

CHAPTER XIII

1887, 1888

Evil is wrought from want of thought.—HOOD.

THE ever-increasing number of visitors to the Collection of my works was gratifying to me: at the close they exceeded the number recorded of any one artist's exhibition.

Sir Thomas Fairbairn had bought "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" from Mr. M'Cracken's sale at Christie's in 1854; later he became the possessor of "The Scapegoat," and both these works remained with him until 1887, when they were brought again to the auction-room, where I went to scrutinise how the colours and varnish had stood the test of time. On visiting the saleroom I saw my quondam friend Mr. Stephens; he had broken his friendship with me about four years earlier. He was in front of the "Valentine and Proteus," surrounded by a *posse* of gentlemen, to whom he was making communications about the picture; the art correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was of the party. I loitered, inspecting other pictures, to find a quiet moment for my investigation. Stephens was acting as the great exponent of P.R.B. story, and so continued until my time was up, and I had to leave without gratifying my curiosity. On 13th May 1887 there appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* the following paragraph:—

Pall Mall Gazette

May 13, 1887

A correspondent writes:—

"With respect to Mr. Holman Hunt's picture of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' which sold at Christie's on Saturday for a thousand guineas, I would point out some curious anachronisms—the more curious on account of the accuracy which has at all times been the chief aim and boast of the Pre-Raphaelite School and its professors. In order to paint the background with the utmost truth, the artist, we are told, went down to Knole Park for the landscape, and borrowed a suit of armour of the period from Mr. Frith. And yet, if you examine the swords worn by Valentine and Proteus, you will find that they are of Charles the First make, and that the beautiful embroidered material of Sylvia's dress is of Louis XIV. design and manufacture. Surely this is almost as bad as 'Sixtus the Fifth's Bible'!"

I was anxious to gain avowal who it was that had instigated this condemnation, doubting not that such a confident challenger would declare himself when he whom he assailed took up the glove. The belligerent heading of my letter was of the editor's insertion:—

Pall Mall Gazette

May 16, 1887

MR. HOLMAN HUNT READY FOR THE FRAY

SIR—If the writer of the strictures upon "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," who is so very tender for exactness of historic costume, and for consistency in artists to their professions of principle, will show equal sense of propriety in publishing his name and profession, so that I may not be convicted of setting lance to a windmill or a windbag, I will not fail to defend my picture, painted thirty-six years since.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,
W. HOLMAN HUNT.

May 14.

The only return to my appeal was the following comment:—

Pall Mall Gazette

May 17, 1887

MR. HOLMAN HUNT READY FOR THE FRAY

To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

SIR—Mr. Holman Hunt is good enough to promise that if I will publish my name and profession, he will “defend his picture.” My anonymity or otherwise is surely a matter of unimportance, save that in its being preserved the advantage is gained of excluding all personality from the controversy. Whether or not I am, as Mr. Hunt expresses it, “a windmill or a windbag,” is little to the point. The real question at issue is this: Is my statement that Mr. Hunt’s beautiful picture, “The Two Gentlemen of Verona,” contains two glaring anachronisms true or false? I assert that two Charles the First swords and some Louis Quatorze material have been introduced into the scene which occurred long previous. Is that so or not? Seeing that Mr. Hunt has drawn his own attention to my point, the public will certainly look forward to his explanation—which is sure to be instructive or entertaining—of the wherefore of these curious errors. On the other hand, his injudicious imposing of conditions is likely to be misunderstood.—I am, sir, most obediently,

YOUR “CORRESPONDENT.”

This evasion of my request made reply at first seem needless, but on 3rd June appeared the following:—

Pall Mall Gazette

June 3, 1887

LITERARY AND ART NOTES

Mr. Holman Hunt’s “Two Gentlemen of Verona,” which fetched 1000 guineas at Christie’s sale a couple of weeks ago, has been secured by the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery. Concerning this painting, our former correspondent writes as follows:—

“As Mr. Hunt’s silence can only be construed into a decision not to ‘defend his picture’ because I decline to offer him my person for direct attack, I may be permitted to lay before your readers the explanation he himself shrinks from giving. It has

recently been my good fortune to meet a gentleman who knew Mr. Holman Hunt well at the time the picture was being painted, in 1850 or thereabouts, and he tells me that he distinctly remembers Mr. Hunt referring to the Charles the First swords which he had borrowed as objects of such great beauty that he (Mr. Hunt) determined to introduce them into his picture, well knowing at the time that they belonged to a much later period. This is perfectly intelligible, but will it not shake the public confidence in Mr. Hunt’s pictorial *bona fides*?”

Since the traducer of my good faith again refused to avow himself and yet repeated his charge, I wrote the following justification of myself:—

June 17, 1887

MR. HOLMAN HUNT ON SWORDS AND THEIR FASHIONS

Mr. Holman Hunt writes to us as follows with regard to the charge of archæological inaccuracy which a correspondent recently brought through our columns against the well-known picture of “The Two Gentlemen of Verona”:—

“It appears now by your correspondent’s letter published a few days ago that he has recently had the good fortune to meet a gentleman whom I knew in 1850, and that this gentleman was told by me that the swords I had obtained were, I knew, of Charles I.’s period; but that, nevertheless, on account of their beauty, I determined to paint them in my picture, and that thus the public will no longer ‘have confidence in my *bona fides*.’ Such language is surely neither just nor courteous; but it ought not to astonish me from an accuser who condemns a picture of human passion and expression on so trifling a ground, and who refuses to come out into open daylight to make his charge. I do not pretend to remember any conversation of the kind he reports as having taken place thirty-seven years ago. Had he given me the name of his informant I might perhaps have explained how the mistake arose. All I can do now—with every desire to avoid personalities—is to say generally that among the few frequenters of my studio were some who came during priceless daylight, not always to the economy of my time, or of my other means of achieving the work to be done, and to such, perhaps, I did not take sufficient pains to explain my purpose. In any case I can assert it was not what he opines, and since the accusation is said

to come from my own lips, and the understanding is wrong, the charge falls to the ground, and it seems a sin to take up your valuable space and my own precious time in further discussion of the antiquarian merits of the swords. Still, correspondents who are determined to encourage a prejudice are persevering, and so it will be well to enable impartial readers to judge for themselves the question of my accuracy.

