

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF FORTUNY AND REGNAULT.

OUR short, stormy voyage from Gibraltar is done. The waves are playing at cup and ball with our steamer, while boats are swarming about us, manned by villainous-faced orientals, gibing, shrieking, and swearing in Arabic, as the surges bring the boats to a level with the deck, and then, sinking suddenly, suck them under the paddle. Swart hands clutch at the ropes, linen-trowsered legs kick in the air, as the boats sink away from under, until finally, after more vociferation and blasphemy, we are boarded by what appears to be a band of Riff pirates, who fight frantically for our baggage, and, seizing our persons as unceremoniously, thrust us into the skiffs rising and falling in the boiling sea. Lusty arms pull stoutly, and as the boat mounts the crest of a breaker, we catch the domed and minareted silhouette of an oriental city sparkling in the sunlight. The whole population seems to have crowded to the quay to see us land. With wrenched arms the gentlemen are hoisted to the platform, while a single unhappy woman waits in the stern until the boatmen in the prow finish a fight which is to determine the rightful recipient of the landing money; then we reach a grand stretch of ocean beach, and see, sitting cross-legged at the entering in of the city-gate, a Moor of noble aspect, with snowy beard and turban, who listens with calm, impassive face to the shrieks of the boatmen, clamoring for more money, and dominates the tumult by a wave of the hand, which bids us enter the city.

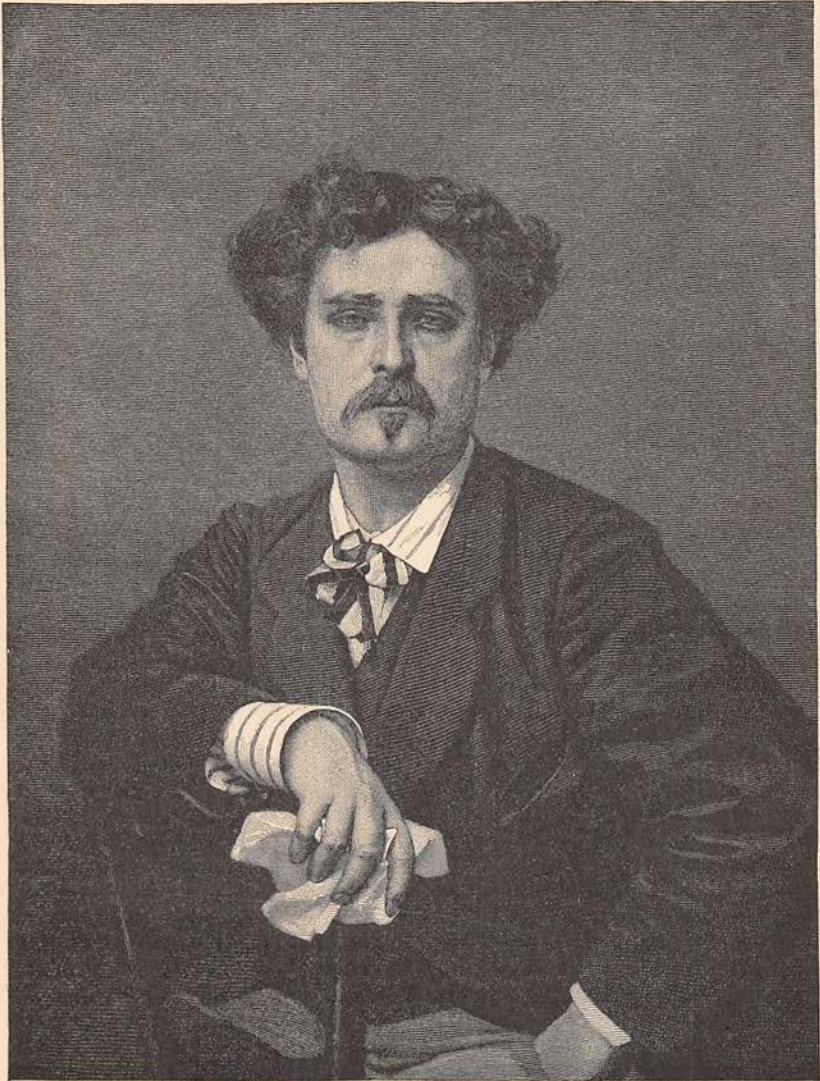
Narrow streets, veiled women drawing the *yasmak* close with henna-tipped fingers, and glancing at us curiously with one *kohl* black eye, jostling crowds, spangled tile-fronted gateways, a high-stepping horse led by a half-naked groom, camels, donkeys, jet-black negroes, wild Arab sheiks from the desert, luxurious Moors and shabby Jews—a carnival masquerade with a background of Eastern architecture—a leaf from the Arabian Nights—Tangier!

Little by little our eyes accustomed themselves to this kaleidoscope of color, and we returned to the hotel less bewildered and more delighted from each walk. We were in the last days of the month Ramazan—the sacred moon of fasting for the Mussulman; from sunrise to sunset not a morsel of food, no sip of water, no puff of his beloved peace-pipe, must pass his famished lips. Daily, in the market-place, women sat surrounded by

luscious, tempting heaps of purple figs and bursting pomegranates—looking wistfully with thirsty eyes at the fruit they sold but could not taste. Men lingered as they passed the tobacco bazar, inhaling the forbidden aroma with distended nostrils. More cruel still must be the ordeal for the faithful Mohammedan who, Tantalus-like, goes through the prescribed ablutions in the scorching heat of day without allowing a drop of the water to pass his determined lips. At night there was a sound of revelry and feasting, which was at its height just before the dawn, as the devotees fortified themselves for the fast of the day. Ramazan has one important compensation, however: he who dies this month, though he be the vilest criminal, is sure of heaven.

The bazars were a panorama of never-failing interest. Being mere boxes, the entire fronts open to the street, and hardly large enough for the entrance of the purchaser, the merchant seemed to have taken his seat in his show-window, and it was hard to realize that the shop itself was not somewhere behind. The silversmith sat in his little niche, hung around with massive chains and bands of clinking coins, bangles and ear-rings, anklets and hair-clasps, filigree ornaments, amulets, and round salvers of every size, decorated with hand-hammered *repoussé* work of arabesque design. The merchant himself might have been mistaken for a central bit of bric-à-brac, had he not been hard at work patiently engraving a bracelet with designs handed down from the chief jeweler to Her Majesty the Princess Badroulbadour. The bazar of spices might have been quartered bodily in a New England pantry. The bazar of soaps and scented oils adjoining the bath breathed a mixed perfume suggestive of attar of roses, sandal-wood, jasmine of Aleppo, water-lilies of Damascus, long-enduring musk, orange-flower water, shaving-soap, and pomatum. More pungent odors announced the presence of the tobacco and snuff bazar, while that of sweetmeats reminded us of the feasts of the Arabian Nights, for any of these slices of candied fruit might be Othmanee quinces, peaches of Oman, Sultanee citrons, or Egyptian limes.

There was an obvious evil side to the picture. The streets were villainously dirty, and fever, the daughter of filth, had found her way into the noisome dens of the lower classes. Unsalubrious smells came up from the sea-



MARIANO FORTUNY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAVURE, BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO.)

shore, the depository for the offal and garbage of the city. The only scavengers were the flies, which settled in black clouds on man, beast, food, and refuse. And the vicious Barbary flies were not the only Egyptian plagues which had found their way to this western corner of Africa.

The mob cared not to incommode themselves by turning aside for "Christian dogs"; but we found a coign of vantage in a niche beside the southern city-gate, where, safe for the moment from donkey-paniers and the shoulders and elbows of Islam, we could watch the succession of pictures presented. The slender tower of the Djmah, model in small of the Seville Giralda, flashed back the sunlight from its glazed tiles of malachite-green at the end of the street; the broken blue tiling about a fountain at the right formed another sparkling background, and the passing crowd made scenes of inexhaustible variety of form and color.

Just without the gate was the Soc, or market-place, crowded with wild-looking creatures—women from the interior, with coarse straw-hats with flapping brims, often two yards in circumference, crouched upon the stones beside piles of melons and other fruit. Everywhere the mellow, light-brown color of desert sand harmonized the more garish contrast of azure sky, glaring white walls, and the infinite costume tints. An English artist in Africa has noted the tendency of the most violent colors to arrange themselves harmoniously—a boy in deep red and spotless white, carrying upon his head a basket-tray of purple grapes or figs; a negro hag from the Sus, with a handkerchief of turquoise-blue twisted about her ebony face, sitting with her lap full of oranges and citrons. They were all here, while a noisy, surging crowd hurried backward and forward, buying and vending every possible commodity, from dates to donkeys.

We passed on to the part of the grounds devoted to the camels. They had come from long distances, and looked travel-worn and weary, while their faces wore a lugubrious expression of sullen mournfulness that was irresistibly mirth-inspiring. The under-lip drooped in obdurate pout, genuine tears trickled down the side of the nose, while the beast uttered a complaining, snuffling bray more like an Irish wail than any other articulate sound. If the jubilant trumpet-note of the donkey could be subdued to tears, it would resemble the cry of a sulky camel. On another side of the Soc was an encampment of Arab pilgrims, on their way to Mecca. Their tents of dirty striped blankets formed an effective background for the women preparing, over smoky gipsy fires, the evening meal of

cuscusu, a kind of mush of most unappetizing appearance. It was not quite sunset, and they regarded their untouched porridge, some of it burning and some of it cooling, with hungry, waiting eyes. A very handsome baby boy threw kisses to us, and ran forward for pennies. His mother and grandmother joined in the same salutation, kissing also the coins given. Facing the sunset stood many grave, white-turbaned men, with dark, sharp features, a small prayer-rug spread before each, their hands lifted with open palm, as though warming them in the slant beams of the sun. It was the oriental attitude of prayer; they were waiting only for the great fiery ball to sink below the horizon to fall upon their carpets in prayer, obeying the injunction of the Koran to pray at night and morning, since "the shadows prostrate themselves before the Merciful at the extremities of the day."

