



DR. CONAN DOYLE AND HIS TWO CHILDREN IN THE GARDEN AT HINDHEAD.

or so we say. And yet among the more self-reliant, more boisterous types in the living world around us, is there one that is more real than Dorothea?

But the writer has not given the deprecating heroine undue prominence. The book is a gallery, a small, selected gallery, of gems of portraiture. Raoul, the lover, is a finely discriminating study of a fascinating young Frenchman, whose emotional nature, with its need of drama and of audience, and whose wit tempt him to belie his real nobility. But our special delight is Endymion, the stately, high-handed, benevolent banker-squire, with his pride in his tolerance, in his culture, and his consummate talent for saying the wrong thing with a conscious air of being specially delicate and keen-witted. Nowhere is there caricature. His capability is given as much weight as his pompousness. The humour of his portrait depends greatly on the fine moderation of the painter, who, with a few light touches, lets us see the man. "I take, you must know," says Endymion, "a somewhat broad view on such matters—may I, without offence, term it a liberal one? . . . 'A broad-minded fellow' was the general verdict; and some admirers added that ideas which in weaker men might seem to lean towards free thought, and even towards Jacobinism, became Mr. Westcote handsomely enough. He knew how to carry them off, to wear them lightly as flourishes and ornaments of his robust common sense, and might be trusted not to go too far. Endymion, who had an exquisite *flair* for the approval of his own class, soon learned to take an honest pride in his liberalism and to enjoy its discreet display." Let us thank Mr. Quiller-Couch with heartiness for allowing us to share his enjoyment of Endymion.

A. MACDONELL.

FIVE PAINTERS AND A CRITIC.*

The critical faculties of Sir Wyke Bayliss are sufficiently well known to make it unnecessary to state that his new book, "Five Great Painters of the Victorian Era," is an animated and interesting performance. If there is one objection to be brought against it, it is that it is seldom wise or satisfactory to describe great men by semi-allegorical descriptions and sub-titles, such as "The Painter of the Gods," "The Painter of Men and Women," or "The Painter of Love and Life." Works of art do, indeed, leave a moral impression, but that moral impression is almost always too complex to be defined in a phrase, and generally varies with the character of the recipient; just as a piece of music which is described on the

programme as suggestive of a village carnival may convey to one auditor the idea of the gates of elfland and to another the idea of a horse going by. And the moment we come to look at Sir Wyke Bayliss' general descriptions we are almost startled by the frequent divergence between his impressions and our own. For example, the sub-title of Sir Edward Burne-Jones in this volume is "The Painter of the Golden Age." An age less golden than that depicted in Burne-Jones' pictures we ourselves find it difficult to imagine. Surely the essence of the idea of the age of gold was that it was the symbol of the youth and innocence and hilarity of all things. And surely the very essence of the strange figures and sweet landscapes of Burne-Jones is that they are the symbol of the passion and experience and graceful resignation of all things. Under all their strange crowns and sunset-coloured garments, they are the pictures, not of the Golden Age, but most emphatically of the nineteenth century. They represent that sad satisfaction, that quietude, hopeless and yet not unhappy, which has been a dominant note in the intellectual class in our time. Sir Wyke Bayliss speaks with just contempt of the trumpery sarcasm which Monsieur de la Sizeranne and other realists have directed towards Burne-Jones' ideal of beauty. But though there can be no question of the transcendent loveliness of the painter's vision, there can be quite as little doubt, I think, about its essential mood and meaning. Sir Wyke Bayliss thinks the Golden Age consists of silver sunsets and purple orchards. The soul of man cannot be satisfied with sunsets and orchards, and every face that Burne-Jones ever painted expressed the truth that it cannot so be satisfied. Burne-Jones was a great painter and a great poet too, but there is immeasurably more of the Golden Age in Wilkie's "Blind Man's Buff."

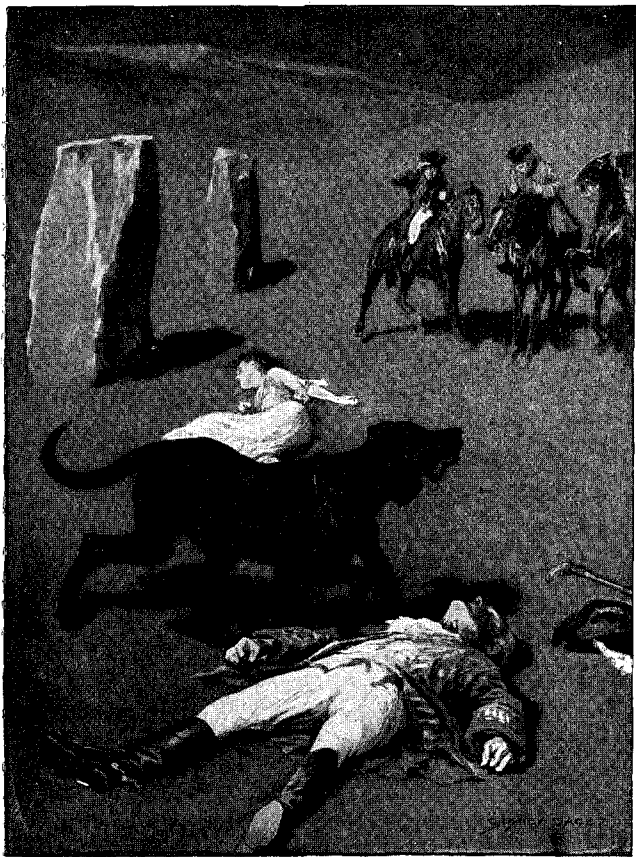
Again, to pursue this somewhat ungracious, but not, we think, unessential protest against the sub-titles, it would scarcely have occurred to everyone to describe Mr. G. F. Watts as "The Painter of Love and Life." It would rather appear that if there is one characteristic which really separates Mr. Watts from the majority of symbolic or ideal artists it is the fact that he is less inspired by those softer and more human influences which we associate with love and life, and more by those terrible abstractions of order and judgment which avenge without anger and bless almost without benignity. Mr. Watts' moral spirit is noble and inspiring, but it often has about as much to do with love and life as the first book of Euclid, which is also a noble and inspiring work when properly understood. It is supremely significant that the greatest work of Mr. Watts, and something very like the



"WHERE'S THAT PLUM PUDDING?"

A Christmas card sent out by Dr. Conan Doyle, showing his favourite bulldog, a present from Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.

* "Five Great Painters of the Victorian Era." By Sir Wyke Bayliss. 8s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)



THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.

"The moon was shining bright upon the clearing, and there in the centre, lay the unhappy maid where she had fallen, dead of fear and fatigue. But it was not the sight of her body, nor yet was it that of the body of Hugo Baskerville lying near her, which raised the hair upon the heads of these three dare-devil roysterers, but it was that, standing over Hugo, and plucking at his throat, there stood a foul thing, a great black beast shaped like a hound, yet larger than any hound that ever mortal eye had rested upon."

(Reproduced from "The Hound of the Baskervilles," by kind permission of Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd.)

greatest work in modern English art, is the painting, not of a face, but of a draped and shrouded back. It would be difficult to find anything grander or more characteristic than the sublime agnosticism of the figure of Death in "Love and Death," with the hand uplifted and the face hidden. This is nothing so easy or so comfortable as a mere faith in love and life. It is a faith in the superhuman, almost in the inhuman powers; a strange and audacious faith in time, death, and judgment.

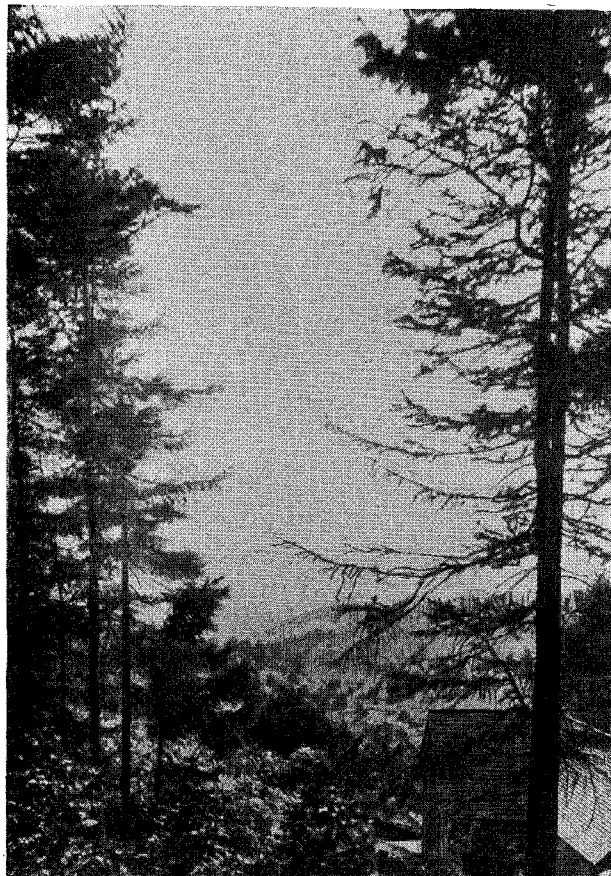
The essay on Mr. Watts, internally considered, is one of the very best in this very interesting volume. Sir Wyke Bayliss raises a spirited and sensible protest against the absurd habit of talking about the fallen and unheroic character of the age, and the unrecoverable beauty of former times. Even among a hundred cants one may have a certain preference for the cants which accelerate and make smooth in comparison with the cants which obstruct and discourage. The whole nonsense about the degenerate world and the glory of Athens and old Florence may be dealt with in two very obvious remarks. There are quite as many men now as there were then who are devoted to great dreams and great labours. And there were quite as many men then as there are now who thought that such people had ceased to appear upon the earth. But it would be difficult to put the case better than Sir Wyke Bayliss puts it against a hopelessness which alone, amid a universe based upon hope, does its feeble best to bring about the very paralysis which it satirises and laments. Another excellent passage in the book is the Epilogue, the parable of the relations of religion and art told in the form of a story about an artist and the decoration of a font. Sir Wyke Bayliss represents in a certain sense an old school of art criticism, the Ruskinian school, which connected art definitely with spiritual and national duties. But that old school was immeasurably more philosophical than the new school of "art for art's sake," for it was at least an attempt at a sane synthesis of human life. Art for Art's sake is in its nature merely a superstition. For anything becomes a superstition when it is absolutely separated from all other

considerations, whether it be religious exercises or scientific research on art, or beer, or foreign stamps. The drunkard, for example, is merely an idolater, and his motto is "beer for beer's sake." Against this view the higher rationalism of Sir Wyke Bayliss and his school stands in creditable protest. We know that the narrow isolation of man's spiritual nature did harm to spirituality. We may be quite as certain that the narrow isolation of his æsthetic sense will do harm to art.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

TWO HISTORIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

It is difficult to see what purpose can be subserved by the issue of such a work as the "History of English Literature" by Mr. E. J. Mathew. Apart from accuracy, some such qualities as these are essential in a work of this description: first, very careful arrangement; secondly, power of condensation; thirdly, lucidity of style. All these qualities are absent from the work before us. From the explanations given in notes it might be supposed that the work was addressed to the middle forms of public schools, but many expressions employed in the text are ill-adapted to this class of student. The writer appears to have some gift of expounding the qualities of a given book, and when he has an opportunity of describing an author or his work at fair length, his interest in the subject is often communicated to the reader in a sufficiently fresh and natural manner. What is so completely lacking, and renders the title such a thorough misnomer, is any evidence of editorial capacity or sense of proportion. The idyllic picture of Milton's declining years is not a little misleading. It was not so much Queen Mary as Queen Anne who "steadfastly" opposed Swift's advancement in the Church. The dogmatic assumption of Swift's marriage is, to say the least, gratuitous, and the same may be said of



VIEW FROM UNDERSHAW, HINDHEAD, ACROSS DR. CONAN DOYLE'S RIFLE RANGE.

the remark, "The *Conduct of the Allies* brought about the Peace of Utrecht," or a misquotation from Goldsmith's "The Retaliation" (*sic*). Such errors might be found probably upon

* "A History of English Literature." By E. J. Mathew. (Macmillan.)

"A History of English Literature." By A. Hamilton Thompson. 6s. (John Murray.)