"Monuments are the authorities for chivalric costume, and these generally represent men of quality in military panoply and with swords fit for warfare even after civil swords had begun to be shaped differently, and to be worn on ordinary occasions. Evidence from effigies in the latter part of the fifteenth and the beginning of the following century must therefore be taken with circumspection. Civil swords came finally to be called rapiers. The military sword had the handle divided from the blade by a strong bar forming a cross, so complete that in crusading times it was used as a sacred symbol. The first modification of this form was in the turning of the ends of the bar forward to the blade. The next was in making one end turned back towards the hand, so that the bar formed an S; this was followed by the spreading out of the hilt horizontally at the juncture with the blade in a thin plate, and by the further division of the bar into two or three light branches, one turning up over the hand to form a protection to it, which the warrior with gauntlets did not need. The primitiveness of this change into the rapier form is marked by the branches being strictly in the plane formed by the blade of the sword. They did not for a time reach the pommel or turn to the right or left to form a basket handle. The spreading out of the hilt horizontally sometimes became the dominant feature, growing rose-shaped, into a ring or into a basin with the hollow towards the hand, and also with the cross bar still represented by a then knobbed rod, or a hoop further up the handle was contemporaneously developed by other makers. It is said properly that my two swords are of the same period; it is necessary, therefore, only to defend one.

"It shall be that carried by Valentine. I have now before me a page of a book published in Paris somewhere about 1850, entitled *Le Moyen Âge et la Renaissance Armurerie*. It has two hilts of swords in a state of evolution into rapiers: extraneous decoration proves them both to be late examples of their type. No. 1 is in its radical form the same as that at Valentine's side. It is from the collection of Prince Soltikoff; the date given is 'XVI. Siècle.' A little later, as indicated above, the branches turned out of the plane of the sword blade into the basket form.

In the picture at Hampton Court representing the visit of Henry VIII. to Francis I. at Calais, painted at the time, are several figures (some servants, who would not have the newest fashions) with rapiers of such pattern carried; these assign Valentine's rapier to a date earlier than 1520, which it may be assumed is more than early enough. But the gentleman whom my assailant has had recently the good fortune to meet, and whom I had the privilege to know in 1850, might, when so intent upon exposing me to the public, have made a much stronger case out of my confidences, for I was much further away from the period illustrated with some of the properties which served me as models than with a sword of the time of Charles I. The dress of Julia, to wit, I made out of materials bought at a modern mercer's, and I embroidered the sleeve in gold thread with my own hand. The hat also I made myself, and the dress of Proteus was painted from my own tailoring. What the sword was itself I do not remember. It was enough for me to recognise that I could paint what I had in my mind from it more perfectly than from anything else at hand, and that if more fastidious for models my design might never come to be ready for any better purpose than the paving of a certain region where many admirable ideas will be found, and where will be seen what my fellow-students might have done, had they not left their own easels and favoured others so much with their company and supervision."

To this no reply followed.

It may be said without fear of contradiction, that in the combat for our objects, as far as it proved victorious, we obtained not alone freedom for our own particular principles, but also toleration for the manner of artists who were independently endeavouring to substitute a larger and nobler style of art for that of the stagey conventionality and dogmatic view of Nature which in our youth the men in power were determined to protect to the exclusion of all others. Had we not forced the hands of the established authorities, it is probable that even Leighton would not have passed through the wicket of favour and have traversed the paths of acceptance with only that opposition at the beginning which he was able to stem. Had he then been lost sight of, the Academy ultimately would have been the sufferer not less than

himself. It will have been seen, that before our sturdy self-sacrifice G. F. Watts was by no means *persona grata* in the eyes of the Academy. The effect of the reaction against our oppressors caused a scandal, not without peril to the stability of the Academy. This provoked the establishment of a Royal Commission, and as a settlement of the commotion, some of the wiser Academicians determined to keep in check the more illiberal and short-sighted members of their body, and to invite the men, hitherto unfairly opposed, to enter among them. They approached Watts as one of the most important of these, and persuaded him to put aside his reserve and join the Body as an associate, with the pledge that he should be made a full member on the first vacancy. Our fight had not been for those alone who were our followers.

Lawless, a man of exceptionally poetic gifts, was working side by side with other disciples of our school; he died young, and, as far as I know, distinguished himself only in book illustration. Millais, since the publishing of the Tennyson volume, had been making a series of wonderful designs for books, latterly to Trollope's stories, for which his residence in a country house filled with a large family of beautiful young people gave him facilities, and the new book illustrators at once followed Millais as their prototype. The very remarkable genius of F. Walker, whose singularly brilliant career was so early closed, gradually spurred him to find fields of enterprise for themes such as neither of us had yet worked: he possibly would have denied that he was a Pre-Raphaelite, but this would only have been on the understanding that the term was meant to cover "Revivalism." If the matter had been argued with him, there can be little doubt that he would have agreed that no modern work of earlier date than 1849 represented truth of daylight and beauty in accessorial detail, which he cultivated so patiently and poetically. His book illustrations first marked his obedience to Millais' example. When he appeared as a colourist, the same influence in colour and treatment had been seen;

this may be said whether of his slightly executed or highly finished pictures to the last, without any disparagement of his originality. To illustrate again how this influence extended among our successors, I would note Philip Calderon's "After the Battle" in 1862, an interesting picture representing a supposed incident in the Marlborough campaign. In the garden of a cluster of cottages, a little boy, abandoned by his parents, is found by a party of English grenadiers who have stormed the place. The boy looks dazed, as if recently awakened out of sleep, while the soldiers are exhibiting a good-natured interest in him. The picture was painted throughout with unsparing care and finish, and no one could look at it, who had known Millais' "L'Enfant du Regiment," without feeling that had not this picture been painted, the later production would hardly have been conceived. That our elders also enriched their figure pictures with greater study of nature has been shown in the case of Maclise with the background of "King Alfred in the Danish Camp," and of many others who refined their earlier manner, enriching it with new reflections of nature; these were enough to justify the claim that a fresh vitality had grown out of our example. Walter Crane belonged to a later brood of artists; he was too young to have personal knowledge of the startling individuality which our works presented in exhibitions of the middle of the last century, when the daylight effects and the composition conspicuous in our canvases made them seem, like "apertures in the wall of exhibitions," otherwise of stale and sombre hue.¹ In Walter Crane's youth the brown-hued pictures had nearly disappeared, and since in the seventies the character of our work was not so markedly different from the surrounding pictures, the younger artists may not at once have recognised the influence of our school in the manner that they were developing; it is a matter of pride, which few independent judges will regard as unjustified, that their early steps were made easier by our pioneering. In times past artists'

¹ See letter in Hueffer's *Life of Madox Brown*, chap. v. p. 77.

finished picture of "The Triumph of Innocents." The price was 3500 guineas. The Liverpool Art Gallery passed a resolution to pay £1000, and Mr. Harold Rathbone procured the remainder by private subscriptions. At this time I undertook a design for Archdeacon Wilson, the head master of Clifton College, the subject being the "Boy Christ with the Doctors." The design was adapted for the chapel in mosaic by Messrs. Powell, and subsequently was finished as a water-colour drawing. I took the more interest in the subject as my reading and observations in connection with the story of "The Finding in the Temple" had supplied me with materials which, in my first picture, it was not permissible to use.¹

Dante Gabriel Rossetti had died on 9th April 1881. I had not seen him since the private view of "The Shadow of Death," when I had observed him in the room with his brother. My intention was to accost him, but before I could disengage myself to do this, he had left the room. He had kept out of the way of both Millais and myself since 1857. When latterly news had been brought to me of his serious indisposition, I wrote to his brother to ask whether he thought it would be pleasant to Gabriel if I went to visit him. The reply was thoughtful in tone; he decided that Gabriel's health was so uncertain at the time as to make the visit undesirable. Thus I did not see him at the last. I was anxious not to appear in any degree grudging of the reputation which my former friend had won, and when an invitation came to me to write some notes about the origin of our Brotherhood, I determined that no generosity towards his memory should be wanting. In the year 1886 my papers on Pre-Raphaelitism were published in the *Contemporary Review*. In the following year I was appealed to by his nearest friends, and as the most appropriate member of the circle, to give an address at the unveiling of the fountain, designed by John Seddon, and ornamented with an alto-relievo bust executed by Madox Brown, erected on the embankment

¹ The property of Mr. J. T. Middlemore, M.P.

at Chelsea. Accepting the duty, I determined, therefore, to give the fullest measure of admiration possible. May it not have been that, in scribbling some of the sentences of my address in the cab, as I drove to the place of meeting, I was too careless of the construction that might be put upon my words? The manner in which all my ungrudging praises of Dante Gabriel Rossetti have been treated by varying commentators compels me to refer to my past utterances on this subject, and to the date of their delivery. The text here given is that of the *Pall Mall Budget* of the 21st July 1887, the week after the ceremony of the unveiling of the fountain :—

Ladies and Gentlemen—It is fair to assume that all whom I address have an interest, great or small, in Rossetti's genius. Certain may be offended that it expressed itself as it did. They may feel assured that what is called by great authorities "that fatal gift of originality" had too much to do with it. They may fasten upon some particular phase of his nature, which at a special time he exhibited, and decide from that that he was altogether perverse and mistaken, and they may stop far short of admiration, while they admit he was a genius about whom it is impossible not to feel curiosity. Others will go far beyond this degree of admiration, and they would be offended at anything short of the greatest praise. I don't think that any of the Committee have intention of deciding the point of his exact place among the great. We know that his work in art and poetry will live for exactly what it is worth, without flattery and despite abuse, in future generations in a manner more sure than it has so far done. I will not take up your time with apologies at my shortcomings for the office of speaker. I conclude that I have been chosen to this honour because I was his early companion day after day, at that period in life when he was just feeling strong enough to take independent flight. He was open with me, as boys will be when they know that their comrade is as much in earnest as themselves. We talked much about poetry, but what he said about reducing it to words I will not pretend to remember so well, for life was too much of a storm at the time to have prepared me to justify an independent opinion, or to allow me to put to immediate test the views he approved or opposed. I will leave others to treat of his poetic theories and practice. What he said and did in relation to the sister art, with what others may report on his poetry, will

give explanation of our acting in concert to-day. I will begin with a story which he told me at the opening of our friendship, which it is well to give at this gathering, where any misunderstanding of facts may be corrected more speedily than it could be on any other occasion. When Rossetti was about eighteen or nineteen he had passed in part through the Academy schools, and had the sense to see that he was in need of a painting master. He had seen Madox Brown's works in Westminster Hall, and he had a profound and enthusiastic admiration for them; none the less because the press of the day, which idolised Henry Howard and Frost—I will not mention other great lights—for their graceful composition, full of so-called sweet classicalities and beauty, had denounced Brown's contributions as altogether wanting in true taste. Gabriel, as he was then called, wrote a letter to this master in terms of the highest appreciation, the better to carry conviction with it that the writer was influenced in no degree by the vulgar judgment of the day. Without experience of the full complexities of social wickedness, perhaps he overdid the professions of admiration. A few days later, Rossetti was in his second-floor room, which served as library and studio combined, when the servant came in saying that Mr. Brown was waiting below to see him. In the single name Gabriel could not identify the visitor, but he at once descended, when he met a gentleman of very reserved aspect, with a noticeably thick walking-stick in hand, who produced Rossetti's letter, saying, "This letter came to me yesterday, and I wish to see Mr. Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti." Rossetti's outburst of gratitude for the visit, and the gentle manners of the young man, soon removed all suspicion of hidden purpose in the mind of the visitor, who later admitted that he had had some thought that the effusiveness of appreciation in the epistle, from an unknown writer, was not altogether necessarily to be taken on trust, and that the walking-stick had been made a companion in the visit with the idea that it might be useful in convincing the writer—if intending to be personally insulting—that he had caught a Tartar. I am happy to be able to say of this visit that it ended in Madox Brown taking Rossetti as his pupil, and that the master altogether refused to listen to Rossetti's inquiry about the terms he should pay. No one could, you will agree, more appropriately take upon himself the work of designing Rossetti's figure in the monument now unveiled than the master whose friendship with his pupil began so sturdily. Mr. Seddon, who chose Rossetti to do the altar-piece at Llandaff Cathedral, executed with not less devotion the architectural part of the memorial. Friends, this is not a funeral monument.

