SHAKESPEARE IN ART

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By

Sadakichi Hartmann

Author of "Japanese Art," "A History of American Art," etc.

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PREFACE.

To study several thousand paintings and illustrations, and to select those which, for one reason or another, deserve special mention, is, however fascinating a pastime, a dangerous affair for the critic. And I would never have undertaken the task, had I not been specially prepared for it at the very start.

During my student days in Philadelphia, I happened to associate with a clan of enthusiasts, who, often enough in want of more substantial food, dined and supped on Shakespearean thought, and who published a little monthly magazine, entitled *Shakespeareana* devoted entirely to textual, æsthetic, and biographical criticism.

At that time, some fifteen years ago, I first realised how interesting and valuable a collection of reproductions of all paintings and drawings in illustration of Shakespeare might prove to be, and I resolved, should I ever be in the position to indulge in such luxury, to start a collection.

Yet fortune was never thrust upon me to that extent, and I could merely continue my studies in that direction, without owning the objects of my interest. When, finally, opportunity offered itself to write a book on "Shakespeare in Art," I gladly seized it, as I had been all my life somewhat of an art critic, and thoroughly acquainted with the subject. The result is shown in this book, for which I claim nothing but the merits of compilation.

I owe special thanks to those librarians, art dealers, and print collectors who have kindly assisted me with their knowledge and experience, and to those persons who

have courteously replied to the many inquiries that I have addressed to them orally or by letter.

SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

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THE SHAKESPEAREAN PORTRAITS.

WHEN Thomas Gainsborough, the painter of the famous "Blue Boy," had finished a full-length portrait of David Garrick, the idol of London theatregoers during the reign of George III., it so pleased the actor that he begged the artist to paint an ideal portrait of Shakespeare for the Shakespeare jubilee, which he meant to celebrate at Stratford-on-Avon in May, 1769.

Garrick was very much ridiculed for his ideas of thus immortalising the immortal.

The poet Gray called it "Vanity Fair;" Foote, one of his colleagues, made the greatest fun of it; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, the eminent portraitist and president of the London Academy, would have nothing to do with it. Gainsborough seems to have entered at first rather heartily into the idea of it, and set to work, to quote his own words, to make a portrait of the bard which "should take the form from his pictures and statues, just enough to preserve his likeness, past the doubt of all blockheads, at first sight, and supply a soul from his works."

He seems to have realised the "form" easily enough, but — the soul was wanting; and in one of his very few extant letters, Gainsborough writes despairingly to Garrick:

"I doubt I stand accused (if not accursed) all this time for my neglect in not going to Stratford, and giving you a line from thence as I promised;

but what can one do such weather as this — continual raining? My genius is so damped by it, that I can do nothing to please me. I have been several days rubbing in and rubbing out my design of Shakespeare, and hang me, if I think I shall let it go, or let you see it at last. I was willing, like an ass as I am, to expose myself a little out of the simple portrait way, and had a notion of showing where that inimitable poet had his ideas from, by an immediate ray darting down upon his eye turned up for the purpose; but, confound it, I can make nothing of my ideas — there has been such a fall of rain from the same quarter. You shall not see it, for I will cut it before you can come. Tell me, dear sir, when you purpose coming to Bath, that I may be quick enough in my motions. Shakespeare's bust is a silly, smiling thing; and I have not sense enough to make him more sensible in the picture, and so I tell ye, you shall not see it. I must make a plain picture of him standing erect, and give it an old look, as if it had been painted at the time he lived; and there we shall fling 'em. I am, dear sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

"THOS. GAINSBOROUGH."

In another letter, Gainsborough writes "that Shakespeare shall come forthwith;"

but the portrait seems never to have been finished, and there is no evidence of its ever having been seen by any one but the artist himself.

It may be safely said that the world is not much the loser by this failure, and that Shakespearean scholars do not need to regret it overmuch. Undoubtedly it would have been interesting, for few Englishmen have handled the brush with as much elegance and dexterity as Gainsborough, but, after all, it would have remained an "ideal" portrait, an attempt at a posthumous likeness, which in no way could have solved the mystery of Shakespeare's appearance.

John Aubrey, the English topographer and antiquary, reported that Shakespeare was "a handsome, well-shap't man," but no portrait exists which can be said with absolute certainty to have been executed during his lifetime. This is the more

strange, since good pictures of all his contemporary art colleagues, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Spenser, are extant. Only two of the extant portraits of Shakespeare are positively known to have been produced within a short period after his death. Moreover, they are all inartistic productions of second-rate artists, which, aside from the interest of possibly representing the bard of Avon, offer little æsthetic pleasure to the connoisseur. Not even the monumental bust near "the American window" in the Stratford church can be esteemed a work of art. It is coarse and clumsy, and evidently was not the production of one who could appreciate the poet.

The notorious William Henry Ireland, one of the cleverest forgers bibliomania ever produced, was not the only one who made a business of fabricating soiled, mutilated, and time-stained drawings. There

lived in London at the beginning of this century a German picture restorer, by the name of Zinck, who was exceedingly active in forging Shakespearean portraits, and who, more fortunate than Ireland, escaped incarceration.

Many other examples of such misdirected skill have become known, and it is more difficult than ever to sift the wheat from the chaff. The world of to-day is full of spurious Shakespeare images. The late Augustin Daly, for instance, who had one of the most complete collections of Shakespearean portraits, — nearly a thousand prints, which embraced selected impressions from the earliest to those of our times, excepting the first issue of the Droeshout portrait and the original of the Marshall print, — owned such a portrait. It was believed to be by an Italian artist, and was called the Cosway Portrait, as it came from the celebrated collection made

by Cosway, Stratford Place, and was sold at his sale, which took place soon after his death in 1821. It was exhibited at Stratford-on-Avon in 1864, and is mentioned in Wivell's "Portraits of Shakespeare," published about fifty years ago, and in Hain Friswell's "Life Portraits of Shakespeare," published in 1864, and yet at the very best it is nothing but an interesting curiosity. The same can be said of the one in the Boston Art Museum.

By far more interesting is the effort of Ford Madox Brown, the Preraphaelite painter whom Ruskin has lauded to the skies. He accomplished that which Gainsborough failed to do, namely, the production of an admirably composed picture; but the face is, after all, nothing but a facsimile of the Stratford bust, painted with taste and ability. The picture is a three-quarter figure of the bard, habited in a slashed doublet and gown of sombre hue,

represented standing at his writing-desk whereon appear various time-honoured volumes which he is known to have used as material in the construction of his dramas.

There exist several other ideal pictures of the bard, with still less claim to artistic recognition, for instance, that of Chappel, a full-figure effigy, rather effeminate and pretty looking, seated at a table with a book in his hand and a dog at his feet.

The "William Shakespeare," by P. Krämer (an artist who made a specialty of painting ideal portraits of celebrities), lacks force and individuality, it is merely picturesque. Such a man as he portrays could never have created universal types of humanity like Hamlet and Falstaff.

One of the most satisfactory pictures of Shakespeare I have ever seen is a lithograph portrait, a most extraordinary example of printing in colours, executed in the establishment of Vincent Brooks,

SANT. — SHAKESPEARE AS A BOY OF TWELVE.

London, some thirty years ago. The authenticity of the portrait from which the print was taken, as a veritable one of the immortal bard, I do not undertake to warrant, but the lithograph, as a successful imitation of an old painting, is truly wonderful. I believe that if it were mounted upon a piece of dirty canvas, and put into a worm-eaten frame, it would puzzle half the connoisseurs of Europe to distinguish it from an actual ancient picture in oil; faded colour, dirt, and cracks are copied to perfection.

J. Sant painted a delightful imaginative picture of "Shakespeare as a Boy of Twelve" in those days when he, "a whining schoolboy, with his satchel, and shining morning face, crept like snail unwillingly" to the grammar school in Church Street, and sat at the old desk, in quest of his "small Latin and less Greek," which desk, with other relics, is

now on exhibition at the Henley Street house.

Also scenes of Shakespeare's life have been depicted. Ed. Ender and Heinrich Schlimartzki, a pupil of Hans Makart, depicted "Shakespeare at the Court of Elizabeth," on large canvases. They are, however, nothing but theatrical representations of an audience which a sovereign might give to a poet laureate. The first is in particular insipid; the latter has at least the merit of being well painted, but his love for accessories induced the painter to change the court of Elizabeth into an Italian palace of the Renaissance, with a lavish display of drapery, statuary, and marble columns.

By far more justice has been done to the poet in those large mural paintings which depict the representative men of certain historical periods, as, for instance, Wilhelm von Kaulbach in his "Reforma-

FAED. — SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FRIENDS.

tion Times," which contains a very good portrait of the bard, and Delaroche in his "Hémicycle" at the École des Beaux Arts, introducing seventy-four figures.

We find another attempt at the Gymnasium at Bromberg, Germany, by O. Brausewetter, in an elaborate composition entitled, "Age of the Humanitarians." The Shakespeare window in Harvard College also deserves mention. Lack of space, however, makes it impossible to mention all endeavours of this kind. A few must suffice.

John Faed, an American, attempted to paint "Shakespeare and His Friends," one of the well-known pictures of the Corcoran Art Gallery, in which a group of statesmen and authors, frequenters of the Mermaid Tavern, such as John Lyly, George Chapman, John Florio, Michael Drayton, Samuel Daniel, John Marston, Thos. Nash, and Ben Jonson, are gathered

around Shakespeare. This picture is sadly afflicted with sentimental idealism.

Quite recently, Bryan Shaw, a young English painter, deep in the symbolistic movement, improvised an exquisite full-length figure of Shakespeare from the Droeshout engraving in his "Love as Conqueror," where a procession of famous personages, led by Helen of Troy, is reviewed by Cupid, mounted on a black charger.

But all such pictures, pleasant to look at, and perhaps of some charm to the ordinary observer, can give but little satisfaction to those Shakespearean scholars who are bent upon a profounder knowledge of the subject. Those who wish to enter the study more seriously must turn to those dozen or more pictures which have some claim to authenticity, and have furnished material for the most ardent controversies.

At the very start, however, I must confess, that, although the study of these may be interesting, it will be hardly more profitable. Let us, nevertheless, examine the much-disputed Shakespearean portraits, one by one, and see how far they can aid us to form an accurate idea of the poet.

Every one in quest of Shakespearean associations will not fail to make a pilgrimage to cross-shaped Stratford town. The visit will be delightful in many respects. You will walk through High Street, and pause at the grammar school, the Red Horse Tavern, and what was New Place, where the house stood in which Shakespeare died; you will visit the house in Henley Street, where Shakespeare was born; you will try to decipher Edmund Kean's and other actors' names on the "Actor's Pillar," as one side of the chimney piece has been called; and you will receive at parting from the custodians of

the house, in case you are a favoured visitor, as William Winter relates, all the flowers, prettily mounted upon a sheet of paper, that poor Ophelia names, in the scene of her madness: "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts: there's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue for you: there's a daisy — I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died."

But of Shakespearean portraits, you will find but two: the "Monumental Bust," and the "Stratford Portrait." The monumental bust, erected on the north side of the chancel in the Church of the Holy Trinity at Stratford, is a half-length effigy of the poet; it was originally coloured to resemble life, a circumstance which renders this bust peculiarly interesting. According to descriptions, the eyes were painted a light hazel, the hair and beard

auburn, and the hands and face flesh-colour; the doublet or coat was scarlet, and covered with a loose black gown, without sleeves. The upper part of the cushion was green, the under part crimson, and the tassels gilt. In the year 1793 Mr. Malone, ill-advised, caused the bust to be covered over with one or more coats of white paint, thereby destroying one of its chief points of value. Many years after, Mr. Collins, a picture restorer of New Bond Street, was employed to remove the white paint. He did this by immersing the bust in a carefully prepared bath, and it is said that the old colours reappeared, and very little retouching was found to be necessary in the course of restoring it to its present state. The colours are distinct, but have no appearance of newness or freshness.

The original stone pen, which is represented in early prints of the bust, in the

poet's right hand, is now no longer in existence. About one hundred years ago, a young Oxonian, while, visiting Doctor Davenport, the Vicar of Stratford, went to see the monument; in a moment of folly and presumption the young man took the pen from the poet's hand, and while trifling with it, let it fall, and it was shivered to atoms. A quill pen now generally occupies its place.

The monumental bust was executed sometime previous to the year 1623, we may be quite sure, for Leonard Diggs, in a poem prefixed to the Shakespeare folio of that date, refers to it thus:

"Shakespeare at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works by which outlive
Thy Tombe, thy name must when that stone is rent,
And lime disolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still."

Who the sculptor was cannot be decided with certainty. In Dugdale's Diary,

dated 1853, it is recorded that "the monument was made by Gerard Johnson." Of this Gerard Johnson, it is reported that he was "a tomb-maker, born at Amsterdam," and "a twenty-six years' resident in England, probably in London."

It has been suggested that the artist, or rather the tomb-maker, worked from a cast of the features, taken after death. This is highly probable; it was a very common practice at that period, when monumental effigies were so general, and it is easy to believe that the sculptor, whoever he was, never saw Shakespeare alive. He was, without doubt, assisted by the verbal directions of the poet's surviving relatives, especially his two daughters and Doctor Hall. In obedience to their suggestions, he probably endeavoured to give that cheerful and good-natured expression which characterises the monument, but which the cast would scarcely have shown. The char-

acter of the eyelids and the form of the eyes are rather vague and unexpressed, probably because the sculptor had only the closed eyes of the death-mask as his authority.

The features of the Kesselstadt death-mask are singularly attractive, but the evidence which would identify them with Shakespeare is not complete. It was discovered by Dr. Ludwig Becker, librarian at the ducal palace at Darmstadt, in a rag-shop at Mayence in 1849. The features resemble those of an alleged portrait of Shakespeare (dated 1637) which Doctor Becker purchased in 1847. This picture has long been in the possession of the family of Count Francis von Kesselstadt, of Mayence, who died in 1843. Doctor Becker brought the mask and the picture to England in 1849, and Richard Owen supported the theory that the mask was taken from Shakespeare's face after death,

and was the foundation of the bust in Stratford church.

Equally conflicting are the opinions about the "Stratford Portrait" displayed at Shakespeare's house in a small apartment opposite the bedchamber. In this picture Shakespeare looks like a bon-vivant, — one of those young Englishmen of leisure, dressed in silk or ash-coloured velvet, and with gold lace on his cloak, who in the comedies appear under the names of Mercutio and Benedick, Gratiano and Lorenzo, and who made pleasure their sole pursuit through the whole of the London day.

It resembles somewhat the bust, and is, perhaps, copied from it, by a not very superior artist, some hundred years ago. There is a kind and gentle expression on the well-formed face, but it has no power or force of character. The eyelids show not much individuality, though they are

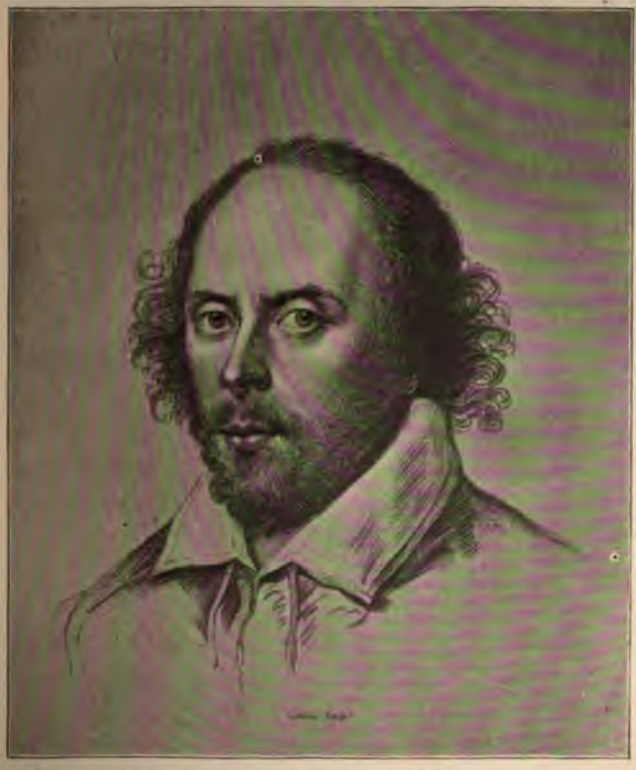
better formed than those in the bust. The dress, the attitude, the tints, everything in the picture, is identical with the bust; the very fall of the locks of hair and the folds in the dress are the same.

With some other old paintings this canvas had passed into the possession of the Hunt family. One of its members happened to show it to Mr. Collins, the artist who had restored to the Stratford bust its original tints. Notwithstanding the thick veil of dirt and damp which obscured the picture, Mr. Collins at once perceived that it had been painted over, and suggested that a valuable portrait might be concealed beneath. He cleaned away a large beard and a pair of fierce moustaches, etc., and this unexpected portrait of William Shakespeare appeared. It was carefully cleaned, and Mr. Hunt presented it to the town of Stratford, to be deposited in the house of the poet in Henley Street. It is

enshrined in a case made of a portion of the waste wood which formed part of the old structure of Shakespeare's house. The picture is solidly painted; the flesh-tints have the unfortunate "salmon colour" we so often see about Hudson's works; the slashes in the doublet are indicated rather than drawn, — represented, in fact, by crude twisted lines, as if copied without being understood. Now an artist of the Shakespearean era invariably painted the dress clearly and consciously, most frequently with as much care as he bestowed on the features. The features, too, were generally delicately, if not thinly, painted. The heavy solidity of this picture, and its crude boldness of touch, are not characteristics of that age, but are abundantly so of the works of the early part of the eighteenth century. The common trick of bringing a dark shadow to relieve the light side of a beard, and then allowing

the background to become suddenly light against the dark side of the face, is also a common, unmeaning, and tradesmanlike practice, adopted generally by ordinary portrait-painters of a comparatively modern time.

The most popular portrait is the so-called Chandos picture. There have been some very violent disputes about the merits of this work and its claims to authenticity. The general character of the face is not English, but rather of an Oriental, Jewish type, the complexion is sombre, the hair curly, and the lips are pouting and sensuous. And what is most curious, Shakespeare is wearing ear-rings. This, however, was the custom of the time; his patrons and friends, Raleigh, Southampton, and Charles I. also wore them. The forehead is noble, however. It has been asserted that this picture was painted expressly for Sir Thomas



CHANDOS PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.

marr
Duke o
of Buckingh

Charges, and is the portrait of a young man who was thought by him to resemble the poet. Others consider it to be a representation of Shakespeare's make-up as Shylock.

The Chandos picture was presented to the National Portrait Gallery in 1856, by the Earl of Ellesmere, who purchased it at the Stowe sale, in September, 1848, for 355 guineas. Its history, which is written on a paper attached to the back of the picture, is as follows:

"The Chandos Shakespeare was the property of John Taylor, the player, by whom, or by Richard Burbage, it was painted. The picture was left by the former in his will to Sir William Davenant. After his death it was bought by Betterton, the actor, upon whose decease Mr. Keck, of the Temple, purchased it for forty guineas, from whom it was inherited by Mr. Nicholls, of Michenden House, Southgate, Middlesex, whose only daughter married James, Marquis of Caernarvon, afterward Duke of Chandos, father to Anna Eliza, Duchess of Buckingham."

The Duke of Buckingham's seal is affixed to this. The real history of this picture begins when we find it in the possession of Betterton the actor. There is no doubt that it was then copied by Sir Godfrey Kneller, as a present to Dryden, who acknowledged the gift in a few beautiful lines. After Betterton's death, in 1710, the picture was purchased by Mrs. Barry, the actress, who sold it to the above-mentioned Mr. Robert Keck. G. Steevens, a Shakespearean scholar of that time, nicknamed it (in allusion to the persons whose hands it passed through) "the Davenantico-Bettertono-Barran-Keckian-Nicholsian-Chandosian canvas." An excellent etching of this picture was made about ten years ago by Leopold Flameng.

The so-called Jansen or Janssens portrait, which belongs to Lady Gwendolen Ramsden, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, is the only one which is fairly well

JANSEN PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.

painted, and represents a refined, handsome, intellectual, thoughtful man, not unlike the Droeshout print, in rich lace collar and velvet doublet, — such courtly dress as befitted the gentlemen of Elizabeth's or James's reign; in the right-hand corner of this picture we can discern the numbers, 56–1610, supposed to indicate the age of the poet and the date of painting. If Cornelius Jansen was really the painter of this picture, and at this time, he must have been a very young man, for he died in 1685, and did not come to England before Shakespeare's death. It was first identified about 1770. The picture has some value as a work of art, and has been regarded as a genuine portrait by many lovers of Shakespeare.

The Lumley Portrait, which bears a considerable resemblance to the Stratford monument, was sold at a sale of pictures at Lumley Castle in 1785, and is said to

have been one of a collection of portraits of illustrious Englishmen made by Lord John Lumley, a contemporary of Shakespeare.

The Felton Portrait, a small head on a panel, with a high and very bald forehead, resembling somewhat a country vicar, has belonged since 1873 to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Its authenticity was once strongly advocated by Steevens, who considered it the original picture from which Droeshout made his engraving. The portrait first made its appearance by being announced for sale in the catalogue of the European Museum, in King Street, St. James's Square, in 1792, wherein it was described as "a curious portrait of Shakespeare, painted in 1597." Mr. Felton gave five guineas for it, and, wishing to be acquainted with its history, wrote to the conductor of the museum, who gave an indefinite account of its being

purchased out of an old house, known by the sign of The Boar, in East Cheap, the resort of Shakespeare and his friends. Fuseli declared it to be the work of a Dutch artist, but the painters Romney and Lawrence regarded it as of English workmanship of the sixteenth century. This portrait has no advocates now with regard to its genuineness, but it is greatly admired by many, and must have been the work of a clever artist. It appears to be the result of an idealised study of the Droeshout print. The forehead is somewhat exaggerated in height, the eyes are full of thought, and the eyelids carefully drawn, but the head is altogether that of a man much older than Shakespeare was in 1597, the year assigned to the picture.

A painting by Zucchero, having on the back the word "Guglielm," had a temporary popularity; but it was ascertained that Zucchero quitted England when the

poet was a youth and quite unknown to fame.

The Soest or Zoust Portrait is only on fanciful grounds identified with the poet. Soest was born twenty-one years after Shakespeare's death.

A well-executed miniature by Nicholas Hilliard was preserved in the Somerville family, and regarded as a portrait of Shakespeare, but it much more resembles a courtier than a poet. Another miniature, called the Auriol Portrait, of doubtful authenticity, formerly belonged to Mr. Lumsden Propert, and a third can be found at Warwick Castle.

This ends the list, excepting for the portraits in sculpture, and the Droeshout engraving, which will be discussed at the end of the chapter. We see that all are more or less ideal portraits, and that Friswell was right when he said that in Garrard's picture, Procession of Queen

Elizabeth to Hunsdonhouse, we can find at least six courtiers who have the straight nose, bald forehead, and pointed beard, which were supposed to be characteristics of Shakespeare.

If one looks at all these portraits, one after the other, one gets invariably the same impression, an impression which is verified by the experiment of Mr. Walter Rogers Furness, who published in 1885, at Philadelphia, a composite portrait, combining the Droeshout engraving and the Stratford bust with the Chandos, Jansen, Felton, and Stratford portraits.

You will perceive in all of them a tremendous high forehead, denoting the calmness of intelligent observation; an extremely long nose with a straight bridge, its length equal to that of the mighty forehead; and a full mouth, suggesting manly courage, somewhat rough, if you like, but firm and sincere. On closer scrutiny, you will also

note the delicate curve of the eyebrows, and the free space between them, and the well-rounded cheeks, broken by those slight traces and gentle indulations with which experience and ingenuity intersect the human face. The upper lip, which projects a little, is a distinct mark of goodness, while the chin, which, in profile, is in a perpendicular line with the under lip, inspires one with confidence. But above all else, it is the nose which startles the physiognomist, — such length and such straightness can only be found again in marble statues of Greek goddesses. It is a veritable *honestamentum faciei* (embellishment of the face), as the Roman writers used to call such noses. All the features, considered together, announce a soul impassioned with exquisite sensibility, calm penetration, and robust force.

In looking at them we begin to realise the truth and beauty of Dryden's eulogy,

which, in an age of unparalleled frivolity and dissipation, proclaimed Shakespeare as "the man, who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but quickly; when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him of having wanted learning, give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacle of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there."

