

### *Revival of English Domestic Architecture*

composed, very neat and very pretty, the public found themselves suddenly transported into the depths of naturalism. "There was," says Thaulow, "something at once comical and grand about the matter. We were looked upon as madmen, and every sort of insult was heaped upon us. While to-day—and this is the funniest part of it all—we are the "official" painters, and Norway counts us among those who do her honour. Funny, isn't it, to think that now it is the Symbolists and the Idealists who are carrying on the revolutionary movement; while we, whom they are striving to crush—Werenskiold, Muntha, jun., Krohg, Heyerdahl, and myself—are now considered quite *vieux ieu*?"

Thaulow came to Paris in 1880, and received no very cordial welcome. He was rejected for the Salon, but, in no way discouraged, made repeated attempts until at last his work was hung—so badly that no one could see it! With resignation he bides his time and prepares a *coup* for the exhibition of 1889, to which he sends some of his snow scenes. They are an immense success. One is bought for the Luxembourg, and the artist is decorated with the Legion of Honour. "After that," says Thaulow, "I never look back. Fortune had smiled on me at last."

In 1892 Thaulow, with his wife and children, went to London, his object being to study the River Thames; but "there were too many Englishmen in London" for his taste. So, fond as he is of your countrymen, he resolves to escape to Italy, where he would find too many Italians! He starts off to buy his coupons for the South; but at the tourist office they advise him to take his tickets in Paris, and without worrying himself any more about the matter, back to Paris he goes!

He never reached Italy after all, for on the way back they got out at a village called Camières, in the Pas-de-Calais—a little place with red roofs and white houses and beautiful trees, and a stream running under the willows. They resolved to rest there for an hour or two—and ended by staying two years!

But he still yearned for Italy, the fatherland of masterpieces, and at last, only a month or two ago, he went, and is back again. Is he back for good? Who

knows? He is capable of spending the rest of his life there.

Thaulow is a happy man, with only one grievance—his effects of running water have been successful, and now his admirers will have nothing else. The same with his snows and his night scenes. He wants to do something different; and the thought that when this "something else" shall have been produced, other subjects must be found, makes him rather uneasy.

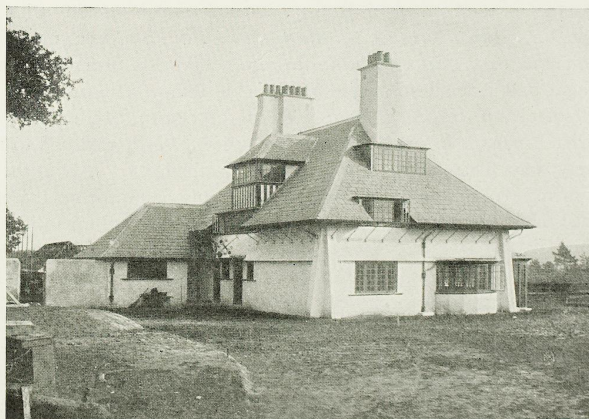
"What will you do then, my dear Thaulow?" "I hardly know," he replies with comic gravity; "je ferai des chevaux blancs!"

Such is the man and the artist whom we know as Fritz Thaulow.

GABRIEL MOUREY.

### THE REVIVAL OF ENGLISH DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE. VI. THE WORK OF MR. C. F. A. VOYSEY.

THE former chapters on the revival of English domestic architecture have been devoted to the work of men long since recognised as masters, and have embraced palaces and mansions as well as houses for people of moderate incomes. But the work of Mr. C. F. A. Voysey to be considered here belongs to quite another order. For it is no exaggeration to say that some of the entirely delightful houses he has called into being would compare favourably in cost with the miserable shams of the jerry-builder. To beat the vulgar and badly constructed dwelling—on economic as



HOUSE AT FRENSHAM

C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT