1895.

Press Cutting Vol. VI

Glasgow
University Library

Whistler
PC 6

Manchester Courier 1/4/86

prevalent, aroused a perfect storm of excited discussion, but nevertheless effected a considerable amount of good in the artistic production which followed. How much more good would have been effected had the first part of Mr. Ruskin's advice alone been followed, instead of that inartistic dictum "to reject nothing, select nothing, and scorn nothing," may be judged when we consider the simple, earnest, but artistic faithfulness to nature which we find in the work of that rapidly rising new English school of painters, who have learnt, and have yet to learn, many great but simple truths from Mr. Whistler. Fidelity to nature was the principal motive of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, but who can really see nature in the pictures which represented their artistic efforts? Correct drawing of detail introduced, however minute and insignificant, and painted with "elaborate" finish, does not interpret the broad poetic simplicity of nature. We do not want the artist to give us microscopic or gross realism, but to show us nature under the poetic

Sunday Times May 17 1885

Gallery No. IX. contains nothing of importance, but some capital little works. "Dulce Domum" (947) is a very elaborate and laborious piece of work, by Mr. Atkinson Grimshaw. It represents a much-decorated room, with some female figures, and is what is usually called "highly finished;" but to those who understand the simplicity of truth, this picture will have no artistic value, except as a warning to other artists. In this connection it may be useful to quote the words of a great painter, which should be written in letters of gold: "To say of a picture, as is often said in its praise, that it shows great and earnest labour, is to say that it is incomplete and unfit for view. Industry in art is a necessity—not a virtue—and any evidence of the same, in the production, is a blemish, not a quality; proof, not of achievement, but of absolutely insufficient work, for work alone will efface the footsteps of work." These are the words of Mr. Whistler. Among the noteworthy pictures in this gallery we may mention another delightful landscape (832), by Mr. Leslie Thomson; "Chrysanthemums" (854), by Mons. H. Fantin "Orphans" (859), by Mr. J. E. Millais, R.A.; "The Twilight Hours" (870), by Mr. Ernest Parton; a clever little landscape (893), by Mr. T. W. Allen; "The Fan" (928), an admirable sketch by Mr.

Magazine of Art. April

ngement in Yellow and White," Rooms, is perhaps the most origi-

It is so completely successful an exhibition, and so pleasantly

l daisies, that to take it seriously some charming studies of tone Venice," "Wheelwright," "Noc-ler's English is peculiar), and ist's humour has attacked even four-fifths of the work exhibited ously than the exhibition gene-is the catalogue. It is unique rown paper cover; it abounds in the result of a good deal of oves its author to have a pretty

SPORTING MISCELLANY.

Paddy Ryan, the next antagonist of John L. Sullivan, has returned to Chicago.

Muldoon, the athletic, says Carl Abs, the German wrestler, is the best man at his game that he has ever met.

YACHTING AT NEW BEDFORD.

NEW BEDFORD, April 15, 1885. Notwithstanding the cold weather, there is considerable activity in yachting circles. The yacht club house opens May 1, in charge of George Tripp. The club is in excellent financial condition, the debt on the house being only $700, and the label are lost to the fleet. The Nonad, against $300 a year ago. The yachts Fantier recently purchased by Frederick Swift, has been added, also the Teetsaw, owned by Francis Hathaway, which has been out of commission two years. Other yachts are being overhauled. The principal interest will centre in this season's races in Buzzard's bay by cat-boats.

Boston Herald April 14 '85

LONDON TOPICS.

Mr. Whistler's Debut as a Lecturer on Art.

The Feeling Regarding Miss Van Zandt's Misfortune.

Modjeska's Reappearance ---Latest Social Event.

May 10 1885

The colour is bright ough full of light, na's pictures. The wonderful realism, ture appears to be uman flesh was ever corate uninspired art valls of an academy. Fahey, representing "In the Gloaming" g and tone, by Mr. (296), a clever work Dalziel, also deserve J. C. Horsley, R.A., s wall, but they are e by Mr. Joseph Far- reviously referred to, ntains the masterly

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Press Cuttings

which capacity he recently made

ousy. He is now repeating this "10 o'clock" discourse in the great university towns, and is

with Mr. Ruskin in that authority's own preserves. Mr. Whistler pooh-poohs, on the principle of "I have said it," even the

repeat his discourse in London. Having delivered himself of what he had to say in all sincerity, he could not dream of haranguing the same public again. It would then degenerate into a show, whereas he meant it for an honest and irresistible explosion of long pent-up reflections. When he drove to P[illegible] Hall on the night of the lecture he experienced no

with Mr. Archibald [illegible]. A burning desire to "get at nervousness soul was in arms and eager for the fray. He walked on to the stage with entire coolness and faced the most brilliant assemblage that London could furnish. There was a pleased murmur, which meant "Whistler's '10 o'clock' is [illegible]. Then the [illegible] in "that sort of thing" contemplated his audience calmly, and a perfect master of his subject, began to speak, [illegible] such profound convictions in such terse and brilliant language that all his disinterested hearers were surprised and delighted. They had come to be amused, simply; they found themselves listening to a searching and logical arraignment of popular ideas anent art. Whistler talked with such entire ease that he presently abandoned his manuscript and let himself go, unaided. Unaccustomed "to speak in public on the stage," he said, not pitch his voice high enough; that was the single defect of a discourse that

Fascinated and Edified

[illegible] Mr. D'Oyly Carte has made all his [illegible] for the United States, and he will prove a strong card, for two reasons: Firstly, he is more original than most celebrities; secondly, he is worth listening to. Oscar is a neighbor of Whistler's in 'Lite street, Chelsea, and the humor-loving American artist has long delighted in chaffing the weird Mr. Wilde, whose resentment has now had a chance to exhibit itself to Whistler's continued amusement. Fancy the Oscarian indignation when he heard this authority refer to the æsthetic movement as an illustration of the depressing effects of art upon the middle classes. Some correspondence which has been published followed, but Whistler put an end to this the next time he met Oscar by saying that he would frustrate his scheme of engaging in a controversy by remaining silent. "The fact is, Oscar, you are done for; this is the end. You are finished; you will never be heard of more, so remain quite silent. It is wisest, believe me." Oscar pleaded to at least be permitted to write his biography. This war of the lilies is inimitably related by Whistler, who is unique as a raconteur, and possesses an altogether original manner of telling a story or indulging in reminiscences. He avoids bold assertions and [illegible] in pictorial incrustation, eked out by eloquent pauses and "ahems," and punctuated by peals of dry and hearty laughter. When he is in the vein he is delightful, but very often he is dreamy and listens with an abstracted air. As sits thus one has a chance to note what a droll type of humanity he is. I imagine quite a small man, always attired in black. He is a study in black and white, like one of his own etchings. Above a slight, but wiry, little figure is a quizzical face, full of fine lines and twisted into a single eyeglass. A network of minute puckers and wrinkles spread over the neck and countenance, and the head is covered with a mass of jet black ringlets, in the midst of which is poised, like a white feather, the single famous snowy lock, without which Whistler

Would Not Be Himself.

He always grasps in his hand during the evening a black crush hat, and when he puts this inseparable companion on in the outer air it presents a corkscrew-like appearance, eminently in accord with the ringlets it protects. Were one to see this hat in a desert one would say, "That hat belongs to Whistler!" There are people who declare that he designed it. Certainly no opera hat one ever sees elsewhere presents such peculiarities. When this quaint and almost fantastic and wondrously clever gentleman, in regard to whom so many amusing anecdotes are told, once begins to "let himself go" in conversation, the circle of listeners is simply entranced. His reminiscences fairly sparkle, and are full of the most felicitous expressions, as when he speaks of a certain idler as "a man who would actually decay in your front yard!" Mr. Whistler still has his studio in Tite street, next door to "the house built by Godwin," but contemplates removing to a studio in the Fulham road. This studio is 50 feet long, but [illegible] doesn't know "how lo-g" he shall be there.

[illegible] Marie Van Zandt, whose career in

The Academy May 1 86

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL, we hear, are about to issue, in very limited numbers, a set of etchings by Mr. Whistler, which the true student of etching will find to be, as a whole, of the highest interest. Some of them have been seen before, but only rarely, and in one or two places: they have never before been properly published. The set is wrought in the freer later manner of the artist, and having the charm of that manner—a charm, we may add, with which the peculiar quality of the earlier manner—that of 1858 and 1859, say—is, in a measure, incompatible. Venetian subjects count as the most numerous in the now-to-be published set; but there are at least one or two, and perhaps more, themes suggested not by the fantastic beauty of the city of the Adriatic, but by the daily sights of London.

Punch Feb 4

THE BEERS-SHOP OF BOND STREET.

MR. VAN BEERS, whether as an eccentric or serious Artist, can give most of 'em pints, and beat 'em easy. There is one picture, however, which, with all deference to Mr. VAN BEERS, we would not include in the Exhibition. It is probably the first to catch the eye of the visitor on entering, and the last on leaving; and, on seeing it for the second time, when he has carefully examined the collection, it will seem to him beneath comparison, from any point of view, with the other pictures, whose Meissonnier-like finish is their greatest charm and their only apology. "*Au Clair de la Lune*" outwhistles WHISTLER. At present only a few are sold; some, we expect, will remain on hand for a considerable time. The Colney Hatch prize picture of "*Madness*" bought by SARAH BERNHARDT, and not sold with her other valuables, is more the work of a van Demon than a VAN BEERS.

A Hint for Improving the Illustration Outside the Catalogue.

His miniature Landscapes, with their occasionally strange effects of light, will repay careful examination. There are three hundred of them, and it is said that Mr. VAN BEERS will only sell them *en bloc*—which sounds as if they were done "on the wood." These Landscapes represent the work of ten years; so that their purchaser will possess the work of two great Dutchmen —VAN BEERS and TEN-IERS—all in one.

Edinburgh Courant Sept 0

, and a singularly skilful woodcut rendering of an oil picture in Juengling's "Portrait of the Artist," by Whistler.

The World April 13

Mr. Whistler sends "My Last Duchess," a portrait of her Grace the Duchess of Stilton. Seldom has this courtly painter been so fortunate in a subject or an inspiration. Reviving the gracious classicalism of the last century, the Reynolds of our age has represented her Grace as Juno with her peacock. The Peacock, a real fugue of Bach's, in the coruscating harmonies of his ecstatic notes of colour, occupies the entire foreground. Her Grace is faintly indicated, we might say hinted ('tis a mere innuendo, a breath, a vapour on the glass), in the middle distance. As Michael Angelo commonly left a corner of the unhewn rude primeval marble in his sculpture, so Mr. Whistler has neglected to glaze the hands and face of the Duchess. There is something sublimely precarious in this *Rokheit*, as Winckelmann phrases it, something worthy of the artist. Mr. Whistler also contributes two etchings in dry-point and counter-point, and an exquisite little painting in *niello*, after the manner of the early Spezian school. The etchings he calls "Portrait of a Gentleman" and "Portrait of a Painter-Etcher." The painting in *niello* represents a singular incident from the apocryphal book of Tobit with gracious *naïveté*.

Bazzar April 23

Mr. Whistler's extraordinary quickness is also mentioned, and the statement is cited that Mr. Millais completed his admirable portrait of Mr. Gladstone in five hours. *Ars longa vita brevis est*, it is true; but, supposing the last named artist to have fifty years of working life at his command, by giving no more daily time to the production of a picture than he bestowed on the prime minister's portrait, it would be possible for him to achieve considerably over twenty thousand finished canvases in the course of his existence, a by no means insignificant result. "But all this," observes the authority to whom we are indebted for the foregoing facts, "is as nothing to an Italian *peintre improvisateur* who is at present showing off in Paris. A few days ago he painted, before the ex-Queen of Spain and a number of notabilities assembled to see the feat, a view of the Rhine, with a castle on the shore, in ten minutes; and drew a busy scene at a port in five minutes. At this rate, art would outrival even photography; but then is it art, this marvellous dexterity? We should opine that Signor Carlo's works were not; but Mr. Poynter and Mr. Millais really make one afraid of judging this dexterous improvisatore."

Lady's Pictorial 3 12-84

SOCIETY OF [illegible]

Mr. John Burr, having resigned the presidency of the Society of British Artists, after holding that office for the last seven years, during which period he has greatly contributed to the welfare of the Society, a meeting of members was held on Thursday night, at the Galleries in Suffolk Street, for the purpose of electing a new president. Obviously the just and proper thing was to elect the most distinguished member to preside over the Society's future doings, and this was duly done. Mr. J. McN. Whistler's claims were indisputable, and the members showed, in electing him president by a material majority, that they were fully sensible of their responsibilities. The Society of British Artists has been steadily rising in importance since Mr. Whistler was numbered among its members, and last Thursday should prove a red-letter day in its existence as an artistic body, since it now has a great master at its head. This Society ought to have a brilliant future, and since it is hopeless to look to the Royal Academy for serious and just encouragement of true art in this country, we may expect the Society, of which Mr. Whistler is now the president, to become the home of all that is true and great in the art production of Great Britain.

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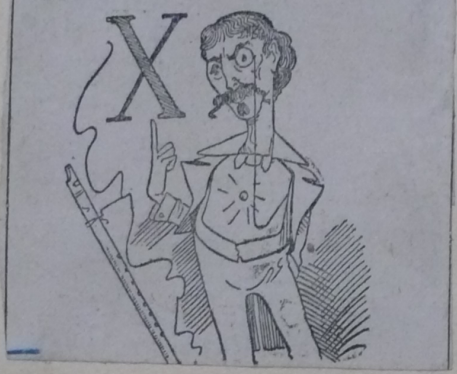
"Society" 6.1.2.

Weekly Mercury Jan. 31. 85

Both 5.2

Mr. Nocturne Whistler, dry printer, painter, and, I believe, poet, is to originate a mysterious entertainment on the evening of February 20th, which, with his usual eccentricity, is entitled "Mr. Whistler's Ten o'Clock." The "show" is to come off at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, and will be nothing if not original. A report also reaches me, that the popular "Jemmy" is to start on a lecturing tour. Apparently, everybody intends to lecture. Oscar Wilde and Mr. Sala have already taken to the platform, which is to be strengthened by such celebrities as the celebrated "arrangementist" and Mr. F. C. Burnand.



Standard 20 April

The tour of the Gallery renews our acquaintance with excellent work by nearly all the best contemporary etchers. There are, indeed, two or three notable absences, the most conspicuous being that of Mr. Whistler, the brilliant, if occasionally irritating, artist who, along with Mr. Seymour Haden, rightly shares the leadership in English etching. Mr. Haden, the President of the Society, is here modestly represented by a series of dry points—all of them, we believe, recent performances, and practical illustrations of his doctrine that it is the especial function of etching to record vividly a vivid impression. "Wareham Bridge" (No. 331) compels attention by its theme as well as by its execution, and is a favourable instance of the artistic power to convey many facts with few touches. Among the well known painters who have taken to the etching needle, it is curious to observe the different varieties and degrees of success attained. Certainly no qualified person who looks at the matter candidly can bring himself to assent to a proposition which in some quarters is far too noisily asserted—the proposition that a first-rate painter must easily become a good etcher. Nothing of the kind is true. The art of etching demands in its practitioner very special qualities, which the excellent painter may happen to possess or may happen to want.

Life — — ?

has recently been executed by Edward Slocomb, and represents the head of the nymph surrounded by reeds. There are three dry prints of Venice, by Mr. F. Duveneck, an American etcher, which might be almost mistaken for the fastidious productions of Mr. Whistler, in whose company and under whose supervision we believe they were made. Among the fine etchings that have been produced in our time must be mentioned M. Valtner's "Evening Hymn," after George Mason, and the same artist's "Harvest Moon," reproduced by R. Macbeth, A.R.A. "The Pied Piper of Hamolin, after George Pinwell, illustrating the crowd of children, by Macbeth, we have before noticed; but there is another etching after Pinwell illustrating the incident of the rats described by Browning.

The muttering grew to a grumbling,
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.

These masterpieces of the late George Pinwell have both been reproduced by Macbeth, and are triumphs of execution.

OLD MASTERS AND DECEASED BRITISH PAINTERS.

portant to be here described. There is but one Andrea del Sarto, lent by Mr James D. Linton, a work full of grace. In the Dutch and Flemish school it must be admitted that amongst much good there is also much that is not good. One may, perhaps, admire the amount of patience bestowed on every detail in Jan Steen's "Doctor and Sick Lady," but patience is not art, as Mr Whistler most justly observes. One might possibly admire the labour expended on Jan Sibrecht's "Fish, Game, Figures, and Landscape," but again here we think of Mr Whistler's remarks, and can only look on it as an unfortunate medley. Take the description in the catalogue: "In the centre of the picture is the figure of a woman holding a basket of flowers; on her right a peacock is perched on the edge of a table, which is covered with fruit; below is a heap of vegetables; on the right various kinds of fish lie on the ground, and a man is bringing a basketful of other fish on his shoulder; hills and open sea in the distance; blue sky with clouds." Does it not sound a medley in

Again 25

County Gentleman 25.4.85

* * * *

Now that variety entertainments are provided at the New Club for the amusement of members and their friends I would suggest that Mr. Whistler be laid on to do his Ten O'Clock trick one Saturday. He might make it topical, and season it with mockery of distinguished New Clubbers. Then another night they might have the baby elephant late of Covent Garden, and a political oration from Mr. Biggar. The first point to attain in a variety entertainment is variety.

* * * *

Leicester Post 25.4.85

Yellow is the fashionable colour for table decorations at present, and some charming effects have been lately produced by means of yellow satin and daffodils. Imagine a long strip of amber satin, placed upon the table, with a big bowl of daffodils in the centre, and smaller vases of the same pretty flowers arranged on the mat at intervals. Then imagine a hanging lamp and candles with shades of yellow silk, and menus and name-cards decorated with sketches of daffodils. Then put posies of daffodils here and there at the edge of the satin, tied up with long green tulip-leaves in lieu of ribbon, and say whether this would not be a harmony in yellow sufficiently pretty to delight the heart of Mr. Whistler himself.

Magazine of Art 1.5.85

In "Society in London" (London: Chatto and Windus), an impudent, rather clever little book, plainly the work of an American, there are some amusing sketches of English painters. The most spiteful, the most elaborate, the best is that of the President, "a great draughtsman and a fantastic colourist," in whose flesh tints, it is interesting to note, "there is nothing even remotely allied to actuality." It is not difficult, adds our author, to detect in his "elegant presence" something "suggestive of a Greek god in a frock-coat," and there are references to the celestial quality in the flow of his "hyacinthine locks," to the sheen as of Castalian dew which is characteristic of his moustache, to the "ambrosia in syllables" distilled by his eloquent lips. The next best (and most spiteful) is the sketch of Mr. Whistler, which is very wicked indeed. In dealing with Mr. Millais the anonymous author is more amiable but not much less amusing. On the whole, indeed, he may be said to handle his painters as neatly, and withal as flimsily and scandalously, as his journalists, his actors, his generals and diplomats and doctors, and men and women of society.

Daily Telegraph 24/4/85

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

FIRST NOTICE.

Audacity of the kind which is not wholly incapable of making good its pretensions has generally found more than tolerance at the Grosvenor Gallery; but here, as everywhere, it will be obvious that the highest capacity is not essentially the most audacious. To be singular, whether in art, speech, manners, dress, or any outward expression, is not always to deserve credit for the originality which mankind are prone for brief periods to identify with genius. It was said of a famous *incroyable*, in an age not so very different in all things from our own, that, for a wit, he was more than ordinarily stupid; and it may happen sometimes that the imaginers of vain things, on canvas or in clay, are plentifully lacking in real imagination. On the whole, this year's exhibition at Sir Coutts Lindsay's galleries will command the full measure of praise to which its average claims entitle it; while the appetite of curiosity will not go unsatisfied. True, the familiar spirit of Mr. James M'Niel Whistler is wanting; and no precise "arrangement," black, white, brown, blue, red, yellow, or grey, has been made to supply his place. The nearest thing in harmony and sentiment to his melodic method is presented by Mr. Phil Morris, A.R.A., whose charmingly rhythmical "Portrait Study in Silver

Sheffield Independent 27/4/85

[From our London Correspondent.]

London, Saturday.

To-day is private view at the Grosvenor Gallery. Sir Coutts Lindsay was unable to keep to the usual date for public opening—the 1st of May—as it would clash with private view at the Royal Academy. He therefore puts his opening a whole week in front of the show at Burlington House.

The show is not a great one. It is patchy, and, in some respects, unsatisfying. Without being specially strong it is less characteristic than in many former years—partly, perhaps, because neither Mr. Burne-Jones nor Mr. Whistler are exhibitors.

The private view at the Academy to-day was unusually interesting. The crowd was almost too great, but nearly every one there was some one, and now and then an unusual celebrity would make the throng inconveniently dense. Oscar Wilde quite eclipsed all the male theatrical notabilities with his brown frock coat, designed by himself, his broad-brimmed hat, and his air of sleek self-appreciation. He was, however, partly eclipsed by the popular anxiety to see his wife. There were but three æsthetic ladies in the whole collection, and she with her long skirts, short waist, and indescribable hat was one. The Grosvenor poet was there too, and it was amusing to witness the constant meetings between him and our chief literary critic, as the crowd in its eddies brought them together. It is an open secret that these two are no friends, but the crowd chiefly surged round Mrs. Langtry. Her own special retinue were in attendance on her. Frank Miles and Oscar Wilde, who are said to have discovered her, and Whistler, vivacious and shrill voiced Beerbohm Tree, and Gilbert. She certainly was stared at with considerable effrontery, people forming in little groups round her, and almost fighting for front places. She was dressed in brown velvet, with a small black bonnet trimmed with jet, her golden hair—it

Morning Argus 5 May '85

A Grosvenor exhibition would of course be incomplete without "A Nocturne" or two by Mr J. M. Whistler, and here we have it in the usual style—a dash of blue with a spot or two of yellow to illustrate ships at sea on a dark night, and a splash and splutter of brightness on a black ground to depict a display of fireworks.

"Yarmouth Mercury" 2/5/85

When Sir Coutts Lind..y u... ...ed to erect the Grosvenor Gallery in Bond-street, many and various rumours were set afloat by the curious. It was at the time pretty generally conceded that the new picture gallery would admit works that were excluded from the walls of Burlington House, by reason of their failing to conform to certain hard and fast lines, laid down by the council of the Royal Academy. The first exhibition sufficiently proved the truth of this; and every subsequent display has included many pictures that would never have been accepted, had they been offered to the Academy. Whistler and Burne Jones, and many other eccentric genius accentuated the Grosvenor Gallery exhibitions and gave them a distinctive character; so that now it would appear that the true resting-place of what is bold and unconventional, is Bond-street, rather than Piccadilly. The picture of the exhibition opened on Saturday last, is Mr. W. B. Richmond's classical work entitled, "An Audience in Athens during the Representation of the Agamemnon." Mr. Phil Morris, A.R.A., exhibits a remarkable picture that he calls a "Portrait Study in Silver Tones;" while another work of his "Eve's Second Paradise," is certain to attract a large share of attention. Mr. Millais exhibits a really splendid portrait of Mr. Gladstone, and another of Miss Margaret Millais. Alma Tadema exhibits portraits of rare merit and superlative finish.

Weekly Independent Aug 20'85

Mr. Whistler is the anecdotal prig of the day, and his *bon mots* are circulating in society in a fashion calculated to make the bones of Sydney Smith turn in their grave. He has his admirers as we all know, in despite of Mr. Ruskin; and one of these, worshipping at his feet in the æsthetic-Burne-Jones attitude, murmured, "Ah! Mr. Whistler, I only know of two painters in all the world, Velasquez and yourself." "Why," said Mr. Whistler, in the softest tones, "Why drag in Velasquez?" This is one of the best of stories, but another of the same kind is worth repeating. "I see you everywhere in Nature," said one of his admirers; "in the sky, in the clouds, in the water." "Yes," said the artist, with an air of inimitable self-complacency. "Nature is very apt. She shows a decided improvement since I took her up."

Leicester Post 20/4/85

The exhibition of pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery this season is scarcely as impressive as that of last year. Several of the artists whose names we are accustomed to associate with this exhibition are totally unrepresented. There is nothing whatever by Mr. Whistler or Mr. Burne Jones. The true strength of this year's exhibition lies in its portraiture, although there are not wanting instances of those idealistic subjects and unconventional fancies which form the true interest of the Grosvenor Gallery.

Modern Society 6'12'84

The latter part of the nineteenth century will certainly mark an epoch in the history of fine art, for it cannot be denied that our British workman, mechanic, and artist, might with great advantage to themselves take a lesson even from the "Japs." The immortal Jimmy Whistler has ordered a small Japanese house already, where he says he intends to take it very "Japan Easy." His painting dress is to be a real Japanese one and his afternoon teas are to be the thing of our next season. Woe to the poor Jap who happens to be brought before the learned Commissioner Kerr if he dares to sue anyone for money due for work done, for he won't get it, we fear, but will be ordered off bag and baggage to his own country.

"[illegible] Society" 6-12-84

The Countess Walewska, once maid of honour to Empress Eugénie, is said to have anticipated Whistler's "harmonies" in her dress, which was always black, as she believed that colour showed off the beautiful white of her neck and shoulders and the carnation of her cheeks. One day, owing to an accident at a hunt, this lovely and ingenious lady of honour was forced to keep her bed, but she received her friends all the same, and astonished them somewhat by wearing a loose peplum robe of black foulard silk, which showed neck and arms, the pillow-cases and sheets being also of the same fabric. The coverlet was of pale pink brocade, bordered with swansdown. This might be termed a "nocturne" in pink and black, and made such an impression on certain susceptible courtiers, that its fame reached the imperial ears, and Eugénie herself went and forthwith had a black silk bed to heighten her own fair beauty.

"Figaro" July 14

What has this country done to deserve such an infliction as the exhibition of paintings and drawings by members of "La Société des Impressionistes?" Have we not suffered enough at the hands of "Whistler." The exhibition consists of a series of daubs. One of the pictures is a girl, whose back only is seen in a white frock and blue sash, flattening her nose against some railings. It looks like a wax doll that had been sat on and stuck against the railings. This is called art. The only two decent pictures in the collection are a pre y girl with a straw hat trimmed with poppies, and "Femme au Piano." No wonder it is announced that the gallery will close in a few days

Pontefract Times May 10

When Rubens painted two portraits for the Duke of Buckingham in 1626, he charged his grace £500, the pay according to the artist's usual mode of reckoning being for 50 days' work at £10 a day. Mr. Whistler computes his time at a different value, and at the private view of his exhibition on Saturday, he sold six drawings at prices varying from 20 to 80 guineas. Some of them, the facetious artist observed, had taken him nearly 20 minutes to complete.

Mr. Benjamin has left no materials to serve as a

Figaro 4-3-85

In these days of Whistlerian painted *nocturnes* and symphonies, the use of a musical instrument as a canvas—or should I say parchment?—for a picture is appropriate. But will it be developed? Shall we have our R.A.'s devoting their abilities to decorating the tops of a pair of kettle-drums or the sides of a *grande caisse?* Will our artists elaborate painted fantasies for the faces of banjoes or essay the characteristic adornment of fiddle fronts? Time alone will show; but for the present art society has certainly scored by virtue of the fact that its devotees have elected to paint, rather than to play, on the tambourine of the "merry Zingara."

Huddersfield Examiner 5-[illegible]-85

The Grosvenor Gallery this year is by no means æsthetic. There are, it is true, some terrible dolphins in an impossible sea, which stretches from one end of the second gallery to the other. But for the most part the pictures are such as ordinary common-place people can admire and enjoy. Mr. Whistler has two of his very peculiar works. One of them, a ship upon the sea, is comprehensible; but the other looks like splashes of paint put on with a squirt. I sought information as to the meaning of this picture. "Perhaps it's fireworks," said my informant, dubiously. Perhaps it is. This solution is so far satisfactory that nobody can contradict it.

Country Gentleman Aug 30 '85

We are to have some new poetry books before the end of the autumn. Mr. Browning has some new elliptics in hand. Or, rather, the printer has them in hand. Could not these be illumined with drawings by Mr. MacWhistler? It has often struck me that the two should co-operate. Mr. Symonds is preparing some sonnets for publication, and two of the Savile Club poets are about to kindle the outer world with their rays of sweetness and light. But what of our Laureate? Is he not to give anything in return for his coronet? Have we none but the bard of the *Morning Post* to wage war with Mr. Swinburne?

* * * *

Police News 9-[illegible]-85

Here is the verdict on the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery in a nutshell. The general result is disappointing, for the simple reason that there is no "star" picture in either exhibition. The general run of the work is good, but the impression is similar to that caused by seeing a good level performance of "Hamlet" at the Lyceum by Mr. Irving's company with Mr. Irving himself out of the cast. There is nothing particular to talk about; there is no one picture that everybody will rush to see. The Grosvenor Gallery has ceased to be the medium for eccentricity and pictorial practical jokes. Mr. Burne-Jones is not represented this year, and Mr. Whistler (of the silver lock) has cut himself adrift from Sir Coutts Lindsay, and has opened a show of his amusing "harmonies," "nocturnes," and "arrangements" on his own account. At the Academy one naturally looks first to the pictures of Orchardson, Millais, and Sir Frederick Leighton. All these artists are disappointing this year. For the last two years Orchardson has been credited with the chief success of the year, but on this occasion his work, careful as it is, is not likely to make much sensation. Mr. Millais contents himself with painting a sick taxidermist stuffing birds on his death-bed, with a group of rosy-faced children looking on. He also exhibits a fairly good portrait of a little daughter of Lord Rosebery. Sir Frederick Leighton sends no big picture, but he exhibits several of his ethereal ised ladies, all of them having beautiful light hair and transparent complexions. Yorkshire artists are better represented than usual, but I am bound to say that the Hanging Committee have treated them with scant courtesy, for most of the works are "skied." While many good works are relegated to positions near the roof, the stigma of having painted the three very worst pictures in the whole exhibition rests upon a Royal Academician—the veteran Mr. J. R. Herbert. His comical pseudo-religious pictures sent the critics into fits of laughter on Wednesday.

* * *

Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A., is, according to common report, about to marry the daughter of Mr. Leyland, the possessor of Mr. J. Mc. Whistler's famous "Peacock Room."

Standard Times May 2 85

Of Mr. Frank Holl's eight portraits the most interesting for many reasons will be "Mr. Wilson Barrett as Hamlet" (203). This is full of dignity and lofty poetic feeling worthy of a pictorial representation of "Hamlet." Whether it be an accurate and realistic portrait of Mr. Wilson Barrett is not of such importance as that it is a work of art; and what is indeed interesting to note is that the influence of Mr. Whistler is distinctly traceable in the treatment. Among other fine portraits by Mr. Holl are "General Sir Arthur Lawrence" (25), "The Earl of Dufferin" (211) strong in character; and "The Viscount Hampden, as the Speaker of the House of Commons" (219). While on the subject of portraits it may be interesting to note a few that are marked by unconventionality and power, by painters outside the elect. These are "Portrait of a lady" (283), by Mr. Joseph Farquarhson, a serious, dignified work, with decided Whistlerian feeling; "Mrs. Walter Ellis" (632), by Miss Helen R. Hatton, admirably painted, and treated with simple, unaffected, but earnest art; "C. W. Dowdeswell" (95), a forcibly painted head, by Mr. H. S. Tuke —skied, of course; "Madame J. Smits," by Miss Bessie Carr, and "Miss Clarke" (531), by Mr. Harper Pennington, two clever portraits in cool tones, the flesh of the latter being painted in a low key, as understood by Mr. Whistler; but Mr. Pennington, without understanding the corresponding principle of a dark background, has painted a light blue one, thereby missing the true effect. Mr. John S. Sargent's dashing portrait of "Lady Playfair" (586) is exceedingly clever and powerful, but it lacks refinement to give it charm. The head is splendidly painted.

Lady's Pictorial May 2-85

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

AMONG the collection of over four hundred pictures just now on view at the Grosvenor Gallery, I am delighted to find the names of a large percentage of lady exhibitors, and I am still more pleased to be able to speak in terms of the highest praise of most of the work by lady artists, which adorns at the present moment the walls of Sir Coutts Lindsay's delightful galleries. Mr. Burne Jones and Mr. Whistler are conspicuous only by their absence, but there is not much to complain of in an exhibition which contains such masterpieces as Mr. Millais' magnificent portrait of Mr. Gladstone, clad in his crimson robes as D.C.L., or Mr. Alma Tadema's beautiful "Expectation," in which we see some of those marble steps glowing in brilliant sunlight (such as Mr. Tadema alone can paint), and in the centre the single figure of a girl, who stands looking out over the sea, shading her face with her hand.

Post 11-2-85 (Boston)

Whistler, the artist, is coming to America next summer with Moncure D. Conway, who will then return permanently to the United States and settle in Washington. Whistler has not been in his native country for 30 years. He will lecture.

"Echoes of the Week" Illustrated London News Feb 19 1881

a woman's hair.

I saw the other day the mezzotint engraving from Mr. J. M. Whistler's very noble full-length sitting portrait of Thomas Carlyle. The portrait is among the very finest that Mr. Whistler has ever painted. It is full of breadth, simplicity, and quiet strength, and is wholly devoid of eccentricity or mannerism. The original picture is in the possession of Mr. Graves, of Pall-mall; and I should be glad to learn that this striking yet refined presentment of the Sage of Chelsea had been acquired either by the National Portrait Gallery, of which he was one of the trustees, or the University of Edinburgh, of which he had been Lord Rector, or the London Library, in the Presidency of which he succeeded the late Lord Clarendon. I should be sorry to learn that the Americans had snapped up and carried off in triumph to the land where Ralph Waldo Emerson first made the writings of the author of "Sartor Resartus" known the finest effigy of the Sage of Chelsea that pictorial art has produced. His rugged and strongly marked features lent themselves, on the other hand, excellently well to the purposes of the camera; and there are some simply wonderful photographs of him extant: notably the one by Elliot and Fry, an engraving of which forms the frontispiece to the "Sartor" in the People's Edition of his works.

Echoes of the Week - Illustrated London News Feb 19 1881

Leeds Mercury 27/4/85

will upon her captive. The little bit of street, leading down to the port, with its fishing boats and glimpse of the sea, forms a pleasant reminiscence of Cornish scenery. Mr. Edwin Norbury in his "Boulogne Fair" (30) has been tempted to emulate one of Mr. Whistler's nocturnes, and has scarcely succeeded. The garish gaslight of the booths and cafés contrasts with without illuminating the black masses in the foreground—which consequently lack relief and variety of tone.

Bat: 26/4/85

Harper Pennington, not to be behind the great butterfly in the matter of signature, sprawls his name straight down the canvas in a bold Chinese handwriting. His portrait of Mrs. Cornwallis West is not only an admirable likeness, but it is a highly decorative work in mulberry and black, and combines the delicate treatment of fabrics which characterises Sarjent's painting with a suggestion of Whistler's illusive effects. Two pictures of children, one with black stockings, and staring black gloves, and another quaint Wardour-street-old-master-like baby, are welcome as attempts at novelty, and compare to great advantage with the common-place effusions of the majority. But the fun of the exhibition is supplied by Whistler's imitators. Walter Sickert, M. Griffenhagen, Sidney Starr are terrible proofs that the impressionist's art is dangerous in the hands of any but a master. In only one of his followers can I see any hope.

MR. CARLYLE.—One of the most successful and characteristic portraits of Mr. Carlyle, and the only picture that would be available either for the National Portrait Gallery or for the Glasgow University, of which the great essayist and historian was Rector, is that which was painted by Mr. J. M'N. Whistler, and has been sympathetically reproduced in mezzo-tint engraving by M. Jacey. The original is now on view at the Pall-mall Galleries of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., by whom the plate has been issued.

Daily Telegraph. Fe. 19. 1881.

Oppd on Temple 12 May

M. Whintler est quelque chose comme le Manet de l'Amérique. Il semble que ses modèles posent dans une mine de charbon. Ses fonds sont noirs, noirs sont les vêtements, et les visages aussi bien que les mains semblent estompés avec de la poussière de charbon. Pas mal cependant la petite toile représentant une rue plongée dans un épais brouillard.

"Orange Blossoms" Feb 26 '87

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS.

The Society of Painter-Etchers has opened, at the Dudley Gallery of the Egyptian Hall, what is quite an interesting Exhibition to those who have any knowledge or views of their own as to the Etchers' art. Too much encouragement, rather than too little, has been given of late, in England, to Etching; we have no sympathy with painters who, because they cannot paint with success, think they can etch with triumph. As a rule, when work is wholly second-rate in one medium, it is wholly second-rate in another. And even some quite successful painters etch very badly. But there remains, fortunately, a class of artists unaffected, prejudicially at least, by the popular favour that has overtaken a long neglected art. There are certain men now in London we suppose, who were intended by nature to be Etchers, and these are not only Mr. Seymour Haden, Mr. Whistler, and Mr. Legros—unquestionably our leading masters. Neither Mr. Whistler nor Mr. Legros contributes to the present Exhibition; and Mr. Seymour Haden sends, not an Etching, but a mezzotint—he is fond of artistic experiments. The mezzotint (No. 142) represents the breaking up of the Agamemnon as she lies athwart the stream. It recalls, in its composition, but in the effect aimed at it its does not precisely repeat, Mr. Haden's famous etching of nearly twenty years ago. It strikes us as more elaborate—it aims at greater subtlety of detail, and it notably attains this in the sky, for mezzotint can realise a sky, while Etching can but brilliantly suggest it. For all that, we cannot profess our preference for the later over the earlier work, though we rejoice that the artist is doing his share, and, perhaps, more than his share, to help in the revival of another neglected art.

The Gallery, of course, contains a good deal of feeble labour, and a good deal of imitative work, which somehow or other, is not always feeble—work, we mean, which would never have existed but for the previous triumphs of Whistler, Haden, and Legros. Thus it is difficult to believe that either Mr. Duveneck or Mr. Pennell would have etched Venice as they have done, or have etched it at all, if Mr. Whistler had not first etched the Thames, and then the Grand Canal and the Lagoons. Still, as it is, both Mr. Duveneck and Mr. Pennell execute agreeable and highly meritorious plates. "In the Piazza" (No. 206) is one of Mr. Duveneck's best. "The Doorway, Venice" (No. 300), is one of the happiest things by Mr. Pennell. The architectural portion and the light and shade are very good indeed; the water is more scribbly and less liquid than Mr. Whistler's. Mr. Strang, again, has been obviously inspired by Mr. Legros, and in some of his figure-pieces he has learnt from Rembrandt, as Geddes before him did in landscape. Perhaps we shall like him more completely when he is wholly himself, yet it would be difficult now not to recognise the measure of originality which he possesses and the sentiment he contrives to express. His "John Anderson" (No. 48) is really very touching; his "Death and Dr. Hornbook" (No. 49) excessively weird. Mr. Farrer's "Our Gondola" (No. 83) takes us to the Lagoon. Mr. Llewellyn's "Putney Bridge" (No. 90) is a charming sketch, in the etcher's spirit; the reflections in the water delicately kept and sharp. There is distinct sentiment in the landscape of Mr. East, "A Wintry Dirge" (No. 60). The same etcher's "Last Days of the Tuileries" (No. 103) exhibits even greater freedom. Freedom and flexibility constitute the charm of Miss Armstrong's little sketch of a workwoman looking out of window, with the town lying beyond (No. 11). Mr. Percy Thomas's "Dryden's House, Fetter Lane" (No. 149), is a bit of artistic realism in which past and present mingle. Mr. C. O. Murray's "Virgin Porch, St. Mary's, Oxford" (No. 175), is a very fine, free rendering of architecture played upon by shadow and light. It is one of the great things of the show. Mr. Fred Slocombe's "Farm in the New Forest" (No. 255), a homely scene, and perfectly felt, must, perhaps, be reckoned another. We like Mr. Law best when he is at Greenwich. Among purely figure pieces, much the most beautiful—notwithstanding some uncertain drawing of the eye—is Mr. Bailey's "Dreams" (No. 85). Modelling and texture are both of them excellent.

Mr. Whistler's 'Ten o'clock' attracted, as, of course, everybody knew it would, most of the beauty and the talent that one is accustomed to see on 'first nights' at the most fashionable theatres. The worst feature of the business was that more than half the audience could not hear what the lecturer was talking about, and probably more than half of the half that did hear didn't understand. Amongst the gay assemblage which now listened, or pretended to, with rapt attention, and now kept up a buzz of presumably brilliant small talk, were to be seen Lord Wharncliffe, Mrs. Cornwallis West (covered with jewellery), Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, Sir Charles and Lady Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wilde, Lord Rowton, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mr. Poynter, R.A., Lord Dunraven, Dr. and Mrs. Morell Mackenzie, Mr. Archibald Forbes, Corney Grain and Grossmith, 'Ape' and 'Spy,' Sir Arthur Sullivan, and many others too numerous to mention. Mr. Whistler was very eloquent and sweeping in his assertions. Oscar Wilde declares that he looked like 'a miniature Mephistopheles mocking the majority,' an alliterative sentence which must have given the apostle of sweetness and light many an anxious hour to elaborate.

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Some of the papers seem to have gone out of the way to take 'our only James' *au sérieux*. Personally, I believe, the whole affair was a 'try on' on the part of the accomplished artist, to see how far the public, who have swallowed his nocturnes and harmonies, would swallow the flowers of his oratory. If some of his epigrams last Friday night may be taken as a fair sample of his conversational powers, we must put him down as a brilliant speaker, as well as a clever draughtsman, only recollecting that in both capacities he likes to play the fool with a too easily gulled public. Perhaps, after all, the greatest humbugs are those who are taken in, and yet pretend to be widest awake of any.

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Taken from a critically analytical point of view, Mr. Whistler's teaching amounts to this: (1) Common people must not admire beautiful things—it is impertinent; besides, they don't know what is beautiful. (2) The main thing to be cultivated is ugliness; the future of Art depends entirely upon the stupidity of the public. (3) Nature is usually wrong; for instance, she is frequently guilty of 'a very foolish sunset.' (4) Critics, in common with amateurs and *dilettantes*, should be—consigned to oblivion; hanging is too good for them. (5) There is but one true school of Art, and Velasquez and Mr. Whistler are its prophets. (6) It is really high time for Mr. Ruskin to take a back seat.

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The Academy May 7

of his manner and feeling is sustained only by Miss E. Pickering. One other strong individuality (that of Mr. Whistler, who, with Mr. Burne-Jones, is inseparable from the "idea" of the Grosvenor in its earlier years), has again asserted itself. No picture by this artist can be without that personal flavour which forms so large a part of the charm of art; and his portrait of *Miss Alexander* (113) would be welcome, for the artist's sake, if it were even less attractive than it is. While, indeed, we congratulate the artist on his re-appearance in oils, and gladly recognise unfailing power in manipulation and the management of colour, it is difficult to congratulate his subject. In this, as in many cases nowadays, the critic has a difficulty in characterising a portrait as it deserves for fear of being personal to the sitter. Flattery is objectionable in art, as elsewhere, but some portrait painters seem to find it impossible to tell the truth without being rude. Amateur

nother *specialité* of the

Standard Times May 2 81

Daily Post May 7

In the first room, Mr. Whistler's art is more in the ascendant than ever, his nocturnes in blue-and-silver being alone sufficient to refute any idea of a return to the commonplace. The exhibition contains its usual variety of works by Messrs. Burne Jones, Millais, Watts, Herkomer, Holl, Schmalz, E. M. Hale, Haynes Williams, E. J. Gregory, and Keeley Halswelle; Mrs. Jopling, Miss E. Pickering, and others too numerous to name, who are associated together with the strange incongruity which characterises the Grosvenor Gallery.

Judy · May 30

lowers of ROSCIUS and interpreters [illegible]
year I will see what I can do for the comedians and music hall entertainers. The stigma on actors must be removed.

Poor EDWARD MANET, the impressionist painter, is dead. He was the Parisian WHISTLER, and was soundly abused for his artistic eccentricities. When I first suggested the idea to Mr. WHISTLER of painting studies in black and brown and green and yellow, I was only joking; but he, like a genius, seized on the suggestion and adopted it as his own. Every one, however, knows that I am the father of this school of painting. I hear it is proposed to erect a monument to me. I would rather this were not done.

I think I arranged the *Fédora* affair well. SARAH is in delight that her pupil has had such a success at the Haymarket. She is coming over with me to see it some evening on the quiet.

I have some great matters now in hand that will create a sensation in Europe when published. Look out for them.

DE BLOW-IT.

Manchester Guardian May 20 81

If crowds mean success, and they seem to be the test nowadays, even Mr. Whistler must have been satisfied with his private view, which was held on Saturday at Messrs. Dowdeswell's gallery in New Bond-street. A small number of small sketches and studies in a very small room were what the multitude went to see. Not indeed so cool or refreshing as a reed shaken by the wind, but in its way almost as light and airy is this eccentric, affected, slightly vulgar, but wholly clever collection of "notes, harmonies, and nocturnes" as their author chooses to call them. Many of the studies of light and tone are "mere tricks" perhaps, but if so they are tricks very full of suggestion and fancy, and even of a kind of poetry. The room itself is hung in flesh-coloured serge, with cold grey and white paint, and greenish yellow matting on the floor and an attendant dressed in grey and flesh-colour livery hands visitors a brown paper covered catalogue. The effect of colour when the room is empty is sickly and cold to a degree, and this effect is added to considerably by the pale greenish gold of some of the poiture frames. On the title page of the catalogue the artist has printed his artistic creed, the most elaborate and finished piece of work perhaps that has ever proceeded from his light fantastic hand. With all his eccentricities and vagaries, Mr. Whistler is undeniably a master of tone, and there is no one who can produce such marvellous results with so little labour. His exhibition will no doubt puzzle and amuse a great many people this season.

A rare funny fellow is 'Truthful James.' Last week his Venice pastels were somewhat hardly treated in *Punch*. Mr. Whistler has had his revenge. He has cut out the article, mounted it on a sheet of his offending brown paper, put his butterfly on it, framed it, and hung it up in the Gallery, where it excites the wonder of simple persons from the country, who are not quite sure whether it is not a bit of Venice, say the Doge's marriage-lines with the Adriatic, for example.

Lady's Pictorial May 7 81

County Gentleman Feb 5 1881

vermin known elsewhere with ease in the country of the poets.

Folk have flocked to the Fine Art Society's premises to see the wonders brought to light by Mr. Whistler. The gallery in which his fifty-three Venice Pastels are displayed is a cunning arrangement of his own—a marvellous study of room decoration. There is a tall dado of a golden olive in cloth, about nine feet, with a moulding above of citron gold and beneath of guinea gold, surmounted with a frieze of venetian red and a cornice of ruby gold. A subtle medium for the display of his gems. The stimulating effect of the pictures, in their frames and mounting of the three golds employed in the moulding, upon the reparative shade of the cloth is complete.

Pastels (crayons upon brown paper) has been a favourite "game" of many artists—notably George Morland, and later of Mr. Fanner—but never with such success in light and shade, brilliancy and softness, as in these given us by Mr. Whistler. It is difficult to say whether accuracy in architectural effect or variety of theme is the most startling. "The Guidecca: note in flesh" (12), undoubtedly the "Koh-i-noor" of the set, is a luminous seascape in which the artist's daring trick of putting a black object across his foreground is most fortunate. "The Little Riva," in opal (3), throwing off an iridescent shimmer, is in wondrous contrast with "The Palace in Rags" (33), a mellow diffused light in a sombre chamber; or with "San Giovanni Apostolo et Evangelista" (13), an interior effect worthy of Hogarth Many of the drawings have been sold at prices ranging from £20 to £35.

Athenaeum May 7 1881

[illegible] good enough to merit
better treatment.—Mr. N. Hemy's *Oporto* (104) shows, near sunset, buildings half lit, half shadowed, and the sea in front. The effect is a strong but not coarse contrast of light and shadow. The shadows seem a little too hot. —There is at least one memorable example painted by Velasquez in the fashion which has been happily and powerfully illustrated by Mr. Whistler in the life-size, whole-length portrait of *Miss Alexander* (113), a thoroughly artistic and scientific exercise in white, olive green, "gold," and grey, with black accents. The apposition of the grey felt hat and white muslin dress, which is itself a grey, is but one of many good points in this picture.—Contrasted with the last in being a study in full tints of russet, red, green, &c., is *September* (116). A lady waiting for a companion is seated in a beech wood, where the earth is clad with moss and ruddy leaves. This is the most carefully drawn and searchingly painted work we have seen by Mr. R. W. Macbeth. Athenaeum May 7 1881

Of the contributions of Mr. W. Cave[illegible]

The World?

ON Saturday week the Fine Art Society will open a new gallery at the back of their premises in New Bond-street, with an exhibition of works by Mr. John Everett Millais, R.A., showing to a certain extent the artistic record of his life. Such an exhibition cannot be other than of enormous interest to the public generally who have any regard for art; whilst to the young painter, or student, it will be of more value than any amount of lectures. Mr. Huish, the managing director of the Fine Art Society, deserves our heartiest thanks for the energy he displays in providing these exhibitions. To have at the same time one room set apart for Whistler, and another for Millais, is an event in the chronicle of art exhibitions not likely to be soon forgotten.

Court Circular May 5

[illegible], and Mr. Whistler has two "Nocturnes" which are more "utter" than ever.

Punch Nov 10 1883

COUNTER CRITICISM.

REFERRING to the Annual Meeting of the Hogarth Club, held a few evenings since, a contemporary states that it has received the subjoined communication from a Correspondent present on the occasion :—

"'I was standing,' says the gentleman in question, 'at the buffet, when I suddenly heard the voice of Mr. OSCAR WILDE discussing with Mr. WHISTLER and others the attributes of two well-known actresses. The criticism is at least expressive. "SARAH BERNHARDT," he said, "is all moonlight and sunlight combined, exceedingly terrible, magnificently glorious. Miss ANDERSON is pure and fearless as a mountain daisy. Full of change as a river. Tender, fresh, sparkling, brilliant, superb, placid."'"

That such sort of criticism is, as the Correspondent truly observes, "at least expressive" cannot for a moment be denied, but in what intelligent manner, or with what distinct result, is perhaps not quite so evident.

Still, as there are some who acknowledge an indefinite sort of charm in the meaningless mash up of empty adjectives, and inconsequent antitheses, that is the leading characteristic of such "criticism" as the above, the process might with advantage be extended to other and equally deserving notabilities. Indeed, a species of brief hand-book to character might be essayed on such lines with much success. Take, for instance, a few names at random :—

Mr. BRIGHT might be said to be "solid and psychological as a Bath-bun. Diversified and full of surprises as a lobster-salad. Tasty, indigestible, elegant, peppery, fragrant, settling."

Or Lord SALISBURY might be disposed of as "all night-light and squib-light rolled into one, terribly humorous, magnificently unconscious." While

Mr. OSCAR WILDE himself could figure fairly enough under the involved image of "trembling as an apple-dumpling. Rash as cheap hair-oil, flaccid, futile, finished, scholastic, scented sixpence a bottle."

But there is no occasion to continue a list the value of which, if completed, would, as a psychological and social guide, be obvious. Mr. OSCAR WILDE and Mr. WHISTLER should lose no time, but meet again and again at buffet after buffet, accompanied by a shorthand-writer and an enterprising publisher or two, and, before the month was out at the refreshment-bar, the thing would be done.

Standard May 14 '84

MR. WHISTLER'S EXHIBITION.

Mr. Whistler, who has often amused and sometimes instructed the artistic public in England, opens this morning, at the Messrs. Dowdeswell's, in Bond-street, a show of his latest delights. We say advisedly "delights" and not "labours," for, according to Mr. Whistler's own theory, the products of an agreeable and genuine art can by no means be task-work. He is not the first person who has declared, or implied, that excellent art, if it is done with "trouble" at all, must be done only with the "joyful trouble" of Macduff; though, perhaps, he is the first person of real capacity who has reduced within so small a compass the evidence of his labours. To-day Mr. Whistler proposes to exhibit sixty-seven works, many of them mere dexterous and selected memoranda which, had they been made by other artists, working on other theories, would have been retained in the portfolio as convenient material for future labour. But with Mr. Whistler it is otherwise. His memoranda are sufficient for him, and his memoranda, though, of course, not always of equal happiness, are undoubtedly the result of skill and of a remarkable faculty of observation. He sees quickly, but keenly, and commits rapidly to paper or canvas the result of his peculiar but admirable vision of the world of colour and of line. So summary is his method, so brief the record of that which he has beheld, that we fear the greater number of those with whom picture-seeing during the month of May has become a bounden duty will fail to understand Mr. Whistler's qualifications and to take pleasure in his art. We hold, nevertheless, that the really sensitive—who sometimes happen to be also the really studious—will recognise the fascination of an art which conveys with vivacity, delicacy, and refinement, an impression which may have been evanescent, but which was at least interesting. To admire Mr. Whistler it is by no means necessary to agree with him as to the precise number of artists worthy the name who have flourished between the first master, Velasquez, and the last master, Degas. Mr. Whistler reckons very few, we fancy, and not the least of them, presumably, is the one who has a studio in Tite-street. Mr. Whistler's work this year is unusually varied in its apparent themes. All sorts of objects are pressed into the service of his brush—Southend pier, the Cornish coast, a young woman dressed in a parasol and a red headgear, a *grisette* reading a French novel, a fog in Piccadilly, a shop in Chelsea. The shop is probably the most perfect little thing of its kind that was ever wrought by an artist who has learnt how to see. It is numbered 38 in the present Exhibition. It is without detail, without apparent labour, without dramatic interest; but it is exquisite in colour, faultless in tone, and its well-considered mystery has, at least, the interest of suggestiveness. Then there is the charming little water colour, No. 20, which Mr. Whistler, addressing the initiated, calls "Pink note," but which, remembering the outsider with a measure of tenderness, he styles also "Shelling Peas"—what a pretty little vision of the coolest of sunny light! Then there is the "Petit Déjeûner" (No. 15), —otherwise "note in opal"—in which the ghost of a warm-coloured blonde reads a pale blue book in bed, breakfast waiting on the table at her side. Then there is "yellow and grey" (No. 43), a girl in yellowish grey raiment, just touched with vivid green—she stands in front of a blazing greenish-yellow background. And there is the suggestion of fog in Piccadilly (No. 9), and the warm grey sunset of Erith (No. 14). All these are delightful memoranda of colour or form, which, if they do not give proof of imagination on the part of the artist, at least make wholesome demand of it in the spectator. These works appeal only to educated eyes. The pink and grey exhibition room, the embroidered butterfly, and the attendant eccentrically draped, appeal to the gossips of Society, but over and above these attractions, there are the legitimate attractions of Mr. Whistler's delicate control of harmonious colour, and his dexterous notes of engaging gesture.

"Bell's Life" May 5

Mr Brett, A.R.A., once more throws down the gauntlet to the tone-artists—the Whistlers, the Impressionists—in the shape of two pictures painted in his most vividly realistic manner. One of them, "Welsh Dragons," will take the multitude captive (I confess that I must join the multitude), albeit it may be, as a censor described it, a slice of hard fact. If it be a sin to gaze with pleasure into the depths of Mr Brett's gloriously prismatic sea, to bask gratefully in his sunshine, to examine as minutely as one would the rocks themselves, his geologically accurate representation of those objects, with their crust and fringe of weed, why then I am a sinner

Artist · June 1

MR. WHISTLER has obtained a 3rd class medal at this year's Paris Salon.

Saturday Review May 19

Mr. Whistler has opened an exhibition at Messrs. Dowdeswell's in Bond Street. He calls his works "Notes—harmonies—nocturnes." Most of them are charming exercises in colour, delicate as flowers; but, for all they have of form, they might be hung upside down.

Age 25 - 1 - 85

Mr. Whistler is busy preparing his manuscript for his hearers at the Prince's Hall on St. Mildred's Day, February 20th, at "ten o'clock." On that particular night Mr. Whistler will shame the old adage, "Speech is silver, silence is gold."

Artist June 2

An opinion is very prevalent that the "Academy" is dull; the Slade Professor at Oxford has profanely announced that the "kittens" of Sir Frederick Leighton are "certainly studied from a puppy!" We do not think ourselves bound by the general verdict, nor do we consider the judgments final which Mr. Ruskin (sadly flippant) delivers in his comfortable seat of learning. Our usual supplement contains, as readers have learned to expect, notices of the pictures in this year's exhibition. Mr. Whistler prepared the catalogue to his last exhibition with admirable art. His skilful collation of "authorities" cast grave doubts on the sanity of many theretofore distinguished critics. Our "supplement" will be directly of service to art if its criticisms are good; indirectly (even as Mr. Whistler's) if they are bad.

News of The World 30 - 11 - 84

Bayliss is another distinguished artist, whose elaborate architectural work and splendid colouring effects, as seen in grand old cathedral interiors, are always welcome. His "Interior of St. Mark's, Venice" (392), now exhibited is worthy of his already eminent name. Mr. J. McNeal Whistler's "Arrangement in Black No. 2" (299) is an imposing full-length portrait of Mrs. Louis Huth, skilfully draped in black velvet. John Morgan shows satisfactory and interesting work in "Hold Tight" (57) and "The Flag of England" (108). Good solid workmanship is apparent in L. C. Henley's "Baron's Daughter" (96) and "An Unwelcome Visitor at the Monastery" (389). James Hayllar's "One Good Turn Deserves Another" (397) displays the

Sudans Illustrated Chronicle 29 - 11 - 84

Mr. Whistler has by special invitation joined the Society of British Artists. He will be represented at the forthcoming exhibition at the Suffolk-street Galleries by a portrait of Mrs. Louis Huth, which will occupy a prominent place. Mr. Whistler was formally elected at a meeting of the society on Monday evening.

Saturday Review May 5

Mr. Whistler confines himself to two small canvases of the nocturne kind (111 and 115). One is covered with smudgy blue and the other with dirty black.

Queen Feb 14. 85

On Friday, the 20th inst., Mr James W. McNeill Whistler will inaugurate his "Ten O'Clock." We are a little puzzled what else to call it, whether entertainment, lecture, or monologue. The first is too frequently applied to what is far from entertaining, the second has, to English ears, a didactic ring, and the third has been laughed at in Paris ever since M. Francisque Sarcey, in a humorous attack on M. Coquelin the younger, wrote "Nature has made you an actor! You have made yourself a monocoquelogiste!" Mr Whistler has, we understand, convened his audience at "ten o'clock" in the evening because he thinks they will like to eat their dinner in comfort before listening to his wit and wisdom.

not

lines with th[illegible] example.

Academy 6 - 12 - 84

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

In these days when the outside of the cup and platter must, before all else, have attention, the exhibition of the Society of British Artists will probably gain prestige by the recent decoration of the spacious apartment in which it is held. But the character of the exhibition is not greatly, though it is to some extent, changed. Infinitely above the Dudley Gallery—which, if it continues to exist, does so only for purposes it is difficult to understand—the Society of British Artists is yet, in the average of its show, distinctly below at least a couple of exhibitions held contemporaneously with it. We shall, therefore, deem ourselves excused from criticising it in detail. We will mention only one or two of its most salient features, and of these the thing to name most prominently is that Mr. Whistler has joined its ranks. The invitation to him to do so argues the possession, on the part of the British artists, of a greater range of appreciation of other art than one would have thought likely from a survey of their own somewhat conservative methods. But the truth is that they show signs of improvement. Mr. Whistler has sent two contributions. Shall we be reckoned guilty of a pestilent heresy, or considered to have uttered only such an opinion as is likely to be cherished by the natural man, if we say that we prefer his "Little Red Note: Dordrecht" to his "Arrangement in Black: Portrait of Mrs. Louis Huth?" We must chance it anyhow. Except in a light so good that it is unreasonable to expect that we may often enjoy it in our English climate, little would be perceptible in Mr. Whistler's canvas that black and white might not have accomplished. The figure, or its disposition, has grace, we readily allow, and, by Mr. Whistler's art, it is a real presence that fills the frame. Nevertheless, give us the "Little Red Note" instead of it. That is a quite charming thing. Whatever there may be of Mr. Burr's in Suffolk Street is always worth looking at. So is the architectural work of Mr. Wyke Bayliss, which recalls the glories of Gothic aisles. A higher level of execution is reached in the paintings by Mr. Arthur Hill, a draughtsman under whose hand the figure falls into an almost unfamiliar rhythm of line, and who, as a colourist, can hardly fail to satisfy. He sends two pictures—each a single figure—conceived and carried out with curious refinement. Mr. Sidney Starr has a most dainty study, quite in Mr. Whistler's fashion, and Messrs. Picknell and Leslie Thompson contribute landscapes in the modern method.

Bells Life 26 April

THE TATLER.

Somewhat less eccentric than heretofore, the Grosvenor is an exhibition which is calculated to satisfy the desires of lovers of art who are catholic enough to appreciate the daring of Mr Whistler,

Funny Folks June 14 · 84

SAUCE FOR ARTIST GOOSE
AND MUSICIAN GANDER.

The monetary success which has attended Mr. J. M'Neill Whistler's Chamber Concert of Painted Nocturnes, Harmonies, Scherzos, &c., has induced that equally eccentric musician, Mr. Wagner Waterer, to hire the Bond-street Art Gallery for a daily exhibition of his choice collection of Musical Landscapes, Seascapes without words, Contrapuntal Portraits, &c., and our representative attended yesterday the private view, or rather audition, when a catalogue consisting of many choice *morceaux* was duly exhibited on the grand pianoforte by Mr. W. Waterer. His first tone picture, entitled "A Kentish Garden" (Op. 17), in A sharp, was a charmingly-rendered "landscape" full of atmospheric effects, especially in the bass, where the "air" "comes" in in octaves *ad lib.* The treble lights and some of the middle distance notes were inexpressibly well painted in; and the chromatic scale in the foreground of the tone picture stood out with all the brilliancy of colouring of a rainbow.

Much applause also greeted Mr. Wagner Waterer's marine sketch called "Fishing in 'Bass' Straits." There is a chrome yellow vividness about the tone of the waves of sound as they break on the contrapuntal rocks in the background that stamps Mr. Waterer as a most brilliant tone colourist. There is a lack of *chiaroscuro* in his fishermen's "chords," it is true, and some of his "C sharp" lights are a trifle opaque in sound; but his use of the *impasto* in the portrait of the idiot girl (A natural) so daringly introduced on top of the chromatic cliffs against the sky line—itself a marvellous bit of colour in E minor—is worthy of all praise.

Of the other items in the catalogue we can only briefly allude to a charming bit of coast scenery in a framework of major chords, which is destined to be hummed in the streets ere long, and a dashing piece of striking colour, entitled "The Fugue in the Desert"—there is an upper C in this as purely and deeply blue as a sapphire—in which Mr. Waterer shows his skill as a musical colourist. He paints in the bass as few living pianists could, and there is a startling realism about the browns of the sandstorm in the upper bars of the treble cleff that is positively appalling, especially when the artiste applies the brush in a minor key and floods the canvas—or, I should say, keyboard—in a blaze of colours in every possible shade of flat and sharp.

Mr. Wagner Waterer's exhibition of these cabinet gems will be repeated daily, and he is open to paint replicas on the pianofortes of any patron who may give him a commission for such.

SOME SUBJECTS FOR OUR
WHISTLER'S NEXT AIRS.

"*And-aunty*" *con moto*—Our own Aunt T. pushing a perambulator.

A Discord in Black and White—A copy of the *Church Times*.

A Harmony in Brown and Cream Colour—A cup of *café à la crème*.

A "Note in Red"—The parochial rate collector's final notice.

A "Capriccio"—Gesler pointing Tell to his cap on the pole.

An Overture in Red—An ante-prandial plate of prawns.

An Organ Voluntary in Black—A grimy Savoyard playing up a court.

A "Da capo"—An undergrad "capping" a don.

Truth 7 5 85

WHISTLER BY A WHISTLERITE.

Most probably Sickert

Mr. Whistler has this spring elected to be represented, in England, nowhere but on the walls of the "Society of British Artists," in whose fine galleries in Suffolk-street his work is certainly most judiciously placed, and where it can be seen to the best possible advantage. Times have curiously changed since the days when Whistler's "Arrangement in grey and black—portrait of the painter's mother"—was all but rejected by the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy; and when, in Paris, his "White Girl" attracted the notice of Théophile Gautier in the "Salon des Refusés." "Pour nous il est déjà dans l'histoire," recently said a French writer; while in England it is no longer possible, it is not even fashionable, to approach his work otherwise than with the respect that attaches to a long record of indisputable achievement. To this record his most eloquent lecture—recently delivered—has set the seal in the eyes of many whose personal faculty may not have lain in the comprehension of a statement on canvas, but whom the erudition and polish of the "Ten o'clock" have surprised into a suspicion that possibly the paintings may also, in their kind, be not entirely without these qualities. Goethe, with profound insight, says of art:—"Who knows it half, speaks much, and is always wrong: who knows it wholly, inclines to act, and speaks seldom, or late." And this is singularly appropriate to the first serious literary assertion of the painter, withheld as it has hitherto been with the patient reticence that belongs to scientific knowledge.

In the Suffolk-street Gallery are four little landscape "notes" in water-colour—a vehicle exquisitely suited to the dainty and fleeting nature of the impressions conveyed—impressions of grey skies and green grass, of tall silver houses by a silver sea, and of a London Bridge with hurrying clouds and hurrying figures—figures that pass as figures do in real life, before we have had time to render to ourselves a complete account of every detail of their appearance. Besides these water-colours, two little oil paintings of yellow seas are also full of brilliant colour, brilliant by means of being calm and truthful. They are

find that they are mostly very ordinary-looking individuals, that, perhaps, is less Mr. Orchardson's fault than theirs. The picture is well painted, though the want of life and animation, a common fault of the artist's, is more noticeable than ever, and the hostess herself looks more bored than is quite in keeping with her character of a perfect lis ener. Moreover, the personages on the left are too much crowded together, and their attitudes are somewhat stiff and unmeaning. Between this painting, which, in spite of its faults, is a fine work, and Mr. Millais's "Rating Passion" (512), there is a vast and a deplorable gap. I greatly fear that excessive study of the nursery, assiduous painting of pot-boilers, and endless chronicling of small

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Liverpool Courier
Oct 23/84

Mr. Whistler has left behind him traces of his love for fancy decorations which he introduced into Messrs. Dowdes-Wells's galleries. Pink festoons and drapery surround the present exhibition, though there are no Whistlerian nocturnes or notes, but only serious landscapes in oil.

Whitehall Review June 29

Mr. Whistler's new pictures are likely, when they are exhibited, to give great pleasure to his admirers, though it is less easy to predicate the nature of their effect upon those who are not his admirers. One life-size portrait of a pretty girl in a delightful dress of white and scarlet is no less likely to inspire the hearts of enthusiastic versifiers than the famous "Gold Girl." Another, a child in a marvellous arrangement of blues, will take its place among the most brilliant of Mr. Whistler's colour triumphs. Then there are two curiously contrasting portraits, one a little patrician child, in red, standing in grave, infantile pride against a deep-red curtain; the other, a veritable daughter of the people, with all the defiance of an offspring of the *prolétaire* in her attitude. Besides these portraits, Mr. Whistler has several little bits of Cornish scenery which one would be tempted to speak of, after the affectation of the hour, as little poems, if it were not so very much pleasanter to regard them as pictures.

Yorkshire Post Mar 24 '85

Mr Whistler is at present engaged in finishing several important life-sized pictures in oil, which, together with a recently painted series of Cornish landscapes and other cabinet works, will be exhibited next May at Messrs Dowdeswell's Gallery, 133, New Bond Street. London. The arrangement of the room will doubtless partake of all the interesting characteristics that we are led to expect from Mr Whistler; what the exact scheme of colour will be has not as yet been decided upon.

Dy Telegraph 7 May

All students of Mr. J. M. Whistler's chalcographic work recollect his clever etching of St. James's-street, at the height of the London season, as seen from the Piccadilly end of the thoroughfare first pictorially celebrated in Hogarth's "Rake's Progress"—the tableau in which the spendthrift, as he is being borne in his sedan chair to attend a levee at Court, is arrested by bailiffs close to White's Chocolate House. Mr. E. J. Gregory has done in oils for "Piccadilly" on a Drawing Room day that which Mr. Whistler did with his etching needle for St. James's-street; only Mr. Gregory's performance is something more than an animated sketch, and is a substantial, deliberately planned, and carefully executed picture. There may at the first blush be little that can be winning to a painter's eye in a long perspective [illegible] trades-

Household Words Nov 25 1854

Mr. Whistler's *bon mots* are circulating in society in a fashion calculated to make the bones of Sydney Smith turn in their grave. He has his admirers as we all know, in spite of Mr. Ruskin; and one of these, worshipping at his feet in the æsthetic-Burne-Jones attitude, murmured, "Ah, Mr. Whistler, I only know of two painters in all the world—Velasquez and yourself." "Why," said Mr. Whistler in the softest tones, "why drag in Velasquez?" This is one of the best of stories, but another of the same kind is worth repeating. "I see you everywhere in Nature," said one of his admirers; "in the sky, in the clouds, in the water." "Yes," said the artist, with an air of inimitable self-complacency, "Nature is very apt. She shows a decided improvement since I took her up."

Whitehall Review June 6 84

A gentleman whose name is sufficiently familiar in two continents was married last week. In the church itself, just before the marriage ceremony began, a telegram was handed to the bridegroom. It was from a painter famous for his application of the terms of music to the creations of colour, and ran as follows: "Very sorry I cannot come to your wedding. Don't wait for me."

Yorkshire Post May 30 84

A "harmony" in shell pink and smoke colour—a "nocturne" in grey and flesh colour—this is the setting in which Mr Whistler shows us his pictures this season. And I think, as far as I was able to see through the crowd, it is quite as pretty a setting, if not quite as unique, as his yellow and white hangings of last year's show. For Mr Whistler's view is essentially a show. People go—not to see the pictures—although these little daubs representing a few bits of blue china in an old shop window are the fashion just now—but to read the catalogue and to criticise the hangings!

County Gentleman March 24

Mr. McWhistler's poached egg, his comic catalogue, and his scratchings were removed from the public gaze on Thursday. Who wept? The failure was at the beginning, not the end. Not a soul laughed, or jeered, or scolded, or did anything to attract attention to the show. On the first few days of the exhibition a few curious people looked in, but since then the poached egg has slept peacefully with his head on his pile of catalogues. The fact is, Mr. McWhistler went out of fashion with professional beauties and Mother Hubbard cloaks two years ago.

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The audience was "smart," and on the whole friendly. Many celebrities were present. The Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Chaplin sat together in an o.p. box. From the stalls Mr. George Lewis watched with keen humour the well-meaning but abortive efforts of the family lawyer to prevent the rascally Prince making ducks and drakes of his wife's fortune. Messrs. Jones and Herman compared notes as to the construction of the piece, and looked more than they said. The eccentric Mr. Whistler gazed with an air of astonishment upon the entire proceedings, and seemed to be debating within himself whether, after all, they had not possibly been hung upside down.

Kensington News 3/29/84

I have just been indulging you with a mystic feast so far, and suppose I continue the repast and present a still more indescribable dessert. Mr. J. McNeil Whistler has just opened to the public gaze at the galleries of Messrs. Dowdeswell's, in Bond-street, a collection of notes, harmonies, and nocturnes, which he delighteth to call "An Arrangement in Flesh Colour and Grey." In the decoration of the saloon these two tints predominate, and are so minutely followed that the unhappy-looking mortal who distributes the catalogues and is attired in a livery of the same hue, has dancing pumps upon his feet in order that his grey socks may be displayed. When, some months since this artist presented his last arrangement for inspection, I gave you a full and decidedly favourable account of a very delightful collection of some of the most masterly works of one of the finest etchers of the day—and this despite the somewhat impudent selection of extracts this gentleman inserted in his catalogue with the view to raising the laugh against the critics. The present arrangement is flat, stale, and unprofitable from an artistic point of view; it simply consists of some 60 or 70 inspirations of the happy thought-make-a-note-of-it-type: little momentary impressions which a more modest artist would keep from the public gaze. Now look at "The Angry Sea"(2). Where is the sense of the title or the *raison d'être* of the picture? "The Nocturne; grey and gold Canal, Holland" (3) is fairly successful. How about the palette knife in "Green and Opal—the Village" (7)—has it not played a heavy part? And then how tantalizing it is to pass on to the next work (9) "Nocturne in grey and gold—Piccadilly," and find one of the most enchanting little atmospheric gems one could well desire to possess. I should think the marionettes are rather often in the streets of Chelsea from the figures that appear in (11) "Chelsea: yellow and grey." The colour in "Erith—Evening" (14) is very good. So is it in (16) "Pink note—The Novelette" in which, however, a delighted devourer of penny sentimentalities is seen reading upon a bed. Of course a girl with legs about six feet long might be expected to develope strange *penchants*. Perhaps (20) "Pink note—Shelling Peas" is the best work of all, the effect of sunlight is so good. "The Scherzo in Blue—The Blue Girl" (31) is only fairly satisfactory. A pastel sketch "Blue and Silver—The Islands, Venice," (50) is another fine piece of luscious colour. I don't admire the young lady who considers a parasol full dress costume (65), she is hardly classical.

The joke of this exhibition is the marvellous information afforded by the author in the preface to his catalogue under the heading "L'Envoie." Now, as this gentleman is so fond of setting the critics right, may I ask him in return, where he finds his authority for the use of the final *e* in that word? The etymology of the word *envoi* is voyez, envoyer. It is like Mr. Whistler, in that it is singular and masculine. Mr. Whistler should eschew the difference between mettre en voie and maitre en voie. Littré's dictionary gives many examples of the proper use of the term such as "J'ai reçu votre envoi," etc., which I recommend Mr. Whistler to peruse. But to return to the things sent for perusal. These are the wonderful axioms; did ever mortal man hear the like? (1) A picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared. (2) To say of a picture, as is often said in its praise, that it shows great and earnest labour, is to say that it is incomplete and unfit for view. (3) Industry in Art is a necessity, not a virtue, and any evidence of the same in the production, is a blemish, not a quality; a proof, not of achievement, but of absolutely insufficient work, for work alone will efface the footsteps of work. (4) The work of the master reeks not of the sweat of the brow—suggests no effort—and is finished from its beginning. (5) The completed task of perseverance only has never been begun, and will remain unfinished to eternity, a monument of goodwill and foolishness. (6) There is one that laboureth, and taketh pains, and maketh haste, and is so much the more behind. (7) The masterpiece should appear as the flower to the painter, perfect in its bud as in its bloom, with no reason to explain its presence, no mission to fulfil, a joy to the artist, a delusion to the philanthropist, a puzzle to the botanist, an accident of sentiment and alliteration to the literary man." Can you understand the gentleman of Tite-street, Chelsea, when he discourses thus? If so, thrice blessed, thou!

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HISSING A WORK OF ART.

There has recently been quite an epidemic of hissing. The other day loyal subjects were scandalised by the report that the Queen's toast had been hissed at a representative political banquet. Then, again, a young author produced a play, original and powerful in conception, and, with all its faults, serious in its dramatic purpose, yet "Nadjezda" not only failed to receive a fair hearing, but was hooted and howled at, as if it possessed not a spark of merit. To crown all, we read, in a contemporary's report of the sale of Mr. William Graham's collection of pictures at Christie's recently, the following astounding statement:—"The next work put upon the easel was 'A nocturne in Blue and Silver,' by J. M. Whistler. It was received with hisses." Hear this, ye painters and critics that are to come—your Master was derided by the picture-buyers of to-day. History, write down in your Black Book that in the last quarter of the nineteenth century there were actually living men, using art as their article of commerce, who received the work of a great and serious artist, not with their natural braying, but with the hissing of serpents that would attempt to crush true art in their coils. It is only repeating a truism to say that nothing that is great and original is accepted at once by the multitude, though its ultimate acceptance must inevitably become a fact. Rossini's opera, "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," was hissed on its first production, and the composer hooted from his post in the orchestra. Beethoven's "Fidelio" suffered a somewhat similar fate. What do we think at the present day of the people who assisted at such displays of ignorance and bad taste? The present is supposed to be an age of culture and enlightenment, and yet such a thing could happen as that which disgraced the assembly at Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Wood's sale-rooms the other day. Surely the time has arrived when the work and artistic aims of a great painter like Mr. Whistler should command respectful attention, even from those who do not admire, understand, or sympathise with them. Everything that he paints is the result of those scientific principles which alone can make a work of art. Poetic and dramatic expression will add to the interest of a picture, but they do not supply its artistic quality. Mr. Whistler, above all contemporary painters, has mastered the genius of the painter's art, and the hissing of all the picture dealers in the universe cannot affect the truths he teaches, any more than the ignorant prejudices of the Churchmen of old, and the tortures of the Inquisition, could affect the eternal truths taught by Galileo. Mr. Whistler happens to be a wit and humorist of the first water, but in his devotion to art he is serious as Destiny; and as the unthinking multitude, and those who lead it, cannot reconcile these two characters, they think it safer to laugh at him as a *farceur*, and so they leave on record such a disgraceful fact as that described above. One might imagine the hissing crowd at Christie's the other day to have been composed of so many Dogberrys, all anxious that they should be written down—asses. Oh, the pity of it! the pity of it!

M. C. S.

Morning Advertiser
1-12-85

with well-arranged figures having herrings to dispose of—deserves high commendation, the foreground saleswoman being remarkably well drawn; in fact, the whole scene has a thoroughly ancient and fishlike appearance. The place of honour in this gallery is assigned to an "arrangement in black," being a "Portrait of Mrs. Louis Huth" (299), by Mr. M'Neil Whistler. That this painting worthily occupies so conspicuous a place is more than can be admitted without reservation. No doubt it has merits to entitle it to the distinction; but not seeing with Mr. Whistler's eyes, nor, it may be confessed, possessing his knowledge of the subject, we merely call attention to the fact that the full length is here, and that those who admire the works of this artist—and many such there undoubtedly are—will have an opportunity of gratifying their taste by inspecting it. Mr. Whistler is an acquisition to this society, and it may be hoped that he will be amongst the most regular contributors to its exhibitions. If he cannot always be understood, he is at all events an artist whose productions, challenge criticism as they may, are not to be dismissed with a sneer. Passing on with whispering humbleness, attention may be directed to Mr. G. F. Wetherbee's

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The letter which Mr. James Whistler writes to the *World* attacking a certain mysterious individual whom he occasionally describes as 'Arry, and occasionally as A. Q. must be not a little puzzling to the uninitiated. For their benefit we propose to annotate the festive epistles of the genial painter of harmonies. 'Arry, or A. Q., is a worthy young man who is pleased to consider himself an art critic, and in that capacity to instruct the world in the pages of the *Times* and the *Spectator*. Not only does he venture now and then, in the [illegible] his heart, to teach Mr. Whistler how to paint, but he also has the presumption to occupy the famous White House in Tite-street, Chelsea, which was once the abode of Mr. Whistler, who is naturally grieved to find that his bright Bohemian home has passed into the hands of the Philistine, and become, in Scriptural language, a habitation for dragons, while to be lectured by the invader is still more trying. So "Jimmy" assails "'Arry," who is no match for him at this sort of sword play, derides his somewhat gaudy and high-coloured taste in dress, and makes mock of him generally, while the art critic hammers back in columns of the daily and the weekly journal. It is the drollest feud imaginable, and affords huge delight to the friends of both warriors.

One of Mr. Whistler's latest notions is to carry about a very long cane, or rather wand, with which he makes great play. Some of his friends say that this strange weapon is only a mahl stick, while others assert that the etcher took the idea from a well-known French painter, who loves to carry sticks.

What is the meaning of the sudden enthusiasm

Independance Belge

La mère de M. Whistler est pour moi une apparition troublante dans sa simplicité.

Among the etchings and dry-points of Venetian views which Mr. Whistler is showing in New Bond Street, there are capital examples of the fine skill and feeling which his admirers, ourselves among them, have formerly enjoyed. On the other hand, we regret to say, in the majority of them the artist has been able to satisfy himself on easier terms than ever. Previous labours, however, have enabled the artist, at whose pranks no one laughs more willingly than himself, to draw on copper with the happiness apparent in 'Wheelwright' (No. 3), a luminous study of exquisite gradations; 'Turkeys' (7), which is delicately touched, if not refined in draught mans'hip; 'The Dyer' (11), which is more powerful and subtle; and the 'Doorway' (13) which essays a wider range of tones than ordinary. The other choice examples are 'Nocturne Palaces' (12), 'Upright Venice' (19), 'Islands' (25), and 'Traghetto' (37). Working on something like the lines employed by Rembrandt for 'The Three Trees,' the Franco-American etcher shows dexterity and courage in what may be called artistic somersaults. He proves his strength and skill in many ways, but he evinces lack of self-respect in not working to higher standards. The catalogue is enriched with choice excerpts, real or imaginary, from criticisms on Mr. Whistler and his powers. It is, perhaps, needless to say that few of them are favourable.

Le Figaro May 10

WHISTLER. — Un Américain. Un original. Beaucoup de talent. Il suffit pour s'en convaincre de regarder son beau portrait de femme. Un des succès de curiosité du Salon. L'exposition qu'on discutera le plus. Les toiles de M. Whistler ont des titres bizarres. Les portraits sont intitulés : *Arrangements*; les paysages, *Harmonies* ou *Nocturnes*. Nous avons l'harmonie bleue et argent, la nocturne grise et or. C'est très bizarre, mais cela ne manque pas de valeur. Je vous recommande tout particulièrement une rue de Londres par un soir de brouillard et un feu d'artifice : des taches rouges, blanches, bleues et jaunes sur un fond noir.

Gil Blas 14 May

A l'Exposition internationale, cet art est représenté par M. Whistler, un Américain qui habite Londres, il intitule ses toiles : *Arrangement gris, Nocturne en gris et or, Harmonie en gris et brun*, etc., etc. Quelques teintes plates de différentes couleurs, avec des embryons de figures, et le tour est joué.

Nordisen Zeitung (Berlin) May 16

Mac Neill Whistler (Nordamerikanische Vereins-Staaten), ein gar seltsamer, überspannter Farbenseltiger und Visionär; man sehe sein „Arrangement in Schwarz", sein „Arrangement in Grau", sein „Nocturne in Grau und Gold", seine „Harmonie in Blau und Silber", sein „Nocturne in Blau und Silber", seine Harmonie in Grau und Braun", sein „Nocturne in Blau und Gelz" und sein „Nocturne in Schwarz und Gold". Nun, ich denke die Leser werden schon an diesen Titeln genug haben.

British Architect Dec 10 '80

MR. WHISTLER'S etchings of Venice, now on view at 148, New Bond-street, and to which we briefly alluded last week, consist of twelve impressions arranged on a maroon-coloured cloth, with rough chalk numbers underneath, and not in sequence, possibly a quaint conceit on the part of the etcher, but not conducive to the convenience of the visitor. The numbers go thus, 1, 12, 9, 7, 11, 5, 4, 3, 2, 10, 6, 8. They all have indicative titles, as "The Little Venice," "The Little Lagoon," The Traghetto," &c. No 1, "The Little Venice," is a very simple plate, a horizon line of shipping and distant buildings with no sky to speak of, and apparently done at one biting in of the plate, with no dry point work on it. No 9, "The Palaces" contains more work and is a more important plate altogether, but the shadow on part of the building is apparently done by hand in the printing, that is to say it is not in the etched lines of the plate, but is a *more or less* skilful manipulation of ink on the part of the printer before the plate is put in the press. We say "more or less" because a large piece of the shadow has been allowed to spread itself over the sky. No. 7, "The Bridge," appears to be all plain straightforward etching, the delicate parts being obtained by careful biting. The same remarks apply to Nos. 10 and 12, "The Venetian Mast" and "The Piazzetta." No. 5, "The Doorway," has a deal of interesting work in it, and is somewhat distinguished from the other prints by containing a largish-sized figure, which, though very slightly etched, adds to its interest. The upper part of the plate, the buildings, figure, &c., are all etched in the ordinary manner, but the water below the doorway which constitutes an important part of the plate seems to have been produced with a mezzo-tint tool, that is, as engravers say, a "ground" has been laid out of which the lights have been either scraped or wiped. No. 2, "The Two Doorways," is somewhat similar in treatment to No. 5. No. 3, "The Beggars," has some careful etching in it, and also a good deal of skilful printing. No. 6, "The Riva," is a big bristling plate, with houses, and ships, and people, all plain straightforward etching. No. 4, "Nocturne," is different in treatment to the rest of the prints, and can hardly be called, as it stands, an etching; the bones as it were of the picture have been etched, which bones consist of some shipping and distant objects, and then over the whole of the plate ink has apparently been smeared. We have seen a great many representations of Venetian skies, but never saw one before consisting of brown smoke with clots of ink in diagonal lines.

THESE etchings of Mr. Whistler's are nothing like so satisfactory as his earlier Chelsea ones; they neither convey the idea of space, nor have they the delicacy of handling and treatment which we see in those. A certain amount of judiciousness in printing is, of course, right, but when it comes to "painting" the plate with dilute ink it can scarcely be called etching; it more resembles the old school-boy game of putting a blot of ink on a piece of paper, folding it up and squeezing it, and trusting to chance as to what it may be like when opened. Under ordinary circumstances any two or three clever printers would produce pretty nearly the same impression from one plate, but we don't think any printer could produce the "Nocturne," unless he saw the exhibited impression, and then he could not get a similar proof as the ink, of course, would not go twice alike, having no etched lines on the plate to hold and direct it.

MR. WHISTLER'S FIASCO.

I think all Mr. Whistler's friends are sorry for him, and, of course, there is corresponding glee in the enemy's camp. The enterprise has been blighted from the beginning—first by a mistake in tact, and secondly in judgment, and mistakes, too, such as no one ever supposed Mr. Whistler would make. Mr. Whistler is an American of the true levelling Republican sort; yet, after inviting his friends to come with butterflies pinned on to them to a private view, he keeps them for an hour and a half waiting in Bond-street whilst it is understood that Royalty is engaged in viewing the etchings. No one can suppose that the Prince of Wales, the most considerate and courteous of men, had anything to do with this, or that anyone but Mr. Whistler is to blame. So much for blot No. 1. Now for blot No. 2. When you *do* get into the little room in Bond-street, you are affronted by another—worse in Mr. Whistler's case, because an artistic blunder. The eye is soon dazed and wearied with the glare of yellow and white; the optic nerve is, in fact, stung as with mustard. The task of appreciating what is there would be, after such an eye-slap, a very difficult one. Only there is, frankly, so very little to see.

I have never doubted Mr. Whistler's ability. I could not help feeling that in the great Whistler-Ruskin trial Whistler got unsubstantial damages, but a moral victory. The effect upon the Jury when the "Chelsea-bridge in a Fog" was held up in court was directly opposite from what the learned counsel who had been ridiculing it intended. I happened to sit close to the Jury box. When that beautiful and poetical study of luminous haze—fog, water, and moonlight—was raised in court there was a murmur of surprise and delight from the twelve incorruptible men. It was so true and so masterly in conception and execution—so far as it went. "Well," growled the foreman—"after all, 'tis much like the Thames in a fog"—and so it was. Whistler can finish, too, when he chooses, and draw when he likes, and colour exquisitely. All this is admitted, and if sometimes he likes to frame three scratches and call them "cats"—or draws a young lady with three legs, and frames that, scorning to rub out the misdrawn limb—why it is, as a veracious journal once said, only one "of Mr. Whistler's little jokes."

These words happen to be the first ones printed in the last Whistler catalogue. Now what must really wound Mr. Whistler's friends is that the above extract applies to the present exhibition very well, as a whole. I do not mean to say that there are not a few admirable sketches—felicitous to a degree—but the rubbish! Ye Gods! And the artist pretends not to know the difference between the good and the bad in his own work—that is rather beyond affectation or manliness. Everything is slight enough; but some things are such public "slights," and there is such a large proportion of them present, that, honestly, Mr. Whistler's warmest admirers feel, on going out, that they ought to have their money back. No, Whistler's last little joke is not good; it is what he so seldom is, dull without being cheap. X.

XIX Siècle
14 May

M. Whistler, nous présente à sa mère, digne et grave personne de physionomie puritaine, assise devant un rideau noir et blanc au milieu d'une chambre triste où les gravures elles-mêmes ont un air profondément sérieux. Il pleut dans cet intérieur, comme dans les tableaux de M. Israëls ; on y paierait très cher un demi-rayon de soleil ; mais la froide respectabilité de ce milieu mélancolique porte en soi comme un charme pénétrant. X

Le Constitutionnel 16 May

Portrait de ma mère, par M. James Whistler. Ici, et sans la moindre atténuation, nous sommes devant un fantôme. La mort est entrée dans cette chambre. Le deuil y a mis partout sa noire livrée, sur les vêtements de cette vieille dame assise de profil, sur le rideau qui couvre la porte et semble interdire toute visite, sur les cadres des gravures qui assombrissent plutôt qu'ils ne décorent la chambre, sur le cadre même du portrait. Rien n'y manque. L'impression funéraire est complète.

Il n'y aurait qu'à en constater l'effet au double point de vue de l'esthétique et de la réalité ; mais ce n'est pas la première fois que M. Whistler expose un tableau qui ait cet aspect. Ici, l'aspect se motive. Au dernier Salon, le fantôme exposé par le même artiste ne présentait aucune circonstance explicative. C'était un fantôme pour un fantôme. M. Whistler voit noir.

Portrait de Mme L... et de sa petite fille, Portrait de femme ; — souvenir d'Angleterre, tous les deux par M. Paul Besnard, tous les deux d'un coloris pâle, presque froid, mais le second rachetant ce défaut par un caractère profondément ethnique où vit toute l'étrangeté parfois shakespearienne de certains types d'Outre-Manche. Ce n'est plus là un simple portrait, c'est une page d'histoire locale et de mœurs privées. Il n'est pas jusqu'à ce fond de fabriques, si discrètement mais si nettement étudié, qui ne soit à signaler pour le complément précis qu'il apporte à la figure.

L'Avenir de Lune May

et celui de M. W..., d'un charme exquis, par M. Whistler.

Soleil Nov 24/64

Le peintre Whistler

Un des plus célèbres parmi les rares peintres de talent que possède l'Amérique, M. Whistler, vient d'être élu membre de la Société des artistes anglais.