There is no unfitness in thinking of the incidents of moment in our past companion's life which had a laugh connected with them. It astonished me when I was young to find that very serious men love fun most heartily. They weep when it is the time to weep, it is true; but they see the fun and absurdity of life. No one did this more than Rossetti. I feel called upon to bring out this phase of his character, because the work he left was uniformly sad. My memory of him is of the heyday of his life, and many of our hours then were spent about this very spot. In 1849 we came here to find a house which we could share together. There were two or three or more to let in Cheyne Walk. We preferred one just vacated by Mr. Dyce, but the rent was £60 per annum, on a lease too; and with taxes the responsibility was too great for me at least. As young painters we had no prospects but of the meanest incomes, and so we found separate lodgings, he in Newman Street, and later one at the foot of Blackfriars Bridge, and I took apartments in Cheyne Walk, where often he was a visitor, sometimes sitting down hour after hour to design or to write. Occasionally we went out on nocturnal expeditions on the river, not often, for he could not swim. He never became an oarsman or a sculler; but I remember his first ambitious effort as a boatman, to the accompaniment of shouts of laughter; but generally we were quieter. The star-checked gloom, the long deep-draggled lamps, making the water into a bottomless pit, the black piles of the timber bridges, the tides empty of all but floating barges, slowly guided with deep-falling, splashing sweeps, the challenged echoes, the ghostly houses on the bank, with windows glaring as the dawn stared into them as into the wide-opened eyes of a corpse; and last the jocund day uprose, cloud garlanded—these things were worth the seeing, the hearing, and the learning, for they had a voice for each. They should not be forgotten till the last slumber (slumber which has fallen upon him in untimely season), and yet, as I believe, behind my time as I am, even this sleep will not chase away such memories. Just as there are many ways of becoming great, so there are many ways of being an artist. Rossetti did not make himself one, did not have it thrust upon him; he was born one. Do not let me be misunderstood. It was not that he did not work; he was not systematic in his earliest Academy training, but he was untiring in his application, and in his wrestling with the difficulties of a design. "How often," he said to me once at my lodgings, "one has after great reluctance to give up the very dear feature in a conception for which it was first undertaken!" He had the genius for taking pains, there can be no doubt, but I

will return to my declaration that he was born an artist. Deep down in the recesses of his being he had a rich store of human and spiritual interest, and these were always speaking to him, and he listened as one does to ever-advancing music; and he saw delectable images, and he taught his tongue to interpret these, and he trained a cunning hand to give them form for other eyes. He was a true seer. We leave the generations to settle what his application of this power was in value, but we pin our credit to the assertion that he was really a true seer. He did not take other men's utterances and dress them up into new and fashionable forms, but he drew them from a fount of his own. He had to suffer for this offence at once. He will have still to give an account of his stewardship to posterity, if nowhere else, as we all shall—the more certainly perhaps because he had the charge of so many talents. He never doubted of his call to exceptional effort in life. I will not scruple to illustrate this by a reminiscence of his youth told by himself. When he was at that period in life at which parents have the most justifiable anxiety to discourage habits of shifting from one aim to another, his friends had the greatest desire to see him engaged at an occupation that would have a promising future in it. An influential friend secured for him an appointment in a telegraph office, when telegraphy was in its first development. Gabriel, as he was called then, went to Nine Elms to see the principal in the office. He was received very cordially and was assured that all would be made very comfortable for him. Without needless waste of time, the newcomer asked to be shown the work that would be expected of him. He was assured it would be the simplest in the world, and this was demonstrated by sight of the instrument at work. "There were two dials like clock faces," he said, "and to each there was an index. The operator took hold of a handle. I laughed to hear the thing going 'clock, click, click,' and to see the needle moving about in fits. 'There, you see,' said the gentleman, 'that's all.' 'Nothing else?' commented Gabriel. 'I am extremely obliged to you,' added Rossetti; 'it is really amusing. I won't tax your kindness more. Good day.' 'But it would be better for you to stay now. When will you return?' 'Well,' said Gabriel, 'it would be absolutely useless for me to undertake the work. I could not do it,' and, in fact, the decision was a wise one for both sides. With the revolutionary year at hand it is frightful to speculate on the consequences that might have ensued to the drones in the world had he once taken the management of the wires in hand, for with other blood he certainly inherited some Radical inclinations from his father.

We will not presume in concert to lay down the law about his merits, but I think there is no reason why I should not state my own view about one of his paintings which I saw at the National Gallery a few weeks since. It was a copying day. I had gone in mainly to see the new "Raphael," and I had seen it, and had enjoyed the contemplation of many more of our precious possessions, those, naturally, which were new most arresting my attention. In turning about to see that I was in nobody's way, the picture of "The Annunciation," by Rossetti, seemed to speak to me long-forgotten words. I approached: it was being copied by two ladies, and I felt at once that they had made a wise selection. The living merit of the work made it stand out as among the most genuine creations in the Gallery, and I distinctly concluded that there was no painting there done by hands so young as Rossetti's were when he did that, which could be compared to it. He was twenty-one at the time. Raphael was twenty-four when he painted the "Ansidei Madonna." Raphael's picture, although of course more complex, and having special value as containing evidence of the steps by which he reached his final excellence, is not to be compared to it for the difficulty of the attempt or for the artistic discrimination of form, and there is no hint of the power of expression which Rossetti's work gives. Raphael, with all the patronage of the Church behind him, the protection of three successive Popes, and the study of Michael Angelo's Sixtine Chapel, eventually did supreme work, which ennobled the timid means by which he had achieved greatness. The "Ansidei Madonna" is remarkable as the work of an intelligent pupil to Perugino, so far not nearly equal in delicacy and penetration to his master, although beginning to leave his first style by the influence of Fra Bartolommeo. I cannot find that any idolater has been able to see a trace of individual thought in the work. Had Raphael ended here, nothing but search among the smaller masters of the time would have discovered him. There is a question—a narrow one perhaps—but not so much now as when other countries become reciprocal to our generosity. It is whether Rossetti was a foreigner? In blood he certainly was; in place of birth, he was not. The means of determining the point for the artistic result is to consider how far he would have been affected had he been born and brought up in Italy, how far his invention was affected by the influence of the character of thought ruling in England? Classicalism, till the middle of the last century, was becoming too imperious. It was like an aristocracy ruling without regard to the wants of a people. Classicalism a few centuries before had given refinement, elegance, and

even spirit to the Gothic; but it had become overbearing and was dying from artificiality. Gothicism opportunely came forward in different form. It is most easily recognised in the revival of literature in the Middle Ages. Warton's *History of English Poetry* first marked and encouraged its uprising. *Percy's Relics* extended it. Goldsmith was affected strongly by it. It gathered strength in the hands of Burns, Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats. Painting is always behind literature, but several painters had worked in its spirit, more than are at first recognised as revivalists, for the Renaissance culture sometimes masked it, and the workers themselves gave it no name but nature. In Germany there had undoubtedly been a similar movement, which had affected its art, but it had been separate from ours. In Italy, in France, and in Spain there had been nothing of the kind. Had Rossetti been born and brought up in either of these countries, his art would have been totally different. His work was an outcome of English thought and enterprise, and for artistic considerations we do right, I think, to claim him as an Englishman. Men write and talk very often as though there were great patronage of art in England. If it were so, would it not be a greater disgrace that, having executed "The Annunciation," Rossetti, although an Englishman, never obtained a commission to do any public work, with the exception of the altar-piece of Llandaff Cathedral spoken of before, which his friend Seddon put into his hands? I have heard men express wonder that our artists do so few great works of permanent value. Artists cannot work for patrons not born. The bravest spirits get disheartened with a struggle in which the opportunities are never given to them. It has been recorded—doubtless faithfully—that Rossetti in his later days said, if he had his will he would never do any more painting.

