

orange upon it, while the brothers, who afterwards murder Lorenzo, cast angry looks at the lovers. The picture, in spite of much crudeness of general effect, is full of strong drawing—especially in the faces—which are all studies, each representing a distinct phase of character, there being great earnestness of purpose in the whole work. This was Millais' first pre-Raphaelite picture. Near it, is No. 116, by the same hand, painted a few years later, and exhibited in 1857. It is called, *Sir Isumbras at the Ford*, or *A Dream of the Past*. An aged knight in golden armour carrying two peasant children across a ford at sunset. The colouring is very gorgeous—almost too much so. And we do not see that the young painter made much advance in this or in No. 121, *The Escape of a Heretic*, except, perhaps, in the latter, which has a more harmonious tone of colour. A well-known picture by Millais is No. 106, *The Proscribed Royalist*. It was first exhibited in 1853, and is full of interest, but has all the hardness of Millais' early work in a very obvious way—the face of the girl who is tending the Cavalier lacks expression, and there is a certain unpleasantness in the whole picture. It is interesting to turn back for a moment from this early work to the matured perfect picture, by Sir John, No. 27, in the first room—the Gallery we were considering last week. His influence upon modern Art has, perhaps, been greater than that of any living man, because he had the courage to leave the School which, in minutely copying nature, put on canvas what they could not really see, and never did actually see; and, at the same time, he has avoided the errors of the "impressionists" who paint what they think they see, and, in doing so, give free rein to the imagination. The danger of this is great, for it has been well said that the artist deceives himself into the idea that he is doing all he can to elevate his subject by introducing into it accurate science, whereas he may, in reality, all the while be sacrificing his subject to his own vanity or pleasure.

We will now turn to Millais' great contemporaries, Holman Hunt and D. G. Rossetti. No. 119, *The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple*, by Holman Hunt, painted at Jerusalem with all the wonderfully perfect detail of the pre-Raphaelites and their earnest searching after truth. Look closely at the picture and it appears marvellous, but the harsh colour and want of atmospheric effect do not give an agreeable impression at first. His other picture, No. 127, *Strayed Sheep*, is thoroughly characteristic, and, as the catalogue tells us Ruskin said of it, "It at once achieved all that can ever be done in that kind; it will not be surpassed; it is little likely to be rivalled by the best efforts of the times to come."

The works of Rossetti are 118, *Monna Vanna, or The Lady with the Fan*; 142, *Joli Cowur*; and *Pandora*, 120, the most typical of his three pictures, splendid in its bronze-like colouring, over-sensuous like all Rossetti's work. Space does not permit us to dwell upon the many beautiful works in this admirable exhibition, but look at No. 128, *The Hesperides*, by Burne Jones; No. 104, *The Goat Herd*, by Mrs. Adrian Stokes; and No. 132, *Light of Light*, by the same artist; an original and masterly work, No. 136, *Miss J. Alexander*, by James Whistler; and a quite charming little picture by G. H. Mason, No. 123, *The Gander*, once called *The Music Party*. A very tenderly grey picture is *Jean, Jeanne, and Jeannette*, by Mrs. Stanhope Forbes;

and very lovely is, No. 143, *The Sleepers, and the One that Wakes*, painted by Simeon Solomon. We regret that it is not possible now to consider the Early English School, the several pictures by Turner, John Crome, Gainsborough, and George Romney; but look at Romney's *The Sleeping Child*, No. 75—the child is really asleep, and is very sweetly painted. *Venice*, No. 78, by Turner, is a fair white picture. The Dutch School has many admirable examples.

Nurses should remember that, as well as week days, they may visit the Guildhall on alternate Sundays, beginning on next Sunday, the 22nd of this month—another boon for which we have to thank the "City Fathers."

A Book of the Week.

"MARCELLA."*

THE second volume of "Marcella" tells how the poacher Hurd shot Lord Maxwell's keeper. Marcella, aided by Wharton, strains every nerve and uses every influence to obtain the murderer's reprieve—and in vain. This part of the novel is full of the deepest and most sorrowful interest; moreover, it is written with rare skill. The awful night-watch of Marcella in the Hurds' cottage, with his wretched wife and miserable dying child, the night before the execution, is a picture that must need linger in the imagination as one of the most impressive scenes in modern literature. The entire absence of the hysteric element in the description of the deep tragedy that so powerfully affects the life and character of the heroine is admirable in its reticence; and, it is to be suspected, will be read by few men and thoughtful women without leaving a powerful impression upon their minds. Marvellous in its sympathetic comprehension of the character of those concerned is the description of the scene at Maxwell Court, when Marcella pleads in vain, and her lover and his father refuse to sign the memorial for the murderer's reprieve. The effect of this refusal upon the indignant Marcella is to turn her tepid affection to indignation, and she breaks off her engagement.

Not less powerful in its way is the narration of the manner in which Wharton, driven to bay by accumulated debts, barter his soul, that is, sells his journal to the employers of the workmen, whose cause he had hitherto made his own, and the prompt retribution that overtook him when Wilkins betrayed his dastardly act to the Labour Committee, who met to elect him to be their leader, but instead of receiving this honour, he returns from the meeting a dishonoured and discredited man.

After her broken engagement to Aldous Raeburn, Marcella becomes a Hospital Nurse, and, after a year's training in the Edwards Hospital, starts as a Nurse in Brown's Buildings and other Homes of the poor. "What (says a lady in the book), all the women do nowadays, they tell me, who can't get on with their relations or their lovers." A year's training is not very long, and it is to be doubted if in real life such a short apprenticeship to the great science of

* "Marcella." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Three Volumes. (Smith Elder & Co., London, 1894.)

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