

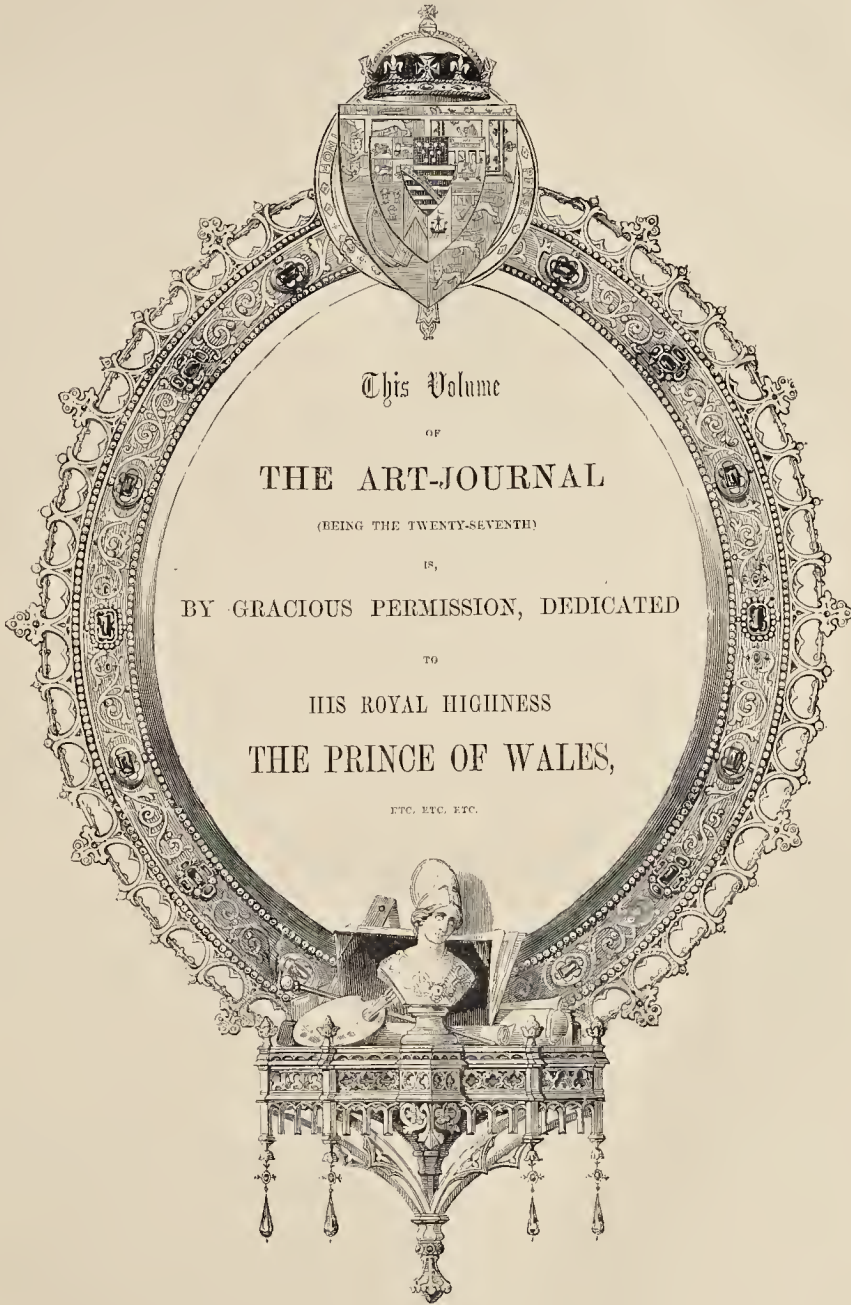
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GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

CORNELIUS.



WITH some sense of responsibility I undertake to write the biographical and the critical history of one of the chief Art-epochs known in modern Europe. The principles it will be needful to discuss are vital; the actors which this movement has called upon the stage are animated by no ordinary ardour, and have won by their talents no inconsiderable renown; and the works which these artists have, over the space of the last fifty years, given to the world are assuredly lofty in aim and mature in knowledge. These painters and these pictures have indeed deservedly made themselves illustrious. Cornelius, Overbeck, Kaulbach, Lessing, and others, who will in this and succeeding articles furnish themes for literary description and pictorial illustration, are rightly received with honour wherever sacred and historic Art is revered; and the schools of Munich, of Dusseldorf, and Berlin, which it is proposed to pass in review, have, we all know, become centres of study, places for pilgrimage, and examples for emulation. It is, I repeat, no light responsibility to

enter on a task such as this; it is matter of no small anxiety that topics of such import shall obtain impartial discussion, in order that

justice may be fairly administered amongst all the parties interested. Surely the memory of great men who have devoted their lives to the work of this Art-revival deserves to be handled with reverence. Grand pictures, into which years of earnest study have been thrown, must be approached with the intent rightly to estimate the ideas the artist wished to express. So much is due to every painter and every picture that has earned the title to be noticed at all. Yet, on the other hand, no less does it become the duty of the critic, standing between the painter and the public, to exercise the office of censor. Fairly, then, to balance between blame and praise is the happy mean which in these articles I desire to hit.

Peter von Cornelius, the subject of our present memoir, was born in Dusseldorf, on the 27th of September, 1787. His father was keeper of the gallery in that town, then rich in the pictures which are now the pride of the Munich Pinakothek. The future painter seems to have been no exception to the proverbial precocity of genius; betimes did he show while yet a youth an unusual predilection towards Art, and gave promise of the powers which ere long were to win him renown. It is interesting also to observe how the young artist's ardent mind at once kindled at the approach of those high thoughts which have since proved the guide and the inspiration of a life now reaching far beyond threescore years and ten. It appears that Cornelius was not sixteen when he fell within the sphere and became captive to the spell of the poet Goethe. Thus was he early enamoured with the ideal beauty of classic Art. At the same period also does he seem to have come within the influence of such writers as Tieck, Novalis, and the brothers Schlegel, and thus with the culture of classic tastes were mingled a love for mediæval Art and a sympathy for the spirit of middle-age romance. From his parents, too, who were good Christians, Cornelius inherited reverence for the Bible, which, under the guise of Bible stories illustrated by Bible prints, formed the Literature and Art with which the would-be painter became first acquainted. It will be curious to trace how in the sequel these several lines or threads of thought interweave their texture and colour into the works of after life. But the course of an artist's true love for Art seldom runs smooth, especially in its opening passages. Accordingly we need not be surprised to find that the road to fame was for Cornelius obstructed at the outset by obstacles. His father dies, and it becomes a question whether the son may not be forced by the needs of the family into the drudgery of a mere handicraft trade. From this calamity, however, he is delivered chiefly by indomitable courage and perseverance, upborne happily by the never-to-be-forgotten injunction of his father, that he should always strive after the things which are most excellent. But yet another danger besets the aspirant. He is in the midst of an Art fallen into servility, and how shall he find escape? His imagination, we have seen, has already been kindled at the newly lighted lamps of literature and philosophy, and his mind, we may be sure, was not long in breaking loose from the trammels in which his fellow-artists were still bound. In the



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

THE CREATION.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

strength of approaching manhood we find him prepared to take a free and a bold range through nature. It is true that as yet he had done little; that the pictures he had painted fell short of the standard at which he aimed. But let it be observed, that all this

time he is laying diligently the firm foundation upon which to rear the future structure of his lofty Art: he is busy in the burning of the stubble and in the casting away of the chaff before the wind, that so the ground may be made ready for the coming harvest. In plainer words, and to narrate the simple facts, he eschews the copying of works which were themselves but copies and compilations, and he rebels against that compromise of eclecticism which in destroying originality had enthroned mediocrity. In short, Cornelius was now to become the forerunner of the new and great revival about to open for the Arts of his country. And just as in the thirteenth century an emasculate Byzantine Art had been supplanted by schools manly and free, through the discovery of Grecian remains and the study of living nature, so was the conventionalism under which painting lay prostrate in the last century overthrown by the study of classic forms and an appeal to the actual model. This was the revolution and the renovation which Cornelius, while yet little more than one-and-twenty years of age, pledged his life to accomplish.

The works which gave first proof of the creative power of Cornelius, were a painting in the old church of Nouss, near Dusseldorf, executed when the artist was of the age of nineteen, a

series of designs illustrative of Goethe's "Faust," and another series of works taken from the "Nibelungen Lied." These two last compositions, echoing a popular German drama and a national German ballad, show the direction at this time given to the painter's tumultuous imagination. His heart evidently was kindled with the new love to which the Fatherland had fallen a willing captive. At this period—close upon the time, be it observed, when our own Percy was collecting and reviving the taste for the old ballads of England—the writers of Germany were intent upon bringing to light the neglected lore of their middle age literature. The "Nibelungen Lied"—a national song chaunted in olden time by the people—became a theme for the exercise of the critic's ingenuity, or for the display of the artist's creative power, and many were the remnants of legendary romance thus disinterred from the ruins of the dark ages and placed once more in the light of day. A national revival in literature thus set in, and the movement growing general, and even intense, found of course in the end diverse and divergent manifestations. Klopstock, Wieland, Lessing, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller—in literature the predecessors, or the contemporaries, of the school of painters among whom Cornelius was the prince—each gave to the spirit of the age



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

THE FOUR RIDERS OF THE APOCALYPSE.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

his own varying bias. Thus the revival in literature, which doubtless as a whole was one and indivisible, appears, on close scrutiny, to be composed of many individual parts. Before long, indeed, within the camp rose dividing discord. Schools realistic declared war against schools idealistic; classicists fought hand to hand with romancists; pagans were set upon by Christians. And thus was it, in some measure, likewise in that army of painters whose exploits we shall in this and succeeding papers record. Among these champions of the new faith, of whom a few showed themselves bigots, Cornelius is conspicuous for his all-comprehensive intellect. Some of the disciples of the new school were able to receive one doctrine, some were ready to promulgate another; some, such as Overbeck, devoted their lives to religious Art, others were known by works secular; but to none, save to Cornelius, was it given to be all-embracing and universal. Hence has Cornelius often been termed the Goethe of painters, and hence is it a fact of special significance that the energy of the artist in this his maturing manhood was devoted to the illustration of "Faust," the poet's masterpiece. The analogy which runs between the creations of the poet and the painter is more than casual. Goethe,

in his drama of "Iphigenia," worked on the models of Grecian Art, which Cornelius cast into pictorial form on the ceiling of the Glyptothek. Goethe was in genius German, and Cornelius, in like manner, retained more than any of his school the national idiosyncrasy. But Goethe, though glorying in his birthright as a German, sought to give to his Art-aspirations full development by contact with Italian masterworks; and so also the Goethe of painters made pilgrimage to Rome in order to obtain for his high conceptions complete fruition. "Cornelius," writes his friend Niebuhr, "is an earnest enthusiast for Goethe, perhaps none more so; certain is it that Goethe has inspired no other person so fully and powerfully."

At length, in the year 1811, Cornelius, having reached the age of twenty-four years, makes the much-longed-for pilgrimage to Rome—poor, we are told, in pocket, but richly stored in projects. Italy was for him, as for others, the promised land, and not to have reached this country, so fertile in Art, would have been to perish in the desert where gushed no wells of water for the thirsting soul. In spirit, at least, Cornelius did not come as a foreigner to this land of classic and mediæval Art; he had long in imagination

dwelt among the ruins of the seven hills; he had in fancy wandered through the halls of the Vatican crowded with statues of the gods, and visited the churches adorned with paintings of Christian saints. Reaching, as the realisation of long-cherished hopes, the Eternal City, he beheld the cupola of St. Peter's from afar, and loosing himself from the fetters with which he might yet be bound, casting

aside the incumbrance of old prejudices laid upon him by obsolete academic teaching, he felt himself free for the coming future; and as he gazed on that exultant dome which seemed to proclaim faith triumphant, the thought rose in his mind that upon this rock would he build his school—that from this city would he preach the doctrines which should bring to the world of Art deliverance.



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

From the northern Fatherland there was soon gathered a German brotherhood. Overbeck, whose mission and works will fall under our notice next month, impelled by a love which was indeed a worship, believed that the time had come when Christian Art, as practised in the middle ages, should be restored in its original purity and fervour. Schnorr, Veit, and the brothers Schadow—

who will all receive the honour which is their due in subsequent numbers of our series—were also of the company of these German enthusiasts, who day and night thought of little else than of the building up of this “new and old,” this “German and Italian school of painting.” Cornelius among these his fellows appears as a giant, and stood as a tower of strength. He seems to have

been confident in the consciousness of power, and he evidently had the faculty of inspiring other minds with the faith which so strongly held possession of his own. The small company of painters among whom he was a presiding spirit were in Rome poor and unknown, but ere long they gathered within their sphere kindred and sympathetic intellects. Learned professors, who could give to comparatively inexperienced students guidance, patrons who were able to afford these unproved painters a trial, and men of state, whose privilege it is to bestow prestige and sanction, were all in the end ready to extend to the young adventurers a helping hand. The palace of Niebuhr, the historian, then ambassador from the court of Berlin, was open to his countrymen of the new school; the Prussian consul-general, Bartholdy, had a house on the Pincian, which he inclined to decorate after the fresco manner his young friends sought to revive; there was the villa, too, of the Marchese Massimi, standing in a garden near the church of the Lateran, which was ready to submit its walls as a field whereon the poetic fancy of these sciolists might loose the rein to the utmost of its bent; and lastly, and not least, the Crown Prince of Bavaria, the present ex-king Ludwig, ever glad to coquette with a new idea, made overtures to the novices, now matured into adepts, and nothing would do but that Cornelius should consent to be carried away captive to Munich in order that he might aid in painting the new toy, the prince's pet capital. In biographies such as that of Niebuhr, we find scattered, interesting details of the mode of life to which the disciples of high Art were at this time addicted. These painters, especially cloister-loving Overbeck, desiring to live in the simple spirit of olden times, adopted a stern, almost a monastic way of life. Wishing to raise themselves to the height of a great argument, they ever loved to talk of the pictures which embodied noblest thoughts; at the house of their kind friend Niebuhr, would they night after night discuss the principles in which they put their trust, and there did they lay out in the mind's eye the leading ideas of those great compositions which have since extended throughout Europe their renown.

I have thus given a rapid sketch of the rise of the modern German school. It is now time that we should turn to the paintings by which the merits of that school must be judged. Speaking generally, I think it will have to be conceded that these works create some little disappointment; it is felt that while the grandest principles have been enunciated as a prelude, the sequel furnished by the pictures themselves is far from satisfactory. Cornelius, for example, took Goethe for his guide and Michael Angelo for his model; he was manifestly inflated by some of the most grandiose ideas which can distend the imagination; and then, when we come upon the painter's actual creations, it is discovered that facility is wanting for the realisation of his cherished thoughts, and that the hand too often falters, to express what the mind has conceived.

The power of Cornelius is felt in that four cities have been subject to his sway, Rome, Munich, Dusseldorf, and Berlin. Of these Munich is the only city which gives the measure of the painter in the majesty of his giant dimensions—a majesty, however, which sometimes, it must be admitted, grows monstrous. The least happy of his efforts I have always been accustomed to consider the elaborate series of mythological frescoes on the ceilings of the Glyptothek. Among the works by which Cornelius will be best remembered are two grand compositions, 'GOD THE CREATOR,' and 'CHRIST THE JUDGE,' both chosen as illustrations to this article. Cornelius, in the ceiling of the Glyptothek, threw his imagination into the midst of classic myths; again, in the Loggie of the Pinakothek, he unfolded the annals of Art. There remained yet another region of which his mind sought to take possession. The task which Michael Angelo accomplished in the Sistine, that did Cornelius wish to essay in the church of St. Ludwig. The faith to which all churches are dedicated, that was the pictorial theme wherewith the church of St. Ludwig was to be decorated. God the Father, as Creator and Upholder of all things, God the Son, as the world's Redeemer and final Judge, and God the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life—this, the creed of Christendom, was to be cast by Cornelius into vast pictorial epics. Space does not permit me to do more than describe out of the entire series the two compositions here engraved. In 'The Creation of the Heavens,' Cornelius again shows himself a pensioner on the power and resources of his great predecessor. He has, like Michael Angelo in a well-known design on the ceiling of the Sistine, made unto himself a Jupiter God, of thundering brow and lion mane, and arm uplifted for almighty sway. The Creator's footstool is the earth, and his canopy the skies. Around Him are the heavenly host, angels on hended knees who hurn the cloudy incense, balance the spheres, map out creation with a compass, and plant the stars in the spangled fields of space. Here, too, are the hierarchy of the heavens, here likewise is the seraph, and here sit the company of minstrels, while the peopled vault resounds praises to God—praise Him sun and moon, praise Him all ye stars of light.

Cornelius, following in the steps of the great Christian artists, had even from his youth cherished the ambition to give proof of his power by a painting of the 'Last Judgment,' the most arduous in the whole cycle of biblical subjects. Giotto, Orcagna, Fra Angelico, Signorelli, and Michael Angelo, had put forth their utmost strength in surmounting the difficulties of this tremendous theme. The treatment adopted by these successive artists shows progressive development, and Cornelius, coming last of all, has at least the merit of producing the most elaborate composition. This, his culminating work, occupying the east wall of the church of St. Ludwig, we have chosen for illustration. If estimated by its mere size, or by the time occupied in its design, it is almost without rival in the history of Art. On the cartoon the artist spent ten years; in other words, upon the composition and the drawing, as evident from an examination of the work, he devoted, after the manner of his school, severest study. The fresco itself is sixty-two feet high, and the seated figure of Christ occupies no less than twelve feet. Such are the grand proportions of the composition, and such the commensurate toil involved in its manipulation. The execution of less important pictures had been delegated to scholars. Cornelius with his own hand painted this his master work. The arrangement of the figures, and the manner in which the story is told, will be best learnt by an examination of the engraving which we publish. It will be seen that the prescriptive treatment of the Italian masters has been, for the most part, followed. At the summit sits Christ as Judge, in the midst of saints and angels, and on either side kneel the Virgin and the Baptist. Immediately beneath is a symmetric group of angels, holding the book of life and death, and sounding the trumpet of the final doom. On the left, in dire confusion and overthrow, grand in form as of archangels ruined, are the damned, hurled down to hell. On the right rise the blessed, in the beauty of purity, to life eternal. On mid earth stands the noble figure of St. Michael, armed with sword and shield, as the angel of the resurrection. A work such as this is in need of no general terms of commendation. We may, however, say that it exemplifies both the merits and the defects of its school. It is studious in the sense of compilation, it is careful after the manner of eclecticism. For accuracy of drawing it is unexceptionable; in expression of character it is highly dramatic; for composition it is elaborate, simple in its balanced symmetry, and yet complex in the multiplicity of its parts. But, notwithstanding these its rare merits, I exclaimed, when last in the presence of the work, how supremely disagreeable! The colour is crude, the chiar-oscuro harsh, and the execution hard. Again I repeat, what a pity it is that Cornelius will not condescend to be pleasing.

Cornelius, at the end of some fifteen or twenty years, taken from the very prime of his life, finds his mission at Munich accomplished. In an interval of comparative leisure he makes a journey to Paris, and a year afterwards he visits London. Soon, however, he is again in harness, for yet another labour of Hercules there may be time to finish before the hour cometh when no man can work. Four capitals of Europe, we have said, acknowledge the painter's dominion, and Cornelius now enters Berlin to win his final triumph. Here, under commission from the king, he was to compose what the Germans call a "Christian picture cycle," for the decoration of the Campo Santo. Of the designs executed for this place of burial we select for engraving one of the painter's boldest and most original compositions, 'THE FOUR RIDERS OF THE APOCALYPSE,' taken from the sixth chapter of the Revelation of St. John. In the terror-striking vision, the demons of Pestilence, Famine, War, and Death, let loose at the opening of the seals, with the voice of thunder hurl their curses on the earth. This astounding composition suggests one or two critical remarks. In the first place, it is matter for commendation that the mystery and the mysticism which the inspired writer maintains, Cornelius has not dispelled. Furthermore, the feeling of undefined horror which fills the mind on the reading of the text finds response on turning to its illustration. Lastly, in the spirit of this work we are glad to recognise the weird genius of northern Art dominant over that plagiarism from Italian masters which has too often plunged the modern German school into servility. In short, in this mature composition it is interesting to find Cornelius reverting to that German form of thought, that national mode of treatment to which, as we have seen, he gave himself while yet a youth, but which doubtless was put in jeopardy by his sojourn in Rome.

Cornelius is now well stricken in years, and crowned in the honours which great achievements gain. In the retrospect of a long life he has the satisfaction to know that the world at length acknowledges his deserts. The revival of which he was the pioneer at first encountered violent opposition and provoked the keenest ridicule. He has lived to see the day when every German pronounces the name of Cornelius with pride.

J. BEAUVINGTON ATKINSON.

THE CESTUS OF AGLAIA.

"Παιδίον, ὃ ἐν πᾶσι τετεύχεται; οὐδὲ σέ φημι
"Ἀρρακτὸν γε νείεσθαι, ὃ, τι φησὶ σφισί κενούδης."

PREFATORY.

NOT many months ago, a friend, whose familiarity with both living and past schools of Art rendered his opinion of great authority, said casually to me in the course of talk, "I believe we have now as able painters as ever lived; but they never paint as good pictures as were once painted." That was the substance of his saying; I forget the exact words, but their tenor surprised me, and I have thought much of them since. Without pressing the statement too far, or examining it with an unintended strictness, this I believe to be at all events true, that we have men among us, now in Europe, who might have been noble painters, and are not; men whose doings are altogether as wonderful in skill, as inexhaustible in fancy, as the work of the really great painters; and yet these doings of theirs are not great. Shall I write the commonplace that rings in sequence in my ear, and draws on my hand—"are not Great, for they are not (in the broad human and ethical sense) Good?" I write it, and ask forgiveness for the truism, with its implied uncharitableness of blame; for this trite thing is ill understood and little thought upon by any of us, and the implied blame is divided among us all; only let me at once partly modify it, and partly define.

In one sense, modern Art has more goodness in it than ever Art had before. Its kindly spirit, its quick sympathy with pure domestic and social feeling, the occasional seriousness of its instructive purpose, and its honest effort to grasp the reality of conceived scenes, are all eminently "good," as compared with the inane picturesqueness and conventional piety of many among the old masters. Such domestic painting, for instance, as Richter's in Germany, Edward Frere's in France, and Hook's in England, together with such historical and ideal work as—perhaps the reader would be offended with me were I to set down the several names that occur to me here, so I will set down one only, and say—as that of Paul de la Roche; such work, I repeat, as these men have done, or are doing, is entirely good in its influence on the public mind; and may, in thankful exultation, be compared with the renderings of besotted, vicious, and vulgar human life perpetrated by Dutch painters, or with the deathful formalism and fallacy of what was once called "Historical Art." Also, this gentleness and veracity of theirs, being in part communicable, are gradually learned, though in a somewhat servile manner, yet not without a sincere sympathy, by many inferior painters, so that our exhibitions and currently popular books are full of very lovely and pathetic ideas, expressed with a care, and appealing to an interest, quite unknown in past times. I will take two instances of merely average power, as more illustrative of what I mean than any more singular and distinguished work could be. Last year, in the British Institution, there were two pictures by the same painter, one of a domestic, the other of a sacred subject. I will say nothing of the way in which they were painted; it may have been bad, or good, or neither: it is not to my point. I wish to direct attention only to the conception of them. One, 'Cradled in his Calling,' was of a fisherman and his wife, and helpful grown-up son, and helpless new-

born little one; the two men carrying the young child up from the shore, rocking it between them in the wet net for a hammock, the mother looking on joyously, and the baby laughing. The thought was pretty and good, and one might go on dreaming over it long—not unprofitably. But the second picture was more interesting. I describe it only in the circumstances of the invented scene—sunset after the crucifixion. The bodies have been taken away, and the crosses are left lying on the broken earth; a group of children have strayed up the hill, and stopped beside them in such shadowy awe as is possible to childhood, and they have picked up one or two of the drawn nails to feel how sharp they are. Meantime a girl with her little brother—goat-herds both—have been watering their flock at Kidrou, and are driving it home. The girl, strong in grace and honour of youth, carrying her pitcher of water on her erect head, has gone on past the place steadily, minding her flock; but her little curly-headed brother, with cheeks of burning Eastern brown, has lingered behind to look, and is feeling the point of one of the nails, held in another child's hand. A lovely little kid of the goats has stayed behind to keep him company, and is amusing itself by jumping backwards and forwards over an arm of the cross. The sister looks back, and, wondering what he can have stopped in that dreadful place for, waves her hand for the little boy to come away.

I have no hesitation in saying that, as compared with the ancient and stereotyped conceptions of the "Taking down from the Cross," there is a living feeling in that picture which is of great price. It may perhaps be weak, nay, even superficial, or untenable—that will depend on the other conditions of character out of which it springs—but, so far as it reaches, it is pure and good; and we may gain more by looking thoughtfully at such a picture than at any even of the least formal types of the work of older schools. It would be unfair to compare it with first-rate, or even approximately first-rate designs; but even accepting such unjust terms, put it beside Rembrandt's ghastly white sheet, laid over the two poles at the Cross-foot, and see which has most good in it for you of any communicable kind.

I trust, then, that I fully admit whatever may, on due deliberation, be alleged in favour of modern Art. Nay, I have heretofore asserted more for some modern Art than others were disposed to admit, nor do I withdraw one word from such assertion. But when all has been said and granted that may be, there remains this painful fact to be dealt with,—the consciousness, namely, both in living artists themselves and in us their admirers, that something, and that not a little, is wrong with us; that they, relentlessly examined, could not say they thoroughly knew how to paint, and that we, relentlessly examined, could not say we thoroughly know how to judge. The best of our painters will look a little to us, the beholders, for confirmation of his having done well. We, appealed to, look to each other to see what we ought to say. If we venture to find fault, however submissively, the artist will probably feel a little uncomfortable; he will by no means venture to meet us with a serenely crushing "Sir, it cannot be better done," in the manner of Albert Durer. And yet, if it could not be better done, he, of all men, should know that best, nor fear to say so; it is good for himself, and for us, that he should assert that, if he knows that. The last time my dear old friend William Hunt

came to see me, I took down one of his early drawings for him to see (three blue plums and one amber one, and two nuts). So he looked at it, happily, for a minute or two, and then said, "Well, it's very nice, isn't it?" I did not think I could have done so well." The saying was entirely right, exquisitely modest and true; only I fear he would not have had the courage to maintain that his drawing was good, if anybody had been there to say otherwise. Still, having done well, he knew it; and what is more, no man ever does do well without knowing it: he may not know *how* well, nor be conscious of the best of his own qualities; nor measure, or care to measure, the relation of his power to that of other men, but he will know that what he has done is, in an intended, accomplished, and ascertainable degree, good. Every able and honest workman, as he wins a right to rest, so he wins a right to approval,—his own if no one's beside; nay, his only true rest is in the calm consciousness that the thing has been honourably done—*συνείδησις ὄρι καλόν*. I do not use the Greek words in pedantry, I want them for future service and interpretation; no English words, nor any of any other language, would do as well. For I mean to try to show, and believe I *can* show, that a simple and sure conviction of our having done rightly is not only an attainable, but a necessary seal and sign of our having so done; and that the doing well or rightly, and ill or wrongly, are both conditions of the whole being of each person, coming of a nature in him which affects all things that he may do, from the least to the greatest, according to the noble old phrase for the conquering rightness, of "integrity," "wholeness," or "wholesomeness." So that when we do external things (that are our business) ill, it is a sign that internal, and, in fact, that all things, are ill with us; and when we do external things well, it is a sign that internal, and all things, are well with us. And I believe there are two principal adversities to this wholesomeness of work, and to all else that issues out of wholeness of inner character, with which we have in these days specially to contend. The first is the variety of Art round us, tempting us to thoughtless imitation; the second our own want of belief in the existence of a rule of right.

I say the first is the variety of Art around us. No man can pursue his own track in peace, nor obtain consistent guidance, if doubtful of his track. All places are full of inconsistent example, all mouths of contradictory advice, all prospects of opposite temptations. The young artist sees myriads of things he would like to do, but cannot learn from their authors how they were done, nor choose decisively any method which he may follow with the accuracy and confidence necessary to success. He is not even sure if his thoughts are his own; for the whole atmosphere round him is full of floating suggestion: those which are his own he cannot keep pure, for he breathes a dust of decayed ideas, wreck of the souls of dead nations, driven by contrary winds. He may stiffen himself (and all the worse for him) into an iron self-will, but if the iron has any magnetism in it, he cannot pass a day without finding himself, at the end of it, instead of sharpened or tempered, covered with a ragged fringe of iron filings. If there be anything better than iron—living wood fibre—in him, he cannot be allowed any natural growth, but gets hacked in every extremity, and bossed over with lumps of frozen clay;—grafts of incongruous blossom that will never set; while some even recog-

nise no need of knife or clay (though both are good in a gardener's hand), but deck themselves out with incongruous glittering, like a Christmas-tree. Even were the style chosen true to his own nature, and persisted in, there is harm in the very eminence of the models set before him at the beginning of his career. If he feels their power, they make him restless and impatient, it may be despondent, it may be madly and fruitlessly ambitious. If he does not feel it, he is sure to be struck by what is weakest or slightest of their peculiar qualities; fancies that *this* is what they are praised for; tries to catch the trick of it; and whatever easy vice or mechanical habit the master may have been betrayed or warped into, the unhappy pupil watches and adopts, triumphant in its case:—has not sense to steal the peacock's feather, but imitates its voice. Better for him, far better, never to have seen what had been accomplished by others, but to have gained gradually his own quiet way, or at least with his guide only a step in advance of him, and the lantern low on the difficult path. Better even, it has lately seemed, to be guileless and lightless; fortunate those who by desolate effort, trying hither and thither, have groped their way to some independent power. So, from Cornish rock, from St. Giles's Lane, from Thames mud-shore, you get your Prout, your Hunt, your Turner; not, indeed, any of them well able to spell English, nor taught so much of their own business as to lay a colour safely; but yet at last, or first, doing somehow something, wholly ineffective on the national mind, yet real, and valued at last after they are dead, in money;—valued otherwise not even at so much as the space of dead brick wall it would cover; their work being left for years packed in parcels at the National Gallery, or hung conclusively out of sight under the shadowy iron vaults of Kensington. The men themselves, quite inarticulate, determine nothing of their Art, interpret nothing of their own minds; teach perhaps a trick or two of their stage business in early life—as for instance, that it is good where there is much black to break it with white, and where there is much white to break it with black, &c., &c.; in later life remain silent altogether, or speak only in despair (fretful or patient according to their character); one who might have been among the best of them, the last we heard of, finding refuge for an entirely honest heart from a world which declares honesty to be impossible, only in a madness nearly as sorrowful as its own,—the religious madness which makes a beautiful soul ludicrous and ineffectual; and so passes away, hequeathing for our inheritance from its true and strong life, a pretty song about a tiger, another about a bird-cage, two or three golden couplets, which no one will ever take the trouble to understand,—the spiritual portrait of the ghost of a flea,—and the critical opinion that “the unorganised blots of Rubens and Titian are not Art.” Which opinion the public mind perhaps not boldly indorsing, is yet incapable of pronouncing adversely to it, that the said blots of Titian and Rubens are Art, perceiving for itself little good in them, and hanging them also well out of its way, at tops of walls (Titian's portrait of Charles V. at Munich, for example; Tintoret's Susannah, and Veronese's Magdalen, in the Louvre), that it may have room and readiness for what may be generally termed “railroad work,” bearing on matters more immediately in hand; said public looking to the present pleasure of its fancy, and the portraiture of itself in official and otherwise

imposing or entertaining circumstances, as the only “Right” cognisable by it.

II. And this is a deeper source of evil, by far, than the former one, for though it is ill for us to strain towards a right for which we have never ripened, it is worse for us to believe in no right at all. “Anything,” we say, “that a clever man can do to amuse us is good; what does not amuse us we do not want. Taste is assuredly a frivolous, apparently a dangerous gift; vicious persons and vicious nations have it; we are a practical people, content to know what we like, wise in not liking it too much, and when tired of it, wise in getting something we like better. Painting is of course an agreeable ornamental Art, maintaining a number of persons respectably, deserving therefore encouragement, and getting it peculiarly, to an hitherto unheard of extent. What would you have more?” This is, I believe, very nearly our Art-craze. The fact being (very ascertainably by any one who will take the trouble to examine the matter) that there is a cultivated Art among all great nations, inevitably necessary to them as the fulfilment of one part of their human nature. None but savage nations are without Art, and civilised nations who do their Art ill, do it because there is something deeply wrong at their hearts. They paint badly as a paralysed man stammers, because his life is touched somewhere within; when the deeper life is full in a people, they speak clearly and rightly; paint clearly and rightly; think clearly and rightly. There is some reverse effect, but very little. Good pictures do not teach a nation; they are the signs of its having been taught. Good thoughts do not form a nation; it must be formed before it can think them. Let it once decay at the heart, and its good work and good thoughts will become subtle luxury and aimless sophism; and it and they will perish together.

It is my purpose, therefore, in some subsequent papers, with such help as I may anyway receive, to try if there may not be determined some of the simplest laws which are indeed binding on Art practice and judgment. Beginning with elementary principle, and proceeding upwards as far as guiding laws are discernible, I hope to show, that if we do not yet know them, there are at least such laws to be known, and that it is of a deep and intimate importance to any people, especially to the English at this time, that their children should be sincerely taught whatever arts they learn, and in ripor age become capable of a just choice and wise pleasure in the accomplished works of the artist. But I earnestly ask for help in this task. It is one which can only come to good issue by the consent and aid of many thinkers; and I would, with the permission of the Editor of this Journal, invite debate on the subject of each paper, together with brief and clear statements of consent or objection, with name of consenter or objector: so that after courteous discussion had, and due correction of the original statement, we may get something at last set down, as harmoniously believed by such and such known artists. If nothing can thus be determined, at least the manner and variety of dissent will show whether it is owing to the nature of the subject, or to the impossibility, under present circumstances, that different persons should approach it from similar points of view; and the inquiry, whatever its immediate issue, cannot be ultimately fruitless.

JOHN RUSKIN.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

ROUT OF COMUS AND HIS BAND.

Sir E. Landseer, R.A., Painter. J. C. Armitage, Engraver.

This picture owes its origin to a commission given several years ago by the Queen and the late Prince Consort, when Sir Edwin Landseer and several others of our most eminent painters were instructed to decorate the pavilion in the grounds of Buckingham Palace with frescoes. Sir Edwin selected for illustration a passage from Milton's “Comus,” a poem that has furnished subjects for numerous works both of painting and sculpture. We have not seen the fresco since it was first executed, and cannot, therefore, determine at this distance of time whether it exactly agrees with this picture, — the original sketch, we believe, for the larger work. There may be some difference between the two, but if so, it is very little. Both represent the rout of Comus, whose enchantments have transformed the unfortunate travellers through the wood in which he has taken up his abode into monsters:—

“Their human countenance,
“The visage quite transformed of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were.”

A young lady, having heedlessly wandered into the domains of the sorcerer, falls into his hands, but cannot be induced by him to drink of

“The baneful cup
With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him who drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unsmoothing reason's mantle
Charactered in the face.”

Whilo Comus is using all his powers of persuasion to entice her to taste, her two brothers, who have long been searching for her, “rush in with swords drawn, wrest the glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground;” his nondescript companions at first make a show of resistance, but are all driven in. The drama, or masque, of “Comus,” was founded on an incident that happened to the sons and daughter of Earl of Bridgewater, which Milton worked up into an imaginative story. The masque was performed, in 1634, at Ludlow Castle, where the earl then resided.

There must always be in the nondescript and unnatural combination of the human and brute forms a presentation to the mind of what is both disagreeable to the eye and repugnant to the feelings. Some individuals can more easily than others rid themselves of this disturbing influence; such will examine without any great measure of alloy this masterly composition; while even those to whom the burlesque scene is far from pleasant in itself, cannot fail to admire the artistic merits of the work. Comus occupies the centre of the picture; he is in full retreat with the others, his countenance indicating extreme anguish at the loss of his supernatural powers, for his enchanting wand, which he still holds, has become as it were a broken reed in his hand. A female figure of beautiful form, as the thin drapery which covers her shows, clings to him as if for safety. Round the pair is a motley group, hurrying as rapidly as they are able in the *milieu*, from the apparent destruction awaiting them. A noticeable feature in the treatment of the subject is the aptitude with which the heads are fitted to the bodies, those of delicately formed animals being placed on the female and other slight figures, and stout, burly bodies wearing the heads of large and ferocious beasts.

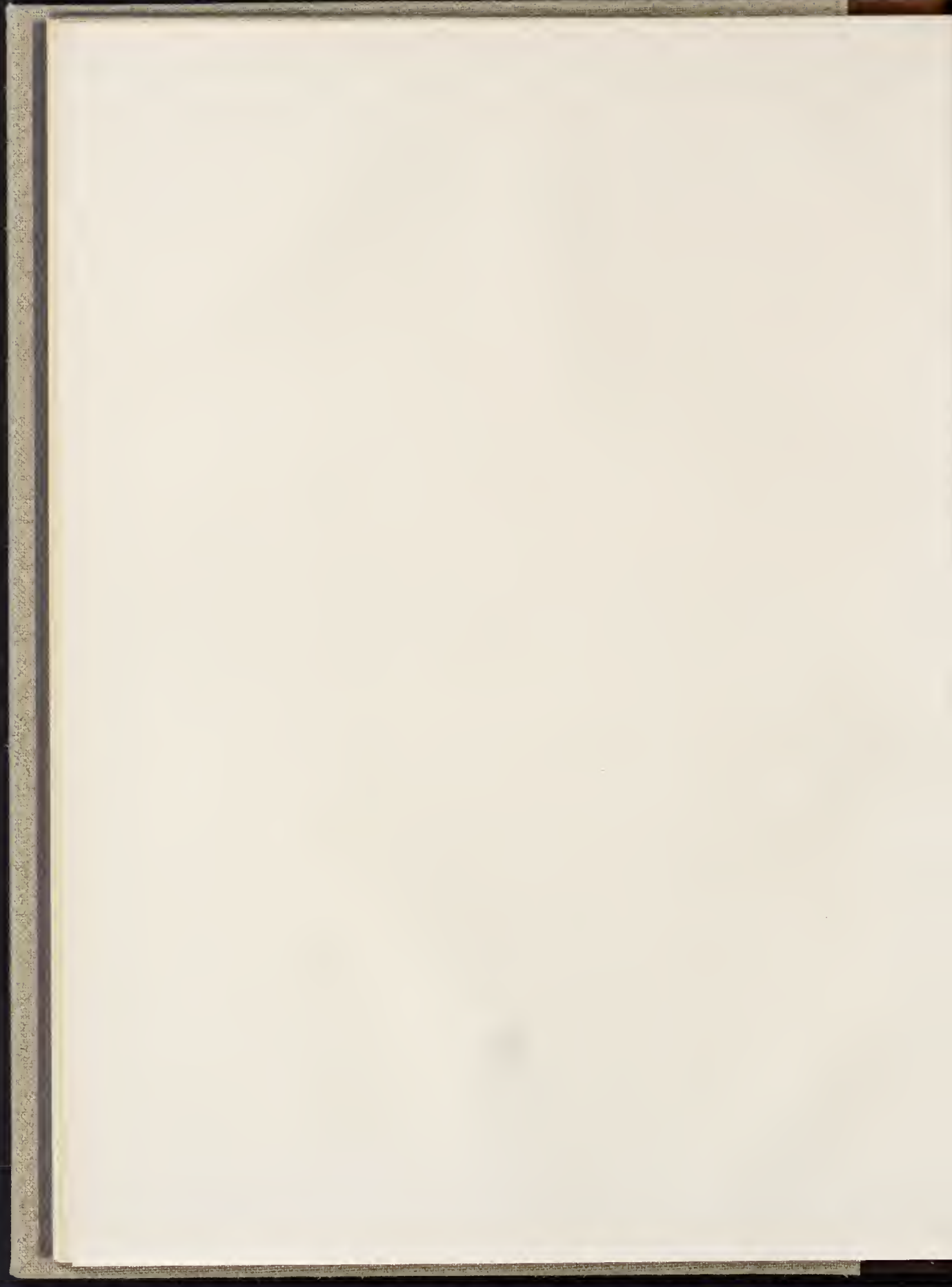


SIR E. LANDSEER R.A. PINT

J. C. ARYTAGH. SCULPT.

ROSE OF SHIRAZ AND HIS BROTHER

THE SCENE TAKEN IN THE OPERA HOUSE



THE
EARLY PAINTERS OF ENGLAND.

