

CHAPTER IV

1856

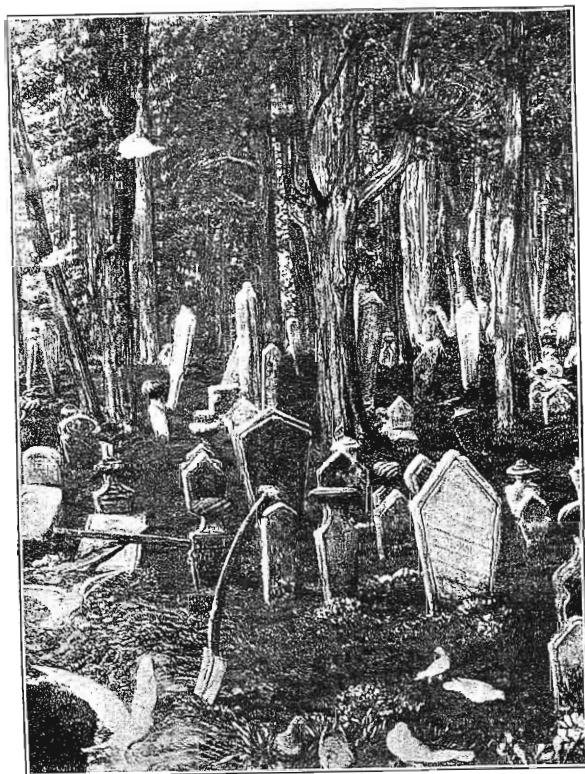
It is said that Jealousy is Love, but I deny it ; for though Jealousy be procured by Love, as Ashes are by Fire, yet Jealousy extinguishes Love as Ashes smother the Flame.—*La Reine de Navarre*.

IN January I returned from the Crimea to Constantinople, and thence in another eventful journey by way of Malta to Marseilles. I had not quitted the city on the Bosphorus before news of the armistice had arrived. This being regarded as a prelude to peace, a large proportion of the officers had leave to return to England, so all the ships were crowded. I travelled from Marseilles to Paris with many English officers and officials. It was a pleasure to see them looking forward to the honours they had won ; I had been away the full time of the Black Sea campaign, and I was led to consider the difference of our nation's regard for their work and mine. I also had been trying to do the State some service, but alone. The soldiers' struggle was of immediate benefit, while of mine the value, if any, would be discovered only in the future. I admired the wisdom of rewarding service that could be estimated at once, and in leaving such work as mine to find any honours it might possibly deserve in the far future.

I had met my friend Mike Halliday at Pera coming back from the Crimea, and we travelled together to Paris. Thence we took second-class fares, and in doing

so had our interest aroused in a fact of some historic moment.

Opposite to us sat two buxom Scotchwomen, exultant in a matter about which they talked so openly



W. H. H.

CEMETERY, PERA.

that it was evident they courted inquiry as to their cause of pride. I therefore asked them who were the "Emperor" and "Empress" of whom they spoke so much.

"Oh, the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie, of course," they replied.

"What have you been seeing them about?" I asked.

"Oh, the new Prince, of course."

"I have just come from Constantinople, and I did not know there was one," I said.

"Now only think, as if he was a bairn yet! but we're engaged to nurse him when he is born. Oh, she's such a dear, and the Emperor's quite another, and we've just got time to go back to Scotland to get our clothes and return," they answered.

"But if it should be a Princess instead of a Prince?" I suggested.

"Oh," they chorused, "of course it won't be; the Emperor and Empress have quite made up their minds that it must be a son."

Thus the affairs of princes, as of mice and men, are settled for them.

In the Crimea, Halliday had seen much of John Luard, who a few years before had left the army to become an artist, and was now staying behind with a former mess-mate in his hut, to complete a picture of its interior. This erstwhile son of Mars had been placed with John Phillip, to initiate himself into the service of Apollo; Phillip soon recommended him to the care of Millais, who took him into his close friendship and guidance. Luard had lately been painting in Millais' discarded studio in Langham Place, and Halliday advised me to go and knock up the servant there for the spare bed. We arrived in London about 3 A.M., and I left my companion to go to his lodgings, while I went to Langham Chambers. To my surprise my excellent friend Lowes Dickinson opened the door, welcoming me with as great cordiality as any long-lost wanderer ever received.

I had been away over two years. It was now the beginning of February 1856. Halliday and I took a house together in Pimlico, in which we each found a studio, and arranged another in an upper room for Martineau, who, from diffidence, had not got on well

with his work without an adviser. Halliday, who had been originally nothing but an earnest amateur, had been taken in hand by Millais, and under this guidance the picture "Measuring for the Wedding Ring" had been finished at Winchelsea.

This history is not one of personal or family affairs foreign to the progress of the reform of art by the members of our Brotherhood and its circle; I would avoid as much as possible to speak of the many other interests which come into the life of every man. But an artist, however devoted to his pursuit, cannot but have his right hand arrested or accelerated by the private circumstances of the family to which he belongs, so that I must say that the legal troubles suffered by my father had now seriously undermined his health, a fact which involved me in duties demanding close attention.

One of my sisters had been attending a School of Art, and had determined to adopt the profession; I had therefore to give her personal superintendence of a continuous kind.

No tangible combination now showed itself among the working and the sleeping members of our Brotherhood; neither was there any professed tie between us and the outside adherents of our reform. For two years there had been no night excursions, no boating, and no corporate life of any kind. In earlier days it seemed as though we could always trust one another, if not for collaboration, at least for good-fellowship and cordiality; it proved, however, that these, too, were things of the past never to be revived. When I called upon Brown and asked him about Gabriel Rossetti, he told me that he was in Oxford, where the University "had thrown themselves at his feet" in recognition of his poetic and artistic accomplishments; he added that he was not, as some people said, engaged to Miss Siddal, but that she stood in the position of pupil to him, and that she had done some designs of the most poetic character; and that she had recently been entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Acland at Oxford. Brown's feeling of

mistrust of the Academy and that of the Rossettis, as he reported it, was now more deep-seated than ever, and he dwelt on the idea that we should no longer try to propitiate the Body.