Should we desire, however, to see all these qualities, as far as possible, in one picture, we must turn to the Droeshout engraving, which is indisputably the most satisfactory, if not authentic, portrait of all of them, even if it should be true that it represents Shakespeare in the part of

"Old Knowell" in Ben Jonson's comedy "Every Man in His Humour." It must be regarded as a sort of family record, as a memorial raised by the affection and esteem of his relations, to keep alive contemporary admiration, and to excite the glow of enthusiasm in posterity.

It was published, in 1623, on the title-page of the first folio edition. Under the portrait at the corner of the plate are the words, "Martin Droeshout, Sculptist, London." It was engraved not less than fourteen times, with slight variations, during the fifty years which followed the poet's death.

Of these copies the most important are one, reduced, by Marshall, prefixed to "Shakespeare's Poems," and another, engraved about the size of a pea, with a wreath of laurel around the head, introduced in a frontispiece to "'Wit' Interpreter, of the 'New Parnassus,'" 1655.

The expression of the countenance, although crudely rendered, and not very lifelike, is distinctive in character. The face is long and the forehead high; the top of the head is bald, but the hair falls in abundance over the ears. There is a scanty moustache combed upwards, and a thin tuft under the lower lip. A stiff and wide collar is closely buttoned and elaborately bordered, especially at the shoulders. The dimensions of the head and face are disproportionately large as compared with those of the body. It bears a considerable resemblance to the monumental bust, but it indicates rather an earlier period of the poet's life, as the forehead is smooth, the eyebrows without marks, and the hair profuse in curls. Again, the moustache and imperial, very important features in the bust, are very slightly indicated in the print.

The origin of the picture is mere conjecture. It might have been sketched on the plate from life by Droeshout himself, and then engraved, as it is much inferior, in point of delicacy of execution, to those of his works which are known to have been engraved from carefully finished pictures by experienced artists. If he did not make the sketch himself, it was most likely done by some inferior artist.

As the costume is theatrical, the idea that the engraving may have been copied from a picture, painted in a leisure hour behind the scenes, has been repeatedly suggested. Two of Shakespeare's fellow actors, as mentioned before in this chapter, namely, Joseph Taylor and Richard Burbage, are known to have been amateur artists, a painting by the latter, a portrait of himself, displaying but little artistic skill, being found at Dulwich College. At all events, the Droeshout por-

trait enjoyed the reputation of being a faithful likeness, at a time when the poet's features must still have been well remembered.

Most important for the truthfulness of this likeness is the testimony of Ben Jonson, although it does not do credit to his artistic discernment. If the engraving had not strikingly reflected the well-known features of the poet's face, it would have given no pleasure to Ben Jonson; and he could hardly have written so unqualified an approval of it as the following, especially since he knew that he was not only writing for posterity, but for readers who remembered Shakespeare well:

> "This figure, that thou here seest put,
> It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
> Wherein the Graver had a strife
> With nature, to outdo the life:
> O, could he but have drawn his wit
> As well in Brasse as he hath bit

His face: the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brasse.
But since he cannot, Reader look
Not on his picture, but his Book."

CHAPTER II.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN ILLUSTRATORS.

THE first folio of Shakespeare, which came from the press in 1623, seven years after the poet's death, is the first complete and authorised collection of Shakespeare's dramas, — complete with the one exception of "Pericles, Prince of Tyre." It is a handsomely printed volume, issued with all accompaniments which, according to the fashion of that age, could give éclat to such a literary monument of genius. In it appeared the Droeshout portrait, as described in the previous chapter. Thereupon followed the three folios, 1623, 1633–34, and 1685, whose value is now more than their weight in gold.

Since then some two hundred independent editions have been published in Great Britain and Ireland, and nearly one thousand editions of separate plays, among the first being the Pope (1725), Theobald (1733), Doctor Johnson (1765), Malone, and Sharpe's miniature edition (1800). Years passed, times changed, still one Shakespeare edition followed upon the other. Most of them, however, were not illustrated, and were even without a portrait of the author; a vignette, a head or tail piece was all the share the illustrator had in these editions.

The publisher, John Boydell, was the first to realise what an almost infinite variety of subjects the poetical and natural description offered for the pencil of the historical and genre painter. He organised in 1687 an extensive scheme for illustrating scenes in Shakespeare's work by the greatest living English

artists. For this truly gigantic enterprise, that stands unique in the history of Art, he ordered over three hundred pictures — many of large dimensions — in illustration of the various scenes, and the pencils of every painter of repute in the country were called into requisition. The artists whom Boydell employed included Sir Joshua Reynolds, George Romney, Thomas Stothard, John Opie, Benjamin West, James Barry, and Henry Fuseli. The pictures were exhibited from time to time, between 1789 and 1804, at a gallery especially built for the purpose in Pall Mall, afterward used by the British Institute.

In 1802 Boydell published a collection of engravings of the principal pictures. This is the best-known series of Shakespearean illustrations, reproductions of which have since appeared in numerous editions. Among the engravers we find

the foremost English exponents of the now so neglected art, including Caroline Watson, T. Ryder, Luigi Schiavonetti, Richard Earlom, a master in mezzotints, William Sharp, whose marvellous line-engraving of West's "King Lear" has scarcely been excelled, and F. Bartolozzi, the inventor of the superficial stippling method. Also, among the less known, we find many able men, like Robert Thew, C. G. Playter, Francis Legat, J. Caldwell, G. Sigmund, J. C. Facius, Peter Simon, Edward Scriven, William Leney, Thomas Hellyer, Benjamin Smith, J. P. Simon, S. Middiman, Thomas Burke, etc.

John Boydell is said to have spent more than £350,000 in carrying through his scheme. The painter, James Northcote, who treated historical subjects with a certain dignity and narrative ability, bears testimony to Boydell's noble and

West. — Heath Scene (*King Lear*).

generous treatment of artists in a letter to Mrs. Carey, October 3, 1821, in which he says: "My picture of 'The Death of Wat Tyler' was painted in the year 1786, for my friend and patron, Alderman Boydell, who did more for the advancement of the arts in England than the whole mass of the nobility put together! He paid me more nobly than any other person has done; and his memory I shall ever hold in reverence."

Considering the vast outlay, Boydell's enterprise can hardly be called successful from a modern painter's point of view. Only a few good pictures were the result, and one must admire more the idea which inspired the publisher than the actual achievement.

The three pictures which, in my opinion, have a lasting value, are the Platform Scene ("Hamlet," Act i. 4), by Henry Fuseli, the Heath Scene ("King Lear"),

by Benjamin West, and the Tower picture ("Richard III."), by James Northcote, depicting the moment when, on a winding staircase in the Tower, the corpses of the murdered sons of Edward IV. are handed down to their burial by Tyrrell, Dighton, and Forrest. In matters of composition this picture is, indeed, attractive even to the technique worshipping present-day students.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, England's *old master*, furnished a "Puck," "The Death of Cardinal Beaufort," and "Macbeth and the Witches." The first was one of the painter's numerous child-fancies, fitted to the character, at the request of Boydell, and is one of his most remarkable works; the others painted directly upon commission, and are not to be counted among his successes; indeed, Reynolds — who has given us so many remarkable examples of portraits as the "only true history,"

NORTHCOTE. — TOWER SCENE (*Richard III.*).

to wit: the Samuel Johnson of 1755, Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, and Mrs. Billington as St. Cecilia — displayed very little talent in historical painting proper.

Romney painted "Prospero and Miranda," "Cassandra Raving," and "The Infant Shakespeare," and the remarks upon the Reynolds apply almost equally well to this painter. Of their colleagues and contemporaries nearly every one should be mentioned, as there was hardly a painter of repute in England whose name could not be found in the catalogue of the Shakespeare Gallery. There were Robert Smirke (with twenty-six pictures); Richard Westall, with more talent as an illustrator than a painter (with twenty-two); William and Gavin Hamilton (with twenty-three); Angelica Kauffmann, — the first woman painter of note, — who painted a scene from the "Two Gentlemen of

Verona;" John Opie, the child prodigy, who began painting at ten, and executed excellent portraits at sixteen, but whose talent retrograded in later years; Thomas Kirk, one of the very few artists who have illustrated "Titus Andronicus;" Joseph Wright, a good landscapist, whose "Desert Place near the Sea" (in the "Winter's Tale") belongs to the best productions of the old school of landscape painting; Mather Brown, who very ably managed the Parliament Scene in "Richard II.," strangely overcrowded with richly costumed figures; Thomas Stothard, best known by his book illustrations, of which he made upwards of five thousand; Hon. A. S. Denver, who made several basso-relievos illustrating "Antony and Cleopatra;" Rev. W. Peters, James Barry, John Hoppner, Howard F. Wheatly, Joshua Boydell, Henry Tresham, J. F. Rigaud, F. Donovan, and William Hodges.

A glance through the list of names is sufficient for the conclusion that the effort was beyond the capabilities of the executants. The faculty of imaginative composition had too long lain dormant to be brought out in its highest phase, at the wish of one enthusiast. Really successful historical treatment did not come within the range of even Reynolds, Romney, Barry, Fuseli, Wright, and Opie, — the most capable of the list; Smirke possessed an undeniably humourous fancy, and Stothard, "the graceful," well merited the epithet, bestowed on him by Walter Thornbury; but the remainder, though good enough in book illustrations, small pictures of domestic genre, or "conversation pieces," and the sentimental allegories then in vogue, had neither the mind nor the training that such a task demanded.

Hence, in the light of its proposed intention, the enterprise cannot be regarded otherwise than as a failure. This Boydell realised himself. In the preface to the 1789 catalogue Boydell said: "In the progress of the fine arts, though foreigners have allowed our lately acquired superiority of engraving, and readily admitted the great talents of the principal painters, yet they have said, with some severity, and, I am sorry to say, with some truth, that the abilities of our best artists are chiefly employed in painting portraits of those who, in less than half a century, will be lost in oblivion. Historical painting is much neglected. To obviate this national reflection was, as I have already hinted, the principal cause of the present undertaking. Upon the merits of the pictures themselves, it is not for me to speak. I believe there never was a perfect picture in all the three great requi-

sites of composition, colouring, and design; it must not, therefore, be expected that such a phenomenon will be found here. This much, however, I will venture to say, that in every picture in the gallery there is something to be praised, and I hope sufficient marks of merit to justify the lovers of their country in holding out the fostering hand of encouragement to native genius."

Nevertheless, the enterprise was not wholly in vain, for it at least stimulated many painters to an honourable ambition, directed their attention to a wealthy mine of noble subjects, and suggested to patrons a worthy field in which they might encourage native workers. In this last sense it bore much fruit, and during the next few years many collectors set themselves to the encouragement of English masters. Though a real historical school never developed, the hard, struggling times

for the artist pursuing its path soon began to be a thing of the past. Thus Boydell's enterprise may after all be regarded as a healthy experience.

In 1804 Boydell obtained the permission of Parliament to dispose of his property by lottery. The twenty-two thousand tickets used for the lottery were all sold before the alderman's death (December 12, 1804), and the lottery was drawn on the following January 16. James Tassie, a modeller, was fortunate enough to obtain the principal prize, the Shakespeare Gallery, and sold off the pictures by auction, when they realised only one-tenth of the sum that had been expended upon them.

The pictures from the above collection were scattered through various private collections, and most of them are forgotten, not a few, probably, destroyed. The Puck is in Buckingham Palace.

FUSELI. — PLATFORM SCENE (*Hamlet*).

A Durne and a Hamilton, both very mediocre, are in the Soane Museum, and another Hamilton is at Kensington.

Numerous illustrated editions followed this venture. It would be impossible to mention them all, the more as most of them hardly challenge any art criticism. I mention a few that I have become personally acquainted with and which attracted me for one or another reason: The Thurston edition, with 230 wood-engravings, on India paper; the Pickering edition, the smallest one printed, very accurately set in diamond type, with thirty-eight engravings; another edition, with thirty-eight engravings after Stothard; the Wivell and the Fisher editions, with a number of plates; the Hewitt edition (1839–43), with one thousand wood-engravings from designs by Kenny Meadows; the Baudry edition (1872), with forty-two steel and thirty-eight wood en-

gravings; the Samuel Phelps edition, with coloured plate illustrations by Nicholson; the "rubricated" Lansdown edition, with thirty-seven steel plates; the Halliwell Folios, with copious facsimiles and elucidatory wood-engravings by F. W. Fairholt; and the Knight edition, profusely illustrated with views, costumes, and archæological drawings by W. Harvey.

The Scotchmen, Alexander and John Runciman, contemporaries of Fuseli, illustrated Shakespeare with great zest. Their pictures — several of which are in the Scottish National Gallery — have a tempestuous turn of imagination, and are painted in deep brown and dark blue tones. They expressed these impressions by effective notes of value and of movement, and though incorrect in drawing they were a relief from the tight, over-finished drawing of the old school, where insistence on detail reigned supreme.

The popular Bunbury Engravings, although not without humour at times, are so badly composed and drawn, so utterly without any artistic merit, that one best passes them in silence.

There have been only three great English illustrators of Shakespeare since Boydell: George Cruikshank, Sir John Gilbert, and Walter Crane. Putting aside the vast number of Cruikshank's earlier and political satires, which, notwithstanding the lapse of time, still fascinate us by the vigour with which they illustrate the men and manners of his time, I am induced to think that in the illustrations to Shakespeare, and in those to "Oliver Twist" we have the ripest fruits of Cruikshank's wit and pathos. A vast number of his satires, by their very nature, as well as the circumstance of their production, are hardly likely to last as the others which are in my mind. The designs to "Oliver

Twist" have often been described, but those to Shakespeare, called "The Life of Sir John Falstaff," published by Messrs. Longman and Co., in 1857, are less known, and yet, as it seems to me, are as worthy of admiration, if not even more worthy, than are most of Mr. Cruikshank's works. On one of these, called "The Last Scene in the Life of Sir John Falstaff" (2628), I made, several years ago, a few notes, which I trust may be still acceptable.

"There is an old man in the bed, his scanty, unhonoured hairs strewing the pillow; his face, not wholly in pain, or horror, or a stolid blankness, turned from the light as he 'babbled o' green fields.' One arm is over the sheets, the feet are stretched out. Mrs. Quickly, that fat, vain, but not unkindly woman, attests his death in the manner that we know. The faces are admirably given. Best of all is the figure of Bardolph, who stands

with his arms folded, shoulders up, labouring as with a sigh he was ashamed to own. Something of the ruffling strut is on him still, and yet some thought is evidently filling his besodden soul, a novel thought that moves this gross nature with doubts. And what a truth of observation is there in Nym's anxious, half-nervous way, sitting as he does with his hand clasping the arm of the chair, and looking on half curiously, half sadly, after having reverently bared his head. On the wall hangs a portrait of the prince; Falstaff's face is toward it."

It is useless disguising the fact, that most of us have more than a regard for Sir John Falstaff, and sincerely grieve at the death of Mrs. Quickly's patron. There is a tearful pathos in the gist of the knight's career, for the portrayal of which the English-speaking race owes Shakespeare more than it shall ever pay by

erecting statues. Falstaff's death is one of the wisest, as it is one of the most tender things man has conceived, or Shakespeare written. That Cruikshank should have represented this scene, feeling all this, and not in that miserable manner which makes men of feeling turn from a book illustrated in the modern fashion; but with all his laughter-moving "comicality," that halts between caricature and humour, is a fact not to be lightly overlooked in weighing his merits.

Cruikshank is master, practically, of a single method, but he employs that method with amazing elasticity. Entirely fortunate is it that Cruikshank, being English, turned for inspiration to no masters of design but those of his own country. It is a truism that that art is most valuable which is most racy of the soil; the art of Cruikshank gains much from the very fact that it is essentially

Anglo-Saxon, essentially the product of its native place.

Sir John Gilbert, although a painter of considerable ability, owes the greatness of his position in English art to his efforts as a black and white artist, especially as a draughtsman on wood; as a brilliant illustrator, his fame and name are, I believe, imperishable,—among artists, if not among the public. His remarkable fertility, only second to that of Doré, was due to rapidity not less than to industry, but there is no sign of haste in his drawings. They are often, no doubt, "sketchy," but no matter whether his task was the illustrating of a story-book or the Bible, of the Proverbs of Solomon or of Mackay's "Thames," of the works of Milton or of Shakespeare (Knight's and Staunton's edition, with many hundred pictures), there is nothing in them which

suggest that greater excellence would have been attained by greater deliberation. He thought out the subject with the point of his pencil. Besides, he had not much to study; he had stored his mind with a marvellous stock of knowledge of historical periods and costumes, of races and types of men, of figures and proportions, of architectural orders and styles, and facts of natural history, ornament and archæology, arms and decorations, — all the details which most artists have to "work up" when a subject is delivered to them; and as he rarely, if ever, made studies, — at least, for his illustrative work, — but drew direct upon the block, his working hours were every minute of them productive. His facility was as prodigious as his readiness and his memory. He "extemporised upon paper" with originality, verve, and brilliancy. He would make a full-page

drawing upon the block, while the messenger would pace the front of the house for an hour or so, or refresh himself in the kitchen.

Characterisation was never his strength; there is even a painful similarity in many of his faces, — his Juliet, Rosalind, and Miranda look very much alike; but he was equipped to state the numerous attitudes and movements of the human body, and his ability for grouping is of high quality. His marching and fighting soldiers are masterly, and his depiction — to mention only one instance — of the exit of the guard bearing off Antony's body ("Antony and Cleopatra," iv. 12) is a gem. Hundreds of such exquisite trifles are scattered throughout the work. And all his designs leave a serene and gracious impression on the mind.

Quite different is Walter Crane in his decorative designs for "The Tempest"

and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Walter Crane belongs to that class of men who deviate from the trodden paths and produce compositions which show a distinct departure from the commonplace of ordinary decoration. He is imbued with the spirit of the Pre-Raphaelites. His world of fantasy reveals ardent mysticism, but muffled, as it were, by the mists of his decorative dreams.

His delicate poems of slender, graceful forms, showing in rhythmic lines against placid backgrounds, lead into regions where realism never penetrates; into a period which lies even more remote than that of legendary tales, — a time which takes one back to old myths and war-songs, in the ages of the sagas. His peculiar style may be traced to many sources, but it is, at the same time, eminently personal. His illustration of Miranda's weal and woe and Falstaff's

adventures are idyllic and fanciful. The only shortcoming is that such decorative composition can in a certain sense hardly be called illustration, as the construction of the design is of more importance to the artist than the telling of the story. In variety of gracious line invention, in uncompromising grotesqueness, none can approach him. One should also remember that Walter Crane was among the first to produce books which are no less a pleasure to look at and handle than to read.

Among other Shakespeare illustrations, those of Sir Joseph Noël Paton, Owen Jones's coloured sketches for the "Winter's Tale" in the Pompeian style, the Tempest edition, illustrated by Birket Foster and Doré, and the "Midsummer Night's Dream," by R. A. Bell (London, 1895), characterised by a singular charm and most alluring grace, deserve credit.

The English art publication of "Shakespeare's Women" (1835), for which Heinrich Heine wrote his marvellous analysis, touching the highest points of poetic rapture and meditation, has become very rare. The plates, however, have been quite often reproduced. They are ably composed, without any serious attempt at characterisation; the handling of the steel-engraving is, on the average, quite masterly. They are all there: the proud, despotic Volumnia; the aristocratically indifferent Lady Capulet; the impulsive Constance; the impassioned Juliet; the melancholy Desdemona, and the persevering Imogen; the inhuman Margaret of Anjou; stern, beautiful Lady Macbeth; Hamlet's weak mother, who loves and fears her son; Mrs. Page, ever anxious that Anne should marry a learned court doctor; Juliet's garrulous nurse; Cordelia, taciturn, but a being to lean upon

with firm trust; the sensuous, capricious Cleopatra; gentle Lady Anne and vain, thoughtless Anna Bullen; Ophelia, dying of a broken heart; Miranda, on her desert isle, surrendering her heart at once; Helena of Athens and Helena of Narbonne, both pursuing a vagrant love; Silvia; the stately Portia, the wife to Brutus, and Portia, the wise and fair, of Venice; Julia the forsaken, winning in the end the worthless Proteus; Rosalind, who makes the forest of Arden resound with her frolic and fun; Viola, the shipwrecked maiden, who has fortunes thrust upon her at the Illyrian court, etc.

Only Tamora, magnificently vicious, like some Messalina of history, akin to Desdemona (but only in this instance) in her love for a Moor, the demoniacal Aaron, is missing. Heine expressed his special regrets at this omission, for, despite her cruelty and lust, she is one of the most

majestic creations of literature, highly characteristic of the first work of a young author.

The twenty-one heroines of Shakespeare, which the management of an illustrated weekly in London recently commissioned various leading English artists to paint, represented a similar, although far more pretentious enterprise. Only a few of these are entirely successful; for instance, Phil Morris's Audrey; and Sir Frederick Leighton's Desdemona, Helen of Troy, and Viola, an exquisite suggestion of fresh and attractive girlhood, — genuine English girlhood, curiously characteristic in its simplicity and dainty reserve. But the rest are all more or less wanting, — less in painter-like qualities than in the lack of appreciation and power to realise Shakespeare's ideals. The subjects are difficult, truly; but if the British Royal Academy cannot do

LEIGHTON. — VIOLA (*Twelfth Night*).

painter's justice to the British poet, who can?

A somewhat similar undertaking is that of the promoters of the "International Shakespeare," who have arranged with representative draughtsmen of England, America, France, and Germany, to illustrate separate plays of Shakespeare. For "Romeo and Juliet" and "Othello," Frank Dicksee has been selected; for "Henry IV.," Eduard Grützner; for "As You Like It," Emile Bayard; for "Twelfth Night," G. H. Boughton; and for "Henry VIII.," Sir James Linton, whose acquaintance with the costume and accessories of the period of bluff King Henry is unrivalled.

One of the latest efforts has been the illustrations of Gordon Brown to the Henry Irving Shakespeare. The artist has for some time been known as a draughtsman of great refinement and spirit, with a keen sense of the picturesque,

and endowed with unusual facility and delicacy of touch. To illustrate the various plays of Shakespeare with drawings from the pencil-point, even though they be comparatively unambitious in size and method, is an Herculean undertaking. His works show him, within a specified limit, as a "special artist" of resource, well-informed as to the archæology of his subject, and capable of entering into the spirit of his author. For all that, he not infrequently fails in fully realising character, and in producing the utmost effect from his design.

In America no less enthusiasm for Shakespeare has been manifested than in England. Editors and critics are hardly less numerous here, and some criticism from American pens, like that of James Russell Lowell, has reached the highest literary level. The Boston collection of Shakespeareana, in the Boston Public

Library, with its elaborate catalogue of twenty-five hundred entries, is one of the most valuable extant. And nowhere, perhaps, has more labour been devoted to the study of his works, than that given by H. H. Furness, of Philadelphia, to the preparation of his "New Variorum" edition. Illustrated editions of Shakespeare of artistic merit, however, are very scarce, while editions cheaply illustrated by some hack illustrator are numerous.

One exception is found, however, in the work of E. A. Abbey, now a resident of England, who has ably devoted high artistic gifts to pictorial representations of scenes from the plays. His Comedies of Shakespeare (1896) show a strangely individual style, and a marvellous technical versatility. They prove him to be one of the best pen-and-ink artists of modern times.

The New Testament, alone, of literary compositions, has been translated more

frequently, or into a greater number of languages, than the works of Shakespeare. The progress of his reputation in some countries was somewhat slow at the outset; but in Germany the poet has received for nearly a century and a half a recognition scarcely less pronounced than that accorded him in America and in his own country. Lessing was the first who raised Shakespearean drama to that high pedestal which it has never ceased to occupy in Germany. Later on, Herder and Wieland, two other German poets, exerted themselves for the "great Briton" in a prose translation. Between 1797 and 1833, there appeared at intervals the classical German rendering by August Wilhelm von Schlegel and Ludwig Tieck, leaders of the romantic school of German literature, whose creed embodied, as one of its first commandments, an unwavering veneration for Shakespeare.

I mention all this because Germany has most generously contributed to the pictorial illustration of Shakespeare's plays. Next to England, it has indisputably produced the greatest series of Shakespearean illustrations, and this was possible only because Shakespeare was so effectually nationalised in German literature, by scholarly study of the text.

The outline designs of Retzsch became widely known, and were distinguished by a certain intensity of line expression, by effective scenic qualities, and sometimes by a certain heroic grace, which reminded one slightly of Flaxman. But all in Shakespeare that has a distinct charm and character of its own, was for Retzsch as though it had no existence. His ideas of characterisation were more than naïve. He was satisfied by representing Hamlet simply as a young man, Othello as a negro in tights, Falstaff as a fat

old German drunkard, and the witches as men.

Wilhelm von Kaulbach found in three or four plays subjects for several of his ambitious and learned compositions (largely executed in copper engravings), in which human passion is built into the structure of the work, as one element of a large and elaborate design. The artist is never carried away by his visionary power; rather he subdues the subject by virtue of energy of will and learning, and a masterly, if academical, constructive power. His Macbeth serial also contains several drawings by Peter von Cornelius.

So-called "Shakespeare Gallerien" were quite in vogue. There was the Bruckmann Shakespeare Gallery, for which Edward von Steinlen made a most charming design, illustrating Act i. 5 of "Twelfth Night." Several of the leading personages of Olivia's household are

introduced; Malvolio lingers for some reason or other near his mistress, Sir Andrew Aguecheek is going up a flight of stairs which leads to the garden, the fool is squatting outside at the foot of a column, and the maid peeps in from a curtain. The principal interest is concentrated upon the figure of Viola. The grace and elegance of her figure, and her quaint raiment, depicted in clear-cut outlines and harmonious flat tints, blend into such a united whole, that we must go back to the time of Memling to find the same immaculate perfection.

The most ambitious effort, however, was the Munich Shakespeare Gallery. It contains the designs of several highly distinguished German artists of the middle of the nineteenth century, and may be considered in a measure to represent the Renaissance of German painting. The engravings in steel by Bankel, Bauer,

Goldberg, Raab, and Schmidt were made after paintings and designs by Adamo, Hofmann, Makart, Pecht, Schwörer, and Spiess. Specimens of their work will be discussed in the following three chapters, as most of their productions were paintings not specially made for publication.

Another "Gallerie" followed in 1885 (Grote'sche Verlag, Berlin; text by Moritz Ehrlich), in which, among many others, such well-sounding names as Adolph Menzel, Karl and Ferdinand von Piloty, Eduard Grützner, and Paul Thumann, appeared.

Also special plays were illustrated by eminent German artists. Gabriel Max devoted much of his time in the early part of his career to book illustration, and selected Macbeth for one of his ventures in that direction. Paul Thumann made a number of drawings for the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Also

THUMANN — OBERON AND TITANIA
(*Midsummer-Night's Dream*).

completely illustrated works of Shakespeare were undertaken. Among the earlier are the Meyer and Doering edition (1824–34), with fifty-two plates, and the "Sämmtliche Werke," with about forty outline engravings in steel; among the later ones the Kreling and Liezen-Meyer, the latter being specially fitted for the task by his well-known representation of Jachimo and the sleeping Imogen.

In France, Shakespeare won recognition after a longer struggle than in Germany; although Voltaire's censure, accusing Shakespeare of lack of taste and art, was rejected by the majority of later French critics, it had made an impression, and was only gradually effaced. Marmontel, La Harpe, Marie Joseph Chenier, and Chateaubriand, in his "Essai sur Shakespeare" (1801), inclined to Voltaire's view. The revisions of

Le Tourneur's translation by François Guizot and A. Pichot, in 1821, gave Shakespeare a fresh advantage. Paul Duport, in "Essais Litteraires sur Shakespeare" (Paris, 1828, 2 vols.), was the last French critic of repute to repeat Voltaire's censure unreservedly. Guizot, in his discourse, "Sur la Vie et les Œuvres de Shakespeare," acknowledged the mightiness of Shakespeare's genius, with comparatively few qualifications. Victor Hugo, the poet, published a rhapsodical eulogy in 1864. Since then other more complete translations of the works have been made.

Among French artists Delacroix manifested the closest and most appreciative study of Shakespeare. He made numerous lithographs of scenes from the tragedies, "Hamlet," "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Macbeth." Of "Hamlet" he illustrated nearly every scene. He was par-

ticularly fond of depicting the most animated scenes, in which he could give full vent to his vigour and immense verve. He never became tired of depicting the jealous fits of Othello, the rash impulses of Hamlet, his killing Polonius and reproving his mother, the platform scene, his fight with Laertes in Ophelia's grave, and his duel before the court, the death scene of Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth and the witches, of all of which several versions exist. They are not, from first to last, Delacroix at his best, yet they are characteristic presentations of his romantic spirit. They abound in vitality; they recall, one may say, no previous master, no earlier conception of their themes, and no earlier methods in painting. Their freedom and mobile beauty are essentially of romantic France, and there is much in them—their gleaming breadth of light and shade, for instance, and the particular types of a

matured humanity which it treats — that we can owe to no other but Delacroix.

Of illustrated French editions, I recall only two, one an "Antony and Cleopatra," by Paul Avril, and the other, a "Romeo and Juliet," by Titz and Wagrez, the Alma Tadema of the Italian Renaissance, which he reproduces with remarkable fidelity and comprehension. I do not know of any Italian, Russian, or Spanish illustrated edition, — undoubtedly there are some, but of no special importance, since even the leading artists of these countries in only rare instances selected Shakespearean subjects for their paintings.

Holland, in 1827, could already boast an edition of "Tooneelspelen," with fourteen plates, but no new efforts have been made, the artists devoting themselves entirely to the history and literature of their own country, and to a realistic depiction of peasant life.

Andreolli, a Pole, who is considered by his countrymen a second Doré, made a serial of marvellously animated illustrations for "Romeo and Juliet."

In Japan a version of the "Merchant of Venice" is known under the name "Ninniku Shichiire Saiban," "The Judgment over the Pawning of the Human Flesh." It is merely a story built on the incidents of the trial scenes, which has also been dramatised into a one-act episode, and acted by Kawakami Otojiro and Mme. Yacco, on their recent visit to America. Also "Romeo and Juliet," "Julius Cæsar," and "Hamlet" have been treated in the same manner. The liberties which the Japanese translator has taken with the text are extraordinary, such as have not been taken even in France. Cæsar, for instance, is compared to "a carp with golden scales, who keeps a watch over the dragon gate," a Japanese symbol of bravery and

temerity. Several of the publications are accompanied by three or four illustrations in the new style (I am sorry to say), which tries to combine the principles of Western art with Japanese "sketchiness." For a true lover of genuine Japanese art, these experiments are very painful. In the version of the "Merchant of Venice," the scene of action is no longer the palace of the Doge in the Middle Ages, but an open place in the country with cherry-trees in full bloom, in the year 1850, where a court martial of the old reign is being held. The Japanese Shylock, who has been changed into an old fisherman and lighthouse keeper, is drawn with all the exactness of detail of a newspaper cartoon, and this unhappy figure is placed on a background that has all the suggestiveness of old Japanese prints.

It is a rare pleasure, however, to know that also in the land of chrysanthemums,

the youngest of civilised countries, Shakespeare has found his admirers. There is hardly a language now in which one or the other of his plays has not appeared, — even little Greece found its translator, Dimitrios Bikélés, while a few have been rendered into languages of which most of us do not even know the existence, as Marathi, Urdu, Kanarese, and other languages of India, and thus the best proof is furnished that Shakespeare wrote not only "for all times," but equally for all nations.

CHAPTER III.

THE PAINTERS OF THE HISTORICAL DRAMAS.

THE year 1585, in which Shakespeare is supposed to have gone up from Stratford to London, was a proud one in his country's annals, for it was then that seamanship in alliance with the ocean saved the soil of Britain from the pollution of a Spanish invasion, driving the scattered remnants of the Armada as far north as the storm-tossed Hebrides. The heart of the people beat with the heart of the sovereign; and chivalry mingled with loyalty to do honour to the woman-monarch. And this feeling, which was predominant then, outlasted all her pomp and power, for in

every English family Bible she still stands recorded to-day as "the bright, occidental star, Queen Elizabeth, of most happy memory."

The feeling of loyalty to the government was so fervid, the masses so enamoured with the glory of English history, that the historical dramas of Shakespeare seem to-day merely a natural outcome of a time so fervid in emotions as the days of Queen Elizabeth. For that Shakespeare also took part in the general adulation of the "maiden queen" is best shown in the loving care he bestowed, in his "Henry VIII.," upon the description of the coronation ceremony of her mother, Anne Bullen, and in having her, as an infant in swaddling clothes, carried across the stage at the end of the play, symbolising the beginning of a new era.

Painters fond of elaborate figure com-

position have always turned to history for inspiration, in particular in those days when colour was not yet regarded as the predominant quality in painting. Historical subjects once enjoying an undue share of favour and patronage have lately met with perhaps undue depreciation by recent critics. John Ruskin was especially severe upon them. To paint an historical incident demands many qualities, such as superior draughtsmanship, archæological knowledge, the ability to depict human emotions and to group figures in such a way that they suggest the most dramatic moment of the situation; and yet, somehow, pictures of this sort invariably fail to move us.

Every tourist who has visited the picture galleries at the palace of Versailles, where one can walk for hours from room to room, to find one and all filled from floor to ceiling with historical pictures,

will know how unsatisfactory, not to say tiresome, this class of art appears. For it is quite possible for a picture to give pleasure or to excite emotion that is neither correctly drawn nor well executed, and for another that is faultless in all mechanical respects to fail in producing the least sensation. Historical paintings that give us real æsthetic pleasure are very scarce, still more so are those treating of the period which Shakespeare depicted in his dramas, as the painters did not always go to his text for inspiration, but rather explored the chronicles of English history themselves.

For instance, when Delaroche painted his "Two Princes of the Tower" he had no idea of illustrating Shakespeare. Nor had Daniel Huntington in his "Henry VIII. and Catherine Parr." These are strictly historical paintings, and do not

come within the boundaries of this book.

Nevertheless "the dragon-rancours and stormy feudal splendour of mediæval cast" furnished inspiration to many painters, in particular to the Munich school, which, in the middle of the last century, under the leadership of Karl von Piloty, asserted itself in the behalf of historical painting. This work is remarkable as uniting a devotion to strict and noble form with a refined naturalism in art, good draughtsmanship and composition with correctness of costume, and thus may be viewed as an intermediate between the tendencies of the older school of Cornelius and the present realistic tendency of Munich art.

M. Adamo and A. F. Pecht persistently painted every scene of the Henrys and Richards in which they found a dramatic incident suitable to be told in paint,

and which gave them at the same time an opportunity to show their knowledge of costume. Pecht selected, among others, "Joan of Arc before the Dauphin," the "Dream of Richard III.," and various scenes of "Henry V." and "Richard II." Adamo devoted himself principally to Falstaff and Prince Hal. His King Edward and Warwick, in "Henry IV." (II. iv. 3), is one of the very best productions of this now almost forgotten school.

The first meeting of Anne Bullen with Henry VIII. has been depicted oftener than any other historical scene, with the exception of the pathetic scene between Hubert and Arthur, in "King John" (iv. 1).

The contrast between the awkward despot and the beautiful maid of honour, who had found favour in his eyes, was in itself fascinating. Anne Bullen must have been an incomparable beauty, if the words are only somewhat true which Shakespeare

puts into the mouth of the young nobleman witnessing the procession (Henry VIII., Act iv. 1):

> "Heaven bless thee
> Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on. —
> Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel:
> Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
> And more and richer, when he strains that lady:
> I cannot blame his conscience."

Hogarth was the first to undertake the subject. T. Stothard painted the scene with his usual simplicity. C. R. Leslie's version, however, is more welcome. It represents the king, when, having finished his dance with the beautiful daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, he has just bestowed upon her lips the customary kiss. He takes off his mask, and shows his face to the cardinal. Brilliant light of chandeliers illumines the group, surrounded by a crowd of masked courtiers. The king, not yet as "mountainous" in build as in

MENZEL. — FIRST MEETING OF ANNE BULLEN AND HENRY VIII. (*Henry VIII.*).

Holbein's picture, is dressed in a garment interwoven with gold. Anne Bullen, whose face beams with joy over her unexpected conquest, is a charming creation.

Emanuel Leutze, the German-American painter, who decorated the Capitol in Washington, painted Anne Bullen twice, once with the king in the park, and another time persuading him to dismiss Wolsey.

Of the German painters, Karl von Piloty, the great German historical painter, and his disciple, A. F. Pecht, took hold of the subject, without, however, adding new interest to it.

To accomplish this, the powerful brush of Adolph Menzel was needed, whose exceptional vitality and peculiar individual handling lent this subject a new charm.

There is no story telling in this picture. It is merely a dancing scene. One or two

couples in the background, and the rest of the picture is occupied by the bulky form of Henry the Eighth and the graceful form of Anne Bullen engaged in a dance. It is the beginning of the episode which ended so tragically on the scaffold. Menzel's method is indeed a revelation to the connoisseur. His picture is so pregnant with the spirit of the age, so intimate with the soul life of these two beings, that he suggests with amazing simplicity what the others could not realise by the most elaborate efforts. Both are smiling, but how differently. She merely seems highly pleased with her good fortune, while his whole face is distorted by a grin, suggestive of that ferocious bluebeard gallantry which induced him, only a short while later, to engage the cleverest headsman of old England for her execution, and to inform her that he had done so by special message, to which she replied, in her

spirited, nonchalant way, "I am very easy to behead, I have a very slender neck."

Queen Katharine, the poor, discarded queen, who was Dr. Samuel Johnson's special favourite among Shakespeare heroines, has also been the subject for many pictures.

C. R. Leslie, of whose place in English art I shall speak at length in another part of this book, represents, on one of his large canvases, an apartment of the queen in the palace of Bridewell, in which Katharine and "some of her women" are at work, the queen saying: "Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles; sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working."

SONG.

"Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers

Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

"Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die."

The composition is very simple; the figures and their adjuncts are arranged with skill and harmony of lines. The critic will note with pleasure the pains with which the painter has introduced the small embroidery-frame on the table, which balances the leaning form of Katharine, while the figure of the lute player, standing, fills up the second space,—a little object, a triviality, yet of the utmost importance in the construction, no less than in the arrangement of light and shade. The beauty of Katharine, tinged as it is with deep, heartfelt sad-

WESTALL. — FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY (*Henry VIII.*).

ness, is dignified and noble and shows her royal origin.

A perhaps even more sympathetic figure of Queen Katharine has been made by R. Thebune. With hands in her lap she sits, clad in a black garb of some religious order, in a pensive attitude. The grace of the pose, and the sculpturesque treatment which distinguishes it, are apparently without any analysis. It is difficult at times to explain in words why the position of a limb or the flow of a drapery gives that critical pleasure, which we admit by calling the work that provokes it beautiful.

Other scenes of Henry VIII. are the "Death of Cardinal Wolsey," by C. W. Cope (taking Griffith's account for suggestions); the "Vision Scene" and "The Fall of Cardinal Wolsey," by R. Westall; "Ego et Rex Meus," by John Gil-

bert, the illustrator; and the "Trial of Queen Katharine," by L. J. Pott. This painter's art has dealt chiefly with historic genre, and with those subjects which demand energy, spirit, and impulse in the artist. We do not remember to have seen any work of his which failed in interest by reason of languor or tameness; he chooses dramatic subjects and treats them dramatically, — with fire, and with that energetic concentration in the business of the moment without which all pictures of incident must be failures. We may suppose that Katharine turns upon Cardinal Wolsey and Campeius, and refuses to have her cause judged by them, reserving her appeal to Rome and her own country. In respect for her regal dignities of birth and marriage, she restrains her tears as she speaks. Shakespeare has given the incident vitality to all Englishmen, and

L. J. Pott is one of many artists who have given it vividness, each in his own way.

For special praise also his Hubert and Arthur must be singled out. The scene is one of the finest Shakespeare has ever written. Seldom in literature has the innocent prattle of a child been used with as much pathos as in his dialogue. Hubert has been ordered to burn out the eyes of little Arthur. He enters with ropes and red-hot iron, to perform one of those atrocious cruelties, the introduction of which we only pardon to a Shakespeare, because he invariably manages to introduce a few words so beautiful that one's feeling of terror is changed into sympathy.

In Pott's picture, Hubert sits growling, undecided what to do, — "his mercy did awake," and he can no longer be "sudden and dispatch." Arthur has put

his arms around his neck, and pleads for his life in those touching words:

"Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,
Saying, 'What lack you?' and, 'Where lies your grief?'
Or, 'What good love may I perform for you?'
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoken a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: — do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. — Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall
So much as frown on you?"

This scene has been painted innumerable times, from Northcote to W. F. Yeames, a capable member of the modern English school. Yeames's version is ex-

ceedingly good in line, and in the massing of light and shade. Hubert, in a monk's cowl, with elbow on table, is undecided what to do. He is all in black; the graceful figure of the prince, pleading for his life, is all in white. Yeames is evidently one of those artists who aim neither to satisfy the curiosity or arouse the emotions, nor even to excite the prejudices of the ordinary visitor, but to produce beautiful things in the way the artist saw them in his mind, not in any way modifying his purpose to please or displease the public, but, all the same, sure of unstinted appreciation from those best qualified to judge. His picture is in the Manchester City Art Gallery.

Among the German painters, M. Adamo, Hofmann, and Wilhelm von Kaulbach illustrated this play, of which Kaulbach's "Constance Refusing to be Comforted," is one of the most successful.

Of the historical dramas, only "Henry VIII.," "King John," "Richard III.," and the first part of "Henry IV.," abound in poetic power; the others are hardly anything else but dramatic chronicles, which do not adapt themselves particularly to pictorial treatment.

Karl von Piloty, with his highly dramatic vision and grip, unquestionably close and healthy, on all the actual facts, painted Gloster and Buckingham in "rusty armours" on the Tower walls (Richard III., Act iii. 5); C. R. Leslie, "The Murder of Rutland by Clifford" (Henry VI.), which is now in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. His reputation could well rest upon the one picture. The handling of the two principal figures is superb. On both, the gift of colour is bestowed with no stinting hand, the white raiment of Rutland furnishing a contrast to the black, shining, steel armour of Clifford.

The ferocity of the latter's attitude is of uncommon energy. It may also be interesting, to know that Edwin Landseer, when a boy, posed for the figure of Rutland.

John Opie, who is also the only painter, as far as I know, who has illustrated "Timon of Athens," has selected the scene between the Archbishop of York and Lord Bardolph (Henry IV., II. i. 2), and the scene of Lady Percy chiding Hotspur for his lack of attention to her.

Ramsay Allan, who seems to have been particularly attached to the great satirist Hogarth, as he subscribed for thirty copies of the larger Hudibras, also portrayed this subject. His picture aroused special curiosity, as for some time it was idly imagined to contain the portraits of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and Lady Vane; but the stature and faces both of the lady and Percy are totally unlike their supposed originals.

A "Richard Resigning the Crown to Bolingbroke," by Sir John Gilbert, hangs in the Liverpool Art Gallery.

There are many other efforts worthy of note, but the majority of them are the products of a time when keen pictorial instincts and strong poetic feeling were still struggling through the as yet unfamiliar medium of form and colour.

In the comic scenes of "Henry IV.," which are very amply developed in both parts, Shakespeare, by bringing the half-historical Sir John Falstaff upon the stage, has achieved the feat of creating a character as individual and impressive as Sancho Pansa and Panurge. Next to Hamlet it is the most poignant and clearly drawn character of Shakespeare.

It is but natural that this grotesque type of humanity appealed to the fancy of many artists. The ludicrous scenes on the public road near Gadshill and Cov-

entry, in the Boar's Head Tavern, on the plain near Shrewsbury, in the streets of London, in the forest of Yorkshire, and at Justice Shallow's house, have been depicted over and over again.

But, apparently, the English painters, as well as the German, have fallen into the same mistake. The majority depict him as a silly, fat old man, others merely as a swearer, brawler, and wine-bag, — a good-for-nothing rake. They emphasise his big belly, his bloodshot eyes, his bloated face. They seem to forget that he is, after all, a knight, a courtier, well-bred, and a man of wit and culture.

Even Leslie, who painted several Falstaff pictures, among them a Falstaff impersonating the king, with cushion on his head and a dagger in his hand in place of a crown and sceptre, failed in this respect, as did Ferdinand Piloty, whose Falstaff "fast asleep behind the

arras and snorting like a horse" enjoyed some popularity.

Shakespeare keeps Falstaff a purely comic figure, and dissipates in the ether of laughter whatever is base and unclean in his nature. Falstaff takes a whole-hearted delight in himself, in his jollifications, his drolleries, his exploits on the highway, and his almost purposeless mendacity. Only later, when the poet felt the necessity of contrasting the moral strength of the prince's nature with the worthlessness of his early surroundings, is he tempted to let Falstaff deteriorate. In the second part the latter's wit becomes coarser, his conduct more indefensible, his cynicism less genial, and he falls more and more under the suspicion of making capital out of the prince.

A pleasing picture is the "Prince Henry, Poins, and Falstaff" by W. Q. Orchardson. Everybody who knows how

delightfully this painter handles texture will understand that he could render even the simplest of compositions interesting and pleasing to the eye. The scene is laid in the antechamber of a palace; at the extreme left stand the graceful figures of Prince Hal and Poins, while Falstaff's figure, "heavy with wine and fatness," is just disappearing between a curtained exit at the other end of the apartment. The entire oblong space is empty, nothing but floor and tapestried wall, but how deliciously they are painted. Everything is brought into concord in a bright and delicate tone, which is almost too fine. The special quality in all English pictures — putting aside a preference for bright yellow and vivid red in the colour period — consists in a luminous general tone of bluish or greenish gray, to which every English painter seems to conform as though it were a binding social conven-

tion. But I diverge from my theme, as Falstaff is only an incident in this delightful colour harmony.

It was left to Eduard Grützner, famous for his depictions of monks and the gay side of convent life, to realise the poet's idea in line and colour.

Grützner had the true conception of Falstaff. He could mentally have endorsed Taine's analysis of this character:

"Falstaff has no malice in his composition; no other wish than to laugh and be amused. When insulted, he brawls out louder than his attackers, and pays them back with interest in coarse words and insults; but he owes them no grudge for it. The next minute he is sitting down with them in a tavern, drinking their health like a brother and comrade. If he has vices, he exposes them so frankly that we are obliged to forgive him them. He seems to say to

us: 'Well, so I am, what then? I like drinking; isn't the wine good? I take to my heels when hard hitting begins; isn't fighting a nuisance? I get into debt, and do fools out of their money; isn't it nice to have money in your pocket? I brag; isn't it natural to want to be well thought of?' 'Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what would poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than any other man, and therefore more frailty.' Falstaff is so frankly immoral, that he ceases to be so."

Having once the right conception of the big pot-bellied fellow, it was easy for Grützner to bring out the realistic living truth in every line and shade of his pictures, since, as far as characterisation is concerned, he is a past master of art.

Grützner made several drawings and a few paintings in illustration of the important scenes in which Falstaff appears.

A special favourite of mine was always the drawing in which Falstaff, with big, laughing face, struts majestically before his little page, crouching under the weight of the knight's sword and buckler. Nothing could be more expressive, eloquent, and realistic than the florid countenance of this elderly debauchee, laden with all fashionable vices, laughing at his own jokes, that flow from him "as from an open barrel." Particularly fine are also the drawings depicting Falstaff pointing to Bardolph's nose,—"Thou art the knight of the burning lamp,"—and the last scene of the second part, where the old man shouts, with all the enthusiasm of his heart and soul: "My king! My Jove! I speak to thee,

my heart!" and the young king, surrounded by shouts and trumpet sounds, sternly answers, "I know thee not, old man."

Of Grützner's paintings, "Falstaff Reviewing His Recruits" enjoys the greatest reputation. The two Gloucestershire judges muster in those starved and wretched-looking recruits, Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bull Calf. Sir John, "who looks well, and bears his years well," has assumed the pose of a great general and "gallant leader," and is highly amused at this most peculiar addition to his troops. He apparently considers it a huge practical joke on the rich people to whom he sold exemptions.

Grützner made almost too imposing a figure out of the rascal, but he was right in doing so, as he could convey Falstaff's superior intellectuality only in that way. We are certain that such a

gallant old gentleman would have a witty comment on the tip of his tongue for each recruit, as soon as he heard their curious names.

Sir John Gilbert also painted this scene, but, in my opinion, made a failure of it. A man of such rare ability is rather to be judged by his successes; and yet, even where he fails, there is often more to be learned than in the triumphs of a weaker mind.

We now come to the three historical dramas, "Antony and Cleopatra," "Julius Cæsar," and "Coriolanus." Surely the painter could no longer complain of lack of exuberant images. The stern dignity of the Roman matron, Volumnia, the lofty figures of the two ardent republicans, Brutus and Cassius, the ghost of Cæsar, imperial even after "shifting this mortal coil," and the tawny-fronted Cleopatra, wearing the circle of the Ptolemies,

"the ancient Parisienne," as Heinrich Heine called her, have afforded an abundant wealth of opportunities.

Yes, the Rome of Cæsar, with its party feuds, and the dazzling Queen of Egypt, living in many-coloured temples on the Nile, have found many able representations, but hardly any of them have been inspired by Shakespeare. Cleopatra's bark, as painted by Hans Makart and Alma Tadema, and the assassination of Cæsar, as depicted by Gérôme and Rochegrosse, have reflected history as Shakespeare himself has done. And who, after having seen such masterpieces, would care to look at the monotonous compositions of German and English historical painters like Adamo and Spiess, or Henry Tresham, for instance, who has depicted the enamoured queen, when she is ready to sleep for ever in one of her country's pyramids, and has put the "pretty worm of

Nilus, that kills and pains not" to her passionate breast.

One favourable exception is A. Zick's "Mark Antony." The flights of stairs of the Forum are crowded with an excited and infuriated populace. In the midst of them, at the foot of the column, rests the corpse of Cæsar in calm repose. With a superb gesture, Mark Antony tears off the toga and exposes "sweet Cæsar's wounds," which "should move the stones of Rome to rise and mutiny."

ZICK. — MARK ANTONY (*Julius Cæsar*).

CHAPTER IV.

THE PAINTERS OF THE COMEDIES.

WHERE is the forest of Arden? Who knows, and who cares to know! What satisfaction is there in knowing that this forest was in France, near the river Meuse, between Charlemont and Rocroy, not far from Sedan? Such an inquisitive mortal hardly deserves to dip his lips into the springs of beauty and delight that are ever flowing there, to enjoy the cool twilight charm that dwells beneath its high bending boughs, or the bright gleams that gild the green sward of its open glades, as we see it depicted in all its heroic grandeur and primeval grace by A. P. Ryder, who, in choice of

subject, is the most ambitious of all our American painters. In the gift of translating literary inspirations into paint, few can approach him.

Looking at Ryder's picture, we may exclaim, like Rosalind, "Well, this is the forest of Arden," a land over which the charms of fairyland are still hovering, where wonders are still possible, and where nobody would be astonished if Chaucer's Sir Topas came suddenly prancing in, in search of adventures. Here also, Spenser's "Queene of Faërie" "with harpe and pipe, and symphonie" may be at home, — his giants, dragons, and monsters of all sorts, can, however, not be found in this northern paradise. The glow of the supernatural element, which hung over the northern folk-lore, while nameless ballad minstrels perpetuated the current superstitions in rude song, was banished by England's greatest poet.

All that was coarse, gloomy, and fit only to "consort with black-browed night," was eliminated.

There they sit in the autumnal landscape, the two princes' daughters, Rosalind and Celia, accompanied by their court clown, weary from their wanderings, resting under an oak-tree's shade, as Sir John Millais has so charmingly told, in one of the delightful pictures of his early period.

Here, among half-stripped ashes and slim birches, Touchstone, the motley fool, who is a perfect godsend to the melancholy Jaques, approaches Audrey, the buxom shepherdess, as we can see in J. Pettie's picture, and addresses her thus: "Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. Am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?" The question puzzles while it seems to amuse the girl, who only replies: "Your

features! What features?" There is something inexpressibly ludicrous in the bearing and general "get up" of the enamoured clown as he presents himself before Audrey, stroking his chin while he bends forward, that she may the more closely take note of his good looks, while she regards him with a half-humourous, half-unintelligible expression, scarcely knowing what she shall answer. Audrey's figure, in short skirt and humble bodice, is capital, thoroughly genuine, even to its awkward attitude and the handling of the stick with which she drives her goats. Her rustic costume, which scarcely covers her, forms a striking contrast to Touchstone's elaborate dress and accompaniments, while the animals, and the forest glade with its rich adornments of ferns, afford a charming background.

Still more naturally, perhaps, has this couple been represented by John Collier.

They are seen sitting on a tree trunk, deep in the woods, and holding one of their apparently absurd and yet so spirited conversations.

And in this land, where one is "exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," the duke, Amiens, and other lords, in the dress of foresters, meet, as in the picture of William Hodges, and here the bouncing, and yet at times so shy and womanly, Rosalind parts with Orlando, as Harold Speed so charmingly told.

"*Orlando.* Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.
Rosalind. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes."

Sir Frederick Leighton painted in 1868 a "Rosalind and Celia," one of his best

efforts, in the suave, sensuous style all art lovers know.

Painters always were fond of illustrating this caprice. In the Boydell collection we find several pictures treating this subject; one by Raphael West, of the first part of Act iv., another, illustrating Jaques's soliloquy, "All the world's a stage," by William Hodges, a wood interior, with brook and grazing deer, in which the figure of the melancholy courtier is introduced. The others, strange to say, preferred scenes which lie apart from this Eden of half dreams and songs. D. Maclise painted the scene of "Orlando and the Wrestler," in a rather stilted manner, and W. Hamilton selected the only gruesome phase of the comedy, the death of usurper Frederick, and depicted it in a still more gruesome fashion than the description warrants.

From the forest of Arden, the invisible

charm of which lies in the curious interblending of exquisite fancy, dreamy philosophy, rustic songs, and the sweetest glimpses of nature, with the lighter humour of the play, it is not far to the moonlit woods of Athens, behind which the marble palace of Theseus and Hippolyta looms up like the vision of a fairy tale. It is, indeed, a land of dreams, these elfin bowers and grassy rings, where Oberon and Titania hold their midnight revels, and where the elves, over whom they reign, are wont, like the bee, to "murmur by the hour in foxglove bells," or, on duty bent, to "hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear," or, when affrighted by the wrath of Oberon and his queen, "to creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there."

Perhaps the best illustration of the play is from the brush of an artist who was generally occupied in quite a different branch of painting, namely, Edwin Land-

seer, the animal painter. His "Titania and Bottom" depicts the grotesque incident when the fairy queen is lavishing her favours on the transformed lout. The stupidity of Bottom is highly amusing; the robust elves, Moth and Mustard-Seed, the fluffy furred hares, as white as snow with rubies for eyes — nay, the fantastically fair Puck, are all we could desire; exquisite is the painting of Titania's semi-diaphanous robe starred with gold; in her face, however, there is no passion Oberon need have troubled himself about. Sir Edwin painted his work for Sir Isambard Brunel's Shakespeare Gallery in 1850; it was at the Academy in 1851, very admirably engraved by S. Cousins, and at the Brunel sale in 1860 was sold for £2,940 (an enormous price for those days).

Fuseli has painted the same scene, with less technical resources, but perhaps with a still better understanding of old

FUSELI. — TITANIA AND BOTTOM (*Midsummer-Night's Dream*).

Northern folk-lore. His pictures are peopled with the graceful elves, and the most curious collection of little gnomes, sprites, and other fairy creatures, that are supposed to live in the fairy homes of spreading burdocks and tangled bracken. His work has a certain magnetism, — the interest of a distinct, refined, and powerful personality. As a painter, he applies very conventional methods of expression. But in the engraving this disappears, and we see only the drawing which, from the cold, academic point of view, he mastered perfectly, and in this particular theme it reveals itself to the best advantage.

Joseph Noël Paton painted a "Farewell," and a "Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania." The latter, in the Edinburgh Gallery, is a most remarkable picture, although the drawing is hard, and the colour monotonous. It is still more overcrowded with figures, and ornamented

with still more florid extravagance than Fuseli's. I do not remember of having ever seen a picture so overladen with human bodies of all sizes, and natural and unnatural forms.

Also Wilhelm von Kaulbach illustrated the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," but it is too airy a theme for him. He was in the habit of making, for every illustration, five-feet high drawings in black chalk, which afterward were reduced to the desired size. He invariably clamoured for larger surfaces, sufficient for the sweep of bold outlines and absolute freedom of hand, which, to a draughtsman accustomed to gigantic proportions, are always an indispensable necessity.

Of more than ordinary merit is F. Schwörer's Oberon squeezing the juice of the magic bell-flower on Titania's forehead. The figures are excellent in line and quite individually interpreted. Elves

gambol in the distance, and we find a charming detail in the flowers on the ground and in the foliage, which look as if they were illumined by an inner light of their own.

Paul Thumann's popular series of illustrations of the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" are in some respects among the most beautiful and modern of Shakespearean illustrations. He has depicted them all, the capricious Titania and the jealous Oberon, the proud Theseus and the beautiful Hippolyta, as well as the two love-couples whose affections, by the influence of the magic flower, become so strangely tangled up.

Thumann, with a sensitive and sympathetic nature, seems to seize and record with unerring dexterity whatever is dainty and graceful in the human body, or in the composing of a pure and delicate face. He seems to concern himself not at all

with elaborate effects of light and shade, but is completely satisfied with a flowing line expressing all that is essential.

"The Tempest" is another enchanted realm of Shakespeare's muse. There Wilhelm von Kaulbach celebrates his greatest triumphs. Prospero, remote from the haunts of men, pursues in his rocky cell those studies which give him the mastery of his foes, and place the royal diadem on Miranda's pure brow.

One illustration is taken from the second scene of the second act, where Stephano, bottle in hand, and "half seas over," encounters Caliban, who, after having tasted of the liquor which he proclaims "not earthly," crawls before the jolly stranger, and says: "I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject." The monster is represented on all fours, with outstretched neck, and upturned visage, advancing toward Stephano, who, lugging his bottle, and with

countenance overflowing with merriment at the drollness of his position, and at his own invention of being "the man in the moon, when time was," seems to have no thought as to how the strange adventure is to end. Trinculo, on the contrary, creeps along at the side of his drunken comrade farthest removed from Caliban, whom he eyes suspiciously; for though he had discovered him to be "a very shallow monster, a most poor credulous monster," it is still very evident that he is "afeard" of him.

The figure of Caliban is excellent. Though a monster, he is not revoltingly monstrous. It is not shape without any trace of humanity, as represented hitherto, for, "moon calf" as he is, it even struck Stephano that he still could speak "our language;" but it is a human form in its most abject state, and there is enough of mortality in the creature to warrant Trin-

culo's opinion that he is "no fish, but an islander that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt." Kaulbach, instead of marking his degraded condition by brute form and loathsome ugliness, has undertaken to do this by the expression of his countenance, and has succeeded. It was a bold attempt. To mark the working of human sentiments in one who at the same time is to be shown as having lost all claim upon humanity, is indeed no trifling undertaking. A scaly fish-skin hangs over his grovelling body, sufficiently indicative of how little he is removed from the beasts of the earth. In the face are preserved only the worst attributes of humanity, sensuality and cringing fear; and, though the face is human, it is astonishing how the lust and dread visible upon it are made to stamp him an animal of the very lowest grade.

In the grass, near Caliban, is a sort of

newt, a strange, prickly-backed creature, and with its points tormenting the poor wretch as it passes by him; the circumstance of the reptile not running from Caliban, as it would naturally do from man, but approaching, and looking at him familiarly, seeming to indicate a near affinity between the island monster and the other animals, and to point him out as on a level with themselves.

The other painting depicts Miranda and Ferdinand. At Miranda's feet lies her staff, which had fallen there as she rose in her anxious haste to relieve the prince of his burden. Her arms are outstretched to take the log, and they, her hands, and even her fingers are full of expression, answering to the feelings stinging within her bosom. Her oval face already shines with winning openness, and budding love. She is the very personification of peerless maidenhood,

all warmth and love, and youthful wonder. Both seem to move in a world as yet unknown, and unable to comprehend their new delight and joy. There is a luxuriance of the South, the hyacinths, and other flowers springing up at their feet, and hanging in festoons around them. All nature is expanding in richest beauty; sunny and genial are the happy feelings that are unfolding in their hearts. The tall, comely figure of Prospero stands between the Ionic columns of the portal of his dwelling, and gazes languidly at this fair encounter of two most rare affections. Here, too, are spirits in the air, above the tree-tops; and one is seen, peeping roguishly downward at the pair below him, whose arch face tells us he enjoys not a little his discovery of their love. A genuine Kaulbach episode!

Holman Hunt, also, embodied this couple, in large and firm contours, gleam-

KAULBACH. — MIRANDA AND FERDINAND
(*The Tempest*).

ing against Southern waters; and one of our young Americans, Henry Prellwitz, has depicted them on the dunes, visited by Ariel.

An exquisite idea was that of T. W. Barton, to depict a "Child Miranda," listening to the song of Ariel, who flits through the leafage in the background. The childhood of Miranda was a peculiarly tempting motive for a picture, whose real subject was simply the innocent ignorance of child nature; for of all the little girls in the world of imagination, Miranda was most ignorant. It was a rare opportunity to grasp and lovingly note the half-developed, hesitating movements of child life.

Another most delightful interpretation is the Miranda by William Hilton, the classic figure of a young girl in white flowing drapery coming out of a cave. In the distance is the sea. The sugges-

tion of breeze and life on Miranda's robe is very fine, and the delicacy and suavity of her facial expression is extremely individual.

A truly gigantic composition is George Romney's "Tempest" picture, the sailors dragging the boat on the shore. It is conceived, of course, in the spirit of the old English school of illustrators, but its vigour is immense. The design leaves on the mind an acute, powerful impression, which only the Prospero somewhat disturbs; he is merely an adjunct, that does not belong to the composition. It was a peculiar picture for Romney to paint. Force is usually not one of his characteristics. He stood between the refined classic art of Sir Joshua and the imaginative poetic art of Thomas Gainsborough. Less personal and less profound in characterisation, he was, in compensation, the most successful painter of women, as well

as of drapery, of his age. He treated women as flowers. An example is that well-known composition, his "Cressida," the daughter of Calchas, with a toy axe in her uplifted arm, while the drapery forms a flowing arabesque around her lower limbs. What elegance, what graceful and fawn-like movement! His heads of "Miranda" and "Cassandra," engraved by Caroline Watson, likewise betray his sure and delicate handling.

He knew all the secrets of the trade, and possessed, at the same time, that art which is so much valued in portrait-painters — the art of beautifying his models without making his picture unlike the original. Professional beauties beheld themselves in their counterfeit precisely as they wished to appear, and accorded him, therefore, a fervent adoration. After his return from Italy, in 1775, he acquired a world renown which outstripped even

that of Gainsborough and equalled that of Reynolds. The beautiful ladies of the court and the celebrated actresses left no stone unturned to have their portraits introduced into one of his compositions.

Ariel, the child of air and flame, who sings songs of consolation to shipwrecked men, is also a great favourite among painters. Robert Fowler depicted him as a youthful, almost childish, figure, standing on the back of a bat, forming a silhouette against a lake behind which the sickle of the moon is rising into the starlit sky. H. J. Townsend painted a panel, an exceedingly graceful composition, showing Ariel swinging listlessly on the twined stalks — one can scarcely call them branches — of the honeysuckle and columbines, realising thus the song of Ariel:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly
After summer, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

The storm, which Miranda watched with suffering heart, has repeatedly claimed the attention of the painter's brush. The American portrait painter, Daniel Huntington, and the German painter, H. Hofmann, expressed it with some success, while A. P. Ryder's rendering lent to this scene of wild roaring waters a peculiar fascination. On a rugged shore Miranda clings to her father, imploring him to allay the fury of the elements; in the distance, the vessel struggles on a mighty wave, while the lightning illumines the scene with its fierce white light.

The scenes in "Twelfth Night" are so picturesque and various that nearly every incident in the play has been painted. Walter Howell Deverell has made an

elaborate composition of Act ii. scene 4, a magnificent section of the palace, with simply a staircase in the background, and a classic park, thronged with musicians, courtiers, and attendants.

The duke, the central figure of the composition, is a strong piece of painting. He is depicted as a love-sick man, wishing to be entertained by the songs and music of his surrounding friends and attendants, and yet, withal, he cannot hide the trouble which is uppermost in his mind — his unrequited love for Olivia. On his right is seated Viola, disguised as a boy; to the left, the clown is singing with earnestness, and, at the same time, with such an air of self-satisfaction as denotes the high value he sets on his own abilities. This large picture gives evidence of thought and power; but the painter was not to live long enough to show the fruit of his promise. It was a great loss to England

that Walter Howell Deverell died, in 1854, at the early age of twenty-six, for had he lived a few years longer he would without doubt have distinguished himself. He was an intimate friend of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who nominated him for the place in the fraternity left vacant by the secession of Collinson, and Deverell more than repaid this act of friendship by being the means of introducing Rossetti to Miss Siddal, afterward his wife, whose strangely beautiful face has so often appeared as Beatrice and other characters. This lady was sitting at the time to Deverell as a model for the head of the misguided Viola.

E. Grützner depicted the scene of the carousal (Act ii. 3). An endless subject for study, this; and one can easily understand its fascination for an artist devoted to realism. How highly characteristic is the haunt of these gay revellers, into which Grützner introduces us; how faithfully

all the careless unconsciousness of their leisure is put before our eyes!

In the faces of Sir Toby Belch, Andrew Aguecheek, the Fool, and Maria, there is an infinite variety of expression. One is marked by malicious humour, another by lurking cunning, another by boisterous hilarity, and yet another by pure mischievousness; while Malvolio's features reveal the most stolid haughtiness and absurd self-conceit imaginable. The same scene has been represented by H. Hofmann, however not as poignantly. He is too sentimental. Also the Cherubino-like costume of Viola disturbs. The German artists (and actresses as well) apparently do not understand how to lend to the "doublet and hose" a natural grace and picturesqueness.

Heinrich Hofmann, who held a professorship in the academy at Dresden, was born in Darmstadt, and after receiv-

GRÜTZNER. — CAROUSAL SCENE (*Twelfth Night*).

ing in that city his early education as an artist, transferred himself to the Antwerp academy, and came to Dresden with a view of studying the Venetian paintings in the Dresden Gallery, several admirable portraits testifying to the gain derived from his study. In Italy, and still finding his masters in the great Venetian painters, Hofmann devoted himself to sacred art, and has since combined with the work of a portrait-painter the treatment of ideal subjects, in particular of "The Merchant of Venice," "Othello," "The Tempest," and "Romeo and Juliet," in which the figures are nearly always life-size.

D. Maclise painted Malvolio cross-gartered, and garbed in yellow stockings, appearing as suitor before his mistress Olivia, who, surrounded by dog and peacock, is sitting on the mosaic-floored terrace of an Italian park.

G. H. Boughton depicted the ludicrous

duel scene between Viola and Aguecheek, both frightened to advance, in an entirely original and charming way. It is not exactly an important picture, but as it is painted in his early period, in those sober, retiring colours which made him known to the Art world, it is perhaps a better example than most of his more recent work, in which the peculiarities of his style have retrograded into mannerisms.

Leslie's portrait of Olivia is nothing more than it pretends to be, that of a beautiful woman seen at a moment demanding no particular expression save that arising from a consciousness of her own charms, and not unwilling to reveal them decorously. She is represented as Shakespeare describes her in the first act of the "Twelfth Night," where Viola, in male attire, has an interview with her.

Viola's comment upon the lady's veiled face may justly be applied to Leslie's pic-

ture, for one can scarcely conceive a more elegant embodiment of female charms. Her beauty, too, is heightened by the dark velvet dress in which she is attired, and the black veil gracefully drawn aside, the habiliments of mourning for her dead brother; grief appears to have partially weighed down the eyelids, but has not dimmed the lustre of her eyes, nor placed a furrow on her cheek, nor changed the curvature of a mouth that expresses nature's "line of beauty."

No painter has painted Shakespeare more than C. R. Leslie, and it is therefore only just to speak of his work at some length.

Leslie was such a charming painter that it seems hard that he was not also a great one; but, if we consider creative power as one of the first qualities that constitute greatness in art, we are obliged to own that Leslie was not great, and that

many less excellent painters than he are more truly entitled to be called so. But without being great, he was so good, so perfect, indeed, in the line of art that he followed, that he remains almost unrivalled in it, and we turn away with relief from the more ambitious creations of many other English painters, to enjoy the pleasant examples of Leslie's especial strength. He was a most faithful and admirable illustrator of other men's thoughts. It is the failing of most artists, who are fond enough of taking the subjects for their pictures from the poets or historians whom they happen to have read, that they do not throw themselves into the author's conception of the character or scene that they seek to illustrate, but rather conceive the character or scene over again for themselves, and thus give us Mr. Brown's idea of Lady Macbeth, or Mr. Jones's conception of Guinevere, but not Shake-

speare's or Tennyson's. It is, no doubt, impossible to some minds to help this; they see the thing for themselves, and are obliged to paint it as they see it; only it is a pity, in such cases, that they should not invent a new subject to paint and not take for their pictures a verse or a powerful piece of written description with which they have nothing in common.

But this is never done by Leslie. His pictures always express the thought of the author he seeks to illustrate, and not his own idea on the same subject. He throws himself, so to speak, heart and soul into the conceptions of his favourite authors, and embodies for us the very Autolycus and Katharina of Shakespeare, the Sancho Panza of Cervantes, the Uncle Toby of Sterne, and the Sir Roger de Coverley of Addison. The quotations affixed to the name of his paintings belong therefore, essentially to them. We could

not properly appreciate the picture without knowing the subject; but, knowing the subject, we feel at once how faithfully Leslie has represented it.

I do not know to which of his interpretations of female character I would give the preference, to the angelic Perdita, or to Beatrice, who, having thrown her lace mantilla over her black and luminous hair, hurries over the sunlit lawn, to overhear the gossip of Hero and Ursula; or to the fair Anne Page, coming from the house in the woods, to invite Master Slender to dinner.

In "Twelfth Night" he found inspiration for two pictures, both treating the same subject, Toby Belch encouraging Aguecheek to make a declaration of love to the mischievous Maria. The first was finished in 1850. Both are equally successful; Maria is charming, and Toby Belch is the creation of a type, as is Grütz-

LESLIE. — SLENDER AND ANNE PAGE
(*Merry Wives of Windsor*).

ner's Falstaff. Also lean Aguecheek is well interpreted, and his frugal anatomy quite different from that of Slender. "The Winter's Tale" suggested three pictures to this prolific painter, "Florizel and Perdita," "Autolycus" and "Hermione." The "Autolycus" is the best of them. It is the feast of sheep-shearing. All the shepherds and shepherdesses of the vicinity arrive to pass a day in harmless pleasure, among them the King of Bohemia, accompanied by his Neapolitan friend. This is the moment which the painter selected. The princess, taken for an ordinary country lass, receives the company and offers flowers. Mopsa, a real shepherdess, has some surprise in store; she has made the acquaintance of Autolycus, a peddler of curious things, gloves, ribbons of any colour, jewel-boxes, bracelets, necklaces, mirrors, etc., and is anxious to introduce him to the company.

The peddler has just appeared upon the scene, and is handing copies of songs to the young girls.

Autolycus, although a thief as well as a peddler, was one of those embodiments of early minstrelsy who wandered from village to village, leaving behind them, as a redeeming trait, melodies hummed by the fireside in the long English winter evenings, and songs sung, as Shakespeare says, by women as they "sat spinning and knitting in the sun." How deep the influence of the popular minstrelsy was, is apparent from that well-known sentence of Sir Philip Sidney: "I never heard the old song of Percie Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no other voice than rude style; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gor-

geous eloquence of Pindar!" To this Shakespeare gave expression in creating Autolycus, and Leslie lent this quaint figure of bygone days form and colour.

In 1829 the painter wrote his sister, Anna Leslie, who resided in America, that he had commenced a large canvas, representing Falstaff, surrounded by fifteen personages. The following year he wrote again: "I have finished my Falstaff picture." This canvas is one of his most ambitious efforts. The picture represents a dinner-party at which all the well-known characters of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" are assembled: Gentlemen Ford and Page, with their wives; the charming Anne, and her unwelcome suitor, Slender, with his wee little face and can-coloured beard; Simple, his servant; Parson Evans; Judge Shallow, and the rogues, Pistol and Bardolph, of whom the latter is so true to his master that one

almost forgives his red nose, and almost his thefts, for that one trait. They are just getting up from the table, and the insolent Falstaff throws his napkin on Mrs. Ford. The story is well told, and each character is recognisable at the first glance. The colour scheme, while not brilliant, is sufficiently full to be easily discernible as the work of a fine colourist. Leslie was, at the time, under the influence of Newton, and strove for colour under effects of brilliant light. Seven years later he treated the same subject; the composition is as good as in the first, but the colour charm is lacking. Fascinated by Constable's gray harmonies, his colour had lost its sparkle, and become cold and monotonous.

Andrea del Sarto's words in Robert Browning's well-known poem, "All is silver-gray, placid and perfect, with my art," apply somewhat to Leslie's art, although

his style was very far from being perfect. He was by no means, like Andrea, a "faultless painter," even in regard to execution, and, therefore, it is the more difficult to tolerate the placid monotony and respectable mediocrity of his later works.

His best picture is his "Katharina" ("Taming of the Shrew"), in the South-Kensington Museum, the ill-humoured wife biting the beads of her necklace, and balancing her slippers on the end of her toes. Petruchio, that virtuoso of shrew-taming, is once more playing the bully, thinking of a new device to show the world how a man can get the better of an ill-tempered woman by a temper still worse.

"This great dramatic glorification of brute force, and jarring cacophony of whip-cracking, shouting, what-hoing, and squeaking," as A. B. Walkley, the English dramatic critic, pleases to express

himself, has found admirers in Eduard Grützner, F. Schwörer, and others. Even the prelude to the play has been treated by J. Nash, in his "Christopher Sly and the Hostess," a well-imagined and spirited impersonation of the scene; the hostess, well fed and voluminously clad, wears an air of defiance and affronted determination, now that her guest can no longer pay for his ale, or his broken glasses; the drunken tinker, full of easy indifference and joyous mobility, snaps his fingers in her face, as, in his uncouth dance, he nearly places the centre of gravity of his person "without the base" of support. A more modern version of this scene is from the brush of W. Q. Orchardson.

Another English artist who deserves special mention for his devotion to Shakespeare is Gilbert Stuart Newton, an American by birth, who lived in England, however, from 1820 to 1835, and devoted

himself to the illustration of English authors. Like Wilkie, he has a certain historical importance because he devoted himself with great zeal to a study of the Dutch of the seventeenth century, and to the French painters of the eighteenth century, at a time when these masters were entirely out of fashion on the Continent, and sneered at as representatives of "the deepest corruption." Gerard Dow and Terburg were his peculiar ideals; and although his "Shylock and Jessica" (1828) and "Portia and Bassanio" (1831) would most certainly have lost in actuality, but for the interest provided by the literary passages, yet they are favourably distinguished from the literary illustrations of the Düsseldorfers by the want of any sort of idealism; while the painters of the Continent in such pictures fell into a rounded, generalising ideal of beauty. "Newton had the scene played by actors

and painted them realistically. The result was a theatrical realism, and the way in which he made use of theatrical effects and histrionic gestures is so convincingly true to nature that his pictures seem like records of stage art in London, about the year 1830."

Shakespeare, in the fervour and fertility of his luxuriant imagination, pursued his flight through the labyrinths of fancy and the human heart, penetrating to the lowest and darkest depths, and soaring upward into their loftiest and brightest regions; and made his heroines stand out in no less bold and prominent form than the chief personages of the opposite sex. Of all heroines, Imogen, the lovely image of wifely passion and wifely courage, seems to me the most perfect and pathetic masterpiece.

Imogen in the cave is a subject often treated by painters in a variety of ways:

generally Cymbeline's daughter is represented with her sword drawn, — as in that charming well-known picture of J. Hoppner, — entering the temporary place of refuge. T. Graham shows her in the cave, where she is discovered by Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus, though one of the party is omitted in the picture. Belarius, looking in, notices the intruder with much surprise, and remarks to his companions that he "should think there was a fairy," only "it eats our victuals."

Imogen, habited as a youth, weary with her travel toward Milford Haven, and now having satisfied her hunger, half reclines on the skin of some animal, made to do duty as a couch on the sloping bit of rock within the cave; she is apparently meditating on what the next step will be in the journey to meet her husband. Graham has caught the spirit of the incident, and has made the lady pretty, without

silliness; but the attitude in which she is placed, however natural it may be under the circumstances, is not graceful.

The very grace this picture lacks we find in Elizabeth Forbes's "Imogen" (Royal Academy, 1898), for which it is impossible to have anything but the warmest eulogy. It illustrates the words: "Thou shalt not lack the flowers that's like thy face, pale primrose." There she lies, after having gazed in vain from the mountain-brow on that same blessed haven of Milford, straining her eyes to catch the expected sail of her husband, a female form of exquisite grace, the sensuousness of her rhythmic lines accentuated by the boyish disguise. All over her, azure harebells, with pale primroses and leaves of eglantine, are sprinkled. It is too delicate a fancy to impress the majority, always eager for actual, immediate reality. Such subtle imaginings will satisfy none but those

refined temperaments who demand of art that it shall lift them from the world of realities into the realm of dream.

An especially noticeable illustration is the splendid picture of A. Liezen-Meyer, where, "whiter than her sheets," the white lily is resting on her richly adorned bed in a chamber rich with arras-figures, and comfort, and luxury, while the dark-eyed villain Iachimo, who was hiding in the trunk as she retired, bends over her and takes off her bracelet, hardly able to restrain himself from kissing the "rubies imparagon'd."

Also another German painter, F. Schwörer, has found in "Cymbeline" sufficient inspiration to produce what is generally considered his best picture. It is again Imogen in boy's clothes before the cave of Belarius. His work, which has dealt repeatedly with Shakespearean subjects, is characterised by its refined and yet bril-

liant colouring, and by great beauty of composition, — qualities which manifest themselves in a remarkable degree in the artist's frescoes for the Council Hall at Constance.

F. Schwörer, a pupil of Foltz, in the Munich Academy, passed thence to Antwerp, and from Antwerp to Paris, where he worked in the atelier of Yvon. Having returned to Munich, he painted in the National Museum, in fresco, some scenes from Bavarian history. He also painted Rosalind hanging a chain around Orlando's neck after his victory over Charles the wrestler.

Another theme of which painters never seem to tire is "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in which Shakespeare has woven together no fewer than three different actions, — Falstaff's advances to the two Merry Wives of Windsor, Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, and all the conse-

LÖWE. — BASKET SCENE (*Merry Wives of Windsor*).

quences of his ill-timed rendezvous; the rivalry between the foolish doctor and imbecile Slender and young Fenton, for the hand of fair Anne Page; and finally, the burlesque duel between the Welsh priest and the French doctor, which is devised and set afoot by the jovial Windsor innkeeper. In particular, the Basket Scene has attracted the painter's fancy. It has been painted by Emanuel Leutze, by H. Lossow, M. Löwe, Eduard Grützner, Hans Makart, and, perhaps best of all, by Mlle. C. Achille-Fould, in whose recent Salon picture Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, in rich costume, hugely amused, sit on the basket.

We find a more elaborate composition of this scene among the works of M. Löwe. He introduced the jealous Ford, who comes rushing in with his friends, crowding the staircase in the background of the little room. The animated group

in the centre is composed of the two Merry Wives, two servants, and a little boy, who opens the door through which Falstaff, hidden from the view of the husband by a piece of linen lifted up, will soon be carried and dumped into the Thames.

Falstaff's disguise as a woman, in Act iv. Scene 2, furnished James Durne, and his disguise as Herne with a buck's head on, while the fairies, with long wax tapers on their heads, frisk about, furnished R. Smirke and E. Grützner with ideas for pictures.

The scene between Falstaff and Anne Page has been done by C. Clint. His Falstaff is a very silly type, but the Anne Page is charming.

Two well-known pictures, both bearing the same title, "Slender and Anne Page," are by A. W. Callcott and C. W. Cope. Slender, who, in his wooings of the pretty,

roguishly inclined Anne Page, depends on his book of songs and sonnets, and his book of riddles (lent, alas! to Alice Shortcake), proved a capital figure for the genre painter.

Strange that the two not unkindly caricatures, the Welsh priest, Sir Hugh Evans, — in whom Shakespeare perhaps immortalised one of his Stratford schoolmasters, — and the French doctor, Caius, a thoroughly farcical eccentric, who pronounces everything awry, have been so seldom drawn. Also, several entire comedies, like "Love's Labour's Lost," "The Comedy of Errors," "All's Well That Ends Well," have been strangely neglected. Neither does "Troilus and Cressida" find much favour. Angelica Kauffmann painted the third scene of Act v., and V. W. Bromley told with classic coldness the idyllic meeting in the orchard of old Pandarus.

"The Two Gentlemen of Verona" has been rescued by the masterpiece of Holman Hunt, "Valentine Rescuing Silvia," of which John Ruskin wrote: "Further examination of the picture has even raised the estimate I had previously framed of its marvellous truth in detail, and splendour in colour; . . . the action of Valentine, his arm thrown around Sylvia, and his hand clasping hers, at the same instant as she falls at his feet, is most faithful and beautiful; nor less so the contending of doubt and distress with awakening hope in the half-shadowed, half-sunlit countenance of Julia." As beautiful a finale to this story of sheer romance as one can imagine.

What fantastical images are in every play, what wealth of implied psychology, what variety of complications, what spirit and gaiety, which, as H. A. Taine so aptly says, "we shuffle and shingle before

us, a many-tinted skein of glistening silks, a slender arabesque, whose sinuous curves, crossing and confused, bewilder the mind." And in every play there is a new outburst of unlooked-for harmonies of virtues, a new fantastic pageant of human passions. Take, for instance, "Much Ado About Nothing."

What a wonderful play it is! "Here full-blooded, nimble-witted sixteenth-century gallants, full of the New Learning as of the Old Adam, as ready with their concetti as with their poniards, play hide-and-seek behind visor, or in cedar-sheltered pleasaunces, with stately Titian damsels, whose tirewomen have anticipated Lothair's "ropes of pearls," while English watchmen slouch sleepily through the throng, and as unconcernedly as though Messina were in the heart of their own Warwickshire."

English painters have often treated the

subject, but few paintings of prominence have been produced, one of the best still being the rather old-fashioned one of Reverend Peters. In France, where the play was adopted for the Odéon, by M. Louis Legendre, H. Merle has given his countrymen a charming impression of this romantic couple, who rise so benignly from this multifarious, polychromatic life of the Renaissance, and it would certainly be hard to find a more masterly piece of handling of drapery, and a more luminous effect of colour than E. A. Abbey's pastel, "Beatrice," presents to us. Never has he gained in colour a more weighty and yet transparent massing of light and shade. "Dogberry's Charge to the Watch" furnished the theme for one of Stacy Marks's most successful pictures.

Max Adamo, a historical painter, belonging to Munich, both by his birth and art-training, where he was under the in-

fluence of Schwind and Kaulbach, in which he acquired distinction by his frescoes in the National Museum, has painted Act ii. 2.

Adamo also painted "The Winter's Tale," Florizel and Perdita whispering sweet words of nothing into each other's ears. F. Wheatley illustrated Act iii. 3, and iv. 3.

The most beautiful picture of these idyllic lovers, which also inspired A. P. Ryder to a little panel, in which the colours shine like ancient gems, has been painted, however, by Gabriel Max. It represents Florizel and Perdita dressed like shepherd and shepherdess. He has taken the liberty to change the scene from the shepherd's cottage to an autumnal field edged in big trees, with a flock of sheep grazing in the distance, and we cannot blame him for it.

He poured out in his canvas all the

colour-melancholy of a refulgent autumn day. The heavens and earth are called upon to participate in the idyllic happiness of Perdita and Florizel, who offer each other flowers and good wishes. It is an impressionistic and psychological problem that Gabriel Max has set himself to solve. His artistic motive lies in the apparently paradoxical effect which the atmosphere of a gray day, with the sun behind defoliated forest land, has in creating the vague charm of the lover's intimate attitude of adoration, in the foreground.

Hermione, as a statue, a wonderful opportunity for artists who handle drapery, has been done repeatedly by the later Preraphaelites, notably Leighton and Tadema.

One of the most beautiful female characters of Shakespeare is the small part of Jessica, who elopes with the gallant

Lorenzo, just as Desdemona followed the Moor, and Imogen, Posthumus. Only a few lines define her character in the play, and yet she is as vital, if not more so, than the more pretentious of his heroines. She is one of the delicate dark-eyed maidens, with a natural coquetry of motions, and yet almost too shy to don a boy's costume. It is almost as if we see her smile, her sudden blushes, the childish pout on her full Oriental lips, and the ecstatic ardour of her love, mingled with a vague sadness, which makes her say, "I am never merry when I hear sweet music." I do not know any better depiction of this Semitic maiden, so coy and yet so sensuous, so dreamlike and frolicsome at intervals, than that of Sir J. D. Linton. One might call the picture a character study; it consists simply of two figures standing opposite each other. Shylock is admonishing Jessica; Shy-

lock looks rather good-humoured for a man who "feeds fat the passions of his soul-avarice and revenge;" costume and physiognomy show the influence of Irving's wonderful impersonation. Jessica, wrapped in striped Oriental drapery, has a rare, seductive charm, as if the fair creature's principal mission on earth was nothing but to gladden the eye with her delicate bloom and fragrance.

Washington Allston, one of our old masters, has also painted a "Lorenzo and Jessica." It is one of his better, though less pretentious pictures, but it is only interesting in treatment, and affords no glimpses into their soul life. H. Hofmann painted a "Shylock and Jessica" with good observation and flexible handling, but otherwise it is not very noticeable.

The choice of the caskets has been treated very often; you may find, at the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art,

BARTH. — CASKET SCENE (*Merchant of Venice*).

one by Cabanel,—a carefully drawn, archæologically correct, but rather spiritless composition. The one by Frederick Barth is to be preferred. The portrait is, perhaps, a too ethereal and too much Teutonised version of the emancipated young lady of the Renaissance, who shows so much wisdom in her disguise as a doctor of law; but the Bassanio is an exceedingly happy creation, manly and picturesque, and the gorgeous setting of the scene, and the handling of the minor characters are accomplished with great skill.

A. Schmitz set himself a difficult problem in the Trial Scene. As all its difficulty does not set itself forth in this picture, it is but justice that it should be recorded, despite its many faults. The general impression is favourable enough, also the figure of the Shylock is tolerably good. More unfortunate, however, is the endeavour to lend perspective depth to

the scene by the introduction of larger figures in the foreground; and the want of facial expression, which renders them much more uniform than we could wish them to be, is almost painful. The physiognomic generalisation must be due to some strange sort of incapacity, for it could scarcely be a sign of indifference.

Sir John Gilbert painted a picture of Shylock, after the trial, running frantically through the streets of Venice, followed by a hooting crowd of small boys. The motion is well expressed, but as much as I admire this artist as an illustrator, I have but little sympathy for his paintings. Like Doré's pictures, they are illustrations on a gigantic scale.

"Measure for Measure" can hardly be called a comedy, and yet it is no tragedy, either; however high the passions may rise during this play, it ends well.

It is the play which seemed particu-

SCHMITZ. — TRIAL SCENE (*Merchant of Venice*).

larly fascinating to the circle of the Preraphaelite Brotherhood.

Sir John Millais chose, as one of his subjects, the scene at the house of Isabella, and despite the fact that much work in the old style remained to be finished, he set to work and painted the picture which is now one of the ornaments of the Walker Art Gallery, at Liverpool, a picture which has been called "the most wonderful painting that any youth under twenty years of age ever did in the world."

Holman Hunt painted a "Claudio and Isabella." The moment is that of Claudio's first vacillation of will, "Death is a fearful thing." His lute hangs by the prison window, a tree in full bloom stands in the sun outside, but the chain is on his leg, and the grave is ready. The Isabella is a good figure study, but rather severe in line and expression; there is

nothing free and impulsive, while the curiously mystic and morbid figure of Claudio has our full sympathy, although that was hardly the intention of the painter.

A single figure of Isabella, admirably classic, and full of delicate, enervated mysticism, has been painted by the Dutch painter, Matthew Maris. This figure, small in size, like most of his pictures, speaks for itself, and it is easy to see that with Maris, as with Monticelli and Ryder, the endeavour to embody vaguely a vague conception, eliminating all unnecessary details, stands first and foremost. Persons acquainted with his method will, therefore, not wonder that also in this instance his heroine is nothing but a single little figure without accessories. Yet what subtle refinement, wealth of colour, and insight into the picturesque possibilities of human life, are revealed in its handling.

Inspired, now to pay a painter's homage to music, now to depict some poetic theme from the regions of romance, he has painted many a gem, and in every case he has adorned his pictures with such vague mystery, such soft, rich colour, and such delicacy of handling, that they haunt the memory for the rest of one's life. The expression of his "Isabella" is so vivid, so intense, so beautiful, that one wonders how this sordid nineteenth century of ours could have such dreams, and realise them in its art.

CHAPTER V.

THE PAINTERS OF THE TRAGEDIES.

GOETHE, the "poet-philosopher," as the sage of Concord baptised the great German in his "Representative Men," compared the dramas of Shakespeare with "the immense books of fate, against which the tempest of busiest life is beating, so as to drive the leaves backward and forward with violence."

If all Shakespeare's characters could, at some festive occasion, assemble, there would be more than seven hundred personages, in the costumes of all nations and climes known to mediæval Europe. Yet of all these personages not one would

resemble another in the least, — there is no repetition. Such variety, coupled with perfect truth to nature in each case, is marvellous, one is almost tempted to say miraculous. Moreover, each of these lives, and moves, and has his being in the climate, the country, and the age which would produce such a character.

None of them have become more familiar and more dear to us than the heroes and heroines of the tragedies. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, King Lear and Cordelia, Othello and Desdemona, Romeo and Juliet, and Hamlet and Ophelia, have accompanied us, as of our own kith and kin, through all stages of our intellectual development, and the knowledge which literary minds possess of these creations has been reflected back by painting, in a most enthusiastic and generous manner.

It may be interesting to investigate at this point who, in various countries, gave

the first impulse to the pictorial treatment of Shakespeare's genius.

In England, it was Henry Fuseli, the master of the sublime and terrible in English art, — aside from the unregarded Blake, — committing his creations, not to academic walls, but to the figured pages of volumes seen by few, and by fewer accounted sane. Henry Fuseli was born at Zurich, the 7th of February, 1741. In his youth he enjoyed the friendship of the young Lavater, whose studies of physiognomy had a strong influence upon his whole career. It was a time of stirring thought and impulse. The air was filled with new ideas and civic enthusiasm from the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau; a new school of poets was beginning to enrich German literature, and a new school of professors to work for the purgation and development of the German language. Epic and romantic poetry had arisen with

Klopstock and Wieland; and images of sublimity floated before the mind of the ardent student. Fuseli was not only full of German and French literature, he made himself rapidly master of English and Italian, of Dante and Shakespeare.

When he came to England, his talent was mature and well equipped to go its own way. Like Cornelius, seventy-five years later, in German, and Chevenard in French art, who attempted to paint the History of Man, but never got farther than the sketches which can be seen at the Louvre, he was overambitious, and overstepped the limitations of painting at every occasion.

English painting, at all times, has been an art exclusively based on luxury, optimism, and aristocracy; in its neatness, cleanliness, and good breeding it is exclusively designed to ingratiate itself with English ideas of comfort. In its domain

there was no room for a panoramic review of the evolution of the human race. Fuseli, however, went as far as an Englishman could possibly go. He reveled in the monumental and grotesque, with a fierceness that at times became almost absurd, as, for instance, in the tight-fitting armour of his Macbeth, — such a one as has never been worn, showing every muscle, in a Michael Angelesque manner, as if the body were nude, — and in the queer facial expression of his Prospero, and the eccentric attitude of his King Lear. Philosophy and paint never harmonise.

Benjamin West, Th. Stothard, and D. Maclise, all followed in his footsteps. Their intention is certainly more artistic than their work, their affectations become infinitely tedious, and I am absolutely convinced that oil paint was never meant to imitate "sculpturesque" effects. On the

whole, their work teaches one this lesson, that whenever a painter is foolish enough to dip into the rich experience of the past, without assimilating those traditions which were the basis of its achievements, his work has defeated its own end, and shows none of that delight in oil paint which characterises most great work.

In France, it was Eugène Delacroix who gave the impulse. The appreciation of Shakespeare in France, at the beginning of the century, was still in its infancy. One did not venture, as yet, to put the plays on the stage as Shakespeare had written them, but, attracted by their poetic charm, one used the plots of their stories for all sorts of pantomimes, ballets, and spectacular plays, and, think of it, even for circus performances! Franconi performed in his *cirque olympique* "a pantomime of 'Othello,' with dialogues and dances."

Looking over the old playbills, we can get an idea of what liberties were taken in France with Shakespeare's works. One reads of a "Hamlet, pantomime tragique en trois actes, mêlée de dances, de Louis Henry, musique de M. le Comte de Gallenberg, chevalier de l'ordre des Deux-Siciles," 1816, with a statue of old Hamlet that comes to life, like the statue of the Commander in "Don Juan," of "Les Visions de Macbeth ou les Sorcières d'Ecosse, melodrame à grand spectacle," with a great deal of magic, "witches rising perpendicularly by the side of a tall pine-tree, their feet resting only on the wings of a vulture," a Lady Macbeth, who, like Ducis's heroine, is called Frédégonde, and a traitor as black as Iago, added to Shakespeare's plot. "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Merchant of Venice" were treated in a similar undeferential manner.

Delacroix, who had the widest range

of subjects imaginable,— embracing everything; decorative, historical, and religious painting; landscape, flowers, animals, sea-pieces, classical antiquity, and the Middle Ages; the scorching heat of the South, as well as the mists of the North, — was really the first Frenchman who fully recognised Shakespeare's leviathan power, and who at the same time was capable of conveying his impression to another art. His predominant quality is a passion for the terrible, a kind of insatiability for wild and violent action. His over-excited imagination heaps pain, horror, and pathos, one upon another. There is nothing pretty or lovable about his art; it is a wild art. He depicted passion wherever he found it, in the shape of wild animals, of stormy seas, or of battling warriors; and he sought it in every clime, in nature, no less than in Shakespeare and the Bible.

In Germany, no spot was better fitted to become the cradle of a romantic art than Düsseldorf, the peaceful town on the legend-haunted banks of the green river. In the fifteenth century there existed, in the remote Umbrian valleys, that school of painting in oils which saw its only ideal in the deep eyes and soft aspect of the Madonna, and made the religious aspirations of the soul the exclusive subject of their pictures. In the same manner, the present century produced,— in contrast to the early Munich school with the epic-dramatic fresco painting of Cornelius, "Wedding the German to the Greek, and Faust to Helen,"— that lyric, sentimental Düsseldorf school of painting, which embraced Madonnas and prophets, knights and robbers, gypsies and monks, water-nymphs and nuns, with the same languishing tenderness.

Theodor Hildebrandt became the Boy-

dell of Düsseldorf; Immermann, the director of the Düsseldorf Theatre, had been the first to offer Shakespeare a home on the German stage. The performances of his tragedies were regarded as red-letter days. During the three years of Immermann's leadership (1834–1837), "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "King John," "The Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," and "Julius Cæsar," were performed on fifteen occasions in all, and Hildebrandt very often had a hand in the staging of the plays. To give the titles of these plays is at once to characterise the subject-matter of Hildebrandt's paintings. He rarely went to other poets for his inspiration, although in his "Pictures from Faust" and his "Beware of the Water-nymph" he honoured Goethe, and in his "Brigands" he may have been inspired by Byron, whose influence was also very marked on the Düsseldorf

school. His principal Shakespearean pictures are "King Lear Mourning for Cordelia" (1826), "Romeo and Juliet" (1827), "Cardinal Wolsey" (1842), "Othello" (1847), "Juliet Taking the Poison" (1853), "Arthur and De Burgh," "King John," and "Cordelia Reading the Letter to Kent" (1855). When an artist has covered himself with glory, one writes his biography with the mere titles of his works.

"Macbeth" is the tragedy of ambition, its struggle against a supersensitive conscience, haunted by superstition. The fatal circlet of the jewelled crown lures him on to commit one foul deed after the other, but he cannot enjoy what he has gained, as the terrible, silent, blood-stained ghost of Banquo always rises between him and happiness.

The Banquet Scene has been used by D. Maclise for a very elaborate composi-

tion, introducing fifty figures or more. The Scottish nobility is seen carousing in the immense banquet hall; Macbeth and Lady Macbeth occupy the centre; the king has just smiled, and proposed a health, when, suddenly conscience-smitten, he sees the ghost of the murdered man. The introduction of Banquo's figure is admirably managed, indicated as it is by a shadow rather than actually represented, horrible in its ghostly indistinctiveness. The scene has often been treated, and by other prominent artists, but never with the magnificent vigour and keen understanding of D. Maclise. It is a masterpiece in its way.

Macbeth, crossing the blasted heath, toward his gloomy castle, where "the raven croaks and the owl cries, and turns to bay," has been painted by Wm. Kaulbach, J. Martin, Fuseli, Louis Boulanger, M. Adamo, and many others.

The separate figures of the weird sisters, who "come with thunder and lightning, and vanish with airy music," pointing with their haggard fingers at Macbeth and Banquo, have been done by Reynolds and Romney.

The scenic beauties of the Scottish heath, suggested by this play, have had various interpretations. I remember a landscape in the Hamburg art gallery: several old storm-beaten trees, on a rocky hill, rise in a plain of sombre vegetation, through which Macbeth and Banquo come, riding on horseback. It was painted by Lessing, the Düsseldorfer landscapist, or one of his disciples, who made a specialty of introducing figures of some literary interest into their landscapes, in order to enable them to express some human emotion. The English painter, John Hodges, and Carl von Hafften, a Berlin artist, have treated the subject in the

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HAFFTEN. — HEATH SCENE (*Macbeth*).

same way. A similar attempt was made by A. P. Ryder, in a Macbeth on horseback, encountering the witches in their rocky haunt on some moonlit night. The landscape is the principal thing. Its strange blue colour and weird imaginativeness is specially noteworthy. Also Corot, it is said, devoted one of his canvases to this theme. The Cave Scene, Act iv., has been depicted by Reynolds.

Here I may also mention the sketches by G. Cattermole of the Banquet Scene, and by William Telbin of the Cavern in Cornwall, for Henry Irving's Lyceum revival of "Macbeth." Like the work of several other modern scene-painters of Munich, Vienna, and Paris, they deserve to be classed as works of art. Cattermole's sketch in particular has something of the grandeur of D. Maclise's composition.

But a still greater attraction painters

found in Lady Macbeth, regal and masculine, "top-ful of direst cruelty," and yet only leaping to the crown for her husband's glory, and dying broken-hearted, because it had not made him or herself happy. Nowhere does she reveal a deeper insight into her ruined soul than in the Sleep-walking Scene. She has rushed boldly toward evil, and now the sins she has committed rise, ghostlike, one after the other from the past. She is pursued by Conscience, the modern Nemesis, and the accusations she whispers to herself are like the whisperings of some dismal wind straying over the Scottish heath at night, when the hags assemble, and Hecate brews her strange concoctions.

Delacroix found it a subject well worthy of his sombre fancies. The German painters were specially fond of depicting the bitterness and weariness of this scene.

KAULBACH. — SLEEP WALKING SCENE (*Macbeth*).

Adamo's large canvas has some excellent work in it, but fails to make a vital impression, as the painter paid too much attention to the architectural adjuncts; the huge mantelpiece was apparently more important to him than Lady Macbeth's face.

Wilhelm von Kaulbach, ever in quest of fresh modes of line-expression, found in the scene of "Macbeth and the Doctor," and of "Macbeth and Seyton," when the moving horror of Birnam Wood presages his approaching ruin, new opportunities to verify his "pure art." In his Sleep-walking Scene, however, he carried out a work in which his contemporaries took special pride.

The figure of Lady Macbeth, in flowing garments, fleeing in terror of herself through the halls of Dunsinane Castle, is one of the very best Kaulbach has drawn. We may or may not conceive Shake-

speare's Lady Macbeth as a shy startled woman, rubbing her hands, but in either case we find a definite personality, wonderful in its grace and weirdness.

But no picture brings us as near to the very soul of Lady Macbeth, as Dante Gabriel Rossetti's. It is a very peculiar picture, this "Death of Lady Macbeth," crowded as it is with elaborately drawn figures, with physician and court ladies. We take interest in none of them. We are fascinated only by the haggard figure of Lady Macbeth, who, like a hunted-down animal, crouches in a frightened attitude in the midst of them, holding up her hands as in prayer.

The hue of murder is on her whole countenance; she is mentally disturbed, but her brain is still a chaos of horrible images of blood; the evil rests deeper, it is the utter collapse of her soul under the pangs of conscience, which furiously

gnaws at her heart. It shows, as far as it is pictorially possible, how this gaunt mysterious woman with gray and cruel eyes "sinks into the seasons of remorse and dies of suicidal agony," as Coleridge expressed it.

King Lear was the greatest task Shakespeare ever set himself, the most extensive and most imposing; all the suffering and horror that can arise from the relation between a father and his children is expressed in five acts of moderate length.

It found its illustrator in Ford Madox Brown. In his set of rough designs the properly pictured matter of composition, and the rest, are quite subordinated to the attempt at direct passion-painting and dramatic invention. One, "Cordelia's Portion," represents the moment when Cordelia, accepted portionless by Burgundy, who gazes on, disappointed and ashamed, bids a boding farewell to her sisters, who

with their future husbands clutch and wrangle already over the crown put off by Lear.

In another, "Cordelia's Return," there is in her womanly figure an infinite pathos of pity, of anxiety, of reproachfulness, against the wickedness that has brought her father low; the banished Kent, accompanied by the Fool, casts a last look from the doorway, and behind them we see the players whose music is to awaken the sleeping king, and a stretch of Dover sea-beach, whereon are pitched the tents of France. This picture is justly reckoned by the painter as one of his chief successes. As an imaginative realisation of a given scene from poetry, in which strenuous thought and vivid insight concur with complete pictorial sanity, I think it has hardly been surpassed in modern painting.

"King Lear" afforded the opportunity

for the creation of two other masterpieces: the "Scene on the Heath," by Benjamin West, and "Lear's Death," by A. F. Pecht. Benjamin West was a descendant of the society of Friends, who came to this country with William Penn. His first instruction was received in Philadelphia, where he first established himself as a portrait-painter, and where his early studies in art were made, entirely without advantages and against persistent opposition from his family. He then removed to New York, and, in 1763, to England. In one of the most celebrated of his pictures, the "Death of General Wolfe," he made the innovation of dressing the character in its proper costume, whereas the orthodox painters are adopting still the Greek and Roman dress, no matter what the subject or period. His "Christ Rejected" has been pronounced the finest production of his genius; true enough, it

was a herculean task to cover such an enormous canvas at the venerable age of eighty, but I consider his "Raving Lear" by far superior. The lightning flashes, the avenging thunder rolls, over the gloomy waste. In a desert hovel, shattered by the storm, the old monarch, accompanied by the Fool, his faithful friend and adviser, and Edgar, "the philosopher and learned Theban," is seen in the most violent and turbulent paroxysm of rage and violence. Night has cast its gloom over the landscape, as nature over the minds of these three homeless wanderers. In no picture have I ever seen such a liberal display of wildness and fury, outvying the storm of nature and of night.

A. F. Pecht is known alike as an artist and a man of letters. From his birthplace, Constance, he passed successively to Munich, to Dresden, to Leipzig, being engaged in the practice of lithography

and in portrait-painting. At Paris he came under the influence of Paul Delaroche. From 1848, onward, he spent three years in England, and finally settled in Munich. As a critic, he has on various occasions been of service in calling attention to the works of rising artists of the Munich school. A series of paintings from subjects suggested by the lives of Goethe and Schiller was succeeded by the illustration of their works, and of those of Lessing, in the Schiller, Goethe and Lessing, and Shakespeare Galleries, issued under either Pecht's sole superintendence, or in joint editorship with A. von Ramberg.

His "Death of Cordelia" may be looked upon as the work in which he tried to epitomise his talents. The loving Cordelia, whose filial regard no adversity could undermine and no fate could change, rests in the arms of the broken-

hearted king, whose white locks are already freed from the imaginary crown of burdocks, hemlock, nettle, cuckoo-flowers, darnel, and all the idle weeds. The love which she reserved in her bosom, although she scarcely acted or spoke in the play, all burst forth before this final parting, and dispelled all darkness, confusion, and misery. It is a noble picture, with its stately figure of the king, who, with one knee on the ground, supports the head of Cordelia, whose flood of hair mingles with his white beard.

It is as fit a monument to Shakespeare's genius as Victor Hugo's words about Cordelia: "Cordelia dies. Nothing more heart-rending than this. The old man is stunned; he no longer understands anything, and, embracing her corpse, he expires. He dies upon his daughter's breast. He is saved from the supreme despair of remaining behind her among

the living, a poor shadow, to feel the place in his heart empty, and to seek for his soul, carried away by that sweet being who is departed. O God! those whom thou lovest thou takest away.

"To live after the flight of the angel; to be the father orphaned of his child; to be the eye that no longer has light; to be the deadened heart that knows no more joy; from time to time to stretch the hands into obscurity and try to reclasp a being who was there (where, then, can she be?); to feel himself forgotten in that departure; to have lost all reason for being here below; to be henceforth a man who goes to and fro before a sepulchre, not received, not admitted, — this is indeed a gloomy destiny. Thou hast done well, poet, to kill this old man."

Entirely different from the pictures just mentioned is Marcus Stone's "Cordelia," bending over the unconscious king, and

addressing him in the most touching strain: "O my father! Restoration hang thy medicine on my lips."

The figure of Lear's loving and gentle daughter — "kind and dear princess," as the Earl of Kent addresses her — is as graceful in its pose as her dress permits. The absence of a girdle at the waist allows no break in the long-curved line of the back, which on this account seems to be unduly lengthened. There is sweetness mingled with sadness in Cordelia's earnest, inquiring face, as she stoops to look into that of the aged sleeper. The physician stands by watching the king's awakening, though, as he remarks, "I doubt not of his temperance." The painter has very judiciously enriched his composition by some relevant ornamental work, such as the designs on the tapestry of the bed, and yet more by the decorative designs of the background. The figures at the

foot of the bed, and the tent-pole, on which hang shields and swords, support the central group without interfering in the slightest degree with it.

A. Schmitz's "Lear Disposing of His Kingdom," "with shadowy forests, and with champains rich'd, with plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads," has also good personal qualities in poetical feeling and technique.

Of the old English painters, George Romney was specially fond of Shakespeare. Although a trifle awkward, one could hardly look for better work, alike in subject, technique, and colour, than his "King Lear Asleep" and a "King Lear Awake." Other noteworthy pictures on this subject are, "Cordelia Reading the Letter to Kent," by Hildebrandt; "Cordelia Nursing King Lear," by Gilbert Stuart Newton; "King Lear and Cordelia," by Edward Harrison May, a Philadelphia

artist; a rather too youthful-looking study head of Cordelia by Seifert; and "Lear's Madness" (1875), by Charles Louis Müller, a French painter, generally called "Müller of Paris," known for his masterly composition, of which his "Lady Macbeth" (1849) is the best example.

Othello has been painted even more frequently than Macbeth and Lear, but scarcely with true understanding of the poet's conception of the character.

The old painters, like Joshua Boydell, J. Graham, C. W. Cole, all represented him as some African monster in Venetian court dress. There is nothing noble about their conception; he is merely a ruffian, who takes advantage of the "soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence." They made a grievous mistake, the text apparently misleading them, for Othello tells himself that he has neither youth nor

good looks to keep Desdemona's love awake, not even affinity of race to build upon.

Also most of the Shakespearean commentators of those days made the same mistake. They heralded Desdemona as the perfection of womanhood, and presented Othello as one of the most repulsive forms of manhood, who could inspire nothing but detestation and contempt.

True enough, Othello is an inartificial soul; he has no worldly wisdom, for he has lived his whole life in camps; but he belongs to the simple, straightforward natures that are never preoccupied with the thought of their own worth. He is devoid of vanity. He has never said to himself that such exploits, such heroic deeds as have won him his renown, must make a far deeper impression on the fancy of a young girl of Desdemona's disposition than the smooth face and pleasant

manners of a Cassio. He is so little impressed with the idea of his greatness that it almost at once appears quite natural to him that he should be scorned. Othello is a man of despised race, with the fiery African temperament. And it is not merely the fair, delicate girl in her that allures him. Had he not loved her, and her only, with passion, he would never have married her; for he has the fear of marriage that belongs to his wild, freedom-loving nature, and he in no wise considers himself honoured and exalted by this connection with a patrician family, since he is himself a descendant from the princes of his country.

The Frenchman rendered the character more happily. Cabanel, in his "Othello Telling the Story of His Life," painted in 1857, made him a romantic character similar to the Prince of Morocco in "The Merchant of Venice."

Delacroix's version is full of weird power, like all his creations, utterly unlike anything which has come from the hand of a modern artist. Othello, more than any other character, unites vehemence and nature, tragic emotion with truth and vigour. But Delacroix's figure delineation, full of animation as it is, is more the expression of elemental passions, than of a type. He makes him repellant and fascinating at the same time. He painted two pictures, "Othello and His Friends," and "Othello and Desdemona."

The German painters somehow get nearer to the truth. Othello is one of the most frequent and most successful subjects. Only the prolific H. Hofmann failed, very much on the same grounds as the English painters. F. Piloty and A. Begas painted a very acceptable Othello, but I prefer Carl Becker's Othello almost to any other I have seen. Becker was a

fair colourist, a forerunner of Makart; he could draw and compose well; his only fault was that he painted invariably to please the popular taste.

The artist seemed to have no genuine feeling for, or delight in the scenes he represented, but he painted them simply because it was his vocation to paint, and it was necessary to have a subject. They awaken, therefore, no feeling in the heart of the spectator; they give us no keen enjoyment; we look at them and commend or disapprove of them. There is no tendency in this artist with which we can sympathise, nor does there appear any sign of aspiration, effort, or enjoyment in any of his works. He appears to have completed them methodically, to have been content with them, when completed, to have thought them good, legitimate, regular pictures; but in both pictures, "Othello Relates," and

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BECKER. — OTHELLO RELATES (*Othello*).

"Othello Defends Himself," he has given us an Othello which is at least pleasant to look at. We see at last the possibility that Desdemona could fall in love with him.

"Othello Before the Senate" has been painted by König, a pupil of Becker's. The Othello is not very imposing, but his Brabantio, in the flowing robe of a Venetian senator, is, despite his vivacious attitude, distinguished by vigour of drawing, and by dignity of conception.

A. P. Ryder has painted a Desdemona whose heart is full to overflowing of suffering, perhaps after the "Willow Song of poor Barbara" has ceased. Juana Romani exhibited, at one of the Salons, a head of Desdemona, rather sensuous, not "light and airy as sunny May day."

While in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" Shakespeare dealt with the imaginative side of love, its fantastic and

illusive phases, in "Romeo and Juliet" he regards it in its more passionate aspect, as the source of rapture and of doom.

Here we have two lovers, passionately drawn together in mutual ecstasy, ignoring from the outset the prejudices of their surroundings. There is no peaceful tenderness in their passion. It flashes forth like lightning at their first meeting, and the violence, under the hapless circumstances, hurries these young souls straight to their tragic end.

Of paintings depicting Romeo and Juliet at court there are a large number of canvases by Karl F. Sohn, H. Hofmann, Edward Geselschap, a Dutchman who lived in Düsseldorf, Theodor Hildebrandt, the Russian, C. E. Makowsky, G. Papperitz, A. Begas, Herman Goldschmidt, E. A. Guillon, Charles François Jalabert, F. Bouterwek, James Bertrand, F. A. Bruckmann, etc. Among the

painters of the Balcony Scene, Delacroix, Hans Makart, and Victor Müller, F. H. Dicksee, and Ford Madox Brown deserve special mention. The scene in Friar Laurence's cell was painted by Carl Becker; Juliet, as single figure, by Matignon and Bertha Sieck; "Juliet and the Nurse," by J. M. Wright, N. Briggs, and Christian Zahrtmann of Copenhague; "Friars John and Laurence" (v. 2), by Piloty; the Death Scene, by Delacroix, Piloty, and A. Spiess.

"The Balcony Scene alone," as A. De Lamartine so enthusiastically writes, "with that admirable introduction of the nightingale's song; the uncertainty which the bird awakens in the mind of Juliet as to whether it be the vesper song, a prelude to a long night of departure, or the matin song, bringing separation or death; the tender dispute between the lovers about the time, whether it be the morning lark

or the nocturnal songstress, is indeed entirely Shakespeare's, such as no other poet could create, and worth a whole tragedy. It is a poem complete in itself; it is the heart sounded to its mysterious depths; it is nature associated with the happiness of the lovers by the most joyful and saddest analogies of the summer night, under the Southern skies, as it is the same note of the nightingale whether she sings in the evening twilight or in the morning dawn, giving to the lovers the signal of bliss, or the terror of death. Poetry can go no farther, and the imagination cannot conceive of a more divine image in any tongue."

Dicksee's "Romeo and Juliet" is a most graceful rendering of the immortal lovers in the Balcony Scene, a tender farewell, while orange-trees and lilies and all the sweet growth of "Verona's summer" stand around them in the moonlight.

MAKOWSKY. — BALCONY SCENE (*Romeo and Juliet*).

One of the best and most satisfying is that of Ford Madox Brown. Juliet is represented passion-pale and faint; Romeo, embracing her with one arm, and flinging the other abroad, as he puts his foot on the first step of the rope-ladder, presses an ardent kiss on her neck; the towers of Verona, rosy with morning, rise ominously in the background.

Papperitz and Makowsky painted the love couple without accessories, simply sitting together whispering sweet nothings to each other. Papperitz's picture is too sentimental, and of a too popular tendency to be considered seriously; it is one of those commonplace works which look down at us from the walls of almost all exhibitions. I only mention it on account of its popularity. Makowsky struck a rather more forceful note, although his Romeo and Juliet look like the love couple of some opera, on whom a

blue calcium light, meant for moonshine, is turned; but Makowsky is at least a brilliant colourist, and we almost forget his lack of realism.

Delacroix (Salon, 1846) represented them full length, standing on the balcony, in a last embrace. The pose of the figures is passionate, yet noble and dignified; the colouring is rich, subdued, and harmonious, the deep greenish blue and browns, the ornaments on the dress, and the laurel-leaves of the background, harmonise exquisitely with the moonlit balcony and the sallow complexion of their faces.

A very remarkable Balcony Scene was painted by Victor Müller, a native of Frankfort, whose art was strongly influenced by Delacroix. In intensity of poetic feeling, he almost surpassed his master; his two lovers are wrapt in a passion, so utterly unconventional and

absorbing, that even Madox Brown's "great depth of feeling" seems pale in comparison. For grace and elegance, Müller cared but little; his Juliet reveals no beauty of line and classic face, she is almost ugly; and his Romeo is merely an example of robust and manly vigour, — we look in vain for easy grace and statuesque repose. He was a realist, when all other German painters were idealists; like Antæus, he touched mother earth whenever he painted a human face, and came back refreshed and enriched with a new experience. He invariably painted from life, in the vivid style of Ribera and Caravaggio, and with a wealth of colour that would have made him a great colourist if he had not died before he reached maturity.

In Hans Makart's Balcony Scene, the lovers are seen in passionate attitudes, one straining upward, the other downward. Yet, despite luxuriant colouring and

elegance of outlines, they look unreal, almost theatrical in comparison. His Juliet is nothing but a high-bred Viennese lady who arranged a secret rendezvous, and his Romeo is a languid stage lover. The lack of psychological insight in pictures of this character leads to a monotony of form and expression, and a want of humanity, for which no amount of erotic beauty and no vivacity of colour can atone.

Art deals not only with colour and technical problems, but with human character, with human emotions, — in a word, with life. Was any painter ever really great, — picturesque he may have been, and temporarily fascinating, — but was any painter ever great, who, at bottom, did not understand character, did not divine it; much as Dickens did, or Balzac? The degree, of course, differs. Vandyke and Sir Joshua only when at their best

fathomed character; came back from their survey with the whole of a history to tell. But if you look at a drawing of Holbein's, — such as those at Windsor or at Basle, — if you look at an etched portrait of Rembrandt's, you may find yourself saying, "Had the craft to which they applied themselves been writing instead of painting, what dramas these men would have written, what novels of character!" They needed an experience of life, backed, no doubt, by miraculous intuition, to do their work. It needed an experience even of pain. "Out of my great sorrows," — was it not Heine who said? — "I have made my little songs." These men would never have done that which they did, if all their days had been passed in the studio, shut off from the realities of life.

Very few painters have stood the task of creating a Juliet who resembles the Juliet which Shakespeare has drawn.

They have generally made her too old. In most English painting, she looks like a slender English girl of at least twenty, while she was only fourteen, early developed; a figure such as Botticelli has drawn at times, wholly Italian, with small gifts of forethought, endowed with a simplicity, perfect in its utter abandonment, a nature both passionate and pure. Hofmann represented a sentimental German maiden of buxom build, of at least twenty-four years, which reminds one more of the heroic proportions of a Brunhilde than a young girl whose heart Doctor Johnson compared to "tinder."

Matignon exhibited at the Salon of 1898 a Juliet sitting alone on a bench, in an ecstatic uplifted position, with hands pressed to her temples. A dream of fleeting bliss!

Another single figure of Juliet Capulet has been attempted by Bertha Sieck, a

German paintress. In a spacious interior in the style of Venetian Renaissance, Juliet sits at the table and plays musingly with the ring on her finger, while the fragrance of the pomegranate is wafted across the scene, and the singing nightingale pierces the leafy shadow of the grove. The picture is remarkable for unity of aim and nobility of sentiment; a vague reflection, as it were, upon the frailty of human happiness.

Becker depicted the betrothal scene in Friar Laurence's cell. Romeo, whose "words flow like one of Petrarch's sonnets," kneels in rapture before Juliet, who involuntarily, like a person long used to courtly manners, makes a graceful courtesy before her ardent lover. Between the lovers the painter has placed Friar Laurence, one of Shakespeare's most delightful embodiments of reason, representing, as it were, the chorus of the tragedy. He

has just come from the vegetable garden, in which he was occupied, and is now admonishing Romeo with kind words, predicting what the end will be, if they do not restrain their passions.

E. M. Ward's Juliet, who, bereft of her lover, pours out all the woe of her young life in the friar's cell, appeals more to the mind than to the eye. She is represented with a dagger in one hand, and a vial of poison in the other hand, bewailing beyond all else that "she must tread the dark path alone," and yet there is a certain energy noticeable in her figure which plainly tells that she will defy the terrors of her excited imagination, and descend boldly, living and lonely, into the fearful tomb. The sun streams through the window of the barren cell like an illusion of hope.

Old Capulet, ready to cast his daughter off to beggary for refusing to wed as he

wills she should, and Juliet's old nurse, this talker with little modesty, whose society could hardly make a Diana out of Juliet, have found but few characteristic representations. One exception is the Danish painter's, Christian Zahrtmann, "Juliet and the Nurse." It is not so much a definite picture of a definite scene, but a strongly poetical, and yet truthful expression of colour, of light and shadow, and of two absolutely different types of womanhood. There is no story told, it is simply an idealised study of an old and a young woman. The figure of the nurse in particular is capital. She is rather bulky in size, aged and withered, but in no way repulsive. Her face suggests past beauty, and in looking at those withered features we forget that they also show her bad qualities, the gross humour, garrulousness, and coquettishness of an old crone. She is nothing but a female poltroon, a

relative of Falstaff's, and yet there is something so sympathetic in her massive figure that the picture casts a spell over us. We feel, should we ever meet such a woman, we would also like her, and perhaps trust her as Juliet did.

Weirdly impressive and haunting in its memory is Gabriel Max's picture of Juliet. It is a magnificent morning; sunlight streams in her chamber, and the musicians have already assembled in the courtyard to awaken her on her wedding-day with a gay fanfare. But the bride lies in semi-darkness, fully clad, on her bed, motionless, apparently dead. The painter sets himself the task of revealing, psychologically, Juliet's character in the moment of suspense which precedes the final catastrophe.

The last scene — in which whatever there was of earth and passion in the love of these unhappy mortals is redeemed by

PILOTY. — DEATH SCENE (*Romeo and Juliet*).

death — has found various capable interpretations, notably by Hildebrandt, Delacroix, and Piloty, but neither the idealising nor the realistic schools could do it full justice. It was too great a task for pictorial realisation. Even the gloom and glamour of Delacroix's imagination could not grasp its lines of transcendent beauty.

Technical methods, no matter with what dash and brilliancy they may be applied, can never accomplish such a miracle. An artist must be willing to lay bare his very soul, with all its sufferings and bitter experiences of life. Only then he may possibly succeed. This has been done by Lucy Rosetti, in her drawing of Juliet's death. It is full of the very soul of the artist, like the record of a personal experience. I do not know the private history of this artist, but I am almost convinced that only the personal grief over the loss of a sister or dear friend

could give to this picture a charm beyond the beauty of exquisite presentation or the poetry of colour. A maiden, drawn in the pre-Raphaelite style, lies on a bier, and another figure bends over her, that is all, but it is one of the most haunting creations of recent art. There is in it the individual charm of a sweet and strong soul, that saw with the perception of genius, and drew with the tenderness of an artist, to whom every line was reminiscent of some exquisite feeling of melancholy sweetness. In her picture we see a Juliet oblivious of the bitterness of life and the sweetness of love, who will soon sleep for ever undisturbed in the marble monument of the Capulets, while an Italian sun will glitter on the golden effigies, placed side by side, of herself and Romeo.

The tragedy of "Hamlet," like that of "Romeo and Juliet," is a tragedy of circum-

stance. And the fate of Hamlet, the melancholy prince of Denmark, is even more sympathetic to us than the sad story of the two Veronese lovers, because almost every one of us possesses, as Ivan Turgenjew asserts, something of the character of Hamlet. Victor Hugo compares Hamlet to Prometheus, and, with wonderful elegance, elucidates the most complex character of the world's literature in the following words:

"This drama is stern. In it truth doubts, sincerity lies. Nothing can be vaster, nothing subtler. In it man is the world, and the world is zero. Hamlet, even in full life, is not sure of his existence. In this tragedy — which is at the same time a philosophy — everything floats, hesitates, shuffles, staggers, becomes discomposed, scatters, and is dispersed. Thought is a cloud, will is a vapour, resolution a twilight; the action blows

every moment from a different direction: the mariner's card governs man. A work which disturbs and makes dizzy; in which the bottom of everything is laid bare; where the pendulum of thought oscillates only from the murdered king to buried Yorick; and where that which is most real is kingliness impersonated in a ghost, and mirth represented by a death's-head."

Let us see how the painters have treated "this tragedy of the human dream."

The first scene of more than ordinary interest represents Hamlet beneath a bitter sky, by the fitful glimpses of the moon, on the ramparts of Elsinore, meeting the spirit of his father, and hearing of him that which poisons every after moment of his life, and conducts him to an early death.

Nobody has painted the Platform Scene better than Fuseli. The movement of

Hamlet, breaking away from his friends, with the words, —

> "Still am I called: — unhand me, gentlemen; —
> By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that lets me, —"

is sublime (no other words would do it justice) in its impatient fury and ardent curiosity. The spirit, "fair and warlike," but somewhat grotesque in form, comes in the solemn, shuddering stillness of the night, and at the very time when we were taught by our nurses to think of and expect ghosts, and struts with truly superhuman majesty away into the cold gray weird night. It has the distinction and nobility of the highest form of art, and all other questions of technique may, in this instance, be left untouched. That the shortcomings of Fuseli were manifold, every connoisseur knows, but when a work of art possesses these greater virtues, we should forget those lesser qualities,

which at times assume importance beyond their rightful proportion.

Edouard Manet, who introduced the "mosaic of open-air tones" into modern painting, applied the suggestiveness of empty space, one of the keynotes of Japanese art, with great success, in his "Hamlet," in the possession of the family of the late Stéphane Mallarmé. It is a snow landscape. In the distance are the parallel lines of dark tree trunks. Hamlet, in black, stands with drawn sword, in an agitated, half-frightened attitude, at the left; his friends are behind him, but no ghost is there,—the place where he should be is simply left bare, showing the canvas. And, strange, we do not miss him, our imagination supplies him; we feel the ghost, and it was not necessary to paint him.

Carl von Hafften treated the scene as an architectural view: a wide platform,

with equestrian statues, and flights of stairs leading to the castle, and the view of a stormy sea, form the main interest of his picture. The introduction of Hamlet, Horatio, and the ghost rising out of the water, were only of minor importance to him.

Max Klinger has also treated this scene in an etching, which is interesting, as it represents one of the eccentric phases of recent art. The ghost, straight and motionless like a statue, rises directly out of the perturbed sea; two figures, who have nothing noble and chivalrous about them, stand huddled together on the left. Otherwise the picture is empty. The interest of the figures lies merely in the peculiar way in which certain emotions are expressed. Hamlet, who looks like a ranting actor, expresses excitement, and Horatio exaggerated fear. Nobody will deny the truth of Klinger's observation, but the

effect is almost ridiculous. Horatio's knees are actually tottering and the movement of his whole body, and the position of his hands, portray in every way a man whom fear causes to lose his wits.

I know of only two artists who have treated Hamlet as a psychological study. Jean Paul Laurens painted, in 1865, a solitary black figure, which stands motionless, wrapped up in its own reflections,— thinking aloud, perhaps, "To be or not to be," the great riddle which Shakespeare puts to every man to guess. William M. Hunt, of Boston, revealed his estimation of Hamlet in a dark, romantic figure, in mantle and baretta, standing in deep meditation in an arcade, overlooking the castle grounds. Clear and secure, he stands in an ideal world of his own, but he dreads the outer world in which he is a stranger, as it bewilders and darkens the clear beauty of his inner being.

Ophelia appealed by far more to the painter's fancy. Innumerous pictures of her have been painted. The majority of them are only studies, indifferent fancy heads or fancy figures, with a few flowers in the hair or on the bosom, called "Ophelia" for fashion's sake. Among them we find the works of Robert Fleury (décolletée, almost in profile, — Salon, 1887), J. Wagrez, H. Gouvion (very theatrical), H. Merle, Mlle. A. Landré (a knee-figure), N. Sichel, G. Graef, and of A. Préaut (neither well composed nor well drawn, but nevertheless a vital piece of work).

This lack of characterisation applies even to Jules Lefêbvre, who, in purity of outline, almost equals the incomparable Ingres. In Lefêbvre's pictures the individuality of the model nearly always disappears; only the graceful arrangement of the drapery and the picturesque head with accessories remain. By concentra-

ting his efforts upon the elaboration of the silhouette, he frequently destroys the individuality of the lineaments. His ambition was not so much to reproduce the exact expression of Ophelia's countenance, showing the moral status and mood of the subject, as to model the face on flowing and regular lines, thus preserving what he considered the balanced rhythm and decorative simplicity of the whole.

A. Seifert, who took his task quite seriously, produced a German maiden, full of resignation and melancholy, with no harshness in her nature, ornamenting her brow with fantastic garlands, and meditating upon her sad plight near a willow-shaded brook.

A deeper and more truthful note has been struck by M. J. Bertrand. There we have really a character before us, of miraculous beauty and sweetness; she "speaks already things in doubt, that

BERTRAND.

SEIFERT.

OPHELIA (*Hamlet*).

carry but half sense." Her timid attitude, and her hands, listlessly playing with her garland of flowers, are exquisite. Seeing her thus, Laertes might exclaim again:

> "O rose of May!
> Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
> O heavens! is't it possible, a young maid's wits
> Should be as mortal as an old man's life?"

Alfred Stevens, who has devoted his whole life to painting the fair sex in such a way as to combine harmony of colour with psychological suggestions of the contemporary woman, exhibited an "Ophelia," in the Salon of 1890, which touches the highest point of poetic interpretation. It is a single figure, exquisitely gowned, with a yearning expression in the face, pressing the hair, which flows loosely around her shoulders, with both hands, to her bosom. The background consists of autumnal foliage with a vista of a waste

field to the left; in the foreground a few naked branches are visible.

In J. W. Waterhouse's picture, the quaint, distracted figure of an English maiden sits near a forest pond, covered with water-lilies; she is fixing her "coronet weeds." Scant foliage, through whose branches the pale light flickers, and nodding grasses, whispering to the wind, form the foreground. A picture simple and broad in its treatment. So perfect in the *Stimmung*, so weird and so world-forlorn, that one forgets at first to admire the artist's wonderful technique and skill in draughtsmanship, for subtler emotions claim more attention.

Waterhouse is one of the modern artists who have gone back to "subject painting." It is, however, not perfunctory story-telling of the old school, but rather the symbolisation of a poetic subject. He subordinates his subject to a manner of

expression, and a design of form and colour, in which there is less theatrical effectiveness than emotional feeling. His allegories are not mere personifications; they are dramatic. He is studying the whole drama of human thought and action, and combines with it a vigour of handling colour masses which is emphatically his.

Another very ingenious creation, expressive of a vague, melancholy mood, is from the brush of John Millais, in which Ophelia is seen peeping over a rock into the glossy stream. The expression of a momentary movement, of a beautifully drawn back, and a pre-Raphaelite profile reveals the dainty grace of that painter.

J. Bertrand painted a "Finding of the Body of Ophelia" (Salon, 1884). In a boat among the rushes, two labourers are lifting the body out of the water.

Also a sketch of an Ophelia picture by Bastien Lepage might here be mentioned.

The growing popularity of his peasant pictures had not led him to give up other subjects. He was anxious to paint an "Annunciation," and drew a sketch of the subject in oils, as well as another of Golgotha at dawn of day, with the three crosses set on a hill in the dim morning light. Another subject which especially attracted his imagination was the death of Ophelia. On one of his visits to London he had seen "Hamlet" at the Lyceum, and had returned to Damvillers deeply impressed with Shakespeare's conception. He saw in this hapless maiden a *misérable d'amour*, an eternal type of unrequited love, of the failures and disappointments of human life. In his eyes, Ophelia was the most touching of victims and her end the most pathetic thing in tragedy.

In August, 1881, he began his picture on a large scale. "I have made some

progress," he wrote to Charles Baude, "with a large picture of Ophelia. I think it will be a good thing to make her an entire contrast to my beggar, that is to say, a really touching Ophelia, as heartrending as if she were really alive. The poor foolish child no longer knows what she is about. Her face bears marks of her grief and her madness. She is close to the edge of the water, leaning against a willow; the smile of her last song is still on her lips, and her eyes are full of tears. Only a branch supports her, and she is slipping unawares into the stream close beside her. Another moment, and she will be in the water. She wears a pale blue bodice, half green, a white skirt with loose folds; her pockets are full of flowers, and behind her you see the river-banks, — a wooded bank with tall flowering grasses and thousands of hemlocks, — flowers like stars in the sky, and in the back of the picture, a

wooded hillside, with the sun setting behind bushes and nut-trees. That is the scenery."

Bastien Lepage's idea seems to have been taken up by Makowsky. He painted an Ophelia, with bewildered gesture and despairing eyes, making her way through the rushes to her "watery grave." His Ophelia is of the Slavonic type, and the realisation of his own native type of beauty, but we do not mind it in the least, as he succeeds in making us see not only the model, but what he divined and imagined in her presence. And, as it was a poetic conception, and he expressed it with an individual technique, the result was charming. No more fascinating and impressive figure of a Shakespearean heroine has come from a contemporary master.

Von Czarchorski shows us the intellectual Hamlet versed in philosophy and

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VON CZARCHORSKI. — HAMLET AND THE PLAYERS (*Hamlet*).

art, holding a discourse with the players whom he has summoned as the instrument of his purpose; in the intellectual world he feels at home, he reigns royally there by insight, imagination, wit, and by the boldness with which he confronts whatever is to be comprehended.

D. Maclise, expert in the placing of figures, selected for his theme the most difficult of all scenes, the Play Scene, now in the Vernon Gallery. The stage is in the middle, with one group of courtiers including Ophelia and Polonius to the left, another with the king and the queen to the right; Hamlet is on the floor watching for the moment in the play when "he can catch the conscience of the king." The largeness of his composition, however, is simply in the grouping; the general treatment of his subjects is not broad in the sense that it is simple. The folds of drapery are everywhere mapped out

with the linear tightness of cloisonné, and the colour is raw.

Conrad Diehl composed the scene in a less symmetrical way. He placed the stage, only partly visible, at the left side of the principal characters. The grouping is excellent, in particular the restraint in Hamlet's figure, in contrast with the agitated attitudes of the king and the queen, endeavouring to calm their conscience. Each character has a distinct individuality, and yet we are perplexed, and vaguely feel that something calls for criticism. To tell the truth, there is in the figures a striking want of the true Shakespearean spirit, which makes them lose in interest. None of them, with the exception of the queen, perhaps, is true to the text, which is surprising, in view of his palpable efforts to attain perfection in all other respects.

Benjamin Constant, in his "Hamlet

and the King" (1869), shows us the prince on his way to his mother's apartments. He has surprised the praying king, and, seeing him thus unprotected, he wants to take advantage of the situation; but again he hesitates, — his arm with the drawn sword becomes limp. Thought was again stronger than action in him; he will wait until "some moment, that has no relish of salvation in it," offers itself, and until then "prolong" his enemy's "sickly days."

"There's rue for you" has been painted by Henrietta Rae and Maurice Greiffenhagen. In Henrietta Rae's picture, Ophelia is listlessly walking through the room, strewing flowers on the way she treads. The king and queen are sitting at the left. Laertes stands in the background. Through the open door one can see courtiers curiously witnessing this scene. It is the Ophelia we know of the stage.

Greiffenhagen's Ophelia is not elaborate. It is really only a sketch. Ophelia's unbalanced mind is well expressed, and so is the sadness and despair of the fierce Laertes. Many are the painters more agreeable than Greiffenhagen; but it is scarcely possible to be more clever than he.

Ophelia's wild, rambling fancies, her aimless broken speeches, her quick transitions from gaiety to sadness, her snatches of old ballads, such as, perhaps, her old nurse sang to her in her infancy, are, however, much better reflected in Benjamin West's old-fashioned picture of the scene.

The most faithful representation of the queen's description of Ophelia's death has been made by John Millais and Marie Bashkirtseff. John Millais's representation is a finished picture; Marie Bashkirtseff's only an impressionistic sketch, interesting, nevertheless, as is everything

which that strange girl has accomplished. In both pictures she is seen floating, "her clothes spread wide and mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up." Bashkirtseff's Ophelia holds a bunch of flowers on her breast; in Millais's depiction, with a peculiar gesture, she holds the palms of her hands upward, while "crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples" are drifting on the surface of the water. The little flowers, and the effect of Ophelia's gown, as seen through the water, are exquisitely painted, and it is difficult to understand how a man of such vast technical resources could ever retrograde into a mere manufacturer of pretty pictures. Marie Bashkirtseff's sketch is noteworthy for the peculiar fashion in which she has drawn the water, and the strange forms of trees on the bank. It is as if all nature in her picture was weeping; her brook is, indeed, a "weeping brook," which "pull'd the

poor wretch from her melodious lay to muddy death." How it was done cannot be easily defined in words; it seems to me as if she dragged all her lines in one direction across the paper, from the top to the bottom, and by accentuating the downward movement, created an impression of falling tears.

The Grave Digger Scene has been well exploited by F. Stieler and many others, but best by Eugène Delacroix and Dagnan-Bouveret. The pictures are very similar; both represent the figure of Hamlet, accompanied by a bearded Horatio, standing before the grave, from which the witty fellow throws out his wits as his shovel throws out the earth. The picture of Delacroix is infinitely better painted, and more solemn and grander in character, but Dagnan-Bouveret is more sympathetic. We feel at home in the churchyard of the old abbey,

DAGNAN BOUVERET. — GRAVE DIGGER SCENE (*Hamlet*).

with its growth of flowers diffused with sunlight, and with the old grave-digger, for which apparently some French *fossoyeur* has posed. Also the young and princely figure of Hamlet, a novice in life but versed in the philosophies of Wittenburg, who, with an embroidered handkerchief in his hand, just exclaims the words "And smelt so, pah!" comes nearer to our modern comprehension of the character. It is less romantic, and less fierce in its world agony. To this serene philosopher, the whole earth is not a churchyard; he is rather an amiable misanthropist, a philosopher who cynically laughs at philosophy.

Barbudo, a Spanish painter of great ability, made a splendid composition of the moment (Act v. 2) when Hamlet wounds Laertes. He set himself the task of giving all the figures the utmost possible movement. He lavished upon

the picture all the wealth of imagination of a rich Southern temperament. The wounded Laertes, drawing himself erect in pain, the speechless terror in Hamlet's attitude, and the agitated movement of the king and queen, are marvellously done.

The artist has known how to give to each of his figures those surroundings which are proper to that particular subject, without regard to any one else, the result being that details assist in emphasising the predominance of the principal figure, which thus becomes the natural centre of the work.

He has presented the scene as no painter ever did before, in point of picturesqueness and expression. How poetical is the whole composition, what depth of feeling in the gestures, the attitudes, and the groupings of his figures! what tragic grandeur in the despair of the chief characters! The king and the queen,

Hamlet and Laertes, alike are doomed; they already wear upon their foreheads the mask of death, which soon will fall and hide their faces for ever.

The march music of the approaching Viking warriors draws nearer and nearer; its airy sounds are wafted over the platform of Elsinore and echo in the battlement of the gloomy castle; only a few moments will pass, until young Fortinbras enters and takes possession of the throne of Denmark.

CHAPTER VI.

SHAKESPEARE IN SCULPTURE.

SOME forty years or more ago, there was some stir made about raising a monument to Shakespeare. It was proposed that a cliff near Dover, named after the poet, should be crowned by a colossal figure of the bard. But the stir soon ceased. The only thing that came of it was a pretty woodcut in the pages of *Punch*, after a charming drawing by Richard Doyle, in which all the principal characters in Shakespeare's plays are trooping below a statue of the poet — who is standing like a stork on one leg, and is being crowned by the great Punch himself.

It is indeed surprising that not one of the great modern sculptors, from Canova to Rodin, should have been inspired by such a fame as that of Shakespeare, to employ his talents and his art on a monument connected with that splendid memory. The task, however, is no easy one. Satisfactorily to represent a genius of whom every one has his own ideal; adequately to portray a man who at his death left no trace of his personal self behind him, whose portraits are mere traditions, and whose history is only the incomplete record of vague memories, these are indeed appalling difficulties, which explain why so few attempted it.

There are not more than eight Shakespeare statues and monuments in the entire world.

The first one deserving mention is the monumental bust at the Stratford church, placed beneath a fretted arch, with entab-

lature and pedestal, between two Corinthian columns of black marble, gilded at the base and top. Above the entablature appear the armorial bearings of Shakespeare, — a pointed spear on a bend sable, and a silver falcon on a tasselled helmet supporting a spear. Over this heraldic emblem is a death's-head, and on each side sits a carved cherub, one holding a spade, the other an inverted torch.

The white marble monument in Westminster Abbey was erected to the memory of Shakespeare in the year 1740, at the public expense, ample funds having accrued from the performance of "Julius Cæsar," on April 28, 1738, at the Drury Lane Theatre. This monument was designed by William Kent (the celebrated landscape-gardener), and was executed by Sheemakers. The poet is represented, in the dress of his time, at full length, leaning slightly on his right arm, which is

STRATFORD MONUMENTAL BUST OF SHAKESPEARE.

supported by a pedestal. His left hand is resting on a scroll, on which the well-known lines from "The Tempest," beginning, "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces," are inscribed. At the angles of the pedestal are placed the three busts of Queen Elizabeth, Richard II., and Henry V. The pedestal is further ornamented with a dagger, mask, and wreath.

A statue very similar to this one was presented by David Garrick to the corporation of Stratford, and occupies an external niche on the north side of the Town Hall.

The third statue is by Roubiliac, a French sculptor of some ability, a pupil of Coustou. The pose of the figure, with its open waistcoat, one of the hands twirling the moustache, the other busy with mantle and roll of manuscript, is rather theatrical. It was executed by Roubiliac

for Garrick, who bequeathed it to the British Museum in 1779, where it was placed in the entrance hall. A copy of the Chandos picture was made expressly for the use of the sculptor while modelling it.

Adrien Carpentiers painted a picture representing Roubiliac, with all the inspiration of an enthusiast in his art, giving the finishing touch to the eyes of his model. This picture was engraved by D. Martin, in 1765.

A fourth statue, in marble, freely adapted by Kent from the works of Sheemakers and Roubiliac, was executed for Baron Albert Grant, and was set up by him, as a gift to the metropolis, in Leicester Square, London, in 1879.

A fifth statue, by J. Q. A. Ward, was placed at the southern entrance of the Mall, Central Park, New York. It was unveiled, May 23, 1872, on the 300th

anniversary of the great dramatist's birth. The likeness is good, the costume correct, and the general effect happy. Although not a masterpiece, it compares very favourably with most of the other efforts in that direction.

In France, the "land of statues" of modern times, we find the sixth, a full-length effigy in bronze, by Paul Fournier, which was unveiled October 14, 1888, at which occasion Mounet-Sully, of the Théâtre Français, recited an address of welcome and appreciation. It must be a source of gratification to all English-speaking communities to know that a statue of Shakespeare stands in Paris (at the point where the Avenue de Messina meets the Boulevard Haussmann), even though it is an Englishman — Mr. Knighton — who provided the funds. It is not so long ago that Voltaire spoke of the great Englishman as a

"barbaric genius" and Diderot called him a "rough-hewn colossus."

The figure, although sympathetic in its simplicity, and interesting in its treatment, is not large in feeling. It lacks stately lines and dignity. The poet looks rather narrow-chested, like a modern French poet in fancy dress. He wears a cloak over his arm, and holds a book in his right hand, while his left hand is folded over it.

A seventh memorial in sculpture is by Lord Ronald Gower, the most elaborate and ambitious of all. It stands in the garden of the Shakespeare Memorial Buildings, Stratford-on-Avon. It was unveiled in 1888. With little encouragement, and against difficulties that might have disconcerted a less determined person, he laboured for years to erect this monument in a suitable place, and at last succeeded. Shakespeare is seated on a

LORD RONALD GOWER'S MONUMENT TO SHAKESPEARE.

high pedestal; below, at each side of the pedestal, are arranged figures of four of his great principal characters, Lady Macbeth, Hamlet, Prince Hal, and Sir John Falstaff, symbolising the poet's achievements in tragedy, philosophy, history, and humour.

We find the last statue in the Congressional Library of Washington. It seems eminently fit that, of all the great literary men represented in this edifice, the statue of the greatest should stand quite by itself in the reading-room. The selection of the brilliant young American sculptor, Frederick MacMonnies, to execute the work is amply justified by the splendid results he has obtained in the heroic, full-length bronze he has modelled. He has utilised the monumental bust, for, rude and coarse though it is, there is little doubt that it gives at least a general idea of the man; and he has looked at the Chandos por-

trait, a likeness that has the flavour of antiquity in its favour; so that the composition does not depart from the general idea which the world has accepted as standing for the poet. To this he has added characteristic touches of his own.

A statuette, by the English sculptor, Bell, was at one time a general favourite. It is very simple, and seems to have been carefully studied from the bust and the print. It represents the poet, with manuscript in hand, in an exceedingly short mantle, in a musing attitude, rather misanthropic looking, as if he had just had some domestic trouble, visiting Stratford-on-Avon over Sunday.

Over the British Institute in Pall Mall, the former Boydell Gallery, there was for a long time a large alto-relievo, a very absurd composition, in stone or plaster, by L. Banks, representing Shakespeare without beard, balancing himself on a rock,

with two rather effusive females, representing the dramatic muse and the genius of painting, on either side.

Also the representation of the "darling of our nation," at the south front podium of the Albert Memorial, by H. H. Armstead, is rather unfortunate. Although he is in good company, Chaucer and Milton standing near him, he looks rather dejected, sitting most uncomfortably on a huge box, filled, I suppose, with manuscript.

The well-known terra-cotta bust of the Duke's Theatre, with flowing beard and hair, delicate and refined features, and an ample cloak with ornamented collar of Charles I.'s time, can be found in the vestibule of the Garrick Club, to which organisation it was presented by the Duke of Devonshire. It stood, originally, with a bust of Ben Jonson over the stage door of the theatre, which was completed in

1622. In 1737 it ceased to be a theatre, and while it was being changed into a warehouse, the busts were bricked in.

Finally, when the old brick building was torn down, the busts were found; the Ben Jonson was accidentally broken, but the Shakespeare was taken home by a certain Mr. Clifton, who presented it to his son-in-law, Professor Owen, from whom the Duke of Devonshire purchased it. It is a fair example of sculpture work, and undoubtedly made at a time when friends and fellow actors of the poet were still living.

Two other terra-cotta busts have been made by Wills Brothers, and are a valuable addition to the large store of Shakespeare memorials. Their work represents sculpture in the highest sense, but of a class which does not disdain to bring art into active coöperation with manufacture. These busts, of which one is

taken from the Stratford bust, the other from the "Jansen" portrait, are placed within reach of the many. They are small in size, but finely modelled and charming in colour.

William Perry, wood-carver to the queen, has executed a life-size bust of Shakespeare for a member of the "Memorial Fund." It is sculptured out of a block of oak, a portion of one of the old rafters of the barn at New Place, Stratford-on-Avon. The artist has worked out, and most satisfactorily, his idea of the head and face, from a careful study of the Stratford bust, and Mr. Bowden's commentary on the portraits of the poet. As a work of sculptured art, the bust is excellent. Perry was later on commissioned by the queen to carve another bust from a piece of the Herne's oak.

In the way of statues treating Shakespearean subjects, there is but little to say.

England never had great sculptors, with the one exception of Hamo Thornycroft. And the sculptors of other countries were either not familiar enough with the poet's work, or did not venture to portray a character for which the public would show hardly as much appreciation and enthusiasm as for one of their own history or native literature. It is also much more difficult to do justice to a literary hero or heroine in marble or bronze than in paint. A statue has to be a complete embodiment of the character, in order to produce an effect; while, in painting, a mere resemblance or suggestion of the same may be fascinating, if colour and brushwork are interesting enough to make us forget the more substantial charm of characterisation. Besides, the nude still being the ideal of most sculptors, costume figures are apt to be neglected, as long as there is no demand for them.

Ariel, the dainty spirit, compelled by Prospero "to dive into the fire, and to ride on the cold clouds," seems to be one of the characters of which English sculptors were especially fond, as he could be represented in the nude.

H. H. Armstead made an "Ariel" seated, with hands folded around his knees, dreaming of the days when he will have regained his liberty. It is full of individual detail and good workmanship on the chiselled surface, but rather cold in conception. Also the bas-relief of F. M. Miller, on the theme, "merrily, merrily shall I live now, under the blossom that hangs on the bough," only vaguely expresses the longings of the spirit for a life of dainty delight.

Superior to both is the "Ariel" of J. Lough, with its stern face and feminine figure, standing on the back of a bat, and holding the emblems of lightning and fire

in his hands, with which he made "the bold Atlantic tremble." The action is capital, and, taking all in all, it is as good a piece of sculpture as one can find in English studios. It has never been publicly exhibited, and was, when I last heard of it, in the possession of Sir M. W. Ridley, of London.

Capricious Titania, quite "o'er canopied with luscious woodbine, with sweet musk roses and with eglantine," furnished another inspiration to F. M. Miller for a bas-relief. He represents her resting on a flower stem, on a bed of leaves, a bud as pillow and an open flower as baldachin. She has cast aside sceptre and diadem, and dreams of revels in the moonlight, or of Oberon, whom she loves, despite his disagreeable disposition of having his own way at all costs.

Another peep into the enchanted woods of Attica is afforded us by the

Wills Brothers in the charming terra-cotta group of "Titania with the transformed Bottom in her lap." How elegant they are, in comparison to those Rogers groups, of which two or three also treated Shakespearean subjects, and which were so popular twenty years ago.

It is, however, not always size that tells in sculpture, for I would almost prefer a Rogers group to the life-size marble group of "Perdita and Florizel," a cold and academic production by J. Durham, although not without some charm in the composition and pose of the figures. With one hand laid gently on her arms, which have crossed his, and the other playing with her crisply curling locks, Florizel whispers words of advice, encouragement, and hope in the ear of the maiden. It is interesting only as a product of the earlier school of English sculpture.

Thomas Woolner, the only sculptor among the seven members of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, that band of earnest young men who believed that art should "distinctly aim at moral good," produced a "Constance and Arthur" in that style of work which is known as "poetical and historical." The position of the two figures is natural and easy, and the composition has the air of originality about it, while the lines of the drapery fall gracefully on the eye of the spectator. The artist has given full rein to his fancy in this work, breathing the soul of the Italian primitives into these two lovely figures of the past, a tender poem of motherly love.

One of the most successful statues is the Lady Macbeth by A. Saabyis, a Danish sculptor. It is a powerful realistic representation of the Sleep-walking Scene. The drapery in particular is admirably

handled in the modern Italian style. Her painful facial expression, and the movement of her hands, trying in vain to remove the imaginary blood spots, are surprisingly true to life.

Victor Tilgner, an Austrian sculptor, was commissioned by his government to supply three niches in the new Vienna Burg Theatre with appropriate statues. He selected "Phaedra" as tragedy, the "Hanswurst" as folk-play, and "Falstaff" as comedy.

Besides these oases of art in a desert of more commonplace productions, there are several Hamlets and Ophelias of note.

A. Weizenberg, a native of Dorpat, made in Rome a statue of "Hamlet" in a picturesque costume, with skull in one hand and the other resting on a gravestone, and an "Ophelia" in a rather conventional attitude. Weizenberg adheres to the principles of the romantic school;

his statues lack freshness and variety of invention, and are entirely the outcome of something that has gone before.

More realistic is C. Steinhauser's "Ophelia." His work is commonplace, though good and ingenious commonplace.

A work far superior to these, however, is the "Ophelia" of the well-known French sculptor Falguière, an Ophelia with folded hands, charmingly poised, and draped with reminiscences of his Joan of Arc in the arrangement of the bodice. The suggested depth of feeling, usually expressed in the countenance, is attained in this instance by eloquent expression of movement, striking simplicity of attitude, and ingenuous gesture. While, however, the work of Falguière is a charm, it is not a revelation to the connoisseur. We have known him long and rated him highly.

On the other hand, the remarkable production of A. Leonardi — a bust of Ophelia

with flowers in her hair and bodice melting into the pedestal—is known comparatively to few. The locks fall in sweeping curves to the bosom, like flowing arabesques, and the eyes stare into space. Nothing could be more expressive, eloquent, and realistic than her refined face, —a frail human flower, sick with melancholy,—in which the rhythmic charms of outline and the refinements of form, appealing to the senses, are ennobled and made glorious with the pure accent of human truth that goes direct to the heart.

Not to be classed with the foregoing work, yet possessing some interest, is one piece of sculpture from the atelier of Denys Puech. It is a full-length statue in plaster, a little more than life size, of Madame Calve, dressed as Ophelia. The singer represents the Danish maiden as in the first stages of her madness; she

leans back a little, with her hands full of flowers and her eyes wide with unnatural expression; it is the Ophelia of Ambroise Thomas's opera rather than Shakespeare's drama, but not the less charming on that account, regarded simply as a portrait statue.

Among Hamlets, we come across Z. Artruc's animated group of the prince conversing with the players, and Onslow Ford's fine iconic statue of Irving as Hamlet.

As I have said before, there are but few statues in modern sculpture which depict Shakespearean fancies and at the same time can claim more than ordinary merit. Before concluding this chapter, however, I have still to mention one group of rare power and originality, the "Romeo and Juliet" by Edmond Noël.

Its unconventionality, its technical perfection, and withal its fascination, prove

that Noël possesses a talent quite apart from the ordinary. It depicts Juliet's awakening in the vault of the Capulets:

"What's here? A cup, clos'd in my love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
O churl! drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warm."

Romeo lies straight and rigid on the floor; "the sea-sick, weary bark" of his life has been shattered on "the dashing rocks." Juliet's slender, graceful form is stretched in its full length upon the corpse of Romeo. Her ardent lips form a strange contrast to the background of his youthful face, showing in calm repose. It is a most daring composition, showing the lines of the human body in a rhythmical parallelism, hitherto unattempted in sculpture. It is pregnant with the ner-

vousness of our age, and yet contains a splendid dash of flamboyant mediævalism.

As in the pure twilight of other days, appear the forms of these two faithful lovers, whose passion could not be subdued before the last breath of this life was breathed; while their souls, like a bark, glide through the clear blue waters of eternity, sailing far away from the pale shores of reality toward another land of happiness, and love, and dreams.

CHAPTER VII.

PORTRAITS OF ACTORS IN SHAKESPEAREAN PARTS.

ON an uncomely site, on the banks of the Thames, rose, in Shakespeare's time, a hexagonal tower surrounded by a ditch, and surmounted by a red flag. It was the Globe, the principal theatre of London, where the young man of fashion went in the afternoon to applaud Burbage as Richard III., or Kemp in his latest jig.

At that time the early romance still lingered in the minds of the population, and that strange expression of the mediæval mind, the "Mysteries" and "Mortalities," in which abstractions were

personified, and the actors were such things as "Pride," "Gluttony," "Swift-to-sin," "Charity," and, what might perhaps be the more appropriate personifications for later times, "Learning-without-money," and "Money-without-learning," and "All-for-money," were still in vogue.

The delicate Desdemona and Viola were still impersonated by boy actors, and the scene-shifter's profession was an idle one, as it consisted of little else save hanging up a tablet, saying, "This scene represents a forest," or, "An apartment in the king's palace." Gustav Klimt, in his fresco, at the Vienna Burg Theatre, of the Shakespeare Theatre performing "Romeo and Juliet," in which he represents the actors very much the same way as they would be costumed to-day, took a license which historians will not easily pardon.

Stage costumes, in the modern sense,

were absolutely unknown; the actors appeared upon the stage as they did in private life. Everything was left to the imagination. Talma, Napoleon's favourite actor, was really the first who tried to be somewhat correct in costumes. The English actors, Edmund and Charles Kean, at the beginning of the century were still very deficient in this respect.

David Garrick dressed the young Dane in a court suit of black coat and waistcoat and knee-breeches, short wig with queue and bag, buckles in the shoes, ruffles at the wrist, and flowing ends of an ample cravat over his chest. Henderson, who acted Hamlet so well, dressed it equally ill, in a three-cornered cock and flop hat. He was so careless in regard to his dress, that he once boasted of having played ten different parts in one season, in the same dress. Mrs. Siddons, in 1775, played the part of Portia in a salmon-col-

oured sack and coat. She was the first, however, who had the courage to appear in her natural hair, and in a dress "far from the ampleness of a hoop petticoat, with a waist of the very shortest."

To this lack of interest in costuming a character correctly can be traced the scarcity of portraits of actors and actresses in Shakespearean parts. The portraitist preferred — and was really obliged — to paint an actor simply as a portrait or an allegorical composition, and not in a part.

The renaissance of stage costume and scene-painting is of very recent date. The Saxon-Meininger Co., who excelled in archæological accuracy, introduced it; King Ludwig II. of Bavaria added to it an exotic flavour and the extreme luxury of genuine stage properties; and Henry Irving, who composes his scenic effects like a painter, proved that the stage could be treated picturesquely, and be made

really pictorial from an artist's point of view.

People of intelligence often lament "that we live in a decadence;" that our century shows anything but vitality in the pursuit of dramatic art; that we depend entirely too much on accessories. For the severe student of the classical drama, the "This is a wall," of Shakespeare's day, may be still sufficient enough, but the fortitude of the average playgoer does not go so far. Mean mounting has become simply intolerable. Let anybody, who lightly accuses our leading managers of excess, try a course of productions at second-rate provincial theatres. He will return to the Lyceum or the Théâtre Français, in a spirit of profound gratitude.

It is strange, however, that this renaissance had no palpable influence on histrionic portraiture. The profession, more

than ever, seems scrupulously to avoid those painters who could do justice to their talents.

One should think that it would be a rare æsthetic pleasure to have oneself portrayed by all the prominent portrait-painters of the day. For instance, at present, by Watts, Sargent, Lenbach, Boldini, Whistler, Bonnat, and Kramskoy. Each of these eminent portraitists would, so to speak, make a different commentary to one's appearance, and elucidate one's figure with touches of individual reflection. Actors and actresses, perhaps more so than members of any other profession or class of society, are fond of seeing their face and figures pictorially reproduced, not only because but few of them are above such vanity, but because it is an absolute necessity of their profession to remain in the eyes of the public. Why do they show such bad taste in their

choice of painters? True enough, it is the happy lot of only a very few to do exactly as they wish, or choose after their own hearts; the majority have to put up with such opportunities as the accident of their circumstances may decide. Yet take Ada Rehan, for instance; she surely had every opportunity and sufficient means to have herself portrayed by whomsoever she liked. Nevertheless, excepting the excellent portrait of Sargent of her in society dress, she only employed artists of less than mediocre talent.

In charity to those portraitists, however, who have depicted histrionic celebrities in an incompetent way, I must say that they cannot entirely be blamed for their lack of good taste, judgment, and knowledge of art. For a portrait of an actor, made up, with a false beard and wig perhaps, in a stage costume with its unburnished

glitter of newness, is not easily rendered into a work of art, and therefore is not a favourite subject for painting. The artist must have sufficient force of imagination to impress his own individuality upon the composition, and transform the actor's interpretation into a type, in which all the unnatural glare of the footlights has disappeared.

David Garrick, who played every species of character,—solemn tragedy heroes, high and low comedy, even the incarnation of the "monkey in man," as Alphonse Karr called the glittering and potent Harlequin,—was portrayed oftener by competent artists than any other histrionic celebrity, with the exception, perhaps, of Sarah Bernhardt. He was painted six times by Reynolds, and five times by Gainsborough, never in character, however. A painter by the name of Wilson portrayed him as Hamlet, Act i. 4,

in the Platform Scene, but it is no happy rendering.

Hogarth, who, at one time of his life, was deep in anthropometric studies, made a record of his proportions, and portrayed him as Richard III. starting out of his dream, exclaiming: "Give me another horse: bind up my wounds, Have mercy, Jesus! — Soft! I did but dream." In character and expression of countenance, the artist has succeeded, but in resemblance, he has failed. The features have no likeness to the features of Garrick (judging from the other portraits), and the figure gives an idea of a larger and more muscular man. The lamp, diffusing a dim, religious light through the tent, the crucifix placed at his head, the crown and unsheathed sword, at his hand, and the armour lying on the ground, are judicious and appropriate accompaniments. His helmet is crested

with the armorial ensign of his family. Near it lies a piece of paper, on which is written, "Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold, for Dickon thy master is bought and sold." This paper was put in the Duke of Norfolk's tent the night before the engagement; but, not being brought to Richard until after the time represented in this scene, can only be admitted by that poetical license which has been generally allowed to poets and painters. The figures in the distance, two of whom, "like sacrifices by their fires of watch, with patience sit, and inly ruminate the morning's danger," are properly introduced and highly descriptive. The tents of Richmond are so near, "that the fix'd sentinels almost receive the secret whispers of each other's watch." Considered as a whole, the composition is simple, and well drawn.

Reynolds and Gainsborough, who went the same road side by side, had often the same men and women as sitters. Many celebrities, among them David Garrick, strayed from one studio to the other, and were painted by Reynolds as well as by Gainsborough.

John Philip Kemble's impersonations inspired Thomas Lawrence to several large canvases. Thomas Lawrence (born in Bristol, 1769) had been an actor himself, but, having more talent for painting, he gave up the calling of his first choice, and, soon after, all England was in rapture over his genius as a portraitist. The catalogue of his portraits is a complete list of all who were at the time prominent through talent or through beauty. He received fabulous sums, which he spent with the grace of a man of the world. He painted Kemble as Coriolanus, Richard III., and Hamlet. The latter gained a

world-wide reputation. It was first exhibited in 1801.

The figure of Hamlet is full of dignity, calm, noble, and unobtrusive, while the countenance is expressive of lucid thoughts and solemn musing. The expression of the features had, perhaps, derived value from a greater degree of determination. The "inky suit" and the dark background admirably sustain the gravity of the subject, which is not disturbed by the light, that falls principally on the features. Sir Thomas Lawrence considered this his best work, with the exception of his "Satan."

There exist two other pictures of Kemble, one as Coriolanus, by Bargon, and another as Hamlet, by Dowe, both of no special importance.

Mrs. Siddons, who retained her beauty, personal and mental, to the last, was repeatedly painted by Romney and Law-

rence. Lawrence depicted her wonderful impersonation of Lady Macbeth. It would be difficult to find any portrait which displays at once equal inventive accomplishment and personal insight. There is completeness in every point, and the way in which the drapery arranges itself must have been an accidental pose, which the artist at once noted and appreciated.

Edmund Kean, as Coriolanus, was painted by Wagener, and as Shylock, by W. H. Watt, both of which strike me as restless and unscholarly.

George Cruikshank made drawings of contemporary actors, which, however, looked more like caricatures than portraits; his Edmund Kean, as Iago, resembles a lieutenant of the Hussars. It is also of interest to know that C. R. Leslie, when a mere child, drew a number of remarkable water-colour portraits

of Cooke and others, which ensured the first success of his artistic career.

Most peculiar, is how often actors have been depicted in the part of Richard III. Every one, who has nurtured upon Shakespeare, has from his youth dwelt wonderingly upon the figure of Richard, that fiend in human form, striding, with savage impetuosity, from murder to murder, wading through falsehood and hypocrisy to ever new atrocities, becoming in turn regicide, fratricide, tyrant, murderer of his wife, and of his comrades, until, besmirched with treachery and slaughter, he faces his foes with invincible greatness.

Nobody had ever realised the character better than Thomas Sully in his full-length portrait of "G. F. Cooke as Richard III." in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. In drawing, pose, and colour, this picture is exceptionally fine. The son of an actor, who had made his home in

SULLY. — G. F. COOKE AS RICHARD III.

South Carolina, Thomas Sully showed during his whole life a special fondness for the stage. He painted Junius Brutus Booth as Hamlet and several other actors in Shakespearean parts, but none as fine as the above mentioned. Of G. F. Cooke there exist a number of good pictures, notably one as Iago, by James Green.

F. Wohlmuth, a living German character actor of considerable ability, had the good fortune to be delineated as Richard III., by Gabriel Max, who made various studies of him in this part, and by Karl von Uhde, the religious painter, who painted him in armour on Bosworth Field. The canvas seems to me, though it is an earlier work, eminently representative of the painter's personal point of view. I have never seen a canvas that is more like sun and wind. The pink cotton frocks cling and flutter around the figure. The figure stands up to the wind. You

feel its weight and that it is alive to the finger tips. You feel that sunshine and wind and manly strength are glorious things. The picture is particularly facile or clever in execution. The painter has something precise and profound to say, and says it adequately, because he knows the capabilities of his medium like a scholar.

Theodor Hildebrandt, the Düsseldorfer Shakespearean illustrator, painted a "King Lear" for which Ludwig Devrient, a great German actor, posed.

Ludwig Barnay, another German actor, who has also been seen in this country, was painted by Alma Tadema as Mark Antony, which by general consent is considered his most classic impersonation. Alma Tadema also made sketches of Mary Anderson as Hermione. Ernst Possart had himself painted in all his leading parts, by a certain T. Aron. They give

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ALMA TADEMA. — LUDWIG BARNAY AS MARK ANTONY.

an idea of his various ingenious make-ups, that is all, and if all pictures of this sort had to be mentioned, their titles alone would occupy a book.

Some portraits of Richard Mansfield may prove to be more valuable. He quite recently engaged Louis Kronberg, a clever young artist from Boston, to paint him in various parts, to which I believe Shylock and Richard III. belong.

France has contributed but a few pictures to the collection, although several of Shakespeare's plays belong to the permanent repertoire of the French stage. An adaptation of "Hamlet" by Alexandre Dumas was first performed in 1847, and a rendering by the Chevalier de Chatelain (1864) was often repeated. Even "As You Like It" was translated by George Sand, and performed by the Comédie Française. Lady Macbeth has been represented in recent years by Madame

Sarah Bernhardt, and Hamlet by M. Mounet-Sully, of the Théâtre Français, where it had a run of unexpected length, and again by Madame Bernhardt in 1898. Four French musicians — Berlioz in his symphony of "Romeo and Juliet," Gounod in his opera of "Romeo and Juliet," Ambroise Thomas in his opera of "Hamlet," and Saint-Saëns in his opera of "Henry VIII." — have sought with public approval to interpret, musically, portions of Shakespeare's works.

Although Sarah Bernhardt has been perhaps painted more than any other actress, I have searched in vain for a picture representing her as Lady Macbeth. A very fine portrait of Mounet-Sully, as Hamlet, has been recently painted by Jean Paul Laurens.

Manet's "Faure as Hamlet," at the Durand Ruel Gallery, New York, is a remarkable production. The famous opera singer

stands out from the empty light-gray background like a figure of Velasquez. He is dressed in a doublet and mantle of black velvet, lined with rose-coloured silk, and a broad black hat with a large black feather. He seems as though he had just stepped to the footlights, and stands there with his legs apart, the mantle thrown over the left arm, and his right hand stretched out closing upon his sword. It is brutally realistic, but marvellously well painted. The cool harmony of black and gray in particular is delicious.

Portraits of Madame Ristori as Lady Macbeth, and Salvini as Othello and Macbeth, exist, but the representations are not endorsed with good names (hardly as important as those drawings of Salvini, which appeared in the *Century Magazine* some years ago).

The same applies to Russia, where the Empress Catherine II. had already

adopted "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "King John," and where almost every play has been represented in the excellent translations of Nekrassov and Gerbel.

In sculpture we have Thomas Ball's statue of Edwin Forrest as Coriolanus. Forrest was indisputably an actor of rare power; critics praise "his masterly performance, the Roman manliness of his face and figure, the haughty dignity and the fire of his eyes;" but how his make-up could ever have inspired an artist is a mystery to me. He played the noble Roman in a white tunic reaching to his knees only, leaving the lower part of the body bare, and with a ridiculous little beard that reminds me strongly of Uncle Sam's goatee. However this may be, the sculptor succeeded in making a marble statue over life size, the attitude of which is strong and well balanced. The drapery is gracefully managed in its falls and

folds, and the other details of the dress show accurate chiseling.

The statue represents Coriolanus before his tent (Act v. 3), at the moment when Virgilia, his wife, and Volumnia, his mother, leading young Marcius, enter upon the scene, and he exclaims:

"My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate."

It stands in the Edwin Forrest Home (at Holmesburgh Junction, near Philadelphia), rich in portraits of Cooke, Kean, Cooper, Wallack, Kemble, and Cauldwell.

An infinitely superior work is Onslow Ford's statue of Henry Irving as Hamlet. The appearance of this extraordinary actor-manager is at once alluring and gro-

tesque, and proved a brilliant inspiration to the artist. The handling of lines and masses is excellent, and as a portrait the statue is most striking. It now stands in the Guildhall (another specimen in the greenroom of the Lyceum Theatre), and is as fine an example of Onslow Ford's ability as what many consider his *magnum opus*, the Shelley Memorial.

Henry Irving has been painted oftener than any other English actor, but I look in vain for the name of a prominent painter, with the exception, perhaps, of a Hamlet and Richard III. by the late Edwin Long. This is the more strange, as he is personally acquainted with all the leading painters, and often employed their services and advice in regard to the scenery and costume.

Most of them are not even as good as the portrait of Mrs. Beerbohm as Ophelia, by Mrs. L. Jopling; it is rather matter o

fact, but the fresh composition and fine achievement in the decorative disposition of masses make up an exceedingly pleasant total.

The most remarkable portrait of an actress in recent years came from the studio of John S. Sargent. Sargent's portraits have of late been repeatedly compared to the works of Paolo Veronese and Velasquez, though he has neither the glowing colour of the Venetian nor the correctness of draughtsmanship of Velasquez. His breadth of view and method justify such a comparison to a certain extent, but it would be truer to state that his work is an ingenuous development and only too often an exaggeration of his master's (Carolus Duran) brilliancy. His sure, ostentatious brush-work is as delightful as Whistler's mannerisms. He startles us by dashing schemes of colour, by a masterly handling of gorgeous accessories,

brilliant tapestries, silk hangings, etc., and by a strong personality that sacrifices even the facial lines of his sitter's character, — it being impossible for him to create a sober characteristic portrait, but only to regard his sitters as so many models for his decorative fancies. His grotesque and sensational originality, combined with his marvellous technique, scored him one brilliant success after the other, and none greater than that of his Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth.

There he had a model who should be the delight of all painters, as few can handle drapery in so masterly manner as the English actress, who even in her photograph as Imogen resembles a Pre-Raphaelite painting. Sargent represented her in a loose robe of gorgeous greens and blues, lifting the fated circlet to her head. The whole picture is treated as colour masses only; the character of Lady Mac-

beth absolutely disappears in this pyrotechnical display of technique.

Yet it is one of those pictures that will live, that are painted but once or twice in a century; and like Joshua Reynolds's "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," it may be taken as a symbol of the theatrical profession, through whose eloquence Shakespeare's vast and rich variety of persons and themes, and his wondrous delineation of each and all, will never be obliterated from the memory of man, and his name will be known for ever to all ages and nations that keep any record of what is noblest and most beautiful in the spiritual history of the past.

THE END.

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