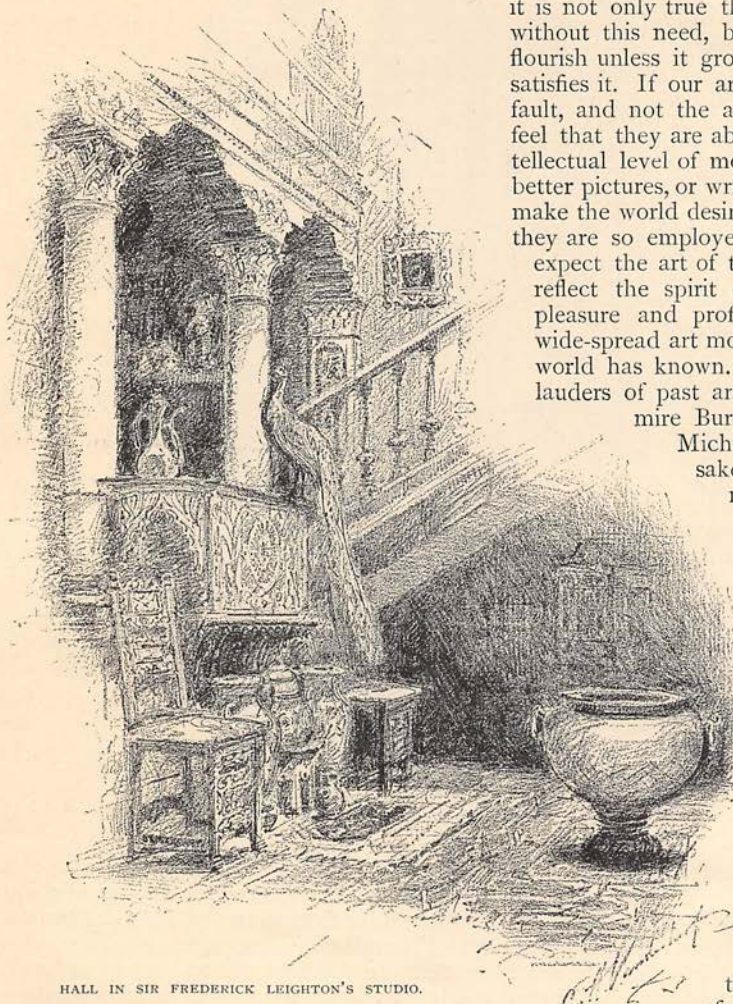


SOME ENGLISH ARTISTS AND THEIR STUDIOS.*



HALL IN SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S STUDIO.

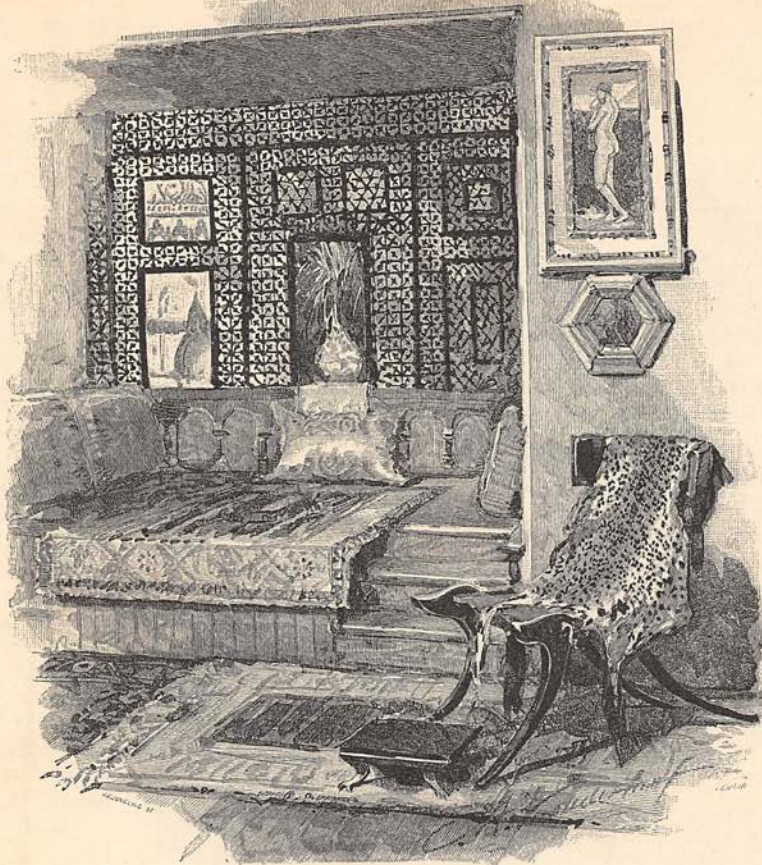
WHATEVER may be said against the art of the present day, its strongest detractor cannot deny that it is flourishing; and although art may flourish without many desirable elements, such as sincerity, moral refinement, and a high sense of beauty, there is one thing without which it cannot flourish, and that is a root. The root is in all cases a popular need, and

it is not only true that art will not flourish without this need, but also that it will not flourish unless it grows out of that need and satisfies it. If our art is poor it is our own fault, and not the artist's, and if some men feel that they are above the spiritual and intellectual level of modern art, let them paint better pictures, or write nobler books, so as to make the world desire nobler pictures. While they are so employed, the rest, who do not expect the art of the nineteenth century to reflect the spirit of any other, may find pleasure and profit in studying the most wide-spread art movement that the modern world has known. The cry, indeed, of the lauders of past art—those who cannot admire Burne Jones for thinking of Michael Angelo, Watts for the sake of Titian, Millais for the

memory of Leonardo—would have been the same in almost any age. Their minds imbued with Greek Art, they would have shaken their heads at Raphael; loving Raphael would have hated Velasquez; devoted to Velasquez have scorned Boucher, and charmed with Boucher despised Teniers. But there is not any excuse to-day for such narrow views of art.

We can, or should, see the special interest of each of its phases, and admitting that each of the old schools has its peculiar excellence, and a *cachet* which is inimitable, we should not fail to observe, also, that the artists of the present day have found for us many ways of giving pictorial pleasure unknown to former generations. Here is a handful only of these artists, plucked almost at random out of one city.

* Sir Frederick Leighton, P. R. A., 2 Holland Park Road, Kensington.
 John Everett Millais, R. A., 2 Palace Gate, Kensington.
 John Pettie, R. A., The Lothians, Fitzjohn's Avenue, South Hampstead. Late 21 St. John's Wood Road.
 Valentine Cameron Prinsep, A. R. A., Holland Park Road, Kensington.
 George H. Boughton, A. R. A., West House, Campden Hill Road, Kensington.
 Philip Richard Morris, A. R. A., 33 St. John's Wood Road.
 James Drogmole Linton, Etrick House, Steele's Road, Haverstock Hill.
 Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R. A., Townshend House, North Gate, Regent's Park.



WINDOW FROM CAIRO IN LEIGHTON'S RESIDENCE.

Studios are the pleasantest workshops in the world, and no artist has a more delightful one than Sir Frederick Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy. In this case Diderot's maxim* applies admirably: the artist and the studio, the man and the house, fit one another—a fact which is no small compliment to either. If my duty were panegyric I could say some pretty things about both, which represent so well two of the characteristics of the century—desire for beauty and diligence in the search of it. In other words, known well to all of us, Sir Frederick's house is a temple of "sweetness and light," and he is the cultured priest thereof. It is possible that Number Two Holland Park Road might be passed without attracting any special attention, except for its tower; it is not pretentious, and it stands in a little-frequented thorough-

fare. The approach to it skirts two sides of a public house, and we seem rather as if going to the stables than to one of the most beautiful of London houses, when the cab turns suddenly to the right and draws up before a red brick villa of the Italian style. The door once opened, and the hall entered, the charm works suddenly. It is "Open Sesame." What you see may be partially realized by looking at our picture of the hall. That large vase is in the very center of the hall. It is of brass, and was brought from India by Mr. Valentine Prinsep. Last summer a small palm spread from it on all sides and overhead, its broad, dentated leaves breaking the studied lines and fixed hues of art with the freshness and freedom of nature. This office is in winter and summer alike performed, in some sort, by the stuffed peacock which, with the Persian ewer, stands on that chest-like projection between the rich marble pillars. To ascend the stairs you have to pass behind these pillars, and then you see

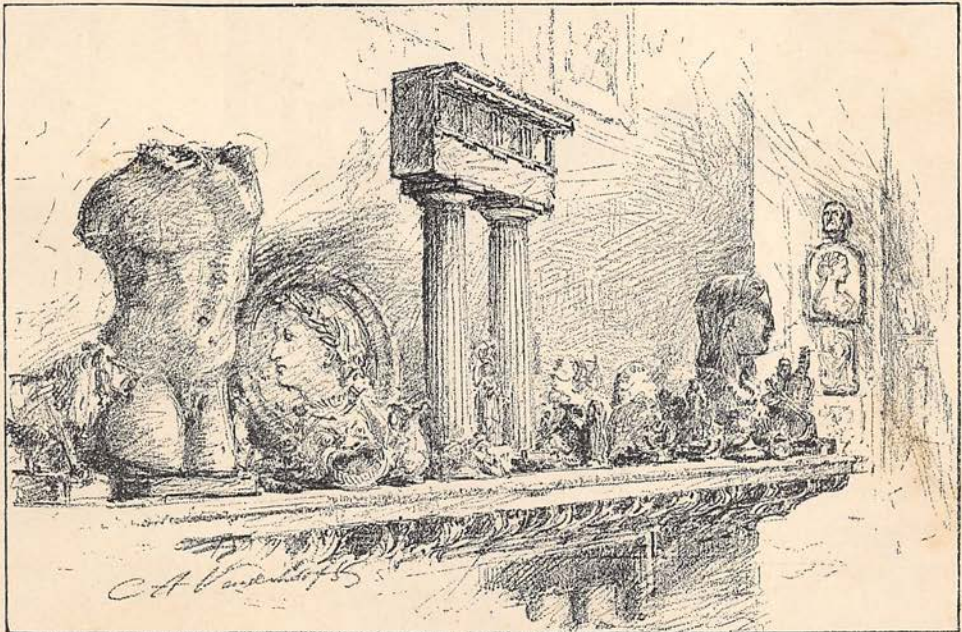
* "Le milieu explique l'homme, l'atelier commente l'œuvre."

that this projection is a balcony, fitted with luxurious cushions—a pleasant place to sit, to chat, and to admire at your ease the many beauties around you. If you turn your back upon the scene of our engraving you have before you a broad passage, floored with cool mosaic and roofed with gold and silver, in whose richly glinting twilight you see a green-bronze statuette of Narcissus, standing on a plinth between you and the blue-green tiles on the farther side of the famous Arab Hall. As you pass down this passage, if their doors be open, you catch glimpses of the library to the left and the drawing-room to the right, rich with pictures and china, and then the low gilt roof ends and you are in the Arab Hall itself. In the center a fountain plashes in its marble basin where gold-fish swim; on either hand are large windows, with divans cushioned with rich tissues and veiled with the elaborate woodwork of Egyptian *jalousies*. Above the arch by which we enter is a casement, the other side of which is given in our wood-cut of a bay of a room on the first floor. The walls are covered with Damascus tiles, with their subdued rich hues of green and blue and plum colors, and graceful patterns of bird and flower. Above, just before the fuller light of the lower story merges in the splendid gloom of the dome, bands of glass mosaic, made in Venice after designs by Walter Crane, show figures of deer entangled in elegant arabesques. The dome, which recalls the Alhambra, with its delicate elaboration

of form and variegated color, is pierced with small windows of oriental glass, thick and rich, holding the light like uncut gems. Looking back from the charmed obscurity of this oriental chamber, through the gold-roofed passage with its marble columns, we see the hall of our illustration, with its black marble balustrade, in full light of day standing out against a plain background of peacock-blue tiles. Probably for pure luxury of light and color there is no such other sight in Christian Europe; and as we pass back and note the change of architecture from Oriental to Italian, and the various objects of art with which floors and tables are strewed, it seems as though the Caliph Haroun Alraschid and Lorenzo de' Medici had set up house together.

If, when Sir Frederick welcomes you at the top of the stairs, you express to him your admiration of what you have seen, he will probably hasten to assure you that the pleasure is none of his giving. He will tell you that all the merit of the building is due to the genius of Mr. Aitchison, his architect; that it is to Mr. De Morgan that he owes the perfection of the tiling of the Arab Hall—that many of the old tiles were missing and have been supplied by that gentleman, with perfect artistic sympathy; and that the designs of Mr. Walter Crane for the mosaics are the most beautiful things of the kind he has ever seen.

Once inside the studio and you become aware of that third kind of beauty which has delighted the artist's mind and senses and

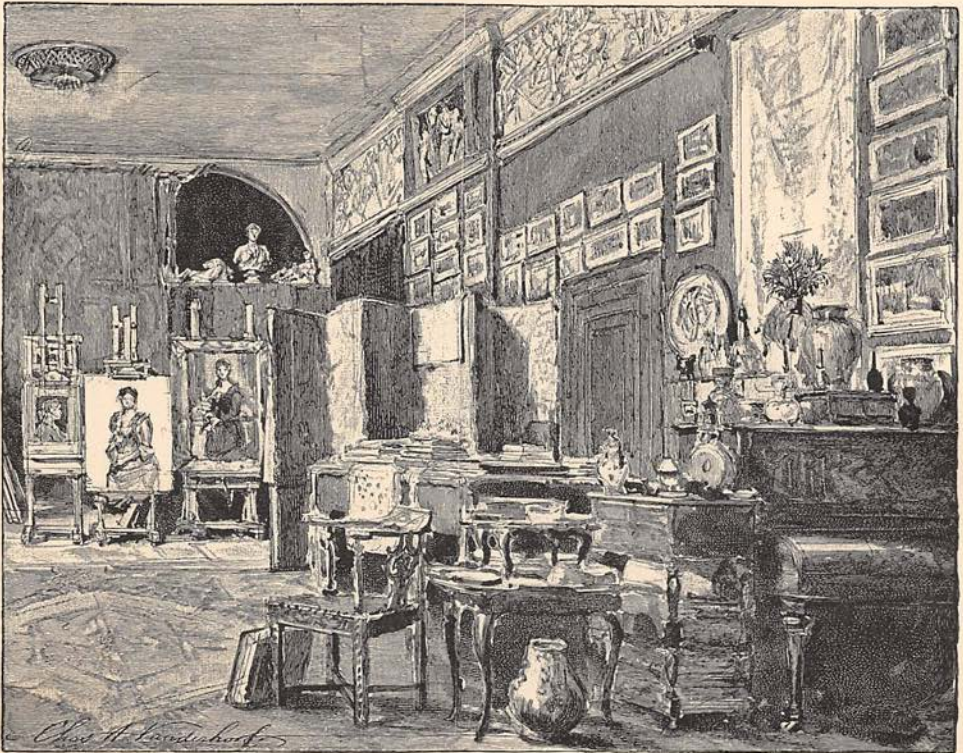


MANTEL IN LEIGHTON'S STUDIO.

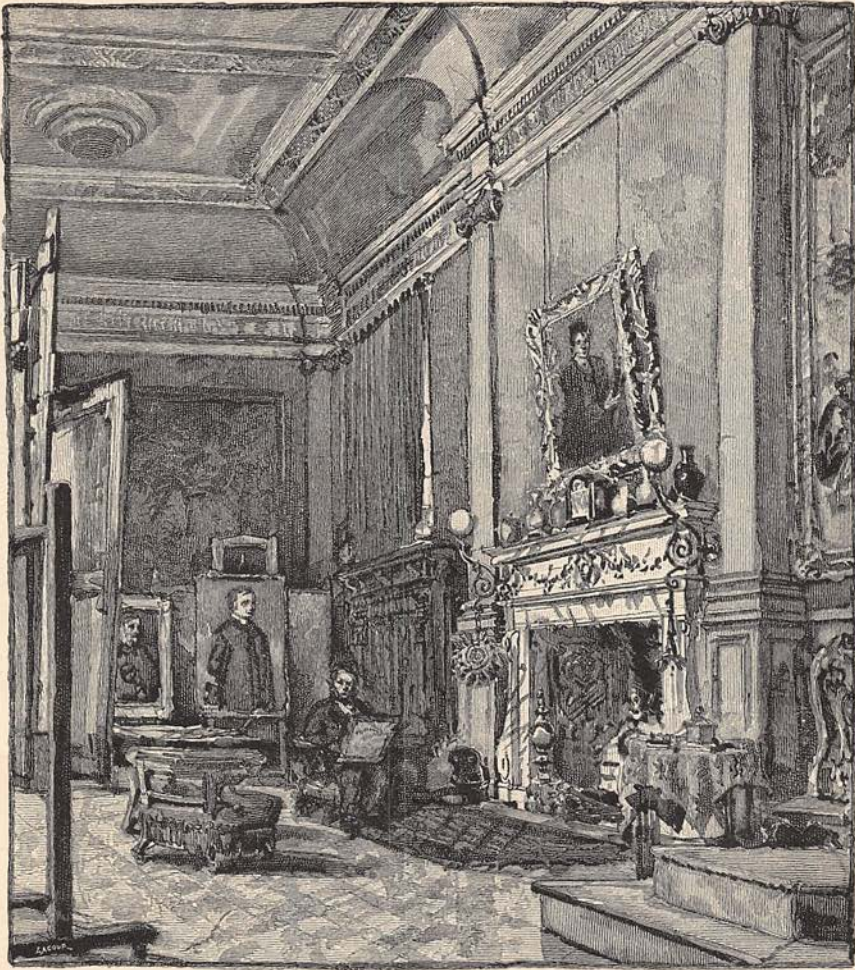
inspired his work—the beauty of precise form which reached perfection in the arts of ancient Greece. It is true that the Narcissus has given a hint of this before, but its influence has been drowned in the colored mystery of Eastern light and the grave splendor of Italian marbles. Here, however, though a chair may serve as a resting-place for a Persian tile, and majolica plates and bowls from Anatolia may lie on table and piano, a classic tone is distinctly felt if it does not prevail. The south wall of the room bears a cast of that famous Panathenaic frieze with which Phidias decorated the dim hall of the Parthenon, and on the sill of the gallery (which in our wood-cut is partially concealed by a curtain) are seen other casts of fragments of the same sculptor's work. Along the broad shelf, above one of the fire-places, are ranged (as shown in another of our illustrations) torso and medallion, bust and mask, mixed with little models of his own, including the sketch of his famous "Athlete Struggling with a Python."

All later art that seeks (like Leighton's) first of all things after beauty, and not the beauty that we all see, but the beauty which is ideal, must be in a measure eclectic, and the later it be the more eclectic it becomes, because there is more from which to choose.

But there are different kinds of eclecticism, and that term, as applied to Leighton, means only that he has studied art of all times and in all places, and that his own natural feeling for what is beautiful has fed upon all he has seen and has assimilated all that was nutritious to itself. No artist has probably learned more from his precursors, and none is more individual, for he has loved nature as well as art, and has a true original faculty of poetic vision. The luxury of the East, the splendor of Italy, and the repose of Greece have all left their influence upon his work, but he is the follower of no particular school, still less of any particular master. Such pictures as his "Helios and Rhodos" or his "Theocritan Idyl" of last year show, by the largeness of their design and the harmony of their color, that his visual pleasures and pictorial aims are similar in quality to the pleasures and aims of the great Venetians; but he sees with nineteenth-century eyes and uses a scale of tints which is peculiarly his own. When we look at his grand composition of "Heracles Struggling with Death," his majestic "Helen" on the walls of Troy, or his "Clytemnestra" watching pitiless for the baleful fires, we are not reminded of any statue or bass-relief, but of the poetry of ancient Greece.



LEIGHTON'S STUDIO.



J. E. MILLAIS' STUDIO.

The portraits upon the easels in our wood-cut show that Leighton does not confine himself to painting the unseen. Like most of the best artists of all schools, he has helped to record for posterity the character and beauty of individuals of his own generation. None of his portraits is finer than that of himself, painted for the Uffizi at Florence, where, with his friends Watts and Millais, his effigy will hang surrounded by those of the greatest painters of Europe. Nor has he left the interval between such realistic work and his poetical creations unfilled. Witness the lovely gallery of beauties of all types, Moretta, Fatina, Rubinella, Teresina, etc., which are perhaps the most popular of his works.

Nevertheless, it is as the painter of that beauty which is not seen (except in his pictures) that his distinction lies, while of Millais the reverse is true. This thoroughly modern

artist finds rather than creates, expresses rather than idealizes. The one paints visions, the other sights; the one forms and drapery, the other men and women and their clothes. Leighton's work represents the learned culture and æsthetic appetite of his century, but Millais paints the century itself. Though more entirely a painter than any Englishman of his time, the range of his artistic interest is comparatively confined. Little pleasure in composition for its own sake—for purely decorative combinations of color and line—is shown in his pictures. They spring into their beautiful being by a process almost exactly converse to that of the minds of such men as Leighton, and each artist is supreme at his opposite pole of art. His peculiar gifts of seizing the very life he sees around him, and of painting it, with a power of expression and splendor of color never surpassed, hold the



V. C. PRINSEP'S STUDIO.

secret of his great and deserved popularity—a popularity the like of which has never been seen in England since the death of Landseer. Nor is this confined to his own country. By means of engravings (and he has been singularly fortunate in his engravers) his name is a household word in the colonies and America, and has spread all over the world. Witnesses

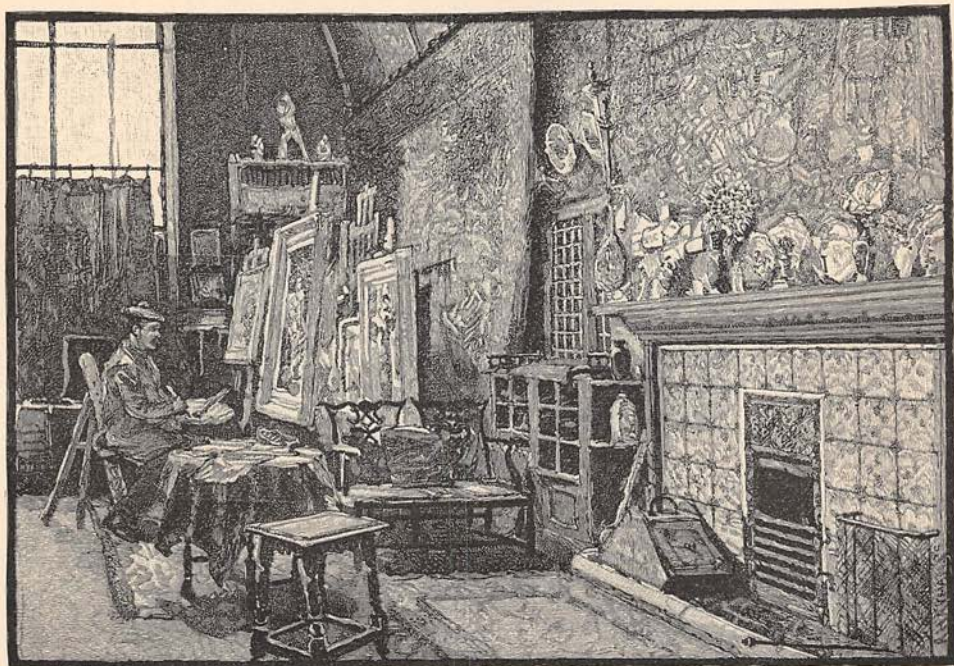
of his wide fame in the shape of letters from persons, great and obscure, at home and abroad, arrive daily. But the other day the note of the late Lord Beaconsfield, which we all read, spoke of him as "Apelles"; still more recently has arrived a command from the Queen to paint the portrait of Princess Marie, the daughter of the Duke of Edin-



GEORGE H. BOUGHTON'S HOUSE.

burgh; but perhaps still more gratifying are those epistles that show that his works penetrate, like the poems of Burns, into lowly cottages and uncultured minds, and there do their beneficent mission of happiness and beauty. Once a gentleman, of mean vocation but æsthetic tastes, wrote and offered his services for three years as a man-of-all-work, in return for board and lodging and the privilege of seeing Millais paint. He represented that

ties do not encumber even his studio, which, but for its large north window, is like any spacious chamber in any rich man's house. The few Italian vases which decorate its chimney-piece are the only articles of bric-à-brac to be seen. Even the two fine oak cabinets have something more than an artistic interest. The one beyond the fire-place once belonged to Charles I., and has been painted in Millais' pathetic picture of that hapless Princess



BOUGHTON'S STUDIO.

his present employment, which was cutting the throats of pigs in a great bacon factory at Chicago, was uncongenial to a man of taste and imagination. He longed for brighter climes, in other words, and was willing to "work his passage." Was Millais right in rejecting so touching an appeal? Who knows? The fellow might have been another Pareja, or at least as good a painter as Murillo's Moor! But it was not to be. With sound sense, if imperfect sympathy, the artist advised him to stick to sticking pigs.

Millais' house, a fine specimen of modern architecture, Italian in style, spacious, finely proportioned, full of light, elegant but not elaborate in decoration, was designed by Mr. Hardwick. There is nothing in its noble hall and staircase which expresses the personality of the artist, except his desire that each art should keep within its proper limits and have an uninterrupted field for the display of its peculiar beauty. Artistic proper-

ties do not encumber even his studio, which, but for its large north window, is like any spacious chamber in any rich man's house.

Elizabeth who died in the fifteenth year of her age and the eighth of her captivity. Always defiant of convention, Millais' works have had an extraordinary effect on the art of his time. He has been a pioneer, seeking in all directions for unhackneyed combinations of the beautiful, and having found the track has often left it to be followed by others. Such works as the "Huguenot," "Autumn Leaves," and the "Vale of Rest" attain separate heights of beauty of expression and sentiment which he has scarcely endeavored to reach again; but these works have been the inspiration of thousands of pictures by younger men. His drawings on wood for "Once a Week" and the "Cornhill" are not only the starting-points of the modern style of illustration, but have also affected modern wood-cutting. The genius of those two young artists—beloved of the gods—Frederick Walker and George Mason is said to have owed much of its development to Millais,



OTHER SIDE OF BOUGHTON'S STUDIO.

and the influence of his later work, especially in portrait and expression of the beauty and sweetness of children, is likely to be as wide and as wholesome as that of his earlier and (apparently) more serious labors. I say "apparently," because, as a matter of fact, the splendid ease of his mature skill is not a sign of carelessness, but of admiration for the art of Velasquez and Sir Joshua Reynolds. He, like all great artists, is, and ever will be, a student—his "course" unfinished and his professional ambition unsatisfied. I have his own authority for saying that it is not because it is easy to paint a child, but because it is the most difficult of all artistic exercises, that he has devoted so much of his later years to expressing the innocence and sweetness of tender age.

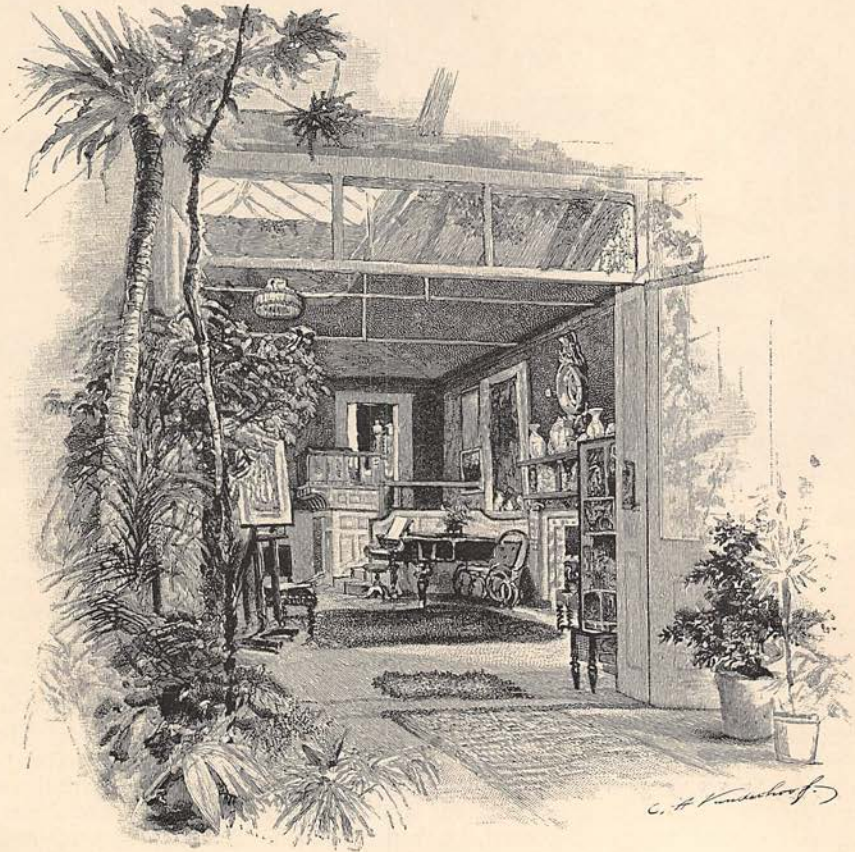
Variety of artistic impulse, frankness, manliness, boldness of design, and decorative feeling are some of the characteristics of the art of Valentine Prinsep, A. R. A. At present it has been mainly tentative, and is representative of his age principally as an instance of that intellectual vacillation which results from the possession of natural gifts unaccompanied by a strong instinct as to the best way to employ them. Such at present seems to me the reason why Prinsep has not yet fulfilled the promise of such pictures as the elegant

"Minuet" (1875), the poetical "Linen Gatherers" of the following year, or even his "Venetian Gaming House" of 1867. He is always showing originality, as in his remarkable picture of the "Gadarene Swine"; his manner, if hard, is strong; his color simple and effective, often crude but seldom disagreeable. Some of his studies of natives of India (Rajahs, Maharanas, and Nautch girls) have astonishing force of portraiture and color. His large picture of the imperial assemblage held at Delhi by Lord Lytton when Viceroy, which was exhibited in 1880, was a triumph over great artistic difficulties. Nevertheless, "What will he do with it?" is a question still to be asked in reference to the undoubted talent of Valentine Prinsep.

His house is remarkable, not so much for its beauty as its quaintness, and for being one of the first of those large red-brick houses with which not only the artists' quarter at Kensington but the whole of England is now studded. Its style is almost monastic in severity, and its quaint, long windows, with their heavy sashes and many panes, would give it as good a title to be called "Queen Anne" as many which have been so christened since. Built sixteen years ago, it was a daring innovation on the conventional and

featureless architecture of the day, and even now, in the midst of grander and more beautiful buildings, it maintains a striking and interesting character of its own. Our wood-cut gives the characteristic features of its spacious and curious studio, with its gallery and arched roof, its litter of bric-à-brac and "properties," and its large folding-doors. These separate the studio from the artist's bedroom, and the large aperture in the wall, which they close,

boats, or peasants of France chatting over their midday meal. Acting on the imagination it conjures up scenes of the "good old times." Heavier wagons lumber more slowly along rougher lanes, the spinning-wheel sings at the door, the houses are more picturesque, the costumes strange, but human nature and "the country" are unchanged. In Boughton's work figures are no more subordinate to the landscape than landscape to figures; both are

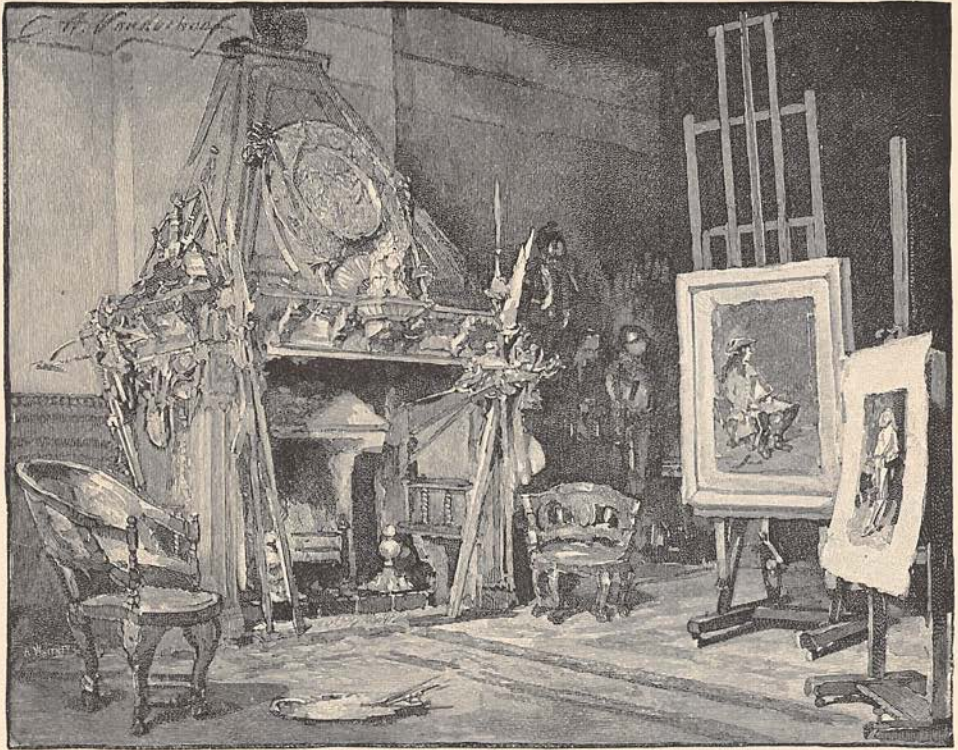


PHILIP R. MORRIS'S STUDIO.

was opened for the passage of the huge Indian picture before referred to.

Not far off, on the higher land called Campden Hill, is the beautiful new house of G. H. Boughton, A. R. A., an artist who found his line early and has kept to it. This line is the expression of a sentiment very characteristic of the age in which he lives. It may be called "idyllic," as that term is now used, and its source of pleasure is a sympathy with the out-door lives of ordinary persons, in states of society different from our own. This feeling, acting in the field of reality, gives interest to pictures of the fishwomen of Holland watching on the misty sands for the return of the

of equal importance, and the artist must be equally proficient in both. Conventional systems of art-teaching are of little use to a man who wishes to excel in "idyllic" *genre*, and so Boughton cut short his studies at the Royal Academy in London, and did not enter the *atelier* of any "professor" in Paris. Fruitful words of kindly help by Edouard Frère and other artists and unceasing study of nature have made him what he is—one of the most original and accomplished of modern English artists. A whole summer devoted to nothing but studies of sea has enabled him to make his waves break upon the shore as naturally as Mesdag can; and



JOHN PETTIE'S STUDIO.

another occupied exclusively in sketching the forms of trees has made his woodland scenes no less remarkable for correctness in drawing than for a masterly generalization, which, if suggestive of the French school, is yet distinctly his own. Great facility for rapid sketching enables him, as his innumerable sketch-books bear witness, to seize in a moment any chance attitude which is expressive or beautiful, so that his figures, though generally quiet in gesture, are always alive. Sometimes, as in an unfinished picture now on his easel, he catches an attitude so grand and yet so natural as to be sculpturesque. Despite his changes of scene from New England to Brittany, from France to Scheveningen, from Holland to Cornwall, and corresponding changes in type of feature and costume, despite also great variety in motive—touching history in his "March of Miles Standish" and humor in his "Wane of the Honey-moon," "people say" his pictures are too much alike. It is difficult to decide in what this likeness consists, but it is chiefly, I think, in color and in an air of quietism which spreads from his "Priscilla" and "Hester Prynne" all over his pictures. To some it may appear "mannerism"; to me it is only a personal flavor of great charm.

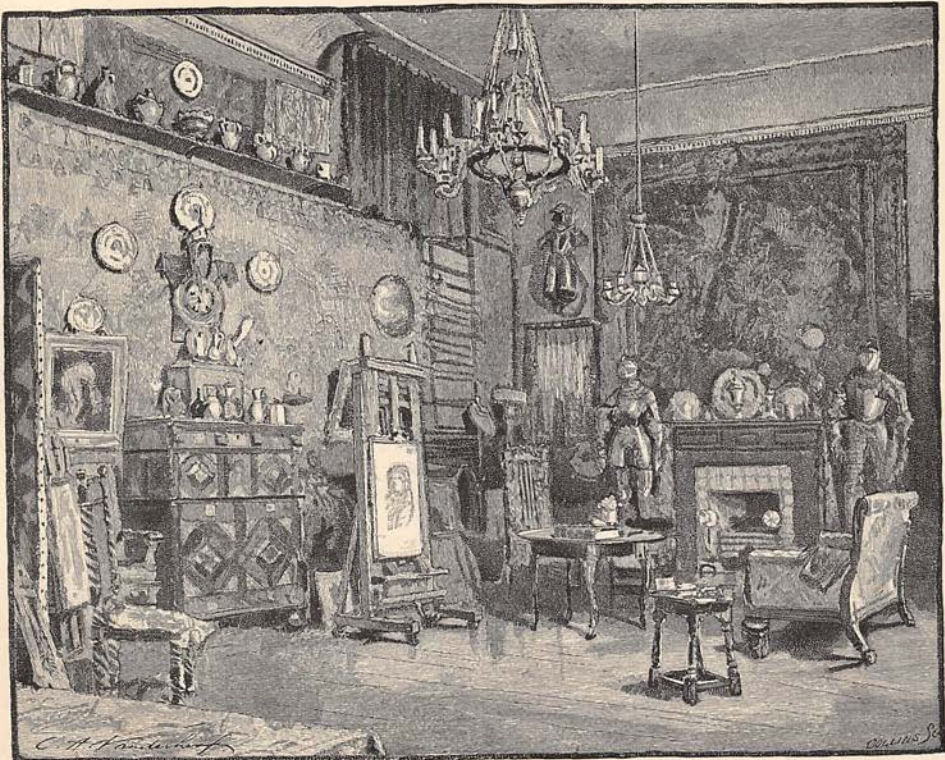
The beautiful house which Mr. Norman Shaw has built for him and his large, bright studio are well represented in our engravings, but the art of Boughton and of his class, such as Philip Morris, A. R. A., which seeks for its inspiration out-of-doors, is not likely to be reflected in the studio. Boughton's is full of china, bronzes, and curiosities of all kinds, but it is the unusual size of the window which floods the whole room with light which is the thing in it most characteristic of the artist as such. The rest of its rich and beautiful appointments are personal to the man of travel and culture. So modern is the art of Morris, so identified with the streets and fields, that its little screen, covered with his beautiful copies of the old masters, seems almost out of place, and the green leaves of his conservatory a more appropriate decoration. Yet it is no doubt greatly due to the patience with which he has executed these careful studies of the masterpieces of Giorgione and Titian that he has been able to excel in pictures which do not remind you of them in the least. From the first Morris seems to have determined to express himself only, and himself in his own language. He studied his classics, but refused to compose in a dead tongue. His desire to be new led him to attempt success in so many direc-

tions that his versatility was at one time a matter of danger. Nevertheless, he hit the mark more than once before his success was assured by his very original picture of "The Sailor's Wedding" (1876)—a procession by the sea in half a gale of wind, with the figures as lively as the bunting and the petticoats. The animation of a large group with one sentiment, popular and easily understood, has been the motive of his larger works, which abound in freshness of observation, both of nature and human expression. The idea is new and yet old. The "Kermesses" of Jan Steen are the ancestors of his "Sailor's Wedding," but the boorish excess is changed for the jollity of the tar. A sentiment still more refined and more modern, also in connection with art, inspired the white-robed maidens of his "Première Communion" (1878) and his "Sons of the Brave" (1880). The latter especially was sure to be popular. With its fresh boy faces and young limbs trained to march like real soldiers, with its pathos in a past of dead heroes and its hope in a future of young ones, it could not fail to strike home to the hearts, not only of fathers and mothers, but of all patriotic Englishmen. Like Boughton, Morris studies inanimate nature with the same care as men and women; and his many

pastoral subjects, such as "The Mowers" or "Fording the Stream," are remarkable for their truthful rendering of the softer graces of English scenery.

The neighborhood of St. John's Wood, where Morris lives, has, like that of Kensington, long been a favorite resort of artists, and, as it happens, all who are the subjects of this article live in or near one or other of these two quarters.

It was in the same road as Morris that J. Pettie, R. A., lived a few months ago, but this famous Scotch artist has recently moved to a larger house, and the room represented in our engraving knows him no more. The new studio is a magnificent apartment, lofty and wide enough to contain a small house, and lit by two large windows (south and east). These are fitted with such an ingenious arrangement of curtains that the artist can flood his model with sunshine from one or the other window, and manage cross-light and *demi-teinte* at his will. But this studio is not the place where those fine works by which we know him were conceived, and the scene of our illustration makes up in interest what it misses in splendor. It was here that he painted his terrible "Hunted Down" (1877) and "Sanctuary" (1873), his powerful scene in that of the



JAMES D. LINTON'S STUDIO.



IN MRS. ALMA-TADEMA'S STUDIO.

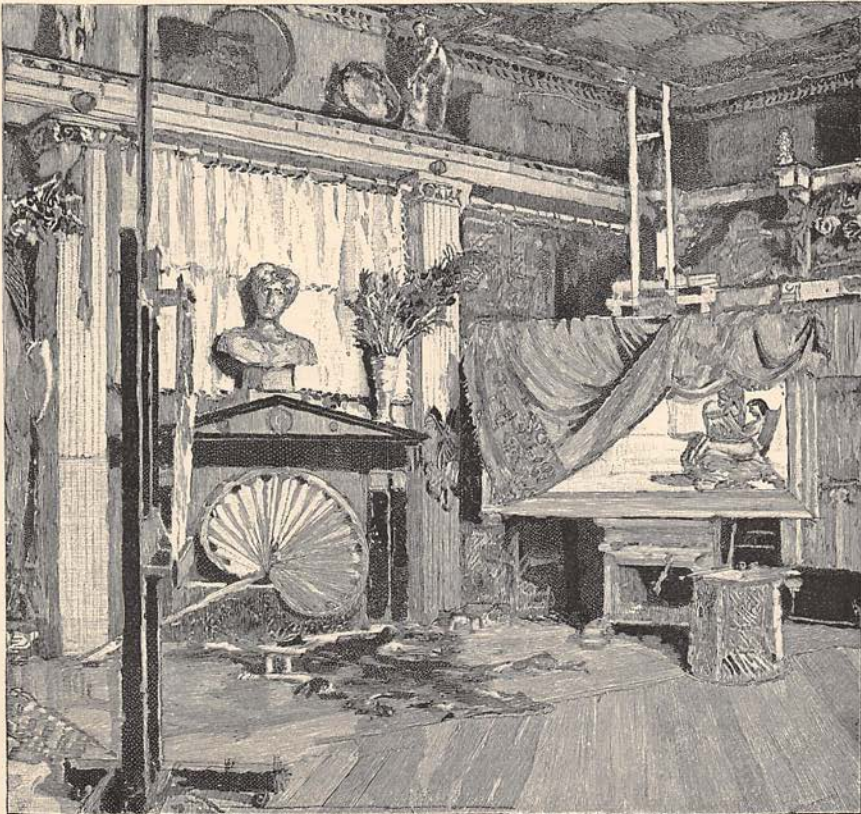
“Wynd’s Smithy” (1875), and that perhaps finest of all his pictures, “The Death Warrant” (1879). Few artists have won fame and honor with greater ease than Pettie. He received his art training in Edinburgh, and came to London when twenty-three. He has now been an Academician about eight years and is but forty-three. In skill and force, as a draughtsman and colorist, he has few rivals, and these qualities would be alone sufficient to account for the high esteem in which he is held by artists. If, however, to his power as a painter he did not unite a vigorous and sometimes almost passionate imagination, he might, indeed, have become an Academician, but he would never have been the great and popular artist that he is. His, unlike those of the artists whose homes we have just visited, is essentially the art of romance and drama. His pictures recall for us the stirring scenes of hot blood, the pomp of attire, the cruel statecraft, and all the splendor and crime of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He also recalls many of the great artists of those days,—Titian, Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Vandyke,—now one, now the other, or more frequently two or more together. It is not, therefore, directly

that he appeals to the present generation, but his art is modern for all that, and the source of its attraction the same as that of the novels of Sir Walter Scott. As his palette is richer and fuller than those of most men, so is his range of feeling wider. He does not confine his steps to the easy paths of modern sentiment, its commonplace courtings, its mean vice, and pretty piety, and the public follows him gladly to times less civilized and more frank, when men gave blow for blow, without bringing actions for assault, and dared crime without fear of the policeman. The search for unsophisticated feeling, when passion had not lost its splendor and guilt could be grand, is common to all art, but old times, good or bad, are especially dear to painters for the richness and strangeness of their costumes and the strength of their human types. The pictorial sense is strongly developed in Pettie. He likes to set even the modern faces of his friends in some splendid or quaint costume of their forefathers. “Every one his own ancestor” was the humorous subscription of a clever caricature of one of these portraits, in the costume of this or that century, which he has from time to time exhibited; and the rich contrasts, both of color and texture, afforded by

black velvet and gray steel, blue ribbon and *écru* lace, scarlet cope and buff jerkin, are the luxuries of his art both to himself and the public. It is, however, in his power of expression and in its tenderness, no less than its force, that his highest merit lies. Few who have seen them will ever forget either the face or figure of Wolsey in his disgrace, or those of the delicate young king, summoned from his playmates to the council chamber to dip his innocent pen in human blood. This incident of "The Death Warrant" is one of many, true only to days long dead, which Pettie has painted for us for the first time in the days that are.

In Steele's Road, Haverstock Hill, a debatable land, which is neither Hampstead nor St. John's Wood, but is about equidistant from either, lives James Drogmole Linton, who, after achieving very high success as a water-color painter, has only of late years taken to oils, and twice only (in 1878 and last year) exhibited at the Royal Academy. He was elected a member of the Institute of Painters in Water-colors in 1871, and was appointed one of the artists of the "Graphic" during the Franco-German war. In 1873, he

obtained a medal at Philadelphia for his picture of the Emperor and Empress of Austria washing the feet of beggars on Maunday Thursday, according to custom. Though he has changed his medium he has not changed his method, and his pictures in oil have much the same qualities as his water-colors, being singularly bright and pure in color and painted with a technical skill which is almost unrivaled. In an important series of six pictures which he is now engaged upon, illustrating the life of a soldier of the sixteenth century, he shows much of the feeling of the great Venetian artists for grandeur of composition and beauty of color. The first, called "Victorious," was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1880, and the second, "Benediction," at the Royal Academy of last year. Both of them attracted much attention, and the latter has had the honor of a full-page engraving in "L'Art." The picture upon which he is now engaged, the third of this series, will have more movement than the others. It represents a banquet in a grand hall with long table, at which a number of gayly dressed guests are assembled. Between them and the spectator a beautiful girl is dancing for their



ALMA-TADEMA'S STUDIO.

amusement. In general composition and glow of color it reminds one of Paul Veronese; in precision of execution and clarity of pigment, of the early Flemish masters.

Linton's studio, as will be seen from our engraving, is full of armor and weapons, tapestry, china, and Venetian glass. It has also at this moment some very fine specimens of Etty, an artist whom Linton justly values very highly. Of Linton's future much may be expected, because he has spent so much careful labor in perfecting himself in the grammar of his art. Whatever he may paint will be valuable for its purely artistic qualities, but at present he has shown no strong individuality, and his pictures have been deficient in human interest. He must therefore remain in this article as the representative not so much of his age as of that thoroughly English quality—good work.

If, however, Linton has at present given us little that is new, this charge cannot be laid against Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R. A., the most original artist of the day. The sixteenth century painted itself, but what visible objects have we to recall the life and heat, the costume and the color, the manners and the customs, of Egypt, Athens, Rome, before their fall? Nothing but mutilated statues, crushed columns, scattered mosaics, broken pottery, and buried bones. Even Alma-Tadema could have done little with these alone. But Nature, "careless of the single life" in one sense, is very "careful of the type" in another, and suffers little to die without some written record. Without both the material fragments and spiritual letters no artist could have done what Alma-Tadema has done—reconstructed not only the "buried cities," but raised their denizens from the grave. Nor could this unique artist's strange imagination have done its special work in any other of former generations. His art is essentially the product of his time. His ground has been prepared for him by hundreds of patient archæologists and scholars, and his work, deal as it does with "ages ago," is as modern as an Edison lamp.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Alma-Tadema is that all his learning seems to have refreshed rather than dulled his imagination, so that he is no more a pedant in his art than in his home. This is because he has studied for a definite purpose, and has not allowed his love of knowledge to become an end to itself. Coleridge, when once asked why he attended lectures on some science which the questioner thought out of his line, answered that it was to increase his stock of images. So Tadema has studied, and what a stock of images he has! As his mind, so his

house—not a corner of which does not contain a suggestion for a picture. Although it is but an ordinary house outside, built not for him, the door of brilliantly polished oak, with its brass mask for a knocker, gives a suspicion that all is not ordinary within—and the suspicion is well grounded. If, instead of passing through the hall and going up the staircase, with their walls covered with framed photographs of the artist's pictures, difficult to number, we turn to the left, we find ourselves in the studio of Mrs. Alma-Tadema. This, as shown in our wood-cut, is divided into three. The largest of the small chambers, with its oak piano fitted with candlesticks of *cloisonné* enamel, is that from which the view is taken. In each of the lower panes of its windows is inserted a portrait of one of the artist's two daughters, painted on glass. On the right wall hangs the weird picture of "The Death of the First-born"; on the right, portraits of Mrs. Alma-Tadema by Bastien-Lepage and John Collier. In the next small room, where the hammock hangs, the panels of the door (on the right, and not shown), as well as those between the columns of the temple-like press in the corner, are being painted with landscape, each by one of the artist's friends, Mesdag, Boughton, Bastien-Lepage, etc. The third is a little yard, which has been converted into a room with glass roof and sides, and it is here that Mrs. Alma-Tadema paints in the summer. Like Mrs. Bisschop (also an English lady), the wife of the famous Dutch painter, who was a school-fellow of Alma-Tadema, she paints almost as well as her husband.

His studio is on the first floor. You can enter it either up the brazen stairs, which lead from a little room furnished in the Dutch style, or through the drawing-room. Our view is taken near the drawing-room door, and a year ago you might have seen what you see there: the bust of Mrs. Alma-Tadema, by Amendola, and a glimpse of the artist's beautiful picture of "Sappho," which delighted visitors to the Academy and has since been etched by C. O. Murray, for "L'Art." The room is like a room in ancient Rome, with classical cupboards and pigeon-holes, and its ceiling painted like that of a famous bath in the Imperial City. The artist appears to have been even more than usually industrious lately, and there are many pictures finished and unfinished, on easels and off them. One of the most interesting is of Antony abandoning his fleet to join Cleopatra in her gorgéous galley bestrewn with roses. The completion of this picture has given the artist great trouble. "You do not know how difficult it is to paint pictures," he said to me.

The principal difficulty in his case is, I suspect, to select the best of the many visions conceived by his teeming fancy. One of the most gifted female artists of the day, Miss Clara Montalba, informed me that she had seen four or five different backgrounds to this very picture. Now it is all sea and shipping, once there was land and a town in the distance. Alma-Tadema alters much and never makes a drawing. On the other hand he *plans* his pictures with the greatest accuracy—a precaution of absolute necessity in designs like his, in which one plane is seen so often

pressed science with such telling effect into the service of art. Both these will be fine pictures in his peculiar style, but he has some others which will be a greater surprise to the public, on account of their scale, which is life-size, and their period, which is to-day. These are portraits. One is of Herr Barnay, the celebrated actor, in a toga, with the pediment of a temple introduced as a background in a bold and original manner. This temple has its ornaments decorated with colors, and while its striking architecture does not distract the attention from the fine face of the tragedian, it



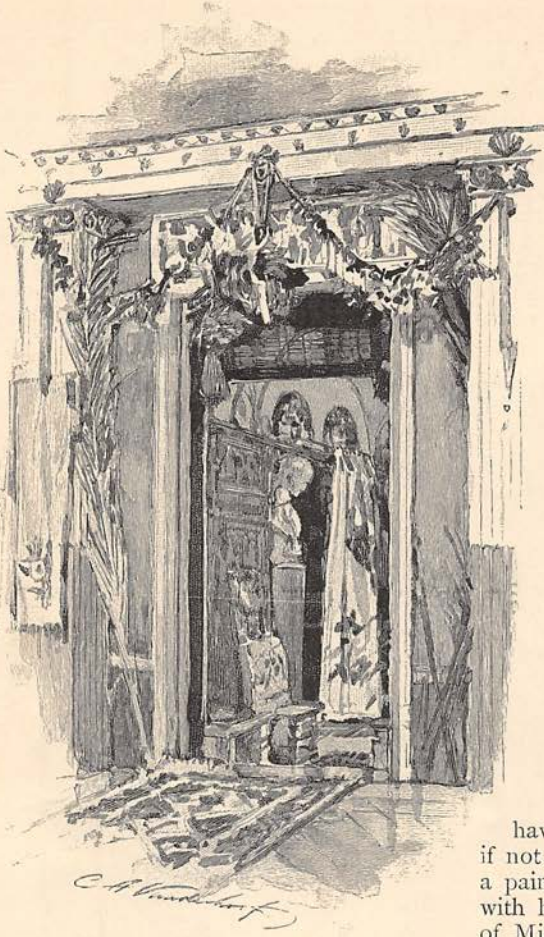
TADEMA'S DESIGNING-ROOM.

through, as it were, a hole cut in another, without any gradually lessening objects to help the eye.

“How do I manage to hit the right height of that figure seated in a chariot on the hill? I know it,” he said, “because the road there is exactly thirty feet below the level of the mosaic pavement of the hall in the foreground.” This was with reference to another unfinished painting, to be called “The Parting Kiss,” or some such title, in which we see a Roman mother embracing her young daughter before going out to take a drive in the *barouche* of the period that is standing at the door. Of course, calculations of this sort are made by many artists, but few, if any, have

adds greatly to the effect of the composition.

I have no space to write much of the wonders of the artist's house. The celebrated piano, the drawing-room, with double row of pillars, onyx window, and dado hung with rich Persian embroidery; the dining-room, with papered ceiling and great oak cabinets crowned with dishes and bowls of rare china; the library, with portraits of host and hostess on the door, the air of culture, design, learning, and beauty everywhere must be imagined. I will only mention specially its numerous divisions, and absence or concealment of doors, so that as in his pictures there are vistas everywhere, and from each room you can see another, if not more. This



ENTRANCE TO TADEMA'S STUDIO.

is not only characteristic of his own art but of that of his nation. "One room beyond another, and an open yard beyond that,

giving different strata of light, of various intensities and endless accidents of color," is a general description of the pictures by De Hooch, and such effects are dearly loved by Alma-Tadema, who, naturalized in England, and painting Rome, is Dutch still.

Tadema may be said to be without a rival in satisfying the desire of all the cultivated minds of his day to realize what ancient life was like. Gérôme is the only artist who can be compared with him in this, while as a colorist he is greatly Tadema's inferior. Moreover, though Gérôme is great, he is theatrical; though his efforts are grand, they are forced. These restorations possess probably many anachronisms, and there is a limit even to his invention; but, except, perhaps, to a few men still more deeply learned than himself, there is no ignorance discoverable and his revelations are without end. And all this learning and magic are, it may be observed, little more than surplussage to his art, which does not need such aids to popularity and fame. If, like some of his ancestors of the seventeenth century, he had confined himself to painting interiors, with ugly women peeling carrots, he could not

have failed to make his mark, for he is, if not first of all things, at least supremely, a painter; and charmed as we are to enter with him the studio of Apelles, the temple of Minerva, or the galley of Cleopatra, we could follow him to a modern cottage or drawing-room with equal artistic, if not the same intellectual, pleasure.

Cosmo Monkhouse.

REALITY.

LIFT me, loved Jesus! for the time is nigh
 That I must climb unto thy cross at last;
 The world fades out, its lengthening shadows fly;
 Earth's pomp is passing, all its joys have past;
 Phantoms flock round me, multiplying fast;
 Nothing seems tangible. The good I thought
 Most permanent hath perished. Come away,
 O sated Spirit! from the vacant scene;
 The curtain drops upon the mimic play,
 The benches are deserted, we will go—
 Forget the foolish clown, the king, the queen,
 The idle story, with its love and woe.
 I seem to stand before a minster screen,
 And hear faint organs in the distance blow.

Thomas W. Parsons.