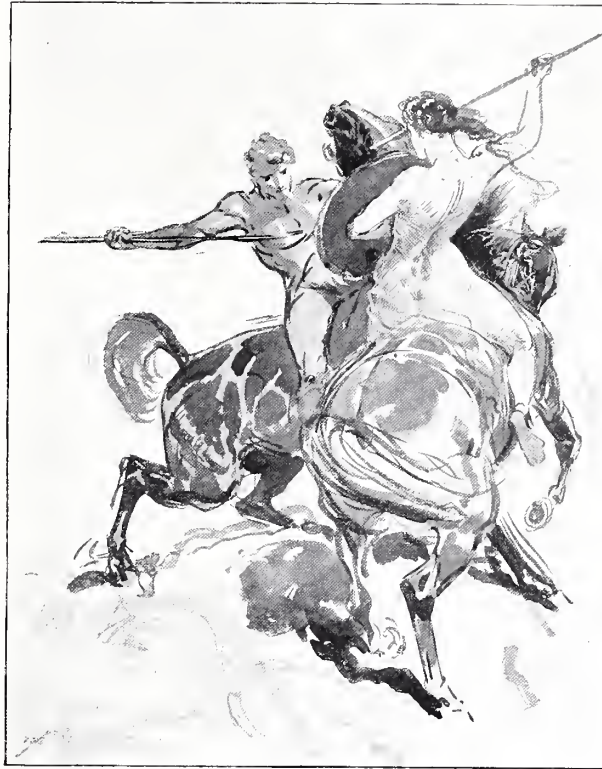
As business was not well with Mr. Charlton, sen., the lad was, at twelve years of age, put with a bookseller of Newcastle—a man whose admiration for the works of Bewick had led him to make a collection of them. These wonderful engravings young Charlton studied with infinite delight, rejoicing in that characteristic "white line, which, nevertheless, puzzled him strangely. The consequence of this study, and the practice that resulted from it, was that firm and vigorous handling



COL. JOHN A. COWEN



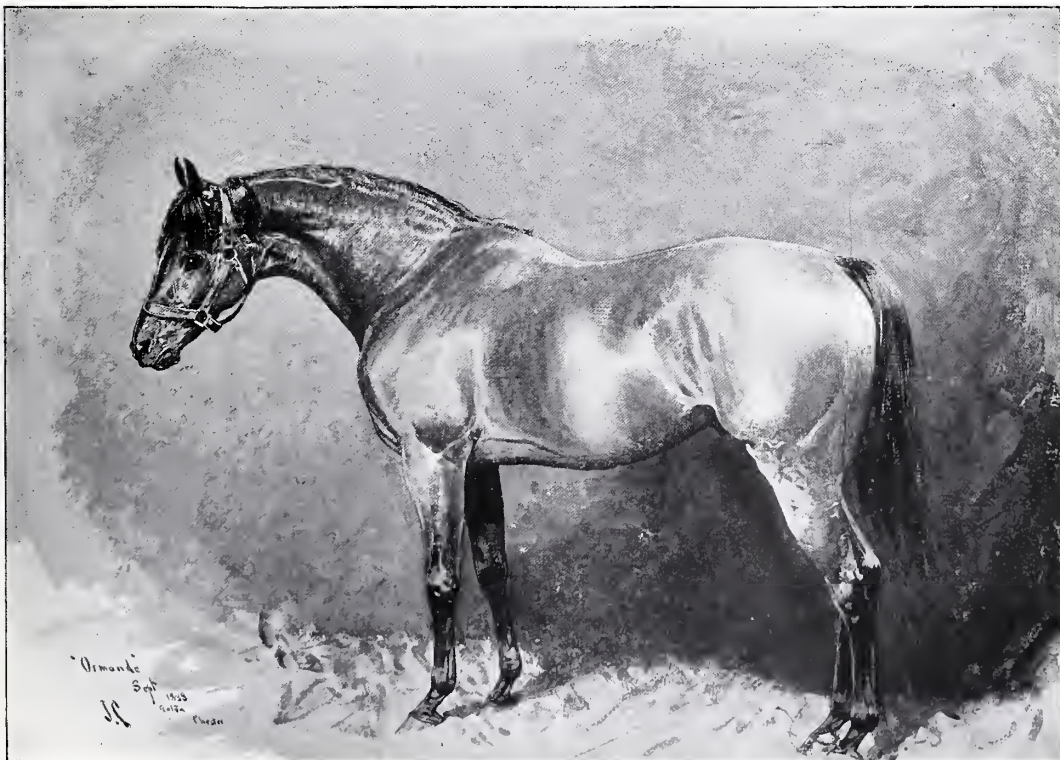
and that habit of looking at the masses of his pictures, and that intelligent appreciation of light and shade, to which I have referred as among the unusual merits of Mr. Charlton's sporting pictures and drawings in black-and-white. At that time, two of Thomas Bewick's sisters were still alive, aged ladies who took great interest in the boy's promising performances; and Charles Keene's friend—Joseph Crawhall, who supplied the great *Punch* artist with the majority of his best jokes—assisted him to attend the School of Art, then under the mastership of William Bell Scott. In this



AN AMAZON.  
(Sketch for a Picture.)

school he drew from the figure for seven years, brought him a reward greater than his weekly salary

while he passed through his long apprenticeship at the ironworks of Sir Isaac Bell, and thus became one of the numerous English engineers who have passed with distinction from the foundry and the fitting-shop into the world of art: Mr. E. J. Gregory, Mr. J. M. Swan, Mr. Frank Short, Mr. E. F. Brewtnall, Mr. Reynolds Stephens, and Mr. Linley Sambourne, to say nothing of Nasmyth and others of a former day. By his employers he was accorded one day in the week in which to follow his own devices, and this day he turned to so good a purpose that it regularly

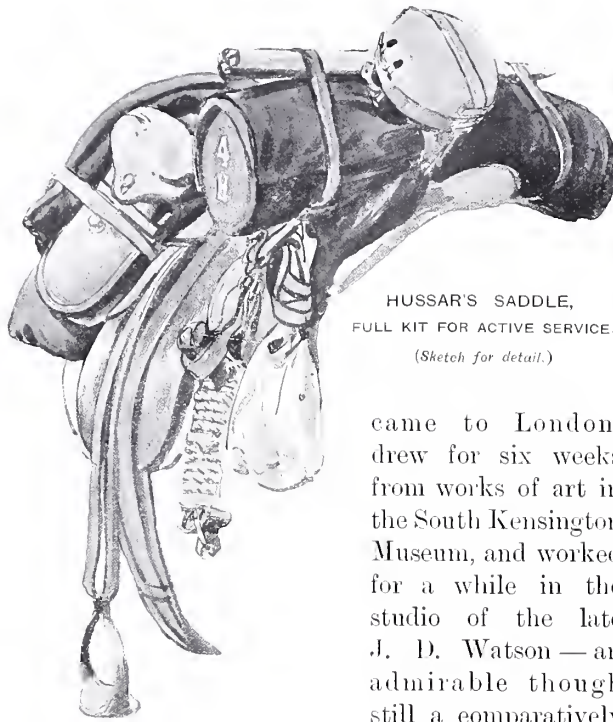


ORMONDE.



at the ironworks, and established his local reputation as a painter of dogs and horses. Then he

the same year the painter produced the hunting portrait of the Empress of Austria upon "Merry Andrew," which she presented to Lord Speneer in memory of her enjoyment of the Pytchley Hunt. The Empress never formally sat for her portrait, but she gave ample opportunity to the artist to study her features at the dinner-table.



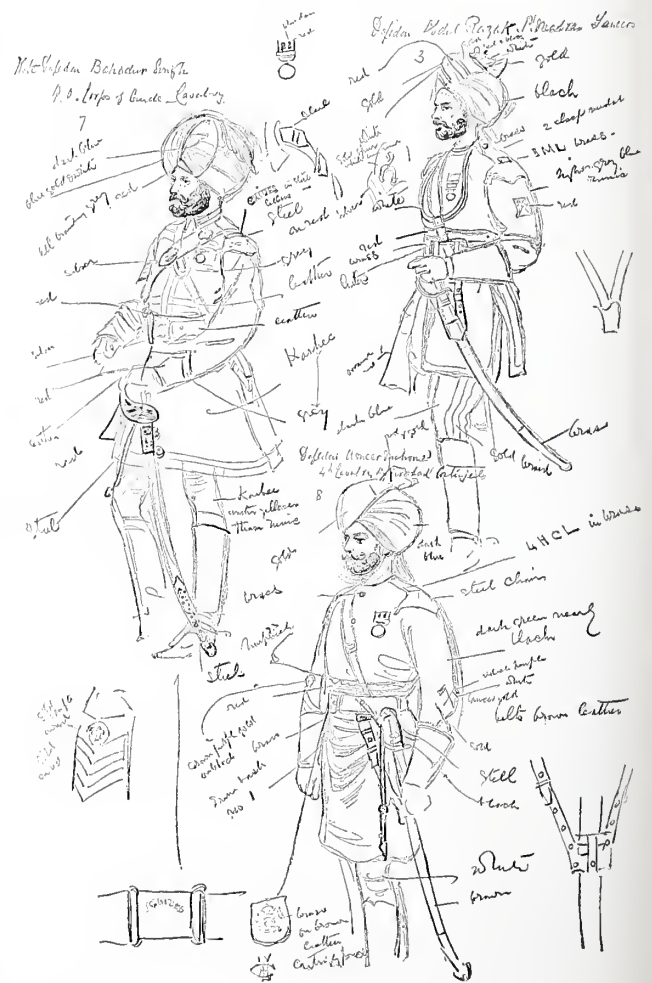
HUSSAR'S SADDLE, FULL KIT FOR ACTIVE SERVICE. (Sketch for detail.)

came to London, drew for six weeks from works of art in the South Kensington Museum, and worked for a while in the studio of the late J. D. Watson — an admirable though still a comparatively unappreciated artist

and a brilliant draughtsman—with whom he once or twice collaborated; and in 1870 he sent his first picture to the Royal Academy. Since that date his name has never once been absent from the Catalogue, save on the single occasion when, in 1872, his picture entitled "A Winter's Day: The Hall Fire" was entered in error to "J. Carter."

This first picture was "Harrowing," and it was followed the next year by "The Master's Door," with black retrievers and white terriers belonging to the Earl of Zetland. Then came the "A Winter's Day" already alluded to, memorable to the artist as having been painted for Mr. Thomas Vaughan, who later became his father-in-law. "The Resene" followed in 1877. This was a concession, in some sort, to popular sentiment. The subject—an extremely powerful one in the sketch—represents a burning stable in which the terrified horses have broken loose; but in the finished picture the painter has softened tragedy into drama by showing a stableman opening the door and bringing promise of safety to the maddened brutes—doubtless an artistic rendering of what would otherwise afflict too cruelly the instincts of a kindly and sympathetic public. In 1878 "Gone Away" was the first of a long series of hunting subjects, and not the least successful; and in 1879 came the first equestrian portrait of an M.F.H.—Mr. John Harvey, of the South Durham Hunt—in a picture entitled "Viewed Away." In

A variant of sport was played upon in 1880, when "The Stag at Bay" appeared in illustration of Whyte Melville's lines; and in 1883 Mr. Charlton's first battle-picture was produced. It represented an incident in the Egyptian campaign—"British Artillery entering the Enemy's Lines at Tel-el-Kebir, 13th Sept., 1882"—distinguished by force, dash, and true dramatic action. The portrait of Lord Rothschild in pink—one of the numerous presentation portraits—was exhibited in 1885, and in 1886 "The Death of the Fox"—a title afterwards altered to "Reynard's Requiem." Another battle incident, eloquent of disaster, was rendered with admirable spirit and knowledge of dramatic effect in "Bad News from the Front" (1887), wherein the riderless horses re-crossing the

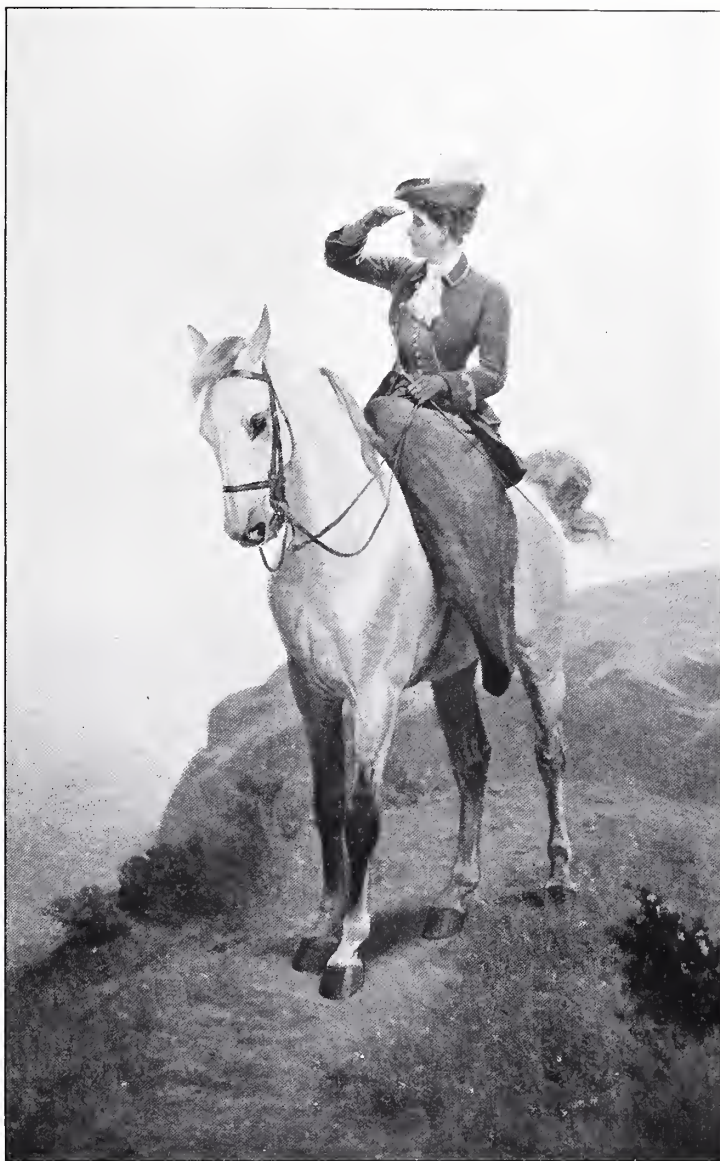


SKETCHES FOR DETAIL.

stream, in which some slake their thirst, bring back the story of the massacre of a reconnoitring party. Besides the portrait of Sir Humphry de Trafford, 1888 brought forth another war-scene, "After the Charge: 17th Lancers, Ulundi, July 4th, 1879;" and in the following year we had the "Incident in the Charge of the Light Brigade, Balaclava, 25th October, 1854," in which the effort has been made to realise with vividness and power the description by Kinglake of how "Lord George Paget, leading the 4th Light Dragoons' second line in the charge, met the riderless horses from the first line, and they [that is, the horses] turned and charged abreast of him." After another sporting picture, "The Music of the Eager Pack," Mr. Charlton exhibited in 1892 his elaborate work of "The Royal Procession passing Trafalgar Square on the way from Buckingham Palace to the Service in Westminster Abbey in celebration of the Jubilee of her Majesty the Queen, Tuesday, 21st June, 1887." This picture, which was a commission from the Queen, was carried out with remarkable skill, difficult, almost impossible, as was the task, and so much to the satisfaction of her Majesty, that Mr. Charlton has been similarly commissioned to paint the Jubilee Procession of 1897. The spot selected in this last work is not unnaturally that in front of St. Paul's Cathedral, while the religious ceremony was celebrated. In 1893 followed the stirring picture, "Placing the Guns," not less noteworthy in the fine swing of the composition than in the vigorous drawing of men and horses. One of the latest of the painter's works is the more tender picture of some Lady Di Vernon waiting on horseback, not ineffectively entitled "Will He Come?"

Practised as he is, beyond almost any other of his countrymen, in the drawing of horses, Mr. Charlton not infrequently draws in his design for picture or for "Graphic" page a half a dozen times before he is satisfied with his work, and too often leaves a composition when it is half finished if his expert eye is offended by something which most of us would pass by. But when a man is at once expert, fastidious, and conscientious, these disappointments form an integral part of his labour. As a rule, however, the work proceeds without a check, partly,

no doubt, because the almost continuous black-and-white work, with which he fills up the intervals of his painting, has gained for Mr. Charlton the



WILL HE COME?

dexterity by which he is distinguished. Most of this black-and-white has been wrought for the "Graphic"—drawings of the Horse Show, the Hunters' Show, the Military Tournament, and incidents of sport, of animal life, of war, including the subjects of some of the most telling pictures he ever painted; and for the "Daily Graphic," at its initiation, he contributed a series of sketches of hunting scenes and military manoeuvres. With the exception of the latter, and of the drawings executed for Richard Jeffries's "Red Deer," and for his own large book, "Twelve Packs of Hounds," his work of this class



has all been done for the first-named journal, with which he has been connected almost from its foundation.

It will thus be seen that the artist, whose sentiment has not been annihilated by his vigour, nor his sense of the picturesque—even his imagination—by the almost scientific accuracy demanded of him, is proceeding towards the development of his fullest powers in his rendering of what is healthiest and most robust in the Anglo-Saxon race—sport and fight. He may not aim at the subtleties which possess the souls of artists of a more imaginative and sensitive stamp—tones and values such as can have no place where the utmost refinements of thought and poetry are necessarily absent. Notwithstanding, Mr. Charlton treads the same road towards excellence—his studies from nature are hardly less skilful, less careful and conscientious, less thorough

—his studies of skies, of landscape, of foregrounds, less observed. And his facility is remarkable. His studies of hounds are as full of character as those of Fyt or Snyders or J. B. Huet, and as firmly realised as those of Regnault. Troyon could make a picture of one hound; I know not what he would have done with a pack. Here Mr. Charlton is supreme; and when he is, as hostile Stillington was pleased to put it, “riding on a horse and bawling after a pack of dogs in a brutal amusement, a cruel, if genteel, species of butchery” [I cannot guarantee the exact correctness of the quotation], he sets the field for us upon paper or canvas with extraordinary vividness, and bids us recall the song of Gay when,

“The slacken’d rein now gives him all his speed.  
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;  
Hills, dales, and forests far behind remain,  
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth’d train.”

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## THE QUEEN'S TREASURES OF ART.

### DECORATIVE ART AT WINDSOR CASTLE: FRENCH BRONZES.

(BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY.)

By FREDERICK S. ROBINSON.

**I**N continuation of the series of French Bronzes, we illustrate here the companion group, representing the art of sculpture, to that which we reproduced by A. C. Boulle in our former article. Next in order comes the second bronze infant which Pigalle executed fifty years later to match the first, which won him such reputation in the year 1733. This represents a little girl with the bird in her hand which has escaped from the cage which the boy was holding. It is not a whit deficient in vivacity when compared with the earlier work of this admirable artist.

It is a pity that we cannot definitely assign the excellent sculpture which follows. There seems not much doubt that the striking group of Pluto and Proserpine is by the hand of the man who executed the magnificent set of candelabra representing the “Four Seasons,” one of which, it may be remembered, was illustrated in our introduction. We shall have to speak at length of these when we deal with the candelabra and other objects in ormolu and bronze in which Windsor Castle is so rich. The fine bronze before us is two feet seven inches high, and represents Proserpine being carried off by Pluto. Readers of the classics will remember Ovid’s description in the *Fasti* (iv. 422). The maiden, whose slender figure is perfectly charming, is in the very

act of shrieking in despair to her mother, who is at the foot of the chariot, which is represented without the “dark horses” of the infernal god. It would appear that the artist has ingeniously translated “caeruleis” as “invisible.” At any rate, the great consideration with the French sculptor has been that of securing a good pyramid for his composition; and the introduction of horses would have meant something entirely different. The trunks of trees and sprinkled flowers which adorn the base of the group are somewhat trivially chiselled, and mark well the difference between the bronze work of the later period of Louis XIV and the finer conceptions of the Renaissance. The surface of the bronze has been treated with an artificial greenish-brown varnish or lacquer of an unpleasant hue, which does not at all equal the charm of a natural “patina.” Some of the missing flowers have been replaced with new work, which, perhaps, may have made the effect look patchy and necessitated a general toning.

Admitting that violent action is permissible in sculpture—and, however mistaken the principle, practice, especially in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, went very far in that direction—this group is of an admirable vivacity and vigour. The straight, up-raised arms of the maiden and her mother, contrasted with the crossing lines of other



ALLEGORICAL GROUP.

*(By A. C. Boulle.)*

limbs, give a strenuousness of effect which is remarkable.

It is quite interesting to compare the lines of this abduction of Proserpine with those of the next group of three figures, another of those rather recondite mythical subjects in which the story is of no particular consequence provided that it gives the artist a good motive. It represents Pandora, the woman made by Hephaestus to bring trouble upon the earth, and gifted by each of the Olympians with some mischief-working attribute. Hermes is conducting her to Epimetheus, who forgot the advice of his brother Prometheus not to accept any gift from Zeus. Some say that he was, by her, the father of Deucalion and Pyrrha. Later writers speak of the box containing all the blessings of the gods, which would have been preserved for the human race had not Pandora, being an inquisitive woman, opened it, so that the

winged blessings irrevocably escaped. This the artist has represented in her hand; but the most original touch is that whereby he shows old Hephaestus crouching below the clouds and watching his fair but dangerous handiwork as she floats with Hermes upwards.

These representations of clouds in bronze are, of course, an impossibility, which the taste of the last century persistently encouraged. The most astounding instance is to be found upon an "Empire" Clock at Buckingham Palace, which represents Apollo in his chariot of the hours crossing a bridge begirt with clouds in ornolu that resemble apple-chips. But apart from the aberration of taste which places Hermes and Pandora upon a solid cloud in bronze, there is much to admire in this group, which is two feet nine inches high. The modelling of the figures is graceful and finished, and the impression of floating gently upwards is well rendered.

Another bronze of about the same period—Louis XV—represents Venus holding a pretty little Cupid. This is one foot six and a half inches high. The slender modelling of the figure of Venus seems to be preparing us for the graceful forms of Clodion. The goddess is seated on the most exiguous of shoe-shaped chariots, and is hardly improved in



LITTLE GIRL WITH A BIRD.

*(By Pigalle.)*



appearance by the rather cheap decoration of the tight girdle below her bosom; but the little Cupid is altogether delightful as he stretches his arms towards the tiny bow which Venus has taken away—for a moment only—to tease him.

the Comte d'Artois—perhaps the pride of the Windsor collection—we shall find at Buckingham Palace that the most beautiful pair of candelabra are from his hand.

Claude Michel, commonly known as Clodion,



THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

It is useless to speculate as to the attribution of these bronzes which we have described. A dozen clever French sculptors might have been the authors of them, as far as considerations of manner are concerned. The sculptors of the eighteenth century come in whole families—one might almost say in dynasties of art. With the Caffieri family we shall have to deal on another occasion; but for an example of hereditary skill culminating after generations in a genius, let us take that of the Adams from whom sprung Clodion. One at least of our remaining illustrations is in his manner; and besides having to refer to him as the probable sculptor of the figures in the celebrated cabinet of

is the artistic heir of the Adams of Naney, just as Philippe and Jacques raised to the highest pinnacle the fame of the able sculptors of the Caffieri family. The first Adam we hear of was Jacob Sigisbert, who helped Bernini at Rome. As we have said before, that great sculptor had a direct influence on the coming style of the period of Louis XIV, which was not due solely to his stay of eight months in Paris. Jacob Sigisbert, his pupil, had three sons—Lambert Sigisbert, born 1700; Nicholas Sebastien, 1705; and François Gaspard. Lambert, the eldest, went to France in 1733 at the inducement of the Duc d'Antin, the plausible and ingenious Directeur des Bâtimens.

The sculptor was a pushing fellow with a keen eye to business, which was not shared by his

misfortune with a bust of Cosimo de' Medici. The Italian angrily knocked the head off when the likeness was impugned; but that was a passing fit of Italian temper. He and Lambert Adam were birds of a feather, as may be inferred from the fact that Lambert found a use for his rejected portrait, just as Baccio, finding his Adam and Eve "too narrow in the flanks and somewhat defective in other parts," turned them into a Bacchus and Ceres respectively. It was probably Lambert Adam who was responsible for the trick which was said to have been played on Frederick of Prussia in 1747. He was desirous of securing Nicholas as his sculptor, and he thought he had got him. It was only after some time that he discovered that François Gaspard the younger had been palmed off for his elder brother. But the younger was a skilful sculptor also, and Frederick was after all contented. Nicholas also left Paris for a time, but returned in 1752 to find himself the rage, while his grasping and irritable elder brother was in distress. Lambert died in 1759, François Gaspard in 1761. Nicholas lost his sight,



HERMES CONDUCTING PANDORA TO EPIMETHEUS.

disinterested brother Nicholas. The two worked at Versailles on outside sculpture, such as fountains, and also on bronzes for the chapel. The Hôtel de Soubise, now the Hôtel des Archives, was decorated by them in 1735 at the command of Charles de Rohan, Prince de Soubise. They also made small terra-cottas, and here we have direct trace of their influence on their younger relative Clodion, whose terra-cottas brought him fame and, for some period, fortune. Bouchardon was Lambert's great rival, but Nicholas his brother—the more artistic and less businesslike—was likely also to eclipse him. It was a blow to Lambert when a bust of Louis XV by him was rejected as no likeness. It is now called an Apollo. We may recall how Baccio Bandinelli suffered the same



VENUS AND CUPID.



and died in 1778. In 1754 an important accession to the commonwealth of the Adams had taken place. There was a Thomas Michel, an obscure sculptor who had married an Anne Adam. The union of the mediocre with that talented stock produced paradoxically brilliant results. A son, Claude, was born in 1738, who was destined to be remembered when all the rest were more or less forgotten. This young man, born like the others at the prolifically artistic town of Nancy, had taken the Grand Prix de Rome in 1759. When, after the usual sojourn in Italy, he visited Paris for the second time in 1771, he found that, as there was no money left in the treasury, high art, or pompous art, had fallen on evil days. He therefore confined himself to unambitious work, and in 1771 was made an "agr  " of the Academy. His most important work at this time was perhaps a Saint Cecilia at Rouen in marble, and her death in relief: but the work with which we associate his fame is the small sculpture in terra-cotta of classical figures of nymphs and satyrs, all instinct with life



NYMPH AND SATYR.

*After Clodion.*)

and action, and imbued with a modern feeling that gives the classical theme a fresh lease of originality, or, perhaps we might say, uses it for the purposes of graceful reminiscence. At South Kensington may be seen one of these groups, and one can hardly take a walk down Bond Street without seeing somewhere a reproduction of his infant satyr candelabrum, in which the candlestick is a cornucopia held by the charming infant figure. Whatever they are doing, whether struggling with adventurous satyrs, dangling the ripe grapes over their offspring as they recline upon the ground, or dancing along crowned with vine-leaves and playing on pipe or tambourine, these figures invariably have a slender grace which adds to the classic motive something characteristically and charmingly French. Clodion turned his hand to everything. Besides large figures such as the statue in marble of Montesquieu in the Palais de l'Institut, he made models for reliefs for house decoration—there is a cast of a charming female figure with a wheat-sheaf by him in the South Kensington Museum—small statuettes in terra-cotta, vases, girandoles, appliques, fire-dogs, and clocks. He made no effort to get State work, but sold privately at five times the price of his rivals. He was, moreover, not the only member of his family who was an artist. The younger Michels had almost as much talent to spare as their relatives the Adams. There was an elder brother Sigisbert who was a sculptor to Frederic II, but, though deserving, did not succeed in making money. Until 1785 he helped Clodion, as did others, Pierre Michel and Michel Michel. These brothers were a trial to him, and, much as he would have liked to cultivate the Academy by important work, he was obliged to work for money to supply their most pressing needs. There was much imitation of his style, and in 1786 a scandal actually arose concerning plagiarism. Pierre Michel is said to have borrowed Clodion's manner and subjects; another, Michel, his drawings and his help; a third, Sigisbert, had stolen beforehand the one thing he might have left him—his name. To add to the trouble that his brothers gave him, his married life was not a success. In 1781 he had married a daughter of Pajou the sculptor. Clodion was forty-two, she was sixteen, and the marriage was not happy. She obtained a divorce from him in 1793.

Clodion had twenty years of success. Then came the Revolution, and the troubles of France put an end to the demand for his pleasing fancies. The first "Salon Populaire" opened its doors in 1791, and the Academy was suppressed in 1793. All the artists were in a bad case, Greuze suffering the same fate as Clodion. In such adversity were they all that the Government was compelled to distribute

amongst them, in the year 1791, a subsidy of 100,000 livres. Clodion received 2,000. He left Paris for Nancy, and did not return till 1798, occupying himself in the meantime with supplying models for the Niederwiller porcelain, manufactured not far from Nancy, in the department of Meurthe, on the north-eastern frontier of France. Many of the best sculptors did the same, and the statuettes of Falconnet were reproduced in great quantities in the white "biscuit" of Sèvres. One or two original marbles by the latter may be seen in the Jones collection, where also is a superb pair of candelabra modelled by Clodion and executed by Gouthière.

In 1798 Clodion returned to find that his vogue had disappeared. The classical style of David had stolen it away. "The eighteenth century, so charming, so gallant, so refined, so French, was dead, and dead for ever." Napoleon had turned the artists out of their lodgings at the Louvre, which they had occupied for so long. In revenge they abstained from exhibiting at the Salon Populaire. Clodion was lucky enough to obtain lodgings in the Sorbonne. He did not lose courage, though he might well have done so before the awful so-called classical machines of David. He even tried his hand at the new style, and produced a pompous "Deluge" in the Davidian manner, which was a success and made all the "patriot" artists jealous. He also obtained a prize of 3,000 francs for a figure in 1806. But old age came upon him, and in 1814 he died in poverty at the Sorbonne.

It will be seen from our illustration of a "Nymph and Satyr," not quite fifteen inches high, that austerity and repose are not to be looked for in the terra-cotta groups of this delightful artist. It should be said that the exigencies of lighting have prevented a full appreciation in this photograph of the graces of Clodion's modelling. All his figures are replete with life and expression. His biographer, M. Jules Guiffrey, observes: "The distinguishing mark of French sculpture in the eighteenth century is the effort to express Life, and the quivering surface of the Figure, together with a grace of movement which shows itself always in sinuous lines, and rejects the placid tranquillity of the Antique." This is true of most of the French eighteenth-century sculptors, but of none more so than Clodion. His was a different ideal from that of the ancients; and though in life-size statues



A NYMPH OF DIANA.  
(Style of Falconnet.)

such vivacity or want of repose may detract from the qualities of high art and force itself on the eye, in the charming small bronzes which we have been reviewing it is a fault which seems to obtrude itself but little, and to be compensated by a special charm.

We give an illustration of a tiny figure, under a foot high, which is called "A Nymph of Diana." This is very much in the manner of Clodion, or some contemporary artist working perhaps with a view to the reproduction of his work in "biscuit." An almost, if not entirely, identical figure is, we fancy, to be found amongst the porcelain reproductions that were for a time popular.

Clodion's work is variously represented in the royal collections. Besides the caryatid figures of the splendid cabinet of the Comte d'Artois, there are, in addition to the candelabra we have mentioned at Buckingham Palace, two large bronze figures of nymphs forming supports to a chimney-piece, the slender modelling of which may be attributed to the hand of this unfortunate but delightful sculptor.





## A GREAT GOLDSMITH: LUCIEN FALIZE.

BY HENRI FRANTZ

IN Lucien Falize, who died a few months since, just when the French Press with one consent were praising his Olive Branch (see *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* for October, 1897), France has lost the best of her goldsmiths, the undisputed master of one of the noblest and most refined arts. But the loss is in other

Grandhomme, and sometimes even Gallé; also through the many pupils he trained in his fine artistic traditions. No posthumous honours done to Lucien Falize can be regarded as excessive, for he was infinitely useful to art and to his country.

His work as a goldsmith is vast in quantity, for he was an irrepressible worker, and his mind was always active.

As we look through a large series of his works, from the "Gallia," in the Luxembourg, to the Sassanide Vase, the "Urania" Clock, the bas-reliefs of Marguerite de Foix and Anne de Bretagne, the Gold Cup, now in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs—which one of the most learned and critical judges of my acquaintance calls a masterpiece—in all we find the same principle adhered to: Never to forsake the classical tradition of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, while combining this respect for the older masters with a care to infuse new life into them by finished skill and consummate craftsmanship.

He was trained by his father, an accomplished chaser, and influenced by such masters as Morel-Ladeuil and Désiré Attarge, and at an early age had already made a thorough study of the history of his own art especially and of art in general, with which he was perfectly familiar. Artists are often and justly blamed for not looking beyond the limits of their own country, and knowing nothing of foreign effort. Falize travelled, studied antique art and the museums of Italy, and was at all times a frequent visitor to the South Kensington and British Museums, knowing

their treasures by heart. He attentively watched the developments of modern English art, admired the recent revival of decorative work in England, and never missed an exhibition of "Arts and Crafts" in London.

Falize derived his best inspiration from the sources of early art; has he thereby lost any genuine originality and merit? I venture to answer, No. He was not one of those men who revolutionise an art, but one of those who contribute to it novel and charming examples. It would have been too painful to Falize to cut himself suddenly adrift from the precursors he admired with all his soul; he understood that he could do something new without upsetting the old and without the affectations of the innovator, and his merit is all the greater from



SASSANIDE VASE

ways a serious one, affecting French art on broader grounds. Falize was not, in fact, one of those men who confine their activity to a single line of work. Though he was indeed devoted to the goldsmith's art, and hoped to restore it to the dignified position it occupied in the Middle Ages, and though he actually practised no other, he was a sound critic, of faultless judgment and elegant expression, and had remarkable powers of administration. In all he did he showed the same characteristic refinement, the same love of pure form and simple thought, the same veneration for the great masters. For this reason Falize was able to exert a genuine influence, both through his writings and through the remarkable artists among whom he lived and with whom he collaborated—Luc Olivier Merson, Roty, Barrias,

every point of view. Still, there are among his works certain creations which show almost complete independence of tradition, excepting in feeling, as, for instance, the famous Gold Cup which is distantly related to the Cup of Saint Agnes, in the British Museum; or the "Gallia," a head in ivory for which Falize executed a wonderful gold helmet and the upper part of a cuirass, also in gold, set

In later life it became his part to direct and superintend the work of others. His quality shows itself especially in this: that each piece is a complete whole, animated by one mind. Falize, by his method of grouping the hands that obeyed him, avoided the great risk of betraying various individualities. He combined them in a single purpose, giving them a strong sense of cohesion—in short, a



TOILET SET FOR PRINCESS LETITIA BONAPARTE.

with topazes; the lions' masks on the shoulders are marvels of artistic skill.

There can be no mistake; in those of his works which I most admire—preferring them even to the exquisite Toilet Set for Princess Letitia Bonaparte, or the Victory of Samothrace, fine as it is, because they show greater individuality—there are high qualities of inventiveness and taste. There is something more here than the clever transmission of tradition; we see a true artist, original in thought and expression, whose works hold a place in our collections among the fine things of modern art.

Falize has often been blamed for not executing his designs with his own hands, and this complaint has even been exaggerated into a statement that he could not do the work. This is a great mistake. Falize handled the chasing tool in his early years, and was familiar with all the craft of the goldsmith.

spirit of unity. He explained to each his share in the task with perfect lucidity, and was helped in this by his mastery as a draughtsman. Many a time have I seen him sketch ideas for jewels, medals, diadems, which led him to cover the paper with little heads drawn with consummate knowledge. He has left a very large number of such sketches, which his son and pupil, André Falize, intends to collect with pious care and publish a few years hence.

Even in his finished work we at once recognise the grace of hand which designed it. This is perceptible in the ten objects forming the toilet service in silver-gilt made for the marriage of the Princess Letitia, where he has introduced, in a design of the Louis XV style, certain features—such as the Imperial Eagle—which it would have seemed almost impossible to assimilate with that type of design. The mirror is the most important piece, in view of



its size. The frame, composed of elegant scroll-work at the sides, rests on an eagle with outspread wings, holding in its talons a wreath of oak. Above



THE "URANIA" CLOCK

is the Royal Crown of Italy, surmounting a shield on which we see a monogram of the letter I, the Princess's initial. From this shield fall two elegant garlands of flowers that mingle gracefully with the scroll-work. This frame is one of the choicest pieces of modern goldsmith's work. Noteworthy, too, in this handsome service are the light sprays of myrtle, exquisitely wrought, which ornament the four boxes for the toilet table.

Lucien Falize was devoted to his art, mindful of the fact that the greatest artists of the Middle Ages were proud of the profession of goldsmith, and regarded their craft as of the highest class. In the report he wrote of the Universal Exhibition of 1889, he especially insisted on his wish to restore it to its past honours. He says: "I have always been filled with envy when, in London, I have seen the palatial hall of the Goldsmiths' Company, one of the interesting buildings in the City, which has its board-rooms, its treasury, its pictures and portraits of Wardens and Masters, its antique plate, and, above all, its offices and syndicate, its archives, and a Master devoted to the interests of the Company."

This report contains some remarkable passages

of close and accurate criticism, especially towards the end, where, after reviewing all the examples exhibited, he enlarges on a general consideration of the goldsmith's craft. Two chapters are especially worthy of attention, and, with his papers on "Enamelling" in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, will remain admirable essays on the subject. They are devoted respectively to "Taste" and "The Craft," and their philosophical tone and attractive style deserve some closer study.

He lays down what he regards as the sound tradition of this art, which, he says, ought not to follow the fashions, and must avoid the mere "taste of the day." Goldsmith's work, he maintains, has a permanent place in the property of the nation. It is not liable, like textiles or furniture, to periodical renewal; "it does not wear out; it has nothing to do with changes of costume; it is not usual for a man to alter the character of his plate, or for a church to send its sacred vessels to be remade in a new fashion."

These papers are full of useful precepts, and Lucien Falize codifies the laws of the craft as



GALLIA (IVORY AND GOLD).

(In the Luxembourg.)

"clearness, simplicity, and logical sense," from which alone grace and beauty can result without losing sight of the use and purpose of the object produced.

But servile imitation must be avoided, and such overpowering influence as was exerted, for instance,



CANDELABRA IN PRINCESS LETITIA BONAPARTE'S  
TOILET SET.

by Japanese art, banishing, for ever it would seem, the spirit of sculpture from designs for gold-work.

This was a matter for deep regret to Falize, who always made judicious and happy use of the human form. "The Japanese artist," he writes, "has never felt the beauty of woman, the harmony of the human frame, the balance of attitude, the charm and attractiveness, to our eyes, of the chaste nude, which was the delight long ago of the Greeks. We, who are alive to this sensuous beauty, who still love the gods and myths for the sake of the joy they may afford to our eyes, have, nevertheless, excluded them not merely from gold and silver but even from bronze. We no longer see on our chimney-shelves clocks with figure-pieces, candlesticks formed of statuettes, cast and chiselled groups of figures, but Japanese bronzes, Chinese enamelled jars, or old china. Sculptors find no demand for small bronzes beyond a few studies of heads for the exhibitions."

These interesting remarks are supplemented in the following chapter by judicious advice as to the methods and craft of the goldsmith: chasing, casting, and especially enamelling, which is a decorative treatment especially suited to gold. Falize himself used it in pieces worthy to dwell for ever in collections where the masters of the art are represented. All this is set forth and described with considerable charm in accurate and sober language—a style in

harmony with the precise taste of a setter of gems, a worker in precious materials.

Though Lucien Falize devoted his pen chiefly to the service of his own craft, he was deeply sympathetic with the spirit of other branches of art. He was passionately interested in the Renaissance of decorative work in France, and was a regular visitor to exhibitions of such products. Those who were in the habit of meeting him often will not forget the pleasure of the conversations, when Falize would give definite expression to his opinions, his criticisms, his admiration, or his hopes. He delighted especially in Gallé's work, of which he was always ready to praise the strong individuality, and he constantly wished that such a man as Roty would occasionally take up the goldsmith's tools. And while he admired the renewed vitality of the decorative arts in France, he also noted the slow advances made in furniture design, until now so far from original.

In spite of his life being full of every variety of work, of the research of a student, the inventions of a gold-worker, and the writing of papers—I say nothing of other matters, among them reviews of several plays—he still found time for other forms of activity. Lucien Falize was gifted with a singular capacity for administration, and turned it to valuable account. Many men would have been satisfied to apply it to the regulation of their life and house-



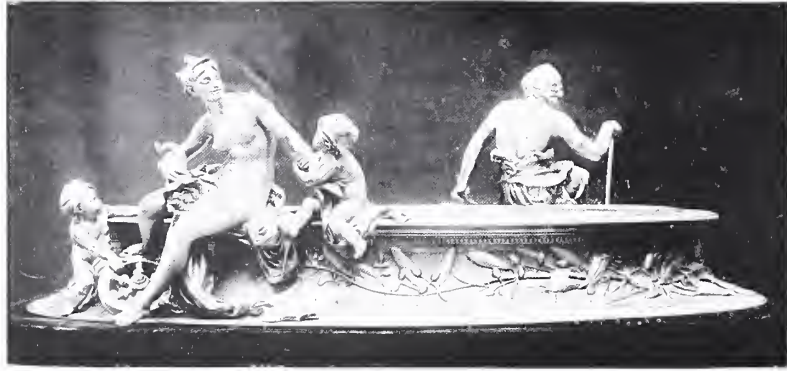
BRACELETS.

hold. Falize did more, and devoted it to greater ends. As a member of the Central Union for Decorative Art, he struggled with uncommon energy to reanimate it and infuse new ideas, with



a view to advancing its aims. In 1879 he succeeded in getting all the other members of this Association to consent to regular technological exhibitions, which were most successful; and though

his character; he always strove to give value to the work and efforts of others, and never took more than the smallest share of the applause bestowed on the works he produced. After finishing his two last



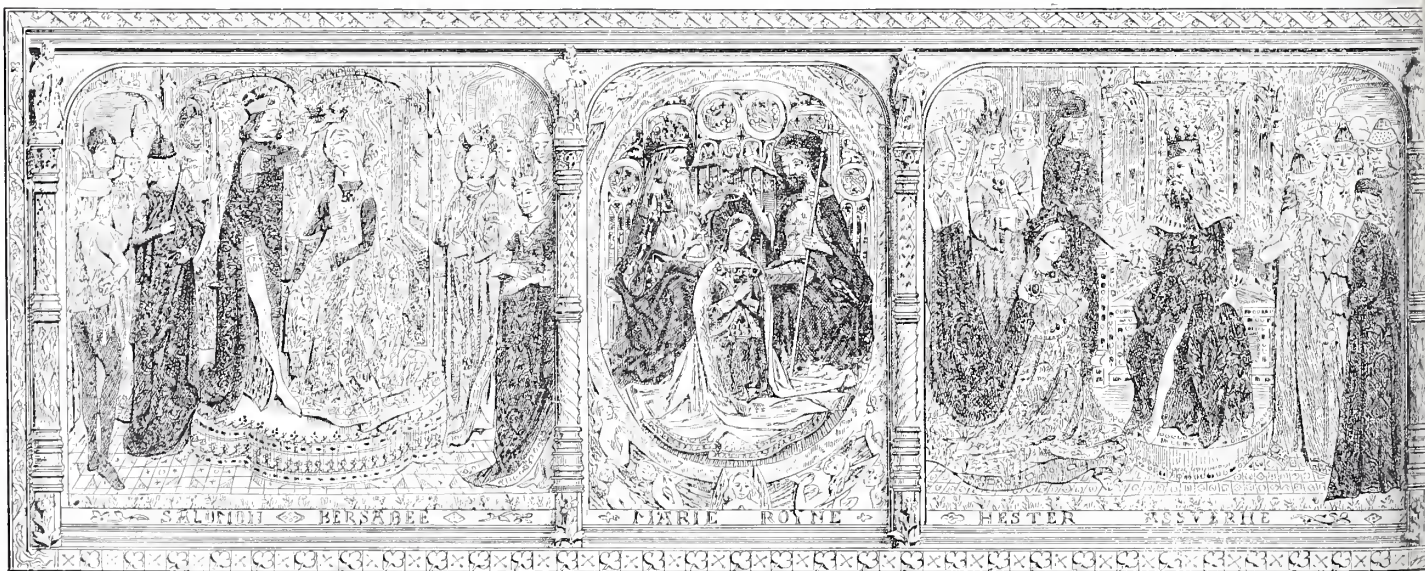
EPERGNE

in 1893 he failed to pass a scheme for the exhibition of "La Plante," he cherished many other plans of the kind, which, if carried out, would have done good service to French art and industry.

A man of absolute simplicity and rectitude, Lucien Falize is deeply and unanimously regretted in Paris. He was not merely an artist of great merit but a perfectly honest man, modest and unassuming to excess. He was ever ready to do a disinterested action, and art was always his chief end in life. Modesty was a distinctive feature of

examples of goldsmith's work (see MAGAZINE OF ART, October, 1897) Falize wrote to me—but a few months since—of his satisfaction at having finished this important commission. "Yes," says he, "I think we really have turned out a fine piece of goldsmith's work, and if this is the final verdict, I owe it largely to my pupils and colleagues—to their zeal and their skill."

Such words as these give more insight than any narrative into the life of a man who was not only a great artist but a noble character.



ENAMEL FRIEZE.



## COLOURED WINDOWS.

BY AYMER VALLANCE.



14TH CENTURY  
GERMAN.

THE subject of Mr. Lewis F. Day's latest work\* is one of peculiar interest and such that is well worthy of diligent research; the more so, perhaps, because the literature devoted to this art is none too voluminous. Indeed, in this country the only previous books of any note are those to which Mr. Day refers in his preface. So much did the study of glass lag behind other studies, that nearly half the present century had gone by before the late Mr. Charles Winston published, anonymously and with no little diffidence—for his views at the time were altogether novel—the theory that a regular development is to be traced in glass-painting, the successive stages of which are as clearly

of the illustrations. Besides these works, from the earliest days of the "Revival" until now, there have been written numbers of articles and incidental notices on the art, but the two monographs of Winston and Westlake remain the standard works upon the subject in English.

There was, nay, there is still, room for a concise text-book, convenient in size and moderate in price, and, in short, of the very kind that Mr. Day is amply qualified to supply. That, having the opportunity, he did not choose so to employ it, is matter for regret. His contribution to the study of ornamental glass-window making is unquestionably a most attractive volume, plentifully illustrated, clearly printed, and tastefully bound. But since Mr. Day deliberately rejects a chronological or topographical arrangement, the only seriously methodical bases for such a work, he deprives it of scientific value; while at the same time so big a volume exceeds the dimensions of a popular handbook. It is difficult to say precisely what want the author has fulfilled, or to follow the reasoning which led him to adopt his plan. How, for example, is the consideration of technique,

defined as the different styles in the corresponding periods of architecture. What Mr. Winston then sought to establish, no rational being to-day dreams of disputing; and it seems almost incredible that anyone whose business it was to know, could ever have been unaware of facts so self-evident. But it was thirty years before a second edition of Mr. Winston's work was called for, and, he having by that time passed beyond the reach of controversy, his name was allowed to appear as author upon the title-page. Later, on the same subject, there followed, at intervals, the several volumes of Mr. Westlake. This writer's work is larger than the preceding, and, though extending over a wider range, does not, however, adduce fresh facts to occasion any material revision of Mr. Winston's conclusions. Still more recently Mr. H. Holiday issued his book on "Stained Glass as Art," which may be taken as an exposition of the writer's own individual ideas and his own productions, which constitute the majority



"NATIVITY" (GREAT MALVERN).

\* "Windows: A Book about Stained and Painted Glass." (London: B. T. Batsford. 1897).



or, as the writer himself defines it, "the course of workmanship . . . from archaism to pictorial



FROM SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

treatment," rightly to be distinguished from that of style and design? All these surely are cognate themes which overlap so that they do not admit of being treated as separate matters; and the only result of an arbitrary attempt to divide them is that the author is continually going over the same ground, travelling round the self-same point, in the endeavour, by surveying it on each subsequent occasion from a slightly different aspect, to gather from it some lesson other than what he has propounded in earlier sections of his book. Thus the subject of canopies (against which Mr. Day seems to have a prejudice strangely inconsistent in a genuine lover of ancient glass) is given a chapter to itself; and yet the same line of argument necessarily recurs again, and that in almost the same words, under the head of "style." This want of concentration is, indeed, the chief defect of an otherwise admirable work.

Mr. Day very properly differentiates between coloured glass and glass which is superficially painted, although he scarcely appears to realise the full capacities of unenamelled glass arranged in geometric colour patterns. For instance, a circular window above the apse in the cathedral of Palma in Majorca is filled with magnificent glass, entirely unpainted and forming, as it were, a gorgeous coloured mosaic, kaleidoscopic in the best sense of the word. It bears upon it the date 1599. Windows like this, however, are perhaps rather to be admired than copied. Still, as proving how rich an effect may be obtained by manipulation of plain material alone, they may be profitable to point the way for a much needed reform in our customary methods at the present day. Probably no one now is liable to fall into the error which Sir Joshua Reynolds perpetrated at New College; but we certainly err on the side of excessive painting. And have we not hitherto proceeded upon the wrong tack altogether in preparing in advance an elaborate cartoon in a studio, and

then handing it over to an executant who is required to force his material into conformity with the draughtsman's paper pattern? Surely, in this craft more than any other, the studio and the workshop ought to be one and the same, the designer identical with the executant. How much of the beauty of stained glass depends, not only on the nature of the materials in general, but on the nature of the glass which happens to be available for the time being! For the pot-metal supply, it must be borne in mind, varies in quality and texture from month to month, if not indeed from day to day. The true artist, therefore, must refuse to draw up beforehand an inflexible design, but, setting out with merely a rough sketch embodying his main conception, will pick and choose and select from the various specimens of glass at his disposal, adding one detail here or modifying another there as the opportunities of this or that individual piece of metal suggest or its limitations require. In a word he will not constrain his material by force, but rather be controlled by it, allowing the details of his composition to grow and develop as the work proceeds.

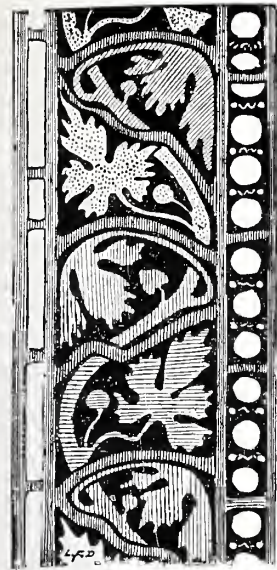
Again, some of our best manufacturers make a practice of covering the entire surface of the glass with a brown tinting, the colour being afterwards wiped away for the high lights. The greater proportion of the area, then, being coated with paint, insures an inevitable loss of brilliance and transparency, so that the general result is bound to be, in that respect,



ALL SOULS COLLEGE  
OXFORD.

unsatisfactory. The glass-painter should never forget that every stroke of his brush means so much dark-

ness added to the glass, so much lustrous transparency destroyed. The question, therefore, for him to decide is: what amount of light is he justified in sacrificing? and, that point being determined, he should resolutely restrict his surface-colouring to the least possible quantity, chiefly resorting to it where necessary for the definition of such features as eyes, or the divisions between fingers, where lead lines will not serve. For effect, he must rely not on laboured finish, nor on stippling, which is



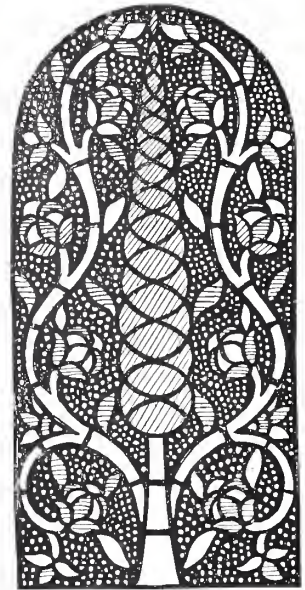
14TH CENTURY GERMAN.

apt to rob glass of its choicest qualities. On the contrary he will endeavour to let his materials—his patchwork of coloured glass, each several fragment circumscribed and outlined by the dark lead—as far as may be, express their own tale of themselves, without needless intervention of the brush. In many cases where the old-style manufacturer would not have hesitated to employ paint, the artistic

craftsman will make the lead lines serve his purpose instead. For, since the lead is an essential in his work, he must not treat it as an ugly necessity, to be disregarded or to be tolerated only because it cannot be avoided; but he will welcome it as a useful factor whose powers must be turned by him to the utmost advantage. Thus, and thus only, will he elicit the full measure of its incommunicable beauties.

In a work of such magnitude as Mr. Day's it was, of course, impossible but that slight inaccuracies here and there should have crept in. Thus,

the Quarry Patterns given in Fig. 95 are ascribed to Shaw, whereas they are taken, in fact, from "A Handbook of Ornamental Glazing Quarries," collected in early days by the late Sir A. W. Franks. And the Carnation in Fig. 196 is so advanced in refinement of drawing that it can hardly belong to a less mature period than the early part of the fifteenth century.



ARAB GLAZING IN PLASTER.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.—I.

IT was not without an unaccustomed thrill of pleasure and surprise that the critic who passed from room to room and from picture to picture when the Royal Academy threw open its doors to the judgment of the Press, quickly realised that an awakening of our painters—a revivification, so to speak—had produced a collection not only exceeding in merit what we had any right to expect, but attaining to a general excellence beyond the average. For two years past the promise had been slender and the achievement relatively slender, too; no incident had arisen, no sudden stimulus occurred, which could hold out hope that any unusual effort could or would be made that might place the present exhibition among the most interesting of recent years. There is sparkle and life as well as the honest effort which we are so well used to see, and a long and close examination

brings less feeling of irritation and fatigue than has formerly been the case. To what is due this change of tone, this optimism, the happier results of more intelligent endeavour? Why is it that not in one section alone, but in well-nigh all—in subject-painting, landscape, portraiture, and sculpture—the self-same buoyancy is maintained? In all probability it is the result of reaction—the swing of the pendulum from depression back to hope. For two years the loss of the two Presidents lay heavy not on the Academy only, but on the artistic soul of all the land; but recuperation is the characteristic of the mind, and men have taken fresh courage and thrown themselves with greater freedom and confidence into their work.

The very walls seem brighter and more eloquent of success, despite some grave injustice in the hanging



and some examples of what appears more like favouritism than favour. There is more variety and more interest, even though the number of portraits, which are popularly supposed to weight an exhibition and render it dull and uninteresting, reminds one somewhat of the appearance of the first Academy

so masterly, the handling so firm, clear, and free, the whole so well imagined—even to the poodle with his tongue lolling out, which tongue reveals almost as much dexterity in its drawing and colour as is apparent in the face of its owner. The simple dignity of Lord Peel's portrait—the sense of truth and



HOMEWARD BOUND.

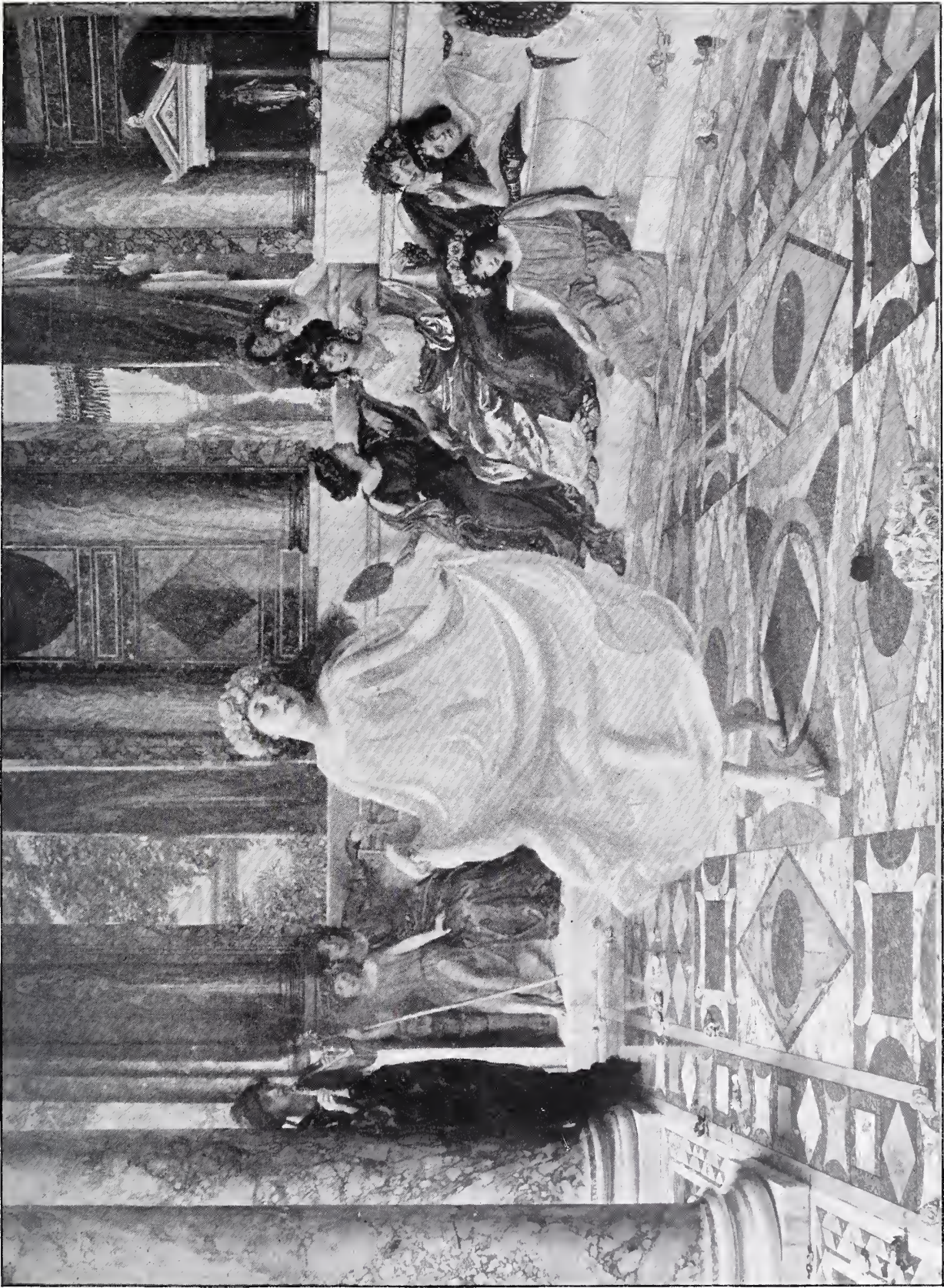
(From the Water-Colour Drawing by C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A.)

gallery in Pall Mall—when Sir Joshua Reynolds, ear trumpet in hand, escorted Royalty round the rooms and pointed out the chief pictures to his Patron, and Sir Robert Walpole snorted when Dr. Johnson went by. To do them justice the portraits are very strong; the average grows better every year, and two of them at least may hold their own with any couple that have ever before been seen together. These are the "Asher Wertheimer, Esq." of Mr. Sargent, and the "The Rt. Hon. the Viscount Peel," in his rôle as Speaker of the House, by Mr. Orchardson—each of them a masterpiece in its own particular way. The brilliancy of the rendering of Mr. Sargent's sitter is a veritable triumph: the character so subtly caught, the lighting throughout

spaciousness, the mastery not only of technique but of humanity itself—these qualities strike the spectator one by one, and leave as many more to follow them. In this work Mr. Orchardson has produced a picture that is really great.

Amongst the other portraits we have some of every class, save of that outré sort, which, like Mr. Melvill's female portrait of this year, get no farther than the New Gallery or the New English Art Club. We have the purely decorative portrait in Sir Edward Poynter's "Duchess of Somerset in a dress as Lady Jane Seymour," in which the artist, showing the lady in the magnificent attire of her ancestress, has either sought to reproduce the manner of Holbein, contemporary of Lady Jane, or to rival the goldsmith-





THE SKIRT DANCE.  
(From the *Painting* by Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A.)





painting of Mabuse himself. We have the forthright, forceful portrait, as in Professor Herkomer's admirable representation of Mr. Henry Tate, or in his somewhat more tentative likeness of that most difficult sitter, Mr. Herbert Spencer—a picture which is, in course of time, to become an heirloom of the nation. We have from Mr. Shannon portraits of ladies painted with much elegance and invested with grace, which are charming to look upon, yet which reveal the new departure—and that not a happy one—of painting the face smooth set back into a noisy, or at least a prominent, background, that appears nearer than the person sitting against it. Painting of a thin kind, but of high merit, is in the portrait of Mr. Briton Riviere, by his son Mr. Hugh Riviere, who appears to have aimed at producing an effect like Giovanni Bellini of old. There is a dainty grace in Mr. S. J. Solomon's portraits of his wife and of Mrs. Kenneth Foster, which contrasts strangely with Mr. Bramley's over-vigorous palette-knife methods, as may be seen in all its misplaced vigour in the portraits of himself and of Miss Madge Graham. It is very clever, no doubt, but even Rembrandt and Velasquez did not paint thus. They put on their touches boldly, indeed; but here we have a sort of anatomical chart of faces that loudly cry out for the covering skin that has been omitted from their display of naked muscle. The chief portraits are many more—among them "Mrs. L. G.," Mr. Macbeth's most admirable and refined work for a long while; and not one of them is so poor as the unfortunate "Earl Beauchamp" of M. Benjamin-Constant—a painful display of decay—a decay that seems to be shared by M. Carolus-Duran in the two large pictures that have kept out better work.

Landscape is hardly less varied, although none stands forth with the commanding prominence found in other sections. It is really as a landscape that Mr. Briton Riviere's "Temptation in the Wilderness" should be regarded, for the figure, resting on the billowy desert, though interesting, gives way to the requisite suggestion of light and atmosphere and heat, and to delicious quality of paint. Similarly, from Mr. Joseph Farquharson comes a work not less remarkable in its quality of light: his beautiful "Weary Waste of Snows," with its gleaming lights reflected and re-reflected, and the harmonious lines of its composition, combining in a picture of singular charm. The poetic style of Mr. Alfred East is lavished on his companion pictures—"An Evening Song" and "Opulent Autumn;" and Mr. Waterlow's tender feeling, and

Mr. Aumonier's daintiness and sincerity, maintain the level of the school. Mr. Alfred Parsons, in



LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

(From the Painting by George F. Watts, R.A.)

his effort to justify his election, has distinctly lost ground. Mr. David Murray, growing more and more facile, sends four large works—spacious and full of style, with the skies more quiet, more deeply studied, and more lovingly finished than is usual with him.

The veterans are Mr. Hook and Mr. Davis, who repeat old successes, and Mr. Peter Graham, who rarely fails to maintain his high level, but he improves upon his record by giving us a picture of true cattle-life and Scottish scene in "Moorland Quietude." An admirable shorescape by Mr. Robert Allan is skied beyond recognition; and a notable picture of subtle colour, entitled "A Grey Day: Old Amsterdam,"



by no less a painter than the Dutch master, M. James Maris, has actually been hung above the line.

This double fault, added to the fact that the pictures by one of the most distinguished and most delightful landscape-painters in France have been

The matter is important, and may be insisted on, for this is the second consecutive year in which such gross mistakes have occurred. Twelve months ago a selected work by Harpignies—the Constable, and something more, of modern France—was rejected,



MRS. M. BURNE.

(From the Painting by Arthur Hacker, A.R.A.)

utterly rejected, gives cause for reflection, especially in the face of unjustifiable acceptance of bad pictures by foreigners whose names are well known in this country. The Academy is notoriously ill-informed in respect to the progress of foreign art and the performances of foreign painters, so that prejudice—allowing that such were permissible in Burlington House—might account for much. But is there no appeal to sober judgment in such cases? Are we to think that in landscape—the section of art which England boasts she knows beyond all others—our artists are no longer competent to take a fair view?

and in the cry that went up in Paris contemptuous laughter was mingled with indignation. No institution can afford to become ridiculous, and it behoves the members of the Royal Academy to save themselves such humiliation and to spare foreigners insult and annoyance. So much we feel called upon to say—not by way of evil, but as friends and admirers of the old institution which Lord Leighton did so much to make respected on the Continent, and which, since his death, cannot allow a year to pass without hurting its reputation for fairness, reciprocal hospitality, knowledge, or taste.





THE MILL-STREAM.

(From the Painting by John R. Reid, in the New Gallery)



## THE NEW GALLERY.

BY FERNAND KHNOFF.

IT is possible, or even probable, that the habitual visitors to the New Gallery are so much used to the charm of that delightful little place as to lose their appreciation of the sober-toned marble and metal work, and the refined decoration which make the most satisfactory setting imaginable for the

It is interesting to meet most of these painters once more in the New Gallery, represented by characteristic works, each a synthesis, as it were, of the masters' æsthetic views. Indeed, the three pictures which most immediately arrest the visitor's attention: "Saint George," by Sir Edward Burne-



"TOO LATE!"

(From the Painting by George Harcourt.)

works of art exhibited there. But to one who is still haunted by the acutely painful memory of the indescribably hideous rooms which gave shelter to the fine-arts section at the Brussels exhibition last year, the pleasure of seeing the New Gallery has all the charm of a fresh impression.

The success, the triumph, it might be said, of the English school at Brussels was beyond question; and if it was not at once proclaimed by all, this was the result of vexation rather than of any misapprehension. Its most dissimilar characteristics were represented by works of the highest class, the works of men of perennial distinction; and yet, in all these pictures, however unlike each other from a certain point of view, the most striking qualities of English art were discernible: a lofty aim in conception, and reverent purpose in execution.

Jones; "Can these Bones Live?" by Mr. G. F. Watts and the "Portrait of Mrs. Thursby," by Mr. J. Sargent—are all the more important as being, each in itself, the marked outcome of a distinct artistic individuality. The "Saint George" is representative of the principle of "Art for Art's sake;" "Can these bones live?" is moral art—art as a means of utterance; the portrait of Mrs. Thursby is pure "impressionism." And this word impressionism must be taken in its original meaning, as it was first used (by Monet, if I am not mistaken) to mean the direct noting from Nature—a permanent record of transient effects. The word has since run a triumphant career, and its use has been extended till it has lost all accurate meaning; at this moment there is hardly an artist living who has not once in his life, at least, been described as an impressionist.



Those who like to work back to the origin of things must admit that, in fact, the first and truest of impressionists—without knowing it, to be sure

outcome of an impression; it is sincerity which, as sincerity always must, gives it such a depth of power and beauty. His imitators—like all imitators



MRS. ERNEST FRANKLIN.

(From the Painting by John S. Sargent, R.A.)

—was Velasquez. Stevens, the famous Belgian painter, once said that it was the anemie royal blood of Spain that had taught Velasquez his delicate flesh tints; it may be added, I think, that it was royal impatience that gave him his impressionist brush-work. But what distinguishes his "impressionist" touch is that it is genuinely the

who see only the surface of things—wished to improve upon it, and thought they could do so by trying to seem yet more expert in the use of the brush, and by displaying a sweep of touch which was to look at once spontaneous and final. But the inevitable result could only be intolerable mannerism and irritating pretentiousness. Such imitators



remind us of the wits who work up their choice sallies in the ante-room before going into the drawing-room, or of the poet of whom Boileau wrote that he polished up five *impromptus* every morning.

Mr. J. Sargent is beyond comparison the greatest master of brush-work and of colour-material now living. Though the placing of a touch may some-

Franklin, note the attractive expression of the eyes; in that of Mrs. Cohen the cleverly rendered movement of the finger twirling the eye-glasses; and finally, in that of Mrs. Anstruther Thomson, the fine quality of tone in the black dress.

Mr. G. F. Watts's large picture is a powerful work, an imposing composition, expressively



A "MUTE INGLORIOUS MILTON."

(From the Painting by Frank Branley, A.R.A.)

times seem a little forced, a little too artificially instantaneous, and though the attitude of his figures very often is one of unstable equilibrium, we cannot, on the other hand, too highly praise certain "condensed effects," if I may say so, which are really quite marvellous. For instance, in his "Portrait" of Mrs. Thursby, the violet dress is painted in one tone of pure colour so wonderfully fused that we fancy we see every play of light and shade; in the pale blue curtain that forms the background, the shadow of the folds, also laid on in pure colour, is toned to the precise amount of complementary orange with extraordinary precision and dexterity. Again, in his "Portrait" of Mrs.

coloured. It reminds us of another work by the same painter, "Sic Transit," exhibited at the New Gallery a few years since, and reproduced at the time in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*; it now hangs in the Tate Gallery. In "Sic Transit" the predominant horizontal arrangement gives a sense of peace and rest, enhanced by the pearl-grey hue of the long-drawn winding sheet, and the faded colouring of accessories once resplendent. In the present work, on the contrary, the ponderous yellow drapery with its angular folds, the branches broken by the storm, the ominous confusion of bones seen in lurid shade with a strange spark of colour among them here and



there—sick gems, as one might fancy—all this forces itself on the attention of the most sceptical, and compels the mind to deep and gloomy meditation.

But does not this coercive effect on the mind divert it too much from the consideration of the work itself? Does it not lead us to regard the picture as no more than a fulerum, or as the vivid spot which induces hypnotised sleep, rather than as a gem of refined art that has a value of its own and the charm of subtle beauty? We have here an inexhaustible subject for discussion. Too many volumes have already been written on it, and more will be written yet; it is inevitable. There is however a proverb: *Bien faire et laisser dire* ("Do well and let the world talk"). Now these pictures of Mr. Watts's are very "well done"; is it not wise, then, to admire in silence? That, at any rate, is my opinion.

In M. R. de la Sizeranne's very interesting book on "Contemporary English Art," he says of Sir Edward Burne-Jones that he is one of the few painters of our day who know how to set forth the line of a picture (*établir la ligne d'un tableau*). The "Saint George" in the New Gallery is fresh proof of this statement. In a mysterious legendary land Saint George, the Knight, the conqueror of the Dragon, stands erect and motionless, in fine armour of black steel. In his right hand he holds the staff of the standard of the Cross; on his left arm hangs his long-shaped buckler. Behind him the carcass of the vanquished Dragon lies in livid coils; by his feet blossom a few pale iris-flowers like a message of peace. Of the struggle, now overpast, only a memory remains in an image mirrored on the polished face of the shield, where we see the Princess Saba in an attitude of despair, hardly hoping to escape the monster which has already cast its coils about her.

This work is full of extraordinary charm; a sense of absolute harmony gradually and delightfully enwraps and penetrates the spectator. Must we really try to analyse this charm, and to discover the means by which the spell is cast? Must we dissect the decorative sense with which the scene is composed—the long vertical lines so exquisitely combined with certain curves of secondary importance; the subtle blending of sheeny rose-colour with sober blue and metallic reflections? To what end? Let us rather yield to the purely artistic

fascination of this work; a work one would fain live with, and of which the presence would be a sweet and lofty consolation in the darkest days. Is not this the highest praise that can be given to a work of art, and ought not that to be its purpose?

In Sir Edward Burne-Jones's other picture, the predominant colour, an intense blue, would seem to have been borrowed from some Brazilian butterfly.

It would carry me too far to mention even, much more to dwell upon, all the meritorious work which is to be seen in abundance on the walls of the New Gallery. Still, mention must be made of the exquisite little portrait by Mr. Alma Tadema, and the not less exquisite small picture by Mrs. Tadema; of a portrait by Mr. H. Tuke, of which the tone, faintly glazed with green, reminds us of Whistler's fine portrait in the Luxembourg; the very clever, but very eccentric, portrait by Mr. Byam Shaw; the pretty picture, by Mr. J. J. Shannon, of Miss Berthe des Clazes; the powerful portrait of a child by Mr. G. F. Watts, and the Marchioness of Granby's graceful drawings. Again a portrait, on too large a scale, by Mr. Harcourt, which looks as if it had been painted for the Paris Salon; the ingeniously composed pictures exhibited by Mr. Abbey, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Strudwick, and Mr. C. Hallé. The curiously archaic-looking work of Messrs. H. Hunt, Gaskin, Gere and Southall; landscapes by Messrs. Alfred East, Parsons, E. Stott and B. Haughton.

In the hall we notice busts by Mr. Onslow Ford and Mr. Toft; M. Taubman's group, and some enamels by Miss Hallé and Mr. Alex. Fisher.

Finally, among the works of foreigners who enjoy the generous hospitality of the New Gallery, I may name the "Ruins," by M. Billotte, and the "Rainbow," by A. Demont.

*Note.*—We are happy to publish this article by so distinguished an artist as M. Klmopff on the exhibition to which he is a notable contributor. It becomes necessary to add, by way of postscript, that M. Klmopff's own works, two in number, to which he has here made no reference, are admirable examples of his refined sense of delicate colour, and prove once more how restrained and quiet elegance can assert themselves among their neighbours as well as the noisiest picture that ever screamed from the walls. M. Klmopff is supposed to be a "symbolist": most of his symbolism takes the elementary form of suggesting the beauty of an ideal and the hopelessness of attaining it. But it is in the delicacy of the eclectic colour-harmonies that his chief merit lies, as well as in the simplicity of his poetic thought and the delightful grace of his handling.

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## NOTES AND QUERIES.

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[109] **THE NEWLYN SCHOOL.**—Who were the original members of the "Newlyn School"? The body is a very vague one, but it might be well before

it is too late to decide once for all the names of the painters in question.—ENQUIRER.

\* \* \* We agree that the history of art in England



demands the early determination of the membership of a colony which is responsible for so much—which started the movement in favour of *plein-air* in England in continuation of that in France. We believe that the colony, when fully established, included the following painters; but we shall be glad to receive corrections if correction be necessary:—Mr. Edwin Harris, Mr. Ralph Todd, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. T. C. Gotch, Miss Elizabeth Armstrong (now Mrs. Stanhope Forbes), Mr. H. E. Detmold, Mr. Chevallier Tayler, Mr. Ayerst Ingram, Mr. Norman Garstin, Mr. Frank Bramley, Mr. H. S. Tuke, Mr. Fred Hall, Mr. Percy Craft, Mr. Walter Langley, Mr. F. Bourdillon, Mr. H. Martin, and Mr. F. Millard.

[110] **COPYRIGHT OF ENGRAVING.**—I have a valuable painting which I am thinking of getting engraved. Can you tell me the cost of securing the copyright of the engraving? And what is the difference, if any, between “copyright” and “all rights reserved”?—NOVICE (Matlock Bank, Derbyshire).

\* \* By “securing” the copyright, our correspondent probably has in his mind registration. At a cost of one penny a form can be obtained from Stationers’ Hall, Ludgate Hill, E.C., upon which is to be made the application for the registry of the picture. The charge for registering a picture is one shilling. It must not, however, be supposed that any picture can be registered and copyright secured thereby. Copyright in a picture expires seven years after the death of the painter, after which time the rights of reproduction are public property and anyone may publish it. An engraving can, however, be made from a non-copyright picture, and the engraving will have copyright for twenty-eight years from the date of publication, although there be no longer copyright in the original work. But anyone else may also make a similar engraving from the picture, the rights in the engraving merely preventing the use of the engraving for the purpose. “All rights reserved” is a notice similar to “Trespassers will be prosecuted.” It is an intimation that there are rights which the public must respect; but to print in a catalogue or book “all rights reserved” does not create rights when they do not exist, nor protect rights which may exist, unless all the legal conditions as to copyright are complied with.

[111] **PRAXITELES’S “DRAPED VENUS.”**—Can you or any of your readers kindly inform me whether anything is known as to what became of the “draped Venus” which Praxiteles offered to the citizens of Cos as an alternative work with the

Venus of Knidos? Or can you refer me to any work in which any information on the subject may be found?—ENQUIRER (Leeds).

[112] **THE WALLACE COLLECTION.**—Could you tell me if the catalogue of the Wallace Collection by C. Black (published by the Science and Art Department when the collection was at Bethnal Green Museum) is still obtainable, and if so, where? Could you give the names of any magazines (apart from your magazine) or newspapers that contain detailed accounts of the contents of the collection, especially the *objets d’art*?—E. D. (Streatham Hill).

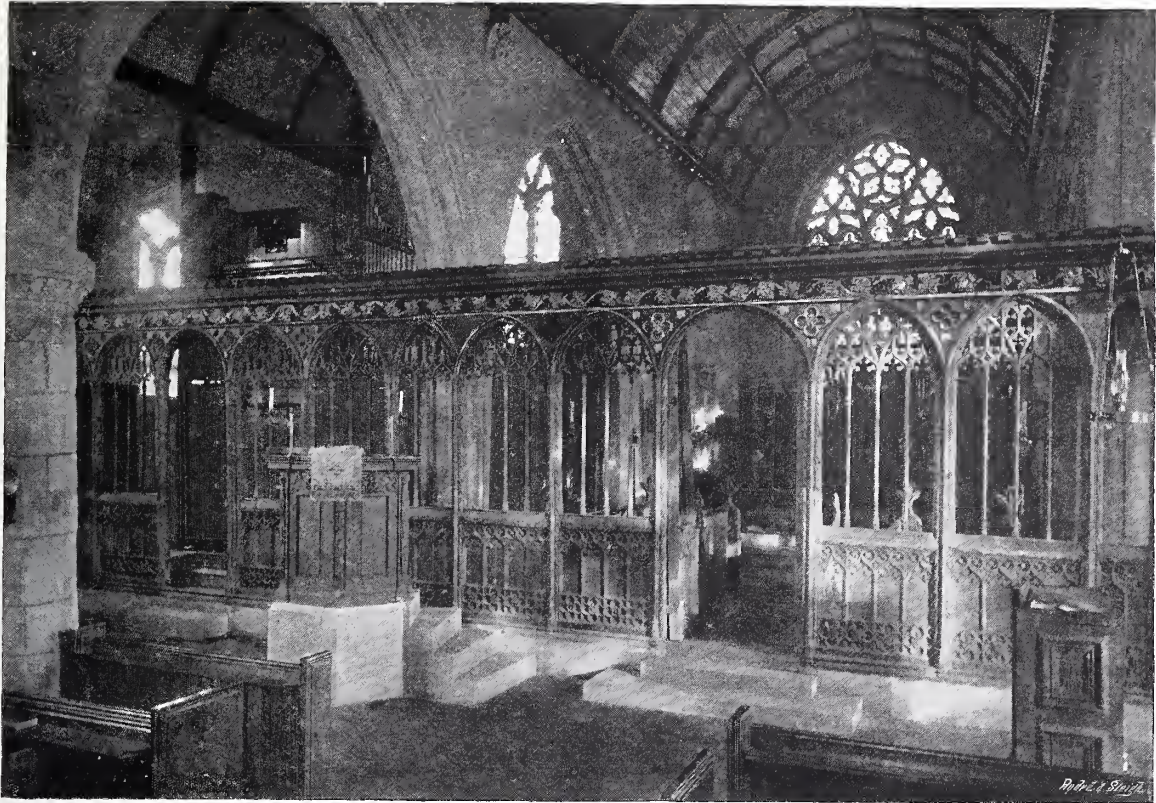
\* \* The South Kensington Museum catalogue is still, or till quite recently was, in print. It is to be obtained at the Museum bookstall. If it is not in stock, it will be procured. About the time of the death of the late Marquis of Hertford the collection—not yet known as the “Wallace Collection”—was described in the *Art Journal*. But this article dealt only with the pictures. The objects of art—though, we believe, not described—were brilliantly illustrated in the publication *Musée Graphique*, issued by M. Lièvre, of Paris.

#### REPLIES.

[84] **“APOLLO AND MARSYAS.”**—I have just read in the December number an inquiry and reply on the “Apollo and Marsyas” of Morris Moore. It is an old story to me. I was one of the most intimate friends in Rome of Mr. Moore, and have read all the voluminous correspondence on the subject, and may say that all these details are now probably in possession of his son, the Professor of English Literature at Collegio Romano in Rome since his father’s death. You reply that “since it was sold to the Louvre it has been called a Raphael.” Why, it was the life-long efforts to establish this authenticity that soured Moore’s temper and killed him prematurely!!! He was a gold medallist of the Academy, and the best judge and critic of a picture and its technique that I have met in my time. He was “Verax” of the “Times,” and saved our collection in the National Gallery from Eastlake’s cleansing fury.—WILLIAM MERCER.

[106] **“LA VIERGE AUX CANDELABRES.”**—It may interest “An Art Master of Lancashire” to know that a good photogravure of this picture appears in a work by Karl Karoly called “Raphael’s Madonnas” (George Bell and Sons. 1894. 21s). It is taken from a photograph by Braun of Paris, and the picture—which, it is claimed, is the original—belongs to Sir John Charles Robinson, and is in London. Should not the name of the gentleman who owned the celebrated picture offered at Christie’s be the Hon. H. Butler-Johnstone, and not Butler-Johnson?—G. C. W.





STAVERTON CHURCH SCREEN

(From a Photograph by Frith and Co., Reigate.)

## ROOD SCREENS IN ENGLAND.

BY CHARLOTTE F. YONGE.

IN his treatise on Rood Screens, Pugin says there is no country in Christendom where so many screens are still preserved and standing as in England. I do not propose in this paper to speak much of those in our cathedrals, many of which have all their old screens and rood-lofts standing (as in Norwich, Chichester, Exeter, Canterbury, Rochester, Chester, Wells, Southwell, York, Lincoln, and Bristol), because the individual histories of those cathedrals have mostly full accounts of them; but I wish to consider the screens in our parochial churches, particularly in those of Devonshire, and still more of Norfolk. All English counties have some examples of old church screens to show, as originally every church, small or great, in olden time was provided with a screen; but where they most abound is in Norfolk, Suffolk, Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and Devonshire.

A screen is a natural feature in church architecture, standing at the entrance of the chancel, to partition off the sanctuary as the most sacred part of the building. Even the Saxon churches were provided with some enclosure across the arch which divided off the chancel. The use of screens

commenced many centuries before the introduction of pointed architecture, and they have survived its decline; in fact, they belong to the first principles of Catholic reverence and order, and not to any particular style, though, like everything else connected with the Church, they attained their greatest beauty in the mediæval period.

Staveley, in his "History of Churches in England," about 1670, says:—

"The holy rood and the rood-loft were also set up in churches. The rood was an image of Christ upon the Cross, made generally of wood and placed on a loft made for that purpose, just over the passage out of the church into the chancel. Out of this mystery they say that the church represents the Church Militant, and the chancel the Church Triumphant, and those which will pass out of the former into the latter, must go under the rood-loft, that is, they must go under the cross and suffer affliction. This rood was not complete without the images of the Virgin Mary and Saint John, one of them standing on the one side and the other on the other side of the image of Christ: in allusion to that of St. John in the Gospel, Jesus (on the Cross) saw His mother and the disciple standing by, whom He loved."

The screens generally were richly painted and carved, with open work tracery above, and panels, with painted figures of saints, below. The rood-loft above would be ascended to by a staircase on



the north side—occasionally a second would be on the south—either in circular turrets or carried up in the thickness of the wall (at Little Witehingham, Norfolk, it is outside); the crucifix stood in the centre; lecterns for the Epistle, Gospel, and Lessons, and standards for lights were ranged along the



SCREEN AT WORSTED CHURCH, NORFOLK.

(From a Photograph by W. T. Bently, LL.D.)

loft; if there was an altar it was placed beneath the cross.

There are few screens now remaining of an older date than the thirteenth century, as so many of our churches have been rebuilt and refitted since that period. Rood-lofts do not seem to have been much in use in this country before the fourteenth century, and not general until the fifteenth. When the church is of an earlier date than this, we frequently find that a portion of the north or south wall has been taken down and rebuilt in order to introduce the staircase, and as this could seldom be done without disturbing a window, the window adjoining it is of this date. Ifley (Oxon.) and Great Caufield (Essex) churches are examples of this.

In Edward VI's reign the roods with their

attendant images were removed; the screens, as a rule, do not appear to have suffered, and in the majority of cases where they have disappeared or been much mutilated, it is probably owing to the carelessness or ignorance of later times.

The following extracts from parochial accounts and registers are interesting:—

BODMIN CHURCH ACCOUNTS, XVI<sup>th</sup> HEN. VII.

Paynting of oon hystory in the roode lofte, thirty-three shillings and fourpence.

Item. I paide Cristofer, paynter, in full payment for the paynting of iij hystories in the roode lofte, xv/-.

CHURCHWARDEN'S ACCOUNTS OF ST. MARY HILL, LONDON.

1497. Item, to Sir John Plomer, for makyng of the fygyrys of the roode, £0 1 8.

Item to the karvers for makyng of iii dyadems, and of oon of the Evangelists, and for mendyng the roode, the Crosse, the Mary and John, iiii Evangelists, and the iij dyadems, with the nobills that I owe to him in money, £5.

Item. For makyng cleue of standards, candlesticks, branches, with the bolles of laten upon the beame of the roode loft, anenst the fest of Est, A.D. 1486.

The "bolles of laten" were candle-stands made of a mixed metal resembling brass. Fuller mentions that in 1192 so great was the scarcity of silver, caused by the enormous sum required for the ransom of Richard I., that to raise it people "were foreed to sell their church plate to their very ehalices; these were then made of latten, which, belike, was a metal without exception; and such were used in England for some hundred years after." In the "Antient Rites of Durham," mention is made of the finest and most curious candlestick metal, or latten—metal glittering like gold.

CHURCHWARDEN'S ACCOUNT, ST. HELEN, ABINGDON.

1555 Payde for making the roode, and peynting the same, £0 5 4.

For making the roode lyghtes, £0 10 6.

For the roode lyghtes at Christmase, £1 3 2½.

1557. Received of the paryshe for the roode lyghts at Christmas. Payde for peynting the roode of Marie and John, and the patron of the church, £0 6 8.

For the roode, Marie and John, with the patron of the church, £0 18 0.

1561. To the somner, for bringing the order of the roode loft.

To the carpenter and others for taking down the roode lofte, and stopping the holes in the wall, where the joices stode, £0 15 8.

To the peynter, for writing the scripture where the roode lofte stode, and overthwarte the same isle, £0 3 4.

Rood screens are often mentioned in old wills. In 1525 Thomas Cristmas, of Manningtree, Essex, leaves a bequest to Mistley Church towards making a rood-loft, and an image of St. Erasmus, to be "sett up in the Church." In 1502 Henry Boode, of Burnham, Essex, willed that the tenement and



meadow land "in the pysshe of Rayleigh be sold by my executors as soon as may be goodly after

1561. Paid to joyners and labourers about the taking down and new reforming of the rood loft, £37 10 2.

CHURCHWARDEN'S ACCOUNT, HEYBRIDGE, ESSEX.

Payde for waxe for the roode-lofte lighte agenst Chrystemas last paste—pryce the pounde 10d.—£0 4 2.

A cloth of the Passyon to hange in the roode lofte in Lente.

The "cloth of the Passyon" is often called the rood coat, and was generally of purple cloth, and covered the rood from Passion Sunday to Easter.

The rood lights were often kept burning at the expense of individual members of a congregation and sometimes by a guild, or company. At Stowmarket there was a "bachelors' light," supported by the unmarried men; at Knapton a "maidens' light." Ploughmen used to seek money on Plough Monday for a "plough" light. Before the Reformation every church had at least two lights—"our Ladye's light," and the "light of our Ladye of Pity."

In an old manuscript of the sixteenth century mention is made by Robert Martin, of Melford Place, of the rood-loft in Melford Church. "There was a fair rood-loft, with the rood, Mary and



SCREEN AT HEMPSTEAD-CUM-ECCLES.

my decesse, and the money comyng of the same sale, I will be disposed toward the new makyng of the Rodde lofte at Rayleigh, soo that the pysshens ther fynissh the same werk at ther owne cost after the facion of the Roode lofte at Ligh." In 1531, Richard Stowght, vicar of Dovercourt and Harwich, desires in his will to be buried in either of the two churches "before the Image of the Rood."

Two items in the accounts of St. Margaret's, Westminster, concerning rood-lofts, make it appear that the Commandments were set up in them, and not over the altars:—

Paide to Thomas Stockdale of xxxv ells of clothe, for the frunte of the roode-lofte whereon the commandments be written.

And in 1557—

For makyng iii serplys of the cloth that hung before the rode-loft, written with the commandments.

Later items are—

1559. Paid to John Rial for his iii days work to take down the roode Mary and John, 2s. 8d.

Item, to the same for cleaving and sawing of the rood, Mary and John, £0 1 0.



SCREEN AT EDINGTHORPE, NORFOLK.

(From a Photograph by W. T. Bensly, LL.D.)

John, of every side, and with a fair pair of organs standing thereby; which loft extended all the



breadth of the church; and on Good Friday a priest, then standing by the rood, sang the Passion. The side thereof toward the body of the church,



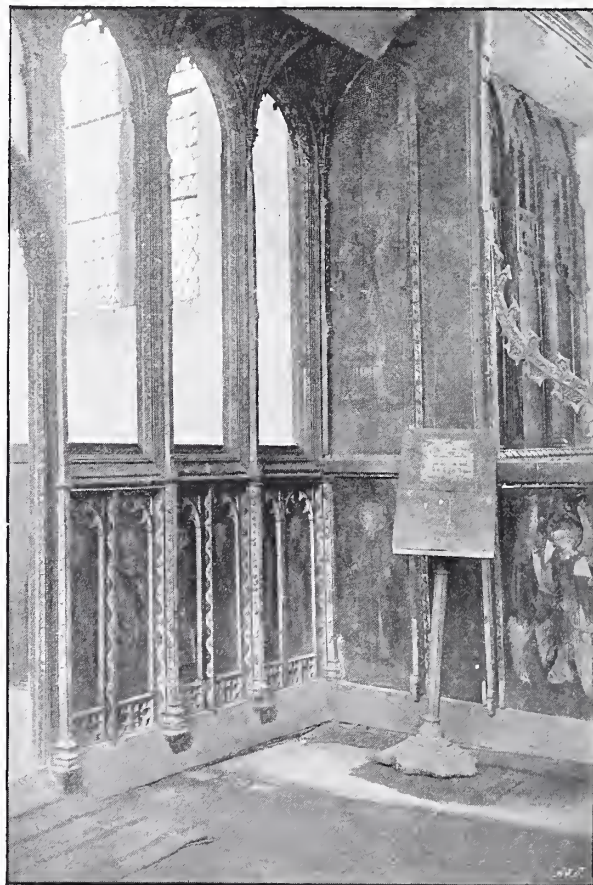
SCREEN AT TUNSTEAD, NORFOLK.

(From a Photograph by W. T. Benson, LL.D.)

in twelve partitions in boards, was fair painted with the images of the twelve apostles." As a rule, the screens in Norfolk are narrower than those in Devonshire, the former standing in the chancel arch, the latter stretching across the whole church, partitioning off the east ends of the side aisles, as well as the choir and sanctuary, from the nave. At Bradninch and Cullompton are splendid specimens of such screens, about fifty feet wide, with fifty-two paintings of saints in the lower panels, some of the figures being very quaint. Unfortunately, these screens were much re-painted and done up in the church restoration of fifty or sixty years back, and now present rather a gaudy appearance. Pugin mentions Cullompton as being the only screen on which he found the remains of a rood—"a large block of oak, carved like rockwork, with a scull and crossbones, evidently intended to represent Calvary, is still left, and in its upper part a deep mortice to receive the end of the Rood."

Holbeton screen is carved with the rose and fleur-de-lys, bearing witness of the time when the manor of Holbeton was granted by Henry VII to his sister-in-law, Lady Margaret Beaufort, widow of Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond.

Alphington, Bramton, Kenton, Kenn, Atherington, Cockington, Abbotts Kerswell, Manaton, Dartmouth (St. Saviour's), Ipplepen, Totnes, Staverton, and Harberton are among the many beautiful screens in Devonshire, and several yet retain the rood-loft. The screen in Chudleigh Church is divided into twenty compartments, each containing two panels, on one an Apostle, on the other a prophet; at Brent the panels are filled with paintings alluding to the Psalms; on the Kenton screen is inscribed the Apostles' Creed in Latin. Five various styles of painting can be detected by critics on the Norfolk screens. Old records tell us of numerous painters in Norwich—*e.g.* 48th Edward III (1375), two



SCREEN AT RANWORTH, NORFOLK.

(From a Photograph by Professor Bendall.)

painters were admitted to the freedom of the city of Norwich; another in 1379, and three in 1387-8. After 1399 to 1455 there is a regular succession of painters and stainers. The paintings sometimes



are later than the screens; sometimes the screens would be erected years before the artist's hand touched it. Sometimes, also, the paintings we see are not the originals, as some were removed from time to time, and others purposely re-painted, as at Lessingham (Norfolk), where three fathers of the Church have been substituted for three of the Apostles, the work having been probably begun just before the Reformation, or in Queen Mary's time, and then left incomplete. At Sparham, in the same county, are a few remnants of a screen, with the original painting replaced with most curious figures—skeletons in gorgeous robes, a sort of "Dance of Death."

The screen at Fritton is peculiar in having two panels painted with secular subjects—the portraits of the donor of the screen, John Bacon and his wife. They are each holding a rosary and kneeling in prayer, he with his eleven sons, she with her

noting that Stephen Brown gave "to the gyldyng of the perke in the church of ffreton vj<sup>s</sup> viij<sup>d</sup>" The "perke" is strictly the candle beam, but here doubtless means the whole screen. Perk, or pearch, is an old English term for bracket; a pearcher was the name frequently given to the large wax candles used in churches. Ranworth Church has no aisles, and consists of nave and chancel. The rood screen is placed between the piers of the chancel arch, but the rood-loft beam and the loft itself extends all along the east wall of the nave, on either side of the archway to the north and south walls. On each east wall of the nave are painted panels, some feet above the ground, which probably served as a sort of reredos to the altars formerly placed there. These altars were enclosed by wings, which were placed at right angles to the rood screen, and extended about six feet into the nave, each consisting of three lower and two upper panels, only three of



SCREEN AT BRADNINCH DEVON.

three daughters. The inscription is partly illegible—"Orate p. aiab . . . Johi Bac . . . W . . . ris"—probably about the year 1510.

Among old parish documents is one of 1528,

which contained figures. The twelve panels of the part of the screen across the chancel arch are smaller than the others, and each contains the figure of an Apostle with name inscribed below.



On that of St. Andrew, above the head of the Apostle, is an opening in the panel, supposed to be a hagio-scope made to afford a view of the high altar. Illustrations are given of this screen, as I believe it stands almost alone in having the parclose screens, or wings.

Barton Turf (Norfolk) has one of the most beauti-

the catechumens and penitents to depart before the mass, crying out, "Sancta Sanctis. In old English literature we find very frequent mention of the rood. Chaucer often speaks of the erucifix as the rood tree, and the floor on which it was raised, the rood beam; and makes his "Wife of Bath," in describing the place of her husband's



SCREEN AT RANWORTH, NORFOLK

(From a Photograph by Professor Bendall.)

ful screens in England, dating, probably, from very early in the fifteenth century, as its tracery corresponds with that of the chancel and tower windows. On the east side the beam of the rood-loft has been removed; but the opening of the doorways from the rood-loft staircase on the north to the chancel wall on the south, still mark the former position of the platform. The paintings on the panels are most elaborate on richly diapered grounds, the faces have much more expression, and altogether the paintings are superior in artistic feeling and finish to those of the majority. It has been suggested that the artist was probably Flemish, from the likeness in style to the early masters at Antwerp and elsewhere in Belgium.

We know little, comparatively, of how rood-lofts were used, whether in ordinary use in frequent services, or if by infrequent use extra solemnity might be lent to exhortations delivered therefrom. In the Greek Church in old days, the deacon ascended to the rood-loft, and from there warned

burial, say, "He lyeth in grave under the roode beam." In the ballad of "Robyn Hood" we read—

"Up then sterte good Robyn  
As a man that had be wode;  
Buske you my mery younge men  
For hym that dyed on a rode."

And in the "History of Freemasonry"—

"But furst thou most do down thy hode,  
For hyse love that dyed on the rode.

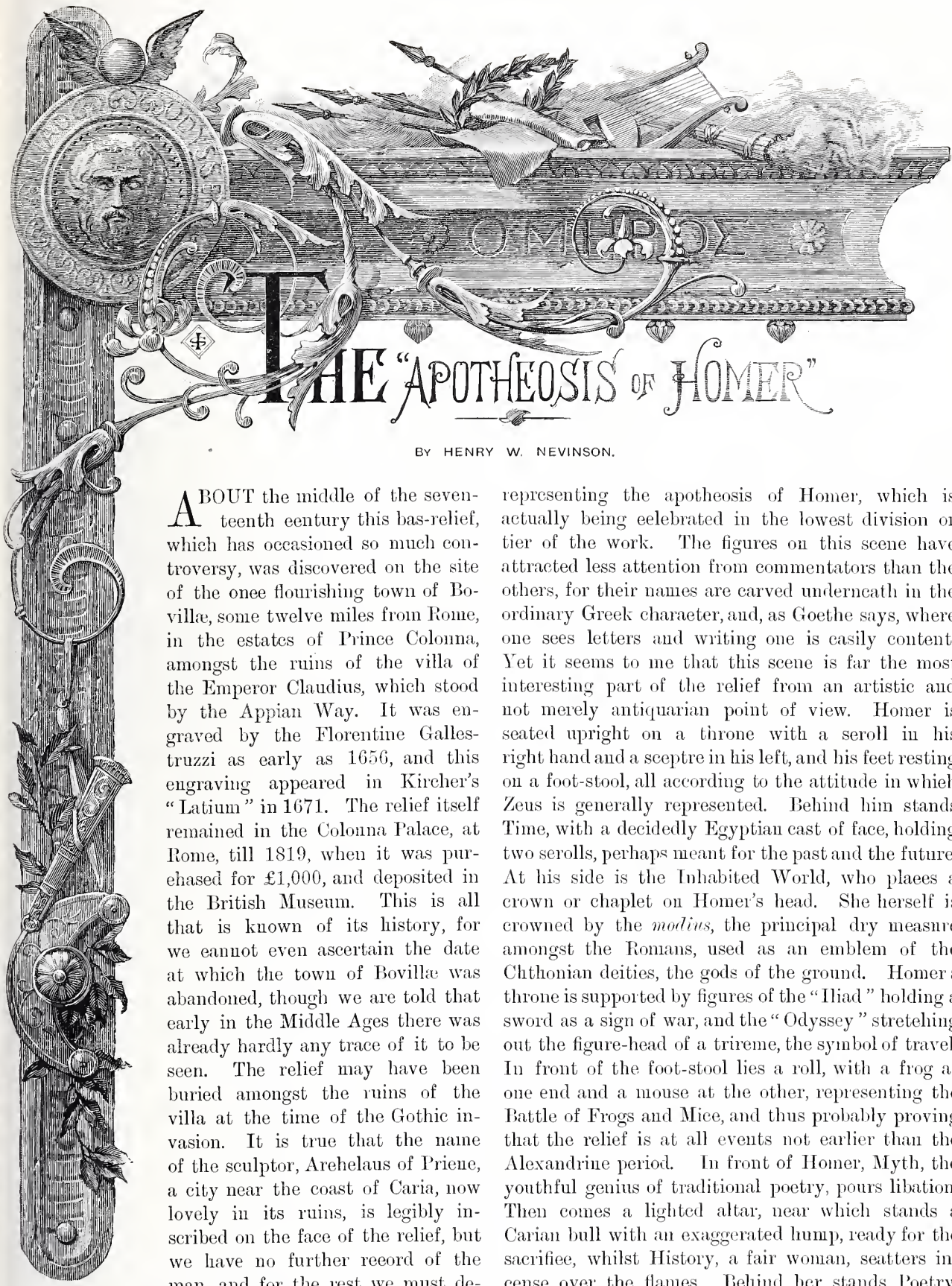
\* \* \* \*

Into the church when thou dost gon,  
Pulle uppe thy herte to Crist, anon!  
Upon the rode thou loke uppe then  
And knele down fayre on bothe thy knen."

And, finally, there is a verse that was often formerly seen inscribed on a rood screen:—

"Let fal downe thy ne, and lift up thy hart,  
Behold thy maker on yond cros al to torn;  
Remember his wondis that for the did smart.  
Gotyn without syn, and on a virgin born."





# THE "APOTHEOSIS OF HOMER"

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON.

ABOUT the middle of the seventeenth century this bas-relief, which has occasioned so much controversy, was discovered on the site of the once flourishing town of Bovillæ, some twelve miles from Rome, in the estates of Prince Colonna, amongst the ruins of the villa of the Emperor Claudius, which stood by the Appian Way. It was engraved by the Florentine Gallestruzzi as early as 1656, and this engraving appeared in Kircher's "Latium" in 1671. The relief itself remained in the Colonna Palace, at Rome, till 1819, when it was purchased for £1,000, and deposited in the British Museum. This is all that is known of its history, for we cannot even ascertain the date at which the town of Bovillæ was abandoned, though we are told that early in the Middle Ages there was already hardly any trace of it to be seen. The relief may have been buried amongst the ruins of the villa at the time of the Gothic invasion. It is true that the name of the sculptor, Arehelaus of Priene, a city near the coast of Caria, now lovely in its ruins, is legibly inscribed on the face of the relief, but we have no further record of the man, and for the rest we must depend entirely upon internal evidence.