The loyal contribution of works by Millais and myself year by year to Trafalgar Square had not been enough to negative the suspicion on the part of our elders which the frequent diatribes of our noisy anti-Academy members excited; for the satirical tone adopted by the literary entourage of our Brotherhood was constantly bruited about, doing them no harm, but provoking severe penalty upon us who were still relying upon Academy toleration. Gentle Christina Rossetti's sonnet is an example of the tone of hostility to the Academy prevalent in her circle from the beginning. This not only conveyed the idea that the Institution was one to which reform in due time would be wholesome, but that it was a power altogether destructive to the true spirit of art, and one which it had been our secret object to overthrow. The sonnet had been written upon the election of Millais as an Associate two years previously—

The P.R.B. is in its decadence :
 For Woolner in Australia cooks his chops,
 And Hunt is yearning for the land of Cheops.
 D. G. Rossetti shuns the vulgar optic :
 While William M. Rossetti merely lops
 His B's in English disesteemed as Coptic.
 Calm Stephens in the twilight smokes his pipe,
 But long the dawning of his public day :
 And he at last, the champion, Great Millais,
 Attaining Academic opulence,
 Winds up his signature with A.R.A.
 So rivers merge in the perpetual sea ;
 So luscious fruit must fall when over-ripe :
 And so the consummated P.R.B.

Brown was full of projects for the bringing together of the original Brotherhood and its subsequent followers to act as a power in the profession, which in his view it had now failed to do.

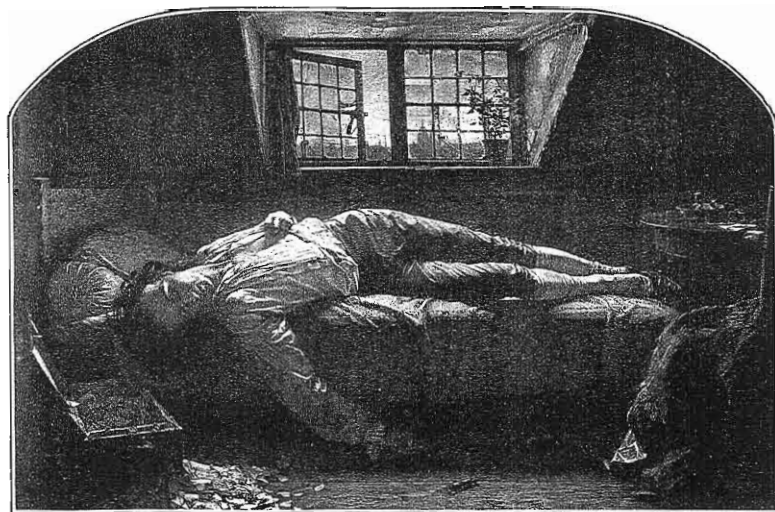
I had desired to see the members of the Brotherhood and those immediately connected with them in order to learn the position of our affairs. It had already been apparent that the result of our ill-considered combination would fall far short of our original expectation.

Deverell had been so hindered by family troubles that he had not been able to do any important work after his probationary election, and at his death no proposal had been made to fill the vacancy. William Rossetti had now entirely given up the practice of drawing, and on account of the ridicule of the critics Gabriel Rossetti had not resumed public exhibition. Millais and I, therefore, were left with our following of new converts to represent our cause. Woolner had come back from his Tom Tiddler's Ground without much heavier pockets than he started with, having, indeed, nothing more than a chance in a public competition at London for a statue of Wentworth to be erected in Melbourne, and some small patronage for medallions and busts, gained mainly by the introductions of Carlyle, Tennyson, and Patmore. It was impossible, therefore, to resume the dream that a tangible Brotherhood still existed. One example of the result of our movement may be cited in an attempt made to repeat the system of the Cyclographic Society, in which certain accomplished amateurs—Lady Waterford, the Hon. Miss Boyle, and others—were to take part. A handsome folio was made, and in due course was sent to Gabriel for his contribution, but there its known history ended.

Several men outside our Body were openly working on our lines. Ford Madox Brown with his picture, "The Last of England," was now altogether adopting our principle. The picture of "Work" was also being conducted on our plan, but it still was some years from completion. Wallis was painting his never-to-be-forgotten "Death of Chatterton"; Arthur Hughes was moving forward in remarkable poetic power, as shown by his "April Love"; Windus of Liverpool was also an independent convert, exhibiting

some ingeniously dramatic pictures, after his "Burd Helen"; and Burton, with his "Wounded Cavalier," in the next Exhibition gained deserved repute.

Many followers were admired chiefly for mechanical skill, and in some cases this was of a very complete kind, although wanting in imaginative strain. An increasing number of the public approved our methods, perhaps the more readily when no poetic fancy complicated the claim



Henry Wallis.

DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

made by the works. Time could be trusted to do justice to the relative values of poetic and prosaic work, though, as Hogarth said, "posterity is a bad paymaster."

One sure mark of the increasing estimation of our movement was shown in the continued apportioning of the £50 annual prize at Liverpool to artists working on our principles. Millais had gained this in 1852 for "The Huguenot," in the following year it was awarded the second time to me, for "Claudio and Isabella," and it was again obtained by Millais in a subsequent year. Mark

Anthony was also favoured for a landscape which bore strong traits of our manner, and Madox Brown in 1856 for his "Christ washing Peter's Feet," and again in 1857-8 for his "Chaucer in the Court of Edward III.," gained the prize. Further, the Royal Society of Fine Arts in Birmingham had accorded the prize of £60 to me in the year 1853 for my "The Strayed Sheep."