It was not from any love of Morocco that we had come to this strange country. We had spent the summer on pilgrimage, following through the length of Spain the footsteps of two prophets of the beautiful to this Mecca of their hearts. Everywhere we had found traces of Fortuny and Regnault—studios which they had occupied, models from whom they had painted, friends who worshiped their memory. But here in Tangier the rays seemed to concentrate as under a burning-glass. Their paintings became *tableaux vivants*: figures and costumes which they had made familiar were grouped in the same attitude and combinations of color. Something, however, was lacking in these living pictures, and nature had not quite the charm of their marvelous art.

We wandered on, pausing now before the rich rugs from Tunis, which, draping the niche of the carpet merchant, brought to mind at once Fortuny's "Marchand de Tapis"; now at the slipper bazar, where we remembered our intention to purchase a bit of genuine Morocco leather, with which to bind a history of Fortuny's life, with a few reproductions of his etchings. We were offered a choice of several kinds of their unsurpassed leather: the green from Tafilet, ordinarily used for cases for the Koran (Fortuny in one of his letters refers to an Arabic manuscript with an envelope of Tafilete); the rich red from Fez, employed largely in the ornate saddles and trappings; and the unapproachable yellow of Morocco proper, which, although it is devoted to the menial slipper, we preferred because its peculiar tint seemed more distinctively Moorish than any other.

We were constantly recognizing with delight Fortuny's riot of sunshine, and occasionally in the sinister faces about us we caught a

hint of Regnault's tragedies. In Ramazan the Moslems are even more fanatical than at other seasons, and their hatred for the Giaour shows itself more unreservedly. An artist friend told us that, traveling in the interior, he was frequently stoned by the children, who were evidently instigated to the act by their parents. At one time he saw a beautiful boy thrust out of a house by a pair of black hands. The child threw a missile, and sprang back with a terrified expression upon his countenance, which showed that he would not have ventured out of his own accord. The cruelty of the Moor, on which Regnault insisted so strongly, is not more apparent in his paintings than here. They are as cruel to each other as to strangers. An execution is described by Sir Drummond Hay which, in its blood-curdling horror, surpasses Regnault's terrible painting at the Luxembourg. The Khalifeh-allah-fichalkihi, or Vicegerent of God upon Earth, as the Sultan is styled, is an absolute despot, and takes away the life of a subject without accounting for the deed to any one. We were told by a European who had enjoyed the favor of the Sultan that, on one occasion, while waiting in the court of the palace for an audience, he saw a sheik received by the Sultan with every appearance of cordiality, and presented by him with a magnificent saddle. While the sheik was bowing his thanks the Sultan made an almost imperceptible gesture to some black soldiers, who seized the unsuspecting man, hurried him into the court, and decapitated him before the eyes of the horror-stricken European. It was an *Execution sans Jugement*, with all the revolting characteristics and none of the dignity of Regnault's picture of that title, which, with all its horrible details fixed in the memory by the mordant of rich colors, is still the greatest ever painted at Tangier.

The gayer aspects of oriental life also appealed to Regnault. His "Sortie du Pacha de Tanger" is remarkable for its dash, in color and design. The Pasha, in a turban and bur-noose of white camel's-hair, is seated upon a white horse decked with rose-colored trappings, and is followed by Moorish cavaliers in delicately contrasting and harmonizing colors. His harem interiors are equally successful, and a rare opportunity was afforded us for studying the *locale* of these pictures in a visit of ceremony which we paid one morning to the Pasha of Tangier. Our way was by a long and winding lane, bordered with whispering canes and hedges of aloe, which, gently gnashing a bayonet song as the wind rattled their formidable arms, reminded us that there were murderous types in the animal and vegetable, as well as in the human, world around us. Suddenly the

lane lost itself in a tangle of buildings, and, admitted into the Hall of Justice, we waited while the guard sent a negro slave in quest of the Pasha. We had brought an interpreter, and knowing that European ladies were sometimes allowed to visit the harem of his eminence, we commissioned our man of words to request this favor. The Pasha, a handsome man of apparently sixty years of age, stepped from an arched door-way, and, with many a flirt and flutter of his voluminous muslin draperies, seated himself on the rug-covered divan at the upper end of the apartment. We rose and made a *salam* respectfully, and Antonio, our courier, made known our petition, adorning it with many flowers of his own imagination. The distinguished guests before him, he informed the Pasha, were of the highest nobility of America, intimate friends of Generals Grant and Washington,—the only two Americans, doubtless, with whose names the Pasha was familiar.

Our request was granted, and the lady friend of Washington was led away by a diminutive Nubian in the direction of the seraglio. I entered a beautiful court, surrounded by porticoes supported by antique pillars dug from Roman ruins, and used in the construction of this palace just as the Cordovan Moors utilized the columns of the Caesars in their mosque. Some of these fine monoliths may have antedated the Romans, though I saw nothing of the inscription of which Procopius writes, as existing, in the Phœnician language, upon two white marble pillars at Tangier—"We are the Canaanites who fled from Joshua, the son of Nun, that notorious robber." The inscription might easily have been there and have escaped my notice among the many objects of interest which claimed it on every hand. A fountain occupied the center of the tile-paved court, an old woman was praying devoutly upon a rug beside it, while, from an alcove across the court, issued the musical voices of the ladies of the Pasha. Elegantly dressed in Eastern fashion, in purple, green, and gold vests, brocade caf-tans, and variegated scarfs, with silk handkerchiefs knotted about their black braids, they were seated upon a raised divan and engaged in sifting corn-meal, which lay piled in golden drifts upon a sheet stretched across the floor. They received me cordially, a slave bringing a European chair for me to sit upon. Our medium of conversation was a little broken Spanish and a copious use of the sign-language. A beautiful little boy of three came and regarded me wonderingly. His head was shaved, with the exception of a spot behind one ear, from which depended a single curl—the lock of youth of Egypt; to keep the

equilibrium, two large hoop ear-rings, adorned with a single turquoise, were inserted in the opposite ear. His name they told me was Selim. He received a coin with sublime indifference, and continued his inspection of the strange lady's costume. The Pasha's harem consisted of ladies of varying ages. Here were wrinkled crones,—his matrimonial outfit at the beginning of his uxorious career,—comfortable women in the prime of life, devoted to smoke and sweetmeats, and the *odalisque* of sixteen, already two years a wife. They pitied the lonely life in a "harem of one," and felt a strong sympathy for the poor American wives, with no sister favorites to share their solitude and aid them about their household affairs. In this princely house, where there was food and finery enough for all, the bevy of wives seemed to live together with a merry good-fellowship, but we heard of poorer families where the state of affairs was not so paradisaical. On the occasion of a new addition to the seraglio, the older wives are stripped of their jewelry to bedeck the bride, and loud is the cry of lamentation—Badoura bewailing her bangles, and Zumroud weeping for her anklets. One of the favorites took me by the hand, and led me over the building—to the Pasha's own apartment, sumptuous with decorated ceiling and rich carpets, to their own plainer rooms, and to the neglected garden, where my guide filled my hands with flowers from the tangled bushes which had covered the walks, and where the bees found the honey with which they had filled the hollow capitals of some carved columns of the arcade. On bidding adieu to the ladies, they exerted themselves with one accord to prevent my departure; the chair was brought forward, I was pushed toward it with gentle insistence, and had quite to tear myself away. As I crossed the pavement, their intention was explained by the appearance of a small Nubian, who darted before me clashing together a pair of tiny coffee-cups, decorated with a red-and-gold arabesque ornamentation, which gave them a resemblance to Kaga ware. A delicious odor of coffee aided the explanation: they wished me to remain and partake of refreshments. Not wishing to keep the party in the Hall of Judgment longer waiting, and hardly knowing whether it would be etiquette, as it would certainly not be kindness, to eat and drink in their presence during their time of fasting, I declined their courtesy and took my leave. The coffee of Morocco, as of most Mohammedan countries, is excellent. Moorish tea is not so palatable, being a mixed infusion of green tea, mint, and verbena, with sufficient sugar to render the consistency almost that of

sirup. We had been warned of the strange messes before entering the country. One artist friend assured us that a ragout frequently served him was flavored with frangipanni, which so reminded him of a cousin, at home, who used the perfume, that he never tasted of the dish without an unpleasant feeling that he was eating his relative. Signor Edmondo de Amicis reports the flavoring of a dinner as unpleasantly suggestive of toilet perfumes, and gives an amusing *ménù*:

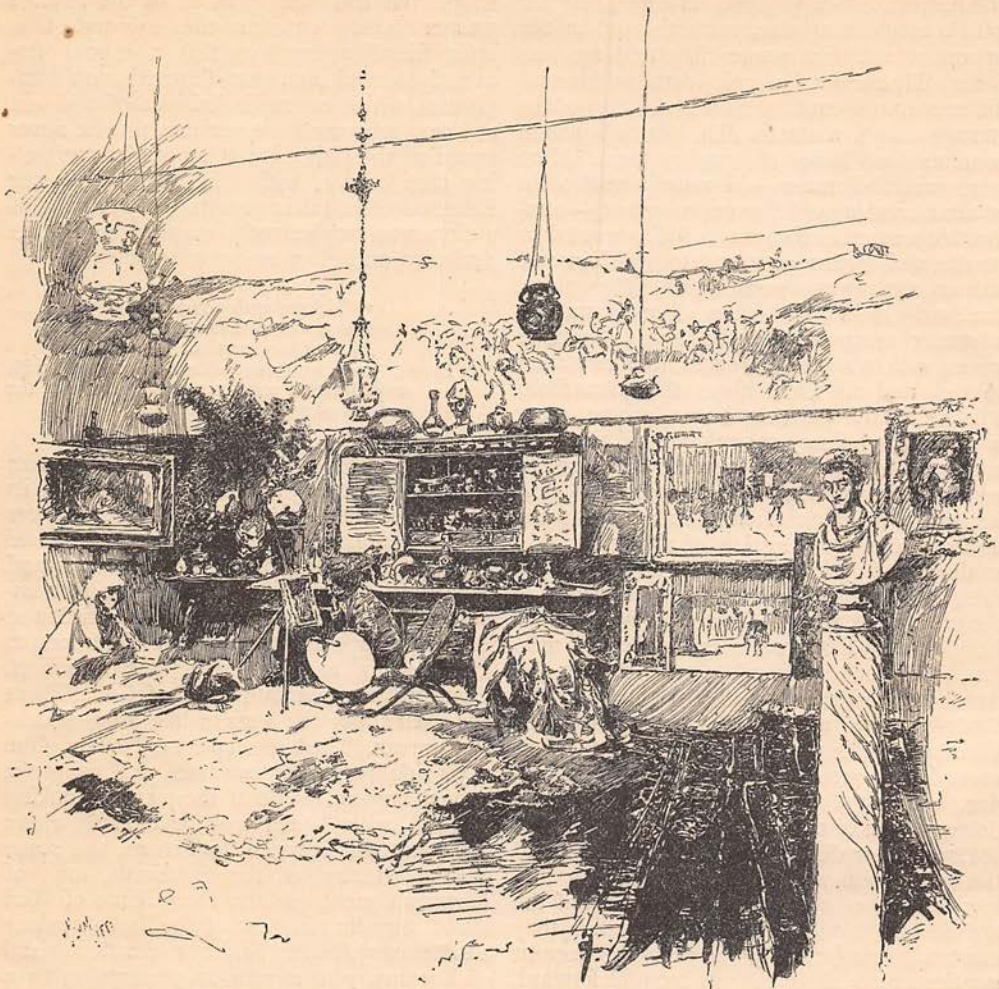
"Chickens with pomatum.

Game with cold cream.

Fish with cosmetics.

Livers, puddings, vegetables, salads, all with some dreadful combination suggestive of the barber's shop."

Tangier itself is a daughter of the corsair; it is a walled town, and the heavy guns of its citadel command the harbor. The ravages of the pirates of the Riff have been abolished through the efforts of the United States and of Austria, France, and Spain—the last nation, in the campaign which Fortuny followed in 1859, compelling the Sultan of Morocco to exercise his authority over these robbers. Eastward the mountain chain of Gebel Muza lifts itself above the horizon like a far-stretching caravan. The highest peak is Tetuan. One day's ride by donkey or camel, or, if we prefer a rough voyage, in one of the piratical-looking feluccas, with lateen sails, that skulk along the coast, will bring us to Tetuan, the scene of the victory of the Spaniards, and of Fortuny's great picture, the "Battle of Wad Ras." Standing in front of the Pasha's palace and treasury, Señor Tapiro, a devoted friend of Fortuny, who is with us, presents us to a Moorish soldier, one of the Sultan's guard, who was a servant of Fortuny, and also, doubtless, a model, though this we dared not ask, for such service would have been a transgression of the Mohammedan law. Such a horror had Mohammed for idolatry that the Mosaic command, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image," etc., was even more strictly enforced than among the Hebrews. The Moslems believe that, at the Judgment Day, artists will be required to furnish with souls all representations of human beings which they have made, and, failing in this requirement, will lose their own souls as a forfeit for their presumptuous imitation of the work of the Creator. For a man holding such a belief, this tall, grave soldier evinced a somewhat peculiar interest in the sacrilegious and almost idolatrous artist. He took a ring which Señor Tapiro handed him, and looked long and reverently at a lock of Fortuny's hair pre-



FORTUNY'S STUDIO IN PARIS. (PEN-SKETCH, BY R. BLUM, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

served within it, and then returned it silently as though it were a sacred amulet.

From the treasury we passed to the prison, the inmates of which eagerly offered the baskets and mats which they were braiding, through the narrow wicket, and begged us to buy. As we came out under the rough cane trellis, covered with blossoming passion-vine, we met a woman toiling up the steep hill, with a baby at her breast. She was coming to take her husband's place in prison, for his labor could support the other children at home, while hers could not, and Moorish justice allows of this vicarious punishment. She humbly kissed the coin given her, and hid it in her bosom, and the baby clutched at the white petals of the passion-flowers as she disappeared within the prison doors.

During the day, other relics than the Pasha's pillars of the ancient Roman city of Tingis

presented themselves. A mosaic pavement had been discovered while excavating a cellar, and we passed through a house to see it. Pompeian in style, and very extensive, it seemed to have been the floor of a triclinium, or dining-room.

In our walks about the city, we saw several *santos*, or lunatics, who, in Morocco, are adored as saints. One, a most repulsive creature, was evidently idiotic; the other, arrayed in an elaborate costume, tricked out with a string of amulets formed of wild beasts' teeth, bits of scarlet flannel, gay feathers, fangs, beads, strips of snake-skin, shells, broken pieces of gay porcelain, and other nondescript objects, had a face of cunning, but with no maniac glare in the eye. He was evidently an impostor, profiting by the generally received notion that Allah had withdrawn his soul to live in heaven, while the mindless body still continued to inhabit the earth.

These lunatics receive the donations of the pious, and are indulged in all their fancies, which are often extremely absurd. One, we were told, insisted upon promenading the seashore with a chaplet of vine-leaves crowning his head,—this bacchanalian adornment constituting his sole costume.

We threaded the narrow streets of the Jews' quarter, and heard boyish voices chanting joyously in the synagogue, on our way to Regnault's studio. The exterior is not remarkable, but after stumbling through a long, dark entry, you emerge in a small but ornate court. There was the marble basin in the center, where a fountain had lifted its crystal crozier, flashing and falling in the sunlight. The arches of the door-ways suggested the architecture of the Alhambra, but the iron sockets alone hinted of the beautiful doors which Regnault painted in intricate Moorish designs, and which his friend Clairin carried away after his death. Clairin occupied this studio with him. Hamerton says of it:

"The two friends set up house at Tangier, in rather handsome style. They rented a delightful old Moorish house, which had a *patio* or court, which they covered with a glass roof, so that it made a splendid studio, and the glass was so arranged that it could be removed at will. The two artists permitted themselves some oriental comforts and splendors. Their establishment of servants was rather numerous. There was Lagraine, to begin with, 'exclusively occupied with photography, joinering, care of stretching frames, canvases, colors, and accounts.' Then there was Nana, a Christian cook, a youth called Khadder, who went on errands and kept the house clean, a maid called Aïscha Tchama, who was laundress. Regnault had, also, a master of the horse in the person of his groom Ali Pata, 'a little fellow, fifty years old, monstrously ugly, four feet high, a real Triboulet, gifted with a charming originality, with a great intelligence, and an elephantiasis into the bargain, which makes one of his legs as big as his body, whilst the other is shriveled, and no bigger than a thin lucifer match.' This grotesque personage comes in capitally in the description of an oriental establishment; despite his deformity he had the reputation of being the best horseman in Tangier."

This house, says Henri Cazalis, the two young men ornamented with "Moorish decoration, and sought to gather within it all the luxury of oriental curios, carpets, curtains, stuffs brocaded with silver and gold, the splendidly ornamented saddles of African horsemen, Morocco caskets damascened with arabesques, and others from Persia and India still more ornate, incrusting with mother-of-pearl and inlaid with ivory. The decoration of this studio is recognizable in several of the numerous compositions begun during Regnault's sojourn at Tangier."

Regnault wrote of it himself to a friend:

"We are living, as you know, in a Moorish house, in a little palace of the Thousand and One

Nights. We have heaped above our doors, above the beams of our *patio*, decorations from the Alhambra, and you shall see, shortly, a picture begun only a few days ago—a work-room of Moorish women, which represents our *patio* itself, and in the background the door of our bedroom. Each time that we mount our terrace, we are dazzled by the light of this city of snow, which descends from our feet to the sea, like a grand staircase of white marble, or a brood of white gulls. Upon a neighboring terrace, the negresses stretch carpets to expose them to the sun, or Moorish women hang upon lines to dry their haïks and their linen, yellow caftans with silver embroideries, caftans of rose-colored silk, of delicate green, foulards threaded with gold, etc. My eyes at last see the Orient. I believe, God pardon me, that the sun which lights you is not the same as ours.

"Before returning I wish to cause to live again the true Moors, at once rich and great, terrible and voluptuous, those that we see only in the past. Then Tunis, then Egypt, then India."

The work-room of Moorish women mentioned by Regnault as true in *locale* to his own studio is thus described in his memoirs:

"In a niche, whose walls of enameled faïence are hung with a somber Asiatic rug, and which is partly closed by a curtain of fine gauze,—diaphanous, ærial, delicately sprigged with pink flowers,—a young woman crouches with the immobility and indifference of an idol, her beautiful eyes almost closed, her bosom incased in a vest embroidered with gold, and the entire body enveloped in a long trailing veil of rose-colored satin. Aside, standing and reclining, young women mingle like a bouquet of charming colors, in haïks of yellow, black, orange, and violet."

But the glory of the studio had departed, and a Jewess was doing laundry work in the beautiful *patio*. The spectacle of curious foreigners, who stare about them as in some mystic and wonderful place, was not a new one to her. She smiled good-humoredly, and invited us to come again and sketch the arabesque arches over the door-ways.

To the student of Eastern poetry and the lover of the stories of Scheherezade, Morocco has a mine of treasures upon which we have not touched. Everywhere occurred the familiar names, Fatima, Zuleika, Leila, Hassan, Mustapha, and, most common of all, Hamet, the abbreviation for Mohammed. We know that our collection of the Arabian Nights forms but the one thirty-sixth part of the stock in trade of the story-tellers of the Levant. These story-tellers wander through Morocco, and are formidable rivals of the jugglers and snake-charmers. The style in which their tales are written shows a merchant-people, such as the Moors of to-day. Riches and luxury, princes, merchants, robbers, slaves, and a few religious fanatics, figure in them, and these you will find in Morocco. You will find the fatalism of the East everywhere. The ejaculation, "It was written," is the only response to misfortune. "He whose death is decreed to take place in one land," they say,

"will not die in any land but that." No Moor, if he hears steps following him at night, will look behind him, lest he be found in the morning dead, with his neck twisted by an afrit. The phrase so often repeated in oriental stories, "So she wept and slapped her face," you will see acted in pantomime in the Moorish cemetery. No joke will be perpetrated or understood, for the Moors are a grave people by temperament, with a devout belief in the assurance of "the perspicuous book" (the Koran) that, on the day of resurrection, all practical-jokers, and those who have indulged in ridicule, will see the doors of Paradise opened, only to have them again and again banged in their faces. Notwithstanding their numerous proverbs in favor of travel, and expressive of the high repute in which travelers are held in foreign countries,—such as, "The aloes-wood, where it groweth, is a kind of fire-wood; if exported it becometh an object of high demand, but if not it attaineth to no kind of distinction,"—the Giaour in Morocco may expect to hear only such greetings as, "May Allah roast your grandfather, Christian dog!"

But Nature, with all the flowers and fruits of oriental literature, seems making a constant apology for the inhospitality of her human children, and the hyacinth, the tulip, the passion-flower, and the rose seem to have blossomed for us from some illuminated manuscript, while the fruits are Aladdin's own. Of all tropical fruits, the one belonging most distinctively to Islam, both in fact and fancy, is, perhaps, the melon. Adsched, of Meru, wrote of it:

"Colour, taste, and smell—smaragdus, sugar and musk;
Amber for the tongue, for the eye a picture rare;
If you cut the fruit in slices, every slice a crescent
fair;
If you leave it whole, the full harvest-moon is there."

But our view of Morocco is a narrow one, and entirely from an artistic instead of a literary stand-point. We are following only the traces of the two artists who have interpreted best its varying phases, and this relic-hunting has given us a pleasant summer at various way-side shrines.

Our pilgrimage proper began at Reus, a little town in the north-east of Spain. Noisy, dirty, and unpicturesque, as most factory towns are, there was little in it to inspire or foster artistic taste. And yet this was Fortuny's birthplace. We threaded the disagreeable streets, and stood before a most commonplace house, a flat white wall, pierced with rows of staring windows, lacking both the taste and elegance of wealth and the quaint-

ness of age and dilapidation. There was nothing in its entire appearance to attract the eye, excepting the tablet which announced that Mariano Fortuny was born here, June 11th, 1838. We picked our way through narrow alleys, sloppy with the drainage of factories of imitation champagne and Chablis, and reeking with repugnant odors, through the Babel market, where peasant women with superb shoulders and wonderful eyes shrieked and wrangled over their crates of fruit with charcoal-blackened operatives—short, sturdy men, strong as little Titans, whose excitable eyes and sledge-hammer fists told of their love of riot and revolt.

Both the women and men present fine physical types, race characteristics which Fortuny inherited as well. Strength, indomitable will, energy, and fire—just the physique to equip his genius for the severe campaign before it, and to insure its victory in advance. Regnault inherited talent. His father, the director of the Sèvres manufactory, was an artist of cultivated taste, and Regnault himself seems to have been formed of some finer French kaolin; while Fortuny, though cast in an original and remarkable mold, was framed of common clay. But the clay of Catalonia is a different stuff from the brittle and gaudy Andalusian ware—the Catalans a different race from the indolent peoples of southern Spain, and Fortuny's genius was none the less that it was not inherited, but directly God-given.

We lingered a moment in the old church, rich with blackened pictures and tarnished gilding, to see the font of ancient marble under the painting of the Baptism of Christ, where the baby Mariano was christened, and the tomb in a side chapel, which contains his heart. It bears this inscription: "*Dió el alma al cielo, su fama al mundo, el corazón á su patria.*" (He gave his soul to heaven, his fame to the world, and his heart to his country.)

Fortuny's father died early, but his care was replaced by that of a doting grandfather, whose life was bound up in that of the lad. The old man was a traveling showman, exhibiting a little theater of marionettes, in whose manufacture and management little Mariano assisted. His first essays with the brush were the tinting with carmine the waxen cheeks of some puppet heroine, or the nose of a Punch. In after life he rarely referred to these histrionic excursions, though he mentioned to one of his friends his childish awe of the great city of Tarragona, in whose market they played, and his fright at night when, lying under the tables of the fish-venders, he heard the discordant "All's well!" of the *serenos*, or night-watchmen, or was awakened by a half-famished dog hunting for a bone. We

made eager search for traces of the puppet theater, but its little actors had entirely disappeared. On the Rambla at Barcelona, we paused before a Punch and Judy show, which reminded us forcibly of it. The wit of the unseen performer was greeted with uproarious plaudits, and an old gentleman, threadbare and poverty-stricken, but courteous and kindly faced as Fortuny's grandfather, slipped behind our chair and explained that it was his son who had such a talent for amusing the populace. The people of Spain are especially fond of dolls and puppets. The devotional images in the cathedrals form a remarkable instance of this taste. Each of the larger cities has its miraculous doll loaded with brocades and jewels, with a wardrobe in the sacristy which a queen might envy. Lesser images, decked with cut paper and tinsel, occupy household shrines, and votive gifts to the great wonder-performing "queens" are made of waxen models of arms, legs, and heads, whenever afflicted members are supposed to have been cured by their intervention. Fortuny's grandfather carried on a small business in making these votive offerings, and it is probable that Fortuny learned his first lessons in anatomy as well as modeling from shaping these limbs for the devout. Clusters of them, covered with dust and broken,—some, doubtless, the work of the boy artist,—hung in the church at Reus. Sometimes a picture of our Lady of Pity was ordered, and once or twice he framed a ship as a votive offering from mariners miraculously saved.

The boy's cleverness convinced the grandfather that he was formed for better things than a mere showman and maker of puppets, and he placed him at the Reus academy, a little school kept by Señor Domingo Soberano. We had a letter of introduction to one of his early school-fellows, his life-long friend the artist Tapiro, who passes most of his time at Rome and Tangier, but whom it was our special good-fortune to find at this time at Reus.

They had been chums from boyhood, and once—though this we did not learn until later, and from another—Tapiro had saved Fortuny's life when swimming with him. Señor Tapiro showed us many photographs, and some copies of his paintings, and a cabinet of souvenirs—a sort of shrine lined with black velvet, where the plaster mask taken from the artist's dead face was draped with a portion of the pall used at his funeral, and two of his paint-brushes, crossed below it, were preserved as sacred relics, with a letter or two, and a pen-and-ink sketch of Tapiro by Fortuny. It was altogether rather a

ghastly little sanctuary, and we turned from it with feelings of relief to pay a visit with Señor Tapiro to his and Fortuny's old school-master, Señor Soberano. It was a quaint little place, very foreign and provincial; but the school-master carried himself with the stately dignity of a man who worshiped his disciple, and who felt that something of the glory of the new star was reflected upon himself. He led us to a Lilliputian art-gallery, the *penetrabilia* of the house, where the central picture was the altarpiece which Fortuny painted at his school at the age of fourteen, and to which he owed his reception at the Academy of Fine Arts of Barcelona. "The picture, as a work of art," said Señor Soberano, "is *très peu de chose*. I have been offered large sums for it by amateurs, but Fortuny gave it to me, and—you can comprehend."

The picture was, indeed, not remarkable, except when the boy's age was taken into consideration. It was called the "Apparition of Our Lady of Mercy to a Shepherdess," and was entirely his own composition. The frame—a plain gilt one—was pierced with openings for smaller medallion pictures with Scriptural subjects. From the art-gallery, which contained also a few copies of different pictures by Fortuny, by Señor Soberano's son, we passed to this young man's studio, across a little hanging-garden, where flowers and vines grew in boxes and vases, and the sun flashed through openings in the striped awning upon a marvelously clean pavement of tiles. Young Soberano's original work—pen-and-ink sketches, with which several old account-books were filled—showed a talent of its own; but an overweening worship of the idol of the household seemed to have checked all personal ambition. He showed us a small but exquisite painting of a Moorish sentinel, holding a long Barbary gun, and apparently conversing with another evil-faced Moor, who had thrust his head from out an opening in the wall, in front of and beside which the sentinel was posted. "He painted it, here in my studio," said the young man, "after his return from Morocco. He wished to give us some souvenir of that bizarre place. He told us many wonderful stories of it. Ah! he never forgot his old friends, even after his marriage, when he entered into the *grande monde*."

The relic which interested us most, however, was Fortuny's drawing-book at nine years of age. Not a trace of talent here, only a child's scrawls—wild flights of the imagination and poor copies of commonplace drawing-cards—but a treasure, nevertheless. We found hints in it of his future tastes, if not of

genius. Turbaned Turkish heads scattered through it, with camels and Moors, copied probably from the pages of his geography, told that the boy's instinct was already feeling for his art, like a plant for the sun.

