

MY *Fine Art* STORY BOOK

VOLUME THREE

COMPILED BY MARLENE PETERSON

My Fine Art Story Book

Volume Three



Stories of Artists and Fine Art
Pieces for the Young Reader

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

Libraries of Hope

My Fine Art Story Book
Volume Three

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England



Southwark Fair

HOGARTH



William Hogarth

1697-1794, England

William Hogarth, like Watteau, originated his own school; in short there never was anybody like him. He was an editorial writer in charcoal and paint, or in other words he had a story to tell every time he made a picture, and there was an argument in it, a right and a wrong, and he presented his point of view by making pictures.

English artists in literature and in painting have done some great reformatory work. Charles Dickens overthrew some dreadful abuses by writing certain novels. The one which has most interest for children is the awful story of Dotheboys' Hall, which exposed the ill treatment of pupils in a certain class of English schools. What Dickens and Charles Reade did in literature, Hogarth undertook to do in painting. He described social shams; painted things as they were, thus making many people ashamed and possibly better.

Italians had always painted saints and Madonnas, but Hogarth pretended to despise that sort of work, and painted only human beings. He did not really despise Raphael, Titian, and their brother artists, but he was so disgusted with the use that had been made of them and their schools of art, to the entire exclusion of more familiar subjects, that he

turned satirist and ridiculed everything.

First of all, Hogarth was an engraver. He was born in London on the 10th December, 1697, and eighteen days later was baptised in the church of St. Bartholemew the Great. His father was a school teacher and a "literary hack," which means that in literature he did whatever he could find to do, reporting, editing, and so on.

Hogarth must early have known something of vagabond life, for his father's life during his own youth must have brought him into association with all sorts of people. He knew how madhouses were run, how kings dined, how beggars slept in goods boxes, and many other useful items.

Hogarth said of himself: "Shows of all sorts gave me uncommon pleasure when an infant, and mimicry, common to all children, was remarkable in me… My exercises, when at school, were more remarkable for the ornaments which adorned them, than for the exercises themselves." He became an engraver or silverplater, being apprenticed to Mr. Ellis Gamble, at the sign of the "Golden Angel," Cranbourne Alley, Leicester Fields.

Engraving on silver plate was all well enough, but Hogarth aspired to become an engraver on copper, and he has said that this was about the highest ambition he had while he was in Cranbourne Alley.

The shop-card which he engraved for Mr. Ellis Gamble may have been the first significant piece of work he undertook. The card is still among the Hogarth relics. He set up as an engraver on his own account, though he did study a little in Sir James Thornhill's art school; but whatever he learned he turned to characteristic account.

He continued to make shop-cards, shop-bills, and book-plates. Finally, in 1727, a maker of tapestry engaged Hogarth to sketch him a design and he set to work ambitiously. He worked throughout that year upon the design, but when he took it to the man it was refused. The truth was that the man who had comissioned the work had heard that Hogarth was "an engraver and no painter," and he had so little intelligence


The Christening by Hogarth



The Marriage (from a Rake's Progress) by Hogarth

that he did not intend to accept his design, however much it might have pleased him. Hogarth sued the man for his refusal and he won the suit. He next began to make what he called "conversation pieces," little paintings about a foot high of groups of people, the figures being all portraits. These were very fashionable for a time and made some money for the artist. Both he and Watteau were fond of the stage, and both painted scenes from operas and plays.

In time he moved into lodgings at the "Golden Head," in Leicester Fields, and there he made his home. He had already begun the great paintings which were to make him famous among artists. These were a series of pictures, telling stories of fashionable and other life. His own story of how he came to think of the picture series was that he had always wished to present dramatic stories—present them in scenes as he saw them on the stage.

He had married the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, and had never been thought of kindly by his father-in-law till he made so much stir with his first series. Then Sir James approved of him, and Hogarth found life more pleasing.

There are very few anecdotes to tell of the artist's life, and the story of his pictures is much more amusing. One of his first satires was made into a pantomime by Theophilus Cibber, and another person made it into an opera. Many pamphlets and poems were written about it, and finally china was painted with its scenes and figures. There was as much to cry as to laugh over in Hogarth's pieces and that is what made them so truly great. One of his great picture series was called the "Rake's Progress" and it was a warning to all young men against leading too gay a life. It showed the "Rake" at the beginning of his misfortunes, gambling, and in the last reaping the reward of his follies in a debtor's prison and the madhouse. There are eight pictures in that set.

In this series, especially in the fifth picture, there are extraordinary proofs of Hogarth's completeness of ideas. Upon the wall in the room wherein the "Rake" marries an old woman for her money, the Ten

Commandments are hung, all cracked, and the Creed also is cracked and nearly smudged out; while the poor-box is covered with cobwebs. The eight pictures brought to Hogarth only seventy guineas.

One of his pictures was suggested to him by an incident which greatly angered him. He had started for France on some errand of his own, and was in the very act of sketching the old gate at Calais, when he was arrested as a spy. Now Hogarth was a hard-headed Englishman, and when he was hustled back to England without being given time for argument, he was so enraged that he made his picture as grotesque as possible, to the lasting chagrin of France. He painted the French soldiers as the most absurd, thin little fellows imaginable, and that picture has largely influenced people's idea of the French soldier all over the English-speaking world.

As Hogarth grew old he grew also a little bitter and revengeful toward his enemies, often taking his revenge in the ordinary way of belittling the people he disliked, in his paintings.

Hogarth came before Reynolds or Gainsborough; in short, was the first great English artist, and his chief power lay in being able instantly to catch a fleeting expression, and to interpret it. An incident of Hogarth's youth illustrates this. He had got into a row in a pot-house with one of the hangers-on, and when someone struck the brawler over the head with a pewter pot, there, in the midst of excitement and rioting, Hogarth whipped out his pencil and hastily sketched the expression of the chap who had been hit.

Hogarth was friends with most of the theatre managers, and one of his souvenirs was a gold pass given him by Tyers, the director of Vauxhall Gardens, which entitled Hogarth and his family to entrance during their lives. This was in return for some "passes," which Hogarth had engraved for Tyer.

Upon one occasion Hogarth set off with some companions for a trip to the Isle of Sheppey. Incidentally Forest wrote a sketch of their journey and Hogarth illustrated it. That work is to be found, carefully



The Gate of Calais by Hogarth

preserved, in the British Museum. The repeated copying and reproduction for sale of his pictures brought about the first effort to protect his works of art by copyright. But it was not till he had done the "Rake's Progress" that he was able to protect himself at all, and even then not completely.

Just before his death he was staying at Chiswick, but the day before he died he was removed to his house in Leicester Fields. He was buried in the Chiswick churchyard; and in that suburb of London may still be seen his old house and a mulberry tree where he often sat amusing children for whom he cared very much. Garrick wrote the following epitaph for his tomb:

Farewell, great Painter of Mankind!
Who reached the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured Morals charm the Mind
And through the Eye correct the Heart.

If Genius fire thee, Reader, stay;
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

The picture used in illustration here [The Marriage Contract] is part of probably the very greatest art-sermon ever painted, called "Marriage a la Mode." The story of it is worth telling:

"The first act is laid in the drawing-room of the Viscount Squanderfield"—is not that a fine name for the character? "On the left, his lordship is seated, pointing with complacent pride to his family tree, which has its roots in William the Conqueror. But his rent roll had been squandered, the gouty foot suggesting whither some of it has gone; and to restore his fortunes he is about to marry his heir to the daughter of a rich alderman. The latter is seated awkwardly at the table, holding the



