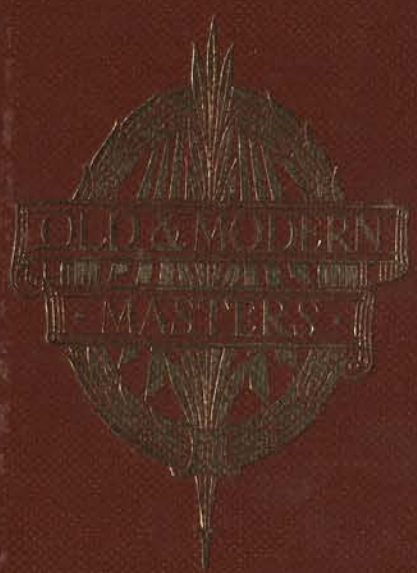
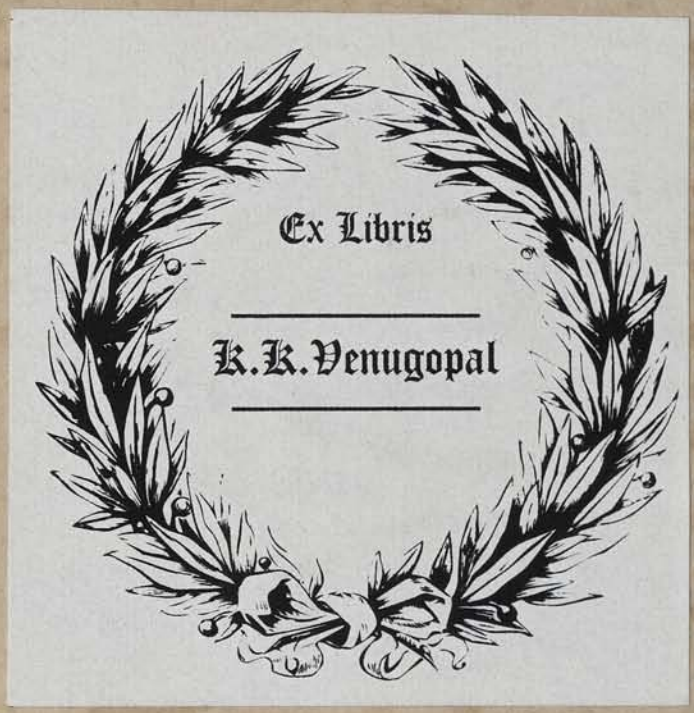

OLD & MODERN
MASTERS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The World's Famous Pictures

IN TWO DELIGHTFUL VOLUMES

288 Mezzogravures 24 Colourplates

with critical notes on the Pictures

SELECTED BY

Sir Martin Conway · Sir Claude Phillips

Sir Charles Holmes

DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY

Old *and* Modern MASTERPIECES

THE charming picture on the cover is by Madame Lebrun and portrays the artist herself with her daughter. To see the original you would need to journey to Paris where it is one of the treasures of the vast galleries of the Louvre, on the walls of which there hang so many masterpieces whose value is beyond estimate.

Yet as you look at this small reproduction, which is much smaller than the actual reproduction in Volume 2 of "The World's Famous Pictures," you can enjoy its beauty, so faithfully are the composition and tone values of the original painting rendered. Yours is not the hurried glance of the eye jaded by sight-seeing and a plethora of pictures; it may well be the lingering study in which every line reveals its charm to you and you approach the heart of the painter through your appreciation of this example of her genius.

More than Three Hundred Beautiful Plates

AND if in this way you enjoy a single picture, how great will be your pleasure as you take one after another of more than three hundred mezzogravure and colour plates which constitute the two magnificent volumes of "The World's Famous Pictures."

For here you have a gallery of which you may be proud indeed. Not the wealthiest art lover alive could gather the originals of all these into his collection. Even to view the actual paintings reproduced in the first dozen plates or so of this work, you would need to visit the great galleries of Paris, Munich, Berlin, Florence, Venice, Glasgow and London.

This fact may well prompt you to ask how, if these pictures have been selected from so many sources, has the choice been made? The answer is that this collection is not the arbitrary selection of any single critic. Some years ago the late Sir Claude Phillips, Art Critic of "The Daily Telegraph," compiled a list of One Hundred of the best Pictures, representing all the great schools of painting, old and new. But for "The World's Famous Pictures" this list has been supplemented by two other selections, made expressly by Sir Charles J. Holmes, Director of the National Gallery, London, and Sir Martin Conway, formerly Slade Professor of Fine Arts, Cambridge.

The collection offered in these beautiful volumes also includes a number of famous pictures for which, though they are universally admired, no room had been found in any of the three lists mentioned.

An Authoritative Collection

THE majority of the chosen pictures are reproduced in rich mezzogravure, but twenty-four examples are printed in full colours. The reproductions are made from the extensive Copyright Collection brought together over a long period of years by Mr. C. Hubert Letts, Fine Art Publisher to H.M. the King, and Director of The Fine Arts Publishing Co., Ltd., in arrangement with whom this work is published.

From all this you will see that the collection may justly claim to be one of authority and excellence. The General Index which is included in this prospectus gives you a complete list of the works selected, and shows, by means of initials in brackets after the name of the painting, which of the above mentioned critics is responsible for the inclusion of each subject.

The Critical Notes printed at the end of each volume add greatly to the interest of the work. Comment is made upon every painting reproduced, and in many cases a biographical remark upon the life of the artist throws new light upon the examples of his genius. These notes are well written and informative, often drawing your attention to just those points that a connoisseur would mention if he were with you, as you gazed admiringly at the chef d'oeuvre of some great master.

The work of nearly two hundred different artists is represented in these two magnificent volumes. Although no attempt has been made to classify the paintings or to arrange them in any arbitrary or chronological order, "The World's Famous Pictures" provides a gallery of masterpieces that can hardly fail to broaden the artistic vision of all who are charmed by the beauty of its contents.

John Singer Sargent
CARMENCITA

SURE eye and strong, unhesitating hand are responsible for the captivating verve of this picture of a Spanish Dancing Girl. The chief colour in her dress is warm orange, against which is the tint of her Spanish skin. There is confidence in the angle of her elbow, in the set of her head, in the just lifted eyebrows, and the pert little foot, as she walks forward to the footlights. As a painting it is almost audacious, but it is utterly irresistible. Sargent, it has been pointed out, was primarily a painter for painters. He will always compel more admiration from artists than from the public simply because of his subtleness of technique. Something of the physical vigour with which his hand applied the paint comes out on the canvas and speaks a message to those who are qualified to sympathise. Nationally, Sargent was an American. But he was born in Florence and studied there before he departed for Paris to work under Carolus-Duran. The style he there formed for himself was distinctly French, and that French influence, combined with his extraordinary ability for imparting life into all he did, is the main point to bear in mind about him. In 1886 Sargent's "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose" was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and in the next year was bought for £700 by the Chantrey Bequest. From this time on he became more and more popular as a portrait painter, and every year his Academy portraits were prominent. But his own inclinations probably led him rather towards such decorative work as his studies of Brittany and Venice. The full-flavoured intriguing types he found in dance-halls and obscure cafés also made a great appeal to him, and thus it is that we have, for all time, the wonder of his "Carmencita."

Arnold Böcklin
ISLAND OF THE DEAD

WHEN the genius of Böcklin set itself to visualise the bourne of souls it was this sombre scene which materialised upon the canvas. There is beauty here but dread also. It is as though a pall had been spread over sea and sky and left some influence of its awful meaning. It is a small place at first sight, this island. But, very subtly, there is a suggestion of unknown distance between those cypresses so deathly still, some hint of a discovery—the visitor knows not what—that he will make on landing. Very little of horizon on either side is visible. Perhaps there is no horizon behind those rocks. In conveying all this Böcklin relied on his masterly handling of colour. He could command the deepest shades with as much facility as he could use the most chromatic light. It has been observed that the efforts of the nineteenth century towards a knowledge of the value and employment of colour reached their grand climax on the canvases of this man. As a painter of landscape he is supreme among his contemporaries. He has no limits. He can sense and reproduce Nature's every mood from the most bland to the most tempestuous. A note of pessimism can be detected in much of his work, and that has been attributed to the influence of a time in his life which must have affected him very powerfully. He was born at Basle in 1827 and, after visiting Brussels, where he made copies of the Dutch masters and so acquired enough money, he was able to reach Paris. There he lived through the Revolution of June 1848, and the sounds and scenes of that time were never quite forgotten. Yet there was nothing unhealthy about this faint strain of sadness in his nature. In the portrait he painted of himself he gives us a man, vigorous and upright, who holds a glass of wine in his hand. His work was received with indifference until within a few years of his death at Fiesole, near Florence, January 11, 1901.

Anna Lea Merritt
LOVE LOCKED OUT

OFTEN has it been heavily asserted that it is not in the nature of women to produce creative work, and that interpretation is the highest to which they can attain. But as long ago as 1890 such persons as were of this opinion received a shock when "Love Locked Out" was seen hanging upon the wall of the Royal Academy Exhibition, and a further surprise was in store when, u
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the first, virtually uninfluenced by any definite school. "Love Locked Out" is, justly, a popular work. There is a direct appeal about the attitude of the little blind god as he stands dejected, and perhaps a little rebellious, against that fast shut door. There is pathos in the very lines of the back, and there is a pathetic touch in the spent arrow at his feet. The whole composition glows softly with a subtlety of colouring.

This page of Critical Notes shows how valuable is the aid given to the picture lover who likes to make close study of "The World's Famous Pictures."

Lord Leighton
CIMABUE'S MADONNA

JUSTLY considered one of the greatest of nineteenth century Romantic painters, Lord Leighton has produced few greater works than "Cimabue's Madonna Carried in Procession Through the Streets of Florence," which he executed while still a young man. He was only twenty-five when it was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1855, where it attracted much attention, and was immediately bought by Queen Victoria. He had a great love of human beauty, and whatever he painted is well conceived, and has a clarity that almost approaches austerity. This we see in the great picture under consideration. The qualities most apparent in it are the beauty of the draughtsmanship, the effective grouping of the characters of the procession, the vivid colours of their garments and of inanimate nature and the sense of movement and life. Despite the number of figures, the part is always in harmony with the whole; there is no suggestion of overcrowding or of over-elaboration; while at the same time, no significant detail is omitted. But it is certainly in the representation of men and women that Leighton was most successful; his brilliant treatment of form, the accuracy of his firm, bold outlines, delicate moulding of smoothly curved limbs and disposition of draperies, give them all a wonderful beauty. And, although the scene is imaginary and the colours those of a splendid pageant, this does not mean that the forms of those who take part in it are idealised. Leighton has contrived to maintain a very happy balance between the romantic and the realistic elements that are combined to make this so fine and famous a painting.

Willem Van de Velde (the Younger)
THE CANNON SHOT

SEA pictures and paintings of ships are among the commonest subjects with artists and, to some extent, the least satisfactory. It is one thing to sketch a fishing smack at a quay side, for in that case the vessel is in touch with land, like the artist; its function at the moment is concerned with the shore. But when it comes to representing a vessel in a sea-way we have a different problem, and the landsman's version is sure to lack some indefinable thing whose absence, nevertheless, is at once noticeable.

The Willem Van de Veldes, father and son, were bred to the sea. The father began life as a sailor and, having made some reputation as a painter of marine subjects, came under official notice; and, a state of war existing at the time, a small craft was chartered and put at his disposal so that he might watch sea-battles and get his inspiration at first-hand. We are not told if the Dutch admiral arranged his tactics with any reference to the convenience of the artist. With such a father the younger Willem had fine training, and he often painted pictures which his father had previously sketched. The two of them went to London, and in 1674 the son received a salary of £100 from Charles II. His industry was astounding. We hear that in two years, 1678–80, some 8,000 sketches of his were put up for auction. Much of his work

Knowledge of historical circumstances and of the artists' careers, as afforded by these Critical Notes, adds greatly to the interest of the masterpieces reproduced.

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shows us a ship which the artist may have been officially commissioned to paint. But he did more than that; the half-unfurled sails which no breeze ruffles, the slowly ascending smoke and the surface of the sea give a beautiful contrast to the shattering noise of the explosion, which is cleverly insinuated. We have the good ship, but we have also a work of art.

Goya
DOÑA ISABEL

MORDANT, passionate, satyrical and repulsive—all these adjectives have been used about the art of Francisco José de Goya y Lucientes. But no one ever denied either his genius or his artistic sense. The works by which he is perhaps most remembered are representations of bull-fights and carnivals and such etchings as the series called Los Desastres de la Guerra—the Disasters of War, the last inspired by the Napoleonic Wars. But he also made many portraits in his time, and these are characterised by restraint, dignity and a certain directness that puts Goya in the front rank of the artists of his epoch. He was born March 30, 1746, at Fuendetodos, in Aragon, his parents being peasants living on the fruits of a small plot of land in which their cottage stood. Until he was sixteen years old Goya lived a country life, with no knowledge of art whatever. Then he came in contact with a monk of Santa Fé, and this man inspired him with the desire to paint, with the result that he was eventually admitted as a pupil into the studio of José Martinez, at Saragossa. Here his passionate character broke loose, and his time was almost as much spent in street fights as in painting. At last Saragossa became too hot to hold him and he fled, with the terror of the Inquisition to hasten his heels, to Madrid. This wild way of living, however, still continued to drive him from province to province until, after a sojourn in Rome, he returned to Spain, married, and began to paint seriously. With such a history it is to be expected that his pictures should be wild and sometimes dreadful, like his own nature and experiences. But that he could produce such fine work as the "Doña Isabel" shows him to have been a great artist, not merely a kind of hooligan in habits and on canvas. This picture, painted about the year 1806 and purchased by the National Gallery from Don Andrez de Urzaiz, of Madrid, in 1896, is inscribed on the back with the lady's name and that of her husband. She is wearing a rose-coloured frock of satin over which hangs a black mantilla. The texture of the satin and of the lace of the mantilla is wonderfully real, and yet, at the same time, is treated impressionistically. The artist has avoided the temptation to idealise a national type, but has caught something lively in the bold look of the eyes and the carriage of the head which we usually associate with the Spanish temperament. (P)

Velasquez
THE SURRENDER OF BREDA

BREDA, in the province of North Brabant, Holland, was at one time renowned for the formidability of its fortifications, which were not finally dismantled till 1876. From the sixteenth till the nineteenth century it was the first fortress along the line of the Meuse. During the terrible struggle of the Dutch for freedom from the yoke of Spain, known as the War of Independence—a struggle which changed their country from being merely a number of Spanish dependencies into the Kingdom of the Netherlands, and lasted for over eighty years—the town of Breda underwent ten months' siege in 1625. At the end of that time the gallant Dutch defenders had to capitulate to the brilliant Spanish general Ambrosio Spinola. It is this incident that Velasquez, who knew the general personally, chose to illustrate as part of the decorations to the Salon de los Reinos in the new palace of Buen Retire at Madrid, which Olivarez, the great statesman and first minister to the king, had presented to his royal master. In Spain the picture is popularly known as Las Lanzas—The Lances—from the hedge of pikes that form such a feature of the composition.

Painted when Velasquez was about forty years old, this canvas may be considered to be the great work of his middle period. There is a certain formality about the rendering which the artist had borrowed from the Venetians, among whom he had spent some time, and which he later forsook for greater individuality. It is thought that the various faces in the picture are all portraits, and that the figure on the extreme right by the horse is a portrait of the artist himself.

Notice how the two commanders are brought into prominence by the oval space of sky and landscape between the two armies, between the pikes and the tongue of smoke on the flank of the Dutch soldiery. If one only looks for a little there comes a feeling that one has become part of the crowd and is watching the chivalrous marquis place his hand, with a gesture of admiration for a gallant defence, not unmixed with condolence, on the shoulder of his beaten foe. This, of all the works of Velasquez, lends itself best to reproduction in photogravure. The effect of the whole rather suggests a design for tapestry, on account of the flat treatment which the artist has given it. The enormous canvas is over nine feet high and eleven feet wide, and the prevailing tone is greenish-blue. (***)

Raphael · Parnassus

Rome · Vatican

GENERAL INDEX TO PAINTERS AND PICTURES

Here are printed in alphabetical order the names of all the artists whose pictures are reproduced in the two volumes of the *World's Famous Pictures*. The titles of pictures included in any or all of the lists on which the collection is based are given, with the initials, in brackets, of their selectors. The editorial notes on the pictures (shown thus, **I.** L, or **II.** P) are to be found at the end of each volume, the heavy type indicating the volume and the light type the four-page section wherein the note is printed.

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The Artistic Genius of nearly 200 World-Famous Painters

TO few is there given the ability to paint a masterpiece, but a single finished work may be enjoyed by a multitude. Leonardo Da Vinci may paint "The Last Supper" on the wall of an Italian convent. His picture may fade with time and be ravaged by vandalism, yet five centuries afterwards the nobility of his conception is still almost magical in its influence. Such is the spell of supreme art. And such, in greater or less degree, is the quality of every painting that has been chosen for reproduction in "The World's Famous Pictures."

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By contrast you will find, too, the most notable examples of present day work, such as Mrs. Dod Proctor's "Morning," a challenging instance of the possibilities of painting considered as a plastic art; Sargent's "Gassed," an extraordinary blend of realism and symbolism, and Sir John Lavery's "The Death of the Swan", in which his own art glorifies that of Anna Pavlova.

Do you look for the work of the Old Masters? Here are ten Rembrandts, ten Velasquez, eight Rubens, six Titians and five Raphaels. Rembrandt's "Mill" you will remember crossed the Atlantic for a price of £100,000. Velasquez, in his Pope Innocent X, has given us one of the greatest portraits ever painted anywhere: it seems as if the face had been moulded out of paint, so living does the flesh become under the hand of the supreme artistic genius of Spain.

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OTHER famous portraits in the volumes include one of the thirty-six of Charles I. which Van Dyck is said to have painted; "The Duchess of Devonshire and her Baby," considered by some Sir Joshua Reynolds's finest society portrait; also the same artist's most famous work, "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse"; Whistler's intensely natural "Portrait of his Mother"; Sir Henry Raeburn's "Macnab of Macnab," where the old Scottish chieftain stands fair and square, as rugged and as natural as the glen behind him; and Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Pinkie," so attractive that the most staid connoisseur gazing upon her is apt to become sentimental—a painting that sold for 74,000 guineas in 1926 and is here beautifully reproduced in colour.

One cannot leave unmentioned Michelangelo, in whom intellect and emotion were blended in such perfect proportion. His "Creation of Adam" painted on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is extraordinarily impressive, while his "Holy Family" is one of those works which place him in a sphere of art which no man ever attained before or since.

The Poetry of Painting

THE work of Turner, too, deserves especial reference, so staggering was the genius of this modern master. Here his "Fighting Temeraire" illustrates the poetical quality of his painting, and his "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus" exhibits his vast perception and omnipotence in the manipulation of paint.

For lighter subjects of the painter's brush, we may well turn to Watteau's "Fête Champêtre" and to Fragonard's glimpses of the happy times of the hey-day of the French Court. Landscape work is richly represented by such examples as Cuyp's delightfully simple "Landscape with Cattle"; by Corot, whose magic touch reveals to us all the poetry and beauty of the woods and fields in which he found the deepest content, and by Constable, whose "Cornfield" was presented to the National Gallery by an Association of Gentlemen who clubbed together to buy it.

Of even more recent date than the rural studies of Constable are the examples of the magnificent landscape paintings by MacWhirter.

SO might one continue to comment upon the altogether delightful contents of "The World's Famous Pictures." Every reader may, however, satisfy himself of the comprehensiveness of the collection by reference to the complete list of the pictures which is included in this prospectus. And some idea of the beauty of the actual volumes will be gained from the illustration which, with a reference to the exceedingly attractive subscription terms for the work, will be found on the back cover overleaf.

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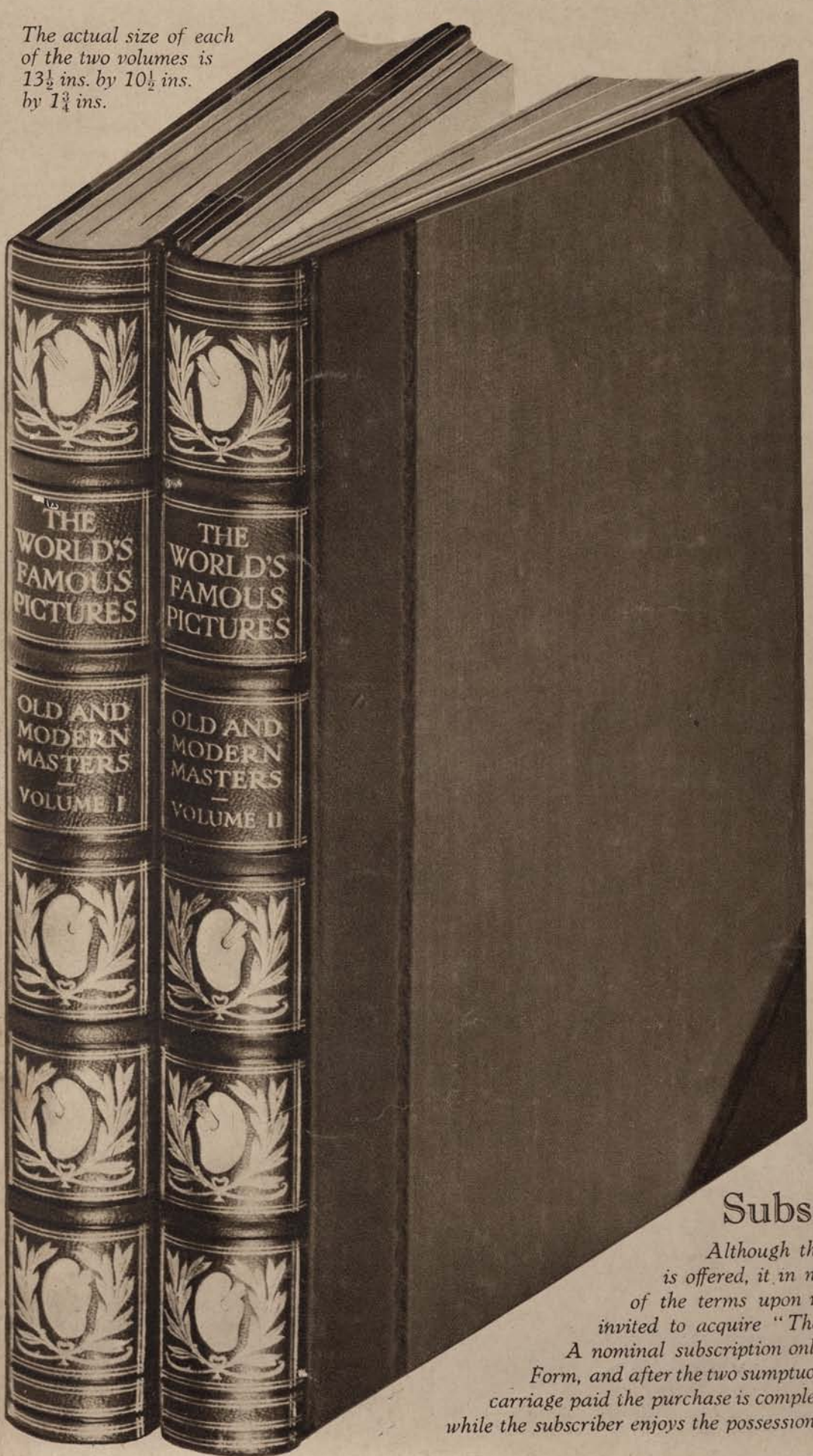

THE two magnificent volumes of "The World's Famous Pictures" are offered in two different styles of binding.

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The World's FAMOUS PICTURES

Selected by
Sir MARTIN CONWAY
Formerly Slade Professor of Fine Arts and
Sir CHARLES J. HOLMES
Director of the National Gallery London

Edited by
J. A. Hammerton

SECOND VOLUME

Containing 144 Mezzogravures
and 12 Colour Plates
with Critical Notes on the Pictures
and a complete Index

Reproductions from the Important Collection of
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Fine Art Publisher to His Majesty the King and
Director of the Fine Arts Publishing Co., Ltd.

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EDITORIAL NOTE

IN offering this important new series of reproductions from the most famed works of the Old Masters, together with favourite examples of Modern Art, selected from the public and private galleries of Europe and America, it is necessary to explain the method of selection. Some years ago the late Sir Claude Phillips, Art Critic of the "Daily Telegraph," had made a choice of One Hundred of the Best Pictures, representing all the great schools of Painting, old and new, and his list, together with two other and independent lists of the "Hundred Best," chosen expressly for us by Sir Charles J. Holmes and Sir Martin Conway, form the basis of the present collection.

As subscribers will no doubt be interested in noting how the selections of these three famous connoisseurs coincide or differ, we print with our Critical Notes on the Pictures three asterisks, thus ***, when all three selectors are agreed, and two initials, thus (C.H), when Sir Martin Conway and Sir Charles J. Holmes have chosen the same masterpiece, or (C.P) or (H.P) when it is the late Sir Claude Phillips' choice that coincides with that of Sir Martin or Sir Charles. A single initial appears when the picture is selected at the instance of but one of the three. And of course our collection also includes a number of famous pictures which, though universally admired, do not appear in any of the three lists.

A complete list of the pictures and critical notes, grouped under the artists' names, will be found at the end of this volume. At the beginning of each of the two volumes we give their contents in the order in which they appear in the volume. And it should be added that our arrangement of the pictures is meant to provide a pleasing variety of subjects, with no attempt to illustrate the different schools of painting in any conventional sequence.

LIST of PICTURES in this VOLUME

The names of artists and pictures are given in the order of their appearance. The italic initial thus (*P*) indicates the section of the text pages (printed on white paper and grouped at end of volume) which contains our Critical Note on the picture. These text pages are alphabetically arranged in four-page sections, the first page of each section bearing the distinguishing letter at the right bottom corner. As the Notes follow the exact order of the pictures, reference to them is a simple matter.

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Frans Hals · Nurse and Child

Berlin: Kaiser-Friedrich-Museum

Enfant et sa bonne

Die Amme mit dem Kinde

Serva e bambino

Niñera con niño

Angelico · The Transfiguration

Florence · S. Marco

Anderson Photo

Solomon J. Solomon

An Allegory

Preston Art Gallery
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Mabuse · Adoration of the Kings
London · National Gallery

Adoration des Rois
Anbetung der Könige
Adorazione dei Re Magi
Adoración de los Reyes

Velasquez

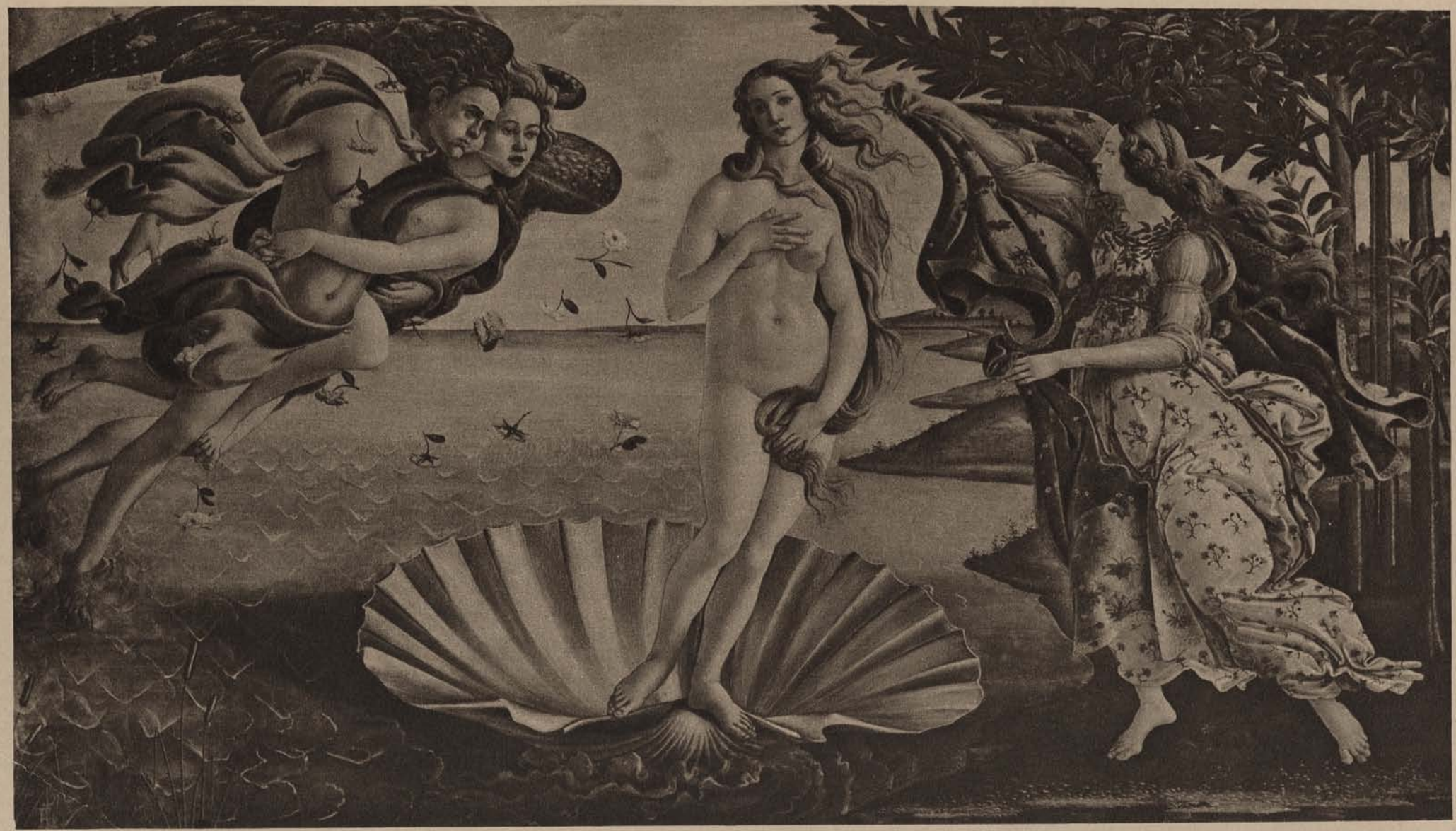
Aesop

Madrid: Museo del Prado

Chardin · Saying Grace
Paris : Louvre

Le Benedicité
Tischgebet

Il Benedicite
El Benedicite



Botticelli Birth of Venus
Florence Galleria degli Uffizi

Naissance de Vénus
Geburt der Venus

Nascita di Venere
Nacimiento de Venus

Blair Leighton

Lady Godiva

Leeds : City Art Gallery
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Boucher · The Setting of the Sun

London Wallace Collection

Coucher du soleil

Sonnenuntergang

Tramontare del sole

Puesta del sol

Cosimo Rosselli · Amor and Castitas
London · National Gallery

Albert Moore · A Summer Night

Liverpool: Walker Art Gallery

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Nuit d'été

Sommernacht

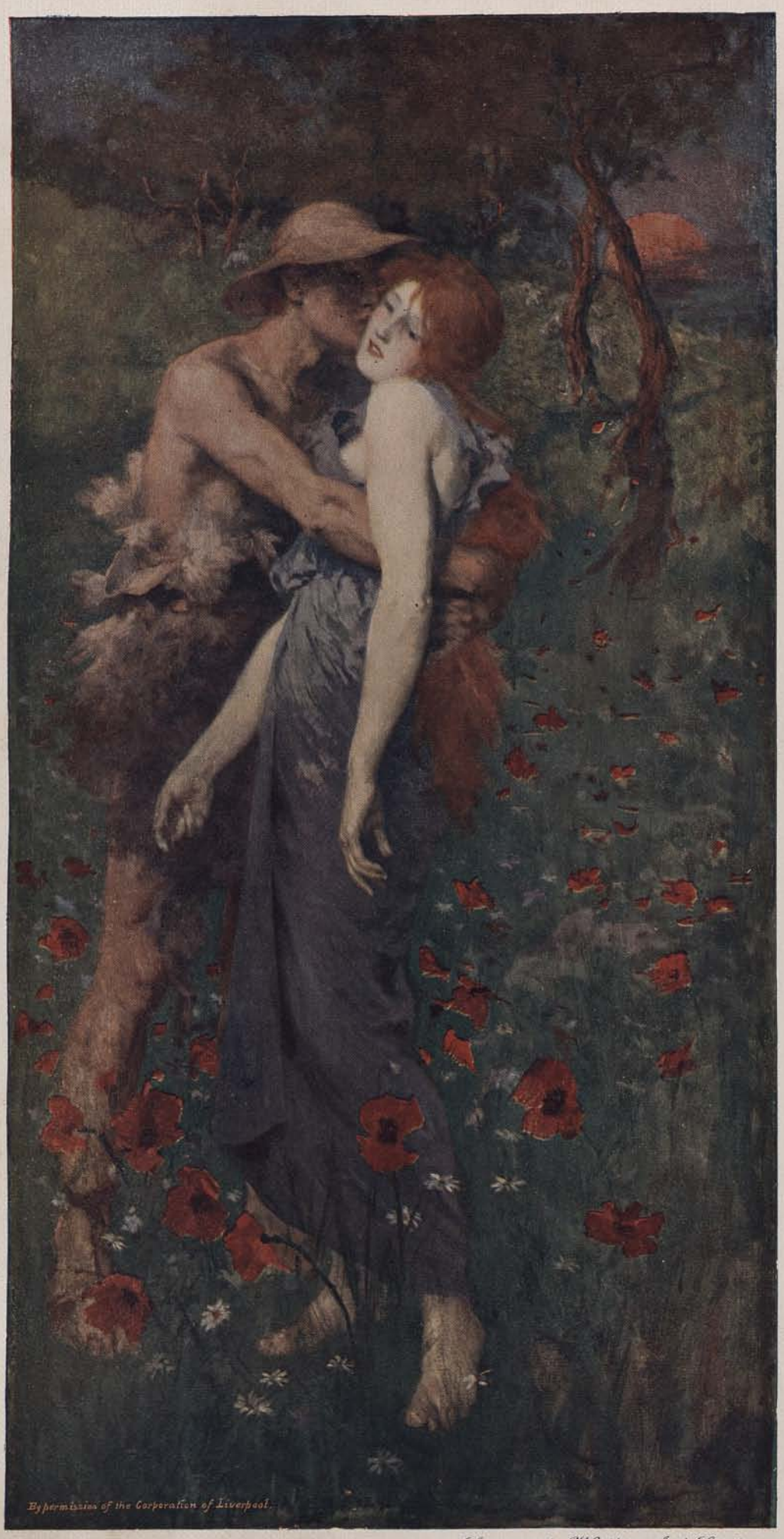
Sera dell' estate

Noche de verano

Rosa Bonheur · Ploughing in Nivernais
Paris: Louvre

Labour en Nivernais
Nivernaische Pflugochsen

Aratura nel Nivernais
La labranza en el Nivernais



Liverpool · Walker Art Gallery

An Idyll

Maurice Grieffenhagen

Giorgione Madonna and Two Saints

Castelfranco Cathedral

La Madonne tronante

Die Jungfrau Maria auf dem Thron

La Vergine in trono

La Virgen en el trono

Draper · Lament for Icarus

London · Tate Gallery

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Lamentation sur Icare

Klage für Icaros

Lamentazione per Icaro

Lamentando por la muerte de Icaro

Milton dicte "Le Paradis Perdu"
Milton diktiert "Verlorenes Paradies"

Munkacsy · Milton Dictating "Paradise Lost"
New York · Lennox Gallery

Milton detta "Il Paradiso Perduto"
Milton dictando "El Paraiso Perdido"

Rembrandt · Return of the Prodigal Son

Leningrad · The Hermitage

Retour de l'enfant prodigue

Rückkehr des verlorenen Sohnes

Il ritornare del figliuol' prodigo

La vuelta del hijo pródigo

Leonardo da Vinci · Mona Lisa

Paris · Louvre

Coucher du soleil à Fontainebleau
Sonnenuntergang zu Fontainebleau

Rousseau · Sunset at Fontainebleau
Paris · Louvre

Tramontare del sole a Fontainebleau
Puesta del sol a Fontainebleau

Rubens · Helena Fourment and her Children

Paris, Louvre

Helene Fourment et ses enfants

Helene Fourment und seine Kinde

Helen Fourment con sui bambini

Elena Fourment y sus hijos

Richard Jack · The Toast

Bristol Art Gallery

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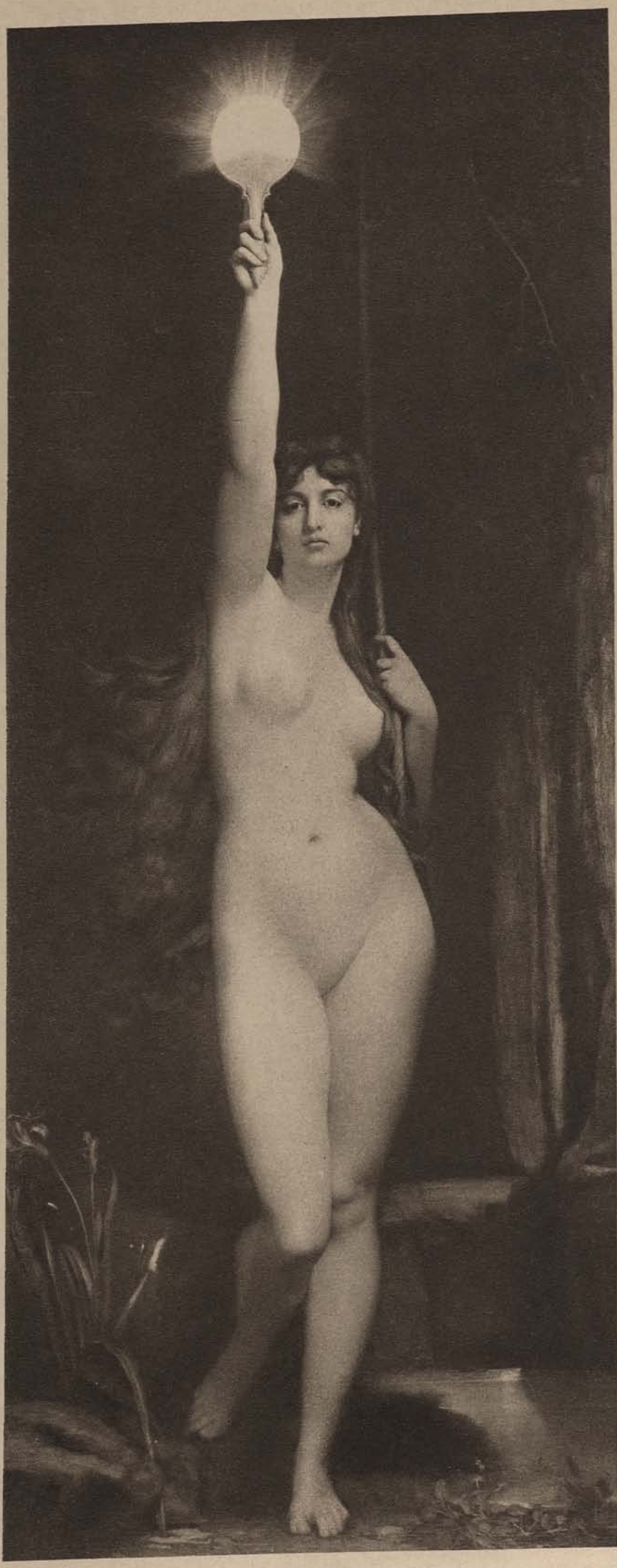
La Santé
Der Toast

Il Brindisi
La Brindis



Lefebvre · Truth
Paris · Luxembourg

La Verité
Die Wahrheit

La Verità
La Verdad

Ruisdael

Mill at Wijk

Amsterdam: Rijksmuseum

Le moulin à Wijk

Die Mühle von Wijk

Il mulino a Wijk

El molino de Wijk

Waterhouse The Lady of Shalott

Leeds City Art Gallery

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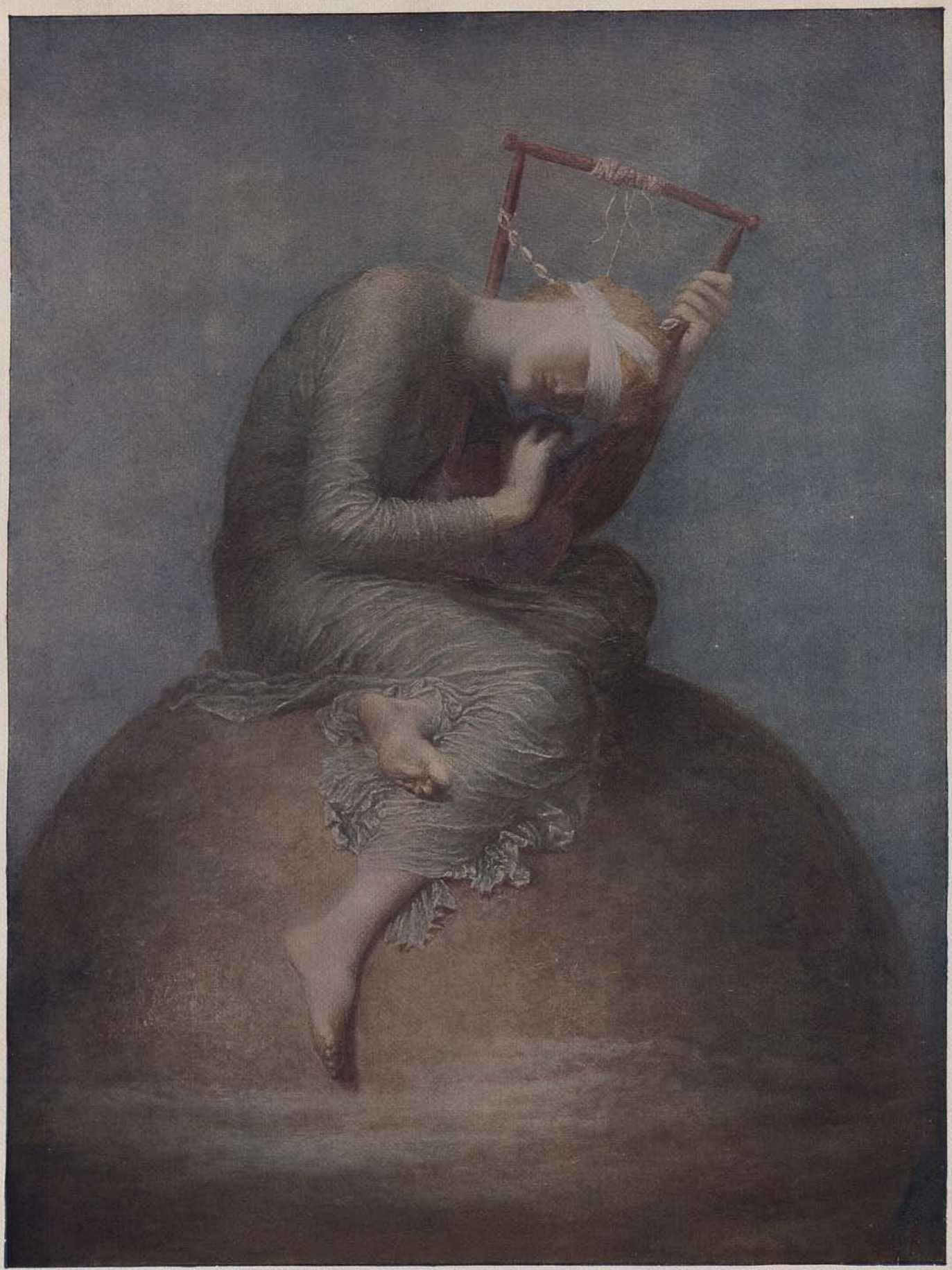
Manet. The Old Musician

Exhibited at Lefevre Galleries
1a King St. St. James's S.W.

Le Vieux Musicien
Der alte Musiker
Il musico vecchio
El músico viejo



London: Tate Gallery

Hope
G. F. Watts

Reynolds · Heads of Angels

London · National Gallery

Têtes d'anges

Engelsköpfe

Angeli tutelari

Cabezas de angeles

Metsu · Vegetable Market Amsterdam
Paris · Louvre

Le marché aux herbes
Der Markt

Piazza di mercato
Mercado de las hierbas

Titian · Ariosto
London : National Gallery

Stanhope Forbes The Drinking Place

Oldham Municipal Art Gallery

By Permission

L' abreuvoir

Die Tränke

L'abbeveratoio

El aguadero

Perugino

The Vision of St. Bernard

Munich: Alte Pinakothek

La vision de S. Bernard
Vision des heiligen Bernhards

Visione di S. Bernardo
Visión de San Bernardo

Millais

The Boyhood of Raleigh

London: Tate Gallery

Enfance de Raleigh
Raleighs Jugend
Puerizia di Raleigh
Juventud de Raleigh

Ingres · Madame Rivière

Paris · Louvre

Raeburn · Macnab of Macnab

In the possession of John Dewar & Sons Ltd

Photo Annan

Giorgione · The Sleeping Venus

Dresden · Gemälde-Galerie

Alinari Photo

Venus endormie

Schlummernde Venus

Venere dormente

Venus durmiendo

Raphael · The Transfiguration

Rome : Vatican

Anderson Photo

Courbet · Woman with two Doves

Philadelphia : Barnes Foundation Gallery

Femme avec deux colombes

Frau mit zwei Tauben

La donna colle due colombe

Mujer con dos palomas

Alma-Tadema · The Pyrrhic Dance
London · Guildhall

La danse pyrrhique
Der pyrrichische Tanz

Danza pirrica
Danza pírrica

London : Wallace Collection

Mrs. Robinson: "Perdita"

Gainsborough

Reynolds · Nelly O'Brien
London : Wallace Collection

Dou · The Young Mother

Hague : Mauritshuis

La jeune mère

Die junge Mutter

La madre giovane

La madre joven

Titian

Venus and Adonis

Madrid : Museo del Prado
Anderson Photo

Gainsborough

The Harvest Waggon

Lord Swaythling Collection

Charette de foin
Heuwagen

La carretta
Carro de heno

Andrea del Sarto · Madonna

Florence : Galleria degli Uffizi

Anderson Photo

La Vierge aux harpies

Madonna mit den Harpyien

La Madonna dell' Arpie

La Virgen de las harpías

Hogarth · Marriage à la Mode. Scene II

London: Tate Gallery

Mariage à la Mode
Heirat nach der Mode

Nozze alla Moda
Casamiento a la Moda

Breton

The Gleaner

Paris : Luxembourg

La glaneuse
Die Ährenleserin
La spigolatrice
La espigadora

Pettie · The Vigil
London : Tate Gallery

La vigile
Das Wachen

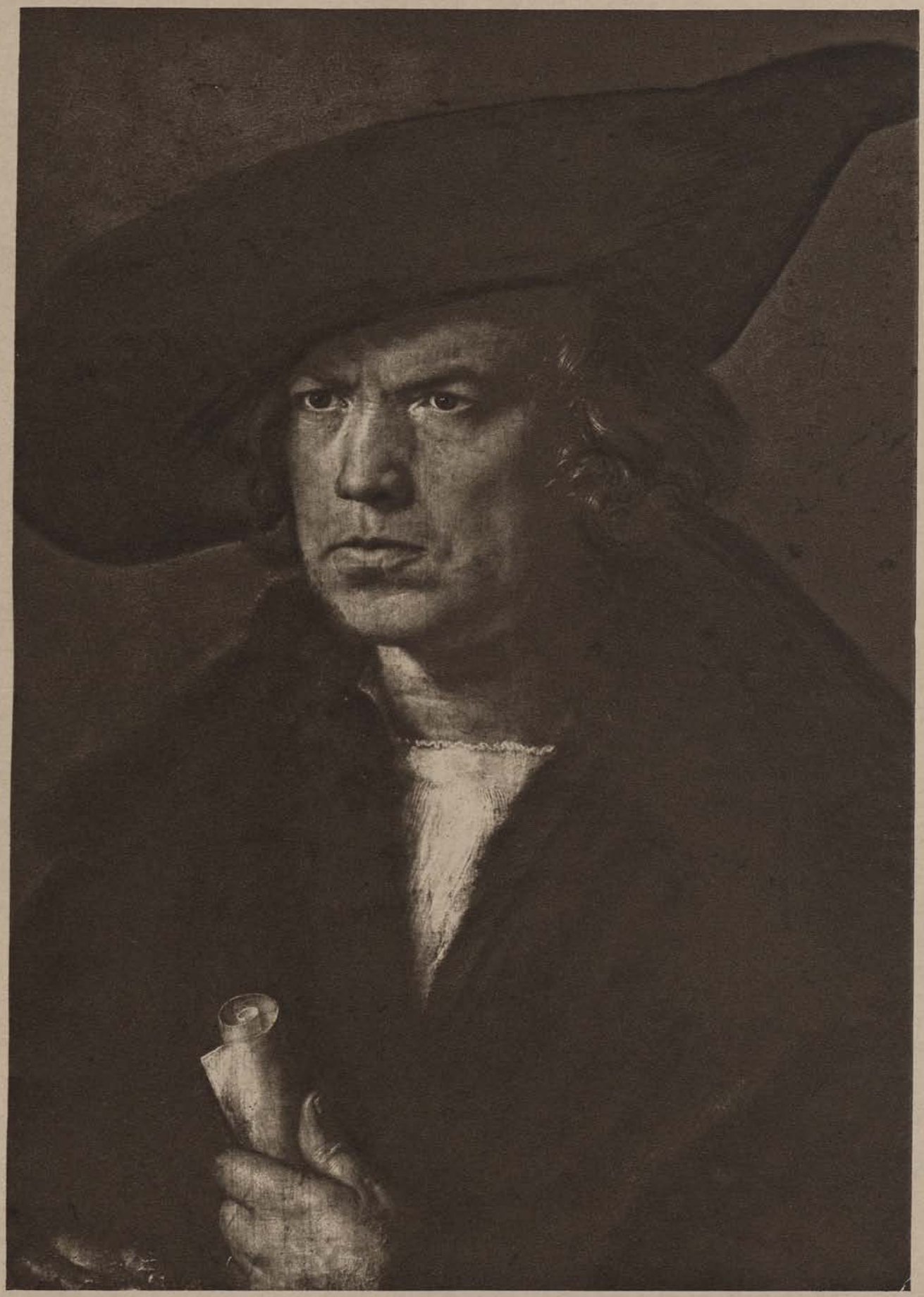
La vigilia
La vigilia

Van Eyck : Angels Singing and Playing
Berlin: Kaiser-Friedrich-Museum

Anges chanteurs et musiciens
Singende und spielende Engeln

Angeli cantanti e suonanti
Angeles cantores y musicos

Wyllie · Blake and Van Tromp
Private Collection



Dürer · Hans Imhoff

Madrid · Museo del Prado

Corot: The Vale
Paris: Louvre

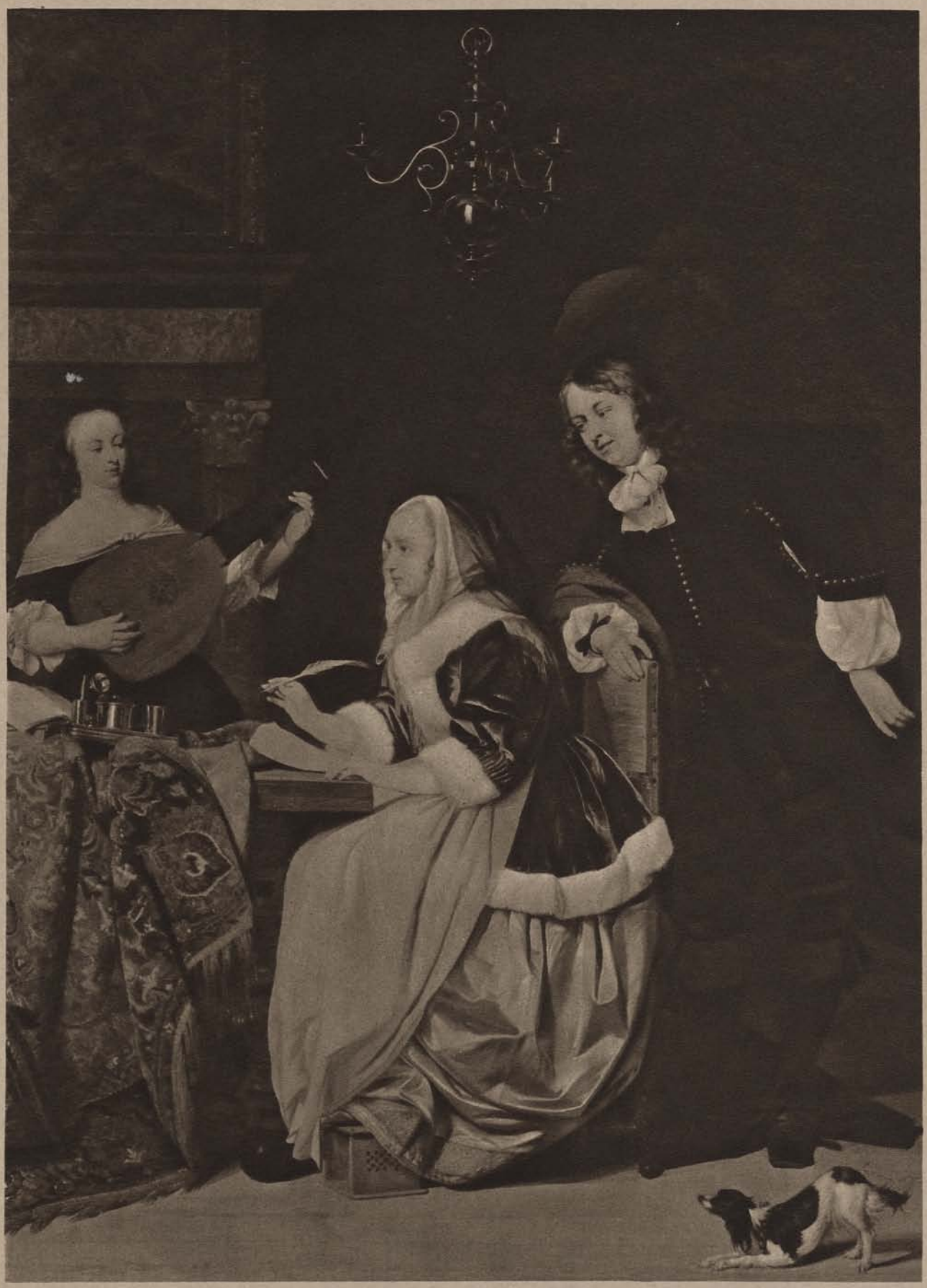
Le vallon
Das Tälchen
Il valloncello
El valle

London . Tate Gallery

Between Two Fires

F. D. Millet

Fine Arts Publishing Co Ltd



Metsu · The Music Lover

The Hague · Mauritshuis

Les amateurs de musique
Die Musikliebhaber

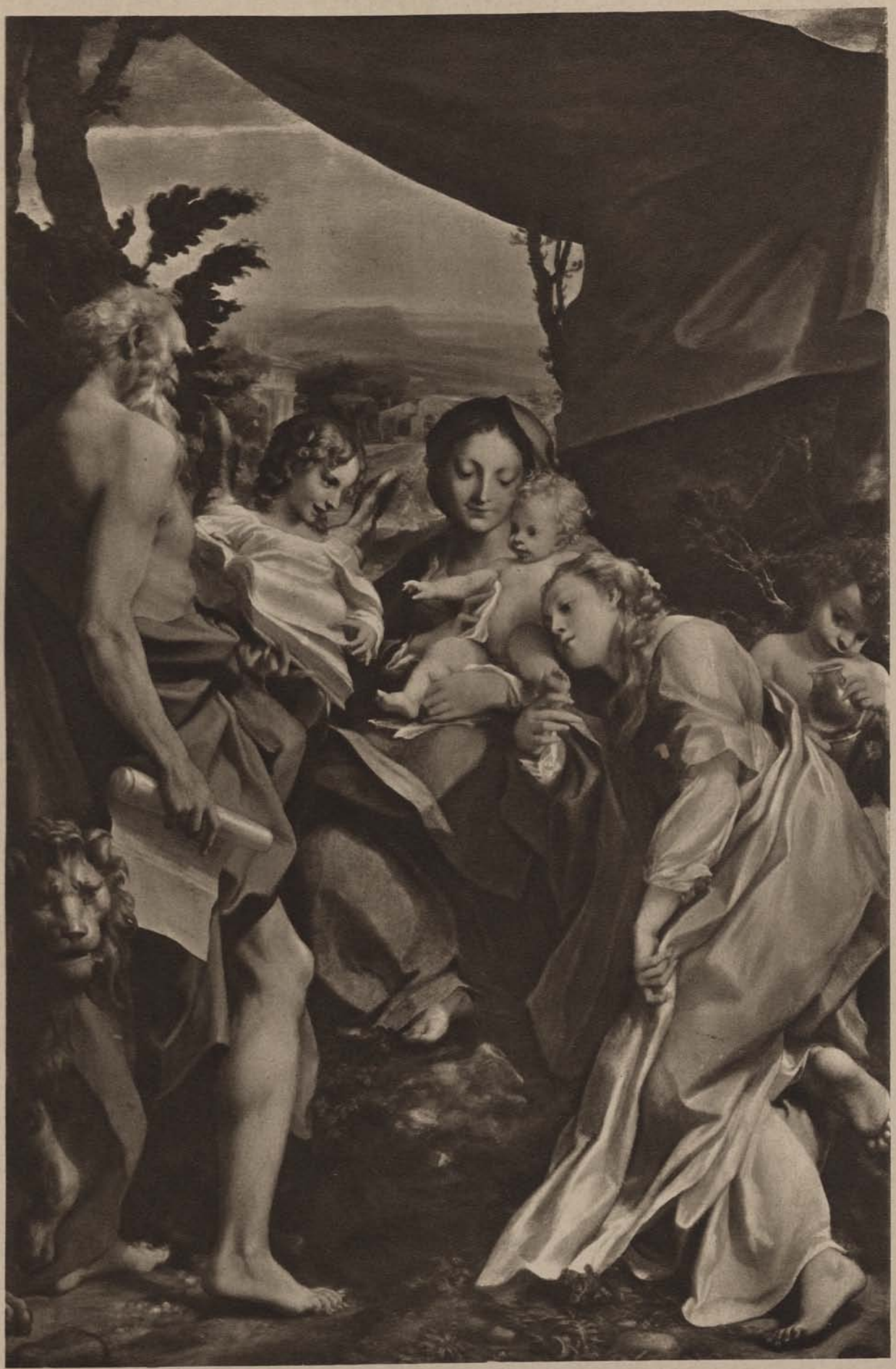
Musichi
Los filarmónicos

Velasquez · Prince Don Baltasar Carlos

Madrid Museo del Prado

Don Balthasar Carlos a cheval
Don Balthasar Carlos zu Pferde

Don Baltasar Carlos andante a cavallo
El Principe Don Baltasar Carlos



Correggio · The Madonna of St. Jerome

Parma: Palazzo della Pilotta

La Madonne de Saint Jérome

Madonna des heiligen Hieronymus

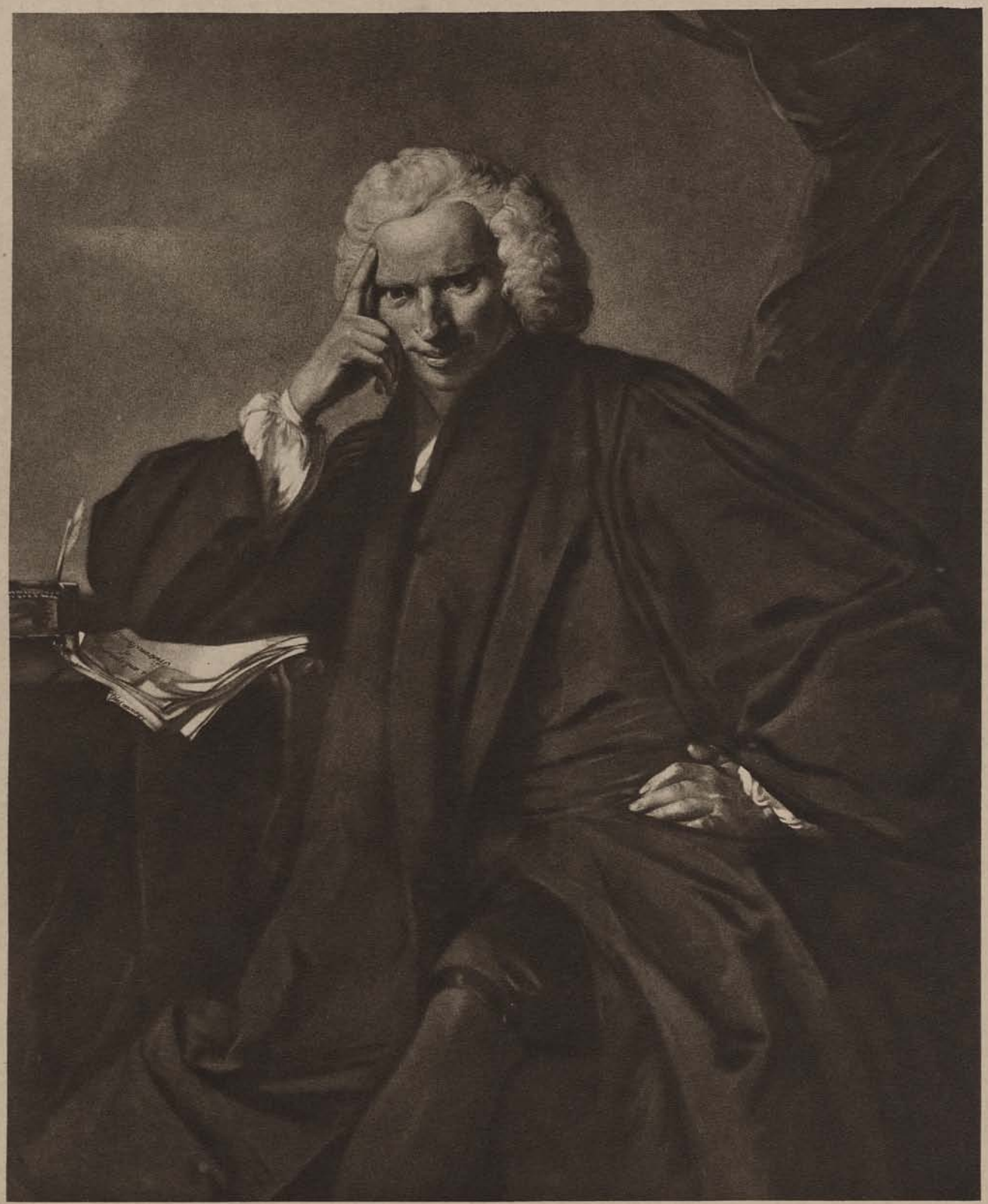
Madonna di S. Girolamo

Virgen llamada de San Jerónimo

Vermeer

Delft from
Rotterdam Canal

Hague : Mauritshuis



Reynolds · Laurence Sterne

Lord Lansdowne Collection

Rubens · Landscape at Sunset

London: National Gallery

Paysage au coucher du soleil

Landschaft am Sonnenuntergang

Paesaggio al tramontare del sole

Paisaje al puesta del sol

Rembrandt · Danäe
Leningrad : The Hermitage

El Greco

The Crucifixion

Madrid: Museo del Prado

Anderson Photo

Le Christ en Croix — La Crocifissione

Die Kreuzigung — La Crucifixión

Poynter · Outward Bound

London Tate Gallery

En route pour l'étranger

Nach auswärts bestimmt

Diretto all' estero

Para el extranjero

Hals · Arquebusiers of St. Adrian

Haarlem: Staatsmuseum

La réunion des archers de St. Adrien

Festmahl der Bogenschützen St. Hadrians

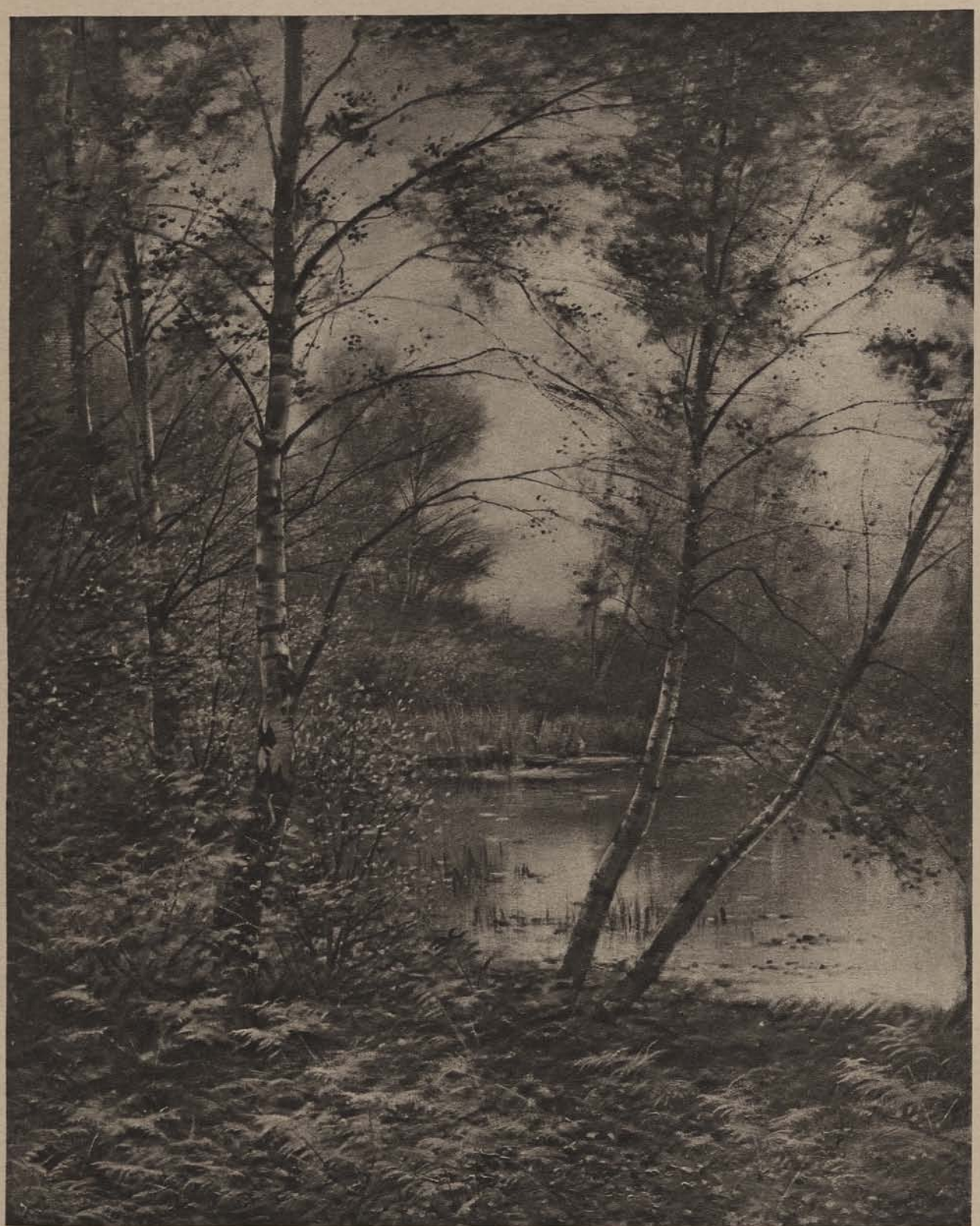
Riunione degli arcieri di S. Adriano

Reunion de los arqueros de San Adrián

La Reine Marie d'Angleterre
Königin Maria von England

Moro · Queen Mary
Madrid : Museo del Prado

La Regina Maria d' Inghilterra
La Reina María de Inglaterra



Parton · Bracken and Birch

Private Collection

La fougère et le bouleau

Das Farnkraut und die Birke

Felce e betulla

Helecho y abedul

London: Tate Gallery

Thursday

Dendy Sadler

Fine Arts Publishing Co Ltd

Rembrandt · Self-Portrait

Vienna: Kaiserliche Gemäldе Galerie

Portrait de l'artiste

Selbstbildnis

Autoritratto

Autorretrato

Graham · Moorland Rovers

Lord Armstrong Collection

Rodeurs sur la bruyère
Umherirrend auf die Heide

Scorrazzatori delle brughiere
Errantes por el brezal

Veronese · The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian

Venice: San Sebastiano

Anderson Photo

Le martyre de Saint Sebastian

Das Märtyrertum des heiligen Sebastian

Martirio di S. Sebastiano

El martirio de San Sebastián

Uccello · The Rout of San Romano
London: National Gallery

Waterhouse · Echo and Narcissus

Liverpool: Walker Art Gallery

By Permission

Luini · The Burial of St. Catharine

Milan: Palazzo di Brera

Anderson Photo

Enterrement de Sainte Catherine

Begräbnis der heiligen Katharine

Sotterramento di S. Caterina

Entierro de Santa Catalina

Gérard · Love and Psyche

Paris: Louvre

Photo · Alinari

Hals · Governors of the Old Men's Almshouses

Haarlem: Staatsmuseum

Regents de l'Hospice
Die Hospizdirektoren

Direttori degli ospizii de' poveri
Regentes del Hospital

Stevens · Mrs. Collmann

London · National Gallery

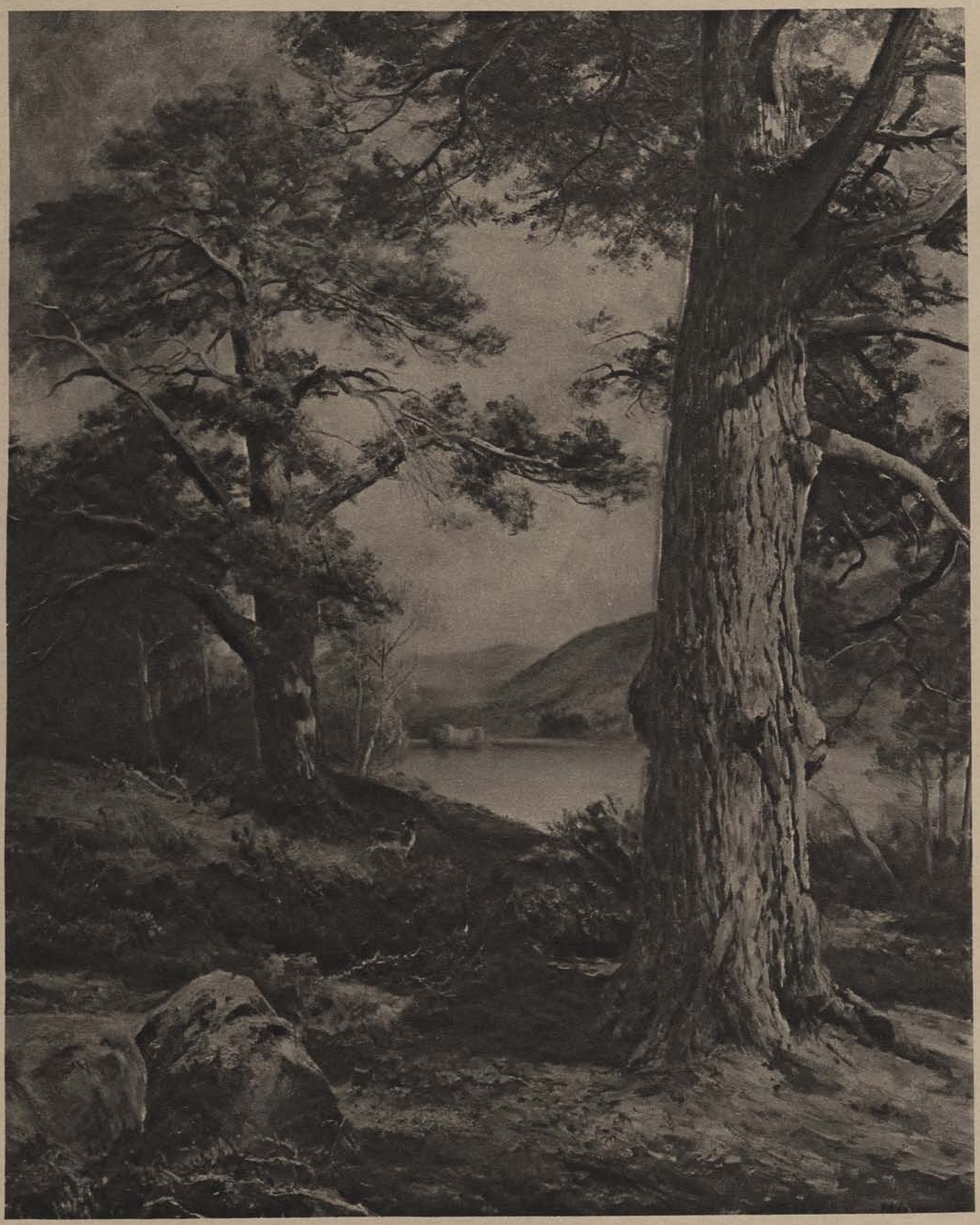
Francesca

The Nativity

London: National Gallery

La Nativité
Di Geburt Christi
La Natività
La Navidad

Goya · La Maja
Madrid · Museo del Prado
Anderson Photo



MacWhirter · Old Scotch Firs

Private Collection

Vieux sapins

Alte Tannen

Abeti attempati

Abetos viejos

London Tate Gallery

The Fisherman's Hut

Corot

Madame Vigée-Lebrun · The Artist and Her Daughter

Paris · Louvre

Van der Goes

Adoration of the Shepherds

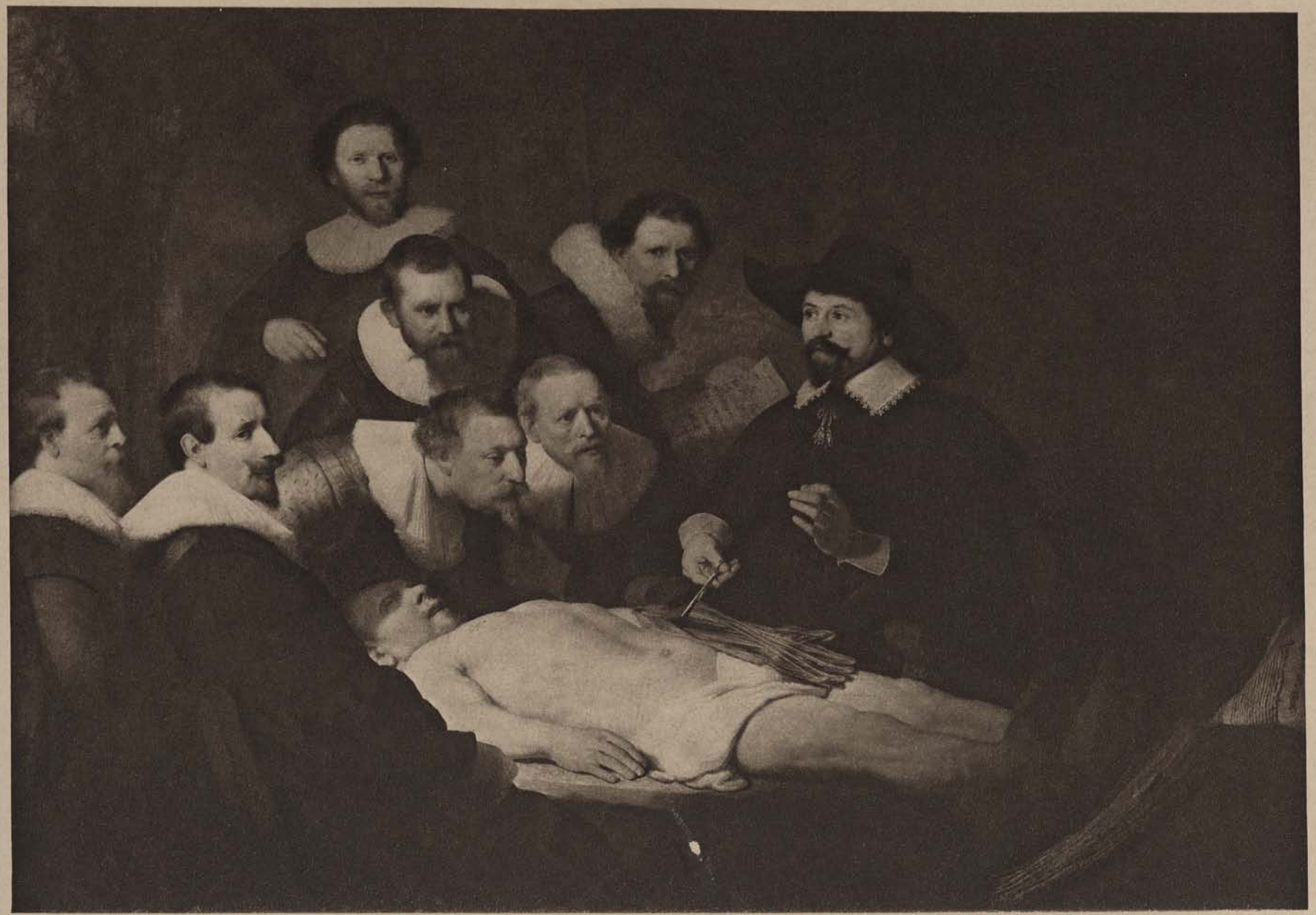
Florence
Galleria degli Uffizi
Anderson Photo

'adoration des bergers
La ung der Hirten
Die a
dei pastori
Lezione d'anat pastores
La lección de anat

Rembrandt

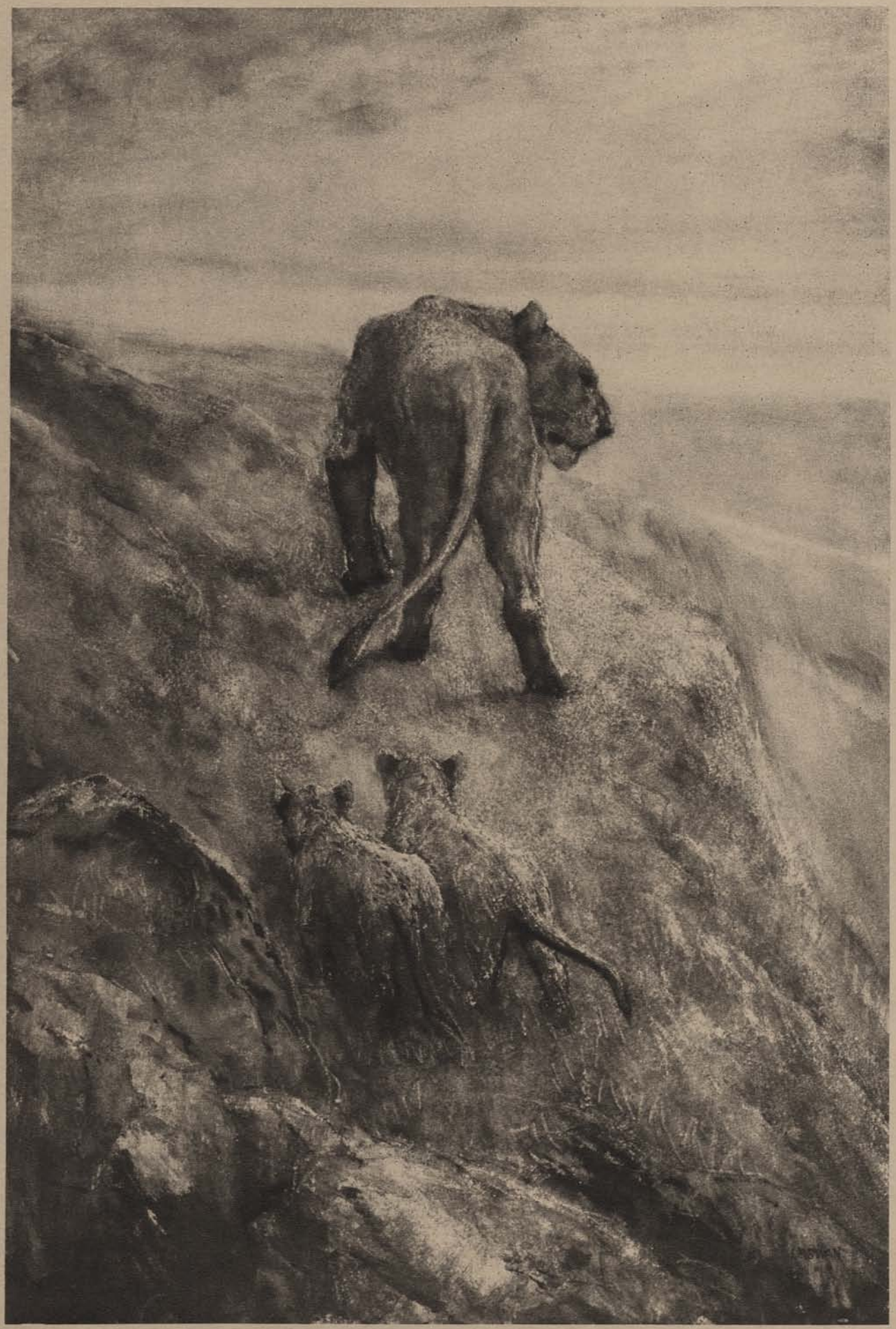
The Anatomy Lesson

Hague : Mauritshuis



La leçon d'anatomie
Die anatomische Vorlesung

Lezione d'anatomia
La lección de anatomía



Swan · On the Alert

Glasgow Art Galleries

By Permission

Sur le quivive

Wachsamkeit

All'erta

Alerto !

Titian

Diana and Callisto

London Bridgewater House
Walter L. Bourke Photo

Troyon · Bullocks going to Plough
Paris: Louvre

Boeufs allant au labour
Lasttiere die zur Arbeit gehen

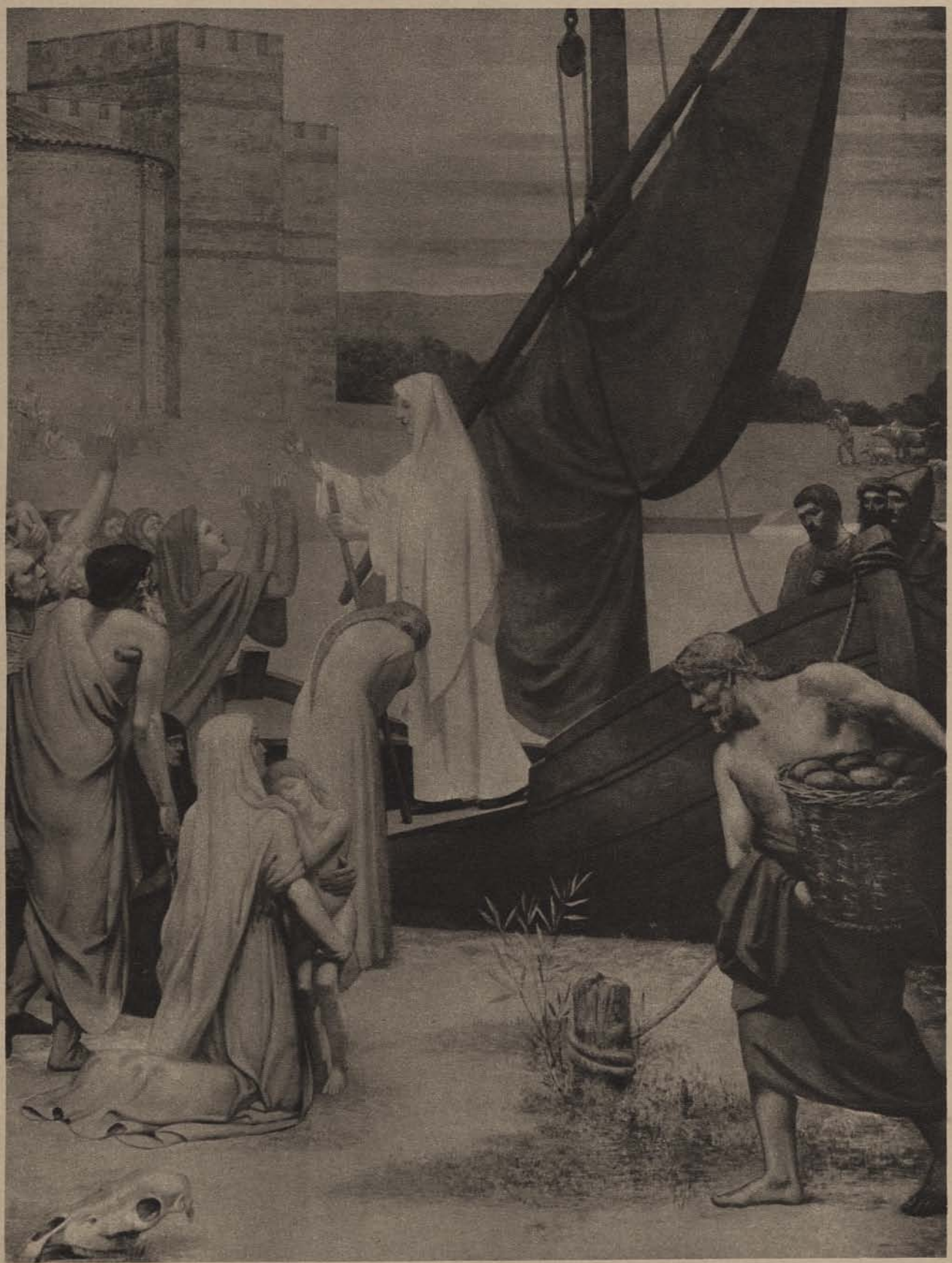
Torelli andanti al lavoro
Bueyes andando al trabajo

Holman Hunt

The Light of the World

Oxford: Keble College

La Lumière du monde — Lume del Mondo
Das Licht der Welt — La Luz del mundo



Puvis de Chavannes · St. Geneviève

Paris: Panthéon

Lord Leighton · Hercules struggling with Death
Samuelson Collection

Hercule se battant avec la Mort
Herkules schlägt sich mit dem Tod
Ercole combatte con Morte
Heracles se lucha con la Muerte

Patinir · Heaven and Hell
Madrid: Prado
Anderson: Photo

Le paradis et l'enfer
Paradies und die Unterwelt

Il Paradiso e l'Inferno
El paradiso y el infierno

Lawrence · Pope Pius VII

Windsor Castle

By Permission of H. M. The King

Leader · The Valley of the Slugwy
London · Tate Gallery

London : Tate Gallery

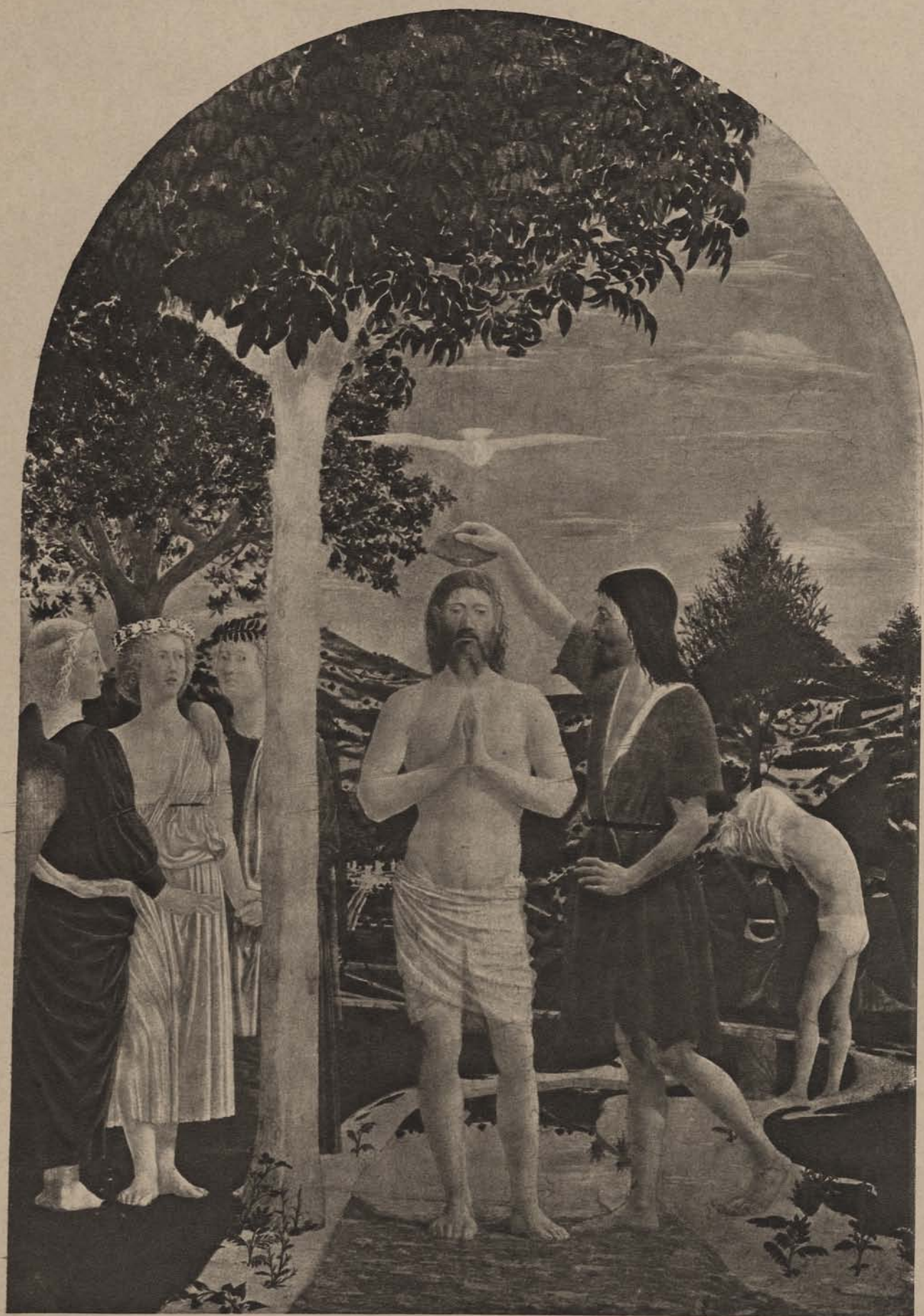
Diana of the Uplands

Furse

Reynolds

Diana,
Viscountess
Crosbie

Tennant Collection



Francesca · The Baptism

London: National Gallery

Le Baptême

Die Taufe

Il Battesimo

El Bautismo

Goya · The Majas of the Balcony

Les Majas au balcon

Die Majas auf dem Balkon

Le Sgualdrinelle del balcone

Majas en el balcón

Sargent · "Gassed"
London Imperial War Museum
Crown Copyright

"Gazés"
"Vergasst"

"Asfissiati"
"Asfixiados"