Up to a certain point all is clear enough, and there can be no disagreement among scholars and antiquaries. The relief is evidently a symbolie work

representing the apotheosis of Homer, which is actually being celebrated in the lowest division or tier of the work. The figures on this scene have attracted less attention from commentators than the others, for their names are carved underneath in the ordinary Greek character, and, as Goethe says, where one sees letters and writing one is easily content. Yet it seems to me that this scene is far the most interesting part of the relief from an artistic and not merely antiquarian point of view. Homer is seated upright on a throne with a seroll in his right hand and a sceptre in his left, and his feet resting on a foot-stool, all according to the attitude in which Zeus is generally represented. Behind him stands Time, with a decidedly Egyptian cast of face, holding two serolls, perhaps meant for the past and the future. At his side is the Inhabited World, who places a crown or chaplet on Homer's head. She herself is crowned by the *modius*, the principal dry measure amongst the Romans, used as an emblem of the Chthonian deities, the gods of the ground. Homer's throne is supported by figures of the "Iliad" holding a sword as a sign of war, and the "Odyssey" stretching out the figure-head of a trireme, the symbol of travel. In front of the foot-stool lies a roll, with a frog at one end and a mouse at the other, representing the Battle of Frogs and Mice, and thus probably proving that the relief is at all events not earlier than the Alexandrine period. In front of Homer, Myth, the youthful genius of traditional poetry, pours libation. Then comes a lighted altar, near which stands a Carian bull with an exaggerated hump, ready for the sacrifice, whilst History, a fair woman, scatters incense over the flames. Behind her stands Poetry, raising two torches high in air; next, Tragedy, a lady of stern and stately mien, closely followed by her gay young sister Comedy, each holding up an arm towards Homer in token of praise. Then comes



what I consider to be the most significant group in the whole relief. Four women stand crowded together as they would never have been in the best age of sculpture, and carved without much care, whilst a child, very slightly cut, raises a hand to one of them as though for love and sympathy. The names of the four women are Virtue, Memory, Faith, and Wisdom, and the child, Nature, clings to the robe of Faith. All commentators seem to be agreed that the whole of this relief is a very inferior work, and I have no intention of defending the execution, which for the most part indeed is poor enough, though it must be remembered that the majority of the heads are restorations very badly carried out, and all with a comical family resemblance about the nose. But the conception of this scene in a temple proves that Archelaus of Priene was no commonplace man. For what is the meaning of it? Homer, supported by his works, is being crowned by Space and Time, the two limitations of existence. The sculptor has given Time the face of an Egyptian, from the land of immemorial monuments, unless, indeed, as has been suggested, the figure is a portrait of one of the Ptolemies. In front of the throne Romance and History do the poet honour; Poetry in general, Tragedy, and Comedy proclaim his praises. Nor can I agree with those critics who condemn the regularity of attitude in these three figures as a sign of weakness of invention. There is much force in repetition and regularity of gesture, especially in the services of religion, for this is indeed the foundation of all ritual, and the attitude here represented is almost universal in the ritual of praise. All these worshippers may be said to be distinct from the great poet. But the remaining group does not worship. The four women merely regard the proceeding with interest and attention, whilst the child Nature takes no part at all, unless indeed to serve as a link between the women and the other worshippers. I cannot but think that the cause of this is that these figures, Virtue, Memory, Faith, and Wisdom, are the qualities inherent and combined in the poet himself. They have made him what he is, and they cannot worship their own production, though they watch his glory with calm satisfaction. The combination of these four qualities, two intellectual and two moral, appears to be entirely original. That a poet must have virtue (of a kind) and wisdom most people would discern for themselves; but the introduction of Faith, that power of grasping by the imagination truths that lie beyond the reach of the understanding, is beautiful and uncommon. So is the conception of the child Nature already referred to. The sex of the child is doubtful, for though the name is feminine, the general appearance has the look of a bright and innocent boy, and,

as is well known, the Greek sculptors of the later periods were very fond of uniting the peculiar beauties of both sexes in the same figure. Thus does Nature, the type of all that is child-like, look up with its smile into the face of Faith and lay its gentle hand on her garments. Memory is the power whose presence amongst the four is at first sight rather unexpected, for we are not accustomed to connect Memory with high poetical gifts. But there are many sorts of memory. There is the memory of such men as Joseph Hume or Macaulay, out of which no poetical thing can come. But there is also the memory of Turner, Wordsworth, and Shelley, a memory by which a poet can recall the feelings and surroundings of any past moment and give them utterance with all the vigour of present life and the beauty of transfiguration; and this is the memory here represented.

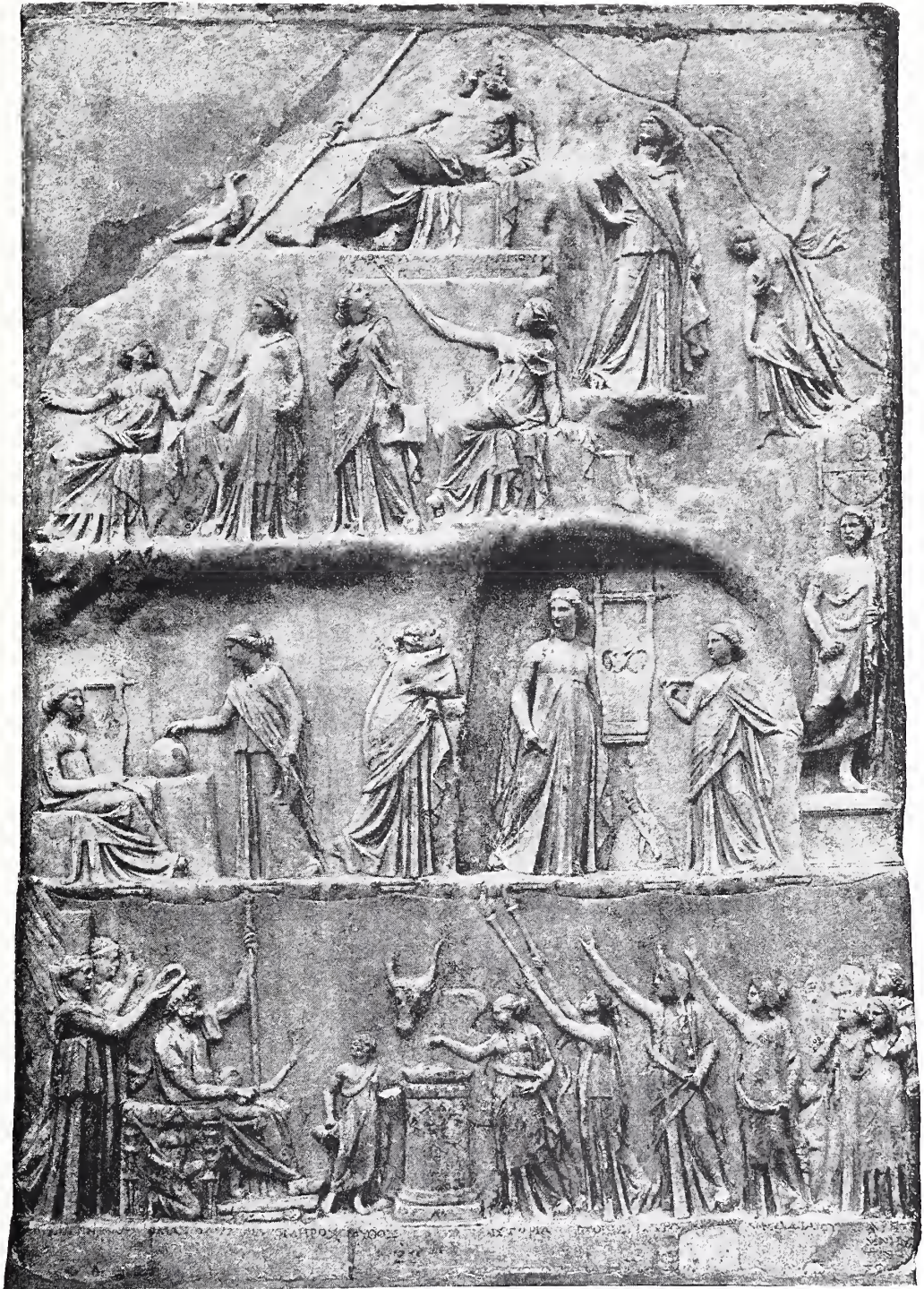
So far we have remained in the most beautiful part of this bas-relief, the interior of that temple of which the capitals of the pillars are just visible above the curtain that is stretched across them. The rest of the work represents two or rather, perhaps, three different ledges on the steep slope of a mountain. On the ledge immediately above the temple stands Apollo with some of the Muses. The god, as so often, is dressed in woman's clothes, and plays the lyre as Musagetes. His bow and quiver lie over an object which Goethe calls a bell-shaped vessel, but other commentators are more probably right in considering to be the famous Omphalos, or navel of the earth, at Delphi. In that case the mountain will be Parnassus, and the cavern in which Apollo stands must be meant for the Corycian grotto. To this view it may be objected that the Omphalos was a white stone adorned with stripes of various kinds, and with two eagles, or, as others say, doves painted upon it, of which there are no traces here, and that it laid in the interior of the temple at Delphi, being therefore about seven miles from the Corycian cave. Also Parnassus is generally spoken of as being a mountain of two peaks, and the presence of a Carian bull in the temple has been thought to fix the scene in Asia Minor. But it is probable that the sculptor was not particular about localities, being content to give us a general impression of the mountain home of the Muses, and introducing Zeus at the top, though he was worshipped not on Parnassus, but Olympus. As to the bull, it must be remembered that Archelaus was himself born in Caria, and had been accustomed from boyhood to see this kind of bull offered in sacrifice.

Most of the Muses may be recognised by their attitudes or symbols. There is some doubt as to the figure which stands on the left of Apollo



and is pouring a libation. Many writers on the work consider her to be the Delphic priestess, but Goethe would make her one of the Muses, for he calls the figure next to Zeus Mnemosyne, the mother of the Muses, though she is generally supposed to be Melpomene. Goethe seems justified by the imposing and almost defiant attitude of the figure, as though, in his words, she was not particularly grateful for the boon granted to her darling. On the other hand, she wears the *cothurni*, which would naturally be the symbol of the Tragic Muse. The only other figure which cannot be readily identified is the man on a plinth, with a tripod behind him, on the extreme left of the lowest ledge of the mountain. The head has been restored, and can of course give us no clue; the dress is simple, and in his hand he only holds a scroll. The critics conjecture that he is meant for Orpheus or Hesiod, or, supposing that the relief was made in the time of Tiberius, it is just possible that he is Virgil. Goethe ingeniously supposed that the whole work is a votive tablet, made at the order of some poet who had won a tripod as a prize for a poem in honour of Homer, and that this figure is the poet

himself. And this is very probable, although such a device would seem to be rather more after the



THE APOTHEOSIS OF HOMER.

(From the Bas-relief in the British Museum.)

manner of the Middle Ages; and as the plinth on which the figure stands seems to have been prepared for an inscription, it is strange that this should not have been filled in if the figure stands



for the owner of the tablet. Most critics will not allow the work to be earlier than the reign of Tiberius, and it is just possible that the figure represents one of the Julian family. For we know that at Bovillæ, where the relief was found, Tiberius built a shrine in honour of the Julian Zeus, and supposing that the tablet formed one of the ornaments of the shrine, it would have been quite in accordance with the spirit of the empire to introduce either Augustus or even Julius himself wandering about on Parnassus among the gods and Muses.

As to the motive of the work, regarded as a whole, the only difficulty of interpretation arises from the fault of the sculptor, who has attempted to do in one block of marble what, according to Lessing's familiar canon, is only suitable for the successive verse of poetry. For in this one relief

at least two different periods of time are represented: at the top Zeus has just granted the petition of Melpomene, or Mnemosyne, that Homer should receive the honours of apotheosis. The gay young Thalia has caught the words almost before they were uttered, and hurries down a flight of steps, in order to bear the good news to the other Muses and Apollo, who are seen in the next tier either awaiting the answer or rejoicing over it. In the lowest, where the apotheosis is being celebrated, the unity of time is not preserved. The sculptor has tried to write a story in compartments of marble, just as Botticelli and most of his predecessors often wrote a story in the compartments of a picture. The effect of such works is sometimes a little confusing, but the frank artlessness of the method has its charm as well.

## THE ART MOVEMENT.

### DECORATIVE SCULPTURE BY MR. ALFRED DRURY.



WINGED LION.

country, to put up with heartless neglect. We are always hearing that our national taste runs in the pictorial direction, that it is charmed by colour and imitative realism, and that the exposition of form, which is the chief mission of the sculptor, makes no appeal to our aesthetic preferences. Yet to-day the painters are complaining that they have no occupation, and most of the sculptors' studios are full of works that have been commissioned by quite an array of patrons. The explanation of this apparent anomaly is to be found in the fact that there has of late years been a definite change in the public

IT is worth noting that, just now, when painters are lamenting the continued depression in the art market which afflicts them with endless discomforts, our younger sculptors seem to be enjoying a very reasonable amount of prosperity. This is, at first sight, the more curious because there has long been an accepted idea that sculpture is the one branch of art which has, in this

attitude towards questions of artistic practice. A demand has grown up for things that will decorate, that will serve as ornamental accessories to the facts of life; and the idea of collecting, which was formerly the main motive of the picture buyer, has almost entirely died out. The sculptors have recognised this change, and the painters have not. That is the secret of the present condition of affairs.

No better evidence of the way in which sculpture is being adapted to meet the modern taste could be desired than is afforded by the series of termini by Mr. Alfred Drury which we reproduce. Here we have a frank acceptance of the new conditions, a definite recognition by a clever artist of the obligations that are imposed upon him by the needs of the moment, and yet a perfectly judicious and dignified application of sound artistic principles. What Mr. Drury had to do in this instance was to provide decoration for the completion of an architectural design. At Barrow Court, a large country house built near Bristol under

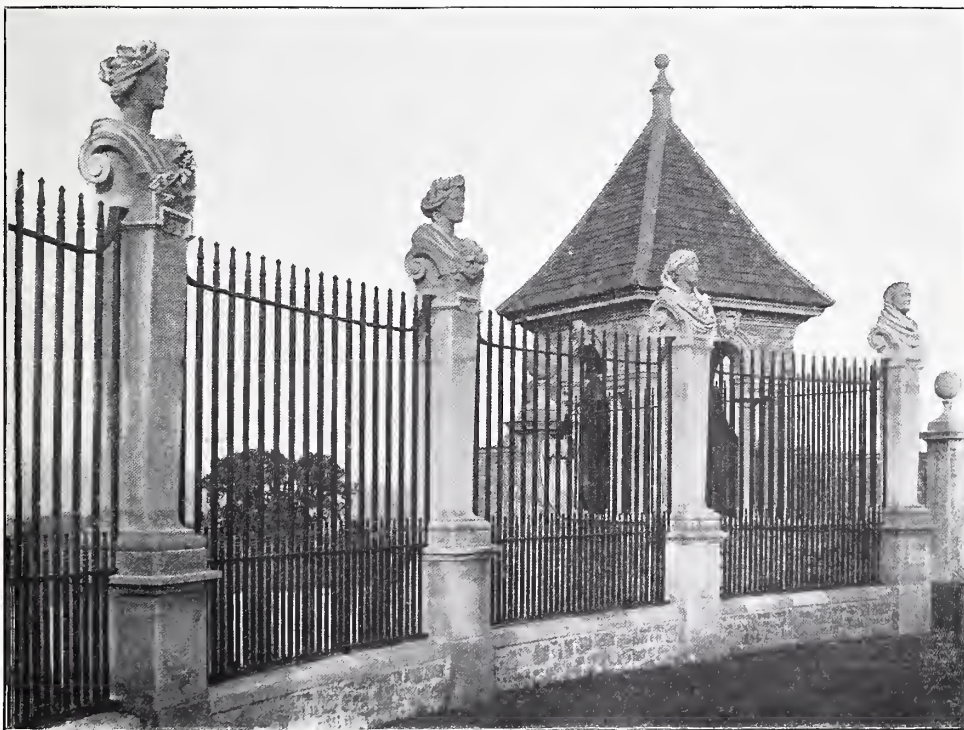


WINGED LION.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE TERRACE, BARROW COURT.

the direction of Mr. F. Inigo Thomas for Mr. H. Martin Gibbs, a feature has been made of a raised terrace enclosed by an ornamental balustrade; and the opportunity offered of securing for this part of the building details that would be artistically effective has been judiciously turned to account. To Mr.



THE TERRACE, BARROW COURT

Drury was given the commission to execute the required accessories, and what he has accordingly





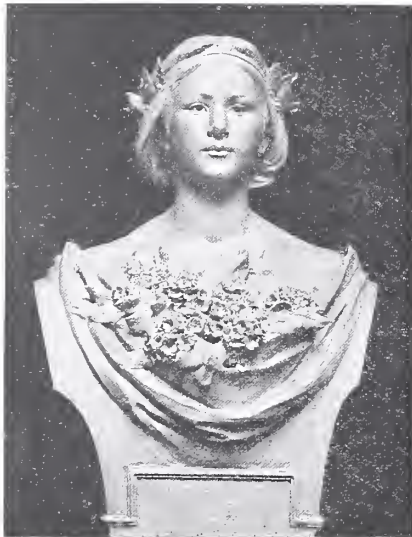
JANUARY.



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MAY.



JUNE.

provided has the merit of being both original in idea and clever in treatment. The parts of the architect's design that lent themselves best to treatment by a sculptor were the twelve piers of the balustrade and the two piers of the gateway; and the method of decoration adopted by Mr. Drury was to cap each of the twelve piers with an allegorical bust, and to flank the gate-opening with winged lions. The material employed was terra-cotta, which has the merit of being imperishable and of allowing a pleasant degree of freedom to the modeller.

One of the most interesting things about the work is the manner in which Mr. Drury has used the occasion to introduce a touch of poetic originality into what, with less intelligence, might easily have been allowed to degenerate into mere perfunctory ornamentation. Having twelve piers to decorate,

the obvious course was to make a representation of the months his motive; but, instead of depending upon a simple series of appropriate types, he conceived the happy thought of treating the busts in sequence to illustrate the progress of an individual from youth to age. Commencing with a young child to represent January, he has shown in the successive faces the various stages of the advance through youth and maturity to the worn and pathetic decay of extreme old age. He has accentuated his idea by the small accessories which accompany each bust: by the early spring flowers lying on the drapery of February, the wind-tossed locks of March, the corn and fruits given to August, September, and October, and by the heavy wrappings that shroud the head of December; but the story that he wished to tell is clear enough even without





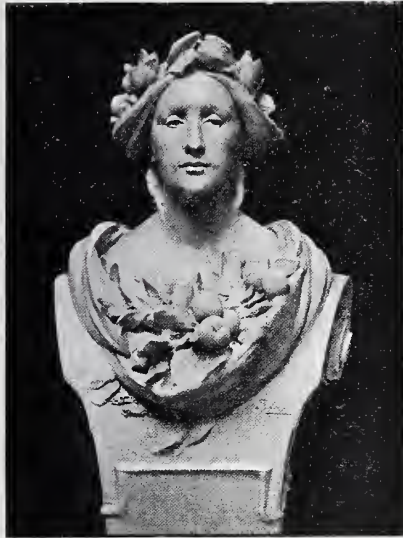
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OCTOBER.



NOVEMBER.



DECEMBER.

these clues. His execution in them all is admirably free and vigorous, marked by a thorough appreciation of the breadth and largeness of handling which is needed for the successful treatment of sculpture that is to be seen in the open air; and his accuracy of observation is proved by the subtlety, and yet exactness, with which he has realised the changes

in form and modelling that the various parts of the face undergo with the lapse of years. He is to be congratulated upon having shown so well that there is nothing to prevent sculpture, when used in obedience to modern needs as an adjunct to architecture, from being completely excellent in motive and manner.

ALFRED LYS BALDRY.





## PHILIP HERMOGENES CALDERON, R.A.

BORN MAY 3rd, 1833; DIED APRIL 30th, 1898.

BY G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

**F**ORTY-SEVEN years ago I was making a drawing from an antique figure in the British Museum, when a young man, with a bright intelligent face, dark eyes, and a slight black moustache, looked over my shoulder for a minute or two and then addressed me in French. I had not long returned from Paris, which fact must have been perceived by that quick-witted youth of seventeen. We entered into conversation (in French) and found that we both had the desire to become artists, and also that we both lived in St. John's Wood—he, in Marlborough Road, and I, in Marlborough Place. What more natural than that we should walk home together, after our day's work was finished at the Museum? In a very short time we became fast friends; and although we were each respectively living under the paternal roof, we soon began to invite each other to tea, and spent pleasant evenings together, sometimes at his home and sometimes at mine. The young man's name was Philip Hermogenes Calderon.

He introduced me to his father, the Rev. Juan Calderon, Professor of Spanish Literature at King's College, an elderly gentleman of a strongly-marked Spanish type; and to his mother, a French lady, who was devoted to her only son. Like many other artists, Calderon did not deliberately choose his career from the first: it came upon him with an imperious mandate. He studied engineering, and the opportunities afforded by the continual presence of drawing materials led him to devote more of his time to art than science.

Calderon went to Leigh's School of Art in Newman Street, where he met Henry Stacy Marks, Walter Thornbury—who afterwards became the well-known author—and several others who have since made their names. From Leigh's he went to Paris with

his friend Marks, where he studied, for a year, under M. Picot. He then returned to London, having finished his schooling, but not his education in art.

He and Marks were welcomed back by a little band of young artists, Fred Walker amongst them, who had formed themselves into a brotherhood called "The Clique," and which somehow looked upon Calderon as their chief, for he had a personality that persuaded and even commanded. He was tall and good-looking—was, as it were, a Spanish gentleman translated into English; very witty, he had an uncompromising spirit and withal a most fascinating manner; in fact, he could be severe and unflinching, and yet as tender as a child.

His earlier pictures betrayed a good deal of this hardness in the painting, but the tenderness of his nature became evident when, having conquered the first difficulties of his craft, he produced such works

as the "Demande en Mariage"—a delightful representation of an old sexton reading a letter, which his daughter has just brought him from her lover, whilst the latter is waiting for the verdict, outside, on the belfry stairs; and "After the Battle," where a party of soldiers and a drummer-boy have entered a ruined cottage, in which everything seems to have been destroyed by cannon-shot except a solitary child, that sits there unharmed. The look of astonishment and gentleness on the faces of the veterans whose trade is to slay, is a masterpiece of expression, and an excellent rendering of the apt quotation, "Men ne'er spend their fury on a child."

Such pictures as these showed that Calderon could both conceive and paint beautiful things that were not only pleasing to the eye of the connoisseur but could reach to the hearts of all. However, I have no intention of criticising or praising, or over-



THE LATE PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A.

(By Hubert Herkomer, R.A. From "Pen and Pencil Sketches." By Permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.)



rating or underrating the works of Calderon; time will pronounce its verdict on them. I feel confident, however, that many of his pictures would make most popular engravings. A small one of "After the Battle" was published some years ago in "The Art Journal," but I think a larger and stronger one would certainly be welcomed.

Calderon exhibited his first picture at the Academy in 1853. I remember it well, for we both made sketches of the same subject, which was, "By the waters of Babylon there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion."

For several years he worked on without much

his nearest friends watched the progress of the work, none having any doubt that the desired object would be attained by it, and that P. H. Calderon would not have to go into the City to seek employment.

There was great excitement in those days among the young artists, for a change was coming over the school through the influence of Millais, Holman Hunt, and others of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. The love of Nature was ousting the love of conventionalism, and this was shown in the careful delineation of the minutest detail of leaf and flower, rock and stone, and sunlight and sun-shadows.



"SIGHING HIS SOUL INTO HIS LADY'S FACE."

(From the Painting by the late Philip H. Calderon, R.A., in the Schwabe Collection.)

success, sending only another picture to the Royal Academy in 1855, with also a religious quotation, namely, "Thy will be done."

He was in a doubtful state of mind, and felt almost that he would have to go back to engineering drawing, in which he had had some little experience, or apply for some clericalship in the City. He said, however, that he would make one more effort, and would paint a picture that should decide his fate. The subject he chose was "Broken Vows," probably suggested by Longfellow, a poet for whom, in those days, he had a great liking. And the young lady who sat for his principal figure was his future wife—even his wedding depended upon the success of this production. I remember with what interest

"Broken Vows" was not only a subject likely to be popular, since it represented a young lady who accidentally discovers her lover to be faithless, but was painted in the new spirit; and without doubt the heart of the painter was in his work, for he not only depicted the ivy leaves, the old wall, and the grey palings with loving care, but it may be supposed that he was still more interested in his fair sitter. The picture was finished, was well received by the Academy and the public, was sold, and was engraved. The battle was won! Henceforth the finances of a City firm, or the drawings in an engineer's office, would have to do without the assistance of Philip Hermogenes Calderon, the descendant of Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca, the great Spanish poet.





"A LITTLE FACE AT THE WINDOW  
PEERS OUT INTO THE NIGHT."—LONGFELLOW'S "TWILIGHT."

"*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte,*" and after this first success in 1857 others soon followed. A great improvement in his art was evident, and he put more dramatic feeling—that is to say, more human nature—into his compositions, as shown by his "Gaoler's Daughter"—a scene from the French Revolution—"Flora Macdonald's Farewell to Charles Edward," and "French Peasants finding their Stolen Child at a Country Fair." This picture was painted in 1859.

In the following year he married, and all his surroundings were bright and prosperous, his works were sought for by patrons, were welcomed by the Academy, and he himself soon became one of its members. He was elected A.R.A. in 1864—the same year, and at the same time, as Frederick Leighton. Nor has the Royal Academy ever elected two men who have been more devoted to its service. Those student days in Paris with his

friend Marco, when they had rather to rough it—those doleful days of doubt when he feared he would have to give up all thoughts of art—were all past; he was in a pleasant and lofty studio in Marlborough Place, built at his own expense, and there were pictures on the easel that commanded four figures. His painting partook of the happy times, his touch was firm and confident, his colour joyous, and he showed that in dexterity at least he was not to be outdone. Among other things he painted, chiefly for amusement, or as a "fetch," as we used to call it, a portrait of his wife, life-size, standing in a doorway with her hand on the door-handle and her foot on the step, looking back over her shoulder as though she were quitting the room. The picture was placed against the panelled wall of the studio, and was such a perfect illusion that it looked, not like a picture, but a reality—so much so that genial Tom Landseer, the engraver, who called one day, made a most profound bow to it, and, addressing the effigy, said, "Pray do not leave us, madam."

There were frequent and merry gatherings in this studio.

Sometimes of an evening the chests of costumes would be ransacked by "The Clique" in order to amuse the ladies in the drawing-room with impromptu acting charades, which were anything but dumb show, our old friend Marco occasionally outdoing the deepest-dyed villain of a transpontine theatre; and each member of the party, having his special line of nonsense, would add to the variety of the performance, which was always rewarded with plenty of laughter. On other occasions they would sit round the card-table and play at Preference Whist, a very favourite game of Calderon's, or they would often meet there on a fine Sunday morning, and thence take their way through West End Lane, then a winding and pretty country road, shaded by overhanging trees, with fields on either side, and walk sometimes as far as Hampstead Heath to breathe the air and at the same time to tell the last good story, or talk over the state of the arts.





ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.  
(From the Painting by Philip H. Calderon, R.A., in the Chantrey Collection.)



A mere list of the titles of an artist's works is only suitable for the sale-room, for it conveys nothing to an ordinary reader. But if we can follow a painter's progress by recalling a few of his principal pictures, it may be interesting. I have referred to "La demande en Mariage" and "After the Battle," which were original subjects—that is, the artist's own inventions. So also, to a certain extent, was "Katharine of Aragon and her Women at Work," painted at Hampton Court. This was followed in 1863 by "The British Embassy in Paris on the Day of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew," a remarkable picture, depicting a strong dramatic situation with great power and truth.

This was followed in 1864 by "The Burial of



ARIADNE.

John Hampden, June, 1643," or rather "John Hampden," etc., for I remember the purchaser of the work objected to the word burial. This was a very poetical conception. In 1866 Calderon justified his election as Associate of the Royal Academy by his picture of a child-queen with a long train passing through a tapestried gallery, heralded by trumpeters and followed by stately and beautiful women in the rich costume of the fifteenth century. This he called "Her Most High, Noble, and Puissant Grace." It was another of the artist's own inventions, and was not only a success at the Academy, but in the Paris International Exhibition the year following, where it obtained the only gold medal awarded to English art. This work is full of excellence, both of drawing and colour and presentment of character. Some of the female heads

are extremely beautiful, for Calderon could paint a beautiful and distinguished face and a very lovable one.

In 1867 he exhibited "Home after Victory," another stirring, semi-historical subject, the background of which was painted from the courtyard of Hever Castle, in Kent, where he, with Mr. W. F. Yeames (now R.A.), David Wynfield, and all their family belongings, passed the summer of 1866, not only forming a sort of large happy family in themselves, but inviting their friends and entertaining them right royally.

Here, too, Calderon painted his picture called "Whither?" which now hangs in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House, for he was elected a Royal Academician three years after he became an Associate, and some little time before Lord Leighton.

Among this artist's sincere friends and admirers was Mr. Schwabe, who formed a collection of English pictures which he presented to his native town of Hamburg. Among them were several of Calderon's best works, such as "Sighing his Soul into his Lady's Face" (here reproduced), the sweet little head called "Constance," and a portrait of a handsome Irish girl holding a basket of roses, which he called "La Gloire de Dijon."

Another friend and admirer was Mr. John Aird, the present owner of a goodly series of Calderon's more decorative works, such as "The Olive" and "The Vine," "The Flowers of the Earth," and

four or five others of a similar character which adorn the walls of this generous patron's dining-room.

These pictures show the painter to the greatest advantage. They fulfil one of the missions of art, which is to be decorative and enjoyable without insisting too much on raising our minds or teaching us moral lessons, and are entirely devoid of affectation and eccentricity. They are frank, bold, strong, healthy pictures such as Paul Veronese might have delighted in, but without being in the least imitative or inspired by anything but the artist's own feeling and view of nature. They account to me for the immense enjoyment he took in the many fine works we saw during a trip we took to Italy some sixteen or seventeen years ago. They were painted in his house in Grove End Road, where there was not only a fine studio, but





SPRING-TIME.

(From the Painting by Philip H. Calderon, R.A.)



ample room in the grounds for lawn-tennis and such-like games, in which Calderon himself took the greatest pleasure. He moved from there to occupy the rooms in Burlington House, set apart for the keeper of the Academy, which responsible office he undertook in 1887. Devoting himself with energy to his new labour, he yet had time to produce some of his best pictures, such as "Aphrodite," "Andromeda," "Ariadne," "St. Elizabeth of Hungary," and some beautiful heads. But still his time was too much taken up for him to paint much, and lately ill-health, though it did not paralyse his hand, prevented him almost from working at all. To one of his pictures called "Home" he puts the quotation:

"But things like this you know must be  
After a famous victory."

Calderon had fought the battle of life and won, so far as mortal can. He had done his duty in that state of life to which he had been called. On all sides one hears from those who have had the best opportunity of judging him the most kindly expres-

sions concerning him. He has improved the schools both in character and in the instruction given; he was exactly the man to hold such a position, strict in discipline yet gracious in manner. Indeed, only the day before his death I met one of the curators of the schools, who told me that he and his collaborators and the students were anxious to send him a note, signed by them all, testifying to their gratitude and kind feeling towards him with which he had inspired them during his keepership. They had only hesitated to send him such a document because it seemed like bidding him farewell, whereas they still looked forward to seeing him again. At all events, I promised to convey their message either personally or otherwise; but alas! it was too late, for when I called the next day Calderon had passed away, and had resigned his keepership for ever.

I feel that this short notice of so eminent a man as Philip H. Calderon is very inadequate. It has been written not without much pain to myself, as every word reminds me of the great loss we have sustained by his death.



## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—JUNE.

The  
Scottish  
National  
Galleries.

OWING to the disorganisation of the National Gallery, caused by the tunnelling operations of the North British Railway Company, the report of the Board of Trustees of Manufactures for 1897 is not so satisfactory as usual. The railway company has had to carry out large structural repairs to the building, and the Board of Trustees has renovated the interior, and the contents have been reclassified and arranged, all of which necessitated the closing of the Gallery from January 11 to May 10 of last year. This, naturally, affected to a considerable degree the number of attendances both of visitors and students, all the figures showing a decrease upon the previous year's record. The free admissions to the Gallery were 73,259, a decrease of 3,035; by payment of 6d., 3,797, a decrease of 234; visits of copyists, 1,663, a decrease of 1,961. The principal acquisition during the year was JOHN PHILLIP'S "La Gloria," purchased for the sum of £5,250, towards which Mr. JOHN RITCHIE FINDLAY contributed £1,000. The works of art—details of which are, curiously enough, not given in the report—which belonged to the Royal

Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, have, consequent upon the winding-up of the Association, been deposited in the Gallery in trust for the nation. The figures concerning the School of Art also show a falling off both in the number of students and the fees collected. There were 436 students registered, 182 being female, a decrease of 34 on the previous year's numbers, while the fees amounted to £501 5s. 6d., a decrease of £33 4s. The visitors to the Statue Gallery at the Royal Institution have decreased to an extraordinary extent, the free admissions being 50,560, and on payment of 6d., 920, the difference in the number of the former compared with the previous year being 22,253. The visits of copyists have also fallen off to 1,386, a decrease of 222. The National Portrait Gallery alone shows an increase of free visitors, the number being 25,045, an increase of 1,001, but it also shows a falling-off of paying visitors to the extent of 112, their number being 1,438. The copyists have deserted the Gallery completely. In connection with the decoration of the building, for which Mr. JOHN RITCHIE FINDLAY gave the sum of £10,000, the Commissioners report "that the

carving of the stonework in the hall and ambulatory is now well advanced." The commissions for seven of the figures of eminent Scotsmen for the exterior have been placed in the hands of eminent Scotch sculptors, while to Mr. WILLIAM HOLE, R.S.A., has been entrusted the mural decorations of the central hall and ambulatory.

**Metal Work at the Royal Aquarium.** THE Exhibition of Metal Work to be opened at the end of May should prove one of the attractions of the season. The happy idea of holding it occurred to a few busy architects, who felt that though signs of the extraordinary advances made in all branches of artistic metal working were apparent on every hand, no general exhibition of art metal work had ever been held in the metropolis. These pioneers formed a committee, inviting the co-operation of well-known artists in metal, such as Mr. MASSÉ and Mr. REYNOLDS STEPHENS, as well as several of the craftsmen of the Art Workers' Guild, as Mr. BENSON, Mr. LONGDEN, Mr. KRALL, and Mr. STARKIE GARDNER. To round off the committee or council, the Presidents and distinguished members of the various societies in sympathy with metal working, curators of museums, sculptors, men of letters, and well-known art collectors were also invited to join it. The DUKE OF WESTMINSTER accepted the Presidency, and the MARQUIS OF LORNE the office of Vice-president. The Royal Aquarium was fixed upon as being

alone able to afford the required accommodation, in a central situation, and during the London season. With great liberality the management undertook to defray the whole of the expenses and to make no extra charge for admission. The London firms, who are rapidly taking the lead, will be well represented; and if Birmingham is not too conspicuously to the front we shall perhaps hardly altogether lament the fact. The chief interest of the exhibition will, however, undoubtedly centre in the competitions of craftsmen and their apprentices, in which a large number of prizes will be awarded, while free admissions have been presented to all students in schools of art. Everything tending to enlist young men in the metal crafts—the only ones, it is singular to note, in which the supply falls far short of the demand—is of national importance, for such handicrafts present the readiest means of raising up a sturdy and self-respecting artisan class, a greatly to be desired element in the community. Another important feature of this exhibition is the loan collection of ancient and modern metal work in St. Stephen's Hall. This vast space is to be filled with examples of every kind of metal work and of every period. The most noteworthy collections are those of armour and Sussex ironwork. In the former, most of the celebrated collections in England will be represented, and their arrangement will be under the able

superintendence of such experts as Lord DILLON, Lord ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A., Mr. J. G. WALLER, and Mr. GUY LAKING, active members of the famed Kernoozers' Club. The collection of Sussex castings will also be the largest and most interesting ever brought together. We shall deal more fully with the exhibition in an early number of the Magazine.

**Flax Embroideries for Ecclesiastical Use.**

MESSRS. JNO. HARRIS AND SONS have added to their repertory of flax-cloth dyes the special set of colours which convention has determined to be correct for the use of the

Pan - Anglican communion. The enterprise affords a practical illustration of the widely extended sphere which even simple materials, when ingeniously employed, can be made to fill. For banners and hangings evidently the use of flax opens out great possibilities of church furnishing at a moderate cost. The so-called "Camden" designs—a collection of some of the best mediæval models for embroidery, published by the Cambridge society of that name—are by this time too well known to need description. It is a pleasure, however, to welcome the old familiar patterns in a new garb, as they appear worked out in flax for altar frontals and other objects. A pulpit-hanging of simple design consisting of a crowned monogram between four stars, and two white stoles, executed with flax-threads upon a flax-cloth, in designs severely geometrical and so excellent



SILVER VASE PRESENTED TO FUSELI BY ROYAL ACADEMY STUDENTS.

(See p. 456.)

altogether as to vindicate their kinship to ancient originals, are most noteworthy. A word of praise is due to the altar linen provided by the firm. Among works of this description are included some excellent examples of fair-linen cloths of best Irish fabric, the edges hem-stitched, and the ends ornamented with flax pillow-lace insertion and borderings, or, again, with admirable drawn work. The crosses on these cloths are of varied design, all executed in flax thread, which, again, is used for the embroidered ornament on chalice-palls. For the latter purpose sometimes the design is carried out with good effect in such a way as to produce solid relief, as in the case of a pall with the sacred monogram surrounded by a conventional wreath of vine-leaves and grapes.

**Exhibitions.** THE amount of exceptional work in the summer exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours is somewhat less than usual, and the collection as a whole suffers in value on this account. But there are several drawings of really remarkable merit which save the show from condemnation and tell out conspicuously among the many things of no great importance by which they are surrounded. With these particular works the visitor to the gallery can profitably concern himself, for they have very definite claims upon his attention. Such examples of masterly technique as Mr. ARTHUR MELVILLE'S "Venetian



Night," "Grand Bazaar, Muscat," and "Gitana Dancing Girl;" such an admirable piece of design as "The Firebrand," by Mr. J. M. SWAN; such a dainty interpretation of Nature as Mr. E. A. WATERLOW'S "Pool among the Hills;" and such a robust study of an atmospheric effect as Mr. C. B. PHILLIP'S "Wet Day in a Welsh Village," claim all possible appreciation; and Mr. R. W. ALLAN'S "Church at Beccles," Mr. WEGUELIN'S "Pan the Beguiler," Mr. JAMES PATERSON'S "Moniave," and Mr. CLAUSEN'S "Going Home," are scarcely less remarkable. They are quite enough to justify the exhibition.

The New English Art Club has not often surpassed the exhibition which it held during April and May at the Dudley Gallery. The level of the collection was notably high, and very few of the pictures brought together could be dismissed as unfit for consideration. Among the most remarkable of them were Mr. GEORGE THOMSON'S "St. Paul's," Mr. FRANCIS BALE'S "East Wind in Summer," Mr. HARTRICK'S "Happy Valley," Mr. MOFFAT LINDNER'S "White Cloud," Mr. P. W. STEER'S landscape, "A Vista;" Mr. C. H. SHANNON'S "Man with the Yellow Glove," Mr. BERTRAM PRIESTMAN'S "Captured," Mr. J. L. HENRY'S "Last of the Harvest," Mr. A. W. RICH'S "Near Croydon," Mr. J. BUXTON KNIGHT'S "Spring Pastoral," Mr. W. STRANG'S "Pieta" and "Diana" "The Ironer" by M. DEGAS; Mr. W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON'S "Portrait of Arthur Melville, Esq.," and the water-colours by Mr. FRANCIS E. JAMES. Many other things of great importance were shown.

The exhibition of works of the Milanese and Lombard schools, brought together at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, is a very remarkable achievement, showing at once the riches of England in a school which must necessarily be somewhat limited, and the influence of the club which organised the collection. We must say at once that that right of criticism which is one of the chief and most exemplary privileges of a club which, unlike other exhibiting bodies, does not accept with blindfold eyes the ascriptions given by owners, seems to be somewhat strained. The knowledge and connoisseurship of Mr. HERBERT COOK, who has compiled the catalogue, will hardly be contested; but his slaughter of reputations seems to border at times on the further confines of critical courage. In saying that we find here seventy-five examples of important calibre, we bear witness to the energy and acumen of the organising committee. In conclusion, we may say that the exhibition is rather for the connoisseur than for the general public, and that we hope that in the revised edition the catalogue will receive certain modifications.

Mr. W. L. WYLLIE'S recent show at Messrs. Dowdeswells' gallery was memorable chiefly for its characteristic illustration of the methods of an artist whose view of Nature is always agreeable and whose manner of recording his observations is marked by much charm of style. As studies of atmosphere and brilliant daylight the works he gathered together were thoroughly satisfactory, and as technical examples they ranked among the best of his recent productions. Although they illustrated a comparatively limited number of motives, they by no means lacked variety either in selection or expression.

A collection of thirty-two oil paintings by Mr. MARK FISHER has been on view at the Dutch Gallery, forming a most delightful little exhibition. The majority of the pictures were English pastoral scenes such as the artist delights to paint, and the others were Algerian landscapes. Brilliant with sunshine and scintillating with colour, the latter stood in sharp contrast to the more sober tones of the English views, but, nevertheless, only served to enhance

their beauty. The mellow tones of "Autumn;" the bleak greyness of "The Sheepfold—Winter" and "Winter Fodder;" the wondrous softness of "In the Orchard—Springtime;" the effulgent glow of summer in "The Farm"—each showed how lovingly Mr. Fisher has studied the colour-effects of each English season and the skill with which he can transcribe them to canvas. As a painter of cattle and horses he stands in the forefront of English artists, and these farm-yard scenes afforded him full opportunity to display his powers in this direction. "The Waggoner," taking his team and clumsy waggon through a ford, is an excellent rendering of horses in motion as they churn up the water of the shallow brook.

Mr. McLEAN'S thirty-fourth annual exhibition of pictures of British and foreign artists contains some exceedingly interesting works. There are two good examples by M. LHERMITTE, "The Wayfarer" being especially fine. The modern Dutch school is well represented by Messrs. B. J. BLOMMERS, TEN KATE, J. H. HAGEMANS, and J. H. VAN MASTENBROECK, and one good example of the late ANTON MAUVE'S work. "At the Shrine" is a very good example of Mr. G. H. BOUGHTON'S work; and "Dolce far niente" and "Playfellows," by Mr. LUKE FILDES, R.A., are noteworthy. A typical academic study of the nude by M. BOUGUEREAU, "Whispers of Love," and an early work by M. TISSOT, "The Convalescent," are also of interest. The water-colour section is almost entirely given up to Mr. STUART LLOYD'S drawings.

The members of the Surrey Art Circle have a strong exhibition of their works at the Clifford Galleries. The President, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT, R.A., has a charming working model in tin for a pendant to be executed in gold, and a bust of Sir George Grove. Mr. CLAUDE HAYES and Mr. MONTAGUE SMYTHE contribute some excellent examples of their work, and Mr. C. J. LAUBER, R.S.W., has some clever water-colour drawings of London views. Messrs TATTON WINTER, ADAM E. PROCTOR, and F. A. OLDAKER also contribute to the success of the exhibition.

The '91 Art Club—consisting entirely of lady members—has been holding an exhibition at the Modern Gallery. Save for the work of Miss ANNA NORDGREN, Mrs. H. M. STANLEY, and the dainty reliefs of Miss E. M. ROPE, there was not much that demanded special notice.

Mr. and Mrs. HARRY HINE'S water-colour drawings of cathedral cities at Messrs. Dowdeswells' form a dainty collection of careful and pleasing work. Bright and cheerful in colour, and yet fully suggestive of the greyness and quietude that generally attaches to cathedral cities, the drawings attain a high average level of excellence seldom reached in exhibitions of this kind.

OF the lectures delivered to the Royal Academy students in the early part of the year by Sir W. B. RICHMOND, K.C.B., R.A., that upon "*Leighton, Millais, and William Morris*" (Macmillan) was unquestionably of the widest interest. It is hardly necessary to dwell on the intelligence with which Sir William has criticised the three masters, both individually and comparatively, nor to enlarge upon the moral which the students were encouraged to draw—namely, that the highest excellence is to be attained only by the most intense application being brought to the cultivation of the greatest talent. Sir William dwelt chiefly upon the work of the two painters, and touched so lightly on that of the great designer that it may be considered that William Morris and his work has been reserved for further treatment. (1s.)

For some years past Mr. Herbert Horne and Mr. Frederick Shields have been engaged on the erection of a chapel in



the Bayswater Road which should as far as possible be a mortuary palace of art. This chapel—"The Chapel of the Ascension"—is a monument to Mrs. Russell Gurney of her noble life and spirit; and decorated by Mr. SHIELDS, represents the most complete scheme of religious decoration known to us in this country. It is a description of this place of rest for wayfarers for prayer and meditation that

has been written by Mr. Shields, and published by Mr. Elliot Stock—a story that should be read by all who are interested in religious decoration, and who would know with how pure and profoundly artistic a spirit two men have raised this "buildd song of praise" in a London street. It was originally intended by Mrs. Gurney as a memorial to her husband.

We recently dealt at some length with the first part of Mr. JAMES WARD'S treatise on decorative art and

architectural embellishments, entitled "*Historic Ornament*" (Chapman and Hall). The second part now lies before us, a work on the whole as sound in judgment as the previous instalment. It must be admitted, however, that it covers so much ground that its 400 pages (inclusive of 316 illustrations) are not sufficient adequately to deal with any single section of the numerous arts to which decoration can be applied. Pottery, enamels, ivory carvings, metal work, furniture, textiles, mosaics, glass, and book decorations, all come within the scope of the volume. Although thoroughness cannot be expected in summary treatment such as this, we are not disappointed in finding it an excellent introduction. It would have been completer, however, had Mr. Ward added bibliographies of various subjects, so that students might have been directed to the best books in each section. The illustrations have been excellently selected, although many of them are hackneyed enough. (7s. 6d.)

One of the best books of its kind is "*Science and Art Drawing: Complete Perspective Course*" (Macmillan), in which Mr. HUMPHREY SPANTON sets forth with great clearness the difficult and complex science of perspective. Artists are embarrassed with the profusion of handbooks upon the subject, but it may fairly be said that few of them deal with the subject from their point of view with so much simplicity, and yet with so much lucidity, as in the three short chapters here devoted specially to their needs—"Perspective Applied to Sketching from Nature," "Aerial Perspective," and "Perspective Hints for Artists." It is surprising with how little science of this sort (even without the assistance of professional "perspective men") artists can jog along. (Illustrated, 5s.)

Those who visited the delightful exhibition of European enamels held at the Burlington Fine Arts Club last summer will be interested to learn

that a large-paper illustrated catalogue, with seventy-two full-page illustrations, has been issued to members, bound, at the price of four guineas. The few plates in colours are excellent, and, we are glad to observe, produced in England. The two essays on enamels forming an introduction are particularly lucid and comprehensive, though brief. Copies can be obtained through members of the club; and since the price, as in the case of the book-binding catalogue, may shortly be increased, those wishing to possess them would do well to apply at once.

There is a remarkable amount of talent, as well as of humour, in Mr. HARRY FURNISS'S newspaper, *Fair Game*. Mr. Furniss is assisted by some of the most prominent black-and-white artists of the day; but his own never-failing resource and ingenuity and inimitable flow of invention and fun are the real feature of the paper. We propose shortly to deal in some detail with Mr. Furniss's work.

Miscellanea. MR. FRANK WALTON has been elected President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, on the resignation of Sir JAMES LINTON.

Sir CHARLES TENNANT has announced his intention of presenting Sir John Millais's portrait of Mr. Gladstone to the National Gallery of British Art.

Mr. TATE has purchased Millais's "Order of Release" for 5,000 guineas. The picture is to be placed in the National Gallery of British Art. We give a reproduction of the work on this page, and, for the sake of comparison,



THE LATE LADY MILLAIS

(From a Photograph by Adolphe Beau.  
See p. 456.)



THE ORDER OF RELEASE.

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



an early portrait of the late Lady Millais, who "sat" for the figure of the soldier's wife.

The purchases for the Chantry collection this year are—"The Lament for Icarus," by Mr. HERBERT J. DRAPER; "Milking Time," by Mr. YEEND KING, R.I.; "Ethel," by Mr. RALPH PEACOCK; "In Realms of Fancy," by Mr. S. MELTON FISHER; and "Haymaking," by Mr. A. GLENDENNING, Junr.



FRANK WALTON, P.R.I.  
(From a Photograph by Disderi.)

We give an illustration on p. 453 of an interesting piece of silver—the vase presented to HENRY FUSELI, R.A., by the Royal Academy students in 1807, and now in the possession of Mr. Phillips, of Bond Street. The inscriptions on it are:—"To Henry Fuseli, Esq., R.A., Keeper of the Royal Academy, from the students, 1807," and "Given to John Knowles, Esq., F.R.S., at the request of H. Fuseli, Esq., R.A., by his widow."

Signor GIOVANNI SEGANTINI, to whose life and art we lately devoted an article, is at last being appreciated in the two continents. Within a short interval important essays have appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by M. DE LA SIZERANNE, and in *La Gazette des Beaux Arts*. He has struggled hard for recognition, and now that it is being so widely offered, the painter remains quietly in his Alpine home and troubles himself in no way about the enthusiasm of critic or artist.

**Obituary.** We greatly regret to have to record the death of Mr. CHARLES GREEN, R.I., at the age of 58, after a long and painful illness. He had held a foremost position as a black-and-white artist for many years, his illustrations being marked by great strength and individuality; he was one of the most pleasing illustrators of Dickens. He was elected a member of the Royal Institute very early in his career, and up to the time of his illness was a frequent contributor to its exhibitions.

M. GUSTAVE MOREAU has recently died at the age of 72. He was born in Paris; became the pupil of Picot at the *École des Beaux Arts*, and began exhibiting at the Salon in 1852. His "Cantiques des Cantiques" (1853) is at the Dijon Museum; "Œdipus and the Sphinx" (1864) obtained a medal; and "Man and Death" (1865) a medal of a higher class. "Orpheus torn in pieces by the Mænads" (1866) was acquired for the Luxembourg. His "Jupiter and Europa" (1869) was awarded a first-class medal, and "The Sphinx's Riddle Solved" a second-class medal at the Universal Exhibition of 1878. Besides these he painted many decorative pieces. He succeeded to the seat of Boulanger in the *Académie des Beaux Arts* in 1888, and was appointed *chef d'atelier* at the *École* in 1892.

The death has occurred of M. ALFRED LANSON, at the age of 47, after a lingering illness. He was a native of Orleans, and gained the *Prix de Rome* in 1876 with a figure

representing "Jason carrying off the Golden Fleece." His "Iron Age" and "Salammbô" are at the Luxembourg.

Herr BENJAMIN VAUTIER, professor of painting at Düsseldorf, has died in that city at the age of 68. Born at Morges, in Switzerland, he studied art at Geneva and Düsseldorf and, finally, at Paris. He chose his subjects from scenes of German and Swiss peasant life, and obtained medals at the Paris Salon in 1865, 1866, and 1878. In the latter year he was also appointed to the Legion of Honour. His work is represented in the museums of Bâle, Cologne, Leipzig, and Berlin.

The well-known French writer upon art matters, M. CHARLES YRIARTE, has died at the age of 66. Elected Inspector-General of Fine Arts in 1894, he was esteemed the highest official authority on art in his country. Besides his numerous articles in the reviews and magazines, he was the author of many books relating to art matters, among them being "*Les Arts à la cour des Malatesta au xv<sup>e</sup> Siècle*" (1881), "*Le livre de souvenirs d'un sculpteur au xv<sup>e</sup> Siècle, Maso de Bartolommeo*" (1882), "*Paul Veronese au Palais Ducal de Venise*" (1894). M. Yriarte was the friend and adviser of Sir Richard Wallace. In his position of Inspector of Fine Arts he took a leading part in the arrangement of the art section of the Exhibition of 1889, for which services he was promoted to an officership of the Legion of Honour, he having gained the first grade in 1877.

The death has occurred of M. FÉLIX BUHOT, the painter and etcher, at the age of 57. It is for his etchings, both original and from paintings, that he is best known, among the principal original works being, "*Une matinée d'hiver au quai de l'Hôtel Dieu*," "*Debarquement en Angleterre*," and "*Le Palais de Westminster*."

We have also to record the deaths of M. JULES CARPENTIER; of M. ANTOINE CLAU, sculptor and medallist;



THE LATE CHARLES GREEN, R.I.

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

of M. ALPHONSE GIRODON DE PRALON, painter of religious works; of M. CHARLES AIMÉ IRVOY, director of the School of Sculpture at Grenoble; of M. OTTO KNILLE, professor of the Academy of Fine Arts at Berlin; and of M. F. STRACKÉ, professor at the Amsterdam Academy.

## C. E. PERUGINI: PAINTER.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

AMONG the most popular of the regular contributors to the Royal Academy exhibitions, there are few whose personality is less familiar, few whose modesty so effectually conceals appearance of self behind the canvases they put forward, as Mr. Charles Edward Perugini. Painters are not exempt from the proclivities that characterise the rest of mankind: there are those who push themselves into public notice, those who are indifferent to every form of comment, and those who persistently shrink from it out of sensitiveness or repugnance, holding that their art is all the public can claim to know, that everything concerning them that is worth the saying is sufficiently proclaimed by their colour and their brush. Mr. Perugini is one of these. The painter of grace and sweet womanhood in her most charmingly decorative aspect, he has for the last forty years been a favourite with Academy visitors, who have learned to look for the pleasing yet scholarly work of his dainty brush; but they have known him as the painter of his pictures and nothing more. As the son-in-law of our great novelist his name is indeed familiar to many who know not art; but the personality of the man was kept, so far as he was able, clear of the public press. Now, however, when he is no longer young, the motive for insistence upon seclusion has become weaker as the likelihood is less that it should be reproached to him—as it has been to many a younger man—that he has used illegitimate, or at least foreign, methods of advancing himself in notoriety and public favour. The time has now come when, without impropriety and without misunderstanding, something may be said about the artist himself.

At a moment like the present, when the business of the painter, his formal training and severe self-discipline, are regarded by many not only as unnecessary but as actually injurious to the full evolution of an artist in the production of his work,

Mr. Perugini is a figure that stands forth in the path with warning hand uplifted. I do not mean to say that his art is to be set up upon an altar, at which the faithful are called upon to worship; but I do mean that he is of those who maintain the necessity of correct and elegant drawing as one of the essentials of art, and who display the charm of that refinement by which he protests against the indifference to pure correctness of draughtsmanship, and to clear definition of outline and silhouette, that are the decadent tendency of the day. "What," asked Théophile Gautier, "what is it that imparts to the smallest artistic trifles that belong to the Regency or to the Louis XV period their particular *cachet*, usually amusing, but always full of taste, invention and fancy? It is this; that in those days artists considered fine drawing as an indispensable condition in everything they produced."

This, too, is obviously the view of Mr. Perugini, for



C. E. PERUGINI.

(By Himself.)

such is the charm that animates his work, which, invested with equal grace of colour, subject, and design, seeks to make our life more sunny and to sweeten it with the luxury of refinement. He is indeed a true descendant of his own school. His art is not Michael-Angelesque, of course; it lays no claim to energy and little to vigour; but it is inspired with a search for melodious beauty that in its origin is Raphaellesque—a love of the charm and grace that Carlo Dolei showed, and which, adapted to present-day needs, modified by modern English taste, is given us here to lull soothed senses into gratified repose.

Mr. Perugini is, in fact, the painter *par excellence* of the *siesta*, the recorder, in delicate colour and harmonious line, of the delights of sweet idleness—when life is young and love is warm, ideally gracious, and—more or less platonic; when the Sybarite demands the picturing of chastened bliss, and reformed Epicurus, repentant of his gluttony, turns from his viands to fruits and flowers and





LA SUPERBA.

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tea, forswears voluptuousness of every kind in favour of a staid and decorative sensualism—in comparison with his grosser tastes, delectably austere. Mr. Perugini's luxuriousness, in fact, is less animal than intellectual; purity, chastity, and virtue undefiled breathe from his canvases, and in the character of some contented and exemplary Hippolytus he is constantly revealed, singing the praises of some fortunate Lucretia or happy Virginia, and for ever celebrating, with respectful admiration and decorous affection, the veiled charm of modest vestals, the innocent grace and pretty indolence of lovable womanhood.

It might be reproached to Mr. Perugini, in the words of William Morris's censure of Albert Moore, that "his exquisite art proclaims contempt for all elevated intellectual qualities, and that, in spite of the great talent of the artist, it is almost a nullity." But even those who hold that it is in the power, and is even the duty, of art to do something more than merely to please the eye and lull the fragrant sense, admit that purpose and "intention" need not to be the constant aim of a painter—a necessary condition of every picture at all times; and that Mr. Ruskin's decorator, who

embellishes a Moorish arch, is, as an ornamentist, not less worthy of the name of artist than Hogarth himself, who invests his pictures with the whole philosophy of life; only his conception, like the cast of his mind, is not so elevated in character or in kind. But if his labour is appropriate, and adds to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, his work is more than justified: it is as much consecrated by the wholesome pleasure it affords as of the decorator or of the mightiest of all writers of novels *without* a purpose. If there is no predetermined utilitarian intention of purpose, no didactic suggestion in Mr. Perugini's pictures, there is at least the sort of usefulness that lurks in every gladsome impression, whether it be a symphony or a sunset—the excitation of the æsthetic sense, the cheering of the world-torn mind and dirt-offended sight.

First to be considered is that power of drawing, to which I have already referred. In its character of delicate accuracy it recalls the work of Lord Leighton, Mr. Frank Dicksee, and Mr. Frederick Sandys in England, of M. Bouguereau in France, of Professor Nonnenbruch in Germany. If only as a standing example to the typical easygoing student of the present day, it has its special worth. The plastic sense is so highly developed in his case that we rather welcome the relative subordination of what Mr. Berenson calls the "tactile values," whereby the artist maintains the decorative aspect of his work, and avoids the pitfall, which has engulfed so many with less wit to see, of investing with too absolute a realism these pleasing fancies of the painter. An artist—so his pictures seem to declare—may paint for us the Virtues and the Graces, but he must not try to persuade us that they sat for their portraits.

This skill of draughtsmanship Mr. Perugini acquired, as the great masters of his native land had all of them acquired it in glorious times of old, through a discipline far more complete than is usual in this country, or even in France. It was Italy first that taught Diderot to realise a simple truth with a weighty moral: "The nation which teaches to draw just as it teaches to write (insisting on the same universal facility) would soon prove its supremacy in all the arts of taste." It was thus that Italy rose to her unchallenged heights five centuries ago, and thus she is seeking nowadays to regain her lost position.

Young Perugini was born in Naples during the visit to that city of his parents, who had long since been resident in England. He was brought back to this country when he was six months old, and here remained until eleven years later, when, on some of his drawings being shown



to Horace Vernet, a friend of the family, it was forthwith decided on that friend's urgent recommendation to send the boy at once to Italy for classic instruction in the arts. He was placed under Guiseppe Bonolis, the painter of sacred subjects, who was on the whole, perhaps, more successful as a teacher than famous as an artist. Thoroughness was his system. He was no believer in the modern method of merely drawing from the cast and colouring from the living model; still less could he have tolerated that method which, not unnaturally, enjoys singular popularity among hundreds of lady students and impatient amateurs in this insincere metropolis—the principle of merely “matching colours and laying them on,” which is so often supposed, and believed, to prove a sufficient substitute for the knowledge which those foolish Masters acquired through laborious practice of drawing and inquiry into anatomy. Young Perugini's severe course consisted of drawing, painting, modelling, perspective, architecture, and anatomy—with no other view than to equip him thoroughly for his business as a painter. Thus it was that Michael Angelo learned his craft, and Raphael and Leonardo graduated in their art. And with Signor Bonolis these studies were no perfunctory review of the matters they involved, no mere formal bowing acquaintance, to be acquired by just listening to lectures or reading from books. Architecture was worked at as diligently as if the pupil was to carry his buildings into execution or to restore the famous fabrics of the past; and anatomy was studied from dead bodies in the hospital. Thus was the foundation laid for Mr. Perugini's careful and thorough work. The system, according to some, is in the direction of over-education; it is certain that a student, trained as he was trained, could never become slovenly or careless. Then his natural bent towards a sort of neo-classicism, true to tradition in the better sense of conventionalism (not to be wondered at in a land where all art looks back upon the past), was probably still further determined by the new master under whom he was soon placed. This was Guiseppe Mancinelli, who became in 1850 Professor of the Academy of Naples, winning the position in open competition. His “S. Carlo all' Arena,” “Madonna degli Angeli” for the church of Tripoli, his “Christ in the Garden” and “Death of St. Augustine,” will be remembered by many readers. The professor's art, no doubt, had the fault of many highly but coldly-educated works of the modern Italian school that still

follows the Carracci, and although the example he set was useful to his pupils, his work was what a class of notable English students of half a century ago incontinently denounced as “sloshy.”

Now, as to this word “sloshy,” Mr. John Clayton has told me an amusing and historically interesting story. When the band of earnest students who surrounded Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Millais before they had yet done aught but think regularly and set their ambition all aflame, met for the purpose of discussing art with all the earnestness of their hopeful youth—bright nebulae which included the brighter nucleus that was soon to become famous, nay, immortal—they found themselves called upon to assume a style and title by which the public might at a word understand their artistic views and aims; and it was felt that if in constitutional, unimpeachable English undefiled they could declare themselves, so to speak, as “anti-sloshyites,” they would have accomplished their aim. Now the word “sloshy” had come, within this narrow



FLOWER-WORSHIP.

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circle of artistic revivalists, to be of universal application to every sort of painting since the days of Raphael, which, being strongly influenced by convention instead of being inspired directly from nature, offended against the tenets of the

of Signor Mancinelli he secured, as an unprecedented favour, through the intermediary of a Polish friend of his father's, the advantage of the personal supervision and systematic advice of Ary Scheffer.

At this time—in 1854—Ary Scheffer was nearing



DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

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young seet. In order to provide the required definition, opinions were invited to express, as nearly as might be, exactly what, after all, they meant by "sloshy." Many attempts were made, which were all voted inadequate; when at last James Collinson, afterwards a Pre-Raphaelite Brother, who had hitherto remained silent—he was a man of few words, always—suddenly raised his voice and cried, "Bitumen, and lake for the nostrils!" This definition was received with a merry shout of approval; and it is doubtful whether several of those present were not greatly helped by the laconic explanation to realise better than before the essential qualities against which they were, a little vaguely perhaps, in rebellion. "Sloshy" work, as he understood it, was equally obnoxious to Mr. Perugini; and when he left the care

the end of his career; he had but four years more to live. Not as an artist only, but as a politician of elevated and noble character, a devoted personal friend of the Orleans family, loyal and helpful to Louis Philippe to the very last, and in the hour of the monarch's bitterest trial, he was a very considerable figure in French life and, it might almost be said, in French history. He did not "take pupils;" so that his condescension in the case of Perugini, whose ability interested him and aroused his curiosity, is the more remarkable; and that his lack of colour-sense did not impair or injuriously affect that of his pupil affords strong testimony to the firmness of the young man's artistic character.

A curious, almost a romantic, incident occurred while Mr. Perugini was under Scheffer's roof. Charles

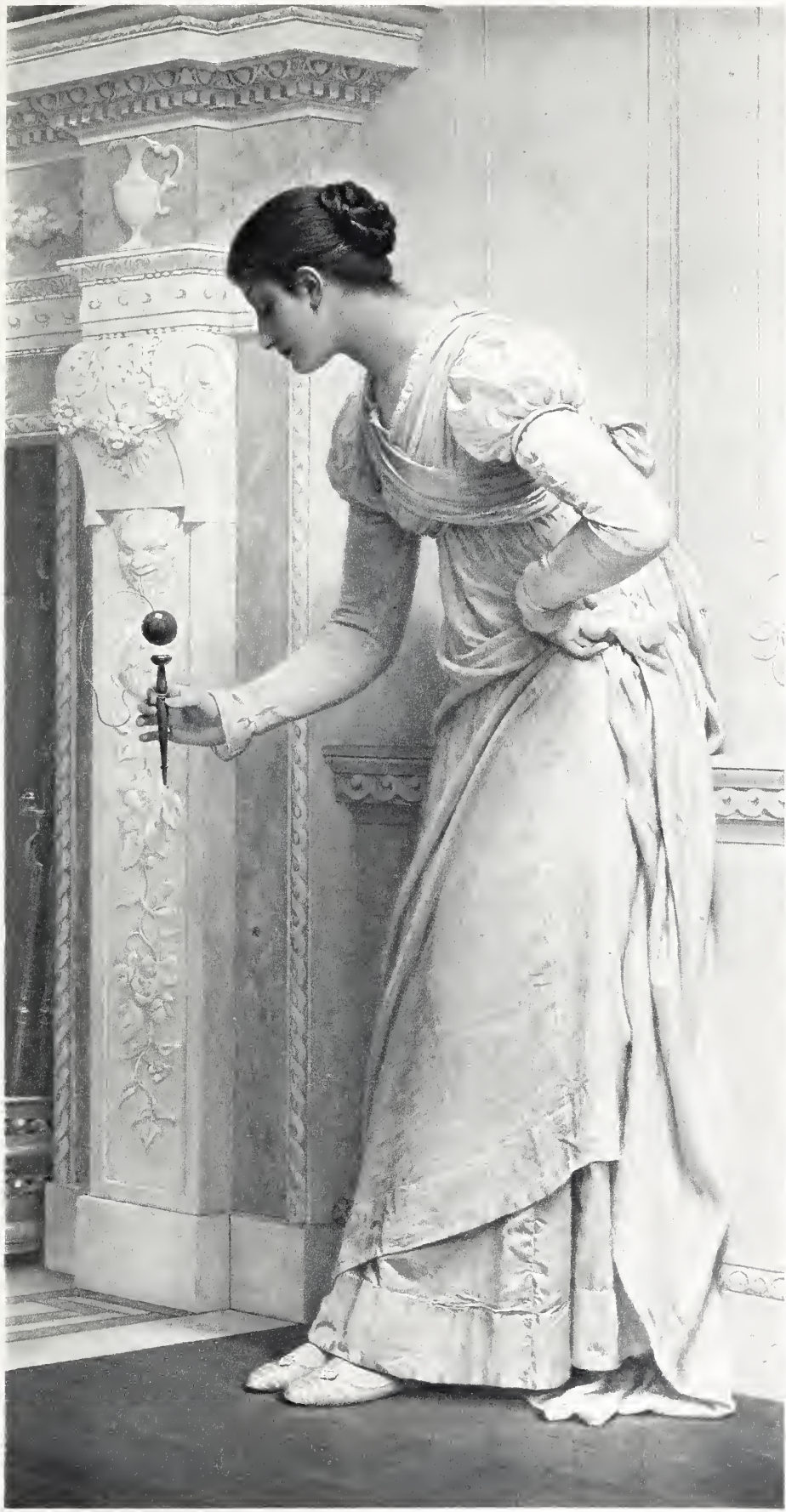




A SUMMER SHOWER.







CUP AND BALL.

FROM THE PAINTING BY C. E. PERUGINI, IN THE POSSESSION OF W. S. GILBERT, ESQ.





(1885), a girl æsthetically dressed, playing with pretty nonehalanee by a carved fireplace—a picture which Mr. W. S. Gilbert now owns; “Tempora Mutantur”—a modern maiden in a hall of earyatides, a singular and original contrast of types; “A Summer Shower” (1888), “La Superba” (1892), “The World Forgetting” (1894) and, this year, “Idleness” and “Weary Waiting”—these and half a hundred more attest the skill with which Mr. Perugini plays ever variously upon the spinet of his tuneful art, in which life’s shadows are never deep, wherein the foul or sad or painful never enters.

For such works as these he gained the gold medal at the Melbourne International Exhibition of 1880, and other awards at Philadelphia, Sydney, and Adelaide, from 1879 to 1887. As a portrait painter he is less known; yet that he deserves to be so recognised may be seen from the portrait of his wife

—the picture, by the way, which at Philadelphia was selected for special distinction.

Here, then, is the work of the man who by his engaging art has lent distinction to more exhibitions than you and I and most of us can easily remember; work which has always claimed respect by reason not only of its ability and conscientiousness, but of the style that informs it. And if the painter, looking upon Life with the eyes of Lafontaine, peoples his world only with the “Cigales” to the exclusion of the “Fourmis,” declaring boldly for the dancing Grasshoppers—leaving others more practical-minded to deal with the working Ants of everyday life—we can but thank him for the creations of his sunny nature, and bless the Fates that sent us such a man to help beautify the life of sombre realism and sing his sweet refrain amid strife and discontent.

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## THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.—II.



A JUNE EVENING.

(From the Painting by H. W. B. Davis, R.A.)

IN examples of what are usually called “subject-picture” the exhibition is fairly rich, and it is mainly the quality of the best of them that sustains the high level of the display, not less than the admirable portraits and the more poetic and romantic of the landscapes. These subject-pictures fall naturally, according to latter-day classification, into two sections—into pictures literary and non-literary: pictures that deal with scenes and events,

with thoughts and ideas, whose subjects, presupposing knowledge in the spectator, we are told, are better to be expressed by the pen than the brush; and pictures that deal with topics—if that be not too definite a word—exactly such as appear on the surface, without any particular reference to anything in the nature of literature, without pretence of illustrating an historic event or expounding philosophical doctrine, without *arrière-pensée* or didactic purpose.





A STUDENT OF NECROMANCY.  
(From the Painting by Val C. Prinsep, R.A.)

But, say what they will, the purists in art, as they claim to be, will never have the ear and the support of the public. The people insist that art shall be something more than mere sensuous delight; they choose that it shall appeal to their minds and be conveyed to their consciences as well as to their sense of sight; and they have set it down, clearly and unmistakably throughout the centuries, that moral teaching finds on the walls of the picture-gallery as fitting a pulpit as in a church; and they are willing that all questions capable of pictorial treatment should be discussed upon canvas as well as in the printed page. If it be not "according to Cocker," so much the worse for Cocker: Art, they say, is for the people, and the people will have it so, while those who have become the slaves, instead of the masters and the makers, of rules, will continue to restrict their outlook upon the technical handling of pictorially emotional subjects.

The principles of these purists naturally put the art of Mr. Watts wholly out of court; yet Mr. Watts thinks of intentional art quite as much as of painting, and offers us a monumental rendering of a metaphysical or philosophical sort. In "Love Triumphant" we have a work poetic in conception and grand in realisation. It does not tell its full technical tale, no doubt, where it hangs among the surrounding pictures in the Academy; for in each of these the painters have sought for triumphs of surface which would be out of place in the treatment of his impressive subject, and which, did he choose to employ it, would fatally detract from the spiritual significance of his work. Not worse adapted to his purpose than the refinement of handling his neighbours seek for, would be the manner of Mabuse adapted to Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," or the handling of Francia or of Mieris to the Stanze of Raphael. Nevertheless, the technique of Mr. Watts's picture appeals strongly to the artist, if not to the public, for it is full of interest; and the quality is so personal and so varied, that those who examine it find in it a merit which probably escaped them when first they were overwhelmed by the subject of the canvas. It is the supreme point, the culmination, of Mr. Watts's trilogy on the subject of Love—not that love

which is the euphemism for lust, nor even for those nobler sentiments as between man and man, or the other between man and woman. But it is rather that deep self-sacrificing, all-consuming passion for humanity at large, involving charity and pity and respect, that Mr. Watts would paint, and which, after showing us in great successive canvases how Love alone can sustain fragile and tender Life, and yet is powerless against Death when the grave angel summons the individual, yet rises triumphant over the world when Death herself is dead and the sands of Time have run their course. Here, surely, is didactic art, treated in respect of colour, and especially of form and harmony of tone proper to monumental thought—a picture that will give pleasure and solace to thousands, while the painters of thoughtless or purely decorative art fulfil their appointed duty of delighting or amusing. "Produce your farces and



your vaudevilles," says Mr. Watts in effect to his fellow-painters; "give us your masques, your comedies, your pantomimes. But remember that there is a serious side to art as there is to the drama of life; while you dance let others watch and pray, and while you sing, let others speak of serious things and comfort those who look for help."

We have dwelt for some time upon Mr. Watts's picture because it represents the furthestmost approach to words to which such painting can go, and, moreover, stands alone as a work of intense earnestness of intention. But purely literary painting is also here, nobly enough represented by Mr. Abbey's "King Lear"—the scene in which Cordelia takes leave of her sisters and shows how shrewdly she knows them. Nothing could well be finer than this admirable illustration—for illustration it is, after all, and so fine at that that the dramatic quality of the scene is retained and the theatrical pitfall is avoided. Mr. Abbey looks at Shakespeare with all the force and vividness of Ford Madox Brown; with all his incisiveness, invention, and sense of style, and with far more grace and vastly greater accomplishment. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse touches once more "the dulcet harmonies of the Æolian harp" in his romantically poetic "Flora and the Zephyrs," and still more in the simpler composition "Ariadne." He remains true to his favourite colour scheme—his tender blues, greens, lakes, and reds—and, somewhat unfortunately, to his single type of

feminine beauty—the lovely face of a sweet girl-fatalist, which for Mr. Waterhouse's sake, if not for the spectator's, should occasionally be varied. Mr. John Swan also gives us proof in his "Piping Fisher-boy" that the magic of colour has not left him. In "Fortune and the Boy" we have that exquisite quality of colour and of paint that proclaims the master, and the figure is drawn with singular charm; and the execution of Fortune's head—"executed" literally—is shown with dainty mystery in the fountain spray. Yet the head is a mistake: it detracts from the balance and mars the value of the picture—because the truncated head appears incongruous and leads the beholder to look below the frame for the body of the goddess. The world is still waiting for the masterpiece which we all know it is within the capacity of Mr. Swan to produce. There is not a



CASTLES OF SAND.

(From the Painting by W. H. Margetson.)



little of this atmosphere of true poetry and of fine quality in Mr. Briton Riviere's sincere and affecting "Temptation in the Wilderness." The figure of Christ seated on one of the waves of rock, the mystery of the lighting, the finely expressed effect of atmosphere, are all features that combine to render the picture one of Mr. Riviere's most successful

prophesy that this picture will retain its brilliancy intact when the rest of the works in the Academy, Mr. Watts's well-seasoned canvas alone excepted, will have darkened, cracked, or otherwise decayed.

In sharp contrast with these works are the pictures of life, vigorously imagined and robustly executed. Chief among them for actuality—painted



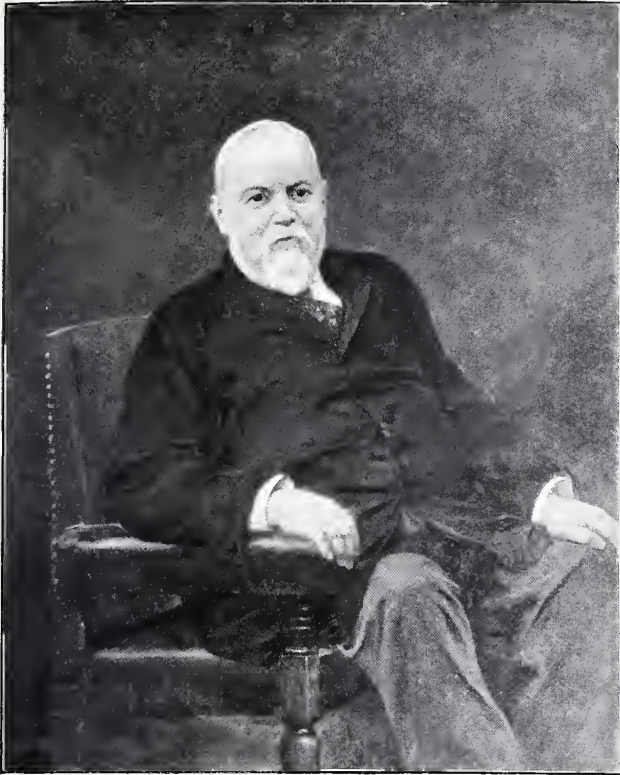
SEA FROLIC.

(From the Painting by Julius Olsson, R.B.A.)

works: we are inclined to think that he touches here the greatest height to which he has yet attained. Not less admirable in its own peculiar way is Mr. W. Q. Orchardson's pathetic little "Trouble"—a picture with a story, as touching as any that has gone before, and as technically admirable as his more important dramas in the Tate Gallery. To this group should be added Mr. Arthur Haeker's "Memories," not so much on account of its inherent grace, and the tender mystery of the face, as because of the technical interest of the work. Mr. Haeker seems to have been influenced by handling of Millais's Pre-Raphaelite pictures, notably by the "Ophelia" and the "Ferdinand," and has chosen to experiment with pure transparent colour, using it like water-colour. The effect may be a little bright and garish in parts, in spite of the artist's skill and the refinement and variety of his tones: but it is safe to

with dash, and in full sympathy with the enthusiasm of the moment—is Professor Herkomer's spirited work, entitled "The Guards' Cheer: Crimean Veterans of the Guards cheering Her Majesty the Queen during the Diamond Jubilee Procession." At the foot of the Crimean Memorial these old soldiers—all of them true portraits of the very men they represent—are grouped upon their tribune, displaying such enthusiasm as is still permissible to age, while a little girl in a corner and doves circling above give the touch of poetic suggestion that is required to save the picture from being a mere pictorial record. The bronze figures above have manifestly been a trial to the artist; and the even row of heads, and the horizontal line repeated below, has put some stress upon his powers of composition. But the admirable lighting of the heads and the skilful management of the reds, apart from the sincerity and genuine sentiment of the





HENRY A. BLYTH, ESQ.

*(From the Painting by Frederick Goodall, R.A.)*

picture, raise the work into a second place in the sum of the artist's achievements—that is to say, immediately after his masterpiece, "The Last Muster." Another triumph of technique, of the rendering of material and texture and of white daylight, is Mr. Alma Tadema's "Conversion of Paula." It is not exactly a graceful picture, and it is difficult to believe that the artist was quite serious in his realisation of the weak missionary before whose apparently limp and uninspiring exhortations the imperious beauty yields up her pagan faith. Even in the female form, elegance is lacking; but with this we should not quarrel, for with his transcendent merits as a descendant of the great school of Metz and of Terburg, Mr. Tadema has the right of adding to them the defect which was one of their characteristics. It has been said, generally, of Mr. Tadema's painting that it is "the apotheosis of the pot-boiler;" it is a bitter criticism at the best, and in this instance unjust enough; for he here sets forth the whole art of the painter, as he understands it, with that ease of accomplishment which conceals his pains. More elaborate, in the same class, and more ambitious, is the work of the President; but it must be admitted that Sir Edward Poynter succeeds not quite so well in hiding the labour of his art. In this picture of "The Skirt Dance," in illustration of

Horace, we have an enlarged and improved version of "The Ionian Dance" of a year or two ago. The work, which fairly shows the furthest limit to which earnest perseverance may attain, must be considered rather as a decorative panel than as a pseudo-accurate illustration of breathing and moving life during the Roman decadence. Sir Edward is, in fact, an extremely accomplished, and often original, decorative artist, in all of whose pictures we find ornament as the common denominator of what is best in his art. It is, indeed, this special power of his that constitutes the chief interest of his interesting portrait of the Duchess of Somerset in costume. A decorator, too, with a largeness of style which is extremely welcome, is Mr. Frank Dicksee; it is true that there is no real interest of subject in his picture of "An Offering," but the painter revels in suave harmony of line, in which there is not lacking the sense of style to which we have alluded, and in the rendering of rich materials and opulent



J. HERBERT MARSHALL, ESQ., J.P., EX-MAYOR OF LEICESTER.

*(From the Painting by Arthur Hacker, A.R.A.)*



colour. The artist has not this year touched the height to which he has before attained, but it is given to few to march triumphantly throughout their whole career without ever pausing to take breath. *On recule pour mieux sauter.*

Decoration of historie order is to be found in the chief works of Mr. Seymour Lucas and of Mr. S. J. Solomon. In both of these huge canvases

sought to give the keynote; but Mr. Lucas is not the first to have departed from the example, and what he has done is excellently well done in its own way. Mr. Solomon's representation of the scene at Temple Bar on the occasion of the Jubilee, while it does not entirely escape from the characteristics of a portrait group, aims less at being a record of the Jubilee than of the glorification of the Lord Mayor



GOLDEN GRAIN.

(From the Painting by Arthur Meade, R.B.A.)

it is not unfair to the painters to say that it is the subject, rather than the art with which they are wrought, that is the first consideration. Nevertheless, it is not therefore to be argued that these paintings are in consequence "literary," for no description could so vividly bring to the eye and to the imagination what Mr. Lucas believes probably to have occurred at the time of "William the Conqueror granting the Charter to the Citizens of London," and what Mr. Solomon knows to have taken place "On the Threshold of the City, June 22nd, 1897." Mr. Lucas's large work—which is one of the mural decorations of the Royal Exchange, a commission from the Corporation of London—presents a scene not only full of archaeological details accurately reproduced, but rendered with a facility and with a largeness of style and amplitude of conception admirably adapted to the importance of its subject and of its destination. It is true that there is more realism of effect than formality of decoration, of which Lord Leighton

and the Corporation of the City of London. Considering the difficulty of his task, Mr. Solomon has succeeded in presenting the scene as well as an accurate record of atmospheric conditions, even though the decorations of the City are necessarily flattered as to harmony of colour. This is historical art of historical value, and we may congratulate ourselves alike on having the subjects to paint and painters capable of coping with them.

Turning for a moment from these to the paintings of invention, we find in the front rank Mr. Draper's "Lament for Icarus." There is beauty alike in the body of the over-reeless youth and of those of the nymphs who tend his lifeless form on the rocks washed by the blue waters. The lines of the composition are well managed, and brilliancy is obtained by forced contrast of tone and colour. The picture is one of those acquired for the Chantrey collection; it will certainly demonstrate to future generations what was the level of romantic art in England without discredit to the

best work of the younger school in the present year of grace.

From the mythic to the symbolic is but a step. We find in the work of Mr. Byam Shaw—which, for some reason unexplained, has manifestly forfeited much of the sympathetic interest of the Royal Academy—humour and invention as well as thought. It is safe to say, in respect to his picture of "Truth," that had Ford Madox Brown never lived, Mr. Byam Shaw's art as at present known might hardly have existed neither. He is a man who apparently has drawn inspiration, frankly and intelligently, from many sources—not from Madox Brown alone, but from Rossetti and Botticelli also, and from Mr. Abbey too. The result, nevertheless, is entirely personal to himself; but it is doubtful whether he has yet found himself to the degree that one has the right to expect from one of so much power, individuality, and high good humour. Here we have the king binding the eyes of Truth, the ladies of his Court (quite shocked, good souls, at her nakedness!) clothe her fair form with draperies, that are even now being dyed in their very presence, and the fool and the child alone are occupied in keeping alight the flame of her sacred lamp. The picture is a little awkward in its line, and not so complete as the "Spring" of last year, and not even so harmonious as the admirable Rossettian composition that hangs in the Water-colour Room, entitled "The Queen of Spades;" but it is a work which, notwithstanding, is typical of a class of art that should be cordially welcomed in the Royal Academy. Mr. Shaw seems already to be forming a school; if so, it will at least prove, in some measure, a corrective to the "sloppiness" which has, unhappily, engulfed so many of the younger generation.

Of scenes of life, with every-day figures seen in the open air, there are, happily, numerous pictures of a high class—pictures in which light and atmospheric effect are regarded as problems to be solved not less earnestly than the treatment of the subject itself. Mr. La Thangue can represent the life of country-folk under the grim aspect of hard and almost irresponsible labour with a success that few can rival; yet it must be admitted that in his desire to produce a quality of vibration—to avoid, that is to say, the heavy unreality that is the pitfall of so many indoor and out-of-door painters alike—is falling into a mannerism of touch that becomes irritating. The principal figure in "Bracken"—an old woman bending under her load—represents a pathetic combination of age and labour and trial that could hardly be bettered in its sad way. His "Harvesters at Supper" strikes a hardly more cheerful note; and only in "A Sussex Cider Press"

do we find him quite at his best. There is here much of the sentiment and some, indeed, of the skill of Millet, but all silveriness is lost in a brownish atmosphere composed of a cloud of carefully-marshalled but perfectly visible touches. Such is the impression which the beholder carries away. Mr. La Thangue can do better than this, and it is not too much to prophecy that he soon will rise above it. Mannerism of a sort is equally distinctive of Mr. Bramley's strong and interesting work, powerful though it is, and painterlike as well. It is not, we hold, permissible for a life-size portrait to be painted with such breadth and palette-knife vigour as to send the spectator twenty feet at least away before he can see it undisturbed by the brush-marks. This fault is this year conspicuous in all his pictures: in his own head, in the very broad and well-arranged portrait-study of Miss Madge Graham—in which the violence of the method harmonises ill with the feminine grace, despite the charm of his virile colour—and in "A Dalesman's Clipping," a picture which has indeed fine qualities, yet is, on the whole, the least successful. For the method which constitutes the painter's new departure robs the work of all verisimilitude. The work is flat; colour is lacking in brilliancy, and the glimpse of distant landscape with a flock of sheep in the corner is at first sight almost unrecognisable. As a cartoon for tapestry the work would be admirable; as a representation of Nature it is greatly wanting. Mr. Bramley has pushed far ahead since the days of "Hopeless Dawn;" but he must retrace his steps somewhat before he finds himself again on the straight path.

In "The Letter" Mr. Stanhope Forbes once more returns to the problem that has for him inexhaustible attraction: the contention of lamplight and fading daylight, this time in the open air. It is a work painted with excellent judgment and reticence, but it is less interesting, as a whole, than other works from his brush. Mr. H. S. Tuke concerns himself again with sunshine at sea, where figures disport themselves in a boat. His "Idyll of the Sea" is a repetition of the success, as it is also in a sense a reminiscence, of his Chantrey picture; but once more his sky descends like a curtain, instead of slanting away to the horizon. But for this, the bright facts of Nature could hardly more happily or more skilfully be represented. Similarly realistic, yet with a strong infusion of poetry, is Mr. Clausen's "The Harrow." The great sprawling horse, hauled round by the young field-labourer, seems too big for the canvas; but the whole picture is redolent of the soil, painted, as one might say, by a peasant for peasants—for those peasants, however, of whom poets are made.



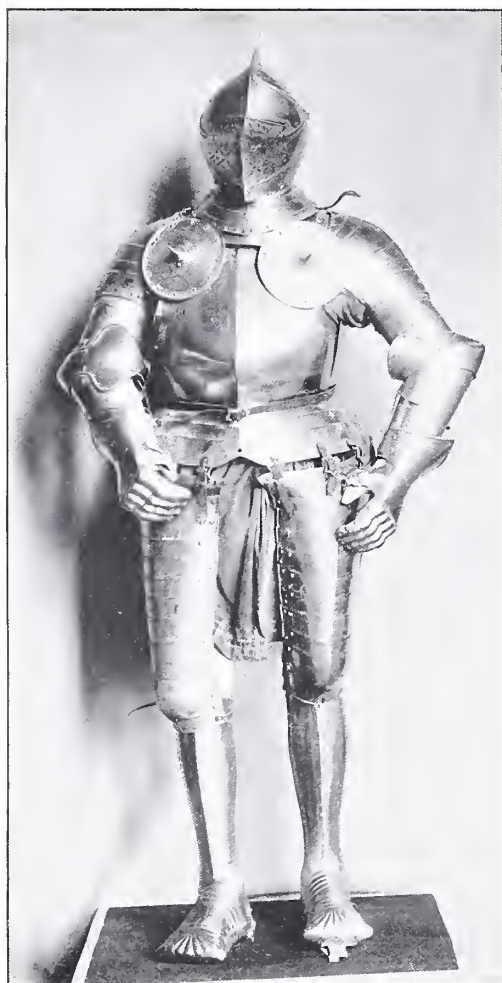
## THE QUEEN'S TREASURES OF ART. ARMS AND ARMOUR AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

(BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY.)

BY FREDERICK S. ROBINSON.

WHEN we arrive at the consideration of the Armoury at Windsor, we are more than ever impressed with the difficulty of giving a wholly

belong to a period comparatively late in the history of defensive armour, when chain-mail, the huge "haune," or helm, the extravagantly pointed "solerets," or foot-pieces, were things of the past. These examples are ceremonial ones, elaborately inlaid and damascened—much more suited for festivals than for the battlefield, and made at a time when the attention of the armourer and his patrons was more devoted to the enrichment of his armour than to its improvement for purposes of defence. The first of our illustrations shows a suit



SUIT OF ARMOUR OF THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK  
(1530).

adequate impression of the wealth of these wonderful collections. Following the principle we have pursued hitherto, of confining ourselves to those objects which are the finest examples of decorative art, we reproduce here only the most noted of the suits of armour and weapons, from an artistic point of view. Others, made more for use than show, have unique historic interest attaching to them, and to a few we shall have occasion to refer.

Of the fine suits or half-suits of armour, all



HALF-SUIT OF THE EARL OF ESSEX (1596).

which is said to have belonged to the Duke of Brunswick, and dates about 1530—that is to say, about eighty years after the period of the highest

development of complete plate-armour, coincident with the reign of Charles VII of France (1422-61). The breastplate is ridged in the centre, and carried to a point towards the waist, according to the fashion that commenced in the reign of Francis I. The same ridge is to be noticed in the long "cuissarts," or thigh pieces, which take the place of the shorter "taces" and "tassettes" of an earlier period. The footpieces are cut off short and square to the proper length of the foot, in conformity with the shape of the foot-gear of civil life. The steel is splendidly engraved, with lovely arabesques on the kneepieces. On the ridge of the breastplate is a nude winged female with a cupid, arabesques, birds, and a medalion of St. Jerome. Round this runs a motto in German which may be rendered "Oh God, preserve not my body without my soul's good."

The half-suit of our second illustration is attributed to Lord Essex and to the date of 1596. However that may be, it is finely engraved and gilt with arabesques, strap-work, and figures of angels and of Justice. On the front of the breastplate is a two-facèd head and motto, "Futura præteritis." The point of the ridge of the breastplate is very much marked.

The very beautiful and complete boy's suit which follows is said to have belonged to Henry, Prince of Wales (1612). It is of steel, engraved, with the ground gilt, and slightly sunk; bitten out, perhaps, with acid. The decoration includes the thistle, fleur-de-lys, Tudor rose, and an ornamentation of strap-work.

Charming in colour and shape is the half-suit for a boy, of our next illustration. The steel is gilt in stripes meeting diagonally over the breastplate. Down each stripe run oval and octagonal "cartouches" dotted with silver. These little shields are all wanting in some original ornament—a precious stone, it may be—which was fastened in the centre of each with rivets. Besides the large helmet, there

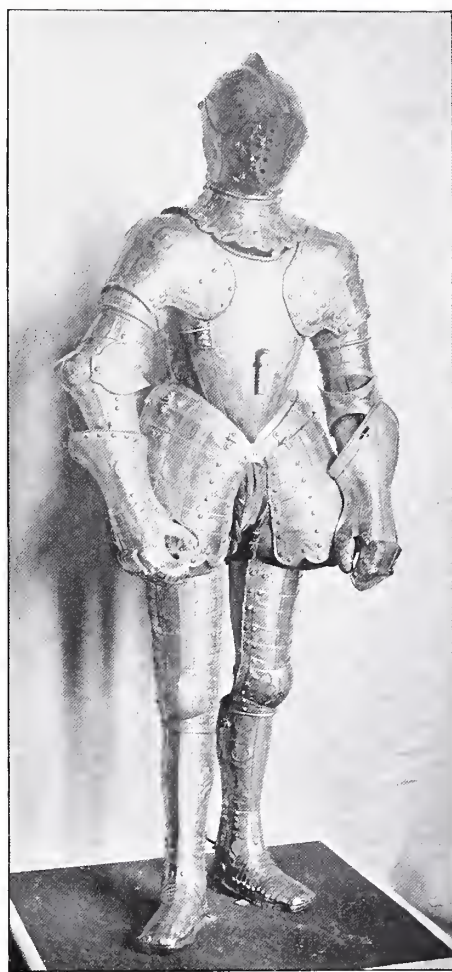
is also a morion, or lighter head-piece, decorated in the same fashion.

The last suit of armour is again a boy's suit, said to be that of Charles, Prince of Wales (1620). This is fluted steel engraved in stripes of a fine leaf pattern.

Besides these more or less complete suits, there are many pieces of more ancient armour which scarcely lend themselves to illustration. A suit which might be that of a Crusader was taken by Sir F. Grenfell in an Arab camp in the Soudan. It had been for a long period in the family of the Sheikh of the Jaalin tribe; while a very fine Persian suit of chain-mail with circular links and solid gold fastenings was presented to the Armoury by Sir W. Ousley in 1812. To it are attached four square pieces of body armour with "appliqué" ornaments and damascening.

We come now to the most celebrated object in the collection, the magnificent round shield of the finest Renaissance workmanship, attributed, as so many things are, to Benvenuto Cellini. The legend runs that it was presented by Francis I to Henry VIII on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. One or other of these statements must be wrong. The historic meeting took place in 1520, at which time

Cellini was about twenty years old. Although he expressly mentions damascening, it is hardly probable that at this early age he could have produced the marvellously elaborate work in sculptured relief and damascening before us. Even if at any time he had made it he would certainly have recorded the fact; and it should also be remembered that he entered the service of Francis I no earlier than 1540. Whoever, then, produced this wonderful object, it is an extraordinary specimen of metal-work. The subjects of the figure panels of the shield, which is of silver inlaid with gold, are scenes from the lives of Julius Caesar and Pompey. Two of the four quarters of the circle represent battle



SUIT OF HENRY PRINCE OF WALES (1612).



scenes. In another an animal is being slain for a sacrifice—a mitred priest officiating. In the last Caesar turns away his face in horror as the head of



HALF-SUIT OF A BOY, WITH CARTOUCHES.

Pompey is presented to him. The four subjects are separated by terminal female figures; and wherever there is the smallest space for elaborate inlaid work, that space has been taken advantage of to the utmost. Round the edge of the shield, which has a longish protruding spike, runs an inscription in Latin expressing moral reflections on the respective fortunes of Pompey and Caesar.

Of the six sword-hilts which we reproduce, each one is a beautiful work of art and of great historic interest. The centre one of our first illustration has a very long narrow pointed blade with one groove on each side. On each groove is engraved "Heinrich. Coell. Mefecit. Solingen." The cup-shaped guard is richly repoussé with two battlepieces and two trophies of arms. The long steel cross-guard is engraved with flowers. This sword, presented by General Doyle in 1812—at which warlike period many weapons were added to the Windsor armoury—is said formerly to have belonged to Philip II of Spain. It has a "main-gauche" dagger, for simultaneous use in the left hand, belonging to it.

Its long cross-guard and basket are enriched with a battle subject repoussé.

The sword on the right of the spectator has a long two-edged blade with three unicorns' heads stamped on either side near the cross-guard. The hilt is of rich steelwork in high relief, showing medallions of Samson killing the lion, and two female figures. The knuckle-guard has two female fauns. The cross piece represents Abigail and David. On the other side are the "mighty men" bringing the water to David, which he poured out upon the ground. At the extreme ends are a figure of Time, and Fame blowing her trumpet. The grip parcel-gilt shows Samuel anointing David and the sacrifice then offered. The pommel has on one side David cutting off the head of Goliath; on the other he is seen carrying it. Two Chimera figures complete the decoration.

This sword, noted by Mr. John Latham, sword maker, as "a very choice piece," was presented in 1807. As usual, it is attributed to Cellini—of whom



BOY'S SUIT: CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES (1620).

it is quite worthy. An additional interest lies in the fact that it was the sword of John Hampden. On the left of the spectator the sword with a

narrow double-edged and pointed blade is engraved on both sides with the date 1414, and the figure of a fox. The ornamental hilt is of later work. It has an iron open-work cross and knuckle guard richly chased, and a silver wire grip. It is suggested that the blade was one of those made for the invasion of France by Henry V, as the date 1414 is the year before Agincourt.

The centre sword of our second illustration has a two-edged and pointed blade engraved all over with various inscriptions in compartments separated by figures of lions and griffins, stags and double eagles in damascened work. It has a branching guard, an open-work pommel and a silver wire grip. This blade bears the date 1617, and was the weapon of Charles I.

Another sword which we have not reproduced, very finely damascened with inscriptions and arms of James I, and ostrich feathers, date 1616, belonged to Charles as Prince of Wales.

On the right of the spectator is a sword studded and chased all the way down. The blade is of the shape called *Colichemarde*, a French corruption of *Königsmark*. The blade is broad for half its distance and then suddenly contracts for the sake of lightness. These blades were used for duels in the period of Louis XIV. The one before us has six medallion portraits on the lower side of the guard. The hilt is of brown steel. Coats-of-arms are engraved on the concave side of the guard. The cross piece has two portraits supported by two kneeling figures. The ends are finished with winged couchant lions, and four human faces. Over the finely finished portraits are inscriptions. The grip of black sharkskin is bound spirally with silver

wire. The circular pommel has two other inscribed portraits supported by cherub trophies, and is surmounted by a helmet. The date is about 1700, and the title is given to it of the Brandenburg Sword.

On the left of the spectator the last sword of our illustrations has a narrow two-edged blade

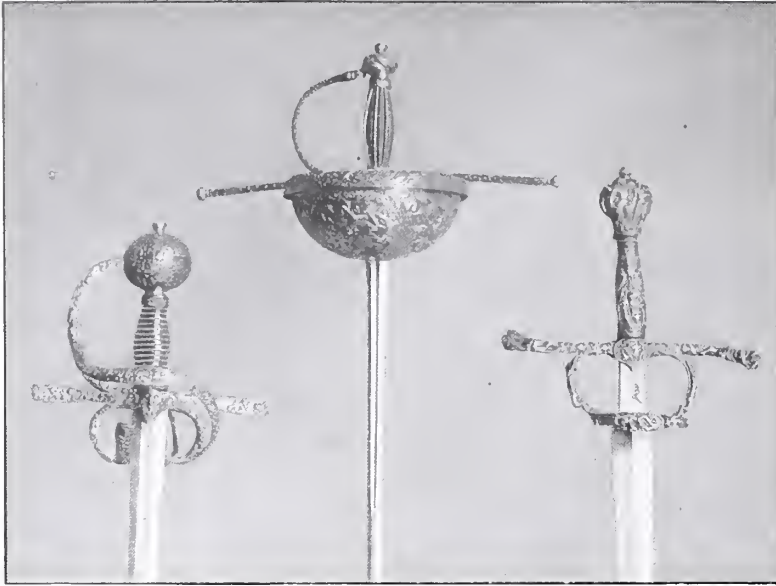


THE SO-CALLED "CELLINI SHIELD."

engraved near the cross-guard. The hand-guard is richly chased with Roman battle pieces, the pommel, *en suite*, with four diminutive heads. The cross-guard represents two recumbent satyrs. The wire grip is overlaid with a large wire network. This sword is said to have been given by the Emperor Charles VI to the Great Duke of Marlborough, and again we have the attribution to Cellini. It is a beautiful piece of work, the guard being chased splendidly on both sides.

Other swords which we have not been able to reproduce are noted as having belonged to Charles XII of Sweden, the Chevalier Bayard, the Black Prince, William the Conqueror, Christopher Columbus, and the Emperor Charles VI. To the





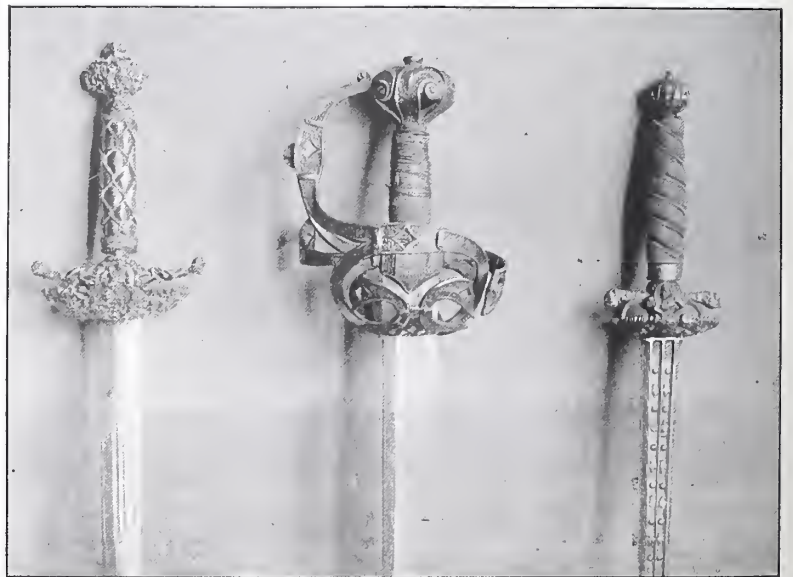
SWORDS OF PHILIP II, JOHN HAMPDEN, AND ANOTHER.

Cid belonged a very useful-looking implement. We may mention also the kutthar, or dagger, of the Maharajah Nuneomar, put to death at Calcutta on August 5, 1775; a tulwar taken from the bedroom of Tippoo Saib, at Seringapatam; a maingauche, or "left hand" dagger, with spring to divide the blade into three; and a sword left by Charles I at the seat of Sir R. Halford in Leicestershire, along with many others, after the fatal battle of Naseby, June 14th, 1645. There are many charming "walking" or "dress" swords, including one worn by the Chevalier St. George in 1715, in Scotland, and also by his son, Charles Stuart the Pretender, in 1745-6. Most grizzly of all is the huge weapon of the public executioner of Arnberg, Bavaria. This has spilt more human blood than most swords in Europe, having taken off the heads of 1,400 criminals. It then became the property of the executioner. The German inscription is to this effect: "This sword is sharpened and instituted under God, by government, to punish the profligate and wicked. Be warned then mankind, but particularly ye bold sinners, and throw yourselves at the feet of the Almighty to do penance in time that ye may not with this sword be executed. Murder, assassination, and robbery are viewed by the world as horrid deeds. Therefore the law established by God is ready to punish them by means of this same sword."

Of the guns which we illustrate the two upper ones are sixteenth-century weapons with stocks inlaid with engraved ivory or staghorn and mother-of-pearl. The second is elaborately ornamented along its whole length, four feet five inches, with elephants, boars, wolves, and foxes. It is a double-wheel lock with engraved hammers finished as Chimera heads; the wheels are in eases, gilt and engraved with female figures and Dolphin terminations. The stock is of brown wood, and the date on the barrel, which is partly round, but fluted octagonally near the lock, is 1606.

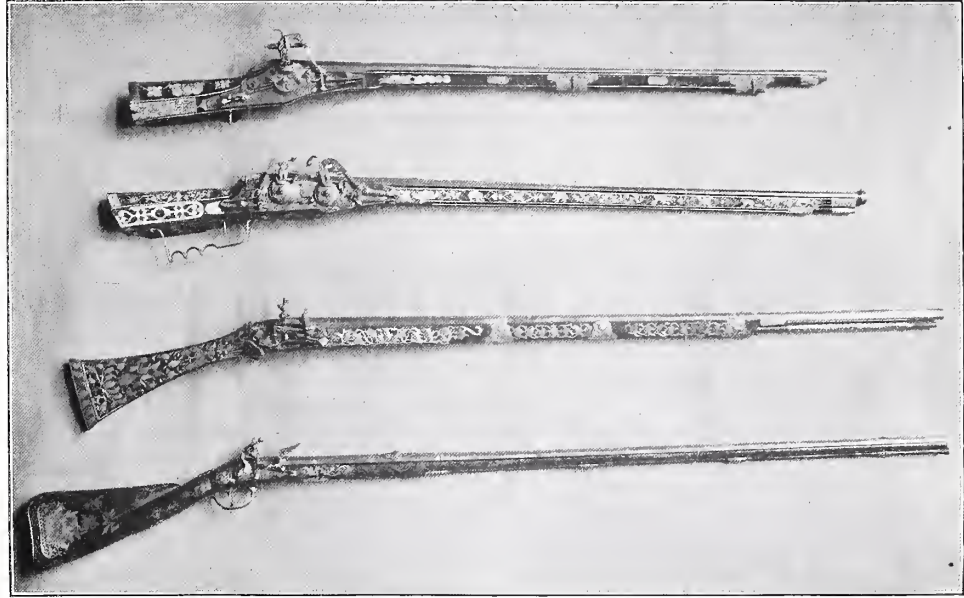
The third gun is of a pattern made in France for exportation to North Africa. It has a round polished water marked barrel with a raised ridge in the centre, which is engraved and gilt with rays of the sun at the muzzle end, and trophies, stars, half moons, and the maker's name, "Puiforgat, Arquebusier du Roy à Paris." The barrel is fastened to the stock by three silver re-poussé bands. The flint and steel lock is inlaid with silver and engraved with a Persian inscription. The brown wood stock is overlaid with plaques of pink coral in silver settings. The barrel is a fine Louis XV one engraved, and the gun, over five feet long, was the property of George III.

The last is of special interest both for its beautiful workmanship and for the fact that it



SWORD OF CHARLES I, THE BRANDENBURG SWORD, AND THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S SWORD.

was a fowling-piece of Louis XIV. The breech is highly ornamented and partly gilt. A warrior and two amorini are to be found upon it. The foresight is of silver, the back-sight of steel curiously carved in open work, with two figures of Fame supporting a French crown, and two mermaids. In the centre a female figure is seated on trophies of war. The blue steel lock is engraved "Pir-aube aux Galleries. Paris, 1682," and carved with Mercury seated on a chariot drawn by two cocks. The trigger-guard has a medallion portrait and a full-length female figure. The walnut-wood stock is ornamented with silver both inlaid and in relief. On one side is Phaeton driving the chariot of the Sun; on the other is an equestrian figure preceded by Fame blowing his trumpet. On the thumb-piece is a portrait of Louis XIV with a crown above supported by two female figures. This gun—a very long one, five feet three and a half inches—comes beautifully up to the shoulder. Its balance is delightful, and the inventory remarks that at the time of its being built it was esteemed "the most



GUNS OF VARIOUS DATES, THE LOWEST A FOWLING-PIECE OF LOUIS XIV.

perfect gun ever made." That we can well believe. It is a most elaborate work of art, worthy of the royal sportsman who used it in the woods of Fontainebleau.

The uppermost pistol of our illustration, with heavy round butt, is of a German make of the date of about 1580. It is inlaid with ivory or stag's horn. Similar ones are to be seen at the South Kensington Museum. Its length is more than twenty inches.

The second, on the spectator's right, has an engraved barrel and a repoussé brass butt, with a magazine for bullets. This is described as an ancient arquebus pistol of the latter part of the sixteenth century.

On the side opposite the lock appears the motto "Alios in serviendo consumo." This motto is to be found on a halberd in the Museum of Artillery in Paris, which also has the arms of Julius, Duke of Brunswick and Lüneburg, and is dated 1577. This pistol may have belonged to him or to someone who held his possessions in feudal tenure from him. The peculiar



PISTOLS OF VARIOUS DATES.



cipher on this pistol makes it probable that it belonged to Duke Henry Julius, who succeeded his father Julius in 1589. The barrel is beautifully engraved in a Düreresque style; the brass repoussé work is coarser.

The third pistol, on the spectator's left, is inlaid and engraved with an ivory hunting-scene, and is nearly twenty-six inches long.

The lowest is one of a pair of English pistols with blue steel barrels ornamented with gold, and the maker's name, Knubley of London. The trigger-guards and butt-plates have trophies of arms. The brown wood butts are richly inlaid with silver and other ornamentation in relief. The Prince of Wales's feathers twice repeated show who was their probable

owner. These flint-lock pistols are fifteen inches long.

There are many other objects of historic interest in this multitudinous collection. A brace of French pistols was presented to General Pichegru by the Convention. He had ordered them to be loaded on the day he was arrested. His servant betrayed him, and he was found defenceless. The servant stole the pair of pistols, and here they are. Not far off is the sword of Stephen Bathori and John Sobieski; while the bâton of Marshal Jourdan, taken at Vittoria, and the sabre which Blücher wore throughout his campaigns of 1813 and 1814, remind us of that great martial period during which were made so many additions to this great collection.

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## ART AND ARCHITECTURE IN MODERN OPERA-HOUSES AND THEATRES.

BY R. PHENÉ SPIERS, F.S.A., MASTER OF ARCHITECTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIS is the second volume of Mr. E. O. Sachs's well-illustrated work, of which the first volume was reviewed (mainly from the Fine Art point of view) in our issue of March of last year. In that review I expressed a regret that the French theatres were reserved for the second volume, as, for the purposes of comparison, it would have been of advantage to include, at all events, those of Paris, which were the best known and which, I thought, constituted the most remarkable examples. Mr. Sachs seems to be of a different opinion, and in his preface he states that in arranging his material he was able to find very few playhouses recently erected in the Latin countries—viz. France, Italy, and Spain—showing any great progress either in plans, architectural rendering, or construction. He is obliged, therefore, to return again to Austria, Germany, and Great Britain, and to include Greece, Holland, Roumania, and Switzerland (not yet treated).

This will be a great surprise to French architects, who probably consider that in Paris *par excellence*, and throughout the chief provincial towns of France, the French theatres in architectural design, at all events, take the precedence of all others. It is quite certain that since the last edition (1860) of Goutant's work on theatres, which Mr. Sachs determined to continue, there are at least twelve new theatres in Paris alone; beside which the additional English examples published are very elementary from an architectural point of view. It is only necessary here to refer to two, the "Théâtre Lyrique" and the "Théâtre du Châtelet," by Messrs.

Daly and Davioud, which, in their general character and completeness of design, are far ahead of any English examples, except, perhaps, the Palace Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue. It is true that these two theatres have already been dealt with in a special work devoted to them, but they should have been recorded in Mr. Sachs's description in comparison with the English theatres as evidence of what French architects consider to be necessary when designing a theatre—viz. that not only the exterior but the interior should be conscientiously worked out, so that all the ornament and coloured decoration should be in scale and harmony, and designed for the purpose, instead of trusting to the carton-pierre manufacturer to find ready-made ornaments which may fit in, regardless, sometimes, of their relative scales, with final refuge in the last resource of the ordinary decorator—white and gold.

However, it is time now to take up the examples illustrated in Mr. Sachs's second volume. He does well to commence with the most remarkable theatrical building of modern times, the French National Opera-House. Mr. Sachs is not quite correct in his history of the competition. Of the 171 designs sent in (many of which were not by architects and of the most infantile description) *five* were selected and unwisely, it is thought, classified in order; to the first, 6,000 francs being awarded; to the fourth and fifth, 1,500 francs each. Now it is evident that the author of the first premiated design would naturally keep to the scheme of his

original design, but the author of the fifth (no other than Garnier himself) would recognise that he had no chance unless he recommenced his work again, with an entirely new design. Garnier was not

set back on the wall of the foyer, should be brought to the front. It is possible, also, that in the model the stupendous size of the auditorium and scene-blocks at the back rendered the original façade



THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

entirely unknown to fame, as suggested by Mr. Sachs; he had already executed important works in Paris, and he carried off the Grand Prix at the early age of twenty-three—an event almost unprecedented in the annals of the École. The selection has been more than amply justified by the magnificent result, which has been recognised not only by the French Government (who conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, a distinction equal to an English baronetage) but by the architects of all the European nations, and among them those of the Royal Institute of British Architects, who awarded to him the Royal Gold Medal in 1886.

The grand staircase of the French National Opera-House *par excellence*, the foyer, and the auditorium are the three most superb interiors in existence. As regards the main front, the peristyle of the first floor is somewhat crushed by the heaviness of the attic storey. This, however, was not Garnier's fault. The Emperor had a model made of the building, which was placed at a height to suit the level of his Imperial Majesty's eyes. He thought the front was not high enough, and insisted that the attic storey, which was

insignificant. A glance at the section shows that the ceiling of the auditorium is sixty feet below the domed feature *which it is supposed to represent*, so that the latter is virtually a sham; and there is no doubt that the ground and first floors of the theatre, which are by far the most brilliant parts of the design, would have gained in importance if the roof over the staircase vestibule had been carried through and the roof over the scene lipped back, so as to render it far less prominent. As might be expected when a bad example is set, it is soon followed, and the theatres of Palermo, Bucharest, and Geneva all show their appreciation of "the master" by reproducing "la grande idée," the latter example being simply a bad copy of Garnier's domed feature over the auditorium and the scene blocks. Among the other examples illustrated one is glad to see Van de Null and Siekardsburg's Court Opera-House, Vienna, to which I referred in my last article as suggesting a real progress in architectural design. Mr. Sachs draws attention to the brilliant revival of architecture which was displayed in Vienna when in 1858, by Imperial edict, the fortification walls of that town were destroyed, and their place



taken by a ring of magnificent mansions and other stately buildings. Venice and Verona at that time were under the Austrian dominion, and the students

principal models on which the Viennese architects of the 'sixties based their conceptions, and the Court Opera House of Vienna is one of the most remarkable



THE STAIRCASE OF THE OPERA-HOUSE, PARIS.

of the architectural school of Vienna availed themselves amply of the special permissions they could obtain to measure and draw in those two cities. The "seuola di S. Rocco," the "ospedale" in the piazza of St. John and St. Paul, and the two palaces of the Spinelli and the Vendramini were the

results. The abolition of the "orders" is the most conspicuous circumstance connected with the design when compared with all other theatres. Neither of the architects lived to see his work completed, and the very poor and commonplace design which forms the centrepiece of the front



above the portico must be ascribed to their successors.

Among other illustrations, the front of the Theatre of Monte Carlo, by Garnier, is fine in proportion and full of character. The front of the Municipal Theatre at Palermo is too severe, and

surprised than Shakespeare himself could he have seen it. The best portion of the design is that in which the museum and library are placed. The half-timber work seems to me to be as much out of place in a theatre as it would be in a church, and we are only assured as to its safety by the



THE COURT-HOUSE THEATRE, VIENNA.

looks more like a public library. The theatre at Bilbao is very interesting, being about the only example ever illustrated of modern Spanish architecture; the ground storey is much too high, and deprives the first floor of its proper scale.

The façade of the Theatre at Essen is, again, too severe for its destination, and would have made an admirable façade for, say, the Tate Gallery.

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon is certainly the most original conception in the book, and no one would probably be more

addition of a lofty tower, destined probably to hold the cistern of water ready to deluge the theatre should the half-timber work take fire.

The Municipal Theatre at Rotterdam, though said by Mr. Saëhs to have no particular architectural pretensions, is the most pleasing design in the whole book. Its façade is of excellent proportion, with its decorative features well selected and in harmonious scale, and the auditorium and foyer, though simple, seem to be in better taste than the greater part of the other interiors illustrated.





## MORE NOTED WOMEN-PAINTERS.

BY HÉLÈNE POSTLETHWAITE.

AN Irishwoman by birth, Miss Rose Barton is a pupil of Mr. Paul J. Naftel. It is only about twelve years ago that this young artist first showed her work in London. A richly coloured group of "Wall-flowers," well hung at the Institute, attracted attention, and from this modest beginning the art world has watched with interest Miss Barton's progress. In 1886 she was made a member of the Dudley Gallery, where to each successive exhibition she has never failed to contribute something.

It was Mr. Larkin, of the Japanese Gallery, who in 1891 suggested to Miss Barton that she should paint a series of small pictures of London streets and parks, and for the next two years she devoted the major portion of her time to carrying out the scheme, which resulted

in an exhibition at the Japanese Gallery, which was kept open throughout February and March of 1893 and which was admittedly one of the minor successes of the year. The sixty-six pictures were drawn in water-colour, and represented most of the popular and familiar spots of the metropolis. On the eve of the opening of this exhibition Miss Rose Barton was elected an Associate of the Royal Water-Colour Society, and ever since its close she has been working on commissions as a result of its popularity.

The painter who discovers wherein lies his or her particular strength, and recognising it, uses it, cultivating yet not abusing it, is not likely to stray very far from the high road which leads to success. Miss Maud Goodman seems at once to have found her particular *métier*, and to have devoted all her energies to improving herself in the style which came most easily to her hand, and wasting no time in experiments in ambitious impossibilities. Her art is

essentially feminine, and is principally devoted to the delineation of mother-love, her first exhibit at the Royal Academy in 1882 showing a young mother leaning over a cradle, from which a tiny dimpled hand and arm protrude. It was called "You Darling!" and passed from the walls of Burlington House to the collection of Mr. John Aird, M.P. In the same year she showed at the Grosvenor a dainty little picture, "Sweets to the Sweet," and at the French Gallery a *genre* study of a *débutante*, "Ready for the Ball," which so pleased its purchaser that the day after the purchase he sent a cheque for a sum in excess of the stipulated purchase money, saying how very underpriced he considered it to be. Since then in the

"Gem" room of the Academy she has seldom been unrepresented, and most people will remember seeing there "Golden Pets," "Want to see Wheels go Round," "That's Rude, Doggy," and "Don't Tell!"

In later years the works which have attracted most attention have been "When the Heart is Young," children dancing to the music of a harpsichord; "Me Loves 'Oo," a little girl kissing her dainty reflection in the glass; and "Taller than Mother." Miss Goodman works in oil and in water-colour impartially, and devotes a good deal of time to the illustration of books. Her work is probably more widely popular than that of any other lady artist, the greatest proportion of reproductions being sold in the City and in America. She studied first at South Kensington and afterwards in the studio of a Spanish painter. In 1882 she was married to Mr. Arthur Scanes. Her little son serves as a model for many of her pictures.



MISS ROSE BARTON.  
(Drawn by M. H. Carlisle.)



MISS MAUD GOODMAN.

(From a Water-Colour Drawing by F. L. Scanes.)

The portrait which accompanies this sketch is from an aquarelle by her brother-in-law, Mr. F. L. Scanes.

It is now thirteen years since Miss Anna Nordgren first came to England, and except for brief visits to her own country—Sweden—and one or two to Ireland, she has seldom left it since. The year after she arrived she exhibited at the Royal Academy a picture called "Springtime," representing young lovers in a kitchen, afterwards shown in the last exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery. Her work is remarkable for its strength and boldness and its fine colour. She paints the country and simple country-folks she loves and as she loves them. The world of the present day, the glories of mythology, have no fascination for her. She only cares to paint what she understands, and with what she is in sympathy. That her work is universally and variously appreciated is evident from the fact that in no exhibition of note has she been unrepresented, whether in London, the provinces, or Paris, which always welcomes her work to the Salon, and where at the last universal exhibition she received a "Mention Honorable."

Miss Anna Nordgren has always painted from the day she received her first paint-box as a Christmas present. She was born in Sweden, and brought up in one of its most lovely districts. She says that it is from having continually the beauties of Nature before her that she was impelled to try and reproduce those beauties

which she most felt and admired. When she was sixteen she went to Stockholm, and for the first time saw a picture gallery. It was a revelation to the young country girl, who remained awake all night envious of the students whom she had seen copying at the museum. The next morning she went again, obtained permission to copy, and immediately set to work on a boy's head by Murillo. It was a boy drinking, and the lovely brown eyes appealed to her strangely. For three or four days she worked at fever heat, and when the director came round trembled to think of what his verdict might be. She had little need to dread, had she but known it, for he gave her nothing but praise and kindly encouragement. He further advised her to work in the elementary schools for the next four months in anticipation of the elections to the Academy schools which would then take place. She gladly followed his advice, and was successful in gaining an entrance to the Swedish Academy, where she worked hard for the next few years. Her kind friend the director now advised her to go to Paris; and there a new life began. She lived with two or three of her countrywomen,



MISS ANNA NORDGREN.

(By Herself.)



also artists, and they went to Julian's *atelier*, and endeavoured to do credit to their *alma mater*, the Swedish Academy. Monsieur Tony Robert Fleury was her principal master, and an excellent teacher she found him, carefully pointing out faults but allowing her to go her own way as to technique, so that no individuality in her work might be destroyed.



MRS. HAREWOOD ROBINSON.

After a time she returned to Stockholm, but at the end of a year sighed again for Paris. Miss Nordgren had now, however, lost all her fortune, and absence of means would have prevented her from taking the journey had she not at this time been so fortunate as to secure a commission from the King of Sweden, who, wishing to buy a picture of hers he had seen, and hearing it was sold, bought another somewhat like it and paid more than the price asked for it. So with this money Miss Nordgren returned to Paris, but this time she had to earn her living as well as study her art, and this was not always easy. She received commissions, and in painting portraits discovered some of the disadvantages of an artist's life. The country life in France made a great impression on the Swedish artist. She stayed in châteaux, where she painted portraits in the morning and played *béziq*ue in the evening, but broke away from this life of luxury, thinking that the way to study the country and

the country-folk was not through the windows of a carriage, and for three months she went to live in a fisherman's cottage.

When Miss Nordgren returned to Sweden, it was to Goteborg she went to live. This town is more closely connected with England than any other in Sweden. Many English people live there, and a steamer plies regularly between that port and London, and thus it was that Miss Nordgren conceived the idea of visiting England. She has come to admire the English countryside almost more than that of her native land, but is glad to go back to the latter occasionally to see the incomparable beauties of its summer nights.

Mrs. Harewood Robinson, whose work bears the signature of "M. D. Webb Robinson," because this artist's early work was known under her maiden name of "M. D. Webb," comes to us from the north of Ireland, whence she migrated while still a child to Dublin. Like most artists, she has drawn or painted all her life, but the only beneficial teaching she ever received was at the *Atelier Julian* in Paris. Her professor at the *Passage des Panoramas*, to which she went in 1879, was Monsieur Tony Robert Fleury, the most severely critical and most kindly and encouraging of masters. For a short time also she was a pupil of Monsieur Lefebvre and Monsieur Cot, and was a contemporary of Marie Bashkirtseff, whom she describes as *bon camarade* but the incarnation of egotism.

Mrs. Robinson won her first artistic laurels in Paris, where, at the Salon in 1883, she made her *début* as an exhibitor with a picture of "A Breton Farm," painted at Pont Aven, Brittany. From that time she exhibited regularly at the Salon, and until 1885 divided her time between Paris, Dublin, and Brittany, most of her work being done in Pont Aven and Concarneau. In 1886 Mr. and Mrs. Harewood Robinson went to live at St. Ives, Cornwall, which has been their home ever since. It was not until the year before this migration that this clever lady decided to submit her work to the selecting committee of the Royal Academy, so that it was in 1885 that her picture painted at Concarneau, "A Pool in the Rocks," showing a little girl in blue with bare feet standing in a rock pool, was hung on the line. In 1888 "Hard-a-Port" was bought by Mr. Bateman of New York. Another citizen of New York, Mr. Riggs, was the purchaser of "The Skipper had taken his little daughter To bear him company," shown at Burlington House two years later, while Mr. Armitage secured for his collection at Pendleton, Manchester, a third in 1892, "A Volunteer for the Life-Boat." This year she has in the Academy a picture of "The Ancient Mariner," and another of "Poppies."

Mrs. Staples has one of the biggest records of sound work to show, for as an illustrator alone she claims to have produced more than three thousand

away to join with some friends in study from the model, the small band meeting in the studio of one of their number. About this time Miss Edwards also made an attempt at regular work by copying at the National Gallery.



MRS. STAPLES.  
(By Herself.)

drawings. The art of illustration has always appealed to her most strongly, her first published pictorial attempts being the drawings to accompany fairy stories written by herself; and her first original paintings, exhibited at the Society of British Artists, being scenes from "The Fair Maid of Perth" and "Rosalind and Celia," that show always the tendency to reproduce pictorially whatever she read—a talent more reproductive than creative.

Miss Mary Ellen Edwards, as Mrs. Staples then was, began the practice of art as a child when living in the Isle of Man, and was never allowed to have that "orthodox grounding" from governesses which is commonly responsible for the absence of spontaneity among many women-painters. Miss Edwards—whose family in one branch at least boasts several more or less distinguished artists, among them an uncle, the late E. K. Johnson, R.W.S.—has, indeed, throughout her career shown a decided distaste for the conventionality of particular schools and classes, and soon grew restive under the restraints imposed by them.

Thus at fourteen, Miss Edwards coming to London to study, attended for two terms the art classes held at Queen's College, Harley Street, under Mr. Armitage, R.A., but soon growing tired of this, determined to work alone, painting at this time very imaginative pictures. Shortly after we find her enrolled among the students of the South Kensington School of Art, but again at the end of the second term, her independence asserted itself, and she broke

Miss Edwards' first marked success was hung at the Royal Academy in 1865. The picture was entitled "The Last Kiss," and depicted a young girl standing in a garden, where she has dug a tiny grave and is pressing to her lips a dead dove in a parting caress. This work, hung on the line, was seen and bought by the late Mr. H. Graves, who had it engraved in mezzotint by Simmons. This was followed by "Evening," a twilight study, a girl standing beside a hedge with head bent over her hollowed palms, in which are glow-worms that throw a delicate greenish light upon the face. After this year by year one or two pictures were always sent to the Academy, were well hung, favourably noticed, and a large proportion of them bought by fine art publishers and engraved; and at the same time Mrs. Staples was not unrepresented at the French Gallery (Wallis's), the Dudley, and the Society of British Artists. Among her most important works have been "The Knight's Guerdon," Royal Academy, 1871; "Love Me, Love Me Not," in the same place in 1875; "Good-bye," "The Record," "Baby's Better," "My Neighbour," etc. From first to last Mrs. Staples has shown a



MISS HELEN THORNYCROFT.  
(By Herself.)

decided preference for oil as a medium of all her exhibited pictures, only three or four having been done in water-colours.



But the true life-work of "M. E. E.," by which initials the public best know Mrs. Staples, has been the illustration of books and magazines. At the age of seventeen a drawing on the wood was accepted for publication, her first patrons being Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. Photography had not then come to the aid of the engraver on wood, still less superseded him, and after this first success orders poured in upon the young artist, whose work was continually to be seen in the pages of "London Society," or illustrating the stories of Trollope and Lever in the "Cornhill." Thenceforward and up to the present time there is scarcely a publishing firm of repute dealing with illustrated literature who have not sought her assistance. For a few years after its first appearance her initials frequently appeared on the pages of the "Graphic," but this line of work proved too arduous, and was abandoned. "M. E. E." was also one of the pioneers in the production of colour-printed books for children.

Miss Helen Thornycroft is the third daughter of Thomas and Mary Thornycroft, both sculptors. One of her brothers, Mr. John J. Thornycroft, F.R.S., is the torpedo-boat builder; the other, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., the eminent sculptor. Two of her sisters adopted art as their profession: Alyce earning distinction with the chisel; Theresa (now Mrs. Sassoon) with the brush, her picture, "The Hours," attracting much notice in the Academy seven years ago. It was when only thirteen years of age that Miss Thornycroft exhibited for the first time at the Academy the bust of a relative. She continued modelling until she was sixteen, then adopted painting, and entered the Academy Schools for a course of seven years' study. Since then she has seldom omitted to show at Burlington House and the principal exhibitions. At first she betrayed a decided taste for sacred subjects, and produced

pictures of "St. Margaret," "The Martyrdom of St. Luke," shown at the Royal Academy in 1877 and 1878, and at the Dudley Gallery "St. Sebastian," "St. Rosalie," "St. Stephen," etc. But now, although Miss Thornycroft occasionally paints figures and devotes her autumn holidays to landscapes, her reputation is established as a flower painter *par excellence*, and of orchids she is especially fond.

Miss Thornycroft is a distinguished member of the Liverpool Water-Colour Society, and Vice-President of the Ladies' Gallery in Piccadilly.

Miss Ethel Wright is not one of those artists who showed at an early age any signs of the talent for which she became conspicuous. As a child she did nothing in the way of art; indeed, she had no opportunities of doing so. As she grew older, however, the desire seized her to paint, and she began by copying at the National Gallery, self-guided and, as may be supposed, working in very dilettante fashion. Then a serious attempt to work was made in Mr. Seymour Lucas's studio, where Miss Wright studied for two days a



MISS ETHEL WRIGHT.

(By Herself.)

week. Later, by the advice of Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, she went to Paris, and painted at Julian's, where she began to realise how little she knew and how much she had to learn. When she returned to London she worked hard on pictures and portraits, and her first success was hung at the Institute. It was called "Whispers"—a nude girl and Cupid. The Royal Academy honoured her next work of importance "Bonjour, Pierrot," by allotting to it a conspicuous place on the much-coveted line. It was not only a very decorative, but an extremely clever work, and was sold to the Oldham Corporation.

Miss Ethel Wright's portrait with which this sketch is illustrated is from her own work in pastel, and represents her in the dress of a "Pierrette Incroyable." It has been exhibited in London, Liverpool, Chicago, and other places.

## GUÉRIN'S SCHOOL OF ART.

BY HENRI FRANTZ.

THIS school of design and decorative art was founded in 1881 by Monsieur Guérin, Architect to the City of Paris, with the generous assistance

form; encouraged by the evident approval of the public, the present school in the Rue Varin was opened, and Monsieur Guérin was bold enough, trusting solely to his own energy and strength, to determine that it should be a real school of art, where the first principles of ornament and decoration should be upheld, and the pupils encouraged to preserve their distinct individuality while training and developing their talent.

Monsieur Guérin was, in fact, meeting a very real need; for one must regretfully confess that the *École des Beaux-Arts*, which had its era of glory, is now lamentably fallen off. Some even say that it has lived its life, so mechanical and retrograde has its instruction become, so little account does it take of the modern tendencies and altered requirements of art. Routine and indifference—these two words, they declare, sum up its teaching. Any pupil (we could name many cases) who shows a genuine and strong original bent is certain never to succeed there. At the Guérin school, on the contrary, the variety of methods and



"LILY" DESIGN.

(By *Mlle. Chauveau.*)

of some public-spirited artists, and began with three classes only, for they were not fully organised for work till 1885. Monsieur Guérin had long cherished a project for enlisting the help of several artists who were at that time beginning to devote themselves to decorative art, and utilising their teaching by giving it a foundation of sound training, so as to instruct a large number of pupils in classified groups.

It is curious to see how Monsieur Guérin's original project took form and what was its starting-point. Formerly, no certificate of qualification was required of the drawing-masters in Government colleges, and thus, though the teaching of drawing was of secondary importance, it led, nevertheless, to deplorable results by nipping in the bud any talent in the learners. Then came a day when a diploma from the *École des Beaux-Arts* was insisted on, and those who taught drawing had themselves to go to school again to earn this certificate. It was then that Monsieur Guérin conceived his plan for classes where they might study. This idea took



"WILD IRIS" DESIGN.

(By *M. Schlumberger.*)

of departments in which a pupil may work allows each to find a path open to him.

Monsieur Guérin's school works to two ends.



From the master's point of view it aims at forming competent professors by a complete course of training, enabling them to teach draughtsmanship, perspective and decorative art. From the point of view of the artistic craftsman, it aims at directing the pupils to profitable employment, guiding them in metal-work, pottery, and every other class of decorative skill.

To ensure absolute unanimity in the general plan of instruction, the masters teaching there form a council under the presidency of Monsieur Luc Olivier Merson and Monsieur Guérin. This council decides on the course to be followed in each branch of study, or, if requisite, can make immediate alterations according to the general proficiency and aptitude of the pupils. The students'



DESIGN IN WROUGHT IRON.

(By M. Schlumberger.)

impossible to devise a broader or more enlightened scheme, or one more fitted to give the learner confidence in his teachers. The very names of the masters add to this confidence, and the perfect disinterestedness they display in giving their time and their best efforts to these classes. Side by side with the names of Messieurs Merson, Comerre, Schmitt, Rolard, Thibaudau, Gorguet, Ruy, and Debie, special mention must be made of Monsieur Eugène Grasset, one of the most original artists of the day, whose work, "La Plante," has for some months attracted considerable interest.

Monsieur Grasset's instructions come under three categories, three distinct stages. During the first year his pupils compose decorative designs on a scheme set before them, con-



DESIGN FOR LACE CURTAIN.

(By Mdlle. Milési.)



DESIGN FOR STAINED GLASS.

(By Mdlle. Milési.)

works are examined, commented on, and classed in the presence of the whole school. It would be

fining themselves to points, straight lines, and curves. The second year brings them to the infinitely various



study of plant-forms, applied to ornament, but preserving their natural and living growth under every type of design. Instead of adapting only a portion



CARVED CABINET.  
(By *Mlle. Berthe Chauvin.*)

of a plant to a wall-paper or a textile, as is done in some of the Government schools, Monsieur Grasset introduces the whole of it. Finally, in their third year, the students learn to treat landscape, animals, and the human figure as portions of decorative design.

But though Monsieur Guérin maintains a modest attitude, from the very first day he has been the soul of the school, not only in directing it and winning the affection and esteem of the pupils, but by giving lessons which have led to very admirable results. Monsieur Guérin's class is for perspective, which he teaches so clearly and rationally that all the various reporters on the Grant for Instruction in Perspective were unanimous in pronouncing him the most able professor. It was even suggested, in Committee, that a special class of perspective should be formed under Monsieur Guérin.

With such elements of study as these there is no room for surprise when we see the independence of the various works and the thoroughly original talent brought out as the results of the last few years. What is at once remarkable is that, though the teaching

given leaves a strong stamp on the student's technical skill, it never tends to mar his distinct individuality, but leaves his gifts to develop freely, endeavouring only to direct them in a practical manner. Thus, when a subject is given, the student is at liberty to treat it in the way he deems most suitable. This is very striking in the instance (among others) of a design for a silver vase, by Mademoiselle Anna Martin. The subject was stated simply as "a bird," and several young artists, notably Monsieur Selmersheim, dealt with it with a quite different "motive"; Mademoiselle Martin's design is well worked out, and her bird, a sort of chimæra with long pinions, is admirably decorative in effect (see p. 489).

The subject given is frequently treated for execution in various different materials; and Monsieur Grasset carefully points out to his pupils how and where a given motive must show a different character when applied to ceramics, wood-carving, cast metal, or goldsmith's work. Among many interesting examples I may point to an interesting panel by Mademoiselle Chauveau, a pupil of this school. It is based on the lily, and the homo-



BRACKET: "THE STAG."  
(By *Mlle. Anna Martin.*)

genuity of the composition is equally striking when we note how the mass is disposed in the corner of the panel (see p. 485).



Every plant is used for study, as we see in the sample of textile designed from the wild iris, by



DECORATIVE LANDSCAPE.

(By M. Bourdin.)

Monsieur Schlumberger. This flower is really a novelty in ornamental design.

In a landscape subject, as applied to decoration, each one again renders it as his taste dictates. Such is the case with Monsieur Bourdin, though Grasset's influence is very perceptible — how, indeed, should a student escape the influence of such a master? He seems to have found certain qualities of colour and arrangement in his studies of Gothic art.

One of the most remarkable students in Guérin's school, who deserves special mention, is Mademoiselle Milési, an artist who has worked a great deal with the master on his book "La Plante," but who sets a stamp of really masculine individuality on all she does. In her design for a lace curtain she is at least faithful to the material. Her drawing for a glass window,

"The Water-Carrier," representing a man pouring out water, is a sober and excellent piece of work, genuinely decorative in style.

Monsieur Schlumberger is happy in his designs for earthenware chimney tiles, and yet more so in his treatment of wrought iron, for he endeavours to make such use of this material as our forefathers did. It is not surprising that under tuition so logical, so fit and so various, the students of the school should have achieved original results, and that facts, even better than words, bear witness to the painstaking efforts of masters and pupils alike. Though the Government schools and, consequently, the committees on competitions have looked askance at the progress of the school, they are sometimes obliged to award it the prizes it has earned. Thus, in 1892, when the Paris Society for the Encouragement of Art and Industry gave a "book-binding" as the subject of a competition, the first and second prizes were taken by Monsieur Guérin's pupils at the head of 155 competitors. In 1893, of the prizes offered by the same society, two were carried off by his scholars; and two others, out of six who competed, gained "honourable mention." In the same year a pupil of Monsieur Guérin's took the first prize for a hanging chandelier, at the competition at the Central Union for the Promotion of Decorative Art; and in 1894 one gained a second prize. And we have seen students of this school



WINE COOLER IN SILVER.

(By Tony Selmersheim.)

succeed at the Salons. Mademoiselle Fould gained a third medal in 1895 and many "honourable mentions." She took a gold medal at the Universal Exhibition of 1889, and, among other distinctions, had a diploma of honour awarded to her at the Exhibition of Books.

Thus we have here, as will have been seen, a real national school of French art, which, for the amount and quality of its work, deserves recognition by the Government. This, no doubt, it would have had ere now in any other country. But Guérin's school has had to contend with the ultra-orthodox *École des Beaux-Arts*, which, nevertheless, persistently turns its back on every innovation and every form of progress. As a result of its opposition, the State, refusing to acknowledge that the need for such a superior training school of design was in fact urgent, has absolutely declined to give it any support. With great difficulty, and after much discussion, the Municipal Council of Paris consented to pay the rent of the building, 3,000 francs (£120) a year—a sum which, indeed, was reduced last year. Paying students are all it has to rely on. Unluckily, these students cannot be very numerous, since the first task the school sets itself is to discover talent, and talent is not always in direct proportion to wealth. But it is impossible that the Paris authorities should long fail to perceive that it is their duty to assist this school with all their power, and that, meanwhile, they are reducing this important undertaking to living on private gifts. They cannot allow such a school as this, that has raised itself so far above any

other, to be left to founder for lack of money. Paris must discern that if there is in France a prevailing respect for originality in ornamental art, it is to be found there alone, and that the institution well deserves its name of training school.

Everything there, in fact, is thought out and is done in a purely artistic spirit, and if the founder had larger pecuniary resources at his command he would have carried out the scheme which, in my judgment, is needed to complete the Guérin school. So far it has only taught the theory, and we want to see the practice. It is a great thing, no doubt, to teach the students a sound theory of perfect design and drawing; but from that to the execution of the work is a great stride. Every decorator and craftsman ought to carry through his work to completion; if it is to bear the genuine impression of his individual mind, he must not merely design it but execute it with his own hand. Monsieur Guérin fully understands this, and the Government alone can enable him to found a great school of decorative art, by supplying him with the necessary funds. Important factories would

then coalesce with the Guérin classes, and the skilled designers would be taught the technique of their several crafts; they will learn to work in iron and bronze, to emboss leather, to weave wool and silk, and make pottery. This will crown the great effort begun by Monsieur Guérin, and it is to be hoped that the French Government may presently understand that for the honour of our national art it is pledged to grant him the means he needs.



SILVER VASE

(Designed by Mlle. Anna Martin.)

## THE PARIS SALONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

### I.—SOME DETAILS OF THEIR HISTORY.

INASMUCH as this year, for the first time since 1882—when the memorable schism took place in the French world of art—the two great Salons, the old and the new, have by fortuitous circumstances been brought together, and as all distinguished artists of France, whether liberal or conservative, exhibit their work once more under

the self-same roof, it will doubtless be of interest to the reader to be reminded in slightest outline of the history of this great and venerable institution.

Venerable, because its age exceeds by nearly a century that of our Royal Academy, whose present season is not less than the hundred-and-thirtieth of the series, though the "Old Salon" has only reached its hundred-and-sixteenth exhibition. The reason for



this apparent disparity is that the Salon, which was founded in 1673, has only within comparatively recent times adopted the rigid rule of annual exhibitions. The institution, in fact, has passed through as many *régimes*, as many phases and adventures, and has occupied as many homes, as the dynasties and the governmental systems of France. From 1673 to 1791, when it succumbed to political convulsions for a period—though at the time it was

realised being nominally devoted to the acquisition of works in the exhibition itself. From 1872 to 1880 the Ministry of Beaux-Arts regularly introduced into the Budget an item of £8,000 for initial expenses, and finally in 1881 they instituted the Société des Artistes Français as a public company, contributing to it a sum of £8,000 as a working capital. This sum the Salon found to be enough, for with the large amount derived from admissions,



THE LEVITE OF EPHRAIM AND HIS DEAD WIFE

(From the Painting by J. J. Henner. Awarded the Medal of Honour. Photograph by Braun, Clement and Co.)

thought for ever—it had held only thirty-six displays. Eight exhibitions were organised under the successive administrations of the First Republic, the Directoire, and the Consulat (from 1793 to 1802), and five under the First Empire (from 1804 to 1812). Between the years 1814 and 1847—that is to say, during the reigns of Louis XVIII, Charles X, and Louis Philippe—twenty-two exhibitions were held; three, from 1848 to 1850, under the Second Republic; fourteen under the Second Empire, from 1852 to 1870; and from 1870 to 1898—under the Third Republic—twenty-eight.

The administration of this national institution (known until 1791 as the Académie Royale), which in the beginning and for a great number of years had been in its own hands, was in due course taken over by the State after the Revolution had swept away as completely as might be all traces of dynastic royalty. In 1852, in consequence of the heavy expense it entailed—the introduction of gold medals alone increasing the cost by £1,600—the State instituted payment at the doors, the sum thus

together with the subscriptions of members (amounting to 10s. each a year—a sum which may be compounded for £8), they have not hitherto found themselves in any of the financial embarrassments which attended the previous *régimes*. Yet their annual expenses are extremely heavy. In 1673, when the number of works contributed was only 225, and even in 1791, when they had increased to not more than 800, when only about 800 livres were expended, the financial aspect of the institution was of no great account; but nowadays the annual charge upon the Society in connection with the exhibition is hardly less than £15,000. This is apparently independent of all expense of rental, as the place of exhibition is provided by the Government.

During its various vicissitudes the home of the Salon has also changed. Its first exhibition—that of 1673—was held in the courtyard of the Palais Royal. From 1769 until 1848 the Palais du Louvre became its abode—a permanent one it was thought—but in 1849 the Palais des Tuileries gave it shelter. In the following year it returned to the Louvre,

emigrating in 1852 to the Palais Royal, and in the year following to the Menus Plaisirs, which is now known as the Conservatoire Nationale de Musique. In 1855 it was transferred to the Palais de l'Industrie, constructed for the Paris International Exposition of that year, and there it remained until this year, when it has been removed to its superb installation in the old Galerie des Machines, extending across the south side of the Champ de Mars.

Not until 1817 did the exhibition become for the first time a spring exhibition; but even then the season was but an experiment, which, finding little favour, was not repeated until 1852, with the sole exception of the year 1822. The classic day of opening was as a matter of fact the day of St. Louis—the 25th August; this date was maintained from 1673 onwards for 120 years, when at last the exhibition was held a fortnight earlier. Thenceforward until 1814 the Salon was opened on varying dates in the late autumn, and it was not till 1831 that it was permanently transferred to the spring months. The dates themselves were shifted for many years, according to convenience; but in 1861 the 1st May was selected, and has been adopted ever since.

The duration of the exhibitions has similarly varied. For many years it lasted but a fortnight, and by 1800 had only risen to a month. Between that year and 1863 it gradually rose from a month to two months. From that date for the following twenty years it was shortened; it lasted from the 1st May to the 20th June; but from 1885 up to 1896 it remained open for two complete months. Last year, owing to the building works undertaken for the Exposition of 1900, the period was considerably curtailed. It is interesting to observe, during this period, the extraordinary increase in the number of works contributed. No more than 225 were exhibited in 1673, and not more than 800 in 1791, the artists contributing them being relatively few in number. In 1880 the highest number ever attained was reached—7,235—a total which exceeds that of the present year by more than 2,000. But it must be borne

in mind that if the contributions of the rival Salon, which at that time had not broken away, were included—as, indeed, should be done for the sake of comparison—we should now have a grand total of not fewer than 7,593 numbers. It may be pointed out that, whereas at the beginning the expenses were practically one livre per picture, they have now risen, so far as the Old Salon is concerned, to nearly £3 sterling per exhibit.

It was only in 1748 that the first jury—or, as we would call it, Selecting Committee—was established: a restrictive body, whose duties consisted solely in adjudicating upon the propriety of the subjects—an innovation which the immoral tendency of the time urgently demanded. But when the Republican *régime* was established the idea of any such restrictive body, or restriction of any kind, was declared to be incompatible with the newly-glorified idea of "Liberty," the word being synonymous in the eyes of the revolutionaries with that of Licence. Yet a "committee of good manners" had perforce to be established all the same to deal with any necessity that might arise. After exactly a hundred years, a trial was made of the principle of accepting without selection all pictures that were submitted; for revolutionary ideas again prevailed.



THE BATH.

(From the Painting by P. Leroy. Photograph by Braun, Clément and Co.)



But in the following year a Selecting Committee was again appointed, since which time it has been continuously maintained.

In 1890 the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts was formed by secessionists from the parent society (the Société des Artistes Français, which had been incorporated, as we have seen, in 1882), under what circumstances, and impelled by what definitive opinions, it is not necessary here to recount. But their main principles were, firstly, greater respect for modern excursions into what may be called tentative art, thus declaring an irrevocable protest against conventionalism, somewhat in the spirit that associated the Pre-Raphaelite Brethren half a century ago; and, secondly, a contempt for all the "rewards" in the shape of medals, etc., which they held to be childish as a device for emulation, and open to grave abuses. Yet in this society, in which Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity were so earnestly insisted on, there were quickly established "foundation members," "members," and "associated members"—degrees of aristocracy in this new republic of purism hardly compatible, one would think, with the original principles for the sake of which the body was founded. The society, it will be remembered, had its home in what was known as the Palais des Beaux-Arts in the International Exhibition of 1889, so that its transference to the Galerie des Machines involves a removal of but a few hundred yards. Although exhibiting under the same roof with the older and numerically far more important body, it still holds itself gravely aloof. Its own designers have set up its galleries with, undoubtedly, superior taste to that displayed by its rival. Yet both societies are so delightfully installed that the arrangements can excite nothing but admiration from all visitors.

Within this great Palace of Art, then, the combined exhibitions of the year's labour, not only of the painters and sculptors of France, but of those numerous guests whom she makes so generously welcome and whom she treats so honourably, is triumphantly held; and the spectator is free to judge accurately for himself exactly how far justified was the Minister of Fine Art in declaring last year: "L'art français s'annonce magnifique et radieux!"

#### II.—THE OLD SALON.

In twenty-nine large rooms, some of them of great size, the oil-paintings are displayed. Among this mass, it must be admitted, is a considerable proportion utterly unworthy of being classed with the best with which they come into contact. There can be no doubt that educated French painters are, as a class, greatly our superiors in the technique of their craft. The workmanship is better, their

technical qualities more easily achieved; yet a vast number of works are accepted that could not be better justified in any country where the artistic standard is but half as high as in France. Likely enough the Committee is face to face with the fact that the extent of wall-space at their disposal robs the jury of selection of the excuse for applying a severer test. "The sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done," and the Salon is a standing proof of the truth of Shakespeare's words. An extremely large proportion of these works would, on the ground of incompetency alone, be refused admission to Burlington House, where the skill of the painter, so far as dexterity is concerned, is, as a rule, only within hailing distance of that of the French executant. Furthermore, the system of *Hors concours* works far more harm than the corresponding membership of the Academy, if only for the reason that the conferring of it is practically unlimited and illimitable. Vile work must perforce be hung, if only because in the distant past—perhaps only once or twice—the creator of it painted pictures good enough to receive some form of official recognition; and by that rule a right is conferred to go on exhibiting works of greater and greater incompetence, to the end. This is one of the main abuses against which the foundation of the New Salon was a practical demonstration; but as long as artists legislate for artists—and consequently for themselves—privilege of the kind, however mischievous it may prove for the public taste, and however much it may militate against cultivated enjoyment, is likely to be retained *pro mulo publico*. Thus the country which might each year give us the finest annual display of art in its most refined and elegant expression, condemns itself to mediocrity and plays down to the level of the unskilful; and it opens the door, by ill-considered regulations, to the introduction of eccentricity with which to cover want of capacity and want of purpose. How true is this is proved by the fact that few among the painters of real talent in France—as elsewhere—take refuge in the sensationalism, the affectation, or other artifices which do not effectually hide from any but vulgar eyes the motives that inspired them, the insincerity of the work. At our Royal Academy government is grandmotherly enough to give rise to frequent anger and complaint; but at least it aims at setting a standard that shall level up instead of levelling down.

It is chiefly for this reason, perhaps, that foreign work tells so well upon the Salon walls. It may not be so accomplished, when compared with the most dexterous of the French; but our painters have something to say. They respect their work and themselves more highly, it would almost appear;



IN THE BLUE WATER.  
(From the Painting by Madame Virginie Demont-Breton.)





it may even be that their critics might charge them with taking themselves too seriously. But the main result is that the pictures from English hands usually breathe a sentiment that raises even their less skilful handiwork into truer works of art; it is the triumph of the spirit over the flesh, of the heart over the brain, of the intelligence over the hand. By this we do not pretend, of course, that the best foreign work here shown is better intrinsically than the best French: it is the average that we speak of, and the average of the visitors is infinitely higher, even though their canvases be but few and small in comparison. The matter threatens to become serious for France in the immediate future, for now is the period of decay of great reputations—of men who in the recent past have borne the brunt of the day and have carried forward the standard of French art.

It is difficult to formulate any general impression from the exhibition in the Old Salon other than this—that while it is, perhaps, landscape in its more poetic mood that for the moment seems to engage the most complete and successful efforts of French artists, claptrap subjects do not lack for those who love and are ready to applaud them. Yet these very claptrap pictures are not so interesting or amusing as of yore. The relative absence of the higher qualities of imagination, which to English minds commonly declares itself in French pictures, is not less in evidence than in the past; but happily, at the same time, that frequent substitute for imagination in Paris—sensation and horror—is for the most part equally on the decrease. We have, it is true, a reminiscence of a bombardment in which we are spared no detail that carnage and suffering may suggest; and one of the most popular pictures of the year is undoubtedly Monsieur Gueldry's gorge-raising representation of "The Blood-Drinkers," in which a group of consumptive invalids, congregated in a shambles, are drinking the blood fresh from the newly-slain ox lying in the foreground—blood that oozes out over the floor—while the slaughterers themselves, steeped in gore, hand out the glasses like the women at the wells. What gives point to the loathsomeness of the subject is the figure of one young girl, pale and trembling, who turns from the scene in sickening disgust, and so accentuates our own. For what purpose is this picture painted? In order to demonstrate the painter's skill in dealing with the various shades of blood-red, no doubt, and to satisfy the morbid passion for the repulsive. Well, and what then? He has succeeded in filling our nostrils with the nauseating odour of the slaughter-house, and in revealing one of the most revolting demands that can be made upon suffering disease. But where is the triumph of spending one's skill upon so mean a subject when the

same skill otherwise employed would have assured the painter the recalling of his name with pleasure instead of with disgust? We agree that subject is not so necessary to art that a picture must tell a story; but it is sophistry unrefined to pretend that subject is of importance so little and so slight, that it is of no moment how objectionable it may be. It is not the sole business of the artist at any cost to advertise his skill. By all means let him prove that skill, but not at the expense of the gorge—or even the common-sense—of the spectator.

Whether or not the fact is to be attributed to this same lack of imagination to which we have referred, imitation of the old masters still continues to be in the fashion, although in a less notable degree than formerly. It is a manner no doubt of attracting attention—one, by the way, which has been so strikingly seen in the New Gallery this year; but in order to obtain such proficiency as is there shown, the artist must have been through the sort of thorough training which, to the bane of French art, is by so many of the so-called "decadents" ignored, or even spurned. We have M. Burdy in his "Portrait of a Young Girl" imitating Holbein; we have M. Csok of Hungary reminding us of Metz in his "Portrait of a Lady;" in his "Decorative Panel" M. Paul Lecomte copies Schalken or Gerard Dow with singular success; and M. Constantine Le Roux, in "After the Harvest," follows, yet not servilely, the more festive compositions of Teniers. And so forth.

As there are fewer horrors so are there fewer battle-pieces than usual, and fewer nudes seriously considered and studiously realised. The chief piece of military painting, noteworthy rather from political motive than for its artistic merit, will probably be esteemed that of M. Edouard Detaille. It is called "Châlons—October, 1896" and represents the Emperor and Empress of Russia, accompanied by M. Faure, driving through the dense lines of the French cavalry. As a piece of drawing, the picture is, of course, admirable enough, and not less successful in the suggestion of unnumbered thousands of French soldiers standing at attention; but here the merit ends. It is enough to say that it is unworthy of the great reputation of its painter, while it is wholly deficient in that element of sincerity and quality of artistic handling which characterise M. François Flameng's "Vive l'Empereur!" This clever, yet not transcendent, work translates successfully into paint, with great power of realisation and characterisation, the furious dash and onslaught of the French, and the calm and dogged resistance by the English squares. In other words, M. Detaille's picture is a coloured illustration; M. Flameng's is a true military painting.



It is not in the Old Salon that the best painting of the nude must be sought. Indeed, flesh painting as colour appears to be less cared for than as form and line. This has constantly been reproached to the French school for all their powers to excel, and it often justifies the belief of their critics that although their colour is learned and sensitive, they do not entertain for it the love which animates the English school. Although they manage it better

The number of vast canvases which in studio slang are called "*machines*" is perhaps not less considerable than usual; but it is to be observed that, as a rule, the bigger the picture the smaller is the effect. None but the vulgar are impressed by mere size, and it takes real genius to extend over 600 square feet of canvas the interest which, generally speaking, is only enough to fill a "five-footer." In the several enormous purely decorative pieces the Frenchman is



THE BLOOD-DRINKERS.

(From the Painting by J. F. Gueldry.)

when they choose to do so, they seem to regard it somewhat coldly and precisely, rather as a means than as an end—their love for it being rather an intellectual solicitude than a sensuous passion. M. Leroy's picture of "The Bath" illustrates the point. It is sufficiently learned to secure its acquisition by the State: the coloration of the principal figure is doubtless admirable, yet the whole picture seems as coolly calculated as its arrangement, and in spite of the skill with which feminine modesty has been suggested, the work fails of complete success. M. Henner's "Levite of Ephraim and his Dead Wife," effective and beautiful as it is, is a mere convention as regards true painting of flesh. This picture of a glistening white body lying upon its back, is but a variation played by the painter upon his "Dead Christ." It is extremely poetical and effective in its way, but it is not to be accepted as a study of flesh painting, any more than his "Portrait of Mlle. L." can be regarded as a fine work of art at all.

entirely at home—nay, he is supreme; he can float his goddesses and nymphs, his gods and messengers, among delicate clouds, arranging them in well-balanced groups, and placing them in attitudes infallibly suggestive of their attributes and of the estimable and glorious qualities they are supposed to personify, as M. Raphaël Collin proves in his "Inspiration of the Composer by the Harmonies of Nature;" and he can surpass the facile and effect-loving Germans, with all their special talent in this direction, in the decorative quality and in the elegance and grace which such work demands. But when, as in M. Danger's enormous group, arranged *en hémicycle*, of the men who have laboured in the cause of peace (designed for the French Society of Arbitration), size has been adopted, irrespective of the requirements of the design and guided only by the position which the picture is to occupy and the space it is desired that it should cover, it is apt to become stale, flat, and, to the spectators, at least, unprofitable.

One of the notable features of the exhibition is the success of the women-painters. Four ladies, at least, divide among them the principal honours. Mme. Achille Fould, with a bewitching couple of genuinely "Merry Wives of Windsor," sitting upon the basket in which Falstaff is confined, paints with singular spirit, elegance, and *verve*; Mlle. Romani, freeing herself somewhat from the manner, if not from the colour, of her master, M. Roybet, suggests in her "Angelica" the style and sentiment of M. Henner, with an added brilliancy all her own; Mme. Vallet has painted a charming and harmonious group of three young girls, seated, in the manner of Mr. Shannon, as full of individuality as of painter-like quality; and Mme. Demont-Breton shows a contrast between her rugged "Men of the Sea" and the tender and brilliant picture of a little girl bathing in the waves, called "In the Blue Water," that bear eloquent witness to her range, as well as to her powers, as an artist. She is a painter not sufficiently recognised in this country.

In landscape, we have the grave and classic art of M. Harpignies; the perfectly illusory sunshine of M. Rigolot, stereoscopic in its effect; the dignified river scenes of M. Gosselin; and the pictures of at least a score of landscape painters as skilful and sensitive, who prove between them that although many of the younger men may still be under the impression that truthful and pleasant "bits of nature" are necessarily great landscape, the tradition of the past and the sentiment of the present are not being lost sight of among the painters of France. Similarly, in the section of portraiture, we have much that is affected, strained, incompetent, and false—more, it would appear, than in the recent past. Nevertheless, the art is yet practised with distinction by some whose names have long been honoured in this country, and by others who as yet are little known. Such, for example, are the portraits, on the one hand, of M. Jean Paul Laurens ("Portrait of my son Albert") and of M. Tony Robert Fleury (a picture practically consisting of a back-view portrait of a girl, which he calls "A Doubt"); and, on the other hand, the excellent portrait of "Mlle. Marcelle G.," which is one of the best pieces of portraiture in the Salon.

Religious painting is doubtless more popular with French artists than with our own; and the Salon prefers to place them high—not in its estimation, but on the walls. At the same time, there is nothing quite so interesting and important here as the work of M. Dagnan-Bouveret in the rival Salon beyond.

The section of genre not necessarily includes works which may be also considered as religious, such as the "Annunciation," by Mr. Tanner, who is

said to be a coloured American, and who last year made so extraordinarily successful a *début*, if we remember aright, with his "Resurrection." This year he again shows his peculiarities—the colour and sentiment of Rembrandt and the draperies of Lord Leighton. A leader amongst the genre painters is M. Roybet, whose "Astronomer," notwithstanding all its brilliancy of handling, does not compare well with the fine, clear, and spirited manner of his portrait of M. Vigneron. Yet he maintains that curious leaden quality of colour which serves to accord extraordinary brilliancy to any pure touch that appears upon his canvas. It is observable that in this section, which contains such an extraordinary variety of subject, there is among the work of the French painters so comparatively little to attract powerfully and irresistibly. The main interest is not in the so-called historical pictures, in spite of all the labour which may have been lavished upon them, but rather in the views of life which are the direct result of the painters' observation.

In decorative painting, as has already been said, we must acknowledge the supremacy of the artists of France, not only in regard to such ceiling pictures as have been referred to, but also in such smaller canvases as the "Spirit of the Forest," by M. Maxence (in which, with such formal ingenuity as that of M. Grasset and M. Mueha, is combined the rich colour of stained glass) and the delicate fancy of M. Bussière in his dainty picture called "The Irises," in which the pretty heads of the beautifully-formed young bathers are crowned with chaplets of the flowers that grow around them.

To the still-life (and even to the flower painting) we need not specifically refer, remarking only that it is not less able than in previous years. As to the engravings, pastels, and sculpture, and more particularly to the special exhibit of M. Cormon, we must reserve our remarks for a future occasion.

But before entering the exhibition of the New Salon, we must stop the visitor at the section of the *Objets d'Art* to call his special attention to the marvellous exhibition of jewellery, enamels, and goldsmithery by M. René Lalique, whose supreme taste and execution are triumphantly asserted, and who in elegance, grace, and beauty of design has considerably advanced on his work of last year, when, we admit, we imagined that he had attained the limit of what was possible in his art. Mr. George Fouquet is the only one who even approaches him in his special line; and although his work bears not over well the test of contrast with that of his rival, it is worthy to be considered as among the fine things, both as to design and execution, which the great goldsmiths of France have produced within recent years.





THE SLUICE OF THE LYS

(From the Painting by Emile Claus.)

## THE ART MOVEMENT. CURRENT ART IN BELGIUM.

THE first part of the winter season in Brussels was marked by numerous exhibitions. The series was opened by a club of young painters, the "Sillon." There were a large number of exhibitors, but most of them have left school too recently to see Nature as it is, or to paint their own ideas.

The next to open was the Royal Water-Colour Society, whose show was dull in spite of a list including the names of Meunier and Mellery. Almost at the same time the admirable and inspired animal painter, Joseph Stevens, gathered fresh laurels at the Maison d'Art. He is a great artist; both he and his brother Alfred are proofs of the vitality and versatility of the Flemish school. By nature they are akin to their great ancestors, and nevertheless they are entirely modern in their way of rendering the atmosphere. In "La Forge" Stevens shows with what power

he can sketch. A few firm strokes of the brush, a few fundamental tones placed in immediate harmony and with infallible taste, show at once what the finished picture will be like. To certain critics such a sketch is of more value than a completed work. All the qualities of perfect execution are displayed, and when a good start has been made from the springboard the leap can hardly fail. The important thing is to make sure, by a heavy stamp of the foot, of the proper vibration of the board. His "Le Chien au Miroir" and "Bruxelles le Matin" are in the Museum at Brussels, where every visitor may admire them.

In the picture gallery of the Cercle Artistique, Alexandre Marcette was succeeded by Henri Evenepoel. Marcette is a talented painter of seascape who seizes the grand aspects of the sea, and who, above all, faithfully expresses the effect of the



MARIANNE.

(Bust by Joseph Rutot.)





SUNLIGHT.

*(From the Painting by Emile Claus.)*

sky, be it overcast or luminous, on the surface of the water. For him the sky is the most important part of a landscape. It not only rules the lights and shadows, but it is in itself the sovereign cause, the most superb and exquisite work of nature; itself an unlimited picture drawn in beautiful and rare lines. The great Turner must have thought the same.

Henri Evenepoel is a worshipper of Paris life with its multicoloured crowds, family squabbles in taverns or cafés, little private corners of apartments or garrets. Gay ladies, children, and workmen are his models. One sees that he has felt the influence of Steinlen, of Raffaelli, and of Toulouse Lautrec. Nevertheless, he has the eye of an artist; his studies are firm and conscientious. He is on the right road—this is living and modern painting.

The work of that fine painter, M. W. Roelofs, who lived and died in Belgium, has been again brought to the notice of the public, thanks to an important posthumous exhibition. His numerous works, exhibited together perhaps for the last time, throw an interesting light on the real value of this painter, who combined the traditions of the masters in landscape of his own country with those of Rousseau and Daubigny. In the work of M. Emile Claus (exhibition at the Maison d'Art) we find a revelation of the most arduous and interesting efforts of painting of the present day. M. Claus is not purely neo - impressionist; but he sets

himself to solve the same problems as the artists of that school. Light, modifying and creating colour, he studies in all its variations of season—morning, noon, and evening. His interpretations are true to nature, fresh, free, and ethereal. To some painters a picture is a combination of slabs of colour, of patches of paint. M. Claus assumes that colour has no value of itself; the local tones are constantly modified. It may be said of him that he only paints things in a state of transition, the fading of one tint into another; the very movement of light, the most transient aspect of things. And by his ability and knowledge he overcomes the difficulties of this style of work and produces

a complete unblurred picture. The finest works of M. Claus are "La Briqueterie Abandonnée" and "Le Pont d'Astène."

There lives and works at Liège a young sculptor, at present unknown, even in Brussels, whose silent and serious work will some day make a stir. He has at present in hand a design for the monument of the Walloon poet Defraicheux, and a cast for the tomb of the musician César Franck. I also saw in his studio a bust, full of energy and sinew, of the republican "Marianne," intended as a decoration for the façade of one of the Maisons du Peuple in Belgium. This artist's name is Joseph Rulot.

Finally, we come to the Salon "Pour l'Art," the



IN THE ORCHARD.

*(From the Painting by Emile Claus.)*





THE FIRST COMMUNION.  
(From the Painting by Emile Claus.)

members of which have made good progress. First there is Eugène Laermans, the painter of peasants, gutter-snipes, and tramps. His picture, "La Mauvaise Nuée," is characteristic of his powerful and synthetic style. Next to him stands Fabry, who thinks, and paints the things of his imagining, a plastic poet with a remarkable originality and power of conception, though the execution frequently falls short of the ideal. Hanoteau has made Bruges, with its streets and ponds, its roofs and melancholy towers, his own; and the fresh bright hues of red, orange, and blue are a cheerful contrast to the sombreness of the subject. Ollevaere refreshes our tired eyes with the long and sinuous lines of parklands, clothing his art with imagination and distinction. Coppens loves and depicts moonlit scenes, where the whiteness of the houses is tempered with a greenish blue. Firmin Baes, a new-comer, has a series of drawings lung on the line, powerful and broad in tone and showing much originality.

Sculpture is ably represented at the Salon "Pour l'Art" by some refined and exquisite casts and statuettes by Rousseau; a charming bowed head of a young girl by Braecke; and a rough, powerful, and eloquent group by Springal.

The salon of the "Libre Esthétique," faithful to its traditions, displayed works by English, French, Dutch, Scandinavian, German, Spanish, and Belgian painters: this is

the most important of the private shows of Brussels. This year the principal "guest of honour" was Théo van Rysselberghe. Last year it was Besnard, and before him Carrière and Meunier—a goodly series. Van Rysselberghe contributed etchings, drawings, pastels, and paintings. Of his portraits, those of Monsieur Signac and of Mlle. Sethe are striking and capital works. The most popular of his landscapes were "A Canal in Flanders" and "Saint-Priere at Tropez (Var)." In one the general key is in shades of grey; in the other it is pitched in contrasting tones of orange and blue, rose and green, sinking into violet. The most important painting sent by the artist was, however, that called "The

Flaming Hour"—a scene of bathers in a cove of the Mediterranean shore. A fiery sun is sinking towards the horizon, flooding the landscape with crimson and purple, with a greenish hue in the shadows. Mountains of level and restful outline fill the background; the blue waters are still; the flesh hues of the bathers are dipped in light. The brilliancy of the whole is remarkable. The harmony is obtained by a superb use of contrasts, and the work gave rise to general discussion or admiration.

Next to M. van Rysselberghe's picture, M. Léon Frédéric's triptych, called "Nature," held its own. A beautiful woman offers her flowing bosom to a



THE FLAMING HOUR.  
(From the Painting by Théo van Rysselberghe.)



troop of children who rush at her, amid flowers, plants, and branches of verdure, to which they hang like large bees.

The exhibition of the Society called "L'Art Idéaliste" was chiefly remarkable for the works of M. Jean Delville, whose picture, "The School of Plato," was admired as it deserved. Indeed, this picture, with those of M. Théo van Rysselberghe and of M. Léon Frédéric, justified our critics in saying that 1898 would be remembered as an epoch in the history of Belgian art. M. Armand Point has exhibited a series of pictures strongly influenced by the masters of the early Italian Renaissance; some are almost direct imitations. We must wait to pronounce on this artist till he shows some individuality. Besides his paintings, M. Armand Point exhibits in a case some specimens of jewellery, small boxes, and book-illumination. He is the founder of an Association, under the name of "Hautecloire," for the revival of applied art.

We are sorry to say that we found these examples merely repetitions and imitations of older work.

The exhibition of the Salon des Beaux-Arts is just opened. The Germans are strongly represented. "Christ Blessing Little Children," by Von Uhde, once a great success, now looks commonplace and second-rate. But Menzel's studies—a hand holding a lump of chalk, a mule's head, and, above all, a drawing of a tree—claim our admiration for this powerful draughtsman: they are marked by determined realism, unhesitating knowledge, and

concentrated power. The important picture exhibited by Leibl hangs opposite the contributions of Menzel. M. Leibl is a true and vivid artist who, having started in the dry, precise style of the early German schools, has developed the rich and elaborate colouring characteristic of some French painters. Lembach exhibits a portrait of Wagner with a Rembrandt effect.

Two English painters, Mr. Swan and Mr. Stevenson, attract attention; one by an admirable study of "Dogs," conscientiously painted and full of life; the other by a finely-composed landscape, in which, however, Corot's influence is too plainly visible.

The Belgian school has only M. Struys to compare with these illustrious foreigners. His "Viaticum" is striking and pathetic, the colour fine, and the arrangement novel and powerful. We may mention the names of M. Binjé and M. Gilsoul, two painstaking landscape painters; the rest of the show is mediocre, if not ugly.

Sculpture is re-deemed from indifference by a bust of "Diana" by Lambeaux, and a "Pietà" by Constantin Meunier.

A word, in conclusion, as to the exhibition of works by M. Speekaert, a painter who has long kept in the background. Of the visitors to his show some admire his studies of Old Brussels, some those of the oldest inhabitants, others again his female heads. He is at present occupied on a Biblical poem, of which Birth, Love, and Death are already completed.

EMILE VERHAEREN.



ROSEKE.

(From the Painting by Emile Claus.)

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## WALL DECORATION.

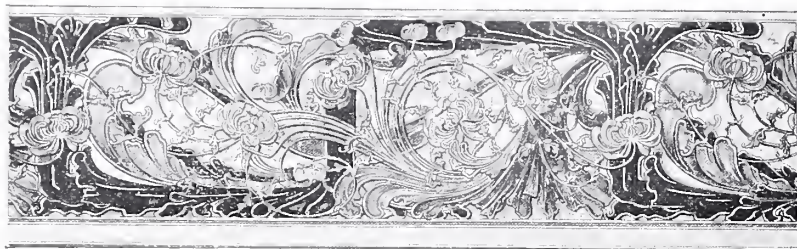
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IN an artistically decorated room not very many years ago the dado was considered an almost essential feature. To-day it is no more; for fashion,

or better taste, whichever it be, has pronounced in favour of the frieze instead. Nor is the change a cause for anything else but thankfulness; for the



uncomfortable impression that the floor is sunk so many feet below-ground is absent in a room which

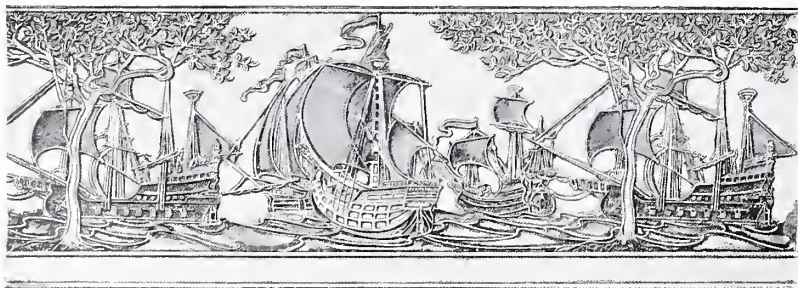


"CHRYSANTHEMUM" FRIEZE.

has a frieze running at a high pitch, while the pleasing effect of the breaking of the wall-surface by a horizontal division is still attained.

The special decoration provided for this purpose by Messrs. Wylie and Lochhead is composed of a substance akin to leather-paper. It differs, however, from other such materials in that nothing of the nature of modelling is adopted. The design is executed throughout by embossing the outline only; the several parts of the pattern taking thus, as it were, the form of sunk matrices divided by champlévé bands. Thus much is produced by mechanical means. The colouring, a separate and subsequent process, is invariably executed by hand; and that in each case with regard to the room for which it is wanted; so that the working out of a harmonious scheme of colour can always be insured. The uneven flooding of the semi-transparent paint within the hollows and crevices of the pattern affords a happy variation of accidental effects; no two repeats of the pattern being precisely similar to one another, as they cannot help being where machine-printing or even hand-block printing is employed.

Though they are represented in London, Messrs. Wylie and Lochhead are a Scottish firm, whose works and headquarters are at Glasgow. There



"THE SHIP" FRIEZE.

the well-known designer, Mr. Gwatkin, presides over all that relates to the artistic side of their work. The number of their friezes and wall-papers designed by him, and that with a complete absence of sameness, testifies to the versatility of his invention. Not but what other artists—such as Mr. Hamilton Jackson, Mr. Mawson, and others—supply designs, many of them of great beauty. Mr. Jackson's frieze of ships is a remarkably fine composition, intended

to be used with either a self-coloured wall-surface, or wood panelling below.

Other friezes by the firm are named after their distinctive features, respectively the "Iris," "Poppy," and "Chrysanthemum." The last-named, the original design for which has been exhibited in the Architectural room at the Royal Academy, presents an ingenious combination of spiral waves and a rigid



"THE POPPY" FRIEZE

rectangular *motif* as bases of the ornament. The various wall-paper designs of the firm are not distinguished by names, but by numbers only; and thus it is not very easy to particularise. One design, however, is interesting because, though the work, to all appearance, of an Englishman of the school of Morris, inquiry elicited the fact that it was produced by a Japanese draughtsman who has studied long in this country. It is curious, as affording a proof of the remarkable imitative and assimilative qualities of a people who are as proficient in technique as they are defective in organic constructiveness. The manufacturers, among other experiments, have brought the capacities of the mezzotint effects of sanitary paper to a high degree of development.

AYMER VALLANCE.



## REMINISCENCES: WILLIAM HUNT.

BY WILLIAM COLLINGWOOD, R.W.S.

OF his life little is known. He died unmarried, in Stanhope Street." So writes a recent historian of the Early Water-Colour Painters! It seems a pity that of one of the great men of that school so little should be known that the little this authority has to tell us is incorrect. Hunt was a married man all the years that I knew him, and left a wife and a daughter to survive him.

It is true that there is little to record of him that would make a biography. Apart from his artistic powers and fame, the testimony to which is before the world, he was not a striking man or a brilliant member of society. No one at first sight—unless his head was seen first—would have suspected him to be a great man. He had a splendid cranium, otherwise he was diminutive and deformed, and with no pretension to polish. Thus he was little known outside the circle of those who, first becoming interested in his works, sought out the man and became interested in him.

What is generally known of his early days is that he was one of the knot of young men whom Dr. Munro took under his wing and employed, it is said, for half a crown a day and their supper. Out of this school came many great names. It gave them good practice, and plenty of it.

But this is to be a reminiscence, and not a biography—for which, indeed, I have no material. My acquaintance with him dated from the summer of 1838. I was sketching one morning on the Pier Rocks at Hastings, when a gentleman accosted me, and after a little conversation asked me to dine with him. Out of this introduction grew by degrees a close and enduring friendship, and the first immediate fruit of it was my meeting with William Hunt, who was a frequent visitor at that house. Mr. Maw, the senior partner in the firm of J. and S. Maw, of Aldersgate Street, the surgical instrument manufacturers—since known all the world over as S. Maw and Son—after giving the start to their successful career, loving art better than business, had early retired on a moderate competency. He was himself an amateur of no mean ability, a sound and judicious critic. Long before Ruskin had told the world the

merits of Turner, he had possessed himself of a choice collection of his works, chiefly in water-colour, including many of the originals of the "England and Wales" series, and others of his best periods. Besides these Mr. Maw's house contained examples of the



WILLIAM HUNT

(From a Water-Colour Drawing by Himself.)

best artists of the age, many of them painted to his commission or under his eye. Few men of his day so thoroughly understood the high qualities of the works they possessed; and it was no small advantage to a youth of nineteen to have free access to his gallery and the benefit of his criticism. It was at Mr. Maw's house, if not on my first visit it must have been immediately after, that I met Hunt. Hastings was one of his favourite places. It was suited to his special humour. He would sometimes lodge close to



the Fish-Market, where the peculiar character of the people was always a study for him. The fishing colony of Hastings is a race in many ways separate from the rest of the world, having its own habits and ties, and a dialect of its own much mixed up with the French. No more picturesque garb than its inhabitants wear can be found in this island, unless indeed the Highlands might compete for the palm. With old Hastings, then, Hunt had great sympathy, and from among these people he often took his models. One family supplied him for many years. He took the eldest of the lads into his service as his page and his model till he outgrew the office and was fit for other employment. Then the next brother came in for his place; and he in his turn made room for the younger of the three. If I remember right, Johnny, the second of the Swains, was with him when I first knew him, and afterwards was succeeded by his brother Bill. It was amusing sometimes, when a visitor called, to be received by a "buttons" in anything but the approved livery—Johnny, dressed up in some strange style, coming straight from the studio to answer the door. But all this was in keeping with the man, whose life was one of consistent simplicity, and with one aim only. These were arch-lads, clever in their native way, and excellently suited to his purpose, willing to be all things to him, and who did their best to act their parts. His pictures taken from these models tell not only his skill in portraying rude character, but theirs in the help they gave him. It was not easy to keep his model always up to the mark. If he wanted to paint him crying, he was not satisfied with a pretence; he had to scold him, and pinch him, and use all the means he could devise to make the expression genuine. Then, again, for hours he wanted him to laugh. That he could well do. His fund of humour was at no loss for means of keeping him amused. But even this would fail, and he had to scold him into laughing till he cried. Then there was "The Attack"—of a pie—and "The Defeat," or "A Marine Effect"—of sea-sickness; in all which he needed to have the expression sustained for every touch of his pencil. He painted nothing but as he saw it, trusted nothing to his knowledge or his memory; would not add the smallest thing to what he saw before him. It was because he saw so much more than others saw, that his work transcended theirs. If he saw what struck him as a subject in the corner of a room, he would ask that it might be left untouched till he had finished the drawing of it. No profane touch of the housemaid's duster must be permitted; and this sometimes for weeks together. Or if he saw a dish at dessert or a pheasant or a fish newly-arrived, worth painting, it was bodily removed

to his room, to be immortalised on his paper, till it could be kept no longer. If he composed a picture, which he rarely did—such as a trooper sitting in a chair—he would not do a stroke till his subject was complete, the chair covered with brown paper to match the colour of oak, and the background as he required it to be: so much with him depended on the relation of all the parts to each other. Or if he painted a bank of primroses, or anything in his background, it must be there before his eyes, the piece of the bed dug out and brought to him in a barrow just as it stood. It was thus he obtained the wonderful truth and naturalness that so singularly marked his work. But more than that: he went on till he obtained it. He looked till he saw not only the surface, but the light and all its glories thereon; not only the substance, but the life that lay beneath, or the poetry that gave life to things inanimate. One of his works, which never could be forgotten by those who saw it in the Gallery, though all else may have faded from their recollection, was "A Bit of Mont Blanc"—a piece of granite brought thence by Mr. Ruskin and painted for him. This he invested with such an interest, not by its staring reality, but by the wonderful beauty he there discerned and revealed. It was a lesson for all to learn, not only of what Nature is if we have eyes to see it, but of how art is dependent on the treatment rather than on the subject of the picture.

Sometimes at Hastings he was Mr. Maw's visitor. Once I spent the month of January there at the same time, and we painted in the same room. Mr. Maw, whose taste and genius had a large range, had built at West Hill House an apartment which he had furnished entirely with antique oak, at a time when the rage for it had not yet filled the market with modern imitations. Where he had not sufficient old panelling for the walls, he had supplied it with his own carving. The ceiling was elaborate, from his designs. It was a treasure-house of the picturesque and the beautiful in wood and porcelain. In this room we painted together. Hunt's was a piece of intense colour and harmony. But the ceiling bothered him, and he handed his picture over to Mr. Maw, asking him to work it out. When Mr. Maw objected that he should spoil his work, he said, "Do so, by all means; that is what I want." Our friend took it in hand and elaborated various parts, which Hunt soon brought round to his own feeling. Sometimes when I said I had spoiled my work, he laughed at me, saying "it was impossible to spoil a water-colour drawing, it could always be made right again." And so it could—at least under his hands.

He had no recipe for painting but to do what he saw. He knew, he said, nothing about art. He began by putting on the paper what first struck

him as necessary, generally with broad brushmarks, which by degrees he broke down with smaller till his utmost refinement was gained. He never used washes. Once I asked him if a wash would improve something of mine. He said he did not know how to put it on, or what it would do. He went on and on with his work, seeing more as he went and doing more as he saw it, till he reached the goal.

As an example of his perception of colour, I remember his bringing a drawing of a kingfisher, just finished, which startled us all by the brilliancy of its emerald green. When asked what new colour he had been using, he said, "Put on your spectacles." On applying a lens we saw that he had obtained the colour by picking out points with a knife and letting in vermilion—a practice which may be often detected in his work. And to his realising the value of complementary colour his pictures largely owe their power.

Hunt was a born painter, a real genius. In this he

shone as a bright star. But he was not otherwise brilliant. His deformed figure must have kept him from society, had his tastes been that way—which they were not. Nor did his education fit him for it. Those, however, who could appreciate the man found him genial and pleasant in company. He was habitually good-humoured. I do not remember ever seeing him lose his temper. He would "confiscate" anything that worried him, but beyond that temperate degree of malediction I never knew his thermometer to rise. What might have been in the worries of life in London I cannot answer for. I can only give my reminiscence. Beyond calling on him sometimes at his house, I knew but little of him there. He passed away some thirty years ago, leaving his name and his works behind him. And though these are of no value *to him* now, they are much *to us* for the lessons they teach of the treasures of beauty the Creator has stored up for us in His works all around us, if we will but look for them and enjoy them and be thankful for them.

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## NOTES AND QUERIES.

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[113] **THE PORTRAITS OF MR. GLADSTONE.**—It would be a matter of great interest if you would give a list of the chief portraits of Mr. Gladstone, and perhaps reproduce a few in your pages.—H. S. BLAKISTON.

\* \* \* In the January number, 1889, of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* there appeared a notable paper on the very subject, from the pen of Sir Wemyss Reid, illustrated by reproductions of the most important and interesting portraits of Mr. Gladstone. These illustrations included the portraits by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A. (photogravure), at Christ Church, Oxford; Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A. (1882), Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. (1858), Mr. H. J. Thaddeus (1888), at the Reform Club; bust by Mr. Thomas Woolner, R.A. (1882); a sketch by Mr. E. Fairfield of "A Cabinet Council in Downing Street: Waiting for Despatches" (1872); a drawing by Mr. Harry Furniss, "In the House of Commons" (1888); and a page of caricatures from "Punch" from 1859 to 1888 by Richard Doyle, John Leech, Sir John Tenniel, Mr. Linley Sambourne, and Mr. Harry Furniss. Other portraits are by Sir John Millais (1877), which is to be given to the National Gallery of British Art by Sir Charles Tennant; Mr. G. F. Watts (1865), now in the National Portrait Gallery; Mr. McLure Hamilton—in the Luxembourg; and in the

exhibition of this artist's works held in London several years ago there were three or four excellent portraits of the deceased statesman in his library at Hawarden, and there is one in the Salon this year. Mr. Sydney P. Hall painted a water-colour of him reading the lessons at Hawarden Church, which was reproduced in "The Graphic," and is now in the possession of Mr. Lever. Mr. J. Colin Forbes, R.C.A.—a Canadian artist—painted a full-length portrait, which is now at the National Liberal Club and has been published by Messrs. Graves. Mr. E. Onslow Ford, R.A., exhibited a full-length life-size statue at the Royal Academy in 1894. Busts have also been modelled by Miss Mary Redmond, Mr. A. Toft, and there is one by Mr. Frank Theed in the New Gallery this year. Altogether Mr. Gladstone sat for his painted portrait about forty times.

[114] **FRENCH CARICATURISTS.**—Will you be good enough to give me the real names of the French caricaturists who draw in the comic papers under the names of (1) Caran d'Ache, (2) Willette, (3) Job, (4) Alfred le Petit, (5) A. Guillaume, (6) Mars, and (7) Henriot?—J. HARDY (Rue Royale, Paris).

\* \* \* "Caran d'Ache" is M. Emmanuel Poiré; "Job" is M. Jacques-Marie-Gaston Onfroy de Bréville; "Mars" is M. Maurice Bonvoisin; the others draw under their genuine names. M.



Henriot sometimes signs with the pseudonym "Pigu." This artist is also a "law-doctor."

[115] **MARKS ON CHINA.**—I have a piece of Sèvres china, finely decorated, and painted with flowers—the latter of which are signed with the initials "D.T." Can you inform me for what name these initials stand, and if they belong to the artist only or to the designer of the vase.

I have also a piece signed with two anchors, one of them upside down: the device is not painted but impressed. I am told that the little figure is Chelsea ware: can you or your readers confirm this for me?

Will you also tell me—what I have not been able to identify—to what factory is a piece to be attributed which is stamped and painted with a "shield of David" in gold—that is to say, with two triangles superimposed so as to make a star? I have several other pieces which I believe to be of value and interest, and upon which I should be glad of your assistance.—L. CHERTSEY (Rue du Lac, Vevey).

\* \* The initials "D.T." stand for Du Tanda, a well-known china-painter of his day, and a popular one, and refer to the painter only, not to the designer or potter. The anchors constitute one of the earlier marks of Chelsea ware, before it reached its perfection. The date belongs to somewhere about the early 'forties. The "shield of David" mark belongs to the factory of Doccia (near Florence, Italy), the date being about 1735. This factory was founded by Ginori, and hither the Capo di Monti moulds were transferred, about the year 1820. As regards our Querist's final remark we may recommend him to consult some book of marks—such as Messrs. Hooper and Phillips' "Pottery and Porcelain Marks," which is issued by Messrs. Macmillan's at a small cost. This will save him trouble. At the same time, we are perfectly ready to assist him.

[116] **RECENT PAINTERS NAMED "MOREAU."**—Moreau has been perhaps the commonest name among French artists—at least, among those of distinction. We know pretty well about the Moreaus of the past; but those at present living are so many that it is difficult to identify them. Could you give, as briefly as you please, the names and dates of the best-known, so that readers in the same uncertainty as myself may tell which is which?—W. L.

\* \* The chief living or recent artists of the name are four in number. The first is *M. Gustave Moreau*, officer of the Legion of Honour, just dead, and to whom reference was made in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for June. *M. Adrien Moreau* was born at Troyes in 1843, and became a pupil of Pils at the École des Beaux-Arts, and in 1868 began his career as a spirited

painter of romantic genre. His "Nero" (1869), "After the Ball" (1874), "A Kermesse in the Middle Ages" (1876), which won him a second-class medal, "Evening" (1884—now at the Carcassonne Museum) are all works of importance. Monsieur Moreau obtained a silver medal at the Universal Exhibition of 1889, and was appointed to the Legion of Honour. As an illustrator he had done some of his best work for "Le Roi s'Amuse," "Ruy Blas," "Candide," and "Les Beaux Messieurs de Bois-Doré." The painter known for distinction as *Moreau-de-Tours* was born at Ivry-sur-Seine in 1848, and became the pupil of Marquerie and Cabanel. His "Drapeau" (The Flag) is at the Elysée, his "Blanche de Castille" at the Mans Museum, his "Vive la France!" at the museum of Dinan, "La Tour d'Auvergne," at that of Quimper, his "Hypnotized," at that of Reims, and his "Death of Vaneau" at the École Polytechnique. He gained a second-class medal in 1879, and ten years later a silver medal at the Universal Exhibition. His best-known portrait is that of the President Carnot. Among his best works in illustration are, "Amy Robsart," "Marie Tudor," and "Carnot at Wattignies." To *M. Mathurin Moreau*, the distinguished sculptor, we need not refer at length, as in reply to another Querist we gave, in our last volume, full details of his career.

[117] **VOLPATO.**—Can you tell me anything about Gio. Volpato, an Italian engraver living at Venice in the last century? I have six old engravings lettered "Franc° Maggiotto cuv: Gio. Volpato sculp: apud Nic. Cavalli Venetas." Are they of any value?—CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH.

\* \* Volpato was probably the leading artist in his own line in Italy at a time when line-engraving had there touched its highest point and was beginning its decadence. He devoted himself in great measure to the reproduction of pictures of the great and minor masters; but admirable as was his method and vigorous his practice, he showed a liking for dexterity over that boldness of effect and grand sweep of line which had before him been the main aim of the great engravers. In fact he was at the commencement of the downward movement which in course of time descended (though some thought, rose) to the exquisite performances of Finden. At one time the work of Giorgio Volpato (or Volpatus, as he sometimes signed) commanded high prices; but about twenty years ago a great parcel of his works came into the market and affected the price. Whether these were really the "lost stock" they pretended to

be, or were only reprints from the re-discovered plates, I cannot say.—S.

## NOTE.

**WHO ORIGINALLY COMPOSED THE NEWLYN SCHOOL?** (see No. 109).—I append a list of Newlyn artists who worked there for several consecutive years *before* the place was known—that is to say, before it was flooded with painters, and before the speculative builder stepped in and erected glass studios and all manner of other buildings. After that, “swells” came down for a holiday and called themselves artists, took all the available lodgings, and almost crowded the workers out. The character of the place changed, and a good many men left. I think the list is thoroughly comprehensive, and I

do not think that I have omitted any names. I have need to put them as near as possible in the order in which they came by groups. Those who came after belong to a different period. It was Birmingham that first discovered Newlyn:—

E. Harris.  
Walter Langley.

R. Todd.  
L. Suthers.  
Fred Hall.  
Frank Bramley.  
T. C. Gotch.  
Percy Craft. Stanhope Forbes.

H. Detmold. Chevallier Tayler.  
Miss Armstrong (Mrs. Stanhope Forbes).  
F. Bourdillon.  
W. Fortescue.  
Norman Garstin.

You may accept this list as authentic. It is the first, so far as I am aware, that has been compiled.  
—ONE OF THE ORIGINAL NEWLYNITES.

## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—JULY.

**The National Portrait Gallery.** **T**HE most interesting recent addition to the national collection of portraits is undoubtedly the portrait of Mr. Gladstone, painted by Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A., in 1865, which the artist has generously presented. Another portrait of the deceased statesman is included in Sir JOHN GILBERT'S drawing of the Earl of Aberdeen's Cabinet, in which Mr. Gladstone held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. This drawing, together with an early proof of the engraving of the subject by WILLIAM WALKER—in which considerable alterations were made by the engraver—have been purchased by the Trustees. The following portraits have also been presented to the Gallery and accepted:—Sir John Bowring, F.R.S., painted in 1826 by JOHN KING, presented by LADY BOWRING; Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, K.G., and Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, K.G., two small companion portraits, attributed to JOHN HOSKINS, presented by Sir HENRY H. HOWARTH M.P., F.R.S.; Sir John Everett Millais, P.R.A., a pen-and-ink sketch by CHARLES KEENE, presented by Mr JOSEPH PENNELL; John, first Earl Russell, K.G., a full-length portrait by Sir FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A., presented by the DUKE OF BEDFORD; Montagu Bertie, second Earl of Lindsey, painter uncertain, presented by Sir COUTTS LINDSAY, a trustee of the Gallery. The following portraits have also been acquired by purchase:—Sir Henry Vane, the elder, possibly by CORNELIUS JANSSEN; Queen Catherine Howard, painted in the school of HOLBEIN; Thomas Landseer, A.R.A., the engraver, drawn in chalks by his brother, CHARLES LANDSEER, A.R.A.; Thomas Chubb (1679–1747), a noted writer on Deism and other theological questions, a curious portrait, painted by G. BEARE; Edward Law, first Baron Ellenborough, painted by SAMUEL DRUMMOND, A.R.A. In the cases of Mr. Gladstone and Sir John Millais the Trustees state that they have had no hesitation in suspending their usual rule as to the expiration of ten years from the date of decease

**South Kensington  
County Councils.**

IN distributing the prizes to the successful students at the Taunton School of Art Mr. J. FISHER, the head-master of the South Kensington Government School of Art, Bristol, made some caustic remarks concerning art teaching as fostered by the county councils. He referred to “the superficial teaching becoming so common under county councils,” and said “it should be avoided as a pestilence. Classes were formed and supported where subjects were taught without any preliminary training in art. Carving, leather-work, and other kindred subjects were being taught by teachers to whom the word art had no meaning, the result being the decadence of the standard of art in those subjects, and the origin of an incompetent army of amateurs, which continued to increase in numbers as the work decreased in value.” This is rather a sweeping denunciation of the technical education work of the county councils, and not, we think, justified in a general way. So far as we know, the aid given by the county council grants of scholarships to young craftsmen has been of great service; while in London the Technical Education Board of the County Council is doing far more to encourage the art-craftsman than is South Kensington. It is, indeed, an open question whether the method of art-teaching as enforced by the authorities there does much to encourage the artistic spirit of the nation. If the opinion of the majority of art-teachers could be taken we fear it would be largely against the whole system. Unfortunately, they have to follow the schedule to obtain the necessary governmental grant, an important factor in the income of schools of art.

**The Ruston  
Sale.**

THREE points will always be associated with this sale at Christie's on May 21st:—(1) That, with one exception, a picture by a living artist realised a record price in the auction-room; (2) that of the total realised (£43,007 3s. 6d.) over one-fifth was produced by two pictures by the same man; and (3) that



close on one-half of the total was produced by five pictures of which four were by modern artists, and upon the whole of which a profit of about 6,000 guineas was netted. In these respects the sale has perhaps no parallel. The four works by Sir EDWARD BURNE-JONES, and the three by ROSSETTI, unquestionably "made" the sale; they are all exceedingly well known, either through reproductions or exhibitions; whilst the most important of all—the



CHANT D'AMOUR.

(By Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart. By Permission of the late Joseph Ruston, Esq. Sold for 3,200 Guineas.)

Burne-Jones "Mirror of Venus," which brought 5,450 guineas—was fully described in THE MAGAZINE OF ART five years ago, from which description an extract is quoted in the auction catalogue; at the Leyland sale this picture fetched 3,400 guineas. The much earlier work by the same hand, the "Chant d'Amour," curiously enough, only advanced in value to the extent of 50 guineas upon the price paid for it at the William Graham sale in 1886, or 3,200 guineas as against 3,150 guineas; whilst the even yet earlier pair of drawings, dated 1870, "Night" and "Morning," receded from 1,350 guineas in 1892 to 1,000 guineas in 1898. The Rossettis show, by comparison, a much more noteworthy and even advance than those of his brother Pre-Raphaelite. "Veronica Veronese," "Dante at the Bier of Beatrice," and "La Ghirlandata"—the first from the Leyland sale, and the last two from that of the late William Graham—were each acquired for 1,000 guineas, and now brought 1,550 guineas, 3,000 guineas, and 3,000 guineas respectively—truly staggering advances. The "Dante" is one of Rossetti's most elaborate works, and it repeats on a somewhat smaller scale the picture in the possession of the Corporation of Liverpool, but the two subjects of the predella do not occur in the larger picture. Three pictures by G. F. WATTS, all acquired as recently as 1887 from the C. H. Rickards sale, excited a good deal of interest, and brought very appreciable advances on former prices; the largest, "The Eve of Peace," painted in 1863, advanced from 950 guineas to 1,350 guineas, whilst the two portraits—one of Lady Lilford and the other of the artist himself—sold for 450 guineas and 650 guineas; they were acquired at 395 guineas and 140 guineas respectively. The

GAINSBOROUGH portrait of Lady Clarges seated at a harp was knocked down for 1,850 guineas, or 150 guineas less than its value in the James Price sale three years before; and TURNER'S "The Falls of the Clyde," at 880 guineas, shows a considerable rise on the price paid for it in 1874, viz. 330 guineas. The foregoing were the more important of the works by modern men. Of the Old Masters, the beautiful REMBRANDT portrait of Nicholas Ruts completely overshadowed the others with its 5,000 guineas, or 300 guineas more than it cost at the Adrian Hope sale in 1894. The set of four pictures of saints by B. LUINI, in excellent condition and thoroughly genuine, attracted a considerable amount of attention; they were originally executed as decorations for an altar, and by order of the Torriani di Mendrisio family; they were in the collection of Count Passalacqua of Milan, and were at the New Gallery in 1893; each measured 24 × 13½ in.; sold separately, the four realised a total of 1,420 guineas. The Blenheim Palace Vandyck, "The Virgin and Child," which has been frequently engraved, produced 1,000 guineas, as against exactly half that amount in 1886. After the Rembrandt already mentioned, perhaps the most important of the few works by Dutch and Flemish portrait painters were two by a somewhat rare master, P. MOREELSE—Dirck Alewyn and his wife, both three-quarter lengths, and purchased direct from the Alewyn

family, Amsterdam, in 1885; this pair realised 1,340 guineas; but mention ought also to be made of an exceedingly clever portrait of a gentleman in large white ruff and black dress, by J. VAN RAVESTEIN, on panel, a perfect little picture, as good in its limited way as anything by this artist's master, Frans Hals; it only realised 125 guineas. Finally, the "Pietà" of ANDREA DEL SARTO may be mentioned: it is described by Dr. Waagen, and its heavy and successive falls are as follows:—Novar collection, 1878, 1,700 guineas; Dudley, 1892, 900 guineas; and Ruston, 1898, 600 guineas.

**Art on the Stage.** THE *Runaway Girl* at the Gaiety bids fair to out-distance all her predecessors, and, pictorially speaking, she already far outshines them.

Appropriately enough for her entourage, Mr. WILHELM sounds a gayer note of colour than is his wont; and though the peasantry of ever so idealised a Corsica or Venice scarcely supply the desirable contrast of style, yet his distinctive and interesting colour-scheme in each act redeems them from monotony. Mr. Wilhelm would probably disclaim the responsibility of the modern frocks in detail, though his influence is evidenced in their ensemble. Mr. HARKER has rather overcrowded his opening scene of the convent orchard, and the blossom is too much massed; but his picture of Ajaccio is treated with refreshing breadth, and the composition is excellent. For the scene in Venice Mr. RYAN might well have departed from a somewhat tamely-orthodox point of view that discounts many excellencies in the actual painting, and the highly-coloured sails of the shipping in the foreground are unfortunately placed. It must, however, be admitted that this picture conveys a grateful sense of atmosphere that

seems lacking in the earlier "sets." A recently-imported American "variety-show," *The Belle of New York*, has achieved success at the **Shaftesbury Theatre** to an extent that would almost justify certain newspaper criticisms in commending the stage-dressing and mounting to the imitation of London managers. It may be this advice is sarcastically intended, for the few attempts to harmonise the scenery and costumes have been palpably inspired by English example. As a matter of fact, the toilettes throughout are tawdry and slovenly, and (to paraphrase the poet) challenge attention by "apt abbreviation's artful aid" to a degree that forbids any speculation as to what a possible third act might have in store—since the final tableau of the second, alike in scenery grouping and dresses, is in very poor taste.

**Exhibitions.** AT the French Gallery there was opened in the middle of May an exhibition of pictures by British and foreign artists which deserved a considerable amount of serious attention. Many fine canvases were included, among them a subtle grey Dutch landscape, "After Rain," by JAMES MARIS, two exquisite pastorals by LHERMITTE, and an admirable river subject, "Bords de l'Oise," by DAUBIGNY, a dignified composition marked by notable technical qualities; and there were besides a cattle subject by VAN MARCKE, several landscapes by COROT, a study of a young girl's head by Lord LEIGHTON, a beach scene by JOSEPH ISRAELS, and a luxuriant "View at Overseel, Holland," full of variety of colour and elaboration of detail, by W. B. THOLEN.

An excellent collection of works by Dutch and English masters was lately gathered together at Messrs. Colnaghi's Gallery in Pall Mall East. The most important canvases were the celebrated group, "Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and Her Child," and "Lady Elizabeth Foster," both by REYNOLDS; ROMNEY's magnificent full-length portrait of "Charlotte Frances Bentinck, Lady Milnes;" HOGARTH's superbly-painted portrait of his sister; and a "Woody Landscape," by GEORGE MORLAND. An interesting rustic subject, "The Girl at the Spring," by WILLIAM OWEN, a Royal Academician who died in the earlier years of the present century, was also included in the exhibition. One of the best of the Dutch pictures was "An Interior," by PIETER DE HOOCH.

The pictures of Ceylon and Burma, which Mr. HAMPSON JONES has been exhibiting at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery, were noticeable on account of their qualities of colour and their capable expression of effects of light and shade. One of the best was the sunny study, "On Board the *Lancashire* in the Red Sea;" and, as a strongly-realised note of eastern sunlight, "The Shwe Dagon Pagoda, Rangoon," deserved to be singled out as thoroughly characteristic of the artist's point of view. His selection of subjects was judicious, and his manner of treating them was capable and intelligent.

The fourteenth exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries Association, at the Albert Hall, was one of the largest and most important of the series, and showed a definite increase not only in the number of the exhibits but in their quality as well. Many types of art-work from all parts of the country were brought together: wood-carvings from Canterbury, Chislehurst, and Ascott in Buckinghamshire; embossed leather-work from Porlock Weir; repoussé brass and copper from Christchurch in Hampshire and from Keswick; embroidery and needlework from Aldeburgh and from Plasen Hall and Sibton; and work in various classes from many other places in England, Ireland, and Scotland. Among the exhibitors were the Princess of

Wales, who showed an embossed leather settee, the Princess Victoria of Wales, and the Duchess of York.

A small but choice collection of works by eminent French artists has been on view at the St. George's Gallery. The principal pictures were "A Landscape with Cattle and Donkeys," by ROSA BONHEUR; "A Lake Scene with Figures," by COROT; two good coast scenes by ISABEY; a bright little "Poultry Yard," by CHARLES JACQUE; and a clever realistic work "Zouaves Camping," by M. GROLLERON.

Some very charming materials for household decoration and use are the feature of a summer exhibition by Messrs. HARRIS. Chief among them is a beautiful hanging with a semi-heraldic design worked out in terra-cotta appliqué on a ground of green linen. A chair-seat of the same material, with a conventional tulip design in terra-cotta, is very effective. A screen, with panels of polished flax, decorated with designs worked out in flax thread, is also noticeable. "The Rhine" portière is of good design and effective colouring; as well as "The Marseilles" cloth with its hand-made flax-lace border, on which the colours of the design are alternated in stars. Among the novelties are the "Willow-pattern" and the "Wedgwood" tray-cloths and cosies—the titles of which suggest the design and colouring—and the "Field Flower" tea-cloth, on which sprays of clover, daisies, and buttercups are skilfully worked in flax threads.

A pleasing little exhibition by the art students who have been and are still residents of Alexandra House, has been held in the large hall of that excellent institution. The honours easily rested with Miss IMOGEN COLLIER, who is an animal painter of exceeding promise. Her "Study of 11th Hussar" and two hunting scenes on Dartmoor, were very successful. Miss SOPHIE PEMBERTON, with "Daffodils"—a pleasing portrait study—and "A Native of Cork," proved that she has passed out of the student stage. Miss MERRIE BEVERLEY and Miss A. BAKER had some clever flower paintings. Miss L. WILLIAMS exhibited two busts, "Millicent"—in terra-cotta—and "The Waning Moon," of exceptional merit. We understand that it is intended to hold this exhibition biennially, the next to take place in 1900.

The thirty-third annual Spring Exhibition of the Birmingham Royal Society of Artists is about equal to the average of its more immediate predecessors. One of the special features of the show is a small loan collection of paintings by the President, Sir EDWARD POYNTER, including "The Catapult," lent by Sir Joseph W. Pease, M.P., which represents the artist at his best. Another special feature consists of a number of pictures and studies by a young Dutch artist, P. JOSELIN DE JONG, who has studied in Antwerp and Paris. He chooses his subjects among the toil-worn labourers, in the fields and in the factory. There is great robustness and vitality in his work. Five or six examples by M. JEAN G. ROSIER, a fellow-student of Mr. de Jong, have also important places given to them. There is also a collection of miniatures, contributed by members of the Society of Miniature Painters. Among the artists who are represented may be mentioned Sir WYKE BAYLISS, Messrs. EDWIN HAYES, A. CHEVALLIER TAYLER, S. MELTON FISHER, F. D. MILLET, and G. P. JACOMB-HOOD. Among the water-colours three drawings stand out pre-eminent, notably "An Old Chalk Pit," by J. AUMONIER. The two others are, "The Close of a September Day," by Mr. OLIVER BAKER, and "Gleaming Autumn," by Mr. E. GABRIEL MITCHELL, both members of the Society.

The fifth Summer Exhibition of the Hampstead Art



Society was of exceptional interest, from the fact that several of its leading honorary members contributed works. Among these were Sir EDWARD J. POYNTER P.R.A., who sent one of his classic figures—"White Roses;" Sir W. B. RICHMOND, R.A., who was represented by the beautiful "Maid of Athens." Mr. ALMA TADEMA, R.A., had a pencil drawing, "In Memoriam" (of Lord Leighton); Mr. FRANK DICKSEE, R.A., a charming little landscape, "A Sketch: North Devon;" Mr. E. A. WATERLOW, A.R.A., his well-known "Launching the Salmon Boat;" Mr. G. A. STOREY, A.R.A., one of his last year's Academy works, "A Fair Musician;" Mr. DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A., a powerful study of sky, "After the Storm: The Firs, Hampstead." Mr. ALFRED WITHERS's three landscapes, "In Whittinghame Woods," "The Lady's Glen," and "Sun and Breeze"—a group of trees on a wind-swept hill—were chief among the other landscapes in oil; while among the water-colours Mr. LUMONIER's "Old Shoreham Mill" easily claimed first attention. Mr. RAVEN HILL's "The Fish Shop" was a characteristically clever work, and Mr. WILLIAM MONK's "From an Old Garden" a charming little river-scene. Mr. ROBERT LITTLE's "Peonies and Rhododendrons," Mr. J. LOXHAM BROWNE's "On East Heath, Hampstead" (a moon-light scene), Mr. YEEND KING's "In Blackmore Vale," and Mr. SAVAGE COOPER's "Just Ready" were among the other works which called for notice.

**Reviews** THE question that inevitably arises in one's mind after the perusal of "*The Training of a Craftsman*," written by FRED MILLER, and illustrated by many workers in the "art-crafts" (J. S. Virtue and Co.), is—What purpose could the author have had to fulfil other than to make up a volume to sell? He has no definite message to deliver; nor, in so far as what he says is "of good report," anything but what has been said already times upon times in more systematic and grammatical fashion. For this reason it is unlikely that the expert will learn much from "*The Training of a Craftsman*," while the novice is only too likely to be left by it in a state of hopeless bewilderment. The best passages throughout the book are citations from other people. Thus the bulk of the chapter on Jewellery is substantially a reprint of two papers from *The Art Journal*. Reference, however, to the first article, as it appeared, shows that by omitting one illustration altogether and by transferring the original reference thereto to another figure, Mr. Miller falsifies a statement of the author's about carcanets. In some points, where the former speaks in his own name, his views are of more than doubtful value. For example, he insists over and over again on the necessity of constant and diligent study of nature as the fountain-head of artistic inspiration. Now, this is a counsel that has been reiterated so often by writers and lecturers as to have gained, as it were, the incontestable authority of the Decalogue. Nor is it, perhaps, a matter for surprise. Nature-cult has a certain air of plausibility, as though it were equivalent to a devout recognition of the Divine Author of the universe. But it is a fallacious piety, which, in proportion as it is indulged in, entails the neglect of man's highest faculty—the creative. And, after all, what is this deference to nature which Mr. Miller commends? As explained by the writer himself, it is, in effect, only the making of studies of the lowest forms of animate creation—to wit, the vegetable kingdom. Thus he says explicitly: "Nothing gives one so much facility as drawing plant form, both in designing and working, and my impression is that every craftsman would find it pay him to give a day a week to making studies for certainly half the year." On the contrary, every artist knows that complete facility is to be obtained in one way

only—viz. from drawing the noblest and most profoundly comprehensive of all forms—the human figure. Going on to detail his method of plant studies, Mr. Miller writes: "Particular attention should always be paid to the angle the leaf makes with the stem." Just fancy an artist regulating the expression of his genius by trivial considerations such as this! Fancy his not being at liberty to introduce, let us say, a rose-spray into his design until he has ascertained the precise number of mathematical degrees between the springing of the leaf and the branch! It is, indeed, conceivable that by following conventions of this sort a man may produce the geometrical flower-units of Obrist, or even be able to compete with the Japanese draughtsman; but the practice, nevertheless, were essentially baneful to the untrammelled development of any organic ornament.

A book of real educational value is "*The Classical Sculpture Gallery*" (H. Grevel and Co.), consisting as it does of nearly 150 excellent reproductions of fine or otherwise interesting examples of the plastic art which are to be found in the galleries and private collections of Europe. The selection has been made by the directors of the Pinakothek of Munich, Professor VON REBER and Dr. A. BAYERSDORFER, who have shown a beneficent catholicity in their choice. "Classical" is here meant to convey the idea of "accepted models," and not the exclusion of such as are not Greek or Roman. It is to be regretted, we think, that the examples appear to have been thrown together in the book without any plan whatever, so that an opportunity for instruction in style according to schools has been sacrificed. The classified index makes matters very little better. Nevertheless, the book is to be welcomed as it is. We are accustomed to lament that there is in this country a conspicuous inability or disinclination among the public to look at and appreciate form; yet we make little effort to enable that public to educate itself. Attractive books on sculpture are extremely few, especially such as put a well-chosen variety of works in such a way as to show at a glance the subject, authorship, school, period, and present home. These indications almost compensate for the absence of all text. Those who have followed the Inquiry into the South Kensington Museum, and learned the mystery of the Bastianini busts and how they imposed upon connoisseurs, will look with especial interest on the painted clay bust of Niccolò da Uzzana by Donatello, No. 84 in this book. (21s.)

"Ex Libris" literature is growing apace, and a comparatively new cult is bringing into existence handbooks which must almost convert the unbeliever. The volumes on book-plates published by Messrs. Bell have done much to attract the respectful attention of the general public to a subject which, up to recently, had been commonly scoffed at as a craze intrinsically little less trivial than stamp collecting. The late Sir A. Wollaston Franks did more than any man, perhaps, to dispel that idea and prove the collecting of the book-plate a meritorious pursuit for the cultivated. The latest book upon the subject is not for the general reader, nor is it intended for reading at all: it is essentially for the collector, and so admirable is it in all respects that the wonder is that the ex-libris amateur has ever got on without it. This is "*Artists and Engravers of British and American Book-Plates*" (Kegan Paul and Co.), by Mr. HENRY W. FINCHAM, one of the leading authorities on the subject. Some 1,500 book-plates are indexed under the artists' names alphabetically, and in perpendicular columns the signature, style, and actual or approximate dates. There is a cross-index of the names of book-plate owners, and of the artists, for



ready reference, and a considerable selection of lesser-known plates reproduced in various methods of process or engraving. We welcome Mr. Fincham's protest against the heraldic stationer having his name placed upon the plate in lieu of the artist's; it is owing to this dishonest practice that many book-plates are not indexed. We observe only two attributed to Mr. Charles Naish. The book, it may be said in conclusion, is an indispensable one for the collector

and if possible a list of the portraits which appear amongst them. So excellently has Mr. Binyon done his work, and so intelligently have his guiding rules been devised by Mr. Sidney Colvin, that it is not possible to find a fault or suggest an improvement. On the value of the work to artist and student it is hardly necessary to insist.

Sumptuously printed and bound, "*The Book of Glasgow*



JOAN OF ARC.

(From a Mural Painting by Hughes Stanton and Talbot Hughes. See p. 512.)

and for all who have concern in this revived art. (Illustrated. 21s. net. Limited edition.)

From the Trustees of the British Museum we have received the "*Catalogue of Drawings by British Artists and Artists of Foreign Origin Working in Great Britain. A—C.*" This volume, which is the work of Mr. BINYON, carries further towards completion the admirable policy of the authorities in Bloomsbury which before long will render a hundred times more accessible to the student and the general public the whole collection brought together in that incomparable treasure-house. Catalogues such as these are so to speak, keys to the Museums which issue them, and it is to the credit of even so nearly perfect an institution as the British Museum that a series of such thoroughly adequate catalogues should be prepared. The work before us, of which this first volume is but a section, is carried out on an excellent predetermined system. Entered under the names of the various artists, which are arranged in alphabetical order, every drawing is fully and completely described; and even in such cases as in that of George Cruikshank, of whose work many hundreds of examples, drawings and sketches, appear in the collection, such information is given as identifies them as far as possible with the completed works for which they were studies or sketches. When the issue of this work is complete it will contain classified indexes and cross references. It would be a great advantage if these indexes were to include lists of the collections (with cross references) which from time to

*Cathedral: A History and Description,*" edited by GEORGE EYRE TODD (Morison Brothers, Glasgow), is an exhaustive and interesting dissertation upon its subject. Starting with "The Beginnings of Glasgow," the volume traces the growth and development of this the "only cathedral on the mainland of Scotland which was not ruined at the Reformation." The traditions of St. Ninian and St. Kentigern are fully dealt with by the editor, and form chapters of great interest. ARCHBISHOP EYRE and the Rev. J. F. S. GORDON, D.D., deal with the historical part of the story; Mr. JOHN HONEYMAN, R.S.A., with the architectural; Mr. STEPHEN ADAM, F.S.A. (Scotland), with the stained-glass windows; the Rev. P. MADAM MUIR, D.D., with the monuments and inscriptions; and Mr. JAMES PATON, F.L.S., with "the cathedral and the municipality." The book is adequately illustrated with drawings by Messrs. DAVID SMALL, HERBERT RAILTON, J. A. DUNCAN, and numerous photographs of architectural details. The frontispiece is a view of the cathedral, after a photograph by Mr. JOHN MORISON, Junr.—a photogravure plate, by Messrs. Annan and Son, printed on vellum. The book is tastefully bound in brown linen, with an appropriate design by Mr. TALWYN MORRIS, and constitutes a volume worthy of the subject, that appeals not only to archaeologists and students of ecclesiastical history, but to the general reader. The edition is limited to one thousand copies. (42s. net.)

There are some delightful word-pictures to be found in "*Side-Lights of Nature, in Quill and Crayon,*" by Mr.



EDWARD TICKNER EDWARDES (Kegan Paul, Trübner and Co.). A close observer of Nature, Mr. Edwardes records his impressions of sky, woodland, and meadow, under various seasonal and meteorological aspects, in a manner at once picturesque and interesting. He has been well assisted by Mr. GEORGE C. HAITÉ, who, in a series of over twenty illustrations, has depicted some of the scenes he describes. Some of them, notably "Storm, Light, and Moonshine," "The Old Bridge," and "By Sleeping Waters," are in Mr. Haité's happiest vein; indeed, both author and artist have combined in producing a book which will charm all lovers of nature. (6s.)

Mr. H. GRANVILLE FELL has completed a series of drawings illustrating "*The Song of Solomon*," which have been published with the text of the poem by Chapman and Hall. This mystical song is well adapted to very realistic treatment; and it is the realism, rather than the mysticism, that has attracted the artist. The drawings are for the most part reproduced in collotype, and the process quite well fits the drawings by lending them a certain charm of uncertainty. A jarring element is the coarse treatment of the text; paper, type, initials, etc., are not of harmony with the collotype pictures. Surely, daintiness rather than its opposite should characterise a separate publication of the *Song of Songs*.

To the invaluable series of "Les Artistes Célèbres" the Librairie de l'Art has added M. HENRY DE CHENNEVIÈRES'S monograph on "*Les Tiepolos*." The inclusion of these distinguished decadents—the last of their calibre—of the Italian school has come at the right time, when a greater disposition is being shown to study their work, and a greater appreciation is evident among collectors. M. de Chennevières, who, by the way, is a keeper at the Louvre Museum, has dealt on the whole with great justice of the work of Giambattista and his two sons, Domenico and Lorenzo; but the reader should perhaps be warned against the overpraise which the author is tempted at times to award—a common result of the enthusiasm of the specialist. The book is profusely illustrated with sketches from the masters' works; but we cannot say that they are adequate in quality or that they bear out in any way the admiration expressed in the text.

Students of Greek and Roman art will find in "*Examples of Greek and Pompeian Decorative Work*" (Batsford) a most carefully executed series of drawings made to scale by Mr. JAMES CROMER WATT illustrative of these styles. The book is in folio, and is an admirable work of reference for the decorator. The drawings are well reproduced.

Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN the artist has once more introduced himself as Mr. Housman the poet in his charming little volume of devotional love poems entitled "*Spikenard*" (Grant Richards). This is not the place in which literary criticism of poetry will be expected; but at least we may hail the collection as the work of a very true and sensitive poet.

To the "Amateur Photographer Library" has been added "*Architectural Photography*," by G. A. T. MIDDLETON, A.R.I.B.A. (Hazell, Watson and Viney). The little book is full of valuable hints, and should be of use to the student of this branch of photography. (1s.)

**Miscellaneous.** The list of Birthday Honours includes the name of Mr. HENRY TATE, upon whom a baronetcy is conferred.

Sir EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A., is to receive the honorary decree of D.C.L. at the hands of the University of Oxford. It is significant that this distinction is to be conferred upon him as much by virtue of his directorate of the National Gallery as of his presidency of the Royal Academy.

We regret that, owing to a clerical error, the election of Mr. FRANK WALTON, R.I., to the Presidentship of the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours was referred to as that of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. The presidentship of the latter is still filled by Sir JAMES LINTON, and no question upon it will arise until the late autumn.

It is a pity that more opportunities are not afforded to present-day artists to attempt on a fairly large scale the work of mural decoration. That there are many men well fitted to undertake what is really the highest form of pictorial art is a fact that scarcely needs asserting, but the demand that would enable them to abandon picture painting for decorative composition can as yet hardly be said to exist. When, however, a chance does come to an artist of real capacity, he is not slow to take advantage of it and to turn it to good account. A good instance of artistic adaptability has been afforded by Mr. HUGHES STANTON and Mr. TALBOT HUGHES, who have recently produced a series of wall pictures for the decoration of a dining-room of a house near Guildford. Hitherto neither artist has attempted anything on so large a scale, yet in this series their collaboration has resulted in very real success. The motive chosen for the pictures was the history of Joan of Arc; and the story has been told with great appropriateness and with complete dramatic effect. Technically the work throughout is of high merit, strongly designed, freely handled, and in its scheme of tender colour entirely fascinating. The picture reproduced is the central panel, and the largest of the series.

**Obituary.** MADAME MEISSONIER, the widow of the great French artist, has recently died at Poissy at the age of fifty-eight. Under her will the pictures by her husband that remained in her possession pass to the Louvre. There are more than a dozen finished works, as well as a large number of studies, sketches, and water-colour drawings.

M. AUGUSTE THOMAS MARIE BLANCHARD, engraver, has just died at the age of ninety-nine. He was born in Paris, and became a pupil of his father at the *École des Beaux-Arts*. He engraved the works of many well-known artists, among them Ary Scheffer, Edward Dubufe, Meissonier, John Phillip, Messrs. Frith, Holman Hunt, and Alma Tadema. He gained several medals at the Salons, and was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1861.

We have also to record the deaths of M. JULES RUINART DE BRIMONT, historical painter, at the age of sixty; M. MAURICE HEYMAN, miniaturist; M. ADOLPHE APPIAN, a pupil of Daubigny, at the age of seventy-nine; and M. HENRI LEVOLLE, who was known for his decoration of the Opera-House, St. Petersburg.



SIR HENRY TATE, BART.  
(From a Photograph by Medrington,  
Liverpool.)

## In Memoriam:

SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, BART. (Born Aug. 28, 1833 ; Died June 17, 1898.)

### A TRIBUTE FROM FRANCE.

BY ROBERT DE LA SIZERANNE.

I KNEW Burne-Jones but slightly, and for that very reason I may venture to write about him for his fellow-countrymen ; for if I had been intimate with his life, his home, the details of his daily existence, I should be tempted to write his biography, and the lovers of art in England are fully informed as to the biography of Burne-Jones, or if a new one were needed, an Englishman would write it better than I.

But I fancy myself placed in a better position than an Englishman for forming a general estimate of the artist, since the memories we preserve of a friend or a neighbour are complicated by details which have little to do with his career as a painter. To tell how Burne-Jones lived and ate, travelled, received his friends, or dined with them ; to record his home life, his political opinions, and the hours he kept,

would form, no doubt, an interesting study of the man, overloaded with many minor facts, common to many men who, though sharing his tastes and his political opinions, could not paint the "Chant d'Amour" or "King Cophetua." I know nothing of what Burne-Jones may have had in common with other men. I never saw him even walk in the streets mingling with thousands of his fellow-creatures. I cannot conceive of him as scrambling up an omnibus or riding a bicycle.

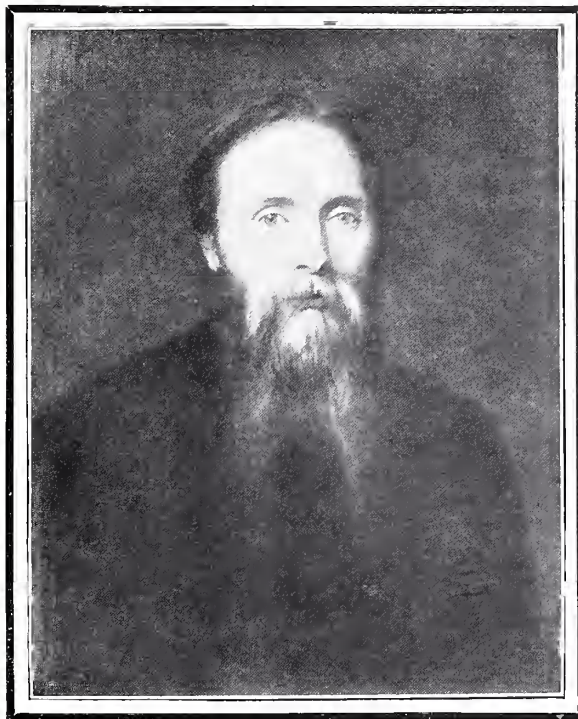
My memory always brings him before me as I saw him one midsummer afternoon in his house, The Grange, saying things which no one but he could have said, surrounded by works which no one but he could have created. The very action of his hands—

his sole purpose being to point out some feature of his pictures—seemed, as he walked, to raise up figures on the walls, and hours slipped by without anything in word or gesture suggesting to my mind that this was but a man like other men. And when, standing on his threshold, he bid me good-bye, saying, "I hope you will come again to London, and that I may see you," I promised myself that I would not run the risk of weakening this impression by repeating it ; I replied in vague phrases, but I firmly resolved to go there no more.

It was in 1878 that attention was first drawn in France to this singular painter, who seemed to dwell so far away from our art and our life. His "Merlin and Vivien," sent to the Universal Exhibition, was an attraction to the critics, but not to the public. Not till ten years later, in 1889, did a certain number

of lovers of art stand amazed in front of "King Cophetua," exhibited, if I mistake not, between two pictures by Watts. It was a revelation. The subject was unfamiliar to French people, the painter unknown to them, the treatment new.

And yet we gazed with secret sympathy at this enigmatical picture. As we came out of the Gallery of Machinery, in which the rumble of wheels fatigued our ears, and the writhing of endless bands wearied our eyes, we found ourselves in the silent and beautiful English Art Section, and we felt as though everywhere else in the exhibition we had seen nothing but matter, and here we had come on the exhibition of the soul. The great idealist writer who delighted with his original views all the



THE LATE SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, BART.

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





STUDY FOR "THE CAR OF LOVE."

younger men of this generation—the Vicomte E. Melchior de Vogüé—wrote the very next day a splendid passage on the subject, in his “Remarks on

weakness for its innocence’ sake. It was a dream—but a noble dream—and every young man who passed that way, even though resolved never to sacrifice strength to right, or riches to beauty, was glad, nevertheless, that an artist should have depicted the Apotheosis of Poverty. It was the revenge of art on life. And they could not but wonder, “Who is this man who dares even now to paint the ideal of poverty when we all aim at the reality of comfort? Who is the artist whose anachronism inculcates repose in the midst of railways, and that in a style worthy of Mantegna in the midst of styles *à la* Carolus Duran? Who is the thinker so scornful of prejudice, so indifferent to all that is not inspired from on High, who might take for his motto—somewhat altering the sense—the words inscribed on a sun-dial:—

*‘Ne lumen, eos umbra regit’?*”

The upshot of these reflections was that a great many young Frenchmen determined on an extraordinary, and to us a somewhat alarming, step: on crossing the Channel—and lo! they discovered England.

The time was well chosen, for it was in 1890 that the four large pictures called the “Briar Rose” were exhibited in Agnew’s Gallery. I shall never forget the deep impression made on me, not only by the work itself, but by the attitude of the public who crowded to see it. We are accustomed now in France



STUDY FOR “NIMUE.”

the Centennial Exhibition,” declaring that here “the spot had been created in which to read Dante’s “Vita Nuova” amid serene beings murmuring unspoken things.”

Again, standing in front of “King Cophetua,” it seemed as though we had come forth from the universal Exhibition of Wealth to see the symbolical expression of the Scorn of Wealth. All round this room were others, where emblems and signs of strength and luxury were collected from all the nations of the world—pyramids, silvered or gilt, represented the amount of precious metal dug year by year out of the earth; palaces and booths contained the most sumptuous products of the remotest isles—and here behold a king laying his crown at the feet of a beggar-maid for her beauty’s sake! There might be seen the most highly wrought instruments of war; cannons, models of armoured ships, and torpedoes; and here was a knight duly clad in iron, bowing in his strength before



CARTOON FOR WINDOW OF UNION CHURCH AT ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.



to see people of fashion prepare themselves, by reading, for a visit to a picture-gallery, and sit for an hour or two in front of certain works, studying them, or allowing them gradually to diffuse the subtle atmosphere of their influence, waiting, as it were, till the picture has delivered its message, and then carefully carrying away the new revelation it has vouchsafed. But at the date of which I



STUDY OF A HEAD.

am writing this was a new sight to a Frenchman. Our public was incapable of such an effort. I was perfectly amazed when I found in the long narrow gallery where this series of the "Sleeping Beauty" was exhibited, a crowd of well-dressed women sitting in silence, a tiny pamphlet in their hands, and so immovable that it would have been easy to fancy that they had all been pricked by the fatal fairy spindle, and were all sleeping beauties themselves. Now and then, and at once hushed, there was a soft rustle of a dress, a noise as faint as the fall of a dry leaf in a wood—in the Briarwood itself, through which the Fairy Princee was coming. The whole scene transported me to a thousand miles from London, to a thousand years from the age of Mr. Gladstone. The association of ideas and images made memories ring in my ears of the great solo sung by Lohengrin:—

"In fernem Land, unnahbar Euren Schritten,  
Liegt eine Burg."

That *Burg* is visible in the distance, in the

picture of the Briarwood. Five knights, of many lands—Gothic, Moorish, Saracenic—lie imprisoned in the tangle of rose-briar, their spirits imprisoned in sleep; their helmets have fallen on the ground, with their swords and bows unstrung. The branches, growing for a hundred years, have uplifted the shields which lie among the verdure like boats on the green waves; the finches have built their nests in them. Princee Charming is attacked only by a pelting of roses. The flowers are mirrored in his armour as in a black pool.

He pauses. What was it he heard? The Jay of Pécopin and Rouldour advising him to hasten and join his love instead of wasting his life in hunting; or, perhaps, Sigurd's eagle bidding him fly to rend Brynhild's breastplate. He knows no fear. He pushes on without dismay. His only merit is resolve, for, as he gets further into the wood, the saplings, the thorns, the briars, all make way for him to pass. And why? Simply because this is the propitious hour, the day appointed by the Fairies for the awakening of the princess.

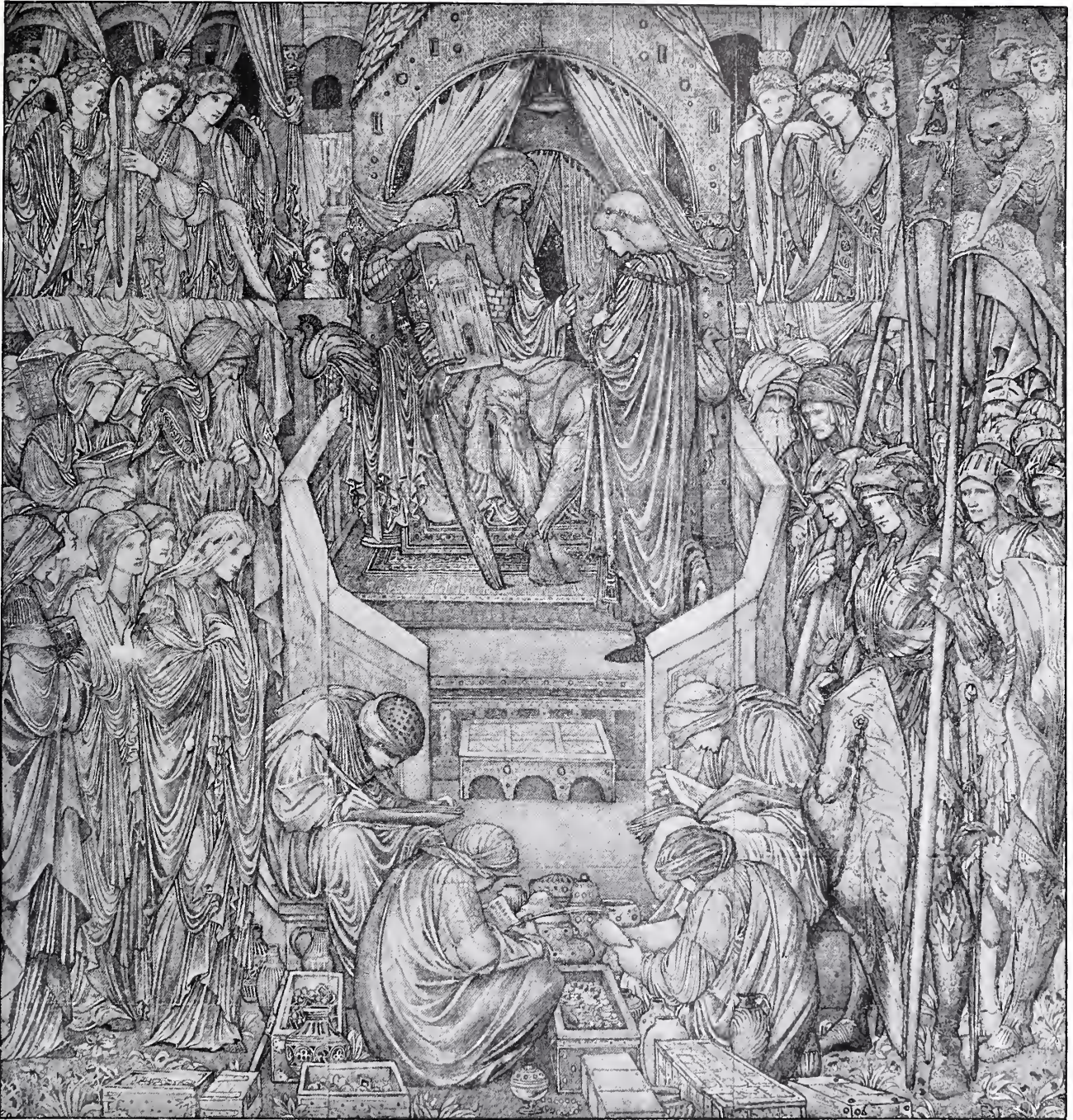
And what is the moral of the legend? Alas, a sad one to many a noble heart: That the most righteous cause, the truest ideas, the most necessary reforms, cannot rise triumphant, however bravely we may fight for them, before the time fixed by the mysterious decree of the Higher Powers. In vain do we try to spur the advance of the nations and force the hand of Providence. The strongest and the wisest fail. They exhaust themselves with battling

against the ignorance and meanness of their generation, which hem them in and hamper them like the branches of the briar-rose; and at last they fall asleep in the thorny thicket, like the five knights, who were as valiant as their successor, but who came before the time. If under the shade that shrouds them we could but examine their features, we might recognise them as the apostles and leaders of all ages and lands, who have sunk under the despair of being too eager to anticipate the plans of God, and so were misunderstood, isolated, and conquered.

After this picture came one representing the Council - Room, where the king sits sleeping with his counsellors—the treasurer, the leech, the lawgiver, the ambassador, the general, all in the attitudes in which sleep came upon them, a softened picture of death, which seals the soul in the attitude it believed itself to have assumed but for a moment. In an instant these reverend sleepers will awake in a world a century older than when they closed their eyes on it. What changes will they



find? The treasurer's gold pieces will no longer be current coin; if he tries to use them he will be man remains so exactly the same; and all of them, if they look into the truth rather than the semblance



DAVID GIVING INSTRUCTIONS TO SOLOMON FOR THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE.

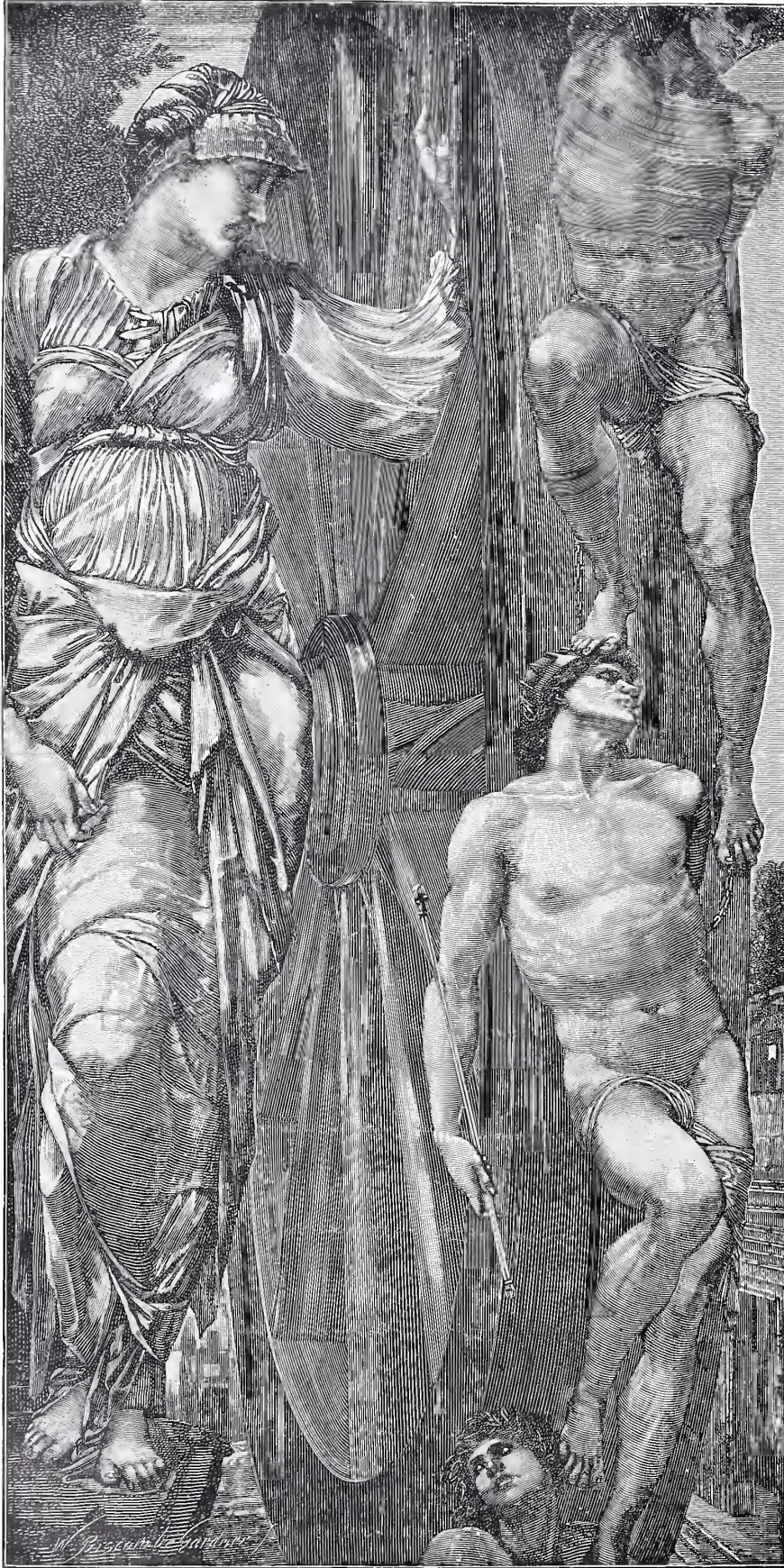
*From a Photograph by Hollyer.*

accused of having unearthed a treasure, like the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. The physician will find his remedies of no effect; the lawgiver's eode will be effete; the soldier and the student will see that new tactics and new theories have taken the place of theirs. The philosopher alone, if there be one, will wonder to find that the soul of

of things, will confess that nothing is really different but the fashion of their collars.

Next we saw the Garden Court, and all the weary maids sleeping by the side of the implements of their toil, while the sundial steadily marks the hours, of which none take account; and it was interesting to note how Burne-Jones, in dealing with the same





THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

(By Permission of Arthur J. Balfour, Esq., M.P. Engraved by W. Biscoe-Gardner.)

subject as Courbet in his "Sleeping Spinner," had idealised the same type of sleep.

Finally we saw the Rose Bower. There burns the useless lamp; the bell is silent; the lute strings have cracked. There stands the mirror, no smile reflected on its cold and colourless surface, and the background is of gorgeous tapestries—a red ground on which chimerical blue peacocks open their eyed tails—and everywhere, all pervading, is the briar rose. It wreathes the diadem lying on the ground, and overgrows the jewel-casket—Nature herself placing a gift in the bridal chamber. The flowers kiss the Sleeping Beauty's feet, and frame her face in a garland without a thorn. The coverlet is hung with little silver bells that make no sound, and embroidered with doves flying across a purple sky. In a medallion in the work is the image of a running horse, the emblem of the rescuing knight who is coming near.

On her lips we see a smile; they are parting to speak: "Is it thou, my prince? Long have I waited for thee!"

But the prince rushes in, and with him come the dawn, and awakening, and love, and old age. Alack, yes! old age; for all has been growing old since the day when she fell asleep. "The prince," says Perrault, "did not tell her that she was dressed like a grandmother." But everything is of the past, even the tunes to be played on the fiddles and hautbois. The princess will be out of fashion. As soon as she appears she will be decried as an anachronism.

Is not this in some degree the history of the painter who has depicted these things?



Burne-Jones seems to have been born in the fifteenth century. All these years he has slept in the depths of some enchanted palace, preserving through his slumbers all the exquisite and primitive refinement of the Tuscan painters. His repose there sheltered him from the changes of fashion which are the wrinkles of age to art, as revolutions leave wrinkles on Society and years leave them on the faces of princesses who do not sleep. He was sleeping when Poussin painted his Romans, when David resuscitated the Old World, when Reynolds delivered his discourses. And then he awoke in the midst of a world older by three centuries than himself. That is the secret of his originality, his bewitching charm.

It is the secret, too, of his sadness. "It is a matter of just complaint," so he wrote to me in 1890, "that I seem to my contemporaries to stand outside of their aspirations and desires so perpetually—seem to more than I really do—but the fault is of long date now, and I am inveterate in my ways." And it was not a fault, it was a force.

It was with dreams in my head of all these things that one summer's day of sunshine and shower I made my way to the secluded and quiet home at The Grange. The master expected me; we at once fell to talking, and it might have been thought that we were but continuing a conversation begun years before, for no phrase of commonplace preceded the reflections we at once exchanged on the legend of King Arthur. Burne-Jones spoke in language full of subtlety and erudition as to the connection between the Breton legends of England and of France. He wore a loose coat, no collar, a handkerchief about his neck. His countenance, delightfully gentle, humorous and calm, had none of the look of doom I had observed in the portraits I had seen. His gestures were few, simple, and elegant. I can still hear his melodious speaking tones.

We spoke of the subjects of his pictures, and I asked him where he found them.

"I do not find them," said he; "I make them—or, at least, I entirely re-make them from vague impressions left by poems which I have forgotten."

This was the origin of "King Cophetua."

Then we talked of portrait painting, and of a portrait he had promised to make of a French lady. "She must not expect a likeness," said he. "I do not seek for likeness."



SIBYLLA DELPHICA.

(Engraved by Babbage.)



We walked across the garden to his large studio to look at the "Watching of Arthur," but just sketched in. It was raining. The painter put on a cap and a curious short cloak to keep him dry, but I had not the shock of seeing him put up an umbrella. On our return we paused in front of "The Tree of Life," in the hall near the stairs, and he explained its symbolism.

Hours had slipped away; it was late. We had spent almost all the time in lamenting the Death of King Arthur.

Since then we have seen several of his works in Paris: "The Depths of the Sea," the second painting of "Love Among the Ruins," and the portrait of Miss Amy Gaskell. He made up his mind to let his works be a little more seen among us, though he well knew that some of his characteristics would not be acceptable to the Latin taste. "I should like to win the esteem of French artists," he wrote to me with touching modesty, "but for some of my failings I suppose they would never forgive me."

In this he was mistaken. His pictures, seen one at a time in the midst of the loud blatancy of modern French work, did not, it is true, produce so deep an impression as if they could have been collected in a special exhibition. But we did him justice. While holding fast to our Latin ideal, we recognise that

Burne-Jones had in the very highest degree the sense of line. The picture, for instance, of a lady playing an organ and a youthful knight, sets on a high eminence the artist who

"Out of twofold silence wrought  
a 'Chant d'Amour.'"

We already find reproductions of Burne-Jones's pictures in the possession of most Paris amateurs and writers. Even if all his works were forgotten, the "Chant d'Amour" would remain a joy to the eyes and a rest to the busy brain. Burne-Jones lends wings to our dreams.

As regards all questions of technique, I have expressed my views so fully elsewhere that I need not repeat myself here. The great characteristic of Burne-Jones's figures to me, is that their structure is a survival of the Renaissance, their attitudes Pre-Raphaelite; their bodies are healthy, powerful, almost athletic, but their movement is languid, hesitating, weary, eestatic. French symbolical painters are not akin to him because, as a rule, they paint pale, emaciated, angular creatures, more or less borrowed from the primitive schools. He never sacrificed beauty of form to achieve expression. And for this reason, in spite of the lapse of years, he will always be a great master, not merely in the eyes of those



THE BATH OF VENUS.

(In the Collection of William Connal, Esq., Junr.)

who value psychology in art, but also to those who adore pure beauty.

## A TRIBUTE FROM BELGIUM.

BY FERNAND KHNOFF.

THE scene was Paris, in 1889, at the height of the hurly-burly of that enormous World's Fair—an interminable international fair—the Universal Exhibition. Even on its outermost fringe the most unexpected buildings mingled mediæval styles, elaborate or ominous, with the fragile and gaudy elegance of Oriental workmanship. The effect was violently extravagant, with no attempt at transitions;

the picturesque was insisted on, dragged in at any sacrifice by this melodramatic archæology and exotic medley.

After following the crowd under the tall arches of the Eiffel Tower, and along the wide lawns and ample basins of the Champ de Mars, if you went at length into the Palais des Beaux-Arts, by degrees peace seemed to grow around you. The





THE DAYS OF CREATION: "THE FIRST DAY" AND "THE SIXTH DAY."

*(In the Collection of Alexander Henderson, Esq.,)*



public stood in crowds, indeed, before military or *genre* pictures: it was attracted by the cheap fascinations of an amusing subject or a pretty story; but it was very evidently thinner; the number of chance visitors grew less and less. As you went on from room to room a reverent hush was felt, till at last, in the central hall of the English section—which contained, among other works, those

polished metal reflects the beggar-maid's exquisite feet, adorable feet—their ivory whiteness enhanced by contrast with the scarlet anemones that lie here and there. Two chorister-boys perched above are singing softly, and in the distance, between the hanging curtains, is seen a dream, so to speak, of an autumn landscape, its tender sky already dusk, expressing all sweet regret, all hope in vain for the

things that are no more, the things that can never be. In this exquisite setting the two figures remain motionless, isolated in their absorbed reverie, wrapped in the interior life.

How perfectly delightful were the hours spent in long contemplation of this work of intense beauty! One by one the tender and precious memories were revived, the recondite emotions of past art and life, making one more and more in love with their superb realisation in this marvellous picture. The spectator was enraptured by this



THE HEART OF THE ROSE.

(in the Collection of William Connal, Esq., Junr.)

of Lord Leighton, of Millais, of Alma-Tadema, and Orchardson, and on one side the strong crimsons of Watts's "Mammon," and the cruelly far-away blue of his "Hope"—there appeared, like a queen, supreme and glorious, the lovely picture by Burne-Jones, "King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid," in the place of honour, the centre of a panel, with its beautiful frame of pale gold pilasters ornamented with scrolls.

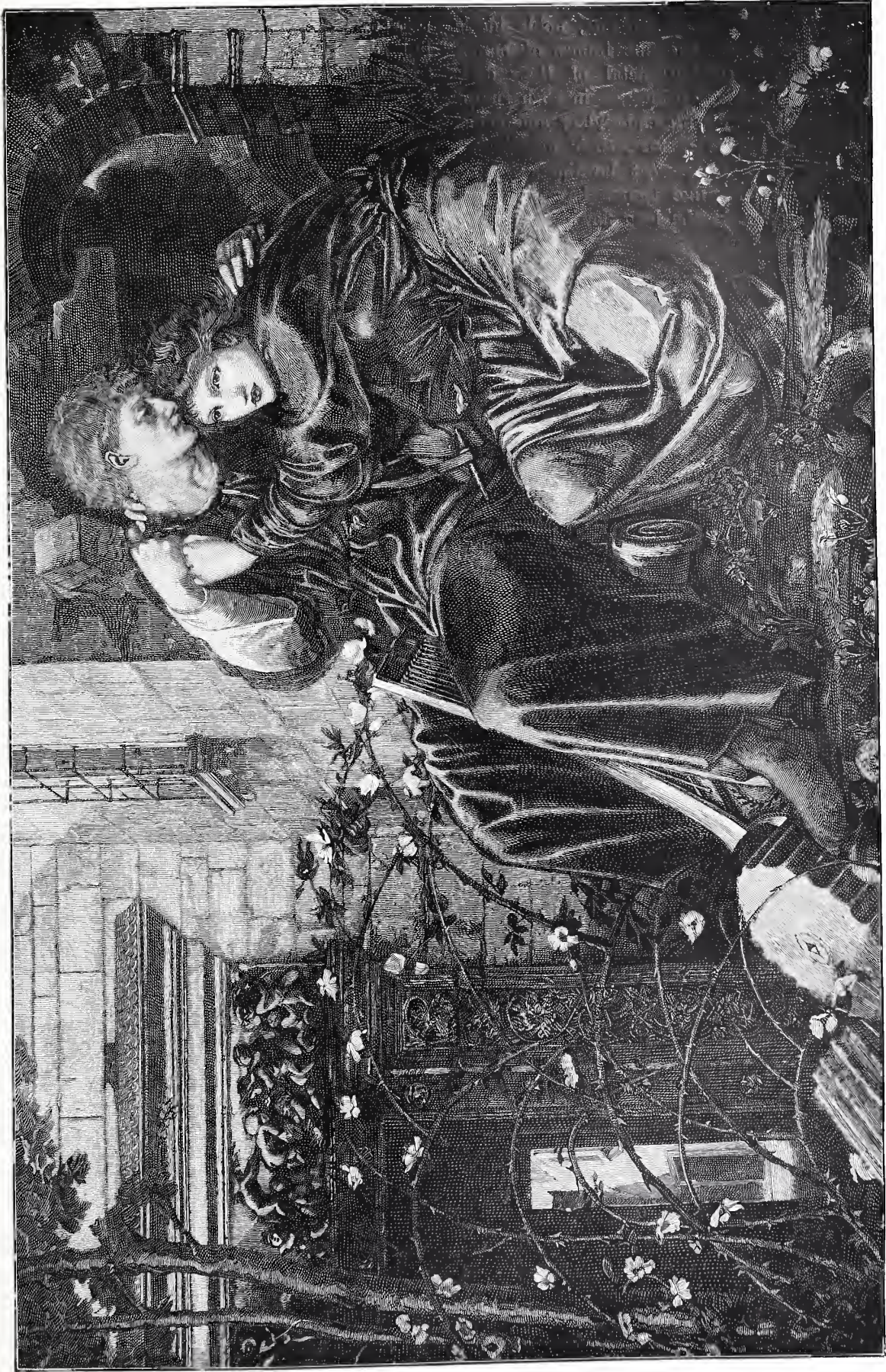
Before the pallid beggar-maid, still shivering in her little grey gown, sits the king clad in brilliant black armour, who, having surrendered to her his throne of might, has taken a lower place on the steps of the dais. He holds on his knees the finely modelled crown of dark metal lighted up with the scarlet of rubies and coral, and his face, in clear-cut profile, is raised in silent contemplation. The scene is incredibly sumptuous: costly stuffs glisten and gleam, luxurious pillows of purple brocade shine in front of the chased gold panelling, and the

living atmosphere of dream-love and of spiritualised fire, carried away to a happy intoxication of soul, a dizziness that clutched the spirit and bore it high up, far, far away, too far to be any longer conscious of the brutal presence of the crowd, the mob of sightseers amid whom the body fought its way out again through the doors. This artist's dream, deliciously bewildering, had become the real; and at this moment it was the elbowing and struggling reality that seemed a dream, or rather a nightmare.

Truly we cannot help loving with all our heart and mind the great and generous artists who can give us such an illusion of happiness, who can light up the future with such a radiance of bliss, whose spirit is powerful enough to bear up their souls to the threshold of the Absolute, whence they send us messengers of hope and angels of peace.

For are not these angels, indeed, envoys from the farthest beyond, the exquisite beings who appear in





LOVE AMONG THE RUINS.  
*(From the destroyed Picture.)*



this master's work?—these knights, noble ideals of valiancy and virtue, the fine frames of heroes hidden under the shining metal of their dark armour; these legendary princesses in such sumptuous garments heavy with embroidery and gems, dignified or languid in gesture, their magnificent hair framing faces of perfect loveliness; these women whose goddess-like figures have a subtle fascination of grace in the long flowing lines and

the brink of his visions; their echo is enough to link the world to the beings he evokes." And again: "He is an Italian of the fifteenth century, with the same fervent worship of beauty, and, above all, with the same high purpose of seeing through the transient life of the real, and rendering nothing but the imperishable presence of the soul; with the same bent towards the art of expressing under the perfection of form that delights us as so divine in

the early masters of the Renaissance, in the masters who lived before the development of the sentiment compounded of indolence, infidelity, sensuality, and frivolous pride which, according to John Ruskin, characterised the followers of Raphael—in such men as Masaccio, Fra Filippo Lippi, Benozzo Gozzoli, Pollaiuolo, Botticelli, Luca Signorelli, and Mantegna. He has striven to form his soul and eye to the same standard, the same strong sensibility, as theirs; he has tried to feel and see as they did,



IDLENESS AND THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

(In the Collection of William Connal, Esq., Junr.)

the pale flesh, ivory and gold; above all, these maidens, in purest robes, so finely pleated, virgin forms of delicate and pensive gesture, with light, soft hair, pure and gracious and sweet of aspect, the exquisite curve of innocence on their lips, and deep loving-kindness in their limpid gaze.

And the "light that never was on sea or shore" irradiates the beautiful scenery—a light that seems to be wholly composed of subtle reflections harmonised to exquisite twilight; it shines on these legendary palaces—vast deserted courtyards, elaborate stairways, mysterious nooks; on those broad landscapes framed in walls of rock or distant hills; on those bosky woods, those shores of spreading, slowly-creeping rivers, or of pools starred with myriads of tiny flowers; on those ruins, austere and silent.

As M. G. Mourey well says in "*Au-delà du Détroit*": "The sounds of life sink and die on

with ardent sincerity and the intense loftiness of heart and sense that the quattro-centisti brought to the accomplishment of their art. As to their mere formula, only those who are imperfectly acquainted with his work will accuse him of servile imitation, of sacrificing to them the free expansion of his individuality and temperament.

"Of all the men who rallied round Dante Rossetti it must be confessed that the painter of 'The Six Days of Creation,' of 'The Mirror of Venus,' of 'The Golden Stairs,' has produced the noblest and completest work. We may prefer the true-refined sentiment, the Dantesque imaginings of Rossetti; but how can we deny the superiority of Burne-Jones as a draughtsman and a painter? In addition to his intensity of insight, exceptional in the history of art, he has the gift of creating forms, giving life and expression, and vitalising symbolism. Is not this the endowment of the greatest?"



"Yes, a fifteenth-century Italian; but with the added inheritance of suffering and moral distressfulness which falls to the sad lot of the men of the nineteenth century—haunted by the same ideal as pursues us all, and the craving even to bleed in the clutch of a Chimæra, if only so we may escape through dreams from the horrors of reality."

"'Dreams are but lies,' says an old maxim; but when our last hour is at hand, and but a few brief minutes are left to what was 'I,' pale lights before the eyes that are fast growing dim, who can tell by what mark to distinguish you, O memories of the actual life, from you, O mirages of the dream-life?"

These words of M. Paul Bourget might well

the man whom those who loved him were so glad and proud to call on in his home in West Kensington, where they always found a cordial welcome.

Those visits to The Grange are indeed a precious memory: the reception in the hall, where, at the very entrance, smiled the lovely portrait of the painter's daughter—a portrait of which one could never sufficiently admire the simple grace and fine colouring; the freedom and gaiety of the meal; the talk in the drawing-room; and then, after crossing the garden over the green lawn, there was the door into the big studio. On the wall, framed under glass, hung the panels illustrating the Story of Perseus; at



THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

(From a Photograph by Hollyer.)

serve as an epigraph to the lovely picture of "The Golden Stairs." Like the array of our most tender and precious memories in the progress of life, these ideal beings of youth and beauty are coming down, down, the inevitable steps. At first heedless and smiling; then one of them, already anxious, stops with her finger the possible sound of her long and dainty silver trumpet; the others bow their heads, or hold them high, and their soft motions stir the myriad pleats of rippling crape. Down they come; as they descend the winding stair the suppressed passion of it all finds utterance in the plaint of a violin. Behind, the metallic gleam of light cymbals introduces the saddened hues of dim gold and fading purple like the glow of an autumn sunset. They turn away to depart, but before going off into the great hall, through the solemn colonnade, the last of the maidens stops, and turning her head once more, sheds a smile of farewell.

The works remain—the man is no more—

the end "The Triumph of Love," a magnificent youth enthroned, amid a hurricane of drapery, on a chariot with heavy grinding wheels. Studies and sketches on every side; a number of legendary subjects, derived from the "Romaunt of the Rose," "Venus Concordia," "Venus Discordia," the "Masque of Cupid," the procession of Love's Victims, seen by Britomart, as represented in tapestries in the castle of Busirane. And in the house-studios, delightful designs for tapestry, exquisite drawings, and a small picture of perfect execution—"The Magic Mirror."

And then, in a studio not far away, there was another work on a large scale approaching its termination, "The Morte d'Arthur." There lies the king, asleep under the trees of Avalon, between the hills and the sea; no breath stirs the myriad leaves nor bends the heraldic fleurs-de-lys; the queens are watching in silence, the watchman does not stir; the whole scene is full of peaceful waiting.

And now the light in the East has risen for the Artist himself; for him the hour has come.



But he did not leave us till he had produced a vast amount of work, all stamped with the seal of brilliant individuality—not till the world had given him not merely the most universal celebrity, but even, alas! had granted him popularity.

And yet the master's earlier works were scouted

word, a standard hailed with the enthusiasm of younger men in the new effort for idealism, the most vigorous artistic movement of later days.

I am proud to have been chosen to write for these pages these few lines of intense and reverent admiration and of deep gratitude for the great



MOSAIC DECORATION IN THE APSE OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH AT ROME.

as ridiculous; then by degrees, as always happens, some of the choicer spirits, whose distinguished worth might make up for their small number, gathered round him. In due time the public followed suit, though showing, of course, as is ever the ease, more goodwill than understanding. And finally he had the proclaimed glory of the head of a school. The name of Burne-Jones became a watch-

artist who was led by his high ideal to produce such noble and beautiful work—work which will always be a supreme joy to those who are able to liberate their sensations and ideas from the hampering weight of material hindrances and bonds, and to uplift them to those higher spheres where a subtle intelligence can find and purify the very essence of those sensations and ideas.

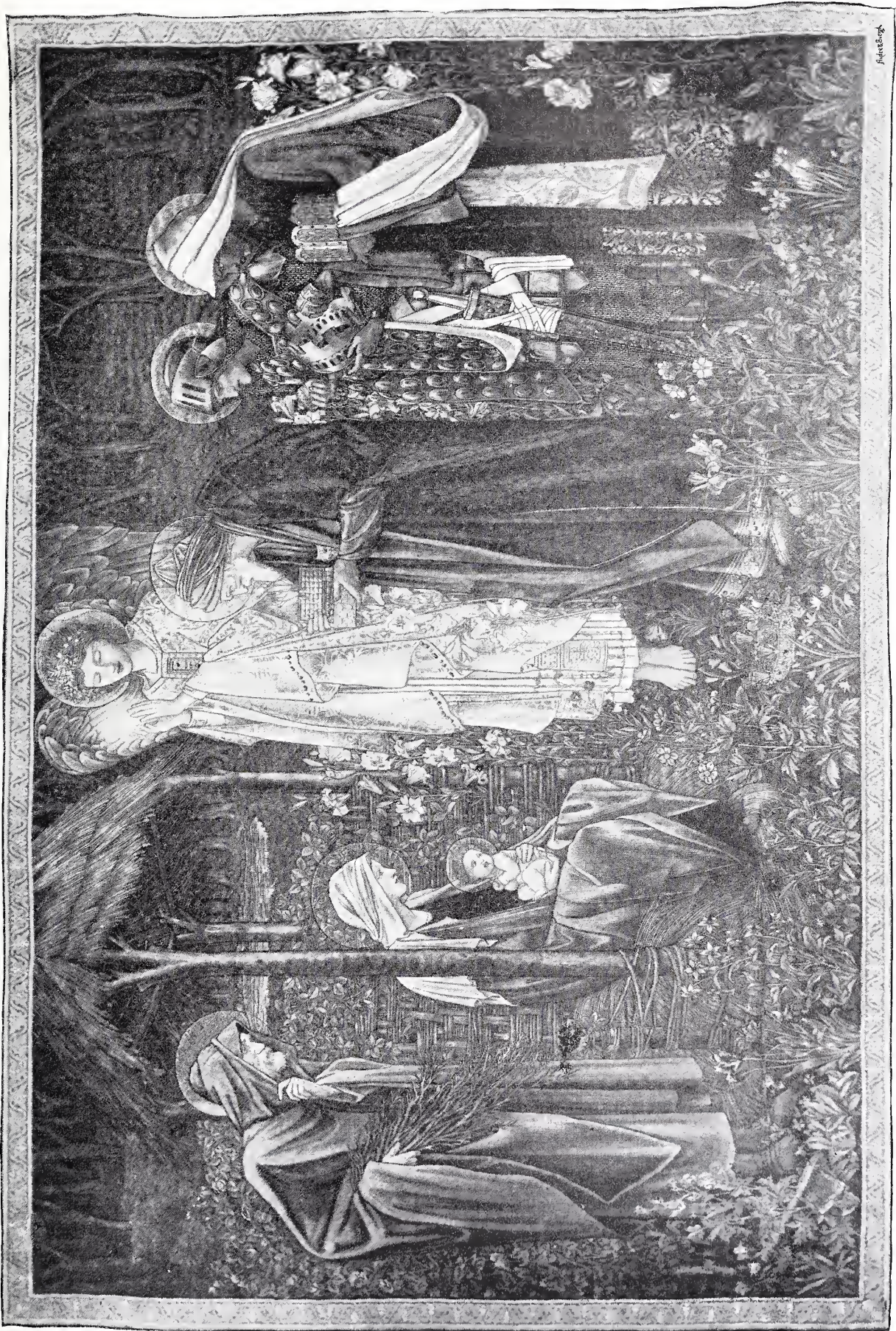
### III.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN

THOSE who saw in Burne-Jones only the dreamer of dreams—the man whose penetrating grace set before us a whole world of romance, of fairy tale, folk-lore, and allegory, and who touched on magic as daintily as he would touch on Dante or Tennyson—

saw but one side of his fascinating personality. As one whom he selected from time to time to speak his mind to the public on topical things, showing to that public the dignified respect that he exacted from them in return, the present writer feels bound to





THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI  
(From the Tapestry, by William Morris, in Exeter College Chapel, Oxford.)



help the portrait of the artist, sketched by previous writers, by disclosing some features of the man.

He was in the best and highest sense a humorist. It was, perhaps, his sense of humour that caused him to withdraw from the Academy because, as he privately expressed it to me, he was a visitor who had been bidden to Burlington House, and then was "kept waiting an unconscionable time upon the mat." The sprightliness and vivacity of his fun were not confined to his conversation, however, fluent, picturesque, and laughable as it was. It overflowed from his pencil, and until a collection of his humorous sketches and caricatures is issued or shown the public will never know one of the most exhilarating characteristics of his artistic temperament. He was a Radical of Radicals, hot as a Home Ruler, and always disposed to countenance militant independence. This, perhaps, was partly owing to his life-long intimacy with his friend and mentor, William Morris. He delighted in "the rebellious spirit" in which the Grosvenor Gallery was started. "I approve of rebellions," he told me; "and if this Grosvenor Gallery gets fossilised, I hope another Grosvenor will arise and cut it out. I'm a born rebel, and my politics are those of a thousand years hence—the politics of the millennium, and therefore of no account."

Mantegna and Botticelli among the ancients, and Rossetti and Ruskin among the moderns, were his chief masters. "There is nobody like Ruskin," he once exclaimed with rapture when our conversation turned upon the Comiston sage. It was Ruskin who encouraged or restrained him as his genius developed, and who was for ever urging his "dear old Ned" to "go to Nature," when the original genius of the painter was for ever tempting him to depend for everything upon his own creative powers of design. "I was brought up in a town (Birmingham) where there was no opportunity for study in any form, and at twenty I went to Oxford with an Exeter College scholarship, when the sight of a woodcut by Rossetti set fire to the stubble. I was allowed to see that master at work some thirty times. Oh, the delight of it! And that was all the tuition I ever had. Rossetti was my god, and there was nobody like him in my eyes."

As he comprehended beyond any modern the mediæval treatment of form, so he carried out his works with mediæval love of exquisite finish. "I love to treat my pictures," he would say, "as a goldsmith does his jewels. I should like every inch of surface to be so fine that if all were burned or lost, all but a scrap from one of them, the man who found it might say, 'Whatever this may have represented it is a work of art, beautiful in surface and quality and colour.' And my greatest reward

would be the knowledge that after ten years' possession the owner of any picture of mine, who had looked at it every day, had found in it some new beauty he had not seen before."

Yet, with all his striving, he never attained his ideal—who does? He was conscious of demerits, though, comparatively late in his career as a student, he had painfully bettered that lack of technical excellence which had at first been so conspicuous. "I paint my pictures," he said, with his unflinching humour, "and I send them out into the world on their little lives, like so many naked little St. Sebastians, to be pricked and pierced with the arrows of the critics. Ah, the critics, my friend! They should be thoroughly conversant with the teachings and practice of painting; but in any case, they, like exhibitions, must be fatal to the artist, and prevent the good from coming out! Until he is forty no artist can tell what is in him, so that criticism can but harm him, and after he is forty criticism cannot touch him—so you see how disturbing an element the critic is!" But Sir Edward was, of course, referring only to artists of great individuality who can rise on the wings of their own unaided genius. "I would never criticise a bad picture; I would pass it over in silence, unless the execution were bad; in that case I would attack the painter."

"What a folly," he cried on another occasion, "to talk of only painting for posterity! Posterity is only one more drop on the ocean of time. Indeed, I never pass the chalk-artist working upon the pavement but I think—'Ah, brother, my pictures can last but a day longer than your own.'" Yet during that long drop of time he will be remembered for his one great intellectual artistic creation, as he claimed it, that of "Christ Crucified upon the Tree of Life," and for his "Mirror of Venus," "Merlin and Vivien," "Pygmalion" in its four exquisite numbers, "The Golden Stairs," "Circe," "Love Among the Ruins," "Psyche," "Perseus," and the rest, with those of which reproductions accompany the present article. These, with his designs for tapestry, church window, mosaic, book-illustration—with all the wealth of fancy that filled his pictures with original designs of textiles, caskets, carving, and what not, and that lined his studio with half-painted pictures, which to finish, he cheerily proclaimed, would take him at least a hundred years—these will for ever consecrate his name and his memory to every lover of the beautiful, and will cause his artistic faults to be regarded as mere spots upon the sun.

Some of these facts I have told before, but they bear telling again when we are mourning the death of one of whom nought but good has been and could be said, yet of whose character the whole beauty and nobility are not yet publicly known.

## THE NELSON CENTENARY.

### HOW NELSON LOOKED IN THE YEAR OF THE NILE.

BY DOUGLAS SLADEN.

IT was on the 1st of August, 1798, that Nelson began his tremendous career among the few to whose lot it falls to move the world, though Europe did not know until nearly a month later of the meteor of superhuman brilliance which had flashed across the path of Napoleon to stay his all-conquering arm. The Battle of the Nile was the revelation of one of the most extraordinary of human beings. A proud and delighted nation had known for more than a year past that, when Jervis's fleet had met the enemy on that Valentine's Day of 1797, off Cape St. Vincent, what looked like being a mere brush with the enemy was converted into one of our great naval victories because a little man in a Seventy-four left his place in defiance of orders and flung his ship across the bows of the retreating main body of the Spaniards—that same little man who later in the battle led a boarding-party from his battered two-decker on to two great Spanish three-deckers, using the first as soon as he had captured it as a bridge to capture the second—*Nelson's patent bridge for boarding first-rates.*

It was this which made Jervis, now Lord St. Vincent, when the Government told him that a decisive blow must be struck against the French, defy all precedent by passing over the officers senior and appointing the little man to the command of the immortal thirteen Seventy-fours.

This is not the place to describe Nelson's chasing backwards and forwards between Sicily and Egypt after the French fleet with Napoleon aboard. It is

sufficient to recall that, as darkness was falling on the 1st of August, 1798, he came up with them anchored in the Bay of Aboukir, just swinging-distance from the shore, so that they might have the full support of their great army—and Napoleon.

That there were heavy batteries to be forced in rounding the French line, that there was barely water to float his ships, that there was barely a quarter of an hour before night would fall, had no terrors for the mighty genius at which all Europe wondered for seven years, until it disappeared in a blaze of glory in the western ocean off Cape Trafalgar. He flung his van between the French and the shore, fought them all through the summer night, blew up their flag-ship, and at dawn there were but two of their line left. From the Battle of the Nile dates the world-wide influence of Nelson, and the rise of the naval supremacy of England, and our Empire.



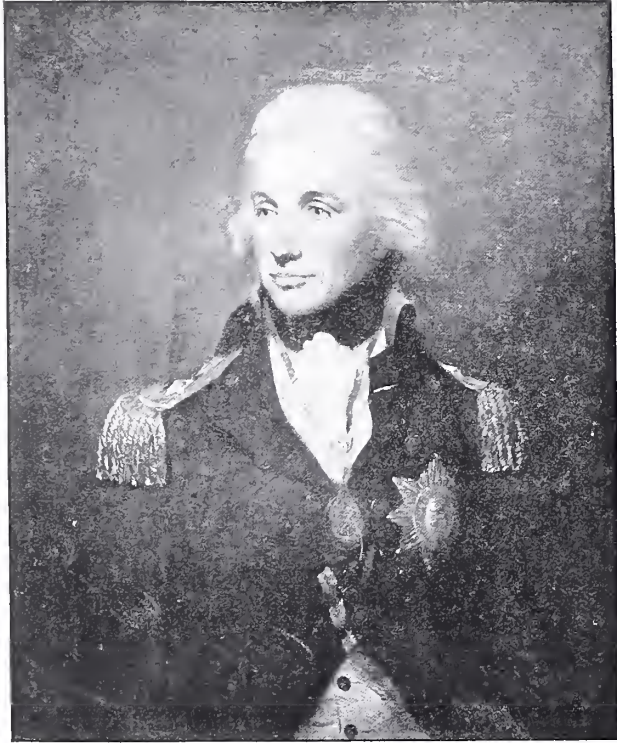
CAPTAIN NELSON.

(After the Painting by J. Rigaud, R.A. By Permission of Mr. George Allen.)

At first blush it seems strange that a man who played such a tremendous part, the one of all our national heroes whose personality comes nearest home to the minds of Englishmen, a man whose appearance was so remarkable, and whose love of glory would have inclined him, as one might suppose, to be accommodating in the matter of sitting, should have left so comparatively few original portraits behind him. There are fewer than sixty portrait prints in the British Museum, and these can be traced back to a mere handful of originals. For the various *Abbotts* and *Beechys* are most of them so nearly replicas that one can hardly count them as



distinct portraits. But their fewness is hardly so surprising when one reflects that Nelson lived but seven years after he began to fill the public eye, and that much of that short time was spent at sea. Indeed, one cannot help thinking that not only he



LORD NELSON.

(From the Painting by Lemuel F. Abbott in the National Portrait Gallery.)

himself, but those who envired him as he was slowly climbing upward to the heights, must have had a prescience of his after fame. Why else should Rigaud, the popular R.A., have painted him when he was only a boy-captain of twenty-two? He had attracted no great amount of notice then, though a year before he had shown the highest capacity in his capture of San Juan, the key of the isthmus between North and South America, which his genius and Goethe's saw must, some day, be of vast strategical and commercial importance. He was poor and had no great amount of influence, and, indeed, would have been dead of fever but for the kindly nursing of Lady Parker. This Rigaud portrait, which possesses a further interest from its showing him as Captain of the *Albemarle*—the ship which he was on the eve of deserting to marry a Quebec beauty—is the earliest properly authenticated picture of him, though Lord Charles Beresford, in his excellent "Nelson and his Times," lately brought out by Mr. Harmsworth, gives two portraits of Nelson as a midshipman, which he warns his

readers have not been fully authenticated. The first of these, the portrait attributed to Gainsborough and lent by the late Dr. Benjamin Ridge to the Loan Exhibition of National Portraits at South Kensington, 1868, may be dismissed at once. It is a beautiful picture, but, like Sir Willoughby Parker's Whichelo sketch of him, is in total conflict with other portraits and his known characteristics. The early miniature of Nelson, on the other hand, which was formerly in the possession of his wife and now belongs to Earl Nelson, though its pedigree is not quite perfect, bears all the traces of genuineness. The face is one I could well imagine developing into the Nelson of Abbott and Beechey. The way the hair grows over the forehead, the shape of the forehead, the long, almost straight, rather blunt nose, the large sensitive mouth, the strong jaw but narrowing chin, are all well brought out, and at the same time there is a suggestion of fragility about it which recalls Captain Suckling's famous saying. Nelson's uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling, had offered to provide for one of his brother-in-law's eleven children, and the one chosen was the future admiral, now aged thirteen. He was so small, undersized, and sickly that his uncle, when he saw him, exclaimed: "What has poor little



NELSON AS VICE-ADMIRAL.

(From the Painting by Lemuel F. Abbott at Greenwich.)

Horatio done, who is so weak, that above all the rest he should be sent to rough it at sea? But let him come, and the first time we go into action a

cannon-ball may knock off his head, and so provide for him."

The portrait by J. F. Rigaud, R.A., which also belongs to the present Lord Nelson, and was painted in 1781, represents him at the age of twenty-two in the uniform of a naval captain of the day. This picture, says Lord Charles Beresford, is undoubtedly authentic, and it bears an intrinsic stamp of authenticity. It is recorded that when the elder Pitt had appointed the man who in all our military annals reminds one most of Nelson—Wolfe—to the command of an army in Canada, he asked the founder of our Canadian Dominion to dinner. Wolfe—who had a very extraordinary face, not unlike, in its physiognomical values, to the face of Nelson as shown in the Rigaud portrait—got drunk, bragged about what he was going to do, and altogether made an ass of himself. The great statesman—our greatest statesman—was staggered for a moment, and wondered if he had not done wrong in appointing such a man to such a command. But he recollected that at that disastrous moment on the bleak Breton coast the one officer who had shown himself a man was the young fellow in the fool's paradise before him. The mighty Pitt recognised that genius has always its feminine side, and stuck

There is that same feminine note, that same note of the vanity of genius, in the Rigaud portrait of Nelson.

With the next portrait, that painted by Lemuel F. Abbott, now in the National Portrait Gallery, described by Lord Charles Beresford as representing



NELSON.

(From the Painting by Sir W. Beechey, R.A.)



LORD NELSON.

(From a Print published in 1807. Artist unknown.)

to his guns. The boy-general—he died at thirty-three—went to his death still in his genius's paradise, repeating Gray's "Elegy" in almost his last hour.

Nelson in 1797, we get "the thunderbolt of war" as he was in the first flush of his fame. For if it is correctly dated it was painted after he had covered himself with glory by his dashing exploit at St. Vincent, and before he had made himself world-renowned by his victory at the Nile. In it we notice yet more the narrowing of chin and forehead; the great, sensitive, full-lipped mouth; the long, strong, blunt nose, and the calm gaze of the bright blue eyes. The face in the painting is of a very ruddy fresh colour; the hair is powdered. It was naturally, as the portion of his queue preserved in Greenwich Hospital shows, tawny in colour, and of the crisp texture which goes with energetic natures. All his portraits show that Nelson had bright blue eyes. Of them I wrote in "The Admiral:" "Being of the bright blue which is hardly ever disassociated from courage and resoluteness, they gave the face its strength; and they were the most remarkable I have ever seen, in this way . . . that while cruelty, or at the least callousness, and insensibility to any emotions but animal passion and anger, are frequently the other characteristics of eyes of this particular bright blue, his eyes had instead the tenderness, the sensibility, the imaginativeness of large eyes, which sometimes looked greyish-brown, and sometimes brownish-grey. And herein lay the index to his whole character. For once in the world dark-eyed genius was



found in the same body as blue-eyed recklessness. He had at once head and heart and backbone." In the same description I wrote of his mouth, which, with his eyes, was the feature of his face: "In remarking its size, it was not the length which you

extraordinarily sensitive nature was asserting itself—one must go elsewhere. My idea of Nelson storm-tossed in body and mind I found best in the beautiful coloured print which was chosen for reproduction on the cover of "The Admiral" (see

p. 531). The inscription below this print tells us that it was published in 1807, by Thomas Tegg, from an original painting. Neither the name of the artist nor the date of the painting is given. But intrinsic evidence led me to suppose that the painting belongs to a much earlier date than the print. Nelson had, of course, been dead for two years when it was published, and I do not think that the portrait was painted in the last days of his life, for the uniform is the same as in the portrait by L. F. Abbott. The most striking feature in this portrait is, though it may sound strange to say so, the exquisite bright blue of the coat. This detail has an interest, trivial as it may seem, because it is known that Nelson had a partiality for wearing a particular bright blue, not of the Service colour, though probably only for everyday wear. For the rest, it may be noted that this is the portrait which more than all others brings out the sensitiveness of his face, and that his long, thick hair falls, as he trained it to fall, over



WELLINGTON AND NELSON.

(From the Engraving by S. W. Reynolds, after the Painting by J. P. Knight, R.A.)

noticed, but the range and flexibility of the lips." This study of the Admiral was largely founded on this Abbott portrait, for it seemed to me to give the best general appearance of Nelson as he must have looked in fighting moments when he won the battle of the Nile.

But Nelson was not only a fighting admiral, he was also one of the most human of men; and to get an idea of him in his constant moments of sickness or anxiety or love—the moments in which his

his forehead, to hide the wound received at the battle of the Nile. The British Museum possesses no complete copy of this print. Its only specimen contains neither the deck upon which he is walking nor the two ranges of clouds behind him, but only the figure, and that not *printed* in colours, but with the coat, eyes, and lips coloured by hand, and so roughly as to suggest its having been done by a child. The original must have been painted some time between the battle of the Nile, August 1st,



1798, and the battle of Copenhagen, April 2nd, 1801. I am led to suppose that it was painted soon after the battle of the Nile from the fact that the face looks younger than that in the



BUST BY J. FLAXMAN, R.A.  
(At the United Service Club.)

Guzzardi portrait, engraved for the first volume of Pettigrew's "Memoirs of Nelson." The original is now in the possession of Mrs. Alfred Morrison, and is known to have been painted in Naples in 1799. In it Nelson wears the *chelenek*, the diamond aigrette sent to him by the Sultan of Turkey, or as Nelson preferred to call him, "the Grand Signor," in recognition of the services he rendered the world by his victory at the Nile. Mr. Fitchew, who selected and annotated the illustrations for Lord Charles Beresford's book, says that a full-length portrait by the same artist was presented by Nelson to the Sultan in acknowledgment of his Majesty's gifts; that another, also full length and life size, hangs in the Board Room of the Admiralty in Whitehall, and that there is a small copy in the National Portrait Gallery.

The picture of Nelson as Vice-Admiral—mentioned above as having probably been painted in 1801, the year of Copenhagen, and now preserved in the Painted Hall at Greenwich—bears a strong resemblance to the other Abbott portrait to which I have alluded at such length, but in this he wears a cocked hat with the *chelenek* pinned into it. The face has a more dignified, more reposeful, perhaps more concentrated expression, it gives one more the idea of the great Admiral, though still the

sensitiveness of the mouth shows how human he was. The various Abbotts—and there are, I think, nine prints of Abbotts in the British Museum—have such a strong family resemblance to each other that I cannot help in my own mind arranging them all under the two classifications of "the Abbott with a hat" and "the Abbott without a hat."

If I were simply a worshipper of Nelson the Admiral, I think I should prefer to picture him as he appears in the splendid portrait painted by Sir W. Beechey which belonged to the Duke of Wellington, and was engraved by T. Hodgetts. Mr. Fitchew thinks this was painted in 1800 or 1801, that is to say, in what might be called the Copenhagen period. While the forehead narrows upwards, as in the Abbott portraits, the chin is much broader and stronger, as it is in the portraits by other painters. In this it strikes me as coming nearer to the real Nelson. It is said that even the greatest painters are apt unconsciously to infuse something of their own personality into all their portraits. Perhaps Lemuel Abbott had a narrow chin. I hope Nelson had not. That he had an inclination to a double chin all his profile portraits show, except Sir Willoughby Parker's *Whichelo*, which, though it has a well authenticated pedigree, is quite untrustworthy as a likeness, for it gives him delicate nostrils, an aquiline



THE GREENWICH BUST.

nose, a thin though beautiful mouth, and a beautifully-modelled chin. Whichelo drew it from life. It was the last portrait for which Nelson sat, having been sketched at Merton in the September of 1805.



It was on September 13th, 1805, that he left Merton for ever! But Whichelo idealised until the portrait would do equally well for George Washington, and is more one's idea of a great poet or ecclesiastic.



THE NELSON DEATH-MASK.

(In the Possession of Nelson Ward, Esq., Blighmont, Millbrook, Southampton.  
From the Photograph made for "Nelson and His Times.")

Mr. J. P. Knight, R.A.'s, picture of Nelson and Wellington in the waiting-room of the Colonial Office, September, 1805, reproduced from an engraving by S. W. Reynolds, is a subject-picture in which Nelson's portraiture, though finely conceived, loses the character of the portraits for which he sat. Another such picture is that painted by T. J. Barker and engraved by F. Jouberl, of Nelson at prayer in his cabin before the battle of Trafalgar. The face here is even more conventionalised and weakened, but it cannot be ignored, for this is the picture of Nelson which has enjoyed the widest vogue.

The two busts figured—that executed in Vienna in 1800, which now belongs to Earl Nelson (and a plaster cast of which is at Greenwich), and the Flaxman bust, of which the original is in the United Service Club—are of great value in showing us the actual man. And they certainly substantiate Beechey and demolish Whichelo. Mr. Fitchew points out that the Vienna bust was executed when Nelson was in that city on his way from Italy to England, that is to say, after he had won the battle of the Nile and recaptured Naples. It is the work of Franz Thaller and Matthias Ranson, and is believed to have been an exceptionally good likeness of Nelson at that period of his life. The busts show conclusively that Nelson had the long, strong,

broad nose and the heavy jaw one would expect in a man of his immense force—a jaw so heavy as to suggest a double chin. And they prove that he had not a broad forehead. But a narrow forehead is not uncommon with intense natures. The United Service Club bust makes the face more beautiful, and the lower part of the chin a little more prominent, but, otherwise, tallies. And both these busts are corroborated by the death-mask, which makes the face more truly beautiful than either. The mouth is lovely as shewn by this incontrovertible witness. It is now in the possession of Nelson Ward, Esq., Nelson's actual descendant, through Horatia, his daughter by Lady Hamilton, and was made in plaster after the great Admiral's death for his sister, Mrs. Matcham.

There remains the beautiful print in my own possession, with lightly-tinted eyes and lips and cheeks and uniform. The title has been cut off, so that I have no means of discovering the painter or engraver, but the uniform shows it to have been executed at the same time as the Beechey portrait, though if anything it comes nearer the "Edridge," dated 1802, in its general presentment of the face. But its value lies in the fact that of all the portraits which I have seen it comes nearest to the busts, which naturally preserve the contours more faithfully than the paintings, though even in it the artist



(From a Print. Artist unknown.)

has been unable to resist the temptation to beautify and idealise. I have placed this last because I gather, from this very beautifying, that it was published in the furore of enthusiasm after his death.



SORROW.

(From the Painting by M. Friant.)

## THE PARIS SALONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

### THE NEW SALON.

NEVER has the distinguished group of artists who seceded from the main body and marched out with colours flying and drums beating, more fully justified the existence of this New Salon as on the present occasion. It was "modernity" they sought for—liberty of action and of paint; and, in spite of a certain proportion of canvases as poor and conventional as hang in the parent institution, "modernity" they are undoubtedly achieving. Cosmos, of a kind, is gradually resolving itself out of Chaos, and many of the men who rushed into artistic experiment for its own sake, and who affected eccentricity with the sole object of astonishing or forcing the public into noticing their work and remembering their names (whether to bless or to curse was all one to them, only the cursing was preferred) are now coming to see the error of extravagance in their attitude, and to reject the more exaggerated features of their new-born art. Their reform of character is the more easy, as the public has become so far educated in decadence—if not reconciled, at least accustomed, to the analytical demonstrations of play of light and colour, to the torturing of forms, and to the rechristening of

ugliness as Beauty—that the welcome accorded to these prodigals returned becomes the more natural and cordial. Wild artistic oats are, in many cases, still a-sowing; but not a few have awakened to the real nature of the crop they have to expect, and are already selecting a grain that promises a harvest of which the solid value is a more desirable quality than mere novelty and surprise.

The most remarkable feature of the exhibition is, perhaps, the fact that nearly one-half of the most noteworthy and interesting contributions to the section of oil pictures is the work of foreigners. In no single section are the French unchallenged by the guests whom they receive in so liberal a spirit, and the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts must reflect with some concern how much would be lost to their exhibition were they deprived of the advantage of foreign intervention.

Most noticeable is this the case in the category of portraiture. Here we find the Americans practically supreme, proving their receptivity and the pliancy of their artistic temperaments brilliantly and unmistakably; and when at their worst, showing that in eccentricity they can almost out-French the French. Here we have Mr. Sargent's portrait,



now called "The Countess A.," which recently created so great a sensation at the New Gallery. The series of eight portraits, extremely unconventional in pose, original in colour, and often exquisite in quality, carry Mr. John Alexander to the front rank in his own line. Mr. Humphreys Johnston

Lavery's little full-length of Mr. Lennox Browne in Court dress, as well as a small equestrian portrait, are both well known in England, and more than hold their own amongst their surroundings. Señor Zuloaga Y. Zabaleta, with his admirable auto-portrait in imitation of Velazquez, both in



THE MISSES CAPEL TAKING TEA

(From the Painting by M. Jacques E. Blanche.)

exhibits a striking life-sized full-length of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt as "Lorenzaecio," which, sombre as it is, is apparently not intended to withstand the hand of Time; and Miss Cotton, with her highly dexterous portrait of "Mdle. W.," more than compensates for the absence of M. Boldini, upon whose work it is, in a measure, an improvement. Among the Scottish artists, Mr. Maelure Hamilton is almost equally impressive in his own way with his portraits of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Onslow Ford, and of M. Raffaelli; the portrait of M. Rochefort is not on the same level. Mr.

manner and arrangement, worthily represents Spain. Mdle. Roederstein, with her series of clever Holbienesque portraits, shows one phase of Swiss art; while a sturdy portrait by M. Kroyer, not altogether worthy of him, is still a representative example of Danish work. These are but a few among the chief; but they may be taken as illustrating the importance of the foreign contingent. It need hardly be said, however, that the French fairly hold their own. The extremely poetic portraits by M. Eugène Carrière, distinguished for their vague and dreamy charm,





PUVIS DE CHAVANNES  
1898.

ST. GENEVIEVE

(From the Painting by Puvlis de Chavannes.)



these dirty shadows? these summary "suggestions"? these coarse and shaky outlines? this frequently false perspective? Originality is a precious gift, and M. Simon possesses it: but he lacks the judgment that marks the limit to which it may be carried, and hardly knows where taste ends and bad taste begins.

Pictures of the nude are many and good, at once more interesting and more serious than those in the Old Salon. Unfortunately, however, they are almost exclusively limited to the female form, partly, perhaps, because the male figure too forcibly suggests the *Académie*—the life school—to the free-lances of art. Among the most noteworthy are the altogether admirable studies by Mr. Douglas Robinson, strong and individual as Etty or Courbet, and full of promise of work to come. Mr. Julius Stewart also exhibits a series of female nudes, mainly with the view of showing how sunlight striking direct, or reflected from grass or lake, plays upon the flesh—extremely clever works more curious than beautiful. Some of the nudes exhibited are frankly studies—such as those of Mrs. Lee Robins, M. Dagnaux, or M. Gsell: or they are treated decoratively, as in the elaborate "Feminine Indiscretion" of M. Lotus, the "Eve" of M. Aublet, the "Cybèle" of M. Koos, the ugly "Toilette" by M. Lerolle, the pretty "First Ornaments" of M. Callot, or even the graceless "Bathers" of M. Houyaux—less elegant than a Rubens. M. Visconti's "St. Sebastian," though more like a man than the same saint by M. Courtois, is but an Italian model tricked out with arrows, and accompanied by a crowning angel in order to justify his title.

Of decorative art there is, of course, the usual extensive display. First comes the dignified and mysteriously impressive work of M. Puvis de Chavannes, destined for the Panthéon, representing "Geneviève piously watching over the sleeping city." Poetically austere, bathed in sweet, blue-grey light, that hardly seems to emanate from the risen moon, the panel is one that haunts the memory: but it is too calm a piece to be justly appreciated in the Salon. Another phase of decorative painting, wholly and characteristically French, is that which is displayed by M. Biéler in his delightful panels, as light and joyous as the seasons that are supposed to be represented by these same young ladies who, clad in simple, yet graceful dresses, are engaged in plucking flowers and fruit. That M. Félix Régamey should show a "Geisha dancing in the Moonlight," or, among the objects of art, a wild composition purporting to be a "Buddhist Annunciation" is characteristic of this prolific, but over-fanciful, designer.

Among the sculpture we observe the superb work called "The Kiss," and the wholly amazing and illogical "Balzac," of M. Rodin; the beautiful, if not quite original, "Towards the Unknown," of M. Saint-Marceaux; "The Sower," of M. Constantin Meunier; and the exquisite statuettes, fine alike in conception, dainty dignity, execution, and patina, of M. Vallgren; as well as certain "arts and crafts" exhibits, such as the inlaid chimney-piece of Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch. To this section we propose to devote full attention on a future occasion.

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### "A SOCIAL EDDY: LEFT BY THE TIDE."

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MR. W. Q. ORCHARDSON is our greatest novelist in paint. The ease with which he tells his story is equalled only by the seeming ease with which he paints his picture. He thus combines the two great qualities of fine story-telling and fine "execution," which together are irresistible to connoisseur and public alike. His fine story-telling consists in this, that it is not only an incident that he paints—a particular reproduction of a particular event—but a composition that we all are at once bound to accept as a *type of human experience*. We feel that the subject is one which has been seen and experienced by society ever since society was formed. The hard case of the lady who has been "left by the tide," and who, already marked by Time, is neglected when all the rest pair off, is simply one of the great mass of the "over-female

population" for whom the state of marriage is the aim and all-in-all of life. And the touch of pathetic humour in the picture is that the lady is not at all resigned to the circumstance.

This picture is additionally interesting as the first of the artist's social pictures. The previous year, 1877, had seen the execution of one of the chief of his pictures of romance—"The Queen of the Swords"—and the following year was distinguished by "Hard Hit." It not only is important on this ground, but also because it marks, practically, the half-way point in Mr. Orchardson's career. Like so much of this great artist's work, this picture is thinly painted; but the fine qualities of colour, composition, and atmosphere, with the power made manifest of conveying his own feelings to the spectator—place it high among the works of his hand.



A SOCIAL EDDY: LEFT BY THE TIDE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. BY PERMISSION OF MRS. MACDONALD, OF KEPPLESTON, ABERDEEN.





## THE QUEEN'S TREASURES OF ART.

### DECORATIVE ART AT WINDSOR CASTLE: CANDELABRA.

(BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY.)

By FREDERICK S. ROBINSON.

THE eighteenth century in France is marked by a prodigal use of sculpture and metal-chasing in all kinds of decorative art. An article upon Boulle,

confined almost entirely to a single category, in which the modeller and metal-chaser work independently of other artists.

By nothing was the State-aided artistic system of France more justified than in the habit of intelligent co-operation which the foundation of the great centre at the Gobelins under Le Brun originally inaugurated. We do not mean to say that it was continuously due to royal encouragement that sculptor combined with cabinet-maker to produce masterpieces of decorative art. We know, indeed, that such men as Boulle were competent by them-



"THE SEASONS" CANDELABRA "SPRING."

Caffieri, Gouthière, their contemporaries and predecessors, could only be adequately illustrated by heaping together those beautiful objects of all kinds which we have divided into classes. Commodes, secrétaires, sideboards, sedan chairs, must be reproduced alongside of chimneypieces, clocks, porcelain vases, and candelabra, if at one *coup d'œil* we are to represent the astonishing variety and adaptability of these great artists in metal. We can but mention the furniture which has been described before when the subject of ornoulu and bronze ornamentation is before us. The illustrations of this chapter are



"THE SEASONS" CANDELABRA: "SUMMER."

selves to design and execute the wood construction, the inlay, the modelling and engraving of the brass and ornoulu work which adorned their furniture.



But it was due to the system which originally set a versatile artist like Le Brun in command as Director of Arts in general at the Gobelins, that sculptors of talent were brought up in the habit of working in unison with cabinet-makers and clock-makers, and did not regard the task of beautifying furniture as beneath their notice. The Adam family turned their attention to all kinds of work, great and small. The



"THE SEASONS" CANDELABRA: "AUTUMN."

Caffieri family did the same. That the discipline was good for the race in each case seems certain, for each culminated with a genius. Clodion was the crowning glory of the Adam family; Jacques and Philippe Caffieri reflect undying renown upon the long line of their meritorious elders.

The great period of the ormoulu chasers was from the middle of the eighteenth century to the end. Fine and grandiose things were done in the age of Louis XIV, as we shall very soon see, but it was not till a change in the mode of living came in with the end of Louis XIV's reign that the chance of the ormoulu-chaser arrived. The expenses of the old king's later wars and his turn for piety led to

the abandonment of great Court ceremonial. When he and his nobles gave up living in their large galleries and took to smaller apartments, then came the period of little objects in ormoulu. The mantel-piece which became the place of display for small ornaments in the reign of Louis XV had next to no shelf in the period before. Clocks were placed on their own brackets, or were important pieces of furniture, sometimes 10 ft. high, standing by themselves. Tables covered with bric-à-brac would have been a hindrance to the multitude who thronged the great receptions. The furniture of the age of Louis XIV was kept formally close to the walls, to leave a clear way down the centre of the big saloon. The profusion of scattered ornaments was reserved for the age of the boudoir and of Louis XV. Small decorative ormoulu work of the period of Louis XIV is rare.

If it is to be regretted that it is often impossible to assign furniture made before 1751 (when stamping was rendered obligatory) to a particular artist, in the case of the "fondeurs-ciseleurs"—*i.e.* brass founders and chasers—it is more impossible still. Signatures are terribly scarce. No statute enforced the practice of signing brass work, and though it is easy to make attributions from considerations of style and peculiarities of manner, it is wiser to keep to the rule of the French expert, who refuses to specify an object as the work of a particular master when he is unable to furnish strict proof of the authenticity of his assertions.

Our first illustrations are of three out of the set of four magnificent candelabra known as "The Seasons." The name of the artist who made these beautiful things will perhaps never be known. The same hand probably modelled the fine group of Pluto and Proserpine to which we referred in a previous article. These candelabra in ormoulu, with groups in bronze, are of the very best Louis XIV workmanship. Nothing more finished or more typical can be found of the manner of the later years of the Grand Monarque. An unique series, they are valued at a matter of £5,000 apiece. The style of the ormoulu upper part of these candelabra in some respects approaches to what Caffieri was to do, but there is a vigour about the branching curves and a stiffness and massiveness in the leafage which are not found in the more tortured age of Rococo. The "Winter" was reproduced in our introduction. "Spring" represents Flora being crowned by Psyche with a garland of flowers. "Summer" shows, perhaps, Ceres with a sheaf of wheat upon her chariot asking a harvester for news of the lost Proserpine. "Autumn" is a Bacchus and Ariadne. In every case the candelabra are differently festooned with appropriate



VASE WITH CAFFIERI MOUNTS.

symbols of wheat, flowers, vine-leaves, and grapes, to suit the time of year. The bronze groups are, of course, more varied still. These beautiful objects are each about 3 ft. 7 in. high in all. They are on square ormolu bases decorated with a lion's head and skin in front, and a guilloche ornament and ring handles at each side. The foliated branches for five lights form an overarching bower for the groups, which are of a fine dark-brown surface. By permission of her Majesty "The Seasons" were copied by Mr. Hatfield, the skilful brassworker, some years ago for Baron Lionel de Rothschild. They were lent for a month, and the copies took a year and nine months to complete, at a cost of 2,000 guineas. This will give some notion of the elaborateness of these celebrated candelabra, which are amongst the chief ornaments of the Green Drawing Room.

The main subject of our article must undoubtedly be Philippe Caffieri. He is the chaser, the "fondeur-ciseleur" *par excellence* of the reign of Louis XV, just as Gouthière is the great name of the reign of Louis XVI. There is as much doubt about the identities and existences

of the various members of the Caffieri family as there was at one time concerning the family of Boulle. The founder of the line was a Philippe Caffieri, born at Rome in 1634. He was brought to France by Mazarin in 1660, and of course went to the Gobelins under Le Brun, one of whose relations he married. He excelled in wood work, and in conjunction with one Mathieu Lespagnandel worked on the decoration of the Louvre, Versailles, Trianon, and Marly until 1688, when he was sent as Sculptor of the Navy to Dunkirk, just as that excellent artist in marble, Puget, also went to plan the decorations of the bows and sterns of the French men-of-war. Caffieri had gained the necessary experience in the decoration of the chaloupes or gondolas of the grand canal of the Park of Versailles, on which large sums were spent to fit them for the gay fêtes at night. His son François Charles succeeded him as naval sculptor in 1714, to be followed in turn by his son Charles Philippe, who again left the office to Charles Marie, who died about 1780. Here we have four generations of a family holding the same office, all men of facility if not of genius. That was to come in the persons of Jacques Caffieri, the well-known Academician and sculptor of so many of the busts of the Comédie Française, and of Philippe, the great decorative artist with whom we are exclusively concerned.

The first Philippe Caffieri—who, by the way, had been



CANDELABRA OF THE PERIOD OF LOUIS XVI



at pains to turn himself into a Frenchman when he came to Paris by calling himself "Caffier"—had a fifth son of the name of Jacques born in 1678. He, too, was artistic, and was "Sculpteur Fondeur-Ciseleur du Roy." He was the father of the celebrated Jacques and Philippe the third of that name, and grandson of the one who came originally from Rome. As usual, we find that specialists have not been able to discover nearly as much about him as they and we should have liked. Very little is known of his early life, but one piece of legal evidence remains (quoted by M. Jules Guiffrey, "Les Caffieri"), which gives an interesting glimpse of the domestic life of those times. At the age of twenty-four—while still a minor, that is to say, for that lasted till a young man was another year older—Philippe got into an entanglement with the daughter of a couple named Silvestre. Her good-for-nothing parents were anxious to secure the clever young sculptor as their son-in-law, but Jacques his father was equally determined that they should not. He went to the magistrates and complained that his son had for eight

months never let a day pass without going to see "the said girl Silvestre," while pretending all the time to be busy studying at the Academy. Finally, for the last two months the infatuated young man had left his home altogether and gone to live at the Silvestres'. Jacques Caffieri accused these people "of leading that young man astray and tearing him from the paternal authority." He set people to watch. One witness deposed how she noticed the two young people together at a window of the house, while another, Madame Elizabeth Griffon, stated how she took the opportunity to congratulate Madame Silvestre upon the approaching marriage in her family when the latter came in to buy an ounce of snuff. A third witness bluntly deposed that she had "a very low opinion of Mdlle. Silvestre." Philippe defeated his own object by divulging his matrimonial intentions to a female relative, whom he implored to secure for him his certificate of baptism, and asked to supply him with linen, on credit, for his coming marriage. Her information determined his father to take strong measures. The young man was

forcibly arrested and taken out of the Silvestre domicile by means of the "Archers." Here the story breaks off, and we know no more except the fact that he did not marry "the said girl Silvestre," but someone else, in the year 1747.

He worked with his father till the death of the latter in 1755. Jacques Caffieri the elder is a member of this talented family, who, according to M. Guiffrey, has been almost overlooked. But that he was a capable artist and a worthy father of two such clever sons is to be inferred from the fact that, besides working in the royal palaces, he was designer to the "Société des Fondeurs-Ciseleurs," and made the metal ornaments for the celebrated sphere clock by Passemant. His signature is found on it twice repeated: "Les bronzes exécutés par Caffieri;" "Les bronzes sont composés et exécutés par Caffieri." He also made the brass work of the "petits cabinets du Château de Versailles" in 1736. He worked at the Château of Bellevue in 1752, and had executed a portrait bust of the Baron de Bezenval in 1735. In the Wallace collection is a commode of pronounced Louis XV style, the metal work of which has been attributed to Philippe



CANDELABRA, PROBABLY BY THOMIRE

Caffieri. From the resemblance of the ornament to that of the *Passemant* clock, M. Guiffrey assigns it to the father, who as a rule did not execute figures.

When his father died in 1755 Philippe Caffieri continued working for the king, until at last he became weary of having his bills unpaid. He then turned to modelling for the cathedrals and made a cross and candelabra for Notre Dame. The original ones of silver, executed by Ballin before 1678, had been melted down to help to pay for the disasters of the Seven Years' War in 1759. All the churches of France were invited to send their plate to the mint, and in this instance a sacrifice of 20,000 livres was the result. Caffieri's work at Notre Dame was destroyed in its turn at the Revolution, but another set, made for the Cathedral of Bayeux in the same style, remains.

The only known letter in Philippe Caffieri's writing is addressed in atrocious spelling to an Englishman who commissioned him to make a bust of his wife, "la figure de Miledy." Besides portrait work and ecclesiastical furniture, he made mounts for armoires, secrétaires, commodes, wall-lights, clocks, oriental porcelain, and metal fire-dogs. He died in 1774.

Caffieri's domestic style, of which Boucher the painter was an admirer and patron, is characteristic of the reign of Louis XV. He carried to extremes the Rococo foliage twisted into endive shapes, and combined it in curves which suggest sometimes the shapes of flames or the waves of the sea. A peculiarity of his method was to conceal joints and fastenings by means of rose decorations. He also occasionally introduced Chinese figures and dragons. A pretty feature in some commodes in his style is formed by raising the stems of the brass flower and leaf work in relief which splays all over the front into solid detached ornaments, so placed as to serve as the handles of the drawers. The handsome black lacquer commode in the Rubens Room, illustrated in our article on *Lacquered Furniture*, is so treated. In the Jones collection at South Kensington is a similar commode. There, too, is to be found one of the few instances of an absolutely authentic signature of Caffieri—upon the elephant with a clock on its back.

Upon this subject there is extreme doubt. Philippe signed himself occasionally with his Christian name, and sometimes as "Caffieri l'aîné," to distinguish himself, that is, from the younger brother, Jacques, the Academician and portraitist. But there is a third mysterious signature which has caused great trouble to connoisseurs. It is a "C" with a crown over it. M. Williamson attributes this to the Caffieris, father and son, but other

authorities, such as Guiffrey and Davillier, assert that it is merely a royal mark. M. Williamson, however, points out that this Crown mark is only



PASTILLE-BURNER. (Period of the Empire. Probably by Thomire.)

found from 1725-65, which includes the best period of Jacques and his son Philippe. Also it is never found on a piece with any other mark. The only other two men whose signature it might be are Cressent and Colson. Now Cressent was an inlayer and too early in date, and Colson chiefly made fire-dogs. Brass work marked with the crowned "C" is always in the style of Caffieri, and the fact that both father and son were *Fondeurs-Ciseleurs du Roy* would entitle them to use such an obvious stamp. Objectors say the mark is only found on inferior work such as would emanate from a Crown factory. Quite recently, however, we have seen a Boulle-work clock of the shape known as "à la religieuse" in which the chasing was by no



means inferior and every piece of ormolu bore the mysterious sign. It is, at any rate, a pretty puzzle and worth noticing as an instance of the difficulties of "expertism" with regard even to objects made as recently as 1750.

The beautiful example of mounted china which we illustrate is one of a pair of oriental blue vases with a lightly pencilled foliated pattern. The height of these as photographed is about 21 in.,



VASE MOUNTED FOR GEORGE IV, AND VENETIAN CHAIR.

but the bad taste of the commencement of the century had added candelabra with three lights of a lily pattern entirely out of keeping with the rest. It is a pity that these are not permanently removed, as M. Williamson suggested when he came to Windsor in 1884 and noted on the inventory: "These vases are splendid. Real Louis XV mounts, probably by Caffieri." The brazen foliage really seems to grow about these vases in sweetest freedom, and the manner in which a rather ugly-necked vase is graced with an entirely new, varied and additional outline is remarkable. Other specimens of oriental

porcelain have been illustrated and referred to in connection with the black lacquered furniture upon which they were placed, and our readers will not perhaps forget the fine Dresden vase in the Corridor. At Buckingham Palace we find a great wealth of mounted china in the style of Caffieri, and a beautiful secrétaire with its attendant corner cupboards. The two celadon vases upon the black lacquer commode at Windsor Castle in the Rubens Room have Louis XVI mounts of a well-known type. A fine blue oriental cistern with Caffieri mounts is photographed between two more modern vases upon the lacquer sideboard with white marble top, reproduced in the article on Lacquered Furniture; and on a similar piece in the Rubens Room, also illustrated in the same article, is a most pronouncedly Rococo ornament with an ormolu base. This supports a white vase of the Vincennes shape, dating after 1740.

With the reign of Louis XVI—and even before his predecessor had died—comes an entire change of style. The discoveries at Pompeii had led to an affectation of classical ornament. The endive and wave forms of Caffieri make way for figure candelabra supported on antique shaped pedestals, correct and cold in design. Our examples on page 543—caryatids supporting five lights on grey marble pedestals—come from the White Drawing Room, and are 3 ft. 5 in. high.

With the end of Louis XVI's reign the classical fever is very acute. The two winged figures on page 544, balanced on hemispheres and holding four lights in each hand, are probably by Thomire, the fashionable bronzist of the Empire. He had a long life, from 1751 to 1843, but his best work was done under Louis XVI. He reproduced Houdon's celebrated seated statue of Voltaire, and also made the cradle of the unfortunate little King of Rome. Many of the fine mounts of later Sèvres porcelain are by him; but, as M. Maze-Sencier says, he indulged in "an abuse of antique forms." Signed by him are the large candelabra upon the mantelpiece supported by bronze satyrs carrying children, illustrated in the introductory article. These are for nine lights, with lapis-lazuli shafts and bases adorned with reliefs of cupids, cornucopæ, and sphynxes. Also probably

by Thomire is the pastille-burner of our illustration. Elaborate as this affair is, however, and suave enough in some of its lines, it has, like most Empire or late Louis XVI work, absolutely no charm.

Our last photograph is of one of a pair of very large oriental sea-green beaker vases with covers.

The ormoulu work consists of swags and masks. These imposing objects, nearly 4 ft. high, are late work commissioned probably by George IV, for whom a great quantity of vase mounting was executed. The chair beside the vase is a gilt Venetian one of the date of 1660, with fine crimson velvet upholstery embroidered with a design in gold thread.

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### THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.—III (*concluded*).

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IN passing in review the oil pictures of the Academy we have but selected a few for special mention as types of the whole. But it must not be assumed that they exhaust the list of the finest works or the best efforts that make up the sum of the exhibition. We have made no special mention of the dainty portrait-group of Mr. Melton Fisher, called "In the Realms of Fancy," or of the full-length portrait of a young girl by Mr. R. Peacock, entitled "Ethel"—both of which have been bought for the Chantrey collection; of the notable portraits by Mr. Oules, Mr. Fildes, Mr. T. C. Gotch, and Mr. Walter Osborne—"the hope of Ireland;" or the studies of farmyard in sunshine by Mr. Swanwick and Mr. Edward Stott; of the flowers of M. Fantin or the kittens of Madame Ronner; of such compositions as "Diana," by Mr. T. B. Kennington, and the "Imogen" of Mrs. Stanhope Forbes; and the interesting though stilted "Autumn" and "The Happy Valley" of Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, and "The Sisters" of Mr. Chevallier Tayler; of the landscapes, admirable in various respects, of Mr. H. W. B. Davis, Mr. Hook, of Mr. Adrian Stokes (whose "Mountain and Hill" is a remarkable study of light and atmosphere), of Mr. MacWhirter and of Mr. Yeend King (whose "Milking Time" has also been purchased out of the Chantrey fund), or of the tender renderings of Mr. E. A. Waterlow and the powerful work of Mr. Colin Hunter (as in "Changing Pasture"), of Mr. Hitchcock, and Mr. Aumonier; of the fine townscape of Newcastle by Mr. Niels M. Lund; or of the sea-pieces of Mr. T. Somerscales, Mr. Edwin Hayes, and Mr. Napier Hemy (whose men in his large picture "Wreckage" are, relatively, a failure). Equally have we passed over such frankly decorative works as Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Golden Horn," for space suffices only to permit reference to a few, and from them to draw the moral for the whole, if moral there be, in the Royal Academy exhibition. It is the best works, not the mass, that establish its character, and determine its place among its predecessors. And it is

accordingly the best of those we have mentioned which raise the present exhibition above those of the recent past.

It is needful that a few words more should be said upon the action of the Academy in dealing with works sent from abroad. This action is deplorable, not only by what is done, but by what is left undone. A general opinion is held in the Academy that its rooms, being too small to satisfy the demands of native artists, should not be thrown open to those the painters of other lands. The contention is sound enough; but it is not logically adhered to. Some pictures from abroad are duly accepted and hung, but upon what principle is this carried out? Is it by accident that the worst pictures are selected and placed in excellent positions, while the better ones are either skied or rejected? Is it chance or design that places the appalling portrait by M. Benjamin-Constant upon the line, and that honours the inferior work of M. Carolus Duran with scores of square feet in the centre of panels? No doubt our English portraitists gain enormously by the comparison and the contrast; but is it right towards the better artists who are thus excluded, or even fair to the French painters themselves? And yet while these artists of great reputation, whose hand has so sadly failed—their names being of course thoroughly familiar in Burlington House—are so honourably treated, men at least as great (though not so talked of here) are so served that we are led to wonder whether the Academy is not rather led by names than by merit. How else can we account for the fact that while M. Benjamin-Constant is on the line, M. James Maris—one of the most brilliant artists living—is incontinently skied; and while M. Carolus Duran disports himself to such sad purpose, the small works of one of the most exquisite landscape-painters in France have been utterly rejected? Is this not setting a premium upon clap-trap in painting, for which celebrated names have offered the password? When it was heard that Mr. Sargent was upon the hanging committee it was thought that last year's



blunder—when M. Harpignies himself was insulted with flat rejection—could not recur; but such mistakes, apparently, will occur independently of men, and injustice, of good intentions. Yet that these works of foreigners can give our younger men opportunities for study is amply true, for the craft of the painter—as may be seen in the “Passing Clouds” of M. H. van der Weyden and “The Old Bridge at San Remo” of M. Louis Saugy—seems still to be more earnestly learned, or at least more thoroughly acquired, abroad.

It is not usually to be expected that in the Royal Academy—where water-colours are only accepted, so to speak, upon sufferance, while at least four important exhibitions of them are held elsewhere in London during the year—any particularly fine display of aquarelles should be made. Yet the average is here high enough to impress the foreigner who regards our Academy in the light of a national Salon, and visits no other gallery, with a fair idea of the importance of the school, and with the beauty of the method which is in its fullest development essentially English. In this section we find such works as the landscapes by Mr. Leopold Rivers, Mr. Glendenning (whose charming “Haymaking,” full alike of life, movement, and air, has been acquired for the Chantrey collection) and others, as the marines by Sir Edward Poynter and Mr. Hayes, and the figures by Mr. E. J. Gregory. The tiny drawing by the last-named artist, entitled “First Act of a Comedy: The Students’ Visitor,” is, without question, one of the most amazing things in its own way ever produced in water-colour, beyond which no English master, save, perhaps, Fred Walker and Mr. Gregory himself, has ever gone. Over these few square inches of surface months of labour, it is evident, have been lovingly expended; yet the paper is not teased, and the whole drawing is as fresh and, in a sense, as broad as can be. Not only are fine drawing, fine colour, and fine workmanship united here, but the character is so clearly defined, and humour so refinedly realised, that the tiny drawing has as much claim to respectful consideration at our hands as the most “important” work in the whole Academy. The admission of one drawing, we must confess, we do not understand. This is the charming head with an aureole by Mr. Frank Dicksee, named “The Infant Christ.” If the Academy is really so purist as to reject a transfer-lithograph as “inadmissible,” although the whole process, from drawing to printing, was carried out by the artist himself, on what ground is this pleasing work included among the “water-colours”? How far it is oil, how far in water-colour, and how far, perhaps, in tempera, it is not for us to determine. But it is clearly not a

water-colour pure and simple; and it behoves the Academy to define its position, so that anomalies may be set right and equal justice done. The Academy is right to stand against modern tricks and dodges and processes. Yet it must become ever more catholic as modern needs require it, and, above all, it must not be suspected of having one rule for the Academician and another for the outsider.

We propose at a later date to devote a special article to the sculpture of the year; but it behoves us to make some mention, however brief, of the display in this section. It is gratifying to be able to record that, not less than painting, sculpture is full of interest and full of life. There is, unhappily, little in the way of elaborate composition and intricate grouping, such as we are used to see in Paris and Brussels; but for a country where the encouragement offered to the art is ridiculously inadequate when compared with the talent at command, it must be held to be more than creditable. Perhaps the influence of the Arts and Crafts, which is here seen so freely, to the advantage of invention and variety, has detracted in some degree from the dignity and monumental character of much of the work. Yet Mr. Brock, with his monument to Mr. Sorabjee Bengallee, C.I.E., with his superb bronze bust of Mr. Tate, and his intensely human and pathetic statue of Eve—Eve with her mortal defects upon her, and sadly conscious of them and of the pass to which they have brought her, and with her the human race—sustains the chief weight of the finer traditions of sculpture. To such the Academy as a whole hardly seems alive. By granting the place of honour to Mr. Fehr’s able and showy group, “St. George and the Rescued Maiden,” which is rather a monster *bibelot* than a serious and lofty work of sculpture; and by acknowledging the merits of Mr. Wade’s somewhat fantastic “Truth,” it has given its imprimatur to the fanciful and pictorial side of the art, as against the plastic, and has made such a pronouncement to the students in their schools that all their teaching and all their exhortations will not be able to explain away. To Mr. Onslow Ford’s figures of “Justice” and “Knowledge” for his monument to the Rajah of Mysore, to Mr. Frampton’s bronze memorial, to the extremely felicitous and weirdly-refined “Elf” of Mr. Goscombe John, the statue called “Even” by Mr. Alfred Drury (for the lighting of the City Square, Leeds), to Mr. Pomeroy’s “Perseus,” Mr. Thornycroft’s beautiful statuette of “The Bather,” and to Mr. Lucchesi’s ambitious “Crash of Doom,” a passing acknowledgment must be made. To these and other works of kindred interest we shall in due course return.

## DECORATIVE ART IN THE PARIS SALONS OF 1898.

BY HENRI FRANTZ.

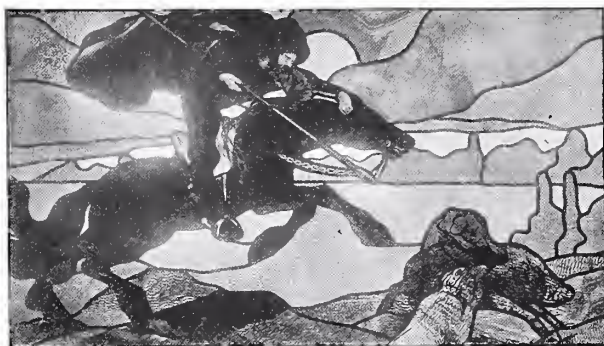
THE propinquity of the rival Salons, which this year, for the first time, have found a home in the Machinery Annexe, seems to have been favourable to the sections of decorative art, as they have a wide space at their command where the visitor can study at his ease the progress of the young craftsmen. In spite of the efforts of some who are the deliberate foes of everything not strictly painting or sculpture, and their persistent attempts to limit very narrowly the decorative sections, we may once more proclaim them a success.

The chief characteristic of this display in the Salon of 1898 is the activity manifested in every branch, proving the vitality of artistic industries for some years past, and the important part they are beginning to play, more and more, in France. Among the vast number of examples shown, we find many hesitating and tentative efforts; but many, on the other hand, show great mastery in our artists; for the living school of French decorators does not include only young men feeling

their way—it has masters, too, who have found in such work a full expression of their talent. Such are Jean Dampé, Gallé, Lalique, Bigot, Prouvé, Baffier, and Grandhomme.

The only thing lacking is effective grouping; each thing seems to have started from individual initiative; with very few exceptions, the artists seem to be afraid of association and of working together, each in his own line; they should endeavour more

frequently to produce an artistic combination. This remark will be constantly verified by the visitor to the Salon. To give one instance, we see a very fine panel in embossed leather by M. Victor Prouvé, tinted by M. Malleval's new process, and heightened with copper introduced by the artist himself. The movement of the chief figure in the panel is full of grace; the leather is treated with a fine sense of colour and texture. But as this panel is the door of a cabinet, why not have shown it adapted to the cabinet, so as to complete the effect and enable us to judge of the work as a whole? Nor must we forget that, with the exception of a few statuettes which form independent ornaments, all the objects in this class



DESIGN IN STAINED GLASS.

(By Albert Moret.)



DOOR-KNOCKER IN SILVER AND BRONZE.

(By M. Gurschner.)



PANEL IN CARVED LEATHER.

(By Victor Prouvé.)



are designed for an end at which they should aim, since that is the reason of their existence. Now



NEW GLASS.

"NIGHT-LIGHTS, O'ER WHAT DO YE WATCH?"  
(By Emile Gallé.)

many French decorators seem to overlook this, and treat "applied" art without any sense of its application.

Thus among the best exhibits of jewellers' work we find diadems, rings, combs, buckles, extremely decorative in effect, but impossible to wear from their weight, size, or design. The purpose is lost sight of, and the artist must be said to have failed.

Still, many of the exhibitors, satisfied to design merely for the artistic pleasure of it, apart from utilitarian considerations which often evidently paralyse them, have exhibited some charming things, especially in the numerous group of statuettes and *objets d'art*. Monsieur Gérôme is producing a series of equestrian statuettes of exquisite quality, representing the great conquerors of the world's history. Last year we had Bonaparte; this year it is Tamerlane on a faultlessly modelled horse that stands squarely but grace-

fully; and beneath, a heap of human heads, an unnecessary touch of horror. All this should be concentrated in the horseman's cruel and Asiatic ferocity; there should be no place for such childish emphasis of detail. However, it is a delightful piece of work, and as we look at it we are glad that Monsieur Gérôme should have laid down his brush. The statuette is wrought with a costly profusion evidently not within the reach of many artists; the saddle is of enamel and turquoise, the bridle and bit are set with gems, and Tamerlane's coat of mail is a net of fine silver chain-work in relief against the gold of which the group is composed.

Monsieur Ferrary's

two contributions, carried out in less precious materials—a "Saint George" and a "Leda"—are not less interesting. They are wrought in bronze and ivory, a combination revived by Jean Damp, who this year has sent none of these exquisite works to the Salon. Monsieur Ferrary's little group of "Leda and the Swan" is perhaps somewhat lacking in firmness, and the Leda not so delicately finished as we expect in ivory; but the little "Saint George," at once youthful and vigorous, pure and elegant, is in every respect charming. As to Monsieur Théodore Rivière, he is a master in this minute sculpture. "Silence," the figure of an Egyptian, might for purity of type stand by the side of a genuine Tanagra figure.

Three pleasing exhibits by Monsieur Gurschner show a true decorative sense, among them a knocker in chased silver and bronze.

Monsieur Emile Gallé will



VASE.

"A THING OF BEAUTY DOES NOT DIE  
WITHOUT MAKING SOMETHING PURE."  
(By Emile Gallé.)



BAS-RELIEF.  
(By Jean Damp.)





CHIMNEY-PIECE IN OAK AND INLAID BRASS.  
(By Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch.)

once more astonish even his most ardent admirers. With an indefatigable spirit of observation and resource, he adds every year something new to the already long list of his exquisite productions. Here, once more, we find him absolutely new; an innovator not only by the sumptuous beauty of material in the glass he exhibits but in the curious apprehension of natural form that he reveals. Tiffany, in his elegant display, restricts himself to the iridescent effects of antique Tyrian glass, but Gallé has invented and applied new processes. The reader may judge of the shapes from the illustration here given; as to the colours, Gallé has achieved marvellous effects with the opaque quality of his glass, to which he has in many cases given the character of polished stones—jasper, jade, and agate. More than ever does each vase from Gallé's hand come out as a "whole," both

in form and in idea. To show that each has been produced under a distinct inspiration, a motto of his own or a verse of poetry is engraved on it, defining the sense of the composition and the state of mind that gave rise to it. How charming is this autumn crocus with the words by Victor Hugo,

*"Quand les beaux jours font place aux jours amers,"*

or the wood anemone, "Sylvia," with words by Sully Prudhomme. I know that as a glass-maker he will be blamed for this union of thought and form; to me the intellectual element is an added merit when Monsieur Gallé's ideas are taken from the great poets—too often he borrows them from inferior writers, like Monsieur de Montesquieu.

Goldsmiths' work has this year again tempted the skill of many of our artists, and the results are increasingly satisfactory. Monsieur Lalique is one of those who steadily work on and progress, unspoiled by praise and success. His necklaces, earrings, brooches, and comb-tops show a distinct advance, because Monsieur Lalique, while preserving a remarkable degree of originality and artistic sense, never loses sight of the purpose of each object.

For the first time this year M. Feuillâtre, who has been till now working under Lalique,



LEDA AND THE SWAN. (BRONZE AND IVORY.)  
(By M. Ferrary.)





BROOCHES.  
(By Victor Prouvé.)

exhibits some pleasant enamel work and jewellery, under his own name. We may consider this as a good start, and expect better works still from this clever craftsman.

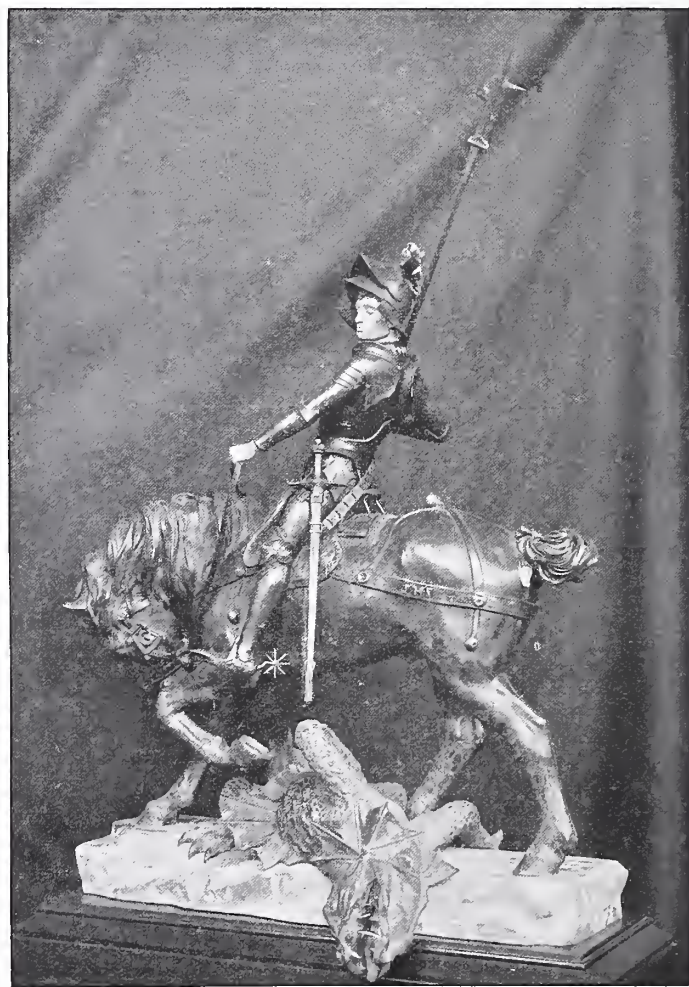
By the side of much jewellery of secondary interest, I must note a good many efforts of high artistic merit, which might well have some effect on the fashions, and convert the lovers of commonplace modern ornament to a more refined and higher taste. It would be a pleasure to see a woman wearing the clasps and neck-pendants exhibited by Monsieur Henry Nocq (with a cup in agate and silver, and an inkstand of porcelain mounted in silver) or, again, Monsieur Victor Prouvé's two brooches, so elegant in design, and exquisitely finished. Last year Prouvé's designs for the goldsmith were unpleasingly heavy; these brooches, wrought in gold by Monsieur Rivaud, show a marked improvement. This same artist also exhibits two examples of book-covers, photograph albums in impressed and inlaid leather; these show a high sense of fitness in the treatment of the material, and great decorative feeling, for these, it must be noted, are not specimens of binding in the common sense of the term—each is an independent work. Monsieur Emile Martin, on the other hand, sends examples of book-binding in the stricter sense, and such specimens as those called "*Light Night*," "*Impression*," and "*Virgin Vine*," are important works in the history of this craft. By very simple means and very few colours, Martin excels in producing complex effects of perspective; his woods, plains, and distances are rendered by an artist who has really seen and studied the world around him. Monsieur Marius Michel, though falling short of this flight of inspiration, exhibits some very interesting examples, showing immense skill of workmanship.

The art of glass-window making, which seems to be undergoing a real revival, appears with some interesting examples.

Mr. Tiffany amazes us by the exquisite colouring of his material, but it seems to me that he makes a mistake in not attempting subject treatment rather than a mere dazzling juxtaposition of lines. Monsieur Gaudin has reproduced, not unsuccessfully, a fine "*Saint Michael*" by Monsieur Eugène Grasset. Monsieur Galland sends a pretty "*Fantaisie*," a window for a private house; and Monsieur Albert Muret, adding to Mr. Tiffany's technical methods a more serious feeling for design and composition, has produced a piece of gorgeous colouring and strong effect.

Monsieur Jean Damp, an artist who loves fine material, besides being one of the most marked individualities of the time, has this year exhibited only the large "*Bas-relief*" which is to adorn the staircase of the Comtesse de Béarn; it represents Time as an old man carrying away in his arms Love—a weeping child. It is full of the vigorous qualities and the exquisitely finished modelling characteristic of this sculptor.

Pottery shows no great stride forward this



ST. GEORGE. (BRONZE AND IVORY.)  
(By M. Ferrary.)

year. The specimens exhibited by Delaherche, Damouse, Lachenal, and Bigot justify the high repute of French ceramics; still, these artists might introduce a little more variety into the forms of their vases.

Monsieur Jean Baffier gets constantly nearer to his ideal, which is to bring his art within reach of the general public. In his pretty examples of wood work, and vases in stamped pewter, he is instinctively akin to the Scandinavian style of carving.

Several exhibits attracted attention in the section of art furniture. Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch's novel chimney-piece should be mentioned in the first place for its simplicity and gracefulness of treatment. Monsieur Charles Plumet

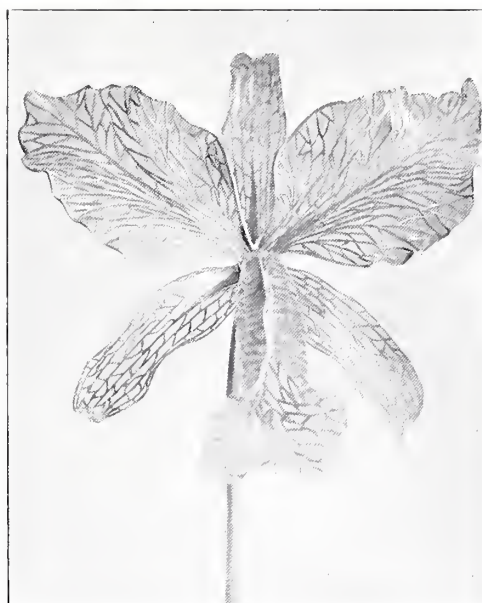
and Monsieur Tony Selmersheim showed a whole ensemble of a sitting-room; Monsieur Louis Majorelle,

two elegant sideboards, and a somewhat heavy table. The works of Monsieur Benouville must also be mentioned for his interesting efforts towards a new style of domestic art.

Monsieur Brateau had some good examples of goldsmiths' work. Mr. Allen sent a charming little group, "A Dream of Love." Monsieur Grandhomme exhibited some enamels, among them a portrait of Monsieur Falize. Monsieur Couty showed embroideries and textiles of no little interest; Monsieur Halou, a curious candlestick; Monsieur Ranson, a hanging; Monsieur Ringel d'Ilzbach, some earthenware with curious coloured lustre.

This display of French applied art, in spite of some weak features, made up a show which attracted

and interested the visitor, as revealing a happy combination of novel ideas and original technique.



ENAMEL WORK "À JOUR."

(By E. Feuillâtre.)

## EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE.

BY MATTHIAS MORHARDT.

**E**UGÈNE CARRIÈRE was born at Gournay, near Paris, in 1849. He was brought up at Strasbourg, where he spent his early years, and to this day he bears the stamp of the sturdy Alsatian character. Till the age of eighteen our artist had no history. Nothing betrayed his calling. It was not till 1867, when his parents removed to Saint-Quentin, that he first suddenly understood what art meant. There, Latour's admirable pastels in the Town Gallery were a revelation to him. He meant to be a painter.

With characteristic energy he patiently set to work to become the really great artist which he legitimately hoped to be. For three years he served his laborious apprenticeship. No striking fact deserves note, though, indeed, it would be interesting to know the working of such a soul as Eugène Carrière's. It was, no doubt, a slow development, soon to be interrupted by the Franco-German war. The young artist did not then forget that by adoption

he was a son of Strasbourg, where, indeed, he had some near relations. He enlisted at once. After a short campaign, marched hither and thither with no opportunity for the exercise of his courage, no knowledge of what purpose the devotion of his life might serve, he was taken prisoner and carried to Dresden.

At Dresden he remembered that he was an artist. What better use could he make of a long detention than to work? He begged and obtained leave to visit the galleries of the "German Athens," where he studied the masters of the German and Italian Renaissance so abundantly represented there. By the time he returned to France his 'prentice days were over—so far as they ever can be for an artist whose training is, in fact, never ended. He joined the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, under the teaching of M. Cabanel, and at first proposed to work through the regular course of the schools which leads to prizes and fortune, if not to art. For five years he struggled to deserve the praises of the Members of



the Council, who, in fact, promised him a brilliant career. Then in 1876, at the age of twenty-seven, a painter already of considerable accomplishment, he competed for the "Grand Prix de Rome." Carrière, now one of the leading artists of the day, failed; and, strangely enough, the prizes fell to men of whom it may be said that they are already forgotten.

He did not despair. He married. He was poor, but proud, and a true artist. In the rather remote quarter of Mont-Parnasse the young couple were not rich. To make a name, the painter needed canvases, frames, paints—above all, models. These were beyond his means. He began by painting on pieces of stuff which he glued over millboard. At a pinch he could make his own frames; and as for a model, had he not his admirable wife? It may be said that the name of Madame Eugène

Carrière is inseparable from the fame of her husband's work. It was she who inspired the ideas of his sweetest and most touching pictures. It seemed as though the more he studied his wife, the better he understood life as a whole, its mystery, its grandeur, and its beauty. No painter of our day has more fully felt the religious emotion of a mother's kiss, or depicted with greater majesty the tenderness of a mother's sorrow. No painter, again, has better rendered a child's pathetic trustfulness; and all this he owes to the years during which he struggled, poor and unknown, against adversity. Still, to see and understand, he must have had a noble heart, and this is a gift of grace. Providence alone selects the chosen souls to whom it is given to interpret infinite pity. Eugène Carrière is one of these, for he has done good service to humanity by producing works stamped with tenderness, love, and faith.

But though after 1874 the artist exhibited at the

Paris Salon every year, he attracted the notice only of comparatively few poets or writers, who, though they hailed him with enthusiasm, did not succeed in securing him official recognition. It is, in fact, an anomaly—strange, but to be noted—that in France the more admirers a painter finds among the intel-

lectual men of his day, the less favour he finds with his fellow-artists. They seem to imagine that art is a matter of priesthood; that before a man can see form or read its meaning he must absolutely have graduated in the *École des Beaux-Arts*.

I need hardly say how great an error is this. If it were necessary to be oneself a master before understanding and loving art, who would be competent to form an opinion? With the exception of Rodin—I am speaking only of French artists—Puvis de Chavannes, Eugène Carrière, and a few



EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE.

(By Himself.)

more, I know hardly any artists who would have the right. In point of fact, everybody who has eyes to see Nature, who loves and can read her mysteries, is better qualified to judge of a painter than one who has grown pale in a studio without ever discovering the human soul in living men.

Hence Eugène Carrière from the first met with hostile comment from the men who felt a power among them against which they chose to struggle. And it is not lack of enthusiasm that I mean. It is to Carrière's honour that he never "turned anybody's head;" on the contrary, in spite of injustice, even of fierce abuse, he persevered in his aim always to achieve something better.

In 1882 he exhibited a work which for the first time brought him to the front. It was a refined portrait of an old man and his grand-daughter, suggested, like most of his previous works, by the scenes of his own home-life. Subsequently, he exhibited two more episodes of domestic life, "The Sick Child"



and "The First Communion," two large pictures purchased by the State, and sent to grow dim with dust in some remote country gallery. They were seen again at the Universal Exhibition of 1889.

Still Carrière had not triumphed over the hostility of the "jury" of the Salon. In 1884 he was at last granted "honourable mention." In 1885 they awarded him a third-class medal. In 1887 he had a second-class medal; and in 1889, at last, a silver medal was awarded to him. This completes the list of his academic honours.

But what a series of canvases he produces of inexhaustible variety! A "Portrait of the Sculptor Devillez," standing against an exquisitely luminous background of subdued amber tone; by his side is a large dog looking up with a questioning eye. Next, the picture of "Jean Dolent and his Daughter." Then, after the division of the Salon into two camps, Carrière became a glory of the Society at the Champ de Mars. There he has exhibited every year; his works all pitched in an intentionally low key, rich in the mysterious effects that charm the eyes of those who prefer such true harmony to loud and glaring colour. His subjects are portraits, domestic scenes, and, above all, the tenderly pathetic studies of maternity, which have given him a place of his own in contemporary art. Each and all have had the honour of being hailed with imprecations on one side and acclamations on the other. And yet not one could be an object of scandal. Eugène Carrière has always aimed at strict moderation, and only cared to express his love of humanity. It never struck him that he was thus inaugurating an important revolution. The painters who till then had given us huge canvases representing the women of Rome or of Byzantium, the primæval Gauls or the last of the Druids, naturally rose in arms against a man who restricted himself to studying his wife and children and achieved masterpieces.

War was declared. Carrière, it was said, painted

nothing but mothers; he was blamed for the low muffled pitch of his colouring. What was he not blamed for? But it matters not. The essential point is that he still works from the faces and facts that are dear to him, and that they have inspired him with imperishable thoughts. He owes to them—and we may thank them for some of the truest emotions men can feel. We have been introduced into a new sphere—domestic, peaceful, and, at the same time, joyous and passionate, reminding us of the great works of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

And is it nothing that we have been led back to the natural fount of art? that a painter should have discovered the possibility of finding new subjects every day in the study of a mother and her children? that he should so entirely enter into the scenes he beheld as to be able to communicate to others that perennial thrill?

I, for my part, believe that there is in Carrière's



M. GABRIEL SÉAILLES.



work a spark of eternal truth, and that wherever we may meet with it, under whatever circumstances our posterity may see it, the same emotion will stir them

Gallery (New Bond Street) will at once show the reader the quality I mean; Carrière's pictures there have the stern strong beauty of bas-reliefs in bronze.



MATERNITY

as has stirred us, the same sense of tenderness, anguish and pity.

About ten years since, the sculptor Rodin, who has just executed the memorial of Balzac which has roused such vehement discussion in Paris this year, said: "If I sell my statue I will buy a picture by Carrière." Rodin did not sell his statue, nor at that time buy a picture by Carrière. He had to wait. But last year and the year before he took ample revenge on perverse Fate, for he acquired no fewer than three paintings by Carrière in exchange for bronzes and marbles from his own hand.

Rodin's admiration for Eugène Carrière as a painter is easily understood. Carrière is as much a sculptor as a painter. Many of this master's portraits have a singular resemblance to a bust. His endeavour to model as a sculptor might is visible not merely in his constant care to study the human face under the elementary play of light and shade; it is also, and especially, conspicuous in his rare and precious avoidance of every artifice of colouring to secure a brilliant and facile effect. It is finally evident in the quality of calm and lofty dignity which enables him, simply by his mastery of value and tone, to give amazing power to his modelling.

Bronze! The exhibition at the Continental

Gallery (New Bond Street) will at once show the reader the quality I mean; Carrière's pictures there have the stern strong beauty of bas-reliefs in bronze. They have the same effect—of the human form standing out in full light against the shadow of the background—forms that live, that vibrate, the blood flowing under the skin. In vain does the painter strive, as it would seem, not to suggest this; to represent nothing but bistre shadows, with pink in the lips and pearly light in the eyes. The figures he perpetuates are so living, so expressive of suffering or kindness, so motherly or so artless, that they seem to breathe as we look at them. They stand before us complete in the pure metal of their elemental nature. No blues or greens or reds lend these beings the artifice of vulgar subterfuge. Like statues of bronze or marble, these are creatures of primi-

tive matter, seen in a single homogeneous hue. But light and shade lend them wonderful harmonies. The light seems to fall with unexpected gleams and give depth and stillness to the shadows; and though these bending, questioning figures are full of mystery, it is not the mystery of death.

Nor would it be just to this young Frenchman to say that he is no "colourist." Because an artist showers on his canvas all the hues of his palette, is he therefore a colourist? Is he more a colourist when he paints his model in a red skirt with an orange-yellow bodice, or represents a lady of fashion in a blue velvet dress against the background of a pink or cream-coloured drawing-room? No.

The confusion that reigns in this subject rests on a misapprehension of the word. It is supposed by the vulgar that a painter must be a colourist because his pictures are highly coloured. This is a mistake. A draughtsman in black and white—Daumier, for example, and in our own day Rodin the sculptor—may suggest the consummate colourist, *as the artist understands it*. Indeed, can there be anything more full of colour than Rembrandt's etchings? And can it be said of a bronze or marble statue that because it is of an uniform hue it is devoid of colour, merely because it is not usually tinted with red or blue? In point of fact, Eugène

Carrière is a colourist all the more subtle and refined because he uses no coarse means of effect. The key of his choice is, so to speak, a minor key, but it supplies every harmony that the painter cares to dwell upon. The charm of his works is indeed indescribable. I need only point out the delicate gleam of the pink sash in the picture of Jean

that rests near the girl's shoulder tells the tale of Daudet's long endurance of suffering. Elsewhere a reflected light on the face is no less telling—a woman's brow stamped with anxious maternity; an eye, a mouth, a chin so expressive that they dwell in our memory. We involuntarily think of some great musician—Schumann, for instance—who



M. ALPHONSE DAUDET AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Dolent's little daughter; or again, the portraits of M. Gabriel Séailles and his daughter; the large painting "Théâtre de Belleville" (No. 24) in which the red-gold hair of a lady tells with such fine effect; and the living, lifelike, pain-wrung figure of Christ.

Eugène Carrière is not merely a painter of the first rank. He has a dramatic feeling for life, if I may say so, which is a gift as precious as it is rare. Some of his pictures deserve to be studied from this point of view. He excels in emphasising some detail in a picture which at once accentuates and expands its purport. Thus merely a hand can lend to a calm, domestic scene a strangely poetic hint of tragedy: as in the "Portrait of Alphonse Daudet and his Daughter,"\* where the thin, weary hand

places some note in a melody with such skill as gives it a quite peculiar resonance, or by breaking off a phrase for a moment's pause lends a voice to silence.

Carrière's work is living and healthy. His art is so sure, so calm, and at the same time fervid and lofty, that he can with striking boldness light up the figures he places in that harmonious bronzed twilight so vividly that the outlines melt away in the flood of light, and are defined only by the shadow that delimits them. He is full of passion, too, and so tender hearted towards all who live and suffer that no artist has painted pain more sympathetically. At the Continental Gallery examples may be seen of those famous studies of maternity in which he shows not merely the mother's love for her child, but all

\* See MAGAZINE OF ART, 1889.



the child's trust and sense of safety. Again, his work is touched with mystery; I mean it is the outcome of a poet's mind—a poet who flies from the loud glare of bright colour and who loves a soft, dim distance, silent retreats where light, though but subdued, is refined and carefully distributed.

This is well seen in the "Portrait of Jean Dolent and his Daughter." To eyes that appreciate tender contrasts of light and shade there are treasures of enjoyment in the background of this painting. The vase on the table, its form constructed, as it were, on a single point of light; the statuette on the chimney-shelf; the chimney-shelf itself, with its

delightful naereous gleam—all these accessories grouped about the two figures (nay, three, for the dog lying by the child deserves to be included) form a harmonious and domestic setting of which the simplicity enhances the aristocratic choiceness of the work. For, in fact, it is not enough to render dexterously all the facts of a face or a room. The artist must understand and interpret them, and give them the atmosphere of character. And it is in his choice of atmosphere—that is to say, all that constitutes the harmony of a picture—that this great artist expresses the aspirations of his soul.

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## ART IN IRELAND: THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

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APRIL SHOWERS, BELLINGHAM HARBOUR

(From the Painting by Alexander Williams, R.H.A.)

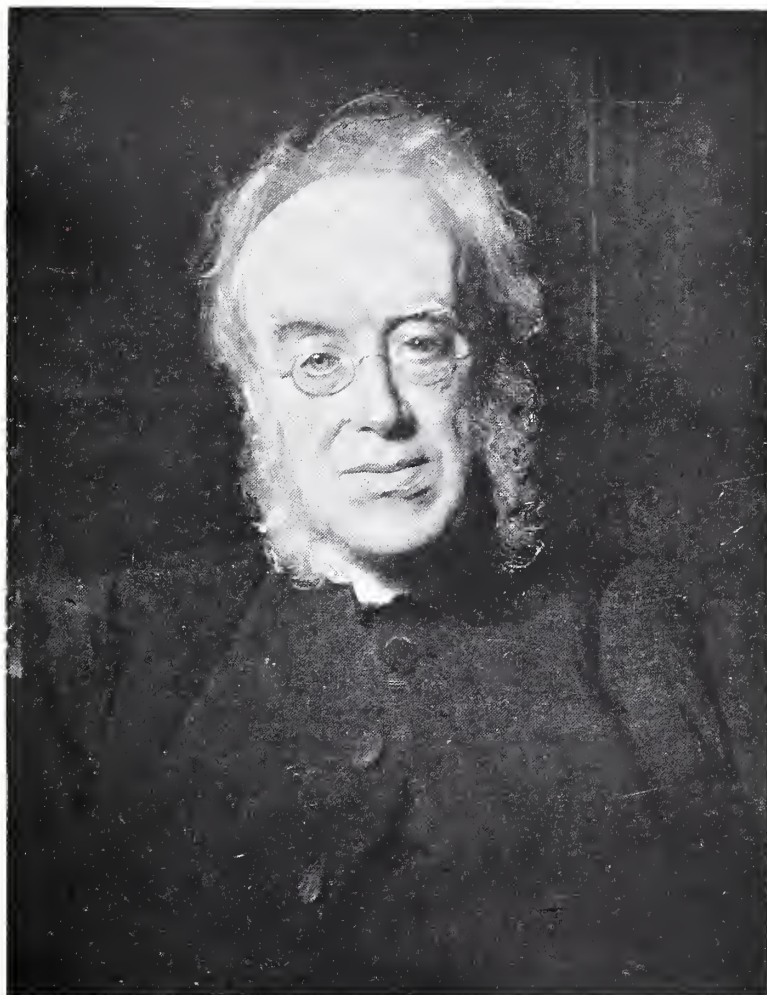
THE sixty-ninth Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy may be justly chronicled as the best that has been held during the past fifteen or twenty years. One of the most welcome features of the display is its cosmopolitan character; even the most enthusiastic patriot realises that native art alone, no matter how interesting, will not constitute an exhibition worthy the name; the various English and foreign schools must all contribute their quota, if art in its elevating, instructive, and most satisfying phases is to be fitly represented. This year Messrs. Benjamin-Constant, Sargent, Orchardson, Briton Riviere, Swan, and others, have sent notable examples of their work, and these exhibits have raised the Academy immeasurably above the standard of recent years.

The portraits, which constitute the most interesting portion of the display, include two by Benjamin-Constant. The Earl of Ava has already been shown and criticised in London, but the second and incomparably the better canvas, is the recently finished portrait of Dr. Salmon, LL.D., Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. In it the artist is seen at his best. The portrait is absolutely daring in its simplicity; no accessories distract the attention; the black clerical coat is buttoned close to the neck; the mere indication of a bright red leather chair is visible behind each shoulder, and contrasts boldly with the subdued olive and brown panelling that fills the background.

Mr. Walter Osborne, R.H.A., shows some excellent portraits, notably that of the Right Rev.

Lord Bishop of Cashel. The seated figure shows careful drawing, the head is well posed, and the treatment of the face is decisive and effective. Sir Henry Irving has lent the magnificent portrait of Miss

to others the reproaches of that cold, calm face, that proud yet complaining eye." Though Cromwell is boldly drawn in the pose so accurately described by the historian, the figure of Wildrake is unquestion-



DR. SALMON, LL.D., PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

(From the Painting by Benjamin-Constant.)

Ellen Terry, as Lady Macbeth, by Mr. John Sargent, R.A., and this splendid colour scheme has excited much admiration and interest in Dublin. And in close proximity is the well-known canvas, "Ganymede," by Mr. Briton Riviere. Miss Sara Purser, H.R.H.A., has scored a success with her portraits; that of Miss Edith Lamb, a pretty child, is brilliantly painted; her portrait of Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., is a characteristic study. The place of honour in the large gallery is given to a Dublin artist, R. T. Moynan, R.H.A., who exhibits an ambitious historical canvas, "Cromwell and the Portrait of Charles I.," illustrating the passage in "Woodstock" (chapter VIII.), where the Protector, viewing the king's portrait, says, "Then what is that piece of painted canvas to me more than others? No, let him show

ably more artistic and pleasing, and in the distance Pearson is cleverly depicted looking through the open door. There is a considerable amount of well-painted detail, but the unaccountable diffusion of light in the apartment somewhat takes from the desired effect. Mr. Alfred Grey, R.H.A., is particularly strong in animal subjects, though his best canvas, "In the Wood," may be regarded more as a landscape, the golden sunshine striking through the trees and subtle harmony of greens are truthful interpretations of Nature. A very striking picture is entitled "Martial Law: An Episode of the Irish Rebellion, 1798," by Henry Allan, A.R.H.A., who is regarded as a rising young artist. In sharp contrast is Mrs. M. D. Webb Robinson's, "Chrysanthemums," a well modelled young girl's head bending over a large bowl of



vividly tinted chrysanthemums, the whole bathed in an effulgence of saffron light, which, falling from an unseen window, leaves the near side of the face in shadow.

Breezy freshness and limitless atmosphere are characteristics to be found in all the exhibits by Mr. Nathaniel Hone, R.H.A.: "Autumn" and "A Landscape" are fine examples of his brush, and still more forcible is "A North-East Breeze." Mr. Alexander Williams, R.H.A., is responsible for ten exhibits, the most important of which is in the large gallery, and is entitled "April Showers, Bellingham Harbour, Howth, co. Dublin." A well-known picture by Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., is shown, illustrating the lines:

"Music, when soft voices die,  
Lingers in the memory."

Miss Gertrude Hammond has an exquisite water-colour:

"True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed,  
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

The graceful white-robed woman, with sympathetic expression and beautiful hands eloquent with greeting, conveys an idealised impression of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and the subdued tones of white employed throughout are singularly poetic.

Mr. Ponsonby Staples's picture of the interior of

"The House of Commons, February 13, 1893," occupies a position in the first room, as does also an allegorical subject, "A Mirror of Time: Past, Present, and Future," by Mr. A. G. McGregor. Two magnificent studies of Jaguars and one of a Polar Bear by Mr. J. M. Swan, A.R.A., are greatly appreciated; also some nude studies of a female figure, which exhibit this artist's free and powerful drawing as no finished picture could do.

Amongst the sculpture exhibits, the President of the Royal Hibernian Academy, Sir Thomas Farrell, has a bust of the late Captain Alexander Henry, and a group, "Angelic Succour," inspired by the lines:

"How oft do they their silver bowers leave,  
To come to succour us,  
That succour want!"

Taken as a whole the Academy is ex-

ceedingly creditable; much strong and promising work has taken the place of weak, inconsequent efforts that too often occupied large areas of wall-space to the exclusion of better matter. Now lack of accommodation is the chief bar to the Irish Academy's success, and till extension by State or other means is carried out, artists of even the highest repute run the risk of having their works hung—it cannot be called shown—in Gallery III, which is locally known as the "Black Hole."



THE RT. REV. LORD BISHOP OF CASHEL

(From the Painting by Walter Osborne, R.H.A.)

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## THE ART MOVEMENT.

### SOMETHING NEW IN BOOKBINDING.

IT is not easy to find a new method of decorating book covers—indeed, it may, with reason, be doubted if it is possible to discover a method, as apart from a style, which has not had a trial during

the nine centuries in which books, leather-bound, with ornamented covers, have played their part in man's enlightenment or recreation. The book decorator should always take into account the uses

and the surroundings of the object upon which his labour is to be expended; yet even now efforts are being made to revive forgotten arts entirely



"BROWNING'S POEMS."

(Designed by Miss Dunn.)

unsuitable, in spite of the centuries of experience which go to prove that books are better placed rubbing shoulders together, that close contact and sociability saves from undesirable encrustations and corrosive influences, and that thus they are more convenient for use than when swaddled in special wraps, or packed away in boxes. The lovable work of the embroideress is, therefore, being discarded because her delicate threads will not stand friction; and the art of the metal-worker set aside because what preserved the book he had furnished was destructive to all others; and so with many other "novelties," mostly absurdities, doomed to be ephemeral, produced to pander to a taste for something new.

Now, however, there is being brought to perfection a method of decoration, equally as suitable for the closely packed book-shelf as any ordinary binding, but full of the possibilities of artistic design in its widest form, with the addition of colour; and if it is not absolutely new, it is at least new enough to call forth some appreciation and awaken some enthusiasm amongst book-lovers, who bestow so many thoughts upon the dainty dressing of their favourite volumes.

The idea originated in the latter part of the last century, when a binder in Halifax, named Edwards, took out a patent for "embellishing books bound in vellum, by making drawings on the vellum which

are not liable to be defaced but by destroying the vellum itself." In order to keep to himself any profit arising out of this idea, in his specifications he detailed a plan apparently intended to mislead any who might wish to know how it was done, and it is extremely doubtful if any of his bindings in this style were produced under the conditions he described. The production of his work must have been costly, and the transparency of his vellum was not equal, so that binders do not seem to have attempted to imitate him; or if they ever tried, they probably found his explanations too baffling to follow. It is only recently that we have something so similar in idea, that the mention of Edwards and his work becomes necessary.

Mr. Cedric Chivers of Bath, a keen student of the historical side of bookbinding, seems to be the first to divine what might be done with transparent vellum as suggested by Edwards's inconsequential attempts. With a nineteenth-century vision he saw an opening, in such a method of decoration, differently applied, for every conceivable variety of style which might take the place of, or be added to, the ordinary art of the book finisher, who produces his designs impressed in gold. The beautiful results achieved by gold tooling are, however, limited to

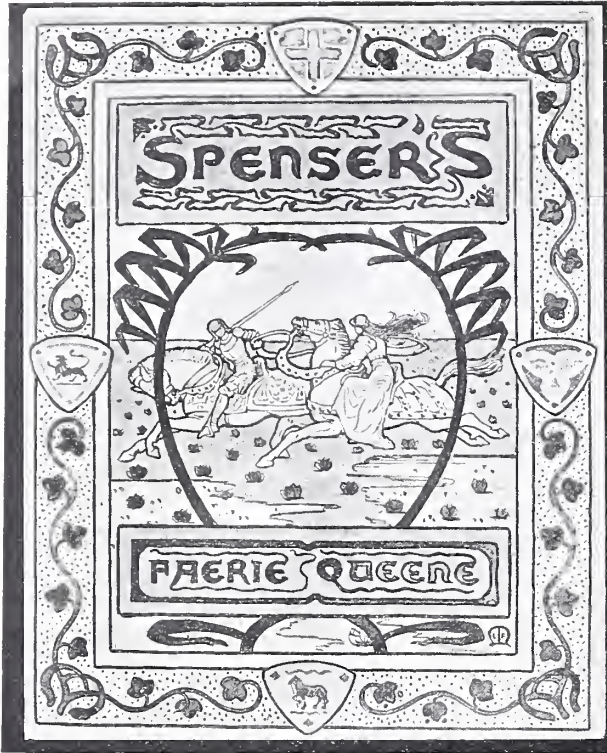


"THE BLUE FAIRY BOOK."

(Designed by Alice Shepherd.)

outline;—painted ornament which gives shading is extremely perishable; inlays of colour leather, while more durable, give no shading. Here then was the





(Designed by Fairfax Muckley.)

opportunity: two things were required—a transparent vellum, and a mode of applying the design beneath it.

Mr. Chivers has so far succeeded that he has secured patent rights for a very simple plan. It is not necessary to paint on the vellum, in any reverse or back-handed fashion, of light colours first and finishing touches, with the background afterwards; the design is painted upon paper, and the transparent vellum, one of the best and strongest coverings ever used for the binding of books, is laid over it. With these simple materials the greatest opportunity is offered for any and every style of the graphic arts, with or without the aid of the bookbinder's finisher, for designs symbolical, illustrative, or conventionally decorative. When complete, the book will stand contact with its fellows, and the worst usage dirt or damp can meet out to it, without spoiling its decoration.

To illustrate what may be done, a few examples have been chosen which will suffice to show how anyone may decorate their own favourite volumes according to their own fancy—noting this, that the design can only be applied to the book by one bookbinder, Mr. Chivers, or a violation of patent rights will ensue:—

(1) "Poems by Robert Browning," a conventional design by Miss Dunn. The upright flowers in shaded pink, and the whole upper part of the cover tinted with faint sunrise-red.

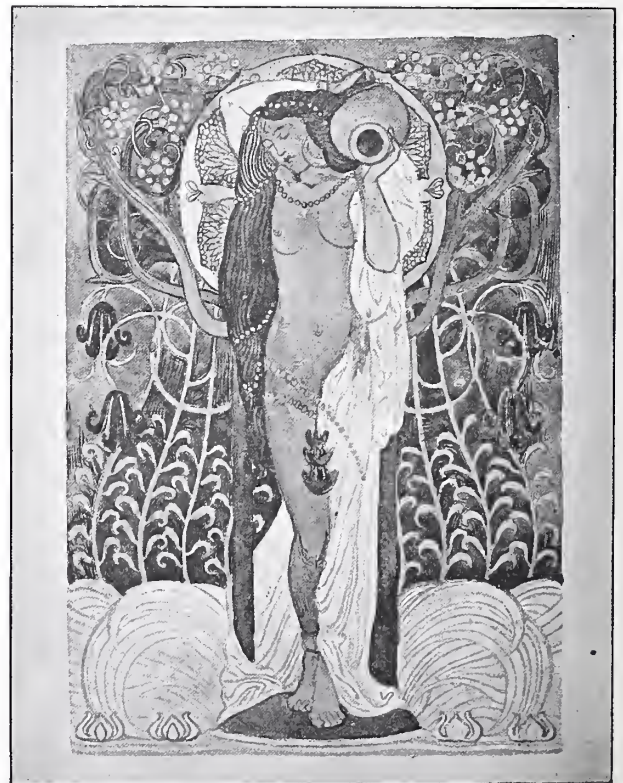
(2) "The Blue Fairy Book," with an illustrative design by Miss Alice Shepherd, who has

been for some time past one of the most successful artists in repoussé leather-work. The bordering thistles in pale grey, the line frames in tooled gold, and the central picture in colours.

(3) "The Faërie Queene," in various schemes of colour, by Mr. Fairfax Muckley, has been worked out on the three volumes which form the set. In the border of the one chosen, the ground is white powdered with gold, the leafy scroll pale blue. In the centre the figures are ivory on a green ground, with a light orange tinted sky, the heart-shaped border being in a dark greenish blue.

(4) "Omar Khayyam," by Mr. H. Granville Fell, conveys a sense of Oriental richness both in the colouring and decorative treatment, full of suggestion of the book. A female figure with purple drapery, bearing a jar, stands before trees festooned with vines, on a green background, diapered with conventional lilies; with waving grasses and water lilies at her feet. In various parts of this design a powdering of gold is effectively used.

The books must be seen to be appreciated, since no black-and-white impressions can give the beauty and glow of colour, but the illustrations will serve to show how this method of binding will lend itself to the preservation of the most entrancing efforts of genius, the most lavish display of colour, and the most beautiful application of gold as an adjunct to



"OMAR KHAYYAM."  
(By H. Granville Fell.)



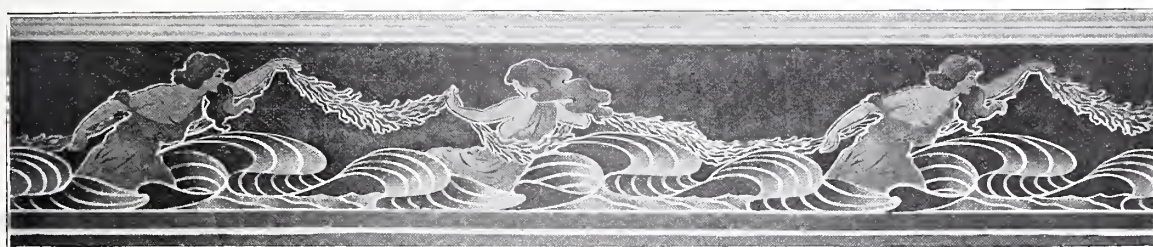
colour decoration. In the "Stones of Venice" Mr. Ruskin exhaustively deals with this question, and shows that gold is best used as a background, a framework, or an enriching scintillation. It is in these forms only that Mr. Chivers uses the older decorative form of gold-tooling on his newer scheme, but the effect is decidedly beautiful.

That Mr. Chivers holds the rights of this form

of production is a good thing. Had it fallen into some other hands, it would have soon come to the pass that the colour printer would have surfeited the market with his thousands of pretty or objectionable wares; but Mr. Chivers intends to keep this avenue of artistic decoration open only to original work, and will only issue duplicate copies in very limited numbers, if at all.

WILL H. EDMUNDS.

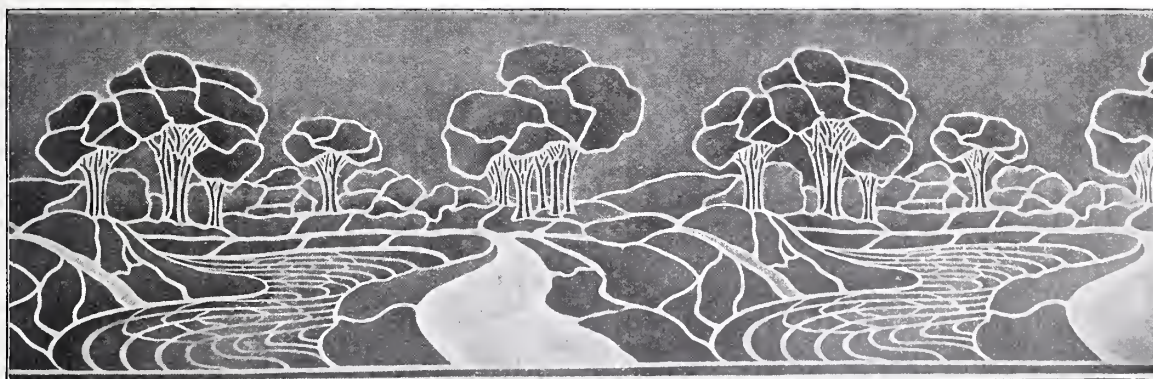
### NEW STENCILLINGS.



STENCILLED FRIEZE.

IT is but a little more than three years ago since Messrs. Rottmann introduced their stencillings for wall decoration, and it is not without interest, therefore, to note the development that has taken place in this branch of commercial art. At the first but one material—a jute linen—was used, now the process has been adapted not only to fine linen materials, but to silks and brocades—forming most delicate wall-hangings. In the matter of colour, too,

has, since the death of his partner, Mr. Silver—to whose work we referred in THE MAGAZINE OF ART some time ago—devoted his attention to designing decorations for the special requirements of the stencil plate. The landscape frieze which we illustrate is a bold attempt in respect both to subject and colour to conventionalise a landscape as decoration. The lines of the banks of the winding river are very pleasing, and the colours



STENCILLED FRIEZE.

such great progress has been made that it is extraordinary how many beautiful gradations of colour can now be obtained by means of the stencil plates. We reproduce three of the latest friezes produced from designs by Mr. Rottmann himself. An enthusiastic admirer of stencil-work, Mr. Rottmann

of the sunset sky are deftly blended and graduated with the greens and blues of the water and trees.

The first frieze is an adaptation of a larger one, whereon are represented galleons rushing through the water, preceded by the nymphs shown in the smaller work. Here the ships are left out, and



the nymphs are connected by garlands. The third illustration is an adaptation of the peony leaf to represent the curling waves of the sea, while the

The Town Hall at Blackpool has been entirely decorated with stencil work by Messrs. Rottmann, the design being based upon the Lancaster rose.



STENCILLED FRIEZE.

oars of the unseen galleon at each end make a successful piece of decoration. The figure of the sea nymph has been introduced to extend the length of the panel should requirement demand it. The frieze, however, is complete without it, and looks exceedingly well.

We were shown a panel for a spandril, and its appearance was both artistic and serviceable.

On watered silks for boudoir use, some pretty floral designs are stencilled, with exceedingly dainty and refined effect. The development of this craft is well justified in its rapidity.

#### MR. GILBERT MARKS'S SILVER-WORK.

MR. GILBERT MARKS has again been exhibiting a collection of his beautiful work in silver repoussé. Still adhering, for the most part, to his adaptations of wild flowers for his decorative purposes, he succeeds nevertheless in imparting to each piece a unique character, either by a variation in its design, or in the disposition of its decoration. The wild rose and the poppy again claim a large share of his attention. One of the cups, which we illustrate, is delicately decorated with the former flower, and is quite a new design for Mr. Marks

in respect to its shape. It will be seen that the cup is made separately from the foot, being joined by tendril-like connections.



CUP AND VASE.

From among several caskets we have chosen for illustration one decorated with lilies, very charmingly executed. It is lined with rich cedar, and altogether is an exceedingly fine piece of work. A fluted vase, with the spaces between the flutings filled with a somewhat conventionalised ear of wheat, is another successful effort, as was also a hair-brush with a daffodil design on the back and handle.

The salver which we illustrate will serve to show how Mr. Marks has adapted the fish as a means



LILY CASKET

plainly as the handiwork of the artist-craftsman, and is as much a work of art as any picture or piece of sculpture. When most of the commercial silver work is of very low order artistically, it is an encouraging sign of the times to know that there is such a demand for Mr. Marks's work that all is commissioned before its execution.



SALVER.

of decoration, and how successfully he has suggested the swirl and swing of the water.

As a relief from the flower decoration, Mr. Marks has made an experiment on two little boxes and a salver, with designs containing human figures, with most successful results. It is to be hoped that he will carry these still further. We would again draw attention to the fact that each of these pieces executed by Mr. Marks is his own work throughout; and as the silver is unpolished, each stands out

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## NOTES AND QUERIES.

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[118] **ENGRAVING BY SANDRART.**—Can you or any of your readers give me particulars of an engraving by one of the Sandrarts, or after a painting by one of the Sandrarts, which I remember to have seen some years ago, the peculiarity of which is that it is engraved with one continuous spiral line beginning in the centre of the plate? Also can you tell me whether this was a unique *tour-de-force*, or whether there are any other plates known engraved in a like manner?—G. S. LAYARD (Lorraine Cottage, Malvern).

\*\* We recall for the moment no example of spiral engraving by any of the Sandrarts—an invention of their somewhat older contemporary, Claude Mellan, who was born at Abbeville on the 23rd May, 1598. He not only became a great master of the burin, but, filled with the passion of becoming an innovator, has established his fame as an original genius. First abandoning the classic method of obtaining richness and shadows by cross-hatching and the traditional

“lozenge,” he obtained his effects by thickening his parallel lines—much in the manner now adopted by masters of wood-engraving of to-day, such as Mr. Biscombe Gardner. His invention met with enormous success, and on his return to Paris from Rome in 1637 his plates became the vogue, as the result of the sensation they created. His portraits of “Louis XIV, the Prince de Conti, and the Duke of Némours,” of “The Cardinal Retz, the Bishop of Orleans, Alphonse d'Elbène,” are examples of this period. Later on he elaborated his single-line engraving with cross-hatching and stippling, and raised himself in the esteem of the public to such a height that he felt it impossible to increase his reputation without doing something to astonish as well as to delight. It was in consequence of this belief that he produced his famous *sularium*—“The Holy Face upon the Kerchief of St. Veronica”—which, engraved in a spiral single line, beginning at the point of the nose, covered



the whole plate—every detail being admirably given, whether the features, the drops of blood, the crown of thorns, and the folds of the linen itself, as well as the background, the engraver's name, and the inscription: "Formatur unicus una non alter." The plate was received with a storm of applause, both from artists and public: The engraver died in 1688, aged ninety years, in the same year as Joachim von Sandrart.—S.

[119] **PICTURE BY HOGARTH.**—Can any of your readers inform me where the picture by W. Hogarth is to be found, representing a gentleman who has been playing cards with a lady and is offering to return to her the jewels he holds in his hands, presumably on certain conditions? He is standing, and the lady sitting the other side of the table. She is holding her head down in evident shame, doubt, and trouble.—B. A. BRANFILL (New Zealand).

\* \* The picture referred to is one of the most famous of all Hogarth's works. It is entitled "The Lady's Last Stake," or "Piequet," or "Virtue in Danger." The picture was bought from Hogarth by Lord Charlemont for £100. It was painted in 1758, six years before the artist's death. Mr. Austin Dobson suggests that the subject, which was Hogarth's own choice (painted "before I bade a final adieu to the pencil," wrote the artist) was probably inspired "by an anecdote in a paper by Edward Moore (in *The World* for 11th Dec., 1755), where the lady only saves her jeopardised reputation by a fortunate repique. Hogarth's first title is, however, identical with that of a comedy by Colley Cibber." The lady who sat for the principal figure was no other than Miss Hester Lynch Salusbury, known to the world as Mrs. Piozzi, or Mrs. Thrale. The picture was therefore engraved, at Lord Macaulay's suggestion, for the second volume of Mrs. Piozzi's "Autobiography." Mr. Austin Dobson, however, points out that there are discrepancies in the story, as well as dissimilarities in the likeness. The picture was engraved by Cheesman in 1825.

[120] **ENGRAVING.**—Has an engraving (steel) been published of last year's Academy picture "The Last Review"—Napoleon playing with the children of General Bertrand at St. Helena?—ARS LONGA.

\* \* This picture by Mr. H. Piffard has been etched by W. Heydemann and published by the Fine Art Society.

#### NOTE.

**ART TEACHING IN AMERICA.**—In connection with our articles on English art schools, Mr. Frank F. Fredericks, of the department of Art and Design

of the University of Illinois, has sent us a pamphlet dealing with his method of teaching drawing which he thinks is not followed in any other school in America. The university year is divided into three terms, and a course of art lessons is followed in each. In the first, or "fall," term purely elementary lessons are given, starting with frechand exercises; the course proceeds to the study of perspective principles, model drawing (single objects), groups of geometric solids, groups of still life, casts and plant forms, furniture and interiors, time sketches (beginning with single objects in models). The whole of these exercises are in pencil—varied at times by the use of charcoal and pen and ink—and only a suggestion of chiaroscuro attempted by line-shading. The second, or winter, term is occupied with lessons and exercises in light and shade; commencing with charcoal and pencil as mediums, the students are lead through elementary exercises in shading, geometric solids, still-life and casts of ornament, or details of the human figure. These are followed by drawings in sepia and charcoal dealing with the same subjects. The third, or spring, term is given up to drawing from the antique, sketching from life, and introduction to artistic anatomy—the work being taken somewhat in the following order: outline drawings of casts of the figure, study of artistic anatomy, shaded drawings of details of the figure, shaded drawings of casts of the figure, time sketches. It is in the first of these sections that Mr. Fredericks claims a speciality, so far as American classes are concerned, on the methods adopted. "The student first makes a study of action by drawing as large as the paper will admit a number of casts from antique statues. From the first the student aims at correct construction, and suggests the action by as few lines as possible, learning to select the essential lines that give the attitude of the particular cast under consideration. No effect of chiaroscuro is attempted, and details of features, fingers, etc., are not asked for. To make clear to the student the importance of correctly representing the action of figures, the drawings are rendered, in addition to outline in charcoal, in silhouette or the reverse of silhouette (white upon black). Smaller drawings of the same subjects, to be executed in a given time, are required, in which the light and shade is suggested by line-shading, or, if water-colour is used, by a background of the full strength of the colour, with a flat tint carried over the shade—an exercise especially helpful to architectural students." This may be a novelty for American art classes, but Mr. Fredericks acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Hatton's "*Figure Drawing and Composition*" for the suggestions.





M. PASTRE

SKETCH OF A LANDSCAPE

(By Corot. Engraved by M. Pastre.)







1. SMALL ALMS-BOX IN CHISELLED IRON, BEARING ROYAL ARMS OF ENGLAND. (TIME OF HENRY VII.) 2. VASE AND COVER OF MARBLE, OVERLAID WITH SILVER-GILT WORK. (FRENCH, SIXTEENTH CENTURY.) (*Sir T. G. Carmichael.*) 3. THE BECKET CUP AND COVER OF IVORY, WITH SILVER-GILT MOUNTS, SET WITH PEARLS. (LONDON WORK, C. 1528.) (*The Duke of Norfolk.*) 4. COVERED FLAGON OF SILVER-GILT. (FRENCH, SIXTEENTH CENTURY) (*Sir T. G. Carmichael.*) (See p. 571.)

## THE METAL WORKERS' EXHIBITION.

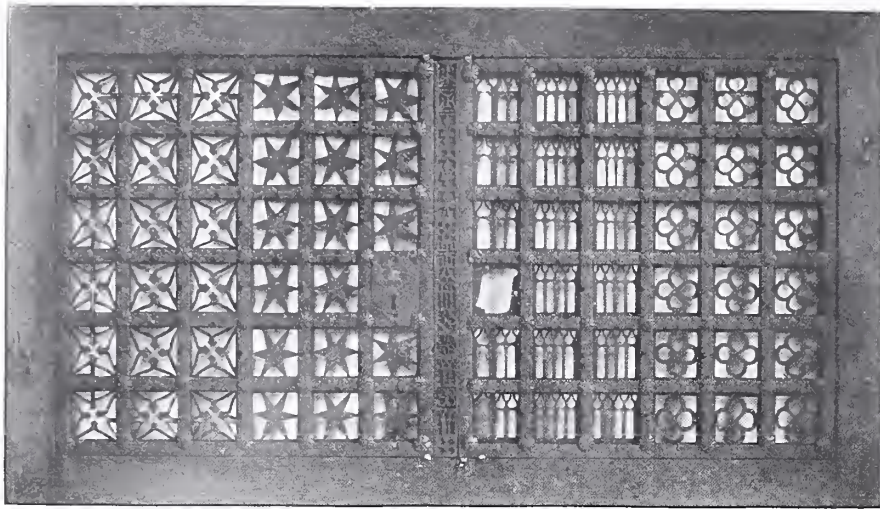
BY J. STARKIE GARDNER, HON. SEC.

IT is remarkable that metal workers, who form in the aggregate a considerable body of artists and craftsmen, have never thought it worth while to hold an exhibition in London of their productions until the present year. Even this exhibition seems to have been initiated as well by a section of the technical press as by metal workers. If lacking collectively in enterprise, however, the well-known strides made of late by the metal-working craftsmen have for some time excited considerable interest. It is hard to realise that no great display of contemporary metal work has been seen in London since 1862, nor of ancient metal work since the one held in Ironmongers' Hall in 1861. The exhibition recently held in the Aquarium comprised both ancient and modern work; the latter, it must be admitted, seen to some disadvantage amidst incongruous variety entertainments and side-shows. This element, no doubt, deterred many from exhibiting, and accounts for so many others taking up their positions in the galleries.

One of the lessons taught by it is that the workers in the so-called base metals have outstripped their fellows working in precious metals. Another, that Birmingham is no longer the indispensable purveyor of our requirements under this head.

Of the several crafts comprised in it, that of the blacksmiths, it is well known, has, under capable and energetic teachers, been for some dozen years past raising their art from an almost moribund state to one of healthy rivalry. The exhibition made it quite apparent that smiths can now turn out work equal in every respect to any done in the past. Their work stands perhaps alone in this, that it does not need to agglutinate in any great metropolis, but flourishes equally in any urban or village forges. In fact, the more isolated and independent the smithy, the more freshness and vigour the work displays, while the more aggregated and confined to centres, like Birmingham, the more cramped and mechanical is the work produced. The small case of excellent work exhibited by Mr. David McHardy, of Aberdeen, conspicuously illustrated this peculiarity. Object lessons as to the unlimited adaptability of wrought iron to artistic purposes were to be learnt from the exhibits of modern work by Barkentin and Krall, Longden, Feetham, Potter, Baily, Strode, Wragge, and others, no less than from the fine old altar-rails lent by the Princess Louise, the replicas of iron work made for the German Emperor, the old English gates from York, the





PAIR OF DOORS OF PIERCED IRON, PROBABLY FROM A CIBORIUM, NUREMBERG.  
(EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY WORK.)  
(The Property of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart., M.P.)

railing from the old Clock House, or the *grilles* from old Drapers' Hall. Among other fine iron work exhibited were the Venetian gates and the pierced grille from Nuremberg, from Sir Cuthbert Quilter; the great bracket and gondola lantern lent by Messrs. Trollope; the fire screen and bracket lantern designed by Mr. Percy Macquoid, and his remarkable North Italian screen, and the andirons, etc., lent by Mr. Ernest George, Mr. Fitzhenry, Mr. Haité, Mr. Garraway Rice, Mr. Krall, and many others. Illustrating locksmiths' work were the chests from the Dyers' and Ironmongers' Companies, and from Colonel Edis; Mr. Salting's fine Gothic lock, etc. (see p. 571); Mr. David Currie's Renaissance keys and embossed work; and Mr. Marey's display of cut steel work. Not easily forgotten are the specially ingenious applications of half-polished wrought iron for electric lighting, by Mr. Tayler Smith, notably the corona for a Scottish Conservative club. The ironwork as a whole was of extreme technical value. A singular exhibit, to which no English firm offers a parallel, was that of Mr. Bönnten, agent for the celebrated Munich firm whose work has been illustrated and described in the English edition of Meyer's well-known book, "Handbook of Smithing." This comprised all kinds of pillars, mouldings, cornices, tubes, leaves, rosettes, etc., either drawn, squeezed, or punched

into the forms of wrought iron by means of most costly and powerful machinery.

Next to the blacksmiths', the most extensive display was by the ironfounders, who, after having monopolised the field for gates, railings, etc., for more than half a century, seemed to have almost abandoned it to their rivals the smiths. The revival just seen is a healthy sign for both crafts, which should flourish independently. Nothing better has been seen in its way than the magnificent displays

by the historic firms—the Falkirk, the Carron, and Coalbrookdale Iron Companies; and by the Sheffield firms, Longden, and Steel and Garland, as well as by Feetham and others. No expense as to the first cost of designs and models seems to be spared in this branch of metal-working, which may certainly be trusted to hold its own in the great international competition of 1900. As if to emphasise the modern efforts, a series of old Sussex castings, extending for over one hundred feet in an unbroken line, was exhibited in St. Stephen's Hall. The chief contributors were Lord Leconfield, Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, the Corporation of Maidstone, Lady Dorothy Nevill, Mr. C. J. Lucas, Mr.



BIT AND PAIR OF STIRRUPS OF BRASS ENAMELLED IN WHITE AND RED.  
(ENGLISH, EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.)

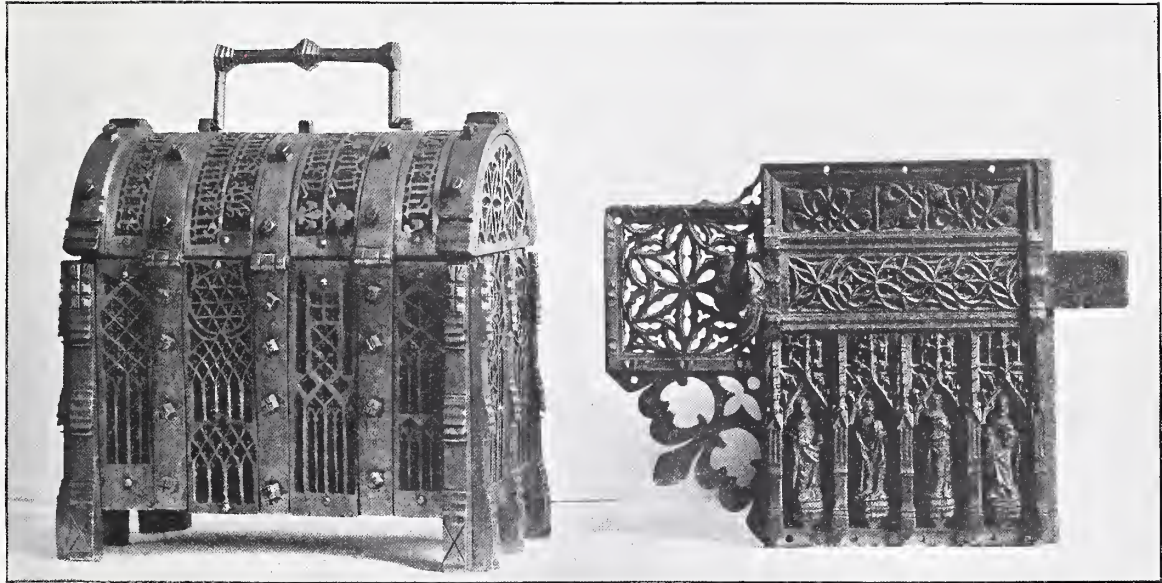
(The Property of Morgan Williams, Esq.)

Garraway Rice, Messrs. Longden and Feetham, Mr. Bridge, and Mr. Fitzhenry.

The braziers' craft was largely represented by Barkentin and Krall, foremost for ecclesiastical work, whose show of chalices, crosses, lecterns, etc., was one of the finest ever seen. Messrs. Longden's church screen, worked entirely of brass in the manner of that to Henry VII's Chapel, except that the group of statuary surmounting it appeared

The pewterers' and lead-beaters' crafts have as yet hardly begun to participate in the general art revival; but examples of beaten lead by the Polytechnic class were sent by Mr. Lethaby, and old pewter work by Mr. Fitzhenry, Mr. Washington Browne, and others. Perhaps the finest pewter flagon in existence, inlaid with brass, was exhibited by Sir Samuel Montagu.

Goldsmiths' work was represented by the old



IRON CASKET AND LOCK. (GERMAN, FIFTEENTH CENTURY).

(The Property of George Salting, Esq.) (See p. 570.)

partly of bronze inlaid with brighter metal, suggested a new and important field for the craft. Messrs. Potter's brass lecterns were also of the best, and some admirably worked bronze and brass *grilles* were shown by Messrs. Baily and lamps by Mr. Benson.

The most striking display of bronze and brass work was, however, by three well-known firms—Litchfield, Perry, and Miller—whose reproductions and adaptations from antique models were unusually numerous and beautiful. The most interesting bronzes in St. Stephen's Hall were the large plaques lent by the Queen, and recently discovered built into the walls of a house on Kew Green, once a royal residence. They commemorate some of the high-handed proceedings of Louis XIV towards the Courts of Rome and Genoa, and are nearly three feet in diameter. The case of Italian and antique bronzes was lent by Sir T. G. Carmichael and Mr. Ernest George; the singular bronzes from Benin city, of which the nation has fortunately acquired a series, were from Colonel Talbot, and the antique Persian work from Captain Myers; and charming modern work, by Stirling Lee and others.

French silver-gilt tankard and the stone vase overlaid with silver masks and arabesqued ornaments, lent by Sir T. G. Carmichael; and by some Corporation plate, lent by City Companies and Sir Stuart Knill (see p. 569). The most notable specimen, however, was the covered Becket Cup, belonging to the Duke of Norfolk (see p. 569). This came into the possession of the standard bearer to Henry VIII, who bequeathed it to Catherine of Aragon, who left it by will back to the Howard family, in whose possession it has ever since remained. The original cup and cover of ivory are mounted with pearls set in silver-gilt work, bearing the London hall-mark of 1529, and it is insured for £3,000. Mr. Ashbee worthily represented the higher kind of modern silver work, and Mr. Spottiswood exhibited a clock and candelabra of damascened work by Krall, insured for £1,700.

The chief feature of the exhibition, however, was the really magnificent collection of armour. One case of helmets seemed to comprise a whole series of matchless specimens of types unrepresented by any genuine examples in the Tower armoury. There were grouped the fighting helm of Sir Richard



Pembridge, K.G., companion to the Black Prince, from his tomb in Hereford Cathedral, and lent by Sir Noël Paton; a peaked bassinet with camail of the time of Henry V, lent by Mr. Guy Laking; the vizored sallet which probably served in the Wars of the Roses, used in the Godiva processions from time immemorial, and lent by the Mayor of Coventry; the perfect and almost unique tilting helm of the time of Henry VII, preserved in Westminster Abbey, and lent by the Dean; the early armet worn by the grandfather of Sir Philip Sidney; and a singular and rich armet of later date, lent by Mr. Cozens Smith, of Benyoe. In the same case were some famous hauberks of mail, and the two-handed sword of the Earl of Leicester, with his bear and ragged staff in chased steel forming the hilt. Nearly opposite was the superbly-engraved suit of the favourite Earl of Essex, and two magnificent suits, encrusted with gold, of the youthful and gallant Henry, Prince of Wales, whose premature death opened the succession to his younger brother Charles, and perhaps changed the face of history. These are preserved at Windsor, and were lent by the Queen. Another case held the fine series of half-suits and breastplates from Eaton Hall, bought by an ancestor of the Duke of Westminster from Sir Horace Walpole. Mr. Percy Macquoid's brilliant and perfect cap-à-pie suit of fluted armour stood next the huge German Gothic suit from a Rhenish castle, lent by Mr. Morgan Williams, facing his small Italian suit, and the elegant Gothic Nuremberg suit, preserved among spoils of victory in the Church of Irene at Constantinople, and lent by Lord Zouche. Beside this was the realistic figure of a truculent marauder of Picardy, set up and lent by Mr. Sullivan. The larger series of fluted and other armour and weapons, lent by the Duke of Norfolk, Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, Lord Kenyon, and many members of the famous Kernoozers' Club, formed suitable backgrounds. Also in cases were

the collections of Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A.; that belonging to the Middle Temple, said to have been preserved there since the days of Ben Jonson; the priceless embossed and damascened Italian armour and shields belonging to Mr. David Currie, and the unique series of ancient Persian inlaid helmets of Captain Myers. Among the more remarkable weapons were the inlaid Viking's sword found in the Thames, of Mr. Morgan Williams; the exquisite fourteenth-century Battle Abbey sword of Sir Noël Paton's; the sword of the Cid, of Hampden, of James I, and the silver-hilted rapier and dagger of the Queen's; Captain Hutton's large series of rapiers and duelling swords; Mr. Percy Macquoid's fine cut steel cup-hilted rapier and dagger; Lord Archibald Campbell's splendid claymores and pistols; and the Queen's and Major Victor Farquharson's inlaid guns and gunlocks.

It is impossible to enumerate all of interest in such an exhibition, or to dwell on the stirring memories, tragic or glorious, that such a series of grandly historic relics may evoke. Such a collection may not be seen again for some time, and when next the metal workers hold an exhibition, may it be more fitly located. Annual exhibitions of different crafts were once attempted at South Kensington, but they were not instituted by the craftsmen, like the present one, the silk, the wood-carving, and other exhibitions, and it seemed as if officialism killed them. A scheme of annual exhibitions by the crafts in some central building during

the season, assisted by the City Companies appropriated to each, would immensely promote trade, manufacture, and progress, and be of vast general benefit. Pottery and glass-founding, weaving, metal-working, carving and joinery, decoration, would make a quinquennial cycle, neither overtaxing the crafts nor fatiguing the public, and bringing the best men as promptly into notice as in the higher realms of art.



SILVER-GILT OVAL CUP. (SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.)

(Belonging to the Carpenters' Company.)

## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—AUGUST.

### Royal Academy Election.

THE main figures of Mr. ABBEY's election are as follows:—*First scratching*: Messrs. Colin Hunter, 8; Abbey, 7; Macbeth, 6. *Second scratching*: Messrs. Abbey, 11; Waterlow, 10. *Ballot*: Mr. Abbey, 28; Mr. Waterlow, 22.

### Acquisitions at the National Gallery.

THE following pictures have been hung in the Gallery:—"Landscape," by GEORGE LAMBERT; bequeathed by Miss Haines (No. 1658, Room XVIII.). "Portrait of the Artist," by ADRIAN VAN DER WERFF; presented by Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Malet, G.C.B. (No. 1660, Room XI.). "The Battle off Camperdown, 1797," by THOMAS WHITCOMBE; bequeathed by Mrs. Charlotte Fisher (on the Eastern Staircase descending to Turner Rooms). "A Madonna and Child," by LUIGI VIVARINI; presented by an anonymous donor, by whose consent the picture is to be placed in the waiting-room to the offices. Dr. E. J. Longton has presented a water-colour copy by W. WEST of a "Portrait of a Lady," by VANDYCK. Two works—"Angels Playing on Musical Instruments," by AMBROGIO DA PREDIO, which form the side-wings to DA VINCI'S "Vierge aux Rochers," have been purchased (Nos. 1661-2, Room VI.). "Portrait of Hogarth's Sister, Mrs. Salter" (No. 1663, Room XIX.; purchased). "La Fontaine," by J. B. SIMEON CHARDIN (No. 1664, Room XVI.; purchased). The statue of Sir David Wilkie, and the relief, "Thetis and Her Nymphs rising from the Sea," have been removed to the Tate Gallery.

### Art and the Stage.

Two recent theatrical productions—"The Beauty Stone" at the Savoy, and "A Greek Slave" at Daly's Theatre—owe a great measure of their picturesqueness to the artistic co-operation of Mr. PERCY ANDERSON. "The Beauty Stone" presents, at any rate in its personages, a faithful picture of Flemish modes at the dawn of the fifteenth century, and Mr. Anderson finds, perhaps, his happiest inspirations in the illuminated MSS. and missals of mediævalism. The cumbrous linen coifs and quaint attire of the townfolk are excellently well reproduced, and the "Hall of State" in the second act is particularly noteworthy in its sumptuous extravagance of courtly attire. Laine is a pathetic figure in her admirably contrived cripple's garb, and Jacqueline's page's livery is no less dainty than fantastic. The Eastern Saida is scarcely so kindly dealt with in the matter of dress, except in the scene where her shimmering golden veil and beetle-wing embroideries are emphasised by a bevy of dancing almées in Persian robes of old ivory and purple-madder clasped with silver and garlanded with marigolds. The scenery by TELBIN is curiously unequal—the "Market-place" "set," which does duty twice during the evening, lacks the touch of distinction we have hitherto associated with his brush; and no attempt has apparently been made—either here or in the finer scene that closes

the second act—to obviate the ever-existing difficulty of "sky-borders." The so-called "Terrace" scene (really a corridor) of Act 3 shows a delightful landscape backing that maintains the artist's reputation, and it is a pity that the foreground of the picture should be marred by an ornate settee of gaudy colouring that might advantageously be replaced by a simple bench covered with skins. "A Greek Slave" also presents many meritorious features for consideration, not the least being Signor LUCCHESI'S capitally modelled statue of Eros. Mr. HARKER'S "House of Heliodorus," with its effective alcove of gold and iridescent mosaic-work, utilises all the resources of an

extensive stage, and Mr. RYAN'S picture of "Antonia's villa at Baiæ" is most picturesquely built, but the actual painting leaves much to be desired, especially in the borders. Mr. Anderson loses an effect in the opening tableau by arraying his crowd of slaves of various nationalities in practically one colour; a stronger contrast would have helped alike the characterisation and the ensemble. Later on in the first act a processional effect of mauve and hydrangea tones is well imagined, and a group of dresses in lapis-lazuli blue, flecked with violet and gold and veiled with peacock gauze, provides a striking harmony. Less agreeable in combination are the fiery orange and magenta, conspicuous in the Saturnalia of Act 2. A quartette of Roman officers in the opening scene bear themselves bravely, but it is evident that the Princess and her court are by no means on familiar terms with the somewhat heavy dra-



EDWIN A. ABBEY R.A.

(From a Photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.)

peries assigned to them in the succeeding act. It were, perhaps, hypercritical to object that the Prefect is hardly suitably attired in the orthodox Imperial robes; whilst for the unconvincing "make-up" of the Eastern Soothsayer, and the oddly Parisian Orientalism of his daughter's apparel, the respective artistes are doubtless responsible. Possibly the two figures that linger most gratefully in one's recollection are the Antonia of Act 1 in her simple pearl-grey robe of clinging crape, and the Iris of Act 2 in a dancing-dress of delicate lime-leaf green wreathed with sky-blue and purple convolvuli.

**Exhibitions.** THE City of London has laid the English as well as the French world of art under deep obligation by the extraordinarily fine collection brought together in the Guildhall, by the successful efforts of Mr. Temple, F.S.A., the Director. To illustrate French painting from the time of Watteau to the present day, to exercise a selection which practically covered the whole of the civilised world, is a task which even the generosity of the Corporation and the knowledge of the Director might have found impossible properly to carry out. But the result has justified the attempt. Leaving but little room for criticism (we would only question the genuineness of two or three, such as certain Greuzes and a water-colour by Meissonier), a gathering has been intelligently made of every period and of every school



within the limits specified. Famous canvases have been brought over from America—such as GÉRÔME'S "Cleopatra before Caesar," and "Son Eminence Grise"—and many from France. The variety is extraordinary and the average of merit not less remarkable. It is impossible to say that the collection could not have been improved or ascriptions put right; and it is, perhaps, a pity that BASTIEN-LEPAGE'S sketch of a girl should have been falsely called "Marie Bashkirtseff"—that clever girl-artist whom Bastien did not even know at the time, and whose acquaintance with her was much more slight than has been made out, and to whose autobiography an additional interest was imparted by what has been declared a gerrymandering of dates. The public will be delighted to see among masterpieces famous all the world over other masterpieces which have not yet made the world-wide reputation they deserve, and will assuredly achieve not a little due to this exhibition. The excellent idea of adding a number of examples of *objets d'art* increases the interest of the display, and the miracles of taste, skill, and beauty as shown in the medals and plaquettes of M. ROTY, and in a lesser degree by M. PATEY and others, will probably work a revolution among English practitioners in similar arts.

The interest of the exhibition of the "International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers," inaugurated at Knightsbridge, is very striking. It is the great manifestation of unacademic art, not of England alone, but of nearly the whole of Western Europe and America, perhaps the only country inadequately represented being Belgium. We have here what may be called secessionism rampant and articulate, the voice of not only the artists of to-day but of some of yesterday, such as MANET. We have examples of painting, sculpture, engraving, and black and white, the latter, perhaps, presenting the completest survey of any of the other sections; nevertheless, we must testify to the completeness with which the three large galleries of painting impress the spectator as containing extremely representative work not only from the New Salon, but from Munich, Berlin, Düsseldorf, and other centres where that modern expression of art obtains which so angers Nordau on the one hand, and on the other Count Leo Tolstoy. Mr. WHISTLER takes the principal place with a number of pictures better or less known, though it is difficult to realise why the artist in painting his own portrait should have cast away so much dignity as apparently to represent a person artificially enlivened. His lovely "Piano Picture," one of the most exquisite things from his hand, is of very great beauty and as fine in tone as in sentiment and expression, the work of a delightful artist. Amongst the most notable work is that of M. DEGAS, who usually seems to suggest that ballet-girls pass their time in hideous attitudes or tying on their shoes. FRITZ THAULOW, BESNARD, EDOUARD MANET, STÜCK, SEGANTINI (with his "Costume Grigione" and his "Unnatural Mothers"), J. E. BLANCHE (with several portraits), ALEXANDER, MATHÉW MARIS, as well as Messrs. MACMONNIES, ST. GAUDENS, MEUNIER, RODIN, MACKENNAL, and GOSCOMBE JOHN among the sculptors, and an extraordinarily able assemblage in the section of draughtsmen, present a phalanx such that it would, indeed, be easier to name absentees than those who are present. Among the painters of the newer school Englishmen easily maintain their place, although the contributors contain men so different in their style as Messrs. SANDYS, AUMONIER, ROBERT BROUGH, J. J. SHANNON, GEORGE HARCOURT, ROBERT ALLAN, LAVERY, OLIVER HALL, GEORGE CLAUSEN, CHARLES CONDER, LESLIE THOMPSON, GUTHRIE, CHARLES

SIMS, E. A. WALTON, STRANG, GEORGE MACCULLOCH (with his slavish imitations of Mr. Watts), and GREIFFENHAGEN (with a similar *rifacimento* of Rossetti in his "Annunciation"). There are a few works which have no claim to inclusion in this or any other exhibition, but they do not lower the interest naturally belonging to this extensive display of modernity, be it accepted as good art or otherwise.

At the Clifford Gallery Miss ROSE BARTON has once again demonstrated her skill in depicting the picturesque of London—the beauties of the river, with its ever-changing aspects, its glorious sunset skies, its greyness and murkiness, its mysterious evening atmosphere, are all rendered by her clever brush with an affectionate truth and charm betokening careful and continuous study. "A Foggy Evening in the Mall" and "St. Paul's from Cheapside"—perhaps the most beautiful view of the cathedral obtainable—are triumphs of Miss Barton's art. Not only have the buildings of the Metropolis and its atmosphere attracted her, but that curious product, the London child, also. "Weary," "Toddlers," and "Out for the Day," with many others, depicted the pathos and humour of baby-life in our great city, and lent an additional charm to a charming little exhibition.

The Decimal Club is to be congratulated upon its exhibition of water-colour drawings recently held in Buckingham Palace Mansions. The work produced by this little company of ladies is worthy of greater publicity than could be obtained by this semi-private exhibition. Miss SYLVIA DREW, in her little drawings of animals and birds in delightfully-rendered landscapes, showed talent of no mean order. Miss ALICE CHARLESWORTH and Miss JOSEPHINE CHRISTY had some very good Italian sketches, and Miss EVELYN HOWARD and Miss AGNES RUDD some charming drawings of English river and coast scenes. Altogether the exhibition was of great merit, and we hope to see more of the work produced by this club at no very distant date.

Mr. TOM SIMPSON'S collection of water-colour sketches are for the most part scenes in the comparatively unknown county of Essex, and reveal the existence of much that is picturesque if not altogether beautiful. The artist has made much of the opportunities afforded for pretty "bits" by the red-sailed barges and quaint old villages, and with a skilful hand suggests light and atmosphere in all his work. Interspersed with the Essex views are some charming little records of Whitby Harbour.

Messrs. SHEPHERD are exhibiting a collection of works by old English and modern artists. Amongst the former is a good Henry Dawson—"The Angler's Work"—a rich though subdued piece of colour; several very characteristic sketches by DAVID COX; two magnificent Gainsboroughs; and an excellent little work by A. STANNARD, "On the River Lea." Amongst the modern work there is an interesting sketch by Sir J. E. MILLAIS, executed when he was about seventeen years of age, and some good examples of the work of Messrs. DENDY SADLER, ALFRED EAST, and J. CLAYTON ADAMS.

Mr. CECIL BURNS may be congratulated upon the first exhibition he has collected at the South London Fine Art Gallery. Consisting principally of works by old English masters from the collection of Mr. J. W. BACON, the exhibition is an instructive record of the development of English art. The interest of the show might have been enhanced if an attempt had been made to arrange the works somewhat in chronological sequence instead of mixing up the early English works with those of old Dutch



masters and pictures by such recent artists as the late Lord LEIGHTON. However, the collection is an exceedingly fine one, and the examples of GAINSBOROUGH, COX, HOGARTH, REYNOLDS, ROMNEY, JAMES HOLLAND, ETTY (by whom there are two specially good works), CONSTABLE, MÜLLER, LEIGHTON, MILLAIS, ROSSETTI, Mr. WATTS, and Professor HERKOMER cannot but impress the visitors with the glory of the work of the English school of painting during the last hundred years. Mr. FRAMPTON'S imposing "Angel of Death" occupies the position of honour in the centre of the gallery.

The bust of Mr. Gladstone by Mr. ALBERT TOFT—one of our most talented sculptors—has been on view at Messrs. Agnew's. The special sittings accorded to the artist have enabled him to impart a lifelike quality which is absent from so many representations of the statesman. We learn that the sittings were many and of long duration—so long that, on one occasion at least, Mr. Gladstone fell asleep. Nevertheless, his enthusiasm was not damped by the demand made upon him, for, on another occasion, in order to make the sitting as long as possible, he finished his breakfast on the sculptor's modelling-stand, carrying it himself into the room beside the model; for, as is well known, Mr. Gladstone was a very slow eater.

Our notes on Mr. HARRY FURNISS'S exhibition of studies from life of Mr. Gladstone and his P. & O. drawings are held over.

To the remarkable exhibitions of colour etchings and dry-points by Mr. MORTIMER MENPES and M. RAFFAELLI, now being shown at the galleries of Messrs. Dowdeswell and Boussood respectively, we shall draw attention next month.

**Reviews.** It has rarely been our happy lot to come across a volume of artist's letters so valuable, bright, and interesting, and in every respect so admirably edited, as "*Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham, 1854-1870*" (T. Fisher Unwin), by Dr. BIRKBECK HILL. It affords, perhaps, the truest and most interesting aspect of Rossetti among all the good books which have so far been devoted to the distinguished painter-poet. This long series of letters, which covers the foundation of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and practically the whole of Rossetti's art career in its brightest phase, deals directly, with the painter's own pen, with that "circle" which we identify with the most important art movement of the century. Rarely has a man depicted his own character more unaffectedly than Rossetti did in his letters to his friends; never has the weakness which modified his strength of character been more frankly set forth. No one will fail to appreciate the book who is interested in Rossetti's remarkable personality as well as in the whole movement which he represents, even though he became estranged from, or cool towards, so many of the noteworthy men who were at one time his associates—Ruskin, Browning, Millais, and, lastly, Allingham himself. The value of this charming book is enhanced by numerous illustrations by Mr. Watts, Mr. Arthur Hughes, Rossetti himself, and his wife, formerly Miss Siddal.

Every admirer of the art and genius of John Constable will be grateful to Mr. AUGUSTIN RISCHGITZ (of the Studios,

Linden Gardens, W.), who, with considerable enterprise, has photographed and issued no fewer than forty-two carbon photographs of sketches and drawings by the great master of landscape, now in the British and South Kensington Museums, hitherto unpublished. In this limited edition we see the hand of Constable exercising itself in pencil, sepia, and pen-and-ink, from the period of his precise touch until that of his greatest breadth. There are here studies for compositions, and of detail, exercises for the hand and for



PENCIL STUDY OF TREES AT HAMPSTEAD.

(By John Constable, R.A. From a Photograph by A. Rischgitz.)

knowledge of tree-form, and memoranda of picturesque "bits," which will certainly be a revelation to those who have hitherto been unacquainted with Constable's style of work and study, especially with the passion for accuracy in the rendering of Nature which inspired him in his earlier career. (Five guineas.)

The art teachers who experience the difficulties which beset the subject of model drawing will be well advised to make himself acquainted with a little manual, "*How to Draw from Models*" (Cassell and Co.), by Mr. W. E. SPARKES, the Art Master of the Borough Road Training School. Mr. Sparkes prepared a manual some time since on "*How to Shade from Models*," which was full of common-sense and practical knowledge of his subject, the outcome of an everyday acquaintance with the difficulties which a teacher has to face. This new manual is a companion to the former one, and is characterised by the same simplicity and common-sense, which must be highly appreciated by every one who has to teach a subject so bristling with



difficulties as is the drawing from models and common objects.

In *La Revue de l'Art Ancien et Moderne*, the superb monthly magazine of which the editor, M. JULES COMTE, has lately completed the first volume, he has had the happy thought to devote a whole number to the Chateau de Chantilly, the princely gift of the Duc d'Anjou to France. M. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT has written on the paintings, M. BOUCHOT on the drawings, M. BAPST on the objects of art, and so on. With the admirable etchings and line-engravings *hors texte* the number is a worthy introduction to the richest gift, save one, made by any man to his country. That exception, of course, is the Wallace Collection.

Simplicity and prettiness should be the aim of illustrators of children's books. Neither of these qualities, we fear, is to be found in "*Songs for the Children, with Pictures for them in Black and White*," by SIDNEY HEATH (Chapman and Hall). The figures are stiff and oftentimes ill-drawn: the heavy outlines round some of them are curiously like the leads of windows, and suggest the artist's association with stained-glass designing.

An illustrated edition of R. L. STEVENSON'S "*Lowden Sabbath Morn*" (Chatto and Windus) is embellished with pen-and-ink sketches from the hand of Mr. A. S. BOYD.

**Miscellanea.** MESSRS. W. LEE HANKEY, JAMES S. HILL, JOHN PEDDER, G. STANTON FERRIER, and J. FINNEMORE have been elected members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

We regret to learn that, in the fire which took place at Messrs. Riviere's, numerous drawings were lost—including many from the hand of GEORGE DU MAURIER and proof-works of "Alice in Wonderland."

A life size marble bust of the Queen has recently been unveiled in the Scottish Conservative Club at Edinburgh, in commemoration of her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee. The work of Mr. BIRNIE RHIND, A.R.S.A., the bust shows the Queen at a somewhat earlier period of life than the present; the pose is dignified, and considerable effect is added by the rich folds of drapery. The pedestal, in the Louis XVIth style, is of polished white marble with ormolu mountings.

The following is the speech delivered on June 15th by Dr. SANDYS, Public Orator in the University of Cambridge, in presenting the President of the Royal Academy for the honorary degree of Doctor in Letters:—

"Regiæ Artium Academiae praesidem Aeademiae Cantabrigiensis nomine libenter salutamus. Honorum serie perpetua probatus, novimus quam feliciter, non modo artem et historiam pingendi professus sit, sed etiam artium scholis publicis et pinaothecae publicae praefuerit. Quam intima artis cognitione praeditus, non tenuia amplifcando sed grandia potius aemulando, artem suam alto proposito

destinavit. Quot argumenta pietore magno digna tetigit, tactuque suo ornavit. Dum ipsum adspicimus, venit rursus in mentem miles Romanus usque ad mortem fidelis, venit machina belli Romana Carthagini delenda destinata, veniunt Iduum Martiarum portenta; redeunt Iudaeorum in Aegypto labores; redit Proserpina, et Andromeda; redit Atalanta, et Nausicaa; redeunt Aesculapii et Solomonis hospitae; rursus ad choreas invitant 'Horae Serenae'; plus quam semel denique 'motus doceri gaudet Ionicos matura virgo.' Dextrae tot operum insignium consciae dextram libenter hospitio iungimus.

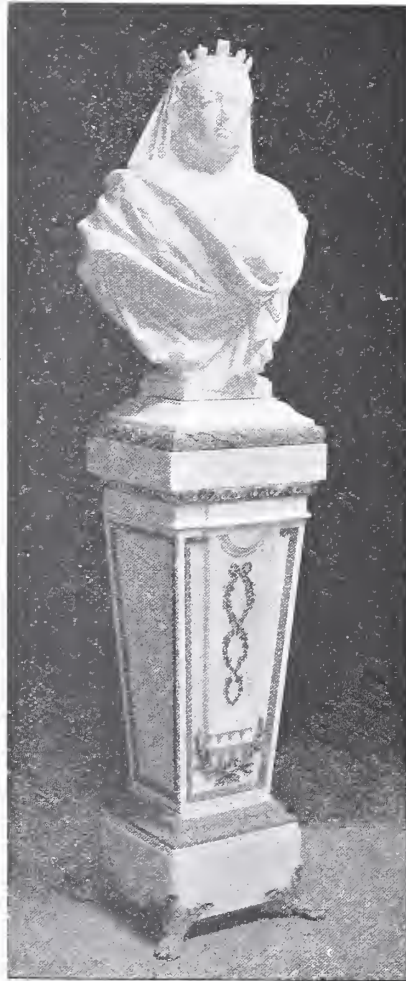
"Duco ad vos pictorem illustrem, EDWARDUM IOHANNEM POYNTER."

**Obituary.** THE death is announced of M. JACQUES JACQUET, who for forty years has held the post of Professor of Modelling at the Brussels Academy of Fine Arts. Born in 1820, Jacquet became a pupil of Geef, and produced some of the finest public sculpture in Belgium. A number of his works adorn the squares of Brussels, including the fountain to the memory of Burgomaster Rouppe, the two great lions at the entrance to the Bourse on the Boulevard Anspach, the equestrian statue of Charles of Lorraine on the Grand Marché, and the bronze candelabra on the Place du Congrès.

The well-known etcher, Mr. LEOPOLD LOWENSTAM, has recently died at the age of fifty-six. Born in Amsterdam, he studied art at the Academy there until 1870, and in 1871 was requested by the Swedish Government to start a school of etching in Stockholm. Having founded this upon a sound basis, he came to London in 1873, and soon acquired a reputation for his skill in translating the works of leading artists into etching. His plates of pictures by Messrs. Alma-Tadema, Staey Marks, Boughton, Dendy Sadler, and Sir Edward

Poynter, have done much to popularise both the artists and their works. He was awarded the highest honours for his etchings at the London, Paris, Amsterdam, Sydney, and other International Exhibitions.

The deaths have also occurred of Herr FRIEDRICH GESELSCHAP, German painter, at the age of sixty-three; of M. A. V. LEOPOLD DURANGEL, French decorative artist—a pupil of Horace Vernet—at the age of seventy; of M. CHARLES HUTIN, French painter, at the age of forty-seven; of M. JACQUES ALFRED VAN MUYDEN, the *doyen* of Swiss painters, at the age of eighty; of M. AUGUSTE BLANCHARD, French engraver and member of the Academie des Beaux-Arts, at the age of seventy-nine; of M. AUGUSTE JOSEPH TRUPHÈME, French portrait and subject-painter, at the age of sixty-two; of Madame CHARLES LANDELLE, known as a painter of portraits and subject-pictures under the name of ANAIS BEAUVAIS; and of M. MAURICE HEYMAN, Polish painter.



BUST OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

(By Birnie Rhind, A.R.S.A.)







ST. CAECILIA.

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE HITCHCOCK







## GEORGE HITCHCOCK : PAINTER.

BY ARTHUR FISH.

THE third decade of a man's life usually finds him with his avocation settled, his ambitions fixed, and his destiny marked for good or ill. To confess at that stage that a false start has been made and an uncongenial course adopted requires strength of character almost heroic; to follow the confession by action, and reverse the whole order of his life, implies the possession of a purpose irresistible in its force and a will unbending as iron. Such, however, was the course followed out by Mr. George Hitchcock.

Destined, as he thought, to carry on the traditions of a family which had produced a long line of eminent lawyers and judges in America, Mr. Hitchcock directed his early education and subsequent college career towards the accomplishment of the fondly hoped-for end—a brilliant legal position; and, passing through the classes of the Brown University (an institution founded by a member of his family in the last century), followed the pursuit of legal knowledge at Harvard, and finished by taking the degree of LL.B. He even began practising as a barrister; but suddenly, in 1878, an hereditary trait unexpectedly revealed itself to the overwhelming of all other traditions and aspirations, and the law was abandoned for art: truly a startling retrocession, that could only be justified by success.

Deseended in a direct line from Roger Williams, one of the sturdy founders of the New England over-sea, and counting among his forbears some who resisted "unto death" the taxations of George the King, Mr. Hitchcock possesses a measure of the same virile independence of character that dominated them. Shown in this adoption of a career which involved, in a degree, the sacrifice of all his early training, it has characterised all his subsequent career and work. Allowing no traditions or precedents to influence him, unless they accorded fully with his own desires and opinions, he has adhered

boldly to his inherent instincts and his carefully-constructed ideals as to what is right and true in art.

Handicapped by his ignorance of the technicalities of painting—for he knew little or nothing of



GEORGE HITCHCOCK.

(From the Painting by J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.)

methods—the *ci-devant* lawyer boldly engaged a studio at Chicago and started work as a landscape painter, in water-colours. The law had brought him nothing in the way of income, but these early unskilled efforts in art, strangely enough, were sold as soon as they were produced. Looking back on these times, the artist is surprised that anyone should have bought his work: he would like to see some of the drawings, but the owners steadfastly refuse to part with them.

Financial misfortunes at this time made it absolutely necessary for Mr. Hitchcock to provide means by which to live, and the encouragement which had been given to his artistic ability confirmed his determination to become an artist. He knew his own ignorance in respect of art: his aspirations were above continuing these amateur efforts—successful, in a measure, as they were—and from his ambition sprang action. He had heard that in England alone could water-colour art be studied, and to England he decided to go. "If I succeed I shall not return," were his parting



words. Sixteen years have passed, and he has not returned.

Unknown, unfriended, he started work in London, supplementing drawing from the antique at the British Museum with copying Turner's drawings at the National Gallery. Working diligently, patiently, indefatigably, he groped his way into the mysterious, delightful realms of colour. Boldly daring, he laboured as only one who loved his task could labour, but was sadly hampered by lack of systematic instruction. Realising this, he endeavoured to obtain entry into the South Kensington Schools, but failed. It was a blow to his hopes, but not a staggering one; softened, indeed, by the advice of a candid official not to endeavour further

in that direction, as he could obtain little good from thence. Here was an official curiously straightforward.

He then went to Heatherley's, but not to stay; he found nothing there to respond to his instincts. He was willing to work and did work, but thirty valuable years were behind him, the uselessness of which, from the point of view of his art career, had to be atoned for, and he could not afford to give time without definite accruing results. From London he went on to Paris, going steadily through the mill of the studios, still dominated by an all-absorbing passion for work. The brush at this time was altogether laid aside, his whole attention being given to drawing. After a time he proceeded to The Hague,

where he entered the *atelier* of Mesdag for the purpose of studying painting. Still following his original course, he endeavoured to depict the country around him. His methods of obtaining the greys of the Dutch sea-shore were displeasing to his master, who at last told him that he was not intended for a landscape painter, and suggested that he should revisit Paris and learn to draw the figure. The suggestion was adopted, and entrance obtained to Julian's. Another steady round of work followed, and departure was taken for Düsseldorf. One winter, however, sufficed him there, and again, impelled by an irresistible impulse, he went back to Holland. Accident took him to Egmond, and there he has remained and found inspiration in its quietude and beauty for works which have brought him world-wide reputation and substantial honours from all art centres.

His independence of spirit taught him that



TULIP CULTURE.

(In the Dresden Art Gallery.)



attachment to any particular school meant but imitation—mediocrity. He selected from his teachers what he wanted to make up for his recognised shortcomings, and then proceeded to follow his own longings and ideals. Fully equipped with the technical knowledge obtained from the Schools, he set to work. "Go to Nature" was one of the maxims enforced by Mesdag upon his pupils. It was a trite but true principle, and, acting upon it, Mr. Hitchcock commenced working entirely out of doors in order to accustom himself to the peculiarities of the Dutch atmosphere. He is very enthusiastic about the beauties of Holland: the atmosphere is brilliant without being glaring; the undulating sand-dunes along the sea-front, fringed with sparse herbage, have a beauty, entirely their own, which appeals to him irresistibly.

After some time his strong colour-sense was attracted by a field of flowering tulips. Brilliantly assertive on the flat landscape, it suggested a subject for his brush. The experiment was made, and "La Culture des Tulipes" was submitted to the Champs Élysées Salon of 1887, and won a complete triumph for the artist. The picture was awarded a *mention honorable*, and was purchased by cablegram from America; at the close of the Exhibition it was taken across the Atlantic, and has not been seen again by the artist. But it sounded the first note of his reputation, and, curiously enough, has associated his name with that of the flower. As a matter of fact, only four finished pictures of tulip fields have come from his brush. The second was painted because he could not obtain access to the first, and was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1890. The third, again, dealt with the display of tulips; but in this the figure of the woman—which had been quite subordinate in the earlier pictures—was made the prominent feature, and thus really ranks as a figure-subject; and the fourth, "Vanquished," was at the Salon this year.

But the most interesting development of Mr. Hitchcock's art, that in which he has achieved his greatest success, and which, I think, reveals to us the workings of his own heart and true inclinations, is his renderings of religious subjects. With a deep and reverent admiration for the works of Botticelli—born when he first saw them in our National Gallery—he has adopted him as his *beau idéal*. To him Botticelli is the exponent of all that is good and true in religious art. The redundant *naïveté* which led the Italian to clothe the Madonna in the garb of his own day, allied with the magnificent idealism which he imported into the character, appealed to Mr. Hitchcock's sentiments, and led him to adopt the methods to his own work. "Alma Mater," shown at the Academy in 1886, was the



THE ANNUNCIATION.

first outcome of it: but it was "The Annunciation" which attracted attention. Here the Virgin is a Dutch peasant girl, clothed in the picturesque national costume of the Low Country, standing amidst surroundings such as may be seen any day in the neighbourhood of Egmond. Lilies—the flower of the Virgin—and pansies fill up the foreground. A Dutch girl? Yes, to a degree; for Mr. Hitchcock is not an uncompromising realist. His Mary is not that of Béraud or even of Von Uhde. He does not portray his model; he infuses the features with a sentiment at once inspired and refined. There is nothing incongruous in the peasant costume; it but lends emphasis to the idea that Mary is not a Jewish maiden but the "Mother of God" for all time. "The Annunciation" was shown at the Salon of 1888, and for some years after the artist devoted his attention to symbolical or frankly religious subjects. At the Paris International Exhibition of 1889 he was represented by "The Annunciation," "Tulip Culture," and "La Maternité"—the latter being one of



the most successful works he has ever painted. Now in the collection of Mr. McCulloch, this picture is typical of Mr. Hitchcock's sentiment and methods. In the midst of a characteristic Dutch coast landscape—sandy, sparsely vegetated, backed by the



VANQUISHED.

dunes, with a peep of sea beyond—stands a peasant woman, with a child asleep in her arms and an older one by her side. On her back she carries a winnowing sieve, which, coming up above her head, suggests the halo. Flooded with a bright silvery light, painted in a low key of colour, the picture appeals with impressive force to the spectator. The sentiment of the theme, quiet and subdued as the colour though it is, pervades the canvas to a pitch almost of solemnity. One feels that this peasant woman, with the implement of toil on her back, standing amidst the desolate quietude, is symbolical of the

trials and pains of maternity. The artist's intention is obvious, but so skilful is the execution that sympathy is at once aroused, and without a particle of resentment one acknowledges the power both of the sentiment and of the artist who expresses it. "Sentimentalist" is sometimes used

as a term opprobrious for an artist, but when applied to Mr. Hitchcock there is no reproach in it; for we feel that the sentiment is a spontaneous outcome of his nature, not an exotic characteristic carefully cultivated to catch the cheap commendations of the unthinking public. The artist was awarded one of the four first-class medals given to the American Section at this Exhibition.

In 1890 he exhibited at the Royal Academy the second version of the "Tulip Culture" (which now hangs in the Duke of Marlborough's gallery at Blenheim), and in 1891 "Maternity" was seen there—as well as the bad position awarded it by the Hanging Committee would allow it to be, an injustice much commented upon at the time. Before this, Mr. Hitchcock had held two exhibitions of his work in London: the first, of "Atmospheric Notes," at Dunthorne's, and the second, one of studies and figure sketches, at Goupil's. In 1893 he gained the only medal awarded at Chicago for "A Field of Poppies;" and the same year he held a small exhibition of sketches,

with five or six pictures, in New York—every one of which was sold. In 1894 "The Annunciation," poetically described by Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., as "the twilight of the lilies," was seen in London, and was followed at the New Gallery in 1895 by "The Flight into Egypt"—one of the best religious pictures of recent years. In 1896 "Hagar" was at the Academy, and the next year "A Dream of Christmas"—a Madonna in the snow—represented his work at the New Gallery. In 1897 at the Academy Mr. Hitchcock exhibited the "St. George," while at Pittsburg (U.S.A.) he had





THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.





“Ariadne.” This year “The Godmother”—an interior of a Dutch cottage—was at the Royal Academy; at the New Gallery, the charming little “St. Caecilia,” reproduced as our frontispiece; and at the Salon, “Vanquished.”

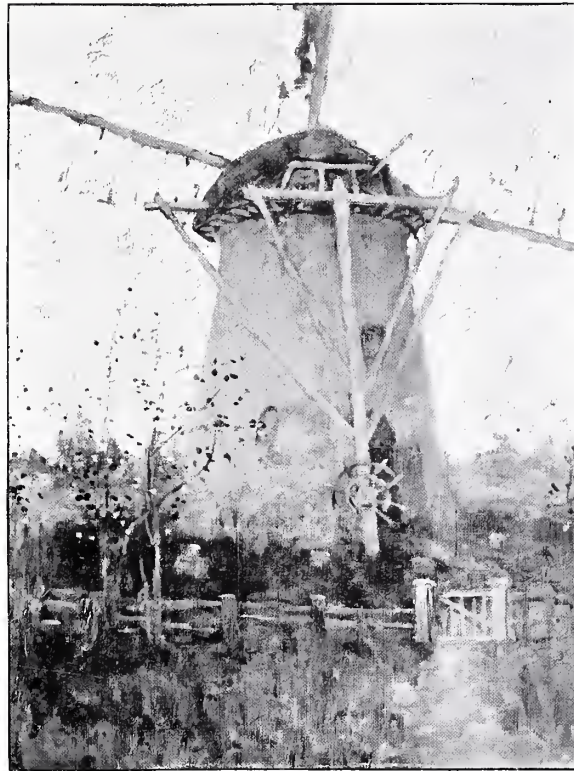
This, then, is the story of work, with a few pictures never yet exhibited, produced by Mr. Hitchcock; by no means a long one, but it has brought him both repute and honours. He has gained medals at Berlin (1896), Dresden (1897)—the authorities of the latter city purchasing his “Tulip Culture” for their art gallery—and Vienna (1898); and one voted by the New York artists in a *plébiscite*.

Removed from the strife and clamour of the great art centres, he has quietly worked on in the quiet little Dutch village. Following his own ideals and methods of work, regardless of adverse criticism, and confident all through the struggle that he would win

his way in spite of all, he has gained a reputation for originality and sincerity which he values far more

than academic honours. Assured always of a good position in the Salon and the New Gallery, and feeling strongly the indifferent reception accorded to his pictures at the Royal Academy when he sends them there, he prefers, naturally, to exhibit his best work where it receives the best attention. There is great consolation, however, in the fact that he has suffered at the hands of the Burlington House authorities in company with many other well-known foreign artists, and still more in the thought that he has acquired his reputation in spite of it.

When Mr. Hitchcock first settled at Egmond the place was practically unknown, but now it promises to become another artistic colony, and it is feared that the simplicity and quietude of the place will be affected if not destroyed.



A STUDY.

## CURIOUS MASKS AMONG GREEKS AND BARBARIANS.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.

AMONG the most curious if not the most beautiful objects found in Greece and Asia Minor during recent excavations are masks for the face in gold, bronze, and terra-cotta. Highly-ornamented masks of metal in a fragmentary condition have been found in Italian and German soil from time to time. These discoveries may serve as suggestions for remarks on a topic little discussed hitherto, namely, the reason for the existence on the Greek and early Roman stage of such a property as the mask, which has very distinctly the barbarian rather than the Greek touch, regarded from a point of view of art. As it would be impossible to direct a reader to any volume which considers the Greek mask by the light

of modern researches, these notes on the origin and meaning of the mask may be acceptable until someone better fitted for the task shall submit it to a profounder study.

The ultimate origin of the Greek drama, says a recent writer on the subject, is the ballad-dance. But it was the dithyramb, a ballad-dance used in the festival of Dionysos, which developed the drama. Worshippers assembled on some spot the god was thought to haunt, or before the door of that temple which was considered the god's dwelling. A sacrifice was made of such food as men liked most, or of that human being who seemed best fitted to act as messenger to the god in another kind of world, one not



necessarily distant from ours. On such occasions the spiritual and the actual worlds came together.



BURIAL, OR DECORATIVE MASK.

(Greek Terra-cotta. After Mask used for Old Men.)

Morsels of flesh were thrown in the fire; wine was spilled on the ground, and at such meals, taken in common, a god was supposed to become friendly enough with his worshippers to share their banquet. But of course this view was not peculiar to the Greeks. More or less refined, according to the people, the religious and secular performances of savage and civilised nations have the same underlying instinct. The temple rites and mysteries of the Greeks and Asiatics, the miracle plays of mediæval Europe, and the dances of the Iroquois have at bottom the same thought.

The special office of Bacchus as a god of vineyards has hitherto concealed a much wider significance, that of a god of vegetation, the sun and nature in general. This may account for the spread of his worship and the readiness with which different nations discovered their own gods under his ritual; it accounts, in truth, for the "conquests" that Dionysos made as far as India. At the festivals in honour of Bacchus in the theatre the temple was recalled by an altar, which stood before the shallow stage. Around this altar stood the chorus, or filed to the right and left as the plot unfolded, thus giving rise to the peculiar form of the verses sung by them as they have come down to us in the dramas. A slow dance or procession of

the chorus began and finished with each strophe and antistrophe.

Originally the chorus had all the work to do, chant following chant; but the chorus had to rest and the audience had to be amused between the songs. For this purpose their leader was raised on a bench or table. The actor was evolved next. He took his stand on a ledge above the chorus, and his first office was merely that of a foil to the leader of the chorus. Hence his name: he was called the *hypocrités*, or the answerer. But as the stage became larger, this answerer—provided with a significant mask, called in Greek a *prosôpeton*, or fore-face—became of more and more importance. He took the wind out of the sails of the leader of the chorus and thenceforth strove to absorb and hold all the power, all the action, all the attention he could. Having once usurped the place of the leader of the chorus, he allowed, it is true, a second and a third actor to be associated with him on the now deeper stage. But he, who was now called



SATYR MASK FOR FOUNTAIN OR GRAVE.

"protagonist," saw to it that neither "deuteragonist," or second actor, nor "tritagonist," or third actor, came too much to the front, just as the star to-day watches his comrades jealously and seeks to suppress

any one of them who finds more favour with the audience than he. The protagonist strove to recite as many lines as he could, and take as many parts.

accompanied funeral processions in the guise of ancestors and gods, and they were placed in tombs. Masks were common decorations for temples, houses and fountains.

Those used on the stage were commonly head-masks which encased the whole head and rested on the shoulders. Such an increase of size in the head dwarfed the rest of the figure, therefore the actor wore buskins with enormously thick soles to augment his height and give a stately, not to say stilted movement to his gait. The other proportions would suffer if these were all; consequently the robes were padded out and the actor became like the statues which we call "heroic"—that is to say, considerably larger than tall men: as large, probably, as the giants who are exhibited at fairs. Perspective, or the allowance for distance from the spectator, had little to do with these alterations in the scale of size. The chief reason was quite different.

The actor was not at first expected to represent ordinary humanity or even kings. He was to portray the gods and god-heroes. He stood for the supernatural. This is the meaning of the enlargement of the actor, and furnishes also the key for the hideous side of the Greek mask which seems so out of keeping with the genius of Greek art as we are taught to see it in marble. The mask itself was so designed as to present features in an enlarged, exaggerated way. The eyeballs were painted white,



SATYR MASK FROM GREECE OR ASIA MINOR.

(After the Original Terra-cotta. By Permission of MM. Rollin et Feuardent, Paris.)

A multiplicity of parts was easy, because of the mask. The protagonist had only to retire while some stage business was acted in dumb show, and shifting mask and robes, return in another form. From that innocent word the "answerer" we have taken our word for one who plays a part, giving it a Puritanical twist as hypocrite. So that, in addition to the work mask, used now in a good, now in a sinister sense, we have these three words from the ancient stage: hypocrite and protagonist from Greece, and person from Rome (*persona* the mask), not to speak of others it would be tedious to mention. What concerns us nearer is this: far from having invented the mask, the Greeks merely took advantage of, and held to longer than seems reasonable, an article common to human beings in general, and one so very primitive that its origin must be set back far beyond the dawn of history in epochs only guessed at through the study of tongues and the record of the rocks.

In Greece masks were made of painted wood, of bark, of linen, and very often of terra-cotta. Sometimes they were made of thin bronze and again of beaten gold. Children used them to affright each other: adults found them convenient for amours and mysteries. They were part of the only great distraction the people had—the theatre. They



HEROIC MASK FROM GREECE OR ASIA MINOR.

(After the Original Terra-cotta. By Permission of MM. Rollin et Feuardent, Paris.)

and the pupils left open as peep-holes. Long ringlets hung down behind and on both sides. The mouth was open in a square or trumpet shape. Most curious of



all was the double forehead, or *onkos*, into which, for masks of gods and heroes, which may be considered the earlier forms, the ordinary human forehead was prolonged upwards. Its effect was to raise the stature of the actor, already heroic by reason of thick soles and padded shoulders, while it added something meannish and extrahuman to the fixed countenance, already terrible from its modelling and paint.

But the greatest dramatists the world has known wrote plays to suit these masks. Gods and demi-gods are not ordinary folk. Well might they roar in pompous phrases, stalk on elevated soles, glare with immovable round eyes, and set their lips in the expression most in keeping with the general character of the part! In the Mahabharata the gods are known by never winking, and by throwing



PAINTED WOODEN MASK (NORTH-  
WEST COAST OF NORTH AMERICA).  
(After Dall.)

no shadow, and by wearing flowers that never fade. The gods of the stage, where no shadows are thrown, no eye winks and the flowers are artificial, represent exactly the conception of the Indian poets. Thus it happened that even when mortals trod the stage their movement and speech were made to trans-

cend humanity, because the religious or superhuman nature of the earlier songs, chants and scenic performances had once for all set the key.

But there were practical causes which aided the mask in assuming the form it did. Greek and Roman theatres had very bad acoustics and were often of enormous capacity. Attempts were made to improve this weakness by having metal jars under the seats with their mouths turned towards the stage, a device quite as good and quite as unsuccessful as many which our own architects employ, since we are still ignorant on the matter. The city theatre of Athens was built for thirty thousand spectators; these had to be reached by lungs of leather, working literally through mouths of brass. The voices soared off towards the sky with little more than an awning to confine the sound. Under these circumstances it was hardly possible to do away with a mask which concealed a mouthpiece reinforcing the mouth and keeping it distended for the clearer issue of sound, which also, by its big modelling and strong lines, made itself visible to spectators at a great distance. Such

practical questions were doubtless powerful to preserve the barbaric qualities of the mask.

Undoubtedly the masked effigies representing ancestors which grew to so great a luxury and ostentation at funerals in Rome were a survival from a past in which no theatre existed rather than an imitation from the stage. We must suppose that in primitive times the relatives or hired mourners wore such false faces. Masks of painted linen, of wood, terra-cotta and gold, like those found by Dr. Schliemann at Mykenai, were laid on the faces of the dead in the grave. Those of wood and painted linen have perished; those of terra-cotta and gold are being found. Unfortunately the head-masks of the theatre were perishable. Out of the worship of ancestors, of baleful or beneficent gods, came the mask into those special processions, the most popular of which, crystallised in the choral songs to honour Dionysos, were recognised by the Greeks themselves as the origin of their theatre.

The proofs for this statement must be sought not among Greeks but among barbarians. We must work by analogy from races on a lower grade as regards the theatre. Within half a century we have learned to know a race that stands very near the level attained by the Greeks at the time of Thespis, that somewhat mythical father of the stage. There are also races who stand in such matters at a yet earlier stage, and others at one still more primitive. Thus we can guess from the living races the feelings that first suggested to mankind the use of a mask. Having done that, we shall be in a position to understand why the Greeks made and left their tragic mask the strange, wild thing it looks.

The mask given on p. 584 may have been the setting for a little jet of water, the pipe of lead or reed issuing between the ugly open mouth. This is the mask of the satyr in whom the Greeks of Greece, Ionia, and Italy caricatured the rude countrypeople belonging to a race different from themselves—Aryans caricaturing Turanians! Purely decorative is the other on the same page, and therefore perhaps to be termed a masearon. It represents the face used for senile male parts. Fine masks of terra-cotta painted were deposited especially in graves of actors and those who had to do with the theatre in one way or another, but also in many other graves to intimidate the demons. A satyr mask, and one for a heroic character, which come from Ionian or Greek soil, are those on p. 585. The Dionysiac traits of the latter are seen in the ivy-leaves and flowers decorating the hair. The expression is also joyous. In this case we have the Greek mask in its farthest remove from that grotesque and barbarous look common to masks everywhere; and yet it retains traces of a harvest-worship which, as

we know, included at one time human sacrifices and the worst of orgies invented by savage man.

Painting of the face, and the using for more complete concealment of the performer's identity a false face or mask, are found in almost every savage race. Masks are not reported among the black fellows of Australia; but it would be hazardous to say that they never use the mask but only paint their countenances. Most elaborate specimens are found among the lower and higher races of Polynesia. The Indians of North America have carried masks to a high state of perfection, though the secretiveness of the savage where a religious belief is concerned has caused many travellers to overlook the fact. Dall's monograph on masks and labrets, published by the United States Government, bears this out.

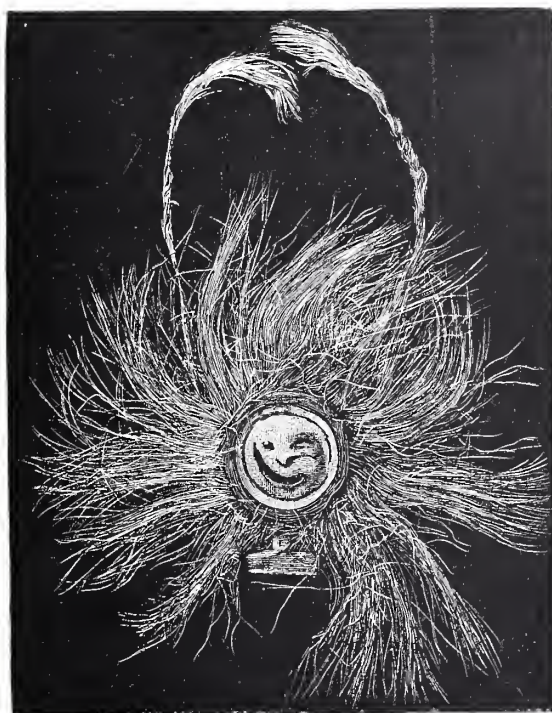
Within the sphere of savage thought the mask clothes its wearer with an identity other than his own. When he puts it on he becomes for the time being a supernatural creature, a ghost or bogey. If defined at all, it would be the spirit of a ruthless man-slaying chief, thought to have been a cannibal when alive and now even more dangerous because invisible. The illustration on p. 586 shows a mask carved and painted in blue and red by the Indians of the western coast of North America. It was wrought in secret lest the spirit should be offended. Many strange facts are known concerning the habits and customs of savages when they sport masks at special feasts and fasts. Often the ringleader of a band of maskers perpetrates great barbarities on men, women and children. He is held guiltless, though the assault may produce lifelong injury or death. The deed is done by the spirit represented, not the actor. For the time being he is that spirit, and acts the part of a cruel god.

The maskers and mummers of the British Islands and Europe generally are a survival from performances of this category. These represent folk-rituals of pagan times, by which old gods of the elements and food-plants were honoured. That is why we find the peasants of Germany at harvest-

time pretending to beat, decapitate, drown or burn one of their number, who plays the hero and victim for the occasion, and that is why there is apt to be horse-play at these old festivals everywhere. The mummer was originally an actor personating a god or demon. He was appeased by gifts and ceremonies, but at the same time offered up in a sacrifice either pretended or real, in order to join the god and bring him the gifts in spirit-land. Such are Jack-in-Green of May-day in England; the Lutzmann who goes about villages of Würtemberg on Midsummer-day in a conical frame of wickerwork covered with sprigs of fir; the tree-spirit of Easter-tide, acted by boys in Lower Bavaria, clad in leaves and flowers; the Wild Man of Saxony and Thuringia, who is captured in the woods at Shrovetide and put to death in a realistic way; the Old Man among Bavarian husbandmen—

no other than the reaper who is last to finish his stint in the field, and on whose face a black mask is clapped amid the jeers and rude pranks of his fellows. The idea at bottom is conciliation of a spirit very local in his manifestations, who can be flattered, humoured and outwitted by men in the way we find the brownie, the giant, or the devil treated in folk-lore.

The mask is protective. The real spirit, seeing himself portrayed, will pass by or may be even frightened at his own likeness. Here we find the explanation of the death-masks found by Billings (1792) in the caves sacred to the dead on the Aleutian Islands, from which we can infer the meaning of the gold masks of Mykenai. The spirit of the dead man might contend better with the evil spirits in the land of ghosts, provided he had the same grotesque mask that kept them off when he was alive. This being the case, the mask readily became a charm; and so we find the Esquimaux women at a dance wearing a little mask not more than two inches in diameter, attached by deer-hair cords to their fingers. Here we have the reason why masks are so often met with engraved on old rings.



FINGER MASK OF ESQUIMAUX WOMAN.

(After Dall.)

(To be concluded.)



## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD PAINTER: SAMUEL PROUT.

BY W. COLLINGWOOD, R.W.S.

AMONG the men who made the English school of water-colour painting, the name of Samuel Prout holds a conspicuous place. To those who know his works, some personal reminiscences of the artist may be interesting. It was my privilege to enjoy his friendship during the last fourteen years of his life. In 1838, when I first knew him, he was residing at Hastings. His house was in George Street, approached by many steps up a steep garden, which has since shared the fate too common to such quiet spots—the garden being now covered by a shop. When I saw Hastings again, after many years, I looked in vain for the place where I had passed those happy hours, and which to me—and not to me only—was classic ground. Many an evening have I spent with him in his little studio, where he was always pleased to go over old times, with his sketches before him, and to help a young beginner with his valuable remarks on them, or on other men's works or my own efforts.

His early study was altogether his own, unaided by any teacher. He showed me his first attempts, when as a boy he armed himself with a copy-book, and a bottle of ink at his button-hole like a tax collector, and went out to Mount Edgcombe (for he was born and brought up at Plymouth) and drew the houses as he saw them, every tile, brick, and window, as best he could. Such were his first year's efforts. The second showed a distinct advance. He began to feel that he could afford to leave out some of these ever-repeating details, and look for the places where they needed to be expressed, so that the rest might be understood. Out of such study grew his remarkable power of expression by a few touches, knowing what he was putting in, and knowing, too, what he was leaving out; for his art was always grounded on knowledge, not on chance; it was unerring decision, rather than the fortuitous outcome of genius. Gradually the pencil took the place of the pen, and more picturesque subjects were chosen; at first the rustic cottage, which afterwards led to the Gothic church, and, finally, the records he has left us of the Continental architecture of his day, much of which has since disappeared in the race for modern "improvement."

Prout painted much in oil in his early days. He would scold me for my dirty palette, saying that when he was a young man he used, with other young men, to despise the care and cleanness of his elders; but he had learned better since. He recommended Guardi—his transparent shadows and broad masses—as the best model on which to found the mode of work.

When Prout was young, de Louthembourg was in his prime, and he, with two or three others, were very desirous to get a lesson from him. They ventured one day to ask him a question as to his process. The answer they got was, "When I paint big picture, I use big brush; when I paint little picture, I use little brush. I begin at de top and I go down to de bottom." They found the only way to attain their purpose was to club together to commission him to paint them a picture, on condition that he would let them see him do it. To this he



SAMUEL PROUT.

agreed. And they found that he did literally as he had said, using a brush according to the size of the picture, and beginning at the top, he finished it as he went on, to the bottom.

Prout's manner of work grew naturally out of his early study. He habitually took in their order, form, light and shade, and colour. First a firm outline, full of expression. I used to think it mannered, broken more than he saw it in Nature, for the sake of picturesqueness; till once going with him to Bodiam Castle, where the masonry is still sharp, I thought I should catch him at fault there; but no, his outline was faithful to the character of the walls, without any tricks of style. His beautiful firm outline was *his sketch* in all his Continental tours. The moist water-colours, which have had so large a share in developing the art, were unknown in those earlier days, and the rubbing of colours was too tedious, as a rule, for outdoor work. He made a point of completing his outline and arrangement on the spot. If he wanted a foreground, he looked round for it near at hand, and fitted it in at once. His figures were sketched after the same fashion, adding one to another in groups then and there—his smaller books were thus crowded with completed groups ready for use. In his figures, as in other objects, he sought what he thought necessary for the expression

and for his picture, the attitude and costume only in their broad features. They were always well chosen, and in the right place.

In making his finished drawings, Prout began by reproducing with a reed pen what he had in his pencil sketch, completing his subject in outline and arrangement before he took another step. He then began to shade. A saucer of "British ink" was rubbed, and he firmly laid on the masses of Nature's shade and shadow, and whatever further he needed for chiaroscuro, for he usually had a small study of this. Having thus a drawing complete in black and white, he proceeded to the colour, beginning with the more quiet tertiary tints, till his picture had a sober glow, and reserving to the last his bits of positive colour, each led from its chief mass through the picture in smaller quantity, till all was lit up with their brightness.

The above applies specially to his architectural drawings, by which he is best known; for he used to say "he must have been born under a stone wall." But he was very fond of boats and old shipping. He made many fine drawings of the grand old hulks which once were "the wooden walls of old England," before iron became her strength. He used the same manner in these, so far as it suited them; but whatever he did was systematic and precise. He invested with largeness and dignity whatever he touched. He liked, as he said, to *hug* the stones, and always preferred a low horizon, sitting as near the ground as possible.

He was very shy of body-colour, and with good reason. "Chinese white" had been but recently introduced. Indeed, it was unknown in his earlier time; and, even now, Faraday's testimony to its permanence had hardly yet obtained credence. Prout's first folio work of Continental Architecture had appeared before the printing of tints in lithography was known, and the edition was seriously injured by the discoloration of the white which was used on the grey paper. One day, looking at a drawing of William Hunt, who used body-colour without stint, he said, "Take care, Hunt; take care, Prout!" He produced a second folio work, printed with a tint. Besides this, he published a very beautiful characteristic volume of "Interiors and Exteriors," and one on "Composition and Light and Shade," with lithographic illustrations. In earlier days he had done much with soft-ground etching, as well as some lithographic drawing-books. The earlier illustrations in the "*Landscape Annual*" were his. But I do not attempt here to catalogue his works.

Looking at a drawing of mine, he suggested the need of light in a certain part. When I objected that no light could be there, he told me how once he was drawing the porch of Chartres Cathedral, the

ceiling of which was rich with sculpture, and he sat wishing he could but see it, when suddenly a reflection of sunshine from a pool in the street shot up into the very place. He clapped his hands, and said he never again would be at a loss for a light.

He loved simplicity of line and form. Looking at one of his sketches, of which I remarked on the long unbroken line, he said, "Yes; Nash would break that up with flags hanging out. I cannot. It is not my feeling." His maxim was, "*Sacrifice small things to great, and matter of fact to the rendering of the idea.*" Whatever he drew, he looked out for and gave us the important facts, spending his time on the architectural features of an old wall rather than on its ruin; calling attention to the form and beauty of the window, and not caring so much for the fractures of the stone. Hence the breadth, the largeness, and simplicity which characterised his works.

He was personally much esteemed by the artists of his time. On one occasion he was balloted for (and, if I remember right, successfully) as an Associate of the Royal Academy. But it was in the days when no member of another society of artists was eligible for that body. And when one suggested that Mr. Samuel Prout was a member of the Water-Colour Society, a letter was sent to Mr. Copley Fielding, the President, for official information on that point; and on receiving his reply, the election was declared void.

During my stay at Hastings we sometimes went out sketching together. He was very fond of the place. The fish-market and the boats were favourite subjects. He was most kind and encouraging to me, then only a beginner. One day I received a note from him saying "he had mentioned my name to a lady—'*My lady,*' he thought—who had applied to him about teaching her children." He advised me "not to be too proud" to teach, or to accept this engagement. I was only too proud to get a pupil; and this turned out to be a Ducal family. It was one of the happiest engagements that ever fell to my lot.

Prout was a man of genuine piety, which told upon his life. He "uttered nothing base." There was a playful humour in his conversation, and more strikingly so in his letters; but it was always graceful.

In his earlier years he did much in the way of teaching. From what I knew of his power of communicating and making his subject interesting, combined with his methodical manner, his instructions could not but have been most valuable. When I first became acquainted with him, in 1838, this had been discontinued, and though he returned to London for a few years before his death on February 10th,



1852, he did not resume the practice. His last residence was in De Crespigny Terrace, Denmark Hill. His health had never been strong. More than that, he had been a great sufferer.

He was content with modest prices, and would say, "Don't be too fond of keeping your works by you; let them go; you can make more." After his

death his drawings were bought for ten times as much as he got for them. Such has been the fate of many men of his day, and many others. When too late for them to benefit by their works, posterity has learned their worth. But he left behind him the inheritance of "a good name," which "is better to be chosen than great riches."

## ART AT OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS: RUGBY SCHOOL ART MUSEUM.

BY THOMAS M. LINDSAY.



THE STAIRCASE.

HE teaching of art at Rugby is taken seriously; not only is drawing in its widest sense provided for the "voluntary" boys and "specialists," but it is made a compulsory subject for the lower and middle schools, and for the army class. Yet the statement may be ventured that it is looked upon as one of the most pleasurable exercises of the whole curriculum.

With the actual methods of art-teaching this article does not propose to deal; it will simply consider one of its most important auxiliaries—the Art Museum. Instituted nineteen years ago by Dr. T. W. Jex-Blake—then Headmaster of Rugby School, and now Dean of Wells—the Museum shares with the Temple Reading-Room and Curator's Residence a building immediately facing the School Close. Designed by Mr. T. Butterfield, the school architect, it was erected at a cost of £9,000, defrayed entirely by subscription, one of the most generous donors being the Headmaster himself.

The original idea, as happily expressed by Dr. Jex-Blake, was "to establish an art museum in the hope that leisure hours would there be given by many boys to a delightful form of culture, often too little thought of at home or school, and with the conviction that some few boys would draw great enjoyment, life-long interest, and a new faculty from it." That this hope has been justified has been proved by the testimony of old pupils who have passed through, and by the parents and guardians of boys still at, Rugby School.

Speaking generally, the art movement at Rugby is an outcome of those great efforts that are being

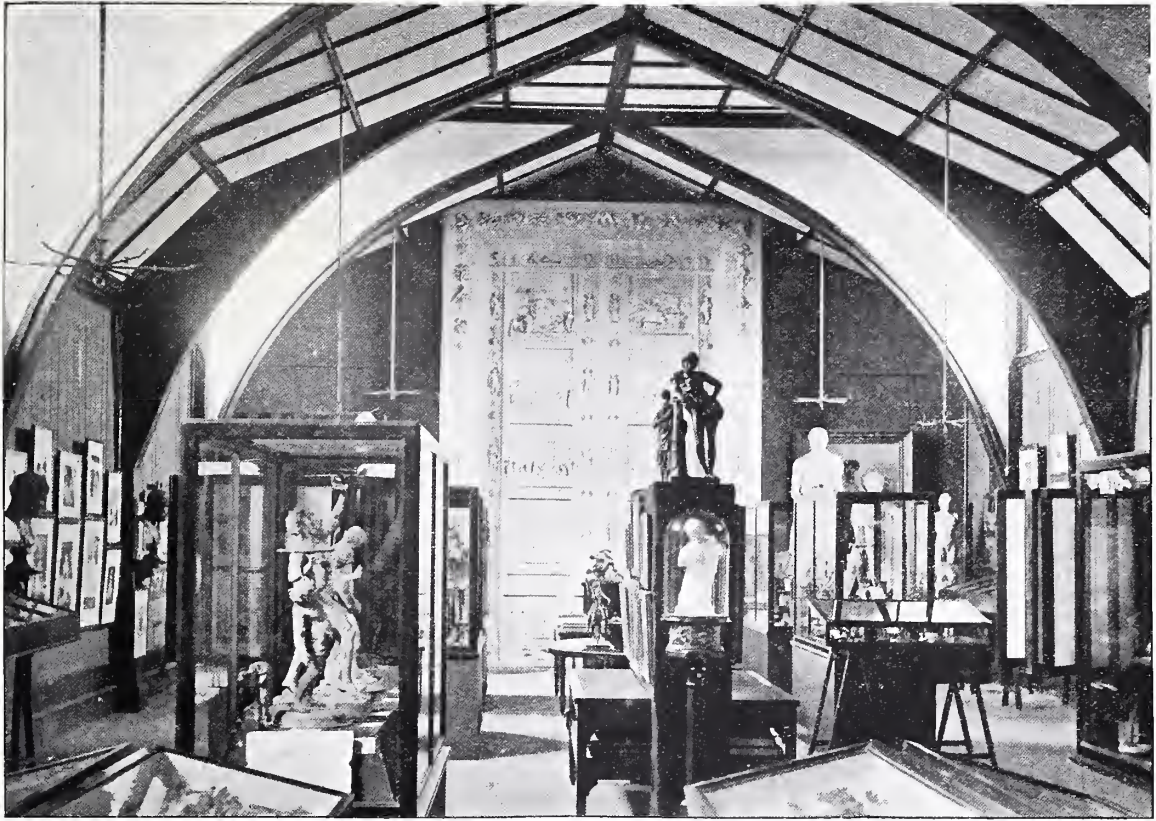
so persistently made to awaken among all classes an apprehension of the beautiful in art and nature, and to utilise the teachings of art in its application to the professions and industries of our land. In most cases the effect of an art museum is necessarily of a transitory or superficial nature, but, rightly used, it may be made an agency distinctly beneficial, not only as a refining influence, opening up the mind to new sources of pleasure, but one directly contributing to artistic and commercial advantage. Indeed, it has come to be considered that art museums are a necessity to the country for the proper education of our citizens. If this be so, how much greater does the necessity become in the case of pupils at our great public schools, who will in the future exercise considerable influence in the land of their birth, and perhaps elsewhere, as artists, patrons, or directors of art industries.

The project of an art museum could hardly have been accomplished but for the assistance of the late Mr. Matthew H. Bloxam, an old Rugbeian. His contributions of artistic and literary treasures form the nucleus of what has become an important institution—so important, indeed, that notices of its contents have appeared in German and French art papers; and it is mentioned in certain American guide-books as one of the places well worthy of a visit by Transatlantic tourists.

Matthew H. Bloxam, V.P., R.S.A., better known, perhaps, as the author of his work on Gothic architecture, was a "collector" who inherited many of his art possessions from the collection of his uncle, Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. His connection with Rugby School extended to fully three-quarters of a century, and his generous gifts showed the high appreciation and intense affection he had for his old school.

In the arrangement of the scheme of an art museum much valuable assistance was given by





THE ART MUSEUM RUGBY SCHOOL



the teacher of drawing, Mr. John Lucas Tupper, who was appointed its curator. Unfortunately, Mr. Tupper, whose health had for years been very precarious, died within three months of its opening. He was succeeded by the writer of this article.

The influence of the museum is without doubt vastly increased by the system under which it is

The exhibits are, as far as practicable, disposed according to their classes or periods, and the works in the several bays are alternated so as to present as great a variety as possible; while, for purposes of information, all examples are fully labelled. The first bay on the left as you enter the gallery contains oil sketches; the next bay, water-colours; then fine line-engravings after Turner's famous



CASE OF PRE-HISTORIC ETRUSCAN, PHENICIAN, GREEK AND ROMAN POTTERY. (*Castellani Collection.*)

worked. Only the most valuable of its contents are permanently exhibited, the remainder being changed continually. These are supplemented by loan collections which appeal to such varied tastes as are bound to exist in a commonwealth comprising nearly 600 boys. Thus the greatest bore of the juvenile mind, and of the adult also—monotony—is avoided, and the constant change of mental diet afforded secures the unabated interest of the students in their Museum. For instance, during the recent Easter term, when the whole school was reading early English history, a fac-simile reproduction of the celebrated Bayeux tapestry occupied the lower stage or "dado" of the walls. Down the centre of the gallery was later arranged a series of phototypes of Elizabethan mansions. These latter have in turn given place to a loan collection of photographs selected chiefly from the best of the pictures recently exhibited at the Crystal Palace; the tapestry has been rolled up and the pictures rearranged.

pictures; again oil-paintings; beyond are eleven examples of mezzotint (signed proofs) by S. Cousins, R.A., after Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits of women and children. Still further on is a collection of Spanish architectural photographs; and lastly there are several copies in oils from old Italian masters. The opposite side of the room is arranged in somewhat similar manner, with the difference that, facing the mezzotints, is a selection of Old Masters' drawings (Bloxam Collection). These include, notably, three drawings by Michael Angelo, and one of St. Michael attributed to Raphael, but more probably by his pupil, Giulio Romano. The end of the gallery farthest from the entrance is mainly occupied by a plaster reproduction of the celebrated gates by Ghiberti at Florence, flanked by full-size casts of antique statues. On the wall by the entrance are arms, armour, wood-carving, bronzes, etc., and immediately adjoining stand casts of well-known statues. Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., during a recent lecturing visit, discovered, among



other good things, an almost unique example of a Gothic gauntlet.

Between the bays on the wooden dividing ribs

Calderon, R.A., and others, and there is an exquisitely painted full-length portrait of a baby, said to be by Velasquez. The water-colour collection includes



CHALK STUDY FOR "PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA."  
(By Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A.)

are brackets surmounted by bronze busts, for the most part reproductions from antique models.

The permanent collection comprises paintings in oil and water colours; statuary in plaster, marble, and bronze (original and copies); casts of antique gems; arms and armour; carvings in wood and stone; ancient pottery, glass, coins, and medals; ecclesiastical metal-work; examples of mural painting from demolished churches; engravings, etchings, mezzotints, photogravures, and their variants; photographs of nature and of art; wood engravings; the Arundel Society's publications in chromolithography, and fictile ivories, etc. Space will not permit the enumeration of all the varied forms of art expression, much less any reference to special exhibits. But it may be mentioned that among the oil paintings are examples from the hands of Sir Joshua Reynolds, J. M. W. Turner, J. S. Cotman, Philip H

admirable examples by the leading masters, from Varley, Cox and Turner, to Alfred Hunt and Lord Leighton. There is also a magnificent drawing in charcoal and coloured chalks ("Perseus and Andromeda") by the present P.R.A., Sir E. J. Poynter; and two characteristic drawings in pencil by John Flaxman, R.A.

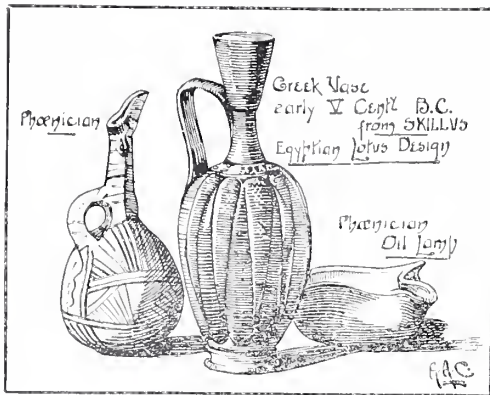
It may be remarked that a number of the paintings, engravings, and mezzotints were purchased at Christie's through the kindness of the Messrs. Agnew. The two rows of glass cases which run the length of the gallery, and others intermediate, are literally crammed with articles of use or of personal adornment. Most of the great kingdoms of the ancient and mediæval worlds are here represented: Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities; Phœnician glass; Greek helmets and other bronze-work; Greek, Etruscan, Roman, Phœnician, and Indian pottery; reproductions of bronze figures from



SKETCH FOR "ST. EULALIA."  
(By J. W. Waterhouse, R.A.)

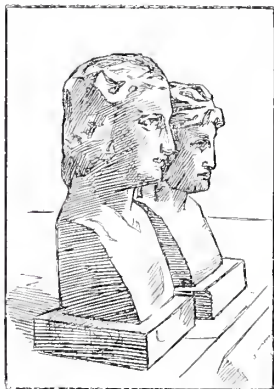


Pompeii and Herculaneum, as well as by Barbedienne of Paris; a collection of ancient MSS., some exquisitely illuminated: bronze celts; encaustic tiles; and a valuable collection of Anglo-Saxon antiquities.



ANCIENT POTTERY

So numerous have the treasures become that the contents have overflowed into the ante-room, out on to the landing, thence down the spacious staircase, and so into the hall. At the foot of the staircase is the beautifully modelled bust in marble of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, by the late Thomas Woolner, R.A. The adjoining wall is lined with photographs by Mr. F. Hollyer from the superb works of Mr. George F. Watts, R.A. In a double rank above these are photographs (C. Harrison Collection) of the best representative statues at the British Museum: while over all are casts of sections of the Elgin marbles, and two fine reliefs by John Flaxman, R.A.

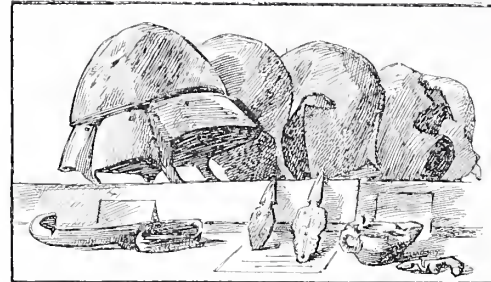


LATE ROMAN BUSTS IN COLOURED MARBLE.

On the first landing is a full-size reproduction of the bronze "Hermes" from Herculaneum; a complete set of the Elgin marbles, in miniature and restored, by Hanning (1820); terra-cotta busts of the late Archbishop Tait and Prof. Smith, by Sir J. E. Boehm, R.A.; Cyprus pottery, etc. Fixed in the lower part of the great window which lights the staircase are examples of mediæval glass (Bloxam Collection), arranged so as to be seen against the sky. Beneath the window in a shallow case is a group of objects possessing an attraction almost fascinating (Bloxam Collection). They illustrate the development of the lethal weapon from the primitive flint of the Palæolithic Age, through a range of stone and bronze celts,

to the perfect mediæval battle-axe. There are also shown examples of gracefully-shaped daggers and spear-heads and elegant swords, together with many objects of utility and personal adornment from pre- and un-historic times.

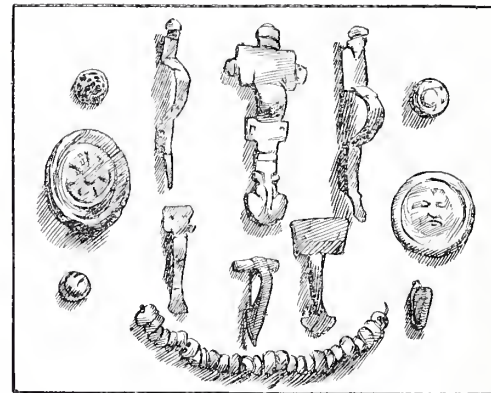
On the return wall of the staircase are portraits



GREEK HELMETS, BRONZE STYGIL HANDLES, LAMP, AND SAFETY-PIN. (Bloxam Collection.)

(engravings and photogravures) of Rugby head-masters and others; a magnificent series (7 cases) of electro-reproductions of Greek coins in the British Museum (Mrs. Jex-Blake Collection), with more casts of the Elgin marbles above—all excellent for the purposes of reference by the students of the classics or of fine art.

On the upper landing are etchings, engravings, and large photographs of Rome, a row of brightly-coloured Bombay pottery, and Sir E. J. Poynter's "Perseus and Andromeda;" while, guarding the doors, is a complete suit of steel armour of Elizabeth's time.



ANGLO-SAXON GOLD AND ENAMEL STUDS BRONZE BROOCHES AND GLASS BEADS. (Bloxam Collection.)

The noble show of Greek helmets (Bloxam Collection) in the museum, is made still more notable by the fact that one of them is unique. Its modern history is so romantic as to be worthy of special record. In 1884 Mr. T. B. Oakley and another Rugbeian were being carried on a raft down a tributary of the River Tigris, when, at the junction of the rivers, the raft being in shallow water, one

of the boatmen in lifting his pole brought up with it this helmet, which was taken to be an old copper kettle. Mr. Oakley purchased it for about a shilling,

Gilbert, R.A., originally intended for Westminster Abbey.

The east-end window of the school chapel is



PENCIL SKETCH BY THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON.

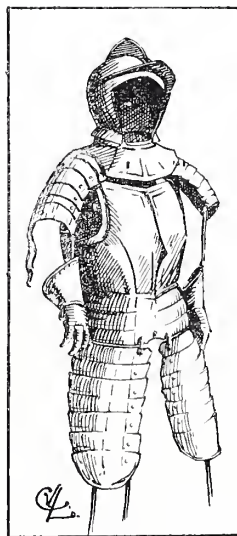
brought it home, and gave it to Mr. Bloxam. Now, it was on the banks of this River Sert, the ancient Centrites, that Xenophon and his army of 10,000 rested during their famous retreat, and it is more than probable that the helmet belonged to some Greek officer high in command. So important was the "find" considered by antiquaries that the authorities of the British Museum offered a large sum for its acquisition.

This catalogue by no means exhausts the art treasures belonging to Rugby School. In the Temple Reading-Room is the fine bronze bust by Mr. T. Brock, R.A., of Lord Bowen of Colwood; and among the portraits a lovely water-colour by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., of Dean Vaughan. In New Big School, where the annual "speeches," concerts, and lectures are held, is a rapidly growing gallery of portraits of former headmasters and worthies whom Rugby delighteth to honour. Among the more important are those of Dr. Temple, by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.; Dr. Percival, by Mr. Hubert Herkomer, R.A.; Dr. Jex-Blake, by Herman Herkomer; and others by such well-known painters as Messrs. G. P. Jacob-Hood, R.I., and Lowes Dickenson. The latest addition is the large bust of Doctor Arnold, by Mr. Alfred

a beautiful example of fifteenth-century stained glass, said to be from designs by Albert Dürer. This, with two other fine windows, were acquired by Dr. Arnold in 1836 from a parish church at Oirshot, near Louvain. Another window came from a dismantled church at Rouen. In the north transept is a recumbent marble figure of the late Dean Stanley, the work of the late Sir J. E. Boehm, R.A.

At the outset it was expected that the collection would be necessarily small, though select and varied, but as the years have passed there has been a great expansion through purchase, gift, and bequest. At present the contents of the art museum are insured for £16,000, a sum which falls far short of their real value.

The office of curator is united with that of drawing-master, so that the store of knowledge represented by the museum is largely used for the benefit of the pupils. Those entering the architectural profession are thus prepared



SUIT OF ELIZABETHAN ARMOUR.

(Bloxam Collection.)

for the South Kensington certificates, or for the diploma of the Royal Institute of British Architects. It may be mentioned incidentally that an old Rugbeian, soon after leaving school, carried off the "Pugin" Silver Medal of the R.I.B.A. for a remarkable set of drawings of English cathedrals;



the following year gained the "Tite" scholarship; last year had five drawings in the Architectural Room of the Royal Academy; this year has had

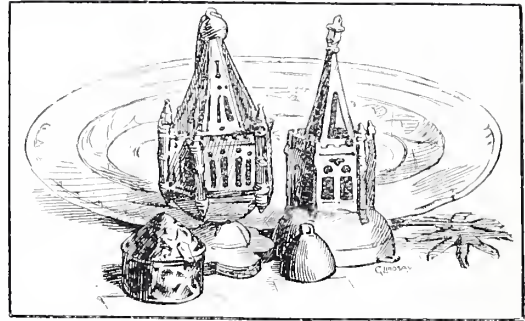


SKETCH BY THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON.

three, and now is pursuing a distinguished career as a London architect. Another boy, on leaving, entered the St. John's Wood Art School; there he gained a studentship at the Royal Academy, and last year had two paintings on the "line," and this year three.

In the actual work of the art classes the museum is made to take an important part. Various objects are largely used as models of form and colour in the drawing school, and the "sets" are frequently taken either to sketch in their exercise books, or to listen to informal lectures. These "chats," as they are aptly termed, are given upon many subjects—artistic, historic, and technical—the illustrations being found in the museum collections. They are generally of an hour's duration, and serve as useful supplements to the practical work of the art school, being invaluable in quickening the lively interest of the pupils in the recreative aspect of the museum. None are quicker than boys to detect what may be called the "jam-and-powder"

principles of education, but the fact that the museum is one of the favourite resorts out of school hours proves that there is no feeling of resentment against its educational influence. The test of experience shows that it has a powerful and beneficent influence, which lasts long after the final term has passed. Many of the gifts are from old Rugbeians



BRASS ALMS-DISH, BRONZE THURIBLES (FOURTEENTH CENTURY)  
GILT PYX (LIMOGES ENAMEL, TWELFTH CENTURY).

who, having recollections of pleasant hours they themselves passed in the museum, feel constrained to send things, beautiful or curious, to interest the "youngsters" who occupy their places in the old school.

Thus has the idea of its founder shaped itself into actuality—the appeal to the finer sensibilities of the boys. The cultivation of pure and stately ideals by the exhibition of works of art, must of necessity gradually and unconsciously reveal the amazing beauty of the world we live in, and, what is more important still, must be a potent source of influence upon the character of their larger growth. The appreciation of the beautiful in art and nature, the broadening of the imaginative faculty, must tend towards the apprehension of those things that are "lovely and of good report," the consideration of which does so much for the elevation of mankind.

Thanks are due to the illustrators of this article—to Mr. Frederiek Temple (School House) for the photographs; to Mr. C. V. Lanyon (Steel's House), to Mr. A. Clarence (Brooke's House), and to Miss G. Lindsay, for the pen-and-ink sketches.



GREEK AND ROMAN TERRA-COTTA LAMPS.

(From the Fowell-Buxton Collection.)

## FRENCH ART AT THE GUILDHALL.

SO notable is the exhibition of French pictorial art now being held at the Guildhall of the London Corporation—rendered more notable still

readers a few of the most famous canvases in this remarkable collection.

Passing without comment the pictures of the



BRETONNES AU PARDON.

(From the Painting by P. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret.)

by the amenities which have passed between the City Fathers on the one hand, and a representative deputation of the painters of France on the other\*—that we should be doing insufficient justice to the occasion were we to confine our remarks to the somewhat brief notice which has already appeared in these columns, without reproducing for our

\* Among those present were MM. Bouguereau, Carolus-Duran, Benjamin-Constant, Fernand Cormon, Courtois, Béraud, Dubufe, and Perrault, with M. Benedic (Director of the Luxembourg), M. Larroumet (Secretary of the Académie des Beaux-Arts), and several representatives of the French Government, both from Paris and from the French Embassy. The members of the Royal Academy, several prominent "outsiders," and art-writers were invited to meet them.

eighteenth century, which, after all, do not present so great a novelty to the sightseer, we draw attention to several masterpieces of the modern French school, to most of which we have in times past devoted some consideration.

The Barbizon school, as might be expected, is strongly represented by some of the finest pictures ever produced by the group. We have, in the first place, "The Bent Tree" ("L'Arbre Penché"), by Corot—which, by the way, must not be confused with "The Broken Tree" ("L'Arbre Brisé"), also belonging to the celebrated collection of Mr. Alexander Young. Though not so great a work as "The Lake," it is, perhaps, more interesting



in its composition and in the exquisitely pearly and silvery tones with which the moist air is rendered. It must be remembered that this poetic work is painted in the artist's later manner, probably in the later 'sixties, a short while after

often pictured by John Linnell in canvases which to this day command so much popularity and such high prices amongst certain sections of our picture-lovers. We select for the illustration of Millet the admirable little canvas known as



GOING TO WORK.

(From the Painting by F. J. Millet. In the Collection of James Donald, Esq.)

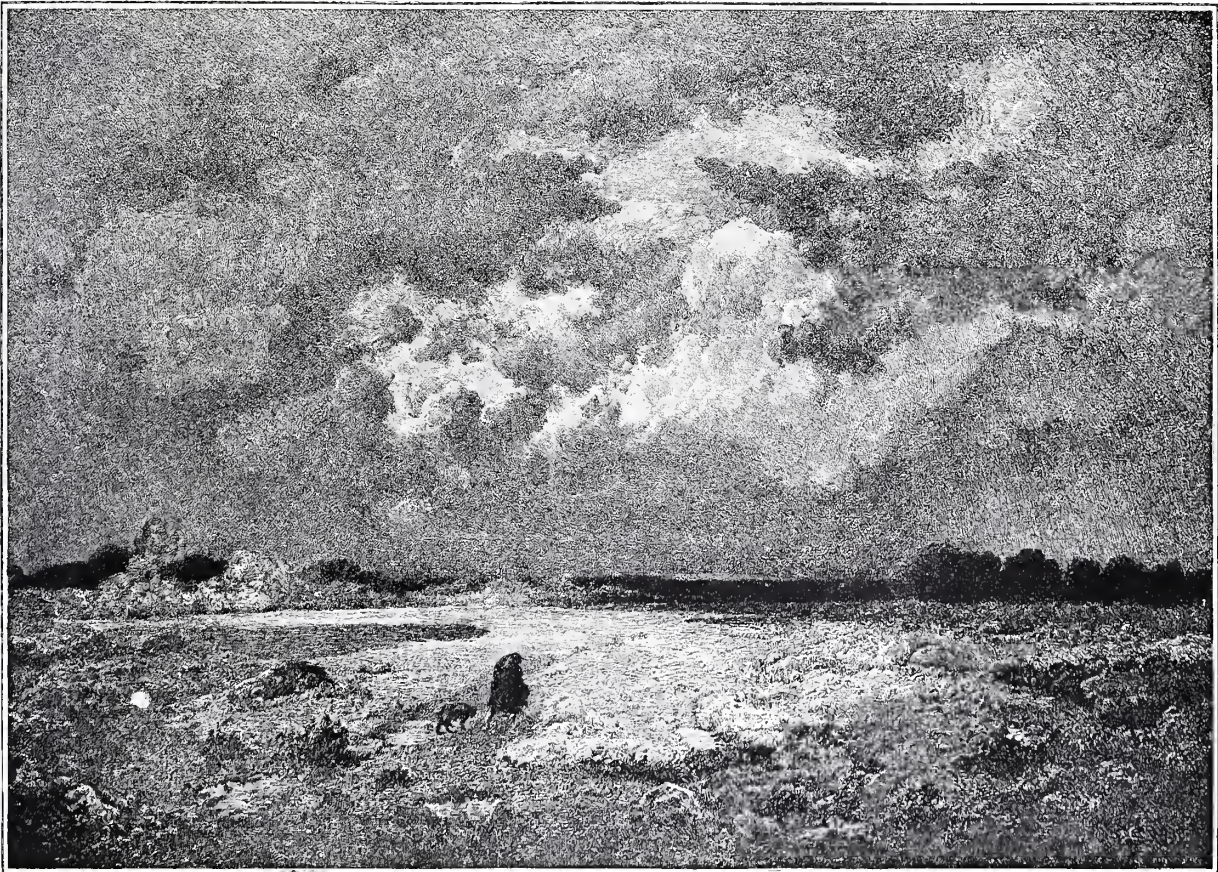
the execution of the work just mentioned. In "The Storm," by Diaz, we have one of the many impressive renderings of meteorological effects in which he delighted, and in which, it must be admitted, he inspired himself in great measure from the works of Rousseau. The picture is certainly dramatic, and, perhaps even, hardly escapes the charge of being somewhat theatrical in its effects; but it is certainly far nearer to nature and far more impressive than the storm and cloud so

"Going to Work," which belongs to the collection of Mr. James Donald. Compared with "The Sowers," "The Angelus," and certain other works, this composition must be held to belong to the second rank of Millet's efforts; but it is a great work all the same, instinct with the truth of nature that only one who loved the soil and knew peasant-life as only a peasant could know it, could possibly succeed in rendering. There is a large, almost an epic, pathos in the work, which reflects the painter's





THE BENT TREE. (By J. B. Corot. In the Collection of Alexander Young, Esq.)



THE STORM. (By N. V. Diaz. In the Collection of Alexander Young, Esq.)



own life and temperament, and to those who have studied them the picture appears to be a page torn out of the artist's autobiography. To appreciate these pictures at their best, it must be borne in mind that the authors of them were intimates living for

extraordinary Festival without desiring to set it on record; usually, however, interpretation is of a more matter-of-fact sort, such, for example, as the extremely able version painted by Mr. Walter Gay in 1893. M. Dagnan, however, has desired not so much to show the general impression of the scene as to place before us the impression of that scene upon the minds of the celebrants themselves. For this reason he has placed somewhat obtrusively before us in the foreground his main group (who have arranged themselves with some emphasis of quaintness), while all the other groups are thrown far into the background. The individuality of the painter and his grasp of the spiritual side of his subject are as powerfully felt by the spectator as if he had been some ancient Fleming or early German, whose mission was to show us the sentiment of his subject rather than the skill of his own hand.

"La Sarabande," by M. Roybet, shows us on a very large scale a decorative, yet a somewhat commonplace, subject—children stepping a measure to the music of the father. There is a sort of modern French echo of an old Spanish memory in this pretty costume-piece; but despite all its brilliance of technique, this sort of art, we are convinced, will hardly survive the painter, for the quality of colour is such as to depress the spectator, and the skill of the handling does not compensate us for the short-coming as to purity of hue.

But for the most admirable demonstration of the skill that is the glory of the modern French school, we must turn to M. Fernand Corchon's "Funeral of a Chief in the Iron Age." Here we have at his best one of the most able and brilliant painters of the day. The subject is not lost in the handling, nor does the handling overweight the subject. Here, in the vast crowd surrounding the lurid pile, we see consummate mastery of drawing and composition; an easy power of suggesting movement such as is not given to many, a powerful dramatic sense, and ability to render not passion only, but every variety of it; while sobriety of colour is not, as with M. Roybet, illegitimately acquired.

Finally, we have "Death and the Woodman,"



LA SARABANDE.

(From the Painting by F. Roybet. Photographed by Fiorillo.)

years in close acquaintanceship and dying, all three of them, within the brief space of a few months.

In "Bretonnes au Pardon" ("Pardon Day in Brittany") we have what is technically one of the masterpieces of M. P. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret. It gained the Medal of Honour at the Salon of 1889, not only in recognition of its extraordinary technical accomplishment, but on account of the truth of observation and sentiment with which it was permeated, the serenity of its conception and simplicity of composition, and for the success with which the light in it has been rendered, together with the admirable suggestion of character in the faces of the women. The subject has often been rendered before; for no one—at least no artist—can see unmoved this





FUNERAL OF A CHIEF IN THE IRON AGE.  
(From the *Painting by Fernand Cormon.*)



by M. L. A. Lhermitte, which was first exhibited at the Salon in 1893. We do not agree with the official catalogue, that it is Æsop's fable that the painter has here illustrated. It is an admirable transcript of La Fontaine's version of it—a pictorial rendering not only literally faithful to word and spirit, but excellent as art.

"Il appelle la Mort. Elle vient sans tarder,  
Lui demande ce qu'il faut faire.  
C'est, dit-il, afin de m'aider  
A recharger ce bois; tu ne tarderas guère."

Which may be rendered thus:

"He summons Death. She comes without delay,  
What she should do she asks to know.  
Says he, Pray help my load to lay  
Upon my back—before you haste to go."

The expression of misery, overlaid with fear, on a face worn by suffering, age, and weather is very subtly realised; the colour-scheme is expressive; and the figure of Death the Skeleton is in the true spirit of the fabulist.

S.



DEATH AND THE WOODMAN

(From the Painting by L. A. Lhermitte.)



## FINE PRINTS OF THE YEAR.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE, R.E. HON.

I AM invited by the Editor to say to the intelligent public—not to the particular expert—what I think of the Engraving of to-day; to say, a little, what are the methods practised, and by whom practised most successfully; to compare mediums of expression; to note that which, amidst depressing circumstances, is still ineradicable vitality of a branch of art I love; to speak a little of the younger men, the successors in original engraving of the great dead like Méryon—on whom long since I wrote my small book for the expert—and of veterans who are still with us, like Mr. Whistler and Sir Seymour Haden. It is a holiday task. But though I do not aim to catch the expert's ear as I fulfil it, it will be disappointing if an almost spontaneous chat finds no one to listen who has something of the talker's own delight in every exercise of skill in engraving. Perhaps the print-lover is "born." He is not "made," I know, by sending him to study in museums, by promenading him through exhibitions, by peering with him into the sacred mysteries of one's own Solander-box. Many are called; few chosen. And if no one were chosen, one would still be justified in lifting up one's voice—in crying out, in a desert of photographs and a desert of postage-stamps, that even if the purchaser eschews the great art of the past, there is excellent art to-day, of which he may possess himself.

The art of etching, with its fascinating, though dangerous, uncertainties of "biting"—the action of the acid on the exposed portions of the sheet of copper—has of late years been the branch of original engraving which has been most in vogue. Those who love it—and some of those who practise it (though the practising artist is, as a rule, but an ineffective historian)—have done their best to advocate it and to trace its story. But though the decently intelligent general public—for whose instinct in art matters I never profess a very profound respect—has bought etchings by the thousand, still, until quite lately, out of the thousand, nine hundred at least were but works of skilled translation. Etched

reproductions were made of most of the popular pictures. A few were good; many were bad. From them, good or bad, there was always possible the



MISS CLIVE

(From the Mezzotint by D. A. Wehrschmidt, after the Painting by Romney.)

descent to photogravure. Of original etchings, only a few—or the works of a few men—were sold. It would be very easy to mention names, but it would be very rude to do so. Nor, even now, are red-brick houses built out of the proceeds of original etchings. Yet I hear the sale does increase, and, what is better, that it covers a wider field of excellent producers of such work. What has fallen quite into the background is the reproductive etching, which was wont to be to the front. One has nothing but good to say of reproductions of his own work by Mr. Herkomer, and of reproductions of Velasquez or Mason by Mr. Macbeth. The





AN IDYLL

(From the Original Etching by Wilfred Thompson.)

elder Flameng has done wonderful things: so has Rajon—still more delightful, in many respects, are the impressions, generally more swiftly recorded, by an original artist like Jacquemart, of the work of another, whether painter or artist in porcelain. But that the mass of more recent and duller work of translation has fallen flat of late, one has only thanks to offer to the just gods. The collapse makes room for something better.

The last thing that it seems to have made room for is a certain revival in the art of engraving in mezzotint. I shall ask pardon if I speak rather longer this time on the subject of mezzotint than on that of etching. For me, at least, it has, as matter of discourse, not more fascination indeed, but more novelty. The art has long been practised. Siegen invented it; Prince Rupert practised it, just about the time when, from Rembrandt's etching-press in Amsterdam, there were being issued the immortal impressions of the work of a master of etching. But when etching was already in its perfection, mezzotint was in its infancy. John Smith and that prolific person, the elder Faber, carried it further—it was

carried further still, towards the end of the eighteenth century, by McArdeall and Valentine Green and Earlom; by William Ward, who gave us so much of Morland; by John Russell Smith, who gave us so much of Sir Joshua. Then in the first twenty years of our nineteenth century, came—for they were chiefly in mezzotint—the great plates of his *Liber Studiorum*, which Turner wholly supervised and in part executed. Ten years later, Constable—not working at all himself upon the plates—supervised the execution by Lucas of the spirited series of *English Landscape*. They are fine—not as fine as *Liber*, but they have become very nearly as fashionable. Then, in our own day—we speak of a great mezzotint engraver of landscape—there came Frank Short. What he is as an original etcher—how interesting he is, although how limited—I have said in other volumes of this very Magazine. But here and now I speak of him for his work in mezzotint. There is a little plate, "Sussex Downs"—after a sketch of Constable's belonging to Mr. Henry Vaughan—which is the last word of



GEORGE FOX AND THE PIPE OF TOBACCO.

(From the Original Etching by R. Spence.)

And there came Jo Story to mee & lighted his Pipe of Tobacco & said hee "Will you take a Pipe of Tobacco" sayinge "Come  
 I'll be yours" and I lookt upon him to see a forwarde bold Lad & Tobacco I did not take but it came into my Minde  
 ye Lad might think I had not Unity with ye Fire shod for I saw hee had a frisky empty Bellow of Religion, soe I took his  
 Pipe and put it to my Mouth & gave it him againe but his side longre shoulder say I had not. *ff. 3. St. Fox his Journal*



delicacy in mezzotint art. Yet, when it is Mr. Short who is in evidence, there are "more last words." Those wonderful "words," for instance, his latest plates after certain drawings by Turner, which were never in Turner's lifetime carried forward to the stage of the copper at all. From the beautiful but vague suggestions of the design

and a little of Seymour Haden's—it is considered, as a rule, and the general practice shows it, that mezzotint is not especially adapted to be the means of original expression, but that it is especially adapted to be the means of translating. And what it translates best of all—nay, more, what it is employed almost wholly in translating—is the oil



FALLS OF THE RHINE: SCHAFFHAUSEN.

(From the Mezzotint by Frank Short. After an Unpublished Drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.)

in sepia Mr. Short has built up these latest, these almost latest, of fine prints.

The roll of masters of mezzotint I have already called over will strike the reader in one way, at all events, if he knows anything at all about the history of the producers of prints. "Well," he will tell me, "but hardly one of these men was an original artist, and when you speak of mezzotint you do not speak at all of original work." That is indeed so. Or, to be more absolutely accurate, as a matter of fact, many of the men who have engraved in mezzotint have been original artists, but seldom has their original work been done upon the copper. What does this mean? It means that though there are excellent exceptions—modern exceptions even, as the work of Finnie

picture. For this I can give the reason. Like brush-work itself, the work that is done by the instrument of the engraver in mezzotint is done in spaces and not in lines. It is essentially broad. Certain etching—which, unless it is dry-point, is "line" always—translates the painted picture. But how many lines, and often how confusing, and how the quality of each must often be hidden and suppressed! Then there is line engraving—"line" by the very name of it; and here again, though admirable work of translation has been done—while the subject and contour and general scheme of light and shade may have been seized perfectly—no one could ever attempt to seize, with line engraving, "the touch." It is quite otherwise—it is obviously quite otherwise—with mezzotint. Each



art has its qualities; but compare with the line engravings after Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode" the mezzotints by Earlom from that same series of pictures, and you will perceive the painter-like quality that belongs to the mezzotint—its appropriateness for the translation of the touch of the painter.

Line engraving can be original and complete with elaboration, from the days of the great Lucas van Leyden and the greater Dürer to the days of Mr. Sherborn, whose book plates, scattered far and wide now, in chosen libraries, recall so admirably the elder German art. But expressive and complete with economy of means line engraving can hardly be. To be that is the function of the etcher, if the etcher is indeed a master—it is the function of the writer of sonnets, of the writer of the imaginative prose that has some chances of living.

In regard to etching, it has often been my business to criticise individual work in detail; but here, and at this moment, the criticism of individual work in detail is one of the things I most desire to avoid. In this place, and in words addressed to the broadest of intelligent publics, if I mention men themselves by name, and characterise their work to a small extent, it is all that I wish to do. To Haden and to Whistler often before has one paid tribute of careful consideration, and their place—these men of an elder generation—their place is assured. A younger generation, already in its own way celebrated—the generation of Strang and Watson and Cameron and Short and Colonel Goff and M. Helleu—has been discussed likewise; and, were I to dwell at all to-day upon individual men, it would be upon men less known than these. One's appreciation of some of them may be judged from the selected illustrations, just as from the

selected illustrations of mezzotint may be judged, in part at least, one's appreciation of the present practitioners of an art with whose commercial fortunes Mr. Gerald Robinson (himself a skilled practitioner) has of late been busily concerned.

Mr. W. Thompson, the author of the quiet lines of the agreeable "Idyll," and Mr. Spence, the pictorial historian of the Quakers, are men it will not be convenient to forget, and I couple these together at the moment because their qualities are so different—because the effects which they obtain, although so various, are all within the compass of original etching. The "Idyll" is economic of line—economic, if one can scarcely say severe. Now Mr. Spence, in his group of figure pieces—of which the quaintness of the dramatic character do not pass from the memory—is occupied with simple line much less than most of the



MADAME DE RÉCAMIER.

(From the Etching by W. Henderson. After the Painting by Gérard. By Permission of C. Klachner, the Publisher of the Plate.)

etchers whom critics accept. Economical he of course appears to be when studied in comparison with the reproductive engraver, but many an original engraver has surpassed him in economy—scarcely, however, in completeness of pictorial presentation. These are dramatic scenes he deals with and puts before us, and he is one of the very few etchers who have ever dared to be dramatic, and one of the few who have ever dared to be humorous. The humour of Cruikshank, of course, was abundant, but fantastic. I am not sure whether Mr. Strang is humorous, but I know that when he is strongly dramatic, as he well can be, he is sometimes fantastic too. As an executant I do not place Mr. Spence suddenly beside Mr. Strang; but the print lover—the intelligent outsider even—who studies both, will notice that while Mr. Strang at his most dramatic palpably recalls Rembrandt or recalls Legros, Mr. Spence recalls no particular master, no

particular method, but—so far as we may judge him by the little that has yet been seen—recalls only the period and the scene with which he wants his plate to be identified: goes back, straight and quick, to that scene. The humour and wisdom—the worldly wisdom even—of courageous George Fox, who took his life with him in his hand valiantly, and was something of philosopher and poet, as well as of religious reformer, are understood and done justice to in Mr. Spence's work. "George Fox and the Pipe of Tobacco" shows the humour—and it is no fault of Mr. Spence's that the legend from the immortal Journal must needs accompany it. Turn for a moment to "George Fox and Oliver Cromwell." The Protector had been no protector to Fox. Charles the Second viewed

Fox more tolerantly. And when the Protector's day was over, the sturdy Quaker—mindful ever of the fulfilment of the purposes of God—visited Cromwell dead. "And when I saw him there I saw his word justly come upon him."

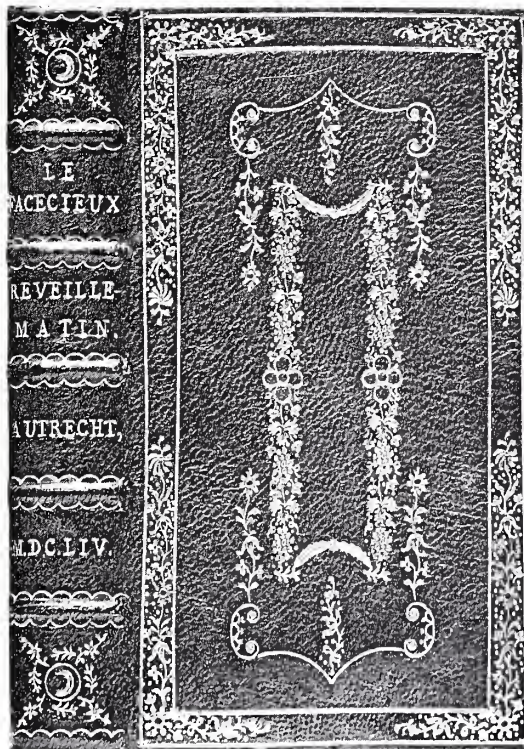
It is with no desire of under-rating what, indeed, I warmly appreciate—the work of W. H. May and Burridge, Fisher, Charlton, and Constance Pott—that I have allowed myself to-day to insist not on their qualities, but on the qualities of another. The capacity of original etching for work of a dramatic character—for the telling of a story, for the realisation of human incident, realistic or imaginative (and why not both at once?), rather than decorative and linear—I have wanted to insist upon that.

## CHARACTERISTICS AND PECULIARITIES OF ROGER PAYNE, BINDER.

BY S. T. PRIDEAUX.

AT the outset of this account of Roger Payne and his bindings, I want to state my object in drawing attention to him at this moment, and to emphasise the special interest that I consider his work to have. Most people who care sufficiently for bookbinding to know anything of Roger Payne are probably a little tired by this time of the story of his eccentric individuality, his verses in praise of drink, and the quaint elaborateness of his bills, all of which, ever since the days of Dibdin, have been mentioned as the main points of interest connected with his history. But to my mind the chief thing that dissociates him from other members of his craft—with the exception of his style of ornamentation, which was very original—is that he did the whole of his work himself, and I know of no other binder of whom this can be said.

divided into three main departments—that books are sewn and headbanded by women, put into boards, cut and covered by the "forwarder," and ornamented by the "finisher." The result is that personality in the work is lost. There may be a certain similarity of appearance in the books turned out by a special binder, because one or more styles will generally prevail in any given shop, but of individuality in the get-up of the several books there is none. Nor can this possibly be made a matter of reproach in the ordinary run of work; prices would not admit of its being done on any other principle than that of subdivision of labour. But the fact remains that a book carried out from beginning to end by a craftsman intelligently interested in his trade, wholly responsible for the success of his work, and with sufficient artistic



"LE FACECIEUX."

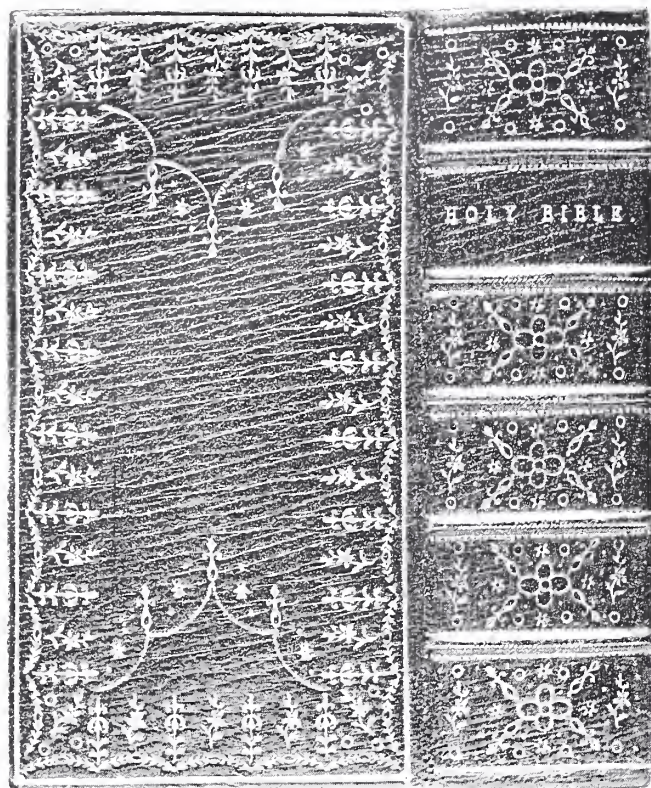
People who are even but slightly acquainted with the work of a binder's shop know that it is

feeling to make the commercial point of view a secondary one, will have a personal character about



it that one which has passed through many hands will never acquire.

It is to the character in Roger Payne's work that I want to direct the attention of lovers of



(In the Collection of Alfred Huth, Esq.)

binding. Not that this can possibly be conveyed by illustrations—those will give the ornamental detail, but little else. I doubt, however, if anyone who takes half a dozen of Roger Payne's bindings and puts them side by side with a similar number of books bound by the best French and English binders, will be long in feeling that, though they may be lacking in technical finish, they have yet an individuality all their own.

Before proceeding to a detailed appreciation of his work, a brief sketch of Payne's life may be given. He was born in Windsor Forest in 1739, and was first employed by Pote, the well-known Eton bookseller. He then went to London, and served a short time with Thomas Osborne, an antiquarian bookseller in Gray's Inn. Dibdin says Tom Osborne was the most celebrated bookseller of his day, and carried on a successful trade from the year 1738 to 1768. He appears at all events to have purchased the libraries of the most eminent collectors of the time, for he gave £13,000 for the Harleian collection, and employed Dr. Johnson to write the Preface to an account of it published in four volumes and entitled "Catalogus Bibliothecæ

Harleianæ," etc. Osborne was so rough and overbearing in his manners that Boswell declares Johnson once knocked him down with a folio and put his foot upon his neck. He was evidently not popular, being a great contrast in this respect to his contemporary "honest Tom Payne," of whom Isaac Disraeli speaks so appreciatively in the "Pursuits of Literature." Anyway he had not the wit to know Roger Payne for a genius, or if he had the wit he had not the temper to keep him in his employment. They could not agree, and Roger then made the acquaintance of his namesake above mentioned—Thomas Payne, the popular leading bookseller of the time, whose shop in the shape of an I at the Mews Gate was a sort of literary coffee-house between 1750 and 1790. His brother Oliver, with whom he started in business, is said to have originated the idea and practice of printing catalogues. Thomas was much respected by all the authors and book-collectors of his time, and is thus described in Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes": "Warm in his friendships as in his politicks, a convivial, cheerful companion, and unalterable in the cut and colour of his coat, he uniformly pursued one great object, fair dealing, and will survive in the list of booksellers the most eminent for being adventurous and scientific, by the name of honest Tom Payne." His lasting friendship with Roger is not the least tribute to his kindness and generosity.

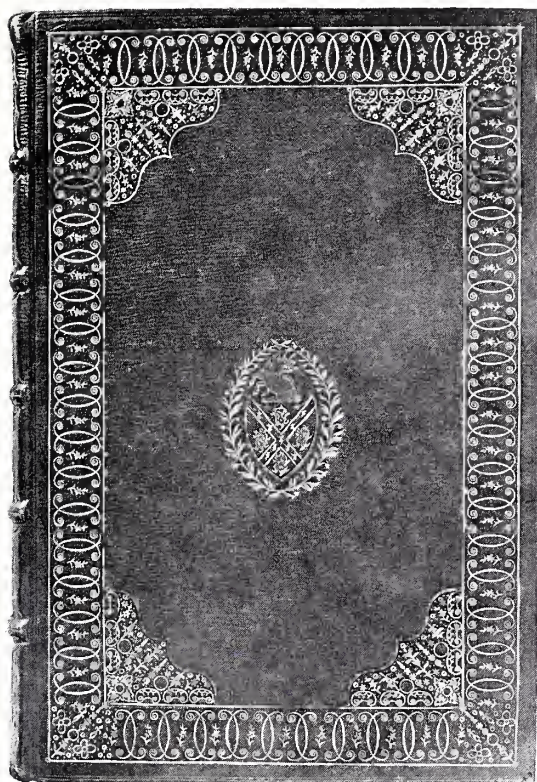
He set him up in business near Leicester Square somewhere between 1766 and 1770. The portrait which Thomas Payne had made of Roger for himself—it is said after his death—shows him in this garret, where he lived and worked. "His appearance," says Dibdin, "bespoke either squalid wretchedness or a foolish and fierce indifference to the received opinions of mankind. His hair was unkempt, his attire wretched; and the interior of his workshop—where, like the Turk, he would 'bear no brother near his throne'—harmonised but too justly with the general character and appearance of its owner. With the greatest possible display of humility he united quite the spirit of quixotic independence. Such a compound—such a motley union—was probably never before concentrated in one and the same individual."

Richard Weir, whose wife attained a great reputation in the mending and restoration of books, was his partner towards the end of his life. Mr. and Mrs. Weir had succeeded Derome in 1774 in binding and repairing the library of Count Macarthy at Toulouse, and on their return to England joined Payne, but both men being intemperate, the business rapidly deteriorated, until they were finally



taken into the employment of John Mackinlay the binder.

The most important event in Payne's life was



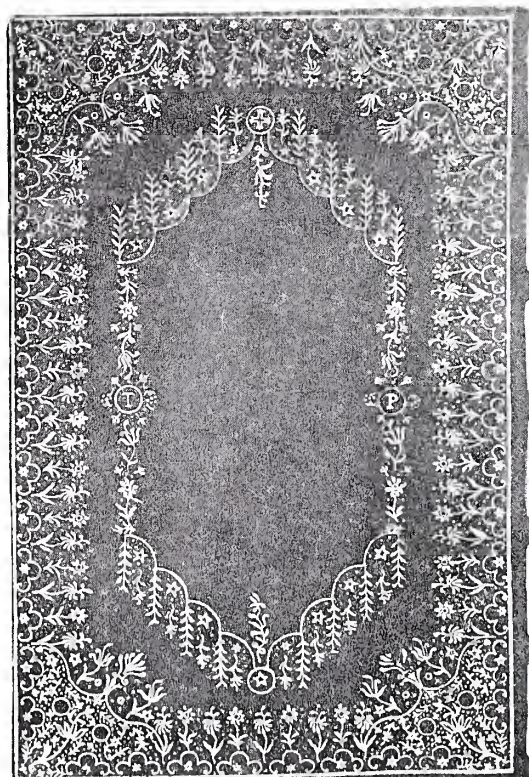
(In the British Museum. Cracherode Bequest.)

leathers, and being coarse of texture, they often turned unpleasantly spotty.

His books were well stitched and headbanded, and the criticism frequently passed that he used too thin boards is not borne out by an inspection of those in the British Museum. He had a habit of lining the backs with russia leather, which, in the case of the smaller size books, was very unfortunate, for it prevented them from opening freely. His leather joints were very clumsy, and the joints of his books as a whole were lacking in technical finish. Very few doublures are to be found, and he had no taste for the elaborateness of contemporary French work. I have mentioned the main defects of Payne's work: when we come to its decoration we are at once struck by the originality displayed in the lay-out of the design as compared with the work of previous English binders, and the great taste shown in the balance and adjustment of the detail. Payne prided himself upon what he considered the appropriateness of his ornament, but luckily its emblematic character does not strike one at first sight: that he should put a design of vine leaves on one book because its title was "Rusticum," or that another should have a border of "antique shields and crescents"

undoubtedly his introduction to Lord Spencer. How this came about we do not know exactly, but it was most probably through his friend and namesake the bookseller. Dibdin relates that the Countess Spencer's lady's maid remarked on seeing Payne, whose first visit to the Earl was made apparently while they were dressing for Court: "Oh Dieu! mais, comment done, est-ee que c'est ainsi qu'on se presente dans ce pays-ci dans un cabinet de toilette?" This was the beginning of much work for the Althorp library; and other well-known patrons were Dr. Moseley, who is supposed to have had some of his books bound in return for medical advice, and Colonel Stanley, for whom Payne did some excellent specimens.

The leather that he worked in was red or blue straight-grain morocco or a smooth olive morocco, which he liked best, and which he called "Venetian" in his bills, probably from its similarity to the colour used by Aldus. Unfortunately for durability, a good deal of his work was also done in russia leather. His choice of lining papers was a great blot on the appearance of his books; they were never marbled, but plain coloured, chiefly purple or buff, which harmonised ill with his

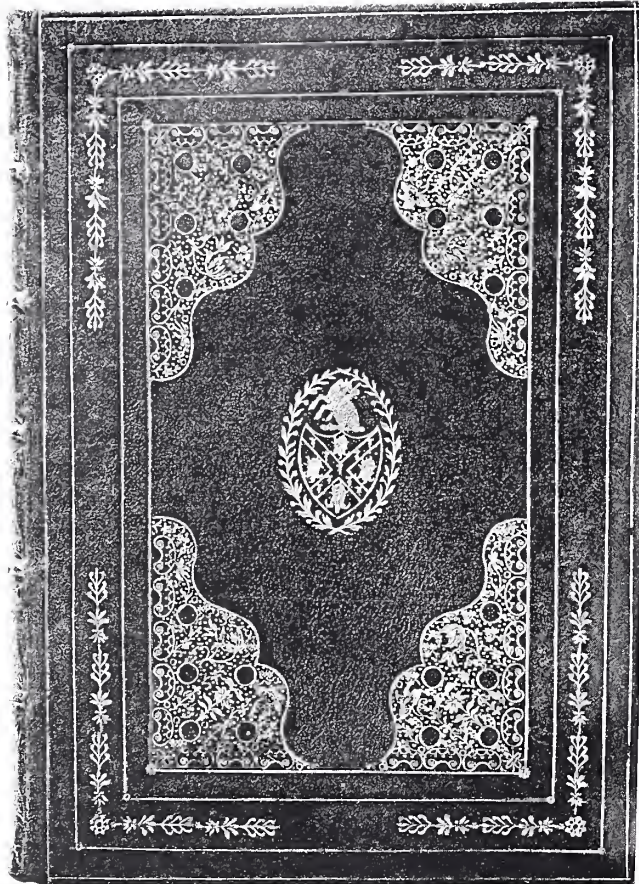


(Bible, Bound for Tom Payne. See p. 611.)

because they were in the headpiece to the preface of the book, is not a use of emblems that anyone



can quarrel with. His ornamentation was never elaborate. His sides are often plain, unadorned but with a single line or with corners made of a few flowers and leaves, the spaces between being filled with circles and dots. When the sides are plain, the backs are generally fully gilt, with a similar tracery of leaves and flowers studded with dots, stars, and circlets. When the inside joints and border are



(In the British Museum. Cracherode Bequest.)

tooled the outside is mostly left quite plain. In many cases the titles are made to decorate more than one compartment of the back, the tooling occupying only the top and bottom spaces. This tooling is very often without gold; indeed, Payne was very fond of blind work, and many specimens of it may be seen at the British Museum. On blue and red moroccos it was not effective, but on diced russia leather, and especially in combination with a certain amount of gold, the effect is extremely pleasing.

He did not have very many tools, and is said to have himself made some of them in iron—presumably the very simple ones, stars, dots, and rings, which he had in great variety, for some of the others are of such delicacy that they bespeak the practised hand of the tool-cutter. It may be

said in passing that it is very likely the older binders employed iron for their tools instead of the soft brass now in use, and the French word for them—"fers"—would seem to support this view.

Payne's flower-foliage tools were decidedly original; they are floral without being naturalistic, sufficiently conventionalised for design, and very simply arranged in the pattern they compose. In fact, the special artistic feeling of his ornamentation consists in the skilful way in which he made dots—or "studded work," as he called it—strengthen or balance the design so that the plan of arrangement and the combination of the individual tools does not catch the eye, and is in fact hidden by the richness of the studded effect. His ornamentation indeed, flowing and graceful as it is in stem and flower, offers a striking contrast to the style that preceded it in England, known as the Harleian, which was extremely stiff and formal, and allowed of no appearance of growth or development in the arrangement of its parts.

Somehow the light and graceful character of his work seems especially suitable to the straight-grain morocco then in fashion. A "Roger Payne" style now forms one of the commonplaces of the ordinary binder's stock in trade, but carried out on the solid Levant morocco in fashion has nothing like the same attractiveness. Payne wisely adhered to the style that he practically invented, and there are no examples of any attempt to compete in the reproduction of old models. There is not perhaps very much scope in his designs, and yet the variation is considerable considering the few tools he employed. These he used in fresh combinations with great inventiveness and unflinching taste, getting much richness of effect by the simple device of dots. In fact, he thoroughly understood the art of getting effect by simplicity rather than by elaboration of ornament.

His career lasted between thirty and forty years, beginning about 1770, during which time, notwithstanding the irregularity of his habits, he was very constantly successful. He certainly met with great appreciation during his lifetime, and had it not been for his eccentric independence, he would undoubtedly have left behind him a more extensive and finer record of his skill. For Lord Spencer he worked continuously, and did many fine specimens for the Duke of Hamilton, Mr. Woodhull, Mr. Cracherode, Dr. Moseley, Colonel Stanley, and other collectors.

The Roger Payne bindings in the British Museum nearly all belong to the collection bequeathed to it by Mr. Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode, who was born in 1730 and died in 1799. He



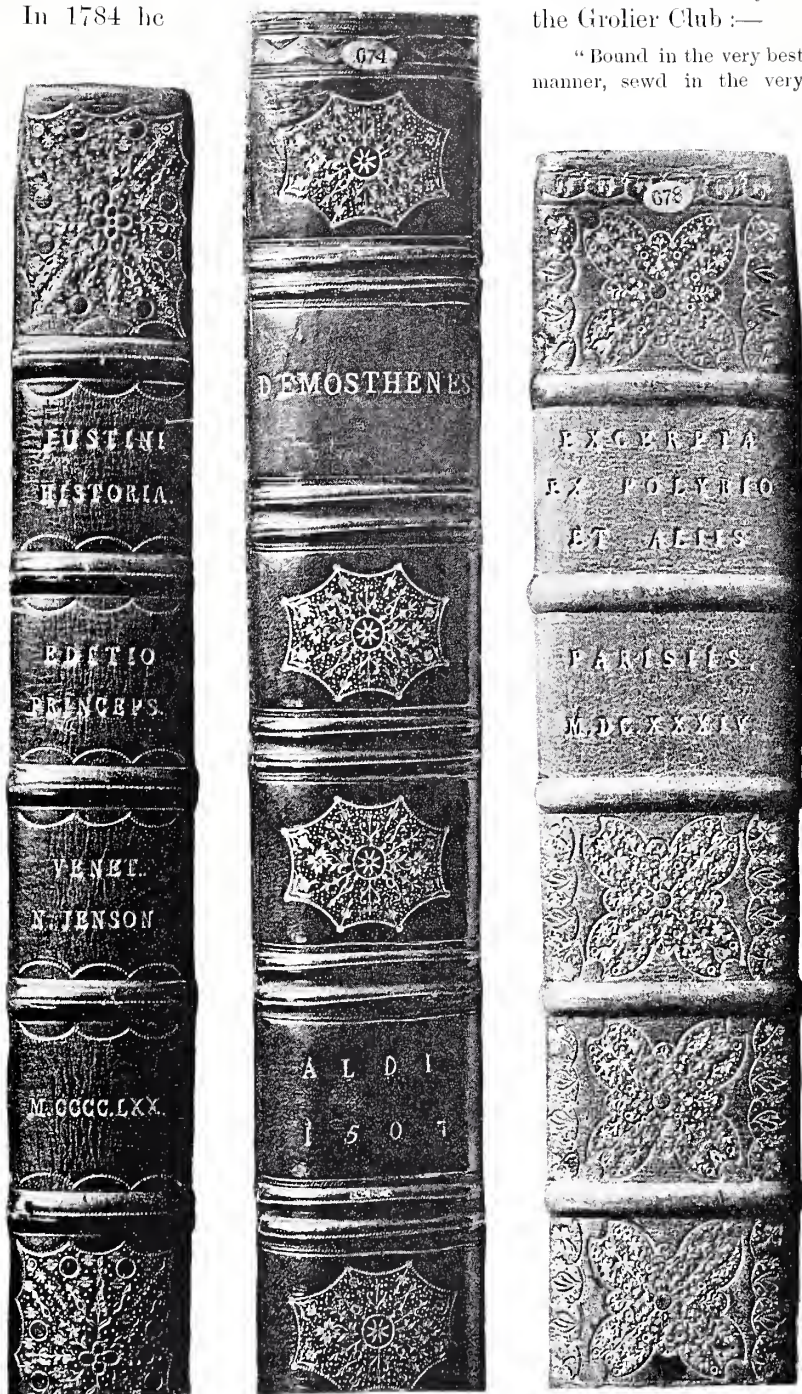
held the curacy of Binsey, near Oxford, for a long time, but on the death of his father in 1773 he inherited a large fortune, and henceforth lived as a recluse among his literary treasures. He had no curiosity about anything else, and never travelled except between London and Oxford. In 1784 he was elected a Trustee of the British Museum. Every day for many years he walked to Elmsley's, a bookseller's in the Strand, and thence to Tom Payne's, and never returned without purchases.

To return to Roger Payne. His *chef d'œuvre* is supposed to be the "Æschylus" done for Lord Spencer, and now available to the public through the generosity of Mrs. Rylands of Manchester. Another very elaborate and fine specimen of his work is a copy of the Bible printed at Edinburgh in 1715, and now in the possession of one of the many New York collectors. It is figured in the little volume on Payne issued to his friends by Mr. W. L. Andrews of New York, a great admirer of the binder. This Bible has an additional interest as having been bound for his friend and patron Thomas Payne, whose initials appear on the sides. The original bill is inserted, in which Roger says:—"The outsides finished in the richest and most elegant taste, richer and more exact than any book that I have ever bound." The charge for binding was £1 18s.; for mending and cleaning, 3s. 6d. —a total of £2 1s. 6d. It is bound in blue morocco with a deep border and studded corners, and has also a panel of graceful proportions. The Grolier Club selected it for reproduction for the covers of their first publication, "The Decree of the Starre-Chamber," the letters G. C. being substituted for T. P. in the tracery on the sides.

Payne's bills, in which he describes with quaint language and in great detail his work on the particular book, have always been considered a curiosity. At the sale of Dr. Moseley's library in 1815 several of these were found. Many of these bills have been reproduced, but as a

specimen I will take one not hitherto published, except in the little book by Mr. Andrews above mentioned. It was for binding a copy of Lilly's "Christian Astrology," now in the Library of the Grolier Club:—

"Bound in the very best manner, sewd in the very

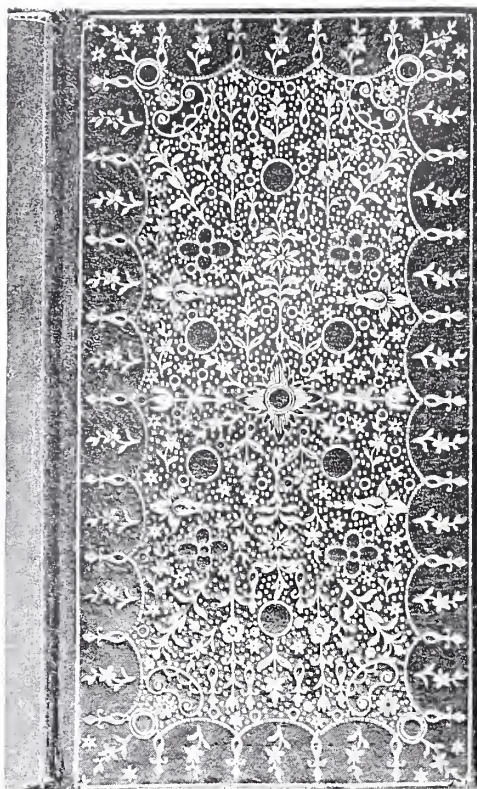


(In the British Museum.)

best and most honest manner on Bands, outside. The Book being very thick it required the greater care in sewing to make it easy and not fail.

"It is absolutely a very Extra Bound Book. I hope to be forgiven in saying so and unmatched. Velum Headbands, so as not to break like paper roll up Headbands.





(In the Collection of Alfred Huth, Esq.)

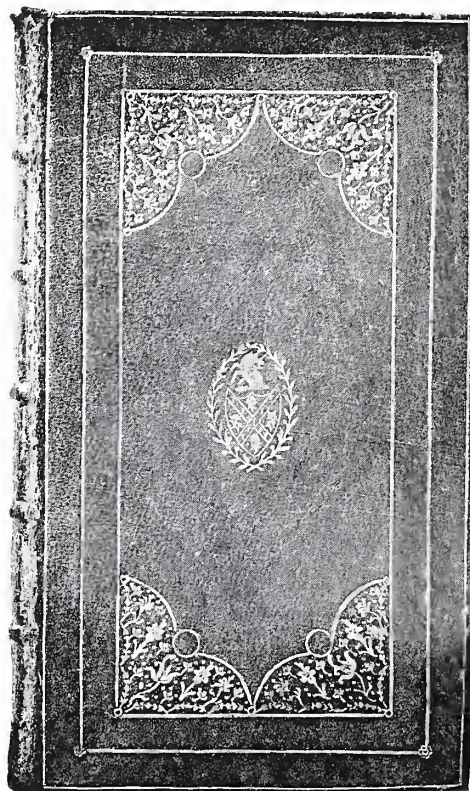
<p>“The greatest care and method taken to make this Book as good a Copy as my hands and experience of Work was able to do the Binding in Russia Quarto.</p> <p>“Washing and taking out the Writing Ink. Washed the whole Book.</p> <p>“Cleaning it was very dirty and I am certain took full 2 Days Work. The Frontispiece was in a very indifferent Condition all the Writing Ink is taken out of it amended and several other places mended. The greatest care hath been taken of the Margins. Gilt. Leaves not Cutt.”</p>	<p>11s.</p> <p>6 6</p> <p>6</p> <hr style="width: 50px; margin-left: auto; margin-right: 0;"/> <p>£1 3 6</p>
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Payne died in December, 1797, and the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that month contains the following obituary notice of him:—

“In Duke's Court, St. Martin's Lane, Mr. Roger Payne, the celebrated bookbinder, whose death will be a subject of lasting regret to the founders of magnificent libraries. This ingenious man introduced a style of binding, uniting elegance with durability, such as no person has ever been able to imitate. He may be ranked indeed among artists of the greatest merit. The ornaments he employed were chosen with a classical taste, and, in many instances, appropriated to the subject of the work or the age and time of the author; and each book of his binding was accompanied by a written description of the ornaments in a most precise and

curious style. His *chef d'œuvre* is his ‘Æschylus,’ in the possession of Earl Spencer, the ornaments and decorations of which are most splendid and classical. The binding of the book cost the noble Earl fifteen guineas. Those who are not accustomed to see bookbinding executed in any other than the common manner can have no idea of the merits of the deceased, who lived without a rival, and, we fear, has died without a successor. His remains were decently interred at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields at the expense of a respectable and upright bookseller, resident in that parish, to whom, in a great measure, the admirers of this ingenious man's performances may feel themselves indebted for the prolongation of his life: having for these last eight years (with that goodness of heart for which his family is distinguished) provided him with a regular pecuniary assistance, both for the support of his body and the performance of his work.

“What adds to the credit of this is, that this poor man had not a proper command of himself; for formerly, when in possession of a few pounds, he would live jovially: when that was exhausted almost famishing. It may be proper to remark



(In the British Museum. Cracherode Bequest.)

that though his name was spelt exactly as his patron's, he was not related to him.”

The estimate of Payne's talents contained in this account is of course an exaggerated one, though

one cannot be surprised at it when the work of his predecessors and contemporaries is taken into consideration. We have spoken of the marked originality of his designs, and this characteristic is an undeniable fact; there is, however, one class of bindings with which they have a certain though distant relationship—the English and particularly the Scotch bindings of the first part of the eighteenth century.

On his successors, of course, the influence of Payne was very marked—that is to say, in England. Charles Lewis is his best imitator, and many say that his work is indistinguishable from that of Payne's except by its freedom of forwarding and general superiority of technique. This view, however, I cannot agree with; Lewis's best work was certainly altogether superior in finish, but it is not possible to mistake it for Payne's, if for no other

reason on account of just that individual character on which I dwelt at the beginning, and which results from the exclusive handling throughout in the main processes of any work of art by the same craftsman. There is a striking similarity between Roger Payne's style of decoration and that of one Frenchman which has not apparently been noticed. Bozérian le Jeune, as he was called in distinction to his brother, opened his workshop about 1805, and in the Exhibition of Bindings held at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1891 there was shown a small volume, "*Hippocratis Coacæ Praenotiones*," in the decoration of which the same traditions of flower and leaf on a studded background were closely followed.

The back of this little book, with the panels thus ornamented, is reproduced in the Illustrated Catalogue of the Exhibition.

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## A NEW LIFE OF GAINSBOROUGH.\*

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THE facts of Gainsborough's life at certain periods of his career are somewhat obscure; and although the painter has been made the subject of interesting and valuable biographies and important essays by Philip Thicknesse, Allan Cunningham, Leslie, Northcote, Fulcher, and, more recently, Mr. Walter Armstrong, research has not yet sufficed to fill in the many gaps in his history. Mrs. Arthur Bell, in the handsome volume in which she once more tells the story of Gainsborough's career, has attempted no such original research, but has presented in a very agreeable manner the main facts of his life, and, with a liberal hand, has studded her tale with anecdotes of the times. This, indeed, is the main feature of the book; the sketch of the painter is probably as complete as the less exacting of general readers would care to have it. The rest of the volume is made up with interesting chat upon the personalities of his sitters and other similar gossip, which, if not inaccessible elsewhere, is certainly not out of place where it is now presented to us. The author certainly challenges, with more vehemence than we remember to have seen elsewhere, the importance of Thicknesse's influence upon Gainsborough's career, more than endorsing Fulcher's somewhat contemptuous dismissal of that

self-satisfied friend and "patron;" she touches on his pitiful art of making enemies, yet at the same time is willing to concede that, though tactless, he was "kindly-intentioned."

The book, then, is essentially a popular biography rather than a critical study, dabbling in the times of Thomas Gainsborough, in the affairs of his contemporaries, in the early history of the Royal Academy, and touching in a general way upon art, dealing specially with those persons whom the artist immortalised with his brush.

It will thus be seen that on the score of criticism, and even of history, there is little to challenge in the pages of this pleasant sketch; but there are several other points on which complaint may be made and correction offered. In the first place, it is greatly to be regretted that no attempt whatever has been made to present a list of the painter's works. It is, of course, true that owing partly to mischance and partly to the extraordinary vagaries of the artist himself the making of anything like a complete catalogue of his pictures is hopeless. He gave away so many of his works in his own time—to his carrier (Wiltshire), to Abel, Colonel Hamilton, Nollekens, General Palmer, amongst others—destroying some and keeping record of few, that even an approximate list, such as we possess in the case of most artists of his eminence, must in his case be out of the question. But a Life intended even for general reading ought

\* "*Thomas Gainsborough: a Record of his Life and Works.*" By Mrs. Arthur Bell. With illustrations reproduced for the most part from the original paintings. London: George Bell and Sons.



not to be without some sort of attempt in this direction. Again, we find no mention of the fact that chief among his art masters at the St. Martin's

"will not trouble the gentlemen against their inclination, but will beg the rest of his pictures back again," he threatened that if they did not comply with his



LANDSCAPE : EVENING.

(From the Painting by Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.)

[Lane] Academy (whom Mrs. Bell dismisses in a batch as "none but second-rate men") was the highly successful teacher Burgess, the ancestor of the recently-deceased Royal Academician. In dealing with Gainsborough's final rupture with the Academy in 1784, in which she quotes a letter which seems meant to show how moderately he expressed the request that in his ease the regulations of the Academy should be set aside, Mrs. Bell stops short at an expression which probably had no little influence in causing the Council to reject his application—"giant" though he was; for after saying that he

demand he would never exhibit with them again, "and that I swear by God." This letter may still be seen in the archives of the Royal Academy. Nor are we told how, when Reynolds spoke of Gainsborough as "the best landscape-painter of Europe" in the presence of Wilson—who considered that that position was worthily occupied by himself—the offended artist interrupted Sir Joshua with the pointed retort, "And the best portrait-painter, too." These stories are not new; but they should not have been omitted from a book of this character. While regretting that the writer is not more precise



in facts and more liberal with her dates, we find a few errors which should be corrected in a second edition—such as the mis-spelling of the names of

are told, are “reproduced in this volume,” though we do not find them there.

On the other hand, a very good picture is drawn



GAINSBOROUGH'S NEPHEW: PRELIMINARY STUDY FOR "THE BLUE BOY."

(By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.)

Ozias Humphry (p. 51) and Nollekens (p. 73), and especially the tantalising references to the portrait of the “Duke of Arenberg” and to the famous “Ladies walking in the Mall,” both of which, we

of the painter, both as to his own character and to his relations with the world. Mrs. Bell defends him, though we are not quite clear as to her authority, against the charge of dissipation. She deals with



much sympathy not only with the facts of his domestic life and with his affectionate character, but also with his love of nature, his dealings with his

would have been better had she given some further details as to the known replicas, so called, of the "Blue Boy," of which the original is one of the gems



INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE.

(From the Painting by Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.)

sitters, and especially his love of children—with that passion for natural, unaffected childhood for its own unadulterated sake which Sir Joshua Reynolds (through the circumstances which always forced him to deal with little ladies and gentlemen, infant gentility, so to speak) was rarely able to prove. It

of the Duke of Westminster's collection. Only the other day such a replica, with full assurances as to its genuineness, came up for sale in an important collection in America, in respect to which the previous owner had apparently been victimised. It is in cases such as these—as, for example, in the case of Watteau's



famous "Ball under a Colonnade" in the Dulwich Gallery, of which numerous admirable replicas and copies are in existence (we do not include in this category the extraordinary version which amused the world at the exhibition of Mr. Sellar's pictures)—that the value of art-writers' researches and testimony becomes established.

As a picture-book the volume is delightful. In nearly three-score plates, several of them photogravures of high quality, we have examples of many of the artist's finest portraits, landscapes, and subject pictures, as well as drawings—characteristic works all of them, and some little known. Among these we have a portrait of Gainsborough's nephew, a preliminary study for a "Blue Boy;" there is the characteristic portrait of the "Hon. Mrs. Watson,"

in this case from the mezzotint of Thomas Park; there is "Landscape, Evening"—one of the painter's happy compositions as to light and shade—in all probability made up through his well-known device of tricking out his landscapes at first upon his table with pieces of sticks and stones, flowers and weeds, with modelled figures of men and cows, and bits of looking-glass for ponds; and the "Interior of a Cottage," which exhibits so well his sympathy with child-life even whilst he uses it as a "motive" on which to exercise his power in the rendering of contending lights, real and artificial. In short, in spite of its defects, the book is extremely acceptable, and will serve its purpose well until a more serious contribution to the literature of the subject is forthcoming.

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## THE ART MOVEMENT.

### RODIN'S STATUE OF BALZAC.

RARELY has a work of art given rise to such ravings, such exasperation, such blind abuse, and such extravagant praise as the statue of Balzac exhibited by Rodin in this year's Salon. When, a few days before the opening of the exhibitions, the "Balzac" was set up in its place, there was a perfect explosion of outcries from all the artists and critics present. No one—or hardly any one—thought of studying Rodin's work calmly. The statue must be judged out of hand: the statue was an unique masterpiece or a thing of horror. Some even declared that Rodin was making game of the public; and not artistic Paris only, but the whole town, was divided into rival camps. All the time the Salons were open a dense crowd was always to be found in front of the "Balzac," airing its peremptory verdicts and, too often, its obvious jests.

As soon as the exhibition was opened the Société des Gens de Lettres, who had commissioned Rodin to execute this statue, and who had rejected his first sketch, undertaking to accept the second, took back its promise, declaring that it "did not see Balzac in Monsieur Rodin's sketch."

The sculptor had the law on his side, and might have compelled the Society to keep the statue by bringing an action; but with great moderation he answered in a public letter that he would take back the work. M. Pellerin, a collector, offered to become the purchaser, but this Rodin refused. Two committees were formed—one in Brussels and one in Paris—for the acquisition of the work, but in

vain. Rodin remains deaf to all entreaties, and at the close of the Salons the statue made its way back to the sculptor's studio, where Rodin wishes it to remain, and perhaps will reconsider it or work on it again.

Let us now, without prejudice on either side, examine this statue of Balzac, which is the outcome of long years of thought on Rodin's part, as those well know who, like myself, are frequent visitors to his studio. He has represented Balzac in his favourite attire; the bulky frame is wrapped in a monk's frock, and the writer, throwing back his head, in a slightly exaggerated attitude perhaps, is looking into the distance with a deep ironical gaze. The upper lip and moustache have a marked satirical curl; the brow is shaded by a heavy mass of hair; the hands crossed in front under the robe, Balzac not having put his arms through the sleeves. Every part is rendered with the greatest simplicity, and an evident intention of giving the statue the broadest possible treatment, of scarcely emphasising the folds of the dress or the structure of the body—that enormous body with an almost monstrous neck, for which Rodin has been so vehemently abused. But this is how Rodin *felt* Balzac; this is his conception of the enigmatical personality of the author of "The Human Comedy."

Of all the blame heaped on Rodin this seems to me the least justifiable. There are, it is true, very few documents descriptive of Balzac, but what there are—apart from the work of the author's genius



which he has read again and again—Rodin has patiently studied and compared. He has not overlooked the bust by David, at the Comédie Française; the small portrait by Louis Boulanger, sent to the great exhibition of 1889; nor the far from expressive daguerreotype done long since by Nadar. Finally, and chiefly, he has absorbed the fine passage written by Lamartine concerning Balzac, the most precious document, perhaps, on the subject, as setting the man most clearly before our eyes. If we compare it with Rodin's conception, we at once discover their close connection. Lamartine wrote:

"He was not a tall man, though the radiance of his expression and the mobility of his person did not allow one to consider his figure; and that figure moved as fluently as his thoughts. He was stout, heavy, squarely built; his neck, his bust, his body, his thighs, all his limbs powerfully made. With a great

deal of Mirabeau's massiveness, he was not in the least heavy; there was so great a soul that it

could carry all this lightly and like a pliant sheath, not as a burthen.

The weight seemed to give him force." Lamartine adds that he often sat with his head bent forward, and would throw it back with heroic pride as he grew animated in speaking.

This is enough to show the sincerity of Rodin's work. As to pronouncing it unreservedly a masterpiece, that is quite another thing. The treatment is so new, the handling so bold and puzzling, that it would be wise to let some years go by before passing final judgment; we shall then see whether the "Balzac" will be a turning-point in sculpture, the leading example of a new form of art, or merely the transient mistake of a great artist. Be this as it may, the dignity of Rodin's life and the conscientiousness with which he has carried out the work must command our respect. It was more likely that the public should blunder in its hasty pronouncements than that Rodin should produce

a deliberately inferior work. And that has not been duly considered in France. HENRI FRANTZ.



BALZAC.

(From the Statue by Rodin.)

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#### MR. ONSLOW FORD'S NEW STATUE OF THE QUEEN.

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ONE of the features of the Jubilee celebrations of last year was the large number of statues of her Majesty the Queen that were undertaken and have been erected in various parts of the country—most of them indifferent enough either as portraits or works of art. Manchester, however, is to be congratulated on having secured the assistance of Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., in the production of a statue which will, without doubt, be worthy of the royal sitter, of the city, and of the artist.

For the purposes of the statue Mr. Ford began a study of the head, and as the work advanced the Queen was so gratified with it that she commissioned the sculptor to execute a replica of the bust in marble for herself. From the illustration which, by the courtesy of Mr. Ford, we are enabled to give of this bust, the reader will see that the work is as full of dignity as it is excellent as a piece of portraiture and as a work of art.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.  
(From the Bust by E. Onslow Ford, R.A.)

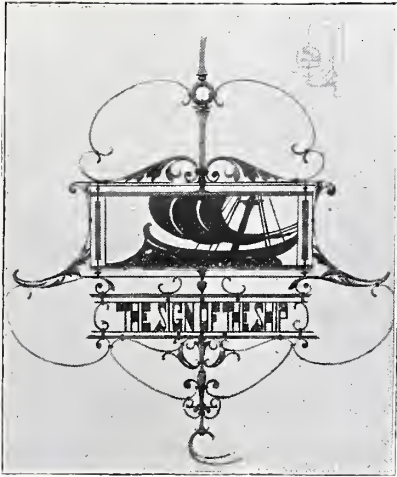




THE NATIONAL ART COMPETITION, 1898.

BY AYMER VALLANCE

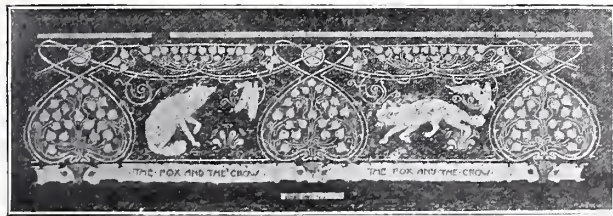
HOW far the latest exhibition of students' work can be said to equal or to surpass the exhibition of last or those of previous years is a question which it is, perhaps, not unnatural to ask.



DESIGN FOR SIGN OF AN INN  
(By Gamble Lemasnie.)

But to give a reply otherwise than in terms ambiguous enough to allow for exceptions is no easy matter. For though, unquestionably, there is progress, the sphere of operations comprehended in the work of the schools of art throughout the kingdom is manifold; and it is not to be supposed, therefore, but that, in one way or another, circumstances combine to prevent an equable advance along the whole line. Thus, the absence of a particular student's work which has hitherto been a notable feature in any given class—like last year's studies of animal forms by George Marples—seems to create a blank and to lessen the standard of excellence in that special branch, at the same time that other sections gain from the fact that the same artist has now devoted his attention to other kinds of study.

There are instances, again, where work of much power and originality is impaired, if not spoilt



PART OF A FRIEZE IN GESSO ON WOOD. (BRONZE MEDAL)  
(By Robert Higham.)

altogether, by some radical defect in an essential feature of the composition. To take a simple item such as that of lettering: too many designers fall

short in this regard. Amongst others, Mr. Gamble Lemasnie's clever drawing for the sign of "The Ship" in metal-work, as well as another artist's set of designs for Christmas cards, unfortunately, suffer from inferiority in lettering. Under all circumstances, legibility is the first and absolutely essential condition. But for decorative purposes a further quality—grace of form—is necessary. Every letter in the alphabet is a typical and unalterable unit, but the prescribed limitations are not so inflexible as not to afford ample scope for invention and artistic treatment. Some students appear to imagine that mere wanton eccentricity constitutes all that is required. No greater error could be made.

Let the artist be persuaded that wherever lettering is introduced—and the cases in which it must occur are numerous—it is an integral part of his work, and one which he cannot afford to neglect without serious detriment to the whole. A systematic study, therefore, of this subject, together with systematic exercises, can scarcely be urged too forcibly on the notice of the Department.



FIGURE OF A BOY. (GOLD MEDAL)  
(By Ruby Leitch.)

The architectural work, in default of anything of mark from the Glasgow School, which usually excels in this particular branch, shows somewhat of a falling off in the present year. Notwithstanding, several exhibits call for favourable comment, such as an original treatment of a wall-fountain, in bronze and marble, by Miss Coggin, of New Cross; while Mr. Allan Healey, of Bradford, contributes a carefully-studied design for a chaneel screen. The structure presents the bizarre combination of fifteenth-century Gothic with early Renaissance, the crowning-point, unhappily, consisting of a specially ugly version of the corrupt device of the broken pediment. With Mr. Harold Mansfield's design for a chimney-piece may be compared Mr. William Pick's



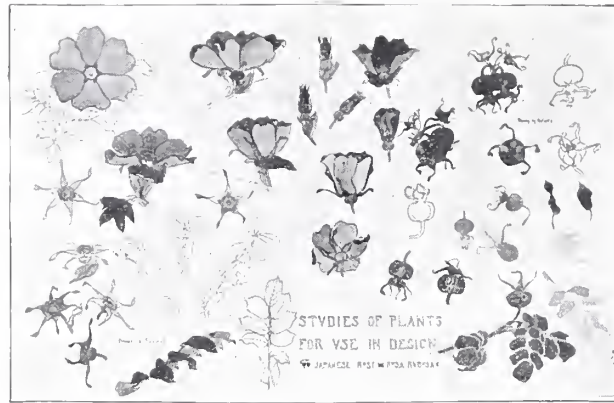
(of Leicester) dining-room decoration; Mr. G. Ellwood's (of Holloway) series of admirable drawings for the ornamentation and fittings of an entrance hall; and also Mr. James Jones's (of Birmingham) design for an angle-nook and fireplace. The latter, however, owes too much to the captivating effect of elaborately picturesque draughtsmanship, a trick which belongs to the commercial side of the architectural profession and ought not to be encouraged in the student. For the purposes of National Art Competition surely it would be best and fairest to insist on a severely simple treatment of elevations and projections only, and to prohibit all adventitious aids.

Next after the above may be noticed the work of Miss McBean, of New Cross, whose set of drawings for the interior decoration of railway carriages, if they cannot be pronounced entirely successful, evince at least a thorough and conscientious attempt to grapple with the difficulties of the situation, and, as such, deserve high praise. So patent is the absence of taste and beauty in the vehicles wherein many of us are compelled daily to pass hours of our lives, that only a utilitarian generation as our own is could have been content to endure their mean unsightliness for so long. Any artist

benefit on the community. The designs in question comprise the complete fittings for a compartment in each of the three classes, from the artificial-lighting fixtures and the metal supports for the racks to the pattern of tapestry for the upholstered seats. The last-named is ingeniously contrived in a powdered ornament to repeat at intervals so as to leave room for the buttons of the padded cushions. The stencil ornament for the wood-work would be an immense improvement on the bold

ugliness which prevails in carriages provided for the accommodation of third-class passengers.

The standard of designs for stained glass is, as usual, lower than that of most of the other crafts represented—a strange and lamentable fact, in view of the fact that the demand for ornamental coloured windows is enough to provide opportunities



STUDIES OF PLANT FORM. (BRONZE MEDAL.)  
(By M. E. Dawson.)



EMBOSSED LEATHER BOOK-COVER.  
(GOLD MEDAL.) (By Mary Houston.)

who can provide a practical scheme for the beautifying of railway carriages, and can induce a railway company to adopt it, will be conferring a real



DESIGN FOR DOOR-KNOCKER. (SILVER MEDAL.)  
(By James Begg.)

for an increasing number of artists to turn their talent to profitable account. The best design for the purpose comes from Birmingham. The subject,



"Gareth and Lynette," carried throughout the whole window surface, is so skilfully devised that it

of illustrations for printing in colours. The latter artist contributes a fine group of figures in quaint costumes, the dominant hues being pale green, yellow, and light red.

The figure-work is, indeed—it is pleasant to note of so important an item—one of the strongest features of the present exhibition. The promise of former years is fully maintained, and that not only in the various studies from the life, but in many instances also where the human form is used in applied decoration. Under the first head is Miss Ruby Levick's plaster model of a boy, which well merits the gold medal awarded to it. The work is excellent, the pose of the seated figure being graceful and artistic without the smallest affectation. In the medium of chalk and pencil Mr. Arthur Maude,



DESIGN FOR PRINTED COTTON FABRIC. (BRONZE MEDAL)

(By Helena Applegard.)

sustains no loss of cohesion, though divided vertically into three compartments. Nevertheless, it is too pictorial, and the limitations of the material are not sufficiently appreciated for the result to be quite satisfactory. The artist very properly furnishes not only a black-and-white drawing, but also a water-colour sketch showing the proposed scheme of colouring.

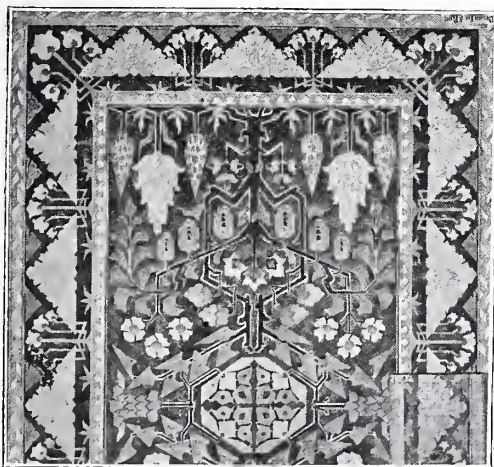
Two other Birmingham students—Mr. R. James



DESIGN FOR BOOK ILLUSTRATION. (GOLD MEDAL)

(By Margaret Thompson.)

of Kensington, Mr. Benjamin Clemens, of Holloway, and Mr. G. Nesbit, of Bournemouth, contribute some vigorous studies of the human figure. The last-named, however, shows a tendency to too rough and sketchy a treatment. It should be borne in mind that, in studies of this nature, the achievement of dash and brilliancy is almost as great a snare as the over-laborious stippling and finish which is now, happily, becoming less common than formerly. In ornament the human figure is introduced with good effect in the modelled design for a door-knocker by Mr. James Begg, of Westminster, as also in the model by Mr. Albert Hodge, of Glasgow, who



DESIGN FOR A RUG. (SILVER MEDAL)

(By Archibald Watson.)

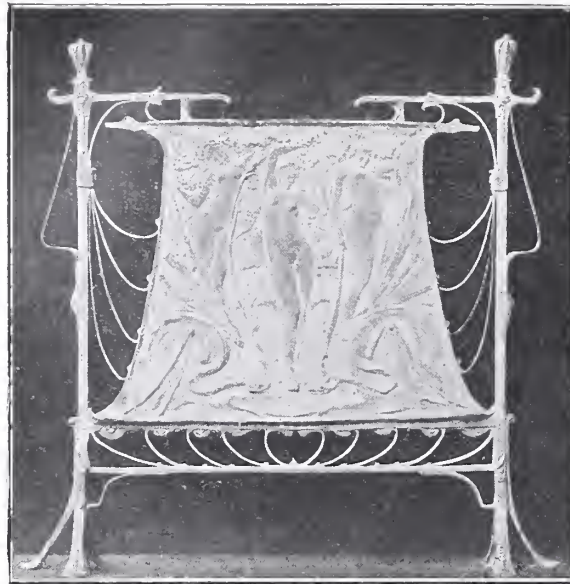
Williams and Miss Mary Newill, whose names are already known in the art world—exhibit specimens



calls his work a "newel-post," though it looks more like the section of a capital of a column. Not to catalogue too many names, one must be content to mention the work of Mr. W. A. Bennett, of Salford, who exhibits a good model for a fire-screen in metal, with a panel containing a group of figures in low relief; and Miss Houston's embossed leather book-cover, in which a swirling dream-troop of "fair women," if too elaborate and involved to be effective in the material used, forms a sufficiently appropriate

binding for the great edition of "The Kelmescott Chaucer." Mr. Frederick Taylor, of New Cross, shows considerable versatility and inventiveness in his set of clever designs for posters, though it is doubtful whether some of the elaborate details of jewellery and brocaded costume are not out of place for the purpose. Certainly the design for the "Quiver" poster, a mass of flying arrows, would convey but a confused impression from a hoarding even at a short distance.

In the way of book illustrations, Miss Margaret Thompson's (of New Cross) figure compositions and Mr. E. Jefferies' (of Birmingham) decorative landscapes in pen and ink are of great merit. For the rest, if there is nothing of very special quality, the average is fairly high; and it is, moreover, a hopeful sign to find a decrease in the use of meaningless flourishes travestied from Aubrey Beardsley and the Japanese. Yet neither are



DESIGN FOR FIRE-SCREEN IN METAL. (SILVER MEDAL)  
(By William Albert Bennett.)

the attenuated starvelings of Mr. Charles Ricketts, nor the Dutch-Javaesque puppets of Toorop, fit subjects for imitation, as some of the students evidently imagine. This criticism is called forth by the designs of a Glasgow student, Miss King, who exhibits a series of illustrations for "The Light of Asia," which reproduce, in a striking degree, the ideas and mannerisms of well-known draughtsmen.

That there is a vast difference between original decorative work and merely strange, capricious vagaries, some

students have yet to learn—a remark which applies to not a few of the designs for stenciling, wall-papers, textiles, and other objects. Thus, the wrought-iron gates by Mr. Harold Smith, of Wolverhampton—apart from the fact that structural exigencies require the addition of some sort of diagonal support—are disfigured by enormous blocks of cast iron, to resemble snails, placed at intervals between the bars. For many exaggerations and eccentricities in textile design the Silver studio and Japan combined have to answer; elements

which might both with advantage be relegated to a position of less preponderant influence. Two factors—(1) a knowledge of historic art, and (2) the nature of the material and mode of manufacture involved—ought to serve to counteract the tendencies we deprecate. In his carpet design, a fair adaptation of floral forms in the Persian manner, Mr. Archibald Watson, of Glasgow, might, with a little more attention to the standards of the past, have been saved from the mistake of surrounding the whole



MODELLED DESIGN FOR TOP OF  
"NEWEL-POST." (SILVER MEDAL)  
(By Albert Hodge.)



EMBROIDERED PANEL. (BRONZE  
MEDAL.) (By Eva Shouilding-Cann.)



DESIGN FOR POSTER. (GOLD MEDAL.)  
(By Frederick Taylor.)

pattern with a uniform coloured outline. Part of the secret of the magnificent colour combinations of Persian carpets is this—viz. that the traditional laws of the craft enjoin that the outline vary in colour according to circumstances; its colour in each case is determined by whatever two contiguous colours they may be between which the outline is required to form the boundary. Again, knowledge of process might have suggested to Miss Helena Appleyard, of Scarborough, that the restrained and beautiful design which she intends for a printed cotton fabric is far better adapted for weaving, since the horizontal masses would lend themselves admirably to such richness of effect as is obtainable by varying the colour of the woof-threads.

Even though the execution may not be of the very best, as in the case of J. O. Oswald's stencilled fabric—a good design, carried out indifferently and with inharmonious colouring—the most intelligent, and therefore the most satisfying, results generally follow where the artist executes his or her own design. Thus, it is gratifying to observe, as in former years, the large number of finished embroideries on view side by side with the original designs of their authors. With reference to the work of Miss Scattergood, of Birmingham, who exhibits several large panels designed and embroidered by her own hand, it may be questioned how far it is artistically admissible to supplement the effect of needlework with touches of paint in places; for, surely, if the like result could have been attained with the needle

there was no warrant for not employing it; and if, on the other hand, some different result were sought, then clearly it must be something foreign to the nature of embroidery, and such that ought not to exist there at all. In any event, the recourse to extraneous methods seems to indicate on the artist's part a distrust of her own powers, and, more than that, a dissatisfaction with the conditions proper to the craft she is practising. Had the work been small and insignificant, it might not have been of so much moment; but the awards it has earned and, it must be acknowledged, its intrinsic merits are such that an inconsistency like the above-mentioned ought not to be allowed to pass without challenge.

It remains but to say that the collection of flower-studies quite reaches the level of any preceding year, though the examples are far too numerous to treat of in detail. Albert Critchlow's drawing of a peony-branch, which gains a silver medal, is a splendid piece of work. The same is true of Miss Brennard's careful and exhaustive studies in the analysis of such flowers as the nettle, the columbine, and hawkweed. Among examples of plant form applied to ornament, Miss Martin's (of Wolverhampton) stencil wall-decoration founded on the vegetable marrow, a harmony of orange and greens on a brown paper ground, is well worthy of note. Yet more so is the work of a Kensington student, Walter Taylor, who, in his tile-pattern founded on the cineraria, has demonstrated the ornamental capacities to be extracted even from the least adaptable and least comely of natural forms—a feat which augurs well for what the same artist may be expected to achieve in time yet to come.



GROUP OF FIGURES.  
(By Mary Newill.)



## NOTES AND QUERIES.

[121] AN "UNIDENTIFIED" PICTURE.—I have an old painting, on canvas, 34 by 42 inches, representing the Virgin with the Infant Jesus and St. John the Baptist. It is somewhat similar in subject and colouring to the picture by Raphaël called "La Belle Jardinière," now in the Louvre Museum at Paris (No. 1496 of the Catalogue), but it is oblong in shape instead of arched at the top, and it has a different grouping—in this case the Infant Jesus is standing on one of His mother's knees, and holding her round the neck with the left hand; He is looking at St. John, who is half-kneeling before the Virgin and handing her a scroll on which the words "Ecce . . . Dei" can be seen, the other word, "Agnus," being hidden from view. As in the picture referred to, there is also a town or village in the horizon. As I cannot suppose that I have in my possession an original from the mentioned Italian master, would you inform me, if possible, through the medium of THE MAGAZINE OF ART, if there is in existence a painting of which mine would be a copy? also, in what gallery or museum it is at the present time?—A. DEGARDINS, Cardiff Road, Newport.

\* \* \* The picture to which our correspondent refers is, presumably, the celebrated "Madonna del Pozzo" (of the Well), attributed to Raphaël and hanging in the Tribuna of the Uffizi at Florence. The only point of difference is that the Infant Jesus is rather kneeling than standing on His mother's knee. The picture was usually ascribed to the master of Urbino, but Morelli and others have challenged that authorship, preferring to give it to Bugiardini, or, more likely still, to Francia Bigio. Amongst other engravings is the beautiful outline by Lasinio the younger, published in Molini's "Reale Galleria di Firenze."

[122] REYNOLDS'S "INFANT SAMUEL."—I have understood for some time that a replica of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Infant Samuel"—by some thought to be the original picture—is owned in France. Can you say who is the possessor of the picture, and where it now is?—HENRY ARTHUR COOK (The Durdans, Chiswick).

\* \* \* The picture in question is not in private hands. It is in the Musée Sabre of Montpellier, and hangs in the farthest room. No. 462 in the Catalogue.

[123] PICTURES AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.—Can you tell me whether daylight or electric light (incandescent lamps) is the more powerful, the intensity of

the two lights being equal, and what is the effect on pictures?—J. FERGUSON (Bruce Street, Edinburgh).

\* \* \* This matter was determined some years ago by Mr. P. W. Squire after a series of experiments. He found that daylight is far the more powerful. He said: "Two sheets of sensitive (chloride of silver) paper for photographic prints were exposed, one to weak diffused daylight on a wall, and the other immediately under an incandescent lamp (sixteen-candle), with an opal reflector on the top of it. The lamp was adjusted to give about the same depth of shadow as the daylight. The half of each paper was protected from the light for comparison. After four hours the one exposed to weak daylight was considerably coloured on the exposed half, and the other paper under the electric light showed absolutely no difference between the exposed and the protected parts. It is, therefore, surprising to hear that an incandescent lamp is more dangerous than diffused daylight to water-colour paintings; it is certainly less active to photographic paper. Chloride of silver paper can be toned and finished under a bright light from an incandescent lamp without being in the slightest degree affected by it." Mr. Squire's experiments appear rather loose in their arrangement, and no allowance seems to have been made for the difference in the colour of the rays; yet the conclusion he came to was clear enough.

[124] ENGLISH SCHOOLS OF ART.—I think your numerous American readers would like an explanation of the organisation of your art schools. We read of National Schools, Arts and Crafts Schools, County Council Schools, and Polytechnics, and some schools seem to be both branches of the South Kensington and the County Council's. I think I am but one among many who feel uncertain about this organisation.—FRANK F. FREDERICK, University of Illinois, U.S.A.

\* \* \* The national art training in the British Isles is directed from the Science and Art Department, South Kensington. A well-defined schedule of work is issued from thence, under which art teaching in elementary schools is conducted. A staff of inspectors is attached to the Department, who hold annual examinations of the pupils' work, granting prizes and certificates for efficiency—the subjects including elementary freehand, plane and solid geometry, and model-drawing. The Department also pays grants on attendances of pupils—a rule which

has recently supplemented the payment of grants by results. In the art classes connected with the Polytechnic institutions work is also carried out under South Kensington rules, and grants earned in a similar manner. In these classes, also, and in most art schools—private and otherwise—advanced degrees in the same subjects are taken for higher grade certificates and prizes. The Department also grants certificates to art masters, under a certain schedule of work adherence to which is compulsory for the certificate to be obtained. National scholarships for the Royal College of Art—controlled by the Department—are also issued from South Kensington, competitions for national medals and prizes all being controlled and decided by

the same authorities. "South Kensington" is, indeed, the State art educational system. The London County Council has a Technical Education Board, which grants scholarships and prizes—open to the pupils of any technical education class for work actually executed in various materials—the difference between their requirements and South Kensington being that the latter asks for designs worked out on paper only. Each city and town of importance has its own special body to foster local requirements—industrial or otherwise—which works independently of the State authorities, but at the same time the latter demands the adherence to its schedule of work for the securing of the advantages pertaining to it.

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## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—SEPTEMBER.

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**The National Portrait Gallery.** THE trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have recently made the following acquisitions. By presentation :—General Sir John Moore (1761-1809), and Admiral Sir Graham Moore, his brother (1764-1843); two fine portraits painted by Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A., presented by their grandniece, Miss Carrick Moore, in fulfilment of the wish of her late father, Mr. John Carrick Moore. Sir John Peter Grant (1807-1893), Governor of Jamaica; painted by Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A., and part of the painter's munificent gift to the nation, the ten years' rule being suspended, as on the occasion of his previous gifts. Thomas Augustine Arne, Mus.Doc. (1710-1778); a caricature portrait based on a drawing attributed to F. BARTOLOZZI, R.A. John William Norie (1772-1843), author of the well-known "Epitome of Navigation;" a small portrait in water-colours by BUCK, presented by his nephew, Mr. Henry H. Norie. The Hon. JOHN COLLIER has painted a replica of his fine portrait of Professor Huxley especially for presentation to the Gallery. By purchase :—Margaret Tudor (1489-1539), sister of Henry VIII. and Queen of Scotland; attributed to JAN VAN MABUSE, but probably painted in the school of BERNAERT VAN ORLEY. (This portrait was exhibited as "Catherine of Arragon" at the winter exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1886). Edward VI.; a small full-face portrait on panel, as Prince of Wales, painted in the school of HOLBEIN. Frederick, Prince of Wales (1707-1751); by B. DANDRIDGE. William IV.; a water-colour drawing, purchased to complete the series of portraits of

English monarchs from Henry III. to Victoria (with the exception of Edward V.). John Dryden (1631-1701); a small full-length portrait, painted by J. MAUBERT, formerly in the possession of Jacob Tonson, Grosvenor Bedford, Wentworth Dilke, and the late John Murray, of Albemarle Street. (A similar portrait from the Strawberry Hill collection is in the possession of the Earl of Derby at Knowsley). James Craggs (1686-1721), Secretary of State and friend of Addison, painted by Sir GODFREY KNELLER. (This portrait was formerly in the possession of Addison at Bilton Hall). At the sale of portrait-drawings by GEORGE DANCE, R.A., the following twenty-eight portraits were purchased for the National Portrait Gallery :—Samuel Arnold, Mus.Doc. (1740-1802), musical composer; John Bannister (1760-1836), comedian; Sir George Beaumont (1753-1827), amateur, connoisseur, and benefactor; William Bligh (1754-1817), commander of the *Bounty*, admiral, and Governor of New South Wales; James Boswell (1740-1795), biographer of Johnson; Charles Burney, Mus.Doc. (1726-1814); Sir Henry C. Englefield (1752-1822), philosopher, antiquary, and man of letters; John Hoole (1727-1803), translator of Tasso and Ariosto; Mrs. Inchbald (1753-1821), dramatist; Charles Incedon (1763-1826), vocalist; Joseph Jekyll (1753-1837), wit and politician; William Jessop (1745-1814), civil engineer and canal-maker; Robert Stewart, second Marquis of Londonderry, the famous statesman, as Viscount Castlereagh, 1794; John Moore, M.D. (1729-1802), physician and author, father of Sir John and Sir Graham Moore; Joseph Shepherd



ERNEST CROFTS, R.A., THE NEW KEEPER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(From a Photograph by Cassell and Company.)



Munden (1758-1822), actor; Robert Mylne (1753-1811), civil engineer; Hester Lynch Piozzi (1740-1821), as "Mrs. Thrale," friend of Dr. Johnson, and Gabriel Piozzi (1740-1821), her second husband; James Rennell, F.R.S. (1742-1830), geographer; John Rennie, F.R.S. (1761-1821), civil engineer; Samuel Rogers (1763-1855), poet, aged 32; Sir William Scott, Lord Stowell (1745-1836), judge; William Seward (1747-1799), biographer; Granville Sharp (1734-1813), abolitionist; William Shield (1748-1829), musical composer; George Steevens (1736-1800), editor of "Shakespeare;" Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford (1717-1797), aged 76; Arthur Young (1741-1820), agriculturist



LA TAPISSIÈRE.

(From the Painting by Robert Burns at the Exhibition of the Society of Scottish Artists.)

and traveller. The following eight portraits have been deposited on loan in the National Portrait Gallery by the trustees and director of the National Gallery:—Izaak Walton, by JACOB HUYSMANS; George, Prince of Wales, and Edward, Duke of York, with their tutor, Dr. Ayscough, by RICHARD WILSON, R.A.; Thomas, second Lord Lyttelton, by RICHARD BROMPTON; David Garrick, attributed to J. ZOFFANY, R.A.; William Godwin, by J. OPIE, R.A.; Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, by J. OPIE, R.A.; Sir Samuel Romilly, by Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.; Charles Dickens, by DANIEL MACLISE, R.A. These numerous additions will necessitate a considerable re-organisation of the collection, so that it may be some time before they can be all placed on public exhibition.

#### The National Gallery.

THE trustees of the National Gallery have purchased (subject to the permission of the Court of Chancery) under a special grant of money from the Treasury, two pictures by REMBRANDT, the property of Lady de Saumarez, entitled "The Burgomaster" and "The Burgomaster's Wife," being portraits of an elderly man and an old lady not at present identified. These pictures will be hung in the principal Dutch Room. The "Virgin of the Rocks," by LEONARDO DA VINCI, has been transferred from the Florentine Room to the Milanese Room, where it is now hung between the two wings by AMBROGIO DE PREDIS recently purchased. A "Portrait of a Young Man," by this artist, has also been purchased for the Gallery.

#### The Art Society of New South Wales.

ESTABLISHED at Sydney in 1880, this Society has done much for the development and encouragement of art in the premier Australian colony. Founded by Messrs. ARTHUR and GEORGE COLLINGRIDGE "for the purpose of holding annual exhibitions of works of art and for education," the Society now has a membership roll of over two hundred, and, subsidised as it is by a Government grant of £500 annually, is practically the official centre of art education in Sydney. Classes are held four nights a week and on Saturday and Monday afternoons, under the direction of Mr. GORDON COUTTS, for the study of painting and drawing from the antique and living model, the students' fees amounting to well over £100 per annum. From the annual exhibitions of the Society are selected the pictures by native artists for purchase for the National Gallery, thirty-eight having been so acquired during the existence of the Society. The catalogue of the last exhibition (September, 1897) is excellently produced, being illustrated for the most part by sketches by the artists. Many of the leading members contributed to the exhibition recently held at the Grafton Gallery, among them being Messrs. P. R. SPENCE, W. LISTER-LISTER, W. C. PIGUENIT, A. J. HANSON, and A. H. FULLWOOD. The Society also caters for the social side of artistic life by providing a reading-room and library, and, of course, dinners and concerts.

Two distinguished artists, Mr. MORTIMER MENPES and M. RAFFAËLLI, last month came before the public with etchings in colours—a

form of art in which there is a great future. But except in name Mr. Menpes's "colour-etchings" and M. Raffaëlli's "polychrome etchings" have not much in colour. The latter gives us, with a certain amount of *rusticité*, painter-etchings (or dry-points) in which not only the bitten or incised lines carry the colour, but in which colour is also conveyed in masses as well as in lines. For a comparatively simple effect, M. Raffaëlli will sometimes employ six or seven plates superimprinted—each carrying its own separate colour. Such a result as the "Hotel des Invalides" is a masterpiece, and "A Road with Trees" one of the most refined. The artist has been working for years at the process, and is arriving at very charming effects. Mr. Menpes's work is altogether more ambitious, and his results are very striking. He does not hesitate to attack any subject—the so-called "Achilles" of Rembrandt, the "Contessa Palma" of Piero della Francesca, the "Mrs. Currie" of Romney—with every colour of the rainbow and gold besides; or sketches of life and character, of landscape or portraiture. Here we usually have the whole plate covered with colours, the richness of tone and quality of hue and general brilliancy of the clear and luminous pigment offering a different problem to those who would guess the secret of the operation. Judging by this luminosity not only of the brighter colours, but also of rich shadows, we doubt if many plates are used; so charming an effect could only be obtained with extremely limited printings, probably with the help of special ink and special paper. Mr. Menpes has scored a great artistic as well as popular success.

DURING the month of June an exhibition of works by Mr. S. H. BAKER was held in the Graves Gallery in Birmingham. Among local artists there are few better known or more deservedly popular than Mr. Baker, a veteran who still retains the vigour and freshness of youth in his painting, and continues to picture the scenery of his native country with delight, reverence, and truth. He began life as an apprentice to a Birmingham magic-lantern

slide-painter, and afterwards studied at the local School of Art, under the late Mr. George Wallis, keeper of the Art Museum at South Kensington; and he also studied painting under an old Birmingham painter, Mr. J. P. Pettitt. He exhibited his first picture in 1848, and since then has constantly been represented at the Royal Academy and elsewhere. His exhibition, which consisted of over one hundred pictures and sketches, under the title of "Seenes in the Old Country," embraced landscapes painted in various parts of the world, but chiefly in the Midland counties.

The Society of Scottish Artists has, in its brief existence, had a somewhat chequered career; but so far it has been able to surmount the difficulties it has encountered, and its annual exhibition, now being held in Edinburgh, if not in quantity, at least in quality, is as good as any of its predecessors. One of the chief obstacles in its path has not been want of money, but the trouble and worry associated with finding yearly a suitable gallery in which to hold its exhibitions. A feature of the show is the number and excellence of the loan pictures, which have chiefly been obtained from the collections of Mr. J. STAAT FORBES and Mr. GEORGE McCULLOCH of London. As to the exhibits of the members, these illustrate in a marked manner how much the younger Scottish artists have fallen under the Whistler-cum-Glasgow influence. The best of the work has been painted in soft, muted colours for tonal effect, though here and there a picture, like Mr. HORNEL'S "Swing," scintillates on the walls like a gleam of sunshine through morning mist.

**Reviews.** IN "*Portrait Miniatures*" (George Bell and Sons) Dr. G. C. WILLIAMSON has an opportunity of revelling in his subject. It is a book fully and admirably illustrated in respect to the Old Masters of the art, and written at once with taste and knowledge. It is, of course, more of a sketch than an exhaustive treatise, as a volume of less than 170 pages could hardly deal adequately with so big a subject. The book is written by an enthusiast who, however, in his love of the art and his passionate hope for its revival, permits his connoisseurship to be unduly diluted with indulgence when he comes to treat of the modern men. Though based for its main facts chiefly on Dr. Propert's standard "History" and the articles upon the subject by that authority published in THE MAGAZINE OF ART in 1890-1, the book is not otherwise than original in its judgments; so that Dr. Williamson has every right to be heard as one of the author-connoisseurs who are producing this interesting series of books. Up to a certain point the treatment of the book is chronological starting from the early miniatures of HOLBEIN and HILLIARD, and tracing the course of the art to its decadence and final extinction. Dealing with painters in enamel, however, Dr. Williamson gives no details as to the methods of this exquisite art—an omission which is doubtless in accordance with his plan, yet is all the same to be regretted, and therefore with which we propose to deal in an early part of this Magazine. Anecdote and fact bring the reader pleasantly to the close of the great period of the miniature in England, and briefly pass a concise review of the chief foreign miniaturists; and then we come to the short section to which we must take some exception. This is in the section on "Modern Work," in which, as we said before, Dr. Williamson is over-indulgent. Reproductions are fortunately here to qualify to the reader the author's statement that "the illustrations of admirable miniatures that we reproduce in this chapter are sufficient evidence that there are clever and painstaking

artists to be found, and the collector of the future ought to be able to . . . as eagerly search for the finest work of the masters of the nineteenth century as he does for those of the eighteenth." We are, unhappily, far from being able to agree with this optimistic view. The rest of the book is full of interesting facts, but we must protest—even though Dr. Williamson may, for all we know, be a member of the quaint Society of the Rose—that it is hardly courteous to her Majesty the Queen to refer to the later Stuarts as "James III" and "Henry IX." The blemish is not an important one, and it does certainly not detract from the value of the book.

TO MONSIEUR ROBERT DE LA SIZERANNE'S book on English art we have ere now called attention, so that in commenting upon the translation just issued we have no need to treat further of his subject-matter, save to regret that he has not seen his way to modify some of what we would call his narrower judgments. For example, to say that Mr. Watts's drawing betrays "haste" or that the artist uses Prussian blue is to ignore completely his strongly-held principles from the beginning. But these are matters that concern the original book, which is undoubtedly deserving of the high praise with which it was received. It is impossible to extend that praise to the translation, effected by (! Miss) H. M. POYNTER, or to the manner in which the publishers (Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co.) have issued it. The blocks, more often than not, are poor and badly printed, and the index (indispensable to a work such as this) which appeared in the original volume has been dispensed with, so that as a work of reference it is useless. But our main quarrel is with the translator—in more than one instance the *traduttore traditore*. The lady seems to have gone to work without a dictionary and to have guessed meanings. For example, when the author refers to M. Muller's babies (*poupons*) Miss Poynter gives us dolls (*poupées*); when he speaks of Bouguereau's "truthful tones" we have it translated "truthful colouring"—a very different matter. When he says "the English are great experimentalists" (*tentateurs*) his interpreter tells us that "the English are great charmers." Similarly, without going to the fountain-head for the English quotations which M. de la Sizeranne has rendered into French, Miss Poynter simply retranslates the French into English, thus eluding the *ipsissima verba* which are so essential to a good translation. In this way the titles of many familiar pictures become not only distorted, but in some cases almost unrecognisable. Thus, Mr. Watts's "Paolo and Francesca" is explained as their "Chastisement;" Millais's "Lorenzo and Isabella" becomes "Isabella's Banquet" (it was not "hers"); his "New-laid Eggs" becomes "Fresh Eggs;" his "Peace Concluded" is referred to as "Return from the Crimea," his "Knight-Errant" as "The Wandering Knight," and his "Bride of Lammermoor" as "Lucy of Lammermoor." She does not correct the author when he speaks of Professor Herkomer's home as "Lululund;" she translates his expression of *grasse* as "thick," instead of fat (referring to the fat touch of colour), thus entirely missing his meaning. She does not set him right when he seems to believe that W. Hunt, the author of "Thoughts on Art," is Mr. W. Holman Hunt (whereas he is the American painter and teacher, now dead); she speaks of "Chantry," "The Graal" (usually referred to in English as "Grail"), and when the author alludes to "his 1812" she considers it necessary to add "and Moscow"—without helping in any way the elucidation of the text. And while referring to Leighton in the past tense she maintains the "Sir," and does not accord



to Millais his full letters, P.R.A. In short, the translation, like the volume, markedly requires finish.

Without any striving after literary style, Prince HENRI OF ORLEANS has given us in the record of his journeyings through the wild regions of Indo-China and the borderland of Thibet a book of absorbing interest. (*"From Tonkin to India, by the Sources of the Irawadi."* January, 1895—January, 1896." By Prince Henri d'Orleans. Translated by Hamley Bent, M.A. Illustrated by G. Vuillier. Methuen and Co. 1898. 25s.) Information as to the habits and customs of the people is placed in a bright chatty manner which secures the interest of the reader at once. The author had done better to dwell a little longer upon some of the questions he deals with. For instance, the information about the Mosso manuscripts is very meagre. With reference to them, Prince Henri says: "Mosso manuscript has no real existence as such. The wizards make and keep books filled with hieroglyphics; each page is divided into little partitions, horizontally from left to right, in which are inserted rough drawings of men, houses, animals' heads, and conventional signs for the sky, lightning, etc. . . . The magicians explained two of them to me. They were prayers beginning with the mention of the creation of the world and ending by an enumeration of all the ills which menace men, which he can avoid if he is pious and gives gifts to the magicians. . . . It was interesting to light, among an isolated people, upon one of the first stages of the evolution of writing. Many of the Chinese characters were originally simply pictorial hieroglyphs; and had the Mossos developed instead of restricted their signs, we might perchance have seen in their sacred books the birth of letters for them also." Prince Henri is a Frenchman first and for all, possessed of a virulent and calculated dislike of that "perfidious Albion" which has given sanctuary to him and to his family for so long. This he shows in a marked degree by expressing his envy of British methods of colonisation, not once, but many times in his volume. But for all this, the book is admirably produced, although we think the explorers' photographs would have served better as illustrations than the drawings from them by the French artist. His picture of a Chinese coolie falling from a bamboo bridge into the torrent below is rendered in a manner ludicrously imitative of one of Michael Angelo's fallen angels.

The series of admirable catalogues which Messrs. GEORGES LAFENESTRE and EUGÈNE RICHTENBERGER are issuing through the "Société Française d'Éditions d'Art" (Paris)—a series which deals synthetically with "La Peinture en Europe"—has been continued by the latest volume (the fifth) upon the galleries of Holland. These include not only the public galleries, but the more famous of the private collections which still remain among the artistic glories of the country. For convenience of reference the work is divided into three sections—Northern, Central, and Southern Holland. We have here a thoroughly scholarly *catalogue raisonné* of the pictorial treasures of the Netherlands, founded upon the latest researches and brought almost up to date. Over a hundred capital illustrations of the most interesting pictures enhance the value of a volume which must be considered the most complete and useful that has yet been issued on the subject, giving as it does the details of engravers of the pictures, criticisms, and so forth; while, taking heed of most recent rearrangements, it puts such works as "Lavice," the "Dictionnaire des Musées d'Europe," etc., entirely out of court.

A "sixth and wholly revised edition" of Mr. W

ROBINSON'S "*English Flower Garden*" has been issued by Messrs. Macmillan, carrying this wonderful encyclopædia of gardening to a point of excellence even beyond that to which it had already reached. In treating his subject the author deals fully with the art as well as the nature in it, and appears to us to cover the whole ground. Mr. Robinson appears as an opponent of the over formal in gardening, and seems a little unnecessarily hard upon Nesfield; but he is a delightful guide, and has adorned his packed volume with a profusion of illustrative wood-engravings, to the unusual technical excellence of which we must bear cordial witness.

After a delay of years the first volume of "*La Peinture Française du IX<sup>e</sup> Siècle à la fin du XVI<sup>e</sup>*" (Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts) has appeared. It is from the pen of the late M. PAUL MANTZ, the distinguished art critic, who did not live to complete the work he had so long in preparation. In this circumstance may be found one of its only faults, namely, that during the interval between the first writing of the book and passing it for the press the experts have somewhat modified a few of the conclusions held up till now. The book has the great advantage of an important introductory chapter from the pen of M. OLIVIER MERSON, to whom the task of bringing the work to a conclusion has been committed—an essay not less learned and not less intelligent in its dealings with the prehistoric French art (at least, before the reign of Charlemagne) than Mantz shows in this remarkable treatise. We hope to deal with the subject more fully before long, but meanwhile cordially recommend this history of the infancy and youth of the art of France as a relatively short and concise record, at once learned and interesting, to the student of art. It is, however, to be hoped that on the completion of the work a full index, and not, as is usual, a bald apology for one—if any at all—should be provided in the second volume of what would then be a book of reference.

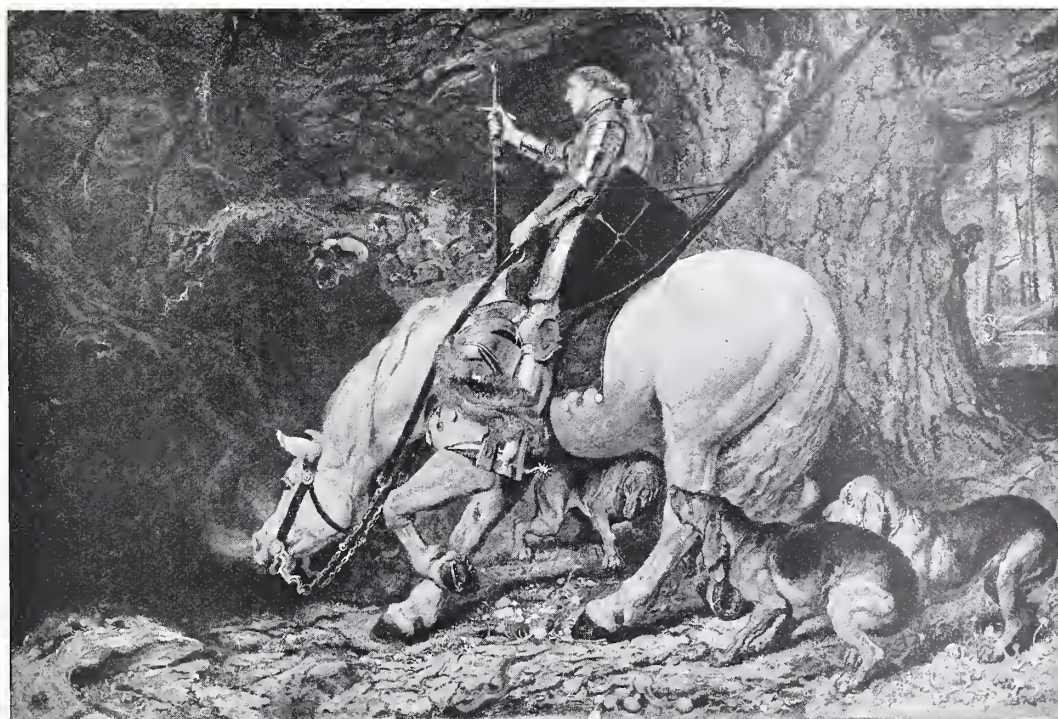
No one could have had greater facilities for studying the art of the Queen's Reign than Mr. A. G. TEMPLE when, in the capacity of director of the Guildhall Art Gallery, he was collecting the material for the noble exhibition which gave so much interest to the year of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee. That Mr. Temple used both this and previous opportunities well is amply proved by "*The Art of Painting in the Queen's Reign*" (Chapman and Hall). The book is not critical, although Mr. Temple has shown a nice perception of the varying characteristics of each painter. It is popular and chatty, giving here and there slight sketches of a painter's life and interesting notes of his work. An *appreciation* would, perhaps, better describe the work, for Mr. Temple most genially sets forth the virtues of each man and deals with those alone. It would be easy to find faults with the book, to mention names that deserve a place in such a record but are not there, and to put the pen through names that are, about whose work the author himself knows so little; but this will always be in a work of this description. Taking it altogether, the selection for this "Glance at Some of the Painters and Paintings of the Reign" is admirable, as is also that of the paintings reproduced. But why were they reproduced by that always uncertain and rarely satisfactory collotype process? At best its results are flat, dull, and uninteresting, and these are hardly collotype at its best. In one or two points Mr. Temple's information is a little at fault. He enumerates the Artistic Societies in existence early in the reign, and mentions "The New Society of Painters in Water-Colours." He then goes on to say to these are now added "The Royal



Institute of Painters in Water-Colours," overlooking the fact that the latter is only the former with a new name. And in the list of important events of the reign the opening of the "New Gallery" appears, while no mention is made of the old Dudley Gallery. But the latter was an event of far greater importance than the former. In the 'sixties, unless a water-colour painter were a member of one of the two close water-colour societies, he had no place in which to exhibit his work,

headed, the value would have been greater still. But the lettering on the binding is foolish: English is not Japanese. (3s. 6d. net.)

A beautiful little edition, though cheap, of HOLEBEIN'S "*Dance of Death*" (George Bell and Sons) has been issued with a scholarly "introductory note" by MR. AUSTIN DOBSON. We would merely point out once more the fact that the Berlin drawings are not proved necessarily to be copies from the woodcuts simply because they are not reversed (for had



"IN MANUS TUAS, DOMINE."

(From the Etching by C. O. Murray, after the Painting by Briton Riviere, R.A. Reproduced with the Consent of the Council of the Art Union of London.)

except the miserable room at the Royal Academy in Trafalgar Square. There was no real hospitality shown to the water-colour painter by the Royal Academy at that time. The Dudley Gallery with its open exhibition came as "a boon and a blessing" to the young painter. It gave an immense impetus and interest to water-colour art, and was a most important event in the art world. The New Gallery did but add another to the many exhibitions already in existence, and its influence was in no way comparable to that of the old Dudley Gallery.

The subject of "*Architecture Among the Poets*" was certainly worth treating in book form, and certainly Mr. H. H. STATHAM has done it very well. The little work now issued by Mr. Batsford does for architecture in relation to English poetry what Mr. Phil Robinson has done for the birds and beasts, and it is done with an appreciation for poetry of which few who knew the author's previous work and method of dealing with it would have thought him capable. The poets' appreciation of architecture is a delightful subject with which Mr. Statham has become infected, not only illustrating his points with quotations and his judgments with his reasons, but the whole with a series of fanciful or suggestive sketches which add considerably to the attractiveness of the book. But if an index had been provided, or at least chapters divided and

there been an intermediary tracing the drawings would as easily be proved to be the originals), and even the date (1527) is not more conclusive of the period at which the woodcuts were executed, than the evidence at present available is proof positive that Hans Lutzelburger cut them. But the main point of the little volume is the woodcuts themselves—those made by Bonner and Byfield for Douce's edition in 1833. They are very sweetly printed on roughish paper, and can be warmly recommended to the reader.

We have referred to MR. WILL ROTHENSTEIN'S "*English Portraits*" (Grant Richards) as they appeared in parts. Their publication in volume form need, therefore, only be noted with an added word of praise for the character displayed in all these lithographed drawings of notable men of the day. The incisive smartness and humour of the notes accompanying them heighten their interest. (35s. net.)

A new edition of MR. D. C. THOMSON'S "*Illustrated Catalogue of the Tate Gallery*" at a reduced price (6d.) will not only hold the field until the appearance of Mr. E. T. Cook's important work on the same subject, but will retain its value as an illustrated supplement to it, good enough to remind the reader of the composition of fourscore of the principal works. We observe that all the latest acquisitions, save that of Millais's "*Order of Release*," are duly noted.



A more entertainingly discursive book of its kind than "*The London Year-Book*" (The Grosvenor Press) we rarely come across. There is much matter of solid value, so that the volume takes its place among the reference-books of the year; but there are several essays, in prose and verse, of distinct literary flavour and lively in tone, that somewhat surprises the reader without displeasing him. It is as though *persiflage* had found its way into the pages of Whitaker. An article on Aubrey Beardsley is particularly sympathetic and is illustrated. Drawings by Mr. HERBERT RAILTON are also spread—though without much reason—about the pages.

Under the title of "*Rex Regum: a Painter's Study of the Likeness of Christ from the Time of the Apostles to the Present Day*," Sir WYKE BAYLISS, P.R.B.A., has republished—with additional chapters—the paper which appeared in THE MAGAZINE OF ART in January last. The book is excellently printed and tastefully bound. It is published by Messrs George Bell and Sons, London.

A useful book of reference to photographers, amateurs and professional, is "*Photography Annual for 1898*" (Hiffe, Sons, and Sturmev, London). The volume records all the recent developments in photography and process reproductions, beside much information of statistical and general nature pertaining to the subject. (2s. 6d. nett.)

A new monthly periodical called "*The Poster*" proves how strong a hold the new cult has taken. The paper is profusely illustrated, and seems to cover the ground efficiently.

We have also received the following:—"*The Illustrated Guide to Leamington Spa, Warwick, Kenilworth, and Coventry*," by BERNARD C. P. WALTERS (Dawbarn and Ward, London; 1s. net). "*Mounts and Frames*," by Rev. F. C. LAMBERT, M.A. ("Amateur Photographer" Library, No. 16; Hazell, Watson and Viney, London; 1s.)

**New Engravings.** A WELL-EXECUTED reproduction in photogravure has been published of Mr. WHITTAKER REVILLE'S "End of a Long Day," which was in the Academy last year. The hunt represented is the Earl of Bathurst's division of the Vale of the White Horse, and the picture should be an attractive one to lovers of sporting art. It is published by Mr. Cottrell Reville.

Messrs. Sotheran & Co. have issued a large paper edition of the photogravure "The Last Trek," which formed the frontispiece to Mr. JOHN GUILLE MILLAIS'S book on South Africa, being drawn for the purpose by the late Sir JOHN MILLAIS, P.R.A. It has a melancholy interest, from the fact that it was the last drawing executed by the artist.

The picture which the Art Union of London has selected for its prize plate this year, etched by Mr. C. O. MURRAY, is Mr. BRITON RIVIERE'S "In Manus Tuas, Domine." The motive of this effective picture is obvious—the expression of fear in the lower animals contrasted with the courage of man when sustained by religious faith. The knight, uttering the words "In Thy hands, O Lord," holds before him his cruciform sword Crusader-wise;

the animals crouch with terror, the horse in particular reminding the spectator of the similar horse by James Ward, R.A.

**Miscellanea.** MR. ERNEST CROFTS, R.A., is the new Keeper of the Royal Academy.

MR. WALTER CRANE has been appointed to the Principalship of the Royal College of Art in succession to Mr. SPARKES, who has just retired.

An Art and Industrial Exhibition is to be held at Milnthorpe, Westmorland, from September 13th to 22nd, the contributions to which will be made principally from the surrounding towns and villages. The sections include wood and metal work, leather work, basket work, drawings, paintings, photographs, and needlework.

The Committee of the Oldham Corporation Art Gallery have purchased the following works from their Spring Exhibition:—"At the First Touch of Winter

Summer Fades Away," by Mr. VAL C. PRINSEP, R.A.; "Napoleon on the Sands at Boulogne, 1870," by Mr. ANDREW C. GOW, R.A.; and "The Puritans," by Mr. EDGAR BUNDY, R.A. A subscription portrait of Sir John Hibbert, K.C.B., by Mr. J. J. SHANNON, A.R.A., has been recently presented.

**Obituary.** THE death has occurred of M. CHARLES GARNIER, the architect of the Paris Opera House, at the age of seventy-three. He gained the architectural *Prix de Rome* in 1848, and studied in Rome and Athens, but had no opportunity for the display of his genius until 1861, when, as a sub-inspector of City of Paris buildings, at a salary of £80 per annum, he took part in the competition for the Opera House, and had his design accepted. The task of completing and working out the design occupied him fifteen years, but brought him into the front rank of his profession. Although his name will always be associated most prominently with the Opera House, his other works are equally worthy of remembrance. Among these are the Casino at Monaco, the Cercle de la Librairie in the Boulevard St. Germain, Paris, and M. Bischoffsheim's house and observatory at St. Bemo.

The deaths have occurred of Mr. LASLETT J. POTT at the age of sixty-one, and of M. C. E. BELLENGER, the well-known wood engraver, at the age of forty-seven.



WALTER CRANE.

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







## LOVE'S BAUBLES

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY BYAM SHAW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE LIVERPOOL CORPORATION.







## OUR RISING ARTISTS: MR. BYAM SHAW.

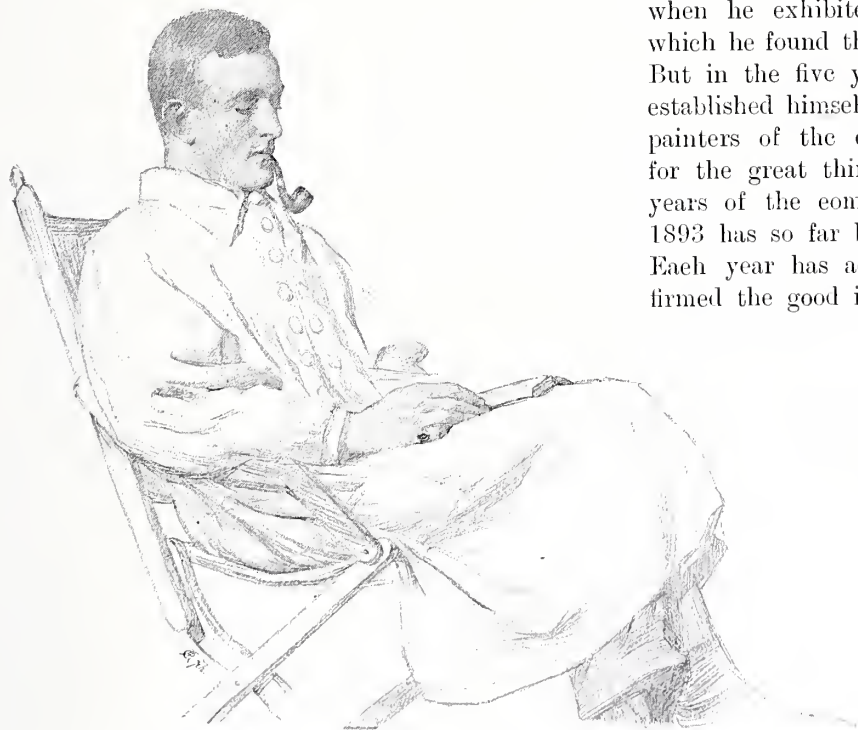
BY ALFRED LYS BALDRY.

IT is very difficult to explain why popularity should come to some artists almost as a matter of course and as a result of their first serious efforts, while to other brilliant members of the same profession it is entirely denied, or granted only after long years of assiduous and devoted labour. It is very far from being necessarily a matter of merit. One man may throughout his whole career enjoy a well-deserved position of absolute leadership among his fellow-workers, and yet remain practically unknown to the great mass of so-called art lovers; another may have the respect and regard of everyone who is fitted by technical experience to analyse his motives, and find himself as well in the front rank of popular favourites. Why this should be so, it is almost impossible to say with anything like certainty. Presumably the artist who gains popularity without at the same time sacrificing his right to be taken seriously by the people who are most qualified to estimate the reality of his capacity is the fortunate possessor of the power to impress his own aesthetic convictions upon others. He has the gift of persuasiveness, and is able to attract and retain

the attention of the masses who are not unwilling to respond to sincere argument. His persuasiveness may be slow to exercise its influence, and may make itself strongly felt only after he has reiterated his views through a long series of years; but, on the other hand, it may be immediately convincing, and may produce an effect quite startling in its suddenness. Both types of success are familiar in the history of all national schools, and many instances could be quoted of reputations made in either fashion.

A very striking example of the manner in which a young painter will secure immediate acceptance is afforded in the case of Mr. Byam Shaw. Already he has centred upon himself the attention not only of the few who are keen to note the evidences of rare ability in the work of a brilliant youth, but, as well, of the many who base their opinion simply upon the attractiveness of the canvases he presents to them, and take not at all into account the circumstances under which these particular achievements were produced. Yet the making of his reputation has been a rapid affair enough. He was not born until November, 1872, and his first appearance on the walls of the Academy was made in 1893, when he exhibited a picture, "Rose Marie," for which he found the subject in a poem by Rossetti. But in the five years that have succeeded he has established himself among the best of the younger painters of the day, to whom we have to look for the great things that are to mark the earlier years of the coming century. His progress from 1893 has so far been without pause or hesitation. Each year has added to his popularity, and confirmed the good impression made by his first work.

In 1894 he had at the Academy a water-colour drawing, "Abundance," and an oil-painting, "Silent Noon;" in 1895 another subject from Rossetti, illustrating "The Blessed Damozel;" in 1896 his amazing phantasy, "Whither?" another fanciful composition, "Jezebel," and an extremely dignified and serious full-length portrait of his mother; in 1897 two large pictures, "The Comforter," and the quaintly imaginative "Love's Bubbles," which is now the



BYAM SHAW.

(Drawn by Gerald F. Metcalfe.)



property of the Corporation of Liverpool; and this year he has exhibited "Truth," and a large water-colour, "The Queen of Spades," at the Academy, and a very remarkable decorative portrait of "Miss

would be to ignore one of the chief lights of our modern school.

There still remains the difficulty, however, of explaining why he should have been so exceptionally



STUDIES FOR "LOVE'S BAUBLES."

E. Pyke-Nott" at the New Gallery. With the exception of his "Queen of Hearts," which was shown at the Institute of Oil Painters, little else of importance has represented him in any of the other galleries. But these pictures have been quite enough to make emphatically clear to a great many people the fact that there are in him artistic faculties which are worthy of the most sincere appreciation, and that to refuse him recognition

fortunate in this matter of popularity. Merit is, unfortunately, very far from being a sure passport to public favour, and general acceptance does not necessarily follow the most devoted labour. Some qualities in Mr. Shaw's work—characteristics that are peculiar to it and that set it apart from the bulk of contemporary effort—must be considered to be accountable for the rapidity of his rise. Probably he owes most to the extraordinary



"WE TWO SHE SAID 'WILL SEEK THE GROVE WHERE THE LADY MARY IS.'"

(By Permission of C. W. Mitchell, Esq., the Owner of the Picture and Copyright, 1896)





WHITHER?  
(From the Painting by Byam Shaw, 1896.)









STUDY FOR "LOVE'S BAUBLES."

(By Byam Shaw.)





fertility of his imagination to the power, of which he has consistently proved himself possessed, of embodying in his pictures a great variety of fanciful suggestion, and a succession of ideas fascinating

emphasising the details which are most worthy of attention. His symbolism is never too abstruse, and his allegory is pleasantly free from obscurity and pedantry. He makes his points frankly and



TRUTH

(By Permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell and Dowdeswelles Limited, 160, New Bond Street, W., 1898.)

to the people who affect that type of art which has a story to tell. That his preference is for parables rather than for direct statement is all the more in his favour. The average man of intelligence is impatient of the class of picture which asserts crudely and dogmatically the opinion of the artist, and requires nothing but unqualified belief on the part of the spectator. He would rather have to think out a mild puzzle, a pictorial cryptogram, the key to which is not too difficult to discover, than accept off-hand what is plainly set before him. Mr. Shaw distinctly gives his admirers something to think about. Each one of his canvases is full of curious allusions, of quaint comments on the manners and customs of humanity; and everything he paints has implied in it a good deal more than appears obviously on the surface. He is a satirist of a good-tempered kind, a humorist who can be amusing without descending into vulgarity, and an observer who has the power of selecting and

honestly, and with a cheerful openness that is in itself fascinating.

But what is most remarkable in a man of his years is the unusual insight into problems of life which is revealed in his pictures. He paints subjects which demand the closest possible study of human nature, and he treats them with a freshness and wholesome vigour which come only from a soundly-balanced judgment. His taste tends not at all towards the morbid mannerism which is so apt to mark the effort of a youth who wishes to be abstruse. There is in his allegory no trace of the decadent suggestion which is always fashionable in a certain set of young painters, and to which they cling with a kind of anxious uneasiness lest their instinctively healthy regard for facts of existence should give them away, and reveal to the world at large the comparative brevity of their experience. Mr. Shaw is frank enough in the revelation of his youth, and has not the slightest hesitation in



avowing himself to be a lover of wholesomeness. Yet he takes no superficial view of his subjects, and misses nothing that is needed to complete and make intelligible the allegories with which he deals. Everything he sets down is the result of thought,

growth of his powers, and took especial pains to guard him against early impressions which might prejudicially influence the formation of his taste. Himself a legal official at Madras, Registrar of the High Court there, he proved in his training of the



"LOVE STRONG AS DEATH, IS DEAD."

By Permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell and Dowdeswelles, Limited, 160, New Bond Street, W., 1898.)

the outcome of long experiment; and every hint he gives as to the solution of the puzzle he is constructing is derived from minute observation and based upon careful thought.

This capacity for healthy observation he owes partly to his natural disposition, but not a little as well to the nature of his training. More lucky than most young artists, he never had to fight against any opposition to his choice of a career, and was not obliged to waste some of the best years of his life in following an uncongenial and inappropriate occupation. On the contrary, from babyhood almost, the profession he was to follow was recognised, and every effort he made to develop his artistic instincts was encouraged and judiciously directed. His father watched keenly over the

boy that the dry study of the law had by no means warped his judgment in aesthetic questions. Had he been a practising artist he could not have shown more discretion in his devices for laying in the mind of his son a proper foundation for after-success in art. Everything was schemed on the principle of habituation. The child was to see nothing and to handle nothing which was not calculated to accustom him to intuitively prefer real beauty, and to discriminate instinctively between faithful fact and specious imitation. Even the illustrated books which were put into his hands, the fairy tales and nursery rhymes which were provided for his amusement, were first carefully supervised by the father; and any which were not up to a reasonable standard of pictorial merit were promptly destroyed for fear





DESIGN FOR A MENU CARD.  
(The Property of Mrs. Cyri Hunt.)

their deficiencies might mislead the boy and cause him to waver in his choice of the right direction.

In 1878 the family returned to England, and almost immediately young Byam Shaw began systematic study. In 1880 he became a pupil of Mr. J. A. Vinter, of whose training he speaks even now with enthusiasm. With this teacher he worked until 1887, when came the turning-point of his young life. His father died in that year, and it was necessary that some final decision should be arrived at as to the profession the boy was to follow; whether he was to work out his obvious destiny, or whether some other walk in life was to be forced upon him. Fortunately, his mother was no less convinced than his father had been that art was his proper vocation, and her influence was exercised in favour of his completing what he had already well begun. Somewhat in opposition to the views of the rest of the family, he was allowed to follow his bent. But, by way of justifying a decision of so much moment, the opinion of a leader of the profession was sought as to the

lad's chances. Mr. Vinter took him, with some specimens of his work, to see Sir John Millais, who, with his habitual kindness, gave a very honest and encouraging verdict on his prospects in art. Sir John's advice to him was to commence at once working for admission to the Royal Academy Schools; and in accordance with this counsel he entered, without loss of time, as a student in the St. John's Wood School, and remained there until 1890. In this year he succeeded in qualifying for the Academy, where, until 1892, he attended regularly and worked energetically, gaining, two years after his entrance, the Armitage Composition Prize with a Biblical subject, "The Judgment of Solomon," and in 1893 another prize for a decorative design.

His first attempts in a branch of art for which he has since shown an exceptional aptitude were



THE QUEEN OF SPADES (1898).



made in 1892. He became acquainted then with that other young artist of very great capacity, Mr. Gerald Moira, who encouraged him to take up black and white work, and showed his practical sympathy with his friend's aims by introducing him to the

publisher. He was told that "he did draw such queer women," and asked "why he made his people so hideous," by some of the men to whom he went in search of work. But before long he was busy with some children's books for Messrs. Cassell and Co.,



"WHILE ROSES ARE SO RED."

(By Permission of Messrs. Doveswell and Doveswelles, Limited, 760, New Bond Street, W., 1898.)

author of "Shakespeare's True Life," who was in want of an illustrator for the book. By way of contrast, perhaps, Mr. Shaw at the same time became a contributor to "Comic Cuts," for which periodical he did many drawings; and he also began the picture which in 1893 represented him at the Academy. He passed his examination for a two years' extension of his studentship at the Academy, but did not work in the schools again. Instead, he took a studio and settled down to active production, starting more pictures and seeking in various directions for commissions for black and white work. These at first came in slowly. His style was too unusual, and his decorative manner of drawing too pronounced, to appeal off-hand to the average

and soon other chances of doing himself justice appeared. When he was once fairly started his development as a draughtsman was definite enough. His sense of decoration, his fine judgment in the placing of detail, and, above all, his rare capacity for poetic invention, made his designs conspicuous even among the best works of the cleverest modern men; and by a recent series of illustrations for Browning's poems he has put himself in the front rank of imaginative black and white artists.

His success as an illustrator has, however, not interfered with his progress as a painter of pictures. His technical powers are maturing with extraordinary rapidity, and his command over executive devices shows steady growth in every canvas he

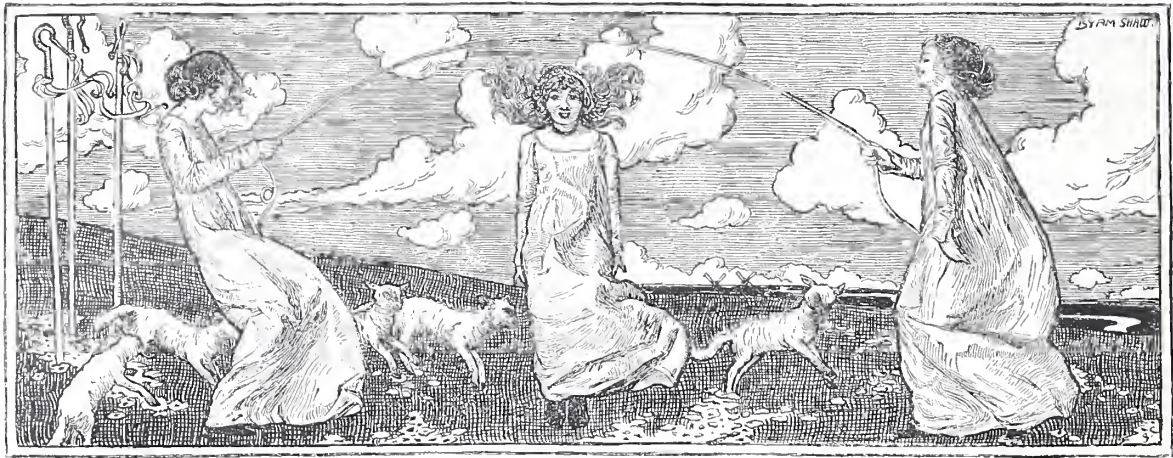


STUDIES FOR "THE GLOVE" AND "HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEMPORARY" (BROWNING'S "POEMS"),



undertakes. As a colourist he is amazingly vigorous, rejoicing in brilliant combinations and gorgeous arrangements; in his composition he affects a wealth

inventive, and fortunately young, a man of unusual qualifications for an artistic career, and an artist who has had a training exactly suited to his



(From a Pen and Ink Drawing for a Heading.)

of detail which calls for the most judicious handling and exact consideration; and in choosing his subjects he inclines toward motives that are imbued with

peculiar powers. His popularity is well deserved; but it is unlikely to prove, as it might in the case of a man of less strength, a source of danger. He is



STUDY FOR "ISABELLA AND HER POT OF BASIL" (BOCCACCIO).

the spirit of mediæval romanticism. In his sympathies he is strongly akin to the Pre-Raphaelites, but with observation of many of their principles he unites a very definite faith in the most modern practices of the decorative school. He is, in fact, referable to no one creed in art; he is individual,

too sincerely conscious of the need for hard work and constant study to allow success to lead him into relaxation of effort. Among the men of the moment there is none to whom we can look with more confidence to justify in the future the estimation in which he is held to-day.

## ORIENTAL PUZZLE LOCKS.

BY R. T. PRITCHETT.

THE native ironwork of India is developed in so many branches of art, and so much skill is shown by the workmen, not only in the variety of their arms, but also in the form of their different weapons, both combined and simple, that we cannot be surprised that padlocks should attract their attention and study as a necessary protection of treasure and the general security of property against the universal tendency of man to appropriate that which belongs to another.

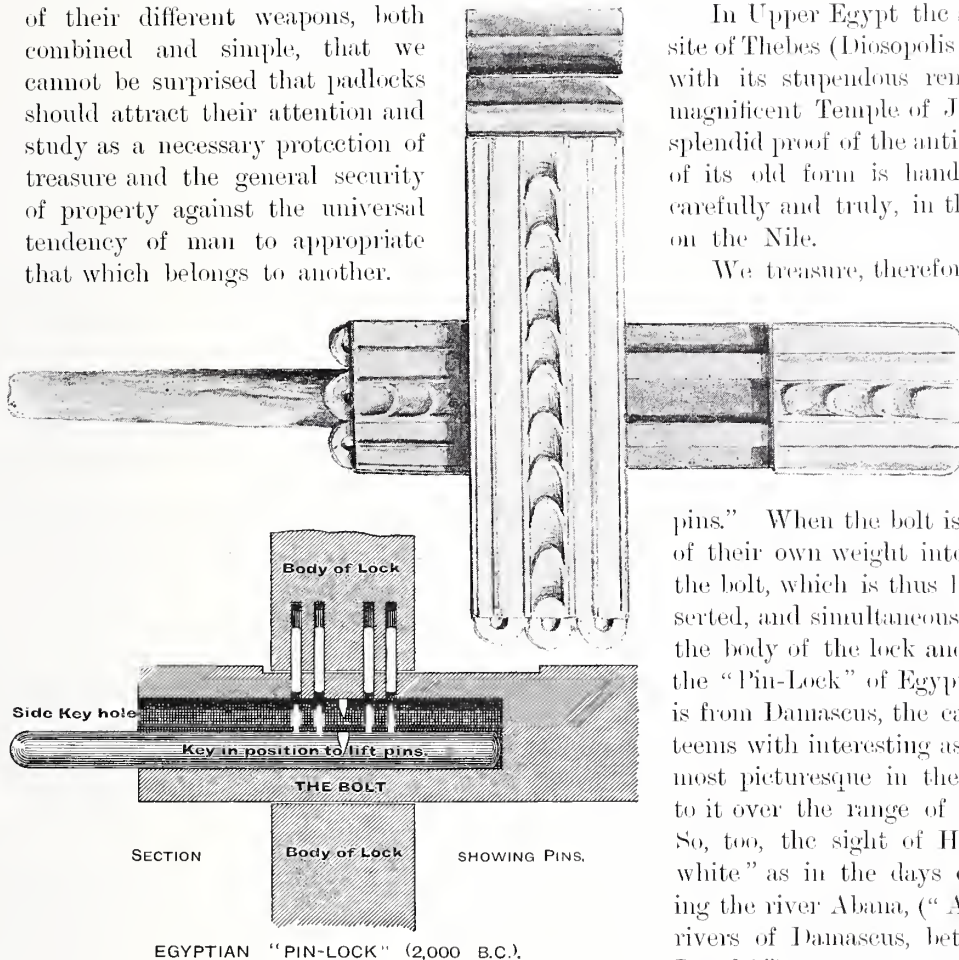
They were of considerable size, and made of wood. Although Egypt was their place of origin, they are still in general use in Western Asia, that happy hunting-ground of the true archaeologist.

In Upper Egypt the surroundings of the ancient site of Thebes (Diosopolis Magna), Luxor and Karnac, with its stupendous remains of ancient days—the magnificent Temple of Jupiter Ammon—afford us a splendid proof of the antiquity of this lock. A figure of its old form is handed down to us, sculptured carefully and truly, in the great Temple of Karnac on the Nile.

We treasure, therefore, this corroboration which assigns it an age of fully three thousand years. The action of the lock is as follows:—The body of the lock is on the door, and contains the “drop

pins.” When the bolt is pushed home the pins drop of their own weight into the corresponding holes in the bolt, which is thus held fast until the key is inserted, and simultaneously again raises the pins into the body of the lock and releases the bolt. Such is the “Pin-Lock” of Egypt. The specimen here given is from Damascus, the capital of Syria, a city which teems with interesting associations, and is one of the most picturesque in the Holy Land. The approach to it over the range of Lebanon is very impressive. So, too, the sight of Hermon, whose “snow is as white” as in the days of the Psalmist. Then fording the river Abana, (“Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?”) we come upon the old city itself, with its minarets and Eastern costume of every variety; the street called “Straight” still unaltered; the house of Rimmon still there, but characterised by the green flag of the Prophet, now prominently displayed therein. The people are very handsome. The women have beautiful eyes, enhanced by their coiffure, and when unveiled their white teeth add greatly to their good looks.

The antiquity of Damascus is shown by the reference to it in Genesis xiv. to indicate the relative position of a neighbouring place called “Hobah,” cir. 1913 B.C., so that the Saracenic ornamentation of our pin-lock becomes too modern to notice here. In the time of Isaiah (712 B.C.) we read that “the key of David will I lay upon his shoulder.” We have here a suggestion of size and



It is hardly complimentary to the weakness of human nature that one commandment should refer to a very marked propensity of all races of mankind, which consists in stealing or clandestinely removing the property of someone else, a propensity which culminates in the members of a lower class in animal creation—the monkey.

The commandment was not sufficient to stay man's proneness to theft. In a short time, comparatively speaking, in self-defence, his ingenuity produced a mechanical contrivance in the form of a lock, which was the more remarkable in being “automatic.” On account of its antiquity and recognition of the laws of gravity I may be forgiven for describing it before I pass on to our Indian friends. These locks are known as “Egyptian Pin-Locks.”



weight: and a Greek poet—Aratus—later on, about 300 B.C., refers to heavy and great keys which he, as an astronomer at the Court of the King of

supremacy on the sea, but why has not yet been explained.

The iron padlock with a square body has no opening whatever. The rosettes which ornament it must have some mysterious action to release the bar with which we are not yet acquainted.

The iron scorpion is of more modern workmanship, as the keyhole indicates: the little lid is opened in order to show the arrangement. It is a good fit when closed, and then the lock is puzzling. The antennae of the scorpion close when the key locks, and when unlocked there is some internal arrangement which produces a curious clicking sound

inside as if intended for an alarm.

These curious weird locks of India are a striking contrast to the beauty and elegance of the steel French locks of the sixteenth century, with Gothic tracery, and of the most exquisite design and refinement, having keys of equal charm and wards of the greatest delicacy—the marvel being that they could ever be kept in working order.

We now come to Indian puzzle padlocks in brass. The Eastern nations seem much given to representations of animals and reptiles. Even in the early days of the world's history we hear of the brazen serpent; “the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar the king did set up:” we read of the sacred bulls of Nineveh. Elephants are prominent in the rock temples and sculpture of India, and in the Elephanta caves near Bombay they are naturally prominent, for such the name implies.

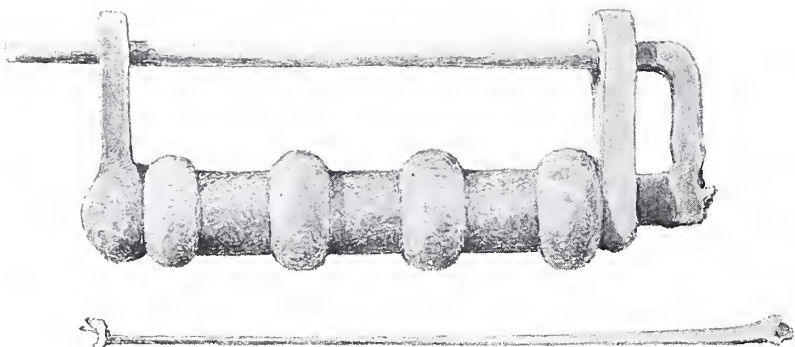
These brass locks are produced by casting. The native of India is a great adept at all kinds of castings. It would puzzle many a good English workman to cast a curb-chain—a complicated

Macedonia, likens in form unto a sickle or the constellation of Cassiopea.

Having thus paid a tribute of respect to those whose ingenuity has become to us a matter of very ancient history, I now come to some of the existing specimens of Indian work, of which puzzle padlocks are intended to be the leading feature. All the larger ones are of iron, and were probably made of great size and strength to strike terror into any probable aggressors. The northern provinces are most conspicuous in their production of this class of work.

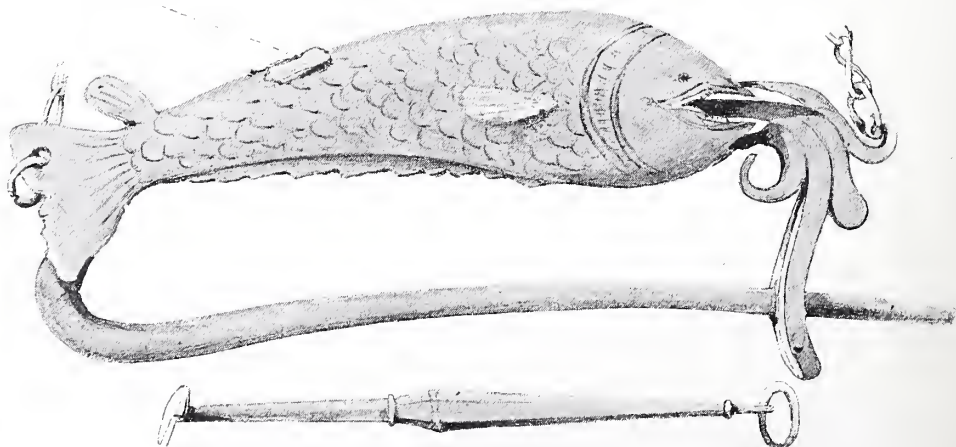
Thus we have a huge padlock, eighteen inches in length in the body: it was once on one of the gates of Old Delhi. Delhi has suffered much at the hands of her conquerors, and not least from Timour the Tartar, whose butchering in Hindoostan was great and terrible. There are two very remarkable and curious specimens of “Osaka” pillars of cast-iron near the city—one on a mound or ruined fort at Old Delhi, the other close to the Kutub Minar, a wonderful column of victory, of which there is a very beautiful and accurate model in the Indian Museum at South Kensington.

The next variety is a “fish” lock, which is opened by introducing the long key behind the dorsal fin and pushing it forward. The difficulty in this case is to get the key into position. The kings of Delhi had some of their standards surmounted by the figure of a huge fish, to show to the natives their

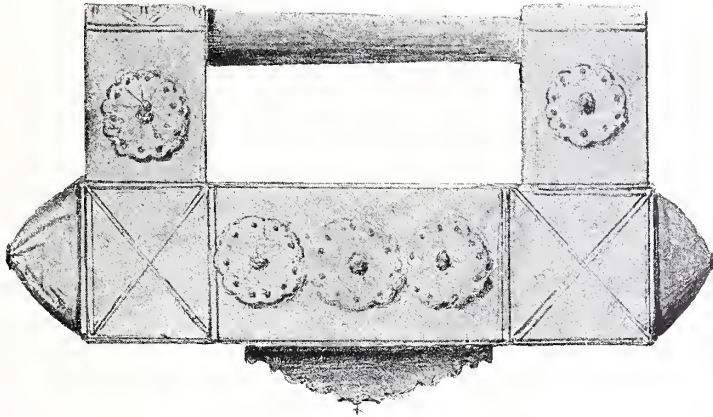


LOCK FROM THE GATE OF DELHI.

KEY-HOLE



PUZZLE PADLOCK FROM NORTH-WEST INDIA.



IRON PADLOCK FROM LAHORE.

curb-chain of forty detailed links, the whole cast in a single operation by the process of "cire perdu" (waste-wax); and yet the Indian native does this for the women's anklets. The castings for the various elaborate native ornaments are really marvellous. That of hollow scorpions is, therefore, mere child's play for them. In this brass scorpion the tail is the shackle, and is released by the key compressing the double spring which holds it firmly in its internal position. The first difficulty is to know how to make the key enter. This is shown in the diagram, and also that the springs lie horizontally at right angles to the tail or shackle. The wild dog of the mountains (a very nondescript animal) is of exceedingly rough manufacture; but, for all that, the action is admirable. In this case the springs lie vertically.

The brass key on p. 646 is not suggestive of being a padlock. It presents at first glance a most uninteresting blankness. It seems at first sight a perfect dummy, devoid of ornament and association of form, and may be described as plain of a degree.

Still, it is one of those things which improves upon acquaintance. Let us first lift the long lid. Here we shall find a neat little key. The next difficulty is in knowing how to utilise it, as there is no apparent opening. If, however, we unscrew the stem of the key, we shall find inside a female screw, which the key will fit, and which when firmly attached is capable of drawing back the catch which has kept the bow of the key closed as the shackle; now the whole secret of its action is revealed, and the key dummy is not after all such a very poor thing as it looked on first inspection.



THE KEY.



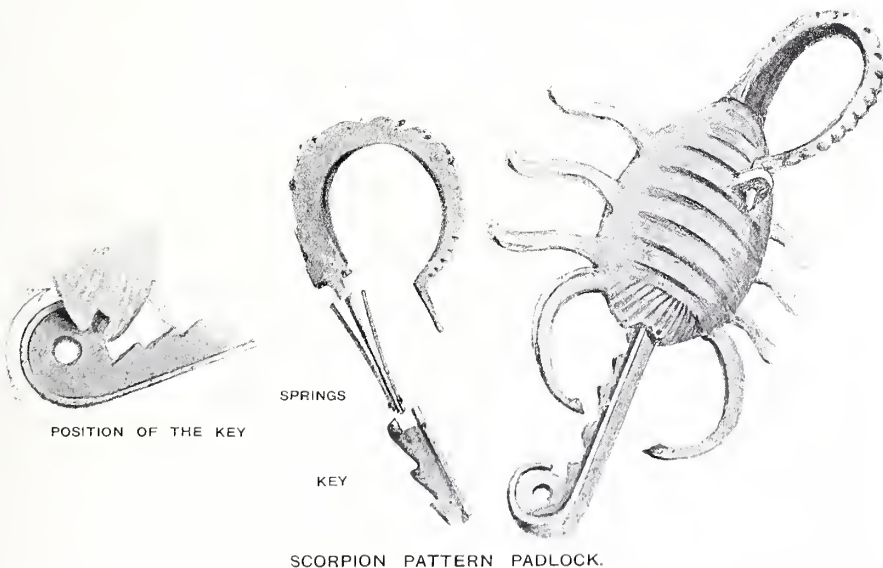
KEY IN LOCK.



SPRING.

INDIAN PUZZLE PADLOCK (BRASS).

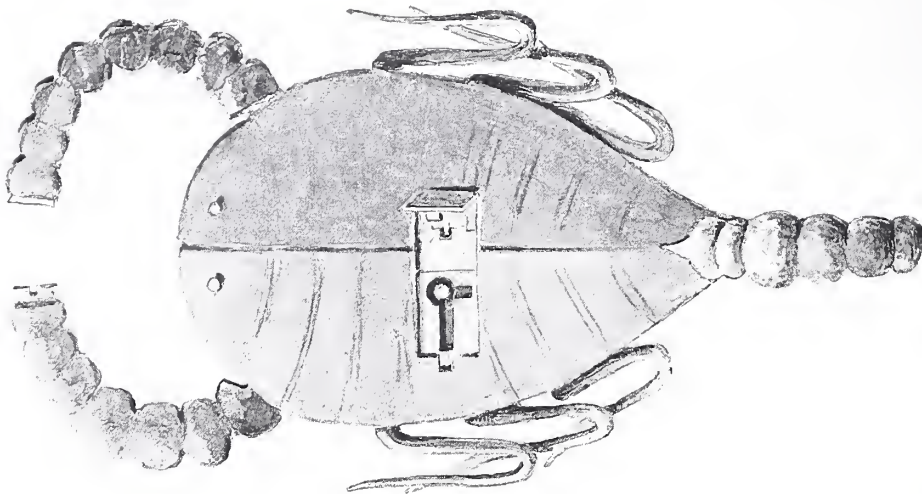
The simplicity of my next and last example looks as if we might here also find something good, and so, indeed, we do. It is most ingenious, and of finished workmanship. It is a Chinese padlock, quite modern, and very generally used throughout the Celestial Empire, where even modern civilisation is supposed now to have penetrated. Its chief characteristic is that it has three springs in contradistinction to the Indian puzzlers, which have only two. To insert the key the long shank must be kept downwards, and the lock approached as represented





by its relative position in the illustration; the lower shank is then raised and pushed home. The head then

own present puzzle combinations. We thus come round to the old-established conclusion that as a rare



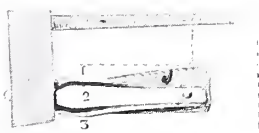
SCORPION PATTERN PADLOCK.

clips the three springs, compresses them simultaneously, and then the bar is pushed out and released.

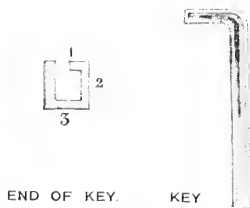
Brass puzzle padlocks of small size have been long used in England, and date from the reign of James I. The cylinder or body consisted of revolving lettered brass discs. Bearing many letters, the shackle was only released when certain letters were brought in line and in proper combination. One is mentioned, bearing date of 1615 A.D., in which the arrangement of letters for opening the lock ran thus —A M E N.

Looking at these examples and remembering the general adoption of the spring principle in China, that wonderful relic of antiquity which has so long resisted the outer barbarian, I can but think that the Indian system originated in China, and that

combination of circumstance is required to produce happiness, so a rare combination of thought and



BOLT EXTRACTED.

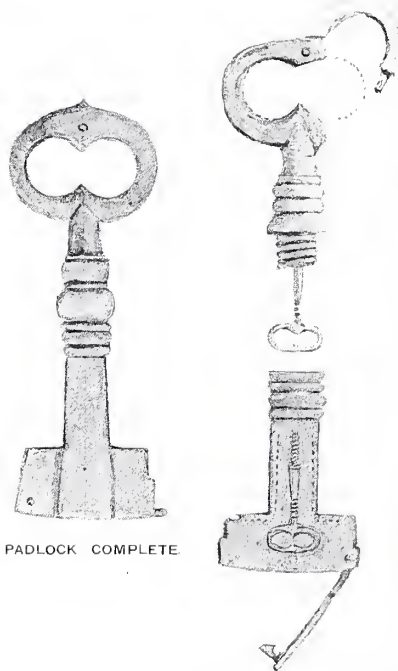


END OF KEY. KEY

CHINESE PADLOCK WITH TREBLE SPRINGS.

Indian imagination and ingenuity, with an innate love of animal objects, naturally applied thereto their

experience is required to produce good results in mechanics. The original principle has been the "happy thought" of one person, who in many cases seldom or never derives full benefit from his "germ," however good the idea he has suggested; for even here the "natural propensity" can sometimes be traced.



PADLOCK COMPLETE

KEY AND LOCK.

PUZZLE KEY PATTERN PADLOCK.

## ART AND ROMANCE OF RENAISSANCE GIRLHOOD.

BY LEADER SCOTT.



(Drawn by Charles Ricketts.)

**T**HAT among the works of the old Italian masters there should be so few portraits or representations of young girls is strange enough; and yet the grace of feminine youthfulness should be an inspiring subject to artists of all ages. We have frequent portraits of women, but nearly all of them are past the age of girlhood; while in the religious pictures and frescoes of the Italian schools young motherhood is the principal theme, as the Madonna is the ruling ideal. However, here and there we meet with interesting girl-faces, many of which have their own niche in history as well as in art.

In speaking of Italian girls one naturally begins with the idea of Dante's Beatrice and Petrarch's Laura; but neither of these comes into our list, for Laura was already the wife of Ugo di Sade when Petrarch first met her in the church at Avignon, and we have no authentic portrait of Beatrice. It is true the old illuminators have given us various hard-featured representations of the inspirer of Dante, for the most part dressed in too late a style for the *tre-cento* maiden. Botticelli shows her as an angel very badly engraved, and we have Ary Scheffer's fair-haired abstraction; but not a real Beatrice among them. We can, however, show a spurious one. In the

gallery of the Hospital of S. Maria Nuova at Florence there is a large painting representing the Epiphany, with the Saints Mary Magdalene and Margaret, and the kneeling figures of a mother and daughter of the Portinari family. The child is constantly styled Beatrice, and is generally supposed to represent the famous daughter of Folco Portinari, the founder of the hospital. This is absurdly impossible, for the picture was painted by Hugh Van der Goes, who lived nearly two hundred years later than the original Beatrice. The child is dressed in a costume of the fifteenth century—a dress cut and laced in precisely the same style as that of Ginevra dei Benci in Ghirlandajo's fresco. I had long wondered if one could discover who this quaint little devotee kneeling beside her mother might be, when at last a clue was given me when spending half an hour in the Beatrice Tribune at the Florentine Exhibition of Feminine Industry. A glass case there contained a collection of old deeds belonging to the Portinari family, and one of these was a legal deed about the transfer of property between Piggello, son of Folco, and his sons Folco, Ludovico, Benedetto, and Tommaso Portinari, the latter of whom was Ambassador to Isabella of Castile, and afterwards Florentine Consul at Bruges.

Here we have the clue. This Tommaso Portinari, a descendant of several generations from Folco, the father of Beatrice, was Florentine Consul at



Bruges just about the time when Van der Goes was at the height of his fame there, and so the devout little Beatrice of the picture was a far-off niece of her poetical namesake.

The most charming painter of girls among the early masters is Benozzo Gozzoli. No names of his "subjects" have come down to us: but on the walls of the chapel of the Riccardi Palace many Florentine damsels of the fourteenth century live still—as angels in a painted Paradise. It is an "earthly paradise," with many a "blessed damozel" in it. There are the very girls who sang May songs with their lovers, and played with their garlands in many a blithe *fiesta*; and there are the serious maidens who studied Greek and wrote Latin *carmi*; and the devout ones who renounced the world. The angels in Fra Angelico are exquisite spirits, those of Botticelli fantastic imaginations, but Gozzoli gives us flesh and blood reality. Filippino Lippi's angels in the "Nativity," of the Belli Arti, have this same quality of reality, which betrays that they are painted from living models. And there is a delightful little girl, with wings and flower-shaped garments, in a similar picture by Ottaviano Nelli, of the school of Fabriano, in a church at Gubbio. She is playing a very small violin with a portentous bow, and looks archly from under her fluffy curls.

Botticelli could paint real girls as well as angels on occasion. There is a very quaint portrait by him in the Pitti Palace which goes by the name of "La Bella Simonetta." It shows the profile of a girl in a simple dress and kerchief cap. There is a certain delicacy in the features, and the neck is elongated, even to an exaggeration of Botticelli's usual style. This is supposed to be the portrait of Simonetta, the beloved of Giuliano dei Medici, which was described by Vasari as being in the *guarda roba* of Duke Cosimo in his days. But many people, led by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, say it is not Simonetta at all, and that Botticelli's real portrait is in the collection of M. Reiset at Paris, where it is inscribed "Simonetta Jannensis Vespuccia." They describe it as "the magnificent profile of a female (bust all but naked to the waist), with hair in tresses, and twisted with pearls and hanging ornaments representing hearts, with a jewel on the top of it. A jewelled serpent is twined round her neck, a scarf with variegated stripes is about her form, and the head is detached on clouds topping a landscape of water and hills. . . . The figure and neck are long and slender; the drawing is exquisitely precise and finished." Signor Milanese, the commentator of Vasari, is

also inclined to think that this is the true Botticelli portrait, and that the Pitti one is by an earlier painter, and shows an earlier style of dress. In regard to the dress I do not agree with them, for in the frescoes of Ghirlandajo, Botticelli's contemporary, there are several similar dresses, one figure—the woman holding out her hands for the infant, in the "Birth of St. John Baptist"—is so like Simonetta in form and face that one might imagine them identical.

We will not dispute about the portrait, but turn to the girl herself, about whom history is as silent as poesy is enthusiastic: for though beloved by Giuliano, her praises are sung by both Politian and Lorenzo da Medici, the former chronicling her love and life, the latter her early death. Stripping Politian's verses (*La Giostra del Magnifico Giuliano di Piero de' Medici*) of their flowers of speech and extracting the simple narrative, we find that Giuliano had always made a jest of love, and derided the pains of lovers: so much so that Eros, exclaiming in pique, "Am I not a god! and shall man defy me?" vowed he would subdue him. One day Giuliano with his friends rode to the chase—a gay band of cavaliers on prancing steeds, with many a leash of baying hounds which made the woods ring, and aroused the startled deer. To Giuliano there appeared the stereotyped white doe, which led him on, yet always eluded him, till, when far from his companions, he reached a verdant and flowery field and found himself in the presence of a nymph-like maiden. This was the revenge of Eros: the nymph's bright eyes so smote his heart that he forgot the chase, and, drawing rein, sat motionless, "a fire in his veins and cold tremor at his heart." The maid was fair, and light was the robe she wore, which was painted all over with flowers. Her curled locks fell in golden splendour, and her soft eyes shed celestial lustre on her face, "the air became silent when she spoke, and her Latin was like the song of a bird." She was seated on the grass garlanded with flowers, and when startled at the youth's approach she rose; she retained the flowers in the skirt of her dress as she moved slowly away.\* Then Giuliano found voice to ask whether she were nymph, or goddess, or mortal maiden. She turned, smiled, and with "a voice like pearls and violets" replied that she lived on the banks of Etrurian Arno, though her family came once from the shores of Ligurian

\* Botticelli has evidently taken his maid of the flowery dress in the "Allegory of Spring" from this description. The figure might well stand for Simonetta as Giuliano first saw her. It would be interesting to see if the face at all corresponds to the picture in M. Reiset's collection.





GINEVRA DEI BENCI.

*(From the Fresco by Ghirlandajo in the Choir of Santa Maria Novella.)*



seas, adding that this field was her favourite dreaming-place, and was near her father's villa.

The young man further discovered that she went to the church in Florence on *fête* days with the "customary pomp," and they talked till the sun went down, when the "grass bowed softly beneath her slow and graceful steps, and she was gone, leaving the birds to sing sweet lamentations." Giuliano remained immobile as a stone, and Eros triumphed over his subjugation in a score of verses.

The love story so prettily begun turned out a tragedy. The lovely Simonetta was as delicate as she looked, and there came a day when she was "lying cold and beautiful upon her bier"—it is Lorenzo dei Medici who describes the scene—"and as she was carried to the tomb with her face uncovered, those who had known her when living pressed round for a last glance at the object of their adoration, and followed her with their tears."

On this occasion all the eloquence and talent of Florence were exerted in rendering due honour to her memory. "I also," says Lorenzo, "composed a few sonnets. . . . I began to think how bitter was the fate of those who had loved her." History does not say whether Lorenzo knew he was speaking of his brother. Politian refers to her death by making her appear to Giuliano after his defeat, as a celestial being enveloped in a cloud, and who soon vanished from his sight. He also wrote a Latin epitaph on her, beginning—

"Dum pulchra effertur virgo Simonetta pheretra."

Bernardo Pulci, too, wrote some verses on her death. It is said she belonged to the Vespucci family. A little after that time a certain Piero Vespucci was imprisoned in the "Stinche" for having saved the life of one of the Paggi conspirators. He was afterwards liberated, being proved loyal to the State. It would, indeed, have been dramatic if the father of the dead girl had been implicated in the murder of her dead lover.

About the same time as Simonetta, lived the Florentine beauty, Ginevra dei Benci, who is immortalised by Ghirlandajo as the lady in gold brocade in his frescoes of the "Life of the Virgin" in the choir of S. Maria Novella. On searching a clue to her history, I have come to the conclusion that she was a young wife rather than a girl at the time Ghirlandajo painted her. The Benci archives of that date chronicle no daughter named Ginevra, though in 1467 there were two brides—Tommaso, son of Lorenzo Benci, marrying Ginevra, daughter of Salvestro Spini; and his cousin

Francesco espousing Ginevra Capponi. Which of these two was the "beauty" I cannot say, but in either case her story will not enter here. The same fresco in which she stands conspicuous contains a charming portrait of a girl pouring water from an ewer. Now, Ghirlandajo always drew from life, and when sitters were scarce he found them in his own household, and from the age of this girl I should be inclined to think she may have been his young half-sister Alessandra, whose beauty stole the heart of his serious pupil Maimardi, whom she married a year or two later. She often appears in her brother's works, and he seems to have taken her as the model for the girl-saint Fina at San Gemignano.

And now for a little maiden whose story was short and tragical—poor little Maria de Medici, daughter of Duke Cosimo, who would have been a grand-aunt of her notorious namesake. The Uffizi (Tuscan School) contains two portraits of her by Angelo Bronzino. In one she is with her two brothers—Don Ferdinando and the unfortunate Don Garzia. Marie is a quaint child, with beautiful hands, clad in a long, stiff satin dress. In the other portrait of her alone, Bronzino has represented her when a little older, but no shadow of her early fate is on her round, childish face. It must have been soon after this that the young Malatesta, son of the lord of Rimini, came to the Florentine Court as a page; and so charming a page was he that the little lady of fifteen fell in love with him. Overtures of marriage were made from his family, but Duke Cosimo was determined that marriage should not take place though he would not offend the Malatesta by open refusal: he consequently chose a way out of the dilemma which was peculiar to Italian princes at that era. He placed his daughter out of the reach of marriage; she died—poisoned, they say—by his own secret hand; and so poor little Marie and her lover were effectually parted. Love stories had a knack of turning into tragedies at the Court of Cosimo.

There is a portrait by an unknown artist in the long passage between the Uffizi and Pitti galleries. It is inscribed "Eleanore di Toledo," and represents a fair-haired girl with a brilliant complexion and excitable face. She wears a Medici ruff and a loose white robe embroidered with gold. Her hair is turned back, but the puff on the top forms a point over the forehead. This was Eleanora di Garzia di Toledo, niece to the grand-duchess her namesake. The young girl was bright and talented, and was a member of the literary society of the Alterati, in the reunions of which she took the name of "*Ardente*." She was, moreover,

a Court beauty, and her aunt, the Duchess Eleanora, kept her closely under her own eye.

But surveillance, as usual, defeated its own ends. She loved not wisely but too well some one whose name is not known, and Cosimo, to save the family honour, married her in haste to his son Pietro—an ill-starred marriage, for Pietro was both cruel and unfaithful, and the girl's heart was given elsewhere. From this point her story is most tragic. Her lover was first imprisoned in Elba, and was afterwards secretly strangled by order of the Grand Duke. Eleanora herself was sent to the Medici Villa at Caffaggiolo, where one night, as she knelt in prayer at the foot of the crucifix, her husband fiercely stabbed her to death.

The same long passage contains some interesting little Medici maidens. There is one black-eyed child whom we can trace from infancy. The first portrait represents her at the age of six or seven, in a stiff red frock with gold braid and a point-lace ruffle. A little farther we see her grown to the age of twelve or thirteen, still dressed in red, which suits her dark eyes. It is curious to note that, though the dress is older in style, yet the necklace and lace ruffle are precisely the same as she wore when a child. She must have had a favourite book of devotions, for in each likeness the same little red velvet book with golden clasps lies on the table near her. A little farther, on the same wall, is a third likeness of her, with the identical red book near. Then come one or two girls of the later Grand Ducal Medici, but in all of them the stiffness of the dress seems

to have starched the faces out of any childish life or mobility they might have had.

We must not leave the subject of Italian girls without mentioning Titian's charming portraits of his daughter Lavinia—that motherless girl who grew up to beauty in the sea-washed garden where the painter entertained his friends and Lavinia waited on them. How close and fond was the love between father and daughter, and how patiently she posed as his model whenever he took the fancy to paint her! We see her now smiling over her shoulder while holding up a jewelled casket; now carrying a basket of fruit, as she frequently did when on "hospitable thoughts intent;" then she puts on a gorgeous costume and poses as a grand lady, and is known as "La Bella;" sometimes she figures as "Flora;" at others is idealised as "Violante;" sometimes as a young Saint Catherine kneeling at the Virgin's feet; but she is always the old painter's beloved child. In 1555 she married Cornelio Sarcinelli, and went to live under the shadow of the Dolomites, where her father went to see her on his way to and from Cadore.

Two of Titian's most charming portraits are those of the young girls Irene and Emilia, daughters of the Count Spilemburg of Friuli. Irene was a genius as well as a beauty; she played and sang, she wrote poems, and Titian himself was her master in art. She died young, and many were the odes and sonnets written at her funeral. The portraits are in the Castle of Spilemburg in Maniago, Friuli.

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## CURIOUS MASKS AMONG GREEKS AND BARBARIANS.

(Concluded.)

BY CHARLES DE KAY.

IN Ceylon they have a species of processional masque not unlike those which were performed before Queen Elizabeth so far as management is concerned. He who recites the poem describes the dress and general appearance of each mask as it comes on. The actors use deaf and dumb show and then mutely ask money or food from the on-lookers. We find the origin of masks in general clearly enough exposed in such stanzas as this from the Yakkun Nattanawā (Callaway):—

"The *Black Female Devil*, who dwells under the rocks and stones of the Black Sea, looks upon this world, and, having seen infants, causes them to be

sick. Come, thou *Black Female Devil*, upon this stage!

"Thou *Female Devil*, who acceptest the offerings at the place where three ways meet, thou causest the people to be sick by looking upon them at the place where four ways join together. Take away the dreadful sickness and grievances which have been so violent. O come now, thou great *Black Female Devil*, to the performance and offerings!"

The procession or masque of devils is a religious rite propitiatory of the demons whose worship co-exists in Ceylon with official Buddhism. The on-lookers are aware that a human being is under each



mask, but they pay money or food, and feel that they have therewith persuaded the demon to refrain from violence. They may know the man who acts and be aware that he is a worthless creature, but the villainy of the actor does not affect the bargain between Devil and worshipper, any more than the bad character of a priest invalidates Christian worship. But by the side of these devil-masks are others, not superhuman. They are men and women with touches of humour in their make-up as well as in the dialogues pronounced in their name. If the Ceylonese procession of masks makes one think of a puppet-show on a large scale, it also gives an instance of the drama beginning to split off from religious ideas. Thus the Kolan Nattamawâ, another procession of dumb dancers, contains a mask for a soldier whose nose has been cut off in war with the Malabars, followed by his wife. The woman declines to recognise him as her husband owing to his mutilation. After these broadly farcical characters enter beneficent and bloodthirsty divinities. So that in the same procession exist the germs of the comic as well as the tragic dramas. In this strange jumble of human and supernatural masks is one that represents a single woman composed of five nude women, and another personating in a realistic way a woman in child-birth. It would be a mistake to regard these masks as grossly comic in their original intention. We find similar

to the children for whom they are now performed.

On a higher level are the masks of Japan which have departed still more from the plain purpose of a guard against demons, but not enough to conceal their origin, if attention is drawn to that side. The partly religious, partly historical, procession by which the populace was amused and instructed, called in familiar language the Nô, employed a great many masks which are still understood in Japan as types of characters drawn from mythology, legend and the national history, or from Chinese examples. They have been popularised by means of the *netsukés* or buttons, often carved in imitation of masks. The *netsuké* masks are, indeed, more interesting than those in actual use by actors, just as seals



MASK OF SAMBA.  
(Japanese *Netsuké* (Horn) in the Writer's Collection.)

engraved with masks may be more beautiful and instructive than the masks of the Greek and Roman stage. The more precious material and the small size of the *netsuké* afford a chance for greater variety and more artistic treatment. But they also preserve fashions in masks long gone by. Therefore several mask *netsukés* of Japan have been used for some of the illustrations, the pieces themselves being in the collection of the writer.

The Nô dances used to be performed by the upper classes, and may still be revived on occasion. They are apart from theatrical entertainments proper which are of comparatively late appearance in Japan:



MASK OF THE HEROINE SHIUKA.

MASK OF THREE-EYED DEMON.

(Inlaid Wooden *Netsukés* in the Writer's Collection.)

survivals at the harvest festivals of peasants in Europe not many generations ago, and in the puppet-plays of Italy and France there still exist hints of the same domestic dramas, hardly suited

to their office was to recall and fix in mind events in history, legend and myth. Herein the Nô dances are exactly similar to commemorative dances among the Iroquois and the Indians of Central America.

They are artistic, processional dances, an improvement on those of Ceylon, and are in a way parallels of those processions in honour of Dionysos out of which the Greek drama sprang. Generally the procession was led by a winged demon called a Tengu, whose chief characteristic is a very long nose, about which the broadest witticisms are in order among the people. *Netsukés* representing the Tengu mask are reproduced on this page, one with cloth over the long nose for comic effect. As he passes he performs clownish tricks, and his office is to put in good humour the bystanders, or else the audience if the procession is adapted to a theatre. Samba is the name of the dancer who ushers in dramatic entertainments (p. 652). His mask has puffs on the forehead and often on the cheeks also: sometimes it is carved in deep concentric lines, which may simulate the wrinkles of laughter, or be a reminiscence of



MASK OF A TENGU, OR DEMON.  
(Japanese Bronze Netsuké in the Writer's Collection.)

tattoo-marks such as the Polynesians and New Zealanders wear, and the Japanese may have practised many centuries ago. His office, like that of the Tengu, is to create a good impression on the audience and make them favourable to the actors.

The wealth of masks in Japan is simply astonishing. The Karas-Tengu, or Crow-Demon, has a beak like a bird more or less assimilated to the human face according to the whim of the carver. The mask of the heroine Shiuka is often comely even according to our ideas of female beauty (p. 652). The fox-mask is a prime favourite and was often seen on the streets as a concealment of the face. Then there are demons with horns and a third eye in the middle of the forehead (p. 652); satyrs with horns and the muzzle of a goat; and others too numerous to mention, such as those of the Darby and Joan of Japan, whose effigies or masks must figure at weddings. Ozumé lured the goddess of the sun from the cave; the Hanya is a *lamia*; Tobidé is a thief who protects the rice-fields from thieves—"set a thief to catch a thief." Then there are Raiko, who slew the cannibal that

could turn into a spider, Benkei, the burly hench-man of Yoshitsuné, and twenty more. The little boy in the illustration on this page holds a mask of the laughing maiden Ozumé, a Turanian favourite of the people, as popular as Venus was about the Ægean, yet not exactly goddess of love either—rather a heroine and patroness of mirth for whose characterisation the term goddess implies qualities too august and remote from the common herd.



MASK OF TENGU, WITH A CLOTH OVER HIS FACE.  
(Japanese Wooden Netsuké in the Writer's Collection.)

As the Greek drama grew more perfected, two main causes were active in keeping masks more or less true to their original grotesqueness. One was the conservatism of the masses for whose behoof the plays were acted. There were no papers and books, nor any of the twenty amusements the modern world knows. Even the theatre was open during festal weeks only. It was a means of educating and enlightening the populace, fostering patriotism and inculcating morals. The primeval prejudices of the folk had to be consulted, and they knew at a glance, from the mask an actor wore, to what category of characters he belonged, even if his words were indistinct.

The other important cause was the size of the theatre already mentioned which necessitated exaggeration of all the features of a mask, more especially the mouth and eyebrows. The illustration on p. 655 gives a scene from some mimic representation and was found in mosaic at Pompeii. Possibly these dancing musicians did not say a word to the audience, yet they wore masks which indicated exactly what sort of



CHILD HOLDING MASK OF OZUMÉ.  
(Japanese Netsuké in the Writer's Collection.)

persons they were meant to represent. Another illustration shows a mask in terra-cotta, which we may consider actually for use on the stage, and meant for a noble, perhaps a sublime character (p. 654). It is certainly a tragic mask. Having eye-holes and mouth-hole open, it can hardly belong to the great variety of masks architectural which were commonly used to decorate fountains, walls in gardens,



interiors and the outside of houses. Possibly it was merely intended for the grave of an actor and was never used.

Dionysos, out of whose ritual the Greek theatre grew, was associated from childhood with the goat and was often depicted with attributes of the goat, like the Pans and Fauns, the Satyrs and Silenuses.



TERRA-COTTA MASK FOR TRAGEDY (GREECE).

The farther we look back into Greek processions and masquerading, the more analogies we find with Japan. Dionysos was also represented as a bull. Diana was worshipped in one locality with the head of a bear, and little girls of good Athenian family were presented at one of her shrines as "little bears," indicating without doubt that at a remote period girls clad themselves in bearskins and pretended to act like some divinity whose visible representative is the bear. Later they wore brown robes like the bear's fur. The horse, the stag, the dog are joined to human figures in Greek mythology. The Japanese have the goat-mask, the fox-mask, the mask of the crow, the crab, the octopus and other animals. These were once the totems of spirits and of their worshippers.

Pollux, our authority for particulars concerning the stage of Alexandria and Greece, mentions regular masks and special, the latter indefinite in number. Among the regular masks were Actæon's with deer-horns; Argus's with many eyes; Evippe's with a

mare's head; Io's with a cow's muzzle and horns. Doubtless the Centaurs, the Chimæra, the Harpies and other strange mixtures of human and animal had their appropriate masks. At Pompeii a wall-painting shows a Perseus mask with a very high *onkos* surmounted by the head and wings of a bird, supposed to allude to the invisible cap and wings whereby he overcame the monster. Pollux enumerates eleven masks for characters of women, eight for young men, six for old, and three for slaves; these for the tragic stage alone.

Misfortune happening to a character had to be explained by a secondary mask, indicating the trouble that has befallen him or her. Much was told by the colours of the hair and complexion, as we find to be the case in Japan. A character living in the open air, like a traveller, a sailor, a shepherd or a huntsman would naturally have a browner complexion than a citizen or a heroine. Ethnical differences must have been told by colour of face and hair, as well as the difference between youth and age. In fine, notwithstanding the limitations placed on the actor by the use of the mask, which deprived him of facial movement, we cannot but admire the cleverness with which the most was made of opportunities within those limits.

We can understand how impossible it was for the great dramatists of Greece to throw aside such a thing as the mask, no matter how much it may have thwarted facial points. The mask was a convention understood by the people, which in some respects lightened the task of author and actors. But even if it had possessed no good side, the fact that it was rooted in the religious past of the folk made it indispensable. The sight of the tragic mask roused a train of suggestions; it induced awe and recalled the stories of gods or half-gods, who suffered through their folly or because of some inscrutable malignity of Fate. It is fair to suppose that the mask of comedy has always appeared later than that of tragedy, and for a long time indicated characters whose wit consisted largely in doing harm to innocent people. The satyric drama we know of did not exactly demand the beating and cuffing of the victims of popular contempt, but in a more refined age it lashed them with the tongue. The mute antics of Punch and Judy represent a very primitive form of the comic stage, in which the actors were silent or even lay figures, while the speaking was done from behind a screen, as appears to be the case with the processions of masks jocose and masks terrible at the Ceylonese rites. When Punch belabours Judy or the policeman we have a parallel to broad popular farces common to Red Indian masquerades and to those festivals of the people in Europe which have by no means completely died



out. The type for the later Middle Ages was the Lord of Misrule.

But how enthralling must have been the tragic masquerades before the evolution of the Greek drama, when they closed with a human sacrifice such as the Spaniards found in full bloom in Mexico and the older authorities allow us to see in Phœnicia and Gaul! The actor was a captive or a criminal or

took the place of the victim-god. But when the Greeks of history reached their highest they had become so refined that on the stage tragedy must not slay persons before the audience, but dispatch them behind the scenes. Yet at the same time this refinement did not prevent the Greeks from retaining in other directions customs and practices far worse than the sham slaying of an actor on the open stage.



COMIC ACTORS AND MUSICIANS WEARING MASKS.

(From a Mosaic found at Pompeii. In Naples Museum.)

else self-devoted; the god was appeased only with his heart's blood. Great must have been the spectacles that Britain, France and Spain have seen under Druidic rituals, when the men and women to be sacrificed were carted about in osier frames, which rudely figured the god himself, worshipped by the folk as messengers about to go to the god, and then burned alive. As the world grew less bloody and superstitious, death was commuted for mutilations or bleeding; then an effigy

But in this we have nothing unusual. How long ago is it that people devoted witches to death by the antique rite of burning? And that the Inquisition revived the Druidic sacrifice of human beings with fire? We should not be surprised, then, that the Greeks of the great epoch preserved types of masks which seem to us ugly by comparison with the wonders of sculpture that stand to their glory. No race can in every direction be equally refined.



## GEORGE DANCE AND HIS PORTRAITS, RECENTLY COME TO LIGHT.

By W. ROBERTS.

IT is one of the inexplicable facts of life that men who in their day and generation had the largest number of personal friends often become, in the

of London. The younger Dance was trained in his father's office, but spent some time in France and Italy. He was a member of the Incorporated Society of Artists, to whose exhibition in 1761 he sent a design for Blackfriars Bridge. The elder Dance died in 1768, and the son obtained his City appointment by right of purchase. His more important architectural works included Newgate Prison (1770), Giltspur Street Compter, and St. Luke's Hospital. He was one of the original members of the Royal Academy, to the second exhibition of which in 1770—when he was residing at Chiswell Street, Moorfields—he sent a section of a Royal Gallery of Sculpture, and a plan of the same. To the seventeenth exhibition, 1785, he contributed a design for a mausoleum.

In or about 1793 he commenced what proved to be a long and unique series of drawings in pencil, the majority of which are lightly tinted with red for the carnations, of the more notable of his friends and acquaintances. From first to last over 200 exceedingly faithful portraits were secured, and the whole of this collection—with the exception of a

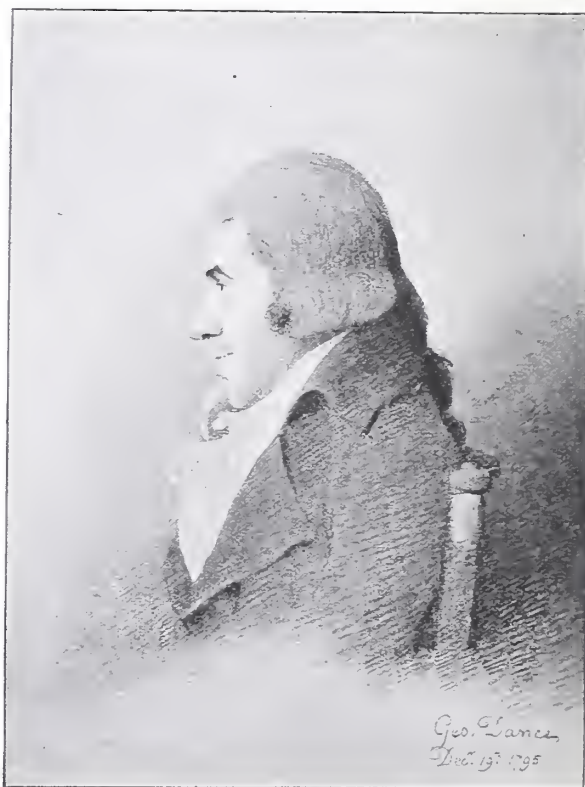


GEORGE DANCE, R.A.

(By Himself. In the Possession of M. H. Spielmann, Esq.)

course of a few decades, but a mere name. No man, save, perhaps, Mr. Rudolf Lehmann, knew more or a greater variety of people than George Dance the younger, and yet of his career scarcely more than half a dozen facts are known. For over half a century he knew everybody in London worth knowing, and fully merited John Nichols's tribute as to his being "every good man's friend." But the newest edition of Bryan's "Dictionary" knows him not, and the brief notice in the "Dictionary of National Biography" is little more than a paraphrase of Redgrave's account published in his "Dictionary of Artists of the English School"—it is neither adequate nor accurate, no reference whatever being made to the work in which the fullest details of Dance's connection with the Royal Academy may be found—namely, Sandby's "History of the Royal Academy of Arts."

George Dance was born in London in 1740-1, his father, who bore the same Christian name, being an architect and surveyor to the Corporation



SAMUEL ROGERS.

(In the National Portrait Gallery.)

selection of fifty-three portraits of distinguished artists which the Royal Academy obtained privately

possession of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, and nearly as many are gone to the British Museum, whilst the Royal College of Surgeons secured nearly all the surgeons. One of the most interesting, that of the artist of them all, was secured by the Editor of this Magazine, and a few fell to the share of the writer of these lines.

Dance commenced his series of pencil-portraits obviously without any idea of extending them to the length which they ultimately reached, and more for his own private gratification than for any other reason. Their remarkably interesting and lifelike character evidently struck his friends; and at the Royal Academy of 1795 (the twenty-seventh) he exhibited no fewer than nine, and these were the portraits of a deceased nobleman, an admiral, a bishop, an artist, and five gentlemen. The extremely irritating system of exhibiting portraits of well known men and women without giving their names in the catalogue was at that time almost universal, and this, combined with the equally vexatious practice on the part of the authorities of not marking in some way the pictures which are exhibited at the Academy, render all but hopeless any attempts at identification. To the 1798 exhibition Dance sent four more portraits of gentlemen; but in the following year, and at the thirty-first



JAMES BOSWELL.  
(In the National Portrait Gallery.)

many years ago—was sold at Christie's on July 1 in consequence of the death of the Rev. George Dance, grandson of the painter. And what an extraordinarily interesting assemblage is here seen! Poets, actors, authors, medical men, musicians, philosophers, engineers, politicians, charlatans, and Heaven knows what not!

I have amused myself by drawing up a classified list of various callings of the persons represented by these portraits, with the following result:—Medical men, 24; literary men, 30; artists, sculptors, architects, and engravers, 17 (or, including those now in the Library of the Royal Academy, 70); musicians, 16; actors and dramatists, 9; clergymen, 7; army and navy men, 3; lawyers, 4; scientific men and engineers, 8; statesmen and politicians, 4; miscellaneous, 32; whilst the portraits of the Chevalier D'Eon and of an unidentified brickmaker can hardly be included even in a miscellaneous group. I very much doubt if any portrait painter in the annals of English art had within anything like the same period—about fifteen years—so great a variety of sitters. Fortunately, for once the authorities saw their opportunity, and they are to be congratulated on having made the most of it. No fewer than twenty-eight of these portrait-drawings have passed into the



MR. ANGERSTEIN.

exhibition, he broke through the absurd conventionalities, and his contribution of five portraits are



all named—Mr. Knyvett (the musical composer), Dr. Batty, Mr. [M. G.] Lewis, Mr. [Prince] Hoare,



ROBERT WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD.  
(In the National Portrait Gallery.)

and Mr. Minden (the actor)—and all these were included in the recent sale. The one exhibit of 1800, the last of his to appear on the walls of the Academy, is entered as “Mr. W. Turner,” and there can be no possible doubt that this was J. M. W. Turner, who a few months before had been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, blossoming into a fully-fledged member in 1802. Turner’s earliest exhibits appeared as the works of “Mr. W. Turner,” and the particular portrait in question, one of the most virile in the series, is dated March 31, 1800, and is now in the collection at the Royal Academy; it is a very striking half-length, and is, like all the others, in profile.

The success which undoubtedly followed the public exhibition induced George Dance to take another and further step, and from 1808 to 1814 there appeared in twelve parts folio, at one guinea each, a collection of seventy-two portraits of eminent characters, sketched from the life since the year 1793, by George Dance, R.A., and engraved by William Daniell, R.A. Each of the portraits is accompanied by a brief biographical account. Although the engraving is done with the greatest care, and evidently by one entirely in sympathy with the work, it cannot be said that they altogether

convey the charm of the originals. Dance could not quite get away from the mathematical severity of his architectural training, and the rigidity of much of his work is even more emphasised in Daniell’s engravings than in the original portraits. As a matter of fact, some of these sketches are dangerously like caricatures at the first glance, but a brief comparison of any particular example with the portraits in oils of the same person by any good artist will prove that these Dance sketches are wonderfully true to life. Nevertheless, the book, published only in a small number, has now become rare in its complete form. The work is dedicated to Sir George Beaumont, the artist (one of the chief promoters of the National Gallery), whose portrait, of course, was also done by Dance. In his dedication he says:—“Rousseau entitled his musical compositions ‘Les Consolations des Misères de ma Vie,’ and I also can say with much truth of this work that it has proved to me a great relaxation from the severe studies and more laborious employments of my professional life.” Dance claims that his portraits are faithful resemblances of “distinguished characters now living,” and expresses the hope “that the collection may be interesting to those who respect superior intellect or observe with admiration how surprisingly Nature has diversified the human countenance.” Before parting with this attractive work it should be mentioned that Lowndes states that it was reissued in 1854 by Evans, with additional portraits and biographies, there being in all 142 plates. Of this edition I have entirely failed to find a copy.

Dance was not on the first council of the Royal Academy, but he figures in the list of 1789. In 1799 he was presented with a silver cup, valued at fifty guineas, by the Royal Academy for having, as one of the auditors, in conjunction with William Taylor, carefully investigated their accounts up to that date; whilst, to mark their appreciation of his services in preparing the report and suggestions as to the funds, sent in by him and Farington in 1809, the Academicians again presented him with a silver cup. On the death of the first Professor of Architecture, Thomas Sandby (June 25, 1798), Dance was elected to this office, which office he held until 1805, but he never lectured. He retained his appointment of City Surveyor until 1815 (or 1816), when he resigned it in favour of his pupil, William Montague, and from this time up to his death on January 14, 1825, at his residence in Upper Gower Street, he appears to have been a recluse, and in more or less ill-health. He was buried in St. Paul’s, close to the graves of Sir Christopher Wren and John Rennie, a portrait of the latter of whom was executed by Dance in 1803.

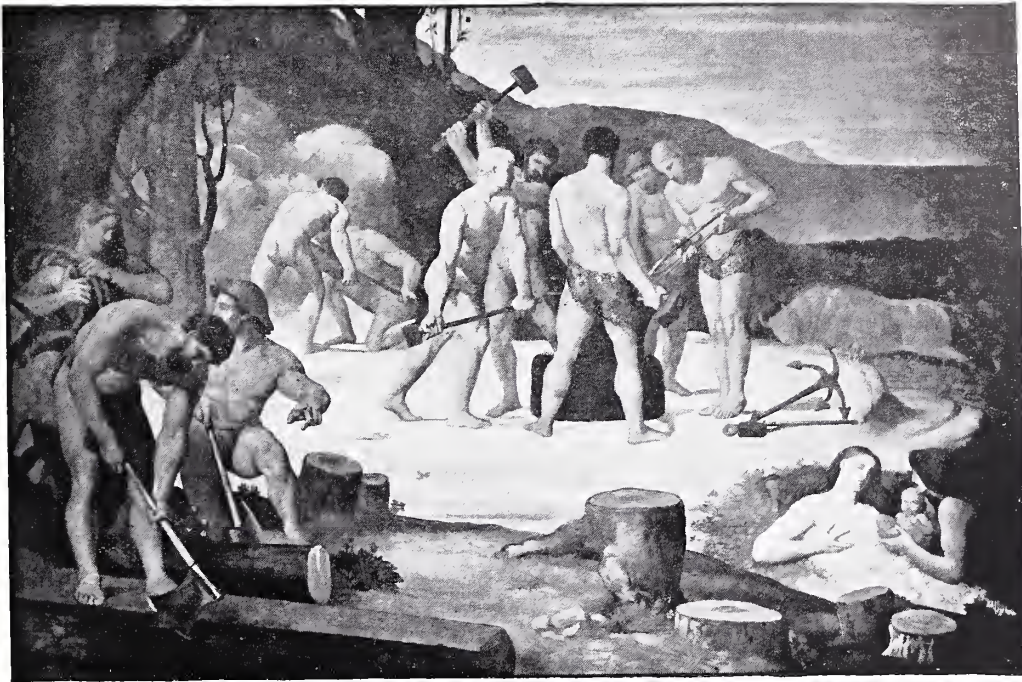
## TWO GREAT FRENCH ARTISTS: A REVIEW.

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES AND DETAILLE.

By PRINCE BOJIDAR KARAGEORGEVITCH.

THE numerous admirers of Puvis de Chavannes are indebted to M. Marius Vachon for something more than a pleasure. In the very judicious and authoritative book just brought out

really suggest, to those who know the originals, the colouring of the pictures and decorative works that they represent; and their refined tone, free from any exaggerated contrast of black and white,



WORK.

(By Puvis de Chavannes.)

by Lahure (Paris), M. Vachon shows us the man and his work. His noble life is faithfully told; his pictures, designs, and sketches are set before the reader, apart from the aggressive works of impressionists or of mere imitators, which, by their gaudy fireworks or insipid lack of colour, have, in exhibitions, too often marred the harmonious effect of the master's work.

In Sainte-Geneviève, in Paris, and in the galleries of Amiens, Lyons and Marseilles, we see his decorative work, of course, in its proper place, duly set in architecture, fine in tone and in rhythmic proportion. Still, each is but part of his whole work, whereas in M. Vachon's book we may find all, or nearly all, the master has done, and the whole forms a sequence, a series, a real symphony of form in its unity of intense feeling and pervading taste.

The reproductions, which are of great merit,

will enable even those who are less fortunate to appreciate the delicate harmony of this painter's colouring.

Before turning over the pages to review the artist's work, I should like to say a few words more about the man himself, of whom I have already had the pleasure of giving a biographical sketch to the readers of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*.

M. Vachon tells us that "Puvis de Chavannes, as he is known to all, is a proud and noble artist, devoted to his art, and, above all sectarian views, to art for its own sake only. He leads a dignified and laborious life, and in Paris—where everything is a subject for "chaff" and nothing is treated with reverence—he has succeeded in winning a place for himself far above the crowd, and a halo of respect and sincere admiration." It is well to repeat this once more.

On a "first night" at a theatre, a short time



since, I was a very early arrival, and I watched the people coming in—famous literary men, musicians, financiers, critics—bowed to or named, and then lost in the throng; and then, with his lordly and deliberate gait, Puvis de Chavannes appeared. There was no whispering, no staring through opera-glasses; but the crowd parted, leaving a path to the master's stall, and for some minutes a quiet group of friends and pupils stood round him.

I called to mind this same Puvis de Chavannes sixteen years since, one day at the Salon, laughed to scorn by an idiotic mob that had gathered to stare at his "Pauvre Pêcheur," giggling rudely in front of that pure picture, which impressed me so deeply that I can call it to mind now as clearly as if it were before my eyes.

And this man has risen now to a height whence he towers over that very crowd, which, in spite of itself, has simply followed the stream leading to the type of beauty which Puvis de Chavannes has at last succeeded in forcing on modern painting, by his firm persistency, ever since he first took up his brush, in elaborating his own æsthetic ideal, not caring whether or not his critics approved of his work, or a jury of enlightened artists would blunder into rejecting his pictures—a thing that has been known to happen year after year without affecting the master's conduct in the smallest degree.

Between two acts, on that same evening, we were discussing Lamartine; and his high conception of beauty was in a moment made real to me simply by the way in which the great painter spoke the name of the great poet. It is the admiration for art, for beauty pure and supreme, which has been the rule of life to Puvis de Chavannes, and the inspiration of his work, and the spring of his regard for every sincere effort in others; this has won him the respect of all.

M. Marius Vachon tells us that, to Puvis de Chavannes, the first rule of art is that a painter should never paint but when he has something to express; and as we look through the illustrations to this volume we are intensely aware of the truth of this statement. There is not the least scrap or sketch which does not convey an idea, an action, or a movement; and in every picture, every decorative design, we find an irresistible charm which, even in the absence of colour, gives us a sense of penetrating harmony.

As I turn over the pages I see the studio at Neuilly. Vast enough to hold the largest of the painter's works, the great, plain building rises in my memory, in the midst of gardens and unfrequented avenues. The first time I went there, introduced by Jules Valadon, the powerful painter

of still life, Puvis de Chavannes was working at his great decorative canvas for the Sorbonne. The cartoon—or rather, the drawing—as it was to be painted over, was already set out on the canvas; only here and there were there suggestions of colour, waiting to be combined in the grand final symphony of tone. The artist was experimenting on attitudes for a figure lost in thought, altering the hands that supported the man's chin; and as he worked he explained the arrangement of the scene—the group of the *Alma Mater* in the middle, old and young drinking of the well-springs of Science; Poetry, Fable, the Sciences, the Muses;—and his clear, simple, precise language gave life and colour to the whole, so that I seemed to see it, then and there, as I never really beheld it till long after, finished, one day at the Sorbonne; though I also saw it meanwhile at the Salon in too glaring a light, and surrounded by blatant splashes of colour and the raw gold of new frames. Marring to its beauty above all was the chatter of the crowd, as they spoke their opinion.

In the book I again see this great work, very much reduced, of course, but truthful in effect; and there is nothing to jar in the respectful admiration expressed by M. Vachon. The studio, too, is here—the great shed, with its many windows, the light pouring in freely; almost empty of furniture, one wall entirely occupied by a huge composition. I see it all in a small, delicately toned print, with the tender grace of a sepia drawing. It is a noble setting for the master's conscientious labours, always deep, always inspired; I fancy I can see him come and go, his charcoal stump in his hand, his manner energetic and cheerful, never interrupting his drawing while he explains his purpose.

Presently the letterpress again tempts me—it is so interesting, so full of vitality as it tells the story of first efforts and many cheeks, but never—be it observed—never of despair. The painter had too much faith in his own aims ever to be downcast. There we find Puvis de Chavannes surrounded by friends—Théophile Gautier, Banville, and Lamartine; and we have the contemporary criticism of other painters. Meissonier, for instance, who never was prodigal of praise, said after seeing the Panthéon (Ste. Geneviève), "There is no one but Puvis de Chavannes who stands alone; all the rest of you will have to gild the building."

There are pleasing anecdotes, too, of the painter himself. The Chamber of Commerce at Bordeaux commissioned him to paint a decorative picture; then, like good folks who, having money, feel themselves masters, the worthy Chamber set him a subject—a very good subject, dealing with the



history of the town, and such as the painter might very likely have selected, but which he did not glory where he now sits, he refused, preferring liberty, unfettered choice, and imagination.



AT THE FOUNTAIN.

(By Puvvis de Chavannes.)

choose to take as forced upon him, considering, very rightly, that Art, if it obeys, must stoop. So, although he had not yet risen to the summit of

Unconsciously, too, this book of M. Vachon's reveals the painter's learning and fine culture. Puvvis de Chavannes is never superficial; in a



decorative work of the simplest arrangement he can give all the character, the colour, the past and the present of a Province. We may here see with what conscientious care he composed the decorative picture for Amiens, embodying the spirit and industry of Picardy; and further on, when working for Poitiers, we have the story of Saint Radegonde and the victory of Charles Martel, set forth on historical data without an anachronism or a mistake in detail; and, to crown all, the history of Sainte Geneviève for the Panthéon at Paris, a fragment of the origin of the city immortalised by a great artist. This is a "great poem to the glory of the saint who will always be the most ideal figure of the early youth of our race, when the legend of the patron saint of Paris was one with the wonderful tale of primitive Christianity in France," to quote M. P. de Chennevières, whose glory it is that he gave Puvis de Chavannes the commission for this grand work. Saint Germain and Saint Loup d'Auxerre, on their way to England to combat the Pelagian heresy, stopped in the neighbourhood of Nanterre, and in the crowd that collected round them observed a little child stamped with the divine seal. One of the panels of the painting represents Saint Germain laying his hand on the innocent head of Sainte Geneviève, robed in white and, as it were, radiant with faith. The people throng round the bishops—women holding out their children to be blessed, and bringing the sick in hope of some miracle. In another panel, even more exquisitely harmonious, where an effect of great space is gained by leaving part of the scene empty of figures, the little saint is seen in white, her hair falling about her, kneeling before a cross made of two sticks against the trunk of a tree. Round the child's head is a very faint glory. In the foreground a man and a woman with an infant in her arms gaze at the young saint, and around her sheep are peacefully feeding. In the background, half hidden by one of the large trees which form a sort of colonnade, a labourer also watches the praying child.

I can hardly venture to say that this is the finest composition of the whole, but it is that in which the master seems to have concentrated his tenderness of feeling and all the charm of melting colour, with a pathetic strain of simplicity, expressive at once of high artistic skill and a lofty faith.

In speaking of this life of Sainte Geneviève, M. Vachon tells us, which is good hearing, that the Council of Fine Arts in Paris has given to Puvis de Chavannes the commission for some further decorative work in the Panthéon, originally entrusted to Meissonier, and that this is now in progress.

The author gives a full description of the Palais des Arts at Lyons. Five great works by Puvis de Chavannes are set before us: "A Vision of the Antique," "Christian Inspiration," "The Sacred Wood dear to the Arts and Muses," and two purely decorative paintings—"The Rhône" and "The Saône," supplemented by their histories and a full description which helps the illustrations. Next we have the great hemicycle of the Sorbonne, and the decorative work in the Hôtel de Ville: "Summer," a season of joy and harvesting, bright and cheerful in colour; and "Winter," cruel to the poor—almost a monochrome—a group of wood-cutters, while huntsmen are seen in the distance; with corner panels in which modern costume and the antique nude are mingled in felicitous compositions with characteristic individuality.

On the ceiling of the staircase we see "Victor Hugo offering his Lyre to the City of Paris;" and of this and the other decorations we cannot speak in fitter words than M. Vachon: "Puvis de Chavannes has really achieved the grand style in decorative work; it is so simple, so well-balanced, so logical, so absolutely in its place, that we see it without looking at it, and admire it without analysing it; it pleases by amply satisfying all our sense requires. As soon as we set foot on the staircase we have come into a glory of light; it pervades the place on all sides, and wraps us in an atmosphere of brightness that is at once restful and delicious."

M. Marius Vachon may well be proud of so thoroughly understanding and so well describing Puvis de Chavannes, and the painter's admirers will be grateful to him. In this brief notice I have, I fear, hardly succeeded in showing how completely the critic has mastered his subject. In few words and reticent phrases he shows us Puvis de Chavannes so exactly to the life that the study of his book will give those who are so happy as to know the painter the delightful sense of a long chat, of a day spent in his company.

I shall surprise M. Vachon, I daresay, by telling him that once upon a time I knew Puvis de Chavannes as a scene-painter—a long while ago. Before the war, two pieces by Théophile Gautier were performed at the author's house—"Le Tricorne Eucharisté" and "Pierrot Posthume." Théophile Gautier himself, his wife, his daughters—Estelle and the charming Judith—and his son were the performers; and the whole array of the writers of the day were there to applaud this accomplished company. And the two scenes, each a public square, one very simple, but the other with a fountain—a real fountain—in the foreground, were the work of Puvis de Chavannes!

M. Marius Vachon has also done for Detaille, and with no less success, what he did for Puvvis de Chavannes. In his book he depicts the life of the artist, his methods of work, his aims, his theories of art, and brings before us a series of the master's



SAARBRUCK: A SKETCH.  
(By Edouard Detaille.)

pictures in a style which adds to the accuracy of a record the charm and vitality of a work of inspiration, stamping on the mind almost more vividly than the eye itself a remembrance of the works of Edouard Detaille.

He begins, indeed, at the beginning, with a rapid but sufficient account of military painting in France. He sets before us in clear outline Lebrun, Gérard, Girodet, Raffet, Horace Vernet, and Meissonier, whose talent, as we very well know, fired Detaille's.

Then we read of Detaille's boyhood, a curious boyhood, his destiny written in that of his immediate ancestors and the circumstances of his early life. Detaille's grandfather was an army contractor; his father, at the age of four, ran across a village street just in front of Napoleon's horse, which reared and threw the Emperor; a small incident, but memorable in the family, where it was constantly related with other fragments of the

imperial epic, so that Detaille, as soon as he was old enough to understand speech, heard it from one and another of his relations and friends more or less closely connected with the *Grande Armée*.

His earliest and only playthings were toy cannon and pistols and tin soldiers; and, instead of gaudy illustrations of fairy tales, he revelled, as he says, in books by Charlet and Raffet. His first visits to the theatre were to see the military spectacles then popular in every circus; the only music he loved was the bugle-call in the forest of Saint-Germain. In school his books and copy-books were always filled with drawings of soldiers.

His father, who was intimate with many artists, obtained the rare favour of an introduction for his son to Meissonier, who rarely took pupils, but admitted Detaille to his studio at once.

In 1867, when he was nineteen, Edouard Detaille exhibited his first picture, "The Interior of Meissonier's Studio;" and in the following year, "La Halte des Tambours"

(Drummers resting), in which we may already see the fine qualities which ripened to make the master of whom France is now so proud. In speaking of the first of these pictures, M. Marius Vachon has a pleasing anecdote. Detaille's model, fascinated by the picture, in which his instinct recognised a fine thing, came when the work was finished and begged to buy it of Detaille for 800 francs—all his savings. On the day of the opening of the Salon Princess Mathilde bought it of the Mæcenas of a day for 1,500 francs.

All through M. Vachon's book,



SKETCH OF A HIGHLANDER.  
(By Edouard Detaille.)



relieving the printed page, sketches by Detaille bring before our eyes everything that struck and interested the artist. They are of all kinds: here we have soldiers of a past date, splendidly set up; there men of to-day vividly presented; again, we are in Spain, with studies of beggars in rags, and stern Moors solemnly draped in their white bernouse; and political characters, and dashing generals. Finally, as a sort of appendix, are a delicious series of caricatures: comical negroes bursting a big drum

the country, following the autumn manœuvres, and, returning once for all to his own manner, his individual talent fully asserted itself and won him the suffrages of the critics, with Théophile Gautier at their head.

M. Marius Vachon then follows Detaille into Spain and Algeria, in the spring of 1870.

Before the downfall, he tells us this little anecdote. At the time of the invasion Meissonier carefully concealed all his sketches and studies in his house at Poissy. There were left in his studio only a few scraps by pupils, which the Prussians carried off, fully persuaded that they were from Meissonier's hand.

Again, step by step, M. Vachon follows Detaille through the campaign, attached, as a civilian, to General Pajol's staff; but, in the fearful confusion that ensued on the first defeat, being unable to join, he enlisted in the 8th Battalion of Foot. In November he was attached to the staff of General Appert, engaged in the operations of General Duerot on the Marne. All through the campaign, mindful of



SKETCH OF A TROOPER OF THE LIFE-GUARDS.  
(By Edouard Detaille.)

with their fists; a young lieutenant asleep beside a regiment of bottles, while an angel plays soft airs on a harp; a priest running after a recruit with his shako on one side, who has taken to his heels after playing some trick.

This digression has led me to neglect M. Marius Vachon, who tells us of Detaille at Antibes, whither he followed Meissonier with three of his pupils, and made a quantity of open-air studies which were to serve as valuable notes for later work. At Antibes, in an atmosphere of colour suitable for the picture, Detaille sketched the "Cuirassiers shoeing Horses on the Road" in the Italian campaign, 1859.

In consequence of the more immediate contact with his master that resulted from this journey, a distinct modification of manner is perceptible in two little pictures by Detaille—"Reading the Paper, Garden of the Luxembourg, Paris" and "A Garden Gate"—executed quite in the style of Meissonier. But on his return from Antibes Detaille went into

Charlet's saying that "to paint a battle you must sketch it under fire," Detaille never ceased to do so, especially during the retreat on Villejuif. In a few swift strokes he took numberless notes for the masterpieces we owe to his brush, recording the successive events of the campaign of 1870.

All the horrors of human carnage are seen in cruel realism in his first picture of the war, "The Mitrailleuse." Then we have "German Troops" and "The Conquerors." In these, indeed, the realism was too keen, for M. Vachon tells us that both pictures were excluded from the Salon of 1872 by order of the Government, for fear of offending the victorious Prussians.

But Detaille has had his revenge in a way which shows him to be the man of wit and humour that his biographer describes. He painted a fan, on which figures of Mercury, with wings on their heels but wearing the German uniform, are flying away, carrying with them every kind of French timepiece,

from the tiny watch worn by a lady to a massive clock for a chimney-shelf; and we are told that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has a duplicate of this in his private room.

In 1873 Detaille exhibited the "Retreat," which earned him his first admission to the Legion of Honour, rising through the higher grades as he achieved more pictures. "Fighting in a Barn" and "Bavarian Prisoners" are reproduced in full-page plates, with interesting remarks by the biographer. In 1876 Detaille exhibited "Aid for the Wounded," a work which underwent many changes, and which in its final state, representing French officers on horseback saluting a train of wounded Germans, crowned the painter's reputation and glory, already well established by the picture called "Champigny." In this composition—a party of soldiers organising the defence of a walled garden, and determined to sell their lives dear—Detaille had done justice to his powers as a painter and a keen observer of life.

Subsequently, in collaboration with de Neuville, Detaille painted the Panorama of Champigny, a vast canvas empty of figures here and there, so as to give added emphasis to the horrors of the *mêlée* under clouds of smoke. Later, again, these two painters were associated in painting the Panorama of Rezonville, not less successful than the first. In the "Reconnais-sance," one of his most immediately popular works, Detaille gives us another war scene. In a village high street a lad in a blouse is guiding a company of scouts towards a spot to which he is pointing, and in the foreground, marking the scene of a previous skirmish, lies the body of an Uhlan by that of

his dead horse. However, Detaille could no longer be satisfied with the scenes of the war in the vicinity of Paris. In 1879–80 he visited the theatre of the first sanguinary struggles: Forbach, Sedan, Saarbrück, Regouville, Vandenheim, and Ste. Marie aux Chênes. As a result of this tour, from which Detaille brought back thousands of sketches and studies, he painted no fewer than fourteen pictures; among these were "The Charge of the IXth Cuirassiers"—a terrible onslaught of men and horses in a calm and idyllic landscape, the pretty hamlet of Morsbromm—and

"The Alarm," a party of officers to whom a mounted orderly brings news, and who come rushing out of a house in which they had taken shelter from a snowstorm.

Of Detaille's pictures before the famous "Dream," the best known, I think, was "The Passing Regiment." The regiment is seen marching past the Porte Saint-Martin in the rain, the drums and fifes leading; the people run in front, crowd round, and follow. Every head is carefully studied and wonderfully rendered, and a patriotic spirit pervades the whole. M. Vachon also shows us "The Look-out from the Mill," and a "Scene of the Military Manœuvres"—foreign officers posted on a mound and watching the movements of the troops in the distance; also a charming water-colour drawing of General Canrobert reviewing the manœuvres of the IIIrd Army Corps.

Detaille had painted one very large picture, not inferior to his former works, though he had, perhaps, rather over-elaborated the details—"Distributing the Flags." The critics having spoken severely of this work, Detaille, without any fuss or discussion, destroyed the painting as soon as the Salon was closed, keeping one small portion of it only, a group of officers of the finest type. Such artistic conscientiousness is really a noble thing, characteristic, indeed, of every truly great artist, and more significant, as showing the man's nature, than many pages of eulogium.

In 1881 Detaille obtained permission to go with the army to Tunis, and brought back a wonderful series of sketches, with portraits of General Vincendon and Major Guerrier, and pictures of "The

Camp at El Attalfa; General Vincendon's Brigade," at the foot of a chain of hills under a blaze of sunshine unmitigated by the shade of a sunburnt tree. "The Port of Bizerta" shows us soldiers up to their waists in water helping to unload a boat. In the background lies the town, intensely white. In this picture Detaille shows his skill as a marine painter.

In 1883 he spent three months at Vienna, whence he brought home sketches of the Austrian soldiery.



A SKETCH IN PARIS, FOR "THE PASSING REGIMENT."

(By Edouard Detaille.)



In 1884 he went to Russia, to the camp at Krasnoë, and painted his wonderful and popular pictures, "The Return to the Cantonments," "Ataman Cossacks singing as they come in at night," and a "Bivouac of the Imperial Troops."

The pictures seem never-ending: "The Artillery of the Guard," "A Sortie of the Garrison from Huningue," purchased for the Luxembourg, as was also "The Dream," the picture which took the first prize at the Salon of 1886—the dream of a soldier who, in the grey light of early dawn, sees the march across the sky of the glorious *Grande Armée*. Then we have "Colonel Lepic at Eylau;" a dragoon watering two horses "On the Bank of the Mémen"—an evening scene of exquisite melancholy and calm; "The Funeral of Pasteur," soldiers marching past the bier; "Victims to Duty," a fireman killed at a fire.

Then M. Vachon shows us through the "Detaille Album," with letterpress by Jules Richard. These

346 drawings and sixty water-colours (full-sized plates) form a splendid monograph of modern armies.

Detaille has frequently visited England and painted her soldiers: "Scots Guards returning from Exercise," "The Tower of London," "A Recruiting Office in Westminster," "A Piper of the Forty-second," and "Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught," presented to the Queen on the occasion of the Jubilee. Besides these he made numbers of sketches of the camp at Aldershot, in Hyde Park, and on the Thames, giving a very true impression of English life and atmosphere. But a thing which is not generally known in France is that Detaille's work is highly appreciated in England, and an eminent English art critic said to me, "de Neuville and Detaille are the only foreign painters who have succeeded in giving the peculiar stamp of completeness which is characteristic of the English soldier."

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## THE FAULTS OF SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM EXPOSED.

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WHEN two years ago, under the title of the "Exposure of South Kensington Museum," we laid bare some of the scandals and abuses, the rottenness of system and badness of administration of which we had informed ourselves—and, after ourselves, our readers—we were charged by injudicious friends of South Kensington with "setting ourselves up as censors of the Department obviously without accurate or extensive knowledge of its operations;" and Major-General Sir John Donnelly, the military official chief, quoted to the House of Commons Committee what he took to be a resolution of the Museums Association condemnatory alike of our facts and of our attitude (Answer 648). And much was made at the same time of the fact that we had protested against metal work being sent to Birmingham and lace to Nottingham. It was foolishly or disingenuously assumed that we objected to any examples of such articles being sent, whereas our protest was obviously against collections of art-work exclusive of those which form the staple of the art production of the districts in question.

The Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to look into the matter has now established in its Report the fact that our charges against South Kensington were almost without exception accurate, and that the reforms which we proposed should nearly all of them be adopted. We take

no special credit to ourselves at this result, for such a conclusion was absolutely inevitable to every fair-minded and unprejudiced man who became acquainted with the facts and the information which were in our possession, a proportion of which we imparted to our readers. Here we must draw attention to a suggestive point. The majority of the scandals and abuses which were established by the Committee were those which had been ferreted out by the critics of South Kensington for themselves, in face of the secrecy which was naturally maintained in the Department, and in spite of the attitude of the higher officials towards those who were suspected of giving information. If such a statement as this were likely to be received with reserve by the public when we last wrote upon the subject, it is hardly likely to be rejected now that the temper of the Department has been established by the dismissal of Mr. Weale, the distinguished Librarian, immediately after he gave information, not to the Press but to the representatives of the House of Commons who were appointed to receive it. Mr. Balfour has been inspired to deny the facts; but his "defence" is utterly demolished by the elaborate and convincing statement explanatory of the whole case which appears in the Draft Report by Lord Balcarras, appended in the second Report of the Select Committee issued in the middle of July. When a strong Committee denounces this dismissal

as "very much resembling a breach of privilege and an infringement of the immunity usually enjoyed by witnesses before Committees of the House of Commons," the denial of the incriminated officials is little likely to be accepted by the public.

Let us see now what were our charges and our recommendations, and to what conclusions the Committee has come on these very points—merely remarking in illustration of the difficulty of establishing facts in respect to a Department hysterically averse to criticism that the number of new facts extracted by the Committee beyond those which have already been brought to light by ourselves and others is significantly few. Yet, so far as we are concerned, we never dreamt of suggesting that in our unveiling of the shortcomings of the Museum we had revealed all the weak points which we knew to exist. We stated that:—

1. Much of the evil in South Kensington was caused by the military element in the place. *Report.*—Recommendation to replace the military as firemen and artisans by civilians. Criticism of military headship is withheld in view of the fact that they are appointed under an Order in Council (2627).

2. The complete severance of the section of art from that of science. *Report.*—That the whole of the provision for science instruction should be entirely removed to the west of Exhibition Road, the Art Section occupying entirely the right of the Exhibition Road. The increased authority recommended for the Director of the Art Museum should release him from the subjection to the Director for Science, which in some respects he suffers.

3. *Expertise* should be encouraged amongst the officials by the abolition of the system of shifting, and that special entrance examinations to that end should be adopted. *Report.*—Both these recommendations adopted.

4. The Keeper of the Art Library (that is to say, the Librarian) is interfered with; his scanty funds frittered on extravagances and relatively useless purchases, in spite of his protests; his deprivation of proper control alike of his funds and of his assistants; work foisted on him that he declares unnecessary, and outsiders appointed to do it whom he declares incompetent; work which will wait ordered to be carried out before other work which he declares to be urgent, while he is hindered in his attempts at proper organisation, and thwarted in useful schemes. *Report.*—All these statements confirmed in language as emphatic and indignant as our own.

5. The issue of the scandalously inaccurate Catalogue of Engraved National Portraits, upon

which a large sum of public money has been squandered, will stand for all time to the discredit of the Museum which issued it; and that this bundle of errors is retailed to the public at a loss of about 16s. 6d. a copy. *Report.*—It is a sheer waste of public money; it is grossly inaccurate and full of absurdities. The official return as to the cost was scandalously incorrect; and practically that the whole was a job unworthy of the Museum; the laxity in the Financial Department in respect to it is reprehensible, and the shameful Catalogue should be withdrawn.

[We are the less sparing towards the author, Mr. Julian Marshall, as, instead of acknowledging his error and offering to refund the money which he received for the correction of his proofs—which so-called "correction" the Report severely criticises—he has actually attempted to justify himself in a paper laid by him before the Committee and printed as an Appendix to the evidence.]

6. The Circulation Department requires reform and reorganisation. *Report.*—While provincial museums and schools are, speaking generally, satisfied with the Circulation Department, the Keeper is reminded that he must not consider the "popularity" which "brings in the shillings and sixpences" as the first objective of the loans. Administrative reforms have been carried out [after the Press drew attention to the condition of the section demanding the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry—since when the then chief has also been removed]. Greater initiative should come from the Department, and there is recommended for this purpose "A proper classification for the Museum, now a wilderness."

7. The question of frauds and forgeries in the Museum should be submitted to a committee of experts, the result of whose inquiry would surprise the public; and the fact that misleading labels on spurious objects which are treated as genuine should not be allowed to remain. *Report.*—A Vermis Martin cabinet, bought as genuine for £816, turns out to have been made up with genuine panels only by an artisan now on the staff of the Museum; the label upon it has now been changed. Forged Della Robbia pieces have now been removed to Bethnal Green Museum and labelled "imitations." "Cardinal Wolsey's chair," bought at the Hamilton Palace sale, is admitted to be Cingalese work of the eighteenth century, and is now so labelled. The Agate Cup, bought at the Hamilton Palace sale for £535, is said to be a modern make-up



worth but one-tenth of the price given. The great Molinari gateway, which was purchased in 1882 by Mr. Armstrong after his predecessor, Sir Charles Robinson, had refused it (at half the price paid for it) as partly spurious—as was confessed in a document produced to the Committee by the man who claimed to have made it up—cost £600 and a further very considerable sum for transport and fixing. The documents in respect to this, as well as to other matters into which the Committee desired to probe, “were destroyed or mislaid” by the South Kensington authorities! And the late Dr. Middleton drew up a list of fifty objects denominated “forgeries, quasi-forgeries, or worthless things.”

8. The shifting of Assistant Keepers and others from section to section of the Museum at the autocratic will of the Secretary is fatal to the well-being of the Museum and to that efficiency which is necessary to its proper conduct. *Report*.—“We are strongly of opinion that this is detrimental to the public service.”

These criticisms cover but a portion of the ground traversed by the Committee. There has further been established the fact that an extraordinary degree of nepotism prevails in the Museum—a point which we never touched upon—and serious charges have been similarly established on the financial side both as regards waste, extravagance, laxity, and misapplication of funds. [We need hardly say that on this last point we refer only to administrative misapplication and not dishonesty of any sort.] The Committee further makes the following recommendations which, if loyally adopted by my Lords and the chief officials, will go far towards placing the Museum upon a proper basis, and restore to it the confidence of the public and rehabilitate its lost prestige:—

1. The issue of cheap and useful catalogues which should not be the property of private firms or privileged members of the Museum staff, but issued by and under the authority of the Museum itself.

2. The revision of labels throughout.

3. Reform in the Financial and Accountants Departments.

4. The placing of rules—“relaxed,” “in abeyance,” or mischievous—on a proper basis.

5. The prevention of interference by the Secretary in respect to the authenticity and artistic merit of the objects offered to the Museum.

6. The transference of such responsibility to the Director of the Museum.

7. The curtailment of the control in the

Museum of the Director for Art, who should restrict himself to his natural administrative work of the supervision of the art schools and classes.

8. The Director of the Art Museum and his subordinate officers should be experts, and trained as such.

9. That paid referees [several of whom are wealthy and aristocratic amateurs] should be abolished.

10. That the objects of vicious taste at Bethnal Green should be destroyed.

11. That Library vacancies should be advertised, and that candidates who enter competitive examinations for the Museum should know that they may be sent into the Library.

12. That the purely art objects in the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street should be transferred to South Kensington.

13. That the Keeper of the Library should be entirely responsible for his Department, and his subordinates should be trained bibliographers.

14. That more space should be obtained in the Museum by the abolition of the Buckland Fish Culture section which has previously been recommended for suppression.

15. That a Board of Visitors for the Art Museum should be established who may act as an Advisory Board, much like the body that works so well in Dublin. [A most important innovation.]

16. That in view of certain occurrences which have been severely criticised no member or paid official of the Science and Art Department should be employed as examiner of competitors for Museum employment.

17. That on the Metropolitan Fire Brigade should be placed the responsibility of securing the Museum from danger of fire.

18. That the Director for Science should henceforward be prevented from wasting his time as mere Clerk of the Works to the bricklayers, plumbers, carpenters, etc.

19. That the Bethnal Green Museum (which has been scandalously neglected) should be handed over by the Science and Art Department to the London County Council, and that the grant hitherto allocated to it should in the future be spent upon the establishment and subsidy of a museum for Wales.

20. That the Board Meetings relinquished by my Lords (the Duke of Devonshire and Sir John Gorst) should be resumed.

21. That the Offices and Secretarial Department be removed from the Museum to Whitehall.

22. That explanatory lectures should be given, such as have been successful at the Dublin Museum and at the Geological Museum.

23. That admission to the Museums should be always free.

Such are the principal, though by no means all the, recommendations in respect to the Art side of the Museums in connection with the Department, and we ask our readers—with full confidence as to their reply—whether these suggestions for reform, coming from a Committee of some of the most distinguished men in the House of Commons, are not a sufficient confirmation of our charges and a sufficient refutation of the statement by friends of the South Kensington cabal, that the revelations which we and one or two other public writers thought fit to make were but the agitation of one or two journalists?

At the same time we desire energetically to assert that, bad as the administration of South Kensington may have been, the irresponsible exaggerations which have found expression in certain newspapers are as misleading as they are far-fetched. They demand that because of these abuses the South Kensington Museum, if not the Department of Science and Art itself, should be swept away. Nothing short of this, it would seem, would satisfy them. The true alternative of the maladministra-

tion of a great and useful Department is, of course, not Abolition but Reform; and if some sort of abolition is insisted upon, it should rather take the form of the dismissal of the guilty or incompetent parties, and not the suppression of the institution itself. The public must remember that the Museum contains a very large number of competent, loyal, and devoted officials who desire nothing better than that they may render every assistance to inquirers and place all the resources of the establishment and of their own talents at the disposal of the true student, of the scholar, and even of the chance visitor. Alike in the Library and the Museum proper the visitor finds the most praiseworthy anxiety to be useful and helpful: and we readily believe that the great majority of the staff will in their hearts (for they can hardly dare to express their opinions) welcome the reforms which are recommended, and would gladly see official control tightened on such of their chiefs in whom they may have lost confidence. If, therefore, the Government or its representatives be not permitted to shelve these recommendations, or any of them—as in all probability they will attempt to do—we will in course of time find South Kensington resuming its place in the confidence of the public, and constituting not unworthily a complementary institution to the British Museum itself.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

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## THE ART MOVEMENT.

### DECORATIVE AND APPLIED ART IN GERMANY.

BY PAUL SCHULTZE-NAUMBURG.

SINCE I wrote, a year since, a short account of the progress of decorative art in Germany, matters have changed in many ways. The sound artistic sense that exists in that country has devoted itself with ardent zeal to the necessary and fascinating problems of decorative art. A group of young artists has sprung up in Munich striving in common to carry out the scheme for securing a section for Applied Art in the Glass Palace of the

International Exhibition; the art exhibition at Dresden has included it in its scope; new art-centres have been started at Berlin especially devoted to the new movement, and they find support in the publication of various new periodicals dealing with this fresh development.

Thus the past year has been an important one for decorative art in Germany. I shall here endeavour to give some account of its more important manifestations.

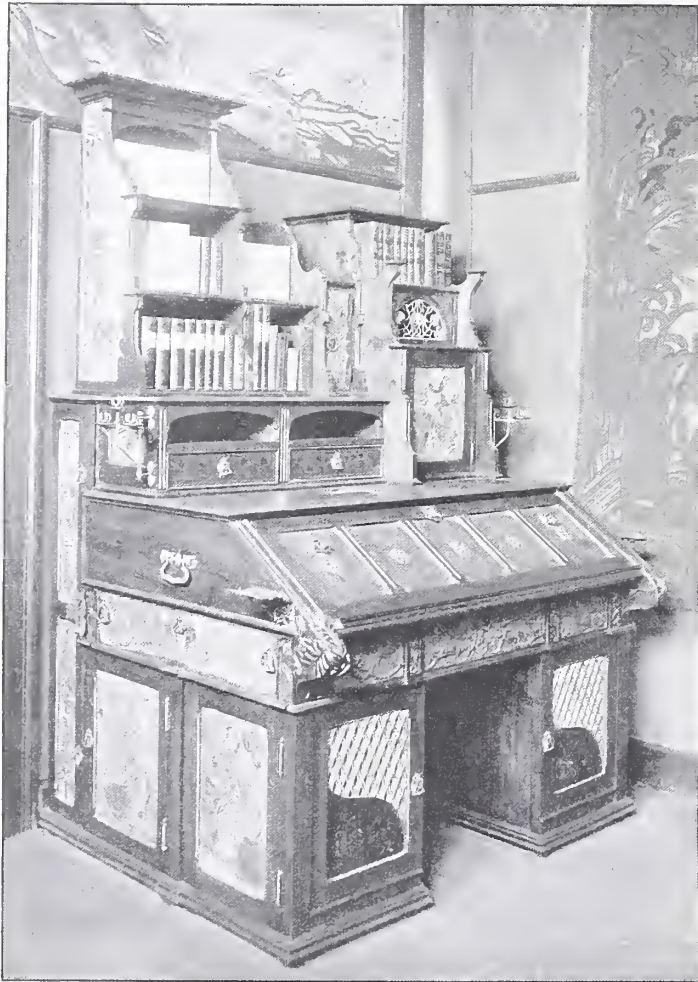


BOWLS IN COPPER AND BRONZE.

(Designed by H. E. von Berlepsch.)



The movement has its headquarters undoubtedly at Munich, though rival towns may probably at no distant date dispute this supremacy. The group of Munich artists who exhibited this year at the Glass Palace there, under the section of Minor Arts, assisted the two architects, Theodor Fischer and



WRITING-TABLE.

(Designed by H. E. von Berlepsch.)

Martin Dülfer, who undertook to arrange and decorate a space allotted to each. They enlisted the help of Herman Obrist, the sculptor (some examples of whose embroidered hangings were reproduced some little time since for the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART), Otto Erkmann, and Eler, illustrations of whose work I discussed at the same time; Riemerschmidt, who had made himself known as a sculptor, and whose great decorative gifts were here displayed for the first time; and H. E. Berlepsch, writer on art, painter, and artistic craftsman, well known in Germany. Hofrath Dr. Rohlf's joined their ranks as their counsel in diplomatic matters, and many other young artists were enlisted, so that

the exhibition in this section, though not large, was a remarkable collection of every kind of work of this class that Germany had produced, side by side with that of some foreigners—Tiffany, Gallé, Nocq, Carabin Morren, Massier, and others.

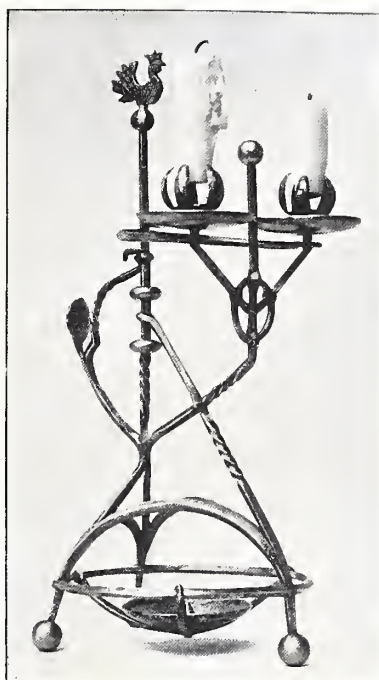
I am able to give my readers some examples of the works of H. E. von Berlepsch. This artist was born in 1852 at St. Gall, in Switzerland. He was educated at the High School at Zürich, and afterwards at the Polytechnic School there, becoming the pupil of Gottfried Semper, whose influence over him was deep and lasting—he still looks up to him with the greatest respect. While yet a student he brought out various publications, and spent his holidays in practical work as a carpenter and mason, thus acquiring personal experience of a kind which was subsequently of inestimable utility. For some time he studied as an architect, but the increasing claims of the inartistic but indispensable side of an architect's work proved so repellent that he resolved to become a painter. He went to the Munich Academy, studying under Zöfritz and Lindenschmidt; he then made extensive artistic tours through the Old World, and so gained a comprehensive culture and knowledge of art which gave him broader views than any of his colleagues. Constantly employed in literary work, his numerous essays won him a great reputation as a man eager to diffuse artistic knowledge and feeling, especially as clearing the way for modern originality by being one of the first to insist that only that, and not imitation and copying, can ever result in genuine development. Meanwhile he carried on artistic crafts of various kinds—wrought-iron work, bronze ornament, and ceramics, writing books at the same time, chiefly on subjects bearing on the history of art.

The furniture of which an illustration is here given was designed by him for his own house and adapted to his own personal requirements. Starting always from the constructive design, he treats the ornamentation as dependent on that. Economy of space is here carried as far as possible. The writing-table is a perfect museum; the cupboard is elaborately adapted to the preservation of large copper-plate engravings, and all the other arrangements are devised with equal ingenuity. The flower-stands are of deep-toned copper with bronzed handles; the chandeliers are of wrought iron.

H. Obrist has gone on working in his own way,

and a chest or trunk executed by him is quite original and peculiar in its treatment. His amazing ingenuity in inventing forms which are unlike all natural forms, or which are, as it were, an extract of natural forms, is here seen to the best advantage. Obrist has the talent that creates a style, in the strictest sense of the word, for style is the invention of new forms which are characteristic of the spirit of their period. I hope ere long to present the reader with some examples of Obrist's later work, for he is certainly one of the most eminent decorative artists of Germany.

Erkman, who is now engaged in teaching at Berlin in the School of Arts and Crafts, exhibits chiefly textile goods, manufactured at Scherebeck in Schleswig-Holstein, in an establishment for the production of artistic but inexpensive materials.



CANDELABRA IN WROUGHT IRON.

(Designed by H. E. von Berlepsch.)

and pleasing colours, with woven patterns of an artistic character. A group of fine wrought-iron chandeliers shows the versatility of Erkman's gifts.

Riemerschmidt, the painter, has joined the corps of decorative artists. A sideboard of yew-wood, with ironwork ornament, was his first effort, and a masterpiece, particularly as he has kept clear of the mere modern or fashionable taste in ornament, and invented a scheme of appropriate and original lines. His decorative work in wall-painting also shows a very promising attempt in a hitherto unbeaten track.

To keep within the limits of the space allowed me I can allude but briefly to some examples of pottery—those of Langer, for instance, and the vases by Schumz-Baudiss, also

a painter; to the furniture by Bernhard Pankok, whose distinguished talents have brought him to the front during the last few years; the glass-work by Koepping, one of the most successful German makers of such *objets d'art*; the majolica ware of the artist-family, von Heider; the charming cabinet-work by Gross, a sculptor; book-bindings by Erler—of whose designs our readers have already seen some examples—and Eudell, a young man whose talent shows marked individuality.

The two architects whose names I have mentioned—Dulfer and Fischer—deserve the highest praise for the way in which they have treated the details of domestic architecture.



CANDELABRA IN WROUGHT IRON.

(Designed by H. E. von Berlepsch.)



CANDELABRA IN WROUGHT IRON.

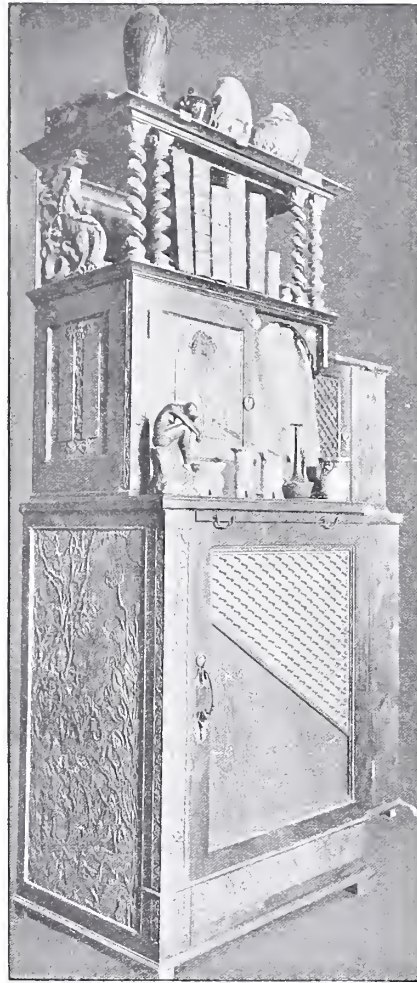
(Designed by H. E. von Berlepsch.)

All these furniture stuffs are admirably fitted for hangings, and we also find simple materials of fast



Not only in Munich have the applied arts asserted their right to a place in art exhibitions. Dresden, this year, has given a distinct impetus, felt throughout Germany. Here Herr Gräbener, the architect, fitted up the German section and the refreshment-rooms with really remarkable taste. Of great interest, too, were a number of exhibits by Bing, of Paris, whose work is familiar to the reader. The rooms arranged by him had the excellent result of teaching not artists alone, but purchasers also, what the young school are achieving.

A sure sign of the tide that is now bearing us on is the publication of two new periodicals, both efficiently conducted and elegantly produced, "Decorative Kunst" (Decorative Art), published by Bruckmann, and "Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration" (German Art and Decoration), by Koch. They deal with the new decorative movement in Germany, and their illustrations show from time to time all that is being done. The first of these two magazines makes it its business



CABINET.

(Designed by H. E. von Berlepsch.)

to keep its readers informed as to international developments in these branches of art, while Koch's devotes itself exclusively to the German-speaking countries. Both are as yet too young to be more fully criticised, but they afford sufficient evidence of the aims and ends of the revival in Germany, to which so much artistic talent is now diverted. The advance made within the last year is greater than in all the twenty years preceding. It is a final answer to the idea that art is only to be sought in pictures, and is in itself a confession that a sound practice of artistic crafts is an indispensable preliminary to a sound scheme of high art.

I cannot indeed report of much that would be new to England, at any rate in principle; but to us it is a very important fact that a thing which has long been firmly established on a settled basis in England, Belgium, and America, is at last beginning to make its way in Germany—namely, the art of daily life

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#### MR. HADLEY'S POTTERY.

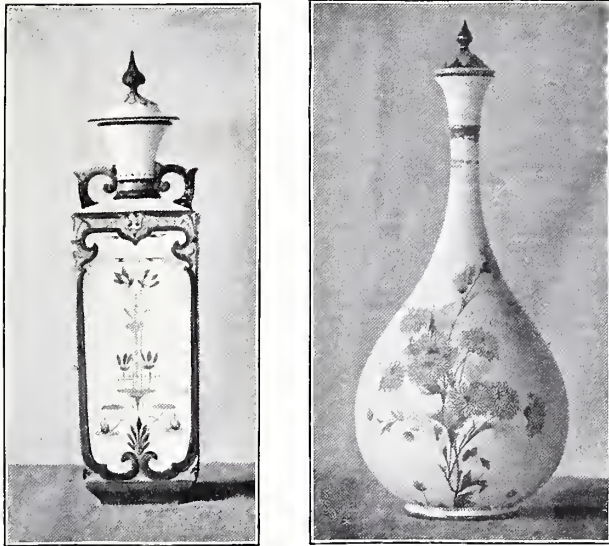
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EVERYONE knows that Worcester is famous for its china; and since for the last 146 years the Royal Porcelain Works have existed there may be a tendency to suppose that all productions of Worcester porcelain must come from the celebrated factory founded by Dr. Wall. But Roman and mediæval potters worked at Worcester almost on the site where the famous manufacture is at present carried on; and as Dr. Wall's was not the first ceramic venture at Worcester, neither is it the last.

In the days when the secrets of the potter's art were guarded so closely that in such factories as Dresden the workmen lived in a kind of prison, they had a trick of absconding when by chance or fraud they had obtained the precious knowledge

of the composition of the wares they helped to fashion. There has recently been published quite a lengthy work upon the ware of Nantgarw, which one Billingley made at the beginning of this century by means of a secret he stole from Worcester; and how Astbury, by pretending to be an idiot, managed to learn the methods of the Elers, is a commonplace from the life of Wedgwood. Nowadays, however, almost every former secret of the potter's art must be matter of common knowledge, and there is no question of defrauding the parent factory when a clever artist sets up for himself. It is a cause for congratulation when a centre of manufacture has such vitality as to send out new offshoots to carry on the art under a different form.

The beginnings of a new development are always interesting. Since the struggles and despairs of



"HADLEY" VASES.

Palissy there has been a certain glamour surrounding the first attempts to do something new in the ceramic art. We would gladly have beheld if we could the old Sèvres factory as it was originally built, so unlike a place of business, so very like a French château; or the picturesque commencement of "Royal Worcester" in the old mansion of the Windsor family on the banks of the Severn; and just at present, at a very small distance from the site of Dr. Wall's first factory, the tale of a similar new venture being enacted once more is the subject of this paper.

Some people find it comforting to be able to boast that they discovered an artist who did not advertise or push himself, and bought his sculpture, his pictures, or his pottery before anyone else in the world knew anything about him. When success is assured, when the fame of the artist is spread abroad, and his work is everywhere to be seen, then in the general chorus of acclamation he loses perhaps somewhat of the human interest which attached itself to his experiments on a humble scale. You had a jealous affection for him before—you could almost turn and rend him now for being so victorious!

It has never been my good fortune to be in such a position.

Pioneers in a new or revived phase of art or craft are snapped up and made much of so quickly nowadays that the would-be discoverer must rise very early indeed, and then he will be lucky if his "find" is doing anything really worth attention. But I have had the honour of being the first visitor to a little manufactory of pottery where, unknown to the general public, very notable results indeed are being obtained. I was told that a pretty piece of ware which I saw in a friend's house at Worcester was not a new invention of the Royal Porcelain Works, but the work of an artist who, while remaining upon terms of perfect friendliness with the Royal Porcelain Company, on behalf of which he had worked for many years, had also been experimenting afresh on his own account and had at last achieved success. On the next occasion of visiting Worcester I made haste to obtain an introduction to Mr. James Hadley, whose name was on the vase in question.

During the last century the great ambition of the potters was to produce a porcelain which should equal in hardness and whiteness the Oriental porcelain which the Portuguese introduced to Europe as early as 1500. Dresden succeeded early, but jealously prohibited the exportation of the precious kaolin which was the basis of its ware. Sèvres only succeeded when the necessary clay was found, by a fluke, within the territories of France. In England and especially at Worcester the potters succeeded in producing a porcelain which has all the material merits of the Oriental. There is apparently nothing more to learn in that direction, and of late years potters have been turning their attention to the earthenwares, and trying to see what new thing can be done with them.



CANDLESTICKS AND INKSTAND IN "HADLEY" POTTERY



The latest of these experiments, and one which has been crowned with complete success, is Mr. Hadley's. In his pleasant studio in the High Street of Worcester, and at his new works just built at Diglis, you may see his beautiful process carried through from the modelling of the forms to the final burnishing of the completed work of art. Two years ago not a single piece of pottery had been made, though in view of the important step of not only designing but also making decorative pottery from first to last entirely by themselves, Mr. Hadley and his three sons were busy accumulating models some months earlier. To-day may be seen a complete little manufactory with two large kilns, painting room, moulding rooms, electric polishing lathe, and grinding machinery complete. Mr. Hadley is no longer beholden to anyone for any process of his craft, though he is not slow to acknowledge that at an earlier stage most cordial assistance was given him by his great neighbour the Royal Porcelain Works. At present one may witness almost every process, even to the making of the "sengers" in which the pottery is stacked for firing in the kilns. The electric light is used



"HADLEY" VASE.

breaking into fragments, from the plaster moulds in which they are fashioned. Experience taught us that only after repeated efforts with the modelling

tool should we succeed, by means of the odd principle of suction, in coaxing a small fragment of clay to come up from the mould in which it seemed



"HADLEY" VASE.

inside of these to show the packer how his work progresses.

In the studio and the workshops one may learn what a number of delicate knacks are required by the workmen in each stage of the manufacture. It takes an apprentice many weary hours before he can cause the little bits of modelling clay to detach themselves, without

permanently embedded. But the clay acts in a truly marvellous and obliging manner when once you know the secrets of its manipulation. Take a large dish with raised scroll ornament in coloured clay on a white ground as an example of the method of "making." Into the "intaglio" hollows of the mould, which, of course, produces a counterpart in relief, the watery blue clay of the ornament is first carefully painted. So plastic is it, so admirably adapted to its purpose, that it fills every angle and curve with equal ease and consistency. Then when the hollows are full to the brim, the edges being kept carefully cleaned of superfluous blue clay, after a short interval for partial drying, the white ground of the dish is laid over all. The two different clays adhere, superfluous moisture sinks into the porous plaster of the mould, and after a time there emerges a dish with raised ornament ready for the firing. This is no mere dull earthenware production with only a surface glaze of colour, but a work of art in which body and ornament alike

are formed of clays each of an uniform and homogeneous "through-colour." The advantages of this are obvious. Your dish or plate or ewer may get chipped in time, but no sudden spot of white or other colour results from the abrasion. That is impossible, for the colour on the surface permeates the whole. It will be seen at once that the body of this ware, or "faience," as Mr. Had-



"HADLEY" VASE.

ley names it, is an absolute novelty and superior in colour and texture to that of any former earthenware. The application of through-coloured

clays by Mr. Hadley's "making" process is also new. The glaze, too, is of a superior quality, lustre, and transparency to that which has been used on previous earthenwares, and does not fill up or efface the sharpness of the original model. In the case of a hollow plaster mould for the body of a vase, it is most interesting to watch the action of the clay. No "core" is required as in metal casting. You simply pour the "slip" or watery clay into the mould by a hole in the top, and then the wonderful absorbent properties of the plaster do the rest. Sucking away the moisture, it causes a coating to form all round the inside of the mould. When this has attained a sufficient thickness, the superfluous "slip" in the centre of the vase which the plaster has not been able to attack is poured away, or else the vase would come out solid instead of hollow. Wonderful are the qualities of plaster-of-Paris, but its inveterate thirst tells upon it in the end. From continual drinking of clay-water it gets into a gritted, rough condition in which it can drink no more, and this precludes more than about a dozen pieces being cast without a perfectly fresh plaster mould.

Another marvel is the shrinkage of the clay. When the mould, which is in two halves tied or keyed together, is opened, very few moments elapse before the clay begins to shrink from its plaster sides, and by the time that the ware is finally fired, shrinkage has reduced the object by at least one-sixth. By a beautiful dispensation it shrinks in proportion all through, and the modeller's carefully calculated work is not thrown away by a vagary of the material.

Mr. Hadley describes his new ware as a semi-transparent faience, for which he claims that the body—*i.e.* the clay or admixture of clays of which the ware is composed—is more pure in colour and of a texture finer and stronger than that of the faïences of early or later date. The body, in fact, more nearly resembles porcelain in its composition, with its attendant advantages of strength and durability. Its firmness and strength are shown by its retaining, when fired, all the subtle lines of the original model, while the heat required in the kiln is quite as great as that which is necessary for firing porcelain. This is, of course, a very

important point. The firing of pottery and porcelain is a most delicate process, and the waste in the case of the old "pâte tendre" of Sèvres was one of the chief causes of the expense of its production. An artistic ware which, like Mr. Hadley's, is so amenable as actually never to come to grief in the kilns, should be susceptible of the furthest developments. It is, I believe, difficult to prevent flat surfaces, such as those of the little square-bodied vase on p. 673, from becoming warped and concave. Mr. Hadley's ware gives little or no difficulty in this respect.

So far I have spoken of material matters. Of the pieces which are illustrated, the vase on the left of p. 674 is treated in "through-coloured" clays only without any painted decoration, and as a matter of personal taste we feel that this elaborate and gracefully modelled vase and the candlesticks and inkstand represented on p. 673 do not require any enhancement by painted decoration. The proportions are excellent, and the masses of light and dark clays admirably disposed. It is possible that on p. 674 some might prefer to see the large expanse of the body of the upper vase varied by enamel colours painted on; but for pieces of elaborate outline and modelling my own opinion is that the nine different tones of blue, green, and brown "through-coloured" clays—the varieties of which are produced by the addition of varying quantities of metallic oxides to the white clay—give sufficient decorative effect.

The very graceful, though simple, saucer-boat shaped vase with lion's-head handles, I saw only in the "biscuit" stage of first firing without the glaze. The subjects of the remaining illustrations rely mainly on painting in the ordinary enamel colours.

It will be seen that the ware of Mr. Hadley and his three sons, each of whom has complete knowledge and direction of his special branch, shows nothing of the amateurism often characteristic of new ventures. It has found its way to appreciation without advertisement of any kind. Very few people have seen the examples in the tiny showroom in Worcester High Street, but their inherent merits of design and modelling, and originality of colour and material, have already opened up in the short space of a year and a half the prospect of a successful future.

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## NOTES AND QUERIES.

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[125] **COPYRIGHT IN ARCHITECTURAL DESIGNS.**—When an architect executes a design for a house to the order of another person, and has duly

received his commission for superintending the erection of the same, do the plans, elevations, and other drawings made for the purpose of carrying



out the building of the house belong to the architect or the person giving the commission? And to whom does the copyright of the design, if any, belong?—O. W. C. (Egham).

\* \* By the terms of the Copyright Act, whenever a commission is given for a "drawing" the copyright and drawing are the property of the client who gives the commission. But architects who feel strongly that the drawings ought to remain in their hands almost invariably take the precaution to insert a clause in the agreement with their client reserving to themselves the right to retain them. If this is omitted the drawings and copyright would belong to the person who commissioned them.

[126] **THE DIPLOMA GALLERY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.**—It is singular that this collection of pictures, interesting as it is, is so little known and visited. I have been there many times, and have never known more than two or three present; and on my last visit (in June of the present year) I was the only person in the gallery, not even the custodian being present at the time. That the exhibition is not held in much esteem by the Academicians is evident by its now being closed for repairs, whilst the exhibition in the rooms below are crowded with visitors. I write this feelingly, as I made a visit to London a few days ago in order to see a picture in the gallery

(the subject of an article in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* for 1884, "A Cartoon of Leonardo," which I lately

read, and in which I was much interested), but found to my annoyance that the gallery was "closed until further notice." Why do not the authorities have a catalogue of the Diploma pictures placed at the end of their annual Academy catalogue?—A PROVINCIAL AMATEUR.

\* \* The question of a Catalogue of the Diploma Gallery has, we believe, been under the consideration of the Council of the Royal Academy. Mr. Philip Calderon, R.A., the late Keeper, unofficially consulted the Editor of this Magazine upon the subject, and learned with surprise that for a great number of years the list of works of art contained in the Diploma Gallery was printed as a supplement to the annual Royal Academy Catalogues. He expressed the belief that a revival of the practice might also restore to the Diploma works the interest in them which the public used to show. Another advantage would be that this annual catalogue

would always be kept up to date.

[127] **WHO WAS F. HUTIN?**—I have in my possession an oil-painting, bought at Christie's in 1886, representing an interior with an Italian peasant, or beggar, somewhat in the manner of Chardin, and signed and dated "F. Hutin, 1791." Ersch and



ST. HELEN PRESENTING HER SON, THE EMPEROR CONSTANTINE, IN HEAVEN.

(From the Painting by Tiepolo, in the Art Museum, Cincinnati, U.S.A.)

Gruber in their Dictionary mention Charles Hutin, painter, engraver, and sculptor, born in Paris 1715; since 1748 in Dresden, where he died in 1776; also a brother of his, Pierre, etcher and sculptor, some of his fine etchings being dated 1754. Can any of your readers give any information about the above-mentioned F. Hutin, who, to judge from his picture, must have been a painter of some distinction?—

RIDGEHURST.

\* \* \* "F. Hutin, 1791" is certainly a puzzle. He does not appear in the exhaustive "Dictionnaire des Artistes Français." The Charles Hutin referred to above had as a second name "François," and the frequent practice of the French of dropping a first name and adopting a second might have accounted for the difficulty had the artist (who was also a painter—good enough to have several of his pictures at the Dresden and Madrid Museums) not died in 1776. Concerning Hutin the painter information may be found in "L'Intermédiaire"—the French "Notes and Queries"—vol. xviii., pp. 262 and 340. I may add that Jean Felix Mathurin Hutin published a book in Paris in 1826 entitled "Recherches sur le Tatouage," but by profession he was a physician.—M.

#### NOTE.

**A PICTURE BY TIEPOLO.**—The interesting example of Tiepolo's work which we illustrate on the preceding page hangs in the Art Museum at Cincinnati (U.S.A.), having been lent to that institution by

Mr. Albert S. Ludlow. The subject, "St. Helen presenting her Son, the Emperor Constantine, in Heaven," is one which afforded the artist an opportunity for the display of his characteristics of which he availed himself to the full. It is arranged in three distinct parts. In the lower is represented the region of the damned, above which the Archangel Michael is poised, and with drawn sword keeps the wicked under subjection. In the upper part Jehovah sits on the Throne, surrounded by choirs of angels and cherubim, that fall apart to receive the dove that descends in radiant light. Before the throne Christ kneels, pale and haggard with the trials and sufferings endured, bearing His wounds, yet offering a flag of truce and pleading for mankind. Angels support the cross beside the Throne, while the Virgin Mary sits at the foot with St. Elizabeth beside her. The middle part of the composition, by its spiral group, combines the other two. Constantine kneels with his crown removed, and St. Helen, resting her hand on his shoulders, supplicates the Throne through the Virgin Mother. Facing this group is another composed of SS. Peter and Paul and Sylvester, Bishop of Rome, the latter being the means of Constantine's conversion. The work is full of minor contrasts, which show the deep thought of the painter, and every part is most carefully painted. There are no unmeaning portions; there are crowds of figures, but none are superfluous, each has its significance. The heads of St. Helena and of the Virgin Mary are full of character and nobility as well as rarely beautiful.

## THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—OCTOBER.

Progress at the British Museum.

**A** SUMMARY of last year's work at the British Museum, which has been issued as the usual Return to the House of Commons, shows once more the excellence of the organisation at the command of the Trustees. In the department of prints and drawings we find that the total number of acquisitions during the year (exclusive of the Franks collection of Book-plates) was 5,053, among which we note a "Study for a Picture of the Coronation of the Virgin," by ALBERTINELLI; a Portrait of Bernini, by Himself; a sketch in Indian ink of "Christ disputing with the Doctors," by TINTORETTO; "A View of a Town and Harbour," by CARPACCIO; a signed sketch by REMBRANDT for "The Sacrifice of Abraham"—the picture at St. Petersburg; several sketches by RUBENS; a signed "Study of a Landscape," by VAN DYCK; a series of studies by the late LORD LEIGHTON; and twenty-seven studies in pencil and silverpoint, and eighty-seven proof impressions of etchings, by Mr. WILLIAM STRANG, which the artist himself has presented. By the death of Sir A. WOLLASTON FRANKS the department became possessed of what is probably the

most valuable collection of book-plates in existence. Approximately there are 45,000 English and 35,000 foreign examples. The attendance at the Print Room for purposes of study shows a steady increase from 5,474 in 1892 to 6,206 in 1897; while that of the Sculpture Room shows a declining tendency, the figures for the corresponding years being 5,815 and 3,764.

**Reviews.** ANOTHER volume has been issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall of the valuable series of South Kensington Museum handbooks which the Science and Art Department has contributed to the art literature of the country from time to time during the past thirty years. "Ironwork," by J. STARKIE GARDNER, is a continuation of the handbook published in 1892, and now brings the story down to the commencement of the present century, when artistic workmanship in iron, except by casting in moulds, became practically one of the lost arts. This work, condensed as it is to the very utmost extent, so that every sentence has to convey some fact or inference important in the history of the craft, consists of 200 pages, illustrated by 133 woodcuts and phototypes. The subject



is divided into six chapters, describing the ironwork of Italy, Germany, the Netherlands, Spain, France, and a concluding notice of the Baroque or Rococo, which, emanating from France, gradually spread its influence over civilised Europe, and brought to a close the great period of the Renaissance. Italian art is first noticed, on account of the paramount influence exerted by Italy on all the arts and crafts at the time of the Renaissance. As a rule,



LA FONTAINE.

(By J. B. Simeon Chardin. Recently acquired by the National Gallery, No. 1,664, Room XVI.)

smithing in Italy seems, until quite a late period, to have been associated mainly with Gothic architecture, and chiefly fostered in Venice. According to Mr. Gardner, Italian locksmiths' work scarcely exists at all, or is at the best of very poor quality, and it was only the craft of armourers that embossed, chased, and damascened iron in a grand manner worthy of the nation. Though Italy and Germany are divided only by the Alps, and connected by constant political and industrial intercourse, nothing could possibly differ more widely than the attitude taken towards ironworking by them respectively. Germany was enthusiastic; every building was decked with iron, and the smiths revelled in their work. Doors, windows, shutters, and presses were covered with a profusion of florid hammered iron, pierced, lined, brightly tinned, and often laid over blue or red cloth or paper. There is a superb collection of this work at the South Kensington Museum. With the liberty of the Netherlands its early and robust school of smithing dwindled away. Little beyond domestic work was executed during the Spanish occupation, the best of the craftsmen having escaped to other countries. Every bit of work, however, produced by those who remained is deeply interesting to us from its similarity to that produced in England soon afterwards under the influence of the refugees. Unfortunately, no adequate collection of Flemish ironwork has yet found its way to England. Spanish smiths' work seems to rise from the ashes of that of the Netherlands, stifled in the Spanish grasp. At the zenith of their pride, power, and riches, nothing seemed too grandiose for Spaniards to attempt, and their works in iron produced during the period of the Renaissance are on a stupendous scale. The grandest examples are the church—or, rather, the cathedral—screens. In the production of these no labour seems to have been too severe, and no design too difficult to attempt. Of all the schools, it is the French the author delights chiefly to expound. From long before the close of the mediæval period until the Revolution the French smiths took pleasure in carving and chasing iron, and none were ever gifted with keener

artistic perception. Moreover, everything was done that the highest training and lavish patronage could accomplish to foster them, while the system of compelling aspirants to the full honours of the craft to execute some elaborate work, which might consume one or two years in its production, led to a disregard of time spent on what were justly called their *chefs-d'œuvre*. The fashion, noticed for the first time by Mr. Gardner, of giving to the minions and favourites of Henry III keys of the king's private apartments, which were worn ostentatiously, like an order of knighthood, led to the revival of chasing, and to the production of those exquisite keys which have been known, like the Strozzi key, to attain a price of £1,200. The work of the grand epoch of Louis XIV and Louis XV is greatly admired or cordially detested, and, respecting its merits, we must for the present agree to differ. Mr. Gardner's final chapter concludes with an account of these styles as rendered in Germany, the Netherlands, Italy, and Spain; English work, through want of space, being reserved for a separate volume. A most useful appendix follows, in which is given a list of all the works published relating to artistic ironwork previous to the Revolution. Every sentence from the first page to the last relates something of importance to the history of smithing, and to judge adequately of the labour bestowed on the work, the reader must take it with the publications on the same subject by which the author has preceded it, when its high value to the student will be apparent. (3s.)

In 1896 an exhibition was held at South Kensington of the principal works which had obtained gold and silver medals during the preceding eleven years. It has been thought desirable to publish "*An Illustrated Record of the Retrospective Exhibition held at South Kensington, 1896*," which has been "compiled and edited by JOHN FISHER, Head Master, Kensington School of Science and Art, Berkeley Square, Bristol." One would not devote many words to the consideration of this large book but for the fact that it is published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the official publishers to the Science and Art Department. It is not expressly stated to be an official publication. But whether official or not, one wonders why the editing of it was placed in the hands of the gentleman whose name is on the title-page—who can neither write English nor edit. He cannot have read his proof-sheets, or such confusion as exists between the sections which commence at p. 62 and p. 78 severally could not have occurred; and had he any sense of proper presentation his pages could not have shown such a ragged regiment of illustrations. Kindred subjects are separated on various pages; others turned upside down on the page (61), or arranged without relation as to size or symmetry (76); while in other cases ugly patches of black are added to try and make out some sort of balance (71). Ugly, irregular, black edges are common throughout, and there are subjects so dark that the design is lost in the cloud of obscurity; while others again are so light that scarcely a vestige of the design is visible! Had the subjects been old masters hung in a dark, ill-lit gallery, the photographic results could hardly have been worse. It has been a great waste of money to reproduce such bad photographs by the expensive and untrustworthy process employed. Furthermore, there is no understanding of the resources of the publisher, nor the wants of the manufacturer. Section 2 of the preface states that one of the objects of the book is to "effect a direct connection between the art student and the manufacturer." In that case of what interest or value to the manufacturer are pages of life studies and of studies of historic ornament? and how is a manufacturer of carpets or coloured mosaics or



wall papers to learn that any of these students are those "best exponents of the particular kind of art work" whom he demands? They will want to know something of the colour sense of these designers, and if only the editor had known he might have published the colour designs in colour at very little, if any more, expense than he has gone to for these black collotypes, under which conditions they might have their use. The only conclusion possible is that in accordance with the methods adopted by the Science and Art Department, Mr. Fisher was deputed to do this work quite irrespective of any special ability for the task. The Department does not believe in experts. Every official is supposed to be able to do the work of any other official. It is only on this principle that one can understand the lack of system revealed by this book, which is a discredit to everybody concerned in its production.

In "*Memorials of an Eighteenth-Century Painter, James Northcote*" (T. Fisher Unwin) Mr. STEPHEN GWYNN has edited the MS. which Northcote wrote, and which the painter ultimately used for his "Life of Reynolds." We may say at once that the editorship is admirable, and the book as delightful as it is valuable as a record of the painter and his times. The painter is treated here more as a sitter than as an artist, as a source of information rather than as a subject of artistic biography; and it cannot be denied that Northcote—one of the shrewdest and most incisive talkers in the Royal Academy of his day—here sheds most interesting light upon the circle within which he shone. The value of the book is detracted from by the absence of an index, but it is almost worth while for the reader to make an index for himself. There are portraits of Northcote by Harlowe and (in pencil) by himself, but neither is so interesting as that which might have been available for this volume, that the artist drew of himself in his eighty-fourth year, two years before he died. There is a very full chronological list of Northcote's work, but we observe that the second portrait of Mr. Ruskin—that which was painted in 1824—is not included. (Illustrated, 12s.)

The latest of the "Portfolio" monographs is on "*Greek Bronzes*," by Dr. A. S. MURRAY (Seeley and Co.). The keeper of the Greek and Roman antiquities in the British Museum deals with the subject in a manner to interest the general reader as well as connoisseurs. He treats in order Archaic Etruscan statuettes, statuettes of the age of Polycleitos and Myron, of the age of Phidias, of the age of Praxiteles and Lycippos, and then deals with Gaulish bronzes. Dr. Murray's competency and methods are too well known to need criticism; and it is only necessary to commend the photogravures, especially the Archaic Figure of the Sixth Century B.C. and of the Hypnos of the British Museum. (Illustrated, 3s. 6d. net.)

It is a long while since so amusing a book of caricatures

has been issued as "*Mr. Punch's Animal Land*" (Bradbury, Agnew and Co.), in which Mr. E. T. REED has shown himself not only a skilful mimic gifted with much humour, but a satirist endowed with the diving afflatus of the genuine caricaturist. The drawings are here on a larger scale than in "Punch," and the portraits gain as much by the change as the symbolical touches which in the reduced versions were sometimes lost. The author pretends to take himself very seriously, even to the point of quoting supposititious criticisms from THE MAGAZINE OF ART laudatory of his "infantile" genius. The book is one which has a great deal more than ephemeral interest, and through the talent of the artist takes a permanent place amongst the works of our graphic humorists. (Price 10s. 6d. net.)

A minor memorial of our great decorator comes to us in the publication of "*An Address delivered by William Morris at the Distribution of Prizes to Students of the Birmingham Municipal School of Art on February 21st, 1894*" (Longman and Co.). This lecture is an appeal to students to regard art from the point of view which he spent his life in advocating as the true one, pointing out that art is not a luxury but a necessity of life—that artists must not only be sincere, but be filled with the right spirit not only to practise but to appreciate the beautiful. It is hardly necessary for us to recommend the perusal of this little work to every art student. It is interesting to observe that it has been printed in the "golden type" designed by William Morris for the Kelmscott Press, which Press, as the world now knows, is closed. (2s. 6d. net.)

No section of art is more fortunate in its text-books, or at least more liberally treated, than architecture. In "*Elementary Architecture*" (Clarendon Press, Oxford) Mr. MARTIN BUCKMASTER, a master at Tonbridge school, has produced an extremely lucid little handbook for schools, art students, and general readers. The object is clearly to differentiate orders and styles in the tyro's mind;



HOTHAM HOUSE: VIEW FROM THE TERRACE.

(From a Photograph by C. Byrne, Richmond. First Prize "One and All" Competition. See p. 680.)



and although we cannot honestly say that the book was needed, we must bear witness to the simple virtues which the author shows. Although there is a list of technical terms at the end of the book, an index is lacking. (Illustrated, 4s. 6d.)

Messrs. Winsor and Newton are publishing "*A Colour Chart for Water-Colour Painting*" by Mr. FREDERICK OUGHTON. It contains twenty-one tints produced by the combination of two or three pigments. The tints are graduated so that the deep tones are given as well as the pale. It is not a new idea, but it is, perhaps, the first time such a set of tints has been issued. Apart from a work on water-colour art, some notes are appended as to the uses to which the various tints may be applied. Students who do not know by experience the resources of their colour-box will find it a useful help until practice has given them a set of combinations of their own. (2s. 6d.)

From Messrs. Lee and Shepherd, of Boston, U.S.A., come two manuals of painting—"The Painter in Oil," by DANIEL BURLEIGH PARKHURST, and "*Water-Colour Painting*," by GRACE BARTON ALLEN. Both contain much information useful to the student. Messrs. Winsor and Newton are agents for the sale of both works in England.

The Burlington Fine Arts Club has issued to its members its third report on "The Preservation of Drawings in Water-Colours"—or, more exactly, on the result of its experiments in respect to the fading of certain pigments. The report is a most valuable supplement to the Report (1888) on "The Action of Light on Water-Colours" which the public discussion between Sir J. C. ROBINSON and Sir J. D. LINTON induced the Government to have drawn up. This further inquiry has been carried out by Professor Church, and Messrs. Frank Dillon, Malet, and Roget.

**Miscellaneous.** A LARGE number of the works by French artists which were at the Guildhall, London, have been lent to the Birmingham Art Gallery. The Exhibition will be open from September to the end of November.

The School of Art Wood-Carving has been removed to the Imperial Institute, rooms in which have been granted for its use and in which the school will henceforward be conducted.

The Photographic Section of the "One and All" Flower Show in connection with the National Co-operative Festival contained 300 entries, many of the prints being of excellent quality. We reproduce one that gained the first prize in Section XI. ("Sylvan Scenes").

We congratulate the St. George's Guild upon their enterprise in publishing photographs of the drawings by Mr. RUSKIN and the artists whom he specially employed, contained in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield. Among the subjects are choice examples of architecture and sculptural detail; mosaics, woodcarving, frescoes; pictures of the Italian school, landscapes, and studies of plants, birds, etc.,

from nature, and the prints are issued either mounted or unmounted. A full list of the subjects can be obtained from Mr. John White, the curator of the museum.

We have received the information from the Science and Art Department that the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have received a request, on behalf of the Hungarian Government, for a selection of works for which awards have been made in the National Competition of this year, to be sent on loan, at the expense of the Hungarian Government, for exhibition in the new Industrial Art Museum at Buda-Pest, and their Lordships have promised to afford every facility. We have not yet heard, however, that similar action for obtaining in return the best foreign work for the instruction of our students has been taken by the South Kensington authorities.

**Obituary.** THE death has occurred at Madrid of DON FEDERICO MADRAZO, historical painter and Director of the Academy of Fine Arts in that city. He was born in 1815, and was the son of Don José Madrazo, the Court painter of his time, from whom he received his early art-training. The deceased artist succeeded his father as Court painter, and became the recipient of many other honours both Spanish and Foreign. He was

the Director of the Madrid Gallery—the only instance in Europe (except Sir Edward Poynter) of a painter acting in that capacity.

M. EUGÈNE BOUDIN, the well-known French marine painter, has recently died at the age of seventy-three. The son of a Honfleur pilot, he was from his infancy acquainted with the sea, and no artist of his country could equal him in his renderings of its atmosphere and movement. An intimate of Isabey and Troyon, he derived great benefit from their advice and methods of work, and, like them, was a close student of Nature. He first exhibited at the Salon in 1853, and each successive year he followed with paintings of the coasts of France and Holland; but it was not until he was fifty-six years of age, in 1881, that he was honoured by the jury, and then a third-class medal was bestowed upon him. In 1883 a second-class medal followed. In 1889 full honours were accorded him, when the International Jury awarded him the gold medal, and in 1892 he was created Knight of the Legion of Honour. Two of his best works, "Une Corvette Russe dans le Bassin de l'Euire" and "Villefranche: la Rade," are in the Luxembourg.

The death has occurred of M. FELICIEN ROPS, the great Belgian etcher. For many years past he had lived and worked in Paris, producing the wonderful plates which have made him famous as one of the greatest dramatic, though often most sensual, artists of his day. We dealt fully with his work in THE MAGAZINE OF ART in 1896 (p. 164), and would refer our readers to the article, in which were several illustrations of Rops' best work.

Mr. H. G. TODD, of Ipswich, whose paintings of fruit have attracted attention at many of the principal exhibitions, has recently died at the age of fifty-one.



THE LATE FELICIEN ROPS.  
(From the Painting by P. Mathey, in the Luxembourg.)



(Drawn by J. Walter West.)

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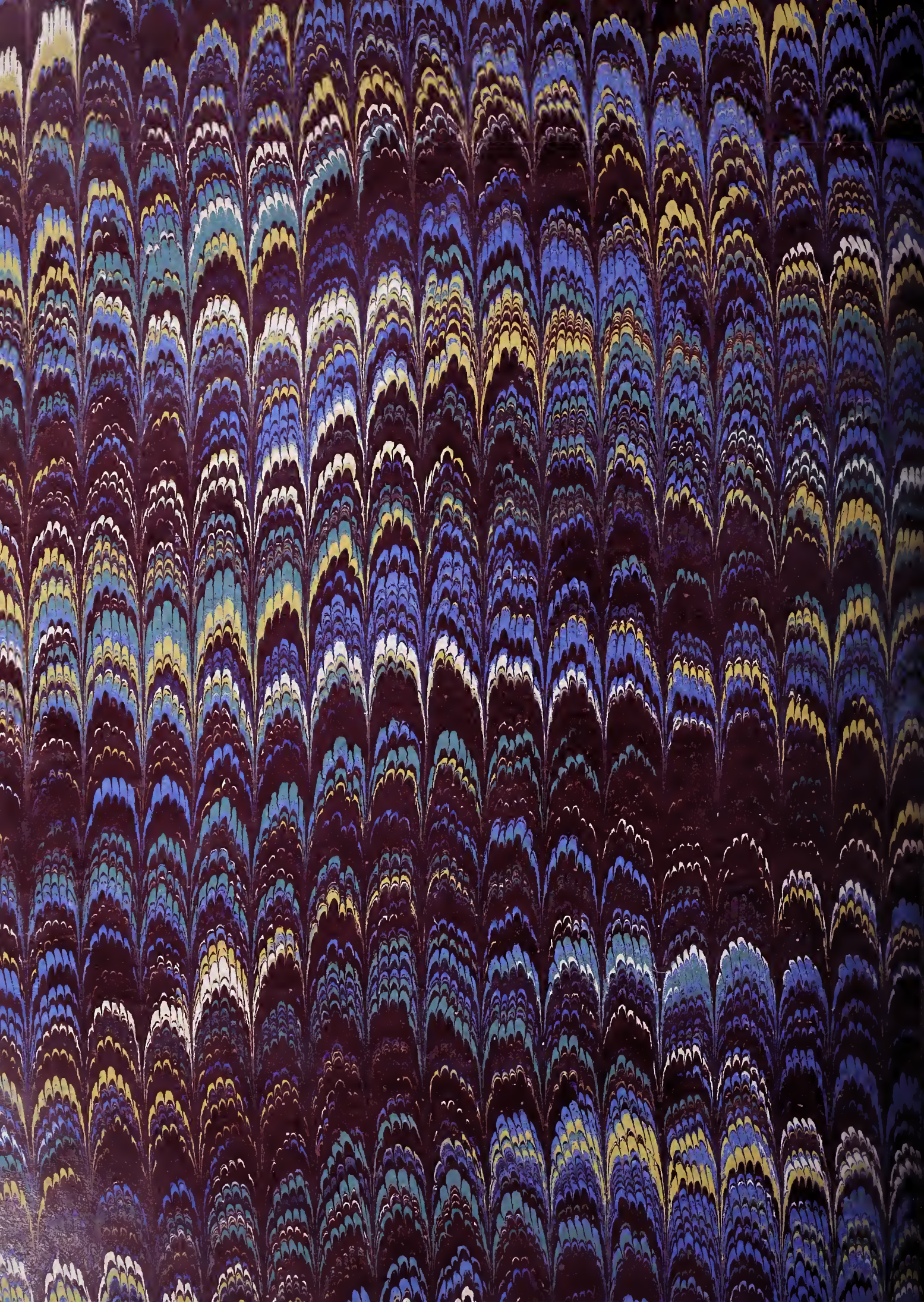




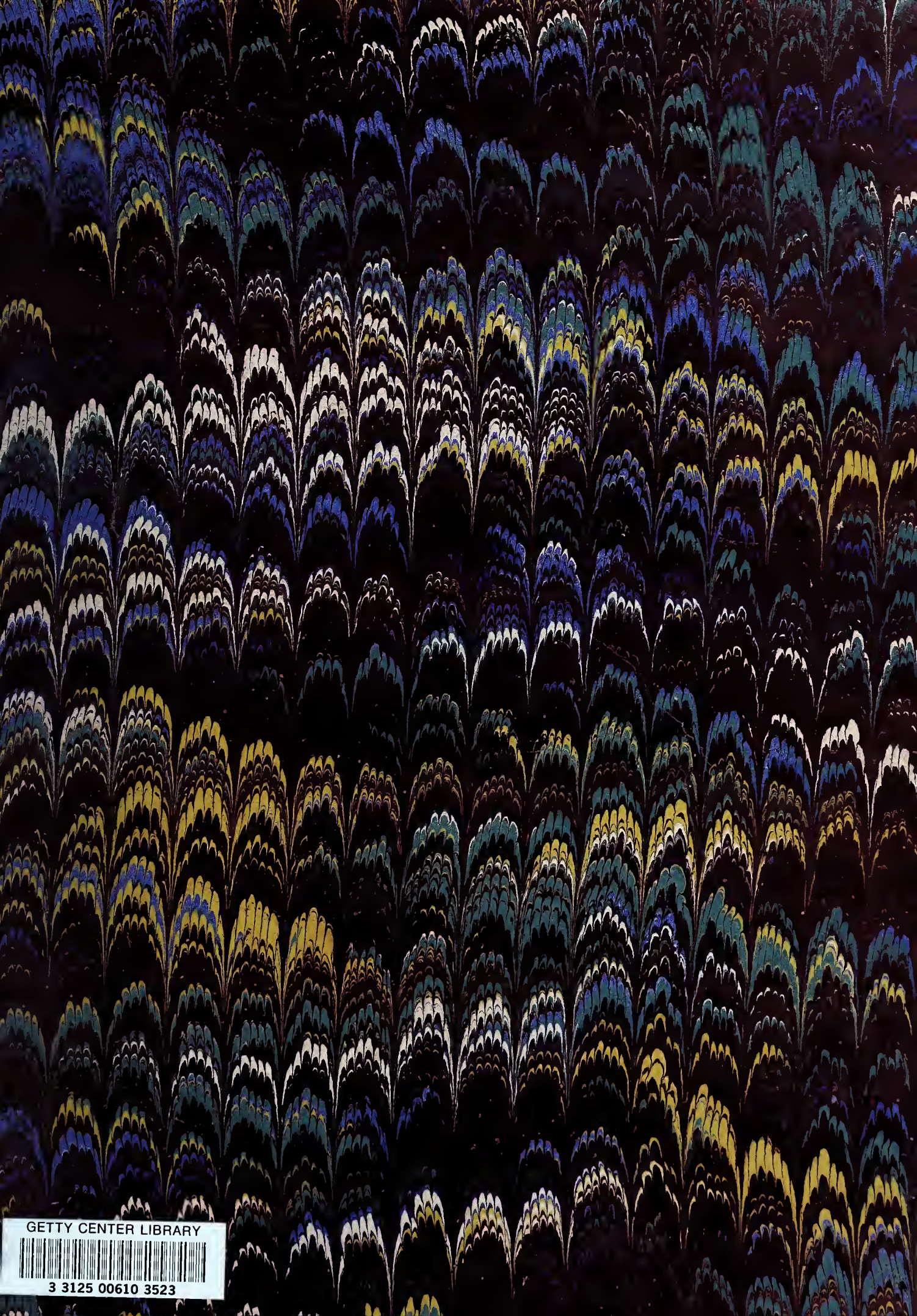


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