

**Decorative Art.**

Man has an instinctive appreciation of a quality in his surroundings which he calls Beauty, and which he has failed to analyze into anything else, and his instinct leads him to acquire and surround himself with beautiful things that his delight in them may be the more gratified. Further, he finds it in his power to make things beautiful by his own handiwork. He has, that is, an artistic instinct, and becomes an artist to gratify it. The artist works in one of two ways. Either he modifies his material, let us say a chance pebble, his club, his basket, or his face, so as to intensify those accidental qualities of form or colour which seem to him beautiful in it; or else he produces, in or on a material of one kind, the likeness of another object—a tree, a dog, or his brother man, which has formerly pleased him by its beauty, and which he desires to "have by him" in a more convenient form; at the same time, if he is wise, enhancing its essential qualities as before. In the latter case his art is representative, the former it is merely decorative.

Decorative art has been studied, if at all, from the craftsman's point of view—successful "patterns" have been collected, and a working "theory of ornament" has grown up; but the subject has for the most part seemed beneath the dignity of serious or systematic research. The study, however, which has been concentrated upon the earlier stages of human civilization of late years, could hardly fail to bring out the fact that throughout, and in the region of decorative no less than in that of representative art, progress is made from simpler to more complicated designs, and method of execution; and that the progress of this progress seem to be referable to a number of apparently fundamental principles. It is in representative art, indeed, that this is the less clear; partly because, in the beginnings of art, direct representation occurs but rarely, and so the conditions under which it first makes its appearance are already somewhat complicated; partly because in all primarily representative art there is a direct reference to each production, to the natural object whose outward form is to be simulated. The artist has, in the first place, to produce something like this model, and must refrain from the expression of his delight in mere combinations of outline and colour, and of his own mastery over his materials.

Decorative art, on the other hand, begins with the beginners of productive industry. It rests closely upon the instinctive sense of the intrinsic delightfulness of certain forms and colors, quite apart from their representative associations, and upon the equally instinctive desire of the craftsman to turn out implements of furniture shapely and pleasant to the eye, as well as adequate to their primary uses. And it has no natural limits, except the capacity of the material and the utensil to bear ornament, and of the artist to device and execute it. Consequently, we have the widest range of time, both absolute and relative, within essential to all sound art, but absolute veracity involves the whole truth: the truth of the exceptional as well as of the average experience; the truth of the imagination as well as of observation. The hero and the wanderer are still and always will be the great human types; and they are, therefore, the types which will continue to dominate fiction; the hero in the novel of romance, the wanderer is a novel of adventure.

Two things men have always craved: to come to close quarters with life, and to do something positive and substantial. Self-expression is the prime need of human nature; it must know, act, and suffer by virtue of its deepest instincts. The greater and richer that nature the deeper will be its need of seeing life on many sides, of sharing in many kinds of experience, of contending with multiform difficulties. Achievement and adventure, action and experience, are not only as great a part of human life, as ever, but they cast as deep a spell on the imagination. They are real and enduring in fiction because they are real and enduring in life. We shall always have the fact with us, and the more clearly we see and comprehend it the sounder will be our life and our art. But we shall always have in ourselves the need of what Matthew Arnold calls "the revolt against the tyranny of the fact."—*The Hospital, London.*

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**The Cromwell Statue.**

Some surprise has been expressed by the press of this country that the Irish members of parliament compelled the government to abandon their proposal for the erection of a statue to the Lord Protector. It would be strange, indeed, if Irish Catholics could unite with the representatives of England in paying honor to the memory of a man whose record in Ireland was one of relentless and savage butchery. He was not merely the leader of an army bent upon conquest, but the incarnation of a policy the object of which was, in Carlyle's phrase, to "squelch" the country—to crush out the national life utterly, to extinguish national sentiment, and to eradicate the people's religion. As Mr. McCarthy well put it, how would the English people receive the proposal that they should contribute to a statue to the Irish hero, Owen Roe O'Neill? The idea would be regarded as preposterous, and so was the government's proposal. As an asserter of the power of the people, Cromwell, no doubt deserves national recognition from England; those whose country owe him neither gratitude nor admiration should not, however, be asked to join in the tribute. Cromwell was a fanatic and a fierce bigot, but he probably did some good for religion by his crusade against loose living. His views on foreign policy were not broad, as we understand the word, but he secured for England as a naval power a more commanding position than she had ever before held. He was a despot, and called and dismissed parliament at pleasure, but there is no doubt that it was he who laid the foundation of our modern system of popular and parliamentary government.—*Catholic Opinion.*

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**Incidents in the Career of the Earl of Rosebery, K. G.**

There is a story current at Westminster that Lord Rosebery's two boys, home at the Durdams for the Easter vacation, surprised their father last Primrose Day by presenting themselves at breakfast each with a button-hole of Lord Beaconsfield's favourite flower. A primrose is more to them than a yellow flower or a political badge; it is the family name, derived from lands in Fife. The family can trace descent from the brother of the principal surgeon to James the First, even if it does not care to go back to the blacksmith burgess of Culross. It has risen gradually in rank; and although the present lord is the first to hold the Garter, more than one of his predecessors has worn the national badge of Scotland, of which a witty minister has said that, unlike the rose and the shamrock, it does not lend itself inconveniently to the buttonhole. The family has been liberal for generations, Lord Rosebery's grandfather being political manager for Earl Grey, and his father being appointed Lord of the Admiralty during the Melbourne administration.

Of his Eton days there are faint memories. The late Lord Randolph Churchill, who was among his contemporaries, could tell how his grave demeanour obtained for him the name of Counsellor. From Eton he went to Oxford, where he took claret at breakfast, and where he earned the reputation of being "clever enough." He was one of the last undergraduates of Christ Church who wore the gold tassel, known as "tuft," the mark of noblemen and their sons. In this time the dons abolished the "gaudies" or banquets in hall. But they did not give official intimation of the fact; and on All Saints' Day, Lord Dalmeny, in gown of violet and gold, entered the hall with a bottle of wine in each hand. The senior censor hurried down from the high table and protested; but the champion of liberty was allowed the two bottles of wine. A story is told which, if true—as it ought to be—would show that Lord Rosebery began early to be a courtier. Soon after he left Christ Church, being in the neighbourhood of Windsor Castle, he met the Queen, and Her Majesty, recognising the young lord, accosted him, and made a remark on the clemency of the weather. "Madam," said the flatterer, "it is always fine where you are."

When Lord Rosebery came of age in 1868, a few months after his grandfather's death, he took his seat as Baron Rosebery on the Liberal side of the House of Lords.

Lord Rosebery was born within a few days of the death of O'Connell, in May 1847, the year in which Lord Robert Cecil, now Marquis of Salisbury, went from Eton to Oxford. His father, who was outlived for many years by his grandfather, died in 1851; and three years later his mother went to a new home as wife of the future Duke of Cleveland. She was of the family of the Standhopes, and her grandfather was married to Hester Pitt, the eldest daughter of the great Chatham. Although a Londoner by birth, Lord Rosebery looks upon the northern capital as his home. "You made me," he said to the people of Edinburgh, "what I am. You have associated yourselves with every incident of my life. You have rejoiced with my joy; you have mourned with my grief."

One can imagine young Lord Dalmeny, a boy of grave demeanour, living with his grandfather close to the Forth, and dreaming of the future as he wandered through the woods. The Queen, who visited Dalmeny before his birth, described it as "beautiful, with trees growing down to the sea." The woods are flowery beyond the wont of Scottish woods. There is a charming walk, which the young lord may have taken, to the famous Hawes, where Lovel made the acquaintance of Jonathan Oldbuck. Dalmeny House itself is as modern as the battle of Waterloo, but separated from it by only a few hundred yards of greensward, on a tongue-like projection from the deepest recess of the crescent bay, stands Barnbougle Castle. It was under the shadow of the ivy-covered ruins of Barnbougle Castle that Lord Dalmeny made his first speech. The occasion was a volunteer review on September 5, 1861. Lord Dalmeny, then fourteen years old, replied to the toast of the heir with self-possession. A speech from a boy in his early teens always appears astonishing to Scotchmen, and so prominent a man as Dundas of Dundas, the Vice-Lieutenant of the county, hazarded the prediction that in the young speaker at the volunteer luncheon they had heard one of Britain's future Prime Ministers.—*By a Parliament Hand in the "Woman at Home."*

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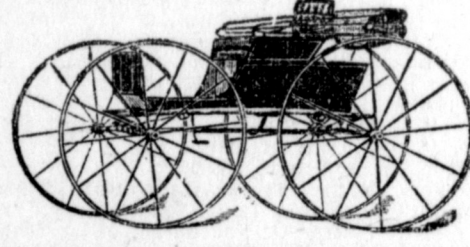
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