Gerard David · Madonna and Child

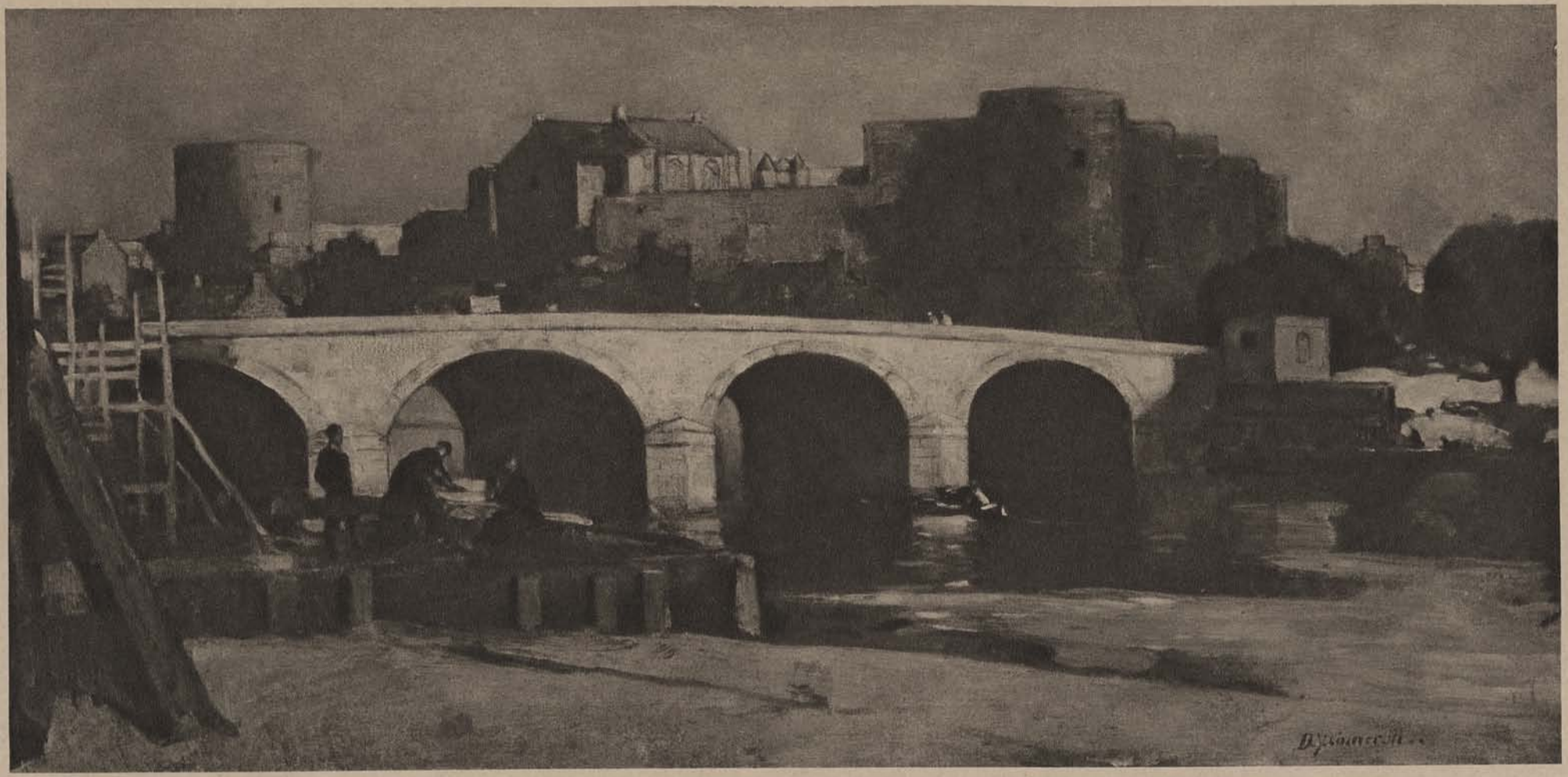
Private Collection

La Vierge et l'Enfant

Madonna und Kind

Madonna col Bambino

La Virgen y el Niño



D. Y. Cameron · Dark Angers
Manchester Art Gallery

By Permission

Angers la sombre
Die dunkle Angers

Angers ombroso
Angers sombroso

Hals · The Laughing Cavalier

London Wallace Collection

Le joyeux Cavalier

Der lachende Kavalier

Il cavaliere ridente

El caballero risueño

Hubert Van Eyck · Adoration of the Lamb

Ghent : St. Bavon

Adoration de l'agneau

Anbetung des Lammes

Adorazione del agnello

La Adoración del cordero

Poynter · A Visit to Aesculapius

London Tate Gallery

Une visite à Esculape

Besuch bei Äskulap

Visita ad Esculapio

Una visita á Esculapio

Rembrandt

The Mill

U. S. A.

Le Moulin — Il Mulino
Die Mühle — El Molino

Augustus John

The Smiling Woman

London. Tate Gallery

La femme souriante — La donna sorridente

Die lächelnde Frau — La mujer sonrienda

Tintoretto · St. George and the Dragon

London : National Gallery

Saint Georges et le Dragon

Ritter Sank: Georg und der Lindwurm

San Giorgio ed il Dragone

San Jorge y el Dragon

London Tate Gallery

Uncle Toby and The Widow Wadman

C.R. Leslie

ona

Retablo

Bellini · San Giovanni Altarpiece

Venice: San Giovanni Crisostomo

Tableau d'autel

Altarbild

Ancona

Retablo

Constable · The Cornfield

London : National Gallery

Le champ de blé

Das Kornfeld

Il campo de grano

El terreno de granos

Roussel

The Reading Girl

London: Tate Gallery

La Liseuse
Lesendes Mädchen
Ragazza chi legge
La lector

Memlinc · The Death of St. Ursula

Bruges: L'Hôpital St. Jean

La mort de Sainte Ursule

Der Tod der heiligen Ursula

Morte d

La muerte de

Velasquez · Infante Philip Prosper

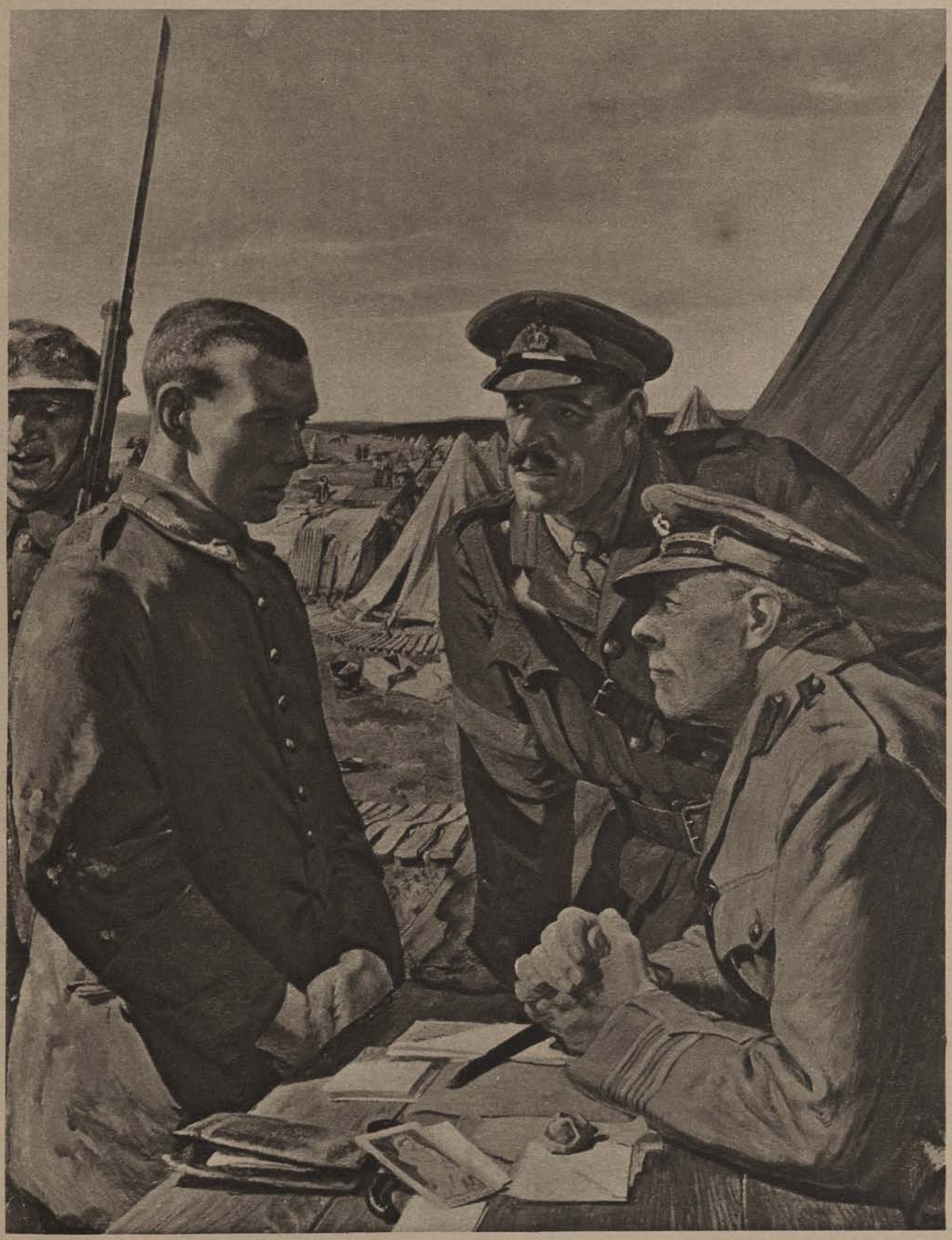
Vienna: Gemälde Galerie

Titian · Pietà

Venice · Accademia

Rubens · Ambrosio Spinola

Brunswick · Landes-Museum



Francis Dodd · "Interrogation"

London : Imperial War Museum

Crown Copyright

Interrogatoire

Das Verhör

Interrogazione

Interpelacion

Murillo · The Immaculate Conception

Paris : Louvre

Puvis de Chavannes · Repose

Amiens: Musée de Picardie

Repos
Die Ruhe

Riposo
Reposo

Sir John Gilbert · Ego et Rex Meus
London : Guildhall

Raphael · Parnassus

Rome · Vatican

London: Tate Gallery

June in the Austrian Tyrol

Mac Whirter

Gainsborough · Queen Charlotte

Windsor Castle

By permission of H. M. The King

Petrus Cristus · The Annunciation

New York: Friedsam Collection

By Permission

Greuze · A Girl with Doves

London: Wallace Collection

Jeune Fille avec colombes

Mädchen mit Tauben

Ragazza colle colombe

La Niña de las palomas

Veronese · The Marriage at Cana

Dresden : Gemälde-Galerie

Les noces de Cana

Hochzeit zu Cana

Nozze a Cana

Las bodas de Caná

Hals · Portrait of a Man

Lord Spencer Collection

Portrait d'un homme

Bildnis eines Mannes

Ritratto d'un uomo

Retrato de un hombre

Detaille

The Dream

Paris: Luxembourg

Le rêve — Il sogno
Der Traum — El sueño

Raphael · La Belle Jardinière

Paris : Louvre

Constable · The Valley Farm

London · Tate Gallery

La ferme de la vallée

Das Talgehöft

Il podere nel vallo

La granja en el valle

Michelangelo · The Holy Family

Florence · Galleria degli Uffizi

La Sainte Famille

Die heilige Familie

La santa famiglia

La Sagrada Familia

Sir William Richmond · Venus and Anchises

Liverpool : Walker Art Gallery

By Permission

Rembrandt · Saskia

Kassel: Gemalde-Galerie

Cox · The Vale of Clwyd

Private Collection

London : National Gallery

The Age of Innocence

Reynolds

Leonardo da Vinci · Portrait of a Woman

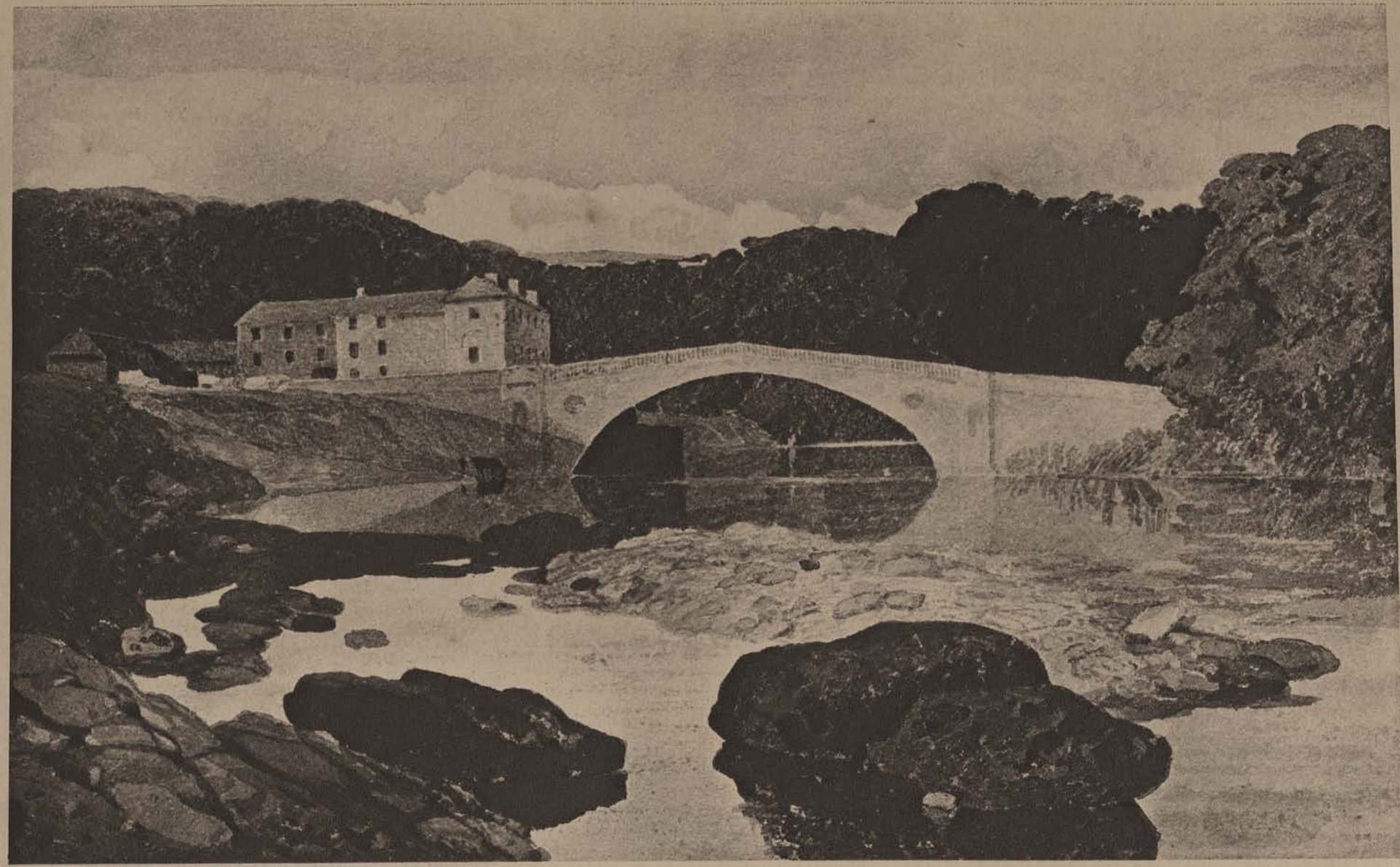
Paris · Louvre

Portrait d'une femme

Frauenbildnis

Ritratto d'una donna

Retrato de una mujer



Cotman · Greta Bridge
London · British Museum

Le pont de Greta
Die Brücke von Greta

Il ponte di Greta
El puente de Greta

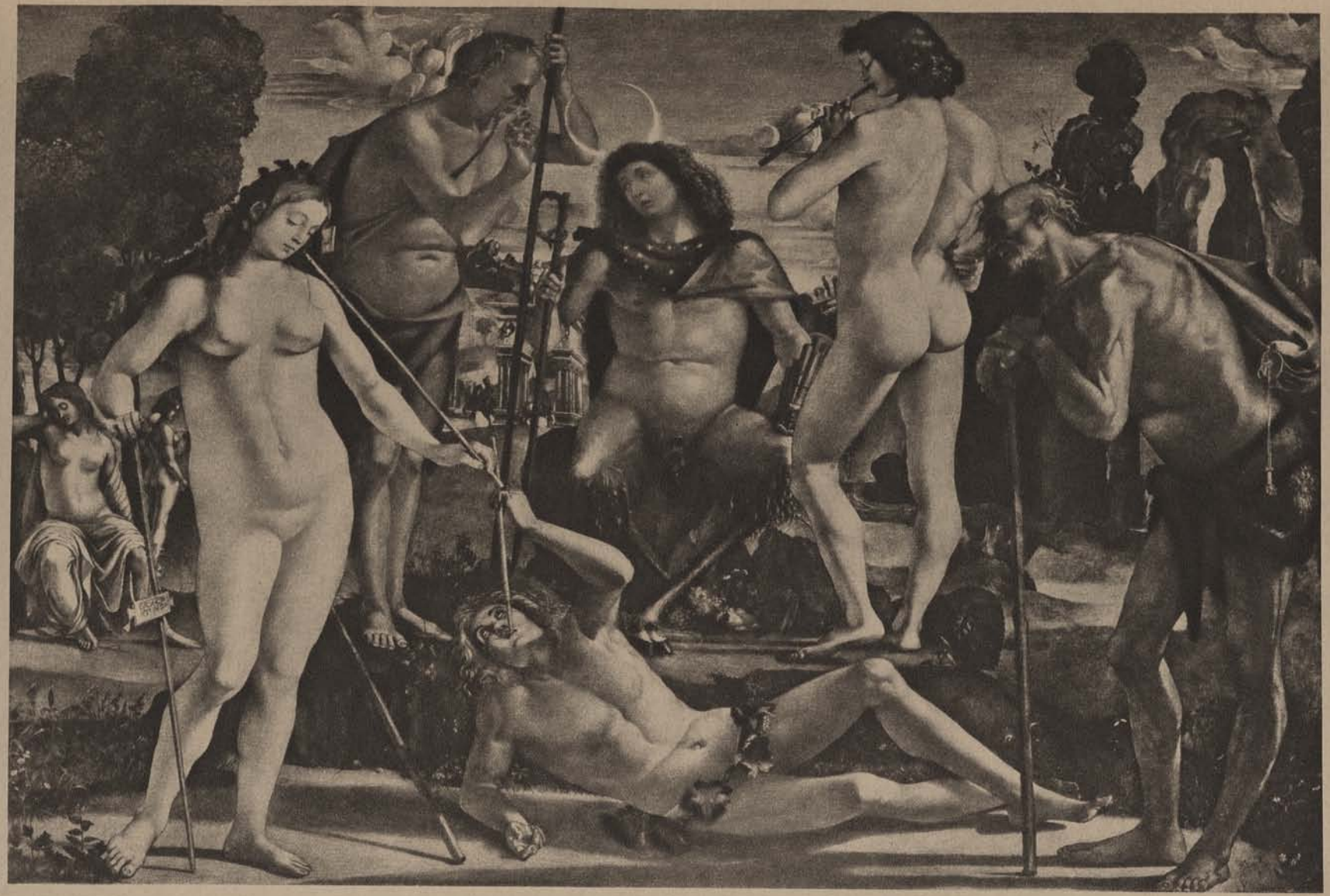
Van Dyck

Portrait of a Man

Berlin

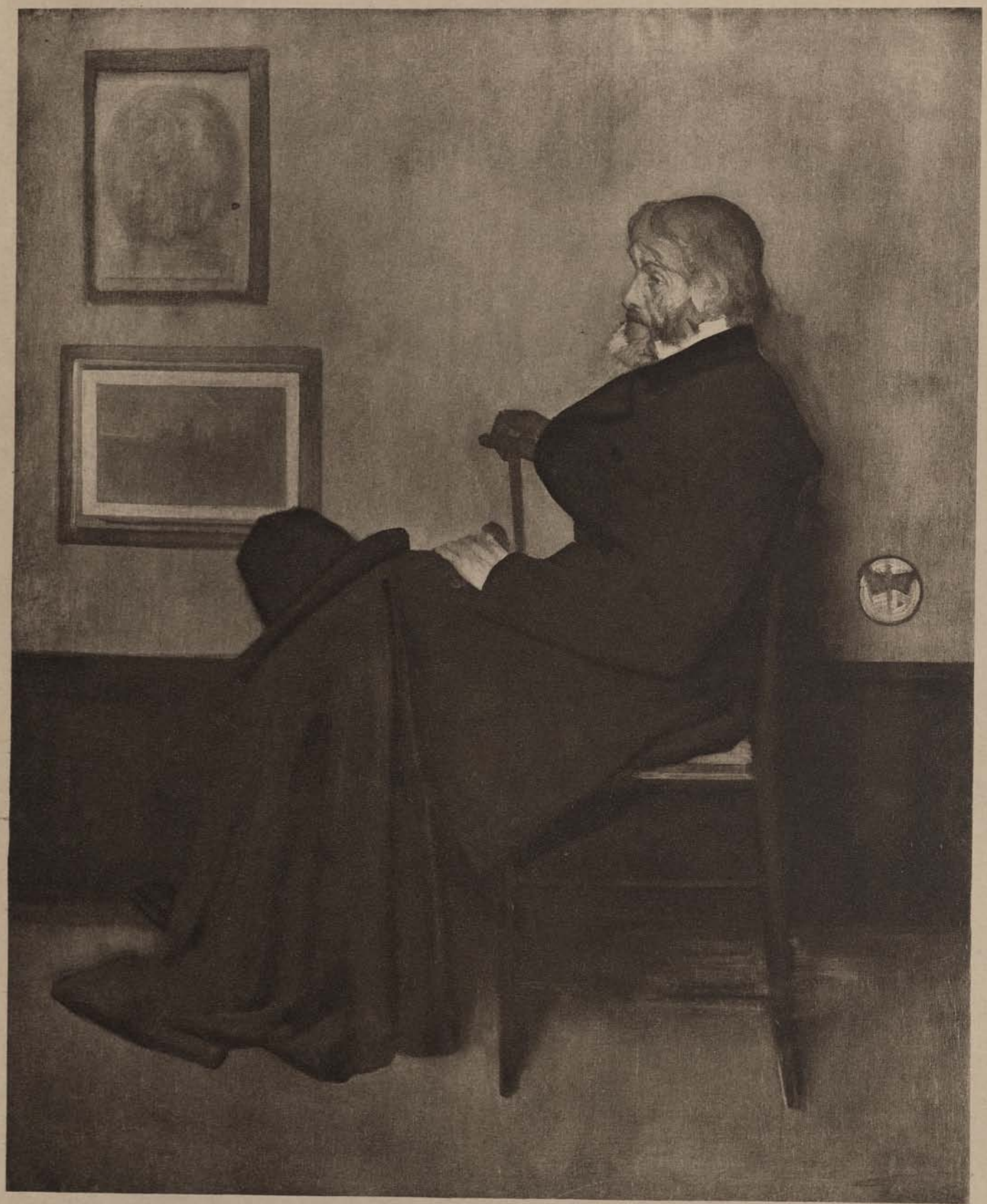
Kaiser-Friederich-Museum

Portrait d'un vieillard
Bildnis eines alten Mannes
Ritratto d'un vecchione
Retrato de un viejo



Signorelli · Pan

Berlin: Kaiser-Friedrich-Museum



Whistler · Thomas Carlyle

Glasgow Art Galleries

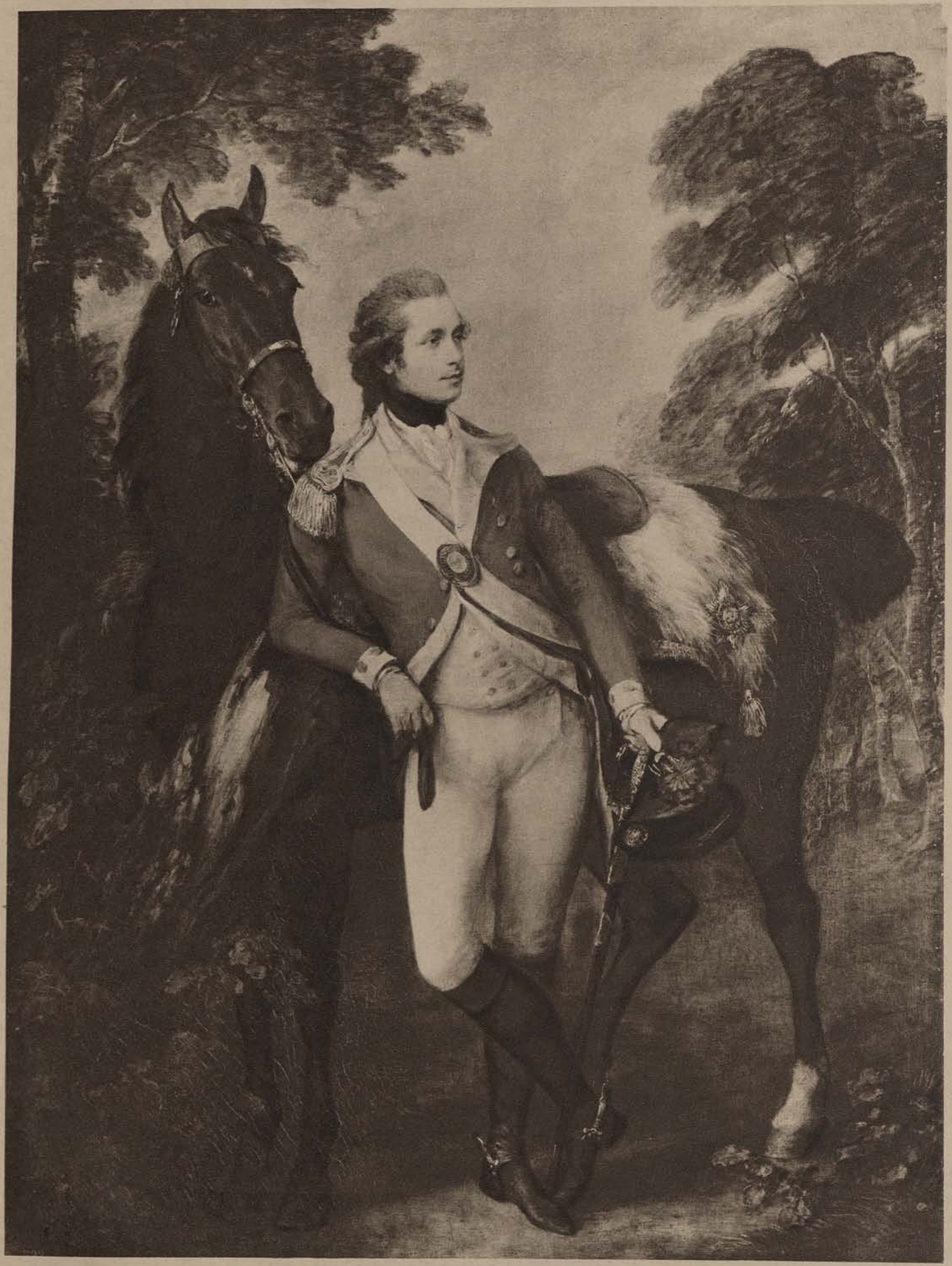
By Permission

Hubert Van Eyck

The Three Marys

Cook Collection

Les trois Maries — Le tre Maria
Die drei Marien — Las tre Marias



Gainsborough · Colonel St Leger

London: Buckingham Palace

By Permission of H.M. the King

Van der Neer · Winter Landscape

Berlin · Kaiser-Friedrich-Museum

Paysage d'hiver

Winterslandschaft

Paesaggio d'inverno

Paisaje d'invierno

alce
adaña

Pinturicchio · Apollo and Marsyas
Paris: Louvre

La Thangue · The Man with the Scythe

London: Tate Gallery

L'homme à la faux

Der Mann mit der Sense

L'uomo colla falce

Hombre con la guadaña

Andrea del Sarto

Charity

Paris. Louvre

Charité — Carita
Barmherzigkeit — Caridad

Briton Riviere · Circe

By Permission of Messrs Thomas Agnew & Sons

By Permission

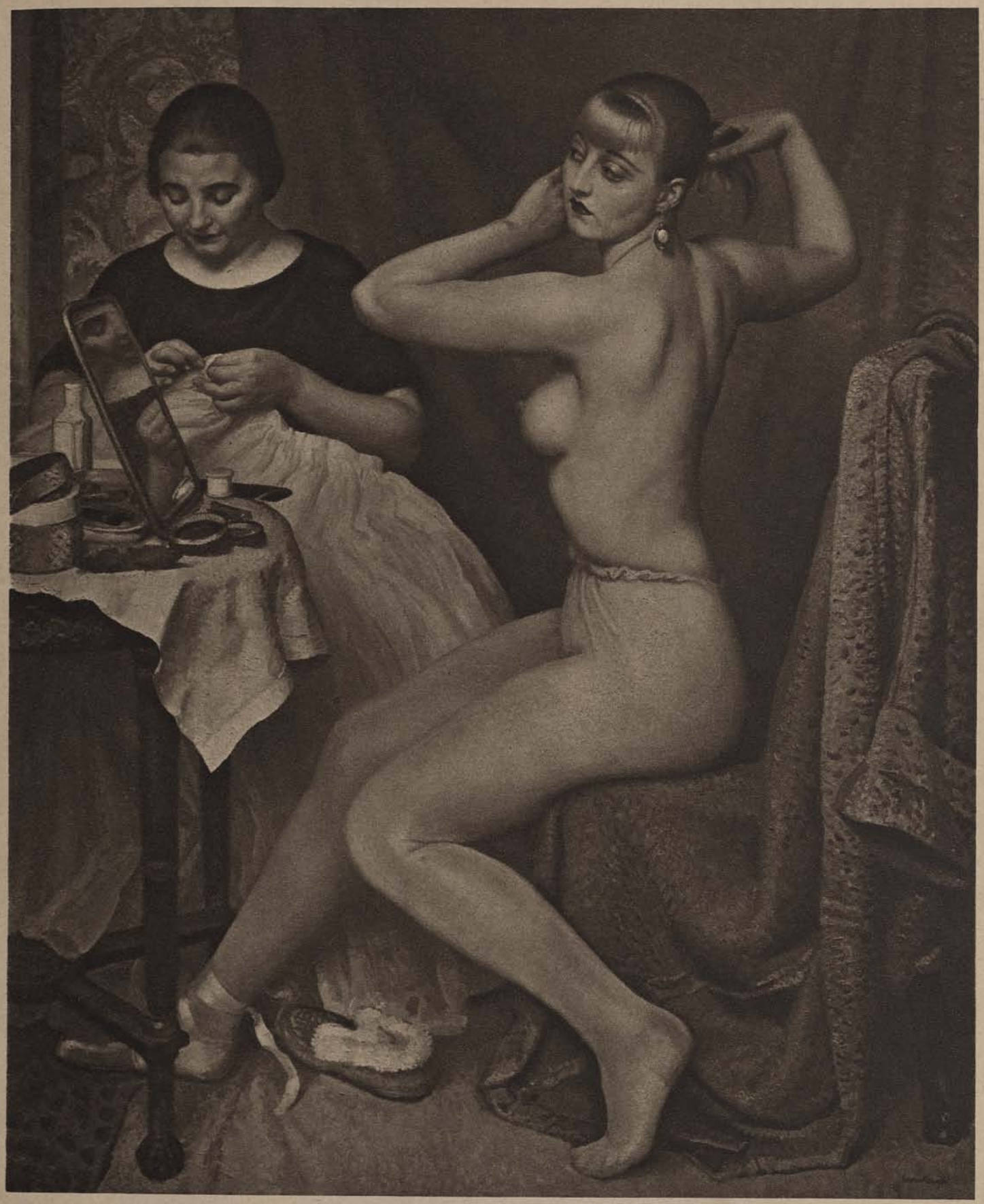
Amsterdam : Rijksmuse

avanti il ballett

ración por el baile

Milking Time

Anton Mauve



Laura Knight · Dressing for the Ballet

By Permission

Toilette avant le ballet

Ankleidung vor dem Ballett

Toelette avanti il ballett

Preparación por el baile

Ruisdael · Landscape with a Waterfall
London: National Gallery

La Cascade
Der Wasserfall
La Cascata
La Cascada

Fra Filippo Lippi · Madonna Adoring Child

Florence: Galleria degli Uffizi

Sir William Orchardson · The Young Duke

Port Sunlight: The Lady Lever Art Gallery

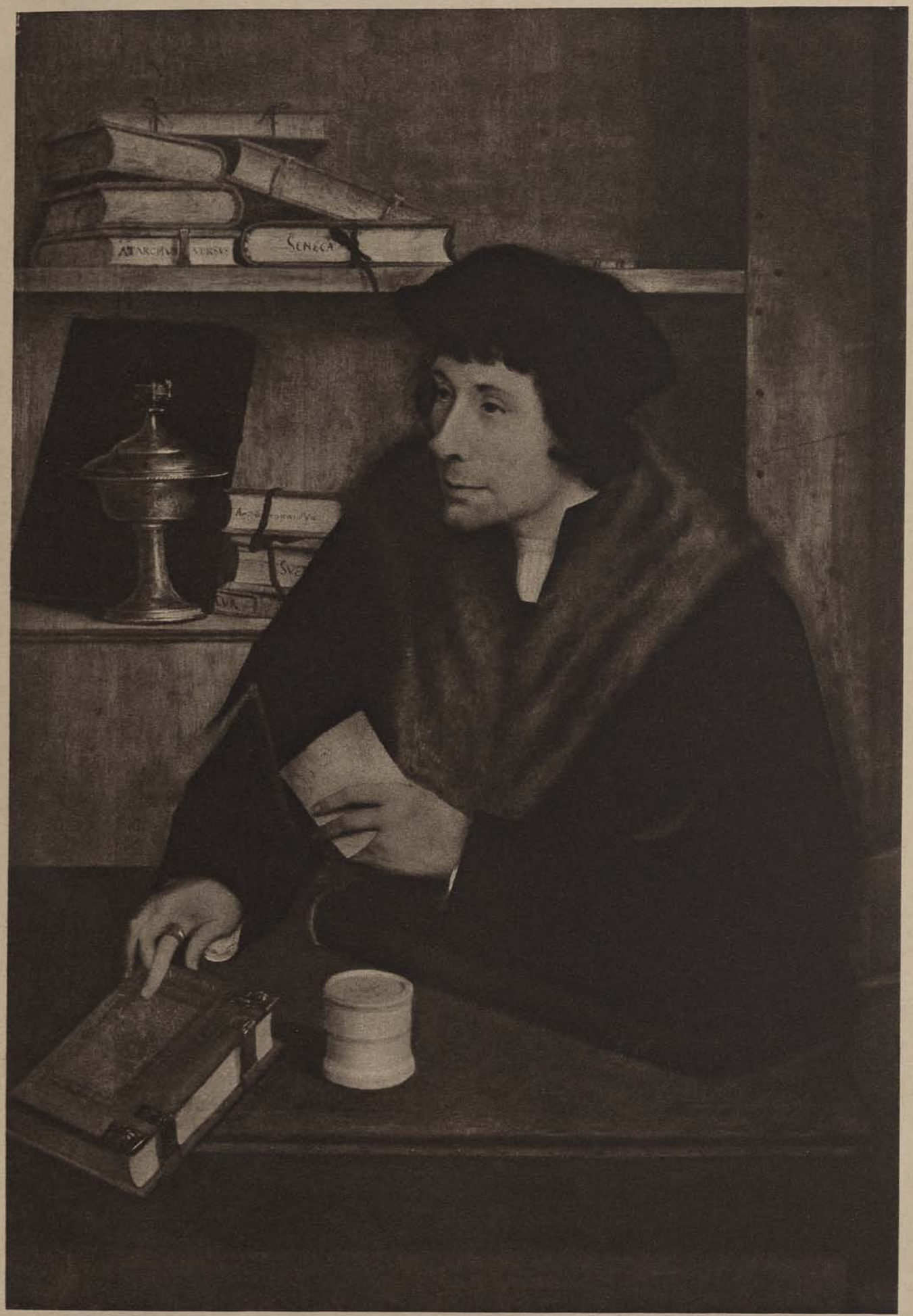
By Permission

Le jeune Duc

Der junge Herzog

Il Duchino

El joven duque



Metsys · Aegidius

Lord Radnor Collection

Sir William Orpen · The Signing of Peace, 1919

London : Imperial War Museum

Crown Copyright

La conference de Versailles

Die Konferenz von Versailles

La Conferenza alla Versaglia

La Conferencia de Versalles

Mrs Dod Proctor · Morning

Le Matin
Der Morgen

Mattina
La Mañana

Van Dyck · Madonna with Donors

Paris: Louvre

La Vierge aux Donateurs

Die heilige Jungfrau

Madonna col donatore

La Virgen y los donadores

Lawrence · Master Lambton

Lord Durham Collection

Millais · Sir Isumbras at the Ford

Port Sunlight: The Lady Lever Art Gallery

By Permission

Sir Isumbras au gué

Sir Isumbras an der Furt

Sir Isumbras al guado

Sir Isumbras al vado

Bouguereau Charity

Birmingham Art Gallery

By Permission

La Charité — Carità

Die Barmherzigkeit — La Caridad

Madox Brown

Christ Washing St. Peter's Feet

London · Tate Gallery

Le Christ lave les pieds de Saint Pierre
Die Fuszwaschung
Il Cristo lava i piedi di S. Pietro
Cristo lave los pies de S. Pedro

By Permission — Manchester Art Gallery

Gathering Plums

H. H. La Thangue

Hals
NURSE AND CHILD

THE year 1630 was a notable one for Frans Hals, since he completed eight of his best portraits during its course. Among them were "The Lute Player," reproduced earlier in this work, and "Nurse and Child." It is said that Hals had been taunted with the rough types of children he chose as his models, and that he undertook this portrait in the spirit of one who accepts a challenge. The baby was a son of an old North Holland family which bore the name of Ilpenstein. Mijnheer Julius Ilpenstein of Haarlem, the infant's father, was a wealthy man who had made his money by growing tulips. The riches of the family are apparent in the gorgeous costume of the youngest son, with his wonderful brocade and exquisite Mechlin lace, every detail of which the artist has painted as though he loved the material for its own sake. He has caught the beginning of a smile on the baby's face, and the nurse seems to have turned her head for a moment towards the painter to watch him attract the attention of her small charge, whom she has been trying to keep quiet by exciting interest in an apple. One of the child's hands still fingers the brooch at her throat. This is certainly one of the happiest pieces of work that Hals ever did. After the eye has got used to the elaborate bonnet and frock that have been put on the baby for the occasion, it is plain that we have a real living baby, not just a strange portrait of other days in a foreign country. The expression on both faces is essentially human and natural. Hals was a jolly, engaging person, and just the man to put his sitters at their ease even under all the difficult circumstances of painting a male infant—among which the problem of making it sit still, while awake, would not be the least. Altogether this certainly must be taken as one of the painter's masterpieces, able, as it is, to give almost as much pleasure to us now as it must have given to the parents then; parents who were proud enough of the child to send him to the great artist of their city of Haarlem, to have his portrait painted. (C)

Fra Angelico da Fiesole
THE TRANSFIGURATION

WHEN in Florence the visitor should go to the convent of S. Marco, in which he will see some of the work that was done in the dawn of painting as we know it, so fresh and so full of the sense of its own new awakening. The artist of these early days whose work still survives upon the walls of the dormitories and cells of this old convent is Fra Angelico, called Beato. That the man had two such nicknames—"the Angelic" and "the Blessed"—is almost as remarkable an indication of his character as is the simple faith which is set forth in his pictures. Indeed, there is a little of the child's fanciful wonder about some of his work. "The Transfiguration" was painted during the artist's stay in the convent, 1436–1446, and is particularly marked by its directness and its depth of religious emotion. The attitudes of the figures round the Master, who has suddenly become God before their very eyes, are arranged with a simple formality and in attitudes which again remind us of the expression of the child. The painter did not occupy his mind with any subtle concept when he painted this. He was intent only on his subject, and this he illumines perhaps with some naïveté but certainly with beauty. Our attention is not distracted by any details, cleverly worked out to substantiate the whole. Angelico was not clever. The figures and the costumes and the scenery are expressed as simply as possible, and yet we cannot wish them expressed otherwise. The monk with the humble equipment and his gentle enthusiasm for his faith has succeeded.

The work is executed in a kind of distemper, for though oil seems to have been used before Angelico's day its successful application did not become general in Italy till later. Therefore the work had to be done accurately while the preparation was damp. There could be no retouching after it had dried. The exigencies of such a medium imparted a vivid accurateness to the masters who worked with it. Fra (brother) Angelico, whose Dominican name is Il Beato Fra Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole, was born in 1387 at Castello di Vecchio. In 1407 he became a novice in the Dominican convent at Fiesole and the next year took the vows. Though christened Guido he took the name of Giovanni in the convent. He passed his novitiate at Cortona and, after eleven years, went back to Fiesole. In 1436 he was sent to the priory of San Marco in Florence. There he painted frescoes and decorated the church and monastery as he had done at Fiesole. In 1445 he went to Rome by desire of the Pope, to paint one of the Vatican chapels. He died in the Holy City, March 18, 1445. (B)

Solomon J. Solomon
AN ALLEGORY

VIGOUR has always been a quality possessed by Mr. Solomon, and in the elaborate composition before us we have an excellent example of his work. In a picture which contains so much we have to notice the adroit way in which the painter has apportioned the interest. The central figure of Christ holds the attention, occupying the upper middle portion of the canvas and seeming to possess an effulgence whose light throws into sharp contrast the prevailing darkness of the scene. The lighting of the whole is thus arranged to give prominence to the centre of interest and is also made to appear perfectly harmonious and convincing, as possessing a supernatural source. This brilliance is something beyond a conventional emblem of holiness, like the halo about the crown of thorns or the aura which shimmers round the hooded head of Moses. The allegory of the picture concerns itself with the conflict between Biblical and pagan influences. The body of Christ is borne through space by two winged figures, behind which rises the majestic bearded head of Moses the Law-giver, with his tables of stone. Above, looking out of the dark, is Bacchus pouring out his flask of wine and crouching beside the white body of Venus, who is scattering roses down towards the earth. To her right Mars prances by in his war chariot. Below the dark side of the angel's wing a group of sprites attendant on Venus are hovering, while below is the suggestion of a shipwreck upon storm-bound rocks. On the rocks lie the naked forms of Syrens, symbols of the things which draw humanity from its course and, still elusive, leave it broken.

The artist was born in London, September 16, 1860, and studied art at Heatherley's, which he attended at the age of sixteen, and then at the Royal Academy Schools. From there he went to the studio of Cabanel in Paris and thence to Munich. Before he finally settled down in his native London, he made journeys to Italy and then through Spain and Morocco. His historical pictures and portraits have gained considerable prominence and he was elected A.R.A. in 1896 and R.A. in 1908. Ten years later he became President of the Royal Society of British Artists.

Jan Gossaert de Mabuse
ADORATION OF THE KINGS

EVERY now and then in the history of painting we come to a man or a group of men who have brought something definitely new to the science of their art and who leave an influence that works like yeast in the development of subsequent work. At first this influence is hard to detect, then we find it easily perceptible and gradually growing more active until the work of some artists, of a decade or half a century later, is in a very ferment of change. In this picture we can observe three factors at work. At first glance the picture has an air of the Primitive—of those Florentine Primitives who founded the fame of Italian painting. But the longer we look the fainter this influence becomes. The next and most important factor is that of the Renaissance.

The best of the Primitives or—even going further—Botticelli himself, definitely a Renaissance painter, hardly got beyond exquisite decoration, as opposed to a regard for life as it really is. Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci, on the other hand, painted groups of living people in natural attitudes. They were great enough to tell their story as accurately as the Primitives and, at the same time, to tell it in a natural and active way. There are many figures and many components in "The Adoration of the Kings." But each and every part of the canvas is necessary to the whole. That is to say, Mabuse conceived it as a whole before he began to paint. Every attribute in this picture emphasises the importance of the Madonna and the Infant Christ. We have seen how Mantegna in his "Christ between the Robbers" gained his effect of emphasis by an almost geometrical pattern. Mabuse does it by skilful attention to life, by the regard of the angels, of the man leaning over the palings in the distance, by the grouping of the whole foreground. Yet no member of this very interesting company is a puppet. Everyone is alive and purposeful.

Lastly we have the influence of Holbein in the actual people themselves. It is to his influence that the picture owes the individuality of the persons painted. Every figure approximates to an actual portrait. We are reminded, too, by the examples of goldsmiths' work in the hands of the kings that it was to that craft that painting was indebted for much of its exquisite detail. Mabuse, whose real name was Jan Gossaert de Maubeuge, was born at Maubeuge or Mabuse about 1472. He visited Rome in 1508 and there came in contact with the work of Leonardo and Michelangelo. His later work shows the influence of Holbein. He died about 1532. (C)

Velasquez
AESOP

AMONG the collection of Velasquez paintings in the Prado Museum of Madrid are to be found two striking portraits labelled in bold characters towards the top right-hand corner of the canvases: the one Menippus and the other Aesopus. But why Velasquez should suddenly take into his head the notion of painting two classical philosophers we cannot say. It is much more likely that these two portraits were simply taken out of the crowd about the Alcazar, the royal palace at Seville where the artist had his quarters. "Menippus" may have been a beggar and "Aesop"—we can hardly guess what the owner of the fine head may have been. He carries a kind of portfolio made of vellum and his face might be that of a scholar. But there is a wildness about the hair and an unkempt gesture in the clothes which might suggest some strain of madness about this stranger with the unfathomable features. At the time when this picture was painted, Velasquez was setting himself to the painting of some of those semi-human grotesques with which the Spanish Court then abounded. All sorts of beings misshapen of body and crooked in mind, dwarfs, court fools, and so on, sat to him. It is thought that some wit, seeing the pictures at a later date, painted in the names of the philosophers on two of this collection.

Velasquez was an aristocrat and a courtier, and he took his inspiration from the life which surrounded him. Thus, at the Alcazar, he did not go elsewhere for material, as many artists would have done. He did not need a change from his everyday surroundings as a stimulus. Neither did he become merely a painter of portraits. He observed closely and painted, in a manner peculiar to himself, effects of light and shadow that contemporaries admired but which fell out of use until the nineteenth century. To Velasquez, the beggar, provided that he had an interesting appearance, was to be painted as a matter of course, an attitude rather surprising to the other court painters. And so we have, besides kings, princes and infantas, no less telling portraits of the nonentities and oddities that lounged and pestered their way about the great royal household in which the painter had to spend so many of his days. (P)

Jean Baptiste Chardin
SAYING GRACE

CHARDIN was born in Paris, November 2, 1699, and died there December 6, 1779, and was thus the contemporary of Watteau and Fragonard and of Greuze and Hogarth. From the first two he was entirely separated by environment and mode of living; he was not saturated with sentimentalism like Greuze and, unlike Hogarth, saw only virtue and kindliness in the people of the "petite bourgeoisie" among whom he lived and whose life he painted. Young mothers cooking or watching their children; children blowing bubbles or learning their alphabet, being inquisitive or petulant; and finally the good gleaming pots and pans of homely kitchens, and food waiting to be prepared or cooked—these were his models and his inspiration. His thoughts were usually downstairs in the kitchen or upstairs in the nursery. The unusual nature of his subjects, at the time he was painting them, and the accurate and neat finish which he gave to his work, together with his mastery of harmonious tone, made his pictures extremely popular. And although other men arose later and eclipsed him for a time, he came to the fore again and, further, instigated a taste for his own subjects which has never since languished as the fêtes galantes and pseudo-classic court ladies of Watteau and Fragonard have done. There is a distinct Dutch influence to be found in his work, and he probably received that influence by studying such of the older Dutch masters as he found in the galleries. Indeed, it has been suggested that the very picture which we are considering may have been inspired by Jan Steen's "Grace Before Meat." Cazes, who first taught Chardin, is said to have been deceived by some of his pupil's pictures, mistaking them for genuine Dutch masters. Chardin in his early days devoted himself largely to the painting of still life, and he was nearly forty before he began to paint figures. "The Blessing" was finished in 1740. Fifteen years later he became treasurer of the Academy, of which he had become a member in 1725. (D)

Botticelli
BIRTH OF VENUS

FLORENCE, during the last half of the fifteenth century, suffered many things at the hands of its rulers, the Medici, but as some compensation to the city at the time and as providing everlasting fame to it for the future, at least two of the family, Cosimo, surnamed "The Elder," and his grandson Lorenzo, "The Magnificent," proved themselves illustrious patrons of the arts. Botticelli soon attracted the notice of Lorenzo and, on the artist's return to his native Florence from Pisa, which he had visited in 1474, he found himself involved in the life of the Medicean court; a life whose breath was drawn from an enthusiasm for the classics which was the more ardent seeing that it was born of the finest keenness of the Renaissance. It was soon after the resplendent tournament of 1475 that both "Primavera," which we reproduced at the beginning of this work, and the "Birth of Venus" were painted. Both pictures are alive with the newly awakened interest in the antique, and with fresh ideas about the energies of linear movement to express on canvas the walking, running, dancing human body in a way which had not been seen before. The "Birth of Venus" is less concerned with depicting a mythological event than with giving vent to the sense of a great joy of living, of showing to us beings enraptured with their own vivid beauty and their accurate and lovely movements. And because this scene is a kind of apotheosis of physical beauty, the Venus is a very different being from her whom Correggio, for example, would have painted. Botticelli has shown us a goddess indeed, but immaculate and beauteous. She is not yet the goddess of love but the flower of divine affection. The action of the picture is delightful in its simplicity. The goddess is about to step from her huge shell onto the land, to begin her rule over the hearts of men. Two spirits of the wind who have blown her craft over the little waves, whose surface it yet ruffles in one last furl of foam before touching the shore, give a final blast that stirs the hair of Venus. On the shore one of the Hours hastens forward with a rich mantle to veil the loveliness of her who was born of foam on the open sea. (D.P)

Blair Leighton
LADY GODIVA

THE artist has rather pointedly avoided the obvious treatment of this title and has, at the same time, resisted the temptation offered by the chance of a powerful nude study set off by a picturesque background. He has chosen an earlier moment in the story for illustration and left the poignancy of the climax to our imagination. He has, however, lost nothing of his archaic setting. The details of the scene, furniture, costume and architecture, lend their utmost to the effect of the whole. The legend of the lady who took so literally the rather petulant reply of her husband to a question about the abatement of taxes is an old one in England. We find it, slightly altered in detail, in a compilation called "Flores historiarum" by one, Roger of Wendover, who died in 1236, and even that quotes an earlier writer still; and a legend is usually beginning to be old before ever it is written down at all. Perhaps the original heroine in whose honour the legend was invented was Godgifu or Godiva, who was born in the early years of the eleventh century, died shortly before the Domesday survey and was buried in the abbey church at Coventry. As a benefactress of the church—for she helped to found a monastery at Stow in Lincolnshire and contributed to other religious houses at Wenlock, Worcester, Chester and Evesham—it is natural that she should be commemorated, though how the actual story about her arose it is impossible to say. It is certainly associated with Coventry, where, in 1043, she persuaded her husband, Leofric, earl of Mercia and lord of Coventry, to build a Benedictine monastery.

The painter of this picture was born in London in 1853, left school early and entered the establishment of a tea merchant, what time he studied drawing at Heatherley's. Eventually he left the tea business for the Royal Academy schools and in 1878 showed his first picture. "Lady Godiva" was at the Academy of 1892, and was presented in the following year to the City Art Gallery of Leeds, where it still hangs.

Boucher
THE SETTING OF THE SUN

COMPANION picture to "The Rising of the Sun," this huge canvas hangs above the main staircase of Hertford House. The pair were ordered for the "Manufacture Royale des Gobelins" as designs for tapestries by La Pompadour—her portrait by Boucher appears in a preceding page of this work—who was so taken with them that she persuaded the king to present them to her. "Le Coucher du Soleil" was finished in 1754, a year after the "Lever." When Madame Pompadour's effects were sold her collection of paintings was catalogued and disposed of on April 28, 1766, and the two pictures went for 9,800 livres. After changing hands on several occasions both paintings came into the possession of the Baron de Camailles, from whom they were purchased by Lord Hertford in 1855 for 20,200 francs and exhibited at Martinet's in Paris five years after. Lord Hertford bequeathed his art collection to Sir Richard Wallace, and thus the picture hangs on the wall of the Wallace Collection in Hertford House.

Boucher's passion for the idealisation of youth and the symmetry of naked limbs has run riot in the "Coucher du Soleil." Apollo, the sun god, returned from his day's journey across the sky, sinks westward on to the sea and steps from his chariot of fire to where the sea-nymph, Tethys, waits with her attendants to welcome her lover to her realm under the waves. Thence the god takes his light and leaves the earth in darkness. This is cleverly suggested by the painter's brush. Beyond the group in the foreground everything is already in gloom save where two airy sprites, floating towards the god, come into the light which plays about his gleaming body. That same brilliance shines upon the white forms of the nymphs reclining among the waves and upon the uplifted face of Tethys, waiting in her sea-shell car. Of the two steeds that lately drew the chariot of the god the head of one is in light and the other in shadow. Apollo is represented as a boy, love-sick for his lady. This is all calculated to please the contemporary mode of thought, and especially the artist's benefactress, Madame Pompadour. Perhaps there is some faint resemblance between her features and those of Tethys. Boucher seems to identify the ladies of the French court with his beautiful nymphs, even dressing their hair after the fashion of the period, and at the same time boldly flattering the ladies by an almost over-insistence on revealed charms. But this luscious style is apparent rather in the drawing than in the painting. (P)

Cosimo Rosselli
AMOR AND CASTITAS

At one time ascribed to Botticelli, "Love and Chastity" is now attributed to an earlier Florentine, Cosimo Rosselli, who was born in Florence in 1439 and died there in 1507. We see Love in the act of springing forward and shooting an arrow at Chastity, who defends herself with a shield so that the shafts fall broken and spent among the flowers which spangle the turf. The choice of subject is interesting. For many years the painter's best customer had been the Church. Reproductions of scenes from the Scriptures and incidents in the lives of the saints had necessarily to be the chief source of inspiration for artists whose clients were ordering pictures, to be hung in churches, altar panels or processional banners. At the same time the mythology of Greece and Rome gave great chances for figure painting and also appealed to those who wished to use their art for its own sake. "Amor and Castitas" seems to be a compromise. The popular mythological figure of Cupid is used as a fine opportunity for a nude study, while the emblematical figure of Chastity provides the picture with a conventional moral value. But whatever bounds he set upon his brush when painting the figures were forgotten when he came to his landscape background. In this we find a joyous freedom from restraint. There is a homely touch, too, about it. The upland with its scattered trees sloping down to a dense shaw bordered by a pool, might be found in almost any English county. All this is done upon a wood panel about sixteen inches in height by thirteen wide. It was purchased for the National Gallery by means of the Lewis Fund in 1885. (C)

Albert Moore
A SUMMER NIGHT

During the latter half of the nineteenth century, after the Pre-Raphaelites had grown into favour, a movement arose in English painting which was inspired by much the same ideals which were present in Cabanel and Bouguereau in France. Of these English artists, Albert Moore is one of the best known, and his contemporaries were Lord Leighton and Alma-Tadema. There was a desire to go back to the life of Ancient Greece as though, in it, these artists might find their spiritual home. At the same time, there was that in the work of this company of artists which, however it was inspired, was distinctly and recognizably English. This is especially so in the case of Albert Moore. He was a fine draughtsman, he knew the art of Greece and, at the same time, Japanese artists, whose work was then making itself felt, had taught him something. Thus we get an individual blend of influences producing the sort of result seen in "A Summer Night." The girls with the classic draperies about them have the robust and comely figures associated with Greek statuary, and their hair suggests the same model. But they are ideals rather than human beings with their perfect poses and dispassionate, untroubled youth. There is a strange mixture of classicism and domesticity about them. They are surely destined as an object of quiet and unsearching contemplation upon the wall of an English drawing-room of the 'seventies and 'eighties. There is no reference to the stirring of life, much less a hint of its struggle to remain and be conscious of itself. All is quietly respectable and in the best of taste. It has been remarked of them, "It might be said that the old figures of Tanagra had received new life, were it not felt at the same time that these beings must have drunk a good deal of tea." In other words, we have the English spirit of refined domesticity clothed in Grecian folds. The setting is different. That is part of the artist's special individualism.

Albert Moore was born at York, September 4, 1841, and died September 25, 1893.

Rosa Bonheur
PLOUGHING IN NIVERNAIS

Woman had never before entered the ranks of the Legion of Honour when Rosa Bonheur had an officer's cross of the order presented to her in 1894. This was a tribute to work which at that time had already an international reputation. A feminine painter of such strong subjects, with so vigorous a style, was something of a curiosity in those days, and it was of her that a critic said, "She is perhaps the only feminine celebrity of the century who paints her pictures, instead of working at them like knitting." Her technique, moreover, was practised and conscientious and she had thoroughly acquired the knowledge of anatomy proper for a painter of horses and cattle. "Ploughing in Nivernais" has that quality of pleasing which made the work of Rosa Bonheur so widely popular. We have action, vigorous but pacific, and a sense of energy in use for good. And all this effort is going on under a wide and peaceful sky while, in the background, one of the gentler uplands of Yonne, or Nièvre, raises cool quiet woods and a field or two, private between summer hedgerows. The district of Nivernais, whose name occurs in the title of the picture was, till 1792, a province between Burgundy, Orléanais, and Bourbonnais. This territory, represented now by the department of Nièvre and also by part of Yonne, lies about 150 miles south-east of Paris. The artist was of Jewish origin, and born at Bordeaux, March 22, 1822. Her work first appeared in the Salon in 1841. She had a house at By, near Fontainebleau, where she gave, for a number of years, free lessons in drawing. She died May 26, 1899.

Maurice Greiffenhagen
AN IDYLL

Mr. Greiffenhagen has offered us a glimpse into Arcady in his "Idyll." There is a distinctly Greek flavour about the conception. The boy is wearing what might well be a "petasos," a broad-brimmed hat made from felt and used, especially in Thessaly, by shepherds. The girl wears draperies rather than clothes, and the pair are perhaps more emblematic than real. But we are not asked to examine the details, only to fall in with the artist's mood. A sentimental mood it is, soft as the light which illumines the lovers.

Mr. Greiffenhagen holds the post of Head Master at the Life Department of the Glasgow School of Arts, having been appointed to that post in 1906. Born in 1862 of a Russian father and an English mother, he received his training at the Royal Academy Schools, where he secured several prizes. His black and white drawings are easily recognizable by their vigorous and individual technique, and have gained a wide reputation. "An Idyll" was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1891, and at the Liverpool Autumn Exhibition during the same year. From the latter it was almost immediately purchased by the Walker Art Gallery. (C)

Giorgio Giorgione
CASTELFRANCO MADONNA

VENICE, geographically isolated from the rest of Italy, did not catch the new spirit in art which was, through the work of Botticelli and Leonardo, introducing life into painting and freeing it from the constraint of ecclesiastical influence. Giorgione began to bring this new spirit to Venice a quarter of a century after Botticelli, in Florence, had painted his "Primavera," and caused no small sensation. Much was said at the time: much has been said since, by art critics, about the "Giorgionesque spirit." And then someone, after much painstaking research, announced that of all the pictures ascribed to Giorgione, only one could be judged as being authentically his. It was already known that much of the artist's work had been lost. The picture thus singled out as being above reproach was the "Madonna and Two Saints," or "Castelfranco Madonna," which we reproduce here. This was painted during the first years of the sixteenth century as an altar piece for the Constanzi chapel in the church at Castelfranco. The setting is strong and arresting. The Madonna sits with the Babe upon a throne, hung with Persian stuffs, which rests upon a great plinth of stone. On the left stands a warrior saint, St. Liberale, with lance and banner, while opposite is St. Francis. In the background is a landscape, reminiscent of the country round Castelfranco, which the artist knew as a boy, and loved all his life. The painting has suffered many restorations, but still radiates the brilliance of the hand that originally gave it being.

Concerning the artist's birth there arose a story, in the seventeenth century, that he was the son of a member of the noble house of Barbarelli and a peasant girl of Vedelago, a village near Castelfranco. It is thought, however, that this account was merely an attempt on the part of the Barbarellis to include so illustrious a painter among their ancestors. It seems that the artist was the son of humble parents and born at Castelfranco in 1477. The village lies beyond the foot of the Venetian Alps. He went to Venice and studied under Giovanni Bellini, with Titian as a fellow pupil. Unhappily he died young, succumbing to an epidemic of the plague in 1511. (b)

Herbert J. Draper
LAMENT FOR ICARUS

PICTORIALLY, the utmost has been made here of an old Greek myth. Never could poor Icarus have been represented as having been more beautiful, his treacherous wings more splendid. The Greek legend says that Icarus was son to Daedalus, a skilful artificer and sculptor, of Crete, or according to another account, of Athens. Incidentally, the name of Daedalus was used by early Greek writers to personify the development of sculpture and building. Wishing to escape from Minos, king of Crete, and being unable to reach a vessel to take him from the island, Daedalus fashioned wings for himself and his son. They set out, and the sculptor safely reached Sicily. But his son flew too near the sun, whose heat melted the wax to which the wings were fastened, and he fell into the Aegean Sea and was drowned. The artist has imagined his body as having been washed on to a rock to which sea-nymphs are attracted. Seeing his beauty, they sing a dirge over him. One holds a lyre in her hand, while another supports the lifeless head. A third has just risen up through the weeds and holds herself up on a rock to peer at what her sisters have found. The contrast of this lively intentness with the limp corpse is cleverly expressed; the draperies, too, and the broken set of the great wings, accentuate the dead droop of the legs. The lower part of the crag in the background is in shadow, suggesting a high cliff at whose foot the body rests. But the sun catches the white forms of the nymphs and the light inner feathers. There is a sense of afternoon and of peace about the calm sea and the soft light which is in harmony with the peace of death after the fierce struggle high up in the sun-drenched air of the open sky. H. J. Draper was a native of London, and born in 1864. He attended the Royal Academy schools, where he won the Gold Medal and Travelling Scholarship. He then went on to study in Paris and, later, in Rome, coming back to London in 1891. In the previous year he had seen his first picture in the Academy, and thereafter was a frequent exhibitor. His greatest work is the decoration of the ceiling of the famous Drapers' Hall in the City. He died in London in 1920.

Michael de Munkacsy
MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST"

THIS is not, as might be at first supposed, a picture of happy domestic accord in which three dutiful daughters hang upon the words of their beloved though blinded father. The intimate family affairs of the Miltons at the time when "Paradise Lost" was being dictated were in no very happy state. The three girls—Anne, born in 1646; Mary, born two years later; and Deborah, born just before her mother's death in 1653—suffered from a somewhat sketchy up-bringing and two successive step-mothers, besides the changes in their father's fortunes. Milton's first wife, Mary Powell, came of a Royalist family of Oxfordshire, the centre of King Charles' cause. Milton, a man of the strongest antipathies towards the Stuarts, must have clashed somewhat with the tendencies which at least the eldest of the girls would have begun to learn from her mother. At any rate, we find the poet complaining of his children. They are hardly to be blamed, seeing that John Milton was, to them, merely a rather difficult blind man whose care and maintenance would be often a nuisance. He says of them pathetically that they "made nothing of neglecting him." This was after the Restoration, when, having held a permanent appointment and been friendly with the first in the land, he was in danger of his life and deserted by all save a few devoted friends. Worse still, he says that they "did combine together and counsel his maid-servant to cheat him in her marketings," and that they "had made away some of his books, and would have sold the rest." Milton began his long-projected "Paradise Lost" in 1658, while living in Petty France, Westminster, and resumed it in 1661 at his new city residence in Jewin Street. He dictated the lines to anyone, family or friends, who could spare the time.

The picture suggests a subtle discontent on the face of Mary, the middle daughter, who is standing up with half resentful, half pondering eyes. Anne, the eldest, makes it her duty to attend, while little Deborah, the youngest, seems still to have an affection for her queer, incomprehensible father, who is so much removed from the little business of domesticity, yet aware soon enough of attempts to take the conventional advantage of the scholar. The artist, Munkacsy, was a Hungarian by birth, and gained a Medaille d'Honneur in Paris for this picture. He died in 1900.

Rembrandt
RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON

PAINTED five or six years before his death, this is one of the best pictures of the master's most developed period. The greatest characteristic he possessed, which, allied to a tremendous technique, earned his pre-eminence, was his ability to represent the spirit of the human being as though it were luminous through his body. Rembrandt had little idea of making the features of his models beautiful. His women, for instance, often strike us as heavy and unrefined in their modelling. But there is a simplicity about the conception of his religious subjects that wins the heart, although it was that very simpleness that made his work unpopular and himself poor and neglected in the last years of his life. How unheroic are the attitudes of everyone in "The Prodigal." There is not a single tremendous gesture in the whole thing. Just a simple statement in paint, all the more telling because so readily understood, and yet so full of deep meaning. For example, by making the light fall sharply across the face of the standing figure to the right the artist lays hold of our attention and turns it forcefully upon the centre of interest. The face stands out in the surrounding gloom as a single note emphasises a silence. It is impossible to overlook it; and so the eye is directed towards the reunion of father and son. Rembrandt had already dealt with the subject before. Indeed, it was a habit of his to return again to the same idea, expressing it in a different way. There is a fine etching, dated 1636, in which he has given us the same number of figures in a different arrangement. We view the prodigal and his father from the side, while the mother is in the act of flinging open a window just above. But in the painting she stands behind her husband. As for the central figures, the light which just illumines the face of the man to the right, whom we have already mentioned, falls full upon them. It shows us suffering of two kinds—of remorse and pity. The genius of the mind which thought out the picture chose to leave the prodigal's face to our imagination. His suffering and dejection are, nevertheless, as plain as if the head, dirty and unkempt, were not hidden between the arms of his father. (D.P)

Leonardo da Vinci
MONA LISA

IT is probably impossible to write anything about this picture that has not been written somewhere before, since no picture has ever had so much attention from art critics and others. Thousands of words have been expended over "her inscrutable smile"; and still the painting haunts the imagination in a way which grows stronger with familiarity. The picture is a challenge and a riddle. To take up the one and read the other has been the task of hundreds since the paint dried on the now fading canvas, over four hundred years ago. It is to be wondered if the interest and absorption over the painting is not, in fact, rather more dependent on the painter. The life of Leonardo was, in many ways, a terrible one. In his knowledge, his attainments—painter, sculptor, architect, musician, poet, mathematician, inventor—in the tremendous sweep of his mind, in his ideas, centuries ahead of his time ethically and scientifically, Leonardo was certainly one of the most wonderfully equipped of men in his own time or any other. And nearly everything he did came to nothing, or was destroyed. His picture "The Last Supper," which we have already reproduced, is one of the most heartrending examples of this. Genius and Fate have surely never fought so hard or so distractingly over one personality. Unfortunately for his painting, the scientific side of his mind led him to make chemical experiments with his paint. For he could easily embrace the whole range of his art, or it were better said, his arts, from the most ethereal to the most technical parts. He wrote, for example, a treatise on painting which contained over nine hundred chapters, in which every conceivable aspect is minutely described by the pen of an artist and a scientist in one.

Mona Lisa was the wife of a Florentine citizen, Zanobi del Giocondo, hence the picture is also called "La Gioconda." Leonardo worked on it for four years, and then had not satisfied his insatiable striving for perfection. It is said that he had music played during the sittings in order that the model's smile, which possessed for him something enigmatic and haunting, might remain as rapt as when the artist first saw it. But the dark background has come through the brighter colours, and only his dead contemporaries knew the real glories of Mona Lisa. It serves as a memorial to a man who could with equal brilliance plan vast irrigation schemes, devise a pageant, study the phenomena of lightning or the gentlest variegation upon a flower petal. (C.P)

This picture was stolen in 1911 by a Florentine artist called Peruggino from Louvre Museum of Paris. Picture was recovered in 1913 & brought back to Paris (Louvre museum) where it is stored as a national treasure. X Ray revealed the identity of the original picture by Leonardo da Vinci.

Pierre Theodore Rousseau
SUNSET ON THE EDGE OF FONTAINEBLEAU FOREST

ONE of the most eminent of French landscape painters, Pierre Rousseau began his life among a maze of drab houses, having been born in Paris, April 15, 1812. His father was a tailor in the Rue Neuve-Saint Eustache. Rousseau's first attraction was for mathematics, and perhaps the over-scrupulous minuteness of his work in later life and his scientific, investigating habit may be traced in origin to this early bent. He learned to draw with Guillon-Lethière and, under this tutorship, thought of competing for the Prix de Rome. But he could not manage the desired "historical landscape," and so left his master's studio and went off to one of his own in Montmartre. In 1833 he first visited Fontainebleau, where the forest and the fields laid hold on him at once. He set himself determinedly to paint trees and the ground and sky as they really were without reference to accepted canons. Just as Constable shocked the painting pundits of his time, so did Rousseau. The Salon repeatedly rejected his work. He painted foliage green, and the critics called it "spinach." But Rousseau saw that leaves usually appear green, and insisted on his observation. He painted accordingly, and it was not till after the revolution of '48 that the Academy Committee changed and new judges admitted the work of a new genius.

This picture, whose very long title is "Sortie de forêt à Fontainebleau, du côté de Brôle; soleil couchant," is one of his best. We have not only the careful assembly of detail which the artist felt to be essential to a faithful representation of Nature, but a delightful effect almost of Impressionism, so fresh and unlaboured is it; so much a thing of "at first sight." Like Millet, Rousseau went off to Barbizon and lived in the forest, saturating his perceptions with it, and tormenting himself with an exacting artistic conscience that was never satisfied. He died December 22, 1867, and was buried at Chailly, close by the woodland he had loved. (P)

Rubens
HELENA FOURMENT AND TWO OF HER CHILDREN

ELSEWHERE in this book we have seen a painting of Rubens' children—the portrait of his two sons. These children were by his first wife. In the picture before us now we see his second wife, Helena Fourment, with a little boy, Francis, and a daughter, Clara Johanna, which she bore him. Rubens was fifty-three when he married her in December, 1630, the bride being then sixteen years old. Her figure was evidently after the artist's as well as the husband's heart, since he so often used her as a model. Indeed, in Rubens' character, the blend of husband, artist and father was a very happy one, each providing something toward the stimulus of the other. His young wife he painted over and over again, and he has left us a number of charming portraits of his children besides the two we have reproduced. They all seem to have had a very pleasant life in their fine house which the artist had built with such taste, and in which he lived in so splendid a fashion. He has left us a glimpse of it in a picture which shows himself with Helena and one of his sons, walking in the garden. In the portrait of her with her little son and daughter which we have to consider here we possess not only a masterpiece of portraiture, but a privileged glimpse into the artist's private life, a revelation of his happiness and his pride in his wife and offspring which is as charming as it is intimate.

Rubens was born at Siegen, in Westphalia, June 29, 1577. He studied under Van Noort at Antwerp, and in 1600 visited Italy, where he formed the affection for the works of Titian which influenced his work for the rest of his life. During his stay in Italy he filled the post of court painter to Vincenzo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, and soon after this appointment he received a commission from Archduke Albert of Austria, Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. Thus his name began to be made. Henceforward there was no doubt either of his genius or his success. His work is regarded as the highest ever produced by the Flemish school, and his influence on Flemish painting was powerful for two centuries, or more, after his death, on May 30, 1640. (***)

Richard Jack
THE TOAST

THE origin of this picture must be similar in its happy fortuity to many another pleasant painting whose artist may have seemed more deliberate than he really was. Mr. Jack has confessed that the stimulus, the initial concept of the whole thing, came from the table. Some friends possessed this noble furniture and it caught the artist's attention and pleased him. He was invited to come and paint it whenever he would. Having sat in its presence for a time there comes to him the suggestion of a dinner that might have been eaten at it long ago. He loads his table with candles, gleaming candlesticks and gently radiant shades and then, with a gallant gesture, paints in a company of gentlemen and their ladies who rise to salute a beautiful person, at the far end, for whom he has imagined a birthday. This is a fine lesson in the study of the romantic properties of inanimate things, the suggestiveness that hides itself in fine craftsmanship. For the man who made that table is responsible, ultimately, for the inspiration of the painting also.

Mr. Jack has treated us to a most excellent study of a lighted interior. The gradation from bright though soft light to deepest shadow, with all the variations between these extremes, has a most pleasing effect. But, more than this, it strengthens the atmosphere of the whole which is suggested by the clothes and the glass and silver on the table. "The Toast" was painted in 1913, and in that year exhibited at the Royal Academy. In the following year it was purchased by the Bristol Art Gallery, where it still hangs. The artist holds a high place among English painters of the century. As a student his career was extremely brilliant. He left the Art School at York with a National Scholarship to South Kensington in 1886. There he gained the gold medal travelling scholarship, went to Paris and entered the Academie Julien. Two of his studies, one in costume and the other a nude, which hang on the wall of the Rue du Dragon atelier, are unsurpassed by any work of the kind at Julien's. In addition to all this he had the distinction, in 1912, of having his "Rehearsal with Nikisch" bought for the nation by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest. He was elected A.R.A. in 1914, and R.A. in 1920.

Jules Joseph Lefebvre
TRUTH

THE idea that Truth was to be found at the bottom of a well probably originated in Greece, and it has immemorably served as a simple illustration of the difficulty of discovering that for which all men are supposed to seek. Lefebvre has placed his emblematical figure in a dark place, suggesting obscurity, but gives her a mirror whence shines a light with which the darkness is penetrated. The thighs are unnaturally large, and the whole figure is rather that of a giantess than of a woman. This emphasises the gesture with which the figure proudly holds her mirror aloft, tending to make it seem more impressive. Indeed, the chief aim of the composition appears to be the arresting of attention.

Lefebvre, who flourished at the time of the Second Empire, was absolutely a follower of the Classical School. In the midst of a prosperous, fast-living Paris, whose financially successful inhabitants were taking the utmost trouble to see that pleasure brought them their idea of money's worth, the chief artists of the time turned their heads studiously towards the past and, when they painted from the nude, took the passionless perfection of bronze or terra-cotta figures as their ideals. For the Revolution at the end of the eighteenth century had killed the joyous living treatment of flesh which Fragonard and Boucher knew the secret of painting. The Ecole des Beaux Arts, too, offering a dazzling prize to young talent with its Prix de Rome, had a considerable share of responsibility for the result. The winning student was sent to Rome, and was naturally overwhelmed by the tremendous influences from the past which thronged about him in the Eternal City. Jules Lefebvre gained the Prix in 1861. He came from the studio of Leon Cogniet, a famous and kindly teacher who had the faculty of imparting technique in a surprisingly short time. Lefebvre soon found success, for in 1866 his "Nymph and Bacchus" was bought by the Luxembourg. He aimed at the beauty of form in an age which usually preferred something more lively. But the very contrast, perhaps, of a picture like "Truth" to the kind of existence fashionable in the wealthy Paris of the time made it remarkable. The artist was a contemporary of Bouguereau, two of whose pictures we have reproduced in earlier pages.

Ruisdael
THE MILL AT WIJK

To determine the whereabouts of the Wijk shown in this picture is not easy, seeing that there are at least three places of that name in Holland. But it is probably a village on the coast, some miles north of Haarlem, the artist's birthplace, and in the neighbourhood where he painted so many of his pictures. Indeed, this part of his country, peaceful and uneventful as is its landscape, induced his best work. He made excursions into the representation of grander scenery, but northern Holland was his country and he was in completest sympathy with it. This picture is obviously painted by a man who found the scene impressive, the detail is so precise and carefully worked in, although, as we saw in his "Castle Bentheim," the general impression gives no hint of any labouring methods. The saplings driven in along the bank to keep it from the constant erosion of the water, the willow branches in the foreground, the clumsy old galliot with its quaint, antique rig, and the three women in their white caps are all dwelt on with affection but not insistence. The sky, with its sailing rain-clouds which suggest a hint of cool blue between their softly shaded edges, has the spacious width only seen over flat country. Ruisdael was always happy in his treatment of sky, and he has added a last, peaceful touch of vitality to his landscape in dominating it with those grey, but wool-lined clouds. They let down light here and there, upon the side of the old mill, upon the water in the foreground, and on the white caps of the women on the bank, or withhold it so that darker and lighter are reflected on the earth from the sky. (℔)

Waterhouse
THE LADY OF SHALOTT

A poet's fancy has here been fairly matched by a painter's. Indeed, this story of "the fairy Lady of Shalott," with its offer of richly decorated romance, must have proved irresistible to an artist of William Waterhouse's temperament. We are in the secret room with the spellbound lady. There is her loom on which she weaves and weaves at "a magic web with colours gay," and there beside it is the mirror in which alone she may view the world, or as much of it as is visible from her island castle—the road to Camelot and the river flowing down to it, both highways whereon many knights and fair women go down to the city. There is a curse upon her if she looks out of her window. But one day the mirror shows her Sir Lancelot riding down to Camelot. At this fair sight she "made three paces through the room" to see the reality of the magic reflection. This is the moment of the picture. She is in the act of taking the first stride from her chair. Even now the mirror is cracking from side to side, and the threads, tangled about her, are snapping. The balls of silk scatter before her quick feet, and she has forgotten the shuttle still grasped in her right hand. She looks out of her window and, looking, cries "The curse is come upon me."

Waterhouse painted a companion picture to this, showing the Lady embarked in a boat in which she floats, dying, down to Camelot. In it he has caught the quiet air of doom upon her. But in the picture before us there is a passionate note and a wildness in the strange eyes. We can feel the curse heavy about the room. The whole composition is scholarly and reserved. Not a feature is exaggerated. There are all kinds of traps in this kind of fantastic work for the artist who is not entirely sympathetic to the charm of the imaginative tales of chivalry. Waterhouse has easily and gracefully avoided them all. His picture is convincing.

Manet
THE OLD MUSICIAN

It was during his struggle to evolve a new artistic ideal and before he had achieved his end that Manet painted "The Old Musician," in the early 'sixties. As was natural, his revolutionary ideas took form only at a slow pace. In 1851 he attended the studio of Couture, where he received lessons for six years. Couture was at the time immensely popular as a master and one of the most celebrated artists in France, though his fame was short-lived. He looked to Classicism for his ideal and was a master of vivid colouring. Under his care young Manet worked on with little idea of what his aim should be. He visited Dresden and Prague and Munich and then went into Italy. With the great paintings before him to which his travels introduced him his craftsmanship developed. But he discovered Velasquez, whose influence was to be so strong over him, in the Louvre. After this his work took the turn towards Impressionism with which the name of Manet is always associated. "The Old Musician" is considered to be the most important Manet in existence, since it is essentially a transition picture; it shows us so many of the phases through which the artist went before his style hardened and set. Some of the figures in the group occur in subsequent paintings. Formerly "The Old Musician" was in the Venice Art Gallery. After the War the Gallery decided, since it possessed two Manets, to sell one and thereby gain funds for the purchase of works by painters not then represented on its walls. The picture came to London in 1927 and was exhibited for a short time at the Lefevre Gallery.

G. F. Watts
HOPE

"My intention," said the artist, "has not been so much to paint pictures that charm the eye as to suggest great thoughts that will appeal to the imagination and the heart and kindle all that is best and noblest in humanity." Watts was a man not content to make a beautiful picture, beautifully painted, and let the spectator draw his own conclusions. The moral must be presented as such and made more definite. Thus he gives us a forlorn female figure, hugging her broken lyre above a dim and lonely world. One string only is left, and from this Hope yet manages to draw some consolation. It was the artist's power to evoke such highly imaginative concepts and his mastery over the craftsmanship of his art that made him one of the most popular artists of his time. His many admirers found in his work, too, that very charm which Watts himself would have felt to be very secondary in importance. So that, in one way, he was popular almost in his own despite. For his ideal seems to have been the statement of some noble sentiment by means of scrupulous and painstaking workmanship. He scorned any suggestion of "the tricks of the trade." His technique, like his ideas, he evolved for himself. (℃)

Reynolds
HEADS OF ANGELS

VARYING aspects of one face were the models for the cherubic heads of this world-famous painting. In it Sir Joshua outdid Philippe de Champaigne's " Cardinal Richelieu," which is three portraits in one picture. The owner of the head whose image we see from five different angles, each image complete and individual, was Frances Isabella, daughter of Lord William Gordon. It was Gordon's wife who presented the picture to the gallery, and it is probably the most popular picture which Reynolds ever painted. No one can fail to be touched by its direct simplicity of appeal and the masterly craftsmanship and superbly artistic conception which evolved it. This is what Ruskin said of it in his " Queen of the Air," a book on Greek art and mythology. " An incomparably finer thing than ever the Greeks did. Ineffably tender in the touch, yet Herculean in power; innocent, yet exalted in feeling; pure in colour as a pearl; reserved and decisive in design . . . if you built a shrine for it, and were allowed to see it only seven days in a year, it alone would teach you all of art that you ever needed to know."

Reynolds was always fond of painting children, and the last list of his sitters, made soon before his death, begins and ends with the name of a child. He had no children of his own, and his great fondness for other people's certainly comes out on the canvas, and never more pointedly than in his " Angels' Heads." Unhappily, his affection was of rather an impersonal kind, for we learn that his small models often complained of feeling tired—nothing is more wearing to body and nerves than a long pose—but their complaints used often to be in vain, for Sir Joshua was not only absorbed in his work, but also very deaf. " Angels' Heads " was painted in 1786, only three years before he lost the sight of an eye and had the supreme misfortune of being compelled to relinquish the art which was the source of all his happiness. But at least he had the consolation of knowing that if his physical self was declining, his skill and artistry were never touched by the signs of decay. (***)

Metsu
THE VEGETABLE MARKET AT AMSTERDAM

QUITE apart from their artistic merits, the paintings of the Dutch masters are intensely interesting as windows by whose means we can look through the thick wall of years which separates us from the life and habits of past centuries. Only the comparatively few are really interested in what people used to do. But to see how they looked while living their daily life must appeal to most, besides illuminating and acting as a vivid footnote to the history book. Metsu puts us down beside one of the many canals of old Amsterdam. The identical waterway and some, at least, of the houses or their exact counterparts are probably there to this day. You might even see just such another rough, clumsy-looking craft at her moorings. But even one having the most willing and vivid imagination might find it hard to dismiss the vision of the people actually walking and talking there in favour of the ghosts he would see in their place; beings which would match the surroundings originally made by and for them. With Metsu's picture to guide our imagination into a noisy backwater of the seventeenth century, we have scene, people and all, without any distractions of the present. How vivid it is! The old harridan with her arms akimbo is arguing shrilly with her fellow, who is seated to the left and turns a coarse grin towards us and indicates her opponent with outstretched hand. Near them some lacquey pays a mock-gallant compliment to the housewife come to buy with a kind of bucket on her arm. With her is a dog, taking suspicious interest in a plump rooster perched on what seems to be a form of lobster pot. Near by is a basket of vegetables and a hen. Both the general effect and the details are delightfully carried out. The artist has also been exact in choosing the scene for the revelation of Dutch domestic history. The animated group in the foreground is shown up against a row of fine houses, and occupying nearly all the top half of the canvas are the rich branches of a tree, a cool, fresh contrast to the cobbled quayside with its noisy company.

Titian
ARIOSTO

ERRONEOUS titles to pictures have another disadvantage besides being inaccurate. For when the truth of the matter is discovered the picture is probably already well known by its original title, and to use the new one leads to further confusion. We now have a case in point. Titian's " Ariosto " is a painting known to everyone having any acquaintance with Venetian art. But it has been found that the likeness does not tally with other pictures of the illustrious Italian poet. To be strictly accurate and follow the National Gallery's catalogue is to use the rather unconvincing title " Portrait of a Man." But as everyone knows the painting as " Ariosto " we have thought fit to retain the old name here. It is said that Titian painted three portraits of Ariosto, with whom he was on very friendly terms. The poet was one of the household of Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, and afterwards attached himself to the prelate's brother Alfonso, Duke of Este. His chief work, which occupied him in the intervals of other duties for as much as ten years, was the " Orlando Furioso."

Whoever the subject of the " Portrait of a Man " may have been, he was very well worth painting. A handsome personage with fine features which could wear a beard with distinction. His dress, too, with pleated shirt cut away from the strong neck and the elegant slashed and quilted sleeves, is as quietly magnificent as the air of the wearer. Titian was very used to painting this kind of splendour, for princes, nobles and all kinds of distinguished persons esteemed it a privilege to call upon the great man at his house in Venice. The Emperor, Charles V, his son Philip II of Spain, Henry III of France and Pope Paul III were among those who sought his favours and a measure of immortality by having their likeness made by him. Ariosto was only one of many whose name was called great at the time. The canvas, which measures thirty-one and three-quarter inches high and twenty-five and three-eighths inches wide, is signed " Titianus V." It came into the possession of the National Gallery in 1904, having been bought from Sir G. Donaldson. It had previously been lent for exhibition at Manchester in 1857 and at the Royal Academy in 1876, and again in 1895. It is thought to have been painted at the beginning of Titian's career, in the days when he was in close association with Giorgione. (P)

Stanhope Forbes
THE DRINKING PLACE

NEWLYN was neither so famous nor so self-conscious when, in the 'eighties, Stanhope Forbes, Tuke, and the other founders of this Cornish school first went there and settled down to paint. Having grounded himself in the rules of his art in London, Mr. Forbes went to the atelier of Bonnat, in Paris. This left an unmistakably French influence in his work, as in the case of a number of his contemporaries who eventually returned to their native England to develop there what had been suggested in Paris. The study of light and its effect on substantial things was one of the themes set to these English pupils. Obviously, great attention has been paid to it in "The Drinking Place." It is the peculiar light in the evening sky which envelops these trees and makes their frayed foliage look wild and disturbed until we notice that they are very still, and that this is the calm towards the ending of an English summer day which is apt to make the countryside a little mysterious. It has been the practice of some landscape and genre artists to gain their impressions in the country and record them later in some studio in the town. But in Mr. Forbes and the Newlyn School we have a group of people lucky enough to live and take their relaxation in the very place chosen as an English painters' paradise. Naturally, the mind becomes immersed to saturation in the atmosphere of the neighbourhood. This, one may hope, should endue the best work from this Cornish village —which awoke one day to find that its business was no longer fishing but the letting of lodgings and its output not fish but canvas—with the same kind, if not the same amount, of value which is attached to the work of the old Dutchmen of Haarlem, very much more famous, indeed, but valued because they lived in the district which they painted, and so bequeathed us pictures of life as well as mirrors of art.

Stanhope Forbes was born in Dublin on November 8, 1857, and after his course at the Royal Academy Schools and his sojourn in Paris returned to England, where he received his A.R.A. in 1892. Continuing at Newlyn, he was elected R.A. in 1910, still maintaining, as a veteran, the prestige he first enjoyed while yet a young pilgrim to this English Barbizon which looks out over Mounts' Bay towards France.

Perugino
THE VISION OF ST. BERNARD

AT a time—during the latter half of the fifteenth century—when the older generation was keeping fixedly to the use of tempera and the rising generation was, with as much assurance, experimenting vigorously with oil-paint, Perugino made a name for himself by his masterly sense of selection in the employment of either method. His easel-picture "The Vision of St. Bernard" is thought to have been painted between the years 1496 and 1500. About this time, in fact during most of the last decade of the fifteenth century, Perugino had his workshop in Florence and, making that city his headquarters, moved about Italy executing orders for private patrons and religious houses. At this period his reputation was an illustrious one even among so many men whose fame, which was to be everlasting, was already spread abroad. In 1496 Il Moro, Duke of Milan, who numbered Leonardo da Vinci among his employees, wrote to his envoy in Florence for advice about the artists there, since he wanted another painter to decorate the apartments in the Castello. The envoy said of Perugino: "He is a rare and singular artist, most excellent in wall paintings. His faces have an air of the most angelic sweetness."

The truth of the last sentence is borne out when we look at the "St. Bernard." The expression of the two angels to the left, and of the Virgin, have a heavenly serenity about them. The two saints to the right also have something of this other-worldly peace as opposed to the living man, Bernard, suddenly astonished by the vision whilst reading. In the background is a view of charming Italian landscape, probably suggested by kindly memories of the hills of Perugia and Umbria, amongst which the artist spent his childhood.

When the picture was painted, Perugino was already teaching Raphael the beginnings of his art, and the pupil undoubtedly owed much to the master who, though not possessing so tremendous an artistic quality, yet could suggest and inspire even such a genius as the pupil eventually became. Perugino, whose real name was Pietro Vannucci, took the name by which he is usually known from Perugia, capital of the province of Perugia, the nearest large town to his birthplace, Città del Pieve in Umbria. He was born in 1446 and died in 1524. (P)

Millais
THE BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH

SIR WALTER RALEIGH or Ralegh (his name was probably pronounced "Rawley," and there are a number of variant spellings) was born at the farmhouse at Hayes Barton about a mile west of East Budleigh, which lies near and due north of Budleigh Salterton on the Devon coast, east of Exmouth. It is thought that the boy may have gone to school in the village, and he probably spent much of his time in what was then the tiny hamlet of Budleigh Salterton, talking to the fishermen. At any rate, Sir John Millais chose to picture him thus, and made a stay in the place in 1870. He painted from the window of a building looking over the beach. A story is told of how a number of small boys of the locality, seeing him painting, began to remove a heap of stones which the artist wished to include in his picture. A passing lady drove them off, and thereupon Millais issued from the house full of thanks, and the lady's astonishment was considerable when she discovered who he was.

The conception of the picture is not improbable. The more or less piratical expeditions into the Spanish Main which the English of the sixteenth century made, with the covert approval of the sovereign, were largely manned by Devonshire sailors. One of these, after a voyage or two, might well be content to settle down with his gains, buy a boat and spend his life fishing on the fringe of that sea on whose nether shores he had seen so many strange things. Such a man would soon be a local celebrity, and, to maintain his reputation, one may be sure that the marvels of the Americas were in no way abated in the recounting of them. Little wonder that the boy, bred in the country where he must make for himself most of the excitement for which his age craved, should find these stories absorbing. Little wonder that the sea, so often within sight and sound, and over whose horizon all kinds of wonderful and terrible things were to be seen for the courage of going to meet them, should haunt his youth and become a craving in his manhood. (C)

Ingres
MADAME RIVIERE

As a portrait painter, Ingres was certainly at his best. With an actual living person before him, instead of an abstract idea, he forgot some of his self-imposed formalism and cold correctness. His accuracy secured a fine likeness, but it was the likeness of life, not of a philosophical ideal. He painted the Rivière family—father, mother and daughter—in the year 1805, when he was scarcely twenty-five, and this trio of portraits is considered to be among the best works of his youth. We have an opportunity here of seeing how our great-great-grandmothers may have looked in the prime of their lives. Certainly the French wife and mother of the more prosperous sort —her husband was " maître des requêtes " in the Council of State of 1810—makes a fine portrait. There is a superb simplicity about her attitude and her dress. The hair is classically curled, the fingers delicately ringed, and the shawl, which is the chief note in her toilette, flows rather than hangs about her delicate shoulders and across her lap. One feels that she is quietly but assuredly satisfied with herself, this wife of the prosperous middle-class whose opinions, its members felt, ruled France in the days of Louis Philippe. It was the class that considered itself to be the first-fruit of the nation, was proud of its intelligence and its energy, and preserved a " juste milieu " in the conduct of its life, a foe to all extravagance, in art or anything else. Ingres, himself a resplendent bourgeois, was the expression of his kind and of his time. He was the ideal artist for the painting of this lady, because he understood the things she liked and the ideas which she represented. Some may doubt whether he has produced a really great portrait with his " Madame Rivière," but no one will feel uncertain that he has set down, firmly and surely, a record of a phase in French thought, which is to say, French history. (B)

Sir Henry Raeburn
MACNAB OF MACNAB

During several weeks in the autumn of 1875 a remarkable collection of no less than three hundred and twenty-five pictures by one hand was exhibited at the Royal Academy in Edinburgh. The hand was Raeburn's and the event an unexampled one in the history of Scotland. The " Macnab of Macnab " was lent for the occasion by Lady Elizabeth Pringle and bore the number 210. Robert Louis Stevenson was among the hundreds who visited the exhibition, of which he writes in " Virginibus Puerisque "—" Instead of the too common purple sunsets, and pea-green fields, and distances executed in putty and hog's lard " (of the ordinary spring exhibition) " he " (the spectator) " beheld, looking down upon him from the walls of room after room, a whole army of wise, grave, humorous, capable, or beautiful countenances, painted simply and strongly by a man of genuine instinct. It was a complete act of the Human Drawing-Room Comedy. Lords and ladies, soldiers and doctors, hanging judges and heretical divines, a whole generation of good society was resuscitated . . . He " (Raeburn) " was a born painter of portraits. He looked people shrewdly between the eyes, surprised their manners in their face, and had possessed himself of what was essential in their character before they had been many minutes in his studio. What he was so swift to perceive, he conveyed to the canvas almost in the moment of conception." Raeburn was virtually self-taught. He left Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh, where he had been sent to school, at about the age of fifteen, and began to paint water-colour miniatures of his friends. He was soon apprenticed to a jeweller of the city, and this good man, seeing young Raeburn's aptness, introduced him to David Martin, the chief portrait painter in Edinburgh at the time. But the pupil, while undoubtedly inspired to greater things by the portraits he saw, improved rather despite than because of Martin's instruction. His talent was inborn, and he went steadily on, until he at length appeared as the maker of a pictorial chronicle of Scots people possessing an extraordinary facility for grasping the character of each face while, at the same time, losing nothing of those decorative and pictorial qualities which his contemporary, Lawrence, knew so well how to achieve. This old Scottish chieftain, Macnab of Macnab, stands fair and square, as rugged and as national as the glen behind him. But even the elaborate costume and accoutrements do not take our attention for long from the face, where we can read very readily some, at least, of those characteristics made famous by the inhabitants of his own wild Highlands. (C)

Giorgione
THE SLEEPING VENUS

Though a number of experts have expressed doubt in attributing the authorship of this picture to Giorgione, as many others are certain that it is his. The great critic, Morelli, is said to have been the first to recognize this as a genuine Giorgione, and earlier writers mention such a picture as existing in Venice. For many years it has been one of the chief prizes of the Dresden Gallery, and is held to be the finest secular picture from this artist's hand and the inspiration of the Titian Venus in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. Indeed, not only Titian, but several other noted contemporaries, as Palma (the elder), Sebastiano del Piombo, and even Bellini, came under the influence of this mighty artist, whose practice of painting pictures which did not necessarily set themselves to tell a story helped so much to widen the range of artistic effort. " The Sleeping Venus," which, in subject, might be over-charged with the erotic, is saved from this by the almost severe treatment of contour and the suggestion of divine serenity on the face of the slumbering goddess. This is no voluptuous Venus, but an expression of physical beauty for its own sake. The body, with its perfect symmetries of limb and torso, is delicately framed between random drapery and beautiful and somewhat homely landscape. It is reported that this landscape was added afterwards by Titian, Giorgione having left the canvas unfinished, and that the former also added an attendant Cupid which restoration has removed. The picture is, in fact, what might be expected from the kind of man the artist was. He possessed great personal charm, which, coupled with a warmly romantic personality, found its way to the hearts of many ladies; was an accomplished musician; and altogether apt for the rich, resplendent and graceful life, touched with some poetic melancholy and chastened by great refinement of taste, of the Venice in which he lived. That he died at thirty-four, in the full course of his magnificent career—he fell a victim to one of the periodic outbursts of plague which swept and re-swept Europe—adds yet another touch of glamour to this prince of painters. (B.P)

Raphael
THE TRANSFIGURATION

GIULIO DE' MEDICI, who was titular bishop of Narbonne, in the south of France, commissioned this picture for his cathedral. It was to be one of a pair he intended to hang there, the painting of the other having been entrusted to the Venetian, Sebastiano del Piombo. This artist was assisted in his work by Michelangelo, and Raphael, on hearing that Sebastiano had received help from his great rival, was no doubt glad enough to accept the commission and a challenge at the same time. He chose the famous scene on Mount Tabor for this, which was to prove his last picture. It would appear that Raphael originally intended to make the Resurrection the subject of his painting, Piombo having chosen to illustrate the raising of Lazarus. Raphael changed his mind, however, and began on what is considered his most sublime composition, "The Transfiguration." It is really two pictures in one. In the foreground we have the crowd gathered round the demoniac boy and his parents, waiting for Christ to return from his ascent of the mountain. The wild figure appears to the right, gesticulating, while his parents restrain him as best they can. Beyond we have the suggestion of the mountain, merely symbolic in treatment, on which the three disciples, Peter, James, and John, lie amazed while the figure of their Lord hovers in a glory above them.

The artist had not completed the lower group at the time of his death on Good Friday, April 6, 1520. Malaria, followed by an ill-timed "bleeding" by his physician, is supposed to have caused his untimely end at the age of thirty-seven. His last picture never went to Narbonne, being considered too precious to leave Rome. It went to the church of S. Pietro, and in 1797 the French seized it. But after Napoleon's downfall it was restored to Italy, the British Government contributing £30,000 towards restoring to Rome pictures captured by the French. (P)

Gustave Courbet
WOMAN WITH TWO DOVES

IN the year 1839 there arrived in Paris from the provinces a hale, bluff man, with the physique of a pugilist and the head of a lion-tamer, to set up as a painter. This was Gustave Courbet, from the little town of Ornans near Besançon, in the department of Doubs. He loomed over the Quartier Latin, spending his evenings at a brasserie in the Rue Hautefeuille, and his days in his shirt sleeves, working like a Titan in his studio, wheezing and perspiring as he painted, and having a short and odorous pipe projecting from his mouth. He professed a drastic realism which forbade any attempt at fancy, and went together with a passion for democracy. "Our century," he once wrote, "will not recover from the fever of irritation by which it has been laid low. Pheidias and Raphael have hooked themselves on to us. The galleries should remain closed for twenty years, so that the moderns might at last begin to see with their own eyes." At the Munich Exhibition of 1869 he distinguished himself, even in that city, by an ability to absorb beer which put the German artists to shame. He started a school of painting, and the first model chosen was an ox; for Courbet considered any painting without a model as necessarily insincere. We are told that the ox, embarrassed perhaps by all this attention, ran away and was never seen again. After this the school broke up. But despite his rather self-consciously brutal methods, Courbet could paint delicate pictures. His landscapes are excellent, and in his "Woman with Two Doves" we see that he sometimes forgot his resolve to live up to his popular reputation. The picture has been exhibited at the Lefevre Galleries, 1A, King Street, S.W.1.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema
PYRRHIC DANCE

ALMA-TADEMA was really an antiquary first and a painter afterwards. It was Henri Leys, to whose atelier he went after leaving the Antwerp academy, who inspired him with a love for recapturing the classic past. The life of ancient Greece and Rome were to him as real as the present and aesthetically, at least, far more delectable. Therefore he took the greatest pains to ensure that every detail was correct. In this case we are shown one of the military dances to which the Greeks were addicted. The Pyrrhic Dance apparently originated with the Lacedaemonians, and was rather a series of picturesque manoeuvres than a dance. The participants imitated the actions of fighting to the rhythm of music. The fierce vigour and strength of the thing is finely executed. Alma-Tadema was born of Dutch parents at Dronrijp in Friesland, January 8, 1836, was trained at Antwerp and, coming to England, exhibited a collection of his works at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1863. In 1873 he became nationalised as a British subject and received his A.R.A. in the same year. Six years later he was elected R.A. and was made a knight in 1899. He died at Wiesbaden, June 25, 1912.

Gainsborough
MRS. ROBINSON ("PERDITA")

DAUGHTER of a Bristol whaling-captain, this famous beauty was born November 27, 1758, at College Green. She was sent to school in Chelsea, where an apparently capable though rather inebriate mistress encouraged her to write poetry. At the age of sixteen she married a man named Robinson, with whom she led a fairly fashionable life at a house in Hatton Garden, until she accompanied him to prison for debt. On her release she went on the stage through the good offices of Garrick, and while playing the part of "Perdita" in his version of "A Winter's Tale," attracted the notice of the Prince of Wales. In the letters she subsequently wrote she signed herself "Perdita," and the name stuck. She became the Prince's official mistress, but made the mistake of thinking that little is demanded of a pretty woman save that she shall be pretty, and her royal lover soon tired of her. She gained considerable notoriety, however, and in her heyday was to be seen every fine day in her chariot—on which was painted a basket, in the hopes that people might mistake it for a coronet—the vehicle containing herself and the man to whom, for that day, she accorded the felicity of her companionship, while the outriders were her husband and a few other rivals. After publishing a quantity of unfortunate poetry and several books she died in poverty, December 26, 1800. Gainsborough has most successfully caught the superficial attraction on which she lived and indicated, in the eyes, the short sight from which she suffered. (B.P)

Sir Joshua Reynolds
NELLIE O'BRIEN

CONSIDERED to be one of the finest portraits that even Reynolds ever painted, this picture of pretty Nellie O'Brien is only one of at least four which he made of her. It was finished in 1763, and gives her what seems an extraordinarily domestic appearance for one of her profession. She sits before a charming landscape background dressed very delicately in a great quilted petticoat which is covered with muslin, a shawl of black lace and a Woffington hat. On her lap lies a dog of doubtful species. She seems to have just raised her head as if to greet someone for whom she has waited, and her face is lit by a reflection from the dress.

The frail fair Nellie was, like her rival, the more celebrated Kitty Fisher, a very frequent visitor to Reynolds' studio and, the artist having the reputation of being somewhat austere where ladies were concerned, it is assumed that the two women served as models for his Venuses and nymphs and not in any more intimate capacity, as has sometimes been maliciously suggested. But there is an entry in Sir Joshua's diary in 1762 for July 17, at 6 o'clock: "With Miss Nellie O'Brien, in Pall Mall, next door this side the Star and Garter." Unfortunately we know very little about this attractive-looking Irish person, how she prospered or whence she came. We do know that she was, for a time, mistress to Lord Bolingbroke. In a letter of Horace Walpole to George Montague dated at Arlington Street, March 25, 1763, the writer remarks that the Viscountess Bolingbroke "has been sitting to Reynolds, who by her husband's directions has made a speaking picture. Lord Bolingbroke said to him 'You must give the eyes something of Nellie O'Brien or it will not do.'"

She died in Park Street, Grosvenor Square, in 1768, and her portrait was sold for only 10 guineas. Twenty-five years later it changed hands for £21 and in 1810 the Marquis of Hertford paid £64 for it. At Burlington House there was an exhibition of old masters in 1872, when the fine condition in which the picture was found was very much talked about. (E.D)

Gerard Dou
THE YOUNG MOTHER

ALTHOUGH this artist was a pupil of Rembrandt there is very little in his later work which suggests his great master. The style of Gerard Dou was all his own, and so brilliant a talent as his was unlikely to be influenced by a master after the early stages of its development. Previous to his attending Rembrandt's studio, he had been apprenticed, at the age of nine, to an engraver, and two years later he worked at the workshop of a glass painter, so that, while only fifteen when he came under Rembrandt's influence, this precociously developed artist was already possessed of the elements of both art and technique. His earliest work shows, especially in the treatment of chiaroscuro and colouring, some Rembrandtesque influence, but as time went on Dou evolved a minuteness of execution quite at variance with his master's methods. He attempted to become a portrait painter, but he was slow and so exact—he is said to have taken five days, once, in painting a hand—that his sitters wearied of him, and he turned to the interiors of Dutch homes for which he is famous. In obtaining the minute effects he wanted he used to regard his subject not directly, but in a convex mirror, which gave a much reduced focus. He would also employ a frame divided into squares by silk threads and look at his model through that, in order to obtain the greatest exactness. It is plain, from a study of "The Young Mother," how the artist loved detail for its own sake, since it showed off his peculiar talent. The floor is littered with such an assortment of odds and ends—a stray slipper, a work-basket, a besom and a bunch of carrots, a wooden bucket with a fish on a tray—that the room looks positively untidy. Yet the very litter is proper to the life in the picture, the business of a room which is at once a nursery and next door to the kitchen. The walls, too, are garnished with all sorts of things, from a dead hare to a terrestrial globe. Every one of these parts which make up the intricate whole is perfectly finished. The picture tells no high-sounding message. It is dominated by domestic intimacy, and the centre of all is the face of the young mother herself. Dou seems to have enjoyed considerable financial success, for we learn that the celebrated connoisseur, Van Spring, paid him a thousand florins a year for the first call on his work, besides giving him the ordinary prices for such pictures as he chose.

Few details of the artist's life have come down to us. We know that he spent most of his life at Leiden, where he was born April 17, 1613, and where he died at the age of sixty-two. He was buried in the church of St. Peter.

Titian
VENUS AND ADONIS

WHEN Philip II of Spain came to be married, in 1554, to Queen Mary, Titian sent this picture to his royal patron along with a "Danaë," so that England was honoured by the presence of two pictures by this master in his own lifetime. Philip was, indeed, a good friend to the artist, allowing him the sum of two hundred crowns a year. The subject represents the vain attempt, recounted in Greek mythology, of Aphrodite (Venus) to entice the affections of Adonis, a youth of great charm and beauty who, nevertheless, proved coy and made off, as Shakespeare relates. There is an interesting duality of purpose about the rendering of this picture. Titian begins by getting his models—say, a Venetian gondolier grown a little fat and past his prime, and a girl who has the plentiful physique often seen in northern Italy. He poses them in fine vigorous attitudes and proceeds to paint them, being mainly interested in the reproduction of the liveliness in grouping. And then he remembers the classical nature of his subject and superimposes on his models—types still to be seen in Venice—a classical mode. He arranges the woman's hair and puts a head and chest on the male figure which is reminiscent of a Roman bust. There are some neat touches among the subordinate features. The impatient dogs, the beam of sunlight breaking suddenly through the clouds as if to mark the hot, passionate nature of the scene, and the ironic gesture in the Eros to the left, who has fallen asleep, there being no more work here for his amorous arrows. The whole is set in a delightful piece of landscape, such as one might still find not very far from Venice, with all its thickly shaded trees, steep craggy hills and wide views of clouded sky. It was the master's pleasure to combine all this with a study of beautifully symmetrical limbs that is as powerful now, in the Prado at Madrid, as it was on the day when it reached England.

Gainsborough
THE HARVEST WAGGON

COMPARE this picture of Gainsborough's with the one under a similar title which Constable painted, and which appears in the early pages of our first volume. Both artists were Englishmen, born in the same county, Suffolk, within fifteen miles of each other; Gainsborough in 1727 at Sudbury, and Constable in 1776 at East Bergholt, and both spent much of their childhood by the pleasant waters of the Stour. But, while Constable puts in a haycart, driven into the stream to water the horses, as an excuse to paint Dedham Mill which his father owned, Gainsborough makes the most of the waggon which gives the picture its title. He puts the big cart right in the foreground, though, being Gainsborough, it is natural that he should load it rather with humanity than hay. The girls and men, especially the former, are rather more like Court beauties—indeed, they may have been painted from remembrance of some of his fair sitters—than country folk. But the waggoner, at the head of his team, is rustic enough. The artist has also added a hayrake and a pitchfork for reality's sake.

The grouping is interesting. Two of the company are at variance over the matter of alternate swigs at a barrelkin of ale, and another man is leaning over to assist a girl to climb, rather precariously, since the cart is in motion, up the wheel. The line of her skirt and her helper's arm, and of a rake which one of the tipplers holds, roughly indicates an upward sweeping effect from the ground to the midst of the tree, giving a flash of movement to a composition which otherwise might have run the risk of looking a little stolid. The trees are lively, wind-blown creations that frame a prospect of English country. We have a revelation of that countryside of England when it wore the beautiful kindly face that has been praised in painting, poetry and prose, and which is now taken for granted. But when Gainsborough painted it everything was in tune; there was never an advertisement hoarding among the fields to break the harmony of those associations which, superimposed by the centuries, gave each shire that certain quality which now so many seek and fail to find. (C.P)

Andrea del Sarto
MADONNA OF THE HARPIES

SOMETIMES called the "Madonna di S. Francesco" because it was painted for the church of S. Francesco in Florence, this picture was finished at a time when the artist, who died in early middle age of the plague, was at the summit of his powers. Michelangelo thought so highly of Andrea that he made his famous remark, quoted in the description of del Sarto's "Young St. John," to Raphael. Unhappily, Andrea had not the best of teachers and did not develop his art so quickly as many great masters seem to have done, and the plague claimed him undoubtedly before he had gone as far or reached as high as another few years of life would have certainly led him. For he was a man whose work steadily improved picture by picture. What he lacked was the questing imagination, guided by "the magic hand of chance," which belongs only to the artist—using the term in its widest sense. In the way he drew and composed, in his feeling for the arrangement of drapery, and in his usage of light and shade, he was superb. But there was absent that ultimate aspiration which, suffusing less skilful hands than his, has consecrated in every branch of art work that is far less technically excellent.

Much has been written about the unhappiness of his domestic life with the hatter's widow, beautiful Lucrezia del Fede, whom he married and whose face he always used as a model for his Madonnas. She is said to have been not a little shrewish, and to have ruined his prospects by pleading for his return when he had gone to the court of Francis I of France by royal invitation. She seems also to have been very peevish in the matter of the resident pupils from whom her husband derived some of his income, and few would stay for any time in his house. At the end he seems to have died poor and quite neglected. Some authorities think, however, that the lady has been maligned.

The "Madonna of the Harpies" is so called from the figures of harpies—those woman-headed birds of Greek mythology whom the Argonauts encountered—which are carved on the legs of the throne. (P)

William Hogarth
MARRIAGE A LA MODE (II)

ACCORDING to the prospectus issued by Hogarth, the series of six pictures which he painted, satirising the matrimony of a certain section of the London society of his time, represented "a variety of modern occurrences in high life. Particular care is taken that the whole shall not be liable to any exception on account of indecency or inelegancy, and that none of the characters shall be personal." The second scene in this gloomy hymeneal history is set thus. To the right we have the husband, whose nobleman father has been relieved of his mortgages on the strength of the match, and looking at him out of the corners of her eyes, the young wife whose alderman father has got himself tied to the peerage. The place is their new home and the time that of breakfast. The husband has just come home, and Hogarth, with his usual point, suggests his form of amusement by the girl's cap which protrudes unfortunately from his pocket, and whose strange scent an absurd dog is investigating. The wife has stayed at home, and the cards with which the night has been passed are scattered over the floor of the next room, where a yawning servant is just putting out the guttering candles. In the foreground is a violin in its case—Hogarth disliked the craze for music—and an overturned chair. On the walls are some caustic representations of "old masters," and the mantelpiece is crowded with superfluous bits of china. A sorry-looking major-domo, with a well-ripened nose, is leaving the pair to their breakfast with a pile of unpaid bills, one receipt, and a gesture of sanctimonious despair. If the portrayal seems cruel in manner it must be remembered that Hogarth considered himself as much under an obligation to conduct a vigorous and unsparing crusade against the brutality and hypocrisy of his period as ever Dickens did. If the pictures are hard, so were the knocks he gave to contemporary conscience.

The major-domo's is the only figure in which sarcasm is allowed a free hand. In every other part of the painting it is subdued with clever subtlety; nevertheless, the room is full of it. Perhaps this accounts for the wretched price which rewarded the artist's labour. He could only get one bid of £110 at the auction, which at the last moment was made into guineas. The frames he had put round his pictures had cost him twenty-four guineas. (C)

Jules Breton
THE GLEANER

TASTE in art usually follows waves of influence, which are made by one man perhaps, or a group of men, and which may circle the world before their impetus is spent. During the middle years of the nineteenth century such a wave spread itself over Germany and to some extent over neighbouring France. This was a wave of peasant culture, and painter after painter set out for the fields in order to paint the type which worked in them. But they seldom painted these peasants as they really were. That was not the taste of the time. There was a desire to sentimentalise over these rough folk, to give them qualities they never had, and in doing so to overlook some which they undoubtedly possessed. All the geese were swans. Every farm labourer was honest, hard-handed with toil, dignified, beautiful—simply because he was a farm labourer and not because the artist took any care to find out if this was really the case. It was so much easier to generalise than to think. The results were often as unfortunate as most generalities are found to be. The point of view of a man like Millet, himself a peasant and one who might be expected to know what he was painting about, must have shocked a great many worthy people.

Jules Breton made a name for himself by glorifying the peasant. He produced beauteous types that were very seldom seen in the fields but very often in the houses of townsfolk. His "gleaner," for instance, is less a peasant than a classic woman, who with the addition of a Phrygian cap might pass for a representation of Ceres at a country pageant. Perhaps it was to correct this that the artist made the legs and arms so sturdy. He has gained an effect of graceful power, a strong, developed body, swinging easily along under a load. The face has a classic tragedy about it, as though this girl was meditating the departed glories of Carthage rather than thinking of her supper. Nevertheless, Breton was perfectly frank in his idealism, and therefore is at liberty to make his peasant girl as heroic and beautiful as he liked. And in this he has certainly succeeded.

John Pettie
THE VIGIL

WHEN physical combat was identified very closely with the spiritual struggle between wrong and right, and the world was an unsafe and not too comfortable place at its best, it was natural that the Church should influence the careers of the aristocracy, whose only occupation was a military one. The knightly progress through various adventures and the quest of the soul seeking righteousness was so very obvious a parable. Besides this, all except the most case-hardened robber-knights believed that they rode with the devil at their bridle arm and with their patron-saint not far off. Thus, when a young man was called to the honourable and high estate of chivalry, there was a suitable form of ceremony to be used. He went, with the golden spurs of the order of knighthood and with his arms and armour, to the church, and there vowed all his warlike gear to the service of good. He spent the night in prayer and contemplation, and such an experience was likely to impress itself upon the mind.

John Pettie was very fond of subjects from chivalry, and he has quite caught the spirit of the scene. The light comes from candles upon the altar and perhaps from the still, small flame of a sanctuary lamp. It wavers among the opaque shadows that close in upon the kneeling knight and catches casque and shield and mail hauberk and the pommel of the great sheathed sword. If the face is a little idealised, that is only in keeping with the whole spirit of the painting. The knight's cloak comes very near the chasuble of the priest, and the sword's hilt, upheld, casts a shadow cross upon the white surcoat. As a study in light from a source outside the picture this work is to be also admired; as it must be for the careful attention to detail without any laborious treatment; all of which effects just the atmosphere which the artist wanted to create. He was a contemporary of G. F. Watts, Millais and Holman Hunt, having been born in Edinburgh, March 17, 1839. He learnt his drawing in the Trustees Academy and entered the Life School of the Royal Scottish Academy with Scott Lauder as his master. He moved to London for good in 1866, and was made A.R.A. in the same year and R.A. seven years later. He died at Hastings, February 1, 1893, aged fifty-four.

Hubert and Jan Van Eyck
ANGELS SINGING AND PLAYING

THESE two pictures are panels of the great altar-piece, from the cathedral of St. Bavon at Ghent, which the brothers Hubert and Jan Van Eyck jointly painted, but which was not placed in the cathedral till 1432, after Hubert's death. The entire work was entitled "The Adoration of the Lamb," and was formerly split up, part being at Brussels and part—the portion shown here—at Berlin. But since the War the two panels have been restored to the cathedral of St. Bavon. To Hubert, the elder by about twenty years, is assigned the planning and arrangement of the whole work and the painting of most of it, while Jan completed what the death of his brother had left undone. He was well able for the task, since he had been a painstaking pupil to Hubert and, like him, had seen enough of foreign parts to add vivid touches to his landscape backgrounds where these were needed. The chief difference between the two men seems to have been that the elder was more inclined to a religious asceticism and was rather more masculine. Of the two panels reproduced here, that of the singing angels is presumed to be by Jan and the other by Hubert. Jan's angels are a little plebeian in countenance, as though his models had been choir-boys. Their expressions are rather strained in the concentration of following their parts in the open chant-book on its magnificent stand. The members of Hubert's orchestra, on the other hand, are more aristocratic in features and easier in their attitudes. Incidentally we have a graphic lesson in the forms of the musical instruments of the time. Notice that in the organ there is no keyboard as we know it, each key protruding separately from the face of the instrument. On the right an angel with an early type of base viol is counting a bar's rest. These angels at music have been compared with the marble reliefs of a similar subject executed by Della Robbia in the cathedral at Florence. Both painting and sculpture were the work of the same century, and the Van Eycks, greatest of the old Flemish masters, produced something worthy to rank with the finest that even Italy could then produce. (P)

W. L. Wyllie
BLAKE AND VAN TROMP

DURING the Dutch War of 1652–4, Blake for England and Martin Van Tromp for Holland were the principal commanders, and encountered each other in three major battles, in which the English, largely owing to superior admiralty administration, had the better of it. The artist has not attempted a record of any particular sea-fight, but has interested himself more in the picturesque confusion of an encounter between the fleets of this period. The meeting of battle squadrons, then, usually meant a series of hand-to-hand fights, ships being boarded and repelling boarders; spars flying in splinters, topmasts crashing down upon decks, ships' boats adrift, seamen clinging to wreckage, and about it all thick, acrid smoke hiding the sea and the hulks of vessels, but with ragged topsails and gallant flags and pennants flapping and streaming above and through the reek. The sickening details, the blood and beastliness, are masked, for the most part, by this same cannon smoke, and also the ships are seen at some distance. Hence, in the picture of a sea-fight the attention is not distracted from the pageantry and vigour of the thing; the combined effect of all these stirring details is glorious rather than grim. And amidst the tang of the powder and the stench of blood we can snuff the clean, established savour of the sea.

The picture was painted by a practised seascape artist and an enthusiastic yachtsman. The attitudes of canvas and the behaviour of vessels in a sea-way were familiarised to him by personal experience.

Dürer
HANS IMHOFF

NUREMBERG, the artist's native city, possessed a patrician family named Imhoff, which was closely connected with Dürer's life. The Imhoff collection was, for a period, the finest existing of their client's work. Willibald Imhoff, who added much to it, left special instructions in his will that the pictures and drawings should remain for ever in the family. But his wife and children took every good offer made for them and dispersed their treasures—whose price would have risen far higher had they only waited—all over Europe.

This painting of Hans is considered to be unsurpassed by any other portrait of Dürer's. We have the whole man; his richness, his solid burgher prosperity, his uncompromising jaw and his eyes, shrewd in commerce. It seems to have been this man who acted as an agent in a transaction between Dürer and a certain Herr Jacob Heller, concerning a painting. The story is gleaned from some of the correspondence which has come down to us. This Jacob Heller was a wealthy merchant of Frankfort. He had paid a business visit to Nuremberg and made the acquaintance of the artist. Heller conceived the idea of presenting an altar-piece to the Dominican Church in Frankfort for the easing of his soul and the gratification of his patron saints, as was the custom of the time. The letters of Dürer give an intimate insight into the little details of the business. The joiner who supplies the panel is paid first, and the artist assures his patron that he has not been overcharged. In another letter he lays stress on the number of coats of paint that he will use, a cunning stroke calculated to impress a merchant. Time goes on, and still the picture is unfinished, and the merchant writes to Hans Imhoff, who has been entrusted with the payment of the artist. There is a quarrel over the price, and eventually the artist gets what he wants. Let us hope that Hans Imhoff, when it came to his turn, took the hint and paid the artist well. We know little else of Hans. His fame rests rather on the fact that he was painted by a great artist than on anything he did himself. (C)

Corot
THE VALE

ALMOST every year, at spring time, Corot would set out from Paris with his brushes and canvas to discover some new part of France and paint it. In the year when he painted this picture, "Le Vallon," he was probably in Normandy or else Picardy. His wonderful sense of values and his most tender sympathy for the French country were never better shown than here. Not a feature of the scene has a hard outline, except the shadow cast by the high hedge. This would be the only hard line in the tones of such a picture. The sun is very hot; heat blurs the distance, and the brilliant light would make one go with eyes half closed to escape the glare. It is that effect which Corot has conveyed on to canvas. Detail is lost, and the eye apprehends only broad masses and the greater contrasts of shade and light. It must be remembered, also, that the nearest point of the picture to the spectator is a hundred yards away. A cow is a deeper shadow in the shade of the hedge. Human beings are dependent for their outlines on the colour not the shape of their clothes. Extreme delicacy is seen in not only the treatment, but even in the title. It is only to a man walking beside the hedge that this place is a valley at all. It is the merest crease in the surface of the land. But to notice an unevenness in a plain and call it a valley is a very gentle conceit, and not to enter into the spirit of what the artist offers, not to attempt to see with his eyes and thus perceive more, would be unkind almost to pedantry.

F. D. Millet
BETWEEN TWO FIRES

THE fun of the picture is suggested by a glance to the canvas from the title. But it is to be questioned whether the humour would have not been more piquant had a title been omitted. The more one looks, the better the joke becomes. The old Roundhead, with his rather simian face and conventional steeple-crowned hat, has nothing between him and a most excellent meal—that noble bottle by itself would be a pleasure to sit near—save the saying of a short grace. His hands are clasped in act to pronounce it. And then these two light-minded hussies, dressed as though they cared for the baubles of this transitory existence, invade his attention with attitudes that almost menace propriety. But the Puritan will win. He will turn his eyes to his food, say his grace, and after that his mouth will soon be too full for other comment. It is very rarely that an artist has the courage to be so frankly humorous upon a canvas. Frans Hals would have done it unhesitatingly. But his greater rigour, though in keeping with his time, would perhaps seem a little coarse to some modern eyes. The map on the wall and, in fact, the general treatment of the whole room were obviously suggested by a study of the old Dutch school.

Metsu
THE MUSIC LOVER

ARISTOCRATS in beautiful surroundings were the models Metsu preferred. He left the kitchen maids and fishwives, the swashbucklers and the bar-parlours to those who knew them better. As a result he was popular with the people who paid high fees, and while there have been many greater painters among his countrymen, there have been few who made a better living. The similarity of his subjects may be gauged by a glance at "The Singing Lesson," reproduced in Volume One. The lady wears the same kind of coat with a rich edging, has one foot on a stool, and is attended by a relative of the dog in "The Music Lover." In the latter picture there is rather more life. The lady is presumably composing and jotting down the notes as she goes, while a girl with a lute plays the result. The prosperous-looking gentleman leaning on her chair wears clothes that match her own in elegance. There is also, in both pictures, a very rich tablecloth, pushed back, in the one case ostensibly to save it from wine stains and in the other from ink; but actually, we may be sure, to flatter the artist's skill in painting the rich draperies of which he was so fond and his clients so proud. Furthermore, this picture bears out the artist's great delight in painting musical instruments and people playing on them. To strum upon a lute or saw at a 'cello, or to read one's part in a vocal score, was one of the social accomplishments which were taken more or less for granted in those times. The artist's patrons would like to see themselves represented as constantly doing the things which fashion demanded of them. Metsu wrapped the ladies and the gentlemen and their pursuits all in the most decorous and nicely polished surroundings. But even the flattery is elegant and restrained. Metsu moved too much in the society he has immortalised to be accused of any obtrusive distortion of his art for money's sake—or even fashion's. (¢)

Velasquez
DON BALTASAR CARLOS

THREE equestrian portraits, including this one of little Carlos, were painted by Velasquez between 1635 and 1640, the other two being of the boy's father, Philip IV, and of the Count-Duke Olivares. The child has the vivaciousness of his mother, Isabella de Bourbon, and something of the pale, cold hauteur of his father. His birth was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm all through the kingdom of Spain, and a later portrait of him by Velasquez shows him to have grown into a pleasant-featured boy, better-looking than could have been expected of a son of Philip IV. At the age of sixteen the young prince was suddenly smitten by illness, which killed him with shocking suddenness. Thus he was always a child, and as such has come down to us, a happy boy with little to do but play despite the constant reminder that in a few years he must face the ponderous, fretful business of being royal. In the picture we see him ride forth, laboriously dressed in the appropriate costume. But one may be certain that he did not strike this heroic pose himself. Velasquez was sufficiently imbued with court life to realize that grand attitudes were taken for granted in royal portraits, however human the model might really be. The pony, of course, has the poised immobility of a rocking-horse. But we must remember that in all countries and at all times, until the camera showed us how horses really move their legs—a process too fast for the eye to follow—. it was a convention that they galloped literally in a "ventre à terre" manner. Indeed, this was the true impression, for the eye, unable to sort leg from leg in the moving animal, simply gave an impression of a body from which four legs protruded in vigorous action. This particular animal may be the pony stallion sent from Lombardy as a present to the little prince in 1633, the donor being the Infante Ferdinand. A note accompanied the beast and explained that before it was mounted it should be bridled with due care and smitten half a dozen times with a whip, whereupon, said the note, "he would go like a little dog." If the animal's action is more like that of a little frog we must not be hard upon the painter. For he has delineated it in the way which would have been everywhere accepted until the middle of the nineteenth century. We must be impressed, on the other hand, by the way in which a certain gallantry of bearing is infused into the drawing of the pony and its rider, despite the handicap of that barrel belly and those legs with claw-like curves. (℔)

Correggio
MADONNA OF ST. JEROME

DEEP mystical religious feeling does not dominate this beauteous group. The figures in it are far too human. The master never surpassed this painting. The attempt at delicacy and charm could not be pushed further without the result becoming sentimental. Grace of body and superhuman radiance of skin could not exceed what we have here without seeming affected. It is easy to become wearied with the subject matter of a number of religious pictures seen all together. Nor, indeed, is it fair to the pictures themselves to "do" them, in some gallery or other, as a necessary part of a visit to Italy. But however satiated the eye might be with Madonnas, Correggio's picture would be most surely refreshing. The subject is only a pretext for painting two delightful children—the same model has apparently been used for the cherub and the Holy Child, or, if not the same, the little boys must have been brothers—and two beautiful women of Northern Italy.

This picture is usually paired with the "Nativity" of Correggio, the two being known as "The Day" and "The Night" respectively. It was painted in the decade 1520–30 for a certain lady of Parma, who gave for it, besides a very moderate sum of money, certain necessaries of life to support the artist while he painted; as some cartloads of firewood, some wheat and a pig. The lady eventually bequeathed her picture to the church of San Antonio Abbatte, where it remained till 1749, when it was carried off by the local duke to prevent the abbot of San Antonio from selling it. It was placed in the cathedral and then in the duke's country house till 1756, when he presented it to the Academy. In 1778 it was carried off by the French, only to be restored to Italy again in the year of Waterloo. It now rests in Parma, where it was painted. It is to be noticed that the foreshortening of the other figures is so arranged as to make St. Jerome, with his lion, look more enormous in comparison with them, as the spectator retires from the picture. It is supposed that the artist wished the spectator to feel himself one of the group; therefore the picture should be viewed at close range, as though one were standing by the saint and looking at the others. (℔.℗)

Vermeer
DELFT FROM THE ROTTERDAM CANAL

NOT to be confused with Van der Meer of Utrecht or Van der Meer of Haarlem, Vermeer or Van der Meer of Delft and his work only found fame about the year 1860. Previously his pictures were sold under forged signatures—of Metsu or de Hooch, of Terburg, and sometimes even of Rembrandt. Why this happened is an enigma which we cannot solve, especially when we find that at a sale of paintings which took place in Amsterdam during the middle of the eighteenth century a picture by de Hooch was advertised as "nearly equal to the famous Van der Meer of Delft." The story of his life is very scanty. We know that he was a pupil of Carel Fabritius, a man deeply influenced by Rembrandt. Fabritius was so unfortunate as to be one of the fatally injured in the disaster at Delft in 1654, when a gunpowder magazine exploded. Vermeer left a widow, eight children and twenty-six unsold pictures, so that his wife had to apply to the insolvency court and be placed in the hands of a curator.

The picture of Delft is a digression from the artist's ordinary choice of subject. He usually painted interiors —a girl playing on the clavichord, or weighing pearls, or entertaining her lover in some choicely furnished room illumined delicately through windows. But in the landscape we have not only a wider subject but a wider conception. We get not only an objective view of the old town as it used to be, but an idea of what it meant to its people. The buildings are solid and good. Some of them are rich. A few barges, enough to denote a steady unhurried sort of trade, float on the tranquil canal. The light between cloud and cloud picks out the tones of brick and slate, and shows that the builders did their work with a certain genial practicality characteristic of the country. Everything looks as if it had been paid for and placed there to last. With all the care of thorough familiarity, Vermeer put down, not only what he saw, but what he felt about this old Dutch town by the canal to Rotterdam. (C. L)

Reynolds
LAURENCE STERNE

THIS reproduction of the mezzotint from Reynolds' portrait shows us the intriguing features of one of the most famous English country parsons who ever turned novelist. His father was an officer in the army, and Laurence was born November 24, 1713, at Clonmel in Ireland, where his father's regiment had just arrived from Dunkirk. For the first ten years of his life young Laurence and his mother followed the regiment from station to station in England and Ireland, until his father became embroiled in a duel and was killed. It was this life among things military at an impressionable age that gave him the material for his Corporal Trim and Uncle Toby. The fatherless boy was sent to Jesus College, Cambridge, by relatives, and he graduated in 1736. In the same year he took holy orders—his great grandfather had been archbishop of York—and was appointed in 1738 to the living of Sutton-in-the-Forest, about eight miles north of York. He married three years after and lived uneventfully enough at Sutton for twenty years. In 1759, his forty-seventh year, the first two volumes of "Tristram Shandy" were published at York and scandalised the neighbourhood. But in London the work was a great success, and thither Sterne went to enjoy a tremendous notoriety, culminating in a supper with the Duke of York. His mode of living was not always as ascetic as some of his neighbours would have wished, and lung trouble and influenza plagued him. He went abroad on several occasions for his health, gaining material which he used in the unfinished "Sentimental Journey." He died suddenly at his lodgings in Old Bond Street, March 18, 1768. On the same day one of his acquaintances, John Crawford of Errol, was giving a party to a number of distinguished people, Lord Ossory and Garrick among them, and sent his footman, a certain John Macdonald, to find out how the author was. Macdonald, who published his memoirs, has left us the following account of his visit. "I went to Mr. Sterne's lodging; the mistress opened the door; I enquired how he did. She told me to go up to the nurse. I went into the room and he was just a-dying. I waited ten minutes; but in five he said: 'Now it is come.' He put out his hand as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute." Reynolds was commissioned to paint the portrait by Lord Ossory at the height of the success of "Tristram Shandy." (L. P)

Rubens
LANDSCAPE: SUNSET

HAVING acquired a country house and estate in the year 1635, Rubens showed his pride in his purchase by painting two landscapes from just outside the walls of his grounds. Both these pictures are the property of the National Gallery. Both show the same stream crossing the view diagonally, and they were painted one on either side of this small waterway. The estate was the manor of Steen at a place called Eppeghem in the plain district round about the Belgian city of Malines. Rubens spent about 93,000 florins on the property, which, according to the deed of purchase, comprised: "a lordly mansion built of stone, with other buildings: the whole in the shape of a castle with a court-yard, an orchard of fruit-trees, a drawbridge, and a high mound with a tower on the top. Besides a lake enclosed by the estate there are various farm buildings, sheds, stables, and other agricultural conveniences. Four acres in all within the circumference of the moat. There are moreover pleasure-grounds, walks and avenues planted with fine young oaks." With all this went some pasture and woods.

From his picture of the place we can judge how delighted he must have felt with it and himself. The sheep, with their shepherd seated upon a conduit, trees, water and distant buildings, are touched in with affectionate care. The effect of distance is cleverly gained by his treatment of trees and bushes, which lead the eye away towards the glowing space of the sunset. The clouds curve away in long lines towards the horizon, and thus we get two progressions of objects towards the background, one in the earth and the other in the sky. Rubens, according to Ruskin, "perhaps furnishes us with the first instances of complete, unconventional, unaffected landscape. His treatment is healthy, manly, and rational, not very affectionate" (the last phrase does not seem to apply in the picture we are considering) "yet often condescending to minute and multitudinous detail; always . . . pure, forcible, and refreshing, consummate in composition . . ." There is no need to praise this landscape further. A study of it is the best appreciation. (L)

Rembrandt
DANÄE

NUDITY was not very often dealt with by Rembrandt. In his early days, whenever he did paint the undraped, he used very coarse models of the fishwife type, but later painted from his wife, Saskia, or from Hendrikje Stoffels, who was so faithful to him in his misfortunes, and whom he is said to have married after Saskia's death. The picture we have now to look at was painted from Saskia in the year 1636, two years after their wedding. The title of the work has never been definitely decided. The story of Danäe we considered in the case of Correggio's illustration of the same subject, and it is possible that Rembrandt began to work with this idea in his head and in the end became too absorbed in his work to follow the story closely. Another suggested title is "The Bride of Tobias." The artist painted a series of pictures illustrating the story of Tobias, the angel and the fish, which may be read in the Apocrypha. It would be natural to suppose that Rembrandt would hardly omit some reference to the extraordinary adventure of Tobias in finding a bride and a fortune at the same time. There is an evident expression of joy on the woman's face, which might be well understandable if it represents the unlucky Sarah. She had already been married seven times, and on each occasion the bridegroom had been pounced upon by a demon and carried off, a story similar in its events to several one may find in the Arabian Nights.

Certain points of technique in the "Danäe"—for instance, the way the light effects on the flesh are treated and the actual drawing of the figure—have been compared, not unfavourably, with the work of the best Italian masters. But there is something quite definitely Northern about the rendering of the whole subject. The picture has its own beauties. There is grace but not elegance, sumptuousness but not brilliance. On the other hand, if the Italians were more used to the idea of painting nudes, we get a fresh point of view from the Dutch artist, who usually preferred draped poses. The woman between these rich sheets is no cold creature of the painter's brain but living flesh and blood. Her smile, her gesture and her whole pose are alive. (C)

El Greco
THE CRUCIFIXION

THE sensation created by the technique of this man must have been considerable when he arrived in Spain about 1570–79. There is very much in it that seems absolutely "modern." The fact is that El Greco was an impressionist and a rather extraordinary personality as well. We know very little about his life, but enough to gather that his work won respect wherever it was seen and his disposition roused comment. The tradition of the luxuriousness of his life—he astonished the Spaniards by having musicians to play to him during his meals, thus introducing something of a Venetian splendour to the rather comfortless life of Toledo—seems strange when we think of the strong asceticism of his pictures. "The Crucifixion," like "The Baptism," is thought to have been painted for an altarpiece in the Collegio de Doña Maria de Aragon in Madrid, and both these paintings have remained in Spain. The design of the picture is usual enough—the Holy Women and St. Joseph grouped about the Cross. But the way in which this design is carried out is extraordinary. The winged figure kneeling to the left of the Cross and catching the blood from the wounded feet in a napkin is painted as though hovering in a slanting position; thus, at a stroke, differentiating it from the human figures about it. The angels who are performing the same service to the bleeding hands are made of a smallness corresponding to their fellow near the ground. They look, at first sight, to be considerably behind the rest of the group. In this arresting treatment of an often painted subject we see the genius of the man.

El Greco was born at Candia in the island of Crete and his real name was Domenico Theotocopuli. The date of his birth is put at about the year 1547. He seems to have begun to study art in Venice and then to have moved on to Rome, where he worked under Titian. These last facts we learn from a letter written to Cardinal Nepote Alessandro Farnese by the miniature painter Giulio Clovio, who in recommending the young artist says of him: "A Candian youth has arrived in Rome, a pupil of Titian . . . . amongst other works he has painted a portrait of himself which amazes all the artists in Rome . . ." It is still uncertain why El Greco (the Greek)—the Spaniards found that soubriquet easier to pronounce than Theotocopuli—ever came to Spain. He lived there and became more Spanish than the native artists. His death, whose date is the only certain one known in all his life, took place at Toledo on April 7, 1614. The entry in the burial register of Santo Tomas reads: "Dominico Greco. On the seventh instant dominico greco died, he made no will, he received the sacraments, he was buried in Santo Domingo el antiguo, he provided tapers." (Tb)

Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A.
OUTWARD BOUND

IN the year that Lord Leighton died, the year 1896, his pupil, Edward Poynter, succeeded Millais, after the latter's few months of presidency, as President of the Royal Academy, the office his master had filled so graciously and for so long Poynter followed earnestly in the path of academic strictness which Leighton had pointed out and himself scrupulously trodden. The pupil's pictures have not the same severe purity of execution, but we notice the painstaking precision and clear, smooth draughtsmanship which he had learned to admire in his instructor. Poynter usually chose semi-classical subjects such as his "Visit to Aesculapius" or his very celebrated "Faithful Unto Death." But even in the more homely scene which he shows us in "Outward Bound" we notice the classical influence. The rocks might be those of a Cornish cove and the children painted in his own studio. Nevertheless there is a touch of Sicily, at the least, in the dressing of the hair in the nearer figure and also in the draperies. The careful modelling of white, delicate limbs is also reminiscent of Lord Leighton's style. The title of the picture is concerned with the half of a walnut shell rigged with a feather which the wind is sailing out to sea through an arch in the rocks.

Edward Poynter was the great-grandson of a sculptor and the son of an architect and was born in Paris, March 20, 1836. He began to learn his art in England at Leigh's Academy and went on to the R.A. schools. He spent some time at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, and, in 1853 met Leighton at Rome and received the dominating impression of his artistic career. Among his greatest works were some mosaics for St. Paul's Cathedral and the Houses of Parliament. He was knighted on receiving the presidency of the Royal Academy, an office which he held till his resignation in 1918. He died July 26, 1919.

Frans Hals
ARQUEBUSIERS OF ST. ADRIAN

COMPANIES of marksmen were formed in the Netherlands before there was a regular army, and were recruited from the burgher guilds when these were at their greatest prosperity. The terrible period of the Dutch struggle for independence from the detested Spanish occupation was one in which any body of trained men was at premium value. The sharpshooters of St. Adrian were a company of Haarlem burghers, and Hals painted them in 1627, the second year after the death of the great general, Prince Maurice, and at a critical time in the history of Holland. Yet, despite the anxiety of the times, things were better than they had been. Haarlem was free of foreigners, and the sharpshooters' club had time to cultivate a social side to its activities. At times of peril patriots rallied round their guild; in times of peace the same hearty persons gathered at their headquarters for good food, good wine and good jesting. It is this spirit which Hals has so aptly caught. But the painting of groups of this kind was not an easy matter. Each member wanted for himself the place of prominence in the picture, and the artist could not possibly please everyone. In the end he hit on a happy plan of according the greatest prominence to him who paid the most.

The " Arquebusiers of St. Adrian " shows us the principal officers and the standard bearer assembled after a good dinner. Every man is dressed in his best, and the younger men are especially fashionable with their puffed and slashed sleeves. Every figure is a separate portrait, individual and telling, and yet the group, as a group, has its own personality. This is Hals at his best. (℔)

Antonis Moro
QUEEN MARY

FEATURES pinched and set hard by years of unhappiness, and eyes that had looked steadfast along the path which conscience made, though the vision was often dimmed by tears, look out at us from this portrait. Antonis Moro was sent to England by his master, Philip II of Spain, to paint the likeness of the king's intended wife, Mary of England. This was in 1553. Mary had been proclaimed queen in that same year and was now in a position to exercise her own authority. But the long years of living in the depths of the country, pestered by spiteful and irritating restrictions, years of neglect and wretchedness, during which she saw many of her friends executed—even her own tutor—and the scandalous and absurd denial by her royal father of the very legitimacy of her birth; all this was as yet too near for her new life to have done much to smooth the care from her countenance. Mary is always very personally associated with the burnings and persecutions that went on for religion's sake in her reign. Some but not nearly all of the responsibility is hers. Most of it lies in the ordinary accepted cruelty of the times, and the swing of the pendulum when Catholic put Protestant out of power. It is certain that Mary Tudor cannot be compared with her father Henry VIII in either cruelty, callousness or intolerance. Whatever her faults may have been Moro has left us a picture which shows us the mainstay of her character: a determination to follow her light as she saw it and a sensibility to the suffering always thus entailed. This, and a study of her life, must weigh heavy in the scale against the weight of persecution with which her name is always charged.

Moro was born at Utrecht about 1512 and owed his introduction to Philip II to Cardinal Granvelle, whose portrait he had painted. Moro afterwards had to leave the Spanish court, and entered the service of the Duke of Alva. He died about 1576. (₵)

Ernest Parton
THE BRACKEN AND THE BIRCH

DURING the middle years of the nineteenth century, when the countryside was being changed out of recognition by the broadcast building which followed the track of the industrial revolution, Ernest Parton, an American, came over to " the old country," and met its beauty as one meets an old friend. The landscape artists of this period were all for the quiet, local atmosphere. The corner of a wood, or a view down the rows of whitened trunks in an orchard, was what they cared for. They shunned the bleakness of the moors and the tremendous, threatening vision of mountains. England has these things, but her peculiar attraction is mostly found in corners—at least, that was the opinion of these men. To some " The Bracken and the Birch " may show merely so many trees and so many ferns beside a stagnant pond. To others the view contains so many botanical specimens. To those with other talents there is a sensation of beauty in the forms of the trees and the arrangement of the pattern which is blended of branches, sky and water. The artist has not insisted too rigorously on the details, but there is nothing that might be called impressionistic. He has not suggested distant foliage, but painted about it a faint mist. There are the facts before us, and we can make of them what we will. This picture should be compared with " The Waning of the Year " by the same hand, which appears near the end of our first volume.

Dendy Sadler
THURSDAY

EVERYONE considers this a humorous picture, yet it is only a short way over the border which separates the humorous from the simply pleasant. A slightly different treatment of the monks' faces and attitudes and we might feel that we ought perhaps to smile, but certainly not to laugh. But, apart from any particular features of fun in the composition itself, anglers and monks, so far as England is concerned, are considered to be of themselves funny. The artist accepts the situation from the beginning and adds a little humour of his own. The picture is nice in its arrangement. The scene is one which might have been witnessed beside many an English river before The Dissolution. All is green and peaceful, from the genial meadows in the evening light to the walled garth and the trees that stand about the conventual church. Right in the foreground comes the interest, the intentness. To-morrow will be Friday; no one seems to have caught anything. Then we have a fish—a good-sized jack. In his excitement a brother shows the landing-net too soon and the jack makes for mid-stream. The monk immediately behind him of the net is approving, with a delicious gesture, the nicety with which the fish is being played. Near by one is baiting his hook, and near his feet is a jar of worms, or—might it perhaps be whispered—of comfortable strong waters?

Rembrandt
PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF

PURSUING the artistic ideal which he was ever striving to attain, Rembrandt was always on the watch for some new problem in his work and, having found one, he would proceed to elucidate it with the greatest possible speed and enthusiasm. This is the reason why he painted so many portraits of himself. In many of them he took little trouble over producing a likeness. But he would dress himself in all sorts of things, strange hats or caps, fantastic-looking coats, and, in short, all the resources of his large studio wardrobe. He would sometimes dress his wife in some special costume. All this was to make plainer to himself the best method of solving some technical difficulty with drapery, colour values, the expression of light, or perhaps some subtler problem of expressing the heart by painting the face. For instance, in the self-portrait done in 1635, the year after his marriage to Saskia, the clothes he set himself to paint were of the richest. The cloak was of velvet, sumptuously decorated, and the cap garnished with two fine ostrich feathers fastened by a jewelled clasp. The light in that picture is made to shimmer on the feathers and falls abruptly across the right nostril and cheek and upon the right shoulder. But in this portrait the costume is of the simplest. All the light and all the interest are centred in the face. Rembrandt did, from time to time, paint a careful likeness of himself, as though he wished to leave behind him a record of just what his appearance was during different decades of his life. Thus we have pictorial accounts of his features in youth, middle-age—as here—and in old age.

This picture should be taken on its merits as a picture rather than as a likeness. Nevertheless, Rembrandt possessed such a mastery over his work that we do get a fine portrait which, while it succeeds in showing all that the artist meant that it should show, yet displays, besides this, something of the great painter's soul.

(M.P)

Peter Graham
MOORLAND ROVERS

SCOTLAND began to produce painters in large quantities rather later than England, and the artists north of the Border felt that they had a good deal of leeway to make up. It was natural that much of their work should be passionately national, spreading the glories of their unique country far and wide and drawing attention at the same time to Scotland and Scottish art. Peter Graham loved best to paint the wilder features of his country, high cliffs gnawed by the storms, crying sea-birds against spindrift and a wild sky, or mountain-sides in mist. In "Moorland Rovers" he takes us to some part of the western Highlands. The moor slopes down from the hills that border it, through a bog to the loch in the midst. Through the rushes of the bog the kyloes, or Highland cattle, wade, driving holes in the sodden surface with their short legs, and moving with a squelching noise. They must search hard for the scanty food on which they thrive so extraordinarily well. Some people might doubt whether an artist could ever remain sufficiently long at such close quarters to these fierce-looking beasts to make a sketch. But, despite their formidable horns, the kyloes are usually amiable enough. They have a habit of approaching very near and staring at any intruder, at the same time blowing emphatically down their nostrils. But beyond this their conduct is more or less indifferent to man.

Peter Graham's work enjoyed considerable popularity from the first. Pictures like this showed that there was fine vigorous landscape with a depth of feeling about it to be had very near home. Much of the English landscape is tamed. These wild stretches of the Highlands give us a rest from the eternal contemplation of man's influence on the face of the earth. Looking into "Moorland Rovers," one feels that man counts for little in this scene—save that the little cattle are fattening for his food. The artist who achieved this outstanding piece of work was a native of Edinburgh, and studied at the Trustees' Academy. In 1866 he came, as did many other artists who were his countrymen, to London, and in eleven years had won an A.R.A. In four more he was entitled to call himself Royal Academician, and continued to turn out a number of cattle and seascape subjects. He died in London in 1921, aged eighty-five.

Veronese
MARTYRDOM OF ST. SEBASTIAN

CHURCH decoration on the grand scale was never done more imposingly than by Paolo Cagliari, called Veronese. His style is peculiarly individual in that it is so purely objective and affected so little by imaginative concepts. He never set out to point a moral or give us something to think about. Instead he revelled in the sight and sense of colours and shapes and movements, assembled a crowd of figures into groups that are never crowded, and used the largest possible canvases. In this case he has portrayed a rather unusual scene from the life of the saint. Most artists preferred to paint him stuck with many arrows and leave one to suppose that it was in this way that the martyrdom was accomplished. But an ancient account of the martyr's life tells us the whole story. Sebastian was a citizen of the French town of Narbonne in the days of the Roman occupation of Gaul. He joined the imperial army and became Captain of a cohort in the Praetorian Guard during the reign of the Emperor Diocletian. He became a Christian and converted a number of people until the report was taken to the emperor. Diocletian reasoned earnestly with the young soldier, but finding that he refused to give up his way of life, ordered him to be shot to death by archers. The latter were either bad marksmen or purposely refrained from a vital spot in order to draw out the agony. The saint was left for dead, but found by a fellow Christian named Irene. Under her care he recovered, and immediately set out for the imperial court to reproach Diocletian for impiety. This time the emperor left nothing to chance and ordered Sebastian to be beaten to death with rods. We see him just before the execution of the sentence. After it had been carried out the corpse was thrown into the cloaca, or common sewer, whence it was retrieved by yet another pious woman, Lucina. But this time the saint did not revive, and so was buried.

This picture, which contains so much that one almost feels that the artist has forgotten the saint in the sheer joy of painting a vivid and interesting group of people, was painted along with others, and a number of pictures in the vaulting, for the sacristy and church of S. Sebastian in Venice. It was finished about the year 1563. Notice the richness of the setting—the pillars on the archway and the costumes of the actors on this busy stage. (P)

Paolo Uccello
THE ROUT OF SAN ROMANO

WAR in the fifteenth century could be as vile as it has been in the twentieth, but the condottieri in Italy were able at times to introduce into their campaigns a well-conducted good humour which might almost have been invented in a conference between W. S. Gilbert and a Chinese military official. The condottieri, or "hired men," originated in such bands of "free companions" as Sir John Hawkwood led into Italy after the peace of Bretigny had made, for the deep and usually empty pockets of the oathing English bowmen, an awkward pause in the otherwise satisfactory state of foreign affairs called The Hundred Years' War. The condottieri were drawn from all nations, and served the highest bidder among the Italian city-states, whose burgher troops were unfitted for anything but defence. As time went on, the condottieri gained more and more of the trade union or guild spirit, and came to see that it was in their own interest to make fighting as bloodless an affair as possible, since condottieri were usually hired to fight bands of other condottieri. Pitched battles between gorgeously arrayed forces would sometimes last for hours with hardly a casualty on either side. The artist who painted "The Rout of San Romano" has quite definitely shown that these charging horsemen, well armoured, have broken far more lances than limbs. True, one man lies, apparently injured, beneath the hoofs of the troop, but he has probably merely fallen off his horse. The magnificent banner, borne by two knights, displays the Knot of Solomon, the device of the Florentine condottiere (leader of the condottieri), Niccolo da Tolentino. The battlefield is bordered, restfully, with rose bushes, and in the distance, safely and conveniently out of the cavalry's way, are a few cross-bowmen.

Paolo Uccello, to whom we are indebted for this delightful comment, in paint, on a phase of Italian history, was born at Florence in 1397 and died there in 1475. He did most of his work in his native city, painting the San Romano picture for the Medici Palace. He is famous for his devotion to perspective, and this bent had its effect on his successors in Florence. The tendency towards geometric form in his composition has survived to modern times. The horses in this picture almost remind one of the Cubist style. (16)

Waterhouse
ECHO AND NARCISSUS

IN "Hylas and the Nymphs" we have already seen the peculiar charm with which Waterhouse expressed his inspirations from classical mythology. In this case he has chosen to illustrate the double tragedy of Narcissus and the nymph Echo. The former was the son of a river-god, Cephissus, and of the nymph Liriope of Thespiae. He possessed the faculty of being insensible to the emotions excited by love. Nemesis, angered by this unusual state of things in the mythological world, cast upon him a spell by which he became infatuated with himself. He was extremely beautiful, the legend says, and spent much of his time contemplating his own reflection in any still water that happened to be at hand. Eventually his self-absorption became so great that he pined away and, dying, changed into the flower which bears his name. The narcissus, besides having this association, was held to be a symbol of early death because it was the flower which Persephone was picking when carried off to the nether regions by Pluto.

Echo was a nymph whom Jupiter charged with the task of keeping his wife, Juno, interested by her tremendous fund of conversation, on the occasions when he was enjoying himself elsewhere. But Juno at last found out that her entertaining attendant was only employed to deceive her, and made the punishment appropriate to the offence by transforming the nymph into an Echo, which is to say, a being only able to speak after others had spoken, and even then only with the power of repeating what had been said. In this piteous case Echo sought consolation in the company of Narcissus. But since he would take no notice of her at all, and she could not speak except to repeat his own words—he probably merely said "Go away!"—the wretched girl pined away like her beloved, until there was nothing left of her but her voice. This voice of Echo, however, haunts the earth to this day. The artist has used the occasion to make a most charming landscape background which well repays a minute examination.

Bernardino Luini
THE BURIAL OF ST. CATHERINE

FOR a period of many years the best works from Luini's hands were ascribed by a number of experts to Leonardo da Vinci. More modern methods of investigation have, however, sorted out the pictures ascribed to the one from those known to have been painted by the other. Bernardino Luini was born about the year 1470 at Luino, on Lake Maggiore. Of his early life we know practically nothing. His first master seems to have been Stefano Scotto, and about the year 1500 he went to Milan and entered the school of Leonardo da Vinci, though it is uncertain whether the two men ever met. However, Luini modelled his style completely on Leonardo, his colouring and his taste in design being practically identical. There is a certain happy serenity about his work which also characterised some of the moods of his great master. But Luini was neither such a great man nor so tremendous an artist as Leonardo. He had a knack of imitating Leonardo's style, which evidently suited something fundamental in his character. But he had not the same greatness of vision, which could see into the hearts of things and people, which could be reasonable on any subject and dared explore both the past and the future with an open mind. The result is that we get a number of slight but extraordinarily charming pictures, the work of his middle period, when Leonardo's influence was strongest. To this period belongs "The Burial of St. Catherine." The faces of the angels have some of that mystery and sweetness which we saw in the "Mona Lisa," and which is apparent also in the "Madonna of the Rocks." Their bodies, too, seem really to fly without having that appearance of being hung by an invisible wire, which is the case in so many similar paintings. In the latter part of his career Luini appears to have felt the influence of Raphael, although he seems never to have visited Rome, and Leonardo's always remained the more deep-seated artistic guidance.

Luini spent much of his life on various pictures and frescoes for the different churches of Milan and the neighbouring towns. He was not a man to haggle over prices, and seems to have passed his days perfectly content with his occupation and its reward. He died, as far as we know, about the year 1535. (C)

Gérard
LOVE AND PSYCHE

We are told that when the Parisian ladies saw this picture in the Salon of 1798 they were extremely impressed. Such an effect did it have on them, in fact, that they began to paint their faces white in imitation of what seemed to them the ravishing, irresistible surface of Psyche. This marble exterior was part of the studied idealism towards which Gérard always strove. Since he practised it on human beings, it was only natural that when he came to show us divine or at least superhuman figures, he should give his inclinations the utmost freedom. Some have thought that the artist meant us to see an allegory here. Psyche is the human soul, suddenly wakened by Cupid's first kiss from the unsuspecting dreams of youth to the alarming, alluring sensations of love. Those who hold this theory see a new realization beginning to suffuse the mind of Psyche, and showing itself in her face as Cupid touches her faultless forehead with his lips. Perhaps Gérard intended all this ; but perhaps he only wished to paint two immaculate human forms in ideal postures and, to this end, selected the very suitable story of Cupid and Psyche.

The story itself relates that Psyche roused the jealousy of Venus by being too beautiful. Accordingly, Venus sent Cupid to inspire Psyche with love for the most contemptible among men. But Cupid, when he saw her, was so captivated by her loveliness that he carried her off to a secret place and there loved her on condition that she never inquired, or tried to see, who her lover was. For Cupid chose the darkness of night for these meetings so that his identity might be secret. But Psyche's sisters, jealous of her fortune, told her that for all she knew she might be embracing some dreadful and loathly being who dared not be seen in daylight. Therefore she stole from Cupid's side one night, fetched a lamp and saw what manner of person her lover was. In her rapture she unluckily spilt some hot oil on his shoulder, which woke him up. Pointing out her disobedience, he immediately departed, and Psyche fell into the power of Venus, thus incurring the doom of curiosity. But, in the end, Cupid rescued her and bore her away to remain with him for ever. How much of all this was in Gérard's mind when he painted the picture must be left to individual opinion.

Hals
GOVERNORS OF THE OLD MEN'S ALMSHOUSE

Towards the close of his life Hals was hard put to find enough money for himself and his very faithful and fond wife Lysbeth. In 1662 we find him applying for relief to the Municipal Council. Funds were immediately presented to him, and some of his old friends began to realize that something must be done, besides this, to make the old artist's latter days a little less shabby that they already were. For part of his furniture had had to be sold to meet some, though there was not enough for all, of his creditors. So these good men, who were governors of the Haarlem almshouses, decided to give Hals a commission to paint them in a body and also to immortalise their colleagues, the lady-governors. Thus, at the age of eighty-four, Hals took up his dried brushes once more and began the last two pictures of his life. It was a very proper, kindly spirit which gave the artist an opportunity to earn instead of being compelled to apply for more charity. He painted the lady-governors first, so that the painting now under our notice is actually the last that he ever did. It has a pathetically appropriate subject for such a picture—the governors of an almshouse. There they sit, the five of them, and some minor officer, perhaps a secretary, standing in the background, with sombre clothing and sober countenance. There is only just the ghost of the old gaiety which fills the portraits of the Arquebusiers' Companies that hang beside this group in the Haarlem Staatsmuseum. The hair falls lank and the hands are still, almost lifeless. But the grouping shows that Hals has not lost his old flair for arranging a number of figures so that each should be a portrait and yet blend with harmony among the others. It is good to think that the old man, with little life left him, should be able to feel that he had responded to this, his last commission, in a way of which even himself could feel proud. There have been few painters who could have done what Hals did at anything approaching his age. The picture is dated 1664, and with the painting of the figures Hals laid down his brushes for good. It was in the second year after its completion that he laid down his life also. (℔)

Alfred Stevens
MRS. COLLMANN

This is the only example of Alfred Stevens' work in the National Gallery, at Trafalgar Square, the main body of his works being in the Tate Gallery. It represents Mary Ann, wife of an architect, Leonard Collmann, who had employed Stevens. Sir Charles Holmes, who selected this portrait for reproduction in this work, has said of it, " The head could not be better modelled, nor in its way better posed or painted. Yet, with all this searching skill and insight the charm of the sitter is perfectly preserved." Alfred Stevens had a remarkable career. He was born January 28, 1818, at the ancient town of Blandford, in Dorset, where his father was an heraldic painter. His earliest work consisted in helping his father and in painting pictures in his spare time. The rector of the parish, the Hon. and Rev. Samuel Best, noticing the boy's ability, nobly sent him, at the age of fifteen, to Italy. There he visited Florence, Naples, Venice and Rome, studying painting and architecture. In 1842 he returned to England, and three years later was appointed to the School of Design at Somerset House as Master of Architectural Drawing, Perspective, Modelling and Ornamental Painting. After two years he resigned and did various work in the north of England, including some for the St. George's Hall, at Liverpool. In 1850 we find him designing stoves and fenders for a firm of Sheffield metal-workers, whose goods, in consequence, took first prize at the Exhibition of 1851. In the following year he returned to London and executed the lions' heads for the railings of the British Museum, which were subsequently transferred inside. In 1856 he competed for the commission for the Wellington Memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral, and was awarded the sixth prize of £100. However, his design was finally accepted as the one from which the monument was to be made. For the rest of his life he was occupied by this work, constantly worried and annoyed by official stupidity and interference. Even the money allowed him for carrying out the task was inadequate. He died before the monument was complete.

His picture of Mrs. Collmann was painted about 1854, before the tribulation of the Wellington Memorial had come to harass him. (℔)

Piero della Francesca
THE NATIVITY

PAINTED before Columbus sailed to America—the artist died in 1492—"The Nativity," for so early a date, displays a remarkable force of observation and realism. The Madonna kneels in ethereal simplicity before her babe, but the delightful rendering of the attendant chorus of angels, accompanied by lutes, is almost worthy of Botticelli. To the right we see St. Joseph with two shepherds. These figures are conceived in a way that is altogether more vigorous than the others. Below the upraised arm of one of the shepherds is the head of a most realistic ox. The rendering of this is the more surprising when we consider that painters of this and succeeding periods were not often happy in their drawing when they had to represent animals. The background for the group is a broken-down stable with brick walls and a plank roof on which the grass is sprouting. On the edge a bird has perched. The effective use of shade and sunlight on the brickwork is especially worthy of mention. In the background we have a landscape showing the foothills of the Apennines, and on the right a minute vista of the town, Borgo San Sepolcro, where the painter was born about the year 1416. Francesca was a pupil of Domenico Veneziano at Perugia, and subsequently at Florence. Some think that he had previously studied with Gentile de Fabriano. At Florence he came in contact with Andrea de Castagno, who, with Gentile, was just beginning to adopt an oil instead of a fresco medium for his paints. Like Michelangelo and Raphael, he devoted many hours to the study of Masaccio's frescoes, and it is to be remembered that Signorelli of Cortona, who has been termed "the forerunner of Michelangelo," and Perugino, who later became the teacher of Raphael, were both probably pupils of Francesca. He is considered to have been, along with Gentile da Fabriano, the founder of the brilliant Umbrian school, which was to make so splendid a name for itself. Francesca found employment at Loretto, Rome, Ferrara, Urbino and Arezzo, and in these last two towns some of the best of his fresco work is to be seen. "The Nativity" is done on a wooden panel forty-eight and a quarter inches across and forty-nine and three-quarter inches high, and was purchased by the National Gallery in 1874. (15)

Goya
LA MAJA

REALISM, uncompromising and impeccable, obsessed Goya. "A picture is finished when its effect is true," he said, and that sentence pronounces what realism meant to him. Therefore we must not expect to find anything "pretty" in his work. Many painters have only one wish in painting from the nude—the idealisation of the human body. Goya probably felt that there were already enough artists who had done this, and that it was time for someone to paint a nude body as it really was, without fear and without flattery. Goya eyed his naked model in a calculating, dispassionate but un-selfconscious way, and painted as his spirit always moved him. The result is that we see, not a goddess, but a woman; a woman without the advantages of clothes or cosmetics to hide reality. "La Maja" (pronounced "maha") is a word for which we have no exact translation in present-day English. It and its masculine form "majo" were terms applied to numbers of the lower and louder orders of Madrid society. It was the Duchess of Alba who posed for the painting, and, since she was married at the time, the portrait naturally had to bear some other title than her own. There is a companion painting of the same person, clothed but dressed in white trousers and a bolero that reveal every line of the figure. This, it is said, was painted by Goya when the lady's husband asked to see some of his work. The answer—on canvas—which the artist returned was, to say the least, cynical. Another painting by Goya appears in our first volume. (15)

John MacWhirter
OLD SCOTCH FIRS

MACWHIRTER was one of the most popular of the large company of Scottish artists who painted their native scenery and made it familiar to thousands who had never been north of the Border. We can see that the spirit of vigour which seems to imbue the landscape of the Highlands has affected the artist's technique. He is especially decisive in his treatment of trees. MacWhirter was born in 1839, in the same year as John Pettie, whose "Vigil" we saw in a preceding page, and, like him, was a pupil of Scott Lauder at the Royal Scottish Academy Schools. MacWhirter was a native of Slateford, near Edinburgh, and began his training at the school of design in the Scottish capital. The year 1859 saw his first picture being exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy, of which institution he became an Associate ten years later. In the year after that he was successful with a picture at the Royal Academy, became A.R.A. in 1879 and R.A. in 1893. After a number of years of work in Scotland, he turned his attention to the larger distances of the Italian Highlands, and painted a number of pictures of the Alps. He died in London, January 28, 1911.

Corot
THE FISHERMAN'S HUT

EVENING was the time that Corot loved best, for then the misty softness which effaced all the hardness of contour was most pronounced. The coming of night suggested a peace and presented a growing dimness, and it was Nature under these conditions which appealed to him above everything else. His trees help to guide us to his fancy. He did not care for rugged, gnarled boles, for oaks or pines. The poplar and the birch, trembling, or swaying with flickering leaves, in the wind, played for him the secret harmony which his ear was always opened to hear. At late evening, too, the colours are as vague as the forms of things. They merge into one another, and it is hard to see where water meets foliage and earth meets cloud. If the eye is half-closed when looking at this picture the exact effect of evening is attained. Notice how the row of delicate trees is tinged with the last of the day's bright colours, and that this is a perfectly true effect, although a realist will assert that a poplar is uniformly coloured. This is the painting of a man with the mind of a poet and the soul of a musician: a picture by one who led an unhurried, peaceful life, and painted only that kind of life in Nature.

Madame Lebrun
THE ARTIST AND HER DAUGHTER

POPULARITY has belonged to the work of this artist from the time when she was still a young woman until the present day, and the portrait of herself embracing her daughter is probably her most favoured work. She was working at a time when the classical revival which followed the French Revolution had got its hold firmly, not merely on art but on public opinion. Madame Lebrun adopted the classical mode, but infused into it a certain tender sympathy of her own which won the public heart and has kept it ever since. She started to paint early in life, her father being her instructor. She also took lessons from Davesne, Joseph Vernet and Briard, and also learnt much from Greuze. When she was barely out of her 'teens she was already entitled to some fame on account of her portraits of the duchess of Orleans and Count Orloff. After this she went happily down the path of prosperity, never staying even for the disaster of the Revolution, for she simply went to Italy and from thence to Vienna, Berlin and St. Petersburg, until the troubles were over and she could return to fresh successes in her native country. While in Italy she visited Rome, where she painted a portrait of the Princess Victoria, and Naples, where she made another of Nelson's mistress, the celebrated Lady Hamilton. In 1776, when she was twenty-one, she had married Jean Baptiste Lebrun, a painter and dealer in pictures, and in 1782 had been admitted a member of the Academy on the strength of her "Peace Bringing Back Abundance," a remarkable title for a work painted on the eve of the Revolution. Thus she was a woman of mark in the social life of Paris before she had to flee from it, and, on her return, with fresh laurels from Italy and England, where she had painted Lord Byron and the Prince of Wales, her place in public favour was assured. Her picture of herself and child realizes her ambition to show us womanhood, not in the laces and coquetry which Watteau loved, but in simple classic robes and the atmosphere of motherhood. She died in 1842.

Van der Goes
THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

THIS is the centre panel of a triptych which the artist painted for a Florentine merchant named Tommaso Portinari, who was the agent at Bruges for the Medici. It is therefore sometimes called the Portinari Altarpiece. The merchant had it placed in the chapel belonging to the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, in Florence, which his ancestor Folco Portinari, who was father to Dante's Beatrice, had founded. The triptych, then, was painted for Florence, and in Florence it remains, though it has left the chapel for the Uffizi Gallery. The two wings show the portraits of the donor, his wife, two sons and a daughter, with their patron saints. The middle panel is devoted entirely to the sacred subject which gives it its name.

The picture was painted during the middle years of the fifteenth century, when the rules of perspective were imperfectly understood. The shepherds, for instance, are on quite a different plane from the Virgin, and the same thing applies to St. Joseph and the two angels on the left. The ground on which they kneel or stand is not joined to the ground on which the Holy Child is lying. It is as though the panel had been painted in three parts and united by the addition of details such as the worshipping angels in the foreground and the flying angels near the top. Notice the extemely vivid way in which the faces of the shepherds are painted. The picture is nearly six hundred years old, and yet the paint is so cunningly put on that every feature and every fold in the garments is as forcible as one could wish. The minor details are worth studying. There is another shepherd carrying a pair of bagpipes, who is hurrying into the scene from the right, and behind him are two of his fellows and their sheep. On the building in the distance doves are perching, and we get a charming vista of a street in a Flemish village of the period with two beautifully garbed persons leaning on a gate which leads out of the inn yard. Near the bottom of the picture, to the left, is an interesting shoe with a wooden sole with just a strap to hold it to the foot, and to the right are some beautifully painted flowers, in vases, put there for the sheer joy of painting them.

The artist was born about the year 1435, probably at Ghent. We know that he joined the guild of painters in that city in 1467, and was elected to the office of Dean in 1473. He gained prominence by his decorations for the royal nuptials of Charles the Bold and Margaret of York. His work on this occasion consisted of painting historical and allegorical figures, which were hung in the streets down which the royal pair would pass. Van der Goes died at the monastery of Roodenclooster, near Brussels, in 1482. By some he is thought to have been the painter of the "St. Victor and Donor" which was the first picture reproduced in this work. (C.P)

Rembrandt
THE ANATOMY LESSON

WHILE Rembrandt continued to paint corporation pictures and other groups similar in treatment to this one, his popularity and success were assured. It was when he pursued his own unattainable ideal in the realm of perfection and worked without reference to the public that he produced pictures which his patrons did not understand and, very naturally, would not buy. Taste changes, and nowadays all his work is prized.

Rembrandt finished "The Anatomy Lesson" in 1632. He had been commissioned to paint some members of the Amsterdam guild of surgeons—Nicholaes Tulp, the professor of anatomy, and seven of the directors. In ordering such a picture the guild of surgeons showed that they shared the taste of the time, in Holland, for citizens to gather together into societies and, in due course, to have a record of themselves placed on canvas. This led to a type of group-portrait painting, of which Hals and Rembrandt were the most brilliant exponents.

The artist has entirely caught the spirit of the group; the unsentimental, intense atmosphere of men concerned only with knowledge to be gained for the benefit of fellow-men. The professor, Nicholaes Tulp, having stripped the skin from the forearm, is drawing up one of the flexor muscles which move the fingers, with a pair of forceps. The fingers of his other hand are bent as if in explanation of the muscle's action. The surgeons' guild retained this picture in the "Snykamer"—dissecting-room—at Amsterdam for many years. In 1828 it was purchased by King William I for 32,000 florins, and placed in the royal collection at the Hague. The dissection of human bodies became permissible by law in Holland in 1555, and in a number of towns public lectures on anatomy were given. In the halls where these took place portraiture was the usual adornment. Among such work "The Anatomy Lesson" takes first place. (D.P)

John Macallan Swan
ON THE ALERT

THE painting of wild animals is a task whose difficulties are the greater for being more subtle than would at first appear. It is not difficult to pay a visit to the Zoological Gardens in some city and, having obtained permission to visit the lions with a sketch book, to sit down and draw the animals in various postures behind the bars. But the larger carnivora—in captivity—seem to undergo a certain intangible but definite change in their entire appearance. This change is hardly to be detected by a camera. Yet it exists, as all those who have known these beasts in their natural state will admit. It is for the artist to give us the real animal in its own atmosphere of freedom and aloofness from the influence of humanity, while at the same time he is confined, for obvious reasons, to a caged creature for his model. Very few artists have succeeded at this very difficult task. Only long and intensive training, a great power of observation and an imagination adequate for the occasion could succeed.

J. M. Swan was not trained at the outset, as Landseer was, with the idea of becoming a painter of animals. The natural bent for that branch of art came to the surface of his creative instinct by its own inherent force. He had been in Paris for some time, studying with great pains and in the widest possible way. He assimilated anatomy from Duval and Gervais, was grounded in sculpture by Fremiet, and learnt his painting from Dagnan-Bouveret and Bastien Lepage, who respectively painted "The Blessed Bread," and "Hay Harvest," which we have seen in earlier pages. His drawing he had begun to learn, before leaving England, at the Worcester School of Art and at the Lambeth School. After all these different teachings he at length came under the influence of Barye, whose sculpture and painting of animals had become celebrated in France. Swan soon had it borne in upon him that the wild animal was the subject of his art, and henceforward all his energies were devoted to the study and improvement of that branch of painting. He became an A.R.A. in 1894 and an Academician in 1905. Perhaps his greatest work was the model for the lions destined to decorate the Rhodes Memorial near Groote Schuur, the residence of the South African Premier just outside Cape Town. Swan died in 1910 at the age of sixty-three. [*Photo, Annan.*]

Titian
DIANA AND CALLISTO

PHILIP II of Spain is known, in general, for the unimaginative thoroughness of his extensive preparations for giving Spain unquestionable supremacy in Europe, and, in England, as the sovereign who married an English queen, Mary Tudor—her portrait by Antonis Moro we have reproduced—and after her death proposed to her sister, Queen Elizabeth, but was refused; and who, years later, despatched the "Invincible Armada" to tame the heretical island, its queen and its people. But Philip had at least one virtue: he patronised Titian, and allowed the artist to paint after his own heart instead of insisting on a religious influence. Two pictures which Philip ordered, "Diana Surprised by Actaeon," and the "Diana and Callisto," were both painted in 1559 and are both in Bridgewater House, the London residence of the Earl of Ellesmere, which is so celebrated for its collection. They are examples of the painter's most sumptuous art. Every detail in the "Diana and Callisto," which we have to consider here, is lavish—the figures of the goddess and her attendants, the hanging drapery, and the landscape background.

Callisto was a nymph of Greek myth, who was beloved by Zeus, the emperor of the gods. In order to escape the jealousy of Hera, his wife, Zeus changed Callisto into the likeness of a she-bear. But Hera, discovering the fraud, caused Artemis—the Greek equivalent to Diana—to hunt Callisto in her animal guise and slay her. We see the unfortunate nymph, whom the mortal wound has changed into her natural state in the time-honoured fashion, about to expire, while the attendants of Artemis discover her true nature. A hound, panting from the kill, is crouching on the near side of the little rill beside which the tragedy has taken place. In the hands of two of the attendants around the throne of the goddess we notice a similar kind of feathered javelin which we saw in the fist of Adonis in the "Venus and Adonis," painted by the same hand. Beyond the outstretched arm of Artemis is a long and distant view of hills sloping down to a plain. The trees and clouds which make so beautiful a setting for the whole group are set in their place with extraordinary power and effectiveness. (P)

Constant Emile Troyon
OXEN GOING TO PLOUGH

CHIEF of all Troyon's attainments was his ability as a painter of landscape, although it is as a painter of cattle that he is chiefly renowned. What Albert Cuyp was in Flanders, in his time, so was Constant Troyon in France in the nineteenth century. It is interesting to look at Cuyp's "Landscape With Cattle" in Volume One and then at Troyon's picture. Where Cuyp is lucid Troyon is strong, and makes a greater impression. He insists on the full-fed heaviness of cattle, but he places them in living surroundings and makes the grass in which they stand alive and full of sustenance. In this example of his work we have an excellent opportunity to study the artist at his best. He has not produced so much a picture of animals as a record of a common agricultural event and its atmosphere. The sun has not long risen, and the shadows come on before the slow-moving and deliberate team. But the source of the light which saturates the air and speaks of fresh early morning is hidden by the team itself. The very earth the beasts tread is rough, with the suggestion about it of something to be tamed. The landscape is flat and enormous, so that the eye, in a moment, has swept miles of country.

The artist was born August 28, 1810, at Sèvres, where his father worked in the porcelain factories. His mother made skilful ornaments for women's hats out of feathers and jewels. Thus there was craftsmanship to be inherited from both parents. The boy had some lessons in drawing, and while making sketches one day at St. Cloud attracted the attention of Camille Roquelpin, who introduced him to Theodore Rousseau, Jules Dupré, and other artists who were in a position to help a young man to a chance. He was only twenty-three when his work was first seen in the Salon, and, encouraged, he set off upon a tour through Limousin and Brittany. For the rest of his life he drew his inspiration from the scenery of France—indeed, his paintings are a kind of patriotism on canvas. Troyon went to Barbizon and met Millet, and it was there that he was persuaded to make cattle the dominant note in his paintings. Troyon succeeded in obtaining both fame and success, though his latter years were spoiled by attacks of insanity. He died in Paris, February 21, 1865.

Holman Hunt
THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

With the painting of this picture the fame of the artist was assured. It was finished and exhibited in 1854 and caused a tremendous sensation. The picture hangs at present in the chapel of Keble College at Oxford, but a good copy may be seen in London on the south wall of St. Paul's Cathedral. As in "The Scapegoat," the meticulous care for details which Holman Hunt possessed to a greater degree than any of his brother pre-Raphaelites is exemplified in "The Light of the World." Branches and leaves and flowers are placed on the canvas with minute labour. Nothing is suggested or left for our wits to discover. The painter has meant all he has said, and has not hesitated to say all he has meant without leaving anything to the imagination. Holman Hunt and the public came together at a mutually right moment. No artist since Blake had put so much unhesitating religious zeal into his work. But whereas Blake was a mystic, Hunt's message was easy, straightforward and couched in popular terms. His fervour was as obvious as his sentiment. Besides, he had a passion for copying Nature that was as exact in its results as it was unsparing of his own pains. His power of observation was equal to the technique with which he recorded what he saw. Therefore he was tremendously successful with religious subjects. Their moral and devotional feeling had power to impress the crowds who came to see them. "The Hireling Shepherd," "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple" and "The Light of the World" caused people to acclaim the artist as the supreme contemporary illustrator of Christianity. Ruskin had praised him in his youth; all England hailed him in his maturity. There has probably never been such widespread attention to painting on the part of the English public as when Holman Hunt took the country by storm. This reproduction is made from an engraving of the original, thus obtaining, in this case, more satisfactory results.

Puvis de Chavannes
ST. GENEVIEVE

Among the decorations for the Panthéon at Paris carried out by Puvis de Chavannes are four mural paintings under the title, "St. Geneviève bringing food to distressed Paris." The picture which we reproduce is the second in this quartette. It must be remembered that we are looking at a mural decoration and not at an ordinary picture; that the St. Geneviève was painted so that it would be convincing when seen across the great spaces of the Panthéon, in one of the largest interiors in Paris. The mode of expression is purposely different. While the medium is oil and not tempera, yet the artist has expressed himself in the mode of fresco work. His mind has been compared to that of Fra Angelico, whose "Transfiguration" we have already seen. Both men seem to have wished to show us beings untrammelled by the passions of ordinary mortals, and so both rendered them in a curious flat-looking technique which differentiates them at once and draws our attention to the ideals which filled the artists' brains. These ideals, being of an exalted and very personal nature, result in work whose presentation may not please all eyes, but which nevertheless can hardly fail to impress anyone who feels that the function of art has rather more scope and purpose than the purveying of pleasure to the senses. As for the subject of the picture, it represents the arrival of St. Geneviève, whom Paris took as its patron saint, with food for the city when it was beleaguered by the Huns under Attila. It was St. Geneviève who foretold the invasion and persuaded the Parisians to remain on their island, protected by the Seine, to which wise counsel they owed their delivery. This scene in the story is shown us by an idealist; but idealism is not necessarily unpractical. The rendering of the mast and yard for, instance, is not conventional but sea-worthy. The vessel is made fast in a perfectly natural and definite way. There is one more touch which should be pointed out. Puvis de Chavannes hated anything unnecessary. He liked the single, telling note without ornament for the sake of mere effect. To suggest that the city is being besieged the artist has placed in the foreground the skull of a horse or ox, picked clean by hungry teeth.

The model for the saint herself was the Princesse Cantacuzène, whom the artist married. He was born in the year 1824 and died in 1898. (¢)

Lord Leighton
HERCULES STRUGGLING WITH DEATH

So confirmed a classicist as Lord Leighton could scarcely have resisted the appeal made by Euripides' story of Alcestis, the wife who died for her husband and was saved from the world of shades by Hercules. The subject is an ideal one for an artist who feels that the highest function of art is to display the human form in a state of perfection. The idea of a man, having superhuman strength, wrestling with the horrific vision of death would by itself contain enough of movement and strength to inspire the painter to his utmost.

The story which unfolds itself in the play which Euripides wrote tells that Alcestis was the wife of Admetus, one of the Argonauts. Her husband, gaining the favour of Apollo, was granted immunity from death by the Fates—at the intercession of the god—provided that he could persuade either his father, mother or wife to die in his place. Admetus seized his chance and tried hard to obtain the consent of either of his parents to relinquish their human existence. But although both were already old, neither was at all willing to die. Alcestis, however, volunteered, and prepared herself for her last moments with her handmaidens round her bed. Admetus, in the play, loudly and at great length proclaims his grief. Thanatos, the figure of death, comes to claim the life, when Hercules most opportunely arrives and, hearing of the trouble, offers to set it right. He therefore challenges death and wrestles with him. In the end he prevails and wife and husband are reunited.

The artist has made the most of his subject within the limits he himself imposes. The figures are all conscientiously Greek in form, though possessing a certain purely decorative character which belongs to the nineteenth century. The face of Alcestis, lifeless upon the bier, might have been painted by Ingres, who was, indeed, one of Lord Leighton's numerous teachers. The whole composition is most carefully balanced, the terrific struggle on the right being matched by a group of huddled people on the left, while between the two trees is old Phares, the father of Admetus, fearfully watching the dire, superhuman contest.

Joachim Patinir
HEAVEN AND HELL

DÜRER, writing about the year 1520, referred to Patinir as "Joachim, the good landscape painter," and that simple description of the man and his work cannot be improved on. Joachim Patinir, or Patinier, was born about 1490 at Dinant, or perhaps on the other bank of the Meuse, at Bouvignes. He was a member of the Antwerp Painters' Guild in 1515, was twice married, and had at his second wedding Dürer himself as a guest. But Patinir has left behind him neither many details of his life nor many examples of his art. He was a Fleming, but definitely influenced by the art of Italy. At first sight, for instance, one might be pardoned for thinking "Heaven and Hell" an Italian work. But in general the chief impression, after closer inspection, is one of engaging originality. This picture was painted at a time when, so far as the northern countries were concerned, landscape was still accessory to the interest of any picture. Patinir makes his figures, delightful though they are, subordinate to his landscape.

How far and wide is the distance over this Stygian sea which the soul has traversed—across the hard horizon from the world to the lands of the next life. On our left hand are the pleasant groves of heaven, with a silver lagoon winding among gentle hills towards a pavilion of crystal. Birds and deer are wandering upon the grass, and the serenity of the sky is relieved by some equally serene and sailing clouds. But on the other side: we see at first no great change on the fringes of the narrowing sea. Trees and birds still ornament the ground. But there, beyond, is the dread entrance under the archway, guarded by Cerberus, the dog of many heads. Thence all is darkness, thick and smoky, and all we make out is the flames of unnamed torments glowering hideously in the gloam. The supreme touch of all is the rendering of Charon, the ferryman of souls, and his boat. We are left in a tantalising uncertainty as to the destination of the small and helpless soul glancing anxiously towards the less inviting shore. On the heavenward side an angel is standing upon the summit of a small cape. Two more angels are going away in the distance, each in charge of a lucky spirit who has lately landed. One hopes that the waiting figure on the cape is destined to lead Charon's passenger to bliss. But the boat's nose turns uncertainly towards hell: yet that may be for the purpose of rounding the little cape off the landing place for heaven and the rocks beside it. We may hope so. (C)

Lawrence
POPE PIUS VII

TO celebrate the removal of the French military menace to Europe on the downfall of Napoleon, the Prince Regent, who was then employing Lawrence instead of Hoppner as his chief painter, invited the allied sovereigns to London. During their visit Lawrence painted them, along with the Prince himself and the Duke of Wellington. The portraits made a fine series in the royal collection and, wishing to extend his list of celebrities, the prince sent Lawrence off upon a tour of the Continent. The artist made a stay at Aix-la-Chapelle where he painted, among other famous personages, the King of Prussia, Metternich and the English statesmen Castlereagh and Canning. He then went on to Vienna, made a portrait of the Archduke Charles of Austria, and ended his tour at Rome. There, through the good offices of the sculptor, Antonio Canova, he obtained access to the pope. In gratitude to Canova, Lawrence painted his name in one of the upper corners of the canvas. It was on returning to England after this extraordinary chance to make himself famous that Lawrence was elected P.R.A.

The portrait of the pope is probably the finest of the whole series, and certainly contributed to the contemporary repute of English painting. The figure sitting in the high-backed chair expresses all the consciousness of power which his position entailed. The background shows us a view of the Galleria Chiaramonti in the Vatican. (B.P)

Benjamin William Leader
THE VALLEY OF THE LLUGWY

SUMMERTIME in the lovely vale of the Llugwy in 1883, when Leader painted it, must have been as near the ideal as an artist could wish. There was then no procession of charabancs and small motor-cars to invade the old-established peace of the place. For the Llugwy river runs down from the mountain Glyderfawr and flows, by way of Capel Curig, to meet the Conway at Bettws-y-Coed. A road follows the river, and with a "show-place" of Wales at either end, and with the road joining the two running along it, the valley is not the quiet place of peace that it was. Still we have Leader's picture to remind us of what the river looked like, with a little boy and girl minding their sheep beside the stream—fitting perfectly their surroundings—instead of a motoring party and the paper bags reminiscent of their lunch.

B. W. Leader was born in 1831 at Worcester and studied at the School of Design there and subsequently at the Royal Academy Schools. He entirely confined himself to landscapes and contributed a picture to the Academy almost every year from 1854 to his death in 1923. He received his R.A. in 1898.

Charles Wellington Furse
DIANA OF THE UPLANDS

AN inland gale, scented with the moors, sweeps fresh and strong across the high spaciousness of the scene. It slants the great cloud masses and blows with unhesitating freedom upon the skirt of this Diana of the "nineties." Everything in the composition assists the bold sweep from left to right which is the motif of the picture. The eager greyhounds, with nerves and senses taut for some intimation from all the concealed life of the wild open; the bending of the bracken, and the ribbons of the hat—all emphasise it.

The model for this vivid painting was the artist's wife, a daughter of John Addington Symonds. The artist was one whose genius blossomed early and was early blighted, for he began to paint under Legros at the Slade School when only sixteen, having left Haileybury to do so, and died at the age of thirty-six. After leaving the Slade School he went to Paris and continued his studies at the atelier of Julian. On returning to London he quickly gained notice by his Academy pictures and the telling portraits which he made. "Diana of the Uplands" was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1904 together with a picture called "The Lilac Gown," and he received his A.R.A. Through his father, who was vicar of Staines, Charles Furse traced his descent from no less an artistic ancestor than Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Reynolds
DIANA, VISCOUNTESS CROSBIE

To the Exhibition of 1779 Sir Joshua Reynolds sent three full-length portraits of ladies, one of which was that of the daughter of Lord George Sackville, Diana, who, two years previously, had married the Viscount Crosbie, son of an Irish earl. Hers is in the front rank of portraits by this or any other English artist of the period. In a book on Reynolds by the late Sir Claude Phillips—who was very fond of this picture—the author refers, in discussing the Lady Crosbie portrait, to "the altogether exceptional 'Viscountess Crosbie,' a crowning and extreme example of that much praised momentariness to which we have already had such frequent occasion to refer." And again he says of the radiant figure on the canvas, "with the left hand extended towards the right of the picture, she literally seems to sweep athwart the canvas . . . The attitude and the suggested movement are as audacious as anything the modernity of the nineteenth century—even that of Sargent himself—has produced . . . Such is the force of genius that when, as here, the 'tour de force' is successfully performed . . . the effect is irresistible." To paint the lady hurrying delicately through that wide park in her most gorgeous apparel was certainly an intriguing action on the part of the artist. If the movement expressed seems formal to modern eyes, we are to remember that it faithfully reproduces the studied formality of the times, which showed itself alike in conversation, clothes, wit, literature and the drama. It has been said that could we hear immortal Garrick himself, who captivated audiences in his day, we should find him woefully high-flown. The lady, then, is natural, since to be habitually artificial is, in an artificial society, natural. Why did the fair viscountess tread with so sprightly a mien through the trees, as though she kept a secret? Sir Walter Armstrong, in his fine volume on the artist and his work, draws our attention especially to this lady "stealing off surreptitiously to catch a lover, her own or someone else's." This romantic suggestion will serve, since she belonged to an age when romance was cultivated as carefully as fashionable gentility—of a sort. (M.P)

Francesca
THE BAPTISM

Anatomy diligently studied and the elements of foreshortening carefully applied are as characteristic of this work of Francesca as these qualities were in Uccello's "Rout of San Romano," which we discussed in a preceding page. "The Baptism," in fact, shows us the technique of the painter's art advancing as the Quattrocento ran its course. The foreshortening is noticeable chiefly in the feet of Christ, and also of one of the angels who stands observing the scene to the left. Just behind the figure of Christ and the Baptist we notice that the river accurately reflects the summits of the distant mountains. These last are put in with great decision, and it is plain that here we have an artist, even at this early date, with an eye for landscape. His predecessors had been chiefly concerned with figures and the story connected with them. There is a most striking piece of drawing in the middle distance. A man, standing by the bank of the Jordan, is pulling off his shirt in preparation for baptism. The attitude and the treatment of the drapery are both as forceful as could be.

The figures in the foreground have a certain stern aloofness of expression, which is usually found in Francesca's pictures—a notable exception being "The Nativity." This note of asceticism is, however, relieved by the tender treatment of the scenic accessories: the pair of pomegranate trees, for instance, which cast their gracious shade over the figures standing bareheaded in the river and over the three angels. There are little plants, too, growing in the banks which are put in with a most affectionate touch.

Of Francesca, as a pioneer of landscape painting, the critic Richter has said, "The peculiar construction of these landscapes, with steep mountains of an uncommon type, is the more remarkable because they are the starting point of all the later achievements in realistic landscape painting." (M.P)

Goya
THE MAJAS OF THE BALCONY

Glimpses of "low life" were frequently enjoyed by Goya, who would be seized with a restless fit, throw down his brushes, leave the court whose habit of existence he must have found rather trying at times, and hurry off to some tavern in a back street for a little change of scene. Thus his portrait subjects range from kings, queens, dukes and duchesses to the maja and majo—the trollop and bully of the streets. And so when he shows us a couple of majas and their friends watching—perhaps—the procession on the occasion of some "fiesta" from a balcony, he is convincing because one may be sure he knew his subject. There was a quality in the technique of his work which suited types such as we see here behind these iron rails. Goya was an eccentric, by nature and by cultivation, and his methods were so strange that all sorts of stories were told about the way in which he made his pictures. Gautier has left us the following quaint account of it, which gives it not merely the air of having a reputation attached, as a matter of course, to such a method, but an idea of something wild and restlessly original in the man himself. "He kept his colours in tubs, and applied them to the canvas by means of sponges, brooms, rags, and everything that happened to be within his reach. He put on his tones with a trowel, as it were, exactly like so much mortar, and painted touches of sentiment with large daubs of his thumb. From the fact of his working in this off-hand and expeditious manner, he would cover some thirty feet of wall in a couple of days. This method certainly appears somewhat to exceed even the licence accorded to the most impetuous and fiery genius. The most dashing painters are but children compared to him. He executed, with a spoon for a brush, a painting of the 'Dos de Mayo,' where some French troops are shooting a number of Spaniards. It is a work of incredible vigour and fire."