Regnault was more precocious. At thirteen, it is said, he could have earned his livelihood as designer for the illustrated papers. A tiger, drawn by him at eight years of age, was published in "L'Art" in 1876. He sketched from nature, frequenting the *Jardin des Plantes*, and choosing especially the African beasts. In drawing an old lioness, the bars of her cage interfered with his work, and he asked the keeper to be allowed to go inside, where (to the horror of the by-standers) he calmly finished the portrait. That the lioness was known by the keeper to be of an amiable disposition does not lessen the intrepid character of the little artist.

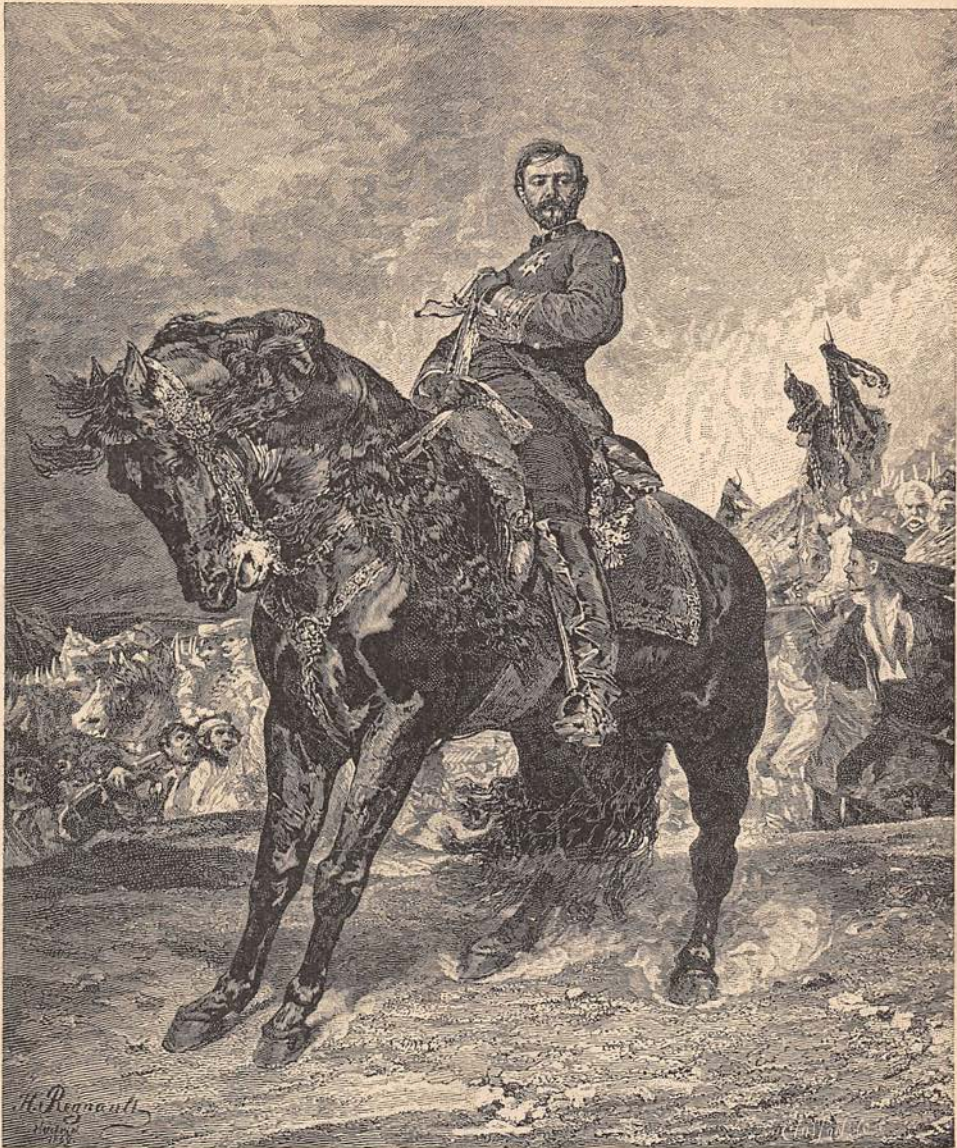
Smiling Señora Soberano served us before we departed with sweetmeats and with delicious cold water, rarer to be met with in Spain than the most costly wines; and, altogether, there was something more than courtesy in the farewell of the family, for our interest in their divinity had opened their hearts.

Fortuny's student days at Barcelona were as full of privation as his boyhood. His art lessons were free, and a charitable society allowed him ten dollars a month for his support. This was hardly sufficient, and out of working hours he colored photographs, made designs for jewelers and architects, and painted some portraits. At length, at the age of twenty, he gained the grand prize of Rome, enabling him to live for two years in the Eternal City with a pension of five hundred dollars per year. No after success probably ever seemed so great to him as this. It was honor, wealth, and opportunity at once; and he applied himself to his art with a zeal and ambition which, having lost the fetters of poverty, "mounted up on wings as eagles." His income for three months was paid him in advance, and this, before leaving Spain, he divided with his grandfather. No doubt he would have continued this division of his slender means, but the old man died a few months later, and Fortuny was left alone with Art. He worked incessantly, and, after a day of severe labor, commonly spent four hours at an evening life-class. His studies, says Baron Davillier, he considered of so little importance that he left them upon his drawing-desk, and the proprietor of the rooms sold them or gummed them to the walls of the room. In 1860, Fortuny's second opportunity presented itself. Spain had undertaken to chastise the Riff pirates, and had declared war with the Sultan of Morocco. The *Dipu-*

tacion, or city government, of Barcelona concluded that they would prefer a grand battle-painting of this contemporaneous war to the historical picture which the recipients of the prize of Rome were expected to send back to Barcelona. Accordingly, Fortuny was notified that he might leave Rome and follow the Spanish army into Africa. And so it happened that Morocco found Fortuny. She could well afford to pardon a whole army of enemies that brought her one such lover. How he must have reveled in this wonderful land, full of fascination for every imaginative student and adventurous traveler, as a land of contrast and paradox, of luxury and cruelty, learning and degradation, refuge of the exiled Moor of Granada, and nursery of hate and revenge for wrongs inflicted by Christian hands! Baffling curiosity in proportion as it excites interest, it exercises over intrepid minds all the spell of things prohibited; it is peculiarly attractive to an artist on account of its architecture, its costume, its animals, and, above all, its human types and dazzling effects of light, and to a Spaniard as the home of his hereditary foe and ancient master. That scribe is possibly a descendant of Abd el Rahman, with manuscripts in his possession carried away from the great Cordovan library; this *odalisque* a daughter, though centuries removed, of the Alhambra seraglio; and this half-crazy *santo*, or serpent-charmer, a graduate in the black art formerly taught by the School of Magic at Toledo.

General O'Donnell at this time commanded the Spanish forces, and Prim, the king-maker, was simply one of his staff-officers, but the latter attracted Fortuny the more, and a friendship was at once begun. Tetuan was then in the hands of the Spaniards, and here, for some time, Fortuny sketched assiduously, filling his portfolio with studies and details which afterward served him in good stead—"Arabs, soldiers, Jews, landscapes, buildings, interiors." Then came the terrific battle of Wad Ras, ending in the victory of the Spaniards, and Fortuny had found his picture.

Passing to-day up the cool marble staircase of the Parliament House of Barcelona, and into the rich but shadowy Chamber of Deputies, one stands before this grand canvas, which starts into brightness as the janitor opens the blinds. We are dazzled at first; the coloring, though very delicate, palpitates in the clear atmosphere. The picture is full of movement, of flying figures and draperies, of scintillating sabers, and vaporous clouds of battle-smoke. We must wait a moment, as before nature, for our eyes to become accustomed to the light, and for the different groups to outline themselves distinctly before us. The



GENERAL PRIM (REGNAULT). FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PAINTING, BY PERMISSION OF LECADRE & CO.

artist has chosen the moment when the Spanish army is swarming over the ramparts into the Moorish camp, and our point of view is from the inside. The whole foreground is filled with the retreating African soldiery. The center group shows Muley Abbas and a party of Arab horsemen dashing toward us out of the picture. The horses, slender and finely made, share in the excitement of their riders, and press forward without the guidance of the Moors, some of whom are firing back as they flee. The tawny sand-dust, the blue smoke from the long guns, the floating scarfs and gauze turbans of light green, sulphur-

yellow, rose, and lilac, make a nimbus of delicate prismatic tints, the color focus of the picture. At the right, Arabs are bearing away a wounded chief, who supports himself with his elbow upon his litter, and gazes sadly back at the lost day. His quiet dignity contrasts with the fright and frantic jostling of the herd of men, camels, buffaloes, and goats that hurry by in an almost indistinguishable *mêlée*. On the left the sun strikes brightest on a little angle of ruined wall, on figures in mortal agony, and on the face of a dead man lying at the door of his overturned tent. The middle distance is dim with smoke. In the back-

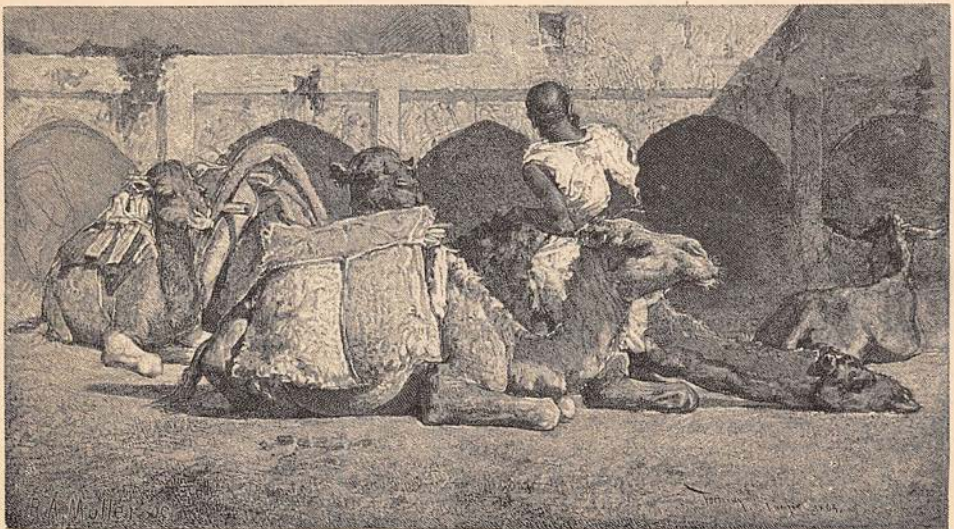
ground the Spanish soldiers press forward with O'Donnell, while Prim, dashing through a gap in the wall, sabering a black who is about to plunge a dagger into his horse, is conspicuous for his magnificent action.