In addition to these influences upon our Body a circumstance of great portent must now be treated unreservedly.

So many persons were, and some still are, under an unworthy impression concerning the separation of Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin and the re-marriage of the lady to John Everett Millais, that it has been, to all friends of either who know the truth, painful to leave the circumstances ever open to misinterpretation. Mr. Ruskin in his *Preterita* avoided the subject, and so the story remained untold, but it was only a question how long it could remain so. In the meantime, those who knew what had happened were becoming fewer, and the danger of a permanent misunderstanding was increasing until Mr. Frederic Harrison, in his conscientious monograph on Ruskin, so far broke silence that henceforth further reserve would involve injustice. Happily, the fuller truth exculpates every one involved from all but error of judgment. To understand the situation it must be realised that John Ruskin, as has been publicly stated, while still young in manhood had been deeply wounded by the disappointment of his affections, and it was only after a visit to Switzerland and some stay there that a serious weakness of his lungs which had supervened was overcome. On his return his parents watched his condition with devoted care, and were glad the while to exercise hospitality towards the daughter of Mr. Grey of Perth, one of their relations; she in her young liveliness seemed to distract their son's brooding sadness. It was for her that he first wrote the story *The King of the Golden River*. The juvenile guest showed



Arthur Hughes.

APRIL LOVE.

an untiring interest in the art questions which her cousin was pursuing, and with his life-long delight in young people, he took her about with him to exhibitions and galleries, bestowing constant attention on her pleasure and instruction. The good mother and father rejoiced at these signs of distraction from memory of their son's former grief; and the mother, fondly feeling herself justified, told him that she had the authority of his father to say that they had regarded with continual delight the gentleness shown to his cousin Euphemia, and she assured him that they hoped he would himself see that his attachment to her was of a tender nature, and that he would no longer delay to make them all happy by declaring his affection for the lady. The son avowed surprise and regret that this construction should be put upon his attentions to his cousin, and said that, since it was impossible his feelings towards her could ever be of warmer character, he felt forced by his mother's action to discontinue the interest which had proceeded only from a desire to aid her improving taste. The mother thereupon begged him to forget that he had been misunderstood, and asked that as Effie knew nothing of this appeal to him, he should not make any difference whatever in his behaviour to her. The threatened interruption to Ruskin's attention to Miss Grey did not therefore occur, and his gentleness towards her was so unremitting that, as time went on, the parents again began to entertain hopes that their son could be induced to marry. Once more the mother spoke to him, this time much more pressingly, and assured him that (although he did not recognise the fact himself) she and his father were convinced that he was deeply enamoured of his cousin, and that, if once he gave up his reserve, she would accept him, and as his wife be a centre of delight to all of them. She besought her son not to delay acting on their wishes. Ruskin still held that it was impossible he could ever be in love with his young cousin, but agreed that if they in spite of this candid confession still desired him to act on their conviction, he would be obedient to

their demand; and accordingly he made his proposal, which the young lady was guilelessly persuaded to accept. It can cause but little wonder that this marriage, which was contracted at Perth, did not prove a happy one.

It was on distant terms that the two passed six years of their lives. Mr. Ruskin was ever ceremoniously polite to Mrs. Ruskin, and, doubtless, many regarded them as the most enviable of couples. She was always elegantly attired and adorned with exquisite jewels, and was admired for her beauty and *bon esprit* wherever she appeared in company with her genius-endowed partner, but observant visitors not infrequently remarked upon the absence of signs of deep affection and intimacy between the couple. After my first acquaintance with Ruskin, he invited Millais and me to stay with them for some months at the Bridge of Allan, but I was forced to relinquish the engagement. Millais, with some other guests, was, however, detained in this neighbourhood till late in the autumn, painting the wonderful portrait of Ruskin himself. Mike Halliday, returning from Scotland, reported that Millais on occasions had openly remarked to Ruskin upon his want of display of interest in the occupations and entertainments of Mrs. Ruskin.¹ Remonstrances grew into complaint, and gradually the guest found himself championing the lady against her legal lord and master. It was in the mood thus engendered that he parted with the pair in December 1853, when he returned to town in time to see me off on my Eastern journey. Ruskin still gave sittings to Millais in his own studio for the completion of the portrait. In the following summer Mrs. Ruskin left her home without notice one morning and went direct by train to her father's house at Perth. She had been six years under Ruskin's roof. Mr. Grey, a Writer to the Signet, immediately took steps to have the ceremony of marriage declared null and void. Ruskin did not appear to contest

¹ It is needless to enter into further details of the words spoken at the time.

the evidence, and accordingly the lady was liberated, and both released from their false position. Millais, to protect the lady from any possible misconception, determined that he would not see her until a twelvemonth had passed from the date of her flight from Ruskin's house, and on its anniversary in 1855 he was married to her, in her maiden name, in her father's drawing-room at Perth. The new state of things was not really in opposition to Ruskin's desires, but now that it was attained, many friends would insist that he was an injured man, and certainly he had to suffer constant annoyance from the intermeddling of the vulgar officious.

The breach thus occasioned was unfortunate to our Body. It became obvious at once that no one could, for some years at least, be cordially intimate with both Millais and Ruskin. Millais was my first and far greater friend. He had in the course he took towards the lady he married behaved in a thoroughly honourable and straightforward manner, and I could have no choice but to follow my inclination and temporarily lose the gratification of my sincere desire for further friendship with Ruskin and its many advantages. A bitter controversy arose in society about the case, and I always did battle for my earlier friend, and certainly the misconstructions and falsehoods that had to be confronted were many.