SIR PETER LELY.

WALPOLE'S own account of Sir Peter Lely, in his well-known *Anecdotes*, as left by him for posthumous publication, fills three pages of the quarto edition (the only edition we have, strange to say,) of Walpole's Works. To the two reprints of the *Anecdotes* in 1826 and 1849 Mr. Dallaway added a few trifling notes, and Mr. Wormum a few others of a like character. Our knowledge, therefore, of this popular painter (in full practice in fashionable London for thirty-five years, 1645—1680) is indeed "nearly nought." To what Walpole and his editors tell us, so scantily, I propose to add (from a variety of sources) some new materials to our catalogue and tombstone information touching Sir Peter when in England.

In the first place, I have discovered the prices which Lely "painted at," a point of importance in a painter's life. His prices were not high, and this is the more wonderful when we reflect on the large fortune he died worth, and the style in which he is known to have lived both at London and at Kew. In the MS. accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber to King Charles II. (formerly in the Audit Office, Somerset House) I find this entry connected with two great names in English Art and English literature:—

Paid to Sir William Temple for the reimbursing him for the like summe by him paid to Mr. Lilly for their Majesties' Pictures: by virtue of the Lord Chamberlain's Warrant dated the 20th of September, 1671. 1*l*.^s

Thirty pounds a portrait, though equal to sixty pounds a picture of the year 1864, would hardly fall in with the terms of Messrs. Grant or Boxall, the Academicians.

But Lely lived to charge higher. In a MS. volume of the Household Expenses of Catherine of Braganza, queen of Charles II., I find an entry under the 20th of October, 1678, of forty pounds "To Mr. Lilly for a Picture." * This was probably a knee piece of the Windsor Beauty size—Lely's favourite canvas—and as this was his price two years before his death, he is not likely to have raised it.

Lely was buried in the church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden (the parish in which he lived), *by torchlight*, on the 7th of December, 1680, and the sum of six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence was paid by his executors for the ground and the use of the pall. His monument, for which he left *one hundred pounds*, was the work of his neighbour Grinling Gibbons. The famous fire of 1795, which destroyed Inigo's Covent Garden church, destroyed Gibbons's bust of Sir Peter Lely; any kind of representation of it is, I believe, unknown.

The Will of Sir Peter Lely was printed for the Camden Society in the year 1863, under the editorial and competent care of Mr. J. Gough Nichols. It was made the year before his death. One of his executors was Hugh May, Comptroller of the Works at Windsor. Lely died rich, the forty days' sale of his effects by public auction producing, it is said, £26,000, at the very least sixty thousand pounds of the money of her Majesty Queen Victoria. Sir Godfrey Kneller (knight and baronet) did not die so rich, nor did Sir Joshua, and certainly Sir Thomas Lawrence did not *leave* as much.

One "item" in Lely's will, Taits and

Milman's and Pentoses will like to be reminded of—towards the rebuilding of St. Paul's under Wren, Lely left fifty pounds.

Like an admiring Hollander, Sir Peter sought and acquired his landed property in England amid the flats and foss-dykes of Lincolnshire. It was in land and in innumerable collections of Art-treasures (some still carrying his stamped initials) that he invested the large earnings of his active and able pencil.

His Executors' Account Book is among the Additional MSS. of the British Museum (No. 16,174.)

"Lelys," or so-called "Lelys," are numerous enough in England, but were little understood by dealers (Mr. Farrer excepted) until Manchester, at its Art-Treasures Exhibition, gave place to some five and twenty examples of his pencil. It was then seen how closely and successfully Lely had founded his style on Vandyc. If cruel necessity had not put his fine full-length of the Duchess of Portsmouth (the Goodwood picture) too high to be studied, the air of the head and the whole treatment of the bust of Mrs. Carwell (Louise Renée de Penecourt de Quéroneille) would have raised Lely higher in Royal Academy of Arts reputation than portrait painters are at times willing to allow his reputation deserves to reach.

A list of Lely's works with their present whereabouts is among "things" hitherto "unattempted" and is much needed. The following list (a work of labour and of love not lost) will lead, I trust, more to *additions* than *corrections*. Our National Gallery (shame to say) does not contain a single specimen of Sir Peter's pencil.

MALE PORTRAITS.

KING CHARLES I., and his son the Duke of York at the age of 14. Drawn at Hampton Court when the King was last there (in 1647). At Lion House (the Duke of Northumberland's).
OLIVER CROMWELL. The pimple and wart picture; said to be at Chicksands (Sir John Osborne's) in Bedfordshire. If all the known portraits of Oliver were brought to London for a month and seen together, the exhibition would prove instructive and remunerative.

KING CHARLES II. Full-length, in St. George's Hall, Windsor; another (in armour) in the Council Chamber, at the same place. Three-quarter at Winchester, presented to the Corporation by the King himself, 1 Sept., 1682, when he was made free of the Corporation.

DUKE OF YORK (King James II.). If the full-length in St. George's Hall, Windsor, is by Lely, it was painted before the Duke's accession to the throne. Lely died four years before King Charles II. died.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, youngest son of Charles I., when a child. At Windsor.

PRINCE RUPERT. Half-length, at Windsor, holding a truncheon. Waagen says it is "very near to Vandyc."

DUKE OF ALBEMARLE (Monk). At the Town Hall, Exeter. Monk was a Devonshire worthy.

DUKE OF ORMOND (Butler).

DUKE OF MONMOUTH (James Crofts), fine full-length of, at the Duke of Buccleuch's, Dalkeith Palace.

DUKE OF LAUDERDALE (Maitland), fine portrait of. At Ham House, Petersham. Another at Thirstane House, Scotland.

LORD CHANCELLOR CLARENDON (Edward Hyde). Three-quarters, in his robes as Chancellor. At Lord Clarendon's, at The Grove, Herts.

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON (Thomas Wriothesley). At Woburn (the Duke of Bedford's). Engraved in Lodge.

EARL OF ST. ALBAN'S (Queen Henrietta Maria's Henry Jermy). At Rushbrook, in Suffolk.

LORD CHANCELLOR NOTTINGHAM (Heneage Finch). At Gorbamby. Engraved in Lodge.

LORD CHANCELLOR SHAFTESBURY (Anthony Ashley Cooper). At the Earl of Shaftesbury's, St. Giles's House, Dorset.

EARL OF ROCHESTER (John Wilmot). At Lord Sandwich's, at Hinchinbrooke; another formerly at Stanmore Priory, Middlesex.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD (Philip Stanhope), the handsome earl of De Grammont. At Bretby (Lord Chesterfield's).

EARL OF MANCHESTER (— Montagu). At Woburn. Engraved in Lodge.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND (Josceline Percy), as a boy. At Petworth, and fine.

VISCOUNT Brouncker (Henry Brouncker), First President of the Royal Society. At Hingley (Lord Lyttelton's).

EARL OF STAMFORD (Henry Grey, 1st Earl). At Dunham Massey, in Cheshire (Lord Stamford and Warrington's). Engraved in Lodge.

THOMAS LORD CLEFFORD, of the Cabal. At Ugbrooke, Devonshire.

VISCOUNT DUNDEE (John Graham of Claverhouse). At Glamis Castle (the Earl of Strathmore's). Engraved in Lodge. Duplicate at Abbotsford, and highly valued by Sir Walter Scott.

LORD CROFTS OF SAXHAM (the mad fellow Crofts of De Grammont). At Hengrave Hall, Suffolk.

LORD CORNWALLIS (Charles, 3rd Lord). At Audley End (Lord Braybrooke's).

SIR SAMUEL MORLAND.

SIR GEOFFREY PALMER.

SIR PHILIP WARWICK.

SIR HARBOTTE CRIMSTON. At Gorbamby.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE. Lady Fanshawe refers in her memoirs to the portrait of her husband by Lely.

SIR JOSEPH WILLIAMSON, Secretary of State.

SIR LEOLINE JENKINS. At Jesus College, Oxford.

SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE (the statesman and essayist). At Lord Palmerston's, Broadlands, Hants.

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

SIR RALPH BANKES. At Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire.

MR. CÆSAR. At Rousham, Oxfordshire.

COL. WILLIAM ASHBURNHAM (of the Bedchamber to Charles I.). At the Earl of Ashburnham's, Ashburnham Place, Sussex.

EDWARD PROGERS (of the Bedchamber to Charles I. and II.).

TOBIAS RUSTAT (of the Bedchamber to Charles II.) fine portrait of. At Jesus College, Oxford.

JOHN HERVEY OF ICKWORTH. At Ickworth, Suffolk.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (as a Shepherd). Horace Walpole's picture, bought at the Strawberry Hill sale by the *Minister* Sir Robert Peel, and now at Drayton Manor.

EDMUND WALLER. At Rousham, Oxfordshire.

Half-length, seated, holding a paper inscribed "Sed Gramina major imago."

SAMUEL BUTLER. At the Bodleian, and Lord Clarendon's, The Grove, Herts. Mr. Farrer had a third.

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY. At Drayton Manor (Sir Robert Peel's). Sold at Watson Taylor's sale for 26 guineas. Excellently engraved by John Smith, with Wycherley's own selected motto from Virgil beneath it, placed there in his old age, "Quantum mutatus ab illo."

CHARLES COTTON (Walton's associatio).

JOHN OCELBY (the translator and geographer). At the Bodleian.

THOMAS STANLEY (poet). Only known by Faithorne's admirable engraving from it.

THOMAS SIMON (the medallist). This picture, of which unfortunately nothing is now known, was seriously injured by the fall, in 1702, of Grinling Gibbons's house in Bow Street.

HUGH MAY (architect) and GRINLING GIBBONS (the carver) on one canvas.

SIR PETER LELY. A head (engraved in Dallaway's Walpole). Formerly at Strawberry Hill, now at Knowsley, the seat of the Earl of Derby.

"It was objected against a late noble painter [meaning Lely] that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him."—*Dryden, Preface to Second Miscellany.*

Another portrait of Lely by himself, "animated and careful" (Waagen), is at Longford Castle (Lord Radnor's).

* Additional MS. in British Museum, 10,613. This payment to Lely is here referred to in print for the first time.

THE LELY "FLAGMEN,"

Painted for the Duke of York (James II.), and strangely enough never engraved. The "Flagmen" are twelve in number:—

1. JAMES DUKE OF YORK (King James II.).
2. EARL OF SANDWICH (Edward Montagu). Duplicate at Lord Sandwich's, at Hinchinbrooke, Hunts. Engraved in Lodge.
3. SIR THOMAS ALLEN (Sir Morton Peto's predecessor in Suffolk).
4. SIR GEORGE ASCUE.
5. SIR WILLIAM BERKELEY.
6. SIR THOMAS HARMAN. The finest of the series, very Vandeyck-like in conception and treatment.
7. SIR JOSEPH JORDAN.
8. SIR JOHN LAWSON.
9. SIR CHRISTOPHER MENNYS.
10. SIR WILLIAM PENN (father of Quaker Penn).
11. SIR JEREMY SMITH.
12. SIR THOMAS TIDDMAN.

Of these twelve portraits, eleven were given by George IV. to Greenwich Hospital. The one not given, Sir John Lawson (and why not given I know not), is at Hampton Court. Her Majesty, who make little doubt, would readily consent to its return to the series, and to its proper hanging at Greenwich.*

FEMALE PORTRAITS.

- QUEEN OF CHARLES II. (Catherine of Braganza).
 DUCHESS OF YORK (Anne Hyde, mother of Queen Mary and Queen Anne).
 DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND (Barbara Palmer), one of the Beauties.
 DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH. Full-length, at Goodwood (the Duke of Richmond's), and fine.
 DUCHESS OF MAZARIN. At King's Weston, in Gloucestershire. The Duke of St. Alban's has I believe a very fine portrait of the Mazarin by Lely.
 DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.
 DUCHESS OF RICHMOND (La Belle Stuart). Sold at the Stowe sale to Lord Blantyre (a Stuart) for 68 guineas: a full-length in brown satin, with black scarf fastened with pearl-headed pins. A good Lely of La Belle is at Hagley (Lord Lyttelton's).
 DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE (Margaret Lucas, the authoress). Very fine full-length of her, in blue, at Welbeck (the Duke of Portland's).
 MARCHIONESS OF WHARTON (Anne Lee, daughter of Sir Henry Lee). Three-quarters. Formerly at Houghton, now at St. Petersburg.
 COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD. (— Bulter, daughter of the Duke of Ormond, and one of the De Grammont heroines.) At Narford (Mr. Fountain's), in Norfolk. Engraved for Mrs. Jameson's "Beauties." Horace Walpole had a copy made in crayons of this fine picture. It is mentioned by Granger.
 COUNTESS OF MIDDLESEX. Three-quarters, very elegant. In Bridgewater Gallery.
 COUNTESS OF KILDARE, holding a flower. At Drayton Manor (Sir Robert Peel's).
 COUNTESS OF SOUTHESK (Anne Carnegie). At Hagley (Lord Lyttelton's). Another sold at the Stowe sale for £84.
 LADY HENRIETTA BERKELEY. Three-quarters, seated, in a brown dress, very elegant. Sold at the Stowe sale to James Dorington, Esq., of Hanover Square, for 70 guineas.
 LADY ISABELLA FINNYS (the lady celebrated in verse by Waller and Cotton).
 LADY GIFFARD (Sir William Temple's sister). Jervas, the painter, told Dean Swift that it was in Lely's best manner, and the drapery all by the same hand.† Lord Palmerston has this picture, I believe.
 NELL GWYN. At Bothwell Castle, and Goodrich Court; and admirably engraved for Mrs. Jameson's "Beauties of the Court of King Charles II." Two portraits of her, price £25

* Since this was written I observe that the Sir John Lawson is not mentioned by Peeps (18th April, 1666) with the rest of the Flagmen. I have a note that he was killed in June, 1665: ample reason enough, perhaps, for the omission; but still—in my belief, Lawson formed one of the Lely Flagmen.

† Swift's Works, by Sir Walter Scott, xix. 37.

each, one "unfinisht," are entered in the account book of Lely's executors.

LUCY WATERS (the mother of the Duke of Monmouth). At the Duke of Buccleuch's, Dalkeith Palace.

MARGARET HUGHES (the mistress of Prince Rupert). At Middleton, in Oxfordshire, the seat of the Earl of Jersey. A half-length of Mrs. Hughes is mentioned in the account book of Lely's executors; a Mr. Bayley bought it for £17 10s.

MRS. UPHILL (an actress, first the mistress, then the wife of Sir Robert Howard, Dryden's brother-in-law). A half-length is mentioned in Lely's executors' accounts, price £14 15s.

I have reserved to the last the Lely or "Windsor Beauties," as they are called, now at Hampton Court. They are so well known that a mere catalogue will be sufficient. The Countess de Grammont is by far the finest of the twelve.

THE LELY BEAUTIES,

Painted for the Duchess of York, and well engraved by Wright and others, with sensible letterpress by the late Mrs. Jameson.

"Sir Peter Lely scarce saves appearances but by a bit of fringe or embroidery. His nymphs, generally reposed on the turf, are too wanton and too magnificent to be taken for anything but *Maid of Honour*."—*Walpole (Warum, p. 427)*.

1. DUCHESS OF YORK (Anne Hyde).
2. DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND (Barbara Palmer).
3. DUCHESS OF RICHMOND (Frances Stuart).
4. COUNTESS OF ROCHESTER (Henrietta Boyle).
5. COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND (Elizabeth Wriothsley).
6. COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND (Anne Digby).
7. COUNTESS OF OSSORY.
8. COUNTESS OF FALMOUTH (Elizabeth Bagot).
9. COUNTESS GRAMMONT (La Belle Hamilton).
10. LADY DENHAM (the poet's wife).
11. LADY WHITMORE.
12. MRS. JANE MIDDLETON.

My task of cataloguing the *animated* canvases of a favourite painter has been a laborious but a pleasant one. I invite from every well-informed person both corrections and additions.

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THIS Society opened its third exhibition of "sketches," on the 26th of November, by an assemblage not less remarkable for beauty than the finished works that occupy the walls in summer, and in a multitude of instances much more distinguished for spirit. The probationary term for a winter exhibition has been short; the experiment was successful on its first trial, and it is now confirmed for annual recurrence. It was observed in these columns, in reference to the first exhibition, that the free manner of the drawings of that occasion would mature into that of "studies," which again would advance into pictures. And so it is; yet with the increased care observable in these works, it cannot be said that generally the artists transgress the conditions under which they are understood to present themselves before the public. There are some drawings worked out to the extremity of nice manipulation; but a knowledge of painters and their works teaches us there are men who cannot trust themselves to sketch—they can make nothing speak but a finished picture. While, again, there are others whose elaborate works become simply hardware, from a defect of vision—that of seeing too much—though the same drawings half wrought had been soft and brilliant.

In the landscapes, all open-air studies, there will be found much freshness and sweetness, which in very many cases far excel the best qualities of the studio drawings by the same hands.

The figure subjects are comparatively few: forth of his wizard's cauldron John Gilbert conjures—'Don Quixote disputing with the Priest and the Barber,' 'Nurso and Peter,' from "Romeo and Juliet," 'Palstaff and Justice Shallow,' and a 'Drinking Chorus,' with some others. To say anything of these would be but a repetition of eulogies sung in these columns long ago. 'Saved' (107), F. W. Topham, is the sketch for the drawing exhibited last year. By F. Smallfield there is a study, 'After Sunset Merrily' (350), of Italian figures, spirited, characteristic, and luminous. Carl Haag's contributions are remarkable for their variety, point, and truth; they are numerous, and might be much more so, as they evidence a remarkably rapid method of drawing. 'Designs of the Four Seasons to be executed in Robbia Ware' (330), E. Burne Jones, show a singular power of compliance with severe conditions.

Frederick Tayler's communications are as usual unique in their way; they would persuade us that we live too late, that all romance and gallantry died with the seventeenth century. Miss Gillies, eminent for the sentiment of her female figures, has sent a 'Girl with Faggots' (140), 'From Toulouse' (142), 'Study in Dieppe Cathedral' (319), 'Study of a Head' (327), &c. 'A Sketch for Subjects from Denis Duval' (401), and 'A Sketch' (420), are two slight forecasts by F. Walker, the painter of last year's 'Philip.' 'A Meadow' (184), by Walter Goodall, is a careful study, coloured with much delicacy. E. Duncan paints the living rock and the "glad waters," in 'St. Abbs Head' (440), and not less true are 'Road across the Sands to Holy Island' (440), and 'The Ruins of Lindisfarne Abbey' (37), with others, all essentially local studies fully worked out. Of the works of the late J. D. Harding there are not less than twenty-one examples. The studies by Birket Foster are charming; with apparently an eye of great penetration he has eminently the gift of dealing with difficulties, so as to make the worse appear the better feature. Grouped in one frame are four sketches (27), by George A. Fripp, remarkable for their reality. By T. M. Richardson, the 'Bay at Portree, Isle of Skye' (17), 'Four Studies from Nature' (93), and 'Four Studies from Nature in the Islands' (263), by their shortcomings in respect of what may be called studio finish, refer more immediately to the face of nature than some of the finished drawings we have seen by this painter. Those of John Burgess maintain throughout an incorruptible regard for veracity of description and an utter disregard of the playful amenities of execution. 'Six Sketches and Studies' (54), James Holland, exhibit immense enthusiasm, with the rare talent of effecting very much by means of very little.

Dodgson's drawings set forth some of the most beautiful phenomena of nature, as in a 'Study in Knole Park' (23). J. J. Jenkins has betaken himself to English landscape, in which he displays not less power than in his former class of subjects. And there are highly meritorious studies by G. H. Andrews; S. Reade; E. A. Goodall; D. Cox, jun.; S. P. Jackson; W. Collingwood; Paul J. Naftel; E. Lundgren; J. W. Whittaker; A. Glennie, &c.; the whole forming an exhibition incomparably better than the two that have preceded.

WOOD-CARVING

BY GRINDLING GIBBONS,

IN THE CHOIR OF ST. PAULS CATHEDRAL.

Good service to Art has been done, and done in various ways, by the numerous local archaeological societies which, during the last quarter of a century, have attained to such a flourishing condition in many of the counties of England. Through the agency of these associations a taste and a feeling for all true and noble Art have grown out of a search after early Art. The archaeological societies also have impressed upon their members the advantages of organised and systematic action; they have shown how a fashion may be elevated into a study, and they have gone on to demonstrate that even the study of antiquities can be treated in a manner, which may prove no less agreeable and attractive than practically useful. But more especially in their printed and published transactions, and miscellaneous papers, these societies have deserved well of all who are devoted to the true interests of Art. In these productions two objects, both of them most difficult to accomplish by any other means, have found the most satisfactory accomplishment; the one is, that the almost unknown existence of early works of Art of various kinds has been recorded; and in the next place, copious, faithful, and frequently carefully illustrated descriptions of many of these relics have been published. The publications of the local archaeological societies, in their influence upon the study of Art, may be compared with what will not be readily forgotten—the "Loan Collection" exhibited in 1862 at the South Kensington

Museum. They lay open unexplored stores of examples of what the artist-workers of past times have done; and they lead the student-workers of to-day to inquire and to compare, that they may acquire fresh stores of experience and enlightenment through the ever-widening channels of investigation and comparison.

Unfortunately, like the Loan Exhibition, the publications of the local archaeological societies are open only to a restricted number of readers. These volumes, indeed, can scarcely be said to be published, so far as the community at large is concerned; still they do exist, and they are accessible, and consequently it is possible for other publications which enjoy a far wider range of circulation, to carry out and to complete what these works are constrained to leave imperfect, or to keep within the narrow limits of their own comparatively small circle.

Among other subjects of commanding archaeological interest, and also of special present value to lovers and students of Art, are the cathedrals and the larger and more important churches. These edifices are, each in its own degree, storehouses of works of early Art. In the days when cathedrals were built, the best artists in every department of Art concentrated their powers in

the grand work of adorning them. Marble, stone, and wood, were sculptured and carved, and metal was wrought, with the best of skill and the highest of aim. The times have altered since those days; and one change has succeeded to another, until now, at length, we are learning to regard even the shattered relics of those bygone centuries as treasures of Art, which we shall do well to study with thoughtful attention, while we secure them from further injury with renewed care. The archaeological societies' publications have not failed to bestow a becoming portion of their regard upon the various specimens of early Art-workmanship that yet linger in our larger churches; and they lead ourselves, among others, to explore these same unconscious museums, that we may point out to students of Art who are not, and who do not even desire to be, members of archaeological societies, how much of valuable instruction and suggestion may be acquired from the study of both the greater works and the minor accessories of our national ecclesiastical architecture.

The art of carving wood for various decorative purposes has been very auspiciously revived amongst us, and vigorous efforts are now being made to raise this beautiful and eminently useful art to the highest possible standing of excellence. One all-important agency for improving the wood-carving of the present day is to familiarise living wood-carvers with the best works of their predecessors; and many of those best works are to be found beneath cathedral roofs. The stalls of the choir at Winchester, and those also at Lincoln and Norwich, we well remember to have seen so disguised beneath paint and accumulated dust, that their high merits as examples of truly artistic wood-

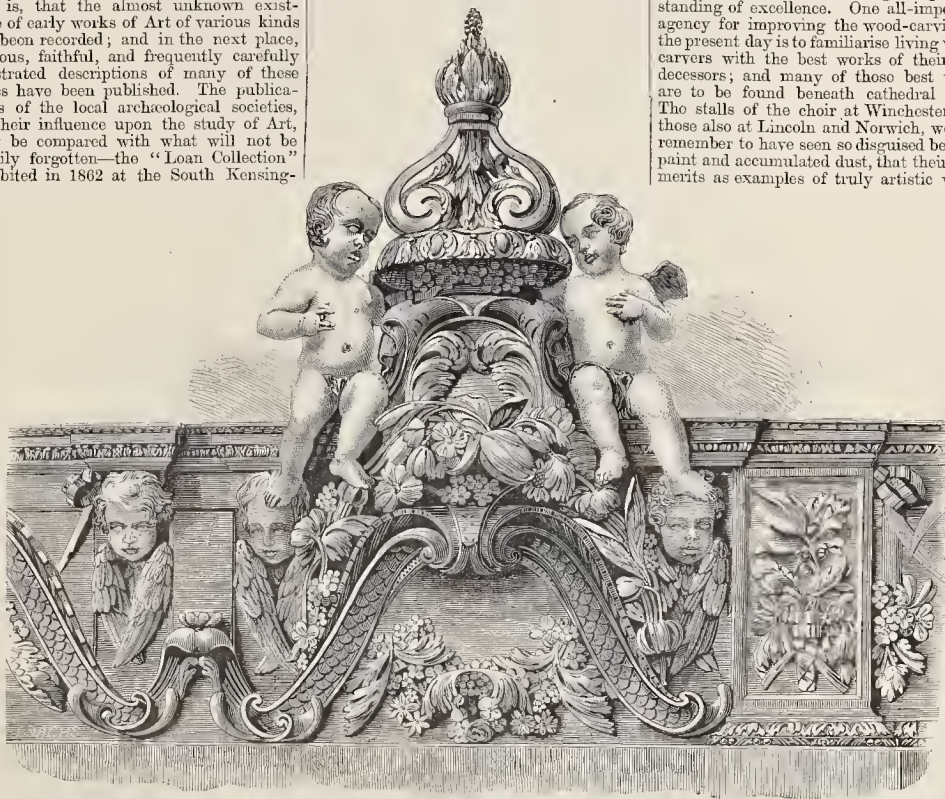


Fig. 1.

carving of different periods of the great Gothic era were altogether lost. Now, thanks to a better archaeological sentiment, paint and dust have alike disappeared, and these admirable specimens of the skill of early carvers in wood are restored to their true

dignity, and they may be readily and most advantageously studied by all who are able to find time and leisure to visit them. In like manner, vast numbers of works, and fragments of works, of the wood-carver's art have been brought into notice, and re-

stored (in the proper sense of that term) in other churches, many of them edifices of comparatively humble architectural pretensions; and yet these remains have proved to be well worthy of careful preservation, because they have shown themselves quali-

fied not only to exemplify their own period, but also to give instruction of practical utility in its application to the requirements of our own time.

As a general rule, architectural wood-carving may be considered to be distinguished by certain conventionalities of style and treatment, which adapt it to its special uses in connection with architecture itself properly so called. This is more particularly the case in Gothic carved wood-work; it is essentially Gothic, and it yields a submissive obedience both to the Gothic

feeling of its time, and to the distinctive requirements of the edifice in which it is destined to appear. There exists, however, another class of wood-carving, which is based upon principles that are in decided opposition to such motives and sentiments as these. There is the strictly naturalistic style of carved wood-work, as well as the emphatically conventional; and the artists who have devoted themselves to this naturalistic style, claim for their wood-carving the supreme merit of universal applicability, combined

with the highest perfection of the wood-carver's art. It is altogether to be desired that the wood-carvers of our own times should study the best examples of both styles. They will assuredly learn much from both the conventional and the naturalistic schools. And it is more than probable they will consider that to be the most valuable lesson which impresses most forcibly upon their minds the conviction that both styles have imperfections as well as excellencies, and which accordingly leads them at once to avoid failures and errors

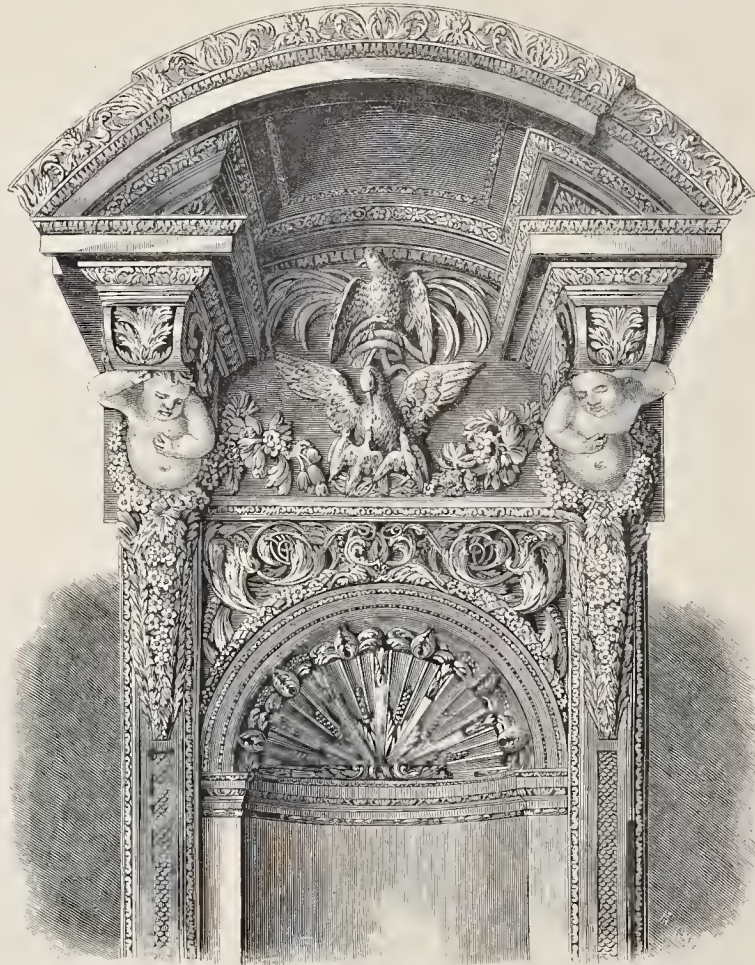


Fig. 2.

both on the right and on the left, and also to work out the combination of apparently conflicting successes and triumphs.

A cathedral built, and its structural members decorated, in the time of Queen Anne, can scarcely expect to be regarded as an edifice that comes within the province of archaeology. And yet archaeologists may fall into many much greater inconsistencies than such as they might be disposed to assign to the investigation and study of the metropolitan cathedral of St. Paul. In the

one particular to which we now more particularly refer, St. Paul's Cathedral possesses strong claims upon every person who entertains a respect for the Arts, as well of all past ages as of those which are more decidedly remote from themselves. St. Paul's is rich in wood-carvings—the works of GRINDLING GIBBONS. And these carvings by this remarkable master of the art of the wood-carver are in the highest degree characteristic of the artist himself, and of his own style of Art and system of treatment,

and they also may be justly accepted as typical specimens of their naturalistic school of carving in wood. We have selected for engraving a sufficient number and variety of these works of Grindling Gibbons, now in the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, to enable us to deal with them as illustrations of a style of peculiar value to students.

It will be observed, that in these carvings Grindling Gibbons has adopted five distinct yet closely allied modifications of his system of design and treatment. First, there are

flowers and foliage in combination, with no other accessories than certain flowing ribbons, the whole being purely naturalistic, as in Fig. 4; or the foliage being so far subjected to a certain conventionality as to be conformed in a degree to the scroll-foliage of the Roman Art, as in Figs. 6 and 7. Secondly, we have before us a panel, Fig. 3, in which, without any architectural forms or adaptations, the design is strictly arabesque, without any flowers, and with only so much of foliage of the most decidedly conventional character, as would be necessary to relieve and to combine the mere lines of the composition. In the third place, as in the moulding, Fig. 5, the floral and foliated members of the composition are more prominent, the latter being somewhat less remote from the true natural forms, while the arabesque lines retain their decided distinctness. Next, we see the artist constructing and carving more decorative surfaces upon positive architectural members, as in the canopy in part represented in Fig. 2. And, finally, in this same Fig. 2, and also in Fig. 1, we observe in what manner the artist would bring together, in order to produce a single composition, his natural flowers and leafage with the forms of living creatures, his pure arabesques, his semi-conventional foliage, the winged infants and infantine heads, the terminal figures of the Renaissance, and the carved structural architecture of his canopies and cornices.

Thus, in Figs. 4, 5, 6, and 7, the artist expatiates freely in working out his own strong love for natural forms. Here, with some indications of the influences of the study of arabesques and of classic or semi-classic scroll-work, Gibbons puts forth his strength and bids the hard wood, which has grown up into the tall and massive tree-trunk, to be-

come flowers and leaves and fruits also. This is the naturalistic style in freedom, rejoicing in natural forms, and struggling to reproduce them, as far as may be, truth-

with that happy combination of thoughtful care and bold *indifference* which proclaims a master thoroughly enjoying his work, these carvings command unqualified admiration. Let us not neglect to advert to the consummate skill with which the boldest of these carvings is, in at least a becoming degree, adjusted to the character and the capacity of the material in which it is executed. This is a point always to be kept carefully in remembrance by every true artist and true artist-workman. These are genuine wood-carvings. They profess to be wood-carvings, and they realise exactly what they profess. On the contrary, in opposition to this felicitous appropriateness, Fig. 3 presents us with a design far better adapted to the structural characteristics and qualities of iron than of wood. The ribbons in Fig. 4 (the example is from an elaborately enriched panel) can scarcely establish any title to being true carvings in wood—there is about them more of the touch of the hammer on metal than of the chisel on oak; there is a metallic feeling about the arabesque lines in Fig. 5; and Fig. 3 is positive metal-work wrought in wood. This panel, in fact, might have been wrought to form a part of the famous Hampton Court gates, and its harmonious agreement with the rest of that remarkable example of the art of the smith would have been admitted at once.

Except in their more natural flowers and leaves, and in the true Gibbons-carving between the figures in Fig. 1, and immediately above the semicircular arch in Fig. 2, both the cornice represented in Fig. 1, and the canopy of No. 2, are designed in a manner that would be equally

applicable to carving executed either in stone or in wood. As Renaissance architectural carved work, studiously adjusted to Renaissance architecture, these compositions



Fig. 3.

fully, and without any conventional influence. Nothing can be finer than these carvings. Rich to luxuriance, free in handling, masterly in touch, every detail wrought



Fig. 4.

are perfect examples of their class. The several component parts are equally faithful to their common style, and they are brought together and combined to produce a single

composition, in exact conformity with the feeling and the practice of that style. The carving of all these various examples exhibits the same exact and expert manipu-

lation. Whatever portion of his work we may subject to our most critical examination, we shall always discover the traces of the same gifted mind and the same skillful

hand. In some of his carvings Grindling Gibbons naturally demonstrates what forms and combinations of forms he loved best, and executed with the greatest satisfaction: but in all his carvings we can readily distinguish that impress, which proclaims them to be works of the same Grindling Gibbons.

With the carvings in St. Paul's Cathedral we may connect, as allied models for the benefit of students, the woodwork by the same master in the Chapel of Trinity Col-

lege, Oxford. The designs, in their style and character, are essentially the same. The carver has introduced the same classes and the same varieties of materials, and he has treated them precisely in a similar manner. These carvings, which are in perfect preservation, are in every respect equal to the examples in the metropolitan cathedral. Like the St. Paul's carvings, the woodwork by Gibbons at Oxford exemplifies the extraordinary ability of the artist to

carve in salient relief, to execute the boldest under-cutting, and to produce in the wood the natural texture of the fruits and flowers and foliage.

One result of our examination into these truly fine carvings, is the evidence which they bring before us of the complete subjection of the artist, in his most important works, to the conventional influences of the style of his era. Than our examples, Figs. 1, 2, and 3, nothing can be more decidedly



Fig. 5.

conventional—more decided in the conventionality of a certain style. In all probability, we should have applied precisely the same remark to the finest of the carved oak stall-canopies in the choir of Norwich Cathedral, with their remarkable crockets formed of pelicans, each with one outspread wing, and all of them wrought with such exquisite skill, had Gothic wood-carving been our present immediate subject. It is, indeed, most true that we enjoy the grand

advantage of contemplating them from a sufficient distance to form a just estimate of the conventional influences whether of the era of Queen Anne or of Margaret of Anjou. We can observe and study the works both of Grindling Gibbons and of those who lived and worked more years before he flourished, than have elapsed between his period and our own. What we have to do, therefore, is, to apply such great advantages to our own real benefit. We have to study

as students who are in earnest in their desire to learn. And our learning must be such as will exemplify its character and also its capacity, through its practical action upon our own Art. The works of Grindling Gibbons are eloquent teachers to our own carvers of wood. They point out the path to eminence: they indicate also the no less important warnings, which may guide us in safety away from whatever might cripple our powers or mislead them



Fig. 6.

in their application. Whatever the objects may be that we study, it will be our wisdom to seek as well the lessons that warn as those that encourage and direct. Our carvers of wood require long, profound, and thoughtful study of the conventional, and also of the natural, in their Art. They need to observe what effects result from every modification of natural treatment, from every combination of natural with artificial and conventionalised forms, and also from

the direct action of positive conventionalism. And this observation must extend to treatment, to execution and touch and finish, as well as to design and composition and aggroupment.

Our woodcuts may accomplish something for those who study after such a fashion as this: but the *wood-carvings themselves*, in St. Paul's Cathedral, and also in the chapel of Trinity College, Oxford, tell their own tale best and most effectually, and to them

we cordially refer all who would thoroughly and perfectly master the lessons of which we have been writing.

In like manner we commend to the thoughtful study of our own wood-carvers the works of those earlier masters of their Art who lived and worked in the great Gothic era—the productions of the men who designed and executed the wood-carvings that yet remain in the cathedrals, with which the predecessor of Wren's St. Paul's



Fig. 7.

was a contemporary. On some future occasion we may make such Gothic wood-carvings as those to which we now refer the subject of our special consideration. Meanwhile, we close our present notice of the wood-carvings of Grindling Gibbons with the admonition to students of our own times, that the really great works of all past times are associated in the strong alliance of a common fellowship in Art, and therefore that they all participate in a com-

mon claim upon their reverent regard. We remind them also that we have still living and working amongst us a veteran artist, whom they may regard as a second Gibbons, whose wood-carvings may be studied in connection with those of Gibbons himself, and who thus, in the happiest and most impressive manner, exemplifies the practical teaching of the Gibbons school. Mr. Rogers might have worked side by side with Sir Christopher Wren's great wood-carver,

had he lived in the days of Queen Anne: we now may congratulate ourselves in possessing a wood-carver of such distinguished ability,—one who, in the days of Queen Victoria, has secured for himself a reputation equal to that of the most eminent of his predecessors; and we have shown by these observations and engravings how much existing wood-carvers may learn from the works of their great master.

CHARLES BOUTELL.

A WORKING LIFE.*

In the list of names of earnest men who have honourably laboured in spreading knowledge among their fellows, there is none more deserving respectful recognition (such as it will receive now and hereafter) than that of Mr. Charles Knight. An energetic pioneer, he had to thread his way through a dark mass of old-fashioned forms and prejudices, to combat trade-falacies, and, at his proper risk, to fight against and subdue them. In his early youth cheap literature was unknown. The generation that has arisen since he, with others, firmly established the great boon, can scarcely imagine what the state of general literature then was, or the difficulties that beset its improvement. Mr. Knight has lived to see his own cheapness "out-cheapened," and his *Penny Magazine*, once considered a miracle at its price, dear when compared with modern "pennyworths," such as the press now furnishes.

"A working life" is a simple and most appropriate title for the Book of Mr. Knight. It has been one of constant labour from its earliest years to its latest, for the earnest old bookseller labours yet. The rewards of literature are never ample; and though in his instance a largo business knowledge was combined with literary power, from very obvious causes it failed to bring fortune. Many may have reaped where he has sowed, for it is the fate of such men to make the way clear for others that was all but impracticable to themselves. Add to this that he had the tastes of a scholar and a gentleman, a real love for literature and Art, and then we may perhaps understand why the end has been less fortunate than it should have been.

It will be obvious that Mr. Knight's volumes are not to be considered as records of his working life only. He has from the earliest years of his career been associated with scholars of the best class, and with men who had the great cause of intellectual progress at heart; chief among them was Henry Brongham, and it is gratifying to read in Mr. Knight's pages of the friendship that still links together the great chancellor and his old publisher. Mr. Knight's pages record the growth of the cheap and wholesome literature which he has done so much to establish; hence his volumes will always have a value as part of the history of progress in civilisation. His first volume is particularly instructive reading, and deserves very extended perusal; it cannot fail to interest all who desire to know the value of the present over the past, and it will in no small degree surprise many to find, although that past is removed so little from our present time, that the changes have been so great and so important.

It is not too much to assert that a man of fifty years of age at the present day has seen more of change and vast social improvement than was spread over a century and a half of previous time. In reading Mr. Knight's record of old Windsor, when George III. and his court were there in the full vigour of their somewhat mild glory, or his account of London and the book trade as he first remembered it, we feel very much as we do when reading the records of Queen Anne. It is all very odd, very respectable, "very slow," but apparently as far removed from modern style as the days of Marlborough; yet to Mr. Knight, and very many others still among us, it was the every-day life of England. It is difficult to realise these old days of obstinate prejudice among the inferiors, and of grumbling acquiescence among the inferiors. Unreasoning bigotry was simply opposed to ignorant want; hence originated rioting and the Manchester mobs of the following reign. If reading was to be had, it was to be had under difficulties; newspapers paid stamp duties, and a host of other duties, almost enough to destroy the crippled press. Indeed there was an evident desire on the part of government to balk political information; and nothing could do this better than a duty of fourpence on every newspaper, and three shillings and sixpence on each

advertisement. It is strange to think such a state of things existed but forty years ago.

When Charles Knight was a young man booksellers were content to publish very little at large prices; they had no wish for a cheap literature and a diffusion of knowledge; their own trade regulations were in opposition to it. We must not, however, blame the booksellers alone; they were tradesmen, educated by older traders, and imbibing old restrictive ideas—as was perfectly natural. But many men of station and learning had even narrower ideas of the danger of popularising education; it tended in their notions to break down the barriers of rank, and to revolutionise England. It is not wonderful to find in such times the Company of Stationers opposing all useful and sensible almanacs, and sticking as long as they could to the grotesque indecencies of Poor Robin, or the solemn fooleries of Francis Moore, physician. We are not sure that the latter worthy is dead yet; we only know that he worked for his reputation in the days of Charles II., and was innocently believed to be in the full vigour of prognostication when Mr. Knight opposed his prophecies by facts some fifty years ago.

The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was the first important opposition to the old state of things. That body supplied readers having only moderate purses with information of a first-rate kind at a cheap rate. Their opening career was beset by difficulties, but they were too strong in the right to be conquered by the wrong. It is amusing to read of the minor obstacles in their path, and how author, engraver, publisher, printer, and mechanic had to meet in solemn conclave over the production of very ordinary press-work, so little experience had they then of illustrated literature. Then came the *Penny Magazine*, with woodcuts that were looked upon as marvels of costly Art. Many of them are ludicrous now. Improvement constantly followed success, and Mr. Knight ultimately issued works that will bear any rivalry, and are not likely to be superseded. We allude particularly to his "Shakespeare" and "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The art of the wood-engraver has never been carried higher than in these beautiful books; it is an art that has dwindled since then—sound engraving, in which some knowledge of Art was demanded from the engraver, having generally given place to mechanical elaboration, imitating very often merely bad hotted etching.

We must await a future volume for Mr. Knight's own explanation of why all these works were not a monetary, as they assuredly were a literary and artistic, success. We know that his own liberality and taste made him think less than usual of the magical £ s. d. His revelations of some part of his trouble with authors, when to go on with them was dangerous, but to stop was ruinous, lets a little light on the scene. Altogether his career has been an instructive one, and his volumes are no less so. We have not often met with so clear and pleasant a narrative, or one that is so entirely free from all acerbity and fretfulness. The author speaks "more in sorrow than in anger" of his trials and disappointments. It is not too much to say that very few men would look as calmly on the past, and show so much of forbearance and philosophy.

Vigorous still, clear-headed and honest-hearted, Charles Knight now labours among us; but "the night cometh," and ere its shadows close the busy scene, shall we not ask for the honourable recognition due to him from every Englishman who values the intellectual advancement of his country? Here is a "working life" of the most laudable labour, not asking, but which should undoubtedly receive, its due recognition. We know little of our fellow-countrymen, or of men in general, if we are not sure that there are many who reverence him and his labour whom he may never meet, or whose sentiments he may never know; we are sure also that the future historian of our literature can never omit honourable mention of this grand "working life." But we would that this feeling should take a more decisive shape—come out in "word and deed" while our old pioneer is still with us, and may feel the warm hand and hear the kind word of such as reverence continuous industry and high integrity.

HISTORY AT HOLYROOD.

A DESIRE to visit places of historic interest, and re-enact "in the mind's eye" the events which give them their celebrity, is naturally inherent to us all, differing only in clearness as our education admits; it hence becomes a duty for the instructed to aid the ignorant when they come, full of reverent interest, to see what they have known to be long renowned. When their laudable curiosity is honestly satisfied, their labour has not been in vain; but when public instructors and paid officials coolly mislead and absurdly misinstruct all comers, the case is entirely altered, and their interference becomes mischievous.

The royal palace at Holyrood is certainly one of the most interesting historic sites in Scotland. The rooms in which were enacted one tragic scene in the life of Mary—the murder of Rizzio—cannot be visited without peculiar emotion; indeed, no part of the ancient remains of the old palace of the Scottish kings is without its absorbing interest. It is, therefore, the more to be regretted that foolish explanations and absurd relics should be held forth to the admiration of visitors where they are least of all required, and where they become positively offensive.

A very slight amount of education will suffice to dispel a belief in much that is shown here; but there are many things plausible enough to pass muster with the ignorant and the credulous. The absurd collection of portraits of Scottish kings that decorate the walls can but excite a smile from a schoolboy, when he gazes on the features of Fergus I., who reigned, we are told, three hundred and thirty years before Christ, and his successors, Nothatus and Dornadilla, who most probably never existed at all; or, most certainly, could not have borne so strong a family resemblance to the royalties of the seventeenth century, and at least would not have worn similar fured garments, armour, or royal insignia. Such works carry their own condemnation; but it is not so palpable, though equally inherent, to other historic mementoes that crowd Queen Mary's rooms. Here we are shown her bed, a box decorated by her with needlework, and portions of the armour and dress of her ill-fated husband, Darnley. The bed is certainly fifty years later than Queen Mary's era; the box displays the peculiar features of design and execution which characterise the needlework of the latter half of the seventeenth century, and was probably executed about 1680. All this is foolish enough, but the climax is reached when the visitor is introduced to the chamber of the queen, and shown the relics of Darnley's attire. Here we find a buff coat of the Cromwellian era, with the helmet and breastplate of an ordinary soldier of King Charles I.'s army, combined with a noble pair of jack-boots of the time of Dutch William. And all exhibited as one suit, and that of Earl Darnley!

This may be all very well, for the few who know better, to laugh at; but it is not befitting that such absurdities be publicly shown in a royal palace, as if under government sanction, to misinstruct the ignorant, and "make the judicious grieve." Surely something might, and should be done, to clear the ancient rooms of this rubbish, and leave them to tell their own tale.

The culpable absurdities at Holyrood are not the only evils of the kind, but they are more gross than those of any other "show-place" with which we are acquainted.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

* PASSAGES OF A WORKING LIFE DURING HALF A CENTURY. By Charles Knight. Published by Bradbury and Evans, London.

THE NEW TESTAMENT
ILLUSTRATED.*

If it were necessary to adduce evidence of the devotional spirit that animated the old painters in their efforts to embody on their canvases the narratives of Gospel history, we need go no further than examine the pages of the noble volume issued by Messrs. Longman and Co., and whose title appears at length in the note below.

Christian Art, as practised from the earliest period down to nearly the close of the seventeenth century, when it almost entirely disappeared from the vocabulary of painters, has of late years received so much and such lengthened attention from writers both here and on the Continent, that little or nothing new can now be said concerning it. Among the modern countries of Europe, in Germany alone has sacred Art been revived, and there only does it exist and flourish as a grand and distinct feature.

To gather up some of the thoughts of the old Italian painters, and to present them to the public in the exquisitely beautiful form in which they appear in this edition of the New Testament, was an idea worthy of the great publishing firm which has carried it out, at what, we are satisfied, must have entailed a very large outlay of capital as well as a vast expenditure of time and labour. We have heard that the work originated with Mr. William Longman, and that the superintendence and direction of



it has been for some years a labour of love to him; if this be so, he ought to have all the credit arising out of it; and this is undoubtedly very great. But we must describe the book,

* THE NEW TESTAMENT OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. With Engravings on Wood from Designs of Fra Angelico, Pietro Perugino, Francesco Francia, Lorenzo di Credi, Fra Bartolommeo, Titian, Raphael, Gaudentio Ferrari, Daniel di Volterra, and others. Published by Longman and Co., London.

and report the names of those who were engaged on it, as we find them reported in a few introductory pages.

The principal illustrations are sixty engravings from noted paintings, or other pictorial compositions by artists, some of whose names are indicated on the title-page; but there are others of scarcely less distinguished reputation—for example, Paolo Veronese, Annibale Carracci, and Giordano, with N. Poussin, of the French

school, and Van Dyck, of the Flemish. Two of the engravings we are permitted by the publishers to introduce here: 'The Annunciation,' engraved by J. Cooper, after Andrea Orcagna, one of the oldest Italian masters, 1316—1376; and 'The Nativity,' engraved by J. L. Williams, after Lorenzo di Credi, 1453—1536, or about that period; we may remark that almost the whole of the illustrations appear as seen in the latter woodcut, that is, with a rich marginal

border. The pages containing the text have, where a chapter is commenced, elaborate marginal borders also; and, where the chapter is continued, graceful scroll-work and ornament at top and bottom, between which is carried sometimes a central panel of Raffaellesque work to divide the columns, sometimes a floriated device, and sometimes a slender ornamented column. These, with the initial letters, and all the other decorative portions of the volume, such as the medallions, &c., were designed, or adapted, from the most approved ancient spe-

cimens in the British Museum and elsewhere, by Mr. Henry Shaw, F.S.A., were drawn on the wood by him, and engraved under his superintendence. The drawings on the wood-blocks of the subjects from pictures were made by A. J. Waudby, with the exception of Sebastian del Piombo's 'Raising of Lazarus,' which is the work of Mr. Scott.

But no skill in drawing, no amount of watchful supervision, would have produced the result we find here, if the engravers employed had not thrown into their work all the care and ability

possessed by them. This has assuredly been done by those who have a right to feel a just pride in being associated with such an undertaking, and they may point to these illustrations as evidence of what they are capable of executing under favourable circumstances. Besides the two whose names have been already given, we find those of Messrs. Anderson, Dalziel, Green, Linton, W. Measom, W. Thomas, J. Thompson, R. C. West, A. Williams, and T. Williams; but Mr. Cooper has had the lion's share—twenty-six out of the sixty—Mr. W. Measom executed



eight, and Mr. W. L. Williams six; the others had lower numbers.

It could scarcely be expected that all the engravings have an equality of excellence. Everywhere may be discovered the greatest refinement and delicacy; but occasionally, in the desire to attain this, the engraver's work has become comparatively feeble in colour and general expression; a result which is also, perhaps, due in some measure to the manner in which the original picture was executed; these older painters looked more to the spirit and

feeling of their compositions, than to what we call "artistic effects." Still, we cannot imagine wood-engraving could be carried to greater perfection of finish than is seen in such cuts as Mr. Cooper's 'Last Supper,' 'The Disciples at Emmaus,' 'The Annunciation,' 'The Raising of Lazarus,' 'The Crown of Thorns'; in Mr. Measom's 'Feed my Sheep,' and 'Christ before Pilate'; in Mr. Linton's 'Widow of Naim's Son' and 'Pool of Bethesda'; in Messrs. Dalziel's 'Driving the Money-changers out of the Temple'; and in some others we have not room to point

out. But it certainly was a "mistake" to print, especially in such large type, on the tablet, or open space, under these pictures, the heading of the chapter; this lettering sadly obtrudes on the eye.

Great credit is due to Mr. Clay, for the manner in which he has printed the volume; it is really a beautiful specimen of typography; yet, why use ink of so brown a tone? it gives to the engravings a faded and impoverished appearance, which, though soft, is certainly not an improvement in other respects.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

MERCURY AND ARGUS.

Engraved by J. T. Willmore, A.R.A.

In his first volume of "Modern Painters," Mr. Ruskin makes the following remarks, when speaking in general terms of the "truth" of Turner's works:—"As there is nothing in them which can be enjoyed without knowledge, so there is nothing in them which knowledge will not enable us to enjoy." Certainly such knowledge as Mr. Ruskin contends for is absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of Turner's pictures; but there are some of his works which must extort admiration even from those who possess not this knowledge, who can give no explanation of, nor intelligent reason for, the feelings called forth, or for the impression made on the mind. They see before them a "thing of beauty," and that is simply sufficient in itself to win their applause, and they are as unwilling as unable to analyse that beauty so as to give an account of the faith which is in them. Such a work is the 'Mercury and Argus' of this great painter, unquestionably one of the noblest landscapes his pencil ever drew; as we examine it minutely, and get an insight into its manifold details, one is astonished at the wealth of imagination contained in it. The picture is one of those ideal Italian scenes to which Turner occasionally was accustomed to give a classic title, by the introduction of some story of Greek or Roman fable as a secondary feature. The author already quoted remarks that "the effect of Italy upon Turner's mind is very puzzling; on the one hand it gave him the solemnity and power which are manifested in the historical compositions of the *Liber Studiorum*,"—some of which he mentions,—and on the other, he seems never to have entered thoroughly into the spirit of Italy, and the materials he obtained there were afterwards but awkwardly introduced in his large compositions." We confess ourselves unable to recognise the "awkwardness" which this distinguished writer sees, and are content to receive these Italian compositions as glorious works of Art, whatever shortcomings others may discover in them.

The 'Mercury and Argus' requires little description: the foreground is a mass of grassy banks, through which a stream of water flows and sparkles in the brilliant sunlight; the ground is not only covered with grass but with tangled trailing weeds mingled with bushes; cattle are browsing all around; among them the white cow into which Jupiter transformed Io, is particularly distinguishable. To the right is a range of lofty rocks more or less covered with foliage, and crowned by a vast mass of magnificent architectural ruins; the whole overlooking an expanse of water in which some small islands are set, while a long line of buildings seems to connect the mainland with some far distant promontory on which the outlines of buildings are faintly seen. Scattered almost in front of the picture are Mercury and his companion Argus; the latter, according to the legend, having been sent by Juno to see that Io, the white cow, did not stray from the place allotted her. Mercury finding it impossible to elude the vigilance of the hundred-eyed Argus, slew him, and Juno, to commemorate his untimely death, placed his eyes on the tail of her favourite bird, the peacock.

The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1836, when it was purchased by Mr. J. Naylor, of Liverpool, in whose possession it still remains.

OBITUARY.

MR. CHARLES HARRIOTT SMITH, R.I.B.A.

This gentleman, who died on the 27th of October last, was an instance of how much knowledge a man may acquire if sincerely disposed to learn. His father, a respectable stonemason in the Portland Road, took him from school at the early age of twelve years to work at his own business: that was in 1804, for he was born in 1792; but his active mind soon aimed at higher pursuits and a wide range of knowledge. After the day's work he learned to draw, became a student at the Royal Academy, gained the gold medal for architecture in 1817, and at various subsequent exhibitions, gave proof of skill in sculpture and in architectural designs. He also became at sixteen a member of the Society of Arts, and at one-and-twenty a life member. At both Institutions he made friends whose esteem continued during life. While he studied the fine Arts at the Academy he imbibed a taste for science and its useful applications at the meetings and discussions of the Society. Listening respectfully to the opinions of Bryant Donkin and Alexander Galloway, he acquired sound notions of practical mechanics; from Brayley, Britton, and Strutt, a taste for archaeological antiquities; nor did he neglect opportunities of learning chemistry and geology. His writings on perspective, linear and aerial, proved him to be a thorough master of that science, and convinced many architects that its importance in their profession had been too much neglected. When the late Sir Charles Barry was appointed to rebuild the Parliament Houses, he felt a difficulty in procuring a sufficient quantity of good stone for so vast an edifice, and proposed to government the appointment of a Royal Commission to visit ancient castles and cathedrals and the quarries whence the material had been obtained. At the suggestion of Mr. Smith the Commissioners were, Sir Henry de la Beche, Dr. William Smith, and the subject of this memoir. Their report won the admiration of the profession as a great addition to professional knowledge, and Mr. Smith secured the lasting goodwill and esteem of his colleagues by his zeal, intelligence, and cheerful co-operation. Barry felt the importance of having so able and practical a man to inspect the stone supplied by the contractors, in order to reject faulty blocks, as in every quarry there are imperfect veins; but the Board of Works, though approving the suggestion, refused to pay for so important a guarantee; and, for want of that inspection, many unsound stones have been used, and have now occasionally to be removed at great expense.

As an example of useful intelligence and integrity of purpose few men stood higher. In acknowledgment of his merit, the Royal Institute of British Architects elected him an honorary member of that society in 1855.

MR. CHARLES WINSTON.

THE announcement of the death of this gentleman, in the month of October last, did not escape our notice. That it was not earlier recorded in our columns has been entirely owing to want of space; but his claim on us, as an ardent admirer and upholder of ecclesiastical glass-painting, to which he devoted so much attention, is too great to be altogether passed over.

Mr. Winston was born in 1814, and was the elder son of the Rev. Benjamin Sandford, vicar of the pretty little rural village of Farningham, Kent, who afterwards took

the surname of Winston on succeeding to some West India property inherited from his maternal grandfather. The writer of this notice was living in the neighbourhood of Farningham when Charles Sandford—for that was then his name—and his brother Thomas were youths, and he gave them both their earliest instruction in drawing, for which the elder certainly showed the most aptitude and the greater fondness, though not taking any very special interest in it. He subsequently entered at Oxford, and graduated there, "in which city," says one of his biographers, "his attention, no doubt, was first attracted to the study of ancient glass, in examples of which the university abounds." This was not quite so, for the present writer distinctly remembers his pupil asking him for information about the subject, as he "wanted to put up something in a window of his father's church." Such knowledge as the master possessed—and it was very little—was given, and one or two little treatises on glass-painting were procured. With these aids he set to work, and one day showed the writer a small square of glass on which he had succeeded in painting, very fairly too, a figure with ornaments. This was the beginning of Charles Winston's experiments in glass-painting, which, not very long after, resulted in the production of a small window, that does credit to his early talents, in Farningham Church, in memory of his young friend, William Carteret.

On leaving Oxford, Mr. Winston was entered at the Inner Temple, and became pupil, first of Mr. Samuel Warren, and then of Mr. Twopenny. In 1845 he was called to the bar, and practised as a special pleader, chiefly on the Home Circuit; but though the law occupied much of his time and attention, the subject of glass-painting had, perhaps, a larger share of both; for he not only studied it as an antiquarian, but made himself master, theoretically, of its practice, and especially of the chemistry of the colours used in it. Many of the best glass-painters of the present day are indebted to his researches and acquired knowledge. In 1847 he published, anonymously, in two volumes, "An Inquiry into the difference of Style observable in Ancient Glass Paintings, especially in England: with Hints on Glass Painting." This valuable work was the result of about fifteen years of study and observation. Two years afterwards he published, in his own name, a summary of the larger book; and at different times, papers in the Transactions of the Royal Institute of British Architects. In the opening address of the present session of this society, Professor Donaldson referred to the labours of Mr. Winston in the most complimentary terms, as most valuable to the workers in stained glass:—"His facility of drawing was great, and his delineations of painted glass admirably rendered the vigour, expression, and character of the originals."

There cannot be a doubt but that the art of glass-painting has lost a wise advocate and zealous promoter by the sudden death of this gentleman.

DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.

[The news of the sudden death of this distinguished painter, on the 25th of November last, was, as might be expected, received with universal regret, not alone by his friends, but by the public generally. A notice of his career appeared in the *Art-Journal* for 1858; we have, however, materials of much interest for additional remarks, but they must be postponed till next month.]



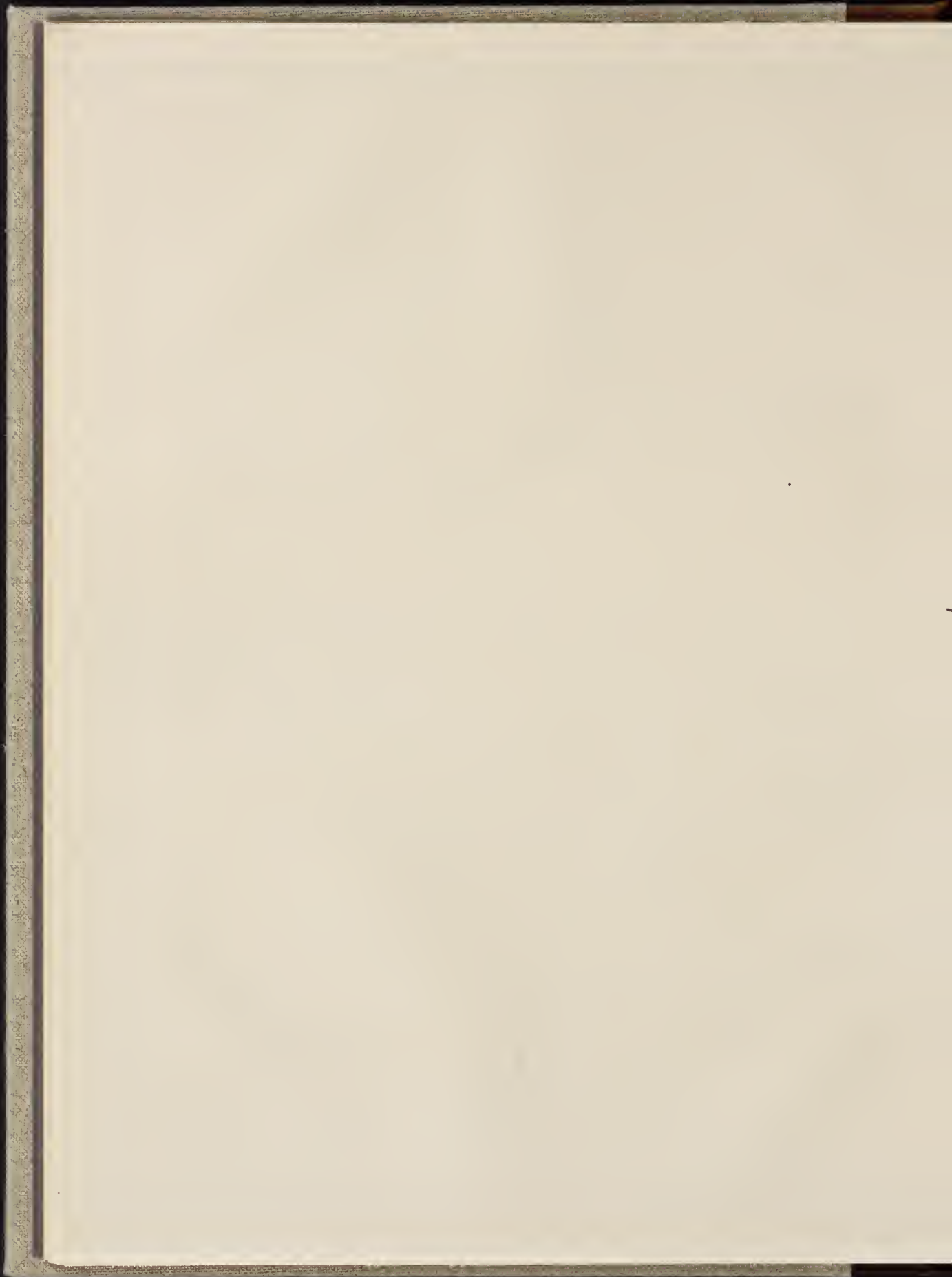
M. W. B. & A. H. N. F.

J. T. WHILMOR, SCULPTOR

MERCURY AND ARGUS

FROM THE COLLECTION OF J. NAGLE, ESQ., LONDON.

NO. 1. JULY 1851.



MEMORIES
OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

My opportunities of personal intimacy with the distinguished men and women of my time have been frequent and peculiar. There are few by whom the present century has been glorified, with whom I have not been acquainted—either as the editor of works to which they were contributors,* as associates in general society, or in the more familiar intercourse of private life.

It will be obvious that there are not many to whom the task I undertake is possible;—to have been personally acquainted with a large proportion of those who head the epoch, infers a youth long past, yet passed under circumstances such as could have been enjoyed by few. Some of whom I write had put on "immortality" before the greater number of my readers were born: one generation has passed away, and another has attained its prime, since the period to which I shall take them back—for I write only of the Departed.

My hope is, indeed, to do with the pen what the artist does with his pencil—to present to my readers a series of WRITTEN PORTRAITS—to bring before them mighty "makers" of the past, and to empower them to realise, or to correct, the portrait they have drawn in their minds of the author whose works have been their solace, their instruction, their amusement, or their joy.

S. C. HALL.

The "Memories" will be generally those of Mr. S. C. Hall; occasionally they will be also those of Mrs. S. C. Hall, and sometimes of both.

It may be right to add that we have never kept a "Diary," and that we have preserved but few of the many letters we have received from the great people we have known.

Our "Memories," therefore, must be strictly memories, and by no means our autobiographies. Neither will they be considered as biographies, although biographical facts will, in many cases, be necessary for our purpose.

We believe we may add to the store of information which all readers of immortal works desire to obtain concerning their authors; and that we should not "let die" these records of illustrious benefactors of mankind who have bequeathed to us the rich fruitage of their lives—

"Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages!"

teaching from their tombs, for our people, nations, and ages—the millions upon millions who speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

These Memories will relate principally to

THOMAS MOORE.
AMELIA OPIE.
SAMUEL ROGERS.
LISLE HOWLES.
GEORGE CRABBE.
MARIA EDGEWORTH.
JAMES MONTGOMERY.
EBENEZER ELLIOTT.
CHARLES LAMB.
WORDSWORTH.
COLERIDGE.
SOUTHBY.
SYDNEY SMITH.

HANNAH MORE.
LADY MORGAN.
LEIGH HUNT.
PROFESSOR WILSON.
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.
JAMES HOGG.
FELICIA HEMANS.
MISS MITFORD.
LETTITIA E. LONDON.
THOMAS CAMPBELL.
THEODORE HOOK.
THOMAS HOOD.

With sketches of SIR WALTER SCOTT, LOCKHART, JOHN BANIM, GERALD GRIFPIN, FENIMORE COOPER, HORACE AND JAMES SMITH, GRACE AQUILAR, JANE AND A. M. PORTER, WASHINGTON IRVING, EDWARD IRVING, ROBERT MONTGOMERY, J. G. LOCHIART, CAPTAIN MARYATT, DR. MAGINN, JOHN POOLE, TYRONE POWER, CHARLES MATURIN, LAMAN BLANCHARD, DE QUINCEY, JOANNA BAILLE, LADY BLESSINGTON, MRS. HOPLAND, MRS. JAMESON, T. K. HARLEY, THOMAS PENNELL, JOHN GALT, D. M. MOIR, ROBERT HALL, M. J. JEWSEBY, SHIEL, CROFTON CROKER, HAYNES BAILEY, JOHN CLARE, BERNARD BARTON, TALFOURD, HALLAM, MACAULAY, MISS PARDOE, COLLEY GRATTAN, CROLY, W. S. LANDOR, &c. &c. &c.

* The *Annals*, from 1828 to 1829. The *New Monthly Magazine*, from 1839 to 1856. The *Book of Gems of Poets and Artists*, (1838), to which nearly all the then living poets contributed autobiographies.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:
A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT
MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

By S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND Mrs. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

THOMAS MOORE.



MORE than forty years have gone since I had first the honour to converse with the poet THOMAS MOORE. Afterwards it was my privilege to know him intimately. He seldom, of late years, visited London without spending an evening at our house; and in 1845, we passed a week at his cottage, Sloperston—his happy home in Wiltshire:—

"In my calendar
There are no whiter days!"

The poet has himself noted the time in his

*I'll d' with balm the gale sighs on
—Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
His memory lives in music's breath*

*Sloperston Cottage Thomas Moore
May 27th 1842.*

to whom he was so fervently attached. The father was a plain, homely man: no-

thing more, and assuming to be nothing more, than a Dublin tradesman. The

* Mrs. Moore—writing to me in May, 1864—tells me I have a wrong impression as to Moore's father; that he was "a handsome, full of fun, and with good manners." Moore himself calls him "one of Nature's gentlemen."

* I may be permitted to mention that our renewed intercourse resulted from his having, in his "History of Ireland," quoted some lines I had written in an early poem entitled "Jerpoint Abbey."

mother evidently possessed a far higher mind. She, too, was retiring and unpretending; like her great son in features; with the same gentle, yet sparkling eye, flexible and smiling mouth, and kindly and conciliating manners. It was to be learned, long afterwards, how deep was the affection that existed in the poet's heart for these humble relatives—how fervid the love he bore them—how earnest the respect with which he invariably treated them—nay, how elevated was the pride with which he regarded them, from first to last.

The sister, Ellen, was, I believe, slightly deformed; at least, the memory to me is that of a small delicate woman, with one shoulder "out." The expression of her countenance betokened suffering, having that peculiar "sharpness" which usually accompanies severe and continuous bodily ailment.* I saw more of her some years afterwards, and knew that her mind and disposition were essentially lovable.

To the mother—Anastasia Moore, *née* Codd, a humbly-descended, homely, and almost uneducated woman†—Moore gave intense respect and devoted affection, from the time that reason dawned upon him to the hour of her death. To her he wrote his first letter (in 1793), ending thus:—

"Your absence all but ill endure,
And none so ill as—THOMAS MOORE."

And in the zenith of his fame, when society drew largely on his time, and the highest and best of the land coveted a portion of his leisure, with her he corresponded so regularly that at her death she possessed (it has been so told me by Mrs. Moore) four thousand of his letters. Never, according to the statement of Earl Russell, did he pass a week without writing to her *twice*, except while absent in Bermuda, when franks were not to be obtained, and postages were costly.

When a world had tendered to him its homage, still the homely woman was his "darling mother," to whom he transmitted a record of his cares and his triumphs, his anxieties and his hopes, as if he considered—as I verily believe he did consider—that to give her pleasure was the chief enjoyment of his life. His sister—"excellent Nell"—occupied only a second place in his heart; while his father received as much of his respect as if he had been the hereditary representative of a line of kings.

All his life long "he continued," according to one of the most valued of his correspondents, "amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve his home fireside affections true and genuine, as they were when a boy."

To his mother he writes of all his facts and fancies; to her he opens his heart in its natural and innocent fulness; tells her of each thing, great or small, that, interesting

him, must interest her—from his introduction to the Prince, and his visit to Niagara, to the acquisition of a pencil-case, and the purchase of a pocket-handkerchief. "You, dear mother," he writes, "can see neither frivolity nor egotism in these details."

In 1806 Moore's father received, through the interest of Lord Moira, the post of Barrack-master in Dublin, and thus became independent. In 1815 "retrenchment" deprived him of that office, and he was placed on half-pay. The family had to seek aid from the son, who entreated them not to despond, but rather to thank Providence for having permitted them to enjoy the fruits of office so long, till he (the son) was "in a situation to keep them in comfort without it." "Thank Heaven," he writes afterwards of his father, "I have been able to make his latter days tranquil and comfortable." When sitting beside his death-bed (in 1825) he was relieved by a burst of tears and prayers, and by "a sort of con-

fidence that the Great and Pure Spirit above us could not be otherwise than pleased at what He saw passing in my mind."

When Lord Wellesley (Lord-Lieutenant), after the death of the father, proposed to continue the half-pay to the sister, Moore declined the offer, although, he adds, "God knows how useful such aid would be to me, as God alone knows how I am to support all the burthens now heaped upon me," and his wife at home was planning how "they might be able to do with one servant," that they might be the better able to assist his mother.

The poet was born at the corner of Aungier Street, Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1779, and died at Sloperon, on the 25th February, 1852, at the age of seventy-two. What a full life it was! Industry a fellow-worker with Genius for nearly sixty years!

He was a sort of "show-child" almost from his birth, and could barely walk, when it was jestingly said of him, he passed all his nights with fairies on the hills. "He



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THOMAS MOORE.

lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." Almost his earliest memory was his having been crowned king of a castle by some of his playfellows. At his first school he was the show-boy of the schoolmaster; at thirteen years old he had written poetry that attracted and justified admiration.* In 1797 he was "a man of mark;" at the University. In 1798, at the age of nineteen, he had made "considerable progress" in translating the odes of Anacreon; and in 1800, he was "patronised" and flattered by the Prince of Wales, who was "happy to know a man of his abilities," and "hoped they might have many opportunities of enjoying each other's society."

His earliest printed work, "Poems by Thomas Little," has been the subject of much, and perhaps merited, condemnation. Of Moore's own feeling in reference to these

compositions of his mere, and thoughtless, boyhood, it may be right to quote three of the dearest of his friends.

Thus writes Lisle Bowles of Thomas Moore, in allusion to these early poems—

"— Like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy earthly shrines"—

"Who, if in the unthinking gaiety of premature genius, he joined the syrens, has made ample amends by a life of the strictest virtuous propriety, equally exemplary as the husband, the father, and the man; and as far as the muse is concerned, *more* ample amends, by melodies as sweet as scriptural and sacred, and by weaving a tale of the richest oriental colours, which faithful affection and pity's tear have consecrated to all ages." This is the statement of his friend Rogers:—"So heartily has Moore repented of having published 'Little's Poems,' that

* Trinity College, Dublin.—Thomas Moore, son of John Moore, merchant, of Dublin, aged 14, pensioner, entered 2nd June, 1794. Tutor, Dr. Burrows."

* I find in Earl Russell's memoir, the date given as the 28th February; but Mrs. Moore altered it (in a letter to me) to February 25.

* Mrs. Moore writes me, that I am here also wrong in my impression. "She was only a little grown out in one shoulder, but with good health; her expression was feeling, not suffering." "Dear Ellen," she adds, "was the delight of every one that knew her—sang sweetly—her voice very like her brother's. She died suddenly, to the grief of my loving heart."

† She was born in Wexford, where her father kept a "general shop." Moore used to say playfully, that he was called, in order to dignify his occupation, "a provision merchant." When on his way to Banmore in 1835, to spend a few days with his friend, Thomas Boyse—a genuine gentleman of the good old school—he records his visit to the house of his maternal grandfather. "Nothing," he says, "could be more humble and mean than the little low house that remains to tell of his whereabouts."

‡ I visited this house in the summer of 1864. It is still a small "general shop," situate in the old corn-market of Wexford. The rooms are more than usually " quaint." Here Mrs. Moore lived until within a few weeks of the birth of her illustrious son. We are gratified to record that, at our suggestion, a tablet has been placed over the entrance door, stating in few words the fact that there the mother was born and lived, and that to this house the poet came, on the 28th August, 1779, when in the zenith of his fame, to render homage to her memory. He thus writes of her and her birthplace in his "Notes" of that year:—"One of the noblest-minded, as well as most warm-hearted, of all God's creatures was born under that lowly roof."

I have seen him shed tears—tears of deep contrition—when we were talking of them. And thus writes Jeffrey:—"He has long ago redeemed his error; in all his later works he appears as the eloquent champion of purity, fidelity, and delicacy, not less than of justice, liberty, and honour."

I allude to his early triumphs, only to show that while they would have "spoiled" rûne men out of ten, they failed to taint the character of Moore. His modest estimate of himself was from first to last a leading feature in his character. Success never engendered egotism; honours never seemed to him only the recompense of desert: he largely magnified the favours he received; and seemed to consider as more "nothings" the services he rendered, and the benefits he conferred. That was his great characteristic—all his life. I have myself evidence to adduce on this head. In illustration, I print a letter I had the honour to receive from Moore, dated "Sloperton, November 29, 1843":—

"MY DEAR MR. HALL,
"I am really and truly ashamed of myself for having let so many acts of kindness on your part remain unnoticed and unacknowledged on mine. But the world seems determined to make me a man of letters in more

senses than one, and almost every day brings me such an influx of epistles from mere strangers, that friends hardly ever get a line from me. My friend, Washington Irving, used to say, 'It is much easier to get a book from Moore than a letter.' But this has not been the case, I am sorry to say, of late; for the penny-post has become the sole channel of my inspirations. How am I to thank you sufficiently for all your and Mrs. Hall's kindness to me? She must come down here when the summer arrives, and be thanked a *quatt'occhi*—a far better way of thanking than at such a cold distance. Your letter to the mad Repealers was far too good and wise and gentle, to have much effect on such Rantipoles.*

The house in Aungier Street is pictured on the preceding page. I visited it so recently as 1864. It was then, and still is, as it was in 1779, the dwelling of a grocer—altered only in so far as that a bust of the poet is placed over the door, and the fact that he was born there is recorded on a marble tablet. May no modern "improvement" ever touch it:—

"The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground."