Le Rappel

M. NEIL WHISTLER est un artiste parfaitement original qui va où il veut, comme il veut, sans autre guide que sa rêverie et son exquise sensibilité. La peinture semble être, pour lui, comme une musique et il en perçoit les plus subtils accords. En effet, l'œil du peintre voit et entend à la fois, il distingue des harmonies dans la couleur et de la mélodie dans la beauté. M. Whistler se rend compte de cette faculté mieux qu'aucun autre, et il ne craint pas d'intituler un clair de lune : *Nocturne en bleu et argent*, ou un portrait : *Fantaisie dans le ton de gris mineur*; et avec quelle finesse il rend l'effet musical d'une impression de la nature, ce quelque chose qui existe en dehors de la forme et qui émane d'elle, la pensée des choses pour ainsi dire, cet insaisissable que le poète saisit et qui est toute la raison d'être de l'art!

Le Jour May 5

Nous en dirons autant d'un portrait que M. Whistler a fait de sa mère. Il procède, en effet, des mêmes préoccupations, et l'on ne saurait, avec des ressources aussi volontairement circonscrites, donner cette impression de calme et de sérénité. Cette appréciation pourra peut-être paraître étrange à quelques-uns de nos lecteurs. Mais nous avons eu soin de prévenir que pour M. Puvis de Chavannes, comme pour M. Whistler, nous faisions abstraction de la couleur pour ne retenir que l'attitude, le geste, l'agencement général et ce quelque chose que l'artiste met dans son œuvre et qui porte sa marque.

Comme M. Puvis de Chavannes, M. Whistler se sert d'une palette extrêmement sobre. Du blanc, du noir, quelques jaunes, des rouges et c'est tout. Mais quelle poésie dans le jeu de ces quatre tons où les premiers dominent avec une saveur étrange! M. Whistler, avait l'année dernière un portrait de femme avec fourrure, en blanc et noir, qui avait l'aspect d'une vision et qui ne nous paraît pas avoir été compris en général, dans sa donnée si simple. Il faut cependant se faire à ces recherches quand on veut apprécier toute manifestation individuelle dans la forme où elle se produit.

Le Correspondant 25 May

M. Whistler, bien que né yankee, est un alambiqué qui, associant la peinture à la musique et voulant montrer qu'il en perçoit, qu'il en comprend les accords les plus subtils, ne craint pas d'intituler quelques-uns de ses tableaux : *Nocturne en bleu et argent; Fantaisie dans le ton de gris mineur*. Ce sont des rêves plus que des réalités.

Gazette d'Art 19 Mai
30 May

, et une grisaille représentant la mère de M. Whistler, autre peintre américain qui croit que les succès de M. Israëls autorisent toute absence de couleur.

C'est l'influence du mauvais exem-
-Pre

Le Sérieux Libéral 15 May

Pour être complet, je dois citer les *harmonies*, paysages criards au possible de M. Whistler, qui débuta, voici quelques vingt ans, par un coup de pistolet retentissant, « la femme en blanc. » Depuis, M. Whistler n'a pas varié ses procédés: Au salon, cette année, il a une *Femme en Noir*. C'est le contraire et c'est la même chose. M. Whistler, en dépit de ses excentricités, a du talent, et l'on doit regretter qu'il ne laisse pas à d'autres le soin de pratiquer l'intransigeance de l'impressionnisme.

L'National 29 Mai

Le jury, qui ne laisse jamais échapper une occasion de ce genre, a décerné une troisième médaille à M. Whistler ; le voici *exempt* ; il n'a plus qu'à envoyer l'année prochaine une autre vieille toile, de l'âge de celle-ci, après lui avoir fait passer l'été au soleil ; il sera sûrement *hors concours*.

Monde des Arts 1/28/85

Et je me souvenais aussi d'une exhibition vue l'été dernier dans une galerie de New-Bond street à Londres, des œuvres de M. Wistler, cet autre admirateur du peintre du *Bon Bock*.

L'amitié qui unit à Manet, MM. Legros et Wistler, comme aussi M. Fantin-Latour, date de la première heure, de l'année 1861. C'était alors que Manet exposait son *Espagnol jouant de la guitare*, pour lequel il obtint une mention honorable.

M. Wistler est un grand fantaisiste, ensoiffé d'originalité. On connaît les titres habituels de ses œuvres : *Une note grise; la jetée; Nocturne : gris et or, gris et argent, violet et rouge, vert et opale, jaune et gris; Note en opale; Note en rouge et violet ; Harmonie en violet et ambre ; Arrangement en noir ; Variations en blanc ; Scherzo en bleu ; Parasol, note rouge*, etc.

Mais l'excentricité de M. Wistler ne s'arrête pas là. Ses appartements ne sont que des tableaux d'intérieur, à la composition desquels préside du reste un goût exquis. Sa salle à manger, par exemple, d'une grande simplicité, pourrait porter le titre de : harmonie en jaune pâle et bleu pâle.

New Bond street, la salle même de son exposition était *traitée* avec une extrême recherche de tons : le papier des murs, les tentures, la cheminée d'un caractère rigide et sur laquelle se dressait seule une large potiche, les vêtements du garçon de service, tout y était étonnement harmonisé. Cela ne me surprendrait point du tout que M. Wistler ait songé un instant a faire revêtir les visiteurs d'un costume particulier.

Le catalogue comme vous le pensez bien, n'était en rien au-dessous de sa tâche et jouait admirablement entre nos mains le rôle harmonieux, que lui avait confié l'artiste.

Il renfermait les titres des 67 œuvres exposées et portait sur sa couverture les désignations générales suivantes :

Arrangements ; Notes ; Harmonies ; Nocturnes.

Il renfermait enfin une sorte de préface, intitulée *L'Encoi* et dont voici la traduction :

— Une peinture est terminée lorsqu'a disparu toute trace des moyens employés pour l'amener à son achèvement.

— Dire d'une peinture, comme on le fait souvent pour la louer, qu'elle fait voir un grand et sérieux travail, c'est dire qu'elle est incomplète et n'est pas encore bonne à être exposée.

— L'industrie dans l'Art est une nécessité — non une vertu — et tout ce qui la témoigne dans la production, est un défaut, non une qualité, — une preuve non d'achèvement, mais de travail absolument insuffisant, car le travail seul effacera les traces du travail.

— L'œuvre des maîtres ne s'exhale pas de la sueur du front, ne suggère pas d'effort, — et est finie dès son commencement.

— La tâche consommée de persévérance seule n'a jamais été commencée et restera inachevée éternellement — un mouvement de bonne volonté et de folie.

— « Il y en a qui travaille et prend de la peine et se hâte, « et il n'en est que plus en arrière. »

— Le chef-d'œuvre devrait apparaître au peintre comme la fleur, — parfaite dans son bouton comme dans son épanouissement — sans raison pour expliquer sa présence — sans mission à remplir — une joie pour l'artiste — une déception pour le philanthrope, un embarras pour le botaniste, un accident de sentiment et une allitération pour le lettré.

Originale n'est-ce pas? cette courte préface faite de phrases hachées dans lesquelles se découpent à l'emporte-pièce des idées dont quelques-unes sont justes, sous les termes affectés qui les enferment.

Après Eva Gonzalès, Whistler et Manet, la mémoire mobile s'en va de souvenir en souvenir.

L'an dernier à cette époque ; on exposait à l'école des Beaux-Arts un grand nombre d'œuvres de Manet et nous vîmes alors s'élever ce progrès : on discute on n'injurie plus.

Et je songe à présent que bientôt, au même endroit, seront exposées les toiles de Bastien-Lepage, un admirateur du maître impressionniste ; et aussi celles de Eugène Delacroix, qui, il ne faut pas l'oublier, fut un des défenseurs de Manet, alors à ses débuts, lorsque ses envois au Salon de 1861 produisirent l'étonnement que l'on sait.

RAOUL DOS SANTOS.

Le Gaulois 15 May

Nous terminerons cette revue rapide, ou plutôt ce voyage autour du monde, par une courte station aux Etats-Unis. M. J.-A.-M. Neil Whistler est un novateur, un ennemi des vieilles formules, et il intitule crânement ses marines : *Harmonie en bleu et argent, Harmonie en gris et brun*, ou encore *Nocturne en bleu et or, Nocturne en noir et or*. Il est temps, en effet, d'adapter à la peinture la phraséologie musicale, délice des pianistes aux longs cheveux flottants ! Sérieusement, M. Whistler nous permettra de lui dire qu'il est trop facile de remplacer les choses par des mots... Ce qui ne nous empêchera pas de nous incliner devant son magnifi-

La Défense 1 June

Je ne puis parler comme il convient de MM. Whistler et Chelmonsky, qui ne sont pas suffisamment représentés. M. Whistler a ici un paysage qu'il appelle un *Nocturne* et qui est une œuvre très belle et très originale ; il a au Salon un portrait de femme en noir qui est certainement le plus beau de tous les portraits exposés ; il a, en outre, d'admirables pointes-sèches ; mais nous retrouverons l'artiste américain quand il fera l'exposition complète qu'on nous annonce.

Union Médicale 14 May

Ce que je viens de dire à propos des portraits de mères d'artistes n'est pas même infirmé par la peinture étrange et plâtreuse qu'expose cette année M. Whister sous le titre de « Portrait de ma mère » (salle 8). Seulement l'auteur aurait dû ajouter : « après sa mort ».

CL. SUTY.

Ginie Civile 15 May

de M. WHISTLER, une bitumineuse toile où une vieille femme, de profil, est assise et adossée au cadre, peinture étrangère et étrange ;

Le Chemin May 16 85

« Les portraits » gris, noirs, sales de M. Wistler ;

Liberté May 16 85

Certamente non gli potranno disputare questo primato, ne il Wisthler, troppo nebbioso, troppo astruso nella tormentata ricerca d'una raffinatezza pittorica transcendentale

Charivari May 5th 85

Whistler, mon cher ami, nous allons être forcés de vous condamner encore. Vous ne sortirez donc jamais du pot au noir?

WHISTLER. — Vous oubliez ma *femme en blanc* et mes vieux en vert?

LE PRÉSIDENT. — Toujours dans les extrêmes. C'est désolant!

Beaumarchais 20 May

M. Wistler représente l'Amérique. Son portrait de femme est mince comme une feuille de papier, mais d'une belle attitude et d'une ferme facture. Que dire, après cela, des fantaisies ultrà-japonaises qu'il expose en les intitulant : *Arrangement gris, Nocturne en gris et or, Harmonie bleu et argent*? Quand donc les peintres exposeront-ils des tableaux sans sujets ridicules ni titres prétentieux, à l'instar des musiciens qui font des *Romances sans parotes*? ×

× On n'y voit pas toujours bien clair,
Au pays où fleurit Whistler.

Moniteur Des Arts 29 May

M. Whistler. — *Trois Vues de Venise*, d'un travail libre et large. Le n° 3 est parfait. Cette vue de rue est bien mouvementée et éclairée.

Queen June 4 1886

After three closed days the Salon has re-opened, interest therein being re-awakened by the announcement of medals and purchases made by the State. Few changes have been wrought in the relative position of the pictures, fifty or so, not more, having been brought forth from obscure corners or lowered from the upper rows to the line. Mr Thomson exhibits two large pictures, entitled "Un Vieux Chemin," "Picardie," and "Un Calvaire." It is the latter that has found grace with the jury. A rude cross, which gives its name to the picture, with a mossy, leafless apple tree, occupy the left, while on the right, a little behind, are the figures of a poor old shepherd and his dog, tending a small flock of sheep, which seem to have some difficulty in finding pasture among the ruts and gravel of the arid soil; a line of indigo indicates the presence of the sea at no great distance. The other picture is equally large and important, but somewhat more rough in its execution. A woman and some sheep animate the weird landscape, over which dark grey, and curiously square-cut clouds are riding. Mr Parsons has been rewarded for his "After the first frost" with an honourable mention. It is a charming little picture. The last leaves have fallen from the beeches to the moss-covered earth, and the bare branches alone are reflected in the waters of a small lake. A girl, wrapped in grey fur, is standing by the margin of the water. William Stott and Hawkins have no more medals to gain, else "Pauvres Gens" would certainly not have been passed over, as the curious portrait of a boatman in a blue Jersey, smoking a short pipe and seated in a white Louis XV. chair—a gentleman every inch of him, in spite of the costume and pipe. In this, as well as in "His Sisters," Stott approaches nearly to the style of Whistler, who is much admired here. The portrait of Carlisle is a wonderfully solid and realistic bit of painting, the attitude, surroundings of blank wall and general neutral tone being more easily forgiven than in the portrait of a little grey girl—excessively clever, nevertheless. Edward Stott, a brother of the better-known artist, shows a pleasant view of a neglected orchard, with a child in a blue pinafore. American artists have generally been hardly dealt with by the jury. Their French colleagues cannot forgive the terrible tax which has been placed upon the importation of objects of art into the States, and they have some reason in their

Newcastle Guardian 5 May 1883

There are ... good many pictures of men and women without much clothing on, which is perhaps a distinctive feature of the Grosvenor Gallery School, one group of lanky, scraggy females dancing, called "Arcadia," is, I imagine, a practical joke, not so amusing as Mr. Whistler's wonderful Nocturnes in blue and gold.

Petite Monnaie 1 May 85

thler, « deux portraits » qui me semblent des dé- de M. Wis- fis à l'art, au goût, au bon sens

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Il n'est pas douteux qu'une collection qui comprend des pages telles que : le *Chantier* de Roll; le *Visiteur* d'Uhde, les portraits de Whisthler, l'*Hommage au musicien*, de Fantin-Latour, les *Jeunes Filles* de Sargent, la *Vague* de Harrison, les merveilleuses apparitions de Henner, est tout à fait distinguée, et qu'il est très peu de centre artistique capable d'en grouper de pareilles.

N'être jamais contents, c'est notre tic. Un effort est grand. Nous cherchons plus grand. Une manifestation est intéressante. Nous la détruisons par un souvenir. Le souvenir est charmant, parce qu'il est loin. Le présent, ah! n'en parlons pas. Il est sous nos yeux...

Gil Blas May 1 85

C'est l'exagération de la manière simple et du ton effacé de M. WHISTLER dont *deux portraits*, un de femme et un d'homme, se trouvent justement dans cette salle avec leurs belles et dangereuses qualités.

June 1st 1885 (The World)

The artistic event of the opening season will, of course, be Mr. Whistler's "Ten o'Clock," as that *raffiné*, who delights in mystification, calls his contemplated mystery in Princes' Hall, which, it is now announced, is to take place, as I had supposed, on the 20th of next month.

What a capital hour, to be sure, has he chosen for bringing us all together, and how strange that no one should have thought of it before! By ten o'clock in the evening every one will have dined, the men will have had their coffee with the cigarette *de rigueur*, and in excellent humour; all London will be ready to listen to the last "new thing."

Journal Des Arts 18 May

4941. Vues de Venise : Saint-Georges, la Piazzetta, le Rialto, intéressantes eaux-fortes de M. WHISTLER.

PIERRE HENIN.

Le Rente 19 May 82

Voici tout auprès un autre rêveur, étrange celui-ci, contesté encore, mais d'un talent qui finira par s'imposer : l'Américain J. A. M. Neil Whistler. Les *Femmes en blanc* ou *en noir* qu'il a jadis exposées aux Champs-Elysées furent assez mal accueillies. Cette année, il a fait agréer par le jury un *Portrait de ma mère*, très bien venu et fort remarquable en dépit de la nouveauté hardie du procédé. C'est un « arrangement en gris », pour me servir du langage adopté par le peintre ; la vieille bonne dame est assise, vêtue de noir ; son profil maigre, sa silhouette sombre se dessinent vaguement sur une paroi grise presque nue. Cette simplicité voulue de style et de coloris impressionne plus qu'une recherche d'effets heurtés. L'œil s'habitue à cette tonalité douce et ne tarde pas à s'y complaire.

Rue de Sèze, M. Whistler appelle *Arrangement en noir*, un excellent portrait de Mlle de C... Il y a là un incontestable charme de dessin et de couleur. L'*Arrangement de gris* est le portrait d'un artiste, peut-être celui du peintre. L'effet de neige intitulé *Nocturne en gris et or* étonne comme une fantaisie poussée jusqu'aux dernières limites de l'outrance ; c'est cependant une scène vue et enlevée avec talent. Comment aussi ne pas louer la brosse large et facile de l'*Harmonie en gris et brun*, paysage maritime barré par l'estacade d'un port ?

M. Whistler est encore un aquafortiste distingué. Il y a de lui, au Salon des Champs-Elysées, deux eaux-fortes aussi originales que sa peinture. Peut-être une exposition spéciale nous fera-t-elle connaître ce qu'il a créé en ce genre, où ses qualités prennent un vigoureux essor. A Londres, il a obtenu un récent triomphe qu'il voudrait voir se renouveler à Paris, mais il n'a pas de salle et ignore s'il en trouvera. Car une salle est tout « un arrangement » pour lui ; il lui faut des tentures spéciales et un ameublement assorti. Il le veut blanc rechampi de jaune. Les couleurs ont leur mélodie, pense-t-il, et il n'admet pas que dans l'exposition de son œuvre une nuance proscrite puisse venir jeter sa note criarde. Cela dénonce l'artiste, n'est-ce pas ? Vous verrez que M. Whistler ira loin dans sa carrière.

LE SALON

(Troisième article)

Elle se détache de trois quarts en teintes grises sur un fond noir et bitumineux, la svelte lady plus élégante et gracieuse que jolie. C'est l'Anglaise surprise dans les brumes londoniennes. Le maître Whistler l'a étudiée entrevue. Je retrouve la Passante, l'inconnue éternellement souhaitée et à laquelle Baudelaire offrait une fleur du mal. C'est une de ces maigres délicates et distinguées si chères aux raffinés de la passion. Elle a l'œil noir interrogateur, le visage ovale, le nez un peu busqué. Une pélerine de fourrure sombre couvre ses épaules et sa robe d'un gris quasi olive colle bien aux hanches. Oh ! la jolie ligne, la jolie courbe. Petites mains gantées de Suède, pieds cambrés chaussés de souliers Louis XIII en daim jaune. Tout un désir, tout un plaisir devant ce beau portrait. Je suis un poète épris des comparaisons et curieux des ressemblances qui cherche *une* Sosie de cette Anglaise. Et voici que moi-même, je souhaite d'être assez colossalement riche pour m'offrir une édition spéciale des œuvres de Verlaine, un livre tiré sur papier unique et parsemé de dessins, d'aquarelles ou de sépias de Whistler. Il est le seul en effet cet Américain, le seul peintre capable de comprendre et de réaliser la volonté de Verlaine :

Car nous voulons la nuance encor,
Pas la couleur, rien que la nuance !

Whistler a également, au Salon, un portrait du critique d'art Duret. C'est le Monsieur en habit noir, mais non point celui que les Goncourt ont rendu immortel. Car maintenant

Le Soir 11 May

« quelques *impressions* fort poétiques du célèbre peintre américain Wistler.

Notre rédacteur spécial appréciera ultérieurement cette exposition composée exclusivement d'œuvres de haut goût et triées sur le volet.

Le Rappel 12 Mai 82

et Whistler nous fera faire le long voyage d'Amérique. Mais il est bien entendu que tous ces étrangers sont des Parisiens endurcis. X

Daily News 4 Feb 20

, FEBRUARY 20,

MR. WHISTLER'S ETCHINGS.

"I'll be a dancer, a dancer in yellow," says the frog in the nursery rhyme. Mr. Whistler has been inspired with a similar ambition to be "an etcher in yellow" and white. The frog was swallowed up by the crow; how Mr. Whistler will fare with the critics we know not, but they have hitherto seemed unwilling to swallow his formulæ. The artist has, therefore, published a catalogue (in brown) full of skits at his critics, and he has arranged, "in yellow and white," a room in the galleries of the Fine Art Society, in Bond-street. On entering the room one feels early symptoms of a gracious and artistic jaundice. The walls are covered with creamy white, there are yellow hangings in various shades, yellow chairs, yellow paint. The general effect is agreeably excruciating. After recovering from the first shock and sniffing at some yellow flowers, the amateur studies the catalogue and the etchings of Venice. Mr. Whistler's plan is to quote an unfavourable criticism, and then to justify it or attempt to confute it with an etching. He must pass almost all his time in reading reviews of his works, and he quotes some rather obscure authorities on this important topic. But we do not observe that he quotes Mr. Ruskin or Mr. Burne Jones, both of whom have some experience in art, and both of whom have not been thorough-going votaries of the artistic gospel of Mr. Whistler. One critic is scornfully referred to as "'Arry;" quotations from others are introduced with happier effect. The first etching (we suppose it is an etching) is called "Murano. Glass Furnace." It skilfully avoids any infringement of the commandment against making images of any objects known to man. Vaguely one discerns some oblong things, and some bristly things, of unfamiliar character. In "San Biagio" (4), we are entertained with a view of shirts hung up to dry over a doorway. "Nocturne Riva" (8) is, according to a critic, "intended to convey an impression of night." Any information on a subject so obscure must be received with gratitude and respectful attention. "The Dyer" (11) may be heartily commended for the qualities of "tone, and light, and shade," which, according to one of his critics, Mr. Whistler does not possess. "The Doorway" (13) is not less admirable, but the woman in the foreground is unpleasantly like one of those poor wretches, with faces eaten away by disease, who are not uncommon in Italy. In "The Wool Carders" (18) it seems to us that one leg of one wool carder "has more poetry in it" than the other leg. Among etchings which will be, or should be, admired, are "Two Doorways" (28), "Traghetto" (37), "Fishing Boat" (38), the beautiful "Nocturne Salute" (43), the "Quiet Canal" (47), with the exquisite curves of the canal and ripple of the water, and "Beggars" (50). Mr. Whistler proves, more than once or twice, that in addition to his power of rendering the sentiment of Venice he has qualities which demand from him, and often receive, patient development. We leave it to critics more acute or painstaking than ourselves to discover the beauty and charm of the "Glass Furnace," and the fun of attiring art "in yellow stockings," and cross-gartered like Malvolio.

Standard

Hamburger Nachrichten

June 8

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Von den Portraits seien nur ein Paar noch erwähnt: dasjenige einer alten Frau, warm empfunden in seiner Schlichtheit, von dem Amerikaner Whistler.

L'Indépendant Belge 17 June

M. Whistler a exposé deux toiles : *le Portrait de Carlyle* et celui de *Miss Alexander*. Son nom a la faculté de me faire voyager au pays des réminiscences, en me ramenant au Salon des refusés de 1863, au Salon de *la Femme en blanc*. Parmi les réprouvés d'alors, combien sont devenus célèbres depuis! La liste est instructive à parcourir : MM. Berne-Bellecourt, Bracquemond, Cazin, Chintreuil, Théophile Chauvel, Fantin-Latour, Harpignies, Jongkind, Lansyer, Jean-Paul Laurens, Lapostolet, Edouard Manet, Moullion, Vollon, Whistler... Par contre combien d'artistes médaillés, exempts, hors concours, exposant à cette même époque, dans les galeries officielles, devraient, par pure convenance, ne plus exhiber leurs œuvres que chez eux, loin des sarcasmes de la critique et de l'indifférence du public. On dirait que M. Whistler s'est méfié du jury; aussi a-t-il fait un choix parmi ses œuvres anciennes, et a-t-il envoyé aux Champs-Elysées deux toiles dont la patine vieillotte lui a servi de *laissez-passer*. Le portrait de *Miss Alexander* est celui d'une infante de Vélasquez élevée sur les bords de la Tamise, fleur de brouillard entrevue par un jour de spleen. Le *Carlyle* n'est pas plus récréant; assis de profil dans ses vêtements sombres, il se dessine sur le fond gris du portrait de Mme Whistler la mère, exposé l'an dernier. Je me plais à reconnaître les qualités d'*harmonisme* de ces deux tableaux, tout en avouant que je ne partage pas l'enthousiasme exagéré de certains passionnés pour le talent de leur auteur. « Où sont les Whistler? » me dit un jour l'un d'entre eux que je rencontre au guichet du Salon. Je m'offre pour le conduire; nous passons à la vapeur dans les autres salles, sans rien voir, sans rien dire. Arrivés devant *Miss Alexander* et *Carlyle* mon compagnon se découvre, ses yeux s'illuminent, ses cheveux se hérissent, sa lèvre sourit avec satisfaction, il va de l'un à l'autre, puis me serrant la main : « Merci, mon ami, voilà qui est étrangement troublant; si j'écris sur le Salon; je ne parlerai que des Whistler; le reste m'écœure et ne vaut pas la peine qu'on le regarde! » — Et sans m'en dire plus, il se sauve à toutes jambes, fermant les yeux à moitié, pour ne pas voir autre chose. Cette admiration au moins aussi originale que le talent du peintre anglais a lieu de vous stupéfier, elle est pourtant très sincère et m'a laissé rêveur. Nous nous obstinons à vouloir parler de tous les peintres; pourquoi n'en pas choisir un seul entre tous, et développer, à son sujet, nos théories sur l'art, nos idées sur la couleur et le dessin? Au lieu des cinq longues lettres que je vous ai écrites, je n'en aurais rédigé qu'une seule, si j'avais suivi cette méthode, et le papier employé à imprimer mes dissertations aurait servi à d'utiles réclames, à de précieuses indications de maisons recommandées.

c'est bien fini de rire. Il n'y a plus de farceur assez spirituellement émoustillé par le Champagne pour engueuler les Athéniens de Chaillot. Le domino en soie rose que M. Duret porte sur son bras est la défroque de la dernière dame du monde déguisée en bonne fille. Mais ce qui subsiste bel et bien, ce qui s'accuse tous les jours davantage c'est l'unique et très spécial talent de Whistler. Avec des tons sobres, des couleurs éteintes, il arrive à des reliefs singuliers. Puis on rencontre toujours dans son œuvre une véritable science du mouvement et de la vie, quelque chose qui ressemble à une très approfondie étude psychologique du modèle. Ah! pouvoir écrire, composer un bouquin comme ce diable de Yankee peint un tableau. Et voyez l'originalité rare de Whistler. Il y a au Salon des sous Puvis de Chavannes, de faux Bastien-Lepage, voire de faux Cabanel. Mais, si vous me trouvez un faux Whistler, je consens à déclarer peintre de génie M. Faivre, lequel nous montre une malheureuse dame qui a avalé sa bouche.

Et dire qu'après avoir longuement contemplé les deux tableaux de Whistler, les yeux tombent sur les pauvretés de M. Weisz. Il a les honneurs de la cymaise ce fabricant de petites poupées en bois laqué de nombres

Le Nord 13 Feb

tique. Enfin, l'Amérique est représentée par MM. Chase et Whistler. Ce dernier, avec lequel nous avons déjà fait vieille connaissance et dont nous avons loué la palette si originale et si distinguée, expose un portrait du violoniste Pablo de Sarrasate, noir sur fond noir, d'un noir à reflets olivâtres, admirablement choisi pour représenter cet espagnol devenu un dandy parisien. C'est l'un des meilleurs envois de cet année.

Morning News 4th 20?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for statements made under this head. No communication will be accepted unless accompanied by the writer's name and address.

Mr. Whistler's American Tour.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING NEWS.]

Sir,—It being stated in your issue of the 17th inst. that "Mr. Whistler will shortly undertake an American tour in charge of Mr. d'Oyly Carte," will you kindly inform your readers whether he is to be caged or chained, and whether there will be any danger of his "throwing a pot of paint in the face of the public," and calling it a nocturne?

INTERESTED READER.

Rome, February 20.

Saturday Review June 7 84

THE PARIS SALON.

ALTHOUGH the average quality of the work displayed is no worse than usual, this year's exhibition is in many ways disappointing. This is especially the case with the "Salon honesty of execution. Mr. Sargent's portrait of a lady is the most disquieting object that eyes ever looked upon. The hideous colour and the fantastic drawing which Mr. Sargent has brought together in this strange work fairly puzzle the will. Mr. Whistler's portraits of Carlyle and of Miss Alexander are probably familiar to our readers. We may state that the portrait of Carlyle appears to have gained much from time. M. Ribot's "Portrait de ma Fille" is worthy of his great reputation, and is very impressive in effect.

"Society" Dec 6 84

SUFFOLK STREET.

IN its full significance, "Round the Galleries" might have been taken by the advance-guard of Art Critics on the last Friday, and by the great army of privileged sight-seers on the last Saturday, of the unhappy month, which seems to have no friends. The Institute of Painters in Water Colours alone would have been a day's work not to be despised; then not to be omitted was the Water Colour Exhibition of the Old Society; whilst those who wished to learn the infinite variety of the Queen of the Adriatic would naturally wish to see the new readings by Gospodin A. N. Roussoff at the galleries of the Fine Art Society, readings differing widely not only from those of J. M. W. Turner and his long retinue of henchmen and followers, but even from the vivid pastels of the free-lance of Art, Mr. J. McN. Whistler, and the brilliant social sketches of the brilliant little British colony, MM. Fildes, Woods, Van Haanen, De Blaas, and Logsdail.

Special interest however attached to

Mr. Whistler has painted a superb full-length portrait of Mr. Henry E. Dixey, in the Directoire costume, foil in hand. The figure is full of dignity, grace, elegance, and life, the colour-harmony is perfectly beautiful, and the whole thing, in Mr. Whistler's greatest manner, is a triumph of art. Unfortunately Mr. Dixey's departure from London prevented the picture being quite finished, but Mr. Whistler purposes completing it during his visit to America in November, and it will probably be exhibited at next year's Salon, where it is sure to be recognised as a masterpiece. Mr. Dixey himself is enthusiastic about the picture.

THE BUTLERS OF GREAT MEN.

(Interviewed by Our Own Back-stairs Representative.)

No IV.—At Mr. James McNeil Whistler's.

"Well, I never did—who would have thought to see you? Well I *am* surprised," were the words that greeted me as I arrived at the Chelsea residence of Mr. Whistler (kitchen entrance, of course).

"Yes, it 's me," was my rather terse reply.

"Wait a bit," continued he, "the Boss is out, as usual, so I 'll let you in the front door."

In half a minute more I was standing in the peculiarly coloured and particularly bare hall of the great Artist. Having somewhat recovered my surprise at seeing Tom Stropping, whom I used formerly to know as a hairdresser's assistant in the Old Kent Road, I said, "What are you doing here?" Tom replied, "I'm Mr. Whistler's Butler." I could have fallen with astonishment into the hall seat, if there had been such an article of furniture present, but there wasn't.

"Then you have given up cutting, shaving, and barbering generally?" I asked.

"Oh, no. I have given it up publicly—not privately. I 'm Mr. Whistler's Barber as well as his Butler. It 's no *sinecure* appointment either. You would not believe it possible the trouble I have to prevent his white lock getting black and his black hair getting white."

"Oh! I quite believe you," I said sympathetically, and then asked, "Is the Butler's work hard?"

"Oh, dear no," was the answer, "that 's the easiest part of the lot. You see—he never has any company. He drinks very little wine. He laid down a bottle of Gilbey the week before last, and it has not been opened yet. He has most of his meals out. He is a great favourite in Society, and is seldom here."

"But how is it he is not at work on such a beautiful bright sunshiny day as this? One would think an Artist would give a few years of his life for a day like this to paint by."

To my inquiry Tom burst into a loud fit of laughter. As soon as he could check himself, he said, "Bless you, he don't want bright lights, or north lights to get his peculiar effects?"

"Then what lights does he want?"

"Rush-lights," was the response. "He don't want 'em *still*, either. Many a time I have had to stand waggling to and fro a rush-light with a long wick in order to get movements of shadows on the wall. There 's no doubt he do get some very jumpy results too."

I mused awhile, as is my wont, and said to Tom Stropping, "I 'm sorry I never saw his greatest works."

Tom said, "My boy, better late than never."

I did not comprehend the application of the remark at all, and was ruminating whether I should say anything or not, when Mr. Whistler's Hairdresser and Butler said,

"Come and see them."

I was "flabbergasted," as a vulgar person would say. Tom said—"Don't be surprised. Whistler's *greatest* works have never left his studio, and are not likely to do so."

I was then escorted to the Studio—a charming place, elaborately decorated with one peacock feather fan, and two Liberty's Japanese plates. I saw several of the great Artist's most celebrated works. I said to Tom, "You must explain these to me. I regret to say I have not been educated up to them."

"Ah!" the Butler replied, "many people observe that. There is a mystery about them—and *I will solve the mystery to you.* But come and see the kitchen first." We proceeded to the kitchen, which was elaborately decorated in the same way as the studio, namely, one more fan (cheaper, of course, than the other) and two plates (ordinary) on the kitchen-dresser. There was also a pair of "white ducks" over the back of a chair in front of the fire. I was told that they were being aired, as the "Boss" meditated wearing them a little earlier this Spring than usual. It was getting rather late in the afternoon, and a continuation of double-knocks kept shaking up the front-door. I heard the distant voice of the Butler, after he left me, saying "Not at home" to the Dukes, Duchesses, Bishops, and Tax-Collectors, &c., who were paying fashionable calls. I thought it time to leave, so made my way to the area-steps.

"Tom," I said, "tell me the mystery about these pictures."

"Certainly, my boy," he replied, "Besides being Mr. Whistler's Butler and Hairdresser, I 'm his *Model* for everything. I sat for the '*Portrait of a Lady.*' I have sat for no end of Trunks of Trees under the title of '*Autumnal Consecutive Fifths.*' I sat for the '*Harmony in Green*' (a Manchester purchaser); I sat for the Crystal Palace Fireworks ('*Fugue in Smoke*'); and, lastly, but not leastly, I always sit for that butterfly-beetle signature in the corner of all his pictures."

I asked one more question—"Does he make much by these *pictures?*"

"No," replied Tom. "He relies entirely upon the sale of his very smart and clever Catalogues. He looks forward to a success from his "Ten o'Clocks"; and if they don't answer, he is going to try (so he tells me) a "Twenty-two o'Clock."

Le Progrès Artistique
6 Juin 1885

vivante, — d'examiner la nature morte : elle défie toute concurrence.

Un autre curieux portrait d'artiste est celui de M. Alfred Stevens, par M. Gervex. Ceux qui ne connaissent pas M. A. Stevens, pressentiront sa ressemblance. Ceux, au contraire, qui le connaissent, pourront juger jusqu'à quel point M. Gervex est entré dans le caractère de son modèle. Toutefois, comme MM. Pille et Gervex sont membres du Jury, j'ai grandement envie de leur demander comment ils n'ont pas réclamé pour M. Whistler la deuxième médaille, qui doit définitevent mettre hors concours le maître américain. M. Whistler est une des individualités les plus étonnantes de l'art moderne. Ses portraits sont le fait d'un praticien hors de pair et décélent en plus une étrange et profonde pénétration de la pensée. Sont-ils donc si nombreux ceux qui possèdent de pareils titres?

Roger Marx.

"Morning Post" Monday Nov 30

Morning Post. Mon. Nov 30. 1885.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Mr. Whistler has evidently found a congenial home at Suffolk-street, and those wonderful "nocturnes" in green, blue, black, and yellow—those strange "arrangements," those singular "harmonies" in all the subdued tints, and those dreamy "symphonies" once the delight and wonder of the Grosvenor Gallery—have been transferred to the Society of British Artists in which body Mr. Whistler is also a member of the council, and can therefore make his own "arrangements" for the production and placing of "harmonies" and "nocturnes." Truth to tell, he occupies a pretty large space on the walls, for he exhibits no less than nine works. One of the most artistic is the "arrangement in black," a portrait of Mrs. Cassati. It gives the spectator an idea that if Mr. Whistler had only "turned the gas on" in painting the lady he might have produced a good portrait, but the effect is so dim that the visitor has to peer into the shadows to find the lady. Every great man has his followers, and there is an evident desire shown by some of the younger members to follow in Mr. Whistler's track. Time will show whether the new element is a gain to the society. Meanwhile, let us see what the exhibitors are doing in the old fashioned schools of art, in which drawing, colour, and composition are supposed to be of some value. Mr. Jacomb-Hood in his "Summer Time" has

"St James' Gazette" April 22. 1895

"The County Gentleman."

The picture season proper began on Saturday with private views at the minor galleries. To-day there is the parade at the Grosvenor and at Prince's Hall. Among the works brought to light in the sunshine of Saturday were a collection in Suffolk-street, and some very fine works by the late Hans Makart, the Viennese artist who painted "Summer." The Suffolkated Mr. Whistler is in great force in the midst of the British artists. He has been painting for his own amusement again. I do not know whom he hopes to amuse or edify by exhibiting some of his latest works. But "Ten O'Clock James" is a wag or nothing.

* * * *

I almost did Mr. Whistler an injustice. His contributions to the Suffolk-street Exhibition are not all merely eccentric. His Senor Somebody in the Coalhole is a grand portrait. Among the yearly productions of the Tite-street studio is someone in the Coalhole. Last year it was Mrs. Huth, the year before Lady Campbell. Now it is the Senor. A lot of the private-viewers who came to scoff on Saturday remained to admire. Here and there some promising pictures were to be found among the works of the Suffolkated, but there is an amazing amount of rubbish on the walls.

There are numerous imitations of the works of Whistler upon the walls of the Suffolk-street Gallery. And very funny they are. When the world discovered Mr. Burne-Jones his mimics were many, but the disciples got no further than the imitation of the angles and vices of the painter. Mr. Whistler's style being less definite than that of Mr. Jones, those who set out to do as he does never get near him at all. By the way, I have not heard of anyone attempting to imitate Mr. Whistler in his Ten O'clock.

THE "BRITISH ARTISTS."

THE change that has come over affairs at the gallery in Suffolk-street bids fair in time to make it really attractive. This time last year it was like a more than usually dusty and dismal auction-room. Now it shines with gold and crimson and oak parquet, and (what is more to the purpose, perhaps) a moderate percentage of the pictures on the walls are really works of art; not very high or very deep or very broad art, but at least displaying some little power to see and some rudiments of a faculty for reproducing what is seen. Unfortunately, the constitution of the society drives the work of the younger men, in whom these promising qualities are mainly to be found, into the smaller rooms, and into subordinate places in the large room; leaving the line to be almost monopolized by those whose work is good for nothing but to teach its own futility. By good luck, the monopoly is broken on the present occasion by Mr. Whistler's full-length portrait of Señor Sarasate, which is, to our minds, the finest thing he has done since his "Portrait of My Mother." It has, of course, a second name—"A Harmony in Black." The swarthy violinist stands well back into the canvas; the space of warmish grey floor before him suggesting a stage, and therefore an audience. He turns slightly to the left (his left) and holds his violin with both hands, the bow lying along the strings—in the attitude into which violinists seem naturally to fall just before they begin and after they have ended playing. Nothing could be simpler than the whole conception. The evening dress is carried out in two tones of black, the Señor's hair is a third black, and the background a fourth; while his complexion, the violin, the floor, and Mr. Whistler's butterfly—the last a fine example of the species, and the only complication allowed—are in various tones of yellow and brownish grey. If the aim of a work of art be, as M. Taine says it is, "to bring out some essential and salient characteristic of things more clearly and more completely than the actual look of those things can do by itself," then Mr. Whistler has produced a masterpiece. He presents his sitter in his capacity as virtuoso, as link between an audience which may be at worst good-willed and the conception of some great living or dead *maestro* whose music lies hidden, as it were, in the instrument his interpreter grasps with such nervous decision. The eager eye which puts the player *en rapport* with his listeners, the slight figure, the long sinewy hand holding the violin with the grasp of a naturalist upon some delicate insect that he wants neither to hurt nor to lose—these are the "caractères saillants" on which the painter has insisted with a skill that is none the less perfect because it may have been in part unconscious. In the water-colour room Mr. Whistler has two or three little "red notes" and "silver notes," and "harmonies in grey and green;" they are right enough so far as they go, but they have to be taken a good deal on trust.

"Illustrated London News" 27. April

But among the principal attractions of this year's exhibition of the British artists must be reckoned the foreigners whom they have admitted with such ready fraternity. The teaching, too, of Mr. Whistler, who is not only very strongly represented, but has called into existence a number of promising pupils, must not be lost sight of. Mr. Whistler's principal work is a portrait of the violinist, Señor Sarasate, which the artist is pleased to call an Arrangement in Black (350). The musician is represented at full length, in evening dress, facing the spectator, and in the act of drawing his magic bow. The lines of his face as well as his pose have been seized with marvellous talent; and in such a work as this Mr. Whistler reveals to what heights he might attain if only he would always take pains. There are at least half a dozen other little Studies, Reveries, or what not from the same hand, all testifying to a refined imagination and an impatient hand. Of these, a Note in Grey (234) and Grey and Brown (244), studies of Dutch scenery, are those which attract us the most amongst his oil sketches, although they are scarcely so delicate in treatment as the Studies in Yellow and Silver (621), Red and Silver (635), and Grey and Silver (626), which Mr. Whistler has fantastically associated with Havre, Dordrecht, and London respectively. In Mr. Mortimer Mempes, who sends only one oil work, "Weary" (43), but half a dozen little Spanish water colours, Mr. Whistler has a pupil or imitator who does credit to his teacher. Gifted with much of his master's perception of atmospheric effect, he is at present more careful of defining the outline of his subjects; and for this his two courtyards (669 and 680) and his slight reminiscences of Seville (667) and Toledo (681) will gain him much attention. Mr. Harper Pennington is another of the school of Mr. Whistler, and his "White Girl" (40), and still more the companion-work (51), show him as one of the rising American artists who have studied with such good

"Weekly Echo" 25. April. 95.

Mr. Whistler draws many visitors to the Suffolk-street Gallery by his portrait of Sarasate; but as they are chiefly visitors who have been taught that no other work but Mr. Whistler's is tolerable, they are rather a doubtful good. They do not buy the works of other painters, but sneer at them liberally. On private-view day pictures to the value of two thousand pounds or more have been sold at Suffolk-street; but on Saturday last the sales only amounted to about two hundred pounds.

"The Academy" May 2

"Society." 1885.

Call it by what name Mr. J. McN. Whistler may choose, the portrait of Señor Pablo de Sarasate, the Iberian Paganini, is one of the most forcible paintings that the master of the butterfly has ever yet done. Only in one instance would I venture to suggest to Mr. Whistler, and that is, in lieu of calling this an "Arrangement in Black," why not call it a "Nocturne in Black and White"? Señor Sarasate stands in evening dress, his black hair and black moustache tell out from the pale face, his famous Straduarius, a present from Queen Isabella, fondly held in hand as his fingers toy with the strings before the maestro delights the *cognoscenti* with *tours de force* of execution. To make difficulties to overcome them has seemingly been Mr. Whistler's object in setting black on black and getting distance from shadow.

"Lady's Pictorial". April 25.

Looking in at Suffolk-street, a little later on, I ran against no less a personage than Mr. "Jimmy" Whistler himself. He was standing in front of his own full-length portrait of Sarasate, busily engaged in making some sort of pencil sketch from it. Whether or not for future reproduction in one of the many "Exhibitions Illustrated" with which we are threatened, who shall say? The figure of Sarasate, as he stands violin in hand, although painted in tints which are sombre almost to gloominess, is nevertheless both graceful and imposing. As I went out, I peeped inquisitively at the book wherein illustrious guests are wont to inscribe their names, and I found that I had just missed by a few minutes the illustrious Sarasate himself, who, with Mr. Otto Goldschmidt and Mr. W. G. Cusins, had been brought in that afternoon under the protecting wing of "Our Own Butterfly."

M. A.

"Weekly Despatch". April. 85.

ART.

After the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery a week hence and of the Royal Academy on the first Monday in May, the London art season will be at its height, but already there are several minor collections and special exhibitions within reach, and three others have just been added to the number. It is distressing to have to class the Suffolk-street Gallery of the venerable Society of British Artists, with its 763 pictures, among minor collections. But so it is, although there has been some improvement during the last year or two on the mediocrity or worse into which it had sunk. Mr. Whistler is not the only artist of note who has lately been trying to resuscitate the society, and this year he exhibits, besides seven smaller works, a large and very striking "arrangement in black and white" in the shape of a grave, if not a ghostly, "Portrait of Signor Pablo de Sarasate" (350). There is undoubted power of a weird sort in this work, with which Mr. Whistler has evidently taken unusual pains; and some of his other pictures are interesting, even to those who cannot profess to rank themselves among his worshippers. The gallery also contains several other pictures, perhaps as many as forty or fifty, which are worth looking at, by artists of repute, and at least five or six times as many, by students and others, which give creditable evidence of zeal and intelligence on the part of those who have produced them. Instance the paintings by Mr. Ludovici, Mr. Cobbett, Mr. John Burr, Mr. Anderson Hague, and Miss Edith Hayllar, among many more. But it is not necessary for us to comment upon them, and in all the five rooms commonplace conception, with or without accuracy of drawing and delicacy of colouring, predominates. Among fourteen specimens of sculpture the most pleasing is Mr. George Halse's unpretentious but dainty and beautiful figure of a laughing child, "Frolic" (775).