General Prim is another link between Fortuny and Regnault. His portrait by the latter artist we had seen before at the Luxembourg, and it appeared to us the finest equestrian portrait of modern times. The memory of this painting came back vividly as we stood before Velasquez's famous equestrian portrait of Philip IV., in the Madrid Gallery, and the picture of the younger artist seemed a worthy companion to this renowned masterpiece. Regnault was passionately fond of horses, and painted them superbly. His first *envoi* from Rome, "Automedon with the Horses of Achilles," had already proved his ability in this difficult branch of art. His painting of Prim was made in 1868, when the general reigned almost as a king at Madrid. All of the horses in the royal stables were placed at his disposal, and the grooms were ordered to exercise them before him. But Prim was dissatisfied with the picture, which Regnault preferred to keep rather than to change, and it was afterward purchased by the French Government. Fortuny's outline in the background of his battle-painting is, of course, not to be compared with the more important portrait, but we have a suggestion of the same soldierly figure, with all the added *verve* of spirited action.

On Fortuny's return, after a sojourn of two months and a half in Morocco, he was sent by his patrons to Paris, where he studied particularly Horace Vernet's "Smala, or Capture of Abd-el-Kader's Harem Tent," during the French campaign in Algeria. This picture, at

the time of its completion, was the largest painted canvas in existence, but Fortuny determined to surpass it in size. Horace Vernet may be regarded as the father of the French military painters. Meissonier, Detaille, de Neuville, and the unnumbered battalions of non-commissioned art-officers who have followed him, have only added newer methods to his *esprit de corps* and genuine love of campaigning. Vernet is said to have been a living encyclopedia of military accouterments and equipage, and to have assimilated himself thoroughly with the French soldiers throughout Napoleon's long and desultory campaign in Algeria. Ouida's "Under Two Flags," with all its glaring faults, gives a vivid picture of this mingling of European and oriental life. It was, doubtless, this similar experience, rather than a sympathy in his style of painting, which attracted Fortuny to Vernet. After a few days' study of the military painting at Versailles, he returned to Rome and began his picture, sending back smaller paintings from time to time to the *Diputacion* as an earnest of what was to come.

But one visit to Morocco was not enough for Fortuny. He was not content to work from memory, from *chic*, from costumed models and masquerade Moors, and in 1862 he returned to Africa, establishing a studio at Tangier. We made inquiry for this building, but it had been pulled down. We found the artist Tapiro, however, and visited his modest studio in an old Moorish house. His servant, a tall Nubian in Eastern robes, with a long pole knocked a quantity of figs from the ancient trees which grew in the court-yard, and served us right royally: we passed to an inspection of costumes,—burnouses, haiks,



THE CAMEL-DRIVER (FORTUNY). FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PAINTING, BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO.

caftans, scarfs, and turbans,—and tried to imagine, from the studio of his friend, what Fortuny's surroundings must have been. He made the journey to Tetuan twice, and in his sketching trips often availed himself of the Arab costume. Many of his African pictures were begun during this visit, and sketches and studies were accumulated from which resulted such of his well-known paintings as "The Serpent-Charmers," "Powder Play," "The Carpet Bazar," "A Camel Resting," "The Prayer," "An Arab," "The Camel-driver," "The Kief," "Arabs Feeding a Vulture," and the superb etchings of "The Dead Kabyle," and the "Arab Watching the Body of his Friend," with the numerous other water-colors and studies in oil which have contributed so largely to his reputation.

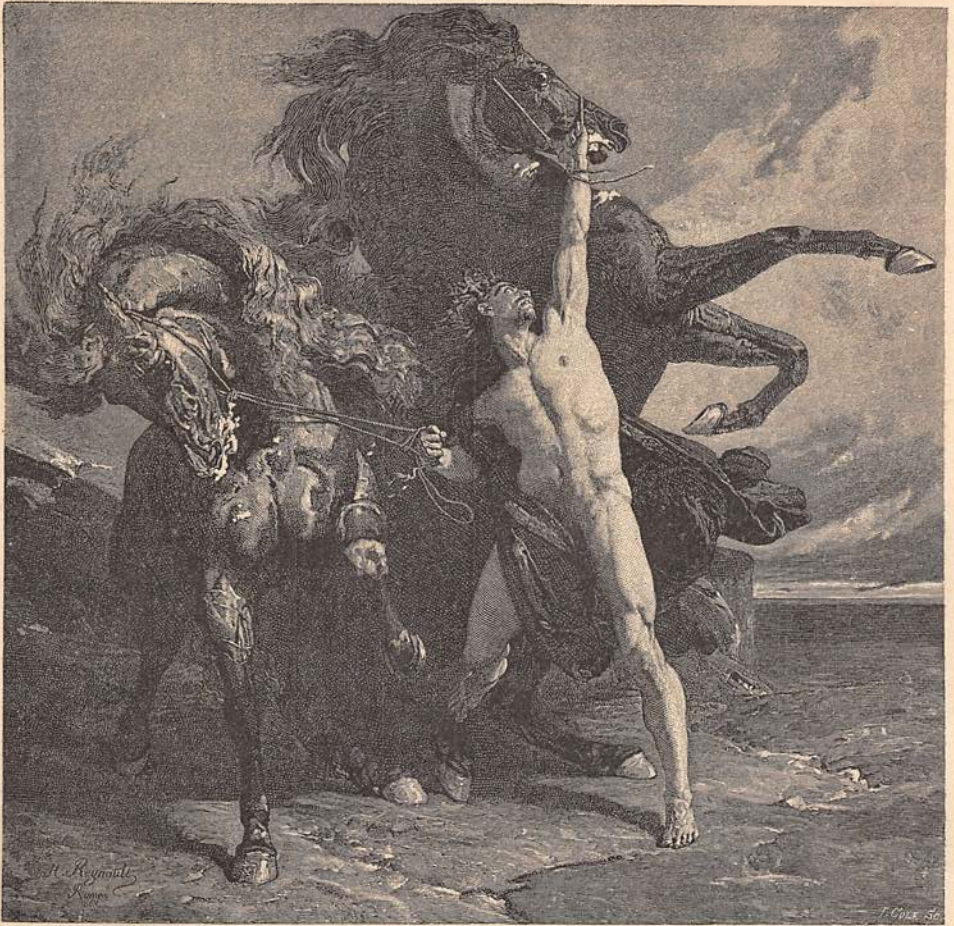
Charles Yriarte, who accompanied Fortuny to Morocco, says that Fortuny had no sympathy for battle-painting. He devoted himself to this great picture because it was a commission that he was not in a position to decline; but he found his favorite subjects in the ordinary, peaceful life of the Moor, and had a strong aversion for bloodshed and horror, either in Nature or Art. His pictures of Morocco life were rich and glowing, but had not the *papillotage*, or spotty brightness and scintillation, of his third and last manner. He had emerged from his first academical style into what is called his second manner, which is perhaps the most original, while it is freer from affectation than that of any other period of his life.

Again Fortuny returned to Rome. Into his studio of this period we had a magic glance, through the kindness of one of his early comrades, the artist Señor Ramon Amado, of Barcelona, who showed us a painting which he made, in these old days of Roman student-life, of Fortuny at work in his studio. The head of the negro soldier, Farragi, wound in its white turban—a picture which was one of the first purchases of Mr. W. H. Stewart, his Parisian-American patron—hung upon the wall. There was a sketch, too, of the furious group of retreating African cavalry which occupies the center of his "Battle of Tetuan," and a graceful Kabyle rifle, with some bits of Morocco costume, as souvenirs of Tangier; but, altogether, it was a very modest studio—a decided contrast, in its simplicity, to the museum of "curios" into which his taste for elegant bric-à-brac turned his studio of the Villa Martinori. And yet it was here that some of his best work was done, and Señor Amado had represented him painting from a model—a little old man in blue velvet, seated, and bending his white head over a portfolio of engravings. He was painting the famous "Ama-

teur d'Estampes," one of the first pictures which secured him his rank as an artist. When finished, he exchanged it for an old gun at a Roman curiosity-shop, and it was here that Goupil found and secured it. Later, this dealer sold the painting to Mr. W. H. Stewart, and Fortuny afterward retouched it, inserting the portrait of his patron. To these two gentlemen Fortuny owed his introduction to the public and his early renown. They bought all his work; his future was assured financially, and he was recognized as a new power. Success had always acted upon him as a stimulus, and brilliant canvases crowded their way across his easel. But meantime the "Battle of Tetuan," which he wished to make his masterpiece, remained unfinished. The municipality of Barcelona became impatient, and clamored for the fulfillment of his engagement. Fortuny was now in a position to be independent of their aid, and he returned them the funds which they had advanced him, declining to be distracted by their importunities. The municipality saw that they had made a mistake in not letting him take his own time, and after his death purchased the unfinished canvas, giving it the place of honor which it now occupies.