The Marriage Contract (From Marriage a La Mode) by Hogarth

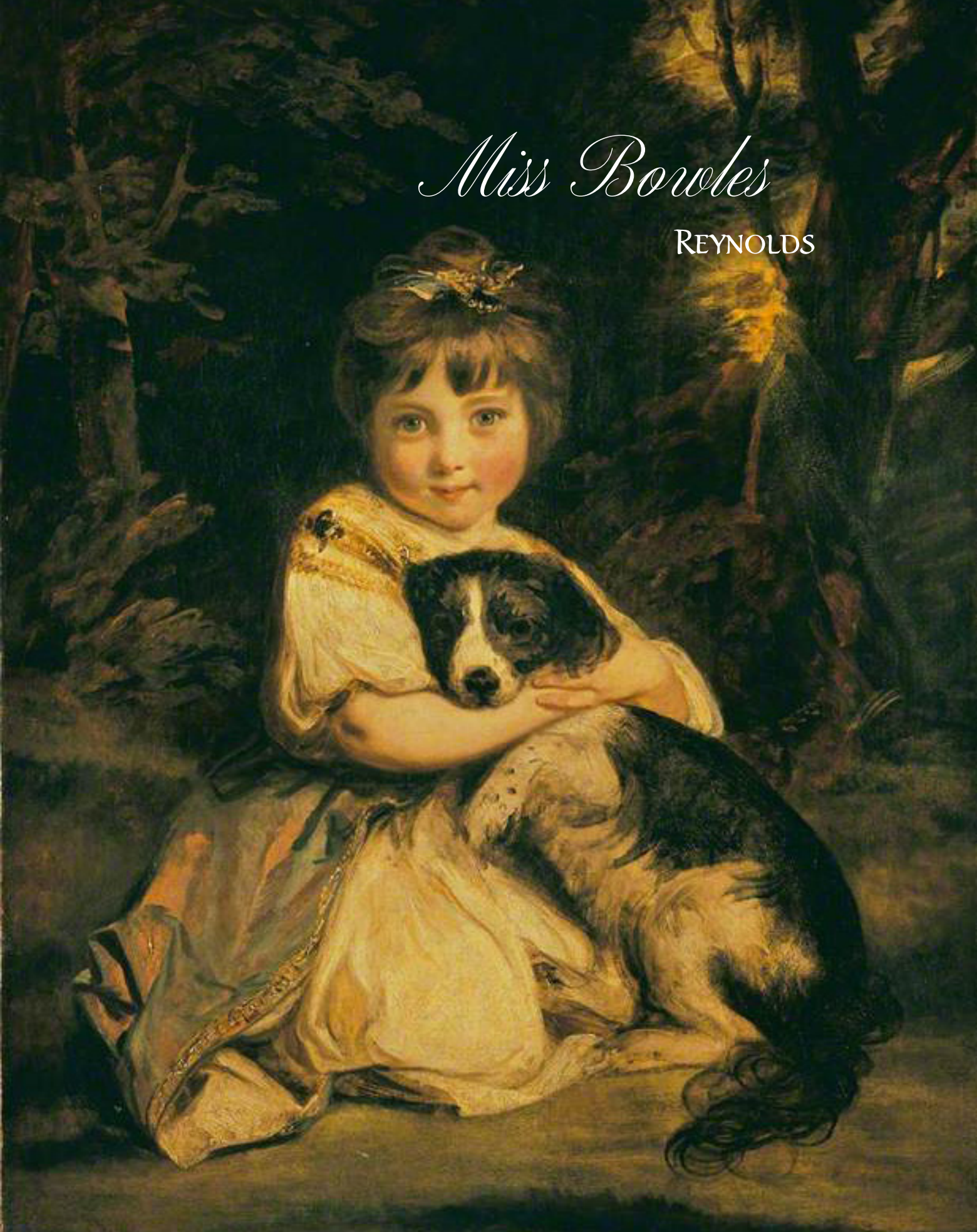


The Inspection (from Marriage a la Mode) by Hogarth

marriage contract duly sealed, signed and delivered; the price paid for it, being shown by the pile of money on the table and the bunch of cancelled mortgages which the lawyer is presenting to the nobleman, who refuses to soil his elegant fingers with them. Over on the left is his weakling son, helping himself at this critical turn of his affairs, to a pinch of snuff while he gazes admiringly at his own figure in the mirror. The lady is equally indifferent; she has strung the ring on to her finger and is toying with it, while she listens to the compliments being paid to her by Counsellor Silvertongue. Through an open window another lawyer is comparing his lordship's new house, that is in the course of building, with the plan in his hand. A marriage so begun could only end in misery." This is the first act, and the pictures that follow show all the steps of unhappiness which the couple take. There are five more acts to that painted drama, which is in the National Gallery, London.



The Polling by Hogarth


Miss Bowles
Reynolds

Sir Joshua Reynolds

1723-1792, England

How pleased little Miss Bowles must have been when her mamma and papa told her she was to go to the studio of the great Sir Joshua Reynolds to have her picture painted! She must have clapped her hands, for, as every one knew, Sir Joshua Reynolds was the most delightful man in the world. He not only loved children but he always played with them and kept a great many wonderful toys in his studio just for them. Then, too, he had invited her and her mamma and papa to have lunch with him before she sat for her picture.

Sir Joshua had told her mamma to dress the little girl in the simplest white dress she had, so she could play, and because he did not like fine clothes.

It was a lovely drive from her home to the studio, and the two fine horses held their heads up and stepped very high as if they, too, were glad they were going to Sir Joshua's house. Just as Miss Bowles stepped out of the carriage the cutest little black and white dog came racing down the walk to greet her. Little Miss Bowles was not a bit afraid. How could she be, when the little black and white dog came right up to her and stood wagging his tail? When she had petted him, perhaps he ran to bring a stick for her to throw, so he could find it and bring it back to her, just as your dog does. Sir Joshua heard her laughing and the dog

barking as he came out to welcome them.

Almost at once, luncheon was announced and they all went in to the big dining room. Sir Joshua Reynolds sat next to little Miss Bowles and told her all about the little dog, whose name, perhaps, was Spot. A lady whose picture he had painted had given the dog to him, and she had taught Spot several very clever tricks which Miss Bowles should see right after luncheon.

Sir Joshua loved to surprise his little friends. When they were not looking he would take their handkerchiefs from them, or suddenly put some strange toy in their laps. He loved to see their look of surprise and delight.

After luncheon came a good romp in the yard. Perhaps the little dog would bite Miss Bowles's shoes and try to keep her from running. How she must have laughed!

When she went back into the house Spot went in with her. Little Miss Bowles is so afraid the artist is going to send her pet away that she holds him fast in her arms, and looks at Sir Joshua Reynolds as much as to say, "Now you can't send him away, can you?" Her eyes fairly sparkle with glee as she squeezes the little dog much too hard for his comfort. He knows that she holds him so fast because she wants to keep him, and he is glad to be with her, but oh! if she just would not squeeze quite so hard!

Show me how little Miss Bowles is sitting. I supposed she is afraid to look away even for a second for fear Sir Joshua will play some trick on her and get the little dog away. Sir Joshua painted so very fast that I don't supposed she knew just when he drew her picture, although he probably asked her to sit still when he was ready to paint. But she must have gone to his house several times before the picture was finished. Her father and mother were very much pleased with the picture, and said it looked just like their little girl.

Sir Joshua Reynolds loved the woods and nature so much that he nearly always painted them in his pictures. So in the background of this



Three Ladies Adorning a Term of Hymen by Reynolds


The Archers by Reynolds

picture we catch a glimpse of the woods in the yard where the child and dog have been playing, and where they have just stopped a moment to rest.

When Reynolds was "little Josh," instead of "Sir Joshua" he grew tired in church one day, and sketched upon the nail of his thumb the portrait of the Rev. Mr. Smart who was preaching. After service he ran to a boathouse near, and with ship's paint, upon an old piece of sail, he painted in full and flowing colours that reverend gentleman's portrait. After that there was not the least possible excuse for his father to deny him the right to become an artist.

The father himself was a clergyman with a good education, and he had meant that his son should also be well educated and become a physician; but a lad who at eight years of age can draw the Plympton school house—he was born at Plympton Earl, in Devonshire—has a right to choose his own profession.

At twenty-three years of age Sir Joshua was painting the portraits of great folk, and being well paid for it, as well as lavishly praised. His first real sorrow came at a Christmas time when he was summoned home from London where he was working, to his father's deathbed.

After that the artist turned his thoughts toward Italy, but where was the money to come from? Earning a living did not include travelling expenses, but a good friend, Captain Keppel, was going out to treat with the Dey of Algiers about his piracies, and learning that the artist wished to go to Italy he invited him to go with him on his own ship, the Centurion. So while the captain was discussing pirates with the dey, Sir Joshua stopped with the Governor of Minorca and painted many of the people of that locality. Thence on to Rome!

Strange to say, Raphael's pictures disappointed the English artist, and he said so; but Michael Angelo was to Reynolds the most wonderful

of painters, and he said that his pictures influenced him all the rest of his life. He wished his name to be the last upon his lips, and while that was not so, yet it was the last he pronounced to his fellow Academicians in his final address.

It was in Italy that a distressing misfortune came upon Sir Joshua. He meant to learn all that a man could learn in a given time of the art treasures there, and while he was working in a draughty corridor of the Vatican, he caught a severe cold which rendered him deaf. He continued deaf till the end of his life and had to use an ear-trumpet when people talked with him.

When he got back to England, Hudson, his old master, said discouragingly: "Reynolds, you don't paint as well as when you left England." On the whole his reception at home, after his long absence, was not all that he could have wished, but he took a place in Leicester Square, settled down to live there for the rest of his life, and went at painting in earnest.

Although artists criticised him more or less after his return, the public appreciated him and very soon orders for portraits began to pour in upon him, and the flow of wealth never ceased so long as he lived. It was said that all the fashionables came to him that did not go to Gainsborough, but those who were partial to Sir Joshua declared that all who could not go to him went to Gainsborough. The two great artists controlled the art world in their time, dividing honours about equally. It was said that all those women and men sat to Sir Joshua for portraits "who wished to be transmitted as angels and who wished to appear as heroes or philosophers."

Sir Joshua was a charming man, generous in feeling—as Gainsborough was not—and his closest friend was Dr. Johnson, the most different man from the artist imaginable, but Reynolds's art and Johnson's philosophy made a fine combination, each giving the other great pleasure. Besides Johnson, his friends were Goldsmith, Garric, Bishop Percy, and other famous men of the time. These and others formed the



Continence of Scipio by Reynolds

"Literary Club" at Sir Joshua's suggestion. About that time there was the first public exhibition of the work of English artists, and Sir Benjamin West and Sir Joshua Reynolds built the Royal Academy for that first exhibition, with the help of King George's patronage. Joshua Reynolds was knighted when he was made the first president of that great body.

Soon after the Academy was established, Reynolds began a series of "discourses," which in time became famous for their splendid literary quality, and some people, knowing his close friendship with Burke and Dr. Johnson, declared that the artist got one of them to write his "discourses" for him. This threw Johnson and Burke into a fury of resentment for their friend, and the doctor declared indignantly that "Sir Joshua would as soon get me to paint for him as to write for him!" Burke denied the story no less emphatically. Besides these speeches, which were a great advantage to the members of the Academy, Sir Joshua instituted the annual banquet to the members, and King George—who just before had given the commission of court painter to one less talented than Sir Joshua—bade him paint his portrait and the queen's, to hang in the Academy. This was a great thing for the new society and advanced its fortunes very much.

Barry and Gainsborough were both churlish enough to envy Sir Joshua and to quarrel with his good feeling for them, but both men had the grace to be sorry for behaviour that had no excuse, and both made friends with him before they died—Gainsborough on his death-bed.

Toward his last days the artist was attacked with paralysis, but grew better and was able to paint again; then he began to go blind—he was already deaf—and this affliction made painting impossible. Shortly before his death, he undertook to raise funds for a monument to his dead friend, Dr. Johnson, but he grew more and more ill, "and on the 23d February, 1792, this great artist and blameless gentleman passed peacefully away."

That he was very painstaking in his work is shown by an anecdote about his infant "Hercules." "How did you paint that part of the picture?"



The Honorable Theresa Robinson



Lady Elizabeth Keppler by Reynolds


The Cottagers by Reynolds

some one asked him. "How can I tell! There are ten pictures below this, some better, some worse"—showing that in his desire for perfection he painted and repainted.

So untiring was he in seeking out the secrets of the old masters that he bought works of Titian and Rubens, and scraped them, to learn their methods, insisting that they had some secret underlying their work. So anxious was he to get the most brilliant effects of colours that he mixed his paints with asphaltum, egg, varnish, wax, and the like, till one artist said: "The wonder is that the picture did not crack beneath the brush." Many of these great pictures did go to pieces because of the chances Sir Joshua took in mixing things that did not belong together, in order to make wonderful results.

Sir George Beaumont recommended a friend to go to Reynolds for his portrait and the friend demurred, because "his colours fade and his pictures die before the man."

"Never mind that!" Sir George declared; "a faded portrait by Reynolds is better than a fresh one by anybody else."

The same tender, sensitive and devoted nature which caused Sir Joshua's mother to weep herself blind upon her husband's death, belonged to the artist. All of his life he was surrounded by loving friends, and his devotion to them was conspicuous. He, like Durer and several other painters, was a seventh son, and his father's disappointment was keen when he took to art instead of to medicine. So little did his father realise what his future might be, that he wrote under the sketch of a wall with a window in it, drawn upon a Latin exercise book: "This is drawn by Joshua in school, out of pure idleness."

But by the time Joshua was eight years old and had drawn a fine "sketch of the grammar-school with its cloister the…astonished father said: 'Now, this exemplifies what the author of "perspective" says in his preface: "that, by observing the rules laid down in this book, a man may do wonders"—for this is wonderful.'"

Sir Joshua laid down—even wrote out—a great many rules of

conduct for himself. Some of these were: "The great principle of being happy in this world is not to mind or be affected with small things." Also: "If you take too much care of yourself, nature will cease to take care of you."

When Samuel Reynolds, Joshua's father, consulted with his friend Mr. Craunch, as to whether a boy who made wonderful paintings at twelve years of age, would be likely to be a successful apothecary, he told Craunch that Joshua himself had declared that he would rather be a good apothecary than a poor artist, but if he could be bound to a good master of painting he would prefer that above everything in the world. This was how he came to be apprenticed to Hudson, the painter. Young Reynolds's sister paid for his instruction at first—or for half of it, with the understanding that Reynolds was to pay her back when he was earning. At that time Reynolds wrote to his father: " While I am doing this I am the happiest creature alive."

One day, while in an art store, buying something for Hudson, Reynolds saw Alexander Pope, the poet, come in, and every one bowed to him and made way for him as if for a prince. Pope shook hands with young Reynolds, and in writing home, describing the poet, the artist said that he was "about four feet six inches high; very humpbacked and deformed. He wore a black coat and according to the fashion of that time, had on a little sword. He had a large and very fine eye, and a long handsome nose; his mouth had those peculiar marks which are always found in the mouths of crooked persons, and the muscles which run across the cheeks were so strongly marked that they seemed like small cords." This is a masterly description of one famous man by another.

He finally was dismissed from his master's studio on the ground that he had neglected to carry a picture to its owner at the time set by Hudson, but the fact was the older artist had become jealous of the work of his pupil, and would no longer have him in his studio.

Afterwards, while he was painting down in Devonshire—thirty portraits of country squires for fifteen dollars apiece—he said: "Those

The Fourth Duke of Marlborough and His Family by Reynolds





Lady Frances Finch by Reynolds

who are determined to excel must go to their work whether willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night, and they will find it to be no play, but, on the contrary, very hard labour." This shows that Reynolds's idea of genius was "an infinite capacity for hard work."

While Reynolds was on his memorable journey to Rome, he made several volumes of notes about the pictures of great Italian artists—Raphael, Titian, etc. and one of those volumes is in the Lenox Library, New York City. He made a most characteristic and delightful remark in regard to his disappointment in Raphael's pictures. "I did not for a moment conceive or suppose that the name of Raphael, and those admirable paintings in particular, owed their reputation to the *ignorance*… of mankind; on the contrary, my not relishing them, as I was conscious I ought to have done was one of the most humiliating things that ever happened to me."

He loved home and country so much that while in Venice he heard a familiar ballad sung in an opera, and it brought the tears to his eyes because of its association with "home."

His young sister was so undecided in her ways and opinions as to make it impossible for Reynolds long to live with her, but she undertook to be his housekeeper when he returned to London, and she also tried to copy his pictures. Reynolds said the results "made other people laugh, but they made me cry."

Reynolds painted the portraits of two Irish sisters—the Countess of Coventry and the Duchess of Hamilton—two of the most beautiful women in all the British Empire. "Seven hundred people sat up all night, in and about a Yorkshire inn, to see the Duchess of Hamilton get into her postchaise in the morning, while a Worcester shoemaker made money by showing the shoe he was making for the Countess of Coventry." Sir Joshua declared that whenever a new sitter came to him, even till the last years of his life, he always began his portrait with the determination that that one should be the best he had ever painted. Success was bound to attend that sort of man.

He painted every picture almost as an experiment; meaning to learn something new with every work, and he spent more than he made in perfecting his art. As he said: " He would be content to ruin himself" in order to own one of the best works of Titian.

His deeds of kindness are beyond counting. He rescued his friend Dr. Johnson from debt—thereby saving him from prison; and when a young lad, "a son of Dr. Mudge," who was very anxious to visit his father on the occasion of his sixteenth birthday, grew too ill to make the journey, Reynolds said gaily: "No matter my boy. I will send you to your father." He painted a splendid portrait of the boy and sent it to Dr. Mudge. This gift of a picture, however, was very unusual with Reynolds, who, unlike Gainsborough who gave his by the bushel to everyone, declared that his pictures were not valued unless paid for. When Sir William Lowther, a gay and rich young man of London, died, he left twenty-five thousand dollars to each of thirteen friends, and each of the thirteen commissioned the painter to make a portrait of Lowther, their benefactor...

This [Duchess of Devonshire] is generally considered one of the finest of Sir Joshua's pictures, if not the most beautiful of all. He was such a welcome guest at the houses of grandees that perchance he had noticed the lovely duchess playing with her still more lovely baby, and thought what a charming picture the two would make. As a representation of the artist's ability to portray grace and sweetness it can hardly be surpassed. He painted it in 1786, half a dozen years before his death, and it now hangs in Chatsworth, the home of the present Duke of Devonshire.



Duchess of Devonshire by Reynolds



The Brummel Children by Reynolds


The Blue Boy
GAINSBOROUGH

Thomas Gainsborough

1727-1788, England

Thomas Gainsborough is one of the great painters of the world. He was born in England two hundred years ago. It is said that when he was only six years old he could sketch rapidly, and at twelve he was a good painter.

At school he covered his books with sketches. He was never so happy as when, with pencil in hand, he set out to make a sketch of some beautiful old hedge or bit of landscape.

One day he wanted to go sketching. He declared it was too beautiful to stay in-doors. He wrote a note to his teacher saying, "Give Tom a holiday," and signed his father's name.

When he reached home in the evening he told his father about the note. His father was inclined to scold, but when he saw Tom's sketches he changed his mind. He declared the boy was a genius.

Finally Tom's uncle advised that the boy be sent to London to study. Accordingly when he was about fifteen, young Gainsborough set out for London.

Here he remained many years. He was a serious-minded boy, and gave careful thought to his studies.

At first he painted landscapes. Later he began to paint portraits. Soon he became one of the great portrait painters of England.

He was a musician as well as a painter. He played upon many musical instruments. It has been said that he is an artist who "sings in color." This means that his colors have a life and freshness which make them vibrate like music. "The Blue Boy" is one of his most famous paintings.



The Cottage Door by Gainsborough



Landscape in Suffolk by Gainsborough


The Copley Family
COPLEY

John Singleton Copley

1737-1815, England

A little boy with a squirrel was the first picture that pointed this artist toward fame and that was painted in England and exhibited at the Society of Arts.

This American-born Irishman had no family or ancestry of account, but he himself was to become the father of Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, and he did some truly fine things in art.

About the same time America had another painter, Benjamin West, marked out for fame, but got his start in Europe while Copley had already become a successful artist before he left Boston, his native place.

He liked to paint "interiors"—rooms with fine furniture and curtains, women in fine clothing and men in embroidered waistcoats and bejewelled buckles.

In 1777 he got into the Royal Academy, and on the whole had considerable influence on European art. If we study the portraits that he painted while in Boston, we can get a very complete idea of the surroundings of the "Royalists" at the time of our colonial history.

In this picture [The Copley Family] there are seven figures with an open landscape forming the background. The baby of the family plays, with uplifted arms, upon grandfather's knee. The mother on the

couch, surrounded by her three other children, is kissing one while another clings to her. Before her stands a prim little maid, gowned in the fashion of grown-folks of her day. A little lock of hair falling upon her forehead suggests that when she was good she was very, very good, and when she was bad she was horrid! She wears a little cap. At the back is the artist himself in a wig and other fashions of the time. A great column rises behind him, forming a part of the architecture or the landscape, one hardly knows which in so artificially constructed a picture.



The Nativity by Copley



The Three Youngest Daughters of George III by Copley


The Fighting Téméraire
Turner

J. M. W. Turner

1775-1851, England

One evening when the artist, Mr. Turner, and a party of friends were sailing down the river Thames in London, there suddenly loomed before their astonished gaze the dark hull of the famous ship called the *Téméraire*. They had heard and read of the many great victories won by this noble vessel, and the glory it had brought to England. Its name Temeraire means "the one who dares." Now its days of usefulness were over, and it was being towed to its last place of anchor to be broken up.

At first they gazed in silence, for it was a sad and solemn sight to watch this feeble old boat creeping along like a disabled soldier, its former glories fading like the setting sun. The silence was broken by the exclamation of one of the young men, "Ah, what a subject for a picture!"

And yet we must remember that at the time Turner painted this picture it was considered just as common-place and uninteresting to paint a sailing vessel as it would be for our artists to paint a bicycle or a wagon.

But Turner painted something more than a picture of a boat. He has made us feel not only the sadness in this parting scene but also all the glories of the splendid victories own in former days. Again we recall the Battle of the Nile, when the English commander, Lord Nelson, won

the victory over Napoleon's fleet and captured the Téméraire from the French. We remember how Nelson, then a young man but having already lost an arm and an eye in battle, was put in command of the English fleet and sent against the French; how after a severe storm the two fleets, going in opposite directions, passed each other in the fog, Nelson reaching Italy and Napoleon landing in Egypt. Then the older naval officers in England, who thought they should have been appointed to this important command, said all they could about the folly of sending so young a man as Nelson, and told how much better they could have done. So the people were dissatisfied and finally the order for extra supplies and provisions was countermanded just as Nelson heard where Napoleon was and wanted to start out. Then Lady Hamilton, the wife of the English minister to Italy, used her influence in his behalf, and the provisions were furnished secretly. We do not care to dwell long on that fierce Battle of the Nile, which began after six o'clock in the evening and lasted all night. Only the flashes of the guns told the positions of the different boats until the burning of the French flagship made a more terrible illumination. It was a great victory for the English.

For forty years after this the Téméraire remained in active service. It took part in the famous victory at the Battle of Trafalgar; it was the second ship in line, and the first to catch Nelsons' well-known words, "England expects that every man will do his duty." Many lives were lost in this battle, among them that of the great commander.

At length the good old ship was considered unfit for active service. Then for several years it was used as a training ship for cadets. Now, no longer fit for that either, it was to be broken up for lumber. At the time when the Téméraire was captured all war vessels used sails, but less than twenty-five years later they began to use steam. That, too, was a reason why the Téméraire was to be destroyed.

To Turner, who was born near the river Thames and grew up among boats and sailors, the sight of this old boat made a strong appeal, not only because he was an artist, but because he was also a patriotic



The Sun Rising Through Vapour by Turner



Lake Avernus by Turner

Englishman full of pride in the ship's great victories.

The setting sun casts a parting glow upon the great, empty vessel as it stands high out of the water. The sky is ablaze with rosy light, which is reflected in the quiet surface of the Thames, but our eyes are drawn at once to the great Téméraire. We glance at the long, dark shadows and reflections of the two vessels, but soon find our eyes wandering to the brilliantly lighted masts, to the gorgeous sunset sky, and back again to the proud old boat. In the dark smoke of the tug there is a touch of brilliant red.

The small boats scattered here and there help to bring out the distance from that far-away shore so unconscious of the passing of the great ship. At least three fourths of the picture is sky.

All of Turner's first paintings were in tones of blues and grays, so soft and delicate they were often indistinct. It was not until after he had traveled through Italy, and spent many days in Venice, where all is brilliant color, that he began to make his pictures blaze with color. He had completely mastered the pale shades, so it needed but a touch of brilliant color here and there to make his whole picture glow. In "The Fighting Téméraire" more than half the picture is painted in the soft gray colors of dusk, but the sunset and the touch of red in smoke of the tug seem to set the whole picture aflame. A gentleman once said to Turner, after looking at this picture, "I never saw a sunset like that." Turner replied, "No, but don't you wish you could?"

In Turner's Day water colors were very popular, and Turner painted a great many of them. His water colors are much better preserved than his oil paintings. The "Téméraire" was painted in oils. The sky has faded considerably in the original picture, and others of his oil paintings have become indistinct. It is believed that this is because he so often used poor materials.

Turner himself considered this picture, "The Fighting Téméraire Tugged to Her Last Berth to be Broken Up," as he called it, his best work, and bequeathed it to the National Gallery in London, refusing to

sell it for any price.

You will remember that later, when America proposed a similar fate for our battleship, Constitution, the people raised a protest and the plan was given up. It was then that Holmes wrote his famous "Old Ironsides," which might have applied equally well to the Téméraire,

"Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!"



Joseph Mallord William Turner was born, lived, and died in London. His father was a jolly little barber who curled wigs and dressed the hair of English dandies, as did all the barbers in those days. He was very popular because he was so good-natured and full of fun. He was also very ambitious for his little son, who had been left to his care by the death of the mother.

The story is told that one day, when Joseph was six years old, his father was called to the home of a wealthy patron, and, having no one with whom to leave the child, he took the boy with him. At the patron's home the little boy climbed up into a big chair and waited patiently, but it seemed a very long time indeed before his father could satisfy the exacting customer. Finally the boy became interested in studying a carved lion on a silver tray lying on the table near by. He studied this lion so carefully that when they reached home, and while his father was preparing their supper, he drew a lion in full action, and brought the



Venice from the Giudecca by Turner



The Slave Ship by Turner

drawing to show his father. It was decided then and there that Joseph should be an artist. The father also wished that his son might receive an education. But Turner did not learn much at school, for as soon as the boys and girls found he could draw wonderful pictures they offered to do his sums for him and helped him with his lessons while he drew pictures for them in return.

The jolly little barber was so pleased with his son's drawings that he put them up in his shop. His patrons began to inquire about the little artist, and when the proud father put a price mark on the drawings, they were soon sold. Later, Turner was apprenticed to an architect to learn architectural drawing, but he was not successful. He did not seem to be able to understand the theory of perspective or even the first steps in geometry. However, he finally must have mastered these subjects, for some years later he became Professor of Perspective at the Royal Academy.

Later in life Turner traveled in France, Germany, and Italy, and it was then he began to use those brilliant colors which we always associate with his work. Turner rarely sold any of his paintings. He called them his "children," and was unwilling to part with them. But his engravings and illustrations made him very wealthy.

Of Turner's many pictures of the sea, perhaps the best known is "The Slave Ship."


Salisbury Cathedral
Constable

John Constable

1776-1837, England

John Constable was the son of a "yeoman farmer" who meant to make him also a yeoman farmer. Mostly we find that the fathers of our artists had no higher expectations for their sons than to have them take up their own business; to begin as they had, and to end as they expected to. But in John Constable's case, as with all the others, the father's methods of living did not at all please the son, and having most of all a liking for picture-making, young John set himself to planning his own affairs.

Nevertheless, the foundation of John's art was laid right there in the Suffolk farmer's home and conditions. He was born in East Bergholt, and the father seems to have believed in windmills, for early in life the signs of wind and weather became a part of the son's education. He learned a deal more of atmospheric conditions there on his father's windmill planted farm than he could possibly have learned shut up in a studio, French fashion. As a little boy he came to know all the signs of the heavens; the clouds gathering for storm or shine; the bending of the trees in the blast; all of these he loved, and later on made the principal subjects of his art. He learned to observe these things as a matter of business and at his father's command; thus we may say that he studied his life-work from his very infancy. All about him were beautiful hedge

rows, picturesque cottages with high pitched roofs covered with thatch, and it was these beauties which bred one other great landscape painter besides Constable, of whom we shall presently speak, Gainsborough.

At last, graduating from windmills, John went to London. He had a vacation from the work set him by his father, and for two years he painted "cottages, studied anatomy," and did the drudgery of his art; but there was little money in it for him, and soon he had to go into his father's counting house, for windmills seemed to have paid the elder Constable, considerably better than painting promised to pay young John.

John doubtless liked countinghouse work even less than he had done the study of windmills and weather in his father's fields. He was a most persistent fellow, however, and finally he returned to London, to study again the art he loved, this time in the Royal Academy, which meant that he had made some progress.

His father gave him very little aid to do the things he longed to do, but after his father's death he found that a little money was coming to him from the estate—£4,000. He had already triumphed over his difficulties by painting his first fine pictures; he now knew that he was to become a successful artist, and be able to take care of himself and a wife. Though in love, he had hitherto been too poor to marry. His first splendid work was "Dedham Vale."

Though things were going very well with him, it was not until Paris discovered him that he achieved great success. In 1824 he painted two large pictures which he took to Paris, and there he found fame. The best landscape painting in France dates from the time when Constable's works were hung in the Louvre, to become the delight of all art-lovers.

He received a gold medal from Charles X., and became more honoured abroad than he had ever been at home.

Constable had many enemies, and made many more after he became an Academician. Some artists, who would have liked that honour and who could not gain it for themselves, declared that Constable painted

Stour Valley at Dedham Village by Constable





Arundel Mill and Castle by Constable

"with a palette knife," though it certainly would not have mattered if he had, since he made great pictures.

He painted things exactly as he saw them, and was not a popular artist. Most of all, he loved to paint the scenes that he had known so well in his youth, and he did them over and over again, as if the subject was one in which he wished to reach perfection.

When he died he left a picture, "Arundel Castle and Mill," standing with its paint wet upon his easel for he passed away very suddenly, on April 1st, leaving behind him many unsold paintings.

He was a sensitive chap, and throughout his youth was greatly distressed by the differences of opinion between himself and his father. He was torn asunder between a sense of duty and his own wish to be an artist; and his greatest consolation in this situation was in the friendship he had formed for a plumber, who, like himself, dearly loved art. The plumber's name was John Dunthorne, and the two men wandered about the country, when not employed at their regular work, and together, by streams and in fields, painted the same scenes. At one time they hired a little room in the neighbouring village which they made into a studio. Constable was a handsome fellow in his youth and was known to all as the "handsome miller." His father, the yeoman farmer with the windmills, was also a miller.

In London he became acquainted with one John Smith, known as "Antiquity Smith," who taught him something of etching. After he was recalled to his father's business, his mother wrote to "Antiquity Smith," that she hoped John "would now attend to business, by which he will please me and his father, and ensure his own respectability and comfort"—a complete expression of the middle-class British mind. Her satisfaction was short lived, for her son soon returned to London.

When his first pictures were rejected by the Royal Academy he showed one of them to Sir Benjamin West, who said hopefully: "Don't be disheartened, young man, we shall hear of you again; you must have loved nature very much before you could have painted this."

About that time he tried to paint many kinds of pictures, such as portraits and sacred subjects, but he did not seem to succeed in anything except the scenes of his boyhood, which he truly loved. Hence he gave up attempting that which he could do only passably, and kept to what he could do supremely well.

When his friends wished him to continue portrait painting, the only thing that was well paid at that time, Constable wrote: "You know I have always succeeded best with my native scenes. They have always charmed me, and I hope they always will. I have now a path marked out very distinctly for myself, and I am desirous of pursuing it uninterruptedly."

About the time he fell in love and before his father's death, his health began to fail, and the young woman's mother would have none of him. Her father was in favour of Constable, but he could not hold out against the chance of his daughter losing her grandfather's fortune by marrying the wrong man.

The lady was not so distractingly in love as young Constable was, and she did not entirely like the idea of poverty, even with John, so she held off, and with so much anxiety Constable became downright ill. For five years the pair lived apart, and then the artist and the young woman, whose name was Maria Bicknell, lost their mothers about the same time. This drew them very closely together; and to help the matter on, John's attendance upon his father in his last illness brought him to the same town as Miss Bicknell. After his father's death, he urged the young lady so strongly to be his wife that she consented. They were married and her father soon forgave her, but not so her grandfather, who declared that he never would forgive her, but he really must have done so from the first, for when he died it was found that he had left her a little fortune of £4,000. This was about the same amount the artist had received from his father, so that they were able to get on very well.

After Constable's marriage he went on a visit to Sir George Beaumont, and there an amusing incident occurred which is known to-day



The Valley Farm by Constable

as the story of Sir George's "brown tree." It seems that Constable's ideas of colour for his landscapes were so true to nature that a good many people did not approve of them, and one day while painting, Sir George declared that the colour of an old Cremona fiddle was the best model of colour tone that a landscape could have. Constable's only answer was to place the fiddle on the green lawn in front of the house. At another time his host asked the artist, "Do you not find it very difficult to determine where to place your brown tree?" "Not at all," was Constable's reply, "for I never put such a thing into a picture in my life."

In painting one picture many times he declared, "Its light cannot be put out because it is the light of nature." A Frenchman called attention to one of his pictures thus: "Look at these landscapes by an Englishman. The ground appears to be covered with dew."

Notwithstanding the little fortune of his wife and himself, Constable was not quite carefree, because he had to raise a good sized family of six children so that when his wife's father died and left his daughter £20,000 he said to a friend: "Now I shall stand before a six-foot canvas with a mind at ease, thank God!" In the very midst of this happiness, his beloved wife became ill with consumption, and was certain to die. He no longer cared very much for life and wrote very sadly:

"I have been ill, but am endeavouring to get work again, and could I get afloat upon a canvas of six feet, I might have a chance of being carried from myself." When he became a member of the Royal Academy, he said: "It has been delayed until I am solitary and cannot impart it," meaning that without his dear wife to share his good fortune, it seemed an empty honour to him.

Strange things are told which show how little his work was valued by his countrymen. After he had become a member of the Academy one of his small pictures was entered but rejected; nobody knowing anything about it. It was put on one side among the "outsiders." Finally, one of his fellow members glancing at it was attracted.

"Stop a bit! I rather like that. Why not say 'doubtful'?" Later

Constable acknowledged the picture as his, and then they wished to hang it, but he refused to let them. Another Academy story is about his picture "Hadleigh Castle." On Varnishing Day, Chartney, a brilliant critic, told Constable that the foreground of the picture was " too cold," and so he undertook to "warm it," by giving it a strong glaze with asphaltum with Constable's brush which he snatched from the artist's hand. Constable gazed at him in horror. ''Oh! there goes all my dew," he cried, and when Chartney's back was turned he hurriedly wiped the "warmth" all away and got back his "dew."

Even the amusing things that happened to him, seem to have a little sadness about them. He wrote to a friend: " Beechey was here yesterday, and said; 'Why d——n it Constable, what a d——n fine picture you are making; but you look d——n ill, and you've got a d——n bad cold!' so," added Constable, "you have evidence on oath of my being about a fine picture and that I am looking ill."

An illustration of his painstaking and truthfulness to nature is that he once took home with him from a visit bottles of coloured sand and fragments of stone which he meant to introduce into a picture; and on passing some slimy posts near a mill, he said to his host, "I wish you could cut those off and send their tops to me."

Constable was a loyal friend, the most persistent of men, and several anecdotes are told of his characteristics. His friend Fisher said to him:

"Where real business is to be done, you are the most energetic and punctual of men. In smaller matters, such as putting on your breeches, you are apt to lose time in deciding which leg shall go in first."

This picture [The Hay Wain] was first called "Landscape," and it was painted in 1821. In his letters about it, however, Constable also called it "Noon," and others wrote of it as "Midsummer Noon." This tells us what a wealth of hot sunlight is suggested by the painting.

It shows a little farmhouse upon the bank of a stream, a spot well known as "Willy Lott's Cottage." The owner had been born there and he

died there eighty-eight years later, without ever having left his cottage for four whole days in all those years. Upon the tombstone of Lott, which is in the Bergholt burial ground, his epitaph calls the house "Gibeon Farm." It was a favourite scene with Constable, and he painted it many times from every side. It is the same house we see in the "Mill Stream," another Constable painting, and again in "Valley Farm." In this last picture he painted the side opposite to the one shown in the "Hay Wain."

The stream near which the house stands spreads out into a ford, and in the picture the hay cart, with two men upon it, is passing through the ford. The horses are decked out with red tassels. On the right of the stream there is a broad meadow, golden green in the sunlight, "with groups of trees casting cool shadows on the grass, and backed by a distant belt of woodland of rich blues and greens." On the right is a fisherman, half hidden by a bush, standing near his punt.

[T]he "Hay Wain" was sold to a French dealer for £250, and Constable threw in a picture of Yarmouth for good measure. Later a friend declared that he had created a good deal of argument about landscape painting, and that there had come to be two divisions, for he had practically founded a new school. He received a gold medal for the "Hay Wain," and the French nation tried to buy it.



The Hay Wain by Constable

Rent-Day in the Wilderness

LANDSEER



Sir Edwin Landseer

1802-1873, England

When Edwin Landseer was a small boy he lived in the country. Nearly every day at breakfast the father would ask his boys, "What shall we draw to-day?" The three boys would take turns choosing and sometimes they would vote on it. Then out across the fields the father and his boys would tramp until they came to where the donkeys, sheep, goats, and cows were grazing. Each would choose the animal he wished to draw; then the four would sit down on the grass and make their sketches. Edwin's first choice for a subject was a cow, and his father helped him draw it.

When he was five years old he drew a picture of a dog asleep on the floor that was very much better than any his older brothers could do, and so even then they began to expect much from him.

At this time Edwin had three dogs of his own named Brutus, Vixen, and Boxer. They were always with him, and so intelligent they almost seemed to speak.

In their back yard the children had several pens for pet rabbits and they kept pigeons in the attic of their house. The story is told of how Mr. Landseer once decided to move, selected the house, and thought all was settled, when the landlord refused to rent the house to him because he kept so many animals and birds as pets.

We read of how the father and his sons made many visits to the Zoological Gardens where they could watch and make sketches of lions, bears, and other wild animals. One day they saw a strange sight in one of the store windows in London—a large Newfoundland dog caring for a lion. The lion had been caught in Africa when it was very little and had been cared for by this dog. They had never been separated. Now, although the lion was much larger than the dog, they were still the best of friends.

Sometimes the dog would punish the lion if it did not behave, and the great beast would whimper just as if it could not help itself. All three boys made many sketches of this strange pair and could hardly be persuaded to leave the window.

Every one knew of Sir Edwin Landseer and wanted some one of his pictures of dogs because it looked so much like a dog they knew.

…For many years Landseer lived and painted in his father's house in a poor little room without even a carpet. The only furniture, we are told, were three cheap chairs and an easel. Later he had a fine studio not far from Regent's Park. Here was a small house with a garden and a barn. The barn was made over into a studio. Here so many people brought their pets for him to paint that he had to keep a list, and each was obliged to wait his turn. But Sir Edwin was not a very good business man, so he left all his affairs to his father, who sold his pictures for him and kept his accounts.

Landseer made a special study of lions, too. A lion died at the park menagerie and he dissected its body and studied and drew every part. He painted many pictures of lions. He also modeled the great lions at the base of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square, London.

Although Landseer painted so many wild animals, birds, and hunting scenes, he did not care to shoot animals. His weapons were his pencil and sketch book. Sometimes he hired guides to take him into the wildest parts of the country in search of game. But he quite disgusted the guides when, a great deer bounding toward him, he would merely



Princess Alice Asleep by Landseer



The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner by Landseer

make a sketch of it in his book.

Many of Landseer's paintings are of scenes in Scotland, as is this one, "Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner." When Sir Edwin Landseer went to visit Scotland one of his fellow travelers was Sir Walter Scott, the great novelist. The two became close friends. Sir Walter Scott tells us: "Landseer's dogs were the most magnificent things I ever saw, leaping and bounding and grinning all over the canvas." Landseer painted Sir Walter Scott's dog "Maida Vale" many times, and he named his studio for the dog.

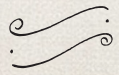
At twenty-four Landseer became an associate of the Royal Academy, which was an unusual honor for so young a man.

In 1850 the honor of knighthood was conferred upon him.

This story is told of him at a social gathering in the home of a well-known leader of society in London. The company had been talking about skill with the hands, when some one remarked that no one had ever been found who could draw two things at once. "Oh, I can do that," said Landseer; "lend me two pencils and I will show you." Quickly he drew the head of a horse with one hand while with the other he drew a stag's head and antlers. Both sketches were so good that they might well have been drawn with the same hand and with much more study.

Sir Edwin Landseer felt that animals understand, feel, and reason just like people, so he painted them as happy, sad, gay, dignified, frivolous, rich, poor, and in all ways just like human beings. This appealed to the people, and he became very popular.

Landseer died in London in 1873 at the age of seventy-one. A tablet placed to his memory in the notch of one of the windows at Westminster Abbey has a medallion portrait of him at the top, and below this, carved in light relief, is a copy of one of his most famous paintings, "The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner."



Sir Galahad WATTS



George Frederick Watts

1817-1904, England

Sir Galahad was the peerless knight of King Arthur's Round Table. He was the only knight destined to sit in the "Siege Perilous." This was a chosen seat at Arthur's great table. It was reserved for him only who should achieve the quest of the Holy Grail.

The Holy Grail, we are told, was the cup or dish used by Christ at the Last Supper. Joseph of Arimathea is said to have bought the cup from Pilate, and passed it on to his children, who regarded its care as a sacred trust. Later it was brought to England, where it was lost. It was believed to be hidden in an old castle, called "The Castle of the Grail." It was invisible to all save only to him who was perfectly pure in thought, word, and deed.

This mysterious cup bestowed miraculous favors on him who possessed it. It brought great wisdom, protection in battle, and constantly renewed life. There was one thing, however, which it did not do, it did not lessen the power of temptation. Even though a knight should possess the Grail, he could still be tempted. Consequently, though he be the perfect knight, though he possess the Grail, he must resist evil always.

The search for the Grail—"The Quest of the Holy Grail"—was undertaken by many of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table. It is

said that some of the knights succeeded in obtaining a vision of the mystic cup, but none had yet possessed it.

Though this cup seems a material object, in the story it typifies all the ideals and aspirations toward which one strives. Just as the knights of the Middle Ages fared forth in quest of the Holy Grail, so today every youth, with his life before him, sets out with high hopes and noble ambitions.

As a youth Sir Galahad had served faithfully in preparation for knighthood. He had learned much about the exacting duties of knighthood. He had thought much of the Grail. Now he decides to set out on the adventurous journey. He recognized that the way would be difficult and perilous. As page and esquire, however, he had cultivated the virtues of courage and perseverance. These qualities were now a part of his character. He was, indeed, well equipped for any journey!

He wore the armour of a knight, and carried his shield and sword. There is a strange legend about Sir Galahad's shield and sword. The shield was found in an old, old church, where it had been left by one of his ancestors. Though it had lain here for centuries, it was visible to no one until Sir Galahad came.

His sword was found with the hilt projecting from a rock of granite. When the young knight placed his hand upon the hilt and drew upon it, lo, it yielded and came smoothly forth. More strange than this, however, was the fact that, when he placed it in the scabbard which he carried, it fitted exactly. Still more strange were the words inscribed upon the sword. These words Sir Galahad read: "Never shall man take me hence, but only he by whose side I ought to hang, and he shall be the best knight in all the world."

Thus equipped, Sir Galahad set out upon his adventurous journey.

The story of Sir Galahad has inspired both poets and artists. George Frederick Watts, the English painter, composed our beautiful picture. He wanted to tell in color and form the story of the brave

young knight as he journeyed in quest of the Grail.

He drew the youthful knight and the white horse so large that they almost fill the picture. Then he filled in the subordinate part of the canvas with landscape. Even this, however, helps to tell the story. The artist intended that every part of the picture should help to tell this most enchanting story.

See the protruding roots and trailing vines along the way! They impede the path. The way is uphill. Thus the artist suggests the obstacles and difficulties which obstruct the upward pathway toward the ideal.

The picture is largely dark, except for the bright light that falls upon the way. It lights up the face and armour of the knight. It lights up the whiteness of the steed.

The knight stands in silent meditation. One foot is upon the ascending path, suggesting that he goes forward. His face is thoughtful. His steady purpose and unfaltering courage are written in every line of the figure. He wears his coat of mail, and carries upon his shoulder his ancestral shield. His helmet is strapped to the saddle of his gentle steed. See the fine white steed, his companion! He seems to understand all that Sir Galahad ponders. His intelligent eyes and erect ears suggest that he is alert and ready.

See the strong, arched neck! It tells of the great energy and physical strength needed in such a journey.

The fine figure of the knight and his snow white steed catch the full reflection of the distant light. The thoughtful face of the knight, framed in a mass of auburn hair, looks with calm determination toward the goal.

About Sir Galahad and his steed the artist has placed his accents of light and color. Here is red, the age-old symbol of loyalty, and white, the emblem of purity. These accents of light and color make this the "center of interest." By and by, however, we discover that other parts of the picture as well, the thick trees and the trailing vines, help to tell the full

story of the "peerless knight."

Such is the figure of Sir Galahad! He it was, who with the other knights of the King Arthur's Round Table, took the most solemn pledge—

"To reverence their king as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their king."

He it was who achieved the quest of the Holy Grail!

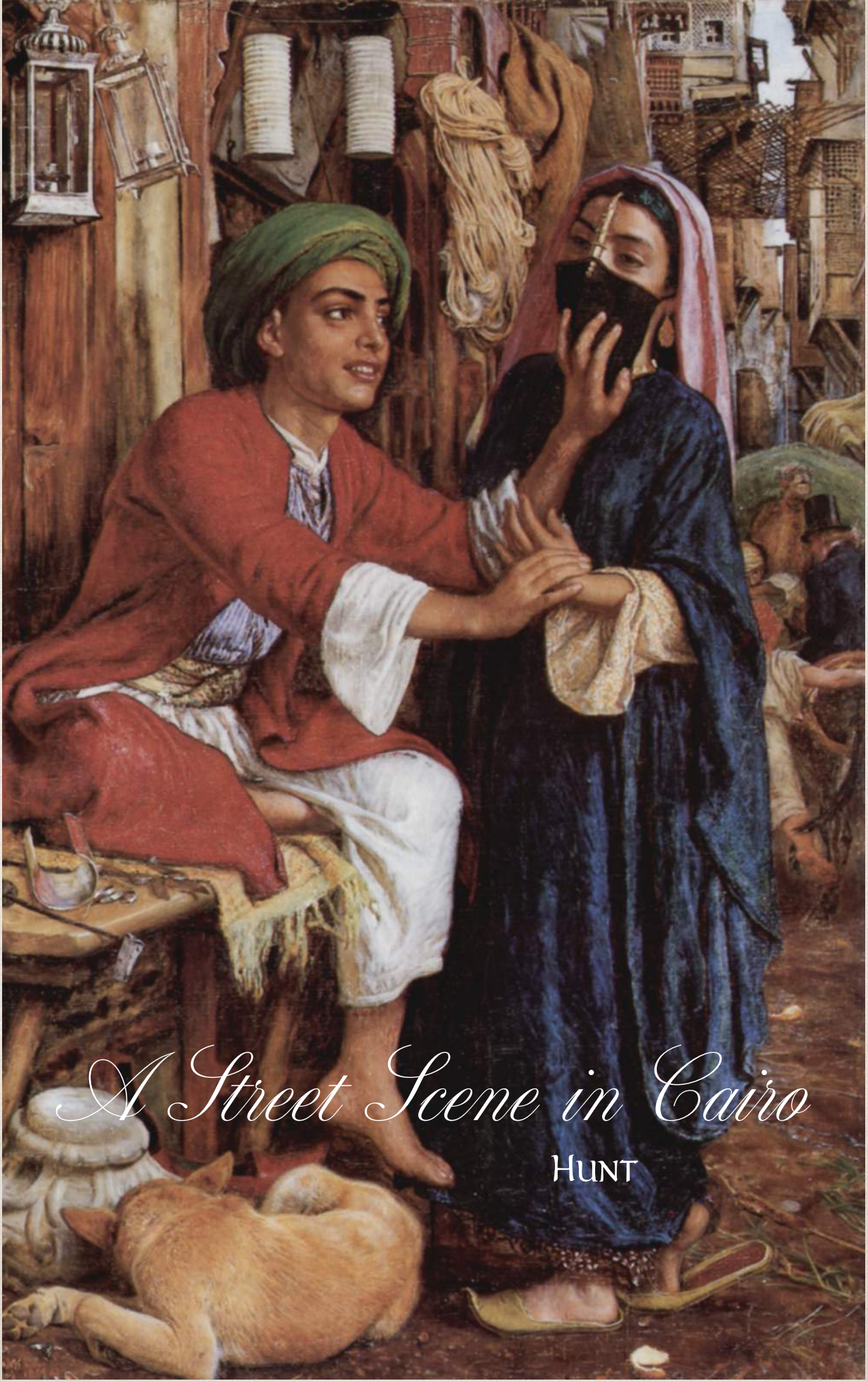
The artist, George Frederick Watts, suggests his idea of the young knight so vividly and so artistically that this painting is one of the favorite pictures of growing youth the world over.



UNA AND THE RED CROSS BY WATTS



Choosing by Watts



A Street Scene in Cairo

HUNT

William Holman Hunt

1827-1910, England



The Scapegoat by Hunt


The Ruling Passion
MILLAIS

Sir John E. Millais

1829-1896, England



The Vale of Rest by Millais



Bubbles by Millais



The Blind Girl by Millais


Gathering Lemons
Leighton

Sir Frederick Leighton

1830-1896, England



Winding the Skein by Leighton

The Golden Stairs BURNE-JONES

Sir Edward Burne-Jones

1833-1898, England

The artist, Burne-Jones, was a student and a dreamer. As a small, motherless boy he had been left much alone in a home in which story-books were considered wicked, so there were none for him to read. His father was a strong churchman and intended his son for the ministry. He was endeavoring as best he knew how to fit him for his high calling by a training which, though perfectly sincere and honest in purpose, was rather gloomy and severe for the delicate, sensitive boy. However, little Edward was naturally of an imaginative mind, so he made up his own stories. A relative sent him a copy of Aesop's Fables, and this book he was permitted to keep. It seems to have brought the turning point in the boy's life. From that time on he dwelt in a fairyland of his own making.

When he was sent away to school to prepare for the ministry, he carried his fancies with him, adding to them the many legends of Greek mythology; of literature, especially those wonderful stories of King Arthur's court; and of the Bible. His desire to become an artist was aroused by another student, William Morris, the two spending all their spare time drawing and painting. Nevertheless, he was twenty-three years old before he saw any of the great masterpieces in painting.

From the very first, Edward Burne-Jones chose subjects which were

mysterious, fairylike, and unreal, but his pictures were so filled with music, beauty, and happiness that it was a delight to look at them.

His idea of a good picture was very different from that of the practical, painstaking Millet, who represented everything and everybody as they actually appeared before him in the very field or place he had found them.

Burne-Jones tells us: "I mean by a picture a beautiful, romantic dream of something that never was, never will be, in a light better than any light that has ever shone, in a land no one can define or remember, only dream." And so when asked to paint a decoration for a hallway in one of the fine old London homes he thought at once of a stairway, and the painting of "The Golden Stairs" is the result. It would seem indeed a dream, this angel host descending from we know not where and halting at that mysterious closed door which leads we know not whither. But hush! the leader has half raised her hand, turning this way as if to ask for silence. Each figure stops instantly, holding herself motionless, while the musical instruments are slightly lowered that all may listen more intently. And yet, this is a joyous procession—the gayly colored wreaths of flowers which most of them are wearing, the musical instruments, the happy faces, all tell us this is an errand of pleasure. Might it not be that this host of angels is descending upon the sleeping world to soothe the restless, worried ones, and smooth the puckered, aching brows in quiet slumber? Lulled by their gentle music, or the rustle of their approaching footsteps, the weary one would soon find refreshing sleep.

The light in the picture seems to come from above, yet is all about and around the figures, as if they were the source of the illumination. They come from a darkened doorway, and enter one quite as dark except for the light they bring to it.

The greater part of the picture is painted in shades of gray, but is relieved by the flesh tints, and the gayly colored flowers worn in wreaths or scattered on the steps. Here is delicate, exquisite coloring, and figures

The Hours by Burne-Jones




Psyche's Wedding by Burne-Jones

drawn with such careful attention to details that each seems complete in itself, yet all are held together in one great harmony.

It is interesting to draw an oblong of this same proportion and then represent the curved lines in this picture; it makes us feel the movement, swing, and rhythm which come to us like approaching music.

The picture is full of idyllic charm which takes us away from all the prosaic details of everyday life to a fairyland where this happy throng may come and go with music, flowers, and delight. The calm, thoughtful faces, so full of kindly purpose and high ideals, cannot fail to inspire us with good thoughts.

The dove in the upper casement window is typical of the peace that pervades this scene. The faint, far from earthly shadows, the bare feet, even the stairway without a railing or protection of any kind, all suggest that our youthful maidens are celestial beings. Their destination we can only guess. Perhaps that is why the picture has had several names: "The King's Wedding," "Music on the Stairs," and the one by which it is now known, "The Golden Stairs."

Burne-Jones made many beautiful designs for stained-glass windows, and we can but regret that he did not produce this picture in that way also.

We have heard how the small Burne-Jones was brought up by a rather strict but ambitious father, and perhaps have felt sorry for the boy who used to spend hours before the windows of a bookstore, gazing at the even rows of books with such wistful longing. But we need not feel so, for it was this very desire for books and stories that led him to use his own imaginative power.

When he was old enough to begin serious preparation for the

ministry his father sent him to King Edward's School. Here he earned a scholarship to Oxford. When he left home for Oxford it seemed as if his real life had begun, for it was here that he met friends who had the same tastes and longings as himself. One friend in particular, William Morris, shared with him his new-found delight in art. Both had intended to prepare for the ministry, but now they decided to give up all else and pursue the study of art. So at the age of twenty-three Burne-Jones left Oxford and went to London, where he began painting in earnest. From the very first he showed great originality both in his subjects and in his manner of representation.

Many of his subjects were taken from the Bible, from Greek mythology, or from stories of King Arthur's court. Sometimes he painted with but the one idea of making something beautiful, as in the picture of "The Golden Stairs."

Burne-Jones was fortunate in his first teacher, Rossetti, who was a man so filled with the beauty of a scene that he must paint it for sheer joy. In order to pay for this instruction Burne-Jones made designs for stained-glass windows, and became famous for the beauty of these windows. The one at Trinity Church, Boston, is called "David Instructing Solomon in the Building of the Temple." At Oxford is the famous Saint Cecilia window he designed for Christ Church College.

It seems strange that Burne-Jones should wait until he grew to manhood before he discovered that he had the desire and the ability to draw. Other artists tell of the years spent in longing, and their constant struggle for the sake of their art. But when Burne-Jones made up his mind, he spent no time in experiment or even practice. He devoted all his time to the one idea which filled his thoughts. He made no effort whatever to find out whether his work would meet with popular favor or not, beginning at once with what he knew to be his right material.

The only difference to be noticed in his first and his last paintings was a difference in the speed and skill with which he handled the paints. New ideas occurred to him so rapidly that he formed the habit of



Il Cuore della Rosa by Burne-Jones

making quick sketches and putting them aside until he had time to work them out carefully.

Burne-Jones had never rebelled against the profession his father chose for him. Indeed, he felt satisfied and made every effort to succeed in it. Perhaps if he had remained at home, or even if he had not met the enthusiastic William Morris just when he did, he might never have discovered his power as a painter.

The knowledge of the disappointment at home and the small means at his disposal did not hinder him from forsaking the profession his family had chosen for him, for was he not following the advice of the great painter, Rossetti? Not many young artists have found such a friend as Rossetti was to Burne-Jones. He not only gave the desired instruction but helped his pupil get such work as he was capable of doing. When the glass makers applied to Rossetti for a design for a stained-glass window, he declined to undertake the work but recommend his pupil instead.

A visit to Italy gave Burne-Jones new inspiration. Later when William Morris married and went to live in a house which had been built for him at Bexley Health, he had difficult in furnishing this house to suit his taste and desire for beautiful things. This led Morris to establish a firm to make such things. Of course Burne-Jones was heartily in sympathy with his friend and put his talents as a designer at the disposal of the firm. His wonderful imagination and fine powers of expression produced all kinds of decorative work, such as tapestries, embroideries, carved chests, book covers, book illustrations, and decorations for pianos, screens, and friezes.

Although he received so much praise in his later years, at first he, too, had to pass through the fire of criticism and even ridicule... But these criticisms were soon forgotten, and all England was proud to honor this artist with medals. In 1894 Burne-Jones was given the title of baronet.



The Last Sleep of Arthur by Burne-Jones

Galahad and the Angel

Abbey



Edwin Austin Abbey

1852-1911, England

Edwin Austin Abbey is famous for his series of beautiful wall decorations in the Boston Public Library. "The Quest of the Holy Grail" is his most celebrated work. Happy are we in America to possess it!

Although Mr. Abbey is an American, he lived in England for many years. He was born in Philadelphia in 1852. After making England his home, he returned only occasionally to this country.

This celebrated American artist began his art studies in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Here he rapidly developed as an illustrator. He seemed to possess the happy faculty of taking any old-time story and creating for it an entirely new type of illustration. As he grew older this talent became more marked.

When he was still quite young, his beautiful illustrations had attracted the attention of publishers. When he was nineteen, Harper and Brothers of New York City sent him to England to gather material for illustrating a series of poems.

It was while on this visit that young Mr. Abbey became so charmed with rural England that he decided to make that country his home.

Mr. Abbey won his greatest success as a teller of stories. He especially enjoyed interesting historical tales for they furnished costumes and settings that added to the beauty of the illustrations.

Consequently when he was invited to decorate the walls of the Boston Public Library he naturally chose a story that would lend itself to beautiful illustration… Seven years passed before the work was completed. In a series of panels he tells the story of the hero, Sir Galahad, who finally succeeded in the search for the Grail. The pictures are eight feet high but vary in length. One, "The Castle of the Grail," is thirty-three feet long and fills the entire length of the wall.

While still at work on this painting the artist was called to England by King Edward VII, and invited to paint the great picture of the coronation scene. This, too, was another work in which beautiful costumes and groupings played an important part.

While in England he became very popular. Many honors were conferred upon him. He is one of the few American artists who have become famous abroad as well as at home.



The Quest and Achievement of the Holy Grail by Abbey



Castle of Maidens by Abbey

The Straw Ride Kemp-Welch



Lucy Kemp-Welch

1869-1958, England

A few years ago the people of England made a great discovery. They found a young girl who was painting wonderful pictures of horses.

"Why!" they exclaimed, "this is an English Rosa Bonheur!" And it proved to be true.

Lucy Kemp-Welch is the Rosa Bonheur of England. She, too, loves to picture the "shiny coats" and the "rapid motion" of her beloved horses.

As a little girl living in a small village she saw no great exhibitions of pictures. She knew little about art and artists. It was a great day when the first picture exhibit came to her little town. Lucy stood before the paintings in admiring wonder.

By and by as she grew older she read the story of Rosa Bonheur. She learned how this little French girl became a celebrated painter of animals. It was thrilling to think that this great painter had once been a little girl like herself. She read the story of Landseer, too. He also was a great painter of animals. He became her hero. She had little prints of many famous pictures by these two artists. She studied them over and over.

At school her drawings were always considered very wonderful. After the regular lessons were finished, the teacher permitted the pupils

to draw and paint anything they wished. Of course Lucy always gave attention to her studies. Then she found time to devote to drawing and painting.

As she became older she was delighted when told that she could go to art school. Here she applied herself to study. It was only for a short time, however, for she soon left the school to study by herself. Save for this short time in the art school Lucy Kemp-Welch was self-taught.

Day after day she drew and studied horses in all positions. No one paid any attention to the young English girl as she worked steadily along by herself.

But one day she sent a picture to the exhibition. It was a large painting called "To Arms." It was filled with men and animals in all sorts of difficult positions.

Immediately people began to ask about the picture and who the artist might be. Everybody marvelled. Everybody wondered who this Lucy Kemp-Welch could be.

By and by she exhibited more pictures. She began to receive added honors. Soon she was winning fame as a painter of animals.

Today Lucy Kemp-Welch lives in England. Back of her house is a great glass studio. It has very large glass doors which open out into an orchard. Here is an abundance of coarse grass and many picturesque trees which she finds useful in composing her pictures. In fine weather the artist poses the animals in the orchard. During the winter the horses are brought into the heated studio, which has a floor of earth. Here it is warm and comfortable. The artist has great love for these animals and makes every provision for their comfort. The horses seem to understand the artist and respond to her every word.

Here at her home her friends often look in at the great glass-covered room. Many times they find two plow horses…standing quietly in the midst of the studio, while off at one side the artist is busy at work.



The Ladies' Army by Kemp-Welch

Scotland




Boy and Rabbit
Raeburn

Sir Henry Raeburn

1756-1823, Scotland

A long time ago there was [a] little boy. He was a little orphan boy. He lived in Scotland. His name was Henry Raeburn.

This little orphan boy lived in a big house with other orphan children. There he learned to read, write, and spell. He learned a little drawing, too.

As he grew older, he began to paint. He painted little faces. By and by he became a great painter. The king became his friend. The king was very proud of him. He made him a knight.

So the little orphan boy became a knight. He became the greatest painter in Scotland. "The Boy with a Rabbit" is one of his best pictures.

Two Strings to Her Bow

Pettie



John Pettie

1839-1893, Scotland

The youthful John Pettie was one of a group of four boys, who set out at a very early age declaring they were going to be artists. No one knew just how, or when, or where this was to come about. Each of the four, however, applied himself seriously to his studies. In turn success came to each.

Mr. Pettie was born in Edinburgh in 1834. He spent his boyhood in Scotland, where at sixteen he began his art studies. His uncle was a drawing master in Edinburg, and it was under his direction that the lad received his first instruction.

Later he went to London. It was not long before he gained a footing as an artist of ability.

By and by, after his work had gained wide recognition, he was elected with full honors to the Royal Academy.

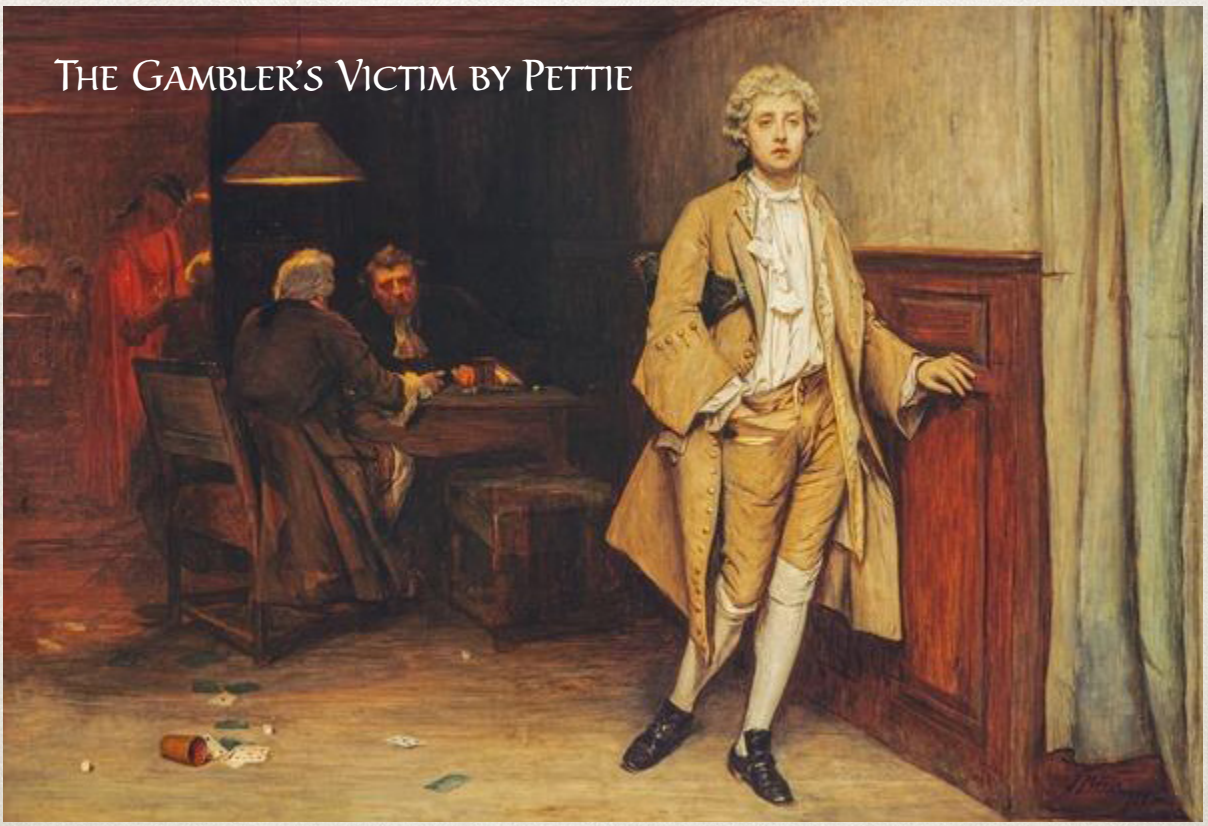
It is said that Mr. Pettie was gifted with a strong, wholesome, stimulating and refreshing personality. In his reading he was never contented with the ordinary stories. He delighted in books full of incident and exciting adventure. So keen was his pleasure in tales of contest and warfare, that his friends often remarked, in jest, that they found it necessary to restrain him from making his pictures "red with blood."

Mr. Pettie's pictures were largely historical. The days of chivalry

and the old cavalier period furnished his imagination with vivid pictures. Moreover, he was a lover of costume. Costume, fitted to certain periods and occasions, was his delight.

He was a lover of color, and was as happy as a child in its use. In all of his pictures there is a fine harmony between the color and the mood of "spirit" of the painting. If the subject is sad or serious, the color is grave. If the subject is gay, the color sparkles. He painted "The Vigil" in 1884. In this picture is the same combination of appropriate color, fine design, and effective lighting that distinguishes all his works.

Though born in Scotland, Mr. Pettie lived most of his eventful life in London. Here he grew to fame. Today the larger number of his paintings hang in the English galleries. They are among the best historical paintings of our time.



The Gambler's Victim by Pettie


The Vigil by Pettie