He is said to have worked in a sort of frenzy of impetuousness. There is a tale that when the Duke of Wellington—whom the Spanish might well regard as their saviour from the domination of the French—came to sit for his portrait, he so irritated the artist by his comments on the picture as it progressed, that Goya snatched up a weapon—he was one of the best swordsmen in Madrid—and drove the soldier from his studio. His art, in fact, was like his life, whimsical, full of animal vigour and without fear or partiality. (C.P)

Sargent
"GASSED"

DURING the War Sargent spent some time behind the Western Front making sketches of what was to be seen there. In the first exhibition at the Royal Academy after peace had been made in 1919 his picture "Gassed" was probably the most discussed of all the exhibits. It represents a plank road between Doullens and Arras in August, 1918. The guy ropes of a tent belonging to the dressing station at Le Bac-du-sud cut the right-hand part of the canvas. Men who have been temporarily blinded by mustard gas have been bandaged and sent on to the dressing station, and here we see them lying about on the ground, waiting for treatment, while still more pitiful lines of blindfolded men stagger in as best they may.

The picture is an extraordinary blend of realism and symbolism. While every detail is realistic to the point of being ghastly, the arrangement is strongly symbolic. The line of casualties clinging to each other, with a coatless hospital orderly to guide them, is grouped as though it had been designed for a frieze. The great number of men heaped about the tent is also rather more expressive of the idea behind the picture than of actuality. The detail is worked out scrupulously, yet not in any way laboriously. Notice the masterly portrayal of attitude, both in the lying and standing figures—the soldier, for instance, who in his blindness is making a grotesquely exaggerated movement of his right leg to negotiate the small step in the road of which the orderly is just shouting a warning; and the man drinking from a water-bottle in the foreground.

This picture is a huge one, being seven feet six and a half inches high and twenty feet long. It hangs, not in the artistic surroundings of an art gallery, but among military relics in the Imperial War Museum in Imperial Institute Road, London. During the Sargent Exhibition held after the artist's death at Burlington House it was temporarily transferred, so as to hang among the rest of the fine collection of his works—mostly of subjects entirely removed from the sphere of war—there brought together. (C)

Gerard David
MADONNA AND CHILD

BRUGES, as the headquarters of Netherlands art, was losing its importance to Antwerp, and the Bruges school of painters was being eclipsed by that of the great river port, when David died in the year 1523. He was the last great master of the town where he lived and of whose painters' guild he was the dean. He commanded great attention from his contemporaries, but after his death his pictures were dispersed widely, and his name would have been enveloped in oblivion had not painstaking research among the archives of Bruges brought to light some details of his life and aroused interest in his work. This picture, the "Madonna and Child," was one of the fine collection gathered from all parts of the world for the exhibition of Flemish painting held at the Royal Academy in the spring of 1927. It expresses beautifully that sense of gentle sadness the rendering of which was the artist's principal achievement, and which best suited the particular individuality of his talents.

Gerard David was born at Oudewater, near Bruges, about 1450, and came to the city, which was then resounding with the fame of Dirk Bouts and Van der Goes, in 1483, having perhaps first spent some time in study at Haarlem. He is thought to have been a pupil of Memlinc. It was from this master that he learnt the sympathetic treatment and soulfulness which was such a feature of his work, and also the anatomical correctness of his drawing. We can see, in this example of his art, that he was appreciative of landscape, and while he does not let his desire to show us the beauties of a view in any way detract from the importance of the central figures, he has yet achieved a background full of charm and meaning. The road behind the rocks leads out of a thick wood, downwards to a town whose cathedral and castle towers appear over the smooth edge of the grass slope.

The Madonna and the Holy Child wear that air of aloofness which the painters of that and succeeding eras used to give their divine figures in order to differentiate them from humanity and their earthly surroundings in general. The drapery falls in rather severe folds about this seated figure, so full of grace, but that, too, helps to enhance the dignity of the Madonna by adding the divine association of the statue—the form in which most men at that time would conceive a vision of the Virgin. (P)

D. Y. Cameron
DARK ANGERS

MEDIEVAL castles naturally dominated the towns they were built to defend, and it is this spirit of domination, with all the grim associations possessed by such a building, which the artist emphasised when he sat himself down before his easel beside the river. The castle of Angers is large and its walls are defended by towers which were built for nothing but strength. It and the town it watches over stand at the point where two streams, the Sarthe and the Mayenne, join waters to make the river Maine. It was built in the thirteenth century, and has seen English soldiery advancing on its walls and has been defended by Catholic against Huguenot. In its dungeons men have forgotten the likeness of daylight, and its inner rooms have heard the screaming of the tortured. Though it is now used as an armoury it is still too much its old self outwardly to have changed essentially in its relation to a view of the town.

As the painter sits by the Maine and watches the people about their business it is the castle, always the castle, that overweighs all else with its mass and its darkness. Thus he calls his picture "Dark Angers," not because there are no cheerful boulevards there and cafés where one may read a newspaper and gossip; but because, seen thus, all the lightness, whether conceived by the mind or seen by the eye, is—for the painter—dominated by the castle. The bridge in the foreground, its parapets and arches dazzling as they reflect the light of a summer sun, only serve to emphasise it.

All this the artist has expressed broadly and simply, yet so effectively that the eye is arrested at once on sight of the picture. It is a triumph of impressionism and artistic insight. Everywhere we look in it we feel, as the artist wished that we should, that those thick walls set high above the town roofs are the most impressive because the most enduring and enormous feature of the place. We cannot escape the castle. We see it dwarfing every other building, despite the distance that separates us from it. It blots out most of the sky. Its shadow seems to turn the deep water dark as it flows past the banks which the old, hard fortress has so long kept under its command.

D. Y. Cameron was born in Glasgow in 1865, and trained at the Edinburgh Art School. He became R.A. in 1920.

Hals
THE LAUGHING CAVALIER

"PORTRAIT of an Officer" was the title the artist himself gave this, probably his most well-known picture. Plainly, a noticeable point about "The Laughing Cavalier" is that he is not laughing. There is the suggestion, perhaps, that the mouth is on the point of changing and the eyes are full of laughter. Be that as it may, the popular title has become the official one. This is the portrait of a man well pleased with himself, who has put on the best his wardrobe could supply for the occasion, and has posed with a certain quiet swagger and assurance very proper to a gentleman of military persuasion at that time. His clothes are superb, and it is extraordinary to note the few colours that Hals has employed in painting them. The lace and silk, the ribbons and embroidery are revelled in with a restraint that mingles appreciation with a critical niceness: and the result is a masterpiece. It would have been so easy for the jovial Hals to caricature this fine gentleman with his brushed and flaunting moustaches and his foppish little beard. But instead, he has chosen to understand the spirit of the age in so far as men of this type were concerned. The Cavalier's attitude would be to us as out of place as his mode of life—there is not the free and easy fighting going on nowadays which gave employment to hundreds of these swash-bucklers round every throne—of whatever dimensions—in Europe. But Hals knew them, he was used to them, and, thanks to him, we can understand just one more aspect of that rarely woven tapestry, worked in both sad and bright colours, which is called history.

But if Hals has given us a type, we must not forget the individual whom he chose to represent that type. Portraiture was the artist's happiest talent. James Northcote said of him: "He possesses one great advantage over many other men—his mechanical power was such that he was able to hit off a portrait on the instant. He was able to shoot the bird flying—so to speak—with all its freshness about it. . . If I had wanted an exact likeness I should have preferred Frans Hals."

"The Laughing Cavalier" was painted in the year 1624, together with the portrait of himself and his wife. The Cavalier was chosen to hang in the Wallace Collection alongside Velasquez's "Lady with a Fan" and Rembrandt's "Unmerciful Servant," all masterpieces by three of the world's masters of portraiture. (C.P)

Hubert Van Eyck
ADORATION OF THE LAMB

LANDMARKS in the history of painting are as difficult to fix as in other history, since any one man who seems to make some great progress probably develops and readjusts what his contemporaries and forbears have already accomplished. Hubert Van Eyck and his brother Jan are remembered as the introducers of oil painting. What they actually did was to find a practical way of applying this medium to a panel, and their "invention" probably consisted in a colourless varnish and an improved substance for reducing the colours to a state of applicability when mingled with oil. Of the two brothers, Hubert is admitted to be the greater artist, indeed some have gone so far as to assert that he is entitled to be called the greatest artist of all. But such controversy, unsatisfactory in its results, need not concern us. It is enough that he was so great. How great is, after all, only a question of the tediousness of complex comparison.

The task of sorting the pictures painted by him from those of his brother was a long one, and ingeniously carried out by the experts concerned. As far as we know, Hubert travelled considerably, like his brother, but whereas Jan went on royal missions to Portugal, by way of England, Hubert visited Italy. This last fact is an important one in selecting his pictures. Into them he puts the things he saw on his travels, and there are also certain other mannerisms in his treatment of landscape which distinguish his work. In his "Adoration of the Lamb" he places a stone palm, a great palm, an orange tree, and a cypress, trees which occur in other of his pictures. Further, the landscape is entirely artificial and not taken from the memory of any particular view, and manifestly not of Netherlands origin. As we saw in our discussion of the the two panels under the title of "Angels Singing and Playing," forming part of the whole altar-piece of which we are now considering the central panel, both brothers contributed to the task, though Hubert painted the most of it, including this central portion. The whole thing is a remarkable conception, with its Paschal Lamb adored by angels, its groups of saints and other notable members of the Church, and the strange contour of the landscape in which it is all taking place. The amount of the imagination and the vividness of the vision which produced such a work at such a date are astonishing. We may well envy the ancient city of Ghent one of its most precious and priceless possessions. (D.P)

Poynter
A VISIT TO AESCULAPIUS

HERE we have Poynter in his more usual mood, the classical, which his master, Lord Leighton, had cultivated. This picture is regarded by many critics as his best accomplishment in this vein. A well-developed imagination and a fine sense of decoration combine to add vitality to a mode of pictorial expression which, in the hands even of its most famous exponents, Ingres, Lord Leighton, or Alma-Tadema, is apt to be a little cold. We must, of course, realize at the outset that we have to accept the guidance and meaning of mythology if we are ever to reach this garden of Aesculapius at all and appreciate it when we find ourselves there. When we are in key with the atmosphere of the picture we can then go on to examine and appraise the details, some of which are delicious.

The garden belongs to the house of Aesculapius, which is the Latin or Roman form of Asclepios, the Greek god of healing. The god himself is seated in his porch attended by a handmaiden who holds a box of ointment, and by his dog. In front of him stands Venus, who has hurt her foot and is holding it up for examination, while one of the Three Graces supports her. Another handmaiden is taking water from the fountain. Without the garden is a grove of ilex, from whose gentle gloom rise the fluted columns of a temple. In the honeysuckle which drapes the porch doves are perched, and the artist has escaped the danger of sentimentality which these birds have been so often misused to supply. By the steps and in the foreground of the picture is the staff of the god, entwined with a snake. It is a very pleasant place to linger in, this secret garden whose delicate imagination the Greeks inspired.

Rembrandt
THE MILL

LANDSCAPES by Rembrandt are rare, and therefore the more prized. It was in 1911 that those interested in art were startled by an announcement from the Directors of the National Gallery to the effect that Lord Lansdowne, in whose collection the painting then was, had offered the Trustees first refusal of the picture upon receiving an offer of £100,000 for it. In the event of the Trustees of the National Gallery being able to find the money for its purchase for the nation, the owner was prepared to contribute a donation of £5,000 towards the price. A scheme to save this treasure from leaving England was suggested by Sir Charles Holroyd, then Director of the Gallery, whereby nineteen public-spirited men were called for to provide each another £5,000. However, the picture could not be saved, and has disappeared from England into the U.S.A.

Rembrandt's landscapes are usually on the grand scale, and this is particularly true of "The Mill." It is primarily a study in light, and the way in which play is made with differing tones of shadow is masterly. An artist named Roland Roghman, a few years Rembrandt's senior, seems to have been one of his chief inspirations towards pure landscape, and in some cases confusion of authorship has resulted between the two. Unfortunately the master's landscapes were not much appreciated by his contemporaries, as we learn from a glance at the inventory of his sale of pictures, where a number of unsold pictures of this kind figure sadly. They were painted during his middle period and represent some of the greatest efforts of his genius. Perhaps he turned to landscape work with a refreshing sense of relief from the painting of many portraits. Holland is hardly noted for its rugged scenery, but the artist has chosen to convey to us a scene which—while it portrays a cliff that is, in reality, not high, and has as its principal feature so homely a subject as a windmill—attains an effect irresistibly weird and grand. The arrangement of distances by subtle touches of an inspired brush are responsible for our seeing what the artist saw, an effect of splendour lent by certain fantasies of light to a scene not necessarily impressive under other circumstances. (***)

Augustus John
THE SMILING WOMAN

TO appreciate the work of Mr. John is a task of some width, his style varies so tremendously. He has painted many portraits, and in some of these there is what is called a "speaking likeness." In others he has chosen to give, to the eyes which can see it, another message. But, in any case, however much of the person represented is obviously expressed on the canvas, John himself is always definitely expressed there. People tend to accept the modes of artists who painted before their own time because they are brought up with their pictures and become used to them. It is another matter to be receptive to new ideas, or, at any rate, to a striving towards formulating new ideas by artists whose reputation is, as yet, not unquestioned by the public. It is manifest that "The Smiling Woman" was not painted on a photographic basis. It contains physical distortions. In this connection it is interesting to hear what Gauguin said in a letter: "Sometimes I hear people say, 'That arm is too long.' Yes and no. No, principally, provided that as you elongate you discard verisimilitude to reach out for mystery. If Bougereau made an arm too long, ah yes! What would be left him? For his vision, his artistic will, only consists in that stupid precision which chains us to material reality." Gauguin felt that it is sometimes desirable to leave the earth, whose limitations and disappointments are known, in search of the infinite. It would be on such occasions that he could dispense with a camera. And whatever may be said of "The Smiling Woman" she will continue to smile at her critics—and be unanswerable. (b)

Tintoretto
ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

DRAGONS in popular legend, like villains in popular melodrama, never have any real chance. We know they may endure for a time and even seem to prosper, but they are foredoomed. The hero, whatever the discomfitures put upon him to increase the final triumph, is bound to win. Tintoretto has illustrated the Christianised version of the myth of Perseus and Andromeda in the accepted way. In the background is the city which the beast has blackmailed for so long. A bribe of a maiden every so often is the creature's price. Finally there are no maidens left, and the king has to sacrifice his own daughter. In the foreground we see her, evidently doubtful of her champion, for already a would-be deliverer lies dead on the rocks. The dragon has peeled off his armour. In indignation at being disturbed at its meal, it turns to meet the charge of the saint. (p)

Charles Robert Leslie
UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW WADMAN

WE cannot do better in describing this incident from "Tristram Shandy" than quote from the book itself. (We have already reproduced a portrait of Lawrence Sterne, the author.) The scene is laid in the garden of Tristram's uncle, Captain Shandy. This contains a sentry box in which hangs a map of the defences of Dunkirk. Mrs. Wadman has decided to lay siege to the somewhat mature affections of the gallant captain. Chapter XXIV begins: "'I am half distracted, Captain Shandy,' said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my uncle Toby's sentry-box, 'a mote, or sand, or something, I know not what, has got into this eye of mine—do look into it—it is not in the white——'

In saying which, Mrs. Wadman edged herself close in beside my uncle.

I see him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it, looking, and looking, then rubbing his eyes and looking again.

In vain! . . . .

'I protest, madam,' said my uncle Toby, 'I can see nothing whatever in your eye.'

'It is not in the white,' said Mrs. Wadman. . . . ."

Charles Leslie was born of American parents at Clerkenwell in 1794, and though he spent some years in the U.S.A. did most of his painting in England, chiefly genre pictures, eventually becoming Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy. He died in London in 1859.

Giovanni Bellini
ST. GIOVANNI ALTAR-PIECE

In Venice, near the once great warehouse of the German merchants, the Fondaco de' Tedeschi, which eventually became the General Post Office, is the church of San Giovanni Crisostomo. On entering, the first altar to the right hand is decorated with this picture of Giovanni Bellini. It is the latest work which can be definitely attributed to him and was painted in 1513, soon after the erection of the church, when, if the approximate dates which we have are nearly correct, he was about eighty-five years old. The figures are those of St. Jerome, in the background, St. Christopher carrying his infant Lord on the left, and St. Augustine, with his mitre, cope and pastoral staff, on the right. The background is particularly fine, with its distant wild-looking mountains and its outstretched band of cloud. The work is signed " Ioannes Bellinus. P," the " P " standing for " pinctor " or " pinxit "—" painter " or " painted." This signature occurs on a small label just to the right of St. Christopher's left knee.

The work of Giovanni Bellini was mostly confined to religious subjects—a notable exception to this rule being the portrait of the Doge Leonardo Loredano which appeared near the end of our first volume. His feeling for the sacred in art was a particularly happy one, for he produced, in his mature years, figures full of life and sympathetic humanity, but imbued, at the same time, with a purity and piety of mien which is always impressive and never in the least sentimental. His pictures are usually small, and it is this avoidance of the grand manner which probably accounts for the few allusions to him in the documents of the time and therefore our rather scant knowledge of his life. But his work, as seen in his paintings and realized in his influence over his great pupils Giorgione and Titian, is a monument which needs no personal details to enhance its importance. This picture remains quietly in the light and atmosphere for which it was first designed, and thus escapes that air of the incongruous which sometimes makes itself felt even before the finest picture hung beside many others on the walls of a picture gallery (L.D)

Constable
THE CORNFIELD

An " association of gentlemen," as they are called, clubbed together for the price of this picture, which they bought from the artist's executors and presented to the National Gallery in the year 1837. It was painted when Constable was fifty and fully practised in his own particular genre. The scene is supposedly somewhere in Suffolk ; perhaps it is the tower of the church at East Bergholt that we see over the fields beyond the stream. There is that kind of variety in the light under which English fields look best. A rain cloud is vanishing out of the top left-hand corner of the picture, and more broken, lighter units follow. Thus sunlight in different strength tinges the distant grass with changing tones of brightness, and there are, besides, the effects of cloud shadows followed by a glow suddenly let down upon the ground and the trees from above.

In 1799 Constable had settled in Cecil Street, Strand, to apply himself seriously to the business of becoming a painter. He intended to study Claude and Ruisdael in order to obtain the finest models possible for his work. In 1802 we get a confession of how this method succeeded. " For the last two years," he writes, " I have been running after pictures, and seeking the truth at second-hand . . . I shall return to Bergholt, where I shall endeavour to get a pure and unaffected manner of representing the scenes that may employ me . . . There is room for a natural painter. The great vice of the day is bravura, an attempt to do something beyond the truth." The last sentence was probably an allusion to the habit of mind, among contemporary artists and their patrons, which must have tremendous crags in landscapes and would rather have an earthquake, or at the least a thunderstorm, which might serve as a setting to some classical tragedy, than an inspiration from a turn in a lane. These people would have asked each other: " Who wants to see a lane ? We have a good one at the back of our house . . ." They would want something unfamiliar, something whose effect depended on its size and strength, thus, at the worst, turning art into a sort of raree show. As for Constable, he said of East Bergholt, where he was born and lived, " I love every stile and stump and lane in the village ; as long as I am able to hold a brush, I shall never cease to paint them." He realized that to see beauty and reproduce it was an artist's function. He found that he, a Suffolk man, could do this in Suffolk far better than—say—in the Alps, which he would probably have seen with a mind prejudiced by classical associations. Suffolk was not " picturesque " or " grand." It would not call for special type in a guide-book, which, indeed, could only fall back on " quaintly charming " or " old world." But the best description of Constable's country was that it was England.

Theodore Roussel
THE READING GIRL

Described by Sir William Orpen in a letter to " The Times " as " the finest nude that has ever been painted," this picture was, in 1927, presented to the Tate Gallery by a former pupil of the artist's. With other pictures by him it was, just previously, seen and admired in the Goupil Gallery during the Roussel Memorial Exhibition. It was painted at the beginning of the century and always made a great impression on the comparatively few who were privileged to see it, for the artist, as a rule, shunned both publicity and exhibitions. Seldom has there been such unanimity on the merits of a modern painting, both from artists, critics and the public, as there has been in the case of the " Reading Girl." The lines both of the body and the drapery are lovely, and the pose is living and full of interest. The curve of the chair arm answers, in wood, the curve of the hip which it frames. The trail of drapery upon the floor, even the set of the chair and its occupant in the angle of the room are, one feels, the result of an artistic deliberateness which is entirely unforced and wholly effective ; the result, in short, of genius.

Roussel, as Sir William Orpen said, was " a Frenchman who chose England for his home and his inspirations." He was born at Lorient in Brittany in the year 1847. He was twenty-seven when he settled in England, where he eventually married. He lived in seclusion in Chelsea, where he did much of his work, and never became naturalised. He died in 1926 at Hastings, aged seventy-nine.

Hans Memlinc
DEATH OF ST. URSULA

OPPOSITE the west front of the church of Nôtre Dame at Bruges is the Hôpital St. Jean, a hospice that dates from the twelfth century. In its chapter-room, among other works by the great Memlinc or Memling, is the reliquary from which we here reproduce a panel. The reliquary, of Gothic design, is shaped like a church in miniature, with a steep-pitched roof and three arches on either of the long sides which contain the pictured story of the saint. The reliquary is known as La Chasse de Ste. Ursula—" Chasse " might be translated as " Quest "—and it stands upon a revolving pedestal. We have here to consider the sixth and final panel, representing the martyrdom of the saint by the Huns at Cologne. The story of the lady was told in our description of the " St. Ursula's Dream " of Carpaccio, which appeared near the beginning of our first volume. The artist pictures the hordes of Attila as arrayed in fifteenth-century armour, of whose beautiful design he has faithfully rendered account. Behind the tents—marquees would be more apt for that bedecked canvas—rises the cathedral of Cologne. To the left some soldiers are running to take part in the massacre of the eleven thousand virgins who were Ursula's companions, and who are being slain on the fifth, or next, panel.

This sixth panel, like all the others, shows the peculiar excellence of painting in the minute which the artist had. Every detail is graceful and free and, despite the obvious antiquity of the expression, the arrangement is in advance of his time. There is a plainly observable attempt at naturalistic action in the figures, except perhaps in the case of the saint herself. She is represented in a conventionally conceived pose, conveying piety and aloofness from her murderers. This is probably done on purpose to enhance the idea of holiness which the artist wished to associate with her. Everything is on the small scale, and executed with a nicety which is as engaging as it is accurate and painstaking. The painter has contrived, also, to put a great amount into the limits of his picture, with plenty of space in the foreground and plenty of sky above. (C.P)

Velasquez
INFANTE PHILIP PROSPER

WHILE Velasquez was absent from Spain on his second visit to Italy a new queen, Mariana of Austria, had been married to the artist's master, Philip IV, whose first wife had died, leaving no heir to the throne. Mariana was then in her early 'teens, and was still almost a girl when her daughter Margarita was born in 1651. Six years later the long-hoped-for heir arrived, the Infante Philip Prosper who stands before us. Velasquez was, of course, commissioned to paint both brother and sister, and the former was two years old when he stood for his portrait. He has the unmistakable features of the Spanish Hapsburgs, even though his countenance is still unformed. There is the promise of the long, horse face, the protruding underlip and the unhealthy delicacy. His stock was a bad one, for his grandfather's great-grandfather, Philip I, had married Joanna of Spain, a relative who was significantly surnamed " the Mad," and there had been disease and insanity intermittent in the family ever since. Both the baby's parents were Hapsburgs, and though the Austrian branch was, eugenically, sounder than the Spanish—although that could not be considered much of a compliment to the Austrian branch—yet the Infante was a product of intermarriage. Velasquez knew all the tragedy of this foetid court of Spain, and has caught the fatal frailty apparent in the child.

He appears before us in an elaborate frock and girded with chains which support toys for his amusement. One of the chains hangs in his left hand, while the right rests in an unnaturally precocious attitude upon the back of a chair. The little dog which lies in the chair is said to have been a particular favourite of the painter.

The Infante Philip Prosper is to be considered lucky among the children of Philip IV, for though the curse of his parenthood was on him, he had not long to wait for its fulfilment. The previous son, Don Baltasar, whose equestrian portrait we have already examined, lived to the age of sixteen, and then submitted to the debauchment of his life which the courtiers, to whom the king entrusted his keeping, had arranged as a suitable upbringing for a young Spanish prince. Our Infante Philip, on the other hand, only survived the painting of his picture for two years. He died before the bitterness of life could touch him. (***)

Titian
PIETÀ

VENICE has been very fortunate in the retention of works by Titian, her greatest master, compared with most cities who have produced a genius on anything approaching the same colossal scale. The masterpieces of so many great painters are now scattered far, but in the Venice Academy and the churches and palaces of the island city there is still a brave show of Titians. The Academy, of course—the remains of a Gothic church and a Renaissance monastery put together to form a picture gallery upon the bank of the Grand Canal—has the richest store of all. The " Pietà " is the last picture which came from Titian's hand: it was painted when the hand was beginning to tremble and the eye to be dim. But if the hand was a little unsteady or the eye less keen than formerly—for Titian lived to a very great age—the purpose and the inspiration were as great as ever. In any case, the picture is not all his work, for he died before its completion, and the younger Palma finished it. But it did not rest even then, for the restorer's brush has lain heavy upon it, till it is difficult to be certain which part of the canvas should be ascribed to Titian, Palma, and those who came after. It is generally conceded, however, that the central figures are Titian's, the Holy Mother and her dead Son.

The kneeling figure supporting the drooping arm of Christ is St. Joseph of Arimathea, and the wild figure with upraised hand, who seems to be indicating the horror of the situation to someone outside the picture, is the Magdalen. Above her stands the figure of Moses, with his tables of the law, and the female figure on the right of the canvas is said to be the Greek Sibyl, though why she should be represented crowned with thorns and bearing a cross is not clear. There is a Greek inscription in Roman lettering on the base beneath her feet, just above the lion's mask which ornaments the pedestal. Below this, again, is a little canvas which shows Titian and his son in prayer before a Madonna of Pity. The canvas partially hides the artist's coat-of-arms. Above the whole group hovers an infant angel who bears aloft a smoking torch. (T.D)

Rubens
AMBROSIO SPINOLA

AMONG the collection of pictures brought together by Duke Anton Ulrich of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel and Duke Charles I, which is housed in the Ducal Palace (now called the Landes-Museum) at Brunswick, are several paintings by Rubens, including one of the brilliant Genoese, Ambrosio Spinola, who brought such lustre to the Spanish Arms during the Netherlands wars in the early years of the seventeenth century. It must be remembered that Rubens was at one time almost as noted for his diplomatic services between the Netherlands, Spain, France and England as for his genius as a painter. In the course of his extensive correspondence with these countries and his journeyings hither and thither he necessarily came in contact with the general upon whom the Spanish placed their hopes.

Ambrosio Spinola, Marquis de los Balbases, was born in 1567, at Genoa, his father being the Marquis of Sesto and Benafro, and belonging to a powerful, wealthy and ancient family of what was then the republic of Genoa. In 1602 Ambrosio and one of his brothers made a contract with the Spanish government to raise a force of 9,000 soldiers, of which Ambrosio was to have command, while his brother undertook to take a squadron to the Netherlands coast. On the success of his military schemes Spinola risked—and eventually lost—all his fortune, although his triumphant and successful investments of Ostend, which surrendered to him in 1603, and of Breda, which he took in 1625, showed him worthy of the best treatment from the country which he served. But Spain was almost as penniless as its general when the time came for the paying of salaries. Spinola eventually died with health, fortunes and honour broken at the siege of Casale in Italy, September 25, 1630. This, very briefly, is the story of the man whose face looks at us from this fine portrait. It is interesting to compare it with the version of these same features that Velasquez painted in his "Surrender of Breda," which we saw in the early pages of our first volume. (B.P)

Francis Dodd
"INTERROGATION"

IT is a compliment to public taste to suggest that it has become sufficiently enlightened to consider a military situation as dispassionately as it is set down here. The old notion was to make the enemy as ugly and as inhuman as possible and one's own side correspondingly noble and heroic. Artists were as dishonest over this as anyone. They had to make their pictures popular. Mr. Dodd has thrown any such convention to the winds and painted after his own inspiration, without reference to any prejudice of circumstance, which, obviously, has no place in art.

The scene is laid near Albert at Divisional or Corps headquarters. A German prisoner, taken perhaps on some night-raid preparatory to a battle, is being examined by two staff officers attached to the Intelligence branch. The contents of his pockets are before them. The characterisation of the little group about the plank table is penetrating in its realism. The prisoner is not quite sure as to what the end of this cross-examination will be or what penalty may be exacted from him. The officers are doing nothing to discourage this attitude of the prisoner's. Their faces seem to suggest to him that it will be better if he speaks to the purpose and keeps to the truth. A sentry, with bayonet fixed, waits impassively at the man's back.

The figures are thrust at us forcefully in the foreground; there is nothing save the tent which is near the group. A sense of space between it and the main background is cleverly made to give prominence to the drama at the table. The distance, the odds and ends of a camp—duck-boarding, pieces of corrugated iron and lines of tents—do not draw our eye away from the main interest. There is no sentimentalising here or striving after what is called martial pomp. It is a moment of war-time captured upon canvas.

Francis Dodd was born at Holyhead in 1874 and studied at the Glasgow Art School, and subsequently in France and Italy. During the War he was one of the official artists on the Western Front and held the rank of major. His portraits of British Generals and Admirals on active service were published in 1917. Two years later he was elected president of the Manchester Academy of Fine Art, and in 1927 received his A.R.A. (C)

Murillo
THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

DEVOTIONAL ecstasy moved Murillo to his greatest efforts, and accounts of his personality leave us in little doubt that he himself must often have experienced intense emotion in the exercise of his religion. He painted a number of pictures which bear a similar title, but this one, in the Louvre, is the most famous of them all. Both subject and design are imaginative to the point of fantasy, and the spirit which hovers over it all is one of the most overwhelming and beatific realization of things divine as they were apprehended by the artist and the people of his age in Spain. The Virgin is gentle, soft-eyed and rapt in the glory which is filling all the universe for her. A cloud supports her and the press of cherubs about her feet, while the hem of her mantle is caught upon the edge of a crescent moon. The glory which surrounds the central figure separates and brings it forward from the background. This is, literally, a cloud of cherub heads, and, in front of it, a trio of these charming angels frolics in the top right corner of the canvas.

It has been suggested that it is Murillo's tendency towards the sentimentalising of his subjects which has been responsible for his immense popularity. It is certainly true that he interpreted the religious feeling of his fellow countrymen, whose temperaments differed as much devotionally from, say, those of the Italians as they did in other ways. Therefore one may expect to find Murillo's Madonnas very different in conception from those of Raphael or Michelangelo. Nevertheless, Murillo has painted sincerely and truly in that he has reflected his own deep-set emotions.

This picture was taken from Spain with other artistic spoil by the French during the wars of the Peninsula, and was sold for the then remarkable sum of 615,300 francs at the sale of the pictures belonging to Marshal Soult, held in 1854. It is now one of the main attractions in the Salon Carré in the Louvre. Among the early pages of our first volume we reproduced this artist's "Peasant Boys," showing a picture typical of one side of Murillo's art. The "Immaculate Conception" as justly represents his religious work. To know them both is to realize the genius of an artist without whom Spain would not hold so high a reputation as a country which has not only nurtured but produced great painters.

Puvis de Chavannes
REPOSE

TOGETHER with its companion painting, entitled "Work," this may be considered as the artist's first great achievement. It belongs therefore to his early period before his style had been completely formed. There is indeed a very pleasing freshness about it, as though the brain which made it was happily exploring new avenues of expression and had begun to see a great light at the farther end—though it had not yet reached that end. The two pictures were not very successful in capturing the critics' approval. But Théophile Gautier was unhesitating in his praise. "What process has been employed in painting them?" he asks in referring to the artist's pictures. "Water-colours? Pastels? Oils? . . . The neutral tints have been cunningly softened down after the manner of mural painting, which decorates a building without realism, suggesting objects rather than exactly representing them. At a time when so many palaces and monumental buildings are awaiting their fresco decorations, we must insist that Puvis de Chavannes is not a painter of the ordinary kind of picture. He needs no easel, but scaffolding and a vast expanse of wall to work upon."

It is to be remembered that this artist's large works were mural decorations, but not frescoes in the accepted sense of that word. They were painted in oil upon canvas and then the canvas was affixed to the wall. His views on the subject were pronounced. In a letter to one of his pupils he said in connexion with the framing of pictures: ". . . . frames fastened to the stonework offend the eye. Besides, why should large pictures be framed? There are only two kinds of painting which have common-sense—mural painting adhering actually to the building, and easel painting, where the picture can be held in the hand and examined."

In the "Repose" we see a mind that has shaken itself free from any conventions of the past which seemed to obscure the light of inspiration the artist must follow. In the plastic expression of his conceptions he clings closely to what he sees as the essentials in Nature, while disregarding all that is accessory and incidental. He thus goes directly forward to his goal, and his individuality is such that few people can be indifferent to his work. It is too full of his living self for that. One must either like or dislike it definitely. Before he died the mass of popular opinion had swung to the former feeling. (b)

Sir John Gilbert
EGO ET REX MEUS

IN an office in London near the Mansion House, working with the idea in his head of becoming an estate agent, the young John Gilbert used to notice the liveries and uniforms which the civic life collected round the home of the Lord Mayor. He made sketches of what he saw, and was largely his own teacher. Eventually he went to an Academician named George Lana for some lessons in colour. At the age of nineteen we find him exhibiting water-colours at the Suffolk Street Gallery, and two years later being successful in oils at the Royal Academy. He soon became well-known as an illustrator of various weekly publications, and also of books, his output being prolific. He was especially popular with his illustrations from Shakespeare. In "Ego et Rex Meus"—"Myself and my king"—he takes a good opportunity for making an elaborate study in early sixteenth-century dress. Wolsey is represented at the height of his powers, with the king in an attitude of respectful deference which was not markedly characteristic of the second Henry Tudor, King of England.

Sir John Gilbert received his knighthood in 1872, in the same year as he was made an A.R.A. He became an R.A. four years later, and died in the town of his birth, Blackheath, Oct. 5, 1897. He is buried at Lewisham.

Raphael
PARNASSUS

AMONG the frescoes of Raphael which decorate the walls of the state-rooms in the Vatican the "Parnassus" is one of the finest. It is painted within an arch which surrounds the top of a window-frame, and this window therefore cuts into the foreground of the picture, or, rather, the foreground of the picture had to accommodate itself to the space at the artist's disposal. The crowd on the summit of Parnassus, the great mountain of Phocis in ancient Greece which was sacred to Apollo and the Muses, is composed of various classical celebrities and, apparently, a number of Raphael's personal friends whose identity remains unknown. Under the trees and in the centre Apollo sits with a violin. This archaeological solecism was, it is said, committed on purpose by the artist, because he preferred the action of one playing that instrument to the position adopted when making music with the lyre, proper to the god. The nine Muses surround him, while on the left is the figure of blind Homer and beside him Virgil.

As a secular decoration in the palace of the Pope it would be impossible to conceive anything more appropriate. The poetic feeling for the subject is splendidly marked, and the grouping carried out in the artist's best manner. The whole thing is also a marvel of adaptation to an almost impossible shape. (b)

MacWhirter
JUNE IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL

WHEN the wind blows upon these Alpine valley meadows their apparent surface changes its colour in a way which is startling when seen for the first time, but absorbing always. The flowers of each species, with their distinctive colours, mauve, white or yellow, are of different heights. A gentle breeze bows the heads of the tallest, bringing to light the next highest blooms. A stronger wind will bend these and show us yet another flower carpet beneath. A gust will drive down every petalled head and show the last colour layer of all—the emerald grass. The artist has suggested this subtle disturbance in the colour texture of the meadow with a certain intensity which shows he knew the sight well. In contrast to the gentle curves and tints of the foreground are the steeper slopes and harder colours of the hills which keep the valley, while beyond all rise the cruel teeth of the Dolomites. But their harsh presence is mollified by the spectacle of the peasant gathering the flowers, and there is a domestic touch about the fence and the church tower of the near-by village suggesting that whatever of grimness there may be away on that formidable horizon, man is secure and peaceful during June in this happy valley.

Gainsborough
QUEEN CHARLOTTE

In this case the portrait may be said to have owned far more brilliance than the sitter, but not more virtue. The artist has brought all the interest which there ever was in this face and put it down on his canvas. Charlotte was the queen of George III and, apart from that, rather more than less a nonentity in public life. She had the domestic virtues. Fifteen children, an ordered household and wifely devotion were her principal achievements at a time when court life was staid to the point of dullness and—for a court—virtuous. Certainly the only attempt at scandal made by her contemporaries is such a poor one that it only serves to show to what great efforts these people of high imagination were put to find her interesting. She played what part was asked of her in public life with conscientiousness and decorum.

She was the daughter of Charles Louis, brother to Frederick, third duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and became formally engaged to George in 1761, neither party ever having seen the other. She started for England from Cuxhaven and arrived at Harwich after ten days on the North Sea. She was as practical as she could be in the way she spent her time on board, which she did in practising English airs upon the harpsichord. On September 8 she saw her intended husband for the first time, and married him that evening. She is reputed to have said that from that moment until his insanity she was unacquainted with sorrow. Horace Walpole had sight of her, and sums her up with a brevity which is almost wit. "She is not tall nor a beauty," he wrote. "Pale and very thin; but looks sensible and genteel. Her hair is darkish and fine; her forehead low, her nose very well, except the nostrils spreading too wide. The mouth has the same fault, but her teeth are good." The final observation of this portrait in words is delightful. "She talks a great deal, and French tolerably." Her husband proved an indifferent king, but it is probable that this hardly came within her notice. He was a good husband of almost blameless life—indeed his homeliness got him the nickname of "Farmer George" among his people, with whom he was extremely popular in his later years. Charlotte nursed him faithfully when his mind became permanently deranged, and died two years before him at Kew, November 17, 1818. She was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. (P)

Petrus Cristus
THE ANNUNCIATION

Out of the mists of time—mists in which are the shapes of wars and invasions and fires and the decay of passing centuries—a few pictures, a bare half dozen or so, by this very old master are now traceable. Petrus Cristus was born at the beginning of the fifteenth century at a village called Baerle in the province of North Brabant. We know that he settled in the city of Bruges in 1444, and purchased his freedom of that city, becoming a master in the Guild of St. Luke. He may have been a pupil of Jan van Eyck. He was certainly a follower in that artist's way of working. It has been shown that certain studio properties, a purse and a carpet, which appear in some of the pictures by the Van Eyck brothers occur in the paintings of Cristus. This means that he either painted in their studio or else bought these objects, or at least coloured sketches of them, after Jan's death. Cristus seems to have been the first Flemish easel-painter to produce a picture of everyday life with a hint of that genre about it for which the Netherlands were, in future centuries, to become so famous. He was also a very skilled worker, and his technique alone would single him out from among his contemporaries. He designed and painted a representation of the Tree of Jesse which was considered to be very precious and was carried for more than a hundred years after in the yearly procession in honour of the Holy Blood.

The "Annunciation" was painted about the year 1452, and was for many years in Berlin. It is now, with so many treasured paintings, in the U.S.A.

The rendering of the Virgin's home as a church is delightful. We notice that the garden wall is broken down and overgrown, while the path where the angel kneels is being invaded by weeds. Perhaps as he stood on this spot one day—for the picture may well represent some building in existence during the artist's life—he himself conceived this vision of a blessed figure appearing in the dark of that doorway and a winged stranger where he himself stood. Notice that the doorstep at the front of the building on which Our Lady stands is sloped incorrectly. On the step is the inscription "REGINA CELI LET," a typical abbreviation for "Regina Coeli Laeta"—Joyous Queen of Heaven. (C)

Greuze
A GIRL WITH DOVES

The craft of Greuze was that he could combine what is called voluptuous grace with innocence of expression in his pictures of young girls, which have always been his popular subjects. These beautiful young creatures have the physical charm of pagan nymphs, and their eyes excuse the beholder from remembering the fact. But the conviction apparent in this artist's work and the gracefulness of his treatment are undeniable.

This picture is said to have been painted expressly for the original proprietor, a Mr. Wilkinson, who gave the artist, according to the receipt on the back of the panel, four thousand eight hundred livres for it. It came into Lord Hertford's collection in 1848, when the price paid was £787 10s. Thus it came to be numbered among the Greuze pictures of the Wallace Collection, which has the most by this Frenchman of any gallery excepting the Louvre. It is painted upon a panel twenty-seven and a half inches high by twenty-two and three-quarter inches wide, and was finished about the second year of the nineteenth century.

Greuze started his artistic career as a painter of genre pictures, in which he showed the exquisite French society of his time the homely virtues—they lost nothing save perhaps some reality in the representation—of the petit bourgeois. Greuze made the fashionable world positively worship the naïve and the innocent, but it is not these pictures of his which have lasted. He turned to his sentimentally and lusciously conceived little girls who are just beginning to feel a disquieting astonishment at finding themselves almost grown up. By nature and practice he was entirely suited to this kind of thing. His gentle maids are so appealing to popular opinion because they so plainly ask sympathy for their bashful wondering at the puzzle of life. No one before or since has quite equalled this peculiar gift of his, and his position in public favour is therefore unique.

W

Paolo Veronese
THE MARRIAGE AT CANA

If ever a painter really revelled in the possibilities of design, Paolo of Verona did. He lived at a time when life—or, at any rate, the most imposing part of it—went by in a pageant filled with elaborate uniforms, carefully practised gestures and the gayest colours. The artist had a particular aptitude for assimilating the arrangement and motion of it all, and we see at once, in this picture, how rich and unlaboured the composition is and how full of persons and clothes and architecture. He painted several different versions of the same subject, and in the others, just as here, he was more interested in making a beautiful composition than in illustrating a story from the New Testament.

He did not hesitate to put portraits of celebrated personages in these sacred pictures, and even the faces of his personal friends. The picture was everything to him, the subject only an excuse. The costumes, for instance, are not Biblical at all, but of the kind worn when Veronese was painting. Yet his contemporaries were not shocked or overcome by a feeling of incongruity, as we should be were we to see such a subject painted with the clothing of our own times. But the costumes we see here have all the grace a painter could desire, which could hardly be said of the majority of twentieth century garments.

There is admittedly an air of gorgeousness about the "Marriage at Cana," but the painter never loses control of his imagination, though he gives it full rein. Nor does he at all sacrifice technique to considerations of effect. His fluent accuracy is impressive enough by itself to be able to dispense with any such device. The vividness which he succeeds in effecting is due to the vitality of his inspiration, which was not born from a wish to recapture a religious emotion, but from the life which was pulsating all about him under a brilliant Italian sky. These people are really eating and drinking and enjoying themselves. The children are not put in because the artist thought that a child or two would awaken the observer's sympathy. They are an integral part of the gathering, and perfectly natural as they hide under a bench with the cat or play about the table or watch the servants with appreciative eye as they bring in yet more food. The placing of the banquet in this court-yard, open to the air, gets a fine effect of spaciousness and sunlight warm and generous.

Frans Hals
PORTRAIT OF A MAN

Undoubtedly this is as happy a case of Hals' ability to capture a moment in his sitter's life as "The Lute Player." Many have tried to imitate this by tricks of posing, but the truth is that Hals had such a genius that he could remember clearly the image his eyes saw and produce it on his canvas with a skill both effortless and graceful. The man is a prosperous citizen of Haarlem, perhaps, dressed in the gallant fashion which the artist loved to paint and adopt himself. In fact this portrait might well have been taken from among those groups of sharpshooters and arquebusiers that the artist painted, some of which we have already seen. Hals had the further knack of attracting jollity from his sitters, and he must have been a very entertaining person to sit for. There would probably be an inexhaustible fund of good stories to beguile the tedium of the pose. He lived too merry a life for much seriousness of demeanour.

It was his habit of returning home after an evening of liquid recreation and of depending on his pupils for the necessary business of undressing and getting into bed, which caused him to be the victim of a most ingenious prank. His pupils had observed that so soon as he had been laid between the sheets and felt himself to be alone he would make some attempt to say his prayers, although his condition prevented anything but a prone position while doing so. He would lie there, then, and usually conclude his attempt to make peace with the next world by the pious wish, expressed aloud: "Dear Lord, take me soon up into heaven." Adriaen Brouwer, the subject of "The Lute Player," got to hear of this habit, and promised to test Hals' sincerity. With another pupil he made his plan. They bored four holes in the ceiling and arranged four ropes which could be attached to their master's bedstead. So soon as they had left him, as usual, and removed the light, they looked to the ropes and retired to the upper room. As Hals uttered his usual wish these lewd young men hauled hard at the ropes, and the besotted artist felt his prayer being answered in no uncertain way. "Not so fast, dear Lord, not so fast," he cried—and that prayer, too, was answered. Under cover of his state of mind the two jokers were able to remove both the ropes and themselves without being discovered—and it was some years before Hals found out the trick. (D)

Edouard Detaille
THE DREAM

This picture, which has achieved almost as much universal popularity as any other military subject, first appeared to the public in the Salon of 1888. The misfortunes of 1870 were still fresh in people's minds, and this obvious attempt at national comfort was naturally very well received. The soldiers, in the uniforms of the Franco-Prussian War, lie out under the dawn while, in the clouds, a detachment of a ghostly Grande Armée goes over the sky, with the old colours flying and with the old associations of victory in all Europe's despite. The artist painted from experience, for he was twenty-two when war broke out, and he took his part in the rigorous campaigning which the French troops had to sustain during 1870 and '71.

Detaille was a pupil of the celebrated Meissonier, whose picture "1814" we reproduced near the end of our first volume. It was under this tutelage that he learnt the precision in detail which, if used with wisdom, is always convincing in this type of picture. In this case, with his long line of piled arms, his odds and ends of accoutrements, his blanketed figures with their képis pulled over their eyes, he has succeeded in conveying the idea of actuality, despite the fanciful motif of the picture. We have to remember that the French soldiers of that war might well be stirred by such emotions, even if these might seem to the different English temperament a little theatrical. Allowance must be made for the point of view of another—and Latin—race. Besides, the picture has a definite flavour of propaganda about it, and as this is undisguised we can say that it is artistically allowable. We can see that the artist in the soldier made him use his long line of stacked rifles to lead the eye away towards the distance—intensifying the extent of this sad plain—towards the dawn of the day, the last to which some of these sleepers will ever wake.

Raphael
LA BELLE JARDINIERE

PART of Raphael's genius lay in his ability to absorb the ultimate virtues of contemporary masters and those who had gone before him. The famous group in the Louvre, one of several pictures by Raphael in which the same figures occur, has received the name of La Belle Jardinière—the fair gardener—to distinguish it from the others. Beyond the fact that there is a landscape background, there is little point in the title. This picture is an example of the pyramidal arrangement which the artist sometimes adopted during what is known as his second or Florentine Period, which roughly covers the years 1504–8. The figures can be circumscribed by a triangle, and it is probable that this arrangement was suggested by the work of Fra Bartolommeo, from whom Raphael certainly learnt much of his ideas of composition and also the treatment of drapery.