Soon after my return to England I went down to Oxford, and found all my Syrian boxes there. Mr. Combe, after the arrival of the painting of "The Scapegoat," had indefatigably written in turn to all those who had given me commissions; but each had replied that the subject was not one which fitly represented me. One art lover in the North, after expressing this opinion, wrote that he should like to have the work sent to him for a few days, but my friend had not felt authorised to accede, and thus I was still the proud owner of the picture and also of a fast-dwindling exchequer. I was glad of the opportunity of unpacking my pictures and drawings to obtain the judgment of my friends. Two or three

months' separation from the works to a great degree dissipated the prejudice nurtured of familiarity with them, and my new judgment was a benefit to me. It relieved me to believe that the amount of painting achieved was not altogether so disappointing as I had feared, and I found that the parts finished in "The Temple" subject interested my friends greatly.

My little reserve of money in Mr. Combe's hands was almost expended in setting up my new home. An optimistic dream was to bring "The Temple" picture to completion before showing it to anybody. I obtained from influential directors introductions to the masters of Jewish schools, who allowed me to select two boys as sitters, and from these I painted the child with the fly-flapper and the boy kissing the veil of the "torah" in the picture. I found a model for the youth with the harp in a young Hungarian Jew, but was soon stopped in my desperate attempt to advance by finding that I had already overrun my balance.

I had to raise money as quickly as possible. Pot-boilers are so called because they keep the kitchen range alight. The water-colour drawings I had made in the East did not at first command purchasers. The prejudice ruling that an artist should do only one kind of subject was always standing in my way. At that time picture-dealers told me there was a great demand for replicas of works of mine exhibited years ago, which when they first appeared had been much abused; I therefore took up the original studies of these, and elaborated them into finished pictures. These works escaped diatribes of the critics which always met any works incorporating a perfectly new idea, and thus timid purchasers were not frightened. I first took up an original sketch for "The Eve of St. Agnes," which was sold to Mr. Peter Miller of Liverpool.¹

When in Syria I had received a proposal from two engravers of £300 for the copyright of "The Light of the World," but I had not felt sure that they would do

¹ Now the property of Mrs. Munn.

the work satisfactorily, and refused to close with the offer. Gambart now asked me to make a price with him for the design. I asked him the sum hitherto mentioned; but he objected on the ground that there was the chance of the public not liking the print, and then no one would divide his loss, while if it became popular, photographers throughout England would pirate the work, and the prosecution of each would cost him £70; the only penalty to them would be the loss of a simple camera. In France, where the law treated piracy as a penal offence, the publisher was safe from such a violation of his rights, and so could pay the artist better. With this conclusion to the debate the business ended for the time; but in a few months the monetary pressure upon me became more stringent, and I was induced to accept £200 as my reward.

Ford Madox Brown painted the background of his "Work" from a picturesque part of Hampstead Road, high up towards the Heath. One of the strongest marks of all exhibited Pre-Raphaelite painting, from the time of my "Rienzi," was that the background was not done either from conventional fancy or memory, but from Nature, and if it could be avoided, not indirectly from sketches, but direct from the scene itself on to the canvas of the final picture. Ford Madox Brown's background for "Pretty Baa Lambs" was the first out-of-door figure painting that showed signs of his conversion to our principles. In its original form—changed some years later—the scene had been copied from a view on Clapham Common, with a very low horizon. The background consisted mainly of blue sky and a few red cottages, small and distinct, on the fringe of the grazing land. This was a mark of his change of style, and "Work" was still more so.

To follow our method more religiously he had taken a lodging near his chosen background. For an easel he constructed a rack on the tray of a costermonger's barrow, above the canvas were rods with curtains suspended, which



W. Holman Hunt. pinx.

L. E. B. sculp.

Sir Richard Owen, K.C.B., D.C.L.

could be turned on a hinge, so that they shrouded the artist while painting. When all was prepared, Brown himself wheeled the barrow to the desired post; and forthwith worked the whole day, surrounded of course by a little mob of idlers and patient children, who wondered when the real performance was going to begin. Once a passing ruffian hurled a stone across the road, so that it should splash into a puddle close to him. Brown was naturally indignant; but ere he could act in any way the companions of the offender turned upon him, and covered him with contempt, asking why he should hinder another from getting his living. In 1856, when the background was completed, and he was painting on the figures, he told me that Ruskin was patronising Rossetti and was using his influence with Mr. M'Cracken, Lady Trevelyan, and other of his friends to buy drawings off him. It was evident that Ruskin was not disposed to hold out the same helping hand to Brown himself, or to express sympathy for his work. There was a great difference between our refusal of Brown in early years as a nominal "Brother," and our welcoming him as an outside convert like other men whose work we thoroughly admired, so that when he joined with Rossetti to get up a collection of small works for a private exhibition, I willingly contributed some Eastern landscapes. Rooms were secured in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square; and when all was arranged I went to a private view. Rossetti was there, and immediately on my arrival called me to come and see "the stunning drawings" that the *Sid* (the name by which Miss Siddal went) had sent. I complimented them fully, and said that had I come upon them without explanation I should have assumed they were happy designs by Walter Deverell.

"Deverell!" he exclaimed, "they are a thousand times better than anything he ever did." I had thought that to compare the attempts of Miss Siddal, who had only exercised herself in design for two years, and had had no fundamental training, to those of Gabriel's dear deceased friend, who had satisfactorily gone through the drilling of

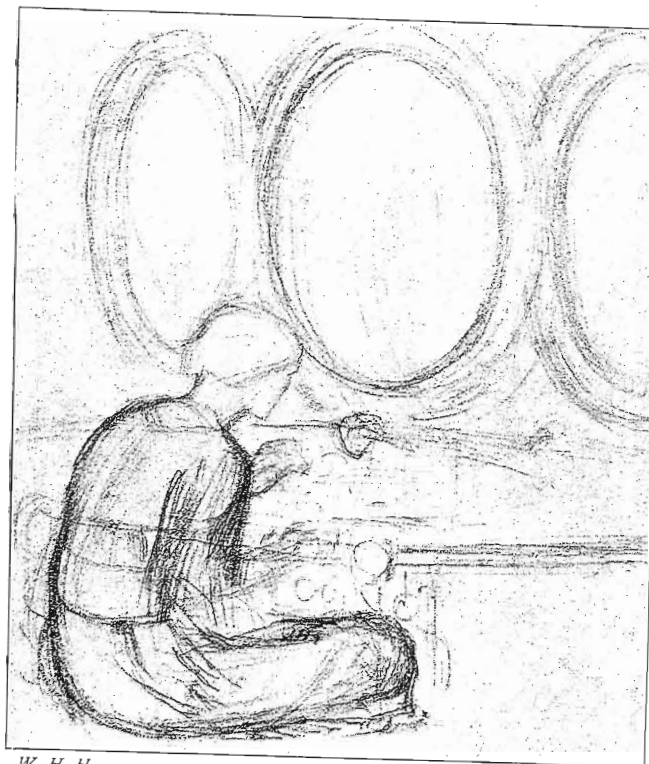
the Academy schools, would be taken as a compliment, but Rossetti received it as an affront, and his querulous attitude confirmed me in the awakened painful suspicion that he was seeking ground of complaint against his former colleagues.



EXPERIMENTAL DESIGN FOR "COPHETUA."

In non-painting days I was now preparing designs for the illustrated edition of Tennyson. Millais had in Scotland already done the greater part of his set for the volume, and was still increasing his store. The publisher, Moxon, called upon me with many repinings that the book was so long delayed. I was steadily fulfilling my undertaking to do six illustrations and no other work, until

they were completed. He revealed that his heart was sore about Rossetti, who having promised, had not sent any drawing, and now, when Moxon called, was "not at home," and would not reply to letters.



W. H. H.

TRIAL SKETCH FOR "THE LADY OF SHALOTT."

As the price to be paid for each drawing was £25, and Rossetti was in pecuniary straits notwithstanding continual aid from his brother, his aunts, and Ruskin, it was difficult to account for this apparently determined neglect, so I took the first opportunity to see him. He avowed at once that he did not care to do any because all the best subjects had been taken by

others. "You, for instance, have appropriated The Lady of Shalott, which was the one I cared for most of all," he pleaded.

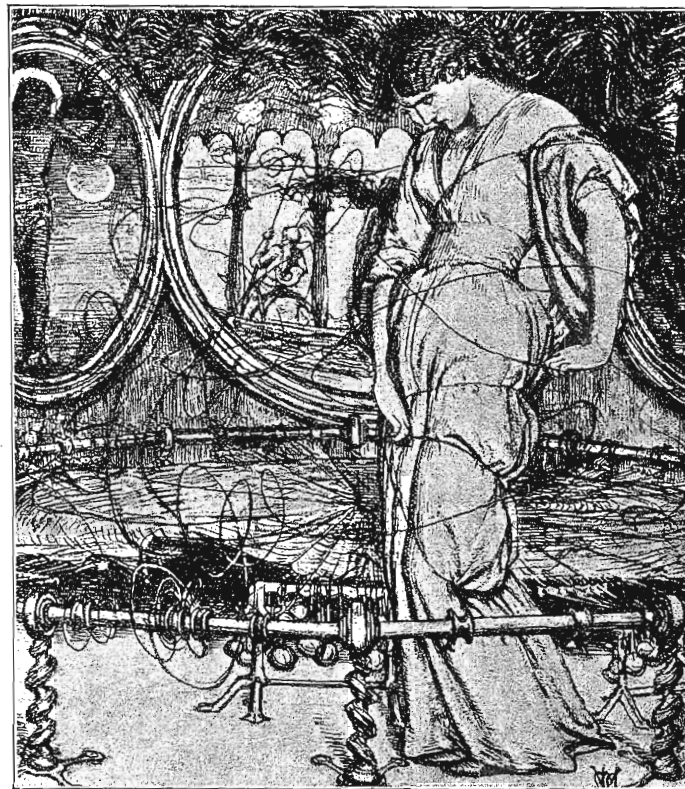


W. H. H.

TRIAL SKETCH FOR "THE LADY OF SHALOTT."

"You should have chosen at the beginning; I only had a list sent me of unengaged subjects," I said. "You know I made a drawing from this poem of the 'Breaking of the Web' at least four years ago. It was only put aside when the paper was so worn that it would not bear

a single new correction. A friend and his wife came to my studio, I showed them this embryo design, with other drawings in my portfolio, and the lady expressing a violent liking for it, begged it of me, reminding me that I had



W. H. H.

DESIGN FOR "THE LADY OF SHALOTT," FROM WOOD.

never given her any design for her album. My protestations that I was dissatisfied with the drawing, except as a preparation for future work, were of no avail, and I yielded on condition that it should not be shown publicly, and that it should be mine when needed for future use. I

have ever since been nervous lest this immature invention should be regarded as my finished idea, so I was glad on reading the list of poems chosen for the Tennyson book to find this one at my disposal. My new drawing is now far advanced. I had determined also to illustrate the later incident in the poem, but that I will give up to you, and I'll relinquish any of the subjects that I have booked



W. H. II.

DESIGN FOR HAROUN AL RASCHID.

besides this, that you may have no cause for driving old Moxon to desperation."

Gabriel then saw the publisher, and the matter was arranged, exacting however, it seems, a stipulation that his price should be five pounds more than any other designer was receiving. So often however did the poor expectant publisher get disappointed in the delivery of each block, that it was said when, soon after, Moxon quitted this world of worry and vexation, that the book had been the death of him!

The illustrated volume was in the end a commercial failure. Those who liked the work of artists long established in favour felt that the pages on which our designs appeared destroyed the attractiveness of the volume, and the



W. H. H.

DESIGN FOR HAROUN AL RASCHID.

few who approved of our inventions would not give the price for the publication, because there was so large a proportion of the contributions of a kind which they did not value.

Messrs. Fremantle in 1901¹ brought out an edition

¹ *Some Poems by Alfred Lord Tennyson.*

of the poems with our illustrations alone. Mr. J. Pennell, an American popular writer on art as well as an accomplished black-and-white draftsman, has stated in his introduction to the volume that our drawings were based in style upon examples of those executed for books by Menzel in Germany. To speak candidly, the only examples of modern German drawings that could have influenced us would have been those published in the early fifties, many of which were of some passing edification to us although we only saw them in shop windows and had no knowledge of the artists' names. We knew more intimately Richter's designs in German almanacs and periodicals, as also the two woodcuts, "Death as a Friend" and "Death as an Enemy," by Burkner. I remembered all of these with appreciation, but had no thought of imitating their manner. All were too strictly in outline for our own practice at that time (1856), except perhaps Burkner, who was for us, however, too much an imitator of Albert Dürer's manner. I highly valued the Nuremberg designer; his fluency in the method he had settled upon for expressing himself was a delight to me, but the amazing regularity of his shading gave a sameness to all the textures of his picture which made his manner extraneous to my aims. Millais, it may be assumed, had the same judgment, and, wisely or not, we followed our own instincts in our methods of expression. Whether Millais or Rossetti had seen Menzel's illustrations, I am unable to state, but Millais and I had not the time to go about to stray exhibitions, to booksellers' shops, or elsewhere, to find examples of unknown Continental work, among which I am independently assured Menzel's is of high order. Rossetti certainly had more disposition to rout out new publications, but he never spoke to me of Menzel's achievements, and to this day, except for two water-colour drawings which were exhibited some years since by the Old Water-Colour Society, I have never seen a scrap of this artist's work.

The Exhibition season drew nigh. Millais came up

to town with a great store of work. It was indeed a delight to me to see him happy after bitter troubles, and now talking joyfully of his home. He, more than any one to whom I had shown my "Scapegoat," approved, understood it, and was touched by the pathos of the subject, and was encouraging too about my unfinished work; and as I was until a day or two before the sending-in day foolishly counting upon completing "The Lantern Maker's Courtship" for the Exhibition, he good-naturedly volunteered to sit for the Englishman riding on the donkey. As Millais was leaving my studio, we heard Ruskin being ushered up; but a meeting was avoided.

John Luard, who earned the love of our circle at once, had come back with his first picture, which he had done in the Crimea. It represented an officer opening a newly-arrived box from home, and taking out from it a folded miniature of some one, sacred for his eyes alone. Concealing his interest from his companions, he is painted as furtively putting the portrait into his breast. It was in the studio in Langham Place that Luard's picture was seen, and here Millais showed his new works.

During the war it had become a scandal that several officers with family influence had managed to get leave to return on "urgent private affairs." Millais had felt with others the gracelessness of this practice when such liberty could not be accorded to the simple soldier, and he undertook a picture to illustrate the luxurious nature of these "private affairs." A young officer was being caressed by his wife, and their infant children were themselves the substitutes of the laurels which he ought to be gathering. When the painting was nearly finished the announcement of Peace arrived. What was to be done? The call for satire on carpet heroes was out of date; the painter adroitly adapted his work to the changing circumstances, and put *The Times* in the hands of the officer, who has read the news which they were all patriotically rejoicing over; he with a sling supporting a wounded arm to represent that he had nobly done his part towards securing the peace.

The second picture was of "Burning Leaves." It may be said to be the first of a series of inventions of his, in which great consideration was given to the posing of the figures, so that while not unapt for the task engaging them, a certain poetic dignity breathes through their arrangement. In our walk to Long Ditton in 1851 he had anticipated the sweet reminiscences of this incident. His third picture was of a Highland soldier in the trenches at Sebastopol reading a letter from home. While I was feeling the difficulty of re-establishing myself in the favour of the public, the amount of work that he had completed for exhibition acted as a new reproach to me. A few visitors came to see what I had brought from the East, they had all naturally expected to find some large figure picture, and when I showed "The Scapegoat" many expressed incredulity that this was the only finished canvas, and decided, as others had done, that the subject was not *in my line*. Some approved my water-colours, but no one then offered to buy any. Augustus Egg's prophecy was fulfilled that I should have to re-make my reputation from the beginning.

Mr. Gambart, the picture-dealer, was ever shrewd and entertaining. He came in his turn to my studio, and I led him to "The Scapegoat."

"What do you call that?"

"'The Scapegoat.'"

"Yes; but what is it doing?"

"You will understand by the title, *Le bouc errant*."

"But why *errant*?" he asked.

"Well, there is a book called the Bible, which gives an account of the animal. You will remember."

"No," he replied, "I never heard of it."

"Ah, I forgot, the book is not known in France, but English people read it more or less," I said, "and they would all understand the story of the beast being driven into the wilderness."

"You are mistaken. No one would know anything about it, and if I bought the picture it would be left on



EXPERIMENTAL DESIGNS FOR "ORIANA."

my hands. Now, we will see," replied the dealer. "My wife is an English lady, there is a friend of hers, an English girl, in the carriage with her, we will ask them up, you shall tell them the title; we will see. Do not say more."

The ladies were conducted into the room.

"Oh how pretty! what is it?" they asked.

"It is 'The Scapegoat,'" I said.

There was a pause. "Oh yes," they commented to one another, "it is a peculiar goat, you can see by the ears, they droop so."

The dealer then, nodding with a smile towards me, said to them, "It is in the wilderness."

The ladies: "Is that the wilderness now? Are you intending to introduce any others of the flock?" And so the dealer was proved to be right, and I had over-counted on the picture's intelligibility. To console Gambart for his disappointment at the unmarketableness of my picture, I introduced him to Halliday and his picture of "Measuring for the Wedding Ring," which he at once purchased. It was destined to achieve a great popularity; indeed, an English engraving and a German piracy gave it a transient European reputation.

The clergy avowed interest in my picture. I wished with all my heart their stipends had been large enough to enable them to become patrons.

While the picture representing "Azazel"¹ was being exhibited, the public accepted without demur the traditional interpretation put upon it of its being the unhappy bearer of the sins of others, and foredoomed to suffer. However, there was a school of theologians, with Spurgeon amongst them, who denounced the work as heretical in its signification; to them the goat should be the bearer of Heaven's blessings and represent the risen and glorified Saviour. Thoughtful readings of all the particulars connected with this sacrifice had led me to conclude that the common reading of the intention was more in accordance

¹ An alternative name for "scapegoat" in the Bible.

with the understanding of it at the time of Christ than that of these modern theologians, and that in this way the Apostles regarded it as a symbol of the Christian Church, thus teaching both them and their followers submission and patience under affliction. Jesus Christ had borne the sins of the Jewish people and had put to an end blood sacrifices for ever. He taught His disciples that the persecution He suffered would also follow them. His spirit had ascended to God, but His Church remained on earth subject to all the hatred of the unconverted world.

One important part of the ceremony was the binding a scarlet fillet around the head of this second goat when he was conducted away from the Temple, hooted at with execration, and stoned until he was lost to sight in the wilderness. The High Priest kept a portion of this scarlet fillet in the Temple, with the belief that it would become white if the corresponding fillet on the fugitive goat had done so, as a signal that the Almighty had forgiven their iniquities. The quotations from the Talmud which I gave in the catalogue preserve particulars of the manner in which this Israelitish rite was conducted at the date of Christ's ministry; that it was so conducted at a much earlier date is suggested by the passage in Isaiah: "Though your sins be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." The general tenor of the Epistles accords with the reading that the new Church was to endure evil when Christ had departed, just as the innocent goat did after the sacrifice of the first goat. This is more exactly conveyed in the symbol of St. John in the Book of Revelation, in which the Christian Church is represented by the woman bearing a child, confronted by the "Great Red Dragon" who strives to devour it; but the child being caught up into heaven, the woman takes flight into the wilderness, into which the dragon pursues her with a flood cast out of his mouth. The whole image is a perfect one of the persecution and trials borne by the Apostolic Church, and perhaps by the Church, as subtly understood, to this day; and it can scarcely be doubted that the driving

away of the Scapegoat into the wilderness, pursued by a flood of execrations, was a type in the evangelist's mind when he wrote the Apocalypse. Of necessity there must ever be a limit in such comparisons. The repetition of the ceremony year by year was relied upon to explain the undying atonement brought to the Jewish people by the vicarious expiation wrought by the sin-laden goat when driven into the wilderness.

The following quotations will show in what temper the press was disposed to encourage the art patrons of the day to welcome my picture :—

Mr. Holman Hunt's picture of the "Scapegoat" is disappointing, although there is no doubt much power in it. The distance is given well, the colour is very good, the mountains are lovingly painted; in the eye of the Scapegoat, too, as it comes to drink of the waters of the Dead Sea, there is a profound feeling, but altogether the scene is not impressive, and were it not for the title annexed it would be rather difficult to divine the nature of the subject. A much more successful work of Pre-Raphaelite art is one near it by a young artist named Burton, etc. etc.—*Times*, May 3, 1856.

At the R.A. Banquet the picture which perhaps arrested the most general attention was Mr. Hunt's "Scapegoat," the scene of which is taken from Oosdoom, on the margin of the salt-incrusted shallows of the Dead Sea, and has the massive mountain range of Edom as a background. The power with which the artist has succeeded in conveying on his canvas the awful sense of desolation consonant with this fine Scripture subject was the theme of eloquent eulogy on the part of more than one member of the Episcopal bench. The impression produced on other beholders by this striking work, however complimentary to the skill of the painter, did not repress the lively wit of a very distinguished legislator who excited some merriment by his good-humoured *bon mot* suggested by the recollections of a recent Parliamentary debate, that Mr. Hunt's picture was an excellent portrait of Lord Strafford de Redcliffe.—*Times*, May 5, 1856.

The Pre-Raphaelites are few in number, are not much more than usually schismatic, and aim more at breadth than even finish.

"The Scapegoat" (398), by Mr. Hunt, is a picture from which much has been expected, not merely from the original feeling of

the painter, but from its being a Scripture subject, and one the scene of which is laid in a spot of prophetic and awful desolation, where it was actually painted. It was one of Wilkie's theories that Scripture scenes should be painted in the Holy Land, a theory which Raphael and some others are quite sufficient to disprove. We do not, however, find fault with the desires of realisation which at the present day, either from a wish for novelty or from a tendency to idealised materialism, is grown almost a passion with our young artists and poets. The question is simply this, here is a dying goat which as a mere goat has no more interest for us than the sheep that furnished our yesterday's dinner; but it is a type of the Saviour, says Mr. Hunt, and quotes the Talmud. Here we join issue, for it is impossible to paint a goat, though its eyes were upturned with human passion, that could explain any allegory or hidden type. The picture, allowing this then, may be called a solemn, sternly painted representation of a grand historical scene (predominant colours purple and yellow), with an appropriate animal in the foreground. We shudder, however, in anticipation at the dreamy fantasies and the deep allegories which will be deduced from this figure of a goat in difficulties. . . . Though not swept in very boldly, brute grief was never more powerfully expressed. We need no bishops to tell us that the scene is eminently solemn. . . . Still the goat is but a goat, and we have no right to consider it an allegorical animal of which it can bear no external marks. Of course the salt may be sin and the sea sorrow, and the clouds eternal rebukings of pride, and so on, but we might spin these fancies from anything, from an old wall, a centaur's beard, or a green duck pool. For delicacy of detail we should mention the love of painting displayed in the clefts of the mountains which are photographically studied. Though the effects are strong, with the green water and yellow sky, we do not quarrel with them because they are probably strictly true to the scene, however strange and apparently unnatural.—*Athenæum*, 1856, p. 589.

No. 398, "The Scapegoat," by W. H. Hunt. This work has been placed prominently before the public on the line, and the painter, as one of the Pre-Raphaelite brethren, has attracted some share of public interest. It will be necessary to inquire into the merits of the work. The scene, we are told, was painted at Oosdoom on the margin of the salt-incrusted shallows of the Dead Sea, and the mountains closing the horizon are those of Edom. The subject of the picture is simply a white goat wandering exhausted and thirsty amid the salt deposit on the shore. . . . The animal is an extremely forbidding specimen of the capriform-

ous races, and does not seem formed to save its life by a flight of a hundred yards. If narrative and perspicuity be of any value in art, these qualities are entirely ignored here. There is nothing allusive to the ceremony of the Atonement, save the fillet of wool on the goat's horns, and this is not sufficiently important to reveal the story of the scapegoat. There is nothing to connect the picture with sacred history. There is no statement, no version of any given fact; a goat is here, and that is all. The ceremonies to which it is intended to refer, but does not, must be read in the Talmud. Had the picture been exhibited as affording a specimen of a certain kind of goat from the hair of which the Edomites manufactured a very superb shawl fabric, there is nothing in the work to gainsay this. It might be hung in the Museum of the Zoological Gardens as a portrait of an animal that lived happily and died lamented. There is nothing in the work to contradict it. The artist went to the Dead Sea to paint the scene, but there is nothing there so red and blue as the mountains of Edom. The only point in the picture that has any interest at all is the deposit of salt. This is interesting if the representation is true; for ourselves we have often heard of this, but we have never seen anything like a truthful picture of it. The picture demands no more elaborate criticism than this, notwithstanding it attracts scores of gazers. It is useless for any good purpose, meaning nothing, and therefore teaching nothing, although it exhibits large capabilities idly or perniciously wasted.—*Art Journal*, 1856, p. 170.

Mr. Millais must have been staying at the village which Goldsmith immortalises as "Sweet *Auburn*, loveliest village of the *plain*," for plain people with red hair seem this year his idiosyncrasy. About all his pictures there is a red-haired inflammatory atmosphere very eccentric and unpleasing. Though true to texture, his drawing is now frequently coarse and careless, his colour treacly and harsh, and his shadows are heavy and disturbed. As usual he displays powers of original and poetical thought, but does not resort to violent contrasts or forced situations. He paints as if in defiance of his opponents much broader, and attempts to hit the popular tastes by selecting subjects of the day, one picture being a war scene, and another referring to the peace.

His best and most original personation, his smallest and least cared for, is entitled "The Child of the Regiment" (553). . . . Very exquisite is this little gem of a thought. Would that we could say as much of that disagreeable pretentious "Peace Concluded" (200). The thought in this is commonplace. . . . "The Blind Girl" (586) is another study of red hair, and really

coming after the "Rest," rather excites our gall. . . . We must protest, however, against sweetmeat rainbows of lollipop colours, raw green fields, and lace-up boots ostentatiously large. . . . "The Cavalier and Puritan" (413) by Mr. Burton is the most remarkable Pre-Raphaelite picture in this year's Exhibition. . . . This is distinctly a step forward with Pre-Raphaelitism, because it is a combination of Dutch detail and Italian breadth in a modern poetical subject of the painter's own invention, and one of universal passion and interest.—*Athenæum*, 1856, p. 590.

The Pre-Raphaelites deserve to be noticed by themselves. Millais contributes several works of very various merit. The best is "Autumn Leaves"—girls burning these leaves—and here may at once be seen the advance made in his style. Compare the leaves with the straw in the ark of several years ago. There every straw was painted with a minuteness which it was painful to follow. Here the leaves are given with great truth and force, but the treatment is much more general and the work more vapid. Throughout all his works the same increasing insipidity of touch may be seen; but in all of them will not be seen colour as good as in this work or expression so true. All his subjects this year are children, and he has caught their little ways and looks with wonderful ease. The "Portrait of a Gentleman" is capital, "The Blind Girl" is painful, "The Child of the Regiment" is sweet, the "Peace" is very bad and very good. The textures here are rendered with great skill, the children, too, are very life-like—the right arm of the girl in black, the dog too is good, with its one eye turning to look at the spectator, but the principal figures are very bad, and the whole meaning poor. The symbols of the lion and the bear, and so forth, are very puerile. The lady is holding on we know not how, and the gentleman is shaking her hand we know not why.—*Times*, May 3, 1856.

Millais' pictures all attracted great attention, and Ruskin in his *Notes* praised "Peace" beyond limit.

My "Scapegoat" began its new career in a gratifying place on the line. At the Royal Academy it was whispered there had been great opposition to this favourable treatment, but Mr. Cope, who was on the Council, generously championed the picture, and would not yield to any proposal on the part of its detractors that it should be put up high. This being a secret, I was never able to thank

my good protector. The price of the picture was 450 guineas, with copyright reserved. From the first it won great attention, on the opening day many members and amateurs manifested their interest in the scene and in the subject, but no one offered to buy it. After a month Sir Robert Peel wrote to me saying that he would give me £250 for it, and that it should be hung in his gallery pendant to a picture by Landseer ; but the reader will understand how impossible it would have been for me to go on living on such a system of business as that on which my acceptance of the terms would have been based.