If this meeting to do honour to Rossetti is ever to bear any fruit—if we are to take away any lesson from the record of his career, it is that our system of leaving the cultivation of art taste to buyers prompted by passing fashion only, and to committees for the erection of public monuments, many of whom know nothing of or, still worse, have only half studied the matters of which they have to judge, is a fatal one. I say this earnestly in the interests of the generation to come. England has so far wasted genius, such as no other country in the modern world has produced, and it will continue to do so unless the people in authority take counsel to treat art worthily, and to find out men, who, like Rossetti, work from direct inspiration, and not in the servile transcribing of fact or in the imitation of work by others, which

may have been living in the hands of the originators, but goes dead, never again to be resuscitated, in the process of repetition.

To have been of personal use to myself and my companion, any declaration of the interests affecting art should have been made before our course had been so far run; the change now can only be of use for future workers. Being so, I am the bolder in advocating it as the best testimonial to be made to those who have laboured earnestly for their generation without due recognition, as did Rossetti.

It is appropriate that I should now speak of the work which Ford Madox Brown was executing at Manchester. He had been engaged by the City Council to execute a series of designs illustrating the history of Manchester. It was agreed that the utmost to be expended was £300 a year, and Brown was engaged for the first panels of the series. It was but poor pay indeed, for he had to expend much time in reading and in working out his subjects, thus each picture engaged all his time for a full year. They were intently thought out and each realised incidents of dramatic interest to the country. The series begins with the "Building of the Fort of Manchester," and proceeds through Saxon times with the Danes being driven out of the city, to historical incidents of the past and current century. The compositions are quaint, but rich in poetic ideas calculated to enthral the imagination of young and old. Eventually, he was commissioned to complete the series. Under such pressure as that at which he worked, certain parts were very much hurried and criticisable, but all may be safely left to be valued by posterity, that "very bad paymaster," when many other pretentious works of the same day will be left unregarded. Ill-fortune had ever tracked Madox Brown, and gradually ill-health began to show itself.

Mr. Whistler first claimed marked attention in 1860 by his painting "At the Piano," a striking example of frank manipulation and of wholesome but not exhaustive colour, it was purchased by John Phillip with loud appreciation of its qualities. In 1863 Whistler exhibited the

portrait of his mother, which was in a good light just above the line; this portrait made no attempt at profundity of tone and richness; it was limited throughout, though complete in its aims and impressive. My frequent absence from England prevented me from seeing many of his works; memory therefore probably does not enable me to do him full justice, but I cannot hesitate to record that at the Grosvenor Gallery he showed defiant slovenliness of work, which he could not have intended to be taken seriously. A daring example in my mind was a life-size canvas, loosely smeared with paint, which professed to represent a ballet dancer, and another dashing abozzo, said to be a portrait, scarcely fell outside this category. I have since seen other works of his which are rated as masterpieces; they may merit this designation in being thorough in all that he intended to express. He knew where it was prudent for him to leave off; but the great artists with whom he is sometimes classed knew how to go on beyond his farthest measure, and I believe it is not wise in this day of superficial excellence to approve what delivers us over to smartness with poverty in poetic refinement.

An admiring lady shortly afterwards, when his good fortune in financial affairs seemed to have come to a deadlock, accosted him with, "I am truly sorry, Mr. Whistler, to hear that you have been in considerable difficulties lately." "Whatever can you mean, I wonder," he replied, "I'm not in any trouble." She said that she was indeed rejoiced to hear it, for she had been told that he had suffered from extreme money complications. "You mean that I can't pay my creditors? Oh yes, but don't pity me. Pity the poor devils that won't get their money!" This levity of nature could not but affect his otherwise maturer art. All his wit that I heard of was not of that nature which transfixes truth by a subtle shaft, but only of the kind which amuses for the moment, like a conjurer's trick confusing common sense.

Some of his early etchings of scenes on the Thames

were admirable; but his later work with the needle was careful only in the avoidance of those difficulties that come in the attempt to combine compound qualities.

In this running commentary it would be a glaring omission not to state that Herkomer, after some years of premonitory challenge, in 1875 awakened the attention of the exhibition world by his excellent painting of "Chelsea Pensioners," and he confirmed his reputation with some masterly portraits exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery and the Academy.

Shields's grace was displayed in "The Good Shepherd" and seen in many church decorations, and, apart from this claim to excellence, he rose to distinction by illustrations to Defoe's story of *The Plague*.

The party of mediævalists had increased and was now daily gaining a wider world of admirers. It traced itself to the original example of Overbeck and through Madox Brown to Rossetti, through the channel of whose labours the love of nature could more or less be found mingled with it, but its true recommendation was its antiquarianism, which was always welcomed by the ecclesiastical party. The Rev. E. Young, in a book published in antagonism to Ruskin's pamphlet defending Millais and myself in 1851, wrote: "All I ask is that heaven-born realists would at least abstain from Scripture subjects." The party this reverend critic represented soon recognised that Rossetti in his earliest work (and those who accentuated his antiquarianism) did what was looked upon as the appropriate decoration for churches of the Gilbert Scott type. The aims of the mediævalists were free from all suspicion of the new and unexpected in their designs. Each incident and the general treatment was bounded by Church precedent of centuries ago. The yeast of Christianity had ceased to leaven the whole lump, and the new school of Churchmen and their Church decorators were bound never to show advance in critical understanding. To label the painters who worked in this spirit Pre-Raphaelites was in accord with the first distortion of the meaning of the word, in

this sense the name became "precious," and was ardently acclaimed by what was called the "Utter School"—a flock of creatures hovering around the central constellations, sometimes altogether obscuring their leaders by their egoistical excesses and obtrusive adumbrations.