Fortuny had made several visits to Madrid, but it was not until 1867 that, as his humble friends at Reus expressed it, he entered the *grande monde*, by his marriage with Cecilia de Madrazo, the daughter of the director of the Academy of Painting at Madrid. It was a family of artists, in which the sons outranked the father. The younger, Ricardo, has an enviable reputation as a sculptor, while the talented elder brother, Raymundo, holds a high place among living Spanish painters. He is best known to Americans by his "Leaving the Masked Ball," a brilliant picture in the possession of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt. It was a wealthy and aristocratic family as well, with the prestige of established social position,—a grand alliance for a poor boy who had traveled as assistant to a puppet showman,—and yet the honor conferred upon the Madrazos was greater than that which they gave, and was so regarded by them. Not only was the marriage a happy one, but the family relations were ever of the pleasantest. Raymundo, recognizing that Fortuny was to be the most popular Spanish artist of his time, instead of attempting to rival him, kept his own talent in the background, and set himself the task of advancing Fortuny's fame by every means in his power. Not until after the death of Fortuny did the public give him, or Madrazo place himself in a position to receive, recognition.

At Madrid, during Fortuny's frequent visits



AUTOMEDON WITH THE HORSES OF ACHILLES (REGNAULT). FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PAINTING, BY PERMISSION OF LECADRE & CO.

to the sacristy for the purpose of winding the necessary lengths of clerical red tape involved in a Spanish marriage, a picture suggested itself to his mind. It was noted at the time in a mere sketch, and grew in the two following years into his masterpiece, the "Vicaria," or "Spanish Marriage." He worked at it in the different places in which he found himself, taking a choice bit here and another there, so that the interior represents no existing sacristy. It was begun in Madrid and finished in Rome. The last touches given to it were some details from a damp Roman church, where he contracted the malaria to which his strong constitution succumbed at last. The delicate *reja*, or screen of intricately wrought iron-work, was copied from the one in the chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella, in the cathedral of Granada. Several of the figures are portraits. Meissonier posed in Paris for the *señor* in light cabbage-green coat, Madame Fortuny and her sister Isabel

de Madrazo also served as models, and it is asserted—though this is possibly a mistake, since Baron Davillier does not mention it—that the Duchess Colonna and Henri Regnault are also recognizable among the wedding guests.

Regnault was in Rome at this time, and it was then that his acquaintance began with Fortuny. Regnault, the younger man, was electrified by Fortuny's genius. Without doubt, it was the latter's interpretation of Morocco which fired Regnault's resolve to himself attempt the interpretation of Moorish life. "I can no longer bear the sight of my own work," he said to M. d'Epinay, with whom he first visited Fortuny's studio. "I shall destroy my water-colors. Fortuny alone understands how to make them. *Vive l'Espagne! Vive l'Orient! Vive Fortuny!*" This was in March, 1869; he had already visited Spain, had painted his magnificent portrait of General Prim and his superb "Ju-



THE SNAKE-CHARMERS (FORTUNY). FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PAINTING, BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO.

dith"; his tastes had long led him to the Orient, and he wrote to his father: "I long to be in Morocco, in Algeria, at Tunis. I grow old here; Rome now seems to me lighted by a night-lamp. I need more sun." In mid-summer he returned to Spain, lingering awhile at Seville and Granada, whence he wrote to the Duchess Colonna: "Each morning we go to the divine Alhambra, where the walls are of lace tinted with amethyst rose in the morning, of diamonds at noon, and greenish gold and ruddy copper at sunset." Here he painted the background for his masterpiece, "The Execution under the Ancient Moors," but he could not content himself with backgrounds, and the autumn found him with his friend Clairin in Tangier. During the winter that followed, his style changed somewhat.

Meantime, the "Spanish Marriage" was the rage of the day. Théophile Gautier, the art-prophet, sang a laudamus in its behalf. Something of the "*grande monde*" of fashion and folly, of gleaming satin and lustrous velvet, of frost-work, lace, and flashing gems for their own sake, was creeping into Fortuny's work. The Parisian pictures were less simple than the Morocco studies, but the touch of the master gave them their dazzling brilliancy, and the lighter subjects pleased Parisian taste. The rococo pictures of Fortuny were still masterpieces, though decidedly of the world, worldly.

While in Paris, Fortuny occupied the studio of Gérôme, who was absent in the East. Fêted, flattered, and worshiped, he could not endure the society life of Paris, and in the summer of the next year left the city, taking refuge with his family at the Hotel of "los Siete Suelos," at Granada, where Regnault had passed the previous summer. "I intend to remain here until September," he wrote to a friend, "and to go after that to Seville,

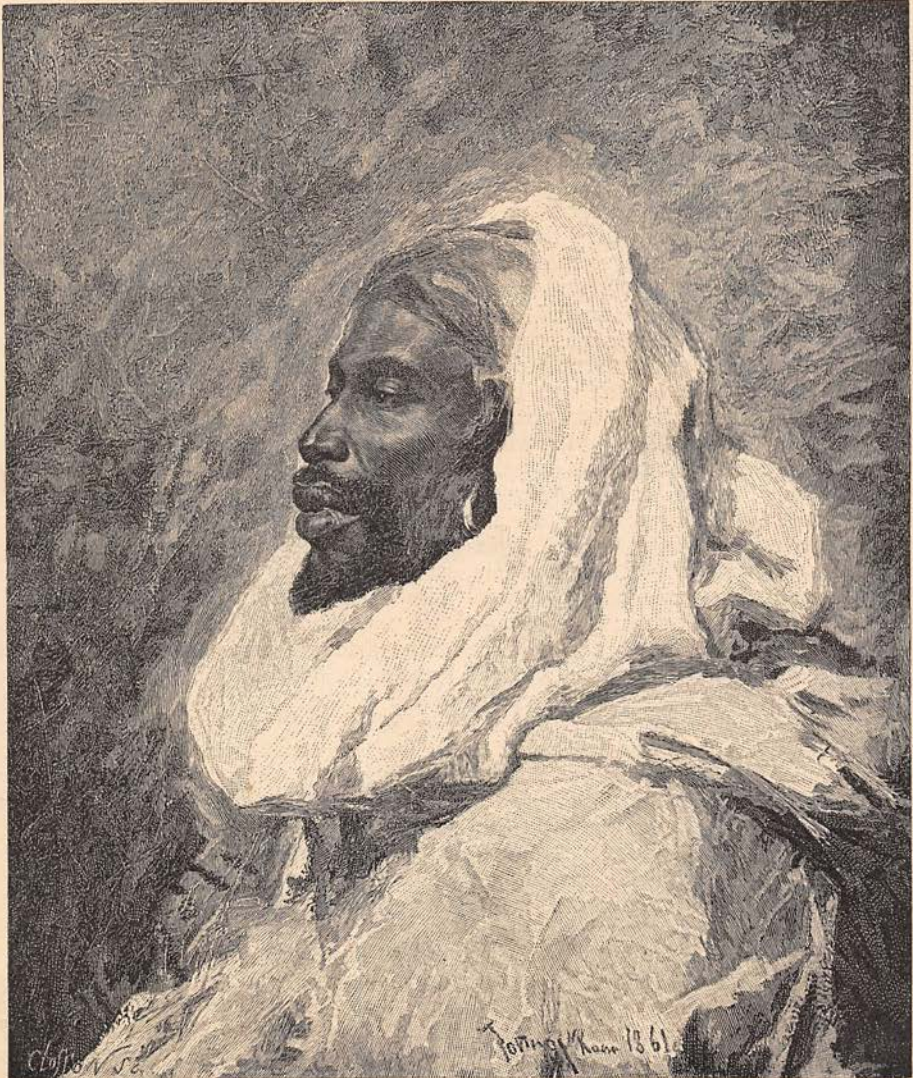
and thence to Morocco, where Regnault and Clairin are established and at work."

The triple companionship, however, was prevented by the Franco-Prussian war. Regnault, more thoroughly a Frenchman and a patriot even than an artist, heard the first mutterings in the safe asylum of his Tangier studio, and, hastily turning the key in the beautiful doors, hurried back to his endangered country. In September, when Fortuny had hoped to be painting with him in Morocco, Regnault was in Paris. In October he volunteered. Fortuny, who had no interest in the contest, remained tranquilly at Granada. He went, intending to stay two months, and remained two years—the happiest years of his life, as he assured his friends.

The beauties of Granada have been sung so often and so well, that we fancied we knew the place before we drove up the long hill, arched by noble trees, which leads from the city to the Alhambra. It was not until we had wandered in its shadowy groves, and listened to the continuous music of its many brooks; had seen the magnificent landscape of the Vega, with the winding Darro and the Genil, from the top of the Tower of the Vela; had threaded our way through the bustling Zacatin and explored the cave-dwellings of the Gypsy Quarter; had dreamed on the oleander-canopied terraces of the Generalife, surrounded by bubbling fountains and ancient cypresses of Lindaraxa's time; and had passed, as in a dream, through the Court of the Lions and the *Salon* of the Embassadors—not until we had explored less celebrated towers and courts, with Washington Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra" as a guide-book, that we realized that the charm of the place cannot be conveyed by any amount of

fine writing. It must be felt to be appreciated, and the longer felt the stronger the fascination. Fortuny's studio was occupied by our young American artist, Mr. Edward Weeks. The hospitalities of the place were offered us most cordially, and here, while the gentlemen painted from Fortuny's models,—pretty Candida, in dazzling white, rose, and orange, and old Mariano, the gypsy, who posed for the "Torrero Andaluz," belonging to M. de Goyena,—we sat and chatted, or listened to the tinkle of a guitar, and caught a glimpse of a graceful girl dancing the fandango in a neighboring garden, to the timing of castanets. We went on pilgrimage to the different localities which figure in Fortuny's pictures; to the old Hotel de Ville, with its ornate façade, to a wall overhung with oleanders, which he

had sketched; to the charming little *Patio de la Reja*, in the Alhambra, which figures in his "Fencing Lesson," and to the Cathedral, where we had a wonderful effect in a vista across the shadowy nave to the *Capilla Real*, where a mellow amber light filtered through the wonderful grating of scrolled and gilded metal work which forms the background of the "Spanish Marriage." We lingered in the Court of Myrtles, in front of the Hall of the Ambassadors, which Fortuny painted, and searched for the background of his "Tribunal de l'Alhambra." Here, too, were Regnault's favorite scenes—the Cupolas which drew one upward; the *Salon* of the Two Sisters; the Bath; the Patio of the Lions, and the Mirador of Lindaraxa. While in the streets below, there was many another booth



A NEGRO OF MOROCCO (FORTUNY). FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PAINTING, BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO.



AN OLD BEGGAR (FORTUNY). FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PAINTING, BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO.

of summer fruits to recall Fortuny's "Granada Fruit-seller," and we were reminded of his unfinished picture, "A Burial during the Carnival," where the carelessness of young Life in the presence of Death is so startlingly depicted, by a child's funeral which one day crossed our path. The mourners loitered far behind, and the dead baby was carelessly carried in an uncovered coffin by some little boys, who laid it down by the road-side, and ran to see what the strange artist was sketching. A picture similar to

Fortuny's, where the carnival maskers pass the funeral *côrtege*, was suggested to Regnault in Madrid, though never painted. "You know," he writes, "that when the last sacrament is carried to a sick person, the priest is accompanied to the house of the dying by men who carry torches and ring little bells. It was *mardi gras*: at night, as the crowd quitted the Prado, such a procession passed. According to the Spanish custom, men and women knelt. Nothing could be more strange than to see maskers, with the heads of camels, of



A MOOR OF TANGIER (FORTUNY). FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PAINTING, BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO.

apes, of devils, and merry-Andrews, kneeling thus before the passing sacrament."

From Granada, Fortuny sent a painting to the sale in aid of the sufferers from the Chicago fire. From here, too, he made excursions to Seville, painting the staircase of "The House of Pilate," the "Plaza de Toros," the "Salute of the Espada," and several views in the Alcazar. In October of 1871, he made his third and last visit to Morocco, with his friend Tapiro. Here they found Clairin alone in Regnault's desolated studio, and together they made a horseback ride to Tetuan, where

Fortuny explained to them the battle of Wad Ras. It was only an excursion of a fortnight, but if Regnault had been there, he might have lingered longer.

At Granada, we stopped of course at the Hotel de los Siete Suelos, which backs against the Alhambra town, from which it takes its name. The landlord was garrulous in his memories of Fortuny and Regnault. The younger of Fortuny's children was born here, "and that *petite*," pointing to a photograph of his daughter Maria Luisa, "was always falling down-stairs—always, always." Madame

Fortuny's photograph showed a face full of character, the little Mariano was a blonde cherub, and Maria Luisa's head was far too refined in outline for frequent *salams* upon polished hard-wood stairs.

Regnault, our host told us, was full of fun and high spirits; he was always drawing caricatures; he had saved some of them, which he would show us. Among them was one which the young artist had made of himself. No, it was not like him, for Regnault was handsome. He was a little man, but something of an athlete, and strong as a young Hercules. He looked best on horseback, and, *carramba!* how he could ride.

Mariano, Fortuny's gypsy model, had his souvenirs as well. The model was learned in the lore of donkeys—was a jockey, trader, veterinary surgeon, and something of a blacksmith as well. "And Fortuny; was he not a blacksmith also?" He had his little forge here, and amused himself by forging, graving, and damasking weapons. He made one magnificent scimiter in Moorish style, with a finely decorated ivory scabbard; welded together some fragments of ancient swords, incrusting the blade with an inscription in gold. He enjoyed the curiosity-shops, and picked up from them many an embroidered vestment and bit of Moorish faïence which served afterward to decorate his palace studio at Rome. He even gave some attention to painting upon tiles, and succeeded in obtaining some of the Moorish tints, glazes, and metallic reflections supposed to be among the lost arts. His life at Granada was pre-eminently happy and healthful; and it was on an evil day that he decided to return once more to Rome. The winter of 1872-73 found him in the Eternal City, and the following autumn his beautiful studio "took rank among the curiosities of Rome," attracting visits which he could well have spared. He had expensive tastes, and at this time he indulged them freely, collecting rare and expensive objects of art, whether arms, ceramics, or fabrics. "Everything which glittered, which mirrored, or which retained light," found a place upon his dazzling walls. Despite his princely surroundings, he was not happy; a vague weariness oppressed him, and he worked the more unremittingly to shake it off. Two of his important pictures belong to this period—the "Academicians Choosing a Model," and the "Rehearsal of the Arcadians." These are both too well known through the medium of photographs to require a description. The "Model" poses in one of the *salons* of the Colonna palace. The picture is in Fortuny's Parisian manner, highly finished, excessively dazzling, and,

though a wonder of *technique*, not an altogether pleasant picture. It is said that, when it was first rubbed in, Fortuny introduced the mother of the model—an ugly little woman, seated composedly beside the table, knitting busily while she regarded the effect produced by her daughter's beauty upon the Academicians. For some reason Fortuny was displeased with the figure, and painted it out. It is a pity that he did not allow the sordid little woman to remain; the spectacle of her keen, avaricious, and shameless speculation would have been worth a three-volume novel on the profession of a model. The Arcadians are a dramatic club, who meet in the Farnese Gardens, and this picture is a study of costume in out-of-door sunlight, contrasted with blossoming flowers, as the former was the study of the nude in an interior. Those who demand something more than technical quality in a picture may well ask whether the subjects were worthy of his genius. Fortuny himself was dissatisfied with them; but he was not in the mood, or, rather, not in the physical condition, to begin such pictures as he dreamed. He laid aside his palette for a short trip to Paris and London. Before setting out, he wrote to his friend Baron Davillier: "I continue to work, but truly I begin to tire (morally) of the kind of art and of the pictures which success has imposed upon me, and which (between ourselves) are not the true expression of my taste. With the grace of God, and in the hope that the result of my last pictures is favorable, I intend to rest a little —"

The dash is significant. The little rest which he so sorely needed he was permitted to take, but the change of style which he purposed should follow the repose we are not permitted to see. His life was spent in learning the *technique* of his art. He can be pardoned, for he was only thirty-six, and doubtless looked forward to long years of mature labor.

Fortuny passed the summer of 1874 with his family at Portici. On his return to Rome, in November, though oppressed with lassitude, he set himself to work in the open air, prolonging his painting until sunset, in a damp locality near the Tiber. Though stricken down with Roman fever, his physician did not consider his disease fatal, and it is probable he did not himself so consider it. On the 21st of November he made a sketch of the mask of Beethoven in his wife's album, and shortly after expired, strangled by a hemorrhage.

Fortuny's works are largely owned by Americans. Mr. W. H. Stewart, of Paris, is a Philadelphian. Mrs. A. T. Stewart, Miss

Catharine Wolfe, and Mr. Cutting, of New York, own several of his Morocco paintings, while Spanish subjects are in the possession of Messrs. Gibson and Borie, of Philadelphia.

And what of Regnault? He passed the winter of 1869-70 in Tangier, painting his leopard-eyed "Salome," his "Departure for the Fantasia," the "Sortie of the Pasha," a harem interior, and the "Hassan and Namouna"; returning to Granada in the spring to paint the background of his "Execution" from the *Salon* of the Two Sisters in the Alhambra. The summer found him working again at his masterpiece in Tangier, expecting to be joined by Fortuny in September, and to penetrate with him more deeply into the Orient. Instead of this, he was lying, with his own free will, on the icy ground before Mont Valerien, his betrothed praying for him in Paris, and the German army just ahead. An officer's rank was offered him, but

he declined it. "You have a good common soldier in me; do not lose him to make a mediocre officer." The war was nearly over; it was in the last action that possibly the last shot fired struck Regnault in the left temple. "Clairin," says Hamerton, "returned to Paris after a fruitless search. At six, news was brought in by an *ambulancier* that Regnault had been found, and in evidence he brought a little chain with a silver tear. This tear had been given him by his betrothed, and when she gave it she had said, 'Take it now that I am happy, but you must give it back to me the first time you make me weep.' And now the tear was brought back to her, and she wept."

For both Regnault and Fortuny recognition and death came early. Regnault's career as an artist lasted but four years; he was but twenty-eight when he died. The laurel and the immortelle bloomed prematurely for each,—but what is the longest life?

CHRISTOPHE.

"KING HENRI is King Stephen's peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown!"
So from the old world came the jeer
Of them who hunted Toussaint down:
But what was he,—this slave that swept
The shambles, then to greatness leapt?
Their counterfeit in bronze, a thing
To mock,—or every inch a king?

On San-Souci's defiant wall
His people saw, against the sky,
Christophe,—a shape the height of Saul,—
A chief who brooked no rivals nigh.
Right well he aped the antique state,
His birth was mean, his heart was great;
No azure filled his veins,—instead,
The Afric torrent, hot and red.

He built far up the mountain-side
A royal keep, and walled it round
With towers the palm-tops could not hide;
The ramparts toward ocean frowned;
Beneath, within the rock-hewn hold,
He heaped a monarch's store of gold.
He made his nobles in a breath;
He held the power of life and death;

And here through torrid years he ruled
The Haytian horde, a despot king,—
Mocked Europe's pomp,—her minions schooled
In trade and war and parleying,—