It has been largely by his Madonnas that Raphael has earned his almost unrivalled international popularity. He could combine superhuman beauty with a human tenderness which was, in itself, as beautiful, and yet produce something which appealed to mankind as divine and altogether splendid. It is impossible to look into this picture and find any touch of sentimentality. The delineation of each emotion in these faces is reasoned, and honestly worked out. The expression of Son and Mother are, each in their different meanings, perfect, and the adoration on the face of the infant John, with his cross, is made almost adolescent because the artist wishes to convey the notion of worship in his picture. Indeed, worship, or homage, is apparent in all three beauteous faces. Above the Virgin's head a semicircle of clouds, which meets the curve of the top of the wooden panel in which the picture is painted, makes a kind of halo. The details of the landscape in the distance are touched in with admirable restraint, and in no wise deflect the attention from the central interest. (P)

Constable
THE VALLEY FARM

TWO years before he died Constable made a journey back to the Suffolk he loved so well, to the valley of the Stour, and painted "The Valley Farm." It was an old house belonging to one Willy Lott. The picture was bought by some of his friends after his death and presented to the National Gallery. It is a testimony to the ideals of art which he had followed all his life. There are the typical "Constable" trees, and a sky and its reflection in water which are as characteristic. It must be borne in mind that these ideals had to be fought for in the teeth of discouragement and ill-success. He had far more honour from a few pictures exhibited in France than from many shown in England. Even when he was at last elected, at the age of fifty-three, an Academician, the president, Sir Thomas Lawrence, remarked that he ought to consider himself lucky to receive such an honour. It was left to a few faithful friends to enjoy and occasionally to buy his work; and to some timely legacies to support him. It was not for many years that his work was appreciated. Ruskin would have none of him. He was concerned to commune with Nature on canvas, and most of his critics were busy with canons of technique. Sometimes the vivid effects he obtained, the ideas of which are common property now, but were new and difficult to understand then, were appreciated. For instance, his friend William Brockedon, who was in Paris and had the pleasurable pride, both personal and patriotic, of attending the Salon when Constable's pictures were on view, wrote to him about their reception, and in the course of his letter said: "I saw one man draw another to your pictures with this expression: 'Look at these landscapes by an Englishman; the ground appears to be covered with dew!'"

Another piece of criticism which points to the vividness of Constable's work was made by a professor of painting named Fuseli. As he walked into the gallery he was seen to open his umbrella. When asked why he did this, he answered: "Oh, I am going to look at Mr. Constable's pictures."

A more modern critic has said: "No neglected genius ever bore the disappointment of life more bravely and patiently. Of his genius there can be no doubt. If its range was narrow it was eminently sincere and original. In these qualities few artists can compare with him. He was the first to paint the greenness and moisture of his native country . . . the first to represent faithfully the rich colours of an English summer landscape . . . Other painters have made us see nature at a distance or through a window; he alone has planted our feet in her midst."

Michelangelo
THE HOLY FAMILY

WITH this picture, painted in the year 1504 for a patron of his named Angelo Doni, Michelangelo accomplished one of those works which place him in a sphere of art which no man ever attained before or since. The quality of that art we discussed in our first volume when considering the "Creation of Adam." Here we are faced with another of his unique achievements. The first impression we receive from a study of it is one of power: power in the thing itself and in the hand and the brain that made it. There is a tremendous and awe-inspiring force in the rendering of every detail of this group of three. The sheer animation of it all is astounding. It is not enough to say that it is plain that these limbs were painted by a sculptor. They appear to stand out in relief. The muscles are all alert with impending action; the attitudes are vivid. But it is more than a tremendous technique which has accomplished this. We cannot escape the great imagination and the wealth of artistry which conceived the whole and every detail with equal truth, clarity and success. The drapery in the Madonna's lap is so painted that we have the sensation that it must be crisp to the touch.

There is an endless number of pictures of the Holy Family. This genius takes a well-worn theme and gives us something new. The faces, for instance, have not the remotest touch of conventionalism. But they are sublime, all the same.

The descent from this to the comparatively ridiculous is inevitable when considering the artist and the men with whom he had to deal. Angelo Doni received the picture, and sent the artist forty florins for it. Michelangelo returned the money and asked for the picture to be sent back. However, the patron's taste was not so crass as his parsimony. In the end he sent the artist seventy florins and kept the painting. It now glorifies the Tribune of the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. (P)

Sir William Richmond
VENUS AND ANCHISES

STARTING his career as a follower of Pre-Raphaelitism, this artist, famous as the designer of mosaics for St. Paul's dome, eventually came under the influence of Alma-Tadema and a visit to Italy. He left his tall slim women with Burne-Jones eyes for the more heroic, noble-seeming ladies whom Lord Leighton put into his pictures. He became, in fact, a Classicist. Hence his choice of such a subject as is illustrated here. In the pose of his Venus and in the set of her robes we see the classical influence. But his early penchant also betrays itself. There is a decorative note sounding through the whole composition which is too elaborate for classicism pure and simple. Venus is actually passing by a bush, heavy with blossoms. But there is conveyed an impression that she is surrounded by an aura of petals which points her divinity and the power of her beauty.

The story says that Anchises, in his youth, was fairer than other mortal men. Venus herself succumbed to his attraction, and the result was Aeneas, one of the besiegers of Troy, whose wanderings Virgil celebrated, and who was the father of Rome. The goddess made her lover swear that the son's divine birth should never be disclosed, and Anchises promised. But one day he boasted of his conquest—it was surely something to boast of—and instantly a flash of lightning struck him blind or, according to some accounts, lame. The artist shows us the moment when the goddess of love descends to encounter her mortal choice.

Rembrandt
SASKIA

ROMANCE seems to have entered the young master's studio in the year 1633. That is the date of his first portrait of the young girl whom on June 22 of the following year he married. The portrait before us was made after the pair were affianced, but whether Saskia's parents originally sent her to the artist's studio to have her likeness made or whether Rembrandt himself invited her we do not know. He was evidently struck by her possibilities as a model, for he painted many pictures in which she appears. In fact she is the counterpart of Rubens' Helena Fourment. He used her impartially for all sorts of subjects, both religious and classical, and also made innumerable studies from her. He painted her draped and undraped and, in the latter case, showed that he had the same vigorous, almost rugged conception of the nude as Rubens possessed, though he was a little less fulsome in his treatment than his great contemporary. Never did a great master make better use of his wife, for she kept his house, mothered his children and helped to inspire his pictures. This picture in the Kassel Gallery shows Saskia dressed very fashionably in a velvet gown with a heavily embroidered collar. Her bent arm supports a rich fur cloak thrown back from the shoulders and her wrists, bosom, ears and hair are all decked with jewelry and her neck encircled by a string of pearls. A velvet hat garnished with a white ostrich plume completes the magnificent toilet. The expression is less animated and the pose more formal than in most of her portraits, and no doubt the reason for this is that here she is dressed as the betrothed of the artist and feels rather self-conscious about it; whereas in the other pictures she is frankly sitting to assist her husband's work and, in this more impersonal pose, is more at her ease. In the later pictures, painted after her marriage, she was more used to posing and confident of her own attractiveness. But there is a charm also about this slightly diffident girl in her grand fineries, sitting a little nervously before the man whom she does not yet know well, but who is shortly to be her husband. (C. P)

David Cox
THE VALE OF CLWYD

CONTEMPORARY with Constable, Cox may also be said to be his most eminent successor, for he took to oil painting about two years after Constable's death, that is about 1839. He was born in 1783, six years after Constable, at Deritend, a suburb of Birmingham, where his father was a blacksmith. He received his first paint-box at the age of about seven, when he was suffering with a broken leg. He began by painting kites for his friends, and then went on to copying and colouring engravings. On growing up, he was apprenticed to a locket and miniature painter in Birmingham, and later got work grinding colours for the scene-painter at the Birmingham Theatre, eventually becoming scene-painter himself. He went to London in 1804 and to Hereford in 1814, where he taught drawing and painted prolifically in water-colour. In 1841 he returned to the neighbourhood of Birmingham, to Harborne, where he lived the rest of his life. Every year from 1844–56 he took a holiday in North Wales, his favourite country. His desire was to see the essentials in a landscape and exclude all that was not in harmony with them. Impaired eyesight in later life helped rather than hindered his work.

The vale of the river Clwyd runs from the neighbourhood of Ruthin northwards, leaving Denbigh to the west, and including St. Asaph and eventually opening on to the coast to the west of Rhyl.

Reynolds
THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

BY the time he had received his knighthood, in 1769, Reynolds had been painting portraits so assiduously that the available resources in that field of his activity were becoming restricted. He therefore turned to more imaginative subjects, though every picture he painted was in reality a portrait. All sorts of people began to come to his studio, for he worked as hard as ever, despite the falling off in his very remunerative portrait work. Old men, beggars, professional models and children sat to him. It was in 1788 that he painted "The Age of Innocence." The identity of this small girl of sweet features is not certain. Claims have been put forward for Sir Joshua's grand-niece, who bore the portentous name of Theophila Gwatkin, but was known as "Gwaffy," yet there is sufficient difference between this and other portraits of her to throw doubt on the claim. The alternative suggestion is that this was a little girl called Anne Fletcher. Unfortunately, as in much of his work, the paint on "The Age of Innocence" is badly cracked. But thousands who have never seen the original, to be disappointed over that fact, know the painting well, for hardly any picture in England has such a right to be called "famous."

Leonardo da Vinci
PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN

CRITICS and antiquarians have spent many hours in attempting to identify this woman whom Leonardo painted. All sorts of theories, probable and improbable, have been put forward. One courageous person, named Lépicié, suggested in the eighteenth century that the lady was Anne Boleyn. Leaving such flights of fancy, we pass to another candidate for the honour of being Leonardo's model. This is one of the mistresses of Francis I of France, known to fame as La Belle Ferronnière and having been, presumably, the wife or daughter of an ironmonger. She is also said to have caused the King's death, but we are not told how. The picture is, in fact, often called " La Belle Ferronnière," but there are several other claimants nearer the picture's home. Lucrezia Crivelli is held by many to be she whose features we see looking at us from this panel. She it was who consoled the Duke of Milan, Il Moro, who was for many years the artist's patron, for the loss of his young wife Beatrice d'Este. Other theories have been advanced for Beatrice herself, for the Duchess of Mantua, and for a Florentine lady named Ginevra Benci. The description, by Vasari, of the portrait of this last woman is thought by some to tally with the Louvre picture. Altogether we have here one of the completest puzzles of identification in the history of painting. The picture probably owes its presence in France to Francis I, who is thought to have had it in his collection. What happened to it during the rest of the sixteenth century is not known, but during the seventeenth, in 1642, it was at Fontainebleau. Louis XIV had it put in the Louvre at some date between 1683 and 1692, and it was then moved to the palace at Versailles, where it rested until the Revolution. It is now in the Louvre once more.

Whoever the lady was who sat for the picture—we can do no better than call it " Portrait of a Woman "—really matters little when we consider the superb piece of work which was involved in painting her. She must have appealed to the artist, this man who was always alert for interest in things and persons. Those wide eyes seem to regard something beyond the confines of ordinary vision. The set of the head is attentive, although it so very slightly asserts itself as a pose at all. (C.P)

John Cotman
GRETA BRIDGE

ROMAN roads in Britain are commonly called Watling or Ermine or Stane Street, quite at random. Properly, there is one road and only one for each of these names, but since Elizabethan times and the revival of interest in these things, antiquaries have given these titles haphazard to any Roman or supposed Roman Road. Thus the road which runs over Greta Bridge and crosses the Pennine Chain into Westmorland, eventually reaching Appleby, is called Watling Street, and its eastern end joins the road from Boroughbridge to Bishop Auckland, and this, too, is called Watling Street. The real and only genuine Watling Street—Saxon, Waetlinga Streat—ran, and still runs, from Dover to Wroxeter near Shrewsbury, by way of Canterbury, Edgeware Road, London; St. Albans, Dunstable and Towcester. Greta Bridge, then, carries the successor of a Roman Road which traverses the wastes of Stainmore Forest and some of the wildest parts of the Yorkshire Moors. The stream which Cotman shows us is the little Greta, which joins the Tees about a mile north of this bridge and three miles or so south-east of Barnard Castle. This, then, is what Cotman saw when he visited Yorkshire in the early days of the nineteenth century. He has at once appreciated the beauty and simplicity of the design and left us a testimony in fine, bold water colour, of the bridge-builder's craft.

John Sell Cotman was born at the pleasant village of Thorpe upon the left bank of the Yare just outside the city of Norwich, May 16, 1782. His father was a silk mercer there, in London Lane, but seeing his boy develop a strong artistic gift, sent him to London about 1799, where the young man became one of the company, with Girtin and Turner, who met at the house of the connoisseur Thomas Munroe, in the Adelphi. From 1800 to 1806 he exhibited at the Royal Academy, but never became a member. But in 1825 he was elected to the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, and nine years after became professor of drawing at King's College. His water colours and etchings of landscapes and architecture in Normandy, Norfolk and Wales, and his few oil paintings, entitle him to rank with " Old Crome " as the joint leader of the illustrious Norwich School. Had he possessed more time and been less pressed by teaching, few English artists would have been judged his equal. He died July 24, 1842. (C)

Van Dyck
PORTRAIT OF AN OLD MAN

WHILE Van Dyck was in Genoa between the years 1621 and 1627 he painted the portrait of this grave gentleman and his wife. He is said to be named Bartolommeo Justiniani. The pictures are known to have been in the Palazzo Balli at Genoa in 1773, and then we lose sight of them until we find them in 1827 being bought by the Scottish painter, David Wilkie, for the collection of Sir Robert Peel. They were put up for auction in 1900 at Willis's Rooms and knocked down at £25,000 for the pair. They are now in the Kaiser-Friedrich Museum in Berlin.

Experts have come to the conclusion that this " Portrait of an Old Man " is probably the finest Van Dyck in existence. For vigour, explicit delineation of character and vitality it equals Rubens at his best, and does not fall far short of Rembrandt. Furthermore, it does not labour under the same disadvantage which afflicts so many of the portraits he painted in England. Van Dyck was a fashionable artist in a time when there was only one " Society," and that the aristocratic one. In Genoa he was only asked to paint patricians. When he came back to England he automatically put on the mantle of gentle courtesy, not only in his behaviour but in the manner of his work, so that all sorts of people who are interesting enough in themselves or whose features are pleasant in pictures have been endowed by this artist-courtier with a refinement of feature and expression which many of them could never have possessed.

Old Bartolommeo Justiniani, on the other hand, was all that even Van Dyck could desire, and as he sits there, his dignity positively lowering out of that chair, and the stature of his personality by no means overreached by the tall pillars which stand up behind him, we feel a sense of power which is undeniable. And whatever the old man may have been, it is to the painter that we must pay our respect for that power, which is, after all, his own, while implicit in that bearded face. (**)

La Thangue
THE MAN WITH THE SCYTHE

POIGNANCY, where children are the subject of the painting, is so difficult to achieve honestly and so often unsuccessfully tried. There is a great temptation to rely entirely on the subject matter and let that part of the picture which consists of clear thinking, artistic selection and hard work be lost in a too facile sentiment. In this picture the artist has behaved with restraint on what is dangerous ground. He sets us a slight problem also. A sick child in a cottage garden and a reaper returning from his work would be a conjunction of circumstance full of suggestion. Has the artist just painted what he saw and left our imagination to do with the picture as it will, or did he put in that rather dim, uncertain figure at the gate with his shadowed face as the figure of Death himself, whose dark scythe-blade comes and " slits the thin-spun life ? " Is the little girl already dead, or is that an actual reaper who happens to pass at the moment when the mother, her apron holding some dainty perhaps, has come out to see her small invalid and found her asleep ?

Having paid attention to the drama of the picture, we have now to consider its setting. The artist has summoned all the individual charm of the English cottage of the old type to serve his purpose and has rather emphasised the mellow comfortableness of the place than deliberately idealised it. The little strip of garden and the suggested mass of branches across the road, with its hint of fruitful and long-established cultivation, admirably catch the spirit of locality which is one of the dearest associations for English people who have really known the country and country life. That such places are no less free from tragedy and evil than elsewhere only lays stress on the ripe old charm of these bricks and thatched roofs and planted flowers.

Henry Herbert La Thangue studied his art at the R. A. Schools and the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris. In 1898 he received his A.R.A. and was elected R.A. in 1912. A regular contributor to exhibitions year by year, his pictures are always characterised by telling work full of interest and vitality.

Andrea del Sarto
CHARITY

FRANCES I of France invited Andrea to Paris in 1518, and the " Charity," which still graces the city, was one of the pictures painted for the monarch. The latter had been struck with the excellent technique of a " Dead Christ," painted in 1516, and determined that, in his capacity of Europe's most art-loving king, he must encourage the young Italian. For the first and last time in his life, during his stay in Paris, Andrea was being really well paid, and there is no knowing where he might have stopped on the ascent to fame if his wife had not asked him to return. Francis granted the artist leave of absence on condition that he returned soon and employed his time in purchasing works of art for his royal patron. But Andrea was no match for the temptations associated with so much funds, and he spent the money on building himself a house in Florence and never returned to Paris. Never did an artist so much in need of a rich patron so completely kill the goose which laid the golden eggs. He was, indeed, lucky not to incur some serious retribution from so powerful a master.

Notice that the composition, as we saw was the case with Raphael's " La Belle Jardinière," is pyramidal, and the picture, as usual, displays the artist's consummate skill in representing anatomy and pose. The contours too, which he was always so brilliant in drawing, show to advantage here. The face of the female figure representing Charity is copied from the features of Andrea's wife. He seems to have either been very fond of her or else entirely under her thumb, since he appears to have done what she told him and nearly always used her as a model. She captivated him when she was married to someone else, wed him when her husband opportunely died, appears to have ruined his life, and succeeded in surviving him by forty years. Perhaps that has something to do with the artist's lack of imaginative development. So far as sheer technique is concerned there are only a handful of men who have ever been sufficiently excellent to be called his equal. (P)

Briton Riviere
CIRCE

SUBJECTS from mythology are usually treated in a special way which, in itself, suggests the unreality of the event portrayed and frankly tells a fairy story. Briton Riviere has, in his " Circe," treated his subject entirely on its merits. The Classical atmosphere is noticeably lacking. He has chosen a bolder and more elastic method, and has succeeded admirably. We have no conventional mystery-making here, even though the only human in the picture is a sorceress. The architecture is suggested rather than stated. By the measure of his avoidance of all extravagance, this composition is effective and original.

Circe was the daughter of Helios, the Sun God, and the ocean nymph Perse, and she lived on the island of Aeaea, which was later identified with the Italian promontory Circeii, probably that on which the modern Mount Circeo stands near the region of the Pontine Marshes. Odysseus was wrecked on Aeaea and sent his crew to explore. They encountered Circe, who offered them refreshment. They drank the potion from her magic cup and were all changed into a herd of swine, save one, who escaped and brought the news to Odysseus. The latter, armed with an antidote, kindly provided by Hermes, drank of the magic cup unscathed, and was then able to compel Circe to remove her spell. This done, he found the sorceress not so unpleasant as might be thought and ended by staying in the island for a year, enjoying her company.

The way in which the artist has delineated the band of companions turned to pigs is excellent. There are no half-measures about it. The pigs are all animal, not semi-human, and yet we can see a dreadful consciousness of their real state in the group which grovels and claws at the feet of the enchantress. But their entreaty is entirely piggish. The animals are not given human expressions, and so the artist has made a convincing picture out of a highly fantastical story. The attitude of Circe herself shows another touch of genius. We are only allowed to see half her face, and there is just enough suggestion in her attitude to make us imagine the expression of tolerant amusement which we might see if all her features were visible. Behind her, just near the tress of wild, unbound hair, is the wand of her dire enchantments.

Pinturicchio
APOLLO AND MARSYAS

RAPHAEL and Perugino have been named as the painters of this picture besides Pinturicchio, while there are those who hold that it is some pupil of the first-named who was probably responsible for it. But we must lay aside any worry about the painter before we can enjoy the picture. There is no controversy about its appeal. We have a charming piece of Italian landscape decorated with trees so delicate and hills so neatly formed that we might be in some fairy place materialised from the imagination of a story-teller. But there is tragedy here, too, hiding her face in a pastorale. The seated figure playing upon a kind of small bagpipe is Marsyas, and he is, although he does not know it, playing for his life. This Marsyas was a person who was so bold as to challenge the musical supremacy of Apollo himself. He was either a peasant or a satyr, according to the variations of Greek myth, and he probably was invented to typify auloedic (aulē, a flute) from the citharoedic (cithara, a lyre) style of music. The lyre was the native instrument of Greece and the flute a foreign importation, and looked upon by the more conservative, or purist, Greek musicians in much the same way as a modern musical professor, who was a confirmed classicist, might regard the saxophone.

Marsyas happened to find a flute which had been flung away in disgust by the goddess Athene when she saw, by her reflection in water, that flute playing distorted the features. But the flute, having contained divine breath, continued to play divine music even when blown by mortal lips. Marsyas naturally thought that it was his own virtuosity which produced those beautiful sounds, and he was rash enough to challenge Apollo to a contest. The conditions were that the victor should do what he would with the vanquished. Between the lyre and the flute there was a dead heat, but Apollo won when he added his voice to his lyre. Thereupon he bound Marsyas to a tree and flayed off his skin as a warning to over-vain musicians and presumptuous persons in general. (C.P)

Aert Van der Neer
WINTER LANDSCAPE

HERE we have a Dutch artist not so well known or so well treated by either posterity or contemporaries as he deserved. His favourite subjects were scenes under moonlight and he is said to have painted above two hundred of them, cottages, huts beside canals, or whole towns. They are mostly excellent, but his winter scenes are even better. This one we reproduce is among his best, and it takes us, in the moment of our first glance, straight to Holland and the seventeenth century. It is all as jolly and free and open-hearted as the old artist must have been himself. He kept a wine-shop in Amsterdam, and the business failed, which probably points, as it usually does in such cases, to an over-liberality towards the many friends necessarily contracted by the keeper of a wine-shop who is a good fellow.

"It is cold" is the first thought which strikes us on looking at his picture, but we notice immediately that it is an exhilarating cold. Secondly, we feel that these folk on the ice are really enjoying themselves. There are several games of some strange kind of golf going on, and one man—near the person who holds a little girl by the hand—with a peculiar stance which, nevertheless, looks like business, is preparing for a stroke apparently towards a friend who stands with outstretched arm, directly in the line of fire. Perhaps he is only going to putt, after all. We will hope so, for the friend's sake and that of the near-by windows. In the left foreground two others with golf clubs are standing beside a nonchalant personage who, while he puts on his skates, is sitting on the snow. In the distance are skaters in full career and a man pushing an old lady in a kind of sledge perambulator. On the right are some nice old houses, and folk are walking over the frozen water which makes the town and friends on the far side so pleasantly accessible in the winter weather.

Poor Aert Van der Neer was born in 1604, at Gorinchem, and went to Amsterdam and married. He made neither his business nor his painting pay and was made bankrupt in 1662, but was able to give his creditors satisfaction not long after. He died in poverty, November 9, 1677, leaving two sons, one of whom achieved more success than his father, though much less excellence.

Whistler
THOMAS CARLYLE

PALL MALL was the scene of Whistler's first exhibition, which took place in a gallery there in 1874. Together with the portrait of his mother and the portrait of Miss Alexander, which we published in our first volume, his portrait of Carlyle was included in the exhibits, and the same three were again together at the small collection shown at the Working Women's College in Queen Square, twelve years later. It is interesting and instructive to compare the Carlyle portrait with the one of the artist's mother. The setting of both is much the same, the wall with its dark skirting-board and a couple of pictures, the model seated and facing the same way in both cases. In both, too, we have the personality as well as the features by which that personality was known to the world.

The old man seems a little worn after a lifetime of indignant thunderings against the things he hated, futility, unstable thinking and dependence on conventionality. He looks sadly and fixedly into the distance, as though he saw in it too many proofs that those things he had fought were still triumphant. His head is very forcibly painted with strong determined movements of the brush, contrasting with the smooth tenderness which made the face of the artist's mother live on canvas. We are given an impression of great strength, although the actual painting shows us only an old and rather enfeebled person with sad eyes and sombre clothes.

Whistler painted his portrait about seven years before the great critic died. In it we can mark some of those qualities which made Carlyle what he was, a merciless sword among the hypocrisies of his day. We see him at the time when he had done his major work. The cottage in wild Galloway where he had developed his vigorous and ruthless methods was far away in space and time, for quiet Chelsea had been his home for many years. Here we see him sit, quiet in body but with that in his eyes which shows a mind used to the struggle and fret of genius, and too wise to find peace in a gentle forgetfulness. The Corporation of Glasgow bought the picture in 1891 for £1,000, and was thus the first public gallery to acquire a Whistler, despite much protest at the time, and the first patron the artist had who paid a good price.

Hubert Van Eyck
THE THREE MARYS

THE artist has followed none of the four Gospel stories closely. It is also noticeable that here, as we saw in his "Adoration of the Lamb," the landscape background has a Southern not a Flemish inspiration. There is a mosque, for instance, among the cluster of buildings which represent Jerusalem. That city is painted without, of course, any attempt at actuality and entirely for scenic effect. Notice, too, that the top of the sarcophagus, which has been laid athwart, and on which the angel is seated, touches rocks which, according to the perspective, would be about a quarter of a mile away. On the left we have the women who give the picture its title, and the artist is showing us how "very early in the morning they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared . . ." Each carries a beautifully decorated pot in her hand, and they are respectively the Magdalen, Mary the mother of James, and Joanna whom Mark calls Salome.

The attitudes of the three guards are masterpieces of posing. Nothing could so well represent a deep and sottish slumber as the middle one of the three, with his insignificant chin receding into the bull-like mass of his neck. The elaboration of the weapons, clothing and accoutrements of these soldiers is evidently the result of exhaustive study and a pleasure in carefully expressed detail. It is to be remembered that this picture was painted five hundred years ago. (C. P)

Gainsborough
COLONEL ST. LEGER

FRIENDS of "the first gentleman in Europe," afterwards George IV, seldom enjoyed his friendship long. But the handsome officer whose portrait we are now to examine knew the prince only in his younger days, before he caused one who knew him well to say "a more contemptible, cowardly, unfeeling, selfish dog does not exist than this king."

John Hayes St. Leger was born July 23, 1756, the son of John St. Leger of Grangemellar, co. Kildare. On growing up he obtained a commission in the Guards and his good looks and his wit soon made his social way easy. The Prince of Wales, as he was at this time, made him first an equerry and then Groom of the Bedchamber, and "Jack Sellinger," as he was called, soon became as fashionable a dandy as ever swaggered down St. James's. In 1782, when the prince was twenty, he commissioned Gainsborough to paint his own and "Sellinger's" portraits as companion pictures, each subject standing beside his charger. In the same year Jack had become Colonel of the First Foot Guards and the member for Okehampton as well. The picture and its fellow went to the Academy of that year, and then the gallant Colonel was hung in Carlton House. In 1827, when Carlton House was demolished, the picture was on view at the exhibition given by the British Institution, and then went to Hampton Court, where it remained until 1902. Edward VII then ordered it to be removed to Buckingham Palace, where it is to this day.

Gainsborough shows us a very debonair young officer, and has caught that liveliness for which the young gentleman was famed. Horace Walpole said of him, "I never saw more dashing vivacity and absurdity with some flashes of gusto." This quaint description completes a character of which Gainsborough has stressed rather the dignity and gallantry than the wittiness. Colonel St. Leger became Major-General, and was appointed to be Commander of the Forces in Ceylon and also Governor of that Colony. Perhaps the isolation from Society was too much for him, for he died at Trincomalee in 1799, when only forty-three. (P)

Luca Signorelli
PAN

DIGNITY in the human form was attained by Signorelli rather as the result of a scientific than an artistic point of view, although these two conceptions of work can draw so near together, upon occasion, that it is hard to separate them satisfactorily. He was, in the first place, a man who had achieved an exceptional mastery over anatomy. This naturally led him to glory in emphasising what he could do so well, and thus we find in this picture an arrangement of beautiful bodies, whose whole end is to uphold physical beauty. There are six full-sized figures in the foreground, each a wonderful study in attitude, and there is something lavish in this concentration. Pan, for all his shaggy legs and cloven hoofs, is a beautiful youth. The prone figure may be Bacchus, and the woman next him is Venus perhaps. With the youth at Pan's left hand they are playing a trio of pipes. On the staff which Venus holds is a little label with the legend "Luca Cortonen," for Luca Cortonensis—of Cortona, the town where Luca was born about 1441.

This artist studied under Piero della Francesca, and his frescoes of the "Last Judgment" in the cathedral at Orvieto influenced Michelangelo and became almost as great an artistic example as the classic frescoes of Masaccio. Signorelli had political abilities, too, and was a member of the Great Council of Cortona. He died in 1523. (***)

Anton Mauve
MILKING TIME

ATTRACTED very strongly by his own countryside while still a boy, it is on record that the young Anton celebrated his fifteenth birthday by making off into the fields to sketch cows. As he grew up he reached an artistic as well as a natural adolescence, finding that it was not enough to copy nature like a camera lens, but to see that desired revelation which is the reward of all art and convey it, by his own personal method, to the canvas and so to the world at large.

In "Milking Time" we get a representative picture of his maturity, so far as technique is concerned, though this particular example is not charged with that melancholy which was a part of the artist's nature—he was a man of frail constitution—and which is usually associated with his work. Rather we find a generous landscape, steeped in afternoon and bounded by the rich, yellow dunes which keep the pastures of this part of Holland from the sea. The cattle are painted with the understanding of one to whom they were an object of lifelong and daily scrutiny. The slender branch which stretches over them and is close to our eyes, subtly emphasises the immense distance of sky beyond.

Laura Knight
DRESSING FOR THE BALLET

WE have seen over and over again how various men have represented the feminine nude idealistically, realistically, delicately or boldly. Now we are to see the woman's point of view. There is something subtly different in it, but whether this difference is one between artist and artist or man and woman is a nice point. It is the directness with which the artist has kept to her purpose which is largely responsible for the attention she commands. Not only in treatment, but in the matter of sheer space, the central figure is arresting. The half-naked body of the dancer comes very near the frame with her head and almost touches it with her veiled foot. And the rendering of line and pose and expression are as strong and vivid in every detail as the whole arrangement of the composition. The modelling of the body itself is almost cold in its dispassionateness and depth of insight. We are not offered, as a primary consideration, charm, or piquancy, or grace. We are shown a woman of the ballet, at a startlingly short distance, nothing more and not one whit less. Mrs. Laura Knight studied at the Nottingham School of Art, and her pictures are to be seen in the British and Victoria and Albert Museums, and in the art galleries of the principal English and Dominion cities. She was elected A.R.A. in November 1927.

Ruisdael
LANDSCAPE WITH A WATERFALL

OF Constable's landscapes one might say that they were homely: Claude's landscapes were filled with light. But when we come to the Dutchman, Ruisdael, everything is seen from a very different point of view. There is the poetic instinct behind his brush just as much as in the case of Claude or Constable, but the results are surcharged with a certain weight of melancholy and a sombre strength which we find in some others of his countrymen. Ruisdael seems to have felt some sad analogy in the way of the falling water, in the dead tree, prone after some storm, its topmost branches which lately waved so high lying there sodden. The lonely hut of some woodman, the frail-looking trestle bridge and the mountain which brings the scene to a climax, all stress the same feeling that nature stimulated melancholy rather than joy in the artist's heart. But it is a beautiful melancholy.

Fra Filippo Lippi
VIRGIN ADORING CHILD

AMONG the painters of the Quattrocento Fra Filippo is important because his influence can be traced in the work of the two great generations which succeeded him. It is enough here to point out the rendering of the Virgin's face to see a distinct resemblance to the Botticelli type. The conception is full of charm. The Infant is carried by two cherubs, of whom one is hidden save for the face. The other turns a frank and charming smile to us and the Mother regards her Son with that subtly mystic elusiveness which we see in the faces of some of Andrea del Sarto's pictures. Fra Filippo Lippi, who must not be confused with his son, Filippino, was the son of a butcher and born about 1406. He entered the Carmelite community at Florence and there studied his art. It is said that he abducted a nun, and it was their child who became the famous Filippino. (C.P)

Sir William Orchardson
THE YOUNG DUKE

COSTUME pieces require as careful handling on canvas as on the stage. It is not enough to assemble a number of "properties," archaeologically correct, and leave them to create the necessary atmosphere. That will only appeal, if it appeals at all, to those who have little feeling for the incongruous and even less imagination. It would be as though one devised clothes to walk and talk. A feeling for the spirit of other times is essential, and this Orchardson possessed besides the knowledge accumulated by a study of his subject. He gives us here the climax of a banquet in the middle eighteenth century, with the gallant guests in attitudes only possible in this early stage of the proceedings and which will grow more uncertain and at last impossible as other toasts and bottles are dealt with.

Quentin Metsys
PORTRAIT OF AEGIDIUS

AEGIDIUS is the Latinised form of the Greek name Aigidios, and legend says that a person bearing the latter designation, an Athenian of royal descent, gave away his riches, took ship, landed at Marseilles, became a hermit and eventually founded an abbey. The name became contracted into Gil, whence the French formed Gilles and the English Giles. The subject of Metsys' portrait was Peter Gillis, yet another form of the name, who was municipal clerk at Antwerp early in the sixteenth century and a friend of the painter's. Presumably the classical form of his name was used for his portrait as a compliment. This portrait appeared at the Exhibition of Flemish Art held at Burlington House in 1927, and illustrates the transition in Flemish painting between Van der Goes and the culminating work of Rubens. The mysticism and naïve simplicity of the early masters has given way to assurance and a more human touch, and the detail, while carefully executed, is subordinate to the composition as a whole, and especially to the personal part of it. Metsys died in the year 1530. (C.P)

Sir William Orpen
THE SIGNING OF PEACE, 1919

WHEREAS most pictures of such historical events are painted item by item, the room first put on canvas and then peopled by an assemblage of portraits, Sir William Orpen was actually present at the signing of the peace, and painted there and then. The solemn and slightly pompous air which many such pictures have is entirely absent. We have a work of art first; an historical incident afterwards. The treatment is remarkable. The tall walls of the Hall of Mirrors so dwarf the clustered statesmen that we might wonder if the artist conceived these men as so many marionettes in the tragi-comedy of history. The old, uneven mirrors reflect the tall windows at the artist's back, and break the reflections into weird patterns.

Dr. Johannes Bell is in the act of signing, and another German delegate, Hermann Müller, is leaning on the back of his chair. At the table from left to right are General Tasker Bliss, Colonel House, Henry White, Robert Lansing, President Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Bonar Law, Arthur Balfour, Viscount Milner, G. N. Barnes and the Japanese delegate, the Marquis Saionzi. (C)

Mrs. Dod Procter
MORNING

As an essay in the possibilities of painting considered as a plastic art, "Morning" must hold our interest. The experiment may be said to have been successful, furthermore, since this was the most discussed picture in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1927, or perhaps of any Exhibition since the War. In London and the provinces thousands went to see it. It served, in short, to draw the attention of the public to the possibilities rather than the banalities of art: to register, as a kind of challenge, that an artist may paint for the intellect as well as for the senses. Perhaps the first impression one receives is that the distinction between flesh and drapery is not so marked as custom suggests. The girl's body and the materials that enwrap it are treated almost exclusively as form, and the bed which supports her, with its own components, is like the pedestal of the statue.

The implication that there is beauty so near our eyes that we repeatedly fail to see it—in, say, the fold of a sheet; or the curve of a limb, quite apart from personality—is, broadcast in this way, an attempt to increase the fullness of existence which is surely worth the making.

Van Dyck
MADONNA WITH DONORS

Pictures of religious subjects which included the person or persons who commissioned them, so popular in previous eras, were not often painted when Van Dyck made his "Madonna with Donors." In reviving this old practice he was particularly felicitous, since he was primarily a portrait-painter, and was thus able to fulfil his commission for a religious subject, in which he had to recognize superiors among the artists of his own day, by including portraiture, in which he was supreme. While religious painting was not his strong point his Madonnas are always telling, and if his Holy Child has not the supreme conviction with which Rubens would have endowed that small figure, three out of the four principals in the composition are undoubtedly masterpieces. The picture was finished about 1627–30 at Antwerp, after his return from his extensive foreign tour in England and Italy. The expressions on the faces of Mother and Child and the response of the donor are full of artistic insight. The donor's wife, however, while her person has a place in the composition, seems entirely removed from it in sentiment.

Lawrence
MASTER LAMBTON

John George Lambton (1792–1840), first Earl of Durham, had two sons, of whom the elder, Charles William, forms the subject of this celebrated portrait by Lawrence. The sitter survived the painter by less than two years, dying at the age of thirteen, on Christmas Eve, 1831. It was part of Lawrence's success that he never made an unflattering likeness, and he has, in this case, taken every advantage of that delicacy which often enhances the looks of children and which was to prove fatal for poor Master Lambton. Indeed there is something girlish about the soft oval face and the lines of the figure: something a little reminiscent of one of Greuze's shy creatures. Perhaps it was to offset this that the artist posed the child on such bold masses of rock and gave a hint of a rather forbidding landscape in the background. (C.D)

Millais
SIR ISUMBRAS AT THE FORD

Medieval romance has among its crowd of heroes a certain knight, Ysumbras or Isenbras, who wrought much havoc in the Holy Land among the infidels, and was considered to be a man of prowess. He became puffed up and presumptuous with success and was in consequence haunted, like Job, with a number of afflictions until his mind achieved that gentleness which his knighthood demanded. Millais illustrates the story of him which tells that, when advanced in years, he was riding one evening by a river and found two children gathering sticks. Sir Isumbras therefore carried them home. At the moment of the picture he has just forded the river and the horse is about to clamber the bank.

Bouguereau
CHARITY

This is, after "Vierge Consolatrice," which we reproduced in our first volume, the best known of Bouguereau's paintings. In the treatment of the figures and the background are those pseudo-classical tendencies which engaged his whole attention. His inspiration was an entirely sentimental one, and he set to work with great concentration and much determined energy to paint pictures in which every detail must be studied for its own sake and flavoured with the revived classicism of the middle nineteenth century. Much of his work consisted of decoration in private houses on the theme of the frescoes of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

Ford Madox Brown
CHRIST WASHING ST. PETER'S FEET

Though he never joined the brotherhood, Madox Brown was always in close touch with the Pre-Raphaelites, and in some ways his ideals in art coincided closely with theirs. It is significant, in this connection, that Dante Gabriel Rossetti came to him and asked to be his pupil. When William Morris was working for Morris Faulkner & Co., Madox Brown designed a quantity of stained glass for the firm. Into his "Christ Washing St. Peter's Feet" he has put all his striving for the psychology of character and his feeling for costume and drapery. The central figures are dramatic in their power, and a telling piece of subsidiary interest is the figure of Judas, at the corner of the table, stooping down to unloose his sandal and so take Peter's place.

La Thangue
GATHERING PLUMS

Norfolk, Sussex, Provence—this orchard might be in any one of these places, for La Thangue spent much time and paint in all of them. In Norfolk he lived at North Walsham, in Sussex at Rye, Bosham, and then Graffham, not far from Petworth. "Gathering Plums" is typical of his later work. He devoted himself almost exclusively to outdoor painting, and became more and more attracted by the infinite effects of sunlight. Here we see it sparkling through the close leaves of the orchard and stippling the grass with gold. The pickers are presumably employing themselves with windfalls after the crop has been picked from the trees. The arrangement of the variously slanting boles and the contour of the ground are a fair setting for this artistic sun-worship.

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NOWELL	The Expulsion of Adam and Eve	I. K
OLSSON	Sunset at Land's End	I. L
ORCHARDSON	The Young Duke	II. Y
ORPEN	The Signing of Peace, 1919 (C)	II. Y
PARTON	Bracken and Birch	II. R
,,	The Waning of the Year	I. M
PATINIR	Heaven and Hell (C)	II. T
PERUGINO	The Vision of St. Bernard (P)	II. P
PETTIE	The Vigil	II. Q
PINTURICCHIO	Apollo and Marsyas (C.P)	II. X
POUSSIN, Gaspar	Landscape (C)	I. C
POUSSIN, Nicholas	Shepherds of Arcadia	I. K
POYNTER	A Visit to Aesculapius	II. U
,,	Outward Bound	II. R
PROCTER, Mrs. Dod	Morning	II. Y
PRUDHON	Empress Josephine (P)	I. G
PUVIS DE CHAVANNES	Repose (H)	II. V
,, ,,	St. Geneviève (C)	II. T
RAEBURN	Macnab of Macnab (C)	II. P
RAPHAEL	La Belle Jardinière (P)	II. W
,,	Parnassus (H)	II. V
,,	Sistine Madonna (C.H.P)	I. E
,,	The Ansidei Madonna (P)	I. F
,,	The Transfiguration (P)	II. P
REMBRANDT	Danaë (C)	II. R
,,	Disciples at Emmaus (H.P)	I. E
,,	Man in Armour	I. F
,,	Return of the Prodigal (H.P)	II. O
,,	Saskia (C.P)	II. W
,,	Self-Portrait (H.P)	II. S
,,	The Anatomy Lesson (H.P)	II. T
,,	The Mill (C.H.P)	II. U
,,	The Syndics of the Clothmakers (C.H.P)	I. C
,,	The Woman Taken in Adultery (P)	I. B
RENI, Guido	Ecce Homo	I. L
REYNOLDS	Diana Viscountess Crosbie (H.P)	II. U
,,	Duchess of Devonshire and Her Baby (C)	I. A
,,	Duke of Gloucester	I. K
,,	Heads of Angels (C.H.P)	II. P
,,	Laurence Sterne (H.P)	II. R
,,	Mrs. Siddons as Tragic Muse (P)	I. D
,,	Nelly O'Brien (H.P)	II. Q
,,	The Age of Innocence (Colour)	II. W
RICHMOND	Venus and Anchises	II. W
RIVIERE, Briton	Circe	II. X
ROMNEY	Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante (C.H)	I. H
ROSSELLI	Amor and Castitas (C)	II. N
ROSSETTI	Dante's Dream (C)	I. B
ROUSSEAU	Sunset at Fontainebleau (P)	II. O
ROUSSEL	The Reading Girl	II. V
RUBENS	Ambrosio Spinola (H.P)	II. V
,,	Descent from the Cross (P)	I. I
,,	Helena Fourment (C.H.P)	II. O
,,	Judgement of Paris	I. G
,,	Landscape at Sunset (H)	II. R
,,	The Artist's Two Sons (C.H)	I. E
,,	The Garland of Fruit	I. K
,,	The Rape of the Sabines (H.P)	I. M
RUISDAEL	Castle Bentheim (C)	I. E
,,	Landscape	II. Y
,,	Mill at Wijk (H)	II. O
,,	Old Trees in the Marshes	I. K
SADLER	Thursday (Col.)	II. R
SARGENT	Carmencita	I. A
,,	"Gassed" (C)	II. U
SIGNORELLI, L.	Pan (C.H.P)	II. X
SOLOMON, S. J.	An Allegory	II. N
SOMERSCALES	Off Valparaiso (Colour)	I. K
STEVENS	Mrs. Collmann (H)	II. S
SWAN, John M.	On the Alert	II. T
TERBURG	A Duet (C.H)	I. A
TIEPOLO	Antony and Cleopatra (P)	I. G
TINTORETTO	St. George and the Dragon (P)	II. U
,,	The Miracle of St. Mark (C.H.P)	I. H
TITIAN	Ariosto (P)	II. P
,,	Bacchus and Ariadne (H.P)	I. I
,,	Diana and Callisto (P)	II. T
TITIAN	Pietà (H.P)	II. V
,,	Sacred and Profane Love (C.H.P)	I. M
,,	Venus and Adonis	II. Q
TROYON	Oxen going to Plough	II. T
TURNER	The Fighting Temeraire (C.P)	I. F
,,	Ulysses deriding Polyphemus (H.P)	I. H
UCCELLO	The Rout of San Romano (H)	II. S
VAN DER GOES	Adoration of the Shepherds (C.P)	II. T
VAN DER NEER	Winter Landscape	II. X
VAN DE VELDE	Dairy Farm (C)	I. I
VAN DE VELDE, W. (The Younger)	The Cannon Shot	I. C
VAN DYCK	Charles I (H)	I. A
,, ,,	Madonna with Donors	II. Y
,, ,,	Maria Luigia de Tassis (C.H)	I. H
,, ,,	Portrait of an Old Man (C.H.P)	II. X
VAN EYCK, Hubert	Adoration of the Lamb (H.P)	II. U
,, ,,	The Three Marys (C.P)	II. X
VAN EYCK, Jan.	Jean Arnolfini and His Wife (H)	I. I
,, ,, Hubert and Jan	Angels Singing and Playing (P)	II. Q
VELASQUEZ	Aesop (P)	II. N
,,	Infanta Margareta (H)	I. M
,,	Infante Philip Prosper (C.H.P)	II. V
,,	Marquess Alexander del Borro	I. A
,,	Philip IV (H.P)	I. K
,,	Innocent X (H.P)	I. F
,,	Prince Don Baltasar Carlos (H)	II. R
,,	The Spinners (H.P)	I. E
,,	The Surrender of Breda (C.H.P)	I. C
,,	Venus and Cupid (Colour) (C.H)	I. I
VERMEER	Delft (C.H)	II. R
,,	Lady Tasting Wine	I. A
,,	The Artist in His Studio (H)	I. I
VERONESE	St. Helena (C.H.P)	I. M
,,	The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian (P)	II. S
,,	The Marriage at Cana	II. W
WATERHOUSE	Echo and Narcissus	II. S
,,	Hylas and the Nymphs (Colour)	I. E
,,	The Lady of Shalott	II. O
WATTEAU	Embarkation for Cythera (C.H.P)	I. F
,,	Fête Champêtre (H)	I. D
WATTS	Hope (Colour) (C)	II. O
,,	Love and Life	I. H
WHISTLER	Miss Alexander (H)	I. D
,,	Portrait of the Painter's Mother (C)	I. B
,,	The Piano (H)	I. L
,,	Thomas Carlyle	II. X
WYLLIE, W. L.	Blake and Van Tromp	II. Q
YEAMES	When did you last see your Father?	I. E

ERRATA:—Text I. D. De Hooch. "Courtyard of a Dutch House," line 12—*for* A.D.H. A.D. 1685 *read* P.D.H. A°. 1658: Frank Dicksee. "The Symbol," last line—*for* 1929 *read* 1924. Picture. Van Eyck. "Angels Singing and Playing"—*for* Berlin: Kaiser-Friedrich-Museum *read* Ghent: St. Bavon.

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