Abstention by Rossetti from public exhibition had in the end been far from causing a decrease in his popularity. His course led to the conviction among a large circle of amateurs of the day that artists who painted for the public eye, allowing crowds to come to their private views, must be of Philistine calibre. In 1854 Gabriel in his picture "Found" had made a hearty attempt to adopt our method of exact allegiance to Nature, and in doing this he marked his final departure from the "Early Christian" school, to which, through Ford Madox Brown, he had devoted himself. His non-completion of this had a great significance. In some of his pen-and-ink and water-colour drawings, however, he had shown for a time our original interest in variety of natural incident and personal character, as, for instance, in his "Monk Illuminating," "The Lady Poisoner," "The Madonna in the House of St. John," "Mary Magdalene at the door of Simeon," and "Dr. Johnson and the Quaker Ladies." This obedience to natural invention was, it will be seen, but transient, and never afterwards revived in his oil practice, indeed he soon branched off into a treatment, sensuous and august, which, as some thought, gradually grew to be overpowering, as is the odour of voluptuous perfumes in a closed room. In furtherance of this exotic spirit he indulged in a mannered posing of figures, and the adoption of a uniform type of feature expressing his ideal of beauty, which, intended or not, betokened indifference to healthful variations of character. His privacy at the time kept his later works from my knowledge, until one by one in the course of years they have been seen in loan exhibitions and sale-rooms. The manner he developed showed a settled aversion to the vertebrate principle of Pre-Raphaelitism in its original inception, for this was primarily the exercise of

discrimination in the individuality of every character depicted, in order the better to make manifest how varied and bounteous Nature is in her gift of beauty to the world. The exquisite execution of the component parts of these paintings did honour to his Brotherhood training. Burne-Jones, Spencer Stanhope (the latter had enrolled himself in his earlier work as of naturalistic aims), Strudwick, and one or two other mediævalists, took up Rossetti's first manner, but did not follow him in the ornate strain of his last period, adopting instead a spirit of grace and purism approaching, as it seemed to some, the abandonment of a virile temper in favour of a sweetness altogether feminine. Where such spirit was in accord with the theme treated as in Burne-Jones' pictures "The Days of Creation" and "The Hours," no contentiousness could restrain full admiration of the work.

Other painters loved to exaggerate the more "enfranchised" phase of Rossetti's mind, and with these were joined many, not graphic or plastic artists, but men of literary aims who caricatured the verbal sentiments of Rossetti, who intensified what they represented to be his ideas with obtrusive parade. Talking in mincing affectation and adopting a tone which they stamped as that of extreme "culture," these busy jackanapes were characterised in a spirit of irony as "unutterably utter." Gilbert and Sullivan in the opera of *Patience*, and Du Maurier in *Punch*, held them up to deserved ridicule, without, however, at the time abashing these defiers of all common-sense in the slightest degree. It had been from the beginning a penalty that if any one of our body provoked hostility, justly or unjustly, each other of the active members had to suffer. Accordingly, the appearance in force of many quattrocentists of different degrees of ability, and the loud exaggerators of Rossetti's defiant sensuousness, led unthinking critics again to say that these quattrocentists and the affected foppery of their frenzied satellites were alike the representatives of Pre-Raphaelitism, and so some of the public applied to

Pre-Raphaelitism itself such ridicule as appeared in the opera, while it was in fact justly directed against what might be considered the alien fringe and reversing mirage of our company. The outrageous sentimentalists in fact distorted every emotion of human sympathy and tore "passion to tatters" in hysteric grimacings, that would relegate healthy manliness to be a mark of childishness or rudeness, and would deny the name of poetry to all that was not sickly and morbid. The gushing tatterdemalions who paraded their idolatory for this rotten affectation of genius were satirised thus in *Patience* :—

If you're anxious to shine in the high æsthetic line, as a man of culture
rare,
You must get up all the germs of the transcendental terms and plant
them everywhere.
You must lie on beds of daisies and discant in novel phrases of your
complicated state of mind.
The reason doesn't matter if the subjects only chatter of a tran-
scendental kind.
And every one will say, as you walk your mystic way,
If this young man can understand these things that are far too hard
for me,
Why, what a very cultivated, clever young man, this clever young man
must be !

And again :—

Then a sentimental passion of a vegetable fashion must excite your
languid spleen,
An attachment à la Plato, to a bashful young potato or a not too French,
French bean.
Though the Philistines may jostle you will rank as an apostle in the
high æsthetic band,
If you walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in your mediæval
hand.

Again :—

A Japanese young man—
A blue and white young man—
Francesca di Rimini, niminy piminy,
Je ne sais quoi young man.

A pallid and thin young man—
 A haggard and lank young man—
 A greenery-gallery, Grosvenor Gallery,
 Foot in the grave young man.

This was no mere passing frivolity, it was the fumes from festering decay ; it was the complete distortion of art which is the highest perfecting principle of the human mind, expressed by strenuous labour. The Lord of Misrule had usurped the throne and was caricaturing beauty and wisdom into tawdry over-dressed vanity and folly. The men who thus turned honour into dishonour, and travestied innocent gladness into licence and raillery, were equipped with weapons first made for the hands of virtue. Pertness was made to pass as wit, and contempt of common sense as wisdom ; it was rioting and selfishness masked by pretentious learning and sophistical philosophy alluring weak minds with the sheen of superficial culture. Many of its votaries were employed on the press, and as their sympathies were with false art, so they used their opportunities to applaud sham sentiment, and to uphold all artists in letters or in picture images who mocked rectitude, and who disported themselves in topsyturveydom or in wild recklessness of handling. One of these public teachers took opportunity when writing of "The Sentinel of Pompeii," honoured by all with common sense as the typical representative of life's devotion to duty, as the "personification of crass stupidity." Suffice it to say that the system of appreciation of current exhibition work was dictated by a kindred rule of honouring all flippant selfishness. It was a relief to the healthy-minded that not many years' toleration for such noxious examples and precepts were needed to bring them to shame and destruction.

For simple Pre-Raphaelitism some able neophytes still appeared. E. R. Hughes, with a sweet drawing at the Academy, and Cecil Lawson, in his "Minister's Garden," seemed well capable of representing not only the literal truth but the healthy poetic spirit of our

principles. It was apparent, however, that many who deluded themselves that they were adopting our ideals went out to the fields, and sitting down transcribed chance scenes touch by touch, without recognising that art is not prosaic reproduction. Every hour a view, indoors or outdoors, near or far, changes its phase, and the artist must capture that which best reflects the heavens. The dull man does not discern the image of the celestial in earthly things, and his work accordingly may be deservedly admired for its care and delicacy, but the spectator passes by and forgets it. Yet the painters of such works were often cited as masters of the purest Pre-Raphaelitism. The special champions of our third member in his later phases, treated Millais and myself as unmoved by the canonical breath of poetic dogma. When it was pointed out to them that our pictures had never attempted quattrocentism, they met this argument with the conclusion that we two were unable to reach the exalted heights of the "arch Pre-Raphaelite." But this was not all, comments on the men treading in our footsteps were framed only to make our guilt more undeniable.

Ensuing upon the disappointments in the sale of our first works, occasioned by the fury of the press, Millais had recognised the imprudence of undertaking paintings the price of which would put them beyond the reach of collectors or dealers unwilling to risk more than a small sum on the venture. It might be possible to adduce examples of painters who, not being original reformers, had escaped the bitter hostility of critics, and had later come forward with subjects manifestly built upon themes which Millais had used under need of restraint as to development and price. The newcomer was held up as an example to us, was lauded beyond measure, and accordingly obtained a price for his first success thrice what Millais had been able to count upon.

John Brett's picture of "Val d'Aosta" is a case in point, which in a similar way had a prototype in one of ours. He sold it to Ruskin for 300 guineas. To

his later picture "The Stone Breaker" similar observations would apply. Owing to the miserable prices with which we had to be content, it will be seen how much less handsome use we could make of our powers in the early days than some of our followers were able to do in their day, and this was assuredly due to the fact that they followed our example, when the strangeness of our style had already begun to disappear by repeated familiarity to the eyes of annual visitors at exhibitions, and to critics who had committed themselves to denunciation of the original offenders.

But to return to passing events.

Sir William Agnew, after the exhibition of "The Shadow of Death" throughout the country, liberally presented it to the Manchester Town Council for their permanent gallery. For years after my return with the "Innocents" picture I retained my Jerusalem house, in the lingering hope that I might still use it for subjects that I had postponed for leisurely treatment, but it was becoming evidently impossible to overcome the obstacles in the way of my immediate return. At this juncture I delighted in taking in hand a few small pictures of no very definite subject, relying alone on their æsthetic character. To this end I brought to completion "The Bethlehem Bride," "Amaryllis," and "Sorrow."¹ My aim was to give varying types of womanhood with unaffected innocence of sentiment. An artist should always make sure that in his treatment of Nature alone he is able to incorporate some new enchantment to justify his claim as a master of his craft, doing this at times without reliance on any special interest in the subject he may illustrate. Millais, I have proved, was most rigidly staunch at the beginning of the contest. I claim that he never actually abandoned reliance upon our living principle. Notwithstanding his occasional lapse into unelevated themes, he was moved by a wonderful rebounding power which enabled him often

¹ The property of the late Mr. George Lillie Craik.

to reaffirm his poetic insight with commanding strength. His "Eve of St. Agnes" must not be forgotten as a wonderful example of poetic power. It is not Keats' "Madelene," and it has not the surroundings of the age illustrated in the poem. It is the main idea only which is derived from Keats. The manner is altogether the painter's own. Any one who looks upon this work, upon his "North-West Passage," his "Vale of Rest," and a picture of "Cinderella" that he painted at the beginning of the nineties, must recognise the painter's claim still to rank with the highest of those in any age who wielded the brush; who does not, has gone very little way in art discrimination. His original steadfastness was more admirable in my eyes, because in general sentiment he was—not speaking politically—a steadfast Conservative, and had unlimited reverence for the powers that be, and this strain in his nature induced him in the fulness of time to covet contemporary recognition and honours. A baronetcy was conferred on him in 1885, and he was happy in his exaltation. In talking to him at about this date I asked, "Can you remember what paper it was in 1849 which, in its art review, spoke of our two pictures at the Royal Academy as the main feature of the exhibition, and greeted them with marked respect? I was told of this, but never saw the article myself."

"No, I certainly do not remember one generous word printed of us the first year, and the second year, when Rossetti had given away our secret, I remember only treatment that would have been unwarrantably cruel had we been the vilest criminals. No, we made a miserable mistake in accepting others to form a Brotherhood with us, when we knew little or nothing of their abilities and dispositions. One condition of our compact was that we should become helpful to one another, as a means of making our Body the stronger. The practical interpretation of this on the part of the others was amusingly one-sided. You taught Gabriel to paint at a perilous sacrifice to yourself, and I kept back no secret

from him. We brought out our very precious guineas to start *The Germ*, so that the writers could publish their poems and articles; and we did etchings in addition, and met other liabilities incurred for their advantage. Did they ever do anything for us? No! Gabriel stole a march on us to get the picture which you had helped him to paint seen in the Hyde Park Exhibition a week before ours appeared in the Royal Academy, and when he found the penalty of public exhibition was to suffer abuse, he left us to bear it all alone, and when he felt that he could stand alone, he studiously kept out of our way. A few years ago, not having seen Rossetti since you were first abroad, I met him one evening at Sandys' studio, and he warmed up somewhat in his mood, and coming out late at night we walked together till he came to my house. As he asked me what I was doing in the old way, I said, if he liked, I would take him into the studio, which I did; and on leaving he pressed me to come and see him. Twice I called and was refused at the door, and he never wrote to me any explanation, and I could see he was determined to indulge his old jealous temper. Why, it was only a month ago that I passed one of the set in a cab, and when I nodded to him he held up his head and looked quite indignant."

I replied, "I am sure the man you mean couldn't have done that but from failure to recognise you."

"Oh no, I am sure he knew me very well. Have you seen a book on Rossetti by Knight? You haven't! Mary read it to me lately, and in the evening afterwards I met him at the Garrick, and went to him saying, 'You've written a very readable and plausible book about Rossetti; but it is altogether a romance. Why, instead of getting your information from the family, didn't you come to me or go to Holman Hunt?' And when I told him the facts of the case he avowed that he would not have published his book as it was had he known the facts. All this distortion of our real purpose as Pre-Raphaelites makes me disposed to repudiate the name."

One Sunday afternoon he called upon me at Fulham, and at the end of his visit told me that Charles Keene, the *Punch* illustrator, was seriously ill, and sinking in decline. He wanted to call upon him, but didn't know in which part of Hammersmith he lived, so I volunteered to walk with him to find Keene's house. Sallying out we went through the churchyard to the Bishop's Walk, when



THE MOAT, FULHAM PALACE.

suddenly he stopped and said, "You are leading me all wrong, we ought to go that way," pointing back to town. I replied, "Not at all. You trust me. I know the neighbourhood well."

The fields of the Bishop's Park were full of strollers with their families. Looking around he spoke out, "Bless my soul alive, do you mean to tell me that that's the place where, when I was a child, I used to come fishing for sticklebacks?" Still speaking, as if to the public, "Only

think, and now here am I a baronet and all that sort of thing, with a fishing of my own of several miles, and land to shoot over." The public stared at him almost as though he were as important as the bishop himself.

We found the home of the *Punch* illustrator. He was sitting in a well-stored library, looking a very Don Quixote avowing the recognition that he was on the last stage of his knight-errantry in this world.

Millais in the eighties and the beginning of the next decade had been vigorous, hearty, and as full of passion for his painting as when he was a boy. He worked quickly, and had not endless patience for a protracted composition; but he was still, according to the original principle, a Pre-Raphaelite, and his work went to prove that our England again held a high place among the artistic nations of the world, as high as her artists could make it without a public behind them fully to appreciate the vital importance of art. Yet he had been driven to believe that a man should adapt himself to the temper of his time, and many a friendly bout occurred between him and me on this theme. I contended that reasonable limits to this necessity must not be overstepped. He accused me of adopting a too unbending attitude towards a happy-minded world. "You argue," he said, "that if I paint for the passing fashion of the day my reputation some centuries hence will not be what my powers would secure for me if I did more ambitious work. I don't agree. A painter must work for the taste of his own day. How does he know what people will like two or three hundred years hence? I maintain that a man should hold up the mirror to his own times. I want proof that the people of my day enjoy my work, and how can I get this better than by finding people willing to give me money for my productions, and that I win honours from contemporaries. What good would recognition of my labours hundreds of years hence do me? I should be dead, buried, and crumbled into dust. Don't let us bother ourselves about the destinies of our work in the

world, but as it brings us fortune and recognition. Let the artists of the future work for the future, they will see what's wanted. Why, you admit you can't paint more large pictures because people don't take off your hands those which you have done. Of course you can't, but isn't this proof that your system is wrong? For my part I paint what there is a demand for. There is a fashion going now for little girls in mob caps. Well, I satisfy this while it continues; but immediately the demand shows signs of flagging, I am ready to take to some other fashion of the last century which people now are quite keen on, or I shall do portraits or landscapes. You say that if the world went on this system it would never advance at all, and that all the reformers of thought, Socrates to wit, were wrong on that principle? I don't hesitate to say they were. Why should he have tried to interfere with the beliefs and religions of the day? There were priests established in connection with the temples to teach people! It was not his business to oppose them in their duties. I don't pity him, and it was quite natural that they should put him to death, otherwise he would always have gone on making mischief; he ought to have attended to his own business, and then no one would have hated him. A man is sure to get himself disliked if he is always opposing the powers that be. Now I'm really sorry when I see you attacking prejudices. Why did you make that wild onslaught in *The Times* on the Royal Academy? If it isn't perfect, nothing is really perfect. You say that the laws after one hundred and twenty years require great modification, and that men shouldn't be elected from within, nor in any way for the whole term of their life. It's only a few people, who are impatient to get in, who want a change. Oh, I don't mean you. I know you don't want to be elected. Now look at —, he used always to say he would bring an action against the Academy for defamation of character if they elected him, and directly we did elect him he was only too glad to accept. Well, it's the

same with all of them. The change they want is the one that will lead to their being enrolled in the Body. Why did you make a ferment about artists' materials, saying they were not always reliable? you only disturb buyers' confidence in pictures, and of course you will suffer as well as others. The old masters' pictures have often changed. You won't persuade me that Titian painted trees and vegetation in full light brown and black. Of course they have changed; notwithstanding this the whole is still beautiful as to harmonious colour. A painting which is of good colour originally may alter in parts, yet it never deteriorates to bad colour; but a painting which is bad colour at first, no alteration can convert into good colour to the day of doom. Our materials are quite as good or better than those which the old fellows had; the proof is the wonderful way in which the paintings that we did more than forty years ago retain their brilliancy. Why, your 'Christian and Druids,' 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' 'The Hireling Shepherd,' and 'The Strayed Sheep,' are as bright and sound as though they had been done yesterday, and so are mine of the same date. It is true that lately, when I saw the 'Ophelia,' some of the foliage had gone quite blue, as I have seen leaves in Dutch fruit paintings changed; but I could put it right in half an hour if the owner would let me take it in hand. Lately, you know, there has been a prejudice against allowing a painter to touch an early work of his, and I have not yet heard from the possessor of the 'Ophelia.'¹ Why, my picture of 'Lorenzo and Isabella' is as pure and clear as any early Italian or German work. You say we happened to be very lucky in our plan of painting in one coat on an absolutely white ground, and with copal varnish, and that we were more fortunate than we knew of at the time, in having the choicest of our colours pre-

¹ The alteration referred to came from the use of a paint called chrome green, which we were assured was a simple chromium, whereas it was an admixture of chrome yellow and Prussian blue identical with the Brunswick green used by house painters for common doors and palings. Out-of-door exposure in a few years causes the combined pigment to lose all its yellow, and in some degree this seems to have been so with Millais' picture.

pared by George Field, whose system has been proved to be more perfect by the defects of imitation pigment supplied since, and labelled with the same names. Well, you see, we took things as they came, and we were very right. If we had gone bothering about, waiting till we had proved that the materials were perfect, we should never have done anything to this day. You now see, my dear fellow, that I don't like you to be always thinking about the remote future. It is to-day we have to live, and you, for the sake of some far-off good which may never come to anyone, sacrifice your present chances. Why, if I were to go on like you do I should never be able to go away in the autumn to fish or to shoot, and I should be always out of health and spirits, and one should always try not to be a 'distressful person.' I should become so if I did not get my holiday. You take my advice, old boy, and just take the world as it is, and don't make it your business to rub up people the wrong way."

I had indeed hoped to convince artists that it was a grievous loss to their profession that the cessation of the old system of apprenticeship had brought about ignorance and indifference to the character of the materials used in their work.

Millais went on to say, "You've talked once of getting some post at the South Kensington Schools. I would not really, old fellow, advise you to try. You would only meet with rebuff, for I know that the officials before whom the question would come regard you as a kind of fire-brand, and they would oppose your application tooth and nail. This is one of the consequences of your wanting to turn the natural stream out of its bed, and you can't complain. Your last picture of 'The Innocents' was the best you ever did. I know your powers better than anybody. Set to work to meet the taste of our own day, and not that of the future, and you will soon get over your difficulties. Why, I've just sold a picture done in two weeks which will pay the expenses of all my family, my shooting and fishing too, for our whole time in Scotland."

Thus Millais, with ever transparent impulsiveness, revealed his tempered convictions to direct me to a prudent course.

My ever affectionate confidant of student days, being widely known for his excellent qualities, was at this time a favourite of society, dividing the honours of contemporary recognition with Leighton, although the latter enjoyed the higher dignity of President of the Royal Academy.