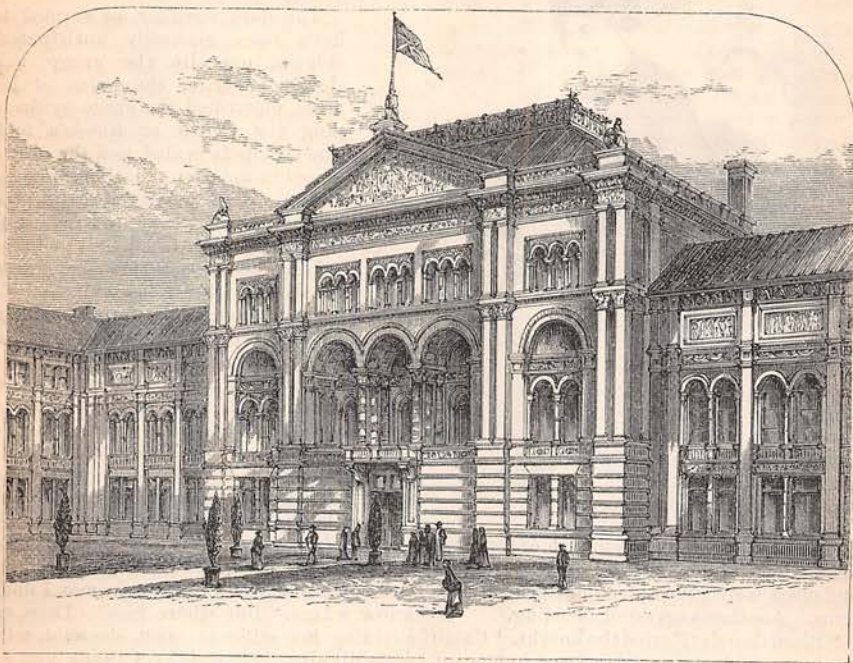


## THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

[First Paper.]



SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

"COME," said my friend Professor Omnium, one clear morning, "let us take an excursion round the world!" My friend is a German, and he has such a calm familiarity with the unconditioned and the impossible, that a suggestion which, coming from another, would appear astounding, from him appears normal. This time, however, I look through his spectacles to see if his eyes have not a merry twinkle: they are quite serene. Visions of the new Parisian play entitled *Round the World in Eighty Days*, thoughts of Puck and excursion tickets, rise before me, and I gravely pronounce the word "Impossible."

"But," says the professor, "Kant declares that it is too bold for any man, in the present state of our knowledge, to pronounce that word."

"My dear friend," said I, "it is among my dreams one day to visit India, China, Japan, California; but at present you might as well ask me to go with you to the moon."

"You misunderstand," replies Professor Omnium: "I do not propose to leave London. We can never go round the world, except in a small, limited way, if we leave London. How much does an excursionist in India see of that country? Only a few cities, a few ruins, and the outside of some

old temples, and he only sees a little of them. I staid in Rome three days once—all the time I had there—trying to get a glimpse of some antiquarian treasures in the Bocca della Verita Church: first day, the church was closed to all outsiders by regulation; second day, the building was occupied by a pious crowd, and services were going on from daybreak to midnight; third day was so dark and rainy that I couldn't see any thing. On my way back I met a man who had been in Nuremberg a week, trying to see its old shrines; he had seen many priests, but only caught glimpses, generally through railings, of one or two shrines, and the net result of his journey was represented in fifty photographs, just a little inferior to my own collection of the same—bought in Regent Street. I tell you, Sir, there are few greater humbugs than this traveling about to see Objects (with a big O) of Interest. It's expensive. Somebody says most travelers carry ruins to ruins, but the purses they carry away are the worst ruins of all. A man may well travel to see the world of men and women, but so far as art and antiquity are concerned, he who goes away from London shall have the experience of the boy in the fable who dreamed about the beautiful blue hills on the horizon until he left his

own flinty hill-side and journeyed to them; he found them flintier than his own, and looking back, saw his own hill to be bluest after all."

"Ah, then," I put in—when Omnium is talking it is well to put in when one can—"you begin by asking me to go round the world, and end with sneering at all my dreams of India and Japan—"

"Not a bit of it," cried the professor; "but ten thousand people and a dozen governments have been at infinite pains and expense to bring the cream of the East and of the West to your own doors: you turn your back, and pine for the skim-milk. Yesterday I was talking with Dr. Downingrue, an amiable and learned gentleman, who has been an official in the India House here for twenty years, and was lately given furlough for a year. That year he passed in Turkey and Persia. He told me that he wished to see a certain sacred book, written in ancient Zend, curiously illustrated with the most ancient pictures in the world, one of them possibly a portrait of the great Zoroaster himself. It was, he had heard, kept in the archives of the city of Bam Buzel, and he went a journey of three days and nights in a wagon to see and examine its text. Fancy his disgust at finding only an entry that the volume in question had been removed by order of the Shah in 1855, and that the Keeper of the Archives knew nothing whatever of its whereabouts. I took Downingrue by the hand, led him up one flight of stairs, and took down the old Zend book from its shelf there in Downing Street, where it had remained quietly, twenty feet over his head, while he worked twenty years for freedom to go searching for it in Persia! Now I heard you talking a few evenings ago about your hopes of one day seeing Shiraz and Mecca, the Topes in India, and the great Dai-boots Buddha in Japan. I have called this morning to say, firstly, Don't! secondly, Come, go round the world with me here in London! There is in the South Kensington Museum as noble a Buddha as that at Dai-boots, which hundreds of thousands of pilgrims have journeyed for weeks to see: you have only to walk fifteen minutes to see it—not a copy either, but the huge bronze itself. You may travel through Mexico, Peru, and Chili for ten years, and in all that time never see one-hundredth part of the vestiges of their primitive life and history which you shall see in the British Museum. Greece?—and be captured by brigands. Professor Newton has Greece under lock and key, from Diana's Temple to the private accounts of Pericles. Assyria?—you go, and find that the human heart of it has migrated; you come back, and George Smith reconstructs it for you—"

There was no sign that Omnium was ever coming to an end: the only way of stopping

him is surrender; and it was not long before we were making our pilgrimage through Stone Age and Bronze Age, as recovered by the ages of Iron and Gold, and still more by the ages of Art and Science. The professor held a very positive theory that to travel round the world profitably, you must first travel up to it, assimilating its past ages. Two recent stories had taken a strong hold on his imagination. One was about a learned historian of his own Germany who had resolved that it was essential to the complete culture of his little son that the child should begin where the world began, believe implicitly in its fetiches, follow them till they changed to anthropomorphic gods and goddesses, these again till the Christian wand transformed them to fairies and demons, and so on. By this means the historian meant that his boy should bear in his individual periods of life corresponding periods in the growth of the race, and sum up at last the long column in a total of rational philosophy; but the boy is now growing old, and at last accounts had got only as far as Roman Catholicism, and there—stuck! The other story which haunted Omnium's mind came from California, and was to the effect that upon the head of a woman in mesmeric sleep there was laid the fossil tooth of a mammoth, whereupon she at once gave as graphic a description of the world the extinct animal had inhabited when alive as could have been given by any paleontologist. "Both good stories, eh!" said the professor, with a hearty laugh; "almost as good as Pilpay's fables: both of them fictitious notions ending in phantasies; but both, so to speak, prophetic types of what real science with real materials enables us to do to-day. We can, indeed, 'interview' the mammoth, as you Americans say; we can hang his portrait on our walls along with our other ancestors; and we can assimilate the education of the human race, not by beginning with being assimilated by its embryonic ages, risking failure to pick through the egg-shell at last, but by bringing to bear the lens of imagination, polished by science, and carrying so a cultured human vision through all the buried City of Forms."

Since the few mornings when I had the pleasure of rambling with my German friend in the two great museums of London and listening to his raptures I have passed a great deal of time in those institutions, and with a growing sense that his enthusiasm was not misplaced. Indeed, so far as the museum at South Kensington is concerned—to which the present paper is especially devoted—to study it with care, and then stand in it intelligently, must, one would say, convey to any man a sense of his own eternity. Vista upon vista! The eye never reaches the farthest end in the past from

which humanity has toiled upward, its steps traced in fair victories over chaos, nor does it alight on any historic epoch not related to itself: the artist, artisan, scholar, each finds himself gathering out of the dust of ages successive chapters of his own spiritual biography. And even as he so lives the Past from which he came over again, he finds, at the converging point of these manifold lines of development, wings for his imagination, by which he passes on the aerial track of tendency, stretching his hours to ages, living already in the Golden Year. There is no other institution in which an hour seems at once so brief and so long. A few other European museums may surpass this in other specialties than its own; though when the natural history collections of the British Museum have been transferred to their new abode, one will find at its door a collection of that kind not inferior to the best with which Agassiz and others have enriched the Swiss establishments; but no other museum has so well classified and so well lighted an equal variety and number of departments and objects representing that which is its own specialty—Man as expressed in the works that embody his heart and genius.

The museum has been in existence about eighteen years. Its buildings and contents have cost the nation about one million pounds: an auction held on the premises to-day could not bring less than ten millions. Such a disproportion between outlay and outcome has led some to regard South Kensington as a peculiarly fortunate institution; but there has been no luck in its history. Success, as Friar Bacon reminds us, is a flower that implies a soil of many virtues. If magnificent collections and invaluable separate donations have steadily streamed to this museum, so that its buildings are unceasingly expanding for their reception, it is because the law of such things is to seek such protection and fulfill such uses as individuals can rarely provide for them. I remarked once to a gentleman, who did as much as any other to establish this museum, that I had heard with pleasure of various American gentlemen inquiring about it, and considering whether such an institution might not exist in their own country, and he said: "Let them plant the thing and it can't help growing, and most likely beyond their powers—as it has been almost beyond ours—to keep up with it. What is wanted first of all is one or two good brains, with the means of erecting a good building on a piece of ground considerably larger than is required for that building. The good brains will be sure to recognize the fact that we have been doing a large part of their work for them at South Kensington. It is no longer a matter of opinion or of discussion how a building shall

be constructed for the purpose of exhibiting pictures and other articles. The laws of it are fixed as the multiplication table. Where there have been secured substantial, luminous galleries for exhibition, in a fire-proof building, and these are known to be carefully guarded by night and day, there can be no need to wait long for treasures to flow into it. Above all, let your men take care of the interior, and not set out with wasting their strength and money on external grandeur and decoration. The inward built up rightly, the outward will be added in due season."

There is no presumption in the claim of the curators and architects of the South Kensington Museum that their building can not be "inwardly" improved. For it must be borne in mind that every difficulty that could conceivably present itself had to be solved by them in its extreme form: they had to deal with the gloomiest and dampest climate and the smokiest city in the world, and, *a fortiori*, they have solved every difficulty that can arise under less dismal skies. Nevertheless, this museum need not rest upon the claims made in its behalf by any authority. No statement can be so instructive and impressive as its own history, so far as that history exists; for, great as is the success it has attained, there is no one aspect of it which, if examined, does not reveal that it is rapidly growing to a larger future. I applied to the man who sells photographs at the entrance for pictures of the main buildings. He had none. "What, no photograph of the South Kensington Museum!" I exclaimed, with some impatience. "Why, Sir," replied the man, mildly, "you see, the museum doesn't stand still long enough to be photographed." And so, indeed, it seems; and this constant addition of new buildings and of new decorations on those already erected is the physiognomical expression of the rapid growth and expansion of the new intellectual and æsthetic epoch which called the institution into existence, and is through it gradually climbing to results which no man can foresee.

In a graphic article published some years ago Mr. Henry Cole described (what it is almost impossible for the Londoner of to-day to realize) the condition of this metropolis at the beginning of the century. The only institution which then existed for preserving any object of art or science was the British Museum, which was founded in 1753, in which year a sum of £300,000 was raised by lottery to purchase certain collections—as that of Sir Hans Sloane, and the Cotton MSS.—over the drawing of which lottery (100,000 tickets at three pounds each), at Guildhall, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and the Archbishop of Canterbury presided! But this sole institution excited the very smallest

interest in the country, and so late as forty years ago Crooker jeered in Parliament at Bloomsbury as a *terra incognita*, and Carlyle's brilliant friend and pupil, Charles Buller, wrote an article describing a voyage of exploration he had made to that region, with some account of the curious manners and customs of the inhabitants. "About a hundred visitors a day on an average," says Mr. Henry Cole (there were nearly 700,000 visitors to the British Museum in 1874), "in parties of five persons only, were admitted to gape at the unlabeled 'rarities and curiosities' deposited in Montague House. The state of things outside the British Museum was analogous. Westminster Abbey was closed except for divine service, and to show a closet of wax-work. Admittance to the public monuments in St. Paul's and other churches was irksome to obtain, and costly: even the Tower of London could not be seen for less than six shillings. The private picture-galleries were most difficult of access, and, for those not belonging to the upper ten thousand, it might be a work of years to get a sight of the Grosvenor and Stafford collections. No national gallery existed, and Lord Liverpool's government refused to accept the pictures offered by Sir Francis Bourgeois, now at Dulwich, even on condition of merely housing them. The National Portrait Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, and the Geological Museum were not even conceived. Kew Gardens were shabby and neglected, and possessed no museum. Hampton Court Palace was shown, by a fee to the housekeeper, one day in the week. No public schools of art or science existed in the metropolis or the seats of manufacture. The Royal Academy had its annual exhibition on the first and second floors of Somerset House, in rooms now used by the Registrar-General, whose functions then had no existence. It was only at the British Institution or at Christie's auction-rooms that a youthful artist like Mulready could chance to see the work of an old master, as he has often told us. Dr. Birkbeck had not founded the present Mechanics' Institute in Southampton Buildings, and the first stone of the London University, in Gower Street, was not laid. Not a penny of the public taxes was devoted to national education. Hard drinking was as much a qualification for membership of the Dilettanti Society as the nominal one of a tour in Italy. Men's minds were more anxiously engaged with bread riots and corn laws, Thistlewood's conspiracy and Peterloo massacres, Catholic emancipation and rotten boroughs, than with the arts and sciences, for the advancement of which, in truth, there was hardly any liking, thought, or opportunity."

This being the condition of London, the state of things in other parts of the United Kingdom may easily be inferred. There are

now fifteen important public museums and art galleries in or near London. The ancient buildings of interest are shown without fees. Nearly a million people visited a single one of these museums last year. There are seven large schools for art training in London alone, and 125 in the whole country, while the official report for 1874 gives 2811 as the number of schools in which art is taught, 281,400 as the number of art pupils, and 157,635 as the number of works that issued from them in the same year.

Public interest in the treasures of art and science in London—whose extent was unknown to any one—first manifested itself in 1835, when Parliament caused an inquiry to be made into the state of the British Museum; a second committee inquired in 1847, a third in 1859. The result of these inquiries was a series of ponderous Blue-books, which few ever saw, but which that few studied very carefully. It finally burst upon the country that the British Museum and its collections had up to 1860 cost three millions of pounds, and that it was "in hopeless confusion, valuable collections wholly hidden from the public, and great portions of others in danger of being destroyed by damp and neglect." The commissioners of 1859 who made this report also pointed out the cause of the evils they recognized. The museum was in the hands of forty-seven trustees, each of whom seemed to think that there were plenty to manage the affair without his concerning himself individually in the matter. Never was costlier broth so near being spoiled by multiplicity of cooks, when Panizzi, by a sort of *coup d'état*, brought a strong executive control to bear upon it. It is a singular fact that even now the British government does not formally adopt the British Museum. The vote for supplies of its ways and means is given each year on a motion made by a member sitting on the opposition benches. During Mr. Gladstone's administration it was made by the Right Hon. S. Walpole, a trustee of the museum; and now that Disraeli is in power, it will be made probably by the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, also a trustee. The money is supplied grudgingly. There can hardly be found elsewhere men of such eminence in their own departments as Professor Newton, Reginald Stuart Poole, and George Smith (the young Assyriologist); there can be found none who have done such enormous work in bringing order out of chaos in the British Museum; yet they receive, I believe, salaries averaging five hundred pounds for labors that would be underpaid at twice that sum. The present condition of this museum is, indeed, the *reductio ad absurdum* of the plan of governing such institutions through a large body of trustees. The vast growth of its collections has crowded its literary and scientific employés into miser-

able unventilated cells, and their murmurings of years have until now been unheeded. When the first victim, the Talmudic scholar, Emanuel Deutsch, was dying, he said, "Perhaps when I am gone they will do something." This was the hope of the thirty-eight scholars buried alive in the printed-book department. He died, and nothing was done. Then fell the second victim, Mr. Warren, head of the transcribing department. This caused a panic. The readers of the reading-room, many of whom suffer from the now medically recognized "Museum headache," took the matter up. The trustees visited the room where the two scholars had perished, and condemned it. But several rooms only a little better are still used, and Mr. Ralston, the eminent Slavonist writer, has barely saved his life by resigning a post he had held in the museum for over twenty years. That this huge building has become too small for its contents and its original purpose indicates the vast progress of English science in recent years. Much relief will be afforded, no doubt, by the removal of the vast zoological collections to South Kensington. The final result will be that the British Museum will be specialized, and become the treasury of the national archives and the national library. The tens of thousands of old prints and curious manuscripts hidden away for years will emerge. If the forty-seven trustees shall be removed along with other fossils, the great museum will be a model for the capitals of nations; but it is not now, and will be still less then, an institution adapted for the benefit of the non-literary multitude.

As for the matter of payment, it certainly constitutes the gravest problem besetting institutions of this character. The best work done for literature, art, and science (so far as they are connected with the state) is done on small salaries, a thousand pounds being considered a vast sum for great men. Even such men as Huxley, Tyndall, and Lockyer get less than that. But these gentlemen all feel the danger that might arise if such work became so well paid as to allure the incompetent, and its offices become objects of political intrigue. At present no country is so well served in such matters as England, such men as those mentioned being content with small salaries because of the ample means of research afforded them. And indeed it would appear enough to prevent the offices for scientific and other work of an intellectual character being sought for gain if some clever statesman would invent a way of paying the additional sums needed "in kind," but in some kind also not transmutable into values for other than the learned. It must be admitted that thus far no English minister has appreciated the necessity that scholars should

have salaries sufficiently large to raise them above anxiety, and to render unnecessary the too frequent frittering away of invaluable time and power in a multiplicity of extraneous and lucrative employments.

The redemption of the British Museum, so far as it has proceeded, as well as the establishment of nearly every institution of importance to art or science in the country, was due to the instruction by example represented in the South Kensington Museum. This institution, it is important to remember, did not grow out of any desire to heap curiosities together or to make any popular display; it grew out of a desire for industrial art culture, and the germ of it was the School of Design which opened in a room of Somerset House, June 1, 1837. This poor little school is now a thing to make fun of. It took over a month for it to obtain the eight pupils with which it began. The first act of its regulators seems to have been a rule that "drawing the human figure shall *not* be taught to the students." Haydon insisted that there could be no training without the human figure. The government did not want artists, but men who could draw such patterns as should render it no longer necessary for English manufacturers to go to Lyons and Paris for such. Etty and Wilkie sat in the council beside silk-weavers and portly warehousemen. Fine-art students were actually excluded—this mainly because of the cry that the government would otherwise be taking bread out of the mouths of private teachers—and the School of Design in 1842 consisted of 178 pattern-drawers. Schools of a similar character were gradually established in some of the provincial manufacturing cities. And there had been about ten years of this sort of thing when the great Exhibition of 1851-52 took place.

The great Exhibition may be termed, so far as English art is concerned, the great revolution. Such a display of "florid and gorgeous tinsel," to use Redgrave's description, was never seen, unless in the realms of King Coffee. The articles from the Continent were glittering and showy enough, but those of Great Britain outglittered all, exciting the laughter of cultivated foreigners to such an extent that English gentlemen were scandalized and abashed without knowing precisely what was the matter. The Prince Consort, who was especially ashamed at the general disgust manifested for this tawdry English work, had brought with him from his careful training in Germany and at Brussels one excellent habit—that of deferring to the judgment of accomplished men in matters relating to their own specialties. When he found himself, as Chief Commissioner of the great Exhibition, the hero of a great æsthetic failure and of a great financial success—blushing for the

fame of the country which had bestowed its highest honor upon him, and at the same time contemplating a net surplus of £170,000—the idea took possession of him that the least the money could do would be to begin the work of raising English work from the abyss of ugliness which had been so admirably disclosed; and that idea led him to consult artists of ability and men of taste, and to mediate between them and her Majesty's complacent ministers, whom he managed to rouse into a happy state of bewilderment, which resulted in action.

The Prince Consort was, during his brief life, a fortunate man in many respects, but in nothing was he so fortunate as when, inspired by the best artistic minds in England, he induced the Queen to set apart some rooms at Marlborough House (now the residence of the Prince of Wales) for an industrial art collection and for art training, and when he persuaded her ministers to devote £5000 to the same purpose. He has thus made the great head-quarters of British art in some sense his monument. In 1852 the small collection of the School of Design in Somerset House was removed to Marlborough House, and the Board of Trade confided to Owen Jones, R. Redgrave, and Lyon Playfair the work of reorganizing the whole art training of the country. The collection transferred from Somerset House was trifling enough, but now there were added a number of articles that had been purchased from the Exhibition, and a still more remarkable collection which has a curious history. After the French Revolution, when the infuriated people were prepared to destroy not only the *noblesse*, but the works associated with them, fine cabinets and beautiful china vanished out of Paris. At this time George IV.'s French cook gathered up a superb collection of old Sèvres china which had long been distributed through the English palaces, and was even used for ordinary table service. This porcelain was, by the Queen's order, removed from the various palaces to Marlborough House, where it was at once recognized as the finest existing collection of a class of articles which was already exciting that competition among collectors which at present amounts to a mania. But the Queen's best loan was her example. Ministers took up the matter with unvonted courage. Mr. Henley, of the Board of Trade, secured the Bandinell pottery, Mr. Gladstone the Gherardini models, and the precedent was set which has since added the Bernal, Soulages, Soltikoff, Pourtalès, and other collections—one of the most curious being that of the Rev. Dr. Bock, a collection of mediæval religious vestments. These statesmen did, indeed, blunder now and then, and in one or two cases it was found that the secret agent of the British Museum was



HENRY COLE.

bidding for some treasure against the secret agent of South Kensington—an incident that may contain a hint for American agents. But generally the purchases of the museum have been very fortunate, and I believe that much of this may be attributed to the skill of Henry Cole, who from first to last has been felt in the progress of this museum. While in London Mr. Cole developed a power of getting money for the museum from the stingiest chancellors unknown in the history of the English exchequer. He, with Redgrave, explored Italy, and brought back many valuable treasures of early art.

In 1854 the first report of the newly established Department of Science and Art was laid before Parliament. It was a Blue-book of 642 pages—so much being required for those interests of the country to which the Board of Trade had, in 1836, devoted the half of one page. This report and those which followed bore witness that a new enthusiasm had arisen in England for recovering its lost arts; but they increasingly proved also that the collections evoked from their hiding-places were already overflowing Marlborough House. In one sense this overflowing was of signal advantage, for it enabled the department to send a collection of four hundred beautiful specimens as a circulating museum through the provincial cities—a plan which has been maintained by the museum, and also by the National Gallery of Fine Arts, with excellent results. The commissioners had not at that time, so

far as their reports show, any notion of localizing the various schools of science and art at South Kensington. Indeed, no such expression as "South Kensington" had existed until 1856, when Earl Granville so christened the "Brompton Boilers," which the government had empowered Mr. Cole to prepare for the transfer of the Marlborough House collection (voting £10,000 for the purpose), and which, with their three boiler-shaped tops, still stand as the seed shell of the Museum. It was little supposed then that the "Mr. Huxley" whom the report of 1856 speaks of as employed to collect specimens on the coast would ever be seated as he is now in a palatial science school at Kensington. There must, however, have been some very far-seeing eyes looking at things in those days, for the commissioners of the great Exhibition of 1851 persuaded the government to add to the Exhibition surplus of £170,000 enough to make £300,000, and to invest the sum in the vast Kensington Gore estate. This estate comprised between twenty-five and thirty acres of land, about eleven of which belong to the museum, but all plainly destined to become a great metropolis of science and art. This arrangement took place when Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

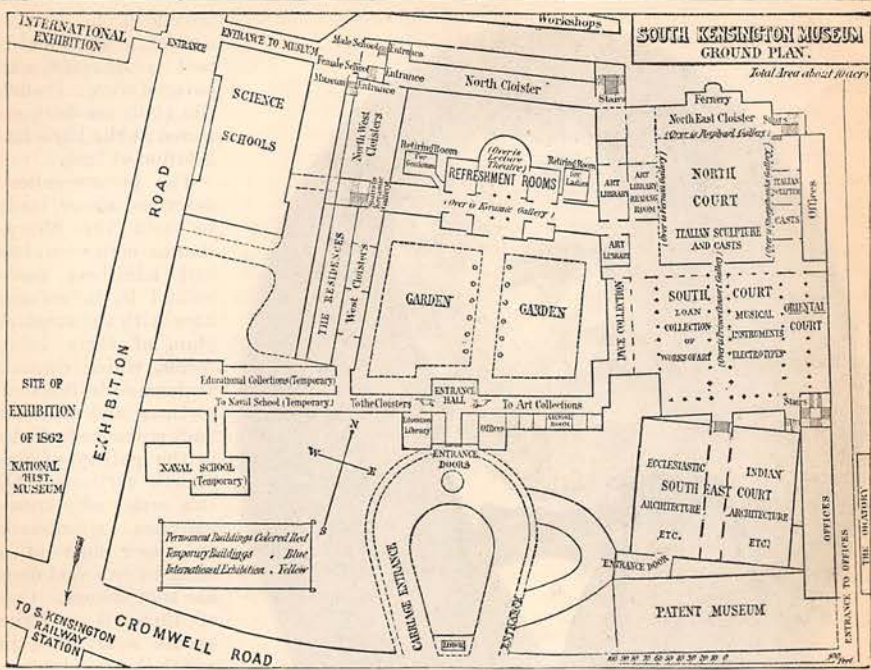
The removal of the collections of Marlborough House to South Kensington, and the establishment of the new movement in a centre of its own, with room to grow, was speedily followed by a grand event, namely, the donation by Mr. Sheepshanks of his superb collection of pictures to the nation. Mr. Sheepshanks supplies to gentlemen who wish to benefit the public about as good an example as they can find in modern annals. For many years he had welcomed artists to study and copy in the gallery opening from his dining-room, which so many of them now remember as an oasis in the wilderness which surrounded them thirty years (or less) ago. But the owner of this gallery had observed that the Philistines of Parliament were still very strong: they had once refused to accept even a valuable collection of pictures (as already stated) from unwillingness to house them, and although they had got beyond that, and thankfully accepted the Vernon Gallery, he saw that the arrangements for giving shelter to this gallery were made very slowly. (They are not completed even yet, in 1875; the National Gallery has a large portion of its Turner and its Vernon bequests housed at South Kensington, and a much larger portion of them hid away in its crypt, awaiting the hour when England shall find out the magnificent works of which it is the heir by seeing them on the new walls which are rising so slowly.) Mr. Sheepshanks resolved to see his gallery—which was worth even then a hundred thousand pounds—attended to while he was yet alive. He of-

fered his pictures to the country on the following conditions: that a suitable building should be erected at Kensington (which would remove them from the dust and smoke of the city); that they should never be sold; must be open to art students, and at times to the public; and that the public, especially the working classes, should be permitted to view the same on Sunday afternoons. The government assented to all of these conditions except the last, and Mr. Sheepshanks was reluctantly compelled to add to that provision the words, "it being, however, understood that the exhibition of the collection on Sundays is not to be considered one of the conditions of my gift."

Having thus summed up the history of the museum, it remains for me to consider its three aspects—(1) as to architecture and decoration; (2) its collections of objects; (3) its educational or art-training method and character.

The accompanying map will show the series of buildings at South Kensington, with part of the area on which the great Exhibition of 1851-52 was situated. This latter area is much larger than that covered by the buildings here presented, and when the Natural History Museum is completed, there will exist to the west of Exhibition Road a park of about ten acres, holding at the north the Royal Albert Hall, at the south the museum last mentioned, and between these, on either side, the long line of arcade buildings hitherto used for the National Portrait Gallery, for the display of machinery during exhibitions, for horticultural shows, and hereafter to be further utilized for the exhibition of the historical and other patents now being transferred from their very inadequate shelter indicated on this ground-plan. The grounds inside of this second series of buildings are beautifully adorned with statues and fountains, and will remain in the future, as they have been in the past, a favorite promenade, entered from any of the buildings mentioned, and in summer always bright with flowers, with music, and gay companies.

In our ground-plan the more deeply shaded parts will serve to indicate the temporary iron structures which are destined to disappear gradually. The chief interest at present gathers around the building containing the courts. It was designed by the late Captain Fowke, of the Royal Engineers, and, I believe, there is no other building in this country which is so universally admitted to be perfect for its purpose. The task assigned Captain Fowke was to build a picture-gallery eighty-seven feet long by fifty wide, with two floors, the upper to be lighted from above, and the lower open to the light from side to side, and to make the whole as near fire-proof as possible. The building is thirty-four feet above the ground-line to



SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM—GROUND-PLAN.

the eaves, and fifty to the ridge, and consists of seven equal bays, twelve feet in length and of the width of the building. The upper floor contains four separate rooms, two of forty-six by twenty feet, the others of thirty-five by twenty feet, lighted entirely from the roof, and giving a wall space of 4340 square feet available for hanging pictures. The lower floor is thrown into two unequal rooms of forty-six by forty-four feet and thirty-five by forty-four feet, each having a row of piers along the centre, the play of light from side to side being thus nearly unimpeded. Thus the upper floor has no windows, but as much wall space as possible, while the lower has no walls, but piers, as is demanded for the exhibition of objects in cases. The roof is double glazed, and the rule of lighting is that the height and width of the gallery should be the same, and the sky-light half of the same. This renders it always easy for the spectator to avoid the glitter point on a picture, as may be seen by the accompanying diagram. The glitter point, altering with the position of the beholder, is at B, nine feet from the floor, when the beholder is at E<sub>1</sub>, or five feet from the wall; and the glitter descends to C, seven feet from the floor, when the beholder advances to E<sub>3</sub>. But if the spectator can recede to fifteen feet, the wall has no glitter up

to thirteen feet. The sky-light at South Kensington is brought as near as is consistent with avoiding glitter, and is twenty feet nine and a half inches from the floor. Just below the sky-light run horizontal gas pipes, with fish-tail burners projecting on two-inch brass elbows, and the light at night is as nearly as possible the same as in the day. When the gas was first put in this building there occurred an interesting controversy

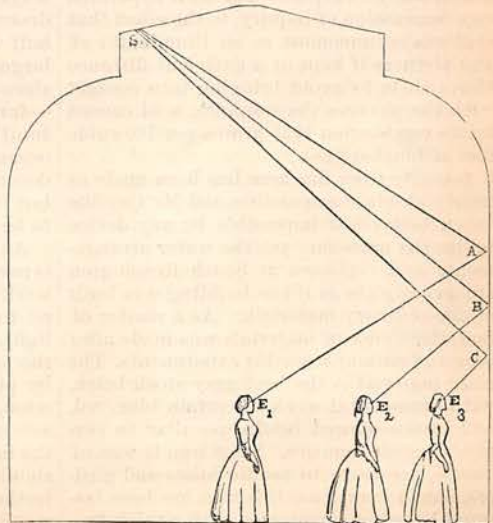


DIAGRAM SHOWING GLITTER POINTS IN A PICTURE-GALLERY.





CUNLIFFE OWEN, DIRECTOR OF THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

concerning the effect of gas on pictures, which elicited a valuable statement jointly signed by Faraday, Hofmann, Tyndall, Redgrave, and Fowke, who had been appointed as a commission of inquiry, to the effect that coal gas is innocuous as an illuminator of any pictures if kept at a sufficient distance above them to avoid bringing into contact with the pictures the sulphuric acid caused by its combustion (22½ grains per 100 cubic feet of London gas).

Security from fire here has been made as nearly absolute as possible, and Mr. Cunliffe Owen believes it impossible by any device to fire the museum; yet the water arrangements and vigilance at South Kensington are as complete as if the building was built of the ordinary materials. As a matter of fact, the choice of materials was made after long and patient scientific experiments. The main material is the best gray stock brick, with ornamental work of certain blue, red, and cream-colored bricks peculiar to certain English counties. Some iron it was, of course, necessary to use for joists and girders, but in every case this iron has been isolated by being surrounded with a thick fire-proof concrete. The floor is of Minton tiles

imbedded in Roman cement. The double roof is Mansard, and covered with a French tile (*tuile courtois*), selected at the Paris Exhibition of 1855.

The picture-gallery described above, made to hold the Sheepshanks collection, has had additions made behind it, in accordance with the original plan, of three large rooms, which contain various collections of pictures, and near the back entrance to these is the gallery of Raphael's cartoons. All this series of picture-galleries constitutes an upper floor of a wing to two vast double show-rooms. One of these is a large square apartment, in which large numbers of marble and other antique monuments are displayed. The other, connected with it, is architecturally divided by slender pillars—between which, as an avenue, are show-cases above and

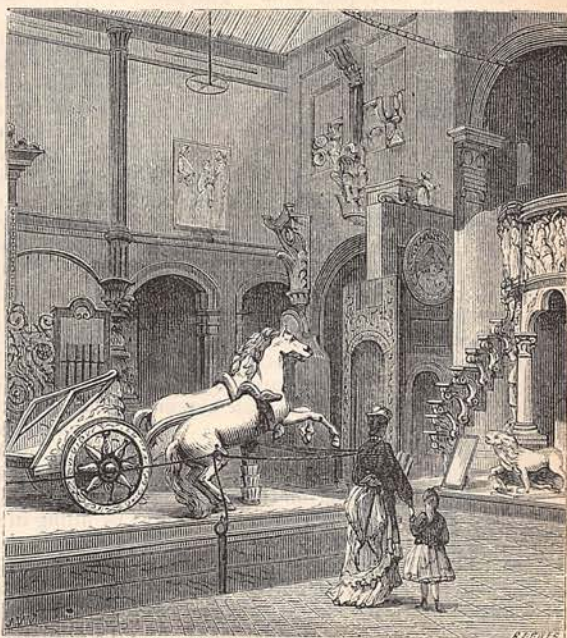
below—into two noble rooms with splendid arched ceilings. The first-named of these rooms (that which is without division, and single roofed) has not yet received its wall decorations, which are to be a distemper half-way up, and above, a frieze of frescoes large as Raphael's cartoons. The other show-room—with the double-arched ceiling—furnishes, as may be imagined, fine opportunities for wall decoration, as also for the ornamentation of floor and ceilings. The decoration here has not been completed, but it has gone far enough for the scheme to be judged by its effect.

And it is just here that a careful criticism is necessary. While the purely architectural work merits all the praise that can be claimed for it, securing an admirable play of light, making each division add its light to the other, and reducing the space occupied by pillars and other accessories to a minimum, the decorations are but measurably successful. The faults are due, I think, to the intention that the ornaments themselves should present some of the features of a collection of styles. The result proves that it would be better if the varied styles were exhibited in a court set apart for the pur-

pose. The floor, for example, is rich in its varieties of tiles, there being some five or six of different designs and shades. It is true that the great central floors are made of tiles of uniform design and color, and that these—a deep brick red, with small green spot at the corners of each tile—are grave and good; but all around, where we pass through arch or door, there is a deep fringe of brilliant tiles, which are reflected into the glass cases nearest them, to the injury of the objects shown; and in the series of "cloisters," as the spaces beneath the picture-gallery may be called, there are further experiments in floor tiles which militate against the effect of the articles exhibited in them. The ceilings in these cloisters, or side spaces, have been covered with Oriental decorations by the late Owen Jones; they are Indian, Persian, moresque, and of the greatest beauty, each coffer in the ceiling and each archway presenting a new design, and yet all in harmony: these being too far above the show-cases to affect any objects in them, are rightly placed; but the floor, as the necessary background to many objects in the rooms—many of which depend on delicate shades of color for their effect—will eventually, I suspect, have to be reconstructed, and made entirely of the grave hue which has happily been already adopted for the greater part of it. Ascending a little above the floor, it must be said also that there is too much brilliancy about the lower arches and their spandrels, too much white and gold. It is not only that this does not give a sufficiently subdued background for the bright glass or chased metals in the upper parts of the cases (on the ground-floor), but they are by no means the best supports for the grand series of life-sized figures in mosaic, on deep gold surfaces, which make the magnificent frieze of the upper wall.

It is these superb figures, representing the great artists of the past, which constitute the most salient feature of decoration in the museum. In this case (as in so many others in the museum) the scheme—due to the late Mr. Godfrey Sykes—of combining the purposes of general decoration with subjects of special interest in a museum has been most fortunate: the general effect is noble, the figures interesting as portraits and as representations of costume, the varieties of mosaic in which they are produced being of

value for comparison. There are thirty-six flat alcoves—eighteen on each side—and the figures in them are those of the chief artists in ornamentation, with the names of their designers beneath: Phidias (by Poynter); Apelles (Poynter); Nicola Pisano (Leighton); Cimabue (Leighton); Torel, the English goldsmith, d. 1300 (Burchett); William of Wykeham, bishop and architect of Winchester Cathedral, d. 1404 (Burchett); Fra Angelico (Cope); Ghiberti (Wehnert); Donatello (Redgrave); Gozzoli, one of whose Florentine frescoes, containing his own portrait, is in the museum, d. 1478 (E. Armitage); Luca della Robbia, specimens of whose terra-cotta work in the museum show him to have been a man of genius, d. 1481 (Moody); Mantegna (Pickersgill); Giorgione (Prinsep); Giacomo da Ulma, friar at Bologna and painter on glass, d. 1517 (Westlake); Leonardo da Vinci (J. Tenniel); Raphael (G. Sykes); Torrigiano (Yeames); A. Dürer (Thomas); P. Vischer (W. B. Scott); Holbein (Yeames); Giorgio, painter in majolica, d. 1552 (Hart); Michael Angelo (Sykes); Primaticcio, the Italian who made the decorations at Fontainebleau, d. 1570 (O'Neil); Jean Goujon, to whom is attributed the old carving in the Louvre, d. 1572 (Bowler); Titian (Watts); Palissy (Townroe); François du Quesnoy, Flemish ivory carver, d. 1546 (Ward); Inigo Jones (Morgan); Grinling Gibbons (Watson); Wren (Crowe); Hogarth (Crowe); Sir J. Reyn-



NORTH COURT, NORTHWEST CORNER, SHOWING CASTS OF THE BIGA (OR TWO-HORSE CHARIOT), FROM THE ORIGINAL IN MARBLE AT THE VATICAN, AND OF THE PULPIT BY GIOVANI PISANO, FORMERLY IN THE CATHEDRAL AT PISA.



SOUTH COURT, SHOWING THE PRINCE CONSORT'S GALLERY.

olds (Phillips); Mulready (Barwell). The only very modern artist in this list is Mulready, and he is certainly unfortunate, looking as if Mr. Punch's most cynical artist had been employed to depict him. The late Mr. Owen Jones has been well represented in mosaic, though, as I write, the work has not been set in the wall: it certainly should be set up in the place of poor Mulready. This is the only bit of really ugly work in the series, although, of course, the merits of the others are very unequal. The artists have evidently given careful archaeological study to the costumes of each period, and in some cases—as Prinsep's Giorgione, Scott's Vischer, and Pickersgill's Mantegna—the work is such as the grand old workers around need not be ashamed of. Of great interest, too, are the varieties of material of which the mosaics are composed, concerning which I can only say here that the Italian glass appears to me incomparably superior to the experiments in English ceramic wares.

The shape of this double room, it will be borne in mind, implies four large lunettes, one, that is, at each end of the two large roof spans. Two of these have been already filled, one with a copy of the "School of Athens," by Mr. Moody, another by a picture apparently suggested by the same, representing allegorically the Arts, by the late Mr. Pickersgill, R.A. It is to be hoped, for the sake not only of public taste, but that of both artists, whose ability to do good work is illustrated in other parts of the

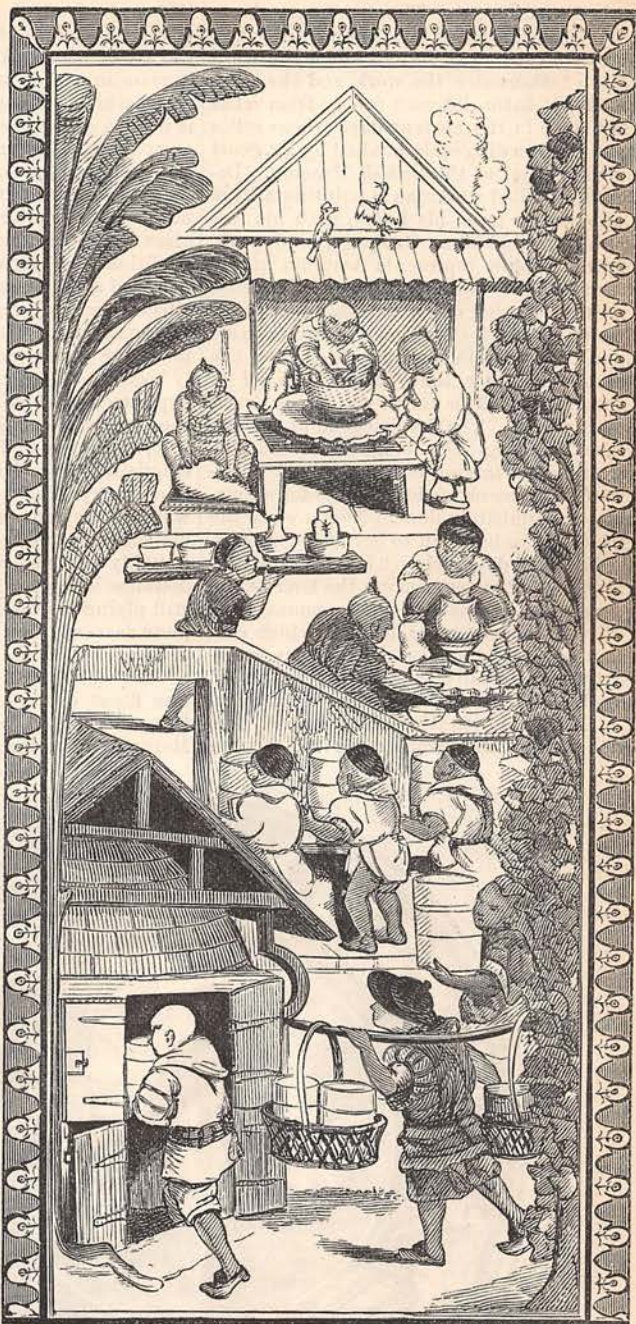
building, that these conspicuous failures should disappear from the walls. There is, indeed, some reason to believe that the "School of Athens" was a mere experiment, as a copy of Raphael's great work made probably from a photograph can hardly have been meant to occupy a permanent place in so important an institution. We may feel assured that when Mr. Leighton's exquisite designs for lunettes—the "Arts of Peace" and "Arts of War"—are placed on the walls, it will be impossible for such pictures to remain opposite them, unless as a recurrence to that droll collection of things to be avoided in ornament which was a feature of the original museum, described by Mr. W. B. Scott as a "chamber of horrors."

I have heard also that our countryman, Mr. Whistler,

has received an order to furnish a decorative work in the Japanese style, of which he is the greatest master among non-Oriental artists, and one can only hope that it is meant to replace the hard and crude lunette of Mr. Pickersgill. It is but justice to Mr. F. W. Moody, one of the most energetic and accomplished teachers at the museum, to say that the institution is indebted to him for many instructive experiments and designs in the way of decoration. No one should fail to observe the very remarkable exterior wall decoration covering one entire side of the new School of Science, which is a most complete revival of the *sgraffito* work of the fifteenth century. This experiment by Mr. Moody of the high Renaissance in Italy has been placed on a wall of the building not visible from the streets, but only from the windows of the museum. It is analogous to the *niello*, which was graven in silver and the lines filled in with carbon, making a black picture on a white ground. (There is a good account of this ornamentation, said to be the origin of all engraving for printed work, in W. B. Scott's *Half-hour Lectures*.) Mr. Moody's experiment is made by filling in the hollows of the cement, presenting a multiplicity of scrolls, symbols, allegorical figures—Natura, Scientia, etc.—and portraits of scientific men. The stairway from which this vast work—covering the wall for four or five stories—can best be seen is another interesting experiment of Mr. Moody's. As befits a stairway leading to the Ceramic Gallery, its ornaments

are made of Minton porcelain. The steps and facings of the steps are a kind of mosaic made of hexagon pellets painted; the walls are paneled with white porcelain; and their effect under the light falling through large figured windows, toned rather than colored, is very good indeed.

Entering now the Ceramic Gallery, we find its contents illustrated by a very ingeniously devised series of window etchings (as they may be called), which are probably unique in the history of work on glass. The windows on one side of this room, fifteen in number, each double, were intrusted to Mr. William B. Scott, who as an archæologist in art certainly has no superior. Mr. Scott designed no fewer than forty-eight large pictures, representing the history of ceramic art from the most ancient Chinese, Egyptian, Indian, and Persian down to Wedgwood; and these he has placed in the fifteen windows. They are for the most part in black and white, colors being introduced only once or twice, and then but slightly. The first and second windows are devoted to the Chinese, their work being, if not the earliest, the most ancient in porcelain, and that which has most influenced the European art. Here is shown their whole method, from the preparation of the clay, the half-naked natives bringing the kaolin from caves in paniers, others steeping it in water, refining it in large mortars, and kneading it on tables. The potter is seen before his rude wheel, and forming the vessel by hand-pressure. And after this we trace his work to the furnace, and on to



CHINESE POTTERS AT WORK—WINDOW IN THE CERAMIC GALLERY.

its place in the shop. This work implies the most patient study of original Chinese models. One window represents characteristic Chinese ornamentation—such as the royal dragon and the bird-of-paradise—and a bazar at Peking. The third window represents

early Egyptian art. The upper part shows the casting of brick by packing in boxes, and then turning it out, all under the whip of the task-master, the work and the whip being but little different to-day from what they were in the ancient days whose relics have been so diligently studied by Mr. Scott on the papyri of the British Museum. Beneath, a skilled workman is painting a large Canopus: he is on his knees, with his feet doubled behind him. One page, so to speak, of this window represents Assyrian art by a triumphal procession, in which immense vases are carried on ox trucks, and smaller ones on the heads of prisoners, a design based upon discoveries in Nineveh which show the great importance that people ascribed to earthenware. The fourth window is Greek and Etruscan. The Greek legend of the origin of painting—the daughter of the potter of Sicyon tracing on the wall the shadow of her lover on his leaving her for a journey—is exquisitely done. Next we see the girl applying her plan to her father's vases. We have also depicted with learning the honorary uses of pottery among the Greeks, the vases given as prizes in public games, or as votive offerings for the dead, by which custom the finest examples we have were transmitted; and finally there is the genius of Death holding in her hand the cinerary urn. The fifth window is Hispano-Moresque. The earliest ware in Europe after the Samian

(Roman) of which we have any examples was that made by the Moors, who brought the art of making it from east of the Mediterranean. This was the famous "lustre-ware" which was supplied from Spain, which is now so eagerly sought by collectors, both on account of its beauty and as the origin of the Italian majolica. The first design in this window represents the master-potter amidst his swarthy workmen watching the hour-glass beside the fire—a design recalling the tradition that this wonderful lustre was the result of an accident, the glaze having been affected by smoke, much to the horror of the potter at first. This tradition, after being for a long time regarded as a myth, has lately been recalled for reconsideration by some experiments which Mr. De Morgan, son of the late mathematician of University College, is making to discover the secret of this exquisite lustre of purple and gold. He has tried every kind of smoke influence upon ware of the same substance, and although his success is not complete, he has unquestionably approached the moresque effect, an instance being in this same gallery. He is still plying his task with good hope of complete success. It adds greatly to the charm of these windows that they are as a frame around the objects whose history they tell. The finest examples of the "lustre-ware," from the earliest ages to the result of De Morgan's experiments, are in this gallery.



ITALIAN MAJOLICA (URBINO).—SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



GLASS LAMP FROM AN ARAB MOSQUE.—FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

And we have only to turn round from admiring another part of this fifth window, showing the building of the Alhambra, and its wonderful vase, to see the finest copy of that unparalleled piece of earthenware. From rich specimens of ancient Italian majolica we in turn refer to the sixth window, which shows us the embryonic and later phases of this beautiful art. The Italians imitated the Hispano-Moresque lustres as well as they could, but not being able to attain it exactly, they made new lustres of their own, securing a tint rather bluish than purple, but still very fine. Afterward they painted their wares without trying to get lustres, which, no doubt, were too precarious to be profitable. The vast development of ceramic art in Italy has required three windows—sixth, seventh, and eighth—for its representation. First we have bird's-eye views of the localities with which it was chiefly associated: Urbino, the seat of the finest ware made in the time of Raphael, wherein is portrayed their process of softening and refining the clay by putting it in square pits in the ground; Durante, with its method of grinding the clay in a sort of water-mill; Gubbio, with its own ingenious processes. Then we have other Italian methods—foot-mill, hand-mill, horse-mill. An artist is seen in his studio, receiving as sitters ladies whose portraits he paints on plates that are to be their marriage gifts—a design taken from a plate in the gallery painted by Maestro Giorgio, while other details have been taken from a MS. by Piccolpasso, also preserved in the museum. And finally we have a representation of Luca della Robbia, of the fifteenth centu-

ry, who used earthenware medallions, admirably modeled and fired with white glaze, which were fixed on the outside of buildings, and may be seen to-day on the Foundling Hospital and several churches at Florence. The very word "majolica" (Majorca) shows that the Italians found their art where the Moors left it. But if they could not equal the Moresque lustres, they certainly developed and enriched their designs. Such decorations as that encircling the figure of St. George on the Urbino plate (see engraving) may be called "arabesque," but they are equally Italian. It is curious to compare such arabesques with the ornament on a piece of real Arabic work, such as the accompanying ancient lamp. (This lamp, singularly enough, is of a form represented in very early Italian bronze carvings of sacred subjects.) Window ninth is devoted to Dutch tiles and pots and Flanders-ware, which were once imported in such vast quantities to this country: here they may be traced from their manufacture in Holland to their sale in the Thames docks. Window tenth relates the curious story of the Dresden-ware. Here it was that the famous material of the best porcelain (kaolin), which was so long the secret of China, was discovered by a happy accident—Böttcher, the alchemist, having taken a notion to analyze the white dust which his barber had used to powder his wig in a year of dear flour. The two men are represented, and also the château of Meissen, where the first Dresden porcelain was secretly made. Window eleventh tells the story of Palissy, who, instructing himself,



SÈVRES PORCELAIN VASE.—MODERN.



PALISSY, THE POTTER—WINDOW IN THE CERAMIC GALLERY.

ruined his family: one leaf of the window shows him feeding his furnace with his broken furniture, while his wife with her babe stands beseechingly by; the other shows his triumph, as he builds and decorates the grottoes in the Tuileries garden. Window twelfth is devoted to Sèvres, where porcelain was carried to its highest perfection. The famous "Rose du Barry" and "Bleu du Roi" are represented—and here exquisite colors are used—by Louis XV. and Madame Du Barry exchanging vases of those colors. The old manufactory is pictured, and some of its finest designs, in the lower panes of the window. Near by is the

must suppose their ancestor to have hardly realized the value of the artist's work until it was too late to reward him.

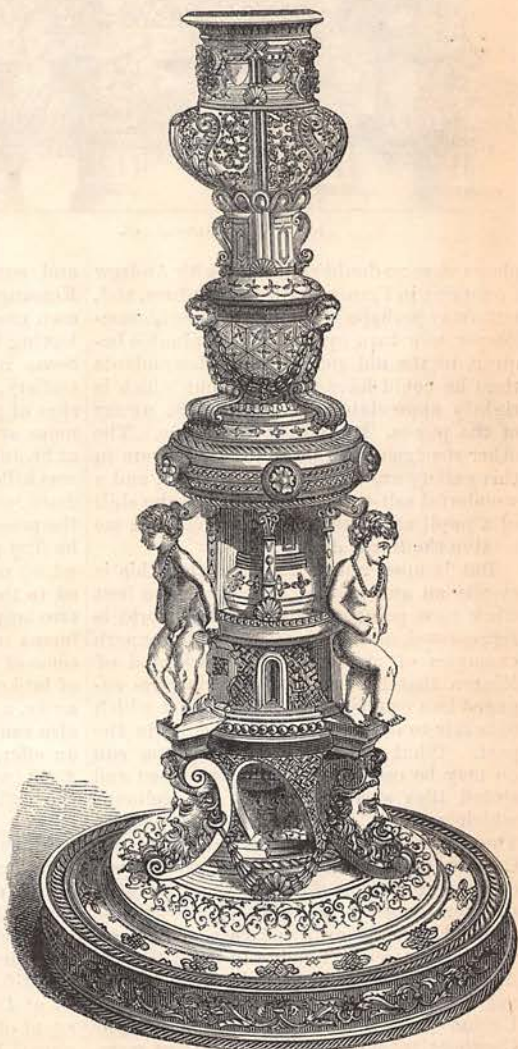
The designs for the windows I have described, representing the evolution of a beautiful art, have been presented by Mr. Scott to Girton College—the new institution for girls at Cambridge—and Madame Bodichon has resolved to have them placed on the walls as a paneling; there they will be preserved by a covering of varnish, and supply an appropriate decoration to the School of Design, which is a main feature of that excellent college.

The visitor to the Ceramic Gallery in this

beautiful specimen of Sèvres which France contributed to the first International Exhibition in London. In window thirteenth we are introduced to English wares, at present the most excellent in the world. The processes described are—preparing the clay, making different colored clays, stamping files, filling color into moulds, "throwing," "turning," applying printed patterns. It takes two of the double windows to display this, which brings us to the fifteenth and last, in which there are four designs of the greatest historical interest: Dr. Doddridge's mother teaching her child Bible history from the tiles in the fire-place; Dr. Samuel Johnson trying experiments; figures of Josiah Wedgwood and Bentley, his partner; Flaxman, and Stothard the printer. The two artists last named both worked in decorating earthenware for Wedgwood. Flaxman was underpaid by Wedgwood for the numerous models he supplied—models still used by the firm. The poor artist has made the fortunes of three generations of his employer's family, whose present representations are so liberal that one

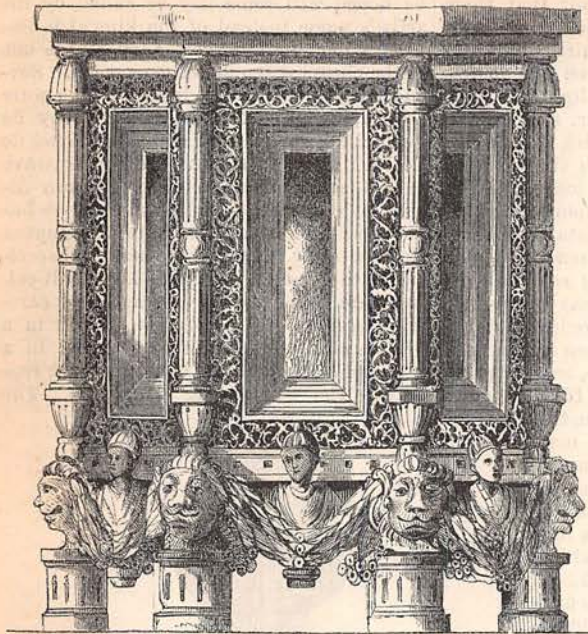
museum will be apt to admit that there were never windows that shed more light than these of the kind required by a student. He will see lustres on the lustre-ware beyond what mere sunlight can give, and the huge dragons, deer, and horned birds on the Moresque-Spanish dishes will link the culture of 1875 with the barbaric mythology of 1300. He will, indeed, find at every step that he is really exploring in this gallery of pots and dishes strata marked all over with the vestiges of human and ethnical development. Nothing can be more complete than the arrangement of the gallery. Not only is it chronological, but beneath each particular specimen a card tells when and where it was made, and the price paid for it by the museum. If it has gone off with the floating collection, the card reports that also. One may learn what changes have occurred in the prices of such wares by finding Sèvres vases, for instance, marked at £100 or £200, of a like character with those six for which Lord Dudley recently paid £17,500. These are articles which, when first collected, incited the first cabinet minister who inspected them to ask, "What's the use of all this trash?" There is a single candlestick in this room now worth all the "trash" in that noble lord's mansion. It is a specimen of that famous "Henri Deux ware" of which only fifty-five pieces exist, so far as is known. This elegant ware has been such a puzzle to antiquarians that no fewer than thirteen different works have been written about it. It was finally ascertained by M. Riocreux, of the Imperial Ceramic Museum at Sèvres, that the pottery was made at Oiron, in France; that two artists made it in the earlier part of the sixteenth century for Henry II. and his queen, whose initials or monograms are on several of the pieces; and the artists were François Cherpentier and Jean Bernard. Cherpentier, the chief maker, had been an architect, and when he set about working in earthenware he was fond of moulding it in little monumental shapes, and filling in the hollows with different colors. The candlestick has a pale yellow ground, with arabesques, etc., in reddish-brown. The base is circular, with projecting brackets, on which stand three boys holding shields inscribed with the arms and cipher of Henri Deux. Above are three terminal figures of satyrs. This work (which it is to

be hoped will some day be called by the artist's name instead of the king's) is less than a foot high; it cost £750, and is one of the cheapest purchases ever made. Seven of the fifty-five specimens of this ware are in the collection of Sir Anthony de Rothschild, two in that of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, two in that of Baron Gustave de Rothschild, three in that of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, while the Louvre has the same number as the South Kensington Museum—five. Three very beautiful specimens (candlestick, ewer, and large salt-cellar) were found some years ago very carefully wrapped in a blanket, placed in a wicker clothes-basket, under a bed in a garret of Narford Hall. Our engraving represents the candlestick so found. The



HENRI DEUX CANDLESTICK.





HENRI DEUX SALT-CELLAR.

pieces were no doubt collected by Sir Andrew Fontaine in France in the last century, and, put away perhaps by some provident house-keeper, now turn up as a more valuable bequest to the old connoisseur's descendants than he could have imagined, but which is rightly appreciated by the present owner of the pieces, Mr. Andrew Fontaine. The other specimens of this Henri Deux ware in this gallery are two tazzas, a plateau, and a wonderful salt-cellar, of which last the skill of a pupil at South Kensington enables me to give the linear design.

But it must not be supposed that this is merely an antiquarian collection: the best work now going on all over the world is represented, and one may see by the superb examples of modern Berlin work and of Minton that England and Germany are engaged in a competition for excellence which bids fair to distance any thing done in the past. What admirable work Minton can do may be estimated by the embossed and tinted tiles surrounding the ten columns which support the roof of this gallery. They reproduce the finest colors of the Celadon porcelain of Sèvres. Around each column are letters forming the names of the ten greatest potters—Vitalis (whose name was found on a red vase of Samian-ware discovered in London in 1845), Giorgio Andreoli, Luca della Robbia, Veit Hirschvogel of Nuremberg (1441–1525), Xanto of Urbino (1547), Palissy (1510–89), François Cherpentier (maker of the Henri Deux ware, otherwise called *faïence d'Oiron*), Böttcher

(1681–1719), Wedgwood (1730–95), and last, not least, Pousa, with whom began the list of wondrous accidents with which the history and traditions of pottery abound. Pousa is said to have been a workman in the imperial porcelain factory of China. On one occasion the emperor had ordered some great work, and Pousa tried long to produce it—in vain. Finally, driven to despair, he plunged into the furnace. His self-immolation caused such an effect upon the ware in the furnace that it came out the most beautiful piece of porcelain ever known. Pousa is now the patron saint of porcelain-workers in China, and is kept near them in a little corpulent figure (porcelain), which is familiar to many parts of the world where its story

and sanctity are unknown. The South Kensington Museum has carried out in its own case this tradition of happy accidents, having been remarkable for its good luck. Some instances of it are in the Ceramic Gallery. Some years ago a terrible explosion of gas occurred in the house of the famous art collector and dealer, Mr. Gambart, at St. John's Wood, by which the house-maid was killed. The Belgian artist, M. Alma Tadema, was a guest in the house, and he had the presence of mind to open a window when he first perceived that gas was escaping, by which means the disaster was mainly limited to the dining-room. In this room were two large cabinets filled with splendid specimens of majolica and similar wares, and some of the best were smashed. As the pile of broken porcelain was about to be cleared away, a friend of Mr. Gambart's, who was also connected with this museum, made him an offer, on the part of the government, of £800 (which was meant to be generous) for the collection, broken and unbroken, and it was gratefully accepted. The skilled workmen at the museum have put the bits together with such adroitness that it requires a practiced eye to distinguish the wares that suffered. The magnificent reproduction of the Alhambra Vase by Baron Davillier—four feet high, and covered with beautiful Arabic inscriptions—was exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1867, and an agent of the museum found it "going a-begging:" he purchased it for far less than its actual value. And indeed I might instance

a vast number of similar cases not only in this particular gallery—which we must now leave—but throughout the museum. The truth is, the South Kensington Museum has shown that the present is the great opportunity of museums, while it has done much to turn that tide on whose flood it floated to fortune, by awakening nations to the value of their treasures. The Oriental world, and, indeed, some portions of Southern Europe, have hitherto been unconscious of the value of their monuments, because only culture can prevent familiarity breeding contempt. Miss Frances Power Cobbe once expressed in my hearing the shock she received when, on first arriving at Old Alexandria, in Egypt, she found her luggage set down on an ancient monument resembling those treasured in the British Museum.

How much the South Kensington Museum has reaped from the indifference to objects whose value is not intrinsic, and which for that reason are unique and inestimable, may appear incidentally as I proceed to describe some of them, adding what particulars I have been able to learn concerning their acquisition.

The little sixpenny guide-book sold at the door is necessarily provisional; the historical and descriptive volume which such an institution requires must remain a desideratum so long as the museum itself is changing and growing daily before our eyes. But the materials for that work exist; specialists have studied well the various departments; there exist nearly twenty large Blue-books recording the origin and growth of the museum; and when all these are sifted and their connected story told—enriched, as we may hope it will be, from the memories of those men who have founded and conducted the work to its present condition—the history so told will be in itself a sort of literary museum, replete with curiosities, picturesque incidents, and romance. In this scattered condition of the facts I have had to depend mainly on information given by the gentlemen just referred to, and what scraps I could pick up in old newspaper files and Blue-books. This it has appeared to me right to mention here, in explanation of any slightness and unsatisfactoriness that may be found in the details, or of the motley way in which they are put together.

If the history of this museum of civilization would record strange instances of popular neglect for great works of art, it must at the same time show that works of genius, in whatever perishable material embodied, have a strange vitality. The Milonian Venus, twice buried in the earth that she might not be harmed by the wrath of her Mars, has had experiences hardly more significant than those through which the sacred forms designed by Raphael—preserved by aid alike of king and regicide, by aid, too,

of the neglect which left them hidden for a hundred years in lumber-rooms—have become the glorious inheritance of South Kensington.

The seven cartoons—what would not now be paid for the three that are lost!\*—were designed and drawn by the great artist and his scholars at the request of Pope Leo X. (1513) as copies for tapestry, and the tapestries made from them are now in the Vatican. They were made at Arras, and the cartoons—so called because drawn on card-board—were thrown into the warehouse there. Here they remained neglected until they were seen by Rubens, who advised Charles I. to purchase them for a tapestry establishment at Mortlake, near London. On the death of the king, Oliver Cromwell paid £300 for them, intending that the tapestry-works should be continued. On the fall of Cromwell they were confiscated, and, for a second time, were thrust away into a lumber-room, this time at Whitehall. Fortunately the designs were on strips of paper twelve feet long, which could roll up, and so they were able to survive such usage. The next time they attracted notice was in the reign of William III., by whose order Sir Christopher Wren prepared a room for them at Hampton Court. They were then carefully lined with cloth. They were never removed again until placed in the gallery prepared for them here, where the only fault to be found in their arrangement is the ridiculous inscription beneath each, "Lent by the Queen." The Queen does not own an inch of any one of them. The last individual who owned them was Oliver Cromwell, who paid what was supposed a large sum (£300) for works which no amount could purchase from the Protector's true heir, the English nation.

## THE COLONEL.

UNDER my window, in the cherry boughs,  
A thieving robin-redbreast has his tent;  
A noisy fellow, full of merriment,  
And very jealous of his pretty spouse,  
A sleek young thing, tea-colored like a mouse—  
A bride, I fancy. Upon forage bent  
(Crumbs from the cloth, or ground-worm timely sent),  
He makes incessant raids around the house.  
Just at this moment, with his shrewd bead eye  
Cocked at my window, he keeps watch on me—  
Firm-seated on his green bough, prancing high,  
Gay in his top-boots reaching to the knee  
And his fresh uniform's resplendent dye—  
My jaunty colonel of artillery!

T. B. ALDRICH.

\* The "Stoning of Stephen," the "Conversion of St. Paul," and "Paul in the Dungeon at Philippi."

## THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

[Second Paper.]



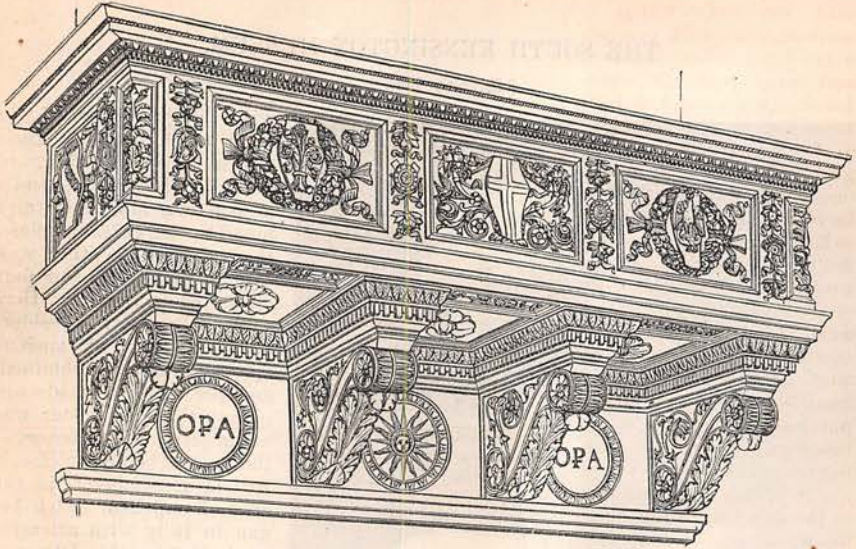
MICHAEL ANGELO'S CUPID.

THE museum is especially rich in old Venetian glass. Some of these wine-glasses are lighter as to weight than ordinary letter-paper, and the tints are most wonderful. One of the oldest forms has on it red Indian girls, dressed like Italian ballet-dancers of a very early period. There is reason to believe that this piece of glass was made soon after the discovery of America, when the enthusiasm about the region which the great Genoese had discovered filled all Italy. It is very plain that no portraits of the squaws could have reached the countrymen of Columbus when these dancers were designed. Mr. G. W. Cooke, now Academician and landscape painter, had in early life a studio in Venice, and he had a way of picking up bits of old glass in the shops, the keepers of which were often willing for a few soldi to part

with things now worth (in some cases literally) their weight in gold. Afterward he had, I believe, a studio in Agerola, and there also found beautiful Italian glass. He collected in this way enough to fill three or four large cases. After they were collected a considerable quantity of ancient Spanish glass was obtained, and the fact was made apparent that the latter was an imitation of the former—the reverse being the case, it will be remembered, in the case of majolica, which began in Italy with attempts at imitating the Hispano-Moresque “lustre-ware.” It is even probable that we may trace in this transfer of art-initiative from Spain to Italy one of the first bad results of the banishment of the Moors, whose exquisite works are now models for our finest architects. With reference to the hypothesis that the theatrical squaws are to be referred to the interest that followed the discovery of America, I may mention that there are several curious instances in the museum where dates have been approximately fixed by the treatment of subjects. One notable example is a Japanese dish, on which is a

rude but reverent representation of the baptism of Christ. Although certainty can not be reached yet in the matter, there is reason to believe that this dish was made before the extermination of Christianity from Japan (1641). The only reason for doubt is that there is known to have existed at one time a plan of English potters to fashion articles here, and then send them over to China to be painted and baked, of which there is proof in wares marked with English coats of arms, though the work is manifestly Chinese. But I believe there is no instance where any such work is Japanese, and indeed the latter had not formerly any great reputation in England.

There are eight magnificent Japanese bronzes in the museum, of which one—a figure of the beatified Buddha—may be regarded as the noblest Oriental monument



MARBLE CANTORIA.—BY BACCIO D'AGNOLO.

in Europe. It is impossible to gaze upon this grand figure (about fifteen feet high), seated with crossed legs, and open hands lying one in the other, without being impressed by a certain majesty in the ideal it represents, as well as astonished at the largeness of the undertaking which has produced a bronze of such size. The figure is seated as it were on the ground, and the round infantine fullness and health of the face and the closed eyes render it probable that it was meant to represent the supreme moment when Sakya Muni attained through humility and meditation that sacred Buddhahood (a word cognate, perhaps, with our *budding*) which he had vainly sought by practicing the severe asceticisms which the Brahmins enjoined upon him. "He met a certain Brahmin," says the Siamese version, "named Sotiya, and from him accepted eight handfuls of long grass. The Master spread the grass on the ground to the east of the Bo-tree, and sat thereon, and the grass became a jeweled throne. The Lord, with well-steadied mind, turned his whole thought to attain through purity and love the exaltation of knowledge. And around him gathered the angels of many worlds with fragrant offerings, and the strains of their celestial concert resounded in the most distant universe."

This figure has for a long time borne a label which I have hoped would disappear: "Lent by the Southwark Co. Temporary Label." But it has not disappeared; and there are rumors that when it does, the noble form will disappear with it. The Southwark Company has not reported the means by which it was secured, and it has not been able to sell it to the museum even by

lowering the price from a thousand to five or six hundred pounds. I have heard that Berlin is negotiating for it, but I could wish that it were going in the opposite direction, if go it must. I believe that, merely to melt into new bronzes, it is worth more than is asked for it, and what the hitch is in the way of its purchase here is past comprehension.

The history of some of the other bronzes is as follows: An English sea-captain saw three large bells, each seven or eight feet high, about to be taken on a Japanese ship for ballast. He saw that they were of antique and curious design, and was told that they had belonged to a temple that had been destroyed. The Japanese seamen gladly parted with them for a small sum, and told him of similar things near by. These, which were two bronze vessels something like huge candlesticks, each four and a half feet high—probably meant to support large masts for flags—he found lying amidst rubbish of old metal. These noble bronzes are elegantly modeled with dragon ornaments, and indicate a development of skill in this direction which has never been equaled in Europe. Besides these there are two large incense-burners eight feet high, and wonderfully wrought with beautiful decorative and symbolical forms.

But the indifference of the Japanese to their ancient relics of art has no known parallel to that which prevailed in the cathedral at Bois-le-Duc, in Belgium, a few years ago, and led to the transfer to this museum of one of the finest specimens of the French Renaissance that now exists. In the rage for repairs the authorities of the cathedral pulled down this, its magnifi-

cent rood-loft—which is marked 1623, and consists of the finest colored marbles, and many perfectly sculptured statues—and substituted for it a conventional Gothic structure. This great rood-loft—it covers one whole wall (sixty feet) in width, and is from thirty to forty feet high—was actually carted out in pieces as rubbish, and lay in a corner of the cathedral yard, when some English tourist, attracted by the beauty of one of the statues, made a small offer for it, and finally purchased the entire structure for a few pounds. Finding some difficulty in carrying it off, the tourist wrote to the directors of the museum about it, and was overjoyed when they agreed to purchase it for a thousand pounds. The museum was no less happy in securing for a title of its value this unique and admirable work, which is without damage of any kind, and stands in the New Court just as it did in the cathedral which was unable to appreciate its finest treasure.

Most of the "finds" by which the collection of ecclesiastical architecture has been enriched have been made in Italy. One of the most valuable of these is a Florentine "Cantoria," which has been affixed to the wall over the lower doorway of the North Court, and thus supplying promenaders in the corridor above with a little balcony from which the contents of the great room below may be best seen. This singing gallery was the work of Baccio d' Agnolo, and was set up in the church of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence, about the year 1500.

In the neighborhood of the same city, namely, at Fiesole, the Church of San Girolamo was found willing for small sums to despoil itself of two fine examples of its own great artist (1490), Andrea di Fiesole, otherwise Ferrucci, and two works of the artist, not without honor save in his own country—an altarpiece and a tabernacle—grace an



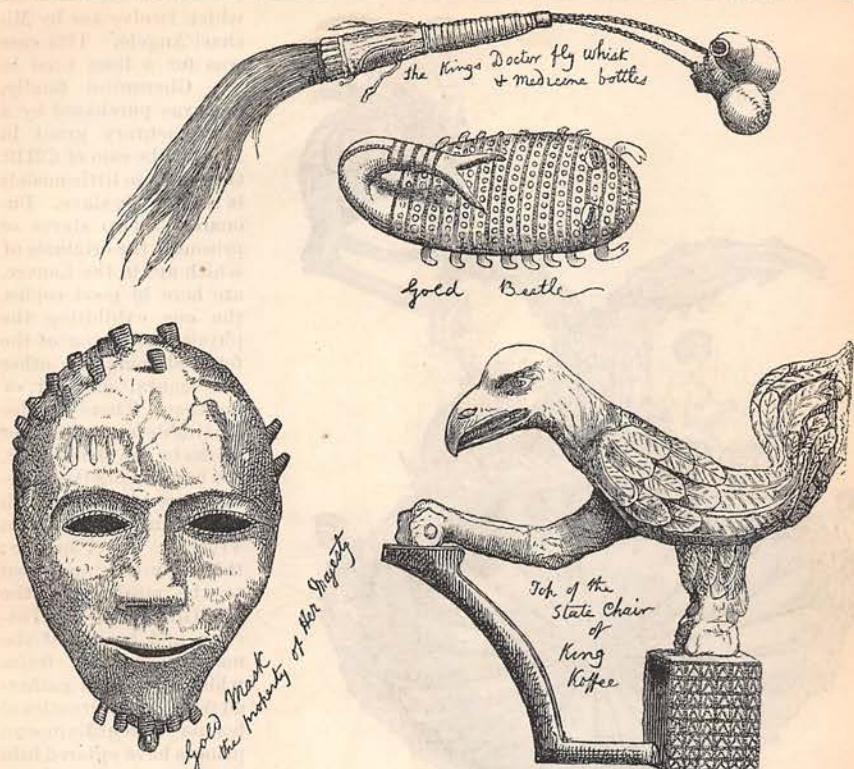
TABERNACLE.—ANDREA FERRUCCI.

arcade of this museum. But the most precious possessions of this character are the specimens of Della Robbia ware, of which this museum has more than fifty examples! There were two men who gave this ware its name—Luca and Andrea, uncle and nephew



ALTARPIECE—THE VIRGIN WITH THE INFANT SAVIOUR.—ENAMELED TERRA COTTA, OR DELLA ROBBIA, IN HIGH RELIEF.—BY ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA.

—and their work is almost equally excellent. One of the pieces is a large terra cotta medallion, eleven feet in diameter, bearing the arms and emblems of King René of Anjou, which was fixed in an exterior wall near Florence about fifty years before America was discovered, and after undergoing the weather of over four centuries, its colors are as brilliant and its finest mouldings as clear as if it had been made



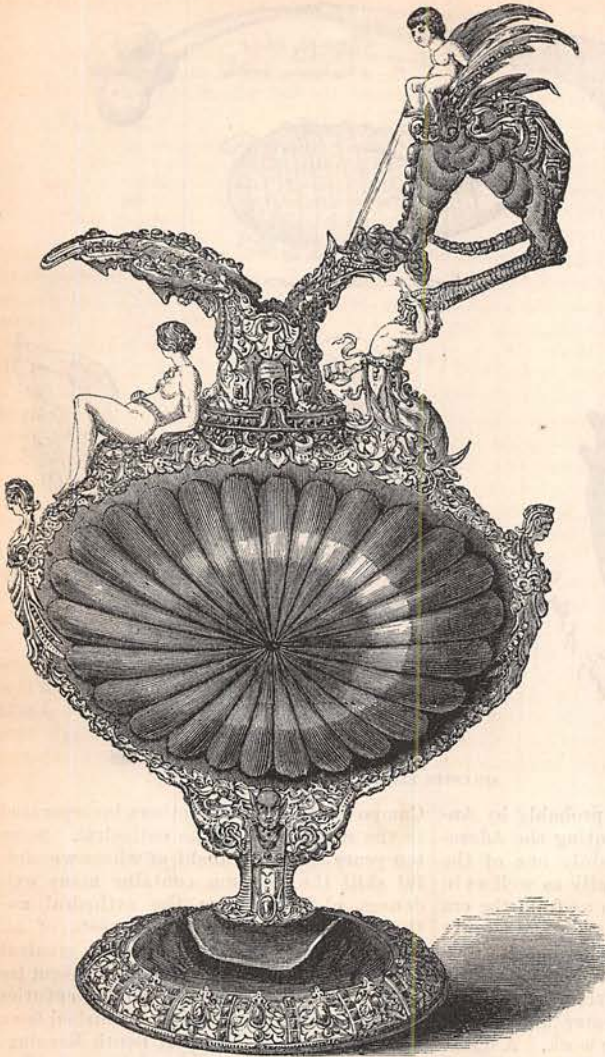
ASHANTEE RELICS.

this year. An altarpiece, probably by Andrea della Robbia, representing the Adoration of the Magi, is certainly one of the finest works of art, pictorially as well as in modeling, that has come to us from the era in which he lived. There are some twenty figures in relief, and each face has its own physiognomical distinctiveness, each head its phrenological peculiarities, all as carefully portrayed as if Lavater and Spurzheim had watched over the work. A figure of the Virgin and Child, with an arched border of fruit and flowers, presents us with an expression which could only be conveyed fully if the matchless colors could be transferred to my page, but which entitles it to be classed among those great Madonnas of art history which have influenced civilization.

The most conspicuous object in the North Court is the reproduction by Mr. Franchi of a pulpit erected in the cathedral at Pisa by Giovanni Pisano in 1302-11.\* A fire occurred in the cathedral in 1596 by which this great work was damaged, and the panels—carvings in relief of Scripture subjects—were deposited in the crypt; other parts of the pulpit were removed to the arcades of the

Campo Santo, and some others incorporated in the new pulpit of the cathedral. Some ten years ago Mr. Franchi, of whose wonderful skill the museum contains many evidences, obtained from the cathedral authorities permission to take casts of all these scattered parts of Giovanni's greatest work, and having done so, he put them together; and now, more than two centuries and a half after the structure vanished from Pisa, it has been set up at South Kensington. The reproduction has been so perfect—even to the toning of the marble (as it seems to be) by age—that no one could imagine it to be a reproduction. And it was certainly worthy of all this care. The supports of the circular tribune are groups of statues—Fortitude, holding a lion by the tail, head downward; Prudence, with compass and cornucopia; Justice, with scales; Charity, nursing twins; Temperantia, who, oddly enough, is quite nude and in the Medicean attitude; and the Evangelists. The statues, two-thirds the size of life, are grouped around eight columns, which they nearly conceal. At the top of these the tribune is inclosed by seven large panels, in which are finely carved the Nativity, the Adoration of the Wise Men, the Presentation in the Temple, the Massacre of the Innocents, the Betrayal, the Crucifixion, the

\* An illustration of this pulpit was given in the September number, page 495.



THE CELLINI SARDONYX EWER.—MOUNTED IN ENAMELED GOLD, AND SET WITH GEMS.—ITALIAN, SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Resurrection. This noble work justifies the ancient fame of Pisa as the home of sculpture.

The museum is particularly rich in Michael Angelos, considering that it has had to glean after the Glyptothek of Munich, the Vatican, and the Louvre. It possesses the beautiful Cupid executed in the great sculptor's twenty-fourth year (1497), also his statuette of St. Sebastian, unfinished, and showing the last touches of his chisel, as, without the intervening appliances of modern sculpture, he carved his idea directly on the marble. There is a female bust ascribed to him, and another work in which he participated, which is quite unique: this is a case of small models in wax and terra cotta, of

which twelve are by Michael Angelo. This case was for a long time in the Gherardini family, and was purchased by a Parliamentary grant in 1854 for the sum of £2110. One of these little models is that of the slave. Buonarotti's two slaves or prisoners, the originals of which are in the Louvre, are here in good copies, the one exhibiting the physical suffering of the fettered man, the other the mental anguish of bondage. There are also admirable casts of other works by the same artist, the finest being the colossal figure of David, which stands in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence; this copy was presented to the museum by the late Grand Duke of Tuscany, and is one of the many excellent fruits which have been gathered from the international league which European princes have entered into for the purpose of exchanging works of this character, and reciprocally aiding in the work of enriching the museums which constitute so important a feature of modern civilization. It is a happy characteristic of this museum that one meets in it very few objects whose interest or beauty is marred by association with war. The spoils are few, the tokens of friendship with foreign nations innumerable.

A few golden pieces brought back from Abyssinia and from the kingdom of Ashantee—the latter close to the famous umbrella of King Koffee—are indeed here to show by their exquisite work (not to be equaled by any goldsmith in England) that blows aimed at so-called savages are likely to fall upon the springing germs of civilization. The wonderfully chased and jeweled symbols of Theodore remain to prove that the poor Queen has been compelled by adventurers to lay low a finer crown than any of her subjects can make. But these are slight incidents in a museum which will forever be considered the ripest fruit of the long Victorian era, the victory of Peace.



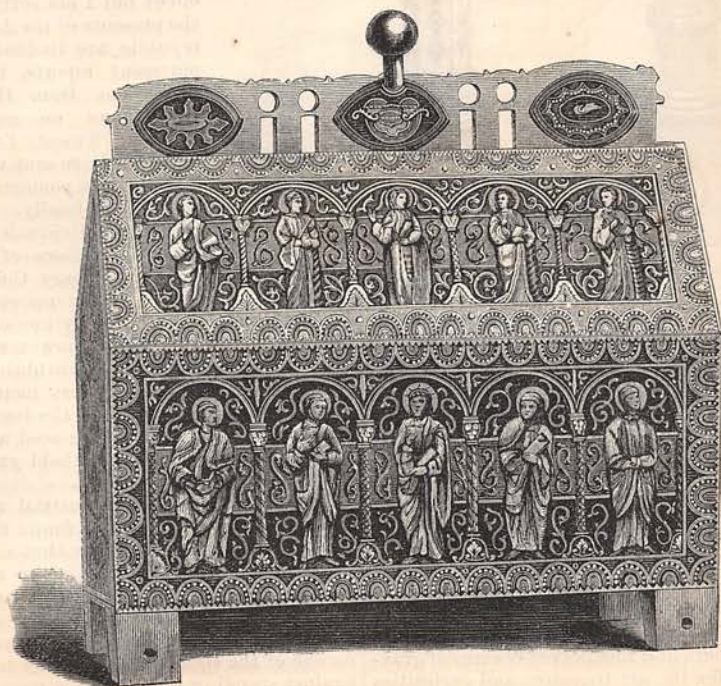
It is quite impossible for me to invite my reader to an exploration of the loan collections. Some of the ancient jewelry and gold work is not only intrinsically priceless and beautiful, but also historical, *e. g.*, the Mexican sun-opal; the largest known aquamarine, set as a sword-hilt, formerly belonging to the King of Naples (Joachim Murat); a cat's-eye (largest known), formerly belonging to King Candy; a piece of amber in which is a small fish—all of which have been loaned by Beresford Hope, M.P. But the great treasure belonging to this gentleman, and here exhibited, is the famous Cellini ewer, which, previous to the great Revolution, was part of the crown-jewels of France. This matchless work is ten and a half inches in height; the body is formed of two convex pieces of carved sardonyx, with a similar piece for pedestal; the handle and spout are of gold, covered with masks and figures richly enameled, and set with rubies and diamonds. Near this fragment of old French royalty, which the explosion sent flying into the Hope cabinet, is the brilliant gold missal case of Henrietta Maria. Some of the most beautiful specimens of ancient *repoussé* gold work and enamels were, until recently, in a case made up chiefly from the collection of Mr. Gladstone, whose fondness for things of this kind has done much to promote antiquarian study. In a recent Christmas satire, "The Fijiad," the ex-Prime Minister has been por-

trayed rather cleverly in his right environment:

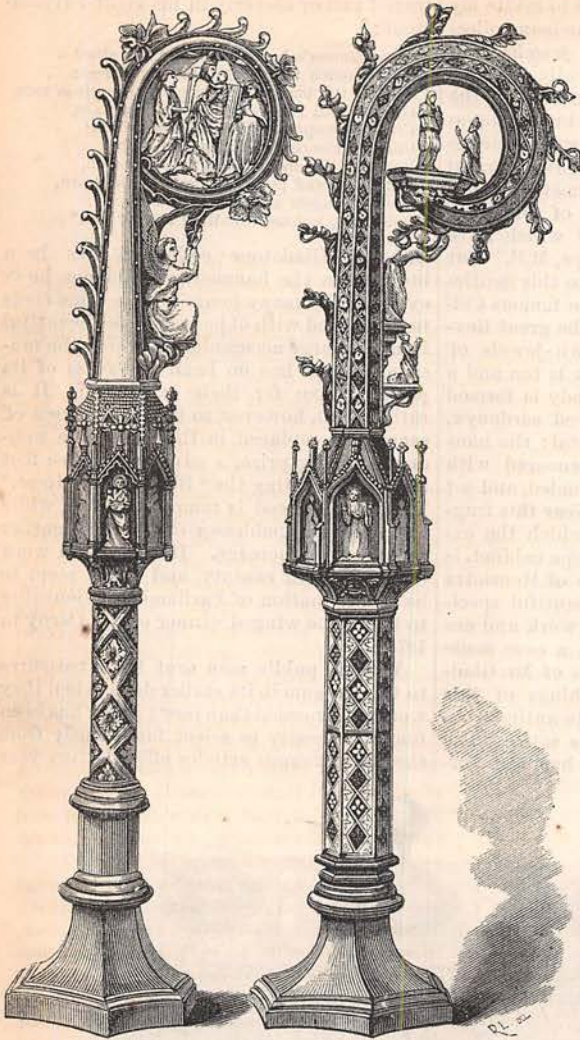
"Great Homer's bust upon the table stood—  
Homer much talked of, little understood;  
Around the bust were ranged, with curious care,  
Gems of old Dresden or of Chelsea ware,  
Cracked tea-pots, marvels of ceramic art,  
Choice Faience and Palissy set apart;  
For great Gladissens, warrior of renown,  
For plates and pottery ransacked the town,  
Made dowagers and virtuousi stare,  
Collectors, jealous, tear their scanty hair."

But the Gladstone collection has been brought to the hammer. It did not, however, require many hours for the same cases to be refilled with objects quite as beautiful from the large accumulation which the museum always has on hand in excess of its present room for their exhibition. It is rather droll, however, to find a specimen of sacred art replaced in this case by a wonderful racing prize, a silver cup three feet high, representing the "Birth of the Horse." The winged steed is rampant on top, while the gods and goddesses of Olympus gather around it in homage. It is English work of the twelfth century, and would seem to be a vaticination of Parliament adjourning to honor the winged winner of the Derby in 1875.

Various public men sent their treasures to the museum in its earlier days, when they were more needed than now; but it has been found necessary to select fastidiously from the too numerous articles offered every year



CHASSE, OR RELIQUARY.—LIMOGES ENAMEL.—THIRTEENTH CENTURY.



PASTORAL STAVES.—IVORY AND ENAMEL.—FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

as loans. Many families owning valuable collections find it difficult to keep them in perfect safety, and more begin to realize that such articles should not be of private advantage. Some collections, originally received as loans, it is pretty certain will never be removed; and I am assured by the director that the museum has been notified of being remembered in many wills. This gentleman, Mr. Cunliffe Owen, and his predecessor, Mr. Henry Cole, said to me, in conversation about the prospect of building museums in the American cities, that they had no doubt such institutions, if good and safe buildings were erected, would there as well as here find themselves centres of gravitation for the art treasures and curiosities owned by the community around them.

This museum, though not yet out of its teens, has received six great collections, worth collectively more than one million dollars; thirteen bequests, worth over half a million dollars; and 1086 general donations, whose aggregate money value is very great, though not yet estimated. Among the donations in the latter category sixteen have been from the Queen, nineteen from the late Prince Consort, three from Napoleon III. (very valuable too—Raphael's "Holy Family," in Gobelin tapestry, four pieces of Beauvais tapestry, and a collection of 4854 engravings from the Louvre), three from the Emperor of Russia, and thirty Egyptian musical instruments from the Khedive. Thirty-one donations, including, of course, a much larger number of objects, have been received from twenty-eight governments. In this list Japan (two), Würtemberg (two), and the United States (three) are the only governments which appear more than once; but I am sorry to say the presents of the American republic are limited to department reports, the last being one from the War Department on gun-shot wounds. Twenty European museums have sent valuable gifts to this youngest member of their family. Among private individuals other than the donors of collections, Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., father of the museum, and

his family are represented by twenty-eight very valuable gifts—gifts, however, which are little compared with the enthusiasm and intelligence lavished by every member of that distinguished family on the institution which they planted as a little seed, and may now from their windows behold grown to its present large proportions.

For the purposes of industrial and art education, the museum has found the perfect casts and reproductions that can now be made not inferior in value to original works. In this respect the international convention to which reference has already been made has been of immense advantage. As one of the signs of better times to be set against standing armies, the agreement deserves insertion in any account of this mu-

seum. It was entered into during the Paris Exposition of 1867, and in the following year communicated by the Prince of Wales to the Lord President of the Council.

CONVENTION FOR PROMOTING UNIVERSAL REPRODUCTIONS OF WORKS OF ART FOR THE BENEFIT OF MUSEUMS OF ALL COUNTRIES.

Throughout the world every country possesses fine historical monuments of art of its own, which can easily be reproduced by casts, electrotypes, photographs, and other processes, without the slightest damage to the originals.

(a) The knowledge of such monuments is necessary to the progress of art, and the reproductions of them would be of a high value to all museums for public instruction.

(b) The commencement of a system of reproducing works of art has been made by the South Kensington Museum, and illustrations of it are now exhibited in the British section of the Paris Exhibition, where may be seen specimens of French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Swiss, Russian, Hindoo, Celtic, and English art.

(c) The following outline of operations is suggested :

I. Each country to form its own commission according to its own views for obtaining such reproductions as it may desire for its own museums.

II. The commissions of each country to correspond with one another, and send information of what reproductions each causes to be made, so that every country, if disposed, may take advantage of the labors of other countries at a moderate cost.

III. Each country to arrange for making exchanges for objects which it desires.

IV. In order to promote the formation of the proposed commissions in each country, and facilitate the making of reproductions, the undersigned members of the reigning families throughout Europe, meeting at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, have signified their approval of the plan, and their desire to promote the realization of it.

The following princes have already signed this convention :

Great Britain and Ireland . . . . .	{ Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh.
Prussia . . . . .	{ Frederick William, Crown Prince of Prussia.
Hesse . . . . .	{ Louis, Prince of Hesse.
Saxony . . . . .	{ Albert, Prince Royal of Saxony.
France . . . . .	{ Prince Napoleon (Jerome).
Belgium . . . . .	{ Philippe, Comte de Flandre.
Russia . . . . .	{ The Czarowitz.
" . . . . .	{ Nicolas, Duc de Lenchtenberg.
Sweden and Norway . . . . .	{ Oscar, Prince of Sweden and Norway.
Italy . . . . .	{ Humbert, Prince Royal of Italy.
" . . . . .	{ Amadeus, Duke of Aosta.
Austria . . . . .	{ Charles Louis, Archduke of Austria. Rainer, Archduke of Austria.
Denmark . . . . .	{ Frederick, Crown Prince of Denmark.

PARIS, 1867.

When the day comes in which Europe shall build a museum of princes and princedoms as subjects of antiquarian study, let us hope that those who signed the above convention may figure on its walls in mosaic, and the original document quoted be preserved in a frame to show that princes in their time could sometimes do a sensible thing. I have been assured by those competent to give information that the signers of the above document would gladly have the Governors of the American States which possess museums add to it their names, and transatlantic museums avail themselves of its advantages. These advantages are very great, as, after one cast has been made, the cost of the rest amounts to little more than



ELKINGTON'S MARK.



FRANCHI AND SON'S MARK.

that of material and transportation. This kind of work is now done in such perfection that it were easy for Messrs. Franchi and Son or Messrs. Elkington to confuse an untrained eye as to which is original and which reproduction. These firms are now officially connected with the Science and Art Department, and their marks have a money value in Europe. For three or four pounds any museum or private collector may obtain perfect copies of ancient shields, salt-cellers, tankards, tazzas, fire-dogs, knockers, whether chased or *repoussé*. Old specimens of this kind are rare and costly. A beautiful pair of bronze fire-dogs—pedestals surrounded by Cupids, and supporting respectively Venus and Adonis—made in Venice about 1570, are rather costly, the work being intricate and the figures four feet high; but Messrs. Franchi's copper-bronze copies at £30 are nearly as good as the originals, which were considered cheap at the £300 which the museum paid. A wonderful old Italian bronze knocker (1560), fourteen and a half inches in height and thirteen inches wide, which cost £80, is reproduced by the same firm for £4.

It is, however, the large casts of Oriental objects and ancient German shrines, which occupy a grand building to themselves, that will probably be of paramount interest to an American. It is here shown that the most notable and interesting objects in the world can be copied with the utmost exactness and in their actual size, and brought within reach of the people of any country. Even Trajan's Column is here, and though in this case it has had to be set up in two columns instead of one, many others have confirmed my experience of the impossibility in tracing out at Rome the figures which cover it so satisfactorily as they can be made out at South Kensington. Here we have the grand topes of India, which are reproduced in Ferguson's *Tree and Serpent Worship*, brought before us in full size. The throne of Akbar—set in the air at the convergence of bridges, so that no man might approach him without being inspected from the surrounding windows, and any arms he might have about him observed—is here in all its grandeur, and on the outside pictures of all the processes of the work by which the cast was made and transported by aid of astonished Orientals. It is wonderful



HEROULES, THE DUKE OF FERRARA.

indeed that it should be left to this age and to England to appreciate the romance of the East, and to revise, correct, and estimate the traditions of the Oriental world concerning its own monarchs. Akbar, for instance, bears the reputation in the East of having been an archtyrant and a blasphemer, and the care he took in preparing this curious building, with his throne suspended, as it were, in mid-air for safety, is regarded as confirming the Oriental view. But the fact is now known that the hostility excited by Akbar was through his liberality in entering upon a comparative study of all religions, arousing thereby the enmity of all their priesthoods. From being a saint, to whom the people brought their sick that his breath might heal them, the Emperor became in popular regard a demon. He instituted at Delhi (A.D. 1542-1605) discussions on every Thursday evening, to which he invited the most learned representatives of all religions, allowing each his statement with strict impartiality; he had as many as he could of the sacred books of each religion translated for his library, though neither his threats nor bribes could extort from the Brahmins their Vedas, which now are open to every English reader through the labors of Max Müller. He tried in turns worshipping Vishnu, Allah, the Sun, and Christ. His enemy Badaoni writes that "when the strong embankment of our clear [Mussulman] law and our excellent faith had once been broken through, his Majesty grew cold-

er and colder." This sad result (in the view of Badaoni) being proved by the fact that "not a trace of Mussulman feeling was left in his heart," and "there grew gradually, as the outline on a stone, the conviction in his heart that there were sensible men in all religions."

It is not always that these ancient monuments, as in Akbar's case, survive to remind the world of to-day what forerunners some of its characteristic tendencies had in early times and unsuspected places. Indeed, it might surprise some of the magnificent princes of the East in the far past if they could now visit London and observe the kind of interest their monuments excite. Here, for example, is an exact and full-sized copy of that ancient iron pillar of Delhi which some think gave the province its name.\* It was set up in the fourth century, and is twenty-two feet above-ground. All manner of superstitions have grown around it. The Hindoos have a belief that it rests upon the head of the king-serpent Vāsaki, near the earth's centre; that the founder of a great dynasty was told by an oracle that if he planted it there his kingdom would never be shaken so long as it should stand; that one of his successors, doubting this legend, dug it up and found the bottom stained with the serpent's blood; and that in consequence the dynasty passed away before Mussulman and then English conquerors. For ages this pillar has been kept polished by the vast numbers who climb and try to climb it every year, success in this feat being a proof of high pedigree. But during fifteen centuries there were two rather obvious things which the Hindoos appear never to have attempted, one was to really dig about the bottom of this pillar, the other to translate an old Sanskrit inscription on it. Both of these have recently been done by Englishmen. The bottom was found to reach only a few feet beneath the surface of the earth. The inscription testifies that it was set up in his own honor, and in his own lifetime, by a prince quite unknown in other Hindoo annals. This prince, Dháva by name, would appear to have been the most extraordinary being that the sun ever shone upon, or, rather, that ever shone upon the sun. A clause of the inscription runs: "By him who obtained with his own arm an undivided sovereignty on the earth for a long period, who united in himself the qualities of the sun and the moon, who had beauty of countenance like the full moon—by this same Rajah Dháva, having bowed his head to the feet of Vishnu, and fixed his mind on him, was this very lofty arm of the adored Vishnu [the pillar] caused to be erected." The chief present

\* An illustration of this pillar was given in the September number, 1874, page 474.

value of the monument of this magnificent individual is the light it enables such archaeologists of metals as Mr. Day and Mr. Mallet to cast on the early use of iron. Mr. Day has shown the remarkable interest of this pillar in that respect, though I believe that the iron sickle found beneath the feet of a Sphinx, and now in the British Museum, brings us nearer to Tubal-cain by a thousand years, being assigned to B.C. 600.

But here my rambles through these unlimited fields must draw to a close. One must, amidst such numberless treasures gathered from the great streams of Time, more especially remember Sydney Smith's advice, based on the post-diluvial brevity of human life, that writers should "think of Noah, and be brief." It is with a certain distress that I feel compelled to pass by the great galleries of pictures, including some of the finest Turners, Wilkies, and Gainsboroughs, and a large number of historic paintings. The originals of the *Liber Studiorum* alone might inspire a volume. I have also had to select some collections, to the total neglect of others equally important, but have chosen those concerning which no full treatises exist. No collection in the museum is more deserving of attention than that of the musical instruments, which show the entire evolution of the art from the first savage bark drum and the pipe that Pan might have played to his flocks up to the last grand piano; but for twelve shillings the reader may procure Mr. Carl Engel's admirable *résumé* of this department. There may also be had full works on the ancient ivories (one guinea), textile fabrics (one and a half guineas), majolica (two guineas),



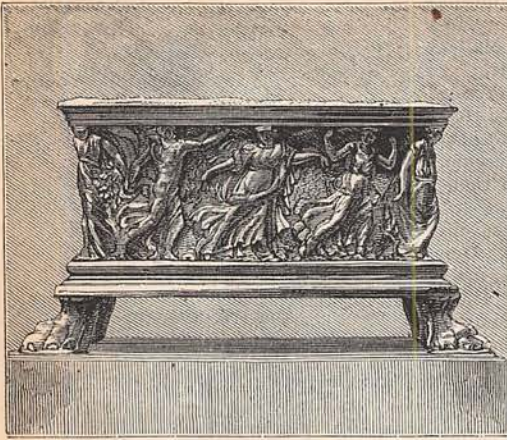
TAZZA.—ALGERIAN ONYX AND ENAMEL.—MODERN FRENCH.

furniture and wood-work (one guinea). An excellent work also exists in a full catalogue of books on art (two guineas); and I may mention that at the present moment it is possible to collect in London an admirable art library for a moderate sum—an advantage that will soon disappear. The present art library in the museum is the only one possessing any thing like completeness in Europe, and is a most notable feature.

But we must not part from South Kensington without considering how fares therein the aim and purpose out of which it grew, namely, culture and training in every variety of art. It will at once be recognized that the art schools, enjoying such an unparalleled environment as to examples, carried on also in rooms of vast extent, perfectly lighted, heated, ventilated, and furnished, must be judged by a higher standard than other institutions of the kind in Europe or in America. And, retrospectively, the schools must be conceded to have done wonders. For one thing, it may be claimed that it found the art education of the nation at zero and raised it enormously. By wisely using its power to send floating through the provincial cities a loan exhibition, and by a judicious distribution of the annual fund (now about £2500) granted it by Parliament to aid institutions of a like character which are willing also to aid themselves, the commission has been the means of establishing in Great Britain 125 schools devoted to art, and in forming classes in colleges to teach art,



ANDREA GRITTI, DOGE OF VENICE.—ITALIAN; ASCRIBED TO VITTORIO CAMELO, SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



SALT-CELLAR.—SILVER GILT.—ITALIAN, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

to the number of 5000 pupils. It has increased by 150 per cent. the number of those who study art to prosecute it for itself or to apply it to make their work more artistic. It has awakened in the millions of London especially, and to some extent throughout the nation, a higher taste. The number of visitors has increasingly exceeded a million each year, and should the museum be opened on Sunday afternoons—a step which the director and curators anticipate with satisfaction—this number must be vastly increased. These crowds, however, never make the rooms seem crowded; their decorum is equal to that which is preserved in the best drawing-rooms; there have been only two cases in the history of the museum where persons have been ejected (the fault being tipsiness); and no article of value has ever been missed. In strolling through the building with George Boughton, we concluded to follow some very rough-looking youths and observe what objects attracted their attention. We were surprised to find them passing by King Koffee's umbrella and trinkets to devote all their time to the statues of Michael Angelo. I have repeatedly observed similar phenomena in the picture-galleries—the roughest people crowding around the best works of art.

The way in which all this has told upon the work of the country has been jealously watched and also fairly recognized by foreign critics. The first gold medal awarded on the Continent for art education, awarded to South Kensington, was not given by any favor, and it was won by a great deal of hard work. In the introduction to the seven-volume report presented to the French government in 1862, M. Chevallier says: "Rivals are springing up, and the pre-eminence of France may receive a shock if we do not take care. The upward movement is visible, above all, among the English. The

whole world has been struck with the progress they have made since the last exhibition, in designs for stuffs, in the distribution of colors, also in carving and sculpture, and generally in articles of furniture." M. Rupet urged the establishment of a museum in Paris similar to that at South Kensington, saying, "It is impossible to ignore the fact that a serious struggle awaits France from this quarter." The report from Lyons—whose School of Design was, to a large extent, the model copied by England—says, "With Great Britain we shall have some day to settle accounts, for she has made great progress in art since the Exhibition of 1851." These statements are much more true now than when they were written. In the direction to which

they refer—that of decorative art—South Kensington has certainly taken a leading position in Europe. The evidences of this are appearing daily. For example, the firm of Messrs. Corbière and Sons, which was established in London about twenty-five years ago as an importing house for French patterns and goods, has now been almost changed into an exporting house, sending to France patterns and designs for goods which it obtains from South Kensington. Even this is hardly so grateful to the English as a report lately made by a large Glasgow firm, that it has for some years been obtaining from this museum, at the annual cost of a few hundred pounds, de-



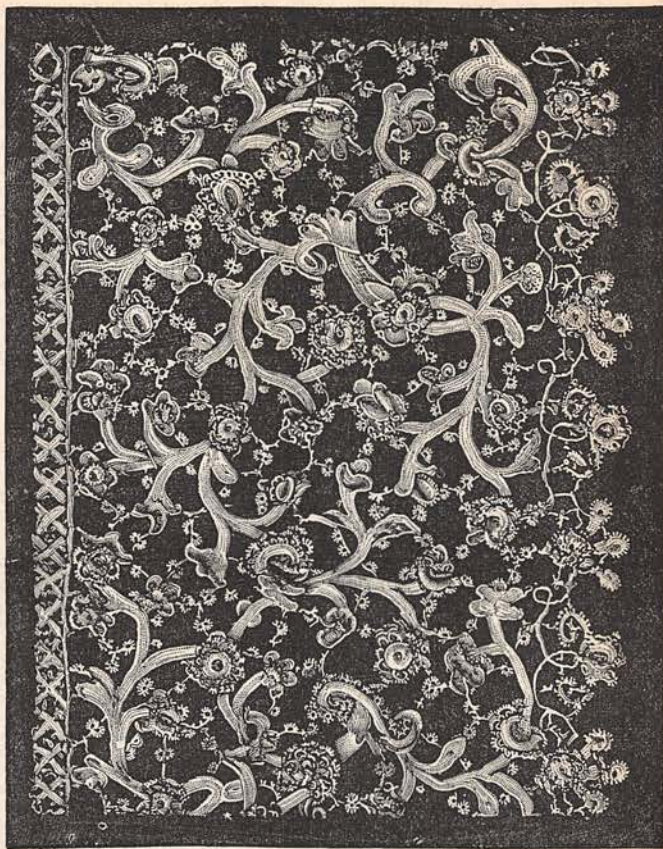
IVORY TANKARD.—AUGSBURG, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

signs such as it had been for many years previously securing from Paris and Lyons at a cost of £2000 per annum.

Lyons, indeed, after teaching England its art of war, has itself lost it. Neither Paris or London will use their newest patterns, one of which, I understand, represents huntsmen and hounds in full chase after a stag, careering all over a drawing-room carpet! In Paris, and even more in England, taste has for some years been tending to demand richness in substance, vagueness in pattern, quietness in color, for all stuffs used in rooms. It is greatly to be regretted that the great manufacturers of textile fabrics have declined to participate in the Centennial Exhibition, having concluded that their goods will have too much protection in

one sense, and not enough in others. It would have excited astonishment in America to see what transformation has been wrought in carpets and curtains, and it would be at once recognized that the old fabrics, with their fixed scrolls, their glare and glitter, have become barbarous. Messrs. Ward, of Halifax, recently rolled out for me on a floor side by side the old patterns and the new, and it was to the eye like passing from poppies to passion-flowers. "Those blazing ones," said Mr. Ward, "have gone out of fashion in this country since the new schools of design began, and we never sell a yard of them here; we made them for America until the last tariff, and now the manufacture has ceased altogether." The new curtain stuffs have always an unobtrusive, almost a dead, ground of saffron, or olive, or green, and on it flowing conventional leaves with some heraldic form—as daisy, pomegranate, etc.—to supply spots of color; and the carpets are of much the same character, with somewhat larger forms.

These exquisite designs are universally recognized as results of South Kensington.



FINEST RAISED VENETIAN POINT LACE.—FLORAL DESIGN.—ITALIAN, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

But there is one point where the results are less satisfactory. The best designs which include the human figure have still to be obtained from the Continent; and these being of especial importance in pottery, the great porcelain factories say that their needs can not yet be met by English art schools. The truth is, there is an opposition in controlling quarters to permitting studies of the female nude at South Kensington. This inhibition especially hampers the female pupils, who do, perhaps, the greater part of the ornamental work. In the male school the male nude is studied; and many of the male students—those particularly who mean to devote themselves to fine, as distinguished from decorative, art—unite to employ female models in rooms outside of the school. It is as difficult to see what benefit is secured by modesty in thus placing a necessary study beyond the regulation of the masters, who might preserve decorum, as it is to find any advantage to religion gained by shutting the door to the pictorial gospels of Raphael on Sunday, and keeping open the

door of the gin-shop. Both the piety and the prudery are anomalous. The Zoological and the Botanical Gardens in London, the Dublin Museum, Hampton Court, and Kew Gardens are all open on Sunday, while the museums and galleries of the metropolis are closed. The Royal Academy has nude models of both sexes, under the same government which prohibits the like at South Kensington. The queerest anomaly, however, is that of the Slade School of Art at University College, where the vexed question has been settled by permitting the male pupils to have female models, and the female pupils to have male models! This restriction of the ladies to (nearly) nude models of the other sex, strange as it may seem, was made in the interest of propriety, as it was thought improper for the masters to enter and instruct them in the presence of a female model.

These restrictions, as has been said, fall most heavily upon the female pupils. It might be supposed that if at South Kensington the male pupils may study the male nude, the female pupils might have the corresponding privilege with models of their own sex; but the fact is, the young female artists are not permitted to see so much of their model as they would be required to reveal of their own persons at one of her Majesty's Drawing-rooms. There has consequently not one good figure painter ever graduated from the female classes at South Kensington. The head-master, Mr. Burchett, himself an able figure painter, knows well, as all experienced figure painters in Europe know, that female models are far oftener secured from vice by their occupation than exposed to it, and that life schools are not inconsistent with decorum, under proper management; and he (Mr. Burchett) has made efforts, one of which was to have the model incased in flesh tights, to secure for his pupils the advantages so freely offered in Continental schools. But his contrivances have been stopped by threats of Parliamentary questions. It is no doubt in good part due to this limitation that South Kensington can not yet point to any high results in the direction of the fine arts. Young men of genius will continue to prefer schools which are without such restrictions. And it can only be ascribed to the consummate care with which studies of the antique are conducted, and to the full supply of the finest casts offered by the museum, that decorative art itself at South Kensington has suffered so little from the limitation referred to. For it is certain that the human figure is the key to all other forms in nature. It is certain also that the female form is the very flower of all natural beauty—"the sum of every creature's best," as Shakspeare says of Perdita—and no arrangements for art training can be considered complete which

do not include accessibility to such studies of the same as are required by those who have given evidence of their fitness to interpret the sacred secrets of nature.

Beyond this there is no deduction to be made from the method of training at South Kensington. The following official memorandum of its regulations (with which is given the names of its faculty) will show the large scope of instruction included:

INSPECTOR-GENERAL FOR ART, RICHARD REDGRAVE, R.A.

Head-Master, RICHARD BURCHETT.

Deputy Head-Master, R. W. HERMAN.

Mechanical and Architectural Drawing, H. B. HAGREEN. Geometry and Perspective, E. S. BURCHETT.

Painting, Free-hand Drawing of Ornament, etc., the Figure and Anatomy, and Ornamental Design, R. BURCHETT, R. W. HERMAN, W. DENBY, R. COLLINSON, and C. P. SLOCOMBE.

Modeling, F. M. MILLER.

#### FEMALE CLASSES.

Lady Superintendent, MISS TRULOOK.

Female Teachers, MRS. S. E. CASABIANCA and MISS CHANNON.

Matron, MRS. GARRETT.

Attendant, MRS. ABEL.

1. The courses of instruction pursued in the School have for their object the systematic training of teachers, male and female, in the practice of Art and in the knowledge of its scientific principles, with the view of qualifying them to impart to others a careful Art education, and to develop its application to the common uses of life, and its relation to the requirements of Trade and Manufactures. Special courses are arranged in order to qualify School-masters of Parochial and other Schools to teach Elementary Drawing as a part of general education concurrently with writing.

2. The instruction comprehends the following subjects: Free-hand, Architectural, and Mechanical Drawing; Practical Geometry and Perspective; Painting in Oil, Tempera, and Water-Colors; Modeling, Moulding, and Casting. The classes for Drawing, Painting, and Modeling include Architectural and other Ornament, Flowers, Objects of still-life, etc., the Figure from the Antique and the Life, and the study of Anatomy as applicable to Art.

3. The Annual Sessions, each lasting five months, commence on the 1st of March and the 1st of October, and end on the last day of July and the last day of February, respectively. Students can join the School at any time, the tickets running from date to date. The months of August and September, one week at Christmas, and one week at Easter or Whitsuntide are Vacations. The classes meet every day *except Saturday*. Hours of Study: Day, 10 to 3; Evening, 7 to 9.

4. In connection with the Training School, and open to the public, separate classes are established for male and female students; the studies comprising Drawing, Painting, and Modeling, as applied to Ornament, the Figure, Landscape, and still-life.

#### FEES.

For classes studying for five whole days, including evenings: £5 for five months.

For three whole days, including evenings: £4 for five months.

For the half day—morning 10 to 1, or afternoon 1 to 3: £4 for five months.

To all these classes there is an entrance fee of 10s.

Evening Classes: Male School: £2 per session.

Artisan Class: 10s. per session; 3s. per month.

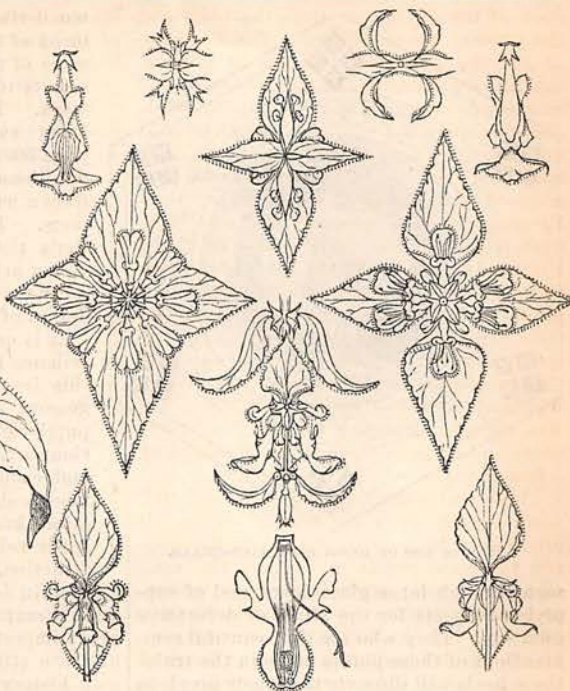
Female School: £1 per session, three evenings a week.

No students can be admitted to these classes until they have passed an examination in Free-hand Drawing of the 2d Grade. Examinations of candidates will be held weekly, at the commencement of each session, and at frequent intervals throughout the year.





NETTLE IN ITS NATURAL STATE.



NETTLE IN GEOMETRICAL PROPORTIONS.

5. Students can not join the School for a shorter term than *five* months, but the students who have already paid fees for five months may remain until the end of the scholastic year on payment of a proportional fee for each month unexpired up to the 31st July in each year.

6. Classes for School-masters, School-mistresses, and Pupil-teachers of Elementary Schools meet on two evenings in each week. Fee 5s. for the session. Teachers in private schools or families may attend the day classes on payment of a fee of £1 per month.

7. The morning classes for Practical Geometry and Perspective are open to all students, but they may be attended independently of the general course on payment of a fee of £2 per session for those Classes.

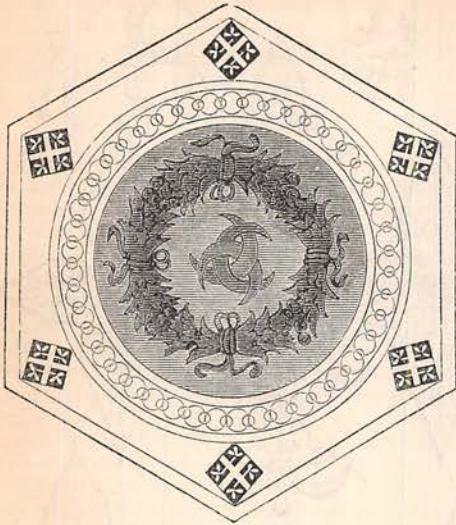
8. Students properly qualified have full access to the collections of the Museum and Library, either for consultation or copying, as well as to all the School Lectures of the Department. The public also are admitted to the same privileges on payment of small admission fees; for which see the prospectuses of the Museum and Library.

9. A register of the students' attendance is kept, and may be consulted by Parents and Guardians.

Nothing can exceed the care and devotion with which the great work of South Kensington is carried on by both teachers and pupils. In walking through the rooms with the head-master (a teacher of nearly thirty years' experience) I could only marvel at the indications unintentionally furnished by the pupils, from moment to moment, of his intimate knowledge of their work and their progress, however remote from such details he might be officially. In his room he keeps all the works sent in by the pupils in competition for the many valuable prizes offered by the school at each stage of prog-

ress, and these are preserved in large albums, each marked with the young artist's name, so that by looking through it we trace the unfolding in this or that direction of a human mind, from the first crude geometrical drawing to mastery of the finer strokes of form and color. The pupil applying for admission is not simply put in at one end of a machine-like system to be turned out at the other, but a specimen of his or her work is demanded, and a place assigned in accordance with it.

It was morally impressive to witness the large numbers of women who have here found a field for the cultivation of their powers. In one room—that of geometrical proportions—the students of both sexes are taught together, and no doubt the co-educational system will gradually creep from this to other classes, as it has to some extent done in University College and other institutions. But the museum is able to supply both schools with any quantity of models and aids. The young female artists appear to make up for any privation they may have in the direction of fine art, from the cause already mentioned, by the remarkable perfection to which they carry ornamental designs, especially such as may be derived from flowers, fruits, and leaves. In one part of the museum there is a series of grottoes, filled with all manner of ferns and other plants, which serve the double purpose of adorning the room, from which they are



PLAN OF TOP OF HENRI DEUX SALT-CELLAR.

seen through large glass doors, and of supplying subjects for the study of decorative foliage. They who see the beautiful combinations of these plants made in the training schools will discover that their previous acquaintance with some very common things has been very limited. In this study of the geometrical capacities of plants for decorative purposes the female pupils seem to excel. The exquisite art of one of them, Miss Louisa Poole, enables me to present an example of this kind of work, for which she recently received a gold medal. The subject of this very clever piece of combination is the common nettle, and even without the beautiful colors with which Miss Poole's original work was rendered, these outlines she has drawn for me will perhaps enable the reader to understand the kind of work by which this school has relieved England of its former dependence on Paris and Lyons. It is but just, however, to state that Miss Poole's work, when exhibited, on occasion of the last distribution of prizes by the Duke of Richmond, was surrounded by a score of similar sketches which had brought their designers well-merited prizes. No one could examine them without perceiving that the young artists have learned the main secret of ornamental art, that nature is but an alphabet, which it is the task of the artist to combine into words and sentences that shall convey human purpose and thought.

Some of the best work done at South Kensington is the copying of rare and beautiful specimens of ancient majolica and other wares. The Rothschilds and other collectors gladly lend their choicest possessions for this purpose, and the copies are of high value to this and other museums. It is

wonderful to observe with what refinement of taste and with what sympathy some of the pupils enter into the subtle secrets of the old masters of decorative work. The illustration of the Henri Deux salt-cellar (September number, page 502) was made for me by Mr. William Broad, a pupil at South Kensington, from a work sent in by him to the examiners. The reproduction of Cherpen-tier's rich and delicate colors in this young artist's original work was exceedingly fine. We add here his copy of the design of the top of the salt-cellar.

It is quite certain that a peculiar excellence has been given to the work of this institution by the atmosphere of general culture surrounding it. Each pupil works amidst the splendors of ancient art, amidst the shades of the great, and each lives in the presence of men who to-day best represent the accumulated knowledge of the world. The spirit tells more than the letter of instruction. Moreover, no art is here studied in isolation: each is studied along with literature and science; and, what is of great importance to thoroughness, all the arts are studied in connection with their own history. Through the labors of such art archaeologists as William B. Scott, Dr. Zerffi, such experts as Mr. Moody and Mr. Bohler, the pupil may study, by theory and experiment, the evolution by which his task has come to him, when and how great successes were attained, and so inherit the vital spirit which of old quickened the flowers of beauty by which he or she is at every moment surrounded. The pupil will realize here the immortality of good work. He will see that an old blacksmith, ordered to make iron grilles for Hampton Court garden, put such heart and soul into his work that his four pieces must now be brought hither as a monument of which Thor might be proud. Never was more beauty wrought in iron than this by Huntington Shaw, of Nottingham, anno 1605. Under his hand rose, shamrock, and thistle have grown on the metal so tenderly that it would seem a breath might stir them, while from the Irish harp in the centre one might almost listen for Æolian strains. But that was done in a day when to work for a king was felt to be working for God. And all through this museum shines the great fact that the best work was never done merely for money, but for the altar, for love and loyalty. It is a Museum of Civilization, where each work is a heart. There sat a man doing his very best to advance the whole world; there marched a brave invader of Chaos and Disorder; a reason worked through him like that which turns a bit of mud into a lily. It is a supreme joy to trace these foot-prints of the universal Reason. A flute-key that

wins one more soft note from the air; a pot flushed with some more intimate touch of the sunlight; an ornament which detaches a pure form from its perishable body—such things as these exhibit somewhat finer than themselves, namely, man elect still to carry on the ancient art which adorned the earth with grass and violet, and framed the star-gemmed sky and the spotted snake. The student shall also learn here the solidarity of genius. In distant regions of the world these men worked at their several tasks, sundered by land and sea, but here they are seen to have been members of one sacred guild, like that described of old: "They helped every one his neighbor; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage. So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil, saying, It is ready for the soldering: and he fastened it with nails, that it should not be moved." From manifold regions of the world, through ages linked each to each by national piety, their works have come here to unite in one mystical symphony of excellence. By the spirit that worked through them they are made members one of another. Some little time ago the Professor of Political Economy at Oxford formed a class of youths of both sexes, and said to them one day: "There are two great distinctions between man and the lower animals; one of them is the root of labor, the other is the root of civilization. What are they?" The first was soon explained; the root of labor is that the animal has only to seek his food to find it prepared for him, and his clothing is made for him by nature, whereas man must cook and modify his food, and make his clothing. The second puzzled all in the class except one young maid, who said: "The root of civilization is progressive desire. Give an animal all that satisfies its present want—good shelter and food enough—it will never be restless, nor show a further want; but satisfy man in any moment, he will want something better the next. This craving for the better and the best leads on to civilization." But it is the combination of these various lines of improvement which finally creates a civilization. Savages improve on their own roads, but the Kaffir never borrows for his own hut any advantage belonging to the hut of the Zulu, not more than the bee borrows for its cell a hint from the bird's nest. The savage has the root but not the flower of civilization. But then each civilization in turn is to a great extent special; the human race has a wider life, into which all separate streams of blood are poured, and all arts blend. By a higher law of evolution man's moral and intellectual powers are selected from the isolated tribes and nations through which they have for ages been distributed.

In this our museum men are taken as varied pigments to make the study of Man.

"Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,  
Whose nature is its own divine control,  
Where all things flow to all....  
Man, oh, not men! A chain of linked thought,  
Of love and might to be divided not."

Of all countries America is that to which mankind must look for the fulfillment of those aspirations which are the creative force, carving on the world the ideals of poetry and art. Each fine work will reflect the culture of the race. Emerson has reminded us that for the best achievement we must have instead of the Working-man the Man working, and it were a pity if the great man's countrymen should not realize that whole work must be done by the whole man. In walking through the school at South Kensington recently I met a young lady who had passed several years in the schools at Philadelphia and the Cooper Institute, but had never found what she required for her training until she came here. The picture on her easel proved her to be an accomplished artist, and her experience appears to me worth mentioning. The school at Philadelphia, she said, was the best she had known any thing of in the United States, but when she was there it lacked trained teachers. The teachers were artists in all but the art of teaching. She believed, however, that the Philadelphia school, if associated with a good collection, would turn out well. But of the Cooper Institute she was not so hopeful. It was rather too philanthropic to be a good school of art. The great aim was to qualify the pupils—girls particularly—to make money. The pupils are urged on to the paying work rather than to that which is excellent. It must be understood that these criticisms are here detached from this lady's pleasant plaudits to things in America other than its schools of design, her experience of which was that one with a high standard had no means of attaining it, while the other, with more resources, had a low standard and aim. This lady's experience has been several times confirmed by American artists with whom I have walked through the South Kensington Museum. One of the most eminent of them said: "What a revolution it would cause in American art to have some such museum as this in each large city! It would in each case draw around it an art community, and send out widening waves of taste and love of beauty through the country."

If there be among the readers hereof one of those sensitive patriots who resent the idea of borrowing any ideas or methods from the Old World more modern than the Decalogue, I would submit even to him whether it be not less humiliating to import European experience than to export American brains. It is no dishonor for

America to claim her inheritance from the past; it is no degradation to recognize what has been done as done, and not needing to be done over again; but it may well be pondered by the patriotic whether the Coming Artist will go abroad, or whether he shall find in his own country the resources essential to his culture and his finest fruit.

NOTE.—From a valuable paper on local archaeological museums, contributed to the *Building News*, June 11, 1875, I gather some of the following facts relating to the origin of the chief English museums. In the middle of the seventeenth century there was formed at Lambeth, in London, the first place that could be described as a museum. It was called "Tradesant's Ark." It consisted of objects of natural history collected in Barbary and other states by Tradesant, sometime gardener to Queen Elizabeth. This valuable collection was bequeathed in 1662 by the younger Tradesant to Elias Ashmole, who gave it to Oxford in 1667, and it was the basis of the now excellent Ashmolean Museum of that place. Sir Robert Bruce Cotton, after graduation in 1585, associated with the antiquaries of his day, Joscelin, Lambard, Camden, and Noel, and collected rare books and antiquities, which became the nucleus of the British Museum. Sir Hans Sloane died 120 years ago, and by will offered his collection of MSS. and artistic and natural curiosities (for which he had paid £50,000) to the nation for £20,000. In 1753 the Harleian collection was purchased. When a place to deposit these treasures in was sought, Buckingham House (now Buckingham Palace) was offered for £30,000; but an offer by Lord Halifax of Montague House (built by Hooke, the mathematician) for £10,000 was accepted, and so the museum stands at Bloomsbury. The public was first "admitted to view" (the phrase is still used at the museum) the collections in 1759. George II. presented the old Royal Library, founded by Henry VII., containing monastic spoils. The Lansdowne MSS. were bought in 1807 for £4925; the Burney collection, eleven years later, for £13,500; and in 1820 Sir J. Banks bequeathed his library of natural history. At the time of the foundation of the British Archaeological Association in 1844 there were outside of London but three museums, namely, at Oxford, York, and Salisbury. Now nearly every large town has its museum in which to treasure the monumental relics and natural curiosities of its neighborhood. York has the sarcophagi, tessellated pavements, and altars of *Eboracum*, Salisbury the spoils of *Uriconium*, Colchester the remains of *Camulodunum*, Bath those of *Aqua Solis*, and Cirencester those of *Corinium*. The Brown Museum at Liverpool is rich in Anglo-Saxon remains, and the important collection described by Wylie in his *Fairford Graves* is in the Ashmolean at Oxford. The Brown Museum derives its name from Sir W. Brown, who not only added to it a large building, but his collection (which cost him £50,000) of consular diptychs, Etruscan jewelry, Limoges enamels, Wedgwood pottery, and important Roman and Saxon antiquities. The Scarborough Museum has interesting British relics, among them a tree coffin of great rarity. The Exeter Museum has a good set of Celtic pottery and bronze implements found in Devon. Wisbech possesses superb examples of mediæval art and important Egyptian antiquities. In the Torquay Museum may be found the vast collection of flint implements found in the famous Kent's Cavern through the industry of Mr. Pengelly, the geologist, along with remains of extinct animals discovered beside them. The Halifax Museum, in which Professor Tyndall passed his early scientific apprenticeship, is rich in the curiosities of the coal measures, and has important Egyptian as well as Roman remains. There are many other museums in the country—indeed, hardly any important town is without one; but I must not fail to mention a very interesting one at Canterbury. It contains Roman tessellated pavements; a large number of ancient terra cotta forms presented by the late Viscount Strangford, who brought them from the

Greek isles, Egypt, and Asia Minor; two extremely interesting Runic stones found near Sandwich; and many such interesting antiquities as the "Curfew Bell" and "Couvre Feu;" and some very odd ones—for instance, the severed hand of Sir John Heydon, who was killed by Sir Robert Mansfield in a duel, anno 1600.

M. D. C.

## THE ORIGIN OF MAIZE.

In the days when the grand old woods untamed  
 Stood erect in the sunsets red,  
 Or besprinkled the rushing floods unnamed  
 With the bloom of their summers dead,  
 Lived a maid in a hunter's lodge, as fair  
 As a flower o' the forest rude,  
 And as free as the free, untroubled air  
 Of its infinite solitude.

But a spirit, whose haunt was the river-shore,  
 Oft caressing her slender feet,  
 Stole a glance at the gentle face bent o'er  
 The unrest of his winding sheet;  
 And so limpid the depth of those dark eyes  
 Whence her innocent soul outshone  
 That the god of the stream desired, with sighs,  
 That the maiden might be his own.

Then he twined o'er his brow the dripping weed  
 And the mariner lily fair,  
 And in desperate mood for love's mad need  
 Up arose from his watery lair.  
 Like a startled gazelle the maid leaped back  
 'Neath the fluttering forest's wing;  
 With the flight of a fawn, when fierce hounds track,  
 She escaped from the flood's bold king.

But the sons of the gods are fleeter far  
 Than the daughters of mortal kind:  
 With the rush of a meteoric star  
 He pursues, and she flies like wind.  
 Now a bend of the stream her eyes deplore—  
 In her path is the watery death;  
 Close behind is the god. O fatal shore!  
 On her face is a chill, damp breath.

With a panting of prayer, "Great Manitou,  
 Hasten now to deliver!" she pleads;  
 Then, with sudden-born impulse, swift she flew  
 To a bower of river reeds;  
 And their tremulous stems about her bound,  
 As if swept in a whirlwind storm;  
 And behold! in their light embraces wound,  
 She is changed to another form.

She is rooted in earth, her rare round arms  
 Into tapering leaves are grown,  
 And a proud plumed stalk, her heart yet warms,  
 Like a princess the reeds enthrone.  
 Fine and silken, her hair sheaves round the pearls  
 Flashed out from her smile of scorn,  
 Now the kernels of snow, the milk-set whorls,  
 Of a beautiful ear of corn.

Thus arrested, the god his chaplet flings  
 On the waves of his subject stream—  
 How, to mockery broken, its current sings  
 Of his broken, delusive dream!  
 Then the passionate spirit, foiled, betrayed,  
 Is dissolved into dew-fine sprays,  
 To adorn with a crown of tears the maid  
 Metamorphosed to graceful maize.

And as long as the rivers scorn the chain  
 Of a future of Yengesee kings,  
 And as long as the pale moons wax and wane  
 O'er the wild of the "shadowing wings,"  
 When the moccasined foot of the red man strays  
 Where his banner'd fields unfurl,  
 Will he liken the rustling leaves of maize  
 To the flight of a timid girl.