"Pall Mall Gazette" April 20.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Suffolk-street is in a parlous state. Year by year, we are afraid, it steadily declines. A little while ago we hailed, with tempered joy, what seemed to us to be signs of a small school of healthy artists forming, like a bunch of mistletoe, in the midst of the dying tree. They were oily, rough, hurried, these young painters, but at least they showed vigour and a love of their art. But what has become of them? Mr. Bartlett seems to have retired from membership. Mr. Brewtnall, Mr. John Scott, Mr. Arthur Hill, and Mr. A. H. Marsh are absentees. Mr. W. Christian Symonds, who was the mainstay of the little company, is represented by three sketches, rough and rather careless. The best level this year is sustained by Mr. John White, Mr. A. F. Grace, Mr. J. R. Reid, whose "Ducklings" (220) is the most brilliant study of sunlight in the exhibition, Mr. Yeend King, and Mr. C. W. Wyllie, none of whom, however, will add anything to the respectable reputation they have gained by earlier efforts. On the whole, the exhibition is below mediocrity. We must, nevertheless, explain that our remarks do not include the works in the South-east Room. At the time of our visit that gallery was occupied by a boisterous luncheon-party, on whose festal pleasures it would have been indelicate to intrude. The muse of criticism eyes askance champagne and cigars in the middle of the afternoon, and, if we may express an opinion, it would be becoming in the Society of British Artists not to mingle these delights with the business of press-day.

Everybody must, however, go to Suffolk-street to see Mr. Whistler's 'Arrangement in Black" (350). This is a portrait of the eminent Spaniard, Señor Pablo de Sarasate It is certainly one of the most original and powerful portraits which have been painted in England for many years. We have not scrupled on past occasions to be candid with Mr. Whistler, but before such masterly work as this the difficulty is to restrain our enthusiasm. The whole picture is black; the slight and elegant figure, painted at full-length, in evening dress, is projected by sheer dexterity against a background of darkness; the carpet is gray black; the only point of colour is the brown violin, which the maestro holds in one hand, the bow laid along it in the other. The quality of the flesh-tints of the face and hands, the marvellous brilliance and truth of the expression, the painting of parts, such as eyes and fingers, all are beyond praise. We fancy that this will be recognized as one of the best pictures of the year, and we are almost sorry that it should be buried at Suffolk-street. Mr. Whistler's other contributions, little landscapes for the most part, are vastly amusing, and we can sympathize with the temptation to produce them. But the painter should remember Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's virtuous determination never to be as funny as he could. It is so bad for the young.

For instance, it is so bad for Mr. Harper Pennington and Mr. Leon Little and Miss H. H. Hatton and all the other clever young people who imitate Mr. Whistler. Because Mr. Whistler conceals the fact that he can draw, if he likes, with consummate rightness, Mr. Pennington thinks that drawing does not matter, and because Mr. Whistler flings about his blues and silvers, Mr. Little thinks he may do the same, and paint the lamps of London under a mid-afternoon blue sky. These painters have something to learn, but at least they are not dead, and that is much at Suffolk-street. Mr. Mortimer Menpes it would not be fair to call an imitator of Mr. Whistler. He is a charming artist, and next to the portrait of Señor Pablo de Sarasate, his little squares of liquid "impression" are the best contributions this year to the Society of British Artists.

"Weekly Echo" - 18 April. 85.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

There was a private view of the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall, yesterday (Saturday). Almost eight hundred works are exhibited, most of them of very indifferent quality, and a few of merit so decided that they can only suffer injury by the company they are obliged to keep. The picture which attracts most attention is Mr. Whistler's portrait of Signor Sarasate, the violinist. It is called an "arrangement in black," and it has much of that coal-cellar appearance which was one of the distinctions of the last portrait Mr. Whistler hung at Suffolk-street. It is, however, much better drawn than the portraits of this eccentric artist usually are, and there is considerable sprightliness about the pose of the figure. On the whole, we are inclined to think it one of the best of Mr. Whistler's works, a verdict which must not be supposed to imply any admiration of his method. The same painter sends, and marks at high figures, several of those rapid sketches which should be used as hints for more thorough work only, but which, so far as they go, are suggestive and truthful. The work of Mr. Whistler's imitators—and there is much of it in this Gallery—is for the most part very dreadful.

to about two hundred pounds.

by Donnat, a beautiful little drawing of a girl's head by Mr. Dobson, R.A., and some score other pic-

"The Times" April 24. 85.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

The Society of British Artists has again filled its large rooms in Suffolk-street with a vast collection of pictures and drawings, the good ones being, as usual, seriously overweighted by the mediocrities. There are, however, as we remarked in noticing the Winter Exhibition, some signs of new life in this rather ancient society, though it is a life which is not so characteristically British as the title would suggest. The new movement would seem to date from the election into the society's ranks of a lively American painter settled in London; and it is curious that the most remarkable pictures in the gallery are those of this artist, of Mr. Harper Pennington, also an American, and of Mr. Dannat, who dates from the Avenue de Villiers. The best of the landscapes, too, show distinct signs of foreign training, such as Mr. J. S. Hill's remarkable picture, "The Old Mill, Winchelsea" (260). Mr. Whistler only sends one serious picture, the portrait of Señor Sarasate; the rest of his contributions being more hasty "notes," about which it is only necessary to say that a very humorous hanging committee has chosen to group the majority of them round a simpering child's head by that ultra-British artist, Mr. W. C. T. Dobson, R.A. It is hardly fair to call Mr. Pennington an imitator of Mr. Whistler, since a Parisian training probably goes far to account for both artists, but his three portraits, especially those of the two children in the first room, have much in them that recalls Mr. Whistler's manner. They are "studies in blue and white," while the portrait of Mrs. Cornwallis West (238) is an "arrangement in black and purple." This picture is hung too high to be clearly seen, but it appears to be painted with a great deal of vigour and technical ability.

"Sunday Times" April 26.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Although most of the painters send their more important work to the Royal Academy or Grosvenor Gallery, the Society of British Artists is able to maintain in its present exhibition, despite the presence of much rubbish, the marked improvement which was visible in the winter collection, when there were not so many counter-attractions offered to exhibitors. The progressive state of the Society is in a large measure due to those younger artists, who, by the force of their true artistic instincts are, slowly but surely, breaking down the barriers of conventionality. In fact, art is beginning to breathe more freely in the galleries of Suffolk Street since master-painter has entered there. The last exhibition was distinguished by the presence of a superb portrait of a lady by Mr. Whistler, and now he has contributed a veritable masterpiece, and perhaps the greatest portrait he has yet painted, in "Arrangement in Black; Portrait of Signer Pablo de Sarasate" (350). The eminent Spanish violinist stands before us in evening dress against a dark background, holding his instrument in a most characteristic attitude. Here is all the actuality of nature, seen, as an artist should see it, through a poet's camera. The labour of the painter is not felt; rather do we feel that the hand of genius has mysteriously and suddenly transferred to the canvas this clear and perfect impression from the artist's mind of a kindred artistic character. Anyone not blinded by conventionality and the interests of the picture-dealers, must perceive that this is true art, and that, though Sir Joshua Reynolds would probably have condemned such a portrait, Velasquez would surely have applauded it. The drawing is superb, while of the painting it is only necessary to specify the face, which is a perfect study. The treatment of the white and black on black is of course masterly, the tone being wonderfully rich in quality, while the sense of atmosphere is conveyed with absolute truthfulness. Hanging opposite to this portrait are two of Mr. Whistler's, *mutum in parvo* studies of land and seascape, in which he conveys his poetic and faithful impressions with marvellous actuality and breadth.

"Yorkshire Post." April 23.

At the end of this week will commence another series of private views at galleries, and by a rather unfortunate arrangement the Royal Water Colour Society, the Institute, and the Grosvenor Gallery will open simultaneously. There is one advantage, and only one, in this three-fold hospitality on the same day. It is that the "private viewers" being scattered over three exhibitions there will possibly be more space in each for moving about and breathing than there otherwise would be. The "Society of British Artists" is a little in advance this time, and the galleries in Suffolk Street are certainly not devoid of attraction when they can boast of a full-length portrait of Sarasate by the renowned Mr Whistler. Singularly enough there is a striking resemblance between the artist and his model, or perhaps it would be more appropriate to say that the portrait shows much "individuality." The violinist and his surroundings form a very decided "arrangement in black," and it is undoubtedly a remarkable work to the appreciative Whistlerian mind.

"Glasgow News" April 27.

Mr. Frank Holl's portrait of Lord Overstone will need only the briefest possible notice. Its fidelity is vivid and startling. The old man sits there in his wheel chair, with his black skull cap drawn tightly over his head, and with his eyes fixed and dull with the dimness of age, as if it were his very self that we behold. Next to Mr. Whistler's portrait of Sarasate at the Society of British Artists, this is, so far, the portrait of the year.

Now we must come down to a decidedly lower level, which will perhaps be deemed strange when it is mentioned that, although Mr. Burne Jones and Mr. Whistler have both turned their backs upon the Grosvenor this year, the gallery contains important, if not superlative works by Sir Frederick Leighton, J. R. Millais, G. F. Watts, W. B. Richmond, Val Prinsep, E. J. Poynter, Albert Moore, Holman Hunt, Hubert Herkomer, Keeley Halswelle, Hamilton MacCallum, Walter Crane, David Murray, G. H. Boughton, Mrs. Alma Tadema, and others who are or who are not of the elect, besides those whom we have already mentioned.

"Morning Post." 28. April.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Mr. Whistler has joined this society, and though none but himself could be his parallel, it is surprising to see how many aspire to that honour. His imitators are numerous, and for the most part very funny. Mr. Whistler's most noteworthy work is an "Arrangement in Black," the arrangement being a violinist, Signor Pablo de Saraste. The full-length figure, with fiddle in hand, is admirably drawn, and has a lively, tricksome look, like a ghost intent on droll adventure. The face, wan and spectral, is dimly relieved against a background as black as pitch. Praise unstinted may be bestowed on the light airy draughtmanship displayed in the limning of the fiddler's form; but the general effect of this dark monochromatic painting is such as to commend to higher favour than ever the glowing canvas of painters like Reynolds and Gainsborough in the past, and Mr. Millais and Mr. F. Holl in the present. Mr. Whistler's other contributions are chiefly pictorial memoranda—so-called "notes" in water-colour—weird, eccentric little sketches, not easy of explanation anywhere, except perhaps in Tite-street, Chelsea.

"St. James' Gazette" April 20.

The Society of British Artists open their spring exhibition to-day. The *chef d'œuvre* of the collection is Mr. Whistler's "Portrait of Señor Sarasate."

"Building News" April. 24.

On the long wall of gallery the most conspicuous position is given to Mr. J. M'N. Whistler's Portrait of Signor Sarasate, the eminent violinist, a work displaying more moderation and refined execution than other of Mr. Whistler's "arrangements." This is an arrangement in black; the full-dressed figure of the violinist is in an easy attitude, tuning his instrument. The outlines of black dress coat blend imperceptibly into the dark background, while the face of the performer is visible only by that softened subdued light which may exist in a darkened room. After which we are struck with the two portrait studies in grey and white by Mr. Harper Pennington, who, if he is not the master of tone and chiaroscuro which Mr. Whistler is, is certainly happy in his "Picture of a Little Girl" (No. 51)—a pleasing and graceful study in low, quiet colouring. Mr. Leon Little's small study of Fulham-road—a blue mist and a glimmer of lamps—is quite Whistlerian.

The water-colour room is, as usual, of unequal merit. Mr. Whistler's sketches in washes of two tints are merely impressions which only a sensitive eye for colour could convey. Thus we have several studies such as "Grey and Silver: London" (626), a view of St. Paul's from Waterloo Bridge; "Green and Silver: Holland" (624); "Blue and Silver: Honfleur"; and "Silver and Red: Dordrecht" (635). These are really colour effects, not sketches, being entirely the work of a brush rapidly washed in.

"The Queen." April.

so very prominent a place. A much more important and, in its way, really fine work is Mr. J. M. Whistler's "Arrangement in Black: Portrait of Signor Pablo de Sarasate" (350), a life-size whole-length of the distinguished musician. He stands facing us violin in hand, his dark eyes and rather handsome-looking face being expressive of intellectuality and quick intelligence. This is rather a good example of Mr Whistler, who is not to be judged, as we know, by other artists or by ordinary rules of art. Considered, however, from the artist's own point of view, and ignoring the want of drawing in the limbs and shadows, the work is harmonious in colour and refined in treatment. "Bookworms" (405), by Mr W. Dendy Sadler, is the fourth work occupying chief place on one of the walls. A group of three monks engaged poring over musty manuscripts and ancient volumes. Without there being much subject in the work, the character in the heads is excellent, and the books and accessories an admirable study. A water-colour head, "Justina" (625), by Mr W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., is a simple little drawing of a young girl, but it is really quite a treat as a work of art, showing masterly study of line and effect, and close observance of nature. Near to this work is a delightful landscape, "Cannock

"The Academy. May 2

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE power of a strong artistic personality has probably never been more plainly shown at an English exhibition than at the present collection in Suffolk Street. Mr. Whistler is not only there and in force, but the effect of his influence on the younger exhibitors is very plain. It cannot be said to permeate the whole mass of hackneyed and uninspired work which as usual fills the rooms. We are not sure that we wished it did, for you can have too much Whistler and water, but it makes a very perceptible difference in the pleasure of a visit to the gallery. His one large work, the portrait of the Signor Pablo de Sarasate (350) is probably as well worth seeing as any portrait which will be produced by any artist this year. As an arrangement in black it is admirable, and as a picture of living personality it is more interesting, if not better. The violinist stands alert and alive, his instrument held in his hands, with the sensitive touch of a master. For suggestiveness, nothing could be finer than the left hand, nor could anything be more simple and masterly than the treatment of the ordinary evening costume. Mr. Whistler seldom fails to hit the mark he aims at, but in this case the mark will be sufficiently obvious to the public to gain for him the appreciation he deserves. Nor do we think that anyone can fail to see the success of the little sea views in the same room—"Grey and Brown: a South-west Wind" (244), and "Note in Grey: Holland" (234), which are complete in tone and harmony, and adequately convey the artist's sensation. More "difficult," perhaps, are the slight notes in water-colour, but we think that no one can properly enjoy Mr. Whistler who does not enjoy these also, slight as they are.

"The Graphic." April 25.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

THE Spring Exhibition at the Suffolk Street Gallery, though in general merit not above the accustomed level, contains a few works of more than ordinary interest. Foremost among them is Mr. Whistler's full length of "Señor Pablo de Sarasate," called also "An Arrangement in Black." This seems to us the best male portrait that the artist has produced. Together with the laroal simplicity of effect and rich harmony of low-toned colour not often absent from his works of the kind, it shows rare power of characterisation. The pose of the figure is excellent, the head and the slender hands nervously grasping the violin are full of expressive energy, and admirably painted. Mr. Whistler also sends several very slight, but suggestive, out-door studies in water-colour. The little "View of Dordrecht" is especially noteworthy for its picturesque beauty and purity of tone. Mr. John Burr's picture of

"Moonshine"

Mr. Whistler exhibits at the Society of British Artists a kind of phantom portrait. It is entitled an "arrangement" in black. Mr. Gladstone is, we understand, going to exhibit his "arrangement" in black in white, and it is to be entitled "T(z)arred with the Same Brush."

"Life" April 30.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

To turn from the smooth æstheticism of the Grosvenor to the rugged Philistinism of the Society of British Artists is indeed a wrench. Yet at the Suffolk Street the new high priest is no less than James MacNeil Whistler! His influence, as I prophesied, has been distinctly felt there. Over the fireplace hangs a rudely realistic portrait of Mrs. Cornwallis West by an imitator of the great James, one Harper Pennington; under it hang "notes" by his master; opposite glares out from a dusky background, lit up only by the mystical squashed butterfly or other and more domesticated insect which is the sign manual of the prince of diners-out—Sarasate. This aforesaid Sarasate is painfully clever, it is a good likeness—not a good portrait, understand—and it is drawn by a master-hand, but it doesn't satisfy me any more than does a caricature by "Ape" or a character-sketch by Grevin. There are other Whistlers and other imitators' pictures in plenty. The little sketches by the former are really exquisite, and their prices are exquisite also—exquisite jokes

Athenæum (?) May 4.

Mr. Whistler exhibits no less than eight of his productions. Seven of these are so empty and meaningless, that they call for no comment. The one which is placed in the centre of the large room is an important, and, for Mr. Whistler, successful work. It represents Senor Sarasate, the celebrated violinist, standing, instrument in hand, looking out at you from his dark and melancholy environment. The portrait is very good, and all will agree, whether they admire the style of work or not, that the painter has infused a rare feeling of refinement and sentiment into his excessively broad idea of "An Arrangement in Black."

"Globe. April 30

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The present exhibition at the Suffolk-street Gallery will be found somewhat above the level of recent displays. Most of the older members are fairly represented, and it derives a considerable amount of freshness and vitality from the works of a few artists who have recently joined the society. Mr. Whistler, who first appeared here in the autumn of last year, sends a very striking full-length "Portrait of Signor Pablo de Sarasate," which he also calls "An Arrangement in Black." The best qualities of the artist's style are here apparent, together with an unaccustomed completeness of realisation. The hands grasping the violin are, like the expressive head, full of character and splendidly painted. The picture is, however, chiefly remarkable for its largeness of style, its perfect balance of light and shade, and rich harmony of sombre colour. This versatile painter's skill is also shown in several slight water-colour sketches. "Honfleur" and "Dordrecht" strike us as the best, but they are all excellent examples of rapid and out-door work, luminous in tone, and conveying a vivid impression of nature. Among many works in the collection obviously inspired by the example of Mr. Whistler, Mr. Harper Pennington's "Picture of a Little

"Bath Argus."

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

The sixty-second annual exhibition of the Society of British Artists is rather noticeable for the variety and range of the works than for any exceptional pictures. The most discussed will probably be the large portrait of Signor Sarasate, whose violin playing has made him one of the greatest celebreties of the day. It is from the pencil of Mr Whistler, who styles it an "Arrangement in Black." It would not be inappropriate to add the word *Hole*, as the artist has chosen a dark and dismal cavern, in the centre of which midnight-hued canvas he has drawn the musician in evening dress, with his violin across him in the well-known attitude of one about to commence operations. It is strange that in spite of the grotesque idea of making a man stand for his portrait in a comparativele dusky atmosphere Mr Whistler has achieved a wonderful success. The likeness is characteristic, and there is a subtle charm of feeling and sense about the work that grows upon one in the presence of the picture. This artist also contributes two small water-color sketches of London in mist worthy of notice.

"The Era."

factory representation of the great scene in *Othello*. Mr Whistler gives us an "Arrangement in Black." This time it is a portrait—and a good one—of the famous violinist Senor Sarasate, as he might be seen on a very dimly-lighted platform about to play a solo. But why there was any necessity for representing Senor Sarasate in this funereal gloom passes our comprehension. The violinist is a cheerful person, and generally looks particularly bright when about to perform. We can give Mr Whistler credit for the likeness, but for the eccentric blackness there is no excuse. A bust in terra cotta of Miss

attractive subject. Sir Frederick Leighton describes his female portrait (191) as "serenely wandering in a trance of sober thought." This young lady in blue is an embodiment of the president's artistic manner; but the charm of nature, where is it? Of what value is a waxy, lifeless portrait like this? What more exquisite subject for the artist than a beautiful girl in a beautiful costume! But he must present her as a living being, with the apparent possibility of moving, speaking, feeling. Oh, all ye portrait painters, take heed of the Master. Go to Suffolk Street, and learn from Whistler's portrait of Signor Sarasate, how a portrait should be painted. Mr. Edwin Ellis has not painted

"The Standard." April 15. 1879.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Society of British Artists still suffers—if its members will allow us to tell them so—from a superabundance of wall-space, and from the presence of painters whose practice is infirm. Time was when its Exhibition was of the kind that the intelligent tourist of the picture galleries did wisely to omit to visit. But that day is gone. There is an element of strength now visible in the Society. There is new blood in its body. Accordingly we notice on the present occasion—and it is natural that this should be the case—that a large proportion of the pictures which are worth looking at are the work of little known men. Mr. Whistler—one of the later comers—is certainly not to be so described. He is indeed, anything but little known. An occasional lecturer, in which sterling sense is mixed with entertaining paradox—the frequent fluttering of the Japanese butterfly in the columns of the *World*—these are but two of the means thoughtfully provided for the inartistic to remain aware of his vivacity. As for the artistic, they of course may be satisfied with the evidence of his genuine art. And here is his portrait of Sarasate, the fiddler (No. 350), to satisfy them at the "British Artists." It is an "arrangement in black," the violinist appearing in evening dress, the harsh outlines of black coat and white cravat being softened by the presence of a subdued light, which if it "never was on sea or land," may yet, conceivably, to the eye of Mr. Whistler, have been visible in St. James's Hall. Seriously, this seemingly fleeting vision upon canvas, this ghost of a portrait, is worth more than all the apparently more substantial and voluminous portraits that mediocrity inspires. It has the character which Truth demanded, the grace which Art required. It is an artist's portrait of an artist—the presentment, that is to say, of one artistic being, sensitively wrought by another. After Mr. Whistler, shall we mention Mr. John Burr? To do so,

The Lady. April

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE Society of British Artists may be congratulated on their "show" this spring-tide. The exhibition is a marked improvement on former gatherings in Suffolk Street, and for our part we are only too happy to welcome the foreign and younger element which is noticeable on the Society's walls. We hear that some little jealousy has been aroused on account of the recent election of American members over the heads of native artists; but there can be little room for doubt as to the advisability of this "move" on the part of the Society. The new blood was needed; and when such names as Whistler, W. L. Picknell, and Harper Pennington are hailed from the land of stars and stripes, the public will certainly endorse the action of the electing body. Our own younger, or what we might call *broad* school of painting is also represented by Mr. J. R. Reid, Mr. E. Aubrey Hunt, and Mr. George Boyle. Mr. Whistler sends no fewer than eight contributions, the most noteworthy among them being a portrait of Sarasate (350), or as the eccentric author prefers to style it, an "Arrangement in Black." The full-length portrait of Signor Pablo de Sarasate is painted with more than Mr. Whistler's usual care; the face is life-like and animated, while the rest of the picture shows the artist's love of atmosphere, his delight in misty tones of grey, and his usual daring unconventionality of treatment. Other and smaller works, which he calls "Note in Grey: Holland," "Grey and Brown: A South-west Wind," "Yellow and Silver: Havre," "Green and Silver: Holland," "Grey and Silver: London," represent his well-known manner. Mr.

MEANING WHISTLER, HADEN AND BACHER.

A Trio of the Best Painter-Etchers of the Century—Exhibition of their Work at the Household Art Rooms—A Real Treat.

It has been said that Cleveland is not a good market for works of art, but this calumny is refuted unanswerably by the unexpected sales within the last few days and during these dull times, of a large number of Whistler's and Haden's etchings. The collection now being exhibited in the Euclid Avenue Household Art Rooms ought to be examined by everyone who is anxious to keep pace with the new phases of modern art, or rather with the modern phases of a very old art. A better opportunity, we venture to say, our art lovers have never had for familiarizing themselves with the practical work and idea of the men who have made etching, by their precept and example, to assume its right place among the graphic arts. Until Francis Seymour Haden, in 1859, or thereabout, on a journey to Italy had his attention drawn in a casual way to the true value and significance of this neglected method of art expression, and gave an impulse on his return to London to the young Whistler, who afterwards became his brother-in-law, there were no real modern etchers—they were mere copyists—or a little better. It is a singular and significant fact that these two men, each of whom has made etching peculiarly his own process, who are destined to occupy the very highest rank in the calm judgment of the future and whose works will have a constantly increasing value, were neither of them blessed with the training of an artist. They are the sort of men who are born—not made. Their inspiration comes from within and not from any school. Whistler, though identified in our minds with England is not only an American, but a thorough and genuine one, and eager to assert his nativity. Haden, on the contrary, is a typical Englishman, of full physique and somewhat phlegmatic temperament—unassuming matter of fact—the reverse of eccentric, dignified and courteous in manner, a lover of field sports—especially of fishing—and of good living. Whistler is eccentric and indifferent to criticism, aggressive in the assertion of his eccentricity, delighting in vagaries of costume and behavior. Both are amateurs in the widest meaning of the word. Haden is a prominent London surgeon, with a very large practice, who has taken up etching, as he does fishing, for a pastime. He devotes the entire proceeds of his needle to charity—has built a hospital in London, to which he gives a large portion of his time. In the midst of a life full of work he has found time to produce etchings which rival those of Rembrandt. His "Calais Pier" is an etching absolutely unsurpassed in force and vigor, and one might almost count its lines, while his "Shore Mill-Pond," which is as unlike it as a modern French aquarelle if to a fresco by Raphael—has a fineness of finish unsurpassed by anything in modern art. Whistler's work shows fully as much range of style, but that range is one of progress; his earlier work being absolutely photographic in its accuracy, while that of to-day is all impressionism, feeling and mystery.

Whistler received a smattering of an education in technical drawing ... ship at West

"The Daily News." April.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

At its exhibition held in Suffolk-street the Society of British Artists displays signs of noteworthy improvement. It has often been our disagreeable duty to point out that instead of hanging more than a thousand pictures, the council of the society would have done well to restrict its favour to the more worthy, and save the spectator the trouble of picking out the plums from a large and ill-cooked pudding. It is pleasant to notice that at the present exhibition as at that preceding it the number of canvases is not so great as of old, and that a wise discretion has been employed in selecting them. In portraiture the society has been greatly strengthened by the recent accession of Mr. Whistler and the contributions of Mr. Harper Pennington, another artist of American birth and French teaching. Mr. Whistler's portrait of Señor Sarasate (350), with violin and bow in hand, is one of the most successful of his efforts in this direction. At the first glance the dark figure in a dark setting appears small, but when it is recollected that Señor Sarasate is not a large man, and that according to the perspective he is at least twenty feet from the spectator, the truth of the work becomes as distinctly apparent as the striking likeness. M. W. T.

"Saturday Review." April 25.

Mr. Whistler is an exception to the rule of the majority of recent members. He is no advocate of absenteeism or reserve. He is represented by a portrait which he prefers to call an "Arrangement in Black" (350), and by a number of little jests in water-colour, "Notes" in green and silver, blue and silver, and the like, thrown from the exuberant portfolio. These may distract and amuse, but they should not detain the serious. Mr. Whistler's portrait of Señor Sarasate is a great achievement, a masterly example of skill and audacity. The violinist, in evening dress, with instrument in hand, is presented in a medium of gloom, whose profundity is measurable as "darkness visible," in which the figure appears with brilliant distinction and actuality. The force of the impression, astonishing though it be, is not wholly due to the vivid individuality of the work. The most potent similitude has something of the shadowy and evanescent in painting, if it be not vital with spiritual fire and inspiration; Mr. Whistler's sympathetic work possesses this quality in a notable degree. In other ways Mr. Whistler's personality has affected the exhibition. A very ordinary study of flowers is called by one exhibitor "A Harmony in Red and Yellow." This detestable affectation is becoming intolerably common, and honest, common-sense titles, such as "A Flower Piece," or "Landscape, with Cattle," have just now a peculiar charm. Even Mr. Whistler's "Notes" have their imitators, whose quality cannot be better felt than by comparing Mr. Little's "Fulham Road" (48) and Mr. Whistler's green and silver "Honfleur" (634). The one is false and feeble, the other a true impression of aerial, vaporous distance. Mr. A. Ludovici junior's "A Little White Note" (42) is pretty and delicate; but its title involves a little black pun. Mr. Harpur Pennington's portrait, "A Little White Girl" (49), is an unhappy flattery of Mr. Whistler and a composition of incredible ugliness.

of a Girl and Roses" (49). In one of the further rooms we find Mr. Whistler again, not as a portrait painter, but as a suggestor of landscape. Very pretty, and, so far as they go, truthful are the symphonies, harmonies, and "arrangements" called severally "Yellow and Silver: Havre" (621), "Green and Silver" (624), a Dutch scene with low shore behind a stretch of water, marvellously indicated, and "Grey and Silver: London" (626). The best of the series is perhaps "Silver and Red: Dordrecht" (635), a charming bit of Dutch scenery full of colour and character

"Modern Society." April.

The feature of the exhibition is Mr. Whistler's "Arrangement in Black," being the portrait of Signor Pablo de Sarasate, which combines some of the fantastic individuality of the artist with obedience to recognised laws of art. The figure is weird and shadow-like, but the face presents a fascinating portrait of the demon fiddler with those piercing black eyes and strongly marked features that are not without their effect upon an audience to whom he is playing. Landscape painting

"Manchester Courier" April

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

LONDON, TUESDAY.

The marked improvement which was noticeable in the winter exhibition of this society, is maintained in the exhibition now open to the public. The society is showing renewed activity consequent on the infusion of new blood, so to speak, into its body. The younger painters, with their energy and their fresh and serious perceptions of artistic truths, are beginning to force the older members of the Society of British Artists to recognise that art is something more than the manufacture of pictures, even though it be beyond their range of comprehension. Of course, these works of art are in the minority, but their presence is distinctly felt amid the majority of conventional, mediocre and bad pictures. Of the latter class there are sufficient to remind one what this society's exhibitions once were, while they serve as a useful contrast to those works which denote the progressive state of the society. The place of honour once more belongs to Mr. Whistler's most important contribution, "Arrangement in Black: Portrait of Signor Pablo de Sarasate" (35). This is in every respect a great work, and the gallery in Suffolk-street is distinguished by its presence. Mr. Whistler has represented the eminent violinist in evening dress standing against a dark background, and holding his instrument in both hands. Words cannot describe the perfect impression of absolute truth to nature which this wonderful portrait conveys to the spectator who is not blinded by conventionality. Signor Sarasate stands before us instinct with life and character. We do not feel that the painter has laboured upon this portrait, but that the mind of the artist has been completely impressed by this professor of a kindred art, and that the hand of genius has mysteriously conveyed this impression to the canvas in perfect sympathy. The result is a masterpiece which would probably have scandalised Sir Joshua Reynolds, but which would, I cannot doubt, have delighted Velasquez. A higher compliment than this it would be difficult to pay. To speak technically, the drawing is superb, and nothing could surpass that of the hands and violin, the feeling of which is marvellously characteristic of a violinist. The painting of the face is splendid, and the treatment of the white and black on black is specially notable. This portrait is, perhaps, the finest that Mr. Whistler has yet painted. Hanging opposite to it are two of those artistic impressions of land and water which Mr. Whistler conveys on canvas with so magic a touch, and which make the spectator feel, in spite of the diminutive size of the pictures, the whole actuality and poetry of the scenes, with all the breadth, simplicity, and atmosphere of nature. These are "Note in Grey: Holland" (234) and "Grey and Brown: a South-west Wind" (244). Mr. Harper Pennington is a

"Whistler "of the Lock" has painted the picture of the year, as all will say when they see it. Even the elect are caving in, and recognising the true genius of the energetic maulman. Whistler's latest is a masterpiece.

"World" Feb 13 1884

"World"

"Le Procès artistique" 8 June 1883

Portraits et Paysages

Cette année-ci, les portraits exécutés par des artistes français nous semblent inférieurs à ceux des écoles étrangères. Si l'on excepte ceux de MM. Paul Dubois, Bonnat et Carolus Duran, il faudra convenir que les plus intéressants d'entre les autres, ne sont pas signés de noms français. A MM. Whistler et Sargent revient le mérite d'avoir produit des œuvres profondes, qui ne sont pas seulement le fait de praticiens hors ligne, mais qui indiquent en plus des penseurs qui savent s'incarner dans le sujet qu'ils interprètent. Ici, c'est l'image de l'enfance dont les figures lumineuses et souriantes s'enlèvent sur le fond sombre d'une antichambre ornée de potiches; l'effet est si grand, qu'on ne peut s'empêcher de songer à Vélasquez. Là, c'est une vieille femme, la mère du peintre paraît il; elle réfléchit peut être aux succès, à l'avenir de son fils; on croirait voir un superbe Fran Hals de la meilleure époque. Immédiatemen après ces deux toiles étonnantes, ce encore des étrangers qu'il nous faut cit De l'exposition de M. Chase, je ne veu retenir que *la Jeune fille lisant*, éclairée d'u lumière toute particulière qui fait bien re

VELAND, O., SATURDA

This failing ?
painful feeling
[illegible] circles.

A GOOD STORY ABOUT WHISTLER.

I spent [illegible] minutes among these etchings, a day or two [illegible] and while there a friend told me a good story [illegible] which illustrates capitally Whistler's eccentricity. "A friend of mine," said my informant, "was wandering through a street in London one rainy, foggy night, about eleven o'clock, in doubt as to whether he should go to the club for a rubber at whist, or to go home. 'What! is that you? Why, how are you, my dear fellow?' he. 'This is good luck,' said the artist; 'come home with me and have some beer and a cracker.'" So off they went to Whistler's house, in the suburbs somewhere, through the rain and darkness. Once there the house was as black as the night. Whistler rang the bell, but there was no reply. He rang again and still harder, but apparently he might as well have tried to wake the dead. There wasn't a sign of life in the house. Well, for nearly half an hour those two men stood at the door and tried in vain to get into the house, Whistler, I am afraid, swearing at the stupidity of his servants, while the visions of a quiet chat over the beer and crackers gradually began to fade from my friend's mind.

Finally, however, the door opened a few inches and the two men were soon conducted in a very mysterious manner through the hall and a few rooms, not a ray of light meanwhile being visible. Here Whistler left his guest for a few moments, and in his absence, lo! the whole house suddenly blazed with lights. The doors between the apartments were simultaneously thrown open, and a gorgeous scene presented itself. In the elegant dining-hall was a table loaded with all the delicacies of the season, and set off with the rarest of old china, and glass in exquisite shapes and designs. Wines were there in abundance; and in their proper places were the butlers and servants, ready to do their bidding at this sumptuous repast. "This was Whistler's 'lunch' of crackers and cheese. The whole affair, said my friend, 'was one of Whistler's strange conceits—his apparently accidental meeting with me (when he had probably been hunting for me for hours), his selection of midnight for such an escapade, his inability to get into his house (all arranged beforehand), and his surprise for me when I entered. No man but Whistler would think of such a thing, and no one else would carry it out in such perfection as he. There was enough for twenty men on the table, and there we two sat till early morning, eating and talking of a thousand things."—*New York Letter in Boston Transcript.*

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST AT TIMBERHILL, NORVICH.

Belle Vue Rise, Norwich: Sept. 15, 1883.

HODIE MIHI
CRAS TIBI
HERE LYETH THE BODY OF SIMON WHISITER LATE OF THE CITY OF NORWICH ALDERMAN WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 12 DAY OF AVGVST ANNO DOMINI 1682

HERE LYETH ALSO THE BODY OF SIMON HIS SON WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 2 OF APRIL 1673

Blomefield gives the name as "Whistler."

"L'Art Moderne" Août 1885

bronze pour chacune d'elles. Quelle fête pour le jury!

Mais ce n'est point de ragoûts ni de sauces que l'*Art moderne* a coutume d'entretenir ses lecteurs, et quelque attrayant que soit ce savoureux sujet, force nous est de l'abandonner aux manuels de MM. Gouffé, Brisse et Cauderlier, qui sont les Codes et les Lois usuelles de la cuisine. Sans doute, il y a de l'art à fricasser un poulet ou à confectionner une omelette, mais c'est là un art spécial qui n'a avec les autres que des affinités imparfaitement définies. A moins toutefois d'y mettre les raffinements exquis du peintre Whistler qui, lorsqu'il invite ses amis à déjeuner, fait servir ses convives dans des assiettes du Japon dont il harmonise les nuances avec la couleur des sauces et le ton des mets. Chacun sait, d'ailleurs, que si l'auteur des *Symphonies* et des *Nocturnes* est un des plus grands artistes de l'époque, il est aussi le premier cuisinier de son temps. Qui ne connaît à Londres la sauce Whistler, cette sauce d'un jaune si délicat et d'un goût si parfait que nul, sauf le peintre, ne la réussit jamais? Il faut avoir vu l'impeccable artiste, avec son dandysme suprême, le monocle à l'œil, plus correct dans sa tenue que lord Brummel, occupé, dans la partie de son atelier réservée aux préparations culinaires, à trousser un perdreau ou à griller une tranche de saumon, pour apprécier les liens qui unissent l'art de la poêle à celui de la palette. Malheureusement, s'il n'est pas donné à tout le monde de peindre comme Whistler, il est plus difficile encore d'égaler son génie culinaire. Et c'est légitimement que le grand artiste a l'orgueil de sa science, tandis que la vanité que d'après la légende, récemment démentie, Ingres tirait de ses connaissances musicales faisait sourire!

Entrez, la nuit close, dans les jardins qui unissent aux vastes salles d'Albert-Hall les galeries de South-Kensington et dans

"L'Art Moderne" 13 September 1885

JAMES M. NEILL WHISTLER

Les quatre toiles et la série d'eaux-fortes exposées par Whistler au premier Salon des *XX* n'ont donné de son art mystérieux et obsédant qu'une idée incomplète. Pour apprécier les faces diverses de ce talent multiple, il faut forcer la porte de son atelier, obtenir du maître, dont l'humeur fantasque ne se prête à ces complaisances que lorsqu'il y a entre le visiteur et l'artiste une communauté de sentiments, la faveur de voir défiler le séduisant cortège de ses esquisses, de ses dessins, de ses aquarelles, de ses cartons. Il faut, de plus, réclamer d'un archi-millionnaire londonien, M. Leyland, l'autorisation de pénétrer dans la salle que Whistler a décorée pour lui et qui est célèbre en Angleterre sous le nom de *la Salle du Paon*. La personnalité artistique de Whistler prend alors des contours nettement arrêtés. On comprend ce qu'est le peintre, ce qu'il veut, où il tend. Les coins sombres et inquiétants de son art s'éclairent par degrés. Whistler n'est plus le rêveur qui chevauche ses songes, cavalcade dans les nuages, accroche un trapèze aux étoiles et y fait des culbutes, au risque de se rompre le cou. Le sentiment exact qu'il a des délicatesses de la forme et de l'harmonie des tons, la pénétration subtile de son œil, l'aptitude très caractéristique de son esprit à synthétiser ses impressions, à les magnifier en quelque sorte pour faire passer avec intensité dans l'âme du spectateur ce frisson de plaisir, ou de crainte, ou de mélancolie, ou d'horreur, ou de joie, qui est l'Art lorsqu'il est réalisé par le pinceau, par l'ébauchoir, par le crayon, ou par le burin, toutes ces qualités qui font l'artiste, et l'artiste de grande envergure, éclatent l'une

après l'autre, fixant l'image indécise qu'avait fait deviner à Bruxelles le premier envoi du peintre et lui assignent, parmi les artistes contemporains, l'une des premières places.

Au rebours de ce qu'on imagine, ce n'est pas l'impression d'effarement que provoquent quelques-unes de ses toiles qui domine dans l'art de Whistler. C'est la magie rose, non la magie noire, qui est son culte préféré. Ne nous disait-il pas lui-même, ces jours-ci : « *The art is a joke* », caractérisant ainsi d'un mot, difficile à traduire pour en exprimer dans notre langue la nuance exacte, ce qu'il doit y avoir dans l'art de grâce, de gaîté, d'abandon, de gentillesse, de séduction. Il y a, parmi ses cartons, une série d'esquisses qui réalisent à cet égard l'idéal du peintre. Groupes de jeunes femmes aux robes flottantes, réunissant dans d'exquises harmonies de couleurs et de lignes tout ce qui peut flatter les yeux, égayer, rasséréner l'esprit; scènes intimes, idylles au bord d'une fontaine ou sous les branches fleuries d'un pommier, éveillant le souvenir lointain de la Grèce païenne, mais exprimées dans des données essentiellement modernes et marquées d'une griffe que personne ne pourrait revendiquer comme sienne.

Ces projets verront-ils le jour? Assisterons-nous à l'épanouissement de ces œuvres en germe dont de nombreuses esquisses et des études patientes préparent lentement l'éclosion? Souhaitons-le. Jamais, pensons-nous, l'art décoratif n'aura trouvé pareil interprète.

A cet égard, Whistler a prouvé ce qu'on peut mettre de raffinements dans la décoration d'un appartement. La *Chambre du Paon* est certes l'une des curiosités de Londres. En faire la description serait à peu près impossible, et force nous est de n'en donner qu'une idée approximative. Qu'on imagine une grande salle rectangulaire à laquelle deux portes donnent accès et qui reçoit la lumière, dans la journée, par trois grandes fenêtres ouvertes sur les jardins d'Ennismore, près Hyde-Park, et qu'éclairent le soir huit sun-burners dissimulés dans des globes de verre dépoli. La décoration ne se compose que de deux tons, le bleu et l'or : mais le bleu est d'une nuance si délicate qu'on ne saurait dire, à première vue, si c'est de bleu ou de vert qu'il s'agit, et l'or s'éteint dans des dégradations de tons pâles d'une douceur infinie. Autour du chambranle des portes, des guéridons superposés, bizarrement accouplés, forment un réseau de légères baguettes d'or vierge dans les entrelacs duquel sont posées des potiches en porcelaine du Japon d'un bleu mourant. Sur les panneaux, sur les lambris, dans les caissons du plafond où se marient le cadmium clair et le bleu d'outremer, il n'y a qu'un ornement, répété sans cesse mais si ingénieusement disposé que loin de fatiguer par sa persistance, il donne à l'ensemble un attrait singulier et maintient l'unité de la composition : c'est l'œil qui s'épanouit dans le plumage de l'oiseau de Junon, la plume de paon, qui, depuis lors, a fait fureur en Angleterre. Sur les vantaux des fenêtres, elles ruissellent en cascades d'or neuf, se détachant sur des fonds d'un bleu profond comme la voûte du ciel; et dans le grand panneau du fond, faisant face à la cheminée décorée du portrait d'une jeune femme en robe japonaise, — sans doute la maîtresse de la maison, — deux paons, orgueilleusement campés sur leurs ergots, crête au vent, la queue déployée en éventail immense, se défient du regard, prêts à s'élancer l'un sur l'autre. Des amis malicieux de l'artiste ont vu une allégorie dans ce tableau, qui complète l'étrange et charmante décoration, et prétendent même reconnaître sous la forme bouffie, comique de prétention vaniteuse, d'un des combattants, le propriétaire de l'hôtel, que des questions d'intérêt ont brouillé avec l'artiste avant l'achèvement de son œuvre. Ils affirment que le paon fluet, coquet, dégagé, qui examine son adversaire, la tête renversée d'un air moqueur, prêt à le larder de coups de bec, n'est autre que Whistler lui-même, que ce trait a vengé des tracasseries du philistin millionnaire. Mais ceci, c'est la légende qui s'est formée autour de la *Chambre du Paon* et nous n'avons pas à en vérifier l'exactitude. Propos de mauvaises langues, sans doute, qui veulent charger de plus de méfaits qu'il n'en a commis le spirituel, sarcastique, mordant et très malicieux artiste!

Au surplus, quand on a écrit *Art and Art critics*, ce pamphlet dans lequel le peintre cingle de coups de cravache les pontifes qui, du haut des colonnes de leur journal, jugent et décident les questions d'art les plus délicates, se décernent à eux-mêmes la mission d'arbitres du goût et ne reconnaissent comme dignes de remarque que les œuvres qui ont subi l'estampille de leur plume d'oie; quand on a imaginé l'extraordinaire catalogue *Etchings and dry points*, dont le titre seul, en son jeu de mots intraduisible, indique la portée, et dans lequel, sous le titre de chacune des œuvres signalées, figure une appréciation de journaliste, clouée, avec une coquetterie railleuse, sur le cadre même des toiles exposées; quand on a imaginé de convoquer le *Tout-Londres* à une conférence artistique pour se donner la satisfaction personnelle de lui décocher, une heure durant, des vérités pénibles à entendre, en enfonçant le fer rouge dans la plaie saignante sans souci des plaintes, des protestations, des colères; quand on est l'homme audacieux, batailleur, friand de coups à donner et à recevoir, qu'est Whistler, il n'y aurait pas lieu de s'étonner que la méchanceté attribuée à l'artiste eût été, en effet, sciemment et volontairement commise par lui!

Oui, Whistler a le tempérament batailleur, et c'est parce qu'il aime les bagarres qu'il a exposé avec tant d'empressement, dès la première année, avec les *XX*, sachant les orages que soulève l'intransigeance dans les centres de bourgeoisie paisible et craintive. Et c'est pour le même motif qu'il vient de demander qu'il soit fait en sa faveur, pour le prochain Salon, une exception au système de roulement adopté par les *XX* pour les invitations qu'ils adressent aux artistes. Il tient à faire le coup de feu avec ces jeunes gens, dont l'audace, l'indépendance, le mépris des conventions et des faveurs, l'attirent. Ce mouvement, qui a pris brusquement en Belgique un essor si considérable, il voudrait le créer en Angleterre. Mais le moyen, dans un pays où Alma-Tadema est dieu et où, à peu d'exceptions près, tous ceux qui tiennent une brosse d'une main, une palette de l'autre, chaussent les bottes de Leighton, de Burn-Jones, de Calderon ou de Millais, et ne voient dans les expositions qu'un tremplin pour arriver à l'Académie!

Whistler exposera probablement à Bruxelles le portrait de Sarasate, qu'il vient de terminer, et qui marque dans sa carrière une évolution définitive. Avec une grande simplicité de moyens, l'artiste arrive à rendre, non la réalité photographique, à la façon de Bonnat et autres peintres que préoccupe uniquement l'exactitude matérielle des traits et du vêtement, mais, outre la ressemblance, l'impression que donne la personnalité de son modèle. Sarasate, dans l'œuvre superbe de Whistler, est presque déifié. Il apparaît, sur un fond noir, son violon à la main, dominant du regard son auditoire, comme l'évocation de quelque divinité infernale de la musique. Sa chevelure noire encadrant sa face bistrée, l'éclat de

Funny Folks 14. 2. 85.

THE PUZZLE OF THE PERIOD.

[Mr. Whistler announces a "ten-o'clock" at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, and people are asking what he means.]

Tell us, Jemmy, quaint and antic,
Hailing from beyond Atlantic,
What you mean by this romantic
"Ad." which seems mankind to mock.
Nut uncracked by all who spy it,
Solon's teeth in vain might try it,
Rich and poor are puzzled by it—
What on earth's a "ten-o'clock?"

Say that people have collected
Open-eyed, with ears erected,
What is then to be expected
By the Piccadilly flock?
Will you daub them something strange, meant
For a cow, or for a grange meant—
Dub it "nocturn" or "arrangement,"
And so close your "ten-o'clock"?

Or will you in phrases tripping
(Arm about occasion slipping)
Treat your critics to a whipping,
Dealing verbal knock for knock?
Have you some new costume bubble
That you'd float, as Oscar's double—
Anyhow, for that's our trouble,
What on earth's a "ten-o'clock"?

Judy May 9.

STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE.

(*After—very much*—WHISTLER.)

I.

"The proper study of mankind
Is woman; for an idle mind
Calls simple what the studious well
Perceive to be inscrutable."—COVENTRY PATMORE.

SMILING and sighing,
Laughing and crying,
Soothing, yet trying—
A very woman.

Scolding and petting,
Happy, yet fretting,
Mankind upsetting—
A very woman.

Loving, but teasing,
Vexing and pleasing,
Hot, and yet freezing—
A very woman.

Love's vows receiving,
Fast to man cleaving,
All for him leaving—
A very woman.

Cold in her chiding,
True feelings hiding,
Obeying, yet guiding—
A very woman.

Modest and tender,
If you surrender
Nothing could mend her—
Wise winsome
woman.

II.

"The proper study of mankind
is man."—POPE.

Storming and raging,
Wordy war waging,
Conquest presaging—
Masterly man.

Wife's luggage hating,
Keeps a train waiting,
Wrath long abating—
Masterly man.

Recklessly lending,
Savage looks bending
O'er woman's spending—
Masterly man.

Matrons provoking,
Constantly smoking,
Fire ever poking—
Masterly man.

Strong, and yet humble,
Seldom a stumble,
Let us not grumble
At just a man.

Academy Feb 21st 1880.

ART SALES.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE'S sale last Saturday of the pictures belonging to Mr. Pinto and those of the late Mr. Lionel Lawson resulted in the realisation of adequate prices, but it offered few particulars of special interest. *The Mask* by Boucher, from the Novar collection, was one of the most noticeable works belonging to Mr. Lionel Lawson. It sold for about one hundred and fifty guineas—some thirty or forty guineas more than it fetched in the Novar sale.

LAST week Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge sold a collection of china—blue and white and other Oriental china—Oriental objects of *virtû*, original etchings, and one or two paintings, all from the estate of Mr. James Abbot McNeil Whistler. We note the prices of the objects of chief interest:—A pair of bronze candlesticks, chased with scrolls, and on high rosewood stands, realised £9 (Howell); a handsome Japanese screen of several folds, with panels of silk, £13; a pair of dwarf screens, painted with landscapes and figures on gold grounds, £4 4*s.*; a pair of remarkable Japanese bronze candlesticks, pierced stems, and a stork with enamelled wings, £4 15*s.* (these were very bold and free); eighteen Japanese picture-books, sketches of landscape and figures and loose drawings, £3 7*s.* 6*d.*; a large brown earthenware cistern or bath, somewhat ornamented with birds and flowers, £5 5*s.*; a Japanese china cabinet, fitted with ebony drawers and lac panels, painted with figures, and on a stand, £10 10*s.* After these there followed Mr. Whistler's own productions. About a hundred copper-plates of etchings, mostly erased, sold for £6 15*s.* (Fine Art Society); one little plate, in perfect condition apparently, was sold separately for £5 10*s.*; about forty slight crayon sketches, chiefly of the figure, some black and white, and others variously coloured, went for £19 10*s.*; two framed etchings, being a river view and a sketch of a girl, realised £7 10*s.*; three etchings, framed—*A Forge*, *Battersea Bridge*, and a *Lady and Dog*, exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery—fetched £20 10*s.* (Flower); a framed crayon sketch, said to be Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt, perhaps erroneously, went for £5 5*s.*; another crayon sketch of a lady seated, exhibited at the Grosvenor, fetched £3 7*s.* 6*d.*, while yet another crayon sketch of a nude female figure with drapery behind the shoulders fetched £4 (James). Lastly, there came two pictures which have been the subject of much remark. One of these was the large oil portrait of Miss Connie Gilchrist, of the Gaiety Theatre—an immature figure, fragile and light, with legs tripping forward in a skipping-rope dance. Though apparently slight in execution, the work may be considered both a good likeness and attractive as a work of art. It has certainly pleasant qualities of colour and expression, and the gesture of the model is adroitly caught. This large example of Mr. Whistler's art sold for £50. It was followed by a less pleasing instance of his skill—a satirical painting of a gentleman, styled "The Creditor." This extensive, but extremely sketchy, work sold for £12 12*s.* With this lot there came to a conclusion a sale which had excited some curiosity.

A NOVEMBER REVERIE.

"Are thine eyes weary?" asks Mr. William Morris, in the charming lines which he has addressed to this miserable month, in the prelude to "The Story of Rhodope," and we answer with one accord, "They are"—weary with gazing at dank streets and muddy pavements, at soaking boots and hats bespattered, at pea-soup skies ever threatening to turn thicker—at all the ghastly masque of miseries, in short, upon which we have just entered, and which change Londoners into rate-paying owls, and London itself into one grim harmony in brown. Nor are our eyes weary without cause; for we know—at least all of us whose digestions change with our skies—know that before long our complexions, too, will suffer; that we also shall become grim harmonies in brown, until the yellow fogs set in, when we shall become harmonies in brown and yellow, ripe for suicide and the General Election; ready to sit for our portraits to Mr. Whistler.

Le Voltaire 1er Mai 1884.

Salle XXIX

M. WHISTLER. —J'ai la plus vive admiration pour ce maître américain, dont le coloris est d'une si forte individualité. Ses portraits sont le fait d'un praticien hors de pair et décèlent en plus une étrange et profonde pénétration de la pensée.

Mr. Jacomb-Hood has a capital picture, "In Summer Time" (21), of horses standing in a stream, and another called "Rival Candidates" (389); but these, taken with the other works that he has been exhibiting of late, seem to show that he is yet in search of the true and final aim of his talent. Mr. Stott is clever, but ultra-Parisian in manner. His portraits of his parents—an elderly couple sitting in solemn dulness opposite the fire—form a transcript of the actual that was surely not worth making, while his "Moonrise" is a *tour de force*. Mr. Gotch is better represented at the Dudley and Mr. Kennington at the Institute. There are a number of very charming little figures by Mr. Menpes, and three excellent small interiors by Miss Elizabeth Armstrong; there are "Whistlerisms" in abundance from the hands of Mr. Walter Sickert and Mr. Sidney Starr. Mr. Leslie Thomson, Mr. Elliott, and Mr. J. S. Hill have some interesting landscapes, and Mr. Arthur Hill has sent a figure which would have pleased us better had it been left as "The Shell" was left a year ago. Mr. J. J. Shannon has a charming single figure called "Thoughts," and Mr. F. E. Sherrard a piece of really beautiful still life. There is, too, a room full of fair watercolours, in which we may notice an excellent large landscape by Mr. Rixon, one of the best modern followers of De Wint, some excessively clever and excessively slight single figures by Mr. Whistler, two pleasant little drawings of children by Mr. Lionel Smythe, one, very carefully painted, by Mr. Walter Morgan.

The Times December 3rd 1885

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Society of British Artists, which occupies the galleries in Suffolk-street, seems to have suddenly started into new life. For many years their exhibitions have been synonymous with mediocrity or worse. Their spacious rooms have been the refuge for all that was most commonplace and less interesting in contemporary art, and visitors who cared for the progress of English painting have regarded the existence of these shows as a painful commentary on the low state of the national taste. The last two years, however, have seen a change. We need not commit ourselves to giving any reasons, still less need we go so far as to say that the whole or even the greater part of the pictures now exhibited are worth exhibiting; but it is unquestionable that the current of the society seems now to be tending in the direction of progress and artistic activity, as it formerly tended in the direction of what was dull, ordinary, and conventional. An influential share in the government of the society seems to have been secured by the younger generation of artists, and by excellent representatives of that generation, so that what is sought for now by the hanging committee is not the mere prettiness that used to pass muster as art a few years ago, but anything that exhibits study, training, insight, and intelligence. It is a curious fact, and one well worth the attention of those who note the history of taste and of artistic production, that France has begun to exercise a strong and predominant influence upon our younger painters; and it may well be that in a few years the galleries in Suffolk-street will come to be as much identified with this tendency as the Grosvenor Gallery was at its outset with the work that had been influenced by Rossetti and Mr. Burne-Jones. Even at present the influence is very strongly marked, and the society seems to seek by preference after pictures that have been exhibited in the Salon or that are painted by Englishmen or Americans who have studied in Paris. Thus, next to Mr. Whistler, whose "Portrait of Mrs. Cassati" (362) is one of the features of the great room, the most remarkable exhibitors in the gallery are Mr. Dannat and Mr. William Stott, both of them better known in Paris than here. Other painters who have made some mark in France are Mr. Alexander Harrison and Miss Walley Moes, a young Dutch lady; while it would be easy to name at least a dozen other conspicuous exhibitors here who have either studied in France or drunk in French influence from those who have. Such are Mr. Menpes and Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, Mr. Jacomb-Hood, Mr. Harper Pennington, Mr. Leslie Thomson, Mr. M. E. Kindon, Mr. Solomon Solomon, Mr. T. B. Kennington, and Mr. J. J. Shannon, to name merely a few painters out of the many.

Mr. Dannat's two portraits—heads of young girls—are the most remarkable works of their kind now to be seen in any of the London exhibitions. They will hardly set a fashion, for few ladies would venture to have themselves painted with such uncompromising realism, such an utter absence of any kind of illusion; but, granting the hypothesis that it is the business of art to paint things as they are, it could hardly be carried further than in Mr. Dannat's portraits. Seen across the room, they stand out with a life-likeness that recalls the greatest of the Dutchmen; and yet even in Frans Hals and Albert Cuyp we have a sense of beauty which seems absent from the young American of to-day. If Mr. Dannat could succeed in wedding some regard for form and loveliness with his present passion for force and actuality he would be a great painter. The others who have sent good pictures to Suffolk-street we have barely space to name.

Times. 3.12.84.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

It was unfortunate for the Suffolk-street Society that their exhibition should have been arranged to open on the same day as those of the Institute and the Water-Colour Society; for many of those who would otherwise have been present at the private view were kept away, satiated with the sights provided elsewhere. Yet the rooms show a decided improvement on recent exhibitions. The society has smartened up its habitation, which is now brightly and tastefully adorned, and well lighted after dusk with albo-carbon lamps. Changes have been made, very much for the better, in the arrangement of the galleries, the two southern rooms being now given up to water-colour drawings instead of the single small room into which they were formerly crowded. As to the character of the works shown, though the general level is still mediocre, there are many signs of greater strength and ability than there were, while some half-dozen of the pictures and drawings are remarkable.

Mr. Whistler's "Arrangement in Black—Portrait of Mrs. Louis Huth" (299) will, of course, attract the most attention of any work in the gallery. Artistic society was startled a week ago by the news that this most wayward, most un-English of painters had found a home among the men of Suffolk-street of all people in the world; and this portrait and a small water-colour sketch are the evidence which he gives of his attachment to his new abode. There is no need to discuss at this date a style of art which has long been familiar to visitors to the Salon and the Grosvenor; it is enough to say that the portrait is successful among Whistlers—it will please the impressionists and the lovers of fine tones, and it will give some little satisfaction to those who dissent from the artist's theories so much as to hold that a picture is none the worse for giving some evidence of work. Mr. Whistler has a follower, and a very clever one—Mr. Sidney Starr—whose numerous small scenes of sea and boats and whose masterly little study of a lady in gray (245) are among the best things in the exhibition. Quite different in method—at the other pole, in fact—is the painter whose studies of the nude have for some time past been among the few really noticeable works to be found in Suffolk-street—

Echo 2.12.84.

A similar state of things as to exhibitors prevails in the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists. The older members have given up the best places to the new bloods of Art, with the same interesting result. Sir Frederick Leighton is absent, and so are Mr. Faed and Mr. Frith. Sir John Gilbert is represented, though, and Mr. Whistler favours his admirers with an arrangement in black which one discovers at once to be a lady. There is none of that mysterious uncertainty about the subject which used to be one of the chief interests in Mr. Whistler's work. Mr. Breakspeare sends a somewhat misty, but poetic, "Dora." Landscapes by Mr. James Peel, chief among them being a characteristic view on the Till, Northumberland, and Mr. C. M. Wyllie's "Backwater on the Brent," are among the strongest works in this department of the Exhibition. Mr. W. C. Symons is well in the front rank with a spirited conception of "Black-eyed Susan." This is certainly one of the most attractive works in the Exhibition. There is much promise in the "Granny" of Mr. W. Carter, a very young member, whose distinction as a pupil is evidently going to follow him as a competitor in a wider field of appreciation.

WHISTLES.

DEAR TOPICAL,—All last Saturday afternoon a crowd of all the people best known in art, literature, society, and the drama—now a distinct section of modern life—streamed in and out of Dowdeswell's, in Bond-street. The afternoon was pleasant; the "show" was the "Notes, Harmonies, and Nocturnes" of that quaintly and delightfully assertive genius, Mr. Whistler, and the crowd was both amazing and amazed. To catalogue the said crowd would be like editing a new Homeric navy list, and to catalogue the *viva voce* criticisms passed on the pictures would be to record a brilliant babel of contradiction. "Superb!" "A downright insult." "What does the man mean?" and a gentle murmer of "Ah! the Master!" from the disciples. These were the most frequently recurring phrases, and with a dainty deafness to all comment, the "Master" in question glided through the crowd like a miniature Mephistopheles, and whispered artistic diabolisms in the prettiest ears in London. The brown-covered catalogue this year was noticeable for its non-aggressive attitude. The critics were severely let alone. The "note" of the show was "peace on earth and goodwill to men," and what the stupid angels forgot to add, "and women." The very butterfly that gleamed in flesh-colour eccentricity in a corner of the pale grey velvet hangings over the fireplace had no venomous sting in its tail. Instead of sneers, sarcasm, or "barbaric yappings," the good folk present were presented with the following group of ideas called *L'Envoie (sic)*, which may, I presume, be taken as a permanent revelation of the Whistlerian art-attitude:—

"A picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared."

"To say of a picture, as is often said in its praise, that it shows great and earnest labour, is to say that it is incomplete and unfit for view."

"Industry in Art is a necessity,—not a virtue,—and any evidence of the same, in the production, is a blemish, not a quality;—a proof, not of achievement, but of absolutely insufficient work, for work alone will efface the footsteps of work."

"The work of the master reeks not of the sweat of the brow,—suggests no effort,—and is finished from its beginning."

"The complete task of perseverance only has never been begun, and will remain unfinished to eternity,—a monument of goodwill and foolishness."

"'There is one that laboureth, and taketh pains, and maketh haste, and is so much the more behind.'"

"The masterpiece should appear as the flower to the painter,—perfect in its bud as in its bloom,—with no reason to explain its presence,—no mission to fulfil,—a joy to the artist,—a delusion to the philanthropist, a puzzle to the botanist, an accident of sentiment and alliteration to the literary man."

There were sixty-seven pictures in all, and omitting the curious fashion of nomenclature, and only noting the very pale numbers on the tiny gold tickets, these are what pleased me most. In watercolour Nos. 5, 9, and 27, this last, by-the-way, called a "Note in Pink and Purple," is really Lady Archie Campbell, or, at all events, a portion of that lady; 18, "The Grand Canal at Amsterdam," with luminous yellow lights and reflections, and 61 and 62. A Pastel, No. 50, "Islands at Venice," is a perfect example of Mr. Whistler in his most delicate mood, and of the oils my fancy was struck with 38, "An Orange Note." It is only a "sweet shop," but there is both harmony and humour of a subtle sort in it. The one big picture, "The Blue Girl," is to me impossible. "'Scherzo,' indeed!" said one Philistine critic, glancing at his catalogue, "*she never wore anything of the sort!*" and other people, associating her with a "girl" of another colour that hung in the Grosvenor some years ago, made even still ruder remarks. Then there was a Lifeboat (54), and a Sea and Mist (40), and a queer thing in red and pink, "La Petite Mephisto" (51) a sulky little diavoletta of a girl, *boudé*-ing in a *boudoir*—I often wondered what a *boudoir* was for; its derivation is now obvious—and various other curious scraps that gleamed out through the thronging and moving heads of the gossipers. Proper "focal distance" was impossible, and so was anything like serious thought on Saturday. So many nice people were wandering about that they would have chaffed out the serious soul of a Socrates. For all that I managed to see this much, that the feeling, the delicacy, and the sensitiveness of the Impressionist is as nervous and alert as ever, that his cunning is quick, that his mind and his art have still their wonted quality of being sympathetic and responsive to "effects," and that he is, curiously enough, the most absolutely "matter of fact" painter of our day. You know the old journalistic motto, that "there is 'copy' in everything." So is it with this man in painting; he sees all things, not as they are, but as possible pictures. He will never idealise anything. He is absolutely and totally unpoetical and unromantic. He is simply one on whom a sort of Velasquez spirit has rested for a moment, and who is coquetting with a gift—flirting with a sacred fire. He *has* that gift, and he has the rarest eyes of modern men, but he trifles, he plays about, and he obstinately insists on not being taken seriously by any group of people alive save by painters, and by a painter he means himself. In fine, I vote that we accept "our James," butterfly and all. He confesses that he has "no mission to fulfil," that he is a "delusion," a "puzzle," and "an accident of sentiment" to most intelligent people, but, for all that, he is personally *bon garçon*, and, artistically, always amusing, occasionally absurd, and generally amazing. On the private view day over a thousand guineas' worth of pictures were sold, and this sum (*teste* James *ipso*) "barely represents a handful of little gems." The great Jim is doing well with his little gems, and his "Butterfly's Ball" having proved a success this year, our genial grasshopper will now proceed to feast.—Yours,

CIGARETTE.

"The Globe" December 5

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The winter exhibition at the Suffolk-street gallery, though showing no improvement in the average quality of the work, presents a few novel and interesting features. Among them is a large picture, entitled "Moonrise," by Mr. William Stott, who has very recently become a member of the society. Though not generally known in London, this artist has been for the last few years a constant exhibitor at the Paris Salon, and has acquired a considerable amount of popularity. The present work is in many respects better than anything we have seen by him. It is a scene of lake and mountain, with the moon, which has just risen over one of the peaks, vividly reflected in the unruffled water. The picture is impressive by reason of the grandeur of the natural forms, its broad simplicity of treatment, and the feeling of profound repose that pervades it. We doubt whether the effect of moonlight has ever been more faithfully rendered. The depth and subtle beauty of tone that distinguish this work are absent from the painter's second picture, "Portraits of my Father and Mother." The figures, seated far apart in a gloomy room, are distinctly individualised, but the composition is ill-balanced, and the shadows black and impenetrable. The pictures of Mr. W. T. Dannat, an American artist, are among the most satisfactory things in the collection. Like those of Mr. Stott, they very clearly show the influence of French training. The best of them—a half-length "Portrait of Eva Haviland"—is charmingly childlike in expression, and painted in excellent style. The companion picture, "Portrait of Léonie Haviland," hanging in another room, though not quite so refined in colour, is not less true in character or less ably executed. The artist's third contribution is a well designed and vigorously painted life-sized study for part of a picture that appeared two years ago at the Salon. It represents "An Aragonese Smuggler," pouring a jet of water into his mouth from a jar lifted far above his head.

Mr. Whistler and his followers again appear in considerable force. We have seen better female portraits by this eccentric but very able painter than the life-sized full-length of "Mrs. Cassate," hanging at the end of the large room. The figure, attired in a dark riding habit, is gracefully posed, but the atmosphere is murky and the head is not so well painted as the other parts of the picture. He is seen to infinitely greater advantage in a Velasquez-like half-length of "Master Stephen Manuel," called also an "Arrangement in Grey." We are inclined to think that he has produced nothing more masterly in style than this—more beautiful in its gradations of colour or more complete. Mr. Whistler also sends several very small landscape and figure studies in oil, crayon, and water-colour. Some are full of suggestiveness and beauty, while others are remarkable chiefly for their capricious mode of treatment. One of the most able of the artist's numerous followers, Mr. Walter Sickert, displays artistic feeling and a fine sense of colour in four small pictures, of which "The Breakwater" and "Le Treport" are perhaps the best. Mr. Sidney Starr, in a small view of "Falmouth Harbour" and in a sketch of "A Suburban Churchyard," imitates Mr. Whistler's executive manner with singular fidelity. Mr. Mortimer L. Menpes, too, has many figure studies of miniature size, some of which, without close examination, might easily be mistaken for his master's work. Artistic ability is evident in all these productions, but it is doubtful whether original work of much value can be looked for from artists who devote themselves to slavishly imitating the executive methods of another man.

"The Times". Dec. 3. 1895.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Society of British Artists, which occupies the galleries in Suffolk-street, seems to have suddenly started into new life. For many years their exhibitions have been synonymous with mediocrity or worse. Their spacious rooms have been the refuge for all that was most commonplace and less interesting in contemporary art, and visitors who cared for the progress of English painting have regarded the existence of these shows as a painful commentary on the low state of the national taste. The last two years, however, have seen a change. We need not commit ourselves to giving any reasons, still less need we go so far as to say that the whole or even the greater part of the pictures now exhibited are worth exhibiting; but it is unquestionable that the current of the society seems now to be tending in the direction of progress and artistic activity, as it formerly tended in the direction of what was dull, ordinary, and conventional. An influential share in the government of the society seems to have been secured by the younger generation of artists, and by excellent representatives of that generation, so that what is sought for now by the hanging committee is not the mere prettiness that used to pass muster as art a few years ago, but anything that exhibits study, training, insight, and intelligence. It is a curious fact, and one well worth the attention of those who note the history of taste and of artistic production, that France has begun to exercise a strong and predominant influence upon our younger painters; and it may well be that in a few years the galleries in Suffolk-street will come to be as much identified with this tendency as the Grosvenor Gallery was at its outset with the work that had been influenced by Rossetti and Mr. Burne-Jones. Even at present the influence is very strongly marked, and the society seems to seek by preference after pictures that have been exhibited in the Salon or that are painted by Englishmen or Americans who have studied in Paris. Thus, next to Mr. Whistler, whose "Portrait of Mrs. Cassati" (362) is one of the features of the great room, the most remarkable exhibitors in the gallery are Mr. Dannat and Mr. William Stott, both of them better known in Paris than here. Other painters who have made some mark in France are Mr. Alexander Harrison and Miss Walley Moes, a young Dutch lady; while it would be easy to name at least a dozen other conspicuous exhibitors here who have either studied in France or drunk in French influence from those who have. Such are Mr. Menpes and Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, Mr. Jacomb-Hood, Mr. Harper Pennington, Mr. Leslie Thomson, Mr. M. E. Kindon, Mr. Solomon Solomon, Mr. T. B. Kennington, and Mr. J. J. Shannon, to name merely a few painters out of the many.

Mr. Dannat's two portraits—heads of young girls—are the most remarkable works of their kind now to be seen in any of the London exhibitions. They will hardly set a fashion, for few ladies would venture to have themselves painted with such uncompromising realism, such an utter absence of any kind of illusion; but, granting the hypothesis that it is the business of art to paint things as they are, it could hardly be carried further than in Mr. Dannat's portraits. Seen across the room, they stand out with a life-likeness that recalls the greatest of the Dutchmen; and yet even in Frans Hals and Albert Cuyp we have a sense of beauty which seems absent from the young American of to-day. If Mr. Dannat could succeed in wedding some regard for form and loveliness with his present passion for force and actuality he would be a great painter. The others who have sent good pictures to Suffolk-street we have barely space to name. Mr. Jacomb-Hood has a capital picture, "In Summer Time" (21), of horses standing in a stream, and another called "Rival Candidates" (389); but these, taken with the other works that he has been exhibiting of late, seem to show that he is yet in search of the true and final aim of his talent. Mr. Stott is clever, but ultra-Parisian in manner. His portraits of his parents—an elderly couple sitting in solemn dulness opposite the fire—form a transcript of the actual that was surely not worth making, while his "Moonrise" is a *tour de force*. Mr. Gotch is better represented at the Dudley and Mr. Kennington at the Institute. There are a number of very charming little figures by Mr. Menpes, and three excellent small interiors by Miss Elizabeth Armstrong; there are "Whistlerisms" in abundance from the hands of Mr. Walter Sickert and Mr. Sidney Starr. Mr. Leslie Thomson, Mr. Elliott, and Mr. J. S. Hill have some interesting landscapes, and Mr. Arthur Hill has sent a figure which would have pleased us better had it been left as "The Shell" was left a year ago. Mr. J. J. Shannon has a charming single figure called "Thoughts," and Mr. F. E. Sherratd a piece of really beautiful still life. There is, too, a room full of fair watercolours, in which we may notice an excellent large landscape by Mr. Rixon, one of the best modern followers of De Wint, some excessively clever and excessively slight single figures by Mr. Whistler, two pleasant little drawings of children by Mr. Lionel Smythe, one very carefully painted, by Mr. Walter Morgan.

"The Observer"

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

We are glad to note the signs of renewed vitality in the present exhibition of this society. The work of their new member, Mr. Whistler, of course insists on attention, and he has several pictures on the walls. His most important example this year is the portrait of Mrs. Cassati, "an arrangement in black" (362), which in its dexterous management of suffused light (or perhaps we should rather say suffused gloom) reminds one of the fine full-length of Senor Sarasate, recently exhibited at Suffolk, and the earlier portrait of a lady seen at the Grosvenor Gallery. It is, however, by no means equal in power to either of those pictures, and the texture of the face is almost repulsive. Mr. Whistler has besides some boys' heads, various landscape "Notes," "Harmonies," "Caprices," and so forth, and some vapid studies from the nude. One of these, a female figure whose excessively slight drapery is the result of some half-dozen strokes of the crayon, conveys Mr. Whistler's contribution to the "model" controversy in the legend "Horsley soit qui mal y pense." It is clear, too, that Mr. Whistler's method continues to attract numerous imitators, amongst whom Mr. Menpes shows most power and promise. This gentleman's series, entitled "Toby No. 1, Toby No. 2, &c.," a little boy in various credible and incredible costumes, with background to match, is unmistakably effective after its kind, and as much may be said of Mr. Sickert's chalk sketch of "Knightsbridge" (536). Mr. Dannat, again, is a tho-

New York Times

—Whistler has joined a humdrum ar guild of London called The Society of Brits Artists, and has astonished the natives who fre quent the large and newly decorated gallery o the society with an "Arrangement in Black Portrait of Mrs. Louis Huth," and a "Little Re Note: Dordrecht."

"The Standard" Nov. 30. 1885.

The start of the season."

Again we have looked through the Suffolk-street haystack for a needle; that is to say, we have searched the Society of British Artists' Exhibition for the year's new genius: but we have not detected him. We cannot compliment the Society on any improvement in their average quality of pictures this season. Mr. Whistler graces the walls with a few whims, of which the "Portrait of Master Stephen Manuel" is the most remarkable. This is an arrangement in greys, chiefly schemed to set off the lad's brown eyes. Such a portrait is worthy of being preserved among Mr. Whistler's best achievements. There is force in Edwin Roberts's "Double or Quits," a boy tossing with an old sailor.

"The Academy" Dec. 19. 1885.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE Society of British Artists appears to be, on the whole, awake, which is a sufficient reason to call attention to it. It is true that its galleries still contain far too many ill-painted domestic pictures, full of a popular and too familiar sentiment—works of art which are practically the copies of their forerunners, works of art with nothing of their own to say. It is true also that a meretricious order of female beauty still finds itself chronicled upon these walls with a superfluous frequency. But though the society has not succeeded in making a clean sweep of the sentimental and the common—of the work which relies for its attractiveness upon popular theme and not upon artistic treatment—yet the walls hold many things in which it is easy to be interested.

There are several good portraits, for instance, executed in the modern vein. Mr. Dannat has two of the most notable. These are the counterfeit presentments of two sober children, full of character, full of individuality—"Léonie Haviland" (123) and "Eva Haviland" (225). Then Mr. Mortimer Menpes sends up pretty and fanciful visions—none the less portraits in reality, we suppose—of an engaging young person in a red Japanese dress, holding a fan much as they hold it in "The Mikado" (368), and of a "Yellow Boy" (25), very brisk and pretty. Mr. Whistler himself—Mr. Menpes's master in some degree at least—has two most interesting portraits, besides his other studies. His "Mrs. Cassati" (362), is an arrangement in black, of a blonde lady in a riding habit, buttoning a glove, with lifted hand, and the riding whip tucked under her left arm. Possibly the personality here presented is less impressive than Sarasate's, but it is expressed, perhaps, not less completely. Whoever we have here, we have at all events a good horsewoman. The pose shows us that. Mr. Whistler's other portrait is that of the quietly intelligent half-dreamy face of "Master Manuel" (45). It is arranged in various tones of slaty grey. Mr. Whistler's seaside studies in the present show are not works to which we can attach any considerable value. Nothing is more likely than that we might be at issue with their author thereupon. But an infinite dexterity and often something more—a sense of beauty and of attractiveness of pose, of pose now noble and now piquant—is shown in his three little upright pieces over the fire-place, in the water-colour room. Two of them are pastels; a "Harmony in Opal and Violet" (566), and a "Note in Violet and Green" (568). They are very well chosen, and very well placed models, lightly draped, and drawn with a delicate vision of what it was most graceful to include and most wise to omit. It has been truly said that about "A Caprice in Red" (570), there is nothing capricious, unless it be the price. It is a perfectly well-ordered study of flesh-colour and red—an energetic model, springing, as it were—or, as it is—from the unfolded and widely extended drapery.

[illegible] "capers" I was quite disappo[illegible] when [illegible]nge for my shilling I received a cata[illegible]talogue printed in black ink and sewn in a brown paper cover.

Near it hangs M. Weguelin's "In Danger"—a skilful and pleasure-giving water-colour, more elaborate of theme and of treatment. A nymph sits well within range of the arrow of cupid. Mr. Harper Pennington—to go back to a Whistlerite—sends a study of two ballet girls, which, if it has not quite the fire of M. Degas, has serious and admirable merits, and is to be commended as a further effort to bring within the range of art those theatrical subjects which have often been too much the property of the vulgar. Mr. Arthur Hill's "Eothen" (244) is a study of the figure, and of drapery and ornament, pursued much further, and with greater regard, it is probable, to completeness of modelling, and subtlety of grace. An excellent piece of flesh-painting is the "Wood Nymph" of Mr. Kennington (313), though the head, alas! belongs to one model, and the figure to another.

In landscape Mr. Leslie Thomson sends "The Skylark" (308)—a work in which the figure assumes more importance than is customary in his canvas; and Mr. Richard Toovey contributes a "Cornfield," Dewint-like in its simplicity and breadth, and very quiet and beautiful in tone. Mr. John Reid achieves in "Our Old Pier, Cornwall" (316), that richness of colour which is inseparable from his later manner. It is striking, even if it be forced. We do not think it needed Mr. Aubrey Hunt to paint the large Breton coast picture, "Wood Carriers" (248). A more commonplace painter might have done it. It reveals no subtle fact—seizes no delicate effect. We like him better in his "Bathing Hour at Granville" (314), and best in his noble study of "Cloudland" (342)—a picture of the pageantry of silver-grey skies, in which Mr. Aubrey Hunt has known perfectly where to stop, as well as where to begin.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

"The Times". Dec. 3. 1885

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

It was unfortunate for the Suffolk-street Society that their exhibition should have been arranged to open on the same day as those of the Institute and the Water-Colour Society; for many of those who would otherwise have been present at the private view were kept away, satiated with the sights provided elsewhere. Yet the rooms show a decided improvement on recent exhibitions. The society has smartened up its habitation, which is now brightly and tastefully adorned, and well lighted after dusk with albo-carbon lamps. Changes have been made, very much for the better, in the arrangement of the galleries, the two southern rooms being now given up to water-colour drawings instead of the single small room into which they were formerly crowded. As to the character of the works shown, though the general level is still mediocre, there are many signs of greater strength and ability than there were, while some half-dozen of the pictures and drawings are remarkable.

Mr. Whistler's "Arrangement in Black—Portrait of Mrs. Louis Huth" (299) will, of course, attract the most attention of any work in the gallery. Artistic society was startled a week ago by the news that this most wayward, most unEnglish of painters had found a home among the men of Suffolk-street of all people in the world; and this portrait and a small water-colour sketch are the evidence which he gives of his attachment to his new abode. There is no need to discuss at this date a style of art which has long been familiar to visitors to the Salon and the Grosvenor; it is enough to say that the portrait is successful among Whistlers—it will please the impressionists and the lovers of fine tones, and it will give some little satisfaction to those who dissent from the artist's theories so much as to hold that a picture is none the worse for giving some evidence of work. Mr. Whistler has a follower, and a very clever one—Mr. Sidney Starr—whose numerous small scenes of sea and boats and whose masterly little study of a lady in gray (245) are among the best things in the exhibition.

"The Bazaar & Mart".

FINE ART.

WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE pulse of the artistic mother in Suffolk-street has never been very strong, though it has beaten much more healthily this year than for many a long day, and, as physicians say, "we hope our strength may be maintained." It requires not only maintenance, but added tonic and nerve power. Like the Academy, for which it has reared many children who were at one time feeble, the Society of British Artists suffers by the right of members to consider they possess the elixir of youth—that effeteness and incapacity never overtake them. A broken-down vocalist would not be tolerated in public, even if "stars" supported him. His performance would not show what he could have or had done when in his prime. Why are worn-out painters exempt from hissing?

Mr. Whistler monopolises much of the wall, and, as his contributions chiefly occupy the places of honour, we are bound to assume that the council esteem him highly—nevertheless, we think he is likely to be a "handful" to Mr. Burr and his confrères. An inscription on one of his frames was not in questionable taste, because there could be no question about it; but, as it has since been removed, and was never admitted into the catalogue, we hope the authorities can hold their own even against Whistler. His full-length oil "Portrait of Mrs. Cassati" (362) in habit and hat is clever in its dealings with naught but dull black on a black ground devoid of any accessories, and the flesh tints of the face are much less deathly than usual; but the hands are the hands of a corpse, and skilful treatment of one colour does not compensate for a result that is heavy, dull, and eccentric. "Master Stephen Manuel" (45) is equally clever, and not so funereal, but it is goblin, not a living, breathing child. In the water-colour room Mr. Whistler has pastel and aquarelle sketches ("notes") of undraped figures, with prices attached thereto, which show at what modest worth Mr. Whistler gauges his talents. One, "Caprice in Red" (570), is at least happily named. We have said undraped figures, but this is because the muslin surroundings leave the model more "naked and unashamed" than is Mr. Kennington's lovely "Wood Nymph" (313), which is avowedly the nude. The "Caprice" is a Drury Lane Spirit of Fire, except that the Lord Chamberlain would make himself apparent. Needless to say, Mr. Whistler has many followers. Where daring and rapid effect are to take the place of, and be worshipped as "fine" *art*, there will be found those who will shirk good honest work, and a name that will live beyond the bubble reputation of a fashionable clique. Mr. Walter Sickert is far the best of Whistleriane; indeed, "Le Treport" (227) excels anything of his master's we have seen; but as Messrs. Dowdeswell will soon hold a Sickert exhibition, we shall not stay for analysis now. Miss E. Armstrong can paint (not wash) so well that it is matter of deep regret she should follow Sickert so blindly in "A Summer Holiday" (154) and Whistler in "An Old Woman's Garden" (216). Her "After Dinner" (46), an old fellow cogitating by his kitchen fire after the inner man has been made content, is preferable.

Telegraph Nov 26'85

At a special assembly of the Incorporated Society of British Artists, held yesterday [illegible]ing, Mr. James M. Whistler was elected a r[illegible]

Theatre Journal Feb 24

Mr Whistler has formed a second exhibition of "Etchings and Dry Points" of Venetian scenes, and the private view which took place on Saturday at the Fine Art Society, in New Bond-street. The etchings are as slight and as clever as Mr Whistler's work always is; but what will chiefly strike visitors to the exhibition is the furniture of the room and the catalogue. The former is described as "an arrangement in white and yellow," the walls being hung with white felt, the benches covered with yellow stuff, the chairs stained yellow, and even the picture-frames and the dress of the attendant being made to match. The catalogue is an elaborate instance of the humour in which Mr Whistler, as befits a countryman of Mark Twain, is pleased to indulge. After each title comes a quotation from some real or imaginary critic; for Mr Whistler likes the critics even less than the critics like Mr Whistler. On the whole, the quality of the work shown hardly seems to bear out the artist's implied claim to a position above and beyond criticism. What might have been tolerated in a Rembrandt or a Meryon must be judged very differently in one who is at present a good way from either.

Weekly Register Feb 24

ANOTHER single artist exhibition has produced its little sensation in Bond Street during the last few days—that of Mr. Whistler, who helps out the interest of his etchings and dry-points by hanging the room in which they are shown with white felt and painting it in a strong and insistent yellow. An attendant habited also in the tints of a poached egg, the wearing of yellow cravats by Mr. Whistler's more devoted friends, and the presence of the little butterfly whereby the artist accompanies the signature of his name, in yellow, completed the entirely adventitious interest of the clamorous little show. The invitation card to the private view was in itself a work of art, and so nicely balanced in the arrangement of lines and spaces, that the presence of the *u* in *honour* would probably have thrown out the mysterious symmetry and more mysterious accident of the decoration. Still the *u* in *honour* is desirable. The catalogue is made up of all the hard things which the critics have said at various times of Mr. Whistler and his works of art, and is headed and ended by sufficiently flippant scriptural quotations. "Out of their mouths shall ye judge them" begins the unique document, and it closes with the following phrases from the Hebrew prophet, "Therefore is judgment far from us. We grope for the wall, like the blind, and we grope as if we had no eyes; we stumble at noonday as in the night. We roar all like bears." This manifesto of impudence, and all the buffoonery of the yellow and white show, leave the visitor little leisure for the etchings themselves, some of which are extremely beautiful and felicitous, and some again dependent upon the printing for all the effectiveness they possess. That the Princess of Wales condescended to wear Mr. Whistler's butterfly may be taken as a sign of the success of *réclame* and *tapage* in our days.

Aston Standard Feb 24.

MR. WHISTLER'S LATEST "ARRANGEMENT."—It is impossible to take Mr. Whistler seriously, and we do not propose to criticise the collection of fifty-one etchings and dry-points of Venice which he has "arranged" in the gallery of the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond-street. What really characterises this collection is the charming foppery by which it is surrounded. The gallery is hung with golden yellow velvet and lemon-yellow muslin; the floor is carpeted with yellow matting; visitors are invited to sit on settees covered with yellow serge, or on perilous little cane-bottomed chairs painted canary-colour. The etchings themselves are framed in white frames, and hung far apart upon walls covered with white felt. Everything is white and yellow, and the catalogues of the exhibition are handed round by a dejected attendant in a fancy dress of white and yellow. There are rows of little yellow pots, each containing one little yellow flower. In all this blaze of yellow the black coats and dresses of the British "gallery-trotter" present what we may be allowed to call a discord in dinginess.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

South Durham Herald Feb 24.

Mr Whistler has formed a second exhibition of "Etchings and Dry Points" of Venetian scenes, and the private view which took place on Saturday at the Fine Art Society, in New Bond-street. The etchings are as slight and as clever as Mr Whistler's work always is; but what will chiefly strike visitors to the exhibition is the furniture of the room and the catalogue. The former is described as "an arrangement in white and yellow," the walls being hung with white felt, the benches covered with yellow stuff, the chairs stained yellow, and even the picture-frames and the dress of the attendant being made to match. The catalogue is an elaborate instance of the humour in which Mr Whistler, as befits a countryman of Mark Twain, is pleased to indulge. After each title comes a quotation from some real or imaginary critic; for Mr Whistler likes the critics even less than the critics like Mr Whistler. On the whole, the quality of the work shown hardly seems to bear out the artist's implied claim to a position above and beyond criticism. What might have been tolerated in a Rembrandt or a Meryon must be judged very differently in one who is at present a good way from either.

Rochdale Observer Feb 24

A very curious and interesting exhibition is promised us in May. Comparatively few people have heard of the society of French artists who style themselves "Les Impressionistes." These gentlemen, as their title implies, seek to convey ideas from nature which are capable of a broad and dashing treatment, coupled with rapid execution—in fact to fix and secure as it were the impression the mind receives from the contemplation of any effect. In a few words they may be described as the exact reverse of the Pre-Raphaelite school, of which we have just lost a gifted and distinguished member in Rossetti. The Impressionistes will make their first exhibition in this country thoroughly representative, and rumours have come across the Channel that Degas, Monet, Boudin, and other members of the society will exhibit some very remarkable work. The exhibition will be held at Mogars. Dowdeswell's galleries in New Bond-street. Meanwhile Mr. Whistler's little art show is the attraction of the town. The white and yellow "arrangements," the white and yellow serge which is so liberally made use of in the appointment of the room; the white and yellow catalogues, and the white and yellow-robed attendants constitute a truly novel exhibition. I fear Mr. Whistler's etchings owe not a little to these eccentric accessories.

Advertiser Feb 24

M. WHISTLER'S LATEST "ARRANGEMENT."—It is impossible to take Mr Whistler seriously, and we do not propose to criticise the collection of fifty-one etchings and dry-points of Venice which he has "arranged" in the gallery of the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond Street. What really characterises this collection is the charming foppery by which it is surrounded. The gallery is hung with golden-yellow velvet and lemon-yellow muslin; the floor is carpeted with yellow matting; visitors are invited to sit on settees covered with yellow serge, or on perilous little cane-bottomed chairs painted canary-colour. The etchings themselves are framed in white frames, and hung far apart upon walls covered with white felt. Everything is white and yellow, and the catalogues of the exhibition are handed round by a dejected attendant in a fancy dress of white and yellow. There are rows of little yellow pots, each containing one little yellow flower. In all this blaze of yellow the black coats and dresses of the British "gallery-trotter" present what we may be allowed to call a discord in dinginess.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Western Morning News March

Mr. Whistler has issued a second edition of that catalogue of his works which he binds in brown sugar paper and in which he pokes outrageous fun at the critics. He prints an article from the *World* at the end of it, as though to say, "This is real art criticism." In one sense the great etcher is justified in his exceedingly impudent attacks upon the public. The yellow exhibition at the Fine Art Society in Bond-street, is a great success. Yesterday hundreds of people were visiting it.

...rently authorised ... district board ...

The private view of the Suffolk Street Artists' is now called "The Butterfly's Ball."

Bird o' Freedom Feb 20

MR. JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER makes more out of his eccentricities than Mr. Oscar Wilde. A lecture by the latter would, I take it, be a dire failure in this metropolis. Whereas the former finds it possible to fill a little room in New Bond Street with people who find the utmost satisfaction in a contemplation of his etchings. I dropped in there on Saturday last, and if such exclamations —principally from fair lips—as "delightful," "exquisite," "how true to nature," are to be taken as having any meaning, they indicated the intensest sort of delight on the part of the spectators.

THE poison of one man, according to a proverb, will be found a nourishing diet by another. And I therefore must put it down to some peculiar condition of my organs of artistic digestion that I am quite unable to appreciate those beauties concerning which I heard others wax so eloquent. Indeed, I am fain to admit that the adverse criticisms which Mr. Whistler, with a sort of grim humour, has reproduced in his catalogue of fifty-one pictures appeared to me in most cases to tell the truth about these few very unequal works. Nor to my mind can an etching be properly seen when glazed and hung on a wall.

BUT Mr. Whistler is wise in his generation. The public has evidently said to him, in the words of the old song :—

"Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.'

And if the visitor is not quite educated up to the point (the dry point, shall I say?) of regarding his sketchy suggestions as finished works, he will at least have the satisfaction of noting the arrangement and decoration of the room in which the etchings are displayed. Mr. Carlyle was an old Chelsea neighbour of Mr. Whistler, and the etcher has evidently accepted in its entirety that statement of the philosopher which proclaimed that the inhabitants of this world were "mostly fools." And I am very greatly of opinion that if Mr. Whistler had not elected to cover the walls of his gallery with white flannel picked out with lines of Coleman's Best Mustard the enthusiasm of the visitors would be less considerable. Nor must the merits of that menial be omitted who is decorated with white and yellow like the walls, and who dispenses the brown paper covered catalogues at the barely remunerative tariff of a shilling each.

Daily Press Feb 20

MR. WHISTLER has a yellow and white attendant at his exhibition at the Fine Art Society's rooms, and very conscious of his ludicrous appearance the poor fellow evidently is; but why has he not catalogues in yellow and white also? As an ardent admirer of such "capers" I was quite disappointed when in exchange for my shilling I received a catalogue printed in black ink and sewn in a brown paper cover.

Catholic Times Feb 23

Mr. Whistler, the artist, is displaying a series of etchings and views of Venice at the Gallery of the Fine Art Society, with accompaniments of a remarkable and even whimsical kind. The whole affair is an arrangement in white and yellow. The walls are white and yellow, the matting is yellow, the hangings of the fire-place are yellow, the curtains are yellow, and, to ensure completeness, the footman himself is a waiting arrangement in white and yellow combined, not a little to his discomfort, one may suppose. He is said to find it difficult to preserve his equanimity beneath the battery of curious gazers. And, more curious perhaps still, each visitor receives a catalogue containing hostile criticism on Mr. Whistler's works, without a single friendly word. Such are the eccentricities of Art.

Coventry Standard Feb 23

prove it, if ...

Mr. Whistler has certainly made the joke of the season. The Fine Art Society have given him a room to do what he likes with, and a very remarkable chamber it is. At the entrance you meet an attendant in a livery of white and yellow. This is rather pretty, and makes you feel hopeful. But when you get into the room your breath is taken away. The walls are perfectly white, except for a broad ledge of brilliant yellow, which forms a dado. On one side, like a great yellow splash, is the singular symbol which Mr. Whistler has adopted as a signature, and which is grotesquely suggestive of his own speaking countenance. The door is adorned by yellow curtains; at the opposite end of the room is a mantelpiece hung with yellow; a yellow sofa is in the middle of the room; a yellow matting on the floor; yellow chairs with white cane bottoms, and yellow ornaments filled with yellow flowers, complete a picture whose superabundant yellowness almost gives one the jaundice. Against the white walls, it must be admitted that the etchings look vastly well. A few of them must excite the admiration of everybody not incurably prejudiced against the artist. Mr. Whistler does succeed in giving an impression of night atmosphere and mist. Moreover, he has been at the unusual pains to finish some of his etchings with the utmost care. For example, there is a picture which he calls "Nocturne Palaces," in which all the delicacy of Venetian architecture is reproduced with the closest fidelity. There is a blacksmith's forge, in which you can almost see the blaze. But the majority of the etchings are unintelligible. Mr. Whistler has produced a most diverting catalogue, in which he quotes in connection with each picture some sweeping criticism against himself. But what is even more comic is the gravity with which he christens works which might as well be nameless. For instance, there is the "Bead Stringers," in which a number of half-starved creatures are staring at a woman who seems to have a basin on her lap. I thought the subject was a soup kitchen. There are no beads and no stringing. Some of the etchings might exchange titles without anybody being the wiser, and they might with equal advantage have been hung upside down.

Building News 1623

MR. WHISTLER'S ETCHINGS.

A GALLERY unique in its artistic accompaniments, has just been opened at the Fine Arts Club, New Bond-street, in which is exhibited a second series of etchings by Mr. J. McNeill Whistler. The room, lighted from the top, is in itself as remarkable, as the etchings themselves. The walls, to a height of about 10ft., are lined with white felt, finished by a moulding or capping painted yellow, while the skirting is also of the same colour; the floor is carpeted with matting of similar tone, the fireplace is draped in yellow plush, and even the attendants are dressed in a costume in which light yellow is the conspicuous colour. Mr. Whistler, by this "arrangement in white and yellow," as it is called, has enhanced the contrast, or rather produced a harmony of tone between his work and its surroundings. The frames are white, plain, square in section, with two light brown lines as their only relief. Not less remarkable is the catalogue of the pictures, in which are strung together several of the most depreciatory remarks on his works the artist could meet with, though many of them are certainly pointless, and can scarcely be said to apply to the etchings they profess to criticise. As most people know by this time, Mr. Whistler belongs to the school known as the "Impressionists," and his etchings must be judged by a rather different standard of merit than that applied to other artists. His aim is to give impressions of scenes in a few lines or shadows, and he does not seek to satisfy the eye by minute execution and details. Thus in "San Biagio" (4) we have an archway emphasised by shadow, through which a street appears. The lights and reflection on the water, as in the "Nocturne Riva" (8) are smudges of brown tint; the latter picture certainly has feeling, and the reflection of vessels and distant buildings is admirable. "San Giorgio" is a scene in which there are only a few scratches to represent vessels, but there are tone and gradation; so with the etchings of "Nocturne Palaces": the balconies and features are not drawn with any care for architectural neatness, the shadows are only represented by a few "furry" looking lines, and the usual rubbed in colour for sea and sky. The "Doorway" (13), made up by a few scratches, yet imparts the idea the artist intended to convey; the grilles and ironwork are indicated, not drawn. There is a remarkable inequality, however, in some of the etchings: some are expressed by shadows, others by scratchy incomplete lines, as in "Temple" (15). "T... Bridge" (17), "Wool Carders," "Regent's Quadrant" (22), "Little Venice" are all incomplete as drawings yet have a certain charm of indistinctness, dash and colour. Three pieces, "Islands," "The Little Lagoon" and "Nocturne Shipping" over the mantelpiece, certainly honoured in position, are instances of a few telling strokes. All is sky and sea, save a streak of shipping or distant objects on the horizon. Mr. Whistler is impatient of architectural detail. His "Two Doorways," "The Balcony" (32), "Palaces" (48), are instances of indefiniteness: we only make out the lovely Venetian fenestration in the last, for instance, by its shadows. The whole of the collection points to the aim of the artist that of conveying beautiful images in chiaroscuro through a haze—a kind of poetry of indistinctness, which endeavours to suggest rather than perfect an object. It may be sensational art; but there are not wanting traces of genuine feeling in it.

People. Feb. 23. 1883.

VENICE AND WHISTLER.

Mr. James McNeill Whistler is fertile in surprises, but last week he must have surprised himself. It is not often that the Prince and our Princess visit any gallery save on what are termed Royal days; therefore the Fine Art Society can boast of an honour special as unique. Crowds had visited, and were visiting, the "Arrangement in White and Yellow"—a Whistlerian setting to the Second Series of his Venice Etchings and Dry Points—when a "harmony in scarlet and gold," joined issue, and a crowded gallery within, and still more crowded streets without, were the result. The "White" section of the arrangement was not apparent to the outside spectators, but the "Yellow" prevailed everywhere—in flowers, ribbons, kerchiefs, in men's ties, in breast bouquets, and button-holes. Within it was, indeed, *blanc et jaune*. The catalogue attendants suggested nothing so much as a walking bed of crocuses—white coats, white bifurcateds with yellow stripes, yellow vests, ties, and socks showed a devotion to colour worthy of the early Christian martyrs. The walls of the gallery were white, save for a yellow beading and some yellow butterflies that seemed recent arrivals from Japan, but which are really to Mr. Whistler what the crysanthemum is to the Mikado—his crest and blazon. Curtains and couches, chairs and cushions, mantel draperies and vases of Japanese *faience*, were all yellow, and within the latter bloomed plants with yellow bloom—the broom—the *planta genista* of our sometime kings. It was a novel idea, and, like most novelties, attracted crowds. From early until late there was a crush—that is a well-bred crush, such as when at a "small and early" of the Duchesse de Sangre-Azul, stairs are crammed, passages packed, and conservatories congested—in the endeavour to solve the mystery of the Silvern and Golden Chamber. Time was of no object, and it is well it was so, for access was very difficult, and progress correspondingly slow. Art, literature, science, and fashion had sent some, in fact, most of their distinguished representatives. Once entry was gained, the Etchings, set in white frames, were on view if one could only manage to see them. It was Venice, in undress; not the Venice of high days and holidays, but the Venice of every day life. From the Rialto to the Long Lagoon, her canals, palaces, trades, and shops, her costumes and customs, her people and places treated with freshness of feeling and absence of conventionality. But if one could not see the Etchings, the Catalogue was to hand. That catalogue in which Mr. Whistler sits in judgment on his critics is a delightful joke. "Lobster Pots"—"so little in them"—P. G. Hamerton. "Upright Venice"—"little to recommend them save the eccentricity of their titles." "A Nocturne Riva"—"the Nocturne is intended to convey an impression of night," whilst the entire arrangement is set down by the artist in an extract stated to be from *Truth* as "Another crop of Mr. Whistler's little jokes." The butterfly fluttered everywhere, distributing his namesakes to the ladies present, and in Whistlerian phrase, "Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?" A nine day's wonder will be this arrangement in white and yellow, and then people will think of the Etchings, and looking at them say Mr. Whistler's hand has not lost its cunning. The second series is as quaint as the first; there is the same power to express the feeling of a picture by a few rapid strokes, and the motion of water by a few lines, the same skill in selecting some points yet untouched by the many artists who have exploited and still explore Venice. This arrangement in white and yellow will, I doubt not, become a harmony in metals, and as her Majesty's lieges following the example of her Majesty's son and daughter, Mr. Whistler be able to set heraldic rules at open defiance, and put metal on metal—silver on gold.

H. W. S.

North London News

Mr. Whistler has certainly made the joke of the season. The Fine Art Society have given him a room to do what he likes with, and a very remarkable chamber it is. At the entrance you meet an attendant in a livery of white and yellow. This is rather pretty, and makes you feel hopeful. But when you get into the room your breath is taken away. The walls are perfectly white, except for a broad ledge of brilliant yellow, which forms a dado. On one side, like a great yellow splash, is the singular symbol which Mr. Whistler has adopted as a signature, and which is grotesquely suggestive of his own speaking countenance. The door is adorned by yellow curtains; at the opposite end of the room is a mantelpiece hung with yellow; a yellow sofa is in the middle of the room; a yellow matting on the floor; yellow chairs with white cane bottoms, and yellow ornaments filled with yellow flowers, complete a picture whose superabundant yellowness almost gives one the jaundice. Against the white walls, it must be admitted that the etchings look vastly well. A few of them must excite the admiration of everybody not incurably prejudiced against the artist. Mr. Whistler does succeed in giving an impression of night atmosphere and mist. Moreover, he has been at the unusual pains to finish some of his etchings with the utmost care. For example, there is a picture which he calls "Nocturne Palaces," in which all the delicacy of Venetian architecture is reproduced with the closest fidelity. There is a blacksmith's forge, in which you can almost see the blaze. But the majority of the etchings are unintelligible. Mr. Whistler has produced a most diverting catalogue, in which he quotes in connection with each picture some sweeping criticism against himself. But what is even more comic is the gravity with which he christens works which might as well be nameless. For instance, there is the "Bead Stringers," in which a number of half-starved creatures are staring at a woman who seems to have a basin on her lap. I thought the subject was a soup kitchen. There are no beads and no stringing. Some of the etchings might exchange titles without anybody being the wiser, and they might with equal advantage have been hung upside down.

Bazaar Feb 28

FINE ART.

Mr. Whistler's Exhibition.

The gallery of the Fine Art Society in New Bond-street will receive many visitors to Mr. Whistler's etchings, on account of the strange way he has elected to advertise himself, if for no other. Few who go to scoff will remain to pray, and many who go to worship will stay to ridicule. The gallery has been open a week, and some of our daily contemporaries have mildly insinuated that Mr. Whistler's quotations from his critics, appended to the titles in the catalogue and his marginal references thereto, are open to question as a matter of taste. We do not ourselves think there is room for "question" at all. The extracts Mr. Whistler has chosen are *con*, barely one *pro*, but, in the face of his past and present actions, we cannot credit him with want of self appreciation as a reason for such choice, and, as an example of unanimity of opinion from art critics of every class of the press, the extracts furnish good proof that the faults seen by one man were seen by others. If Mr. Whistler could sink so low as to disguise himself and go to hear what the public think when it compares the critics' dicta with the etchings shown, he would hear "How true! how very true," twenty times, and "How unjust," never. This would not weigh with him doubtless, for with Carlyle acidity he ends his catalogue with the words "We grope for the wall like the blind, and we grope as if we had no [illegible]" "We roar all like bears."

Lady's Pictorial March 3

Yellow seems to be the only wear just now as far as flowers on the bonnet are concerned. Mr. Whistler must really quite enjoy himself when he takes his walks abroad, for everywhere we see arrangements in his favourite hue; the flowers are wonderfully like nature too, and lighten up the black toilettes of Lent in a truly wonderful way; particularly are the daffodils a success, though certainly the primroses run them very hard, and even crocuses are pressed into the service, but these can never be anything but stiff. We are truly thankful to note how rigorously the Princess of Wales refuses to have anything to say to crinoline, even in its mildest form, and we trust her excellent example may have some effect. If intending wearers of crinoline will visit the Crystal Palace Saturday concerts and note the effect of it there as the wearers flounce up and down the nave, we venture to say that will be quite enough to deter them.

[illegible] district board

It is not fair to the writers (or himself) to use a line or two without its context. We all know how this is done to make attractive advertisements from reviews of books, notices of merchandise, &c., but that a gentleman artist should do so, even with depreciatory extracts, is a new and deplorable departure. It was once argued that the Bible said "There is no God," because the preliminary words "The wicked hath said in his heart" could be excised. So is it with some of the garbled criticisms. The paragraphs could not be given *in extenso*, therefore we find one reads, "The utter absence as far as my eye * may be trusted, of gradation—T. Wedmore," and as marginal allusion Mr. Whistler delicately puts "?" only. Now, granting that it was not probable the compositor dropped out an "s," it would have been as sensible and almost as refined had the commentator deleted all but "my eye," and put a sign of ejaculation instead of interrogation beside it. T. Wedmore is also responsible for having written "He took from London to Venice * his happy fancy for suggesting lapping water," and Mr. Whistler's side note is "Like Eno's fruit salt or Anti mal de Mer." A Scotch paper's remarks was "Whistler is eminently vulgar." Disraeli asserted critics were unsuccessful authors or artists—in other words they have had the conceit taken out of them. Mr. Whistler will not yet be fitted for such journalism. The catalogue in brown paper wrapper and torn edged pages is an affectation ill assorting with the unæsthetic utterances on their borders, but well matching "the arrangement in white and yellow" of the gallery; its walls covered with white flannel, cornice and wainscot bright canary, yellow velveteen curtains and mantel hangings, yellow serge settees, pale yellow silk valance over the entrance, yellow matting on the floor, white and yellow chairs, and yellow vases with one yellow marguerite in each. We imagine the choice of the colour was symbolical of critics' jaundiced views. Of the fifty etchings on the walls, some have been previously seen, but a large number are new, and, like the rest, are much recruited by scenes in Venice, though why such eccentricities as "Long Venice," "Little Venice," or "Upright Venice" should be given as titles, we are at a loss to know. Long Venice (42) is clever by reason of the impression it conveys (with very little work) of space and distance, not of the Riva de Schiavoni as seen from its level, but when looked at from a height; but, with few exceptions we feel a want of light and shade in the etchings; or a portion of one may be perfectly satisfying in the result achieved by painstaking work and the rest be so scratchily scamped that everything is left to the imagination; they do not even bear the description of "suggestive." The Smithy (34) possesses some of the best attributes of the etcher's art, and the gradual depths of the uncoiled roof are fully given with careful work that might almost be termed laborious, but the smith must be created by the spectator. This, perhaps, is well, for Mr. Whistler is not happy in his drawing of figures, and they are often obtrusive, though shadowy, witness "The Dyer" (11). "Traghetto" (37) has a fine effect of light thrown under an arch, and is one of the few that bear the quality of marked light and shade, while the head of one of the figures in the foreground is finished, and his body "suggested"—an incongruity open to no apology. The gloom of arches shows Mr. Whistler's power best, and he is quite successful with certain architectural drawings. "Two Doorways" (28) is wholly admirable as an etching and as a fine study of drawing high walls of circular buildings, seen from near and below them. "The Balcony" (32) is of another and lighter style, but essentially good. "San Biazio" (4), showing a street spanned by an arch, "The Bridge" (17) with wonderfully good perspective, and "San Georgio" (10) are the next best to our thinking; but nocturnes of Shipping, Dawn, Furnace, or Salute, are something more than disappointing.

Mr. James Neil McWhistler is comic beyond his years, beyond his white lock for the matter of that. He is comic or nothing. Not content with having invented Mr. Oscar Wilde, and introduced the pilgrim's staff in lieu of the popular walking-stick, he has inoculated a room in new Bond-street with yellow fever and hung his etchings therein. This is his best and most effective joke. The garniture of the room acts on one like an emetic, and one feels ill directly. In addition to this Mr. McWhistler has produced a comic catalogue, which had even a more hurtful effect upon the critics than the decorations. On Saturday afternoon many of these gentlemen left the room in a fever. Another comic element in the show is that Mr. McWhistler expects you to pay to see it. One or two of the etchings are worthy of normal surroundings.

We have had, I think, enough of Mr. Whistler's fooling. It is ever interesting to look into an artist's method and to witness his results. Mr. Whistler is not the first of contemporary artists by any means, nor is he a very able clown. Yet he clowns to some purpose. He has always an eye for the main chance. Knowing that the intrinsic worth of his works would not draw absolutely the whole town to his comic room in Bond-street, he plays this white-and-yellow trick to get the show talked about. That he is intelligent you will grant.

So long as Mr. Whistler is not forgotten I presume he is happy. Mr. Oscar Wilde acquired fame and notoriety just as he had done, but he did not stay so well. People purchased what are by courtesy called his poems to laugh at them. Our American Cousins attended his lectures to be tickled and jeer, but artful Oscar did not care. Those who came to laugh had to pay, and he came home with their dollars. Oscar died a natural death; James has committed suicide. People give their money to see his eccentric decorations more than his dry prints, and to be amused. But he gives them too much for their money. He takes liberties not only with his own work, but with his Press critics. He is shrewd enough to know that if the journalist retaliates he secures a free advertisement. The chances are, however, that the Press will in future leave him severely alone.

London Figaro Feb 24

All London is already talking about Mr. Whistler's latest arrangement—a symphony, I suppose he would call it, in yellow. I do not refer to his pictures, but to the room at 148, New Bond-street, where his latest etchings are hung. It is certainly a most extraordinary-looking apartment, with its golden yellow plush hangings, its yellow muslin curtains, its yellow matting, its yellow wooden chairs, and its yellow covered divans. The Prince and Princess, who were both at the private view, were much struck by the quaintness of the whole affair, for the walls, I may add, are white and the picture-frames ditto. Even the attendant is attired in white and yellow; whilst yellow flowers spring from yellow pots.

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But besides giving London dinner-tables a new topic for a day or two by his arrangement of his gallery, Mr. Whistler has issued a catalogue which I advise everyone to get. Some day it will be very scarce and worth much money, I feel sure. It is a capital bit of fun, and even Professor Ruskin would, I think, have to laugh at the way the compiler has shown up his critics. Altogether Mr. Whistler has to be thanked for the best artistic joke of this or any recent season.

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The Princess, by the way, was looking very well, and as young and charming as she always does. She, like most of the ladies present, found the blaze of canary and lemon yellows somewhat trying at first. But, as it happened, her dress, which was of black and the new fashionable grey, was by no means badly adapted to its yellow background. Both she and the Prince, indeed, were careful to secure a catalogue to take away with them.

name is not ye... edition and inform our ...

CAUSERIE.

The private view of the Grosvenor Gallery is generally noted for the curious and elegant costumes of the visitors; but Mr. Whistler's private view at the Fine Art Society's galleries in New Bond-street, last Saturday, seemed likely to be equally noticeable. The room was decorated according to the taste of the artist in such a fashion as to harmonise with the delicate etchings which hung on the walls, and to make an excellent background for rich, but subdued, dresses. Mr. Whistler signified on his cards of invitation that the colouring of the room would be yellow and white, and he took the trouble to suggest to those of his female friends who were unlikely to dress in harmony, that black or white gowns would best fit in to his scheme of colour.

Naturally the dresses were satisfactory, with one or two exceptions, such as a brilliant peacock and a tawny red, the latter being accentuated by two bunches of red and yellow tulips with large green leaves. Many of the costumes were entirely brown; one of nut-brown velvet had an admirable effect against the yellow colouring, and the same might be said of a chocolate velvet and one of dark myrtle green.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales looked very charming in colours that Mr. Whistler used some years back for the drapery of a lovely sitter, whose portrait was termed "an arrangement in grey and pink." The bonnet and petticoat worn by the Princess of Wales were of shaded plush in a shell pattern: the grey colour varying from that of weak ink at the base of the shell to that of silver at the serrated edge. A tunic of striped velvet, in dark and light grey, was draped simply over the skirt, which hung in natural folds, guiltless of any artificial stiffening. A very quiet little dolman of dark grey velvet was edged with black marabout trimming, and the only relief to the sombre colouring of the costume was a tuft of pale pink at one side of the closely-fitting bonnet.

Mr. Whistler's beautiful room deserves a minute description—leaving a detailed account of the etchings to the art-critic of the paper. The walls are hung with white baize, headed above the pictures by a bright yellow moulding. This yellow paint is repeated on the woodwork at the foot. The portières and drapery for the fireplace are of thin, soft, yellow velvet; yellow serge covers the settee in the middle of the room; and the chairs, little tables, &c., are all yellow and white. Genuine Indian matting of straw-colour covers the floor, and on this are one or two China jars in shaded brown, yellow, or white, filled with yellow and white narcissi and daffodils. Some half-dozen greenish yellow jars of Valauris ware hold yellow marguerites on the mantel-shelf, and the harmony of colour was continued at the private view by the presentation of yellow and white butterflies by the artist to special friends. I need not say that the wearer of the peacock dress failed to receive a decoration. The etchings, which constitute the *raison d'être* of this exhibition, are printed on yellowish paper, the colour of which is enhanced by white frames striped with grey.

CELIA.

Daily Graphic Feb 18

THE FINE ART SOCIETY, NEW BOND STREET.

Mr. J. M'Neill Whistler has invited the Press and the public to an exhibition of the second series of his Views of Venice, in Etching and Dry Point. We should be inclined to absolve Mr. Whistler from any wish to appear singular for the sake of singularity, and are quite willing to give him credit for perfect honesty of intention in the art course he has pursued. But his art has hitherto, certainly, been most original, and can scarcely be judged by any known rules or principles. Many of us remember the remarkable apartment he adorned for a gentleman, which Mr. Whistler afterwards called "The Peacock Room," and he now introduces us to a room at the Fine Art Society's premises, where his works are collected, fitted up in a manner equally unique. Continuing the somewhat new adaptation of the principles of colouring, with terms we think Mr. Whistler has himself invented, he calls his present exhibition, generally, "An Arrangement in White and Yellow," and there certainly is no question as to the peculiar suitability of the designation. The walls of the gallery are hung with white ornamented with yellow bands, and curtains, chairs, lounges, and draperies are presented to the visitor in different shades of this rather trying colour. But even that is not all, and to sustain the uniformity of the idea, the room is embellished with yellow flowers, and even the attendant is clad in white and gold uniform. The pictures, fifty-one in number, are principally in narrow white frames, and we are bound to add that, as a matter of taste, they look to the best advantage upon the walls; whilst perhaps, as regards the *tout ensemble* of the gallery, the white possibly rather over-predominates. The catalogue of the collection is also not a little singular, after the title to each work being appended one or more quotations from criticisms of Mr. Whistler's pictures which have at one time or another appeared in various newspapers. The exhibition must certainly be taken in its entirety, for the pictures without the originally-decorated apartment, or the latter without the former, would scarcely be of much importance, and of the two, if a choice were necessary, we certainly think the etchings might be better dispensed with. The pictures are, as a rule, exceedingly slight and unfinished, and are indeed more of the nature of mere suggestions of scenes and objects rather than any fully-carried-out idea. Among the better examples we may refer to "The Dyer" (No. 11), a man at a doorway engaged dipping his cloth in the water; "The Doorway" (No. 13), with gracefully-drawn figure of a girl stooping forward; "Long Lagoon" (No. 14) and "Little Salute" (No. 16), both very slight, but suggestive, the latter in Dry Point; "Two Doorways" (No. 28), finer, with more work and dark effect; and "Drury Lane" (No. 31), a view through an archway of some shops, which really look picturesque, although they are in the dreary purlieus of Drury Lane, and a few slightly indicated figures of children. "The Rialto" (No. 41) gives excellent idea of life and movement, in the numerous figures ascending and descending the steps; but even in this clever work the eye is only partially satisfied, there being such a want of completeness in the design. At the mantelpiece are three smallish works, all possessed of a certain quality of tone, but very slight in execution: "The Little Lagoon" (No. 26) in the centre, and on either side, "Islands" (No. 25) and "Nocturne Shipping" (No. 27), among other examples of better class being "San Biagio" (No. 4), "The Bridge" (No. 17), "The Balcony" (No. 32), and "The Smithy" (No. 34), a dark interior.

Mr. Whistler's exhibition

March 1.

MR. J. MCNEIL WHISTLER is really a benefactor to society; he has provided us with at least an hour's amusement, no slight matter in these dull days; the artistic biliousness of his room at the Fine Art Society's Galleries in Bond Street is simply exquisite; no one can escape an attack of ocular dyspepsia; to go twice would damage the eyesight of the Yellow Dwarf himself. Artistically speaking the etchings have but little value, they are well and carefully pointed and rely mainly on the oil and ink smudges the artist has manipulated. I would remind Mr. Whistler however that etching is not a printer's art but a draughtsman's. Two scratches require a considerable effort of the imagination to transform them into a crowd of people, and a blot of ink does not usually convey to the uninitiated a palace on the Grand Canal. Mr. Whistler has done good work with his needle and therefore needs no consideration; the collection of scratches he dignifies by the name of etchings, contains work good enough to cause a feeling of sorrow that he has not done more, of contempt at the rubbish he blandly terms "study." If Mr. Whistler bestowed half the pains on his art that he does on his advertising he might make a name; at present he has only succeeded in making a noise.

Arthur March 1.

It is our misfortune and not our fault that we enter now and again into criticism. As Mr. WHISTLER transcribes his "impressions" from nature and, partly from haste and partly from incompetence, the result is not always to be seen in art work of highest perfection, so we, our public demanding, transcribe some "impressions" of Mr. Whistler, and our remarks may be not final nor wholly correct from reasons not different. We are answerable for our uprightness and not for our rightness. Mr. Whistler has received plentiful criticism. To mark his sense of debt to the press, and to Mr. P. G. Hamerton and Mr. Wedmore especially, and the well known writer to whom he so indelicately refers as "'Arry" he has for these gentlemen organised a "benefit." Most of the laughter will be with the artist, but his critics will laugh heartily too.

Morning Post March 3

STILL MORE ARMIES.

Our old friend Mr. Harebrain Hardup has, we regret to say, put in an appearance again

He had not visited the editorial sanctum since the memorable occasion when he burst in upon us with a copy of the dispatches sent from Egypt by the correspondent of the *Daily Lightning Flash*, which we refused to insert, thereby incurring his severest displeasure, which he mercifully manifested by a long absence.

To-day he called upon us for advice.

It appears that he has long had in contemplation the idea of starting a new army. He has incidentally remarked that the promoters of these plagiarisms on the Service have suddenly risen from penury to comparative affluence, and influenced by this phenomenon, he has determined upon becoming a promoter.

The first point, that of finding a *raison d'être* for his new idea, was the work of ten seconds. It should be an army devoted to the succour of brilliant geniuses in distress. In this way he would be able to benefit all his immediate circle of acquaintances, and in case of the idea only turning out partially successful, he could, with the utmost propriety, vote the balance of funds in hand to himself without any qualm of conscience or fear of inquiry.

But there was one difficulty insurmountable. He had noticed that for these armies to be financially successful, they must be known by the name of some colour.

And all the colours had been used up.

We suggested a double colour, a harmony in something, and recommended him to Mr. Whistler.

He has been closeted with that great man for hours, discussing harmonies. Whether he will ever come out alive is fast becoming the question of the moment.

We hope not, for there are too many idiots "running" armies already.

He has come out alive, but his mind wanders, and he babbles of hues and shades as yet known only to the painters of the future.

The army will be started next year. It will take all that time for the Coventry manufacturers to get up the Whistler shade, but the name is not yet settled on. When it is, we will issue a special edition and inform our readers.

Athen. March 1

MR. WHISTLER AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERY.

Mr. Whistler has fairly turned the laugh on his critics. In our first hearty enjoyment of the freak we overlooked the good quality of his work and the assured badness of his taste. Our columns are not open for the discussion of ethics, or space might be found for some remarks upon the "etiquette of practical joking." We must leave that however for those to whom it is a nearer concern, and confine ourselves to his art in so far as it supplies matter for criticism.

Mr. Whistler has received no more genuine praise than that which appeared in this paper when his "Venice Pastels" were being exhibited in Bond-street. Many of the subjects of these etchings appear to be almost if not exactly the same as those of the pastels, and they display kindred excellences. The pastel drawings were, however, infinitely more pleasure-giving than these dry-point etchings can be, in part because they showed their artist to have a more rare and delicate sense of colour, and in part because the crayon, with its kindly indistinction of line, is a far better instrument for the "impressionist" than the "point."

The impressionist's business is with what he is pleased to call the "values" of nature, and little, or not at all, with her distracting detail; accordingly he wants for his work the instrument of most various suggestiveness, and of least special insistance. The etcher practices the most insistant of all the arts. If we look at an etching we feel the mordant as it eats the copper; in dry-point we feel the sharp needle working in the furrow. The etcher (whose practice is that of Rembrandt, or of Mr. Whistler) works wholly in line. If his needle is not employed in giving acute distinction to special forms, its inevitable sharp incisions will distract the eye, and prevent the mind from receiving those mass-impressions from nature, which are made as it were by her music. Mr. Whistler is eminently an "Impressionist" (as he shows himself in those Venice etchings and pastels), and one of the quickest and finest, as well as the largest perceptions, but we cannot help feeling many times in his etchings that he is transcribing with a careless hand some evanescent aspect of a city he knows well, and is forgetting that he works with the instrument which has least sympathy with inaccuracy, and is least happy in recording the *informal* impressions of the eye. The critic has an ex post facto task, and one which will be very hard until in our language there is a word to correspond with every aspect of nature, and every fresh combination of aspects, and every mood of every man. He has to account somehow (in a language developed anyhow) for his emotions of pleasure or disgust. Those emotions are matters of fact; his criticism will be a matter of opinion. Mr. Whistler's work, whilst we frankly recognise its qualities, does not give us the highest pleasure. We have attempted, in words of which we cannot be sure, to account for feelings of which we are sure.

The final business of art is not with "impressions." The works of the great "impressionists" are the memoranda of great artists. The man who can convey an impression of what he has heard is listened to only until that other man comes who has both the impression and the knowledge. We want not "impressionists" but "expressionists",—men who can say what they mean because they know what they have heard. In art we want the same. We want to be assured of the secure basis of feeling in knowledge; we want still more that the artist should be at pains to give us of his knowledge, and we want not always the scratches and blotches and misty suggestions of the "impressionist", but finally we want the perfected achievements of the painter who keeps in his studio his "impressionist" drawings, and has there too his carefullest studies of nature in little, and will show only in his work the high arts of expression, which are born of sympathy and full knowledge, and tell of everlasting life.

The "impressionist" should rather breathe upon a glass, and on that vanishing medium transcribe a fleeting vision, than make indelible harsh scratches with the diamond which, corresponding to no distinct image in the mind, will be a torment to the eye almost before its sudden impression has died away.

British Times March 1

ART JOTTINGS.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

Mr. James Abbott McNeill Whistler is rather an amusing man, only he should not get so cross with the poor art critics because they find fault with his pictures. Some years ago we all remember his wonderful "Peacock Room," and since then he has produced "Nocturnes," "Arrangements," and "Harmonies" innumerable. At the present time he electrifies the British public with an exhibition, held at the Fine Art Society's galleries, New Bond-street, which he is pleased to term "An Arrangement in White and Yellow." Mr. Whistler invited press and public to his show, and of course thither we all went. The press view was endurable, but, it having crept out somehow as regards the private view that Royalty was to be present, and the rumour having also got abroad that the artist had prepared a little surprise for visitors, the latter occasion was quite a scene. I had no idea so many of the fashionable world could be crammed into such a small gallery. A friend of mine who arrived rather late found it almost like the outside of the pit of a theatre on benefit night — only the costumes were a trifle different—and I was rather amused to hear that "Cerberus," at the entrance, said to him, "If you come back in half-an-hour, sir, perhaps you can get in, as it may be less crowded." And now for the attraction itself. The true bent of Mr. Whistler's talent appears to be artistic furniture decoration, for his gallery is certainly effective and is in exceedingly good taste. It is not particularly original, for many of us have seen the same kind of idea carried out in houses of the nobility, but it is something quite new for a public art gallery. The effect upon entering the room is startling, the chairs, walls, draperies, lounges, and furnishing generally, being wholly white, with amber, gold, and endless shades and tints of yellow. Even the attendant is costumed in white and yellow, and floral decorations of jonquils and "Lent lilies" complete the effect. Upon the walls are Mr. Whistler's pictures, in etching and dry point, of scenes in Venice, framed in very narrow white surroundings. These etchings, by the way, look to the best advantage on the colourless walls, but as regards the decoration of the apartment generally, the white, perhaps, over predominates. In his catalogue Mr. Whistler is really cruel, for after the names of his pictures he has annexed extracts from former criticisms in various newspapers upon his works. In many instances also he publishes the names of the Art critics, who of course ought to be quite extinguished. It may be the proper thing, after Mr. Whistler's descent upon Mr. Ruskin in 1878, to speak "with bated breath" of his pictures, but as far as I am concerned he may bring a dozen actions against me if he pleases, I still shall always fulfil a public duty in speaking of his works as I find them, although, I hope, both fairly and courteously. With his art I have little or no sympathy, for it has ever appeared to me that he lacks that first requisite in an artist—a sense of the beautiful; and his works are singularly wanting in completeness. It is all very well to paint a picture with a few specks of light colour and some shades of dark, which may represent the heavens above us, the depths of ocean, or a coal cellar, and call it "a harmony," "symphony," or "arrangement" in some colour or another; but that will not do for the great body of those possessed of judgment and common sense in Art as in other matters. Mr. Whistler's etchings at the exhibition I have been referring to are, as to several examples, good both in tone and line; but they, almost without exception, are not the grand and beautiful scenes in Venice one loves to remember—thus showing, I think, that the artist lacks sense of beauty; and they are nearly all mere suggestions, remarkable principally for their incompleteness. Nevertheless, Mr. Whistler has his followers and believers, as witness the young ladies who, with white and yellow butterflies pinned upon their dresses, flitted about his gallery at the private view, delighting visitors with evidence of a keen and decided feeling [illegible] partisanship.

Echo March 2

MR. WHISTLER'S FIASCO.

I think all Mr. Whistler's friends are sorry for him, and, of course, there is corresponding glee in the enemy's camp. The enterprise has been blighted from the beginning—first by a mistake in tact, and secondly in judgment, and mistakes, too, such as no one ever supposed Mr. Whistler would make. Mr. Whistler is an American of the true levelling Republican sort; yet, after inviting his friends to come with butterflies pinned on to them to a private view, he keeps them for an hour and a half waiting in Bond-street whilst it is understood that Royalty is engaged in viewing the etchings. No one can suppose that the Prince of Wales, the most considerate and courteous of men, had anything to do with this, or that anyone but Mr. Whistler is to blame. So much for blot No. 1. Now for blot No. 2. When you *do* get into the little room in Bond-street, you are affronted by another—worse in Mr. Whistler's case, because an artistic blunder. The eye is soon dazed and wearied with the glare of yellow and white; the optic nerve is, in fact, stung as with mustard. The task of appreciating what is there would be, after such an eye-slap, a very difficult one. Only there is, frankly, so very little to see.

I have never doubted Mr. Whistler's ability. I could not help feeling that in the great Whistler-Ruskin trial Whistler got unsubstantial damages, but a moral victory. The effect upon the Jury when the "Chelsea-bridge in a Fog" was held up in court was directly opposite from what the learned counsel who had been ridiculing it intended. I happened to sit close to the Jury box. When that beautiful and poetical study of luminous haze—fog, water, and moonlight—was raised in court there was a murmur of surprise and delight from the twelve incorruptible men. It was so true and so masterly in conception and execution—so far as it went. "Well," growled the foreman—"after all, 'tis much like the Thames in a fog"—and so it was. Whistler can finish, too, when he chooses, and draw when he likes, and colour exquisitely. All this is admitted, and if sometimes he likes to frame three scratches and call them "cats"—or draws a young lady with three legs, and frames that, scorning to rub out the misdrawn limb—why it is, as a veracious journal once said, only one "of Mr. Whistler's little jokes."

These words happen to be the first ones printed in the last Whistler catalogue. Now what must really wound Mr. Whistler's friends is that the above extract applies to the present exhibition very well, as a whole. I do not mean to say that there are not a few admirable sketches—felicitous to a degree—but the rubbish! Ye Gods! And the artist pretends not to know the difference between the good and the bad in his own work—that is rather beyond affectation or manliness. Everything is slight enough; but some things are such public "slights," and there is such a large proportion of them present, that, honestly, Mr. Whistler's warmest admirers feel, on going out, that they ought to have their money back. No, Whistler's last little joke is not good; it is what he so seldom is, dull without being cheap. X.

When he is writing of Mr. Haden, the prince of living English etchers, Mr. Hamerton's remarks assume the tone of almost reverential praise; yet he does not abdicate his proper functions as a critic. After describing with much fairness the peculiar character of Mr. Whistler's works, he feels himself at liberty to give his readers a personal trait of that able but highly eccentric artist:—

Mr. Whistler seems to be aware that etchings are usually sought as much for their rarity as their excellence, and to have determined that his own plates shall be rare already. I have been told that if application is made to Mr. Whistler for a set of his etchings, he may perhaps, if he chooses to answer the letter, do the applicant the favour to let him have a copy for about the price of a good horse; but, beyond such exceptional instances as this, Mr. Whistler's etchings are not in the market. First, the public would not buy, and then, the artist would not sell, so that there has been little commerce between them.

[illegible] hundred [illegible] recently [illegible] district board [illegible]

[illegible] is at present [illegible] a good way from [illegible]

N.S. Mirror March 3

OUR LADIES' COLUMN.

BY A LADY.

LONDON, Friday.

An unpremeditated stroll down Bond-street has often given pleasant subject matter for my weekly letter, and the galleries of the Fine Art Society have generally innermost room of the gallery is transformed, as only Mr. Whistler can transform anything, according to his own imaginings. On entering I received an agreeably excruciating sensation of a sort of artistic jaundice. A man in yellow handed me a catalogue, covered with pale brown, of Mr. Whistler's extraordinary etchings in yellow and white, which are hung on creamy walls with bright yellow dados, draped with yellow curtains, and I sank down on a yellow sofa to gaze for a moment, as I recovered from the first shock, at bunches of yellow daffodils, arranged in yellow vases, on yellow tables. Before examining the etchings I opened the catalogue, and was so amused with it that I almost forgot to look at the drawings which are on the walls, purposely, I suppose, to attempt to confute the adverse criticism, which Mr. Whistler has occupied himself in collecting. I should think never before was such a catalogue compiled and placed in the hands of the public. Most artists rather take pleasure in recording the praises of their critics, just as most people rather try to hide their own peculiarities; but Mr. Whistler rejoices in unfavourable criticism, as he does in his own remarkable and peculiar white lock of hair, which I mistook for a stray feather on his head the first time I saw him.

I often think that "swagger" takes various forms. Some men like to boast of their wealth, antecedents, and family connections, whilst others with equally bad taste rejoice to tell one how they began life without a penny, and, in the midst of a good dinner, will recall the time when they had to be satisfied with meat but once a week! Mr. Whistler swaggers much in the latter style, and prefaces his defiant catalogue with the words, "Out of their own mouths shall ye judge them." As I walked round the room, I felt with *Truth* that there was "another crop of Mr. Whistler's little jokes." "Murano" a glass furnace "might be anything bristly, oblong, and of unfamiliar appearance!" The quoted critic says "Criticism is powerless here," and so it must be on so utterly obscure a subject!

A study of shirts hanging to dry over a doorway is called "San Biagio," and is supposed to confute the observation that "It is so far removed from any accepted canons of art, as to be beyond the understanding of an ordinary mortal." "Regent's Quadrant" is so wild a drawing that I think there are not many who see it who will desire to be included in the critic's "Few who find genius in insanity." In glancing over the names of the critics quoted in Mr. Whistler's extraordinary catalogue, I do not see that Mr. Ruskin or Mr. Burne Jones are mentioned, and yet I can recollect some pungent remarks of the uncompromising Slade Professor which Mr. Whistler thought worthy of notice at one period. If I mistake not I heard something about "throwing a pot of paint in the face of the public, and charging a hundred guineas for it," which he greatly resented. Mr. Oscar Wilde says that "popularity is the only insult that has not yet been offered to Mr. Whistler." "Scampering caprice" and "disastrous failures" are amongst the epithets which Mr. Whistler glories in recording, and embodying in his curious and amusing catalogue, which he sums up at the end in a final sentence, "we roar all like bears!"

Mr. Whistler is exhibiting a number of etchings and dry-points in a room at the Fine Art Society in New Bond-street. He has more or decorated the apartment in yellow and white, and dressed the manservant who sells the catalogues in the same colour. Then the said catalogue contains snippings from all the adverse criticisms that have been passed on Mr. Whistler's works for some years past, with scoffing comments from the artist, who thus shows that the arrows have hit their mark, as otherwise he would not be so angry. Mr. Whistler can etch admirably when he pleases, but with very few exceptions these works are simply unfinished sketches on copper, which no one else would have exhibited in this state. What with his "arrangement in yellow and white," his catalogue, and his unfinished plates, Mr. Whistler has made a *succès d'impudence*.

Mr. Whistler's catalogue of his latest exhibition of "Etchings and Dry Points" has proved a great success; the sale having been, I hear, enormous. And, in fact, in spite of the errors in taste, such as alluding to Mr. Harry Quilter, the art critic of the *Times*, as "'Arry," and the like, it is a really very amusing production; the "dry points" in its pages being, as most people will consider, more interesting than the "etchings" on the coarse grey felt walls.

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Like most good jokes, however, many of the visitors to No. 151, Bond-street failed to see it, and I heard several matter-of-fact individuals, whilst I was inspecting the "Symphony in Yellow and Grey," gravely protesting that the selected criticisms placed beneath each etching did not seem to apply to the pictures on the wall.

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I must report one execrable joke which I heard a famous art critic who should know better make whilst I was looking at the etchings. Alluding to the pervading "yellowness" of everything, even down to the yellow braided livery of the attendant, a brother critic hazarded the suggestion that, by way of being thoroughly consistent, Mr. Whistler had chosen an "orange-man" to fill the position. "Yes," returned the one to whose facetiousness I specially refer; "and do you notice how miserable Whistler's orangeman looks? [which, by the way, was a fact]. It seems on the point, by way of being in keeping with the room, of emitting a *yell o' pain!*"

Artful James of Tite-street has scored again. The critics did not bite at his comic catalogue as he had hoped, nor did they jeer at the garniture of the room, yet the story of the fooling has got about. People are flocking to see the show in hopes of being amused. On Saturday no less than six hundred people paid for admission, and the Poached Egg did a good trade in catalogues. Of these a new series has been issued, containing a reprint of the article from the *World* for last week entitled "Caviare to the Critics."

The critics in leaving Mr. McWhistler and his etchings and his disappoints and his poached egg unnoticed have answered his impudence in a most effectual manner. Nothing could have disappointed him more sorely. Had they made angry comment upon the way he has served them he would have replied in his playful way, and created a storm to serve his purposes. Mr. Hamerton and Mr. Wedmore are chiefly quoted in the catalogue, and here and there their criticisms are answered with a marvellous piece of work. Mr. Quilter, critic of the *Spectator* and the *Times*, is referred to as 'Arry. This is facetious indeed.

OUR LADIES' COLUMN

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

An unpremeditated stroll down Bond-street has often given pleasant subject matter for my weekly letter, and the galleries of the Fine Art Society have generally something worth noting on their walls. Just now, the innermost room of the gallery is transformed, as only Mr. Whistler can transform anything, according to his own imaginings. On entering I received an agreeably excruciating sensation of a sort of artistic jaundice. A man in yellow handed me a catalogue, covered with pale brown, of Mr. Whistler's extraordinary etchings in yellow and white, which are hung on creamy walls with bright yellow dados, draped with yellow curtains, and I sank down on a yellow sofa to gaze for a moment, as I recovered from the first shock, at bunches of yellow daffodils, arranged in yellow vases, on yellow tables. Before examining the etchings I opened the catalogue, and was so amused with it that I almost forgot to look at the drawings which are on the walls purposely, I suppose, to attempt to confute the adverse criticisms, which Mr. Whistler has occupied himself in collecting. I should think never before was such a catalogue compiled, and placed in the hands of the public. Most artists rather take pleasure in recording the praises of their critics, just as most people rather try to hide their own peculiarities; but Mr. Whistler rejoices in unfavourable criticism, as he does in his own remarkable and peculiar white lock of hair, which I mistook for a stray feather on his head the first time I saw him.

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BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

A Stroll down Bond-street.—Fine Art Society.—Artistic Jaundice.—Whistler's Etchings.—A Curious Catalogue.—Animal Paintings.—The "Graphic" Art Collection.—The General Post Office.—Telegraph Department.—Order the First Law.—Women Telegraphists.—Electric Clock.—Pneumatic Tubes.—Six o'clock at the Post-office.—Posting Fowls.—Sealing the Post Bags.—Papers for Cairo.—Hospital for Wounded Letters.—Curious Mistakes.—Odd Addresses.—The Postmaster-General.

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Under the same roof with Mr. Whistler's strange pro-

When the Whistler exhibition ceases at the Fine Art Society in Bond-street, and his yellow room is ended, his share will be taken by an exhibition of pictures of childhood, to which Millais, Tadema, and the best English artists will contribute. Another exhibition is also promised of war pictures. Mr. Caton Woodville will contribute a picture representing the midnight charge at Kassassin, and M. de Neuville will pourtray the great battle of Tel-el-Kebir, which occasions me to say that the Egyptian gratuities, especially the grant to the Duke of Connaught, will be strongly opposed in the House of Commons, not only by Radicals like Mr. Labouchere, but also by economists, and even by more moderate men who are sickened by the variety and extent of the rewards offered for the Egyptian campaign. The feeling, indeed, is general that we are going too far, and that, though a vote for the private would be proper, to give any more rewards to officers is needless and even ridiculous.

The whimsical reception offered to his visitors by Mr. Whistler on the occasion of the private view of his gallery of etchings is still the talk of the studios. The crowd, obedient to the hour named on the ticket, having to wait in the little, dark, unventilated entrance-room, did not fail to give utterance to the most cutting pleasantries inspired by the time, the place, the opportunity of displaying the yellow butterfly token of Mr. Whistler's benevolent patronage. The visit of the Prince of Wales seemed to last an eternity, so stifling was the atmosphere of the little room into which fresh arrivals kept pouring in. And when the Prince had departed, and the guests rushed in a compact body to the gallery, some little disappointment was expressed at the mawkish effect produced by the much-vaunted arrangement in yellow and white, which was declared poor and pitiful in the extreme. But a London gathering of well-bred people is soon restored to good humour, and consolation was found in the comparison made between the late Count Montroud and Mr. Whistler's practical joking. Count Montroud, who had retired to a small apartment after the decay of all his grandeur, was determined that none of his courtly friends of former days should be admitted to bear witness to the change in his surroundings. But the fine ladies of Paris are not easily baffled. They resolved to get a sight of the *ménage*, and so, upon an occasion of fireworks, knowing that a spacious belvedere, formerly an observatory, on the roof of Montroud's apartment looked over the ground where it was to take place, they sent in a round robin with the request to be allowed to view the show from thence. The request, signed by every one of the beauties of Paris, could not be decently refused—all the more that the most splendid collation—flowers, fruit, choice wines, cold fowls, galantines, ices and confectionery was sent by contribution of the fair signataires to be spread in the belvedere. Well, Montroud received his beautiful visitors with every expression of hearty welcome, but many of them still remember the malicious expression of his eye. At the first bang of the signal rocket a rush was made for the little staircase leading from his rooms to the belvedere. It was steep and narrow—the ladies were crushed and pressed to death—their beautiful toilets completely wrecked; but Montroud stood at the head of the stair, in far more trouble than his fair visitors. He held a tremendous bunch of keys in his hand, and was trying each one of them in the lock. None would fit! the key was evidently not there. He called aloud to his valet, who, in answer to his distressful inquiries, bade him remember that he had taken the key off the ring that very morning, and had locked himself in while he was disposing the good things sent by the ladies to the best advantage. Then it was likely that he had forgotten to take the key out when he left, and had closed the door behind him. What was to be done? The heat in that narrow stair was tremendous. The fireworks were by this time banging away without interruption—now and then a flash of coloured light through the glass dome of the roof would show the angry countenances and disordered toilets of the ladies, and the distressed expression in that of their host. But nothing was to be done. The last phiz of the bouquet died away, and all was dark, when the poor mystified guests, vowing vengeance against their mystifier, who, with all the courtesy of his young days, expressed himself far more injured by their displeasure than they could possibly be by their misadventure, descended the stair and went home—to listen to the accounts of those friends who had witnessed "the most brilliant display of fireworks ever seen in Paris."

And Montroud, suddenly finding the missing key, sat down with a select party of his boon companions to a jolly supper, and drank the health of his fair guests in their own exquisite wine.

Architect 10/3/83

Our venerable contemporary *Punch* has penned a rhyming critique about Mr. WHISTLER's exhibition of his Venice etchings, and dry points, on which it would be impossible to improve. The "arrangement" of the gallery in gamboge and white, the yellow flowers and the yellow flunkey, the artist himself "an" and artful in attitude," the etchings "at present only half done," the catalogue of misapplied quotations from the critics—all this ingenious device for focussing public attention on himself has furnished delicious fun. It is Mr. WHISTLER's own fault if—posing as the "wag of the day"—we find it impossible to take him *au sérieux* as an artist.

As we have ere now in these columns made the attempt, and given full tribute to his undoubted capacities, when he chooses to exercise them, as what it has become the fashion to call a "painter etcher," and that of the highest class, there is the less occasion to re-comment on those of the Venice etchings now at the Fine Art Society's rooms which are not new, or to draw attention to the loss of touch evinced in some of the fresher work, and the clever scribbling which does duty in others :—

"Vainly the critics will sit on him,
Why such a butterfly slay?
No one can e'er put the bit on him,
Whistler's the wag of the day."

Funny Folks March 10 83

Whistlerian Enthusiast.—AND HOW DID YOU LIKE THE WHISTLER EXHIBITION?
Fair Critic.—OH, I WAS CHARMED. THE WALLS, THE PROGRAMMES, THE FURNITURE—EVERYTHING WAS QUITE *TOO* LOVELY. ALL IN YELLOW AND WHITE, YOU KNOW.
Whistlerian Enthusiast.—BUT THE ETCHINGS?
Fair Critic.—THE ETCHINGS? *I—I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING THEM!*

Punch March 3

AN ARRANGEMENT IN CONDIMENTS.—Rude people call Mr. WHISTLER's new gallery the "Mustard Pot." If they look on the wall, however, they will find plenty of the real Salt of Art, in many of the etchings.

Paper and Printing March 1883

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MR. WHISTLER'S ETCHINGS.—That he is a fine draughtsman, no one who has seen Mr. Whistler's earlier etchings of Thames scenery will dispute, and, analogically, one is almost tempted, after seeing the blurred and unfinished specimens of his later and worse—it is to be devoutly hoped worst—style, examples of which in the form of views in Venice, are now being exhibited in the Fine Art Society's rooms, New Bond-street, to hazard the thought that, if he chose, Mr. Whistler really could paint a nice picture. It is more than probable that this eccentric artist may have some good points, but—at any rate at present—the etching-point is not one of them.

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MR. WHISTLER'S ETCHINGS.—The "arrangement in yellow and white," which is now upon view in the galleries of the Fine Art Society, New Bond-street, is not doubt assuredly a certain amount of success. Mr. Whistler's name is well known as that of an eccentric artist, whatever difference of opinion may prevail as to his pretensions to fame upon more lasting grounds, and the public will go and see his etchings, the attendant in yellow and white, and the furniture and decorations. They will also buy his catalogue, an oddity which is caviare to the vulgar, but which contains one or two rather "smart" passages. It is a little difficult to look seriously at an exhibition of etchings which is held amidst such surroundings, but there are not a few very charming little works which are well worth seeing.

Punch Mar

WHISTLER IN VENICE.

A GAVOTTE IN GAMBOGE.

Go to the Fine Art Society,
Truly a marvellous show,
See, in a wondrous variety,
Etchings and dry points a-row.
Here we can note all the genesis
Of the Whistlerian art;
This is what WHISTLER thinks Venice is,
JIMMY is certainly "smart."

Strangely adorned is the Gallery,
Done up in gamboge and white,
Even the flunkey is "yallery,"
Made a most exquisite fright.
We may be thought supercilious,
But, if the truth must be told,
It looks consumedly bilious,
This new "arrangement in gold."

Then there's the Catalogue critical,
In which the versatile JAMES
Sneers at the pens analytical,
Calling them all by their names.
Each annotation is peppery,
Full of American gall;
WHISTLER is such a high stepper, he
Prances at will o'er them all.

It must be said too with gratitude,
There was the Artist himself,
Airy and artful in attitude,
Truly a curious elf.
WHISTLER is "Niminy-Piminy,"
Funny, fantastic, and quaint,
Yet he's so clever that JIMMY nigh
Makes men believe he can paint.

What of his works? why, each etching is
Only at present half done,
And on the copper the sketching is
Simply a wild piece of fun.
Vainly the Critics will sit on him,
Why such a butterfly slay?
No one can e'er put the bit on him—
WHISTLER's the wag of the day.

An Arrangement in White and Yellow.

ON Saturday, to one not in the secret, Bond Street presented a peculiar aspect. Iris coloured robes were in the ascendant, but that was a mere detail. "Is this Lord Beaconsfield's day?" said some, as they saw primroses in profusion that were evidently something more than yellow primroses on the river's brim to their wearers; others who noted that daffodils were hardly less in evidence thought that the Dilkites were invading Bond Street and the flower of the Chelsea Baronet was ranging itself; whilst "midget" sunflowers were scattered broadcast, so that the first two guesses were evidently incorrect, and yet all this was but a portion of the "arrangement"—that in Yellow. At the Fine Art Society there had been a block, there was still a crush. The Prince and the Flower of Denmark had been amongst the many to visit the works of the Prince of Etchers. Crowds had thronged the footpaths waiting admission, for the doors had been shut during the Royal visit and some were kept in whilst others were barred out; carriages had blocked and were blocking the roadways. The police were exercised in their minds, or what "in the corrupted currents of this world" pass for such. The ordinary "move on" even with the Chesterfieldian adjunct of "if you please" would have been powerless; the "force" stood disarmed before beauty and beauty waiting with a set purpose. "It was Whistler in a state of siege. Whistler and his gallery, Whilst Bow-street officers stood laughing by."

The *Salle* in which "Venice—Second Series" is set out is none of the largest; the crowd was of the most numerous—everybody—that is everybody who was in town—was there. Society was represented from the Prince of all the Land and the Fair Daughter of Denmark to Members of all the Societies, artistic, literary and scientific. Yet strange to say the æsthetic element seemed lacking. There were no limp damsels in sad coloured robes or terra-cotta garb; reticules were at a discount; weird little women in still weirder poke bonnets were conspicuous by their absence. Etchings and Dry Points were to be understanded of the many; but what with the exception of the *jaune* already noted was implied by "Arrangement in White and Yellow?" Was it a harmony in silver and gold—"How will you take it?" "Short or long?" "Notes or gold? No; gold or silver there was none, it was simply what it professed to be, White and Yellow—but it was thorough. All the official representatives of the F.A.S. had the Yellow Fever in a modified form, the epidemic appearing in yellow ties and yellow buttonholes; while as to the Catalogue attendants, they were walking arrangements in themselves—white coats, white trousers with yellow stripes, yellow ties, yellow vests, yellow stockings, the whitest of shirt fronts, and the palest of gold studs, fulfilled even the Whistlerian dream. The gallery was in white with yellow mouldings running round, the frames were white, the chairs white and yellow, the ottomans yellow, curtains and mantel draperies yellow with white butterflies; yellow butterflies were on the walls, in the bonnets of the ladies; the Japanese vases were of yellow *faience*, yellow flowers abounded on mantel and floor—in fine, as a well-known French artist remarked, "*c'était un rêve de jaune.*"

But there is a kink in every cable, hyssop in every cup, a blank in every lottery, an exception to every rule, and for this Mr. Whistler was responsible. Why were the Catalogue covers the exception to the rule? Why did he not invest them with artistic merit? It is well to have a devotion to a principle, but the whitey-brown paper the artist affects was out of place with the surroundings. Yellow letters on white would in dramatic parlance have preserved the unities.

And was that all? No; there were Etchings and Dry Points, to the number of some half century. Venice scenes and Venice subjects, Venice shipping, and Venice shops, Venice men and women, from gondoliers to bead-stringers, Venice from the Riva dei Schiavoni to the Rialto, from the Salute to Murano, from San Biagio to the Long Lagoon, from San Giorgio to the Piazzetta, from the Islands to the Grand Canal, we have the "glorious City in the sea," set down in black and white—set down, too, by one who certainly can lay claim to originality of treatment. In fine, Venice as she is in odd corners, Venice from new points of view, palaces and bridges, Venice trades and traders, shops and stalls, the glass blower of Murano, the wheelwright, the fish shop, with the *frutti di mare*, Tunny and Red Mullet, *Sardelle* and *Lissa*, sturgeon and eels, fruit stalls, with the fruits of the land, grapes and green figs, cool water melons, and gourds fit to serve Cinderella for a chariot, and gherkins, green and fresh, or yellow and salt, wool carders and beggars, gondolas and *bragezzos*; Venice as she is, not the Venice of the scene-painters, who normally make her consist of three churches, San Marco, San Giorgio, and the Salute; of two bridges, the Rialto and the Bridge of Sighs; of one palace, the Doges'; and of two places where men most do congregate the Piazza, and the Riva.

But the Catalogue—it is *impayable*, from the opening motto, "Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel," to the closing words, "We roar all like bears." Isaac D'Israeli died at the ripe age of eighty-two, and yet he should have died hereafter, or, to speak by the card, lest equivocation should undo me, he should have survived his still greater son, who "broke his birth's ignoble bar," and lived until now. In these days of Catalogues dry as Dead Sea fruit, like Academy Catalogues, always "under revision," it is refreshing to come across so absolutely novel a *brochure* as that of Mr. J. McNeill Whistler—"Jimmy" of that ilk. It is of an Exhibition of Etchings and Dry Points; but the points made in the Catalogue are still dryer. D'Israeli the Elder would have preserved it in his "Curiosities of Literature." It is unique. "Mr. Whistler and his Critics," "Out of their own mouths shall ye judge them." Even the "Arrangement in White and Yellow" was out of court with this arrangement in black and white. List unto the words of *Truth*, "Another crop of Mr. Whistler's little jokes." Then what says "'Arry," as M. Le Siffleur puts it, "'Arry of the *Times* and the *Spectator*." "Those who feel painfully the absence in these works of any feeling for the past glories of Venice"—"an art which is happier in the gloom of a doorway than in the glow of the sunshine, and turns with a pleasant blindness from whatsoever in Nature or Man is of perfect beauty or noble thought." "It is not the Venice of a maiden's fancies," "Who wants to remember the degradation of what has been noble, the foulness of what has been fair?" It may be said to those who cannot read between the lines that the "'Arry" is the Richard Cromwell of *Times* art criticism, the author of a Life of Giotto, in which he naïvely and ingenuously made an *apologia*, at the same time that he made his hero "as great, if not so *sublime*, a genius as Dante." This phrase is hardly original, a poet of the Irish persuasion once said, "Her nose it 'id puzzle the poets to put it in rhyme; but *wan* Misther Burke he did call it *sn*ublime." The new departure in biography is this—"I may say, once for all, that owing to my ignorance of the Italian language, and the small amount of time at my disposal, it has been out of my power to undertake that research amongst the MSS. stored in the public libraries of Italy, by which alone could the *accurate* chronology of Giotto's life be determined." "Pained a father's soul to cross, Penning stanzas when he should engross." A strange excuse truly in a biographer. "Skip all the hard words, me little dears," said the Irish schoolmistress; "they're only the names of furrin places, an' ye'll never go there." A stranger still to *account* for, and one the biographer of our day, John Forster, would hardly accept. The erstwhile *Times* critic is also the tenant of *The White House*, Chelsea, not Washington, on whose walls Whistler wrote, as he left them, "Except the Lord build the house their labour is but vain that build it.—E. W. Godwin built this one." Then follow several and sundry. It is quite possible they may be no more than apocrypha in the Evangel of San Picco, but still the darts hit home. *Hamerton*, in thus designating, I intend to compliment an etcher who has done "yeoman's service" in art. "The nocturne is intended to convey an impression of night." "Amateur prodige," says the *Saturday*. Again, Hamerton—"He is never literary." But hearken unto the *Athenæum*—"Too sensational." In this I hear, as I have often, the bells of St. Stephan—Stephen's of Vienna—and there is another Stephens in this ring.

But another paragraph deserves a rivulet of type to a desert of margin.

"Popularity is the only insult that has not been offered to Mr. Whistler." The only *Oscar*—he of Sweden counteth not.

Now follow some few gems—"There is no moral element in his chiaroscuro," *Richmond Eagle*; "Scampering caprice," *Sidney Colvin*. And now comes one on "Nocturne

ART, HIGH AND LOW.

(FROM THE "WEEKLY COURIER.")

An unpremeditated stroll down Bond-street has often given pleasant subject-matter for my weekly letter, and the galleries of the Fine Art Society have generally something worth noting on their walls. Just now, the innermost room of the gallery is transformed, as only Mr. Whistler can transform anything, according to his own imaginings. On entering I received an agreeably excruciating sensation of a sort of artistic jaundice. A man in yellow handed me a catalogue, covered with pale brown, of Mr. Whistler's extraordinary etchings in yellow and white, which are hung on creamy walls with bright yellow dados, draped with yellow curtains, and I sank down on a yellow sofa to gaze for a moment, as I recovered from the first shock, at bunches of yellow daffodils arranged in yellow vases on yellow tables. Before examining the etchings I opened the catalogue, and was so amused with it that I almost forgot to look at the drawings which are on the walls, purposely, I suppose, to attempt to confute the adverse criticisms which Mr. Whistler has occupied himself in collecting. I should think never before was such a catalogue compiled and placed in the hands of the public. Most artists rather take pleasure in recording the praises of their critics, just as most people rather try to hide their own peculiarities; but Mr. Whistler rejoices in unfavourable criticism, as he does in his own remarkable and peculiar white lock of hair, which I mistook for a stray feather on his head the first time I saw him.

I often think that "swagger" takes various forms. Some men delight to boast of their wealth, antecedents, and family connections, whilst others with equally bad taste rejoice to tell one how they began life without a penny, and, in the midst of a good dinner, will recall the time when they had to be satisfied with meat but once a week! Mr. Whistler swaggers much in the latter style, and prefaces his defiant catalogue with the words, "Out of their own mouths shall ye judge them." As I walked round the room, I felt with *Truth* that there was "another crop of Mr. Whistler's little jokes." "Murano," a glass furnace, "might be anything bristly, oblong, and of unfamiliar appearance!" The quoted critic says "Criticism is powerless here," and so it must be on so utterly obscure a subject!

A study of shirts hanging to dry over a doorway is called "San Biagio," and is supposed to confute the observation that "It is so far removed from any accepted canons of art as to be beyond the understanding of an ordinary mortal." "Regent's Quadrant" is so wild a drawing that I think there are not many who see it who will desire to be included in the critic's "Few who find genius in insanity." In glancing over the names of the critics quoted in Mr. Whistler's extraordinary catalogue, I do not see that Mr. Ruskin or Mr. Burne Jones are mentioned, and yet I can recollect some pungent remarks of the uncompromising Slade Professor which Mr. Whistler thought worthy of notice at one period. If I mistake not, I heard something about "throwing a pot of paint into the face of the public, and charging a hundred guineas for it," which he greatly resented. Mr. Oscar Wilde says that "popularity is the only insult that has not yet been offered to Mr. Whistler." "Scampering caprice" and "disastrous failures" are amongst the epithets which Mr. Whistler glories in recording, and embodying in his curious and amusing catalogue; which he sums up at the end in a final sentence, "We roar all like bears!"

Under the same roof with Mr. Whistler's strange productions is the collection of animal paintings done by various artists for the proprietors of the *Graphic*. Names such as MacWhirter, Cooper, Calderon, Anadell, and others ensure a pleasant half-hour in the midst of the beasts and the birds here to be seen, and very refreshing it is to turn into this agreeably lighted room and rest on the comfortable settees whilst looking at Briton [illegible]'s "Mother Hubbard's dog" or the sweet [illegible] family."

Devotion to the muses is made extremely easy when exercised in the West-end of London, charming pictures are placed in agreeable, cool, well-lighted rooms to be enjoyed, and even a shilling's worth of excellent music at the Saturday or Monday Pop's may be had very comfortably, with but the slight inconvenience of getting there early and reading a book or industriously knitting for an hour in a very breathable atmosphere.

Another attempt is being made to take a tithe of such delight to the unattractive district of the East of London. In Whitechapel, again, the schoolrooms of St. Jude's are to be opened at a nominal charge to the people of that locality, there to see beautiful pictures and other works of art lent by the possessors of such treasures for the purpose. Any kindly disposed collectors are urged to contribute, and so deprive their own walls for a few weeks of what having been a constant pleasure to them will, it is to be hoped, carry some of the same delight and appreciation with them to the uninstructed denizens of the East. It is very necessary in this case that a detailed and exhaustive catalogue should be prepared to act as a sort of handbook to visitors, and I believe certain gentlemen have volunteered to act as "watchers" during the hours of exhibition, so as not only to guard the treasures from injury, but to endeavour to explain and throw light on any questions which may be asked in the way of instruction. This is the true way to make such an exhibition of real value to the people. The Rev. S. Barnet, St. Jude's Vicarage, Whitechapel, is glad to receive offers of assistance.

St James's Gazette Mar 18

Mr. Gosse's Memoir of Cecil Lawson is very imposing from the outside. It is a large folio, splendid in parchment and scarlet-and-gold; and oh, what a pity it is that the letterpress and illustrations are not equal to the cover! No doubt Mr. Gosse writes with sweetness, and with a dexterity which, to quote one of his own pet expressions, is nimble. His preliminary chapter on landscape art in general is, indeed, remarkable as an example of neat and ingenious superficiality. In speaking of Cecil Lawson and his work Mr. Gosse exaggerates with intention, too manifestly. He says, for instance, that "The Minister's Garden"—though "the row of cabbages is allowed to project in a way which is hardly in accordance with nature," and though "the individual cabbages are certainly too large"—is "probably the greatest English landscape of the second half of the nineteenth century; and our painters for the next eighteen years will have to exert their highest powers if it is not to remain so." This is not criticism—it is only posturing; and the worst of it is that it is unfair to Lawson, upon whom some of the ridicule which Mr. Gosse draws upon himself must naturally fall. Much the same thing may be said of Mr. Gosse's closing remark: "There is no painter of our time who has so successfully asserted the dominion of the sky in giving life and movement to the underlying facts of landscape." But no: these words are Mr. Comyns Carr's, adopted by Mr. Gosse; though it is perfectly certain that he could not say what they exactly mean. What are the underlying facts of landscape? and how do they receive life and movement from the dominion of the sky? Some meaning we do find in the bare assertion that no other painter of our time has so successfully asserted the dominion of the sky; but then it is not a tenable assertion. Mr. Leader, Mr. Halswelle, and Mr. Brett amongst English painters, and many foreign artists, have been at least equally successful—some of them more than equally, if truth counts for anything; the wood-blocks drawn by Lawson, and the fac-similes of pen-and-ink sketches by him, it was an unkindness to print; whilst the "etching" by Mr. Whistler from an oil-sketch of "The Swan and the Iris" is one of the wildest of that gentleman's productions. This book, in short, in spite of its pomp, is altogether unsatisfactory.

Whitehall Review Mar 14.

Mr. Whistler is disconsolate. The well-meaning writer on art, who is his pet aversion, has gone to Italy, and Mr. Whistler has no one left to exercise the full force of his satire upon. The inventor of "arrangements in white and yellow" complains that while all his critics are open to attacks upon their writings, one alone can be assailed for his eccentricities in dress, and that one has deserted him.

district board

MR. W[illegible]

quality, in "Nocturne Riva" (8), where the sky is excellent, and where not only is the water also excellent in depth and reality, but also in some hardly definable way its peculiar colour is artfully suggested to those who know the Venetian waters. No doubt the effect is due to the rendering of the texture suggesting unconsciously the colour also, and if this is so the rendering of the texture demands all the more praise.

Between this and the work which we have coupled with it hangs one of the worst pieces in the collection, which is called "Turkeys," and to which the quotation "They say very little to the mind" is added. They do indeed say very little to the mind; they say very little to the eye; they might as well be eagles or geese or ducklings or dodos for all that one can find out from their drawing; nor do any of the other things represented help out their poverty with any excellence. Indeed the work is nothing less than, at least in the older sense of the word, an impertinence, a thing which has nothing to say to the matter in hand, if that matter is taken to be anything like an artistic or even plausible representation of existent things. The "Fruit-Stall" (9) is a pretty work in which, as is too usual with Mr. Whistler, the figures are terribly sketchy; but there is some compensation for this in the grace and tenderness suggested in the pose of the woman who stands at the left of the work holding a child in her arms. As to "San Giorgio" (10), we can but endorse the quoted criticism, "An artist of incomplete performance"; but when we pass from this to "The Dyer" (11) we find a performance which is singularly complete. The work is beautiful in its tone and in its artful arrangements of light and shade; and here Mr. Whistler, having found it desirable to give importance to the figure, has spared no pains, and has markedly succeeded, in giving it life, truth, and natural freedom of gesture. The versatility of the etcher's feeling and talent is well shown by contrasting this with the next work, "Nocturne Palaces" (12). This is merely a representation of two walls and a strip of water; but it is charged with poetical appreciation and feeling, and is, to use a somewhat vague but convenient phrase, full of suggestion. "The Doorway" (13) is again remarkable for the care bestowed, and successfully bestowed, upon the figure, which is certainly graceful, and which, unlike some of the figures which are suggestive and striking at a little distance, bears close inspection. The "Long Lagoon" (14) is one of several instances that the artist is less happy in dealing with a long wide stretch than with a detached strip or slip of water. The command shown elsewhere of the peculiar effect of water seems here to fail him. "Little Salute (Dry Point)" has under its title a quotation to the effect that it is unnecessary to disquiet one's self about the artist's work; and so far as this specimen is [illegible] In a sense there is be interested." *Si sic omnia* one feels inclined to say; and it is because of the undoubted beauty and skill of many things shown by Mr. Whistler, though accompanied by a certain amount of things in which carelessness and want of beauty seem to go hand in hand, that we have devoted some space to considering an exhibition of which the merit conceivably might, by no fault but the exhibitor's, be obscured by the entertaining absurdities with which it is ushered in.

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Society May 22. 84.

MR. WHISTLER is not always too intelligible, even when he gives expression to his ideas in colour, but his gloomiest "nocturne" or most eccentric "scherzo" is not to be compared with his frolics in type, such as the aphorisms with which he has seen fit to introduce his catalogue this year. The apostle of that artless art which portrays Piccadilly with a blur of grey and a dot of gold, and whose nocturne, "Canal, Holland," might equally well be the Styx, or a little oblong segment cut bodily out of Chaos itself, begins with a paradox, by calling his prefatory notes "L'Envoie" (presumably L'Envoi), which not even Mr. Whistler can distort from its sole meaning of an addendum. We can catch some glimmer of the artist's idea when he says that "The work of the master . . . is finished from the beginning," but what possible meaning is there in the closing Tupperism, "The masterpiece should appear as the flower to the painter—perfect in its bud as in its bloom—with no reason to explain its presence—no mission to fulfil—a joy to the artist, a delusion to the philanthropist, a puzzle to the botanist, *an accident of sentiment and alliteration to the literary man.*" The italics are ours, and if by their aid any of our readers can discover Mr. Whistler's meaning we shall be eternally grateful to them if they will send us their solution of the artist's little joke.

THE peculiar collection of "Notes," "Harmonies," and "Nocturnes" attracted a large number of people to the private view on Saturday, and the artist had evidently not limited his invitation to devotees of the new evangel. Had the audience been "packed" in any other than the literal sense, there would not have been so much irreverent tittering. It seems to us, as laymen and possibly Philistines, a pity that an artist of Mr. Whistler's known ability should exhibit such an extraordinary collection of pictile nightmares. Here and there one came across a charming little bit of work, but it only served to emphasise the crudeness of the rest.

Manchester Guardian May 22. 84

The President also exhibits his portrait of Captain Burton. A portrait by Mr. Millais; the "Gloom of Idwal," by Mr. Horkomer; and "Venice," by Clara Montalba, are also exhibited. Mr. Whistler has a portrait, an "Arrangement in brown and black," and a "Nocturne in blue and silver."

Crystal Palace Exhibition (?)

Sabigrom's Messenger May 23. 84

Mr. Whistler's private view of "Notes," "Harmonies," and "Nocturnes" was quite the event of Saturday afternoon, and many who came to be amused at the arrangement in flesh-colour and gray in which the attendants were habited remained to admire much that adorned the walls. The little sea-pieces were most refreshing in their realism amid the heat of the Bond Street afternoon. The catalogue was looked forward to with great interest, especially by esoteric amateurs who possess the complete series of the brown-papered literature of Tite Street. The introduction was worthy of the pen of the maestro. The quotation, "There is one that laboureth and taketh pains and maketh haste, and is so much the more behind," is not from the Koran, as a learned art-critic has observed, but from Ecclesiasticus.

Whitehall Review May 24

Any attempts to see the "Notes," "Harmonies," and "Nocturnes" which were exhibited on the walls of Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery, in Bond Street, for Mr. Whistler's private view on Saturday, were idle and unsuccessful. The exceedingly small room was thronged with people, the majority of whom did not care "a red cent"—to employ the vernacular of Mr. Whistler's land—for the painter's work or the painter's theories, and who were much more curious about the movements and the attire of Mrs. Bernard Beere, who happened to be present. It is really curious, by the way, to note how ill-mannered a fashionable London crowd can be on occasion. Ladies—nominally—followed Mrs. Bernard Beere about the little room, stared at her, made exceedingly audible criticisms on her appearance and her dress, and behaved exactly as if it were an established fact that a popular actress could neither see nor hear, and had no feelings which could possibly be annoyed. Other ill-bred people—these, however, were chiefly men—thought that the canons of good taste allowed them to make boisterous jokes about the pictures on the walls, and to assure each other, in noisy brayings, that they would not take any of them at a gift. Nobody is in the least bound to admire Mr. Whistler's work, but good feeling would suggest that offensive criticisms should be reserved for an occasion which was not a private view in a small room which was for the moment the artist's studio, and in which the artist was himself most of the time present.

Mr. Whistler's catalogue is, as usual, a curiosity. It is printed on the familiar rough-edged paper, and is bound in the familiar brown covers adorned with the butterfly—is it a butterfly?—which Mr. Whistler has chosen for his hieroglyphic. Mr. Whistler aims at being an author as well as a painter, so of course his catalogue is not merely an enumeration of his pictures: it is also a contribution to literature. There is a preface—Mr. Whistler calls it "l'envoi," and the printer has made it "l'envoie," but no matter—in which Mr. Whistler addresses the city and the world. The word "envoi" of late suggests to our mind rather those last four lines of a *ballade* after the fashion of Master François Villon of Paris, with some plaintive address to a "prince" to do or not to do something or other more or less absurd. Mr. Whistler's "envoi" is not of this nature. Here is one sentence: "The masterpiece should appear as the flower to the painter, perfect in its bud as in its bloom, with no reason to explain its presence, no mission to fulfil—a joy to the artist, a delusion to the philanthropist, a puzzle to the botanist, an accident of sentiment and alliteration to the literary man." We feel vaguely inclined to inquire with the man in the American story, "Is this whisky or square fun?" Why a picture should be all these things to these men is a conundrum which must be given up. By the way, Mr. Whistler makes no allusion to A. Q. Has he been "nobbled" by the courtesies of Saturday's *Spectator*?

Life 84

Mr. Whistler was kind enough to send me a ticket for his private view. I was unable to go, but I gave my invitation to a friend who is a terrible Philistine, and calls all our pretty art chit-chat, jargon—a man who has never been in love with a daffodil, or lost his heart to a lily; altogether a terrible sort of fellow. He came home in sad bewilderment; but his indignation has crystallised into the following outburst, which he sends me:—

On Saturday I went to Messrs. Dowdeswell's, to the private view of those excellent practical jokes which Mr. Whistler dignifies with the name of "Notes, Harmonies, and Nocturnes." Flesh-colour and grey is not strikingly original, but we have much to be thankful for in that we are spared a repetition of the poached egg arrangement of last year. The walls of the room are draped in pink and grey; there is a grey velvet mantelpiece, having embroidered upon it that mystic creature, apparently a cross between a squashed Norfolk Howard and a butterfly, which, I believe, is Whistler's registered trademark, and a pink and grey menial hands you the brown paper-covered catalogue. Perhaps I was unfortunate, but my companion private-viewers struck me as being a very uninteresting lot. There was a sprinkling of theatrical notabilities—Irving and Bancroft among them; two or three literary lights, Willie Wilde, and several critics. The ladies' dresses were also ordinary. I noticed a brilliant scarlet, with gigantic white flowers, as large as dinner plates, and a hideous "note" in yellow and green, but otherwise there was but little to remark.

I soon got tired of guessing Whistler's puzzles, for I am an ordinary Philistine, and cannot see why a grass field should be dignified with the name of a "note in green," or a splashy mess of black with a light here and there a nocturne, much less a blue girl a "scherzo.' There were a great many red stockings which, generally speaking, terminated in very large feet; there were several cottages apparently in an advanced state of decomposition and mildew, and there was one picture which really frightened me. It is called a "nocturne in black and gold—Winter: Amsterdam." An awful thing is rising out of space on the left, the sort of genius which came out of the stone bottle in the Arabian Nights, and the inhabitants are flying terror-stricken in all directions. No, I shall not choose Mr. Whistler's gallery to spend a happy day in. "Scherzo, he calls it," remarked a wondering on-looker, "it looks a darned sight more like a chemise!"

I must say there was one thing which I appreciated immensely, and that was the first sentence of Whistler's "envoie" (whatever that may mean). It is this: "A picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared." I will defy anybody to guess how Whistler brings about his effects, or whether he uses a brush, a mop, the end of his finger, or the palm of his hand to stick his colours on. Certainly there is no trace of any means at all. Argal Whistler is a very great man.

Illustrated London News May 23, 84

Mr. Whistler has made an exhibition (at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, Bond-street) of some sixty studies and sketches of his, all of the smallest and slightest. Instead of depositing these little impressions and suggestions of figures, landscape or marine bits, old houses and what not, in a portfolio for future use in serious work, as any other artist would have done, the precious fragments are solemnly announced as "Notes, harmonies, nocturnes"; frames of strange metallic lustres enshrine them; the room they are in, and even the poor attendant, are transfigured into "an arrangement in flesh colour and grey;" and oracular utterances precede their mystic titles in the catalogue under the heading "L'Envoie"—which, however, might seem to argue total ignorance of the purpose and application of the word. Nevertheless, the peculiar charm of genuine artistic sketches are here in very uncommon degree; the slightest hint among them is delightful, so far as it goes; but it must be remembered that it goes a very little way. The selective faculty to which is due Mr. Whistler's success in etching is always apparent.

Stage May 23

Finally, they wanted to know why Mr. Anson, when playing a foreign socialist, bird doctor, or allopathic doctor, should invariably, to show his dastardly nature, have an old coloured silk pocket handkerchief peeping out of his tail pocket and a squash felt hat, such as is affected by ancient art critics on a private view day. Mr. Whistler "chortled" more than ever when he saw the socialistic art critic as caricatured by Mr. Anson.

* * *

Bell's Life in London May 24 '84

"The history of human-kind to trace Since Eve—the first of dupes—our doom unriddled, A certain portion of the human race Has certainly a taste for being diddled" into a belief that Mr James M'Neill Whistler, of Tite-street, Chelsea, is—A Divine Artist and A Great Teacher. Witness the crowd of celebrities which assembled at Dowdeswells' in Bond-street on Friday and Saturday last, attracted by an exhibition of the usual description of his "Notes"—"Harmonies"—"Nocturnes." Far be it from me to say that Mr Whistler is not a great artist. He certainly etches delightfully, and his capacity to decorate a wall, or a ceiling, or a mantel piece, or a floor, is pretty, very pretty indeed.

It is impossible for an ordinary sight-seer to be out of temper with Mr Whistler, as Mr Ruskin once was (Mr Ruskin, be it observed, is not an ordinary sight-seer), the showman is so clever, and so original, don't you know. The room in which the works are exhibited, with its delicate straw matting, its "harmonious" walls and ceiling, and the frames of the works themselves, alike reveal the Great Teacher. Then there is the catalogue, with its common brown paper cover, and the graphic representation of a beetle struck by lightning in the corner—*could* anything be more original? The preface "L'Envoie" (*sic*) to the catalogue is composed of a series of aphorisms set forth in the manner peculiar to Solomon and Mr. Tupper. Here are two specimens of the writer's humour:

"A picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared."

"The work of the master recks not of the sweat of the brow, suggests no effort, and is finished from its beginning."

Whether Mr Whistler is in joke or earnest is a matter that he and his devotees must determine between them. Notoriety is so much like fame as often to be mistaken for it. So that the people crowd to see Mr Whistler's works his design in exhibiting them is accomplished. Or partly. The rest is—or ought to be—cheques.

One need not devote any space to an analytical description of the "Notes," "Harmonies," "Nocturnes." Indeed, it would be an impertinence for anyone but a worshipper at the Whistlerian shrine to attempt it. The cleverness of some of them is undeniable; half-a-dozen of them are sketches which even a Philistine collector might covet. And, regard it how you will, the show will repay a visit.

With regard to Mr Whistler, and especially in view of "L'Envoie" (*sic*), I recall some trenchant lines written by Dr Sebastian Evans:

"Not the trick of the trowel and plaster,
To show that his handling is free,
But the trick of the genuine master,
The trick that no mortal can see.

"True, the rudest of strokes show you clearly
The artist 'who can' from 'who can't';
But in Art 'tis the painter not merely
Who *can*, but who *does*, that we want!"

Funny Folks (?) May 24 84

Mr. Whistler is fond of his little joke, and those who went to see his "arrangement in flesh colour and grey" at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries in Bond-street, did not suspect it applied to the dresses of the attendants, and not to the pictures on the wall. Mr. Whistler, by the way, would of course designate a picture of a prize fight as an "arrangement in *buff, black, and blue.*"

Court Circular May 24

CAUSERIE.

Grey is the favourite colour of the season, and is used for entire costumes without any admixture of colour. The prettiest and rarest shade of it is the tint formed of simple black and white without any blue or pink. The blue grey is trying to most complexions, and is less ladylike than the pure grey. Mr. Whistler's gallery in New Bond-street is decorated with grey and salmon, "an arrangement in flesh-colour and grey." His walls are covered with pink serge, the paint of the woodwork and the liveries of his servants in attendance being of the combination above named. Doubtless, now all his admirers will add a touch of salmon to their grey costumes; but they must be careful to select his special shade of grey, which verges on stone colour. This wonderful artist uses frames of greenish-gold wherever the picture requires such a setting, noticeably for his marine studies. A strip of angry, grey-green sea, framed in green gold, against the dull pink background, is an exquisite arrangement of colour, worthy to be adopted by the *costumiere* of the period.

Mr. Whistler's feelings must have been severely tried by the costumes of some of his lady friends on the afternoon of his private view. Luckily the wearers of the most violent colours did not go near the pictures, but stood in the middle of the room conversing. As a notification is given of the shades of decoration on the cards of invitation, all the guests should have dressed in harmony; such a thing as a purple gown should not have been allowed to enter, and the same restriction should have been placed on the bright copper-coloured costume which formed a centre of attraction and amusement for some time.

Court Journal. May 24

Among the attractions of last Saturday was Whistler's gallery. The people did not manifest great respect, and were not even awed by the striking novelty in white and lavender worn by the servant in attendance. This artist has passionate enemies. We are not of them, there is no room or reason for anything of the kind. He does not take himself *au sérieux*, and why should others. Supposing there were any danger of a School arising, it would be time for big words wherewith to press it down. This national artist who paints with fog, and then smudges the productions is really very amusing, and we must admit that we find somehow a slight inclination to say, after all it is a little clever. It is clever of him at least to hold his own so bravely, gaily and persistently, and to be able to bring a rush of people to see his Gallery. There was we hear, selling done and at a good figure, Merit the more,

Morning [illegible]

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL'S GALLERY.

At their gallery in New Bond-street Messrs. Dowdeswell and Dowdeswell have now an exhibition which can hardly fail to prove generally attractive, suited as it is to many tastes. The judicious and the injudicious will alike find congenial entertainment. "Here is matter for all feeling"—much to love and admire, and not a little to dislike and laugh at. Mr. Whistler is the sole exhibitor. His, and his only, are the works on view—"nocturnes," "notes," "bravuras," "variations," "harmonies," and the rest of it. There are also "arrangements," one of the most remarkable among them being, as at last year's show, a manservant, whose face and clothes are in exact accord with the whites, the greys, and the flesh-tints upon the walls and furniture. We will do Mr. Whistler the justice to admit that of all his exhibits this young man is the most true to nature. Whether the celebrated critic who once accused a famous artist, who shall be nameless, great though his name be, of "shying a pot of paint" at his canvas, will discover justification for a similar charge in the present collection remains to be seen. Our concern is with Mr. Whistler, who, still as ever, hovers between the sublime and the ridiculous, with on the whole a rather stronger gravitation to the latter than to the former. Certain of his works are very beautiful; certain are so laughably the reverse that it is scarcely possible to maintain one's gravity in the contemplation of them. Some of the "harmonies" are sufficiently harmonious; others look as though they had been composed "when Music, heavenly maid, was young," and ere yet she had time to master her art. What most provokes wonder is that a painter of Mr. Whistler's undeniable ability and high ambition should deem it conducive to his fame to display in public things, which, so far from being "pictures" properly so called, are in many cases no better than pictorial memoranda—mere suggestions from which to think out and work out future pictures. And this, though in his curious little preface which he calls "L'Envoie" he seems to assert that that which is "incomplete" is also "unfit for view," which it certainly is. Else where would be the use of completing anything in art? Says Mr. Whistler, "the master-piece should appear as the flower to the painter, perfect in its bud as in its bloom, with no reason to explain its presence, no mission to fulfil, a joy to the artist, a delusion to the philanthropist, a puzzle to the botanist, an accident of sentiment and alliteration to the literary man." From this, which to the unmitiated is just a little hazy in expression, may at least be hazarded the inference that the writer is a painter of the "totus teres atque rotundus" type, and goes in above all things for completeness. He is nothing if not thorough. Perhaps. Yet some of the works he now exhibits have no more claim to be accounted pictures than an acorn to be described as an oak, or a heap of bricks as a house. From the contemplation of productions crude, immature, and, like King Richard, "but half made up," such as "The Pier," "The Angry Sea," "Pink and Opal Harbour," "Purfleet," and too many of the same class, we turn with pleasant sense of relief to performances which show their artist at his best, and prove of what fine work he is capable when he condescends to do himself justice. In this honourable category may be mentioned, for examples, "The Little Grocery, Chelsea," a small picture, lovely in tone and colour and full of quaint antique beauty; "Black and Red," a charming study of a girl whose dress is arranged in those two hues; "Shelling Peas," a pretty drawing, especially to be commended for the daylight outlook and the tenderly-painted figure of the girl who is shelling; "Petit Déjeûner," a beautiful note in opal; "The Great Sea," a rough, vigorous study of the sea-shore; "A Sweet Shop," excellent in tone and wonderfully clever in the suggestion of minute detail without extravagant elaboration; and "A Bravura," a subtle arrangement of colours in warm brown and grey. "The Grand Canal, Amsterdam," is a "nocturne" not without picturesque effect, but in the absence of those schuyts, tjalks, &c., which give such bustle and animation to the actual scene, the picture can hardly be said to present a characteristic view. As well might Cheapside be painted without cabs and omnibuses. Despite his eccentricities, great things may still be expected from Mr. Whistler, and for this reason, that with fine talents he combines that unbounded faith in himself without which the finest talents are of no avail. He reminds us ever of that joyous person of whom it is recorded that coming out of the salon one day he said, "Ah, well; there are only two men in the world after all who know how to paint." "Who are they?" asked his companion. "I am one, but I forget the name of the other fellow," replied the happy artist.

MacWhistler's private view was a cruel crush. It seemed at ime as though everyone who had attended the Coaching Meet and the Lubbock wedding, with the addition of who had been coining in the City during the morning, to squeeze into the little room. Who was responsible he packing? Surely not the artist, Mr. MacWhistler, as he shows one round the room on a quiet day, sses upon one the importance of peeping from a proper ce. That is all very well, but how could that be done in like Saturday's? One person had his nose jammed against all while another had to turn round like a pivot in the centre room.

MacWhistler paints pictures for fun, and snobs buy them shion. His nocturnes, and his notes, and his agenda, as they in his flesh and grey room in Bond-street, make a pretty And the artist is the best showman in the world. The is decorated with charming effect. The Poached Egg is here, a new liver-and-bacon suit of livery. It is time that Mr. Whistler had a new livery himself. We have been wearied with verlasting bamboo-pole and the nocturnes of his tailor. ould not have missed the sight of the Whistler collection of s and oddities on any account. Two or three little paintings representing shops and houses at Chelsea are perfect. The et Shop" is a gem. They are all gems for the matter of and this is the kohinoor. Then there is a newspaper-shop. alls it "Chelsea Yellow and Grey." Why? I cannot say. neither yellow nor grey. It is, however, a precious little ne.

ere are no satirical paragraphs on Mr. Quilter and the other s in the preface to Mr. Whistler's catalogue. By the way, alls it not a preface, but a l'envoie. The said l'envoie is a brief on art criticism. It is clever rather than comic. 'Arry's w of the Lady Campbell in the coal-hole, which appeared in *Spectator* a fortnight ago, apparently propitiated the artist. latter is merciful as he is strong.

Topical Times May 24.94

Nobody denies that Jemmy Whistler has a mission. He has, and (bless him!) the object of it is money. After that action of his for libel, in which Mr. Ruskin was defendant, somebody wrote:—

One of Whistler's witnesses
At that famous hearing
Swore, as never painter sware,
Jemmy Whistler painted air,
Swore it without jeering.

Puzzled much by this is
Ruskin, who hath grinned
As he vowed (too mild to swear),
"When this coxcomb paints the air
'Tis to raise the wind."

WHISTLES.

DEAR TOPICAL,—All last Saturday afternoon a crowd of all the people best known in art, literature, society, and the drama—now a distinct section of modern life—streamed in and out of Dowdeswell's, in Bond-street. The afternoon was pleasant; the "show" was the "Notes, Harmonies, and Nocturnes" of that quaintly and delightfully assertive genius, Mr. Whistler, and the crowd was both amazing and amazed. To catalogue the said crowd would be like editing a new Homeric navy list, and to catalogue the *viva voce* criticisms passed on the pictures would be to record a brilliant babel of contradiction. "Superb!" "A downright insult." "What does the man mean?" and a gentle murmer of "Ah! the Master!" from the disciples. These were the most frequently recurring phrases, and with a dainty deafness to all comment, the "Master" in question glided through the crowd like a miniature Mephistopheles, and whispered artistic diabolisms in the prettiest ears in London. The brown-covered catalogue this year was noticeable for its non-aggressive attitude. The critics were severely let alone. The "note" of the show was "peace on earth and goodwill to men," and what the stupid angels forgot to add, "and women." The very butterfly that gleamed in flesh-colour eccentricity in a corner of the pale grey velvet hangings over the fireplace had no venomous sting in its tail. Instead of sneers, sarcasm, or "barbaric yappings," the good folk present were presented with the following group of ideas called *L'Envoie (sic)*, which may, I presume, be taken as a permanent revelation of the Whistlerian art-attitude:—

"A p[illegible]ished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared."

"To say of a picture, as is often said in its praise, that it shows great and earnest labour, is to say that it is incomplete and unfit for view."

"Industry in Art is a necessity,—not a virtue,—and any evidence of the same, in the production, is a blemish, not a quality;—a proof, not of achievement, but of absolutely insufficient work, for work alone will efface the footsteps of work."

"The work of the master reeks not of the sweat of the brow,—suggests no effort,—and is finished from its beginning."

"The complete task of perseverance only has never been begun, and will remain unfinished to eternity,—a monument of goodwill and foolishness."

"'There is one that laboureth, and taketh pains, and maketh haste, and is so much the more behind.'"

"The masterpiece should appear as the flower to the painter,—perfect in its bud as in its bloom,—with no reason to explain its presence,—no mission to fulfil,—a joy to the artist,—a delusion to the philanthropist, a puzzle to the botanist, an accident of sentiment and alliteration to the literary man."

There were sixty-seven pictures in all, and omitting the curious fashion of nomenclature, and only noting the very pale numbers on the tiny gold tickets, these are what pleased me most. In watercolour Nos. 5, 9, and 27, this last, by-the-way, called a "Note in Pink and Purple," is really Lady Archie Campbell, or, at all events, a portion of that lady; 18, "The Grand Canal at Amsterdam," with luminous yellow lights and reflections, and 61 and 62. A Pastel, No. 50, "Islands at Venice," is a perfect example of Mr. Whistler in his most delicate mood, and of the oils my fancy was struck with 38, "An Orange Note." It is only a "sweet shop," but there is both harmony and humour of a subtle sort in it. The one big picture, "The Blue Girl," is to me impossible. "'Scherzo,' indeed!" said one Philistine critic, glancing at his catalogue, "*she never wore anything of the sort!*" and other people, associating her with a "girl" of another colour that hung in the Grosvenor some years ago, made even still ruder remarks. Then there was a Lifeboat (54), and a Sea and Mist (40), and a queer thing in red and pink, "La Petite Mephisto" (51) a sulky little diavoletta of a girl, *boudé*-ing in a *boudoir*—I often wondered what a *boudoir* was for; its derivation is now obvious—and various other curious scraps that gleamed out through the thronging and moving heads of the gossipers. Proper "focal distance" was impossible, and so was anything like serious thought on Saturday. So many nice people were wandering about that they would have chaffed out the serious soul of a Socrates. For all that I managed to see this much, that the feeling, the delicacy, and the sensitiveness of the Impressionist is as nervous and alert as ever, that his cunning is quick, that his mind and his art have still their wonted quality of being sympathetic and responsive to "effects," and that he is, curiously enough, the most absolutely "matter of fact" painter of our day. You know the old journalistic motto, that "there is 'copy' in everything." So is it with this man in painting; he sees all things, not as they are, but as possible pictures. He will never idealise anything. He is absolutely and totally unpoetical and unromantic. He is simply one on whom a sort of Velasquez spirit has rested for a moment, and who is coquetting with a gift—flirting with a sacred fire. He *has* that gift, and he has the rarest eyes of modern men, but he trifles, he plays about, and he obstinately insists on not being taken seriously by any group of people alive save by painters, and by a painter he means himself. In fine, I vote that we accept "our James," butterfly and all. He confesses that he has "no mission to fulfil," that he is a "delusion," a "puzzle," and "an accident of sentiment" to most intelligent people, but, for all that, he is personally *bon garçon*, and, artistically, always amusing, occasionally absurd, and generally amazing. On the private view day over a thousand guineas' worth of pictures were sold, and this sum (*teste* James *ipso*) "barely represents a handful of little gems." The great Jim is doing well with his little gems, and his "Butterfly's Ball" having proved a success this year, our genial grasshopper will now proceed to feast.—Yours,

CIGARETTE.

Land & Water May 24. 84

Mr. Whistler welcomed many distinguished guests at the private view of his "Arrangement in flesh colour and grey," at Messrs. Dowdeswell's. The artistic, dramatic, musical, and literary professions were well represented. Mr. Whistler has adopted some new musical titles for his very original artistic productions. He shows us a "bravura in brown," "variations in violet," a "scherzo in blue," and sundry imaginative effects and obscure hints in landscape and figure painting. There are notes in pink, opal, yellow, grey, gold, silver, amber, violet, and other tints not to be found in the prism. The preface to the catalogue is an embodiment of "Whistlerian" words of wisdom respecting the true province of art. The author tells us that "the work of the master recks not of the sweat of the brow, suggests no effort, and is finished from the beginning," which is certainly true in his case.

The Academy May 24. 84

MR. WHISTLER'S ARRANGEMENT IN FLESH COLOUR AND GRAY.

We could not say, truthfully, that our spirits would be dashed not a jot if Mr. Whistler, in opening a new exhibition of his work, deprived it of the element of comedy. He has taught us to look for temporary entertainment, as he has taught us to look likewise for abiding pleasure, on the occasions when he makes display of his art. A gallery does not suffice for Mr. Whistler. He needs a stage. The thing must be done in his own way if it is done at all. Nor, so long as we enjoy his performance, can we grumble at his method. We are rejoiced, on the contrary, to find him established, much to his own satisfaction and to that of the really appreciative public, at the Messrs. Dowdeswells', and to note that the properties have been got together, the scenery refurbished, some of the furniture repainted, the stage itself —or Mr. Whistler's matting—brought safely from a few doors down the street, where the tent was last pitched, and one of the principal of the *dramatis personæ*—the wholly inoffensive young man who is draped in unfamiliar, but tasteful, livery—rescued again from the obscurity of private life. In fact, it is as cheerful as ever—the whole thing—as fresh and individual. And when we withdraw our eyes from the engaging interior which Mr. Whistler's taste has built up—when we forget the *coup d'œil* and descend to the detail—there remains an array of admirable labour which has about it the fascination of spontaneity and ease.

Really, when the element of comedy is eliminated, it is impossible to be ignorant of the presence of serious and beautiful work. In all, there are sixty-seven contributions—designs and sketches in oil, in water-colour, and in pastel. It is unlikely, of course, that, among so many, all are equally happy and significant, but, at least, none are conventional and wholly tame; none are the more or less mechanical reproductions of effects previously observed and enjoyed, and rendered aforetime with a vivacity that is now wanting. Too many painters—and some of them were once artists—permit themselves these depressing repetitions, but when Mr. Whistler speaks it is because there is something fresh to be said; a new pretty thing has been seen, or a thing has been seen newly, and clamours to be recorded —perhaps the roll of a wave out at sea, or the look of night on the river, or perhaps it is only the bottles of pear-drops and bull's-eyes and the pile of oranges in the shadowed window of a Chelsea sweet-shop, or the ill-clad grace of some draggled hussy of the slums, or the passage of level afternoon light across a five o'clock tea-table, or a leg crossed audaciously, a flash of movement, or a dainty head buried cosily in pillows, or a turn of hand, some revealing gesture. In any case, it is fresh or freshly seen, and in almost every case it is set down engagingly. Of course Mr. Whistler has not to do with what is called imagination; he has to do with the vivacious record of sometimes trivial fact. He perceives intently, and what he perceives he chronicles. With impartiality, with a universal tolerance, to the close, would appear to have been always the aim, the sometimes instinctive aim, of his art. In a given subject he of course selects, and abstracts, and refines, but almost any subject would allow him space for selection, opportunity for abstraction and refinement. The sea-shore, and the wharf, the shabby street, the lady, the *grisette*—all serve his need. As time passes, his method becomes more summary—his art, like David Cox's, more and more abstract. We are at issue with him, sometimes, upon the question whether the abstraction and selection are not, now and then, pushed too far—whether the signs that constitute the shorthand of his work are not now and then a little too arbitrary if the message he wishes to deliver is to be deciphered by anyone loss expert than himself. That is an open question. If he decides it, as he seems inclined to do, by opposing, say, his latest etching of "Putney"—charming as that is—to the "Thames Police," or "Black Lion Wharf," an etching of twenty-five years ago, one effect, at least, it will have which we could wish avoided—the limitation of his public within the very narrowest limits, for at least this generation.

But that is Mr. Whistler's own affair. We, for our part, shall venture to take some pleasure in nearly all he produces, partly, indeed, for the learned economy of effort with which it is brought forth, but partly, also, for that which even a too unmeasured abstraction could not quite conceal—his extraordinary insight into the picturesque and the engaging, the light, firm touch with which, on paper or canvas, he can arrest for us the fascination of colour and line. We said he is not always equally happy. Is there much suggestion of the real figure in the young woman dressed in a parasol and a red head-gear (65)? It appears not a fortunate transcript, but an imperfect and graceless recollection. And what would Mr. Clark Russell say to the anger of "The Angry Sea" (2)? But the spirit and fire of the "Bravura in Brown"—an "accident of alliteration," Mr. Whistler, but how serviceable, is it not?—are not for a moment to be gainsaid. And how much dignity in the attitude, in the pose of head, of the lady who sits up straight in her small straight chair and hangs one arm behind it! Again, the "Petit Dejeûner" (13)—a note in opal—is of a curious delicacy in slightness, such as hardly anybody but Mr. Whistler could command. No. 21 is, in its own way, as successful and as exquisite. What a placid charm in that delicate, ghostly vision of the "Herring Fleet" (48)! Poetical, we should desire to call it, only that to be poetical is to be literary. And with "La Petite Mephisto" (51) we are back again among triumphant boldness and dash. There can be no need to prolong the catalogue. The real artistic public is small in England, but what there is of it that is not fettered by its own prejudice or procedure will, we make bold to believe, confess itself enamoured of Mr. Whistler's show.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

June 4. 84

Whistler's "Notes," "Harmonies," "Nocturnes," etc. in Bond Street.

J. McNEILL WHISTLER has a great capacity for inventing strange titles for his eccentric productions. "Scherzo in blue," "Sands; blue note," "Harmony in yellow and brown—Sunday," "Bravura in brown," "Caprice in red," "Black and emerald—coal-mine," and "Parasol; red note," alone show the fertility of his mind when making an arrangement in catalogues. The great merit of his pictures consists in the fact that they may be hung upside down without losing any of their interest, or be placed on easels sideways, and still tell their story quite as intelligibly as when they are set on their right end. Long years of training have taught us to know whether it is advisable to stand on the head or not when looking at Whistler's pictures in order to appreciate them thoroughly. Though this artist hails from Tite Street, his pictures are too loose in painting to suit the ruddy Philistine portion of the British public. He supplies very good coffee to his friends on private view days, though. "Sweet harmony in brown coffee, dark chicory, white sugar, sweet scandal, and cream," don't you know?

The fine art critics all agree that the most notable feature in Mr. Whistler's pictures is the atmospheric effects he contrives to introduce in them. But judging from the musical names he gives to his works, this part of their production must be simple. Having decided on the subject of his "nocturne," "harmony," or "symphony," or "harmony," he simply whistles the "air" for it. Voilà tout!

AUNT TOWZER IN THE WHISTLER GALLERY.

If I ain't been a-Ruskinatin through them picter galleries, which I must say cricketising is most worrysome, a-hopping from one picter to another, and a-getting into confugion with skyefo skewers, frescas, impastiles, ile and watery colours, and I don't know what besides. But the wust is that Whissler, as really do seem to throw his paints about that reckless, which they might be Zekial's high rogliffics for anything as I know. And then the axecentric cognomans as he gives 'em! Nockturners, and 'armonies, and caprices, and bravuas, a-mixing up toons with tones, which I suppose as the only instryment as you could play 'em on would be a schreins. There was one as I did think was inipropriate —a schertzo in blue—a girl in a blue gownd though why he couldn't call it a skirt in blue, I couldn't make out. Still, I won't say as some o' them derangements wasn't good; but lor, when you have to back and back till you can't nearly not see 'em afore you can see 'em, why, it's orkard, and the number o' times as I apollogised to puffeck strangers—well, my brain was in that distemper, I never felt madder.

MR. WHISTLER'S EXHIBITION

In a room at Messrs. Dowdeswell's establishment in New Bond Street, tastefully decorated from his own design, Mr. Whistler has opened to public view a series of his recent studies and sketches. They are varied in subject, and differ from each other very widely in merit. The majority are of the slightest kind, mere memoranda of effects of light and colour, such as other artists retain in their studios for reference. A few of these, vague as they are, and without any definition of form, are charming by reason of their subtle beauty of colour and their suggestiveness. "The Novelette," in which the figure of a lady reading in bed is faintly indicated, the figure of a girl seen through a doorway "Shelling Peas," and the interior called "Violet and Red," are among the best of these very slight water-colour sketches. In others the artist's love of the *bizarre* and his perversity are evident; in the amazingly ill-drawn nude figure, "The Parasol," for instance, and in the inchoate adumbration of a group called "Note in Pink and Purple." The only large work in the collection, "The Blue Girl," is not a favourable example of Mr. Whistler's skill in portraiture. His fine sense of colour is shown in the treatment of delicately modulated local tints, but the girl's head is ill-drawn, one eye being considerably higher than the other. Very much better than any of these works are three or four studies in oil made in the streets of Chelsea. The "Sweet Shop," with a pile of oranges forming the key-note of colour, is an exquisite little work of its kind; and the views of "Old Chelsea Church," and of a row of houses, "Sunday," are scarcely inferior to it. Painted with obvious ease and with little labour, they leave no sense of incompleteness, and they are remarkable besides for their perfect harmony of low-toned colour.

Figaro May 24. 84.

Mr. Whistler's new exhibition, which might be appropriately called "A Caprice in Brown Plush," though not quite so eccentric perhaps as his notorious "Mustard Pot" Show, is certain to draw a number of visitors to Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries in New Bond-street. Upwards of sixty sketches, most of them associated with an eccentric semi-musical title, such as a "Scherzo in Blue," a "Bravura in Burnt Amber," are there exposed for view, most of them being of the most sketchy and unformed description. I would give a large share of what I possess to be able to pay another visit to this Whistlerian collection with Mr. John Ruskin as my companion.

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As before, the catalogue is the part of the Exhibition the visitors will as a rule most appreciate. It is exceedingly *pschutt* and full of delightfully conceited bits of the Whistlerian proverbial philosophy. But there is one saying he might have included, but didn't. It is this:—"A picture is finished when, to any impartial observer, it looks equally vague and inscrutable whichever side is turned to the top!"

Modern Poesy May 28. 84

Jemmy Whistler's "Private View," on Saturday, was unique. He is unique himself; a perfect host, and his wit never loses its originality or freshness; and although he has been treated meanly and very badly by so-called rich patrons, he has been able to survive it. Jemmy's etchings will live for ever. We can't say so much for his paintings, as they are already "fading away." All the same, he is a fine colourist, or rather used to be some twelve or fourteen years ago. He could not do better than go back to his old form, in the days when Dante Rossetti was his friend.

Sporting Times May 24 84

A mop of towzled tow can be seen between the curtains of a stage box. "Irving and Ellen Terry are there," is whispered throughout the house. Necks are craned to see these wonders, who, knowing the business of dramatic effect, just show enough of themselves to excite curiosity and not enough to satisfy it. Then James McNeil Whistler of the white crest arrives to divert attention. Oscar Wilde and Willie, too, have their admirers. In fact everything that can make the stalls more attractive than the stage has been provided. Where is your dignity of first nights now, C. S.? And your own fancy friends, too.

The Standard May 24 84

The visitor to Mr. Whistler's small exhibition at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery in New Bond-street comes, after passing through the front shop, into an apartment which is at least an exceptionally charming and effective bit of colour-harmony as a whole. An upper wall of a delicate rose-tint, with dado and mouldings of various tones of grey (it is called a "harmony in flesh-colour and grey"), hung with small works representing various "Harmonies" and "Notes" in colour, produces on the eye a soft misty effect of delicate colour which seems to pervade the air of the apartment, and not merely to lie flat on the walls. The general effect is certainly far more successful than the "harmony in white and yellow" which astonished the eye in another of the artist's exhibitions not very long since. When we come to study the paintings separately, of course there is much more room for difference of opinion. Some of them, though bearing such high-sounding and significant titles, are little better than daubs; others, which appear so at first view, and on close inspection, fall into their place wonderfully when viewed at what we take to be the distance the painter intended: numbers 6 and 9, for instance. A good many contain figures of young girls reading, lounging, in various attitudes, their dresses and surroundings giving the colour combination which is denominated "Pink Note" (N.B. Not a *billet-doux*, but a "note" in the scale of colour), or "Harmony in Violet and Amber." These figures are very slightly sketched, and their faces will certainly not bear looking close at; but they nearly all have character in pose, and show that there is good drawing underlying their shadowy similitude; one in particular, "Yellow and Grey" (43), a girl standing before a background of yellow, is charming in attitude and in the masterly indication of the figure. A life-size oil painting of a child called "The Blue Girl" is admirable in its way, both in colour and drawing, except (in regard to colour) the shaded side of the face, which looks as if not clean. The programme is prefaced by a highly characteristic little profession of faith, in axioms after the Euclidean manner:—"A picture is finished when all trace of the means employed to bring about the end has disappeared": "the completed task of perseverance only has never been begun, and will remain unfinished to eternity,—a monument of good will and foolishness," &c. Of course these are only half truths, but they are at least one side of the truth, expressed in a very pungent manner. Of course, too, some of the drawings are little more than smudges, and all, except the "Blue Girl," want precise delineation; but it is not because Mr. Whistler cannot draw with precision if he chooses. He has chosen to evolve an eccentric type of art for himself; and we have no wish to see imitators of him; but there is a method in his madness, and, as his own, it is a refreshing little vagary, and has, at least, the merit of being what may be called "anti-Philistine"; and though some of it may be absurd, those who think it merely absurd proclaim their own defect of perception.

"The World" April 9 1890.

"New York Herald" April 9 1890

MR. WHISTLER'S WRITINGS.

A third attempt has been made to produce the pirated copy of Mr. Whistler's collected writings. Messrs. Lewis and Lewis have, in consequence, taken prompt legal steps to stop the edition (printed in Paris) at the Customs. As a citizen of the United States, Mr. Whistler's copyright cannot be infringed in that country. A cablegram has been received by Mr. Whistler's solicitors stating that Messrs. Stokes's name has been affixed to the title-page of the pirated book without the sanction of those publishers. The premature drummer in this forbidden literature may, therefore, find himself in a difficult position on both sides of the Atlantic.

New York Herald April 9 '90

Sunday Times Feb 23 1890

THE EXTRAORDINARY PIRATICAL PLOT AGAINST MR. WHISTLER.—A most curiously well-concocted piratical scheme to publish, without his knowledge or consent a complete collection of Mr. Whistler's writings, letters pamphlets, lectures, &c, has been nipped in the bud on the very eve of its accomplishment. It appears that the book was actually in type and ready for issue, but the plan was to bring out the work simultaneously in this country and America. This caused delay, the plates having to be shipped to New York, and the strain of secrecy upon the conspirators during the interval would seem to have been too great. In any case indications of surrounding mystery, quite sufficient to arouse Mr. Whistler's attention, brought about his rapid action. Messrs. Lewis and Lewis were instructed to take out immediate injunction against the publication in both England and America, and this information, at once cabled across, warning all publishers in the United States, exploded the plot, effectually frustrating the elaborate machinations of those engaged in it.

Pall Mall Gazette April 25 1890.

Pall Mall Gazette April 17 1890 (Japan)

Pall Mall Gazette April 11 1890.

"THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING ENEMIES."

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—I read in your columns that my peaceful little volume, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," has been stopped by injunction, and confiscated and "seized" three times. If so—and who would dispute so charming an authority as the *Pall Mall*?—it may perhaps be taken as a further proof of the soundness of the good old adage, "Three times and out." For I assure you that the book is not only "out," but is being "seized" daily on the bookstalls of two continents by amazed and delighted readers. And may I point out, Sir, in reference to your paragraph of April 9, that it so happens that there is a letter from Frederick Stokes and Brother, publishers, of New York, according full permission for their imprint to be placed upon the volume.—I must request you, Sir, to publish this, and I am, yours, &c., SHERIDAN FORD.

April 10, 1890.

WHISTLERISMS.

For a book which has been thrice seized, Mr. Sheridan Ford's collection of Whistleriana is certainly having a good circulation. Indeed, wherever two or three knowing ones are assembled, one sees among them a copy of the dainty little volume—entitled in red, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies"—with its green covers, its wide margins, and, we must add, its numerous misprints. The copy which has been shown to us is dedicated "To all good comrades who like a fair field and no quarter," whilst in a prefatory note Mr. Sheridan Ford "commends the book to Mr. Whistler's enemies, with the soothing assurance that should each of them purchase a copy the edition will be exhausted in a week." Then follows an introduction by Mr. Sheridan Ford, which is a critical and historical account of Mr. Whistler's place "as an unattached writer" in contemporary journalism. The collection of Letters, to which Mr. Whistler objects, comes next, and we shall respect the wishes of our esteemed contributor by saying nothing about them. Here, however, are a few scraps from the collection of "Whistler Stories, Old and New," with which Mr. Ford brings his interesting *brochure* to a close:—

A lady was telling Mr. Whistler of a trip up the Thames, and, growing enthusiastic over the beauty of the scenery, remarked: "It was really a perfect series of Whistlers." "Yes, I dare say," was the reply. "Nature's creeping up."

Mr. Du Maurier and Mr. Wilde happening to meet in the rooms where Mr. Whistler was holding his first exhibition of Venice etchings, the latter brought the two face to face, and, taking each by the arm, inquired: "I say, which one of you two invented the other, eh?"

Once when the two were together, and Mr. Whistler had perpetrated a characteristic *mot*, Mr. Wilde exclaimed: "Heavens! I wish I had said that." "You will," said Whistler.

"I only know of two painters in the world," said a newly-introduced acquaintance to Mr. Whistler—"yourself and Velasquez." "Why," answered Whistler, in dulcet tones, "why drag in Velasquez?"

The Society of British Artists did not possess a Royal Charter till Mr. Whistler became president. On the occasion of the first visit of H.R.H. to the Gallery, Mr. Whistler was in attendance to welcome him. "I'm sure," said the Prince, as he paused a moment at the door, "I never heard of this place, Mr. Whistler, until you brought it to my notice. What is its history?" "It has one, your Highness," was the quiet rejoinder. "Its history dates from to-day."

Pall Mall Gazette April 12 1890

MR. WHISTLER'S LETTERS.

By the Herald's Private Wire.

Paris, April 12.—The book of Mr. Whistler's letters, edited by Sheridan Ford under the cynical title of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," was to-day received in Paris. It is going on its merry way, making readers wonder why it was written, but amusing them at the same time. The 250 pages contain the story of a quarrel to the knife between editor and edited, having its origin in a broken contract between the two. Mr. Whistler engaged Ford to make a collection of his letters to the Press, with a view to publication. The latter gentleman claims that after much time spent in searching the files at libraries, at the critical moment of its completion the eccentric artist sent him a cheque for £10, and wished to hand the work over to another editor.

In return Ford has had the letters secretly printed in America, while Whistler is endeavouring to restrain him by legal injunctions in England and the Continent. The story of the quarrel found its way into a newspaper, and has furnished much amusement to the friends of both parties. Doubtless the publication of the letters by another publisher has caused some pecuniary loss to Whistler, and there are also many things in the book which an ordinary autobiographer would have left out; but the cleverness and wit of the author shine clearly, and have been brought forcibly to the public notice by the absurdity of the quarrel.

The dedication runs: "To all good comrades who like a fair field and no quarter these pages are peacefully inscribed." In a preliminary note Ford remarks, "I commend this book to Whistler's enemies with a soothing assurance that should each of them purchase a copy, the edition would be exhausted in a week." Then follows a series of letters, written by Whistler to London newspapers on various subjects, all more or less personal, and letters, answers, retorts, and sketches of witty quarrels with Ruskin, Theodore Child, Seymour F. Haden, E. C. Hawkins, Henry Labouchere, M. N. Spielmann, William Stott, of Oldham; Algernon Swinburne, Tom Taylor, Oscar Wilde, Justin McCarthy, Harry Quilter, Dante Gabrielle Rossetti, and so on through a list which is supposed to show the vindictive character of the author of "Ten o'Clock," but which in spite of its so-called vituperative abuse is a perpetual sparkle of wit, and leaves us in doubt at the end whether the object of the book is to injure or aid Whistler's reputation.

MR. WHISTLER'S LATEST SCALP.

We take from the London *Truth* the following letter :—

"Dear *Truth*,—Among your ruthless exposures of the shams of to-day, nothing, I confess, have I enjoyed with keener relish than your late tilt at that arch-impostor and pest of the period—the all-pervading plagiarist!

I learn, by the way, that in America he may, under the 'Law of '84,' as it is called, be criminally prosecuted, incarcerated, and made to pick oakum, as he has hitherto picked brains—and pockets!

How was it that, in your list of culprits, you omitted that fattest of offenders—our own Oscar?

His methods are brought again freshly to my mind by the indefatigable and tardy Romeike, who sends me newspaper cuttings of "Mr. Herbert Vivian's Reminiscences," in which among other entertaining anecdotes, is told at length the story of Oscar simulating the becoming pride of author, upon a certain evening in the club of the Academy students, and arrogating to himself the responsibility of the lecture, with which, at his earnest prayer, I had, in good fellowship, crammed him, that he might not add deplorable failure to foolish appearance, in his anomalous position as art-expounder before his clear-headed audience.

He went forth on that occasion as my St. John—but, forgetting that humility should be his chief characteristic, and unable to withstand the unaccustomed respect with which his utterances were received, he not only trifled with my shoe, but bolted with the latchet!

Mr. Vivian, in his book, tells us further on, that lately, in an article in the "Nineteenth Century," on the "Decay of Lying," Mr. Wilde has deliberately and incautiously incorporated, "without a word of comment," a portion of the well-remembered letter in which, after admitting his rare appreciation and amazing memory, I acknowledge that "Oscar has the courage of the opinions . . . . of others!"

My recognition of this his latest proof of open admiration, I send him in the following little note, which I fancy you may think à-propos to publish as an example to your readers in similar circumstances, of noble generosity in sweet reproof, tempered, as it should be, to the lamb in his condition :—

"Oscar, you have been down the area again, I see!

"I had forgotten you, and so allowed your hair to grow over the sore place. And now, while I looked the other way, you have stolen *your own scalp!* and potted it in more of your pudding.

"Labby has pointed out that, for the detected plagiarist, there is still one way to self-respect (besides hanging himself, of course), and that is for him boldly to declare, 'Je prends mon bien là où je le trouve.'

"You, Oscar, can go further, and with fresh effrontery, that will bring you the envy of all criminal *confrères*, unblushingly boast, 'Moi, je prends *son* bien là où je le trouve!'

"Chelsea." J. McNEILL WHISTLER."

We hear that a third attempt has been made to produce the pirated copy of Mr. Whistler's collected writings. Messrs. Lewis and Lewis have at once taken legal steps to stop the edition (printed in Paris) at the Customs. As a citizen of the United States, Mr. Whistler's copyright cannot be infringed in that country. A cablegram has been received by Mr. Whistler's solicitors stating that Messrs. Stokes's name has been affixed to the title-page of the pirated book without the sanction of those publishers.

FAMILIAR LETTERS TO FAMILIAR MEN AND WOMEN.

No. XXIV.—J. McNEIL WHISTLER, Esq.

SIR,

You are not of a temperament to appreciate and be grateful for a timely word of caution. This is intended for no criticism, but merely as an assertion. But I feel it a duty to warn you to guard well your lock of hair. It is part of your essence. Its roots are deep set in your nature. It distinguishes you. It is the outward and visible sign of certain inward characteristics, invisible themselves, but evident enough from their results. It is a truculent tuft, that little assemblage of frosty hairs, dominating your dark locks and intellectual head. It is no flag of truce, despite its colour, but an ensign of defiance; guard it well, for if by *force majeure* or insidious trickery it should be shorn, I am convinced that with it would disappear those salient traits that charm, amuse, and interest us.

Remember what happened when Shagpat was shaven. Though Shagpat is the hero of the one other book besides Wilhelm Meister absolutely incomprehensible to me, he is the favourite of his creator, Mr. George Meredith, and there must be a deep meaning to him. When he lost his pet lock, "the earth awfully quaked and groaned, as if speaking in the abysmal tongue the Mastery of the Event to all Men."

Sintram, too, had an unmanageable lock with which he was able to accomplish some wonderful feats with the ocean. He could arouse a storm with the very simplest sort of a barber's operation; and there is an irresistible suggestion in his sitting on a cliff in the sun and making the waters heave beneath him by simple contact with a shorn lock. So do you sit serene on the secure eminence of a biting wit and an aggressive sarcasm, and cast leaflets into the flood of waters beneath. But you are far more placid than was saturnine Sintram as you watch the waves rise in angry attempts to get back at you.

Safe in your marvellous power of being charmingly disagreeable, and in the peaceful belief that you are in the right, you can afford to be reasonably indifferent while your victim squirms and the world laughs.

Even the little book that you have been following so energetically around the world, and that you impound in one place only to see issued in another, contains nothing that should ruffle you. If there were one letter in it that came from your hand when, through weariness, it had lost its cunning—if there were one absolutely commonplace letter in it, you might be excused for annoyance, for we all reasonably guess that you would rather be anything than commonplace. But the book detracts nothing from the repute of one who has established his reputation as being *facile princeps* in the art of writing a certain kind of letter.

In the other—the authorised edition—the letters are not selected with the object of showing us the way to make enemies; and naturally, there is not quite the same spirit in us as we open the book, nor do we find quite such compression of Whistlerian character marks. But if we are obliged to read

some things that do not exactly interest us in order to reach those that do, we do not complain; for you do not quite know how to be dull. If you are not disagreeable in a dainty *dilettante* way that is quite as much your own as your etchings, there is always something fresh and idiosyncratic in your touch; and behind the edge of every letter I can see that mystic lock of hair nodding with grave impressiveness its acquiescence in the sentiments conveyed.

It is far from my intention to intimate by my arrangement of topics that I regard your abilities as an artist as less than your capacity as a letter-writer. It is simply that at the present moment you are before the world more prominently as an artist in words than in subjects. But, in common with all the world except a few of your fellow artists, I yield you highest praise for your artistic work, and particularly for that that has been etched. There is a decision, a breadth, a delicacy, about the prints from your bitten plates that tell us unmistakably that your forte is aqua-forte, and that your highest talent as well with the writer's pen as with the artist's material, is in the use of acids.

Nor must I fail to render you justice for your piquancy as a lecturer. You are one of the most interesting talkers from the platform to which I have ever had the pleasure of listening; and your pungent wit and delightful epigrams have given me the greatest pleasure.

If I have sometimes thought that for the sake of epigrammatic utterance, you were sometimes content that the saying should not express quite what you thought or meant—well, that is a fault common to all, and not to be too seriously held against any one, especially in these days, when we persistently shunt substance for effect.

And so, in concluding with this mild criticism, permit me to express my high admiration for your talents in such diverse arts as those of letter writing, public speaking, painting, and etching; and to hope that for a long time to come we may see works of art from your hand adorning our walls, and your butterfly illuminating the pages of our journals.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

[illegible] "two letters to [illegible]. And when the work was far advanced, Mr. Whistler wished

MR. WHISTLER'S NEW ETCHINGS.

A CHAT WITH THE MASTER.

MR. WHISTLER was in extra good form the other day when I ventured to call upon him at his studio in the Tower House, Tite-street. This many-sided man presented first one facet and then another—the farcical facet, the serious facet, the ironical facet, the pugnacious facet, the emotional facet. The studio rang with strident peals of laughter, the mirror reflected the mocking smile, and every hair of the white lock bristled with contending emotions. Need I say that the Knight of the Needle was discussing his friends and his enemies, and the whirlpool of controversy in which he loves to disport himself. Mr. Whistler is sometimes likened to the Indian brave, who, when war is declared, sallies forth to the enemies' lodges and returns laden with scalps which he has won by the keenness of his blade and the deftness of his arm. For myself I always like to think of him as the Mephistopheles of Tite-street. On the other hand, Mr. Whistler says he has recently had occasion to compare himself to a ship, in that after a voyage or passage of arms he is compelled to scrape the barnacles off his sides. The fierce rolling of the "r" in the word "barnacle" made me shiver when Mr. Whistler made use of this simile. However, these are matters which need not be discussed now, for Mr. Whistler is much too busy to think about such growths as barnacles. He is busy printing the most exquisite series of etchings that he has ever produced. Mr. Whistler is not given to paying compliments to himself. He reserves "*mes compliments*" to others; but in the chat I had with him over a cup of tea he admitted that his etchings of Amsterdam were, in his opinion, the best work he had ever given to the public. Last November Mr. Whistler looked about him for new worlds to conquer, and elected to visit Amsterdam, which he thinks one of the most picturesque cities in Europe. He packed up his copper plates, his wax candles, his acids, his etching needles, and the various tools of the etcher, and proceeded to the quaint old capital of the Low Countries. The result will be given to the world in a series of ten etchings, which are practically completed. Proofs of these, enclosed in their dainty frames of white with black bars, reposed on the studio floor with their faces to the wall, and one after the other they were placed on the easel. Picture to yourself delightful representations of stagnant Dutch canals, reflecting on their surface every detail of the quaintly grotesque architecture. One of Mr. Whistler's difficulties when working in these picturesque but tortuous byways of the Dutch capital was the attitude of the Amsterdam Arab, who was thunderstruck at the apparition of a gentleman sitting in a boat and doing nothing but scratch a bit of copper plate with a needle. Sometimes the Arab thought that the figure which was so still was a dummy, and threw stones at it. In consequence of this Mr. Whistler invoked the intervention of the police, and was left in peace to pursue his lonely studies.

The man who only knows Mr. Whistler as the gay, versatile *farceur* thinks that he leads a butterfly existence. But—excepting the famous emblem—Mr. Whistler is not one of the *Lepidoptera*. In Amsterdam he began early and worked into the night, defying the searching blasts and the withering weather. Here, for instance, is the *nocturne* of the series, a wonderful representation of night on one of the canals, the weird and ghostlike gloom being shown by a brilliant flash of light from a lantern placed in one of the mullioned windows above. Mr. Whistler has often been joked about his *nocturnes*, in private and in a court of law. But his retort is true enough. Night has no form—gloom no length or breadth. This particular nocturne, however, is full of the most delicate and elaborate detail when your eyes have accustomed themselves to the lantern flash. You see the shadows of the people through the blinds and curtains, and the glow of the oil lamps softened by the gloom of night. Here, again, is a proof which Mr. Whistler calls "the embroidered curtain." It hangs in a window overlooking one of the canals, and the delicate tracery of the pattern has been worked out to the minutest detail. But Mr. Whistler did not spend all his time in these sombre and narrow water byways, in which the houses rise on either side like the precipitous and frowning walls of a Texan cañon. We find him emerging now and then into the sun on expeditions which result in bits of real lowland scenery, dotted with windmills and alive with traffic.

In this series of etchings the master has avowedly shown himself to the public in all his powers. "I divide myself into three periods," he says, being in his most serious and sensible mood. "First, you see me at work on the Thames," producing one of the famous series. "Now, there you see the crude and hard detail of the beginner. So far, so good. There, you see, all is sacrificed to exactitude of outline. Presently, and almost unconsciously, I begin to criticise myself, and to feel the craving of the artist for form and colour. The result was the second stage, which my enemies call inchoate, and I call Impressionism. The third stage I have shown you. In that I have endeavoured to combine stages one and two. You have the elaboration of the first stage and the quality of the second." For some reason or another, Mr. Whistler has decided not to hold an exhibition, but his etchings will be on view at one or two of the galleries. The conversation then turned on the number of proofs which he prints from his plates. It is well known that Mr. Whistler's early etchings are rare and extremely valuable. Instances can be given in which a half-guinea proof is now worth seventy guineas, or even more. The collector hates the common crowd, and will only have etchings that are scarce. It is easy to gratify him by keeping the supply down. From his early plates Mr. Whistler told me he had taken about a hundred proofs, and then destroyed the plate. But the numbers vary according to his judgment. Sometimes there might be a hundred, but ofttimes a dozen or twenty proofs, each having the sign of the butterfly, and the little note which shows that he also printed the proof. Mr. Whistler's studio is more like a workshop than a famous artist's retreat. Sumptuous draperies, luxurious couches, thick carpets, and bric-a-brac are conspicuous by their absence; and in their place are the presses and inking rollers with which he now is at work.

AN ARTIST'S QUARRELS.

How Mr. Whistler Has Cultivated "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies."

"The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," edited by Sheridan Ford, the well-known writer on art, is a delightful little volume. It is a collection of letters and miscellany relating to Mr. Whistler, and it is commended to that gentleman's enemies "with the soothing assurance that should each of them purchase a copy the edition will be exhausted in a week." Mr. Whistler is an original personality; but with his pugnacity and impudence there is allied a genuine wit and pretty humour that make him tolerable even in his most aggressively offensive moods. This volume, which Frederick Stokes and Brother, of New York, have issued, beautifully printed on a smooth paper with wide margins, is a record of Whistlerian rows in print. It illustrates, says Sheridan Ford, who himself writes with much sprightliness and sense of fun, "the gentle art of making enemies, and is in part the record of some unpleasantness between the brush and the pen." The quarrels of artists and literary men have always a humorous side, but these of Mr. Whistler are the most amusing that have seen the light for many a year. Of course the material for the book is to be found in old files of newspapers, but it comes out as fresh and interesting as ever. Mr. Whistler did not win renown as a taker of the scalps of critics all at once. His literary gift was scarcely suspected even by himself. It is only of late years that his war-whoop has been so terrible. When, in 1862, his "White Girl" was the target for the ridicule of all the critics in Paris and here, his writing was as mild as the wagging of a dead lamb's tail. But he soon learned his power, though he did not fight his first pitched battle till fifteen years later, when he took action in the courts against Mr. Ruskin, who, in "Fors Clavigera," had sweetly said that "for Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the Gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. "I have seen and heard," continued Mr. Ruskin, "much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." The jury solaced Mr. Whistler with a farthing damages, after having heard from Mr. Frith, R.A., that his pictures were from an artistic point of view on a par with so much wall paper, and from Mr. Burne-Jones that they were not pictures at all.

After this trial Mr. Whistler determined to put no more trust in law courts, and to fight for himself. The brochure of "Whistler v. Ruskin —Art and Art Critics" was his first essay, and since then he has been a prolific letter-writer, to the great delight of the public, which, rightly or wrongly, loves nothing better than to see a good "set-to" by a couple of artists or literary men. One of the best pieces of reading in the book is "A Storm in an Æsthetic Tea-pot." There was an exhibition of etchings at the Hanover Gallery, and some Venetian etchings were sent in suspiciously like the work of Whistler under an assumed name. Dr. Seymour Haden, Dr. Hamilton, and Mr. Legros thought they had caught Mr. Whistler that time, constituted themselves detectives, and went to the Fine Art Society's Gallery, to which Mr. Whistler was pledged to send his etchings, and compared the suspected with genuine etchings. A weekly paper got to hear of it, Mr. Whistler resented the assumption of malfeasance on his part, and "went for" those "two [illegible] men and a house professor" in fine style. Those gentlemen were of course anxious to make it appear that they did not distrust Mr. Whistler, did not play the spy upon him, and that the incident would not reflect upon him. But Mr. Whistler was far too clever for them. He printed their letters with a withering commentary, and very ludicrous indeed did he make them appear.

But Harry Quilter gets the sharpest treatment of any one at Mr. Whistler's hands. "'Arry," as Mr. Whistler delights to call him, was art critic for the *Times*, and in that capacity wrote of Mr. Herkomer's portrait of Mr. John Ruskin "as the first oil portrait we had ever seen of our great art critic." "Surely, dear Atlas," writes Whistler to Mr. Yates of the *World*, "when the art critic of the *Times*, suffering possibly from chronic catarrh, is wafted in at the Grosvenor without guide or compass, and cannot by mere sense of smell distinguish between oil and water-colour, he ought, like Mark Twain, 'to inquire.'" The portrait was not in oils, and Mr. Whistler is eternally chaffing "'Arry" about it, returning to the subject with interest when he discovers the critic tripping again by mistaking a photogravure reproduction of a pen and ink drawing by Samuel Palmer, for an etching by the same hand. When 'Arry was a candidate for the Slade Professorship of Fine Art for the University of Cambridge Mr. Whistler picked to pieces his "certificate to character and printed pretension to the Professorship of Slade." For merciless sarcasm and chaff this letter is hard to beat.

Oscar Wilde is another of Mr. Whistler's victims. "What has Oscar in common with art?" writes Whistler with lofty scorn, "except that he dines at our tables and picks from our platters the plums for the pudding he peddles in the provinces. Oscar—the amiable, irresponsible, esurient Oscar—with no more sense of a picture than of the fit of a coat, has the courage of the opinions of others!" "Alas, this is very sad!" writes Oscar to the *World*, in which this letter appeared. "With our James, vulgarity begins at home and should be allowed to stay there." "Oscar, you have been down the area again, I see!" is the retort; Oscar's offence having been that of "simulating the becoming pride of author, upon a certain evening, in the club of the Academy students, and arrogating to himself the responsibility of the lecture with which, at his earnest prayer, I had in good fellowship crammed him, that he might not add deplorable failure to foolish appearance, in his anomalous position as art expounder, before his clear-headed audience."

Mr. Whistler scalps every one who comes in his way. We might fill a column about his presidency of the Society of British Artists, and his mighty quarrel with Mr. Wyke Bayliss, his successor, who had the effrontery to take down the Whistlerian sideboard, paint out the butterfly and give the golden lion "a dirty coat of black." But that storm in a tea cup is fresh in public recollection. So is the story of William Stott, of Oldham—how Mr. Stott met Mr. Whistler in the Hogarth Club at about midnight, and without preface said, "You are a liar and a coward." Says the ever-veracious Whistler in a letter to the committee of the Hogarth Club: "We were alone in the room with Mr. John Reid, who witnessed fully what took place. I immediately rose up and slapped Mr. Stott's face—a spontaneous movement; and gentlemen, you must admit, most inevitable consequence of such gross insult. I am also grieved to add that the first slap was followed by a second one, and the incident closed by a kick administered upon a part of Mr. Stott of Oldham's body that finally turned towards me, and that I leave to him to specify." "All who happen to be acquainted with the difference in physique between Mr. Whistler and myself will judge for themselves of the probability of his ridiculous version," is what Mr. Stott, of Oldham, has to say on the subject.

Nor does Mr. Sheridan Ford himself escape at the hands of the hero of this book. He shared the common fate of all who have personal relations with Mr. Whistler. He was forced to quarrel with him. He undertook with Mr. Whistler's approval to collect all the latter's letters to the London newspapers, and when the work was far advanced, Mr. Whistler wished to entrust it to someone else, and in his sweet Whistlerian way sent our author a cheque for £10. Then a very pretty quarrel ensued, the cheque being returned and Mr. Whistler being treated to some letters in his own best style. The book is full of humour; it abounds in good stories; and though there is much mischief and fun in it, of malice there is scarcely a trace, either on Mr. Whistler's or any one else's part.