

violet-hued alleys; an excess of violet colour so intense and so unusual that one's sight is dazzled and bewildered by it. And the wisteria, too, which garlands the old eaves of houses with its millions of clusters, hangs out wreaths of a lighter lilac from all the hamlets of grey timber which lean down over the water. This Bosphorus is a great winding river, but a river which has in it the life and the seduction of the sea. The hills on its two shores are covered by palaces, by mosques, by cottages and by tombs, all surrounded by and buried in gardens. And here in the month of April under this sky still veiled and softened by the clouds of the North, there is a luxury of foliage and blossom in which this violet tone of the Judas trees is dominant, and shines beside the dark and ghost-like cypress groves.

"There are on earth other places grander and perhaps more beautiful; certainly there are none of greater power to charm.

"This scenery of the Bosphorus, from which no stranger ever escapes, is due to the Oriental mystery which still broods on it; it comes from the great closed harems of which the upper stories hang over the waves; it comes from the veiled women whom we see in the shadow of the gardens and in the slender caiques which pass. But this Turkish witchery is fading, alas! Year by year, more and more, great gaps are made in the ranks of the ancient impenetrable buildings with their grated windows which plunge their walls into the water and which one could enter from the water as at Venice; and with them go the slender caiques, the costumes and the women's veils.

"Already, even since last spring, Therapia seems to exist no longer, masked as it is by a gigantic and hideous caravanserai; the exquisite Anatoli Hissar is disfigured by an American college, of a sinister ugliness which has stuck itself above the ancient castle with an imbecile air of domination.

"And everywhere it is the same story, whether on the shores of Asia or the shores of Europe; frightful new buildings cumber the ground and factory chimneys rise beside minarets of which they are the miserable caricatures. In vain do the Judas trees continue their beautiful flowering; the Bosphorus will soon perish destroyed by idiotic speculators."

The authoress, from whose article on "The Ugliness of Modern Life" in the January number of the Nineteenth Century the above extract is taken, proceeds to say: "The loss of beauty from the world is regarded as the purely sentimental grievance of imaginative persons; but it is not so; it is a loss which must impress its vacuity on the human mind and character. It tends, more than any other loss, to produce that apathy, despondency, and cynical indifference which are so largely characteristic of the modern temper.

"The people are taught to think that all animal life may be tortured and slaughtered at pleasure; that physical ills are to be feared beyond all others, and escaped at all vicarious cost; that profit is the only question of importance in commerce; that antiquity, loveliness and grace are like wild flowers, mere weeds to be torn up by a steam barrow. This is not the temper which makes noble characters, or generous and sensitive minds. It is the temper which accumulates wealth and which flies readily to war to defend that wealth; but which is absolutely barren of all impersonal sympathy, of all beautiful creation. . . . Unless the man of genius buries himself resolutely in the country and by the sea, as Tennyson did, as Clausen did, he cannot altogether escape the influence of the unloveliness of modern life.

An English Archbishop at the last Royal Academy banquet said that he hoped the time was near when every child in England would learn to draw. Apart from the gross folly of teaching a child anything for which its own natural talent does not predispose it, and the injury done to the world by the artificial manufacture of millions of indifferent draughtsmen, what use can it be to attempt to awaken perception of art in a generation which is begotten where art and nature are alike persistently outraged. It is entirely useless to multiply art schools and desire that every child should learn to draw, when all the tendencies of modern life have become such that every rule of art is violated in it and every artistic sense offended in an ordinary daily walk. Amongst even the most cultured classes few have really any sensibility to beauty. Not one in a thousand pauses in the hurried excitements of social life to note beauty in nature; to art there is accorded a passing attention because

it is considered *chic* to do so; but all true sense of art must be lacking in a generation whose women wear the spoils of tropical birds, slain for them, on their heads and skirts, and whose men find their principal joy for nearly half the year in the slaughter of tame creatures, and bespatter with blood the white hellebore of their winter woods. Beauty daily is more and more withdrawn from the general life of the people. Fidgety and repressive bye-laws tend to suppress that element of the picturesque which popular life by its liberties and by its open air pastimes and peddlings created for itself. The police are everywhere, and street life is joyless and colourless.

"Even within doors in the houses of poor people the things of daily usage have lost their old world charm; the ugly sewing machine has replaced the spinning wheel, the cooking range the spacious open hearth, the veneered machine-made furniture the home-made oaken chests and presses, a half-penny newspaper the old family Bible; whilst out of doors the lads and lasses must not sing, the dog must not play, the child must not stand out on the pavement, only the cyclist, lord of all, may tear along and leave broken limbs and bruised flesh of others behind him at his pleasure.

"Follow the architectural history of any city and you find it during the last half century the sorrowful record of a pitiful destruction. The great gardens are the first things sacrificed. They are swept away, and their places covered by brick and mortar with an incredible indifference. . . . But the modern street with its cleanly monotony, its long and high blank spaces, its even surfaces where not a seed can cling or a bird can build, what will it say to your eyes or your heart? You will see its dull pretentious uniformity repeated on either side of you down a mile-long vista, and you will curse it.

"It is natural that the people shut up in these structures crave for drink, for nameless vices, for the brothel, the opium den, the cheap eating-house and gaming booth; anything, anywhere to escape from the monotony which surrounds them and which leaves them no more charm in life than if they were rabbits shut up in a physiologist's experimenting cage and fed on gin-soaked grains.

"The Americans attach extreme pride to the fact that their 'sky-scrapers' are so advanced that your horses and carriage can be carried up on a lift to the highest storey, and the nags, if it do not make them dizzy, can survey the city in a bird's-eye view. But even this supreme achievement of architects and engineers cannot lend to the cube shared with a score of other cube-owners the charm, the idiosyncrasy, the meaning, the soul, which exhale from the smallest cottage where those who love are all alone, through whose lattices a candle shines as a star to the returning wanderer, and on whose lowly roof memory lies like a benediction.

"I believe that this monotony and lack of interest in the towns which they inhabit fatally affect the minds of those whose lot it is to go to and from the streets in continual toil, and numb them to a deadening and debasing degree, and produce in them fatigue, heaviness and gloom; and what the scholar and the poet suffer from articulately and consciously, the people in general suffer from inarticulately and unconsciously. The gaiety of nations dies down as the beauty around them pales and passes. They know not what it is that affects them, but they are affected by it none the less, as a young child is hurt by the darkness, though it knows not what dark or light means.

"Admit that the poorer people were ill lodged in the Middle Ages, that the houses were ill lit, undrained, with the gutter water splashing the threshold and the eaves of the opposite houses so near that the sun could not penetrate into the street. All this may have been so, but around two-thirds of the town were gardens, the neighbouring streets were full of painted shrines, metal, lamps, gargoyles, pinnacles, balconies of hand-forged iron or hand-carved stone, solid doors, bronzed gates, richly coloured frescoes; and the eyes and the hearts of the dwellers in them had wherewithal to feed on with pleasure, not to name the constant stream of many colored costume and of varied pageant or procession which was forever passing through them. Then in the niches there were figures; at the corners there were shrines; on the rivers there were beautifully carved bridges of which examples are still left to our day in the Rialto and the Vecchio. There were barges with picture illuminated sails, and pleasure-galleys gay to the sight, and everywhere there