This humble dwelling of the humble tradesman is the house of which the poet speaks in

procure either the elegancies or the luxuries which so frequently become the necessities of man, and a longing for which might have been excused in one who had been the friend of peers and the associate of princes.

The forests and fields that surround Bowdoin, the mansion of the Marquis of Lansdowne, neighbour the poet's humble dwelling; the spire of the village church—beside the portals of which he now "rests"—is seen above adjacent trees. Labourers' cottages are scattered all about: they are a heavy and unimaginative race those peasants of Wiltshire; and, knowing their neighbour had written books, they could by no means get rid of the idea that he was the writer of *Moore's Almanac!* and perpetually greeted him with a salutation, in hopes to receive in return some prognostic of the weather, that might guide them in arrangements for seed-time and harvest. Once, when he had lost his way—wandering till midnight—he roused up a guide to Sloperton, and found he was close to his own gate. "Ah! sir," said the peasant, "that comes of yer sky-scrapping!"

He was fond of telling of himself such simple anecdotes as this;—indeed, I remember his saying that no public applause had ever given him so much pleasure as a compliment from a half-wild countryman, who stood right in his path on a quay in Dublin, and exclaimed, slightly altering the words of Byron, "Three cheers for Tommy More, the *poete* of all circles, and the *darlint* of his own."

I recall him at this moment,—his small form and intellectual face, rich in expression, and that expression the sweetest, the most gentle, and the kindest. He had still in age the same bright and clear eye, the same gracious smile, the same suave and winning manner, I had noticed as the attributes of his comparative youth: a forehead not remarkably broad or high, but singularly impressive, firm and full, with the organs of music and gaiety large, and those of benevolence and veneration greatly preponderating. Tenerani, when making his bust, preserved the form of his ears. The nose, as observed in all his portraits, was somewhat upturned. Standing or sitting, his head was invariably upraised, owing, perhaps, mainly to his shortness of stature, with so much bodily activity as to give him the character of restlessness; and no doubt that usual accompaniment of genius was eminently his. His hair was, at the time I speak of, thin and very grey, and he wore his hat with the "jaunty" air that has been often remarked as a peculiarity of the Irish. In dress, although far from slovenly, he was by no means particular. Leigh Hunt, writing of him in the prime of life, says, "His forehead is bony and full of character, with 'bumps' of wit large and radiant enough to transport a phrenologist. His eyes are as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine leaves; his mouth generous and good-humoured, with dimples." Jeffrey, in one of his letters, says of him—"He is the sweetest-blooded, warmest-hearted, happiest, hopefulest creature that ever set fortune at defiance;" he writes also of "the buoyancy of his spirits and the inward light of his mind;" and adds, "There is nothing gloomy or bitter in his ordinary talk, but rather, a wild, rough, boyish pleasantry, more like nature than his poetry."

"The light that surrounds him is all from within."

He had but little voice; yet he sung with a depth of sweetness that charmed all hearers: it was true melody, and told upon the heart as well as the ear. No doubt



SLOPERTON, THE COTTAGE OF THOMAS MOORE.

so many of his early letters and memoranda. Here, when a child in years, he arranged a debating society, consisting of himself and his father's two "clerks;" here he picked up a little Italian from a kindly old priest who had passed some time in Italy, and obtained a "smattering of French" from an intelligent *emigré* named La Frosse; here his tender mother watched over his boyhood, proud of his opening promise, and hopeful, yet apprehensive, of his future; here he and his sister, "excellent Nell," acquired music, first upon an old harpsichord, obtained by his father in discharge of a debt, and afterwards on a piano, to buy which his loving mother had saved up all superfluous pence. Hence he issued to take country walks with unhappy Robert Emmet. Hither he came—not less proudly, yet as fondly as ever—when college magnates gave him honours, and the Viceroy had received him as a guest.

In 1835, he records "a visit to No. 12, Aungier Street, where I was born;" "visited every part of the house; the small old yard and its appurtenances; the small, dark

kitchen, where I used to have my bread and milk; the front and back drawing-rooms; the bed-rooms and garrets—murmuring, "Only think, a grocer's still!" "The many thoughts that came rushing upon me while thus visiting the house where the first twenty years of my life were passed, may be more easily conceived than told."

I spring with a single line from the year 1822, when I knew him first, to the year 1843, when circumstances enabled us to enjoy the long-looked-for happiness of visiting Moore and his beloved wife in their home at Sloperton.

The poet was then in his sixty-fifth year, and had, in a great measure, retired from actual labour; indeed, it soon became evident to us that the faculty for continuous toil no longer existed. Happily it was not absolutely needed, for, with very limited wants, there was a sufficiency—a bare sufficiency, however, for there were no means to

* Alluding to a pamphlet-letter I had printed, addressed to Repealers, when the insanity of Repeal (now happily dead) was at fever-heat.

much of this charm was derived from association, for it was only his own melodies he sang. It would be difficult to describe the effect of his singing. I remember some one saying to me, it conveyed an idea of what a mermaid's song might be. Three I heard him sing "As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow"—once in 1822, once at Lady Blessington's, and once in my own house. Those who can recall the touching words of that song, and unite them with the deep yet tender pathos of the music, will be at no loss to conceive the intense delight of his auditors.

I occasionally met Moore in public, and once or twice at public dinners. One of the most agreeable evenings I ever passed was in 1830, at a dinner given to him by the members of "The Literary Union." That "club" was founded in 1829 by the Poet Campbell. I shall have to speak of it when I write a memory of him. Moore was then in strong health, and in the zenith of his fame. There were many men of mark about him,—leading wits, and men of letters. He was full of life, sparkling and brilliant in all he said, rising every now and then to say something that gave the hearers delight, and looking as if "dull care" had been ever powerless to check the overflowing of his soul. But although no bard of any age knew better how to

"Wreath the bowl with flowers of soul,"

he had acquired the power of self-restraint, and could "stop" when the glass was circulating too freely.

Moore sat for his portrait to Shoe, Lawrence, Newton, MacIse, Mulvany, and Richmond, and to the sculptors Tenerani, Chantrey, Kirk, and Moore. On one occasion of his sitting, he says, "Having nothing in my round potatoe face but what painters cannot catch—mobility of character—the consequence is, that a portrait of me can be only one or other of two disagreeable things—a *caput mortuum*, or a caricature." Richmond's portrait was taken in 1843. Moore says of it, "The artist has worked wonders with unmanageable faces such as mine." Of all his portraits this is the one that pleases me best, and most forcibly recalls him to my remembrance. It is the one I have engraved at the head of this "Memory."

I soon learned to love the man. It was easy to do so, for nature had endowed him with that rare but happy gift—to have pleasure in giving pleasure, and pain in giving pain; while his life was, or at all events seemed to be, a practical comment on his own lines:—

"They may rail at this life: from the hour I began it,
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss."

I had daily walks with him at Sloperton—along his "terrace walk"—during our brief visit; I listening, he talking; he, now and then, asking questions, but rarely speaking of himself or his books. Indeed, the only one of his poems to which he made any special reference, was his "Lines on the death of Sheridan," of which he said, "that is one of the few things I have written of which I am really proud."

The anecdotes he told me were all of the class of those I have related—simple, unostentatious. He has been frequently charged with the weakness of undue respect for the aristocracy; I never heard him, during the whole of our intercourse, speak of great people with whom he had been intimate; never a word of the honours accorded to him; and, certainly, he never uttered a sentence of satire, or censure, or harshness, concerning any one of his contemporaries. I remember his describing with proud warmth his visit to his friend Boyse, at Bannow, in

the county of Wexford; the delight he enjoyed at receiving the homage of bands of the peasantry, gathered to greet him; the arches of green leaves under which he passed; and the dances with the pretty peasant girls—one in particular, with whom he led off a country dance. Would that those who fancied him a tuft-hunter could have heard him! they would have seen how really humble was his heart. Indeed, a reference to his journal will show, that of all his contemporaries—whenever he spoke of them—he had ever something kindly to say. There is no evidence of ill-nature in any case—not a shadow of envy or jealousy. The sturdiest Scottish grazier could not have been better pleased than he was to see the elegant home at Abbotsford, or have felt prouder to know that a poet had been created a baronet.

The house at Sloperton is a small cottage, for which Moore paid originally the sum of £40 a-year, "furnished." Subsequently, however, he became its tenant, under a repairing lease at £18 annual rent. He took possession of it in November, 1817. Bessy was "not only satisfied, but delighted with

it, which shows the humility of her taste," writes Moore to his mother; "for it is a small thatched cottage, and we get it furnished for £40 a-year." "It has a small garden and lawn in front, and a kitchen garden behind; along two of the sides of this kitchen garden is a raised bank,"—the poet's "terrace walk," so he loved to call it. Here a small deal table stood through all weathers; for it was his custom to compose as he walked, and, at this table, to pause and write down his thoughts. Hence he had always a view of the setting sun; and I believe few things on earth gave him more intense pleasure than practically to realise the line—

"How glorious the sun looked in sinking!"

for, as Mrs. Moore has since told us, he very rarely missed that sight.

In 1811, the year of his marriage, he lived at York Terrace, Queen's Elm, Brompton. Mrs. Moore tells me it was a pretty house; the Terrace was then isolated and opposite nursery gardens. Long afterwards (in 1824), he went to Brompton to "indulge himself



THE GRAVE OF THOMAS MOORE.

with a sight of that house." In 1812 he was settled at Kegworth, and in 1813 at Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. Of Mayfield, one of his friends, who, twenty years afterwards, accompanied him there to see it, remarks on the small, solitary, and now wretched-looking cottage, where all the fine "orientalism" and "sentimentalism" had been engendered. Of this cottage he himself writes—"It was a poor place, little better than a barn; but we at once took it and set about making it habitable."

He had a public appointment. As Burns was made a gauger because he was partial to whisky, Moore was made colonial secretary at Bermuda, where his principal duty was to "overhaul the accounts of skippers and their mates." Being called to England, his affairs were placed in charge of a superintendent, who betrayed him, and left him answerable for a heavy debt, which rendered necessary a temporary residence in Paris. That debt, however, was paid—not by the aid of friends, some of whom would have gladly relieved him of it, but—literally by "the sweat of his brow." Exactly so it was

when the MS. "Life of Byron" was burned: it was by Moore, and not by the relatives of Byron (nor by aid of friends), the money he had received was returned to the publisher who had advanced it. "The glorious privilege of being independent" was indeed essentially his,—in his boyhood, throughout his manhood, and in advanced age—always!

In 1799, he came to London to enter at the Middle Temple. (His first lodging was at 44, George Street, Portman Square.) Very soon afterwards we find him declining a loan of money proffered by Lady Donegal. He thanked God for the many sweet things of this kind God threw in his way, yet at that moment he was "terribly puzzled how to pay his tailor." In 1811, his friend Douglas, who had just received a large legacy, handed him a blank cheque, that he might fill it up for any sum he needed. "I did not accept the offer," writes Moore to his mother, "but you may guess my feelings." Yet, just then, he had been compelled to draw on his publisher, Power, for a sum of £30, "to be repaid partly in songs," and was sending his mother a second-day paper, which he was

enabled "to purchase at rather a cheap rate." Even in 1842 he was "haunted worryingly," not knowing how to meet his son Russell's draft for £100; and, a year afterwards, he utterly drained his banker to send £50 to his son Tom. Once, being anxious that Bessy should have some money for the poor at Bromham, he sent a friend £5, requesting him to forward it to Bessy, as from himself; and when urged by some thoughtless person to make a larger allowance to his son Tom, in order that he might "live like a gentleman," he writes, "if I had thought but of living like a gentleman, what would have become of my dear father and mother, of my sweet sister Nell, of my admirable Bessy's mother." He declined to represent Limerick in Parliament on the ground that his "circumstances were not such as to justify coming into Parliament at all, because to the labour of the day I am indebted for my daily support." He must have a miserable soul who could sneer at the poet studying how he might manage to recompense the doctor who would "take no fees," or at his "amusement" when Bessy was "calculating whether they could afford the expense of a fly to Devizes."

As with his mother, so with his wife: from the year 1811, the year of his marriage, to that of his death in 1852, she received from him the continual homage of a lover; away from her, no matter what were his allurements, he was ever longing to be at home. Those who love as he did, wife, children, and friends, will appreciate—although the worldling cannot—such commonplace sentences as these,— "pulled some heath on Roman's Island (Killarney) to send to my dear Bessy;" when in Italy, "got letters from my sweet Bessy, more precious to me than all the wonders I can see;" while in Paris, "sending for Bessy and my little ones; wherever they are, will be home, and a happy home to me." When absent (which was rarely for more than a week), no matter where or in what company, seldom a day passed that he did not write a letter to Bessy. The home enjoyments, reading to her, making her the depository of all his thoughts and hopes,— they were his deep delights, compensations for time spent amid scenes, and with people who had no space in his heart. Ever when in "terrible request," his thoughts and his heart were there!—in

"That dear Home, that saving Ark,
Where love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark
And comfortless and stormy round."

This is the tribute of Earl Russell to the wife of the poet Moore:—"The excellence of his wife's moral character; her energy and courage; her persevering economy, made her a better, and even a richer, partner to Moore, than an heiress of ten thousand a year would have been, with less devotion to her duty, and less steadiness of conduct." Moore speaks of her "democratic pride;" it was the pride that was ever above a mean action, always sustaining him in proud independence.

In March, 1846, his diary contains this sad passage—"The last of my five children is gone, and we are left desolate and alone; not a single relation have I in this world." His sweet mother had died in 1832; "excellent Nell" in 1846; his father in 1825; and his children one after another, three of them in youth, and two grown up to manhood—his two boys, Tom and Russell, the first-named of whom died in Africa (in 1846) an officer in the French service, the other at Sloperton (in 1842), soon after his return from India, having been compelled by ill-health to resign his commission as a lieutenant in the 25th regiment. In 1835, the

* Moore was married to Miss Elizabeth Dyke, at St. Martin's Church, London, on the 25th March, 1811.

influence of Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell obtained for Moore a pension of £300 a-year from Lord Melbourne's government,— "as due from any government, but much more from one, some of the members of which are proud to think themselves your friends." The "wolf, poverty," therefore, in his latter years, did not "prowl" so continually about his door. But there was no fund for luxuries—none for the extra comforts that old age requires. Mrs. Moore received on the death of her husband a pension of £100 a-year, and she has also the interest of the sum of £3,000,—the sum paid by the over-liberal friends of the poet, the Longmans, for the Memoirs and Journal edited by Lord John, now Earl, Russell—a "lord" whom the poet dearly loved.

When his Diary was published—as from time to time volumes of it appeared—slander was busy with the fame of one of the best and most upright of all the men that God ennobled by the gift of genius.* For my own part, I seek in vain through the eight thick volumes of that "Diary" for any evidence that can lessen the poet in this high estimate. I find, perhaps, too many passages fitted only for the eye of love, or the ear of sympathy; but I read *no one* that shows the poet other than the devoted and loving husband, the thoughtful and affectionate parent, the considerate and generous friend.

It was said of him by Leigh Hunt, that Lord Byron summed up his character in a sentence—"Tommy loves a lord!" Perhaps he did; but only such lords as Lansdowne and Russell were his friends. He loved also those who are "lords of human kind" in a far other sense; and, as I have shown, there is nothing in his character that stands out in higher relief than his entire *freedom from dependence*. To which of the great did he apply during seasons of difficulty approaching poverty? Which of them did he use for selfish purposes? Whose patronage among them all was profitable? To what Baal did the poet Moore ever bend the knee?

He had a large share of domestic sorrows; one after another his five beloved children died; I have quoted his words, "We are left—alone." His admirable and devoted wife survives him. I visited, a short time ago, the home that is now desolate. If over man was adored where adoration, so far as earth is concerned, is most to be hoped for and valued, it is in the cottage where the poet's widow lives, and will die!

Let it be inscribed on his tomb, that ever, amid privations and temptations, the allurements of grandeur and the suggestions of poverty, he preserved his self-respect; he-queathing no property, but leaving no debts;

* There were two who wrote with a view to dishonour the poet's grave, and they were his own countrymen—Charles Phillips and John Wilson Croker. The former printed a wretched and unmeaning pamphlet, which he suppressed when a few copies only were issued. The atrocious attack on Moore in the *Quarterly Review* was written by John Wilson Croker. It was the old illustration of the dead lion and the living dog. Yet Croker could at that time be so severely described as living; it was from his death-bed he shot the poisoned arrow. And what brought out the venom? Merely a few careless words of Moore's in which he described Croker as "a scribbler of all work."—words that Earl Russell would have erased if it had occurred to him to do so. Another countryman, Thomas Crofton Croker, assailed after his death the man whose shoe-latches he would have been proud to unloose during his life. Moreover, his earliest slanderer was also of his own country—an author named Quin, who was at one time editor of the *Morning Herald*. Of a truth it has been well said, a prophet is never without honour save in his own country. The proverb is especially true as regards Irish prophets. Assuredly Moore was, and is, more popular in every part of the world than he was, or is, in Ireland. The reason is plain: he was, so to speak, of two parties, yet of neither; he one could not forgive his early aspirations for liberty; uttered in imperishable verse, the other could not pardon what they called his desertion of their cause, when he saw that England was willing to do, and was doing, "justice to Ireland."

having had no "testimonial" of acknowledgment or reward; seeking none, nay, avoiding any; making millions his debtors for intense delight, and acknowledging himself paid by "the poet's meed, the tribute of a smile;" never trucking to power; labouring ardently and honestly for his political faith, but never lending to party that which was meant for mankind; proud, and rightly proud, of his self-obtained position; but neither scorning nor slighting the humble root from which he sprang.

He was born and bred a Roman Catholic; but his creed was entirely and purely Catholic. Charity was the out-pouring of his heart; its pervading essence was that which he expressed in one of his melodies,—

"Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side,
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?"

His children were all baptised and educated members of the Church of England. He attended the parish church, and according to the ritual of that church he was buried. It was not any outward change of religion, but homage to a purer and holier faith, that induced him to have his children baptised and brought up as members of the English Church. "For myself," he says, "my having married a Protestant wife, gave me opportunity of choosing a religion, at least for my children; and if my marriage had no other advantage, I should think *this* quite sufficient to be grateful for."

Moore was the eloquent advocate of his country when it was oppressed, goaded, and socially enthralled; but when time and enlightened policy removed all distinctions between the Irishman and the Englishman—between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic—his muse was silent, because content; nay, he protested in impressive verse against a continued agitation, that retarded her progress, when her claims were admitted, her rights acknowledged, and her wrongs redressed.

Reference to the genius of Moore is needless. My object in this "Memory" is to offer homage to his moral and social worth. The world that willingly acknowledges its debt to the poet, has been less ready to estimate the high and estimable character—the loving and faithful nature—of the man. There are, however, many—may this humble tribute augment the number—by whom the memory of Thomas Moore is cherished in the heart of hearts; to whom the cottage at Sloperton will be a shrine while they live; that grave beside the village church a monument better loved than that of any other of the men of genius by whom the world is delighted, enlightened, and refined.

"That God is Love," writes his friend and biographer, Earl Russell, "was the summary of his belief; that a man should love his neighbour as himself seems to have been the rule of his life." The good Earl of Carlisle, inaugurating a statue of the poet in Dublin, bore testimony to his moral and social worth "in all the holy relations of life—as son, as brother, as husband, as father, as friend;" and on the same occasion, Mr. O'Hagan, Q.C., thus expressed himself:—"He was faithful to all the sacred obligations and all the dear charities of domestic life—he was the idol of a household."

Perhaps a better, though a briefer, summary of the character of Thomas Moore than any of these may be given in the words of Dr. Parr, who bequeathed to him a ring:—"To one who stands high in my estimation for original genius, for his exquisite sensibility, for his independent spirit, and incorruptible integrity."

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

DURING the autumn recess the surfaces of certain of the pictures in the collection have been subjected to a reviving process under the hands of Professor Pettenkofer, of Munich, to whose efforts in the cause of water-glass painting artists who practise that kind of mural decoration owe many obligations. The works that have been treated by Dr. Pettenkofer are—Rembrandt's 'Jew,' and 'Woman taken in Adultery,' Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' and many others. We are told that in the course of treatment they are "not touched," which is meant to signify that the surfaces have not been subjected to the friction used in the ordinary processes of cleaning. The pictures that are considered safe under this method are those which have been coated with mastie; others that have been formerly elogged with megilp must be most carefully dealt with. The work which shows most favourably this kind of revival is the 'Woman taken in Adultery.' It is small, and hangs low, so that the whole surface may be closely inspected.

The means employed by Dr. Pettenkofer are not a secret, having been registered at the Patent Office in Southampton Buildings. The specification sets forth the rationalia of the flattening of varnished surfaces as having been determined by means of powerful microscopes, and a consideration of the chemical nature of the materials employed, as well in painting as in varnishing. The beginning of the evil is the universal cracking of the surface, but so minute is this as to be invisible without the aid of glasses, and these fissures are not only common to the surface, but they penetrate the substance of the picture. The result of such disintegration is the free admission of air, which operates on the paint and varnish in the same manner that water affects oil, that is, by rendering it opaque, when intimately mixed with it.

Dr. Pettenkofer describes his remedy as effected by the vapour of spirits of wine, but without being stimulated by heat. The surface of the picture is subjected to the action of the spirits by being fitted closely over a vessel, and hence the reduction of the gunn and its recombination with spirits, in such wise as to give to the picture the appearance of having been freshly varnished.

The value of Dr. Pettenkofer's patent will be readily understood in its application to old and much injured surfaces, like those of some of Reynolds' works, as for instance, that replica of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, at Dulwich, for, from what we see, it may be inferred that the vapour deals not unkindly with asphaltum; but, whatever amount of dust or other defilement adheres to the paint and varnish beyond the power of a simple washing, it removes all that is embodied in the varnish, as we see in the 'Woman taken in Adultery.' If this method is final it is most valuable, but if it must be periodically repeated, the inevitably accumulating dust must in the end obscure the picture; and whatever be the argument to the contrary, the discovery has not yet been sufficiently long under trial for assurance that in a lapse of years, should the old method of cleaning be again necessitated, the dangers of restoration will not be increased manifold. We hope time will prove that no such repetition of the process is called for.

In justice to Dr. Pettenkofer, it must be said that the pictures are much improved in appearance, and much has been gained if this present brilliancy endures.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE very valuable examples of ancient sculpture that for some time past are known to have been purchased by Government are now added to the collection in the British Museum. They consist of an equestrian statue of a Roman emperor, an Apollo, a Mercury, a group of Mercury and Hæresè, the famous Diadumenos of Polyelitus, a heroic figure, a Satyr, and a colossal bust. These precious antiques have been purchased from the ex-king of Naples, having formed a portion of the Farnese collection, that was partly in the Farnese Palace at Rome, and partly in the Museo Borbonico at Naples, and which principally, with the Calypso Venus, and others of even more questionable character, adorned the baths of Caracalla. The head of the equestrian figure is that of Caligula, but it is supposed not to be that belonging properly to the group; indeed, a statue so unassuming would scarcely satisfy the man who desired that a statue of Jupiter should be converted into a portrait of himself. Restorations are observable in the legs of the horse and parts of the figure; but the statue is a great prize, as being one of the only four known ancient marble equestrian groups existing—the two of the Balbi, at Naples, another from the Mausoleum, and this, the Farnesian.

The original Diadumenos of Polyelitus is lost, but we have here the only existing replica of one of the masterpieces of the great master of the school of Sicily, the author also of the Doryphoros which the artists of the time regarded as establishing the canons of beautiful proportion.

The figure represents a youth in the act of binding a diadem round his head,—whence Diadumenos. Although representing an athlete, it is not necessary that the proportions should be either heroic or what is commonly understood as athletic. Compared with the descriptions of the Doryphoros, also a youth, the proportions are less developed than they were in the latter. To Polyelitus is also ascribed that principle which gives so much natural relief to a statue—that of resting the weight of the body on one foot. The Mercury is one of three, perhaps, copies of some famous statue now lost; of the other two, one is in the Vatican, and the other at Lansdowne House; but this, the Farnesian, is the most perfect. The Apollo stands with his right hand thrown over his head, and the left elbow resting on a column, the hand holding the bow, while the quiver hangs below. He seems to be resting after a combat, though the quiver is yet open. The lengthened oval of the face, and its expression, as well as it could be seen, point to the Athenian school. The heroic statue, without as yet a name, is a very noble work; it is supposed to represent a Macedonian king in the character of a deity. The Satyr, having his right hand holding a staff held up behind his head, holds in his left a basket of fruit, from which an Amorino is helping himself. At the foot of the figure is a panther with the head of a goat. In the group Mercury and Hæresè, the former is seated with his right arm thrown round the girl's waist. The head given to the principal figure has been modelled with all the individuality of an every-day portrait. It is, we believe, mainly to the intervention of Mr. Storey, an American sculptor of high reputation, that the trustees have been enabled to secure these treasures to the nation.

THE NEW STRAND MUSIC HALL.

THIS edifice is an experiment in architecture, and it is an experiment which may fairly claim to have proved its own case.

In the Strand new Music Hall, with its two street fronts, we have exactly that *bizarre* assemblage of multifarious incongruities, all of them closely packed, which might have been painted on canvas with happy effect, as the "palace scene" in an extravaganza, but which implies a solecism in Art when solidified in brick, stone, &c.

In one respect this building is consistent, and that is, in being consistent with itself throughout. Within and without, from basement to parapet, ornamentation, or what does duty for ornamentation, is everything and everywhere. You never know where you may not expect to find an arch or an arcade; and when you do find them, they are low where you would have supposed them must have been lofty, and solid where as certainly they ought to have been light. And the spandrels are at least as perplexing and contradictory as the arches; when very small, large heads protrude from them, which provoke inquiry as to how they could possibly have got there. In like manner the capitals appear actuated by a common desire *not* to belong to the shafts which are supposed to carry them. Then, in every direction there are the strangest ehamfers, which reveal unexpected half-hidden slender shafts, which grow out of nothing, and go nowhere, and having nothing to do, do it; and with these chamfers must be associated the innumerable notches, facets, and other queer cuttings, which are doubtless intended to take their part in the universal ornamenting, while in reality they fail altogether to be ornamental. Colour also has been treated, precisely after the same fashion as all these varied forms of chisel-work. Various-coloured bricks have been brought into strong contrast with one another, and with white stone; and paint has had its capabilities put to the test without reserve or hesitation.

In a word, the Strand Music Hall is an architectural warning, and nothing else.

The extraordinary extravagance of his architecture is the more to be regretted, because in his general arrangements the architect of the Strand Music Hall has shown decided ability. The various rooms required in an establishment of this kind are well planned, and they all work well. The communications also and the staircases are good, their sole failures arising out of their participation in the architectural character of the edifice. The principal hall itself is equally worthy of commendation for its arrangements, as it fully maintains its title to being the climax of the architect's style. But here, in this *the* Music Hall, one very important feature demands our unqualified admiration. The entire ceiling is formed of tinted glass, divided into panels by beams and pendants of cut crystal glass; and the lighting of the hall is effected by means of gas jets *above* this ceiling, which shine down through it with beautiful effect. For this very clever and completely successful transparent and luminous ceiling the Strand Music Hall is entirely indebted to Messrs. Decries and Sons, whose ability and skill in treating glass and gas are so well known. This is a fresh illustration of what may be accomplished by these able glass-manufacturers; and we cordially congratulate them on having produced artificial sunshine in a manner that is so pleasantly suggestive of the shining of the great luminary itself.

FACTS ABOUT FINGER-RINGS.

CHAPTER I.—ANTIQUÉ RINGS.

ARCHEOLOGY, until a comparatively recent period, was considered by the majority of persons to be a dull and uninteresting study, abounding with dry details of small general interest, which, when not pompously pretentious, were, in the other extreme, of trifling insignificance. That this was the mere error of unacquaintance with the true position of archaeology as the handmaid of history, will now be readily granted, inasmuch as the study has become popular, or we might even say fashionable; most English counties have societies especially devoted to its district claims, and our large cities have their archaeological institutes also. They all well know how to blend instruction with amusement; their congresses are anticipated with pleasure, not only by the *illuminati*, but by ladies and young persons who find gratification where they might have expected ennui. All this is due to the good sense which has divested the study of its drier details, or has had the tact to hide them beneath agreeable information. It is not too much to assert that archaeology in all its branches may be made pleasurable, abounding as it does in curious and amusing details, sometimes humorously contrasting with our modern manners.

We here take up one of these branches—the history of finger-rings—and shall briefly show, in these chapters, the large amount of anecdote and curious collateral information it abounds in. Our illustrations will depict the great variety of design and ornamental detail embraced by so simple a thing as a hoop for the finger. It would be easy to multiply the literary and the artistic branch of this subject until a volume of no small bulk resulted from the labour. Volumes have been devoted to the history of rings—Görkuss among the older, and Edwards, of New York, among the modern authors. The ancients had their *Dactylotheca*, or collection of rings; but they were luxurious varieties of rings for wear. The modern collections are historic, illustrative of past tastes and manners. Of these the best have been formed by the late Lord Londesborough (whose collection was remarkable for its beauty and value), and Edmund Waterson, Esq., F.S.A., who still lives to possess the best chronological series of rings ever brought together. We have had the advantage of the fullest access to each collection.

Our object is not to exhaust but merely to open the subject, to touch upon its chief points, to give the reader an hour's amusement, and most probably furnish a few authorities in our engravings that may be useful to the goldsmith who may wish for "novelties" from the past time; such is the imitative Etruscan jewellery now so fashionable; and our cuts will show that "the newest fashion" of finger-rings, the coiled snake, is as ancient as the days of the Pharaohs.

It is in the oldest of histories, the books of Moses, that we find the earliest records of the use of the finger-ring. It originally appears to have been a signet, used as we now use a written autograph; and it is not a little curious that the unchanged habit of Eastern life renders the custom as common now as it was three thousand years ago. When Tamar desired some certain token by which she should again recognise Judah, she made her first request for his signet, and when the time of recognition arrived, it was duly and undoubtedly acknowledged by all.* Fig. 1 exhibits the

usual form assumed by these signets. It has a somewhat clumsy movable handle, attached to a cross bar passing through a cube, engraved on each of its facets with symbolical devices. Wilkinson† speaks of it as one of the largest and most valuable he had seen, containing twenty pounds' worth of gold. "It consisted of a massive

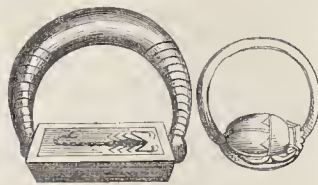


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

ring, half an inch in its largest diameter, bearing an oblong plinth, on which the devices were engraved, one inch long, six-tenths in its greatest and four-tenths in its smallest breadth. On one face was the name of a king, the successor of Amunoph III., who lived about B.C. 1400; on the other a lion, with the legend 'lord of strength,' referring to the monarch: on one side a scorpion, and on the other a crocodile." Judah's signet was, of course, formed of less valuable material, and had probably a single device only.

The lighter kind of hooped signet, as generally worn at a somewhat more recent era in Egypt, is shown in Fig. 2. The gold loop passes through a small figure of the sacred beetle, the flat under side being engraved with the device of a crab. It is cut in cornelian, and is in the possession of the author of this paper; it once formed part of the collection of Egyptian antiquities gathered by our consul at Cairo—Henry Salt, the friend of Burekhardt and Belzoni, who first employed the latter in Egyptian researches, and to whom our national museum owes the colossal head of Memnon and many of its chief Egyptian treasures.

From a passage in Jeremiah (xxii. 24) it appears to have been customary for the Jewish nation to wear the signet-ring on the right hand. The words of the Lord are uttered against Zedekiah—"though Coniah, the son of Jehoiakim, King of Judah, wear the signet on my right hand, yet would I pluck thee thence."

The transition from such signets to the solid finger-ring was natural and easy. The Biblical record treats them as contemporaneous even at that early era. Thus the story of Judah and Tamar is immediately followed by that of Joseph, when we are told "Pharaoh took off the ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's band," when he invested him with authority as a ruler in Egypt. Dr. Abbott, of Cairo, obtained a most curious and valuable ring, inscribed



Fig. 3.

with a royal name. It is now preserved, with his other Egyptian antiquities, at New York, and is thus described in his catalogue:—"This remarkable piece of anti-

* Genesis, chap. xxxviii.
† "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," vol. iii. p. 373.

quity is in the highest state of preservation, and was found at Ghizeh, in a tomb near that excavation of Colonel Vyse's called 'Campbell's Tomb.' It is of fine gold, and weighs nearly three sovereigns. The style of the hieroglyphics is in perfect accordance with those in the tombs about the Great Pyramid; and the hieroglyphics within the oval make the name of that Pharaoh (Cheops) of whom the pyramid is the tomb." Fig. 3 represents this ring, and beside it is placed the hieroglyphic inscription upon the face of the ring, which is cut with the most minute accuracy and beauty.

Rings of inferior metal, bearing royal names, were worn, probably, by officials of the king's household. The Consul Salt, already alluded to, had one such in his collection, which was purchased at his sale by the author of this paper, and by him added to the remarkable collection of rings formed by the late Lord Londesborough. It is represented in Fig. 4, and is entirely of bronze. The name of Amunoph III. is engraved on the oval face of the ring, exactly as it appears on the tablet of Abydos in the British Museum. Amunoph (who reigned, according to Wilkinson, B.C. 1403-1367) is the



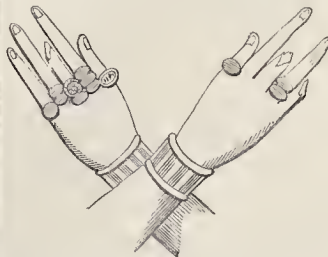
Fig. 5.

Fig. 4.

same monarch known to the Greeks as Memnon; and the colossal "head of Memnon," also placed in the British Museum through the agency of Mr. Salt, has a similar group of hieroglyphics sculptured on its shoulder. There was another kind of official ring, which we can recognise from the description of Pliny, and of which we give an engraving, Fig. 5, from the original in the author's possession. It is of bronze, and has engraved upon its face the figure of the scarabæus; such rings were worn by the Egyptian soldiers.

The lower classes, who could not afford rings of precious metals, but, like their modern descendants, coveted the adornment, purchased those made of ivory or porcelain. In the latter material they abounded, and are found in Egyptian sepulchres in large quantities; they are very neatly moulded, and the devices on their faces, whether depicting gods, emblems, or hieroglyphics, are generally well and clearly rendered.

This fondness for loading the fingers with an abundance of rings is well displayed on



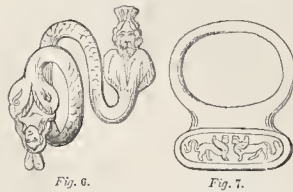
the crossed hands of a figure of a woman, upon a mummy case in the British Museum. Here the thumbs as well as the fingers are encircled by them. The left hand is most loaded; upon the thumb is a signet with hieroglyphics on its surface; three rings on

the forefinger; two on the second, one formed like a snail-shell; the same number on the next, and one on the little finger. The right hand carries only a thumb-ring, and two upon the third finger. These hands are cut in wood, and the fingers are partially broken.

Wilkinson observes—"The left was considered the hand peculiarly privileged to bear these ornaments; and it is remarkable that its third finger was decorated with a greater number than any other, and was considered by them, as by us, *par excellence*, the ring-finger; though there is no evidence of its having been so honoured at the marriage ceremony."

Herodotus, the father of history, has narrated a curious antique legend he obtained in Egypt, concerning the ring of Polycrates. It is remarkable as having spread into the legendary history of all countries, being still credited by the commonality. We shall have hereafter to note its existence as an old London tradition; but the version of the historian is briefly thus:—Amasis, King of Egypt, conceived an extraordinary friendship for the Greek, Polycrates, and, observing that the latter was attended by unusual success in all his adventures, reflected that such unvarying felicity seldom lasted through life, and the end of such a career was often calamitous. He therefore advised him to propitiate futuro fortune by seeking some object whose loss would produce most regret, and voluntarily casting it away from him where it could never be recovered. Polycrates attached most value to a signet-ring he constantly wore; it was of gold, set with an emerald cut by Theodorus of Samos, a famed engraver of gems. He went out in a galley far on to the open sea, and then cast his precious ring into its waters, returning in an excess of grief. Some six days afterwards a fisherman came to his gate, hearing a fish so fine and large he deemed it to be only fitted for the table of Polycrates. The King of Samos accepted the gift, the fish was sent to the royal kitchen, and on opening it a valuable ring was found in its stomach. It was at once taken to Polycrates, who immediately recognised his abandoned treasure, which he now valued the more as it seemed to be returned by divine interposition.

In the comparatively modern era of Roman rule in Egypt, rings of more fanciful construction were occasionally worn. In



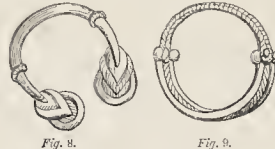
the British Museum is a remarkable one (Fig. 6), having the convolutions of a serpent, the head of Serapis at one extremity and of Isis at the other; by this arrangement one or other of them would always be correctly poised; it has also the further advantage of being flexible owing to the great sweep of its curve.

The ancient Assyrians, though remarkable for that love of jewellery which has ever been the characteristic of the Eastern nations, appear to have worn no finger-rings. Yet many of their bracelets are admirably designed for the purpose if produced on a limited scale; and they were worn by men as well as by women. Bonomi, in his vo-

lume on "Nineveh and its Palaces," observes, "that not a single case occurs, amidst all this display of personal jewellery, of a finger-ring; the entire absence of this ornament in sculpture, wherein details of this nature are so elaborately and carefully attended to, leads to the conclusion that the finger-ring was an ornament then unknown."

Among the earliest traces of western civilisation the finger-ring appears. Fig. 7 is an Etruscan ring of gold, now in the British Museum; upon the face are chimeræ opposing each other. The style and treatment of this subject partakes largely of the ancient character of Eastern art, and like that is very decisive and conventional.

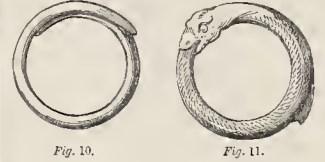
The Greeks and Romans literally revelled in rings of all styles and sizes. Nothing can be more beautiful in design and exquisite in finish than Greek jewellery, and the custom of decorating their dead with the most valued of these ornaments, has furnished modern museums with an abundance of fine specimens. Figs. 8 and 9 are copied from originals found in the more modern Etruscan sepulchres, and are probably contemporary with the earliest days of the Roman empire. Fig. 8 is admirably adapted to the finger; being made of the purest gold, it is naturally slightly elastic; but the hoop is not perfected, each extro-



mity ending in a broad leaf-shaped ornament, most delicately banded with threads of headed and twisted wire, acting as a brace upon the finger. Fig. 9 is equally meritorious; the solid half-ring is completed by a small golden chain attached to it by a loop passing over studs; the links of this chain are perfectly flexible, and of extreme delicacy; they resemble the modern guard-chain, or to speak more properly, the modern chain imitates the ancient one; and we shall meet in the course of our researches with very many other instances of the oft-repeated fact, "there is nothing new under the sun."

This ring mania was not content with considering the ring as an ornament, or even as a talisman: a new science was revealed, the *Dactylomania*, so named from two Greek words, signifying *ring* and *divination*. The performance of its mysteries was in itself so simple, that it was deemed expedient to add certain formulae, in order to make them more expressive. A ring was held, suspended by a fine thread, over a round table, on the edge of which were placed counters engraved with the letters of the alphabet. The thread was shaken until the ring, touching the letters, had united as many as formed an answer to a question previously put. This operation was preceded and accompanied by certain ceremonies. The ring was consecrated with divers mysterious forms. The person who held it was arrayed in linen only; a circle was shaved round his head, and in his hand he held a branch of verveine. Before commencing the gods were appeased by prayer. The simplest and most useful form of ring, and that, by consequence, adopted by the people of all early nations, was the plain

elastic hoop, as shown in Fig. 10. Cheap in construction and convenient in wear, it may be safely said to have been generally patronised from the most ancient to the most modern times. Fig. 11 gives us the old form of a ring made in the shape of a coiled



serpent, equally ancient, equally far-spread in the old world, and which has had a very large sale among ourselves as a "decided novelty." In fact it has been the most successful design our ring-makers have produced of late years. Yet this antique ring may add another "new idea" to the modern designer. It is "made on the principle of some of our steel rings which we use to hold household keys, widening their circle by pressure. In this finger-ring the part in the mouth is inserted loose, so as to draw out and increase to the size of the circle needed."

Though a great variety of form and detail was adopted by Greek and Roman goldsmiths for the rings they so largely manufactured, the most general and lasting resembled Fig. 12, a Roman ring, probably of the time of Hadrian, which is now in the author's possession, and is said to have been found in the Roman camp at Silchester, Berkshire. The gold of the ring is massive at the face, making a strong setting for the cornelian, which is engraved with the figure of a female bearing corn and fruit. By far the greater majority of Roman rings exhumed at home and abroad are of this fashion, which recommends itself by a dignified simplicity, telling, by quantity and quality of metal and stone, its true value, without any ostentatious aid.

Sometimes a single ring was constructed to appear like a group of two or three upon the finger. Mr. Edwards has furnished us



with the example, Fig. 13. "It has the appearance of three rings united, widened in the front and tapering within the hand. Upon the wide part of each are two letters, the whole forming 'ZHCAIC, *Mayest thou live*.' The Romans often preferred the Greek language in their most familiar customs."

Among the beautiful objects of antique Art collected by B. Hertz, Esq., and sold by auction in 1859, by Messrs. Sotheby, were many antique rings inscribed with sentences and mottoes of a remarkable kind. Those bearing Greek inscriptions were the worthiest; such as—"I love not lest I go astray; but I observe well, and I laugh."—"They say what they will; let them say, I care not." Many were evidently memorials of friendship; one represented a hand pulling the lobe of an ear, with the word "Remember;" another, with a similar device, with the motto "Remind me of the noble character." Others were inscribed—

* The cut and description is copied from "The History and Poetry of Finger-Rings," by Charles Edwards, Counselor-at-Law, New York; one of the pleasantest little books which the American press has added to English literature.

* Barrera, "History of Gems and Jewels."

EYTYXI—"Good luck to you," and "I bring luck to him who wears this ring." Among the Latin inscriptions were simple good wishes expressed in the words "Vivas" and "Bene," or sentiments expressed in few words, such as—"Love me, I will love thee;" "Come, I will not;" "Be greeted, Fabiana." Many were simply inscribed with the names of the wearers, such as VLP. PRISCELLÆ ("the ring of Ulpia Priscilla"); sometimes with two names, as—Valeria Cleopatra and Hermodion Caesaris. A massive silver ring inscribed with the name "Sabbina" is engraved (Fig. 14) from the original in the Londesborough collection.

We place beside it a ring with a very different device, but one that cannot fail to be looked on with singular interest. It is marked with the *Labarum*, the oldest sacred



Fig. 14.



Fig. 15.

monogram of Christianity, which Constantine believed he saw in a vision, and placed upon his victorious standard and his coins, with the motto—"In hoc signo vinces!" This ring came from the Roman sepulchro of an early Christian, and the hand for which it was originally fashioned may have aided in the conquering war of the first Christian emperor; or may have been convulsed in an agonising death, "thrown to the beasts" of the circus, but reposing after death with the first martyrs to the faith.

Clément of Alexandria suggests to the Christians of his era, that they should have engraved devices of symbolic meaning allusive to their faith, in place of the heathen deities and other subjects cut by Roman lapidaries; such as a dove, which symbolises life eternal and the Holy Spirit; a palm-branch, peace; an anchor, hope; a ship in full sail, the church; and others of similar import.

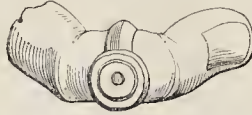
Gorius has preserved a representation of a gold ring (here copied) which he believes



to have been presented by a Roman lady to the victorious charioteer in the horse-races; it is of peculiar form, but one that was a favourite with Roman wearers. The bust of the donor appears on the summit of the ring, and on each side are the heads of reined horses, as shown in our cut. Her name is engraved on the lower part of the hoop, and on each side AMOR-OSPES. The latter properly being HOSPEES, having the aspirate omitted and an I for an E, induces Gorius to consider it a late work of the Roman era.

We have already spoken of the ring-hand and the ring-finger, but have not noted the origin of the custom of placing the wedding ring on that finger. It resulted from an inaccurate belief that a nerve went from thence to the heart. That the ancients were indiscriminate in the use of their

fingers as recipients for rings we have already shown; Mr. Waterton has placed in his curious *Dactylolitheca* the forefinger from a bronze statue of late Roman workmanship, wearing a large ring upon the second joint. In Germany it is still cus-



tomary to wear the ring in this fashion, a custom they evidently borrowed from their Roman subjugators, and have retained through every century of change since then.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

RECENT SCIENTIFIC AIDS TO ART.

ANILINE AND COAL-TAR COLOURS.

As a considerable period has elapsed since any account has appeared in this Journal of the wonderful colours obtained from coal-tar, the last paper on the subject having been communicated by Mr. Robert Hunt, in 1859, it is thought desirable to publish a series of articles on this remarkable source of dyeing materials, so interesting to printers of fabrics, dyers, paper-stainers, chromolithographers, and even to artists.

The beauty and bloom of these new colours immensely surpass those of the corresponding hues formerly obtained from madder, indigo, cochineal, safflower, &c., and since Mr. Hunt described the many of Mr. Perkin, many other colours from the same fertile source have been discovered, of which it is no exaggeration to say that some of them rival in brilliancy the flowers of nature herself. Thus, from the dark, sticky, and unisome fluid called coal-tar, chemists and manufacturers have succeeded in preparing the following variety of colours:—purples (many shades), blues, reds, pinks, greens, yellows, orange, brown, black.

In the present series of papers we propose to describe the processes by which many of these colours are manufactured, and also to epitomise the remarkable discoveries of Dr. W. A. Hofmann, so as to give our readers a clear view of the present state of our knowledge on this subject, and to enable them to appreciate the rapid progress which, in a very few years, has so largely developed the commercial application of Dr. Hofmann's chemical discoveries. It is not unreasonable to infer, from the experience of these few years, that the time is not distant when the dyes derived from coal-tar will completely displace all others, as they have already materially diminished the use of such dyes as cochineal, safflower, and prussiate of potash. It is also probable that the production of these new colours will be cheapened, and their fastness improved, from which it may be predicted that the most renowned and hitherto valuable dye-stuffs, such as indigo and madder, will in their turn be superseded. Should this prove to be the case, so far from this country depending upon foreign sources for its dyeing materials, as upon India and South America for indigo, France, Turkey, Holland, and Sicily for madder, Spain for safflower, and Mexico for cochineal, we shall prepare our own more splendid dyes from our coal-fields, in which the luxuriant vegetation of antediluvian times has stored up for our use the coloured sunbeams of countless

ages. Further, this production of coal-tar colours will also bring some alteration in our commercial relations with other countries, from the fact that besides ceasing to import the various dyeing materials mentioned above, we shall probably supply the world, as in fact we have done of late years France, Germany, and Switzerland, if not with the actual dyes, at least with the substances from which they are derived. As a proof that this inference is not exaggerated, it may be stated that we now export to several parts of the world the substance called salammoniac (one of several ammoniacal salts which may be prepared with the ammonia generated in the distillation of coal), instead of importing a few tons, as formerly, from Ammonia, in Lybia. Another example is, that instead of procuring alum from the Roman states, and, until recently, from Whitby shales, we now manufacture and supply the world with ammoniacal alum, obtained from the refuse of coal-pits and gas-works.

Without entering here into the composition and properties of the fifty compounds which chemists have succeeded in isolating, and which are produced during the destructive distillation of coal, it may be stated that the following six substances chiefly have, up to the present time, been employed in the manufacture of coal-tar colours:—Benzine (or Benzole), Toluenol, Aniline, Toluidine, Carboic acid, Naphthaline, and Rosalic acid. Of these six, aniline may be considered the most important, and although it exists in coal-tar, and, as such, was used by Mr. Perkin in his first experiments, still the progress of organic chemistry has been so rapid, that it is now found cheaper and more easy to produce it artificially. The great importance now acquired by aniline will justify a few particulars respecting its production, as well as the interesting chemical reactions upon which it depends.

In 1835 the illustrious Michael Faraday discovered in the products of coal distillation a substance which he called benzole, but it was Mr. Charles Mansfield who in 1848 first noticed its presence in any quantity in coal-tar; and it is this substance (well known to the public as a remover of grease stains, as a solvent for caoutchouc, &c.) which is transformed into aniline by the following chemical reaction:—Impure commercial benzine is submitted to the action of nitric acid, which gives rise to nitro-benzine, or artificial oil of bitter almonds; this in its turn is mixed with acetic acid and iron filings, and allowed to remain a few hours, during which time a chemical action takes place, converting the nitro-benzine into aniline. To isolate the aniline from the mass, the whole is placed in an iron cylinder and distilled; and after a further distillation it is ready to be used for the production of colours. This discovery of the artificial production of aniline furnishes a curious instance of the combination for practical results of the labours of various scientific men, working without concert and at a distance from each other. Thus Faraday discovers benzine in England; Mitscherlich, nitro-benzine at Berlin; another German chemist (Unverdorben), a substance which he calls crystalline, and which is subsequently called by Fritsche, a Russian chemist, aniline, from *anil*, the Portuguese name for indigo; and lastly, Dr. Hofmann, in 1842, discovers aniline among the products of coal-tar; so that we may say that the researches of eminent chemists have converted the benzine of Faraday into the aniline of Hofmann.

The last-named learned chemist has lately made the extraordinary discovery that pure aniline is not a colour-producing agent, but

that it must be mixed with an homologous substance called toluidine to be susceptible of yielding colours; and in this respect the anilines of commerce are well adapted for the manufacture of dyeing materials, a proportion of toluidine being always contained in them.

Purples.—We shall first give a sketch of the various purples which have been introduced into commerce, treating them in the order of dates. The first tar colour which was made available in practice, was that discovered by Mr. Perkin in 1856, and introduced in 1857 under the name of mauve. It was prepared by the following simple process:—Aniline was combined with sulphuric acid, and mixed with bichromate of potash, when the oxygen of the latter oxydised the aniline, and converted it into what is commercially known as aniline purple or mauve. To extract from the black mass thus produced, the colour called by Mr. Perkin "mauvine," it is necessary first to wash the mass with water, and, when dry, with coal naphtha, which removes a large quantity of a dark brown substance; the remaining mass then easily yields its purple dyo to alcohol; or the black mass first produced may be treated with acetic acid, which effects more simply the solution of the colouring matter, and this, or the alcoholic solution, may be at once used for dyeing or printing. To enable this to compete with others, various processes have from time to time been adopted to still further improve this colour, into the details of which it is unnecessary to enter. It should, however, be stated that Mr. Perkin has succeeded in isolating mauvino, by adding a solution of hydrate of potash to a boiling solution of commercial crystallised mauve, when, after a short time, a crystalline body is deposited, which only requires to be washed with alcohol and water to become perfectly pure. Mr. Perkin has proved this colouring matter to be a distinct organic substance, of a black glittering appearance, and a most powerful base, capable of combining with acids, even carbonic acid. Further, mauvino is characterised by its solubility in alcohol, and by its forming a violet solution, which immediately becomes purple on the addition of an acid.

This important purple colour had no sooner appeared, than numerous methods were discovered of attaining the same or similar results. For example, Messrs. Depouilly and Lanth oxydised commercial aniline by means of hypochlorite of lime; Mr. Kay employed a mixture of peroxide of manganese and sulphuric acid; Mr. Greville Williams, permanganate of potash; Mr. D. Price, peroxide of copper and chloride of sodium. Subsequently several new methods differing entirely from these were devised, upon which a few words should be said, as they have been more or less extensively employed. Thus, the Regina purple, discovered by Mr. Nicholson, is obtained by heating a red dye to be presently described, called Magenta, in a suitable vessel to a temperature of about 400°, when a chemical action occurs, by which ammonia is liberated, and the purple produced. The black mass remaining in the vessel is then treated with acetic acid, which dissolves a magnificent purple colour, requiring only mixing with alcohol to be ready for use. I believe, however, that the most beautiful purple yet produced is due to a discovery of Dr. Hofmann's, made during his recent scientific investigations on the chemical composition of these remarkable dyes. This new colour, which is called "Hofmann's Primula Purple," is prepared

by Messrs. Simpson, Maule, and Nicholson, the great manufacturers of tar colours in England, by the following process, or some slight modification of it. They take one part of rosaniline (this organic colour-giving base of magenta or roseine will be fully described in our next paper), two parts of iodide of ethyl, and two parts of methylated alcohol; the whole is heated for three or four hours at a temperature of 212°, in a suitable metallic vessel capable of supporting pressure, when the whole of the rosaniline is converted into a new colouring substance. To obtain the colour from it, it is simply necessary to allow the mass in the vessel to cool, and to dissolve it in methylated alcohol, which solution may be at once used for dyeing and printing; but no doubt Messrs. Simpson and Co. find it not only advantageous to remove from the mass the iodine it may contain, and also to further purify the colour by other chemical processes. It may be stated with truth that the "Primula Purple" is the finest shade of purple yet produced.

It is highly probable that the successful introduction of these magnificent colours in arts and manufactures would have been less rapid, but for the discovery in 1856 of another fast purple from lichens, by Mr. Marnas (of the firm of Guion, Marnas, and Bonnet), of Lyons, the beauty of which colour tended greatly to stimulate the public taste for fast purple on the Continent, and then in England, and thus materially assisted in overcoming the inertia and reluctance of dyers and printers to incur the great expense at that time involved in the application of tar purples.

The next coal-tar colour brought under public notice was a red dye, which received the name of Magenta or Solferino. The first scientific glimpse of the existence of this colour was obtained by Dr. Hofmann, in 1843; it was further noticed, in 1856, by Mr. Natanson, but was fully described by Dr. Hofmann in 1858. There is consequently no doubt that his researches suggested to Mr. Verguin, a chemist of Lyons, the idea of substituting the action of anhydrous bichloride of tin on aniline for that of tetrachloride of carbon, employed by Hofmann. Dr. Hofmann's process was further developed by Mr. Gerberkeller, and carried out on a practical scale at Mulhouse, where, under the superintendence of a commission of scientific men, the red colour of Hofmann, generated by the action of tetrachloride of carbon on aniline, was produced in large quantities. It was Mr. Verguin's process, however, which was first commercially adopted, and a red manufactured by it was for some time sold, under the name of Fuchsine, by Messrs. Renard Frères, of Lyons, who prepared it by heating to ebullition in an earthenware vessel a mixture of ten parts of aniline and seven parts of bichloride of tin, either anhydrous or hydrated. After this mixture had boiled for fifteen or twenty minutes, it was allowed to cool, and then boiled with water, which dissolved the colouring matter. To separate and purify it, the richly-coloured solution thus obtained was partially saturated with carbonate of soda, and then, by the addition of a little common salt, the aniline red was liberated in the form of a paste, which when dissolved in alcohol water, or acetic acid, was ready for the dyer's or printer's use. The extraordinary brilliancy of the colour of fuchsine, so far surpassing anything then known, attracted so much attention, that many scientific and practical men made great efforts to devise other means for its production, amongst whom may be cited Mr. D. Price, whose process was adopted

by Messrs. Simpson, Maule, and Nicholson, and consisted in boiling a solution of sulphate of aniline with binoxide of lead. The colouring matter, called roseine, was then dissolved with water, and after further purification was ready for use. Mr. Gerberkeller also produced a beautiful shade of magenta, which he called azaléine, and prepared it by acting on aniline with nitrate of mercury. Messrs. Louth and Depouilly substituted nitric acid for the nitrate of mercury; Messrs. Dale and Caro, the action of nitrate of lead on hydrochlorate of aniline; and Mr. Smith, of Glasgow, perchloride of antimony; but the process now generally adopted is one first brought to public notice by Dr. Medlock, and further improved by Messrs. De Laire and Girard. Dr. Medlock's process consists in heating together a mixture of dry arsenic acid with aniline, to a temperature near that of the boiling point of aniline itself, when the mixture assumes a purple colour; it is then diluted with water and allowed to cool. The aqueous solution contains the colouring matter, whilst a tarry substance remains behind. It is to be regretted that Dr. Medlock did not give a more complete and precise description of his method of producing roseine with arsenic acid, for he would then have secured for this country the honour of having devised the best means of making this important dyeing material. To obviate the irregularity in the quantity of colour produced, in consequence of the varying proportions of water existing in dry arsenic acid, the following more perfect process of Messrs. De Laire and Girard is that now generally preferred. It consists in well mixing twelve parts of arsenic acid, twelve of water, and ten of commercial aniline, and after the mixture has become solid, heating it gradually to a temperature not exceeding 320°. After four or five hours it is allowed to cool, when the mass presents a coppery hue similar to that of Florentine bronze. This colouring-matter is highly soluble in water and other solvents, and imparts to them a fine purple-red tint, which could be used for dyeing purposes, but the exigencies of trade have forced the manufacturers to purify it more and more until they have gradually reached the standard of chemical purity. All who visited the chemical department of the last exhibition must have noticed the splendid crowns formed of well-defined crystals of aniline red, called magenta or roseine, in which the French, although they expected to be unrivalled in this class of production, were distanced by Messrs. Simpson, Maule, and Nicholson. It would be tedious to enter fully into the details of the various methods adopted for purifying the crude aniline reds, but it may be as well to state that the following process is used to remove some of the salts of aniline, tarry matters, &c. The impure colour is boiled with an excess of alkali, which liberates and expels the unaltered aniline, and fixes the acids with which it was combined. The insoluble portion is treated with a weak solution of acid, generally speaking acetic, which dissolves the colouring-matter, leaving behind the tarry substances. To the acid solution is then added a small quantity of alkali, to reprecipitate the colour, which is slightly washed with water, and then redissolved in acid. If the solution is then concentrated, beautiful crystals, having the brilliant appearance of cantharides' wings, are produced, which in this case will be acetate of rosaniline, or the roseine of Messrs. Simpson, Maule, and Nicholson.

F. CRACE CALVERT.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND,
AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The thirty-seventh annual report of the Royal Scottish Academy has been published. We regret we cannot refer to it at any length, for the past year has been an eventful one in the history of the institution, inasmuch as it has lost its late president, Sir John Watson Gordon, R.A., and one of its most distinguished members, Mr. Dyce, R.A. The report, which is altogether most satisfactory as regards the position and prospects of the Academy, alludes to many matters connected with Scottish Art which are of considerable interest. The sales at the last exhibition reached a larger amount than on any former occasion.

HAMILTON.—A memorial of the late Duke of Hamilton is to be erected in this town by public subscription. It is proposed to make it a monumental portico enclosing a statue of the Duke.

DUBLIN.—The School of Art in this city, one of the oldest in Great Britain, is progressing most favourably. The numbers of those receiving instruction in drawing, in public and other schools, have increased during the past year from 900 to 2,080, and the sound instruction afforded in elementary drawing in such schools has become a valuable part of general education. Since October, 1863, the Dublin School has been conducted by Mr. Lyne.

BIRMINGHAM.—The friends and pupils of the School of Art in this city held their annual meeting on the 29th of November. The yearly report, read by Mr. J. B. Atkinson, one of the honorary secretaries, states that the classes, both day and evening, have been well attended, good discipline has been maintained in the school, and the drawings executed, especially the studies from natural history, show considerable advance on former years. The report also states that the services of the head-master, Mr. J. A. Hammersley, F.S.A., will cease in the month of February, and application has been made to the Department of Science and Art for the nomination of a gentleman to succeed him. The financial statement shows a balance of nearly £19 in favour of the school.

CARLISLE.—The annual meeting of the Carlisle School of Art took place on the 25th of November, Mr. Potter, M.P., presiding. The honourable gentleman, in the course of a long and able address, alluded in no very measured terms to the waste of money on the South Kensington Museum, while the Schools of Art throughout the country were left comparatively destitute of assistance of almost every kind. The Carlisle School is altogether in a satisfactory state.

GLoucester.—The authorities at South Kensington have expressed a wish to purchase six of the works sent up by students of the Gloucester and Stroud Schools of Art at the last national competition; the object of the purchase being to use these drawings as studies for other schools. The circumstance is equally creditable to the master of the school and to those pupils whose works have been selected.

Lewes.—The memorial of the late Duke of Richmond, intended for the County Hall of this town, has been completed by Mr. Foley. It consists simply of a bust and a carved pedestal. In the former the Duke wears a military uniform, over which is thrown a cloak; and on the latter is described a character entitled to the respect of mankind. The cost of the memorial is defrayed by subscription.

LINCOLN.—The first meeting for the distribution of prizes to the students of the Lincoln School of Art, and also to celebrate the opening of the new school, was held in the month of November, in the large room of the Corn Exchange. It was in every respect a most successful meeting, and the eloquent speeches of the Bishop of Oxford and the Dean of Lincoln were especially listened to with marked attention. During the evening a valuable tinopiece was presented to Mr. E. R. Taylor, the master, by Mr. Richardson, on behalf of his fellow-students, in token of their esteem.

MANCHESTER.—The annual meeting of the Manchester Academy of Arts was held in the month of November. The report speaks favourably of the condition of the Academy, which

has now entered on its fifth year; it numbers twenty members, of whom four are non-resident; it has also two associate members. The late president, Mr. J. L. Brodie, having removed to London, Mr. W. K. Keeling, one of the oldest members of the London Institute of Water-Colour Painters, has been elected to succeed him. The council notices with satisfaction that the advantages of study afforded by the Academy were becoming better understood, not only by members, associates, and students, but also by several architects who had applied for admission.

NORWICH.—The prizes, which included eighteen medals, awarded at the last examination of the students in the Norwich School of Art, were distributed at a meeting of the pupils, their friends and supporters, towards the close of the past year. In the course of the preliminary remarks made by the chairman, Mr. Burwell, he stated that a deputation, important in numbers and position, had had an interview with Earl Granville, at the office of the Privy Council, the result of which was, that certain modifications with regard to existing arrangements were to be made, and measures adopted for obtaining a parliamentary committee on the alleged grievances of the provincial schools.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The annual examination of the pupils of the School of Art in this town was made by Mr. S. Hart, R.A., one of the government inspectors, in November last, when 387 drawings of various kinds were worked in the presence of the examiner, who expressed himself much gratified with the general excellence of what was done. Mr. Hart expressed his surprise that the Southampton School should be located in a building like the Victoria Rooms, which afford neither light nor space adequate to the requirements of the pupils.

YORK.—The annual meeting of the subscribers and others interested in the York School of Art took place in the month of November. Lord Houghton occupied the chair, and in his prefatory remarks said, that when he was a member of the House of Commons he took a different view from the government on the question of payment to schools by results. But whatever rules were established by the Department, he trusted would be submitted to cheerfully, and made the best of, however unpalatable they might be. We confess not to see the force of Lord Houghton's logic, nor the justice and reasonableness of his recommendations.

YORKSHIRE ART-UNION.—At the time when the terrible catastrophe took place in Sheffield by the bursting of the reservoir, a collection of pictures, got together by the committee of the Yorkshire Art-Union, was exhibited in that town; in the autumn of the year these works were sent to Leeds, and subsequently were transferred again to Sheffield for exhibition, thus affording a very large proportion of the inhabitants of the county an opportunity of seeing them. The collection includes about three hundred and thirty specimens.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The genius of John Leech is not recognised in France. His premature and lamentable demise has been feelingly noted in more than one of the Parisian journals, and in the leading artistic periodical a special tribute has been paid to his memory. "His delicate, subtle, and piquant pencil," observes the writer thereof, "excelled in touching off, in a few firm strokes, contemporary physiognomy, and his satirical pleasantries, ephemeral as they may seem, will best afford to future antiquarians a genuine presentment of our age. Vainly would pretentious canvases of High Art compete, by the hundred, with tawdry sketches, flung off, as it were, for a brief to-morrow of existence, to be thence seemingly consigned to oblivion. How many masterpieces—genuine masterpieces—in their intrinsic purport, are thus momentarily dashed by the hands of artists spurned by academies and neo-Grec schools!"—Apropos of schools, the *Académie des Beaux Arts* held, towards the close of November, its first sitting, since it has been shorn of its functionary attri-

butes by the remorseless decree of the past year. Although the circular hall of the *Institut* was as fully crowded on the occasion and with as brilliant a reunion of fair visitors as in days of the palmy past, yet the whole proceeding seemed a melancholy anomaly. Substantially the *Académie* has ceased to exist, and its soul has undergone a transmigration. The whole business of the day resolved itself into an eulogistic oration, on the part of the perpetual secretary, Monsieur Beudant, in memory of the deceased Hippolyte Flandrin—in whom France has lost an unequivocally great painter, and the *Académie* one whom it would fain associate with itself as a cherished pupil. This studied tribute was fervidly eloquent, although a coldly dispassionate critic would mingle a grain of salt with some of its superlatives. Its pith and purpose were, however, resolved into the essence of the following sentence of peroration. "The memory of Flandrin will be held in especial honour by the *Académie des Beaux Arts*, of whom, at the first, he has been the well beloved offspring, and, at the last, of whose doctrines he became the noble representative. The single name of Flandrin, Messieurs, confounds your calumniators and avenges the ingratitude by which you have been visited." But alas! all this and more will not repeat the Imperial statute of November, 1863! By the way, it is intended to erect a statue of the deceased artist.—The exhibition of works of Art at the *Salon* last year, notwithstanding its comparative mediocre character, realised 110,000 francs, while the number of catalogues sold was 28,000. M. Aristide Hissou, one of the best pupils of David d'Angers, the distinguished sculptor, is dead; he had reached his sixty-first year. His numerous works are found in the various museums of the country.

BRETEX.—A monument to Melanethon, by the sculptor Drake, of Berlin, has been erected in this town.

BRUSSELS.—A monument in memory of Counts Egmont and Horn, who were executed in 1568 for their resistance to the tyrannical domination of Spain over their country, is to be erected in this city where they suffered. It will include four figures, the two nobles and two other soldiers.

COPENHAGEN.—Industrial Exhibitions are increasing in the continental states of Europe; one was opened in the autumn of last year at Amsterdam—reference was made to it in our number for the month of October—and it is proposed to hold another at Copenhagen. A committee for carrying out the project was appointed some time ago, of which Prince Oscar is president, and the following resolution was adopted:—"That an Exhibition of the Products of the three Scandinavian States—Sweden, Norway, and Denmark—should take place in the summer of 1866; and for that purpose a Crystal Palace should be constructed at the expense of the state and of the capital."

FLORENCE.—A "Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts" in such a city as Florence—the school of so many grand old painters—seems an anomaly; and yet an institution bearing this title has existed for twenty years, its twentieth annual exhibition having been opened in the autumn of last year, with two hundred and twenty oil-pictures, fourteen water-colour drawings, and eleven examples of sculpture, contributed by artists residing in Florence, Venice, Milan, Bologna, Verona, &c.

LUXEM.—It is proposed to erect here a permanent building for the exhibition of works in Art, science, and manufacture. A company has been formed in Brussels for the purpose.

POMEHL.—Among the most recent discoveries made in this city of the dead is, it is reported, a magnificent temple dedicated to Juno, in which nearly three hundred skeletons were found. The statues adorning the building are stated to be in an excellent state of preservation, and are decked with numerous jewels.

PORDAM.—A copy, in marble, of 'The Angel of the Resurrection,' in the church of St. Maria da Gloria, at Rome, has been placed over the vault containing the body of Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, in Friedrickskirche. The copy was executed by Tenerani, of Rome.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"WEDGWOOD AND ETRURIA."

SIR,—The interesting history of "Wedgwood and Etruria" commenced in your Journal in April last, having terminated, I take the liberty of sending you some slight information respecting "the brothers Elers" (2) spoken of in page 94; and although it is partly from a copy of Burke's "Landed Gentry," and partly from one or two family letters of a late date in my possession, I think you will admit that the account I have collected from them, and send you, of the secret of mixing the clay, is much more agreeable to contemplate than the story detailed in your Journal, of deceit and hypocrisy practised by a potter named Astbury, a relative of Josiah Wedgwood, on the Elers, and supposed to be true, and which theft is made to appear a discovery and improvement in their art by this same man.

That Elers was mainly instrumental in discovering, by his knowledge of chemistry, the art of mixing the clay in greater perfection than had before been attained, is admitted in the history you published; and it is strange so important a discovery, which ultimately tended to the greatness of the Wedgwoods, should have received so insignificant a notice from the hands of the biographer as almost to make it a matter of secondary importance in the history of Wedgwood Ware.

The man who made this great discovery was John Philip Elers (not "the brothers Elers"). He was descended from an ancient baronial family in Lower Saxony, and his immediate ancestor was Admiral Elers, who married a princess of the royal house of Baden. Their son, Martin Elers, born in 1621, removed from Germany to Holland, and was ambassador at several courts in Europe. He married the daughter of Daniel Van Mildret, a rich burgo-master of Amsterdam, and reputed to have been worth a ton of gold. They left a daughter, who married Sir W. Phipps, the ancestor of the Marquis of Normanby, and two sons, David and John Philip. The former settled in London as a merchant; the latter, the person in question, was named after his godfather, John Philip, Elector of Mentz; and his godmother, Christina of Sweden, held him in her arms at the baptismal font, and always addressed his father as cousin, in reference to his royal ancestor.

He became a man of great abilities, a great chemist, and a great mechanic. The celebrated Bohrhave had a great esteem and friendship for him as a man of science. He had also the honour of the friendship of the Prince of Orange, and accompanied that prince to England. He soon after settled in Staffordshire, where he married a Miss Banks, whose sister married a Vernon, the ancestor of the present Lord. Being fond of chemistry, he discovered, and I am told by my text, that he taught the Wedgwoods the art of mixing the *Delft*. It is further stated that he never derived any pecuniary advantage from the discovery; and therefore from this statement it appears doubtful if Elers ever made pottery a business; and, indeed, I think his reputed scientific and studious habits authorise the presumption, if it can be otherwise proved.

This account is what has been handed down and generally accepted by the descendants of this scientific and learned man, and the assertion that he taught the *Wedgwoods* the art of mixing their clay is certainly much more pleasing, if true, than the story of the contemptible artifice and theft said to have been committed by the potter Astbury.

Therefore I think it is to be hoped Burke and my documents may be correct, since so much has lately been done to honour Josiah Wedgwood, and leave Elers disregarded, who, according to the history published in your Journal, was driven, by unfair dealing, by that family from Bradwell, after his secret had been clandestinely stolen; thus founding, as it were (though, I believe, no uncommon thing), a greatness on the genius of another man.

It may be interesting to note further that the celebrated authoress, Maria Edgeworth, was

granddaughter of this same John Philip Elers, his daughter, Maria Elers, having married Richard Lovell Edgeworth. There are some descendants of the Elers family, and I believe I possess the only few letters existing, though of a late date, of any former member of it, through my wife, who was the youngest daughter of the late Lieutenant Edward Elers, R.N., great grandson of John Philip, and who died at the early age of twenty-eight, leaving four children, and whose widow afterwards married the late Admiral Sir Charles Napier.

The Polygon, Southampton,
Dec. 1864.

W. Lacy, Major.

A BASKET OF LOVES.

FROM THE BAS-RELIEF BY THORWALDSEN.

Born of a father whose early home was in the inhospitable climate of Iceland, reared in the scarcely less inclement atmosphere of Copenhagen, Thorwaldsen's name stands, perhaps, the foremost among the sculptors of the present century; for we do not think that even Canova—who, probably, has acquired more popular fame—has shown so much vigour of expression, and such high poetical qualities, as the Danish artist. Canova is known chiefly by his statues, Thorwaldsen both by these and bas-reliefs; and though his statues are of the highest order,—for example, his 'Hope,' his 'Venus,' and the sitting figure of Byron,—his *reliefs* certainly transcend these, and are the works which have brought most glory to his name; the most remarkable are the 'Triumph of Alexander,' 'Priam asking for the Dead Body of Hector,' and the sculptured decoration of the cathedral at Copenhagen.

In his 'Basket of Loves' we have one of those fanciful poetical compositions in which he occasionally indulged; it is a sculptured picture, characterised by grace and humour. The female is evidently a wanderer, the pilgrim's staff indicates this; she is resting by the way, and, perhaps in a moment of unguardedness, one of the nestlings, eager to try its powers of flight, like a young bird, has spread its wings, and flies away; while its owner seems vainly striving to allure it back again. Of those still in the nest or basket, one looks archly up to its brother who has taken flight; another lays its hand playfully on the nose of a noble dog, the wanderer's companion; two are caressing each other; and one, which appears the youngest, is fast asleep. In every part of the composition there is much to admire, both in the conception, and in the execution. Look, for instance, at the tiny faces of the young loves, how expressive they all are. But the sculptor has thrown all his energy into the principal figure, whose countenance is very beautiful.

Sculptors who aim at being pictorial, are very apt to lose the dignity of their art in the attempt to carry out their ideas; but no such charge can be brought against this design. Full of picturesque materials as it is, all is made subordinate to the true principles of sculptural art: while to show how carefully the artist had studied the arrangement of the subject so as to preserve uniformity, attention should be directed to the upper end of the staff, which, by being thus placed, fills up what would otherwise be a blank space, giving to the whole composition a complete pyramidal form. This portion of the staff, seen behind the female, acts as a balancing power to the group of small figures projecting in the same line with it, on the opposite side.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE HANGERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY in 1865 will be Messrs. Ward, Millais, and Cooke. H. W. Pickersgill, Esq., has resigned the office of Librarian. It is understood that his successor will be Mr. S. A. Hart, R.A.—The election of two Academicians took place on the 17th December, when Messrs. Faed and Horsley became members.—On the 10th of December silver medals were awarded to Mr. Thomas Davidson, for the best painting from the Life; to Mr. Frederick George Oakes for the best copy made in the painting school; to Mr. Claud Andrews Calthrop for the best drawing from the Life; to Mr. Richard Lincoln Aldridge for the best drawing from the Antique; to Mr. James Griffiths for the best model from the Antique; to Mr. Sydney Williams Lee for the best architectural drawing; to Mr. Horace Henry Canty for the best perspective drawing. It is gratifying to add that Mr. Richard Phené Spiers was at the same time appointed to the "travelling studentship" for an architectural design. This young gentleman—the eldest son of Mr. Alderman Spiers, of Oxford, whose name has been so long associated with much that is estimable in Letters and in Art—has now, we believe, obtained every honour which the Royal Academy can bestow upon a student.

JOHN GIBSON, R.A., has intimated to the Royal Academy his intention to bequeath to it the sum of £32,000, the sole condition being that a part of its gallery shall contain casts of his works, which casts the sculptor will supply.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The authorities of the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in which the National Gallery stands, have received notice from the office of Woods and Forests that Government requires the whole of the workhouse and the site for the purposes of the National Gallery; the parish is invited to send in an estimate of its value.

THE MEMORIAL OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.—Preparations have been some time in progress for the reception of the memorial of his Royal Highness the "Good" Prince Consort, though a lengthened period must elapse before the works themselves will be ready for placing, from the multitude of details involved in the monument. The sketches have all been sent in to the committee, and photographs of them have been made for the Royal Family, and also for transmission to the Crown Princess of Prussia. In order to help the memory of our readers and to assist them to an estimate of the importance of this work, and of the quality of Art they may expect, it may not be out of place to recapitulate, that the four principal groups will be by MacDowell, Foley, Theed, and Bell, being symbolical of the four quarters of the globe. The second series, to describe Commerce, Agriculture, Manufacture, and Engineering, are respectively entrusted to Marshall, Weekes, Thornycroft, and Lawler.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.—The copies made from a selection of the exhibition of "Old Masters" were open to inspection on the 16th of November. The works left for study were—a portrait of the Duchess of Cumberland, by Gainsborough; of Wentworth Earl of Stafford, Vandyke; of a man, by Flink; Sir Endymion Porter, by Vandyke; of a Burgomaster, Vander Helst; the Penn Family, by Reynolds; a Lady, Romney; Lord Mulgrave, Gainsborough; and Lady Sheffield, by the same. 'The Morning Ride,' Cuypp; 'Spanish Girls at a Window,' Murillo; 'River with Boats,'



THE WIFE OF LYONS

DESIGNED BY J. W. B. AND ENGRAVED BY J. B. B. IN

Vander Capella; 'Landscape,' Both; 'Magdalen,' Carlo Dolce; 'A Poultry Yard,' Hondokotor; 'Dead Game and Still Life,' Snyder; 'Thosens and Athos,' S. Rosa; a 'Flight into Egypt,' Vanni; and a very beautiful interior by Teniers.

AT THE LAST ELECTION held by the Institute of Water-Colour Painters, Mr. W. Thomas was admitted an associate. There is at present no intention on the part of this society to hold a winter exhibition.

GENERAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.—An exhibition under this title will be opened at the Egyptian Hall, on Monday, the 20th of February, 1865. As contributions are invited from painters in water-colour,—subject, of course, to the approval of a committee,—it does not appear that this exhibition will be held by an exclusive body, although it is probable that a selection of the contributors will eventually form themselves into a society, which, if instituted on liberal principles, would be a boon to a great mass of water-colour artists to whom no institution in their own department of Art is open, as both of the water-colour institutions are more exclusive than the Royal Academy. The exhibition is opened on the principle of guaranteeing, the fund amounting to £250.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—The first meeting of this society for the session 1864-65 took place on the 7th of November, when the president, Mr. T. L. Donaldson, delivered an address on the position of the Institute at this time, its prospects for the future, and on the progress of architecture generally in the country. He referred especially to what was being done in London, and contrasted the "niggardly" spirit in which architecture was carried out here with the gigantic strides made in Paris under the "master-mind" of the Emperor.

THE LONDON INSTITUTION.—We are gratified to find the Council of this old and important literary and scientific society still continues to include the subject of Art among its proceedings. In the month of November last, Mr. John Zephaniah Bell delivered three lectures in the theatre of the Institution on "Story in Fine Art and in Ornamental Art." It is not, perhaps, generally known that the London Institution possesses one of the largest and most valuable libraries, and the most extensive apparatus for scientific purposes, in the kingdom; the former includes many books not found in the British Museum.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS has opened its 111th session. The list of members is now "prodigious," numbering, we believe, between three thousand and four thousand. The yearly subscription of each is two guineas; the annual income of the society, therefore, approaches £8,000. It is consequently in its power to do an immense amount of good, and greatly to advance the interests of "Art and manufacture." It has certainly not been idle of late years; for nearly half a century it indulged in absolute sleep; within the last ten or perhaps twenty years, however, it has been roused into active exertion, and very beneficial results have followed. For ART, however, the society has done little or nothing—not so much, indeed, as it did when Sloth presided over its proceedings. It seems, in reality, to ignore this—a very important, if not the most important—part of its duty. We believe if it were to appoint a committee to take into consideration how the interests of Art may be best promoted in Great Britain, the society might very greatly enlarge its means of usefulness.

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBI-

TION.—This work is proceeding satisfactorily. The committees—those of Dublin and London—are exerting themselves to the utmost to bring it to a successful issue. "Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to allow the Exhibition to be placed under her royal patronage," as "a patriotic undertaking, which she is happy to encourage and support," and the Irish court is energetically sustaining it. Zealous aid has been tendered by the several governments of the Continent, and from India and our colonies much valuable help is looked for. We hope the manufacturers of England and Scotland are fully alive to the importance of the movement, and are arranging to send contributions. It will answer their purpose to do so—"commercially;" of that we have no doubt; but there are other, and not less weighty, considerations by which they should be influenced. There has never occurred a better opportunity for drawing nearer and closer the relations of the two countries, on which so much of the happiness and prosperity of both must essentially depend.

THE LIVERPOOL STATUE OF GLADSTONE is, we understand, to be executed by Mr. John Adams. Under what circumstances, or by whose influence, this commission was obtained, we are at a loss to guess; certainly the event is not to be attributed to any merit of the sculptor above that of his compeers. When commissions are given so heedlessly, or in such utter ignorance, it can scarcely be matter of wonder that so many of our public testimonials are either absurdities or atrocities; with men ready to do works of this order—Foley, MacDowell, Marshall, Durham, Bell, Weekes, and several others—men who are fully capable of producing "memorials" that will honour the subjects and the country, it is not a little singular, while it is certainly very deplorable, that second or third-class artists should be commissioned to produce them.

BUST OF THACKERAY.—A bust of this renowned author is to be placed in Westminster Abbey, between the monuments of Addison and Macaulay. It will not be out of place: all of human kind owe a debt to Thackeray. It appears that a committee has commissioned Baron Marochetti to produce this bust; we cannot say why—for of all our sculptors, he seems to us almost the last that should have been selected. We say this without by any means disparaging an artist of great ability; but the bust of a plain English gentleman is not "in his line," there will be no scope for the exercise of any talent, beyond that of preserving a likeness of the man; to elevate the features into poetry or lofty expression would be to do injustice to the great literary satirist of the age. There are sculptors who knew him at least as well as did the Baron Marochetti, and could have done the work better than the Baron will do it. Moreover, if it is to be a bust merely, on a pedestal, we desire to know on what grounds the committee ask for subscriptions to the amount of six hundred pounds! Can it cost more—including Westminster Abbey fees—than half that sum.

WORKING MEN'S EXHIBITIONS.—This principle is extending; arrangements are in progress for exhibitions in Marylebone, Lambeth, and in the eastern parts of London; moreover, they are "talked about" in the Provinces. That at Islington was "a great success," opened by Earl Russell, and closed by Mr. Gladstone, it has been made famous. Any means of employing wisely the leisure hours of working men ought to be encouraged; amusement that is also instructive is, above all things, to be desired. We rejoice, therefore, that the experiment

at Islington was commercially, as well as socially, profitable: it is understood that, at the several evening "receptions," nearly one hundred thousand persons, of both sexes, attended. Results, therefore, very beneficial must have arisen from the movement. We venture, however, to counsel the directors and arrangers of such schemes, that it may be wise to use some sort of supervision over articles tendered for admission; it need not be too strict; while it will be most desirable to encourage artisans to send more freely their own actual works in their own callings—borrowed they may be from their owners or the masters by whom they are employed. "The Report of the Adjudicators" at Islington has been printed; but it tells us little beyond the fact that they (the adjudicators) found "the experience, acquired by them in the exhibitions of 1851 and 1862 in London, and of 1855 in Paris," "helped them less than might have been expected," in reference to their duties at Islington.

HENRY DEUX WARE.—A costly trifle has been lately added to the South Kensington Museum, in the shape of a small earthenware candlestick of this very rare ware. The Museum already possessed specimens of the manufacture, but its rulers have thought well to add this at a cost of seven hundred and fifty pounds!—a price so monstrous that few persons would believe it on hearsay evidence. When Sir Anthony Rothschild bought a similar one in Paris, some years ago, for a little over £200, it was thought the freak of a millionaire, who would not be controlled in his fauces. It is to be borne in mind that this Museum is not presumed to be a collection of expensive curiosities, but exists only as an addition to the School of Design, and the repository of works of reference and utility.

THE SEAL OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, the composition of which is by J. H. Foley, R.A., contains as a centro a representation of that statue of Washington which was executed by the American sculptor Crawford, and erected at Richmond. The figure is mounted and in uniform, as if commanding in an engagement. It is surrounded by a wreath beautifully composed of the most valuable vegetable products of the Southern soil, as tobacco, rice, maize, cotton, wheat, and sugar-cane. The rim bears the legend, "The Confederate States of America, 22nd February, 1862. Deo Viudice." The diameter of the seal is from three to four inches, and it is of silver.

SPECIMENS OF CHURCH PLATE, consisting of flagon, chalice, and paten, manufactured by Mr. Keith, have been supplied by Frank Smith and Co. to All Saints' Church, Windsor, which was consecrated by the Bishop of Oxford, November, 1864, in the presence of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, and other members of the royal family. The flagon, of silver gilt, is a fine specimen of Art-workmanship, and the tasteful and judicious introduction of the engraved ornaments assists to develop the form of the vessel.

PLAYING CARDS.—Messrs. Delarue—whose cards are undoubtedly much the best for use, as all players know—are exerting their ample "means and appliances" to give them the aid of Art. Several of their "new patterns" are true and graceful in design, while others are not so, because they aim to accomplish objects that, though more costly, are less effective. In such matters simplicity is far preferable to elaboration; the eye should be refreshed by purity of form rather than by gaudy colours and gilt. The failures of Messrs. Delarue are, however, the exceptions; their cards are, for the most part, very meritorious in ornamentation,

and may be recommended on that ground, as well as for their manufactured "goodness" of material.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION, 120, PALL MALL.—The prizes offered by the manager of this gallery have been thus awarded by the committee entrusted with the task of selection: that of £100 to Mr. Orchardson, for his picture of 'The Challenge'; and that of £50 to Mr. W. H. Davis, for his 'Morning on the Salaises at Boulogne.' An extra prize of £50 was given by Mr. Wallis to Mr. J. Morgan for his picture of 'Raising a Church-rate.'

AN ARTIST WITHOUT ARMS.—There dwells in Antwerp an artist named Fillu, who, born without arms, educated his feet effectively to do their work. His taste directed his choice of life. He became a painter, and has succeeded in being a very accomplished one. He may be seen, in the Museum, copying with great fidelity some fine work or other. He balances himself with ease and firmness on a stool, grasps his maulstick and palette with the left great toe, and with the right uses his brush with perfect facility. The toes of his feet alone are exposed. M. Fillu has a most agreeable and intelligent physiognomy.

A LIFE OF WEDGWOOD.—The papers by Llewellyn Jewitt, F.S.A., which have excited great attention, and given much satisfaction, in the pages of the *Art-Journal*, are about to be collected and published in one volume, with many valuable additions. These additions have resulted from a mass of communications received by Mr. Jewitt, important aids having been tendered to him on a variety of incidental and illustrative topics. All, therefore, that careful research and industry, added to large experience concerning British ceramic Art, can bring to the assistance of the writer, in treating the life of this illustrious man, will be given in this book, which will contain upwards of one hundred engraved illustrations.

MR. FULLER, of Pall Mall, formerly of Rathbone Place, whose name has long been respected, entreats us to state that he is in no way connected with a "firm" which, under the same name, advertises to "teach," and to give "prizes" for instructions in, "illuminating" and so forth. Farther, we advise persons who may receive circulars and prospectuses from this "firm"—ladies, more especially, who may be told how to earn "respectable livelihoods" by paying certain unascertained sums of money for "teachings"—to be very minute in their inquiries before remittances "by post-office order" or otherwise are sent as directed.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S picture, 'The Maid and the Magpie,' has been added to the Kensington Collection. This, it will be remembered, was one of the pictures bequeathed by the late Mr. Jacob Bell. Another, called 'An Incident in a Battle,' by Tschaggeny, has been placed there under the will of the late Mr. Oppenheim.

AN ALTAIR CLOTH of richly embroidered velvet has been recently produced by Messrs. Frank Smith and Co., for the Infirmary chapel of Radcliffe, Oxford. It is from the design of Mr. A. W. Blomfield, the architect of the chapel, and is beyond doubt one of the most beautiful and harmonious works of its class. When such artists as Mr. Blomfield do not consider it a condescension to think of all the minor and subordinate needs of a church, the results cannot be otherwise than gratifying. He has found competent allies in Messrs. Smith, who have admirably executed their part of the task. The supfrontal of the cover is composed of the richest crimson silk velvet, in colours, with conventional roses; the

frontal is of green velvet, and to this portion of the work has been successfully applied some of the richest specimens of the art of the embroideress. The frontal is divided into three compartments by four orphreys, embroidered at the base with vases, out of which spring conventionalised plants or flowers, arranged in such a manner that the colours introduced greatly assist in developing the graceful forms of the ornament. The two side compartments contain a mediævalised floral design, worked out also with great skill in colours, while in the centre panel is introduced the finest embroidery, in the shape of a large cross with floriated ends, worked in coloured silks and gold thread, with fine large crystals which add much to the brilliancy of the whole.

THE GRAPHIC.—In the arrangements for the ensuing season, it is proposed that ladies be invited to one of the meetings. The first *conversazione* was held as usual, at the London University, on the 14th of December.

A LONG RESIDENT IN VENICE.—Mr. E. L. Fryer has painted several excellent pictures of the famous sea-city, some of which are commissions executed for Vienna. They are of great merit as accurate portraits of places and objects which have been made familiar to us by the pencils of Canaletti, David Roberts, and others; but they are none the less interesting therefore. Mr. Fryer knows Venice well; he has sought and found scenes hitherto little known, and has delineated them with freedom, force, and fidelity. His largest work describes the Palace of the Doge and the Ponte della Paglia, with groups of incidental figures. He has also sketches and pictures of Italian and Swiss scenery, and one of Fontainebleau, a rich and picturesque landscape, that exhibits considerable ability.

THE LAST WORK OF THOMAS BATTAM.—It is sad to write this sentence—to know that the fertile mind, rich fancy, and skilful hand of this valuable artist cannot again assist in educating the public taste, for which he long laboured so well and wisely. Mr. Alderman Copeland has issued his last work; it is one of the most charming of his many excellent productions, designed with singular delicacy and beauty. The work is called the Lurlino Tazza; it is simply a stooping figure supporting a fanciful shell, intended to hold flowers. A pillar, which sustains the figure, stands in a somewhat large basin, for flowers also; flowers therefore being underneath and above the fabled nymph of the Lurlei Berg, the perilous maiden of the Rhine. The whole composition is conceived in the purest taste; it is admirably modelled, and is, moreover, a most fortunate example of manipulative skill.

THE ART-UNION, hitherto known as that of the Crystal Palace, but now, we believe, as the "Ceramic Art-Union," is preparing for a vigorous campaign. It is to this special class of Art that the society has been hitherto indebted for its success. It has given much impetus to Ceramic Art, its issues having all been of great excellence, produced exclusively for members, each being generally of the full value of the guinea subscribed. The productions on which its directors calculate for "a run" in 1865 are two busts of great excellence of the Queen and Prince Albert, from the originals by Theed, representing the sovereign and her illustrious consort—"the good Prince"—in the prime of life, just at the period when it will be most pleasant to cherish the memory of both. The busts are consequently very desirable acquisitions. Other objects of value are shown at

the official dépôt, the Polytechnic, in Regent Street: they are very varied, many of them being elegant utilities. The society has always had our cordial support; it has done much good service to British industrial Art, fostering and ministering to pure taste, and placing the best of its productions within easy reach. We rejoice, therefore, to know that the lamented death of its projector, Mr. Thomas Battam, will in no way interrupt its prosperous progress.

THE INSTITUTE OF SCULPTORS.—The resolutions adopted by this body in reference to the late Exhibition of Sculpture at South Kensington having been dissented from in a few cases, Mr. Westmacott and the Baron Marochetti retired from the society; and in another case the virtual expulsion of a member took place by a vote of the body, confirmatory of all its foregone acts bearing on this matter, and in effect excluding from the Institute members who act in contravention of the resolutions of the majority. The origin of these dissensions is still found in the impossible conditions to which the profession was to be subjected in contributing to the exhibition, and which must be entirely re-modelled, if any worthy show of English sculpture be in future contemplated at Kensington.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.—The ninth exhibition of the works of this society and those of contributors will be opened in the present month. All works intended for exhibition should be sent to the gallery, 48, Pall Mall, on the 14th or 15th of January, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m., after which days no works can be received. By the retirement of the ladies who have hitherto undertaken the direction of the affairs of the society, the entire management devolves upon the artists themselves, by whom a committee has been formed.

PICTURE SALE.—The recent premature death of Mr. Leggatt, of the well-known firm of Messrs. Hayward and Leggatt has been the occasion of dispersing the valuable collection of pictures, and other works contained in their gallery, in Cornhill. These were submitted to auction, at the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, on the 7th of December and following days, too late in the month to enable us to give any detailed notice in our present number.

PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPERE.—An impression of Droeshout's engraved portrait of the Bard, prefixed to the first edition of his works, has been recently discovered in a very different "state" from any other copy known. Its peculiarities consist in its being as it first left the engraver's hands, all other impressions having very coarse additions. Thus, the moustache and beard have received considerable additions, thereby destroying the expression of the muscles about the mouth and chin. Dark shadows, produced in the coarsest manner, give the face the character of a long oval; this is particularly the case with the forehead. The hair in the original flows naturally from the shadow lines of the forehead, but, in the usual impressions it is divided by a deep shadow that gives it the appearance of a wig. The eyebrows have been elongated, and, in one instance, re-engraved with lines at right angles to the original, and in opposition to nature. This curious print, now the property of Mr. Halliwell, justifies Ben Jonson's commendatory verses, much more than could be imagined from the plate as we ordinarily see it.

MR. BMMEL has issued his New Year's Calendar; as usual, it is a very graceful collection of small chromo-lithographs, having this novelty, that it is perfumed by "a varnish composed of fragrant gums."

REVIEWS.

A NEW HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ITALY FROM THE SECOND TO THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Vols. I. and II. By J. A. CROWE and G. B. CAVALCABELLE, Authors of "The Early Flemish Painters." Published by J. MURRAY, London.

If we in England remain ignorant of the history of Italian painters and pictures, it is not because there has been any lack of information concerning both within our reach. The writings of their own biographers, Vasari and Lanzi, have been fully translated into English, and circulated among us at a comparatively cheap rate. Kügler's work has also appeared in an English garb; Sir Charles L. Eastlake and Lady Eastlake, Mrs. Jameson, Mr. Wormum, Mr. J. T. James, with others, have done good service in the same domain of Art-literature, to say nothing of encyclopædias, dictionaries, magazines, and journals, many of which have at different times within the last twenty years taken up the subject with a zeal and knowledge that evinced how much interest it has created. In truth, Italian Art has been so variously and amply discussed, that one would almost think little more remained to be said; and yet two other volumes—thick octaves—now claim our attention, from the pens of Messrs. J. A. Crowe and J. B. Cavalcaselle, who announce them as "drawn up from fresh materials and recent researches in the archives of Italy, as well as from personal inspection of the works of Art scattered throughout Europe." These two volumes are, however, but the first instalment of a history to be completed hereafter.

Italian Art, and especially that portion of it which is embraced in the epochs now under consideration, being almost exclusively limited to what is known as Christian Art, it may naturally be inferred that much of what we read in the volumes of Mr. Crowe and his coadjutor, has also received due attention from such previous writers as Mrs. Jameson, and M. Rio, in his "Poetry of Christian Art," a work translated into English. Yet we do not find here any direct reference to them or to any other authors, except those of Italy—Vasari, Baldinucci, Lanzi, and others,—and to these rather in short notes than in matter extensively incorporated with the text. So far, therefore, an independent tone has been adopted throughout, though much of the information obtained must be derived from these early sources.

Starting from the records of early Christian Art as represented in the paintings in the Catacombs, in the mosaic work executed in Rome, Naples, and elsewhere, between the fourth and seventh centuries, and in the examples of glass painting and wall pictures from the latter date to the beginning of the thirteenth century, we come, in the third chapter, to the works of the Cosmati and Pietro Cavallini, in Rome and its vicinity. As the latter artist was contemporary with Giotto, whom he assisted in the mosaics of the basilica of St. Pietro, we reach at once the morning twilight of the revival of the art of painting. The fourth chapter is especially interesting, because the subject treated—sculpture in Central Italy during the twelfth century—has been little discussed in books by modern writers on Italian Art. This art was then prominently represented by the works, at Pisa, of Nicola Pisano, who, "rejecting the conventional religious sentiments which had marked his predecessors and contemporaries, revived the imitation of the classic Roman period, and remained a mere spectator at first of the struggle for the new and Christian types of the early school of Florence. Grand in comparison with Guido"—not Guido Reni, of Bologna, whose name is so familiar as a painter to our readers, but Guido, of Como, a sculptor of the thirteenth century—"and his predecessors, whose religious sentiment was allied to the rudest and most primitive execution, he gave new life to an apparently extinct art, and had, in common with the men of his time at Pisa, nothing but the subject. Pagan forms subservient to Christian ideas, such was the character of Nicola's sculptures." The mention of Pisa

naturally leads to the consideration of the state of painting in that city and the neighbouring cities of Lucca and Siena; among the painters of these places, Francesco of Assisi, Guido of Siena, and Montana of Arezzo, were conspicuous.

The revival of painting occurred in Florence, and the history of Florentine Art is traced in the succeeding chapters—about twenty in number—of the first volume. A few pages suffice to speak of Andrea Tafi and Cimabue, the earliest artists of that school, but several chapters are assigned to their immediate follower, Giotto, and most justifiably so, for he is one who claims the veneration of every real lover of Art—its morning star, which even now sheds its quiet glory over our hearts as we gaze on some of those sacred compositions which time has spared to us. Painting since his days has unquestionably made vast progresses in much which constitutes its beauty and its value, but it may be questioned whether many of Giotto's successors have surpassed, or even equalled him—except, perhaps, Fra Angelico—in the deeply earnest and devotional spirit that characterises his works. The history of the Florentine school is continued through Taddeo Gaddi, Buffalmacco, Giotto, Orcagna, Agnolo Gaddi, Antonio Veneziano, Masaccio, Fra Giovanni da Fiesole, and others, to the death of the last-named, which concludes the first volume.

The second opens with a chapter on the decline of the school that Giotto founded in Florence; the period of its decadence was, however, illuminated by the works of a few painters of note, among whom Spinello, of Arezzo, was prominent. Five chapters immediately following are devoted to a review of Siennese Art, which had revived in the hands of Buoninsigna Duccio, who died about 1340; he was contemporary with Giotto, but his style of painting was much in advance of the latter's. Martini Simone, to whom Petrarch bequeathed his picture of the Virgin by Giotto, was one of the famous early painters of this school. Among his contemporaries and followers were Lippo and Andrea Vanni, the brothers Ambrogio and Pietro Lorenzetti, and Paolo Neri. Vanni seems to have been a great name associated with the Art of Siena, for nearly two centuries after the period we now write of, there were two celebrated painters of the same name, Francesco and Raffaele Vanni, father and son, both born in Siena, their immediate progenitor being also an artist, though of small repute.

"Nothing is clearer," say the authors of this history, "than that the Umbrian school arose under the impulse of Siennese examples. The geographical position of Gubbio and Fabriano, with reference to Siena, might alone explain that result; the temper of the people, akin to the mercurial Siennese rather than to the graver Florentine, favoured it. . . . Second in talent to the artists of Siena, these men"—the Umbrians—"were characterised by a tendency to intensify the affectation of grace and tenderness which, from the earliest time, had been peculiar to their masters. Prettiness was their chief quality, and from their outset marked a class of men whose posterity was destined to contribute, by its progress in Perugia and Urbino, to the greatness of Raphael. A smiling gaiety and lightness gave charm to their works, which, at the same time, bore the impress of the careful finish and the flat brilliancy of miniatures." Of the masters specially treated in this section may be pointed out Paolo Uccelli, Domenico Veneziano, Fra Filippo Baldovinetti, Verrocchio, painter and sculptor, Botticelli, Filippino Lippi, Ghirlandajo, Pietro della Francesca, Melozzo da Forlì, Marco Palmezzano, and Giovanni Santi; while Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, and Donatello, to whom Italian architecture and sculpture were so greatly indebted, are not overlooked; a whole chapter is set apart for the consideration of their works.

Though we have enumerated the chief names of those artists who figure prominently in the two volumes, it must not be supposed that the books consist of biographical notices and nothing more; this would be doing manifest injustice to the authors, who assume to give, and have given, a history of painting in Italy, as well as—in fact, even more than—the lives of the men whose names are prominently associated

with it. The causes which led to the institution of particular schools, the changes in style, the social, religious, and moral effects which influenced Art, and led to its progress and its temporary decay, are reported in a manner both agreeable and instructive. The authors say:—"We shall leave it to the reader to consider that we cannot hope to charm him with a narrative like that of Vasari, copious, varied, relieved by lively local tints, and mellow with age; nor captivate him with a sketch as light and curt as that of Lanzi." For ourselves, we are quite indifferent about instituting any comparison between Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle and their predecessors over the same literary field; it is sufficient for us to know that we possess in these volumes a well-defined, perspicuous, and careful narrative of early Italian Art, which, though certainly rarely or never rising into enthusiasm or poetic feeling, quite as certainly never degenerates into commonplace description or criticism, nor loses sight of the dignity of the subject; and we shall only be too pleased to see the second instalment which is to complete the history.

It would be an unpardonable omission not to notice the large number and excellence of the woodcuts illustrating the works of many of the masters, which appear in these volumes; some few of these engravings have appeared in previous books, but the rest are entirely new. They are all drawn by Mr. Scharf, and engraved by Messrs. J. Cooper, J. Thompson, S. Williams, and others.

TURNER'S ENGLAND AND WALES: TURNER'S RICHMONDSHIRE. Photographed by C. C. and M. E. BERTOLACCI. Published by the Photographers, at PICKTON'S, 89, Great Portland Street.

It is difficult, within reasonable space, to do justice to these very beautiful works; they are triumphs of the art of photography, singularly clear and forcible; improving, while preserving, all that is meritorious in the original plates of which they are transcripts. It is evident that the production has been "a labour of love;" no merely professional photographer would have given to the task so much of thought, care, and toil; each print has been a study, and it is not too much to say that a collection so perfect has not yet resulted from the art.

It is to the *printing* of these photographs that we desire to direct special attention; in these "prints" we have valuable evidence of the high importance of this branch of the art, for it is a most essential branch of it. We have never seen printing so unexceptionably good, so clear, so uniform, so satisfactory in tone and colour; and no doubt much of the gratification we receive from this series hence arises, for the printing has rarely been so good—never better.

The "England and Wales" consists of ninety-seven photographs, including the National Gallery portrait of the great painter. The work of which they are copies is "rare;" it was always costly, and now is not to be obtained except at a large price; the copper plates were long ago "worn out;" they were produced by the best engravers of the age—such engravers as are not to be found in our time, for line engraving as an art has died out in England. A few remain—Cousins, Miller, Wallis, and Allen, are with us yet; but Brandard, Willmore, Middiman, Cooke, Jevons, W. R. Smith, are gone. Eye long ago resigned the burin, and those who could still do good things have literally nothing to do.

Our remarks apply to the views in "Richmondshire," as well as to the "England and Wales." They are treasures of Art, sources of intense delight to all who can appreciate Art and who love nature; and they are, moreover, very valuable as records of places that have either greatly changed or have altogether passed away. To bring these rich boons within easy reach of Art-lovers is a work for which they should be grateful. Even if the originals were accessible, we believe these photographic copies would be preferred; the "new" art gives to them greater delicacy, combined with greater vigour, and they seem to be more truthful transcripts of the painter's mind.

A large number of our readers have probably never seen the published works—Turner's "England and Wales," and Turner's "Richmondshire"—or have only seen detached plates; they will thank us for enabling them to examine the whole and to possess them; for the portfolios that contain both are to be acquired at comparatively little cost, and they may be obtained separately by those who prefer a selection.

THE CORNHILL GALLERY. Published by SMITH, ELDER, & Co, London.

The illustrations which have appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* since the first publication of that popular "monthly," under the editorship of the late Mr. Thackeray, are generally of too high and attractive a character to be consigned to the oblivion of a book-shelf, where most magazines find a home when they have done their month's work, unless too insignificant or worthless to pass into the hands of the binder. It was therefore a good idea of the publishers to collect these scattered works of genuine Art into a volume which, as they state, "may revive, in a new and agreeable way, the memories" of the pleasant stories that amused the readers of *Cornhill*. It is indeed a pleasant "gallery" to walk through,—these pictures by F. Leighton, A.R.A.; J. E. Millais, R.A.; G. Du Maurier; J. Noel Paton, R.S.A.; F. Sandys; G. A. Sala; W. M. Thackeray; and F. Walker; engraved by the Dalziel, Linton, and Swain; and printed, from the original blocks, at the press of Messrs. Dalziel, with all the care and skill which could be bestowed upon them. With the additional advantages of India paper mounted on stout paper, and wide margins, these engravings present a very different appearance to those which appeared in the magazine, when they were printed from stereotypes, and by a rapid process.

Of the hundred designs which make up the volume, three-fourths are by Messrs. Millais, Leighton, and Walker, each of whom contributes about an equal number; and twelve are by Thackeray. To point out those deserving special remark would far exceed the space we can devote to the work: yet among them all there is scarcely one we should care to see subtracted from the aggregate.

The book—a full-sized quarto—is handsomely bound, and is certainly one of the "presentable" works of the season; destined to be a pleasant regender of many dark and wearisome hours during the long wintry evenings. It would do this, however, more easily and effectively, if the subjects, or titles, of the engravings had been printed underneath them, instead of forming an index at the commencement of the volume. Very many persons, doubtless, have never read the stories, and some of those who have, may not remember them so as to recognise at once the characters and scenes. It is a troublesome process to turn to the index every time one wishes to ascertain what the picture has to tell us.

HYPERION: A ROMANCE. By H. W. LONGFELLOW. Illustrated with Twenty-four Photographs by FRANCIS FRITH. Published by A. W. BENNETT, London.

It may be taken for granted that it answers Mr. Bennett's purpose to publish books with photographic illustrations, otherwise he would not continue to issue them. We have always held the opinion that engraving, either on wood or metal, is far better suited to book-work, as being lighter in character, and admitting more graceful expression of the subject than even the best comparatively mechanical process can give. Still, if publishers are able to secure a market for such photographic pictures, they are quite justified in supplying it; and if anything could reconcile us to the adoption of the camera, with its "rigid inflexibility," as Mr. Frith most happily terms it—the very quality that causes our objection—it would be the views he has produced for this edition of Longfellow's long-known and popular story. Mr. Frith has certainly brought all his experience and artistic knowledge to bear upon his work, and the result is a series of pictures of Rhenish, Swiss, and Tyrolsian scenery, true as Nature herself, and as beautiful as photographic art can render, taking

them as a whole. Any one who is at all aware of the difficulty of producing a number of such pictures with anything approaching to perfect uniformity of excellence, will not be surprised to find here some differing in this respect from others; such a result is inevitable, with all the skill and care the artist can bestow.

The volume is sent out in the usual attractive form of the "gift-books" of the season, and will doubtless meet with the favour it deserves.

THE SKETCH-BOOK OF GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT. Artists' Edition. Illustrated with One Hundred and Twenty Engravings on Wood, from Original Designs. Published by BELL AND DALDY, London.

When Washington Irving first desired to give his "Sketch-Book" to the English public, he found such difficulty in meeting with any publisher who would incur the responsibility of undertaking it, that, to avoid any further delay by negotiation, he published the first series of papers on his own account. But the author was soon relieved of all solicitude as to future operations, by Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, taking the work in hand at the instigation of Sir Walter Scott. Its success was so unequivocal that in a short time a second series of papers was called for, and from thenceforth the "Sketch-Book" has been a universal favourite with all who can appreciate scenes descriptive, humorous, or sentimental, clothed in language as graceful and finished as that of Addison, and portraiture as true to nature as that of Goldsmith. The style of Irving's writings is of such a refined character that it would be well if some of our modern writers would condescend to adopt him as their model.

This edition of these once most popular stories and essays,—we say "once," because it is to be feared that the taste of those who are the most ardent readers of light literature in the present day finds no relish in such quiet elegancies of style and matter as Irving delighted in,—is worthy of them; and that is saying much. Though the title-page bears on it the names of English publishers, we are inclined to believe the book was printed in America: the illustrations are certainly American, for we do not recognise any one of our own artists among either the designers or engravers: but they have done their work well; so well that it is only now and then we find anything much better done in England in the way of book-illustration. Those who know the "Sketch-Book" must remember that the scenery it describes is chiefly laid in this country; and when we look at the character of these landscapes, it is rather difficult to believe that the artists who drew them are not as familiar with our rural churches, villages, meadows, trees, and peasantry as we ourselves are, so truthfully are all represented. If anything can again bring Irving's first literary efforts among us into popularity again, it will be this elegant volume; and we have little fear of its effecting the object.

NAUDEN'S PORTFOLIO. Edited by HAMILTON HEME. Part I. Published at the Office, 124, Brompton Road.

It is scarcely fair to predict the success of a work by the first number, though it is only reasonable to suppose that the proprietors of a new serial publication will use their best efforts to produce a favourable impression at the very outset. If this has been tried with the work now before us, we cannot augur for its future a large amount of popularity: its contents are simply a photograph, considerable in size, of Mr. Charles Dickens's house at Gadshill, and *carte de visite* portraits of Mr. Tom Taylor, Mrs. Henry Wood, the novelist, Mr. Benjamin Webster, and Capt. Blakeley, the great gun manufacturer. In the foreground of the Gadshill picture a group—consisting of the owner of the house, Mr. Fechter, Mr. Willie Collins, Mr. Charles A. Collins, with other gentlemen, and some ladies—has assembled on the lawn; but the figures are too small to be easily recognisable. Short biographical sketches accompany the four separate photographic portraits, which, by the way, are very good; so also is the view of the house.

PICTURES OF ENGLISH LIFE, after Original Studies. By R. BARNES and E. M. WIMPERIS. Engraved by J. D. COOPER. With Descriptive Poems by J. G. WATTS. Published by SAMPTON LOW & Co., London.

Wood-engravings the size of these—about ten and a half inches by eight and a half—are much too large for a book of this kind, though it may be intended only for children. These pictures of the cottage home-life of England are, however, very spirited in design and execution, and making every allowance for the rosy atmosphere in which our peasantry and artisans are presumed to dwell, present many pleasant, and some not untruthful features. Mr. Barnes's pencil has remarkable vigour, yet shows no coarseness, and there is a life-like character in his figures which we are bound to commend. "Fireside Joys" is a notable example of this; and "The Race down the Hill"—two round-checked rustic girls, with a younger child in the centre, whom they hold by the hand, as all three rush down at full speed—is full of joyous movement. "The Shy Child" is another very clever design by the same artist. Mr. Wimperis's share of the illustrations is limited to two coast scenes; both unquestionably good, but "Off for the Cruise," by moonlight, is our favourite. There are in all ten engravings, each of which is accompanied by a short and simply-worded poem, from the pen of Mr. Watts, whose aim appears to have been to adapt his muse to the subject without attempting any lofty flight. The verses, which are surrounded by a graceful floral design, convey a cheerful, healthy moral.

SCHILLER'S LAY OF THE BELL. Translated by the Right Hon. Sir E. BULWER LYTTON, Bart. With Forty-two Illustrations, drawn on wood by T. SCOTT, and engraved by J. D. COOPER, after designs by MORITZ RETZSCH. Published by SAMPTON LOW & Co., London.

Some of our older subscribers will, in all probability, have in remembrance various designs from the pencil of Moritz Retzsch which in years past adorned the pages of the *Art-Journal*; and it is also very possible that his series of etchings illustrating Schiller's famous "Lay of the Bell" are not unknown to many, from the publication issued in Germany. The original plates having been very carefully copied on wood by Mr. T. Scott, and engraved with equal care by Mr. Cooper, are now presented to the English public, with Sir Bulwer Lytton's faithful and skilful translation of the poem, which is a history of the life of man as indicated by the sound of the Church Bell, at his birth, christening, marriage, death, with the episodes of a social character which may be presumed to come between these important epochs. The series of illustrations commences with the preparations for casting the Bell and the process of effecting it, and terminates with the destruction of the instrument and of the church in which it was suspended.

Retzsch's designs are not remarkable either for elegance of expression or high poetical feeling, taken as a whole: three or four, perhaps, might be selected for these qualities, but by far the larger proportion of them is hard and formal, and characteristic of the manner adopted by the artists of Germany some centuries ago, when perspective seems to have been little understood, and the power of grouping quite as little: hence a degree of barrenness in the composition which not even the introduction of light and shadow—for the designs are not much beyond outline—by way of filling in, would always enrich, and make really effective. On the other hand, considerable thought has evidently been given to each subject respectively, and many of the figures are carefully and delicately drawn; and, notwithstanding the drawbacks referred to, these designs will doubtless be appreciated by all who can enter into the spirit of Schiller's remarkable poem. The artists employed here to reproduce them have been most successful in their work; but certainly the modern German school of design is not worthily represented in these illustrations; neither are they equal to many we have seen from the hand of the venerable artist, Moritz Retzsch.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1855.

THE CESTUS OF AGLAIA.

CHAPTER I.

OUR knowledge of human labour, if intimate enough, will, I think, mass it for the most part into two kinds—mining and moulding; the labour that seeks for things, and the labour that shapes them. Of these the last should be always orderly, for we ought to have some conception of the whole of what we have to make, before we try to make any part of it: but the labour of seeking must be often methodless, following the veins of the mine as they branch, or trying for them where they are broken. And the mine, which we would now open into the souls of men, as they govern the mysteries of their handicrafts, being rent into many dark and divided ways, it is not possible to map our work beforehand, or resolve on its directions. We will not attempt to bind ourselves to any methodical treatment of our subject, but will get at the truths of it here and there, as they seem extricable: only, though we cannot know to what depth we may have to dig, let us know clearly what we are digging for. We desire to find by what rule some Art is called good, and other Art bad: we desire to find the conditions of character in the artist which are essentially connected with the goodness of his work; we desire to find what are the methods of practice which form this character, or corrupt it; and finally, how the formation or corruption of this character is connected with the general prosperity of nations.

And all this we want to learn practically: not for mere pleasant speculation on things that have been; but for instant direction of those that are yet to be. My first object is to get at some fixed principles for the teaching of Art to our youth; and I am about to ask, of all who may be able to give me a serviceable answer, and with and for all who are anxious for such answer, what arts should be generally taught to the English boy and girl,—by what methods,—and to what ends? How well, or how imperfectly, our youth of the higher classes should be disciplined in the practice of music and painting?—how far, among the lower classes, exercise in certain mechanical arts might become a part of their school life?—how far, in the adult life of this nation, the Fine Arts may be advisably supersede or regulate the mechanical Arts? Plain questions these, enough! clearly also important ones; and, as clearly, boundless ones—mountainous—infinite in contents—only to be mined into in a scrambling manner by poor inquirers, as their present tools and sight may serve.

I have often been accused of dogmatism,

* I beg the Editor's and reader's pardon for an informality in the type; but I shrink from ornamental letters, and have begged for a legible capital instead.

and confess to the holding strong opinions on some matters; but I tell the reader in sincerity, and entreat him in sincerity to believe, that I do not think myself able to dictate anything positive respecting questions of this magnitude. The one thing I am sure of is, the need of some form of dictation; or, where that is as yet impossible, at least of consistent experiment, for the just solution of doubts which present themselves every day in more significant and more impatient temper of interrogation.

Here is one, for instance, lying at the base of all the rest—namely, what may be the real dignity of mechanical Art itself? I cannot express the amazed awe, the crushed humility—with which I sometimes watch a locomotive take its breath at a railway station, and think what work there is in its bars and wheels, and what manner of men they must be who dig brown ironstone out of the ground, and forge it into THAT! What assemblage of accurate and mighty faculties in them; more than fleshly power over melting crag and coiling fire, fettered, and finessed at last into the precision of watch-making; Titian hammer-strokes beating, out of lava, these glittering cylinders and timely-responsive valves, and fine ribbed rods, which touch each other as a serpent writhes, in noiseless gliding, and omnipotence of grasp; infinitely complex anatomy of active steel, compared with which the skeleton of a living creature would seem, to a careless observer, clumsy and vile—a mere morbid secretion and phosphatous prop of flesh! What would the men who thought out this,—who beat it out, who touched it into its polished calm of power, who set it to its appointed task, and triumphantly saw it fulfil this task to the utmost of their will,—feel or think about this weak hand of mine, timidly leading a little stain of water-colour, which I cannot manage, into an imperfect shadow of something else,—mere failure in every motion, and endless disappointment;—What, I repeat, would these Iron-dominant Genii think of me? and what ought I to think of them?

But as I reach this point of reverence, the unreasonable thing is sure to give a shriek as of a thousand unanimous vultures, which leaves me shuddering in real physical pain for some half minute following; and assures me during slow recovery, that a people which can endure such fluting and piping among them is not likely soon to have its modest ear pleased by aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song. Perhaps I am then led on into meditation respecting the spiritual nature of the Tenth Muse, who invented this gracious instrument, and guides its modulation by stokers' fingers;—meditation, also, as to the influence of her invention amidst the other parts of the Parnassian melody of English education. Then it cannot but occur to me to inquire how far this modern "pneuma," Steam, may be connected with other pneumatic powers talked of in that old religious literature, of which we fight so fiercely to keep the letters bright, and the working valves, so to speak, in good order (while we let the steam of it all carefully off into the cold condenser), what connection, I say, this modern "spiritus," in its valve-directed inspiration, has with that more ancient spiritus, or waru breath, which people used to think they might be "born of." Whether, in fine, there be any such thing as an entirely human Art, with spiritual motive power, and signal as of human voice, distinct inherently from this mechanical Art, with its mechanical motive force, and signal of vulture voice. For after all, this shrieking thing, whatever the fine make of it may be, can but pull, or push, and

do oxen's work, in an impetuous manner. That proud king of Assyria, who lost his reason, and ate oxen's food, would he have had much more cause for pride, if he had been allowed to spend his reason in doing oxen's work?

These things, then, I would fain consult about, and plead with the reader for his patience in council, even while we begin with the simplest practical matters; for unravelled briars of thought entangle our feet, even at our first step. We would teach a boy to draw. Well, what shall he draw?—Gods, or men, or beasts, or clouds, or leaves, or iron cylinders? Are there any gods to be drawn? any men or women worth drawing, or only worth caricaturing? What are the aesthetic laws respecting iron cylinders; and would Titian have liked them rusty, or fresh cleaned with oil and rag, to fill the place once lightened by St. George's armour? How can we begin the smallest practical business, unless we get first some whisper of answer to such questions? We may tell a boy to draw a straight line straight, and a crooked one crooked; but what else?

And it renders the dilemma, or multi-lemma, more embarrassing, that whatever teaching is to be had from the founders and masters of Art is quite unpractical. The first source from which we should naturally seek for guidance would, of course, be the sayings of great workmen; but a sorrowful perception presently dawns on us, that the great workmen have nothing to say! They are silent,—absolutely in proportion to their creative power. The contributions to our practical knowledge of the principles of Art, furnished by the true captains of its hosts, may, I think, be arithmetically summed by the 0 of Giotto:—the inferior teachers become didactic in the degree of their inferiority; and those who can do nothing, have always much to advise.

This however, observe, is only true of advice direct. You never, I grieve to say, get from the great men a plain answer to a plain question; still less can you entangle them in any agreeable gossip, out of which something might unawares be picked up. But of enigmatical teaching, broken signs and sullen mutterings, of which you can understand nothing, and may make anything;—of confused discourse in the work itself, about the work, as in Durer's *Melencolia*;—and of discourse not merely confused, but apparently unreasonable and ridiculous, about all manner of things *except* the work,—the great Egyptian and Greek artists give us much: from which, however, all that by utmost industry may be gathered, comes briefly to this,—that they have no conception of what modern men of science call the "Conservation of forces," but deduce all the force they feel in themselves, and hope for in others, from certain fountains or centres of perpetually supplied strength, to which they give various names: as, for instance, these seven following, more specially:—

1. The Spirit of Light, moral and physical, by name the "Physician-Destroyer," bearing arrows in his hand, and a lyre; pre-eminently the destroyer of human pride, and the guide of human harmony. Physically, Lord of the Sun; and a mountain Spirit, because the sun seems first to rise and set upon hills.
2. The Spirit of helpful Darkness,—of shade and rest. Night the Restorer.
3. The Spirit of Wisdom in *Conduct*, bearing, in sign of conquest over troubles and disturbing evil, the skin of the wild goat, and the head of the slain Spirit

- of physical storm. In her hand, a weaver's shuttle, or a spear.
4. The Spirit of Wisdom in *Arrangement*; called the Lord or Father of Truth: throned on a four-square cubit, with a measuring-rod in his hand, or a potter's wheel.
 5. The Spirit of Wisdom in *Adaptation*; or of serviceable labour: the Master of human effort in its glow; and Lord of useful fire, moral and physical.
 6. The Spirit, first of young or nascent grace, and then of fulfilled beauty: the wife of the Lord of labour. I have taken the two lines in which Homer describes her girdle, for the motto of these essays: partly in memory of these outcast fancies of the great masters; and partly for the sake of a meaning which we shall find as we go on.
 7. The Spirit of pure human life and gladness. Master of wholesome vital passion; and, physically, Lord of the vine.

From these ludicrous notions of motive force, inconsistent as they are with modern physiology and organic chemistry, we may, nevertheless, hereafter gather, in the details of their various expression, something useful to us. But I grieve to say that when our provoking teachers descend from dreams about the doings of Gods to assertions respecting the deeds of Men, little beyond the blindest discouragement is to be had from them. Thus, they represent the ingenuity, and deceptive or imitative Arts of men, under the type of a Master who builds labyrinths, and makes images of living creatures, for evil purposes, or for none; and pleases himself and the people with idle jointing of toys, and filling of them with quicksilver motion; and brings his child to foolish, remorseless catastrophe, in fancying his father's work as good, and strong, and fit to bear sunlight, as if it had been God's work. So, again, they represent the foresight and kindly zeal of men by a most rueful figure, of one chained down to a rock by the brute force and bias and methodical hammer-stroke of the merely practical Arts, and by the merciless Necessities or Fates of present time; and so having his very heart torn piece by piece out of him by a vulturous hunger and sorrow, respecting things he cannot reach, nor prevent, nor achieve. So, again, they describe the sentiment and pure soul-power of Man, as moving the very rocks and trees, and giving them life, by its sympathy with them; but losing its own best-beloved thing by mere venomous accident: and afterwards going down to hell for it, in vain; being impatient and unwise, though full of gentleness; and, in the issue, after as vainly trying to teach this gentleness to others, and to guide them out of their lower passions to sunlight of true bealng Life, it drives the sensual heart of them, and the gods that govern it, into mere and pure frenzy of resolved rage, and gets torn to pieces by them, and ended; only the nightingale staying by its grave to sing. All which appearing to be anything rather than helpful or encouraging instruction for beginners, we shall, for the present, I think, do well to desire these enigmatical teachers to put up their pipes and begone; and betaking ourselves in the humblest manner to intelligible business, at least set down some definite matter for decision, to be made a first stopping-stone at the shore of this brook of despond and difficulty.

Most masters agree (and I believe they are right) that the first thing to be taught to any pupil, is how to draw an outline of such things as can be outlined.

Now, there are two kinds of outline—the

soft and hard. One must be executed with a soft instrument, as a piece of chalk or lead; and the other with some instrument producing for ultimate result a fine line of equal darkness; as a pen with ink, or the engraving tool on wood or metal.

And these two kinds of outline have both of them their particular objects and uses, as well as their proper scale of size in work. Thus Raphael will sketch a miniature head with his pen, but always takes chalk if he draws of the size of life. So also Holbein, and generally the other strong masters.

But the black outline seems to be peculiarly that which we ought to begin to reason upon, because it is simple and open-hearted, and does not endeavour to escape into mist. A pencil line may be obscurely and undemonstrably wrong; false in a cowardly manner, and without confession: but the ink line, if it goes wrong at all, goes wrong with a will, and may be convicted at our leisure, and put to such shame as its black complexion is capable of. May we, therefore, begin with the hard line? It will lead us far, if we can come to conclusions about it.

Presuming, then, that our schoolboys are such as Coleridge would have them—i.e. that they are

* "Innocent, steady, and wise,

And delight in the things of earth, water, and skies;"

and, above all, in a moral state in which they may be trusted with ink,—we put a pen into their hands (shall it be steel?) and a piece of smooth white paper, and something before them to draw. But what? "Nay," the reader answers, "you had surely better give them pencil first, for that may be rubbed out." Perhaps so; but I am not sure that the power of rubbing out is an advantage; at all events, we shall best discover what the pencil outline ought to be, by investigating the power of the black one, and the kind of things we can draw with it.

Suppose, for instance, my first scholar has a turn for entomology, and asks me to draw for him a wasp's leg, or its sting; having first humanely provided me with a model by pulling one off, or out. My pen must clearly be fine at the point, and my execution none of the boldest, if I comply with his request. If I decline, and he thereupon challenges me at least to draw the wasp's body, with its pretty bands of black crinoline—behold us involved instantly in the profound question of local colour! Am I to tell him he is not to draw outlines of bands or spots? How, then, shall he know a wasp's body from a bee's? I escape, for the present, by telling him the story of Daedalus and the honeycomb;—set him to draw a pattern of hexagons, and lay the question of black bauds up in my mind.

The next boy, we may suppose, is a conchologist, and asks me to draw a white snail-shell for him! Veiling my consternation at the idea of having to give a lesson on the perspective of geometrical spirals, with an "austere regard of control" I pass on to the next student:—Who, bringing after him, with acclamation, all the rest of the form, requires of me, contemptuously, to "draw a horse!"

And I retreat in final discomfiture; for not only I cannot myself execute, but I have never seen, an outline, quite simply and rightly done, either of a shell or a pony; nay, not so much as of a pony's nose. At a girls' school we might perhaps take refuge in rose-buds; but these boys, with their impatient battle-cry, "my kingdom for a horse," what is to be done for them?

Well, this is what I should like to be

able to do for them. To show them an enlarged black outline, nobly done, of the two sides of a coin of Tarentum, with that fiery rider kneeling, careless, on his horse's neck, and reclined on his surging dolphin, with the curled sea lapping round them; and then to convince my boys that no one (unless it were Taras's father himself, with the middle prong of his trident) could draw a horse like that, without learning;—that for poor mortals like us there must be sorrowful preparatory stages; and, having convinced them of this, set them to draw (if I had a good copy to give them) a horse's hoof, or his rib, or a vertebra of his thunder-clothed neck, or any other constructive piece of him.

Meanwhile, all this being far out of present reach, I am fain to shrink back into my snail-shell, both for shelter, and calm of pace; and ask of artists in general how the said shell, or any other simple object involving varied contour, *should* be outlined in ink?—how thick the lines should be, and how varied? My own idea of an elementary outline is that it should be unvaried; distinctly visible; not thickened towards the shaded sides of the object; not express any exaggerations of aerial perspective, nor fade at the further side of a cup as if it were the further side of a crater of a volcano; and therefore, in objects of ordinary size, show no gradation at all, unless where the real outline disappears, as in soft contours and folds. Nay, I think it may even be a question whether we ought not to resolve that the line should never gradate itself at all, but terminate quite bluntly! Albert Durer's "Cannon" furnishes a very peculiar and curious example of this entirely equal line, even to the extreme distance; being in that respect opposed to nearly all his other work, which is wrought mostly by tapering lines; and his work in general, and Holbein's, which appear to me entirely typical of rightness in use of the grayer and pen, are to be considered carefully in their relation to Rembrandt's loose etching, as in the "Spotted Shell." But I do not want to press my own opinions now, even when I have been able to form them distinctly. I want to get at some unanimous expression of opinion and method; and would propose, therefore, in all modesty, this question for discussion, by such artists as will favour me with answer,* giving their names:—*How ought the pen to be used to outline a form of varied contour; and ought outline to be entirely pure, or, even in its most elementary types, to pass into some suggestion of shade in the inner masses?* For there are no examples whatever of pure outlines by the great masters. They are always touched or modified by inner lines, more or less suggestive of solid form, and they are lost, or accentuated, in certain places, not so much in conformity with any explicable law, as in expression of the master's future purpose, or of what he wishes immediately to note in the character of the object. Most of them are irregular memoranda, not systematic elementary work: of those which are systematised, the greater part are carried far beyond the initiative stage; and Holbein's are nearly all washed with colour; the exact degree in which he depends upon the softening and extending his touch of ink by subsequent solution of it, being indeterminate, though

* I need not say that this inquiry can only be pursued by the help of those who will take it up good-humouredly and graciously: such help I will receive in the spirit in which it is given; entering into no controversy, but questioning further where there is doubt:—gathering all I can into focus, and passing shrewdly by what seems at last irreconcilable.

exquisitely successful. His stupendous drawings in the British Museum (I can justly use no other term than "stupendous," of their consummately decisive power) furnish finer instances of this treatment than any at Basle; but it would be very difficult to reduce them to a definable law. Venetian outlines are rare, except preparations on canvas, often shaded before colouring;—while Raphael's, if not shaded, are quite loose, and useless as examples to a beginner: so that we are left wholly without guide as to the preparatory steps on which we should decisively insist; and I am myself haunted by the notion that the students were forced to shade firmly from the very beginning, in all the greatest schools; only we never can get hold of any beginnings, or any weak work of those schools: whatever is bad in them comes of decadence, not infancy.

I purpose in the next essay to enter upon quite another part of the inquiry, so as to leave time for the reception of communications bearing upon the present paper: and, according to their importance, I shall ask leave still to defer our return to the subject until I have had time to reflect upon them, and to collect for public service the concurrent opinions they may contain.

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.

The prizes offered to Art-workmen have been awarded by the adjudicators. The Council, in its report, regrets that the specimens of *Wood-carving* contributed in competition are so inferior, that it declines to give any prize at all. Only five examples were sent in. The first prize, of £10, for the best specimen of *Silver-work*, was given to Mr. H. Whitehouse, jun.; the second, of £5, to Mr. S. Boreford; and an extra prize, of three guineas, to Mr. G. J. Langley. A specimen sent by Mr. W. Harrison, apprentice to Messrs. Garrard, was considered so meritorious, that although it did not fulfil, as to requisite size, the conditions demanded of competitors, a gratuity of one guinea, and a bound copy of Labarte's "Handbook of the Arts of the Middle Ages," were awarded to Mr. Harrison. The special object of the prize for silver-work is to encourage hand-tooling, or chasing. The *Colour prizes* usually given by the Ecclesiological Society and Mr. Boreford Hope, were, on this occasion, transmitted by the donors into a prize of £10 for a rosette executed in transparent enamels on silver; and a prize of equal value was offered by Mr. Ruskin for a rosette of similar size and design, executed in opaque enamels on a ground of copper. For the first prize two competitors strove, and, acting on the discretionary power contained in the instructions, the judges divided the prize into one of £7 to Mr. H. de Koningh, and one of £3 to Mr. Frederick Lowe. Mr. de Koningh's work was remarkable for the success with which he had enamelled good ruby on silver, a feat which Cellini pronounced impossible, though comparatively easy on gold. For Mr. Ruskin's prize there were three competitors, and the prize was assigned to Mr. Alfred Gray, in the employ of Messrs. Elkington, of Birmingham. Mr. de Koningh, however, competed with so much spirit, not only with the prescribed rosette, but with a volunteered imitation of Chinese *doisonne*, that, although the latter had no equitable claim to a prize, the judges recommended the Architectural Museum to recognise its merit by a gift of Labarte's "Handbook."

THE EARLY PAINTERS OF ENGLAND.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

No man ever painted so many Royal portraits as it was the good fortune of Kneller to paint and preserve to us; not even Sir Thomas Lawrence, with his Windsor-Waterloo Gallery of Allied Sovereigns. I will catalogue and contrast the two. Here is Kneller's list of Royal Ekenesses:—

1. KING CHARLES II.
2. KING JAMES II.
3. QUEEN MARY (wife of James II.).
4. KING WILLIAM III.
5. QUEEN MARY (wife of William III.).
6. QUEEN ANNE.
7. KING GEORGE I. Vertue engraved the first print published of George I. on his accession to the English throne. Kneller was the painter.—*Walpole* (*Wormum* ed., p. 990).
8. THE OLD PRETENDER. Drawn the day after the boy's birth.
9. LOUIS XIV. A drawing only, preserved at Hampton Court, and inscribed in Kneller's own handwriting—"Drawn by the life at Versailles, in the year 1684, by G. Kneller."
10. PETER THE GREAT. Full-length in armour, and fine; painted when the Czar was in England, in William III.'s reign. The late Mr. Seguer assured me that the background—a naval action—is by the younger Vandervelde. This fine portrait, long at Hampton Court, was removed to Windsor at the instigation of the late Prince Consort.

Here is Sir Thomas's list:—

1. KING GEORGE IV.
2. CHARLES X. OF FRANCE.
3. EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.
4. EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.
5. KING OF PRUSSIA.
6. KING OF THE BELGIANS (when Prince Leopold).
7. KING OF ROMÉ (Napoleon's son).

Ten against seven.

Kneller has left us *nine* Dukes upon canvas:—

1. THE DUKE OF MARRBOROUGH (John Churchill).
2. THE DUKE OF RICHMOND (Charles Lenox).
3. THE DUKE OF GRAYTON (Charles Fitzroy).
4. THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE (William Cavendish).
5. THE DUKE OF SOMERSET (Charles Seymour).
6. THE DUKE OF MONTAGU (John Montagu).
7. THE DUKE OF KINGSTON (Evelyn Pierpoint).
8. THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE (Thomas Holles Pelham), and his son, THE EARL OF LINCOLN, OR ONE ORUVAS.
9. THE DUKE OF DORSET (Lionel Cranfield Sackville).

Then we have one Marquis, THOMAS LORD WHARTON, made immortal by Pope, and memorable by his own wild conduct and a single speech.

A bevy of Earls found their way to Covent Garden and Great Queen Street:—

1. EARL OF HUNTINGDON (Theophilus Hastings).
2. EARL OF DORSET (Charles Sackville).
3. EARL OF ESSEX (Algernon Capel).
4. EARL OF CARLISLE (Charles Howard).
5. EARL OF BURLINGTON (Richard Boyle).
6. EARL OF BERKELEY (James Berkeley).
7. EARL OF SCARBOROUGH (Richard Lumley).
8. EARL OF GODOLPHIN (Francis Godolphin).
9. EARL OF HALIFAX (Charles Montagu). The *Monsieur* Montagu of Dryden and Prior, and the *Bufo* of Pope.
10. EARL STANHOPE (James Stanhope), Commander of the British army in Spain during the war of the succession, and subsequently Prime Minister under George I.

11. EARL OF WILMINGTON (Sir Spencer Compton), Speaker of the House of Commons.
12. EARL OF CARBERRY (John Vaughan).
13. EARL OF BATH (then only Mr. Pulteney).

"How can I, Pulteney, Chesterfield forget,
While Roman spirit charms and Attic wit?"—POPE.
"He foams a Patriot, to subside—a Peer."—POPE.
"How many Martials were in Pulteney lost."—POPE.

14. EARL OF OXFORD (then only Sir Robert Walpole).

Then Sir Godfrey has given us two Viscounts—

VISCOUNT TEMPLE (Richard Cobham).
"Who plants like Cobham, or who builds like Boyle."

VISCOUNT SHANNON (Richard Boyle), whose fine monument, by Roubilliac, will repay a visit to the church of Walton-on-Thames.

Then a Baron—
BARON CORNWALLIS (Charles Cornwallis), last husband of the "A. B. C." lady—Anne Boscawen Cornwallis, who

"In pride of youth and beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb."

FOUR Lord High Chancellors of England—JEFFREYS, SOMERS, HARCOURT, and COWPER—sat to Sir Godfrey.

Followed by two Lord High Treasurers of England—GODOLPHIN and OXFORD.

Then a future Secretary of State, and something more—

THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH ADDISON.

Then the Gazetteer, Patentee, Dramatist, Essayist, Knight, M.P., &c.—

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

Then the Poet and Physician—

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

"Garth, generous as his Muse, prescribes and gives."
DRYDEN.

"And Garth, the best good Christian he,
Altho' he knows it not."—POPE.

Then the Architect, Dramatist, Herald, and Patentee—

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH, Knight and Clarendon.

Then the Gentleman-Author—

WILLIAM CONGREVE, Esq.

Then Pope's early Patron, "Knowing Walsh"—

WILLIAM WALSH, of Abberley, in Worcestershire, Esq.

Then—

GEORGE STEPHEN, Esq., the subject of one of Johnson's "Little Lives."

Then Mrs. Oldfield's lover, and a wit without—

ARTHUR MAYNWARING, Esq., one of the two Auditors of Imprests from the Exchequer.

Finally, some still known and some forgotten—

CHARLES DARTIGNEUVE, Esq., famous for his "ham pies"—no mean merit.

"Dartneuf, grave Joker."—*Gay to Pope*.

With—

JOHN DORMER, Esq.

EDMUND DUNCH, Esq.

EDWARD HOPKINS, Esq.

THOMAS HOPKINS, Esq.

ABRAHAM STANYAN, Esq.

JOHN TIDCOMB, Esq., famous for his fatness. (See Gay's "Welcome to Pope.")

Of whom, one and all, many "Ana" might be told:—finally, JACOB TONSON himself, holding a copy of his cheapest and best-paying copy-right, Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Among the treasures at Houghton Hall, in Norfolk, the palace of the Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, were the following pictures by Sir Godfrey Kneller:—

1. KING WILLIAM III. "An exceedingly fine sketch for the large equestrian picture which he afterwards executed very ill, at Hampton Court, and with several alterations, 4 feet 3 in. high, by 3 feet 6 in. wide. Mrs. Barry and another actress sat for the two emblematic figures on the foreground in the great picture."—*Walpole, A Description of the Pictures at Houghton Hall*.
2. KING GEORGE I. "A companion to the Kneller King William, but finished. The figure is by Sir Godfrey, which he took

from the King at Guilford horse-race. The horse is here painted by Wootton. I suppose this is the very picture which gave rise to Mr. Addison's beautiful poem to Kneller."—*Walpole, Ib.* If this is the case, the interest is enhanced, in mind and money.

3. THE SAME—in his Coronation Robes, full length. "The only picture for which he ever sat in England."—*Walpole, Ib.*
4. CHARLES LORD VISCOUNT TOWNSHEND, Secretary of State to King George the First and Second. Three-quarters.
5. JOHN LOCKE. A head,—hung in Sir Robert's time in the Common Parlour.
6. JOSEPH CARRERAS, a Spanish poet, writing. He was Chaplain to Catherine of Braganza, queen of Charles II. Half-length. There is a mezzotint from this picture.
7. GRINLING GIBBONS, the great carver in wood. Three-quarters. "It is a master-piece, and equal to any of Vandeyck's."—*Walpole's Works, ii., 242.*

Our National Portrait Gallery in Great George Street, Westminster—thanks to my Lord Stanhope and Mr. Scharf—can show *sic* characteristic heads of great men from the era of Sir Godfrey:—

1. LORD CHANCELLOR JEFFREYS.
2. ROBERT HARLEY, EARL OF OXFORD;—but the best portrait of this eminent man is at Welbeck. A knee piece, standing. He is in his Robes as Speaker of the House of Commons, and holds in his hand the "Succession Bill."
3. JAMES, FIRST EARL STANHOPE. Half-length. Lord Stanhope was Commander of the British army in Spain during the war of the Succession, and subsequently Prime Minister under George I. This interesting portrait was presented to the National Portrait Gallery by its founder, the present Earl Stanhope.
4. VISCOUNT TORRINGTON.
5. SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN. At the Royal Society. The best Kneller (or portrait, indeed) of this great architect, with St. Paul's in the background.
6. CONGREVE, THE POET. The best portrait of Congreve is among the Kit-Kats at Bayfordbury, Herts.

Lodge's great work, his "Illustrious Personages," contains *sixteen* engravings from paintings by Kneller. They merit enumeration:—

1. QUEEN ANNE (from Petworth: *why* thus selected I know not).
2. GREAT DUKE OF MARRBOROUGH (from Blenheim). The full-length of the Duke of Marlborough, given to Griggs, was sold at the Stow sale for £52 10s. (cheaply enough). The half-length at Windsor of the Duke, in a cuirass, and holding a truncheon, was bought by George III. in 1805.
3. PROUD DUKE OF SOMERSET (from Petworth).
4. THE FIRST DUKE OF ORMOND (from Glamis Castle). Prior has a poem on seeing the Duke of Ormond's picture at Sir Godfrey Kneller's.
5. THE SECOND DUKE OF ORMOND, who died in exile (from Chatsworth).
6. THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AND GREENWICH (from Dover House, London).
7. THE DUKE OF SHREWSBURY (from Heythrop).
8. THE DUKE OF MONTAGU—the second Duke (from Petworth).
9. ROBERT HARLEY, EARL OF OXFORD, Lord Treasurer (from the British Museum).
10. SIDNEY GODOLPHIN—Lord Treasurer Godolphin (from Blenheim).
11. HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE (from Petworth).
12. LORD CHANCELLOR SOMERS (from Wimpole).
13. BISHOP BURNET (from Wimpole).
14. BISHOP ATTERBURY (from the Bodleian).
15. SIR ISAAC NEWTON (from Petworth).
16. JOHN LOCKE—half-length seated (from Christ Church, Oxford).

A very memorable beauty of the time whose lovely face lives on the canvas of Kneller, was ANNE CHURCHILL, COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND (second daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough and his Duchess, Sarah)—"a lady," says Colley Cibber, "of extraordinary beauty," long "the Toast" of the Whigs at their Kit-Kat meetings. The first stone of the first theatre in the Haymarket of London, was inscribed "the Little Whig," in honour of this Anne Churchill, "then (1704) the celebrated Toast and Pride" of the Whigs in fashionable and political London. When the Kit-Kat Club portraits are *photographed* and published in a series—as they well deserve to be—the Blenheim portrait of "the Little Whig" should accompany the volumes.

THE COUNTESS OF RANELAGH (a Cecil by birth, and a widow before she was nineteen) is to be seen, as Kneller saw her, at Hatfield and at Hampton Court.

The Hampton Court picture carries an association with it beyond its value as a work of Art. It was this picture which Fielding had in his eye, he tells us, when he drew the Sophia Western of Tom Jones. Handbookers do not tell us this, but they should. Here is the passage in Fielding's fine epic in prose:—

"The lovely Sophia comes. Reader, perhaps thou hast seen the Statue of the Venus de Medicis. Perhaps, too, thou hast seen the Gallery of Beauties at Hampton Court. Thou mayest remember each bright Churchill of the *Galaxy*, and all the Toasts of the Kit-Cat. Or if their reign was before thy Times . . . Yes, it is possible, my Friend, that thou mayest have seen all these without being able to form an exact idea of Sophia; for she did not exactly resemble any of them. She was most like the picture of *Lady Ranelagh*.

Another English "beauty and wit," whose then unpainted and overpainted face was painted by Sir Godfrey, is that of the famous LADY MARY PIERREPOINT, daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and wife of Edward Wortley Montagu—

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all."

Kneller, whose English tongue and pen forty years of the best society never made good, calls her Lady Mary Whortley. His pencil, however, transferred to canvas the magic of her eyes.

"And other beauties envy Wortley's eyes."—POPE.

"Joy lives not here, to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes."

Pope to Gay (on his finishing his house and garden).

"What lady's hat, to whom he gently bends?"

Who knows not her? ah! those are Wortley's eyes."

Gay to Pope ("Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece").

The deathbed of Sir Godfrey is described by his neighbour Pope, in a letter to their neighbour, the Earl of Strafford, then in Yorkshire. As the letter (good in itself) is not included in any edition of Pope's works, and is, moreover, unknown to all who have written about Kneller, it more than calls for insertion here:—

"Sir Godfrey sent to me just before he died. He began by telling me he was now convinced he could not live, and fell into a passion of tears. I said I hoped he might, but that if not, he knew it was the will of God. He answered, 'No, no, no; it is the Evil Spirit.' The last word he said was this—'By God, I will not be buried in Westminster!' I asked him why. He answered, 'They do bury fools there.' Then he said to me, 'My good friend, where will you be buried?' I said, 'Wherever I drop; very likely in Twitnam.' He replied, 'So will I; then proceeded to desire I would write his epitaph, which I promised him."

And the Knight-and-Baronet Painter of

Kings and Queens, and Princes and Princesses, of Dukes and Duchesses, of Warriors and Archbishops, of Lord Chancellors and Bishops, personages illustrious by birth, by beauty or by wit, died at Whitton, in Middlesex, on the 23rd of October, 1723, and was buried in the church of the parish at Twickenham, "where he fell," on the 7th of the following month. The spot is unmarked, but his name as "Churchwarden" is still to be read on the outer wall of the churchyard. Twenty years later Pope was buried in the same church.

I have said that Kneller's grave is unmarked. The why and wherefore are alike curious. His widow (he died childless) designed erecting a monument to his memory in Twickenham Church, but unhappily for her ladyship, the best place in the church was occupied by Pope's monument to his father, his mother, and hereafter, "*et sibi*" (as it reads), to himself. The Lady of Whitton courted, nay stormed, the poet, to get it removed to a less conspicuous position in the church, but the little wasp and nightingale of Twickenham would not give way, and Rysbrach's monument to Sir Godfrey and his wife was carried to Westminster Abbey, where it may be seen, though not in the place where it was erected and—paid for. Dean Ireland and the late Mr. Blore (architect to the Dean and Chapter) removed, I am sorry to say, Dame Kneller's last piece of human vanity to a less conspicuous spot in the Sepulchre of England.

Our portrait painters, in their fashionable movements, have generally stepped "westward;" Sir Godfrey, however, stepped "eastward" and with no disadvantage to his practice or his pocket. When, in the year 1705, the gold plate of Lord Romney (the handsome Sidney of De Grammont) was to be sold, the "Christie" of the day disposed of it by public advertisement and auction, "at the late Dwelling House of Sir Godfrey Kneller, in the Great Piazza" of Covent Garden. Sir Godfrey had removed to Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields (then a better locality than it was even in Sir John Soane's time), and rank and fashion, and men of sort and ladies of quality, followed the Knight and Baronet to his new painting room. With his removal he raised his prices, and, like Lawrence in later times, left much to his assistants. The head was on the canvas (masterly)—the millinery and *Nugedom* were left to pupils.

There is a picture by Kneller which, I am sorry to say, I have never seen, and it is no fault of mine that I have not. I have been allowed to see the plate-room and the pantry of Windsor Castle, and I believe I have seen every picture of moment in the noble castle of our beloved Queen; but seen I have not (why I know not) the celebrated Chinese of Sir Godfrey. King James's Chinese were in London in 1688, and the pencil of Lely's successor was at work at once in perpetuating their features. Surely this picture, of which Kneller himself was wont to speak so highly, should once more be admitted into my Lord Chamberlain's daylight and privileged vision of—the skilled fow, and the admiring many.

The portrait painters of the Royal Academy of Arts in London, who took up Sir Joshua's key-note, and laughed aloud at Sir Godfrey's talent, are dead, and a good Sir Godfrey at Christie's will bring its ample number of guineas. With all the late Sir Robert Peel's well-merited love for Sir Joshua, he would have "gone in" heavily for the Kit-Kats of Sir Godfrey.

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

* Cibber's "Apology," ed. 1740, p. 257.

GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

OVERBECK.



IF I were asked what a religious artist of the middle ages was like—if any one would wish to learn what was the devout life and the earnest work of an old Italian painter—I would, without hesitation, point to Overbeck. Here is a man the very type not only of what history tells us the spiritual painter was, but also the personal realisation of that which the mind conceives the Christian artist should be. It has been my privilege not unfrequently to visit the studio of this venerable man; to listen to his hushed voice, solemn in earnestness of purpose, and touched with the pathetic tones which rise from sympathy; to look upon that head gently bowed upon the shoulders, the face furrowed with thoughts which for eighty years have worn deep channels, the forehead and higher regions of the brain rising to a saint-like crown; and never have I left those rooms, where Christian Art found purest examples, without feeling towards the artist himself gratitude and affection. The world, indeed, owes to such a man no ordinary debt. The Art of Europe had fallen, and Overbeck believed that to him was entrusted its restoration. His life has been a mission, his labour a ministration, and as years rolled on a gathering solemnity shad-

dowed round his work. That work was the building up of the ruined structure of Christian Art. And thus Overbeck became the founder of the modern school of religious painting, and his name is now identified with the forms of pure and spiritual beauty which clothe the Christian faith. As a father, then, of the so-called "Christian school of painting," purified from paganism, and delivered from the carnal allurements of corrupt renaissance masters, Overbeck will now claim our reverent yet critical regard.

The life of Overbeck, like that of other quiet, self-contained, and inwardly-centred men, has been unmarked by startling incident. Cornelius, as we have seen in our memoir of last month, was born at Dusseldorf in the year 1787; Overbeck, his brother in Art, his companion in labour, his fellow-citizen in Rome, came into the world two years later, in the ancient, gothic, and gable-built town of Luheck, a free port on the Baltic. It has often been said that nature never repeats the same types, nor history recurs to identical situations, yet between the Art epochs and the Art leaders in Rome of the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries, rise analogies which strike the mind as something more than accidental. In these periods, divided by an interval of three centuries, were alike existent two opposing schools, the one distinguished by spiritual expression, the other by physical power. In Italy of the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries, Fra Angelico, Perugino, and the youthful Raphael, clothed Christian Art in tenderest lineaments of beauty. On the other hand, Signorelli and Michael Angelo, of the opposite school, attained unwonted grandeur through massive muscular development. And so we shall see, likewise, it happened within living memory, when new birth was to be given to noble Art, that the two contrary yet oftentimes co-operative principles from the first prevailed, the one steadfast in spirit, the other stalwart in the flesh; the one which, in the middle ages, had acknowledged Raphael for its disciple, the other which was proud to recognise Michael Angelo its giant master—the one which, in our own day, inspired the loving devotion of Overbeck, the other which commands the stern service of Cornelius. And thus, as we



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

have said, history is here, in remarkable analogies, repeating herself. The world of modern German Art, as that of old, divides itself into two hemispheres: Overbeck rules as the modern Raphael over the one; Cornelius, as a German Michael Angelo, bears iron sway over the other. Overbeck is the St. John which leant in love on the bosom of our Lord, Cornelius is St. Peter, strong as a rock on which to build the Church. And as with Michael Angelo followers were wanting, so with Cornelius, he walks in that "terribil via" wherein few can venture to tread. The lot of Overbeck is more blessed. Like to Raphael, his forerunner, he

draws by love all men unto him; near to him, through fellowship of endearing sympathy, warmed by the emotion which beauty, akin to goodness, in the universal heart begets.

The biography of an artist such as Overbeck is not so much the record of events as the register of thoughts, the chronicle of those specific ideas which have given to his pictures an express character, and the recognition of the living faith which begets followers and creates a school. Overbeck, in the year 1808, at the age of twenty-one, went to Vienna, to pursue his studies in the academy of that city. Already we find his mind brooding over

the thoughts which fifty years later had become visibly engraven on his countenance, and were legibly transferred to his canvas. Overbeck in Vienna soon grew impatient of cold academic teaching, and to the much lauded pictures of Guido and others of the eclectic school he was indifferent. Enthusiasm he reserved for the early masters of Italy and Germany, whose earnestness and simplicity taught him how far modern painters had wandered from the true and narrow way. Other students he knew to be like minded. The zeal of the youthful artists seems to have overstepped discretion. Refusing to take further counsel of the director of the Academy, and despising the classic style then in vogue at Vienna, Overbeck and his associates broke out into revolt, and were in

consequence expelled from the schools. This happened in the year 1810, and immediately the rebels, nothing daunted, betook themselves to the more congenial atmosphere of Rome, and there chose the deserted cells of the cloister of San Isidoro for their dwelling and studio. The Art-brotherhood grew in zeal and in knowledge, and for ten years these painters kept close company, mutually confirming the common faith, all putting their shoulders together to meet the brunt of opposition.

The numerous works which crowd the busy life of Overbeck, afford evidence of teeming invention and untiring industry. These creations are divisible into three classes: outline compositions of the nature of cartoons, frescoes executed in churches or



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.]

palaces, and lastly, oil or easel pictures. When first I visited the studio of Overbeck, some sixteen years ago, then located in the palace of the Cenci, his rooms were occupied by designs executed in charcoal, intended for engraving and publication in one of those series of religious prints which have since obtained universal currency over Europe. Referring to my note-book, I see the record of the deep impression made on my mind by the painter and his works. Here was a man who lived in the presence of prophets, patriarchs, and saints, and who seemed to have entered the spirit-world to bring down to earth those forms of purity and beauty which his canvas revealed. I was in company with a

young sculptor in whom Overbeck took a fatherly interest. "What," said the venerable man, "are you now studying?" "I have received," said the sculptor in reply, "a commission to execute in marble a ballet girl, slightly draped." A cloud shadowed the face of the Christian purist as he saw one more artist a wanderer from the fold, allured and lost. Designs similar in character to those to which I have referred, sometimes slight and sketchy in outline, and sometimes shaded into roundness and hatched with detail—the illustration on the preceding page, 'CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN,' is a favourite and well-known example—have occupied a large portion of Overbeck's labours. This

is a style of work, indeed, for which, both physically and mentally, he is obviously expressly fitted. Wanting in bodily vigour, deficient in technical aptitude, and taking no delight in colour, these simple designs in black and white do not over-tax his powers. Such compositions come moreover as special fulfilments of his own Art aspirations. It is well known that the newborn Christian school declared all painting must henceforth be "soul painting;" and accordingly the shadowy forms found in these designs, frail in bodily lineaments, freed from fleshly lusts, and delivered from the vain adornings of fashion, may be taken as the deliberate exponents of the theory held and promulgated. Coleridge said that a picture was a product occupying an intermediate position somewhere between a thought and a thing, and this aphorism of our English poet-metaphysician serves to show the attitude held by Overbeck among painters. Artists there are

who lay strong emphasis on the "thing," who, to borrow the favourite term of German philosophers, are "objective," positive in line, powerful in form, and triumphant in all outward and material manifestations. Overbeck was not of their number. He belonged on the contrary to the other category—painters of "thought." Long before his picture became a "thing" visible and tangible, it dwelt, unencumbered by gross bodily form, as a shadowy conception in the chambers of secluded meditation. While Overbeck the devotee knelt, as did the monk Beato of Fiesole, in his church, when he walked in solitude along the silent cloister, these "thought pictures," even like "word pictures" to the poet, came crowding to his mind; and as with the prophet of old, so with the prophet-painter in our day, would the exclamation arise, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." Artists like these—such, for example, as vision-seeing Blake—live in close



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

THE SISTERS—ITALY AND GERMANY.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

communion with the world of spirits; the heavenly portals are thrown open, and rays of light and truth shower down abundantly on him who waits and watches for guidance and divine conception. Ideas thus framed or communicated seek utterance, and no more facile expression can be gained than that sought by Overbeck through the point of soft charcoal, which readily transfers each inward form to the visible surface of paper. His drawings bespeak whence they come. In technical qualities they may fail, in physical structure they may be feeble; but then each line is sensitive, each form seems begotten in realms removed from this lower sphere, the figures belong to worlds untainted by sin, the characters are the imaginings of a mind loth to look outward on the earth, but prone to gaze inward on consciousness and upward towards deity. Taken for all in all, these works are perhaps the

nearest approach to disembodied thoughts possible to pictorial forms.

'Christ blessing little Children,' an engraving of which we publish, is deservedly one of the most popular among Overbeck's numerous compositions. Three different versions of the subject now lie before us, whereof this which we select is the most copious and symmetric in the composition of the figures. It is interesting to note that though Overbeck, as a spiritual artist, may be supposed to transcend all mundane conditions, yet that in the putting together of this design he studiously conforms to the technical laws of composition. He seems to have known that of all the bases upon which the materials of a picture can be built, the circle is the most pleasing and intelligible; and his study of historic art doubtless told him that many renowned works owe their popularity

to concentration of the eye on a fixed centre, round which, at the circumference, the action of the story revolves. It will be seen at a glance that Overbeck has applied this principle with singular success to the lovely composition, 'Christ blessing little Children.' The Saviour stands in the midst with upraised hands of benediction, pronouncing the words, "Whosoever shall receive this child in my name, receiveth me," and "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." It will be observed how the upper portion of the figure is maintained in undisturbed isolation, how the head of the Saviour rises to a culminating point above the surrounding figures, and how thereby dignity and importance are gained. At the same time the needful connection with the bystanding groups is secured through the company of little children drawn around the Master's feet. The accessory figures range themselves in balanced symmetry on either side, and are skilfully gathered into unity by lines which, in broken, yet with recurring contiguity, indicate a containing circle. This geometric distribution has, through the correspondence which connects outward form with inward thought, a value felt without being analytically understood. As mental discord would be indicated through disturbed composition, so on the other hand are inward tranquillity and peace made appreciable to sense by pictorial symmetry and well-balanced order. Rightly is it said that order is heaven's first law; the spheres move in cadence through the heavens, and the old painters, by happy intuition, when they descanted on the blessedness of earth, or approached to the bliss which reigns in the upper sky, arranged their figures in groups of appointed harmony. In this placid concord of sweet forms, in a rest unruffled by the strife of tongues, in an inward peace which makes the rugged paths of the world smooth, and the current of life to flow in music, the compositions of Overbeck are unsurpassed, save, perhaps, by the designs of Angelico, ever supreme in those celestial harmonies the cadence whereof the modern Germans have caught.

Overbeck's 'Life of Christ,' exemplified in forty designs, admits of interesting comparison with the like theme depicted by Fra Angelico. Each painter being leader in the same spiritual school, their works naturally possess much in common. The difference between the two modes of treatment arises, in fact, from the wide interval of four centuries which lies between the artist of the fifteenth century and the artist of the nineteenth century. The painters of the modern German school wished, as we have seen, to revive the use of mediæval ages. How far they have done so is evident on a comparison of one of the most memorable of the Lives of Christ known in Italy with the scarcely less celebrated series published at Dusseldorf. The simplicity of form, the symmetry of composition, the solemnity of thought, which we admire in the cloister school of Overbeck, can be traced back to a fountain head within the Florentine monastery of San Marco. But Art, during four eventful centuries, had in some points progressed, and in certain other directions suffered retrogression. In what relates to spirit even spiritual schools have gone back, but in all which concerns the body, in all that pertains to outward material form, modern painters have moved forwards. I think, for example, that no one will pretend that Overbeck, in the treatment of the 'Annunciation,' approaches the monk of Fiesole in spiritual purity and beauty. Art, then, as a spirit-utterance, as a soul-outpouring, lacks the life and unction of other days, and herein she shares the common lot of the moral and metaphysical sciences which cease to be progressive. But Art in her bodily structure partakes of the onward development known to new physical discoveries; and hence in all that pertains to perspective, foreshortening, anatomy, the cast of drapery, and even the management of an intricate composition, modern painters are in far advance of their early forerunners. On these points Angelico was the child, and Overbeck is the man: the child, however, in all things else is father to the man.

THE HOLY FAMILY we engrave shows how faithfully and how lovingly the modern German painters follow in the footsteps of their Italian predecessors. Their designs are sometimes modelled on the works of Perugino, or are derived from still more early, and perhaps even more devout, conceptions of other Umbrian artists. Sometimes, again, their compositions take us to Bologna, in memory of pale and placid Francia; and still more often to Sienna, to commune with Pinturicchio and his fellows. How closely it may be permitted with impunity, even to a Pre-Raphaelite, to copy Raphael, the supposed source of countless evil, this 'Holy Family' by Overbeck is the witness. Overbeck's Madonna, of a beauty, yet of a saint-like dignity, seldom seen in the common nature known to modern realistic schools, might have stepped out from a frame hung in the Florentine Tribune; and St. Elizabeth is almost identical with the 'Mother of St. John,' as portrayed by Sanzio. Nor does the transcript of Raphaelian forms stop here. In this 'Holy Family'—loving and tender, even to the most painstaking of detail—look attentively at the landscape wherein the figures are grouped. Let us commence with the foreground, and there mark the flowers of the field, whence Christ

in His teachings was to take parables, painted as if every leaf spake a lesson; then, advancing midway in the picture, see on the one side a slight graceful tree, growing on a frail and slender stalk, and on the other a ruin planted on a gentle slope; beyond rises the horizon; a town, perchance Nazareth, is in the distance; and above all mount the hill tops, two-thirds up into the canvas. Now, be it observed, in every one of these circumstantial details, Raphael has been studiously transcribed. This I say not to the disparagement of Overbeck, but rather to his praise; for ever it becomes praiseworthy when the practice of a man is, though unconsciously to himself, better than his creed. One thing, at all events, I wish to emphasise distinctly—that the dogmas by which Pre-Raphaelites, both in Germany and England, seek to depreciate Raphael, are narrow and false. In proof of which I point to one of the most lovely compositions executed by Overbeck, this 'Holy Family,' the inexpressible charms whereof are but truth and beauty reflected from the greatest of painters, Raphael.

'THE SISTERS,' personifications of Italy and Germany, engraved in these pages, suggest remarks which may prove not without interest. The original picture, painted on panel, the figures nearly life-size, hangs in the new Pinakothek, Munich, and is one of the few examples I know in which Overbeck has chosen a secular subject, and employed oil as his medium. In giving preference to panel over canvas, the artist reverts to the practice of the early Italian painters, and in his manipulation of oil, he eschews all the blandishments of later and more ornate schools. The execution is careful, but feeble; the colour, as common to the Germans, is crude, and the outlines, unmitigated by the play of light and shade, are studiously harsh. These qualities, it is well known, are not deemed defects by modern Pre-Raphaelite painters. The work is of further interest as an exemplification of other principles held dear by the school. For example, the face of neither sister is beautiful, perhaps even, especially with the light-haired German, the features must be pronounced the reverse of beautiful, yet this, also, in the eyes of the flesh-denying brotherhood, is not so much a failing as a virtue. Other cherished purposes of the school—for instance, the exaltation of inward expression at the expense of outward form—are apparent; and the consanguinity of German and Italian Art is symbolised in the embrace of these light and dark eyed sisters. The lesson intended to be taught may be easily read. The German painters, as we have seen, went wooing to the Arts of Italy, and accordingly the fair German girl clasps with tender hand her stately sister of the south, and gazes steadfastly into the face of the Italian Muse of Painting, crowned with poet's laurel. It is a pretty thought, true to history, and warm with the sentiment which gave birth to the transalpine revival.

Overbeck has reached the venerable age of seventy-six years, and he rears to himself a monument, and writes his epitaph, in the multitude of his works. Many of these remain to be noticed did space permit. In what has been said already, little has been done beyond offering a mere sketch of his Art-life. In repeated commissions given by Pope Pius, Overbeck has received from the head of his Church that approval which, to a mind subject to authority, is peculiarly grateful. Among his paintings in fresco specially worthy of note, is the masterpiece in the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, built at the foot of the hill crowned by the town of Assisi. This work, 'The Vision of St. Francis,' when last I saw it four years ago, suffered not by immediate comparison with the sacred pictures of the devout Umbrian school, in the midst of which it shone as a witness to the worth of German Christian Art. Among the oil paintings of Overbeck, 'The Triumph of Religion in the Arts,' one of the choicest treasures in the Stadel Institute, Frankfurt, is certainly the most elaborate and ambitious. This grand composition, which may be likened in its intent to Raphael's 'School of Athens,' or to the 'Hemicycle,' by Delarocche, has been aptly termed by German critics "the Christian Parnassus,"—the dawn of light in Europe. I wish that space were left for detailed description of this work, weighty in thought, and loaded with symbolism—a work meant as a declaration of faith, the programme of a creed, preaching to the world a homily. Yet while pondering on this picture well worthy of veneration, I could not but regret once more, that Overbeck, in maturing his pictorial thoughts, had not shown like diligence in the perfecting of the material instruments, through which alone ideas can be made visible. In the remembrance of the heavenly harmonies of Angelico and Perugino, it is hard to forgive even a spiritual artist for crudeness of tone, and for the use of colours which are of the earth earthy. In the recollection of Italian pictures, lovely in all perfections, it is not easy to bestow unqualified admiration on figures which, whatever be their Christian graces, are severe in outline, ungainly in form, and feeble in bodily frame. Such defects, however, may be perchance but notes that darken the sunbeam: they are, perhaps, but the vapours of earth which the light of heaven has struggled in vain to dispel.

J. BEAUVINGTON ATKINSON.

IRISH BOG-OAK ORNAMENTS.

We are always glad to draw public attention to any efforts of the sister island connected with the Fine Arts. One branch of Art-manufacture exclusively Irish deserves something more than the passing notice we gave it in our papers on the Exhibition of Manufactures, Machinery, and Fine Arts, inaugurated last summer in Dublin: we mean the manufacture of ornaments from Irish bog-oak. In compensation, as it were, for the coal-fields of England, Ireland possesses vast tracts of peat-moss or hogs: in these have been found, deeply buried, the relics of primeval forests which flourished, it may be, before man had tilled the earth. Oak, fir, deal, and yew, have been dug up and used for firing and other purposes. But in the present century the hand of Art has converted portions of this product from comparative uselessness to articles of artistic value.

The history of bog-oak manufacture is somewhat interesting. When George IV. visited Ireland, in 1821, a person of the name of McGurk presented him with an elaborately carved walking-stick of Irish bog-oak, the work of his own hands, and received, we believe, a very ample remuneration. The work was much admired, and McGurk obtained several orders from time to time. Subsequently a man of the name of Connell, who lived in the lovely lake district of Killarney, commenced to do somewhat more regular business in carving the oak to be found plentifully in the district, and selling his work to the visitors as souvenirs of the locality. The trade prospered sufficiently to induce him to establish himself in Dublin, some twenty years ago, and at his retirement the business, now a profitable one, passed to his son-in-law, Mr. Cornelius Goggin, of Nassau Street. The beauty of the carving, and the elegance of the designs, chiefly taken from objects of antique Irish Art, made these ornaments the fashion not only in Ireland, but in England. The Queen, the Prince Consort, and other members of the royal family and the nobility, were purchasers of the most beautiful specimens; and so, carving in Irish bog-oak attained the position of a native Art, giving employment to many hands, and supporting many establishments. The oak is black, and as hard as ebony; that best suited for carving is brought from the counties of Meath, Tipperary, Kerry, and Donegal. Of a load, which will be purchased for about thirty shillings, a considerable portion is unfit for use, by reason of flaws or splits. The wood is cut into pieces suitable for carving, and is worked on the end of the grain or section, and not on the length of the grain, or plankwise. The process of carving is similar to that of ivory. The more experienced workmen carve designs without any pattern before them, and can earn from forty to fifty shillings a week; the wages of the less expert vary from ten shillings upwards; and women earn nearly as much as men. The total number of persons employed in this artistic handicraft is something over two hundred. Many of them work on the premises of their employers, while others take the material to their own houses.

A method of producing very fine effects at a great saving of cost and labour, has been patented by Mr. Joseph Johnson, of Suffolk Street. This is effected by stamping: the piece of wood, cut to the required size, is placed on the top of the die, which latter is heated by means of a hot plate of metal upon which it stands; over the wood a

similar hot plate is laid; upon this a powerful screw-press descends, and the wood receives the impress of the die as freely as wax, the bitumen in it preventing the fibre from cracking or crumbling. In this way object of exquisite delicacy and very high relief, almost to the height of an inch, are produced in a moment. The designs thus obtained by the die are readily distinguishable from those wrought by the carver's tool; they want the extreme sharpness of the carving, but they are capable of showing, in compensation, more minute figuring and more elaborate details.

The dies, some of which are very beautiful in design, and all sharply cut, are made on the premises.

This branch of trade has done some service to Art in Ireland, by producing many excellent native carvers, several of them in the humblest walks of life. Amongst those one pre-eminently deserves to be mentioned. Many years ago, three ladies of the name of Grierson, persons of education and refinement, turned their attention to educating some of the young people in their neighbourhood, in the Dublin mountains, in the art of wood-carving, as they had seen it practised in Sweden. The project was successful, and amongst the pupils one of the name of Thomas Rogers attained to such excellence that his work will safely bear comparison with the best artists of any country. He is of course in full business. From time to time he comes down from his retired home, a glen in the Dublin mountains, known by the poetic name of *Glen-na-Smahl*, or the "Valley of the Thrush"—receives his orders, takes home his wood, and returns in due time with his work executed in the most exquisite manner. This year he executed for Mr. Johnson, of Suffolk Street, one of the most elaborate and beautiful pieces of work that has ever been produced in this country—the large bog-oak box made for the purpose of holding the Irish lace presented to the Princess of Wales by the ladies of Ireland, the box being a gift to her from the Irish gentry.

It is not easy to estimate the amount of the sales of bog-oak work. Mr. Johnson sells between £4,000 and £5,000 a year, and Mr. Samuel, Mr. Connell, and others, do a proportionably large business. It is to be regretted that a very inferior imitation is produced in England, made of common deal, stamped and coloured, which is sold as genuine Irish carved bog-oak. It can, however, deceive only the very ignorant or the very unwary.

The stranger who visits Dublin may dispose of an idle hour very agreeably in the inspection of the shops where these bog-oak ornaments are sold. The principal establishments are those of Mr. Johnson and Mr. Goggin, already alluded to, and of the brother of the latter in Grafton Street, and those of Mr. Samuel in Nassau Street, and Mr. Johnson in Fleet Street. Articles of very much the same character may be seen in them all. Antique sculptured crosses in high relief, round towers, abbeys, antique brooches and fibulae, harps, shamrocks, and other national emblems, besides a multitude of articles used in the houndair and the drawing-room.

Unhappily there are not many Irish manufacturers: it is a duty to encourage those that do exist: they will in time become better as well as more numerous: we have strong faith not only in the capabilities of the country—so fertile in raw materials of every available and useful kind—but in the power of its people to turn them to valuable account.

GNOSTICISM.*

THE Archbishop of York found occasion, a short time since, to express a very strong opinion upon much of the popular literature of the time, as unhealthy, if not actually demoralising. The most reverend prelate said nothing more than what is true; but however much this condition of things is to be deplored as baneful to society at large, it is yet satisfactory to know there are men who employ their minds in searching out, and their pens in describing, the deep things of the world. All that is great, and noble, and of "good report;" all that can elevate both mind and heart; all that can draw forth the hidden springs of man's intelligence, or educate him in the highest wisdom,—that which will render him happy here and fit him for a future state of happiness; these fruits of literary labour and well-directed, studious effort grow up around us simultaneously with the rank and noisome weed which meet us on all sides.

And there is no subject so remote in its origin, so obscure in its development, or so beset with difficulties of every kind, as to deter some of these searchers after truth from entering upon it; for this is an age of inquiry, and to throw the light of investigation upon what appears dark and mysterious, and to correct the errors to which preceding epochs—with fewer means at command than our own possess—gave birth, is made the special vocation of no small number of learned men who have been, or are, our contemporaries.

Gnosticism, which Mr. King has undertaken to inquire into and elucidate, was one of those ancient theological schools whose theories have often been discussed, yet without any positive satisfactory result in determining its origin or the precise nature of what it professed to be. The word is derived from the Greek *gnosis*, "knowledge," and those who embraced its theories acquired the name of Gnostics,—a sect of philosophers that sprang up in the first century of our era, although their chief doctrines were long previously current in the East. Their creed may briefly be described as a belief that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, but inferior to the Father; that he came into the world for the rescue and happiness of man. They rejected the humanity of Christ, upon the principle that everything corporeal is essentially and intrinsically evil. Persuaded that evil resided in matter as its centre and source, they treated the body with contempt, discouraged marriages, denied the resurrection of the dead and its reunion with the spirit. They divided all nature into the material, the animal, and the spiritual; and men were also divided into three classes:—those who were incapable of knowledge, and perished soul and body; the spiritual, among whom the Gnostics placed themselves, and who were certain of salvation; and the animal, those who were capable of being saved or damned. They held other doctrines in common with these; such as that God dwelt in a *pleroma* of inaccessible light, and that he was unknown to the world till the coming of Christ, &c. &c. Their creed, however, produced very opposite effects on their moral conduct; some, looking upon the body as sinful, mortified it by severe penances; while others led immoral lives, maintaining that the soul could not be affected by the acts of the body.

Dr. Burton, in his "Bampton Lectures" argues that Gnosticism was not by any means a new and distinct philosophy, but made up of selections from almost every system. Thus it is found in the Platonic doctrines of ideas, and in the notion that everything in this lower world has a celebrated and immaterial archetype; and he sees traces of it in that mystical and cabalistic jargon which, after the return of the Jews from captivity, deformed their national religion. That it had its origin, in some form or other, at a much earlier period than the diffusion of Christianity, there is no doubt, though Gnosticism is regarded as a generic term per-

* THE GNOSTICS AND THEIR REMAINS, ANCIENT AND MIDDLE-AGE. By C. W. King, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Author of "Antique Gems." Published by Bell & Daldy, London; Deighton & Co., Cambridge.

taining to the Christian religion, inasmuch as it comprehends "all who pretended to be wise 'above that which is written,' it explains the New Testament by the dogmas of the philosophers, and it derives from the sacred writings mysteries which they never contained."

Egypt is generally supposed to have been the birthplace of the doctrines which led to these heresies of the early Christians. But Mr. King is of a different opinion. After briefly noticing Matter's *Histoire Critique du Gnosticisme*, he says:—"That the seeds of the Gnosis were originally of Indian growth, and were carried westward by the influence of that vast Buddhist movement which in the fifth century before our era had overspread all the East from Thibet to Ceylon, was hinted at by Matter, and became apparent to me on a very slight acquaintance with the fundamental doctrines of Indian theosophy. To show this, the two systems in their two most perfected forms, that of Valentinus and that of the Nepaulese Buddhists, are briefly described and confronted; and throughout, innumerable points of analogy will be found indicated. In the history of the first four centuries of the Church, everything that was denounced as heretical may be traced up to Indian speculative philosophy, as its genuine fountain-head; but much the passed current for orthodox, had really flowed from the same source, it is neither expedient nor decorous now to inquire." The consideration of this portion of the subject, the Indian sources of Gnostic ideas, may be regarded as the first divisional section of Mr. King's book.

Next in importance, for her contributions to the opinions, and vastly more to the monuments that remain, comes Egypt with her primeval religion, whose productions, he says, "in their Romanised and latest disguise, are often confounded with the true offspring of the Gnosis. These are discriminated, their distinctive characters pointed out, and ranged under their several heads, according as they were designed for a religious or for a medicinal object." Following this consideration, much space is given to "that ingenious fgment of the Alexandrian mystic, the *Abrazas Ptolemaeus*, who has given his name to the entire class of talismans, many of them long anterior in date to his creation in a visible form, many belonging to ideas totally unconnected with his religion. . . . The *Mithraic* religion, under whose kindly shelter so much of Occidental Christianity grew up unmolested, is next reviewed, and the causes pointed out for this alliance, at first sight so inexplicable. With this are connected the singular affinity between the ceremonial of the two, and the transfer of so much Mithraic into the usage of the orthodox."

These aggregated subjects, which may be regarded as the several elements of Gnosticism, naturally lead to the consideration of the Symbols and the Terminology, "whereby their ideas were communicated to those initiated into their arcana; composite figures and sigles, 'having a voice to the wise, but which the vulgar heareth not.' As Astrology justly lays claim to a large proportion of the relics popularly called Gnostic, Mr. King has not lost sight of it, while he has endeavoured to separate the purely astrological from the borrowed types. Then comes the Gnosis in its "last and greatest manifestation, the composite religion of *Alones*; its wonderful revival and diffusion in mediæval Europe, and its supposed connection with the downfall of the Templars. The assigned grounds for this event are adduced; although to give any opinion upon their validity is about the most difficult problem in all history. With their scandal and their fate is coupled that most singular fact of modern times, the retention by their asserted successors, the Freemasons, of so much symbolism unmistakably Gnostic in its origin." Under this division, which appears to connect, inferentially, our own age and all contemporary civilised nations—for what country is there where Freemasonry does not exist?—with the remotest epochs and people of antiquity, the subject of *Masonic Marks* is discussed together with *Talismans* and *Amulets* as objects of a kindred nature.

Art, as exemplified on engraved gems, coins, and talismans, some hundreds of which are still

in existence, has done much to aid in the investigation of this very curious subject. Mr. King's volume contains a very large number of engravings from these gems, &c.; more than half of the drawings, he tells us, were made by himself from specimens that came under his notice; the remainder, when his own sight no longer availed him, were furnished by the owners of the originals. There is a deep meaning in these mystical designs and hieroglyphic inscriptions, though intelligible only to the initiated; but they serve to show how Art always has, and always will, lend an effective hand to the promotion of knowledge.

We have preferred giving an outline sketch of Mr. King's plan of treating his subject, to making our own comments, which would have occupied too much space. He scarcely attempts to discuss the philosophic question of Gnosticism, giving as his reason for abstaining from it, that, "As Matter treats of the doctrine alone, and only quotes the monuments in illustration of his remarks, and the present essay is designed to be subsidiary to his invaluable treatise, I refer the reader to him for the complete elucidation of the philosophy of the subject, and have given my chief attention to the archaeological portion (which is cursorily passed over by him), in which nothing has been done since the publications of Chifflet and of Montfaucon."

They who, not knowing anything of the subject, may think it too abstruse, dry, and mystical to interest them, will rise from the perusal of this valuable book with very different notions, or we are greatly mistaken.

PICTURE SALES.

WANT of space prevented us last month from doing more than announcing the sale of pictures, &c., in the possession of the firm of Messrs. Hayward and Leggat. We now append a list of the principal works offered in competition:—'Summer Tents,' a landscape with three cows, a small canvas, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 95 gs. (Hering); 'Resting by the Way,' a female figure, W. T. C. Dobson, A.R.A., 150 gs. (Holmes); 'The Marshalsea Prison,' from 'Little Dorrit,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 290 gs. (Marshall); 'A la Fuente, Andalusia,' a female figure, J. Phillip, R.A., 290 gs. (Morby); 'The Road by the River,' T. Creswick, R.A., figures by M. Stone, 150 gs. (Hering); 'Diethirchen, on the Lahn,' G. C. Stanfield, 100 gs. (Sampson); 'Landscape,' with seven sheep, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 145 gs. (Agnew); 'The Wood,' W. Linnell, 335 gs. (Segnier); 'Cattle on Lytham Sand Hills,' exhibited at the Academy last year, R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 410 gs. (Amos); 'The Fair,' a female figure, C. Baxter, 115 gs. (Agnew); 'A Sailor's Wedding,' exhibited at the Academy in 1863, J. C. Hook, R.A., 650 gs. (Agnew); 'A Moor Scene,' R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 210 gs. (Hering); 'The Origin of the Combining Machine,' exhibited at the Academy in 1862, A. Elmore, R.A., 680 gs. (Marshall); the small finished sketch of this picture was sold immediately afterwards for 180 gs. (Evans); 'The Infancy of Moses,' H. Le Jeune, A.R.A., 210 gs. (Holmes); 'Mount St. Michael, Coast of Normandy,' D. Roberts, R.A., 300 gs. (Aues); 'Lucy's Flittin,' not yet exhibited, but the purchaser under an engagement to send it to the Academy this year, T. Faed, A.R.A., 570 gs. (Marshall); 'In the Highlands of Scotland,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., and F. R. Lee, R.A., 320 gs. (Gambart); 'The Reluctant Creditor,' T. S. Brooks, 97 gs. (Agnew); 'The Avenue at Derby,' T. Creswick, R.A., 360 gs. (Alleroff); 'Over the Moors,' R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 270 gs. (Gibbs); 'Brodick Castle—Isle of Arran,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 845 gs. (Agnew); 'Alicante, Coast of Spain,' E. W. Cooke, R.A., 160 gs. (Angel); 'Sultan Hassan's School at Cairo,' F. Goodall, R.A., 255 gs. (Denner); 'Battle of Noveredo,' small finished sketch, C. Stanfield, R.A., 305 gs. (Crofts); 'The House of Prayer,' H. S. Marks, 145 gs. (Harland); 'Lighting the Beacon on the Coast of Cornwall,' in the Academy last year, P. F. Poole, R.A., 570 gs. (Harland); 'Hylas and the Nymphs,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A., 340 gs. (Marshall).

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE LORETTO NECKLACE.
Engraved by C. Cousen.

THE closest examination of this picture would fail to discover what connection there is between the subject and the title; the latter, as Mr. Wornum rightly says in his remarks upon the picture, "is one of those unmeaning fanciful designations with which Turner loved to perplex people." The only explanation that could be given is that the scene is presumed to be a view of the town of Loretto, and the two figures are peasants of the locality, one of whom, a young female, is being decorated with a necklace by her lover. The picture, as a composition, is more simple, yet not less beautiful in design, than the majority of Turner's Italian scenes. On the summit of a lofty eminence, richly clothed with olive trees, stands a portion of what is assumed to be Loretto; through a chasm, flanked at each topmost side by ancient ruins, is a rushing cascade, whose waters, widening at the base of the hill, roll on to join the stream in the valley, and the two torrents united wind their way to the foreground. In the middle distance is a long viaduct; and beyond, a range of bold mountainous country skirting the shores of the Adriatic. The artist for once has ignored his favourite stone-pine and substituted a tree of another description. The picture would have been more agreeable to our eye without any such introduction; the tree is not elegant in itself, and it looks obtrusive, as if the painter, and not nature, had caused it to grow there for a purpose, the meaning of which, as a point in the composition, is not very evident, unless to "balance" the heights on the right. There is a charming play of sunshine in the water and portions of the foreground, which acts as a powerful relief to the masses of shadow cast over the greater part of the subject.

Loretto stands on a hill that commands an extensive view of the magnificent country all round, and especially towards the sea, from which it is about three miles distant; the town, or rather city, is visible to sailors many miles from the coast. The shrine of "Our Lady of Loretto" has been for several centuries a great magnetic attraction for the followers of the Roman Catholic faith; "the most pious pontiffs and the most ambitious monarchs have swelled the crowd of votaries whom its fame and sanctity have drawn together from the remotest parts of the Christian world." The church seen in Turner's picture is that entitled the Chiesa della Santa Casa, the Santa Casa being, as the legend affirms, the veritable dwelling-place of the Virgin Mary, the scene of the Annunciation and the Incarnation, and the house in which the Holy Family found shelter after the flight out of Egypt. Tradition explains to the satisfaction of believers how the house was transferred from Nazareth into Italy, but we have not space to give the details of its history. It must suffice to state that it suddenly appeared, in 1291, in a grove near Loretto, and its arrival was announced by Mary herself in a vision to St. Nicholas of Tolentino. After changing its position three times, the Santa Casa settled down on its present site, in 1294. But although multitudes of pilgrims flocked to the house, there does not appear to have been any attempt to preserve it by enclosure till nearly two centuries afterwards, when Pope Paul II. commenced erecting a church over it, which Sixtus V. completed.

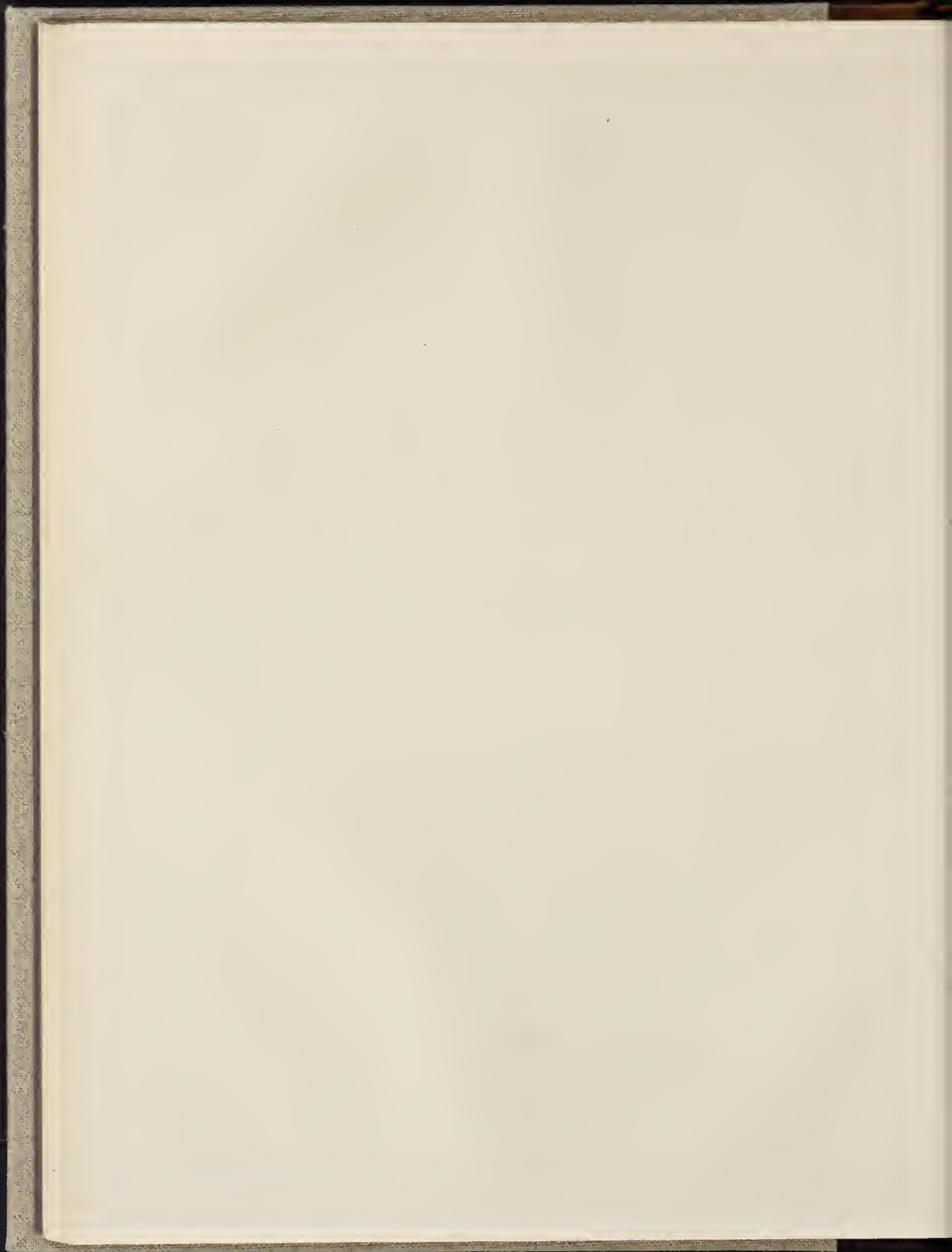
Turner's picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1829.



J. M. W. Turner, 1840

THE LIGHTS OF NEAPLES

THE V. & A. CO. LTD. N. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.



OBITUARY.

DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.

IN briefly announcing last month the sudden death of this distinguished artist, it was stated that his career will be found sketched out in the *Art-Journal* for 1858, from materials with which he furnished the writer. We can say—now that he is no longer among us—more both of the man and the painter than his honest nature and his unpretending character would have cared to see recorded of him.

David Roberts was born at Stockbridge, near Edinburgh, on October 24, 1796. His father was a shoemaker in Church Lane, Stockbridge; and it may be stated that in the Calton Cemetery is a monument to the memory of his parents, erected by their son—so reads the inscription—in testimony of their worth, and in gratitude for the example they had set him, to which he attributed his success in life. Evincing at an early age a strong aptitude for drawing and painting, he was apprenticed to a house and herald painter in Edinburgh, named Bengo, with whom he had a wearisome servitude of seven years to a harsh and exacting master. Among his fellow apprentices were Mr. D. R. Hay, and two or three others who have since made themselves reputations. These lads, desirous of getting up a "life-studio," subscribed a few shillings each to purchase a donkey as their "model." They kept it in a kind of cellar in Mary King's Close, one of the dingy alleys branching out of the High Street of old Edinburgh; and the young students took it by turns to go out at odd hours foraging for the animal, bringing in thistles, dandelions, kale blades, &c., for its provender. Such—as Roberts told a friend of ours—was his first studio. Even at this early period his pencil-drawings were remarkable for their correctness and beauty, for there was scarcely a picturesque nook or corner in and around Edinburgh which he had not sketched.

At the expiration of his term of servitude, Roberts was engaged to paint scenery for the principal theatre in Edinburgh. While thus employed his talents reached the ears of Elliston, then lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, who invited him to London, and offered him, in conjunction with his friend Mr. Clarkson Stanfield, an engagement of three years. His first easel-picture was seen at the British Institution in 1824, about the time when the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street, was established. Both Roberts and Stanfield were among its earliest members, and their works were annually seen in this gallery, as well as at the Royal Academy and the British Institution for several years. On seceding from the association in Suffolk Street, of which he held, during some years, the post of vice-president, his works were sent only to the two other galleries.

The style and character of his paintings are too well-known to require description. In his peculiar department, that of representing picturesque architecture, he stands unrivalled by any artist ancient or modern. He has been sometimes called the Canaletti of our time, but the parallel cannot justifiably be maintained. Canaletti, with Peter Neefs and others of the Dutch school, certainly painted architectural subjects, but not one of them gave to their works the true pictorial character and rich luminous colouring that we find in Roberts. Canaletti and the rest may be called photographic painters; our countryman invested his compositions with no small amount of poetical feeling. Probably his early train-

ing in the theatrical school had much to do with this mode of treatment; but whether it had or no, the result gave no little charm to his works. He was elected Associate of the Academy in 1838, and Royal Academician in 1841.

His long sojourn in Belgium, Spain, Africa, and the East—from about 1827 to 1837—marks an era, not alone in the practice of the painter, but in British Art. Prior to his return, little comparatively was known in England of the gorgeous architecture of Spain, and the still more interesting scenery of the Holy Land and the adjacent countries. His pencil made familiar to us the glorious edifices of Seville, Grenada, &c., the majestic ruins of the land of the Pharaohs, and the localities associated with the events of early Christian history. It showed us what the metropolis of Egypt might have been when the tribes of Israel marched forth from the house of bondage, and how the magnificent capital of the descendants of the same Israelitish hosts probably appeared when Titus with his Roman legions was hurling its mighty battlements and splendid temple to the ground, so that "not one stone was left upon another." In the vast sandy plains that border the Nile, he sketched those marvellous structures the Pyramids, which Moses is presumed to have seen, which certainly were regarded with wonder and admiration by Homer and Herodotus, Pythagoras and Plato, and under whose shadows Alexander the Great marshalled his cohorts, and Napoleon his armed battalions. If David Roberts had done nothing more than produce his "Sketches in the Holy Land, Egypt, &c.," which Mr. Louis Haghe has transferred so faithfully and artistically to the stone, he would have done a work that must have immortalised his name. A word is here due to Alderman Sir F. G. Moon, through whose enterprise and liberality this magnificent work was produced, and to whom also the public is indebted for a very large number of the finest engravings which have appeared in this country during the last half century. Mr. Roberts, who always referred with much pleasure to the Alderman's honourable dealings with him, received the sum of £3,000 for the Holy Land sketches, and for the trouble of superintending their reproduction in lithography. It was sufficiently vexatious and galling to the artist to find a few years back that a Belgian publisher had pirated and issued the entire series, without even an acknowledgment of Mr. Roberts's name as their author, and that this same unscrupulous publisher had received an order of merit from the pope, and various marks of distinction from European monarchs and princes, as if he had originated and carried out a great work.

Latterly Venice and Rome supplied him with subjects for pictures, and still more recently he found that London had some scenery not altogether unworthy of his attention. We understand he had received a commission from Mr. Lucas, the eminent contractor, to paint a series of metropolitan views, some of which have made their appearance at the Royal Academy; others were sketched out, and in progress, at the time of his death. Who would undertake to finish them? There is, we hear, an intention to exhibit to the public the drawings and sketches left by Mr. Roberts.

Our contemporary, the *Athenæum*, says:—"Roberts was one of the most methodical of men: from the practice of his art to the arrangement of his studio, everything was in order. . . . He has left behind him, besides an immense mass of notes and

memoranda, two quarto volumes, which contain on every one of the leaves of the first, and on the greater number of those in the second, sketches of his own pictures. These are drawn with characteristic dexterity and clearness, and enable any one not only to recognise the manner of the artist, but to identify each work represented." Thus, in these volumes, "there is a complete history of the man's artistic life, for side by side of these sketches is a register of the date of the picture, its title, the name of the purchaser, the price obtained for it, and its place of deposit. When the work has been resold, as was frequently the case, and sometimes over again, the facts are recorded, with the prices the picture realised, purchaser's name, &c." A more curious register of business transactions has, it may be presumed, never appeared in the "ledger" of any artist.

A kindly, genial disposition had David Roberts, which attached him much to his brother artists and his many other friends both in England and Scotland. His attachment to the land of his birth was very strong, and scarcely a year elapsed, unless when abroad, that he did not pay a visit to Edinburgh to renew his acquaintance with his many friends there, and with the haunts of his boyhood, among which he delighted to wander. Not very many years ago he was entertained at a public dinner in Edinburgh, when Lord Cockburn presided, and a number of the most influential inhabitants of the city were present. In 1858 the freedom of Edinburgh was conferred upon him, and on the evening of the same day he and his old friend and early fellow-worker, Mr. C. Stanfield, R.A., were the honoured guests at a banquet given by the Royal Scottish Academy. His kindness of heart often prompted him to acts of benevolence, though he was among the number of those who "do good by stealth." Many of his old friends in reduced circumstances experienced the benefit of his bounty, conveyed to them by one who was strictly enjoined not to divulge the name of the giver. He was a vice-president of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, and took an active part in its management, and also interested himself greatly in other Art-societies of a kindred nature. We hear, and quite believe, that he amassed very considerable property, and as his only child, if we are not mistaken, is married to a wealthy gentleman, Mr. Henry Bicknell,—who, by the way, possesses the finest collection of his father-in-law's pictures in the kingdom, which are now, and have been for several months past, exhibited at the Crystal Palace,—we hope that the loss of the Art-world occasioned by Mr. Roberts's death will prove the great gain of those benevolent institutions which he helped to sustain while living. He was buried on the 2nd of December, at Norwood Cemetery, in a quiet, unostentatious manner, in compliance with his own desire.

MRS. MANNIN.

We have to record the sudden death at Brighton, in October last, of Mrs. Mannin—*née* Millington. This lady was an excellent miniature painter, and for many years exhibited at the Royal Academy. Among her best works may be mentioned portraits of the grand nephews of Lord Gough, the children of the Hon. Lady Brooke Pechell, Sir Felix and Lady Agar, and of the late Sir Henry Havelock, taken when he was last in England, and considered inimitable. But Mrs. Mannin excelled chiefly in portraits of ladies and children.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—Something like an *apothecosis* of Delacroix notified the last month of the past year. A considerable collection of the works of that great master was exhibited in the extensive saloons of the Boulevard des Italiens, and two appropriate tributes have been further paid therein to his merits and his memory. One of these was in the form of a lecture given by the veteran Dumas, who happened to have enjoyed the intimate friendship of the painter, and who, in rich strain of colloquy, rather than less formal and ungenial disquisition, pictured forth his vigorous and various peculiarities of character. So greatly was this outpouring of the author of "Monte Christo" relished, that its repetition became expedient. The other tribute took the form of a *réunion* of artists at a dinner in the same quarter, under the presidency of the well-known critic, Theophile Gautier. This also passed off effectively. The reputation, however, of Delacroix now rests, not upon the eulogistic advocacy of friends, but upon the verdict which the present and the future will mete out to the canvases which crowded the walls of that *locale* where these two scenes took place.—*Appropos* of French Art, and the modest self-sufficiency of its adherents, it is amusing, to say the least, to find in one of the favourite publications devoted to it—in a notice of one of your London sales of native works of Art—an expression of surprise at the high prices which some dozen pictures realised, amounting altogether to 210,300 francs, or between £8,000 and £9,000 sterling. The writer winds up by the remark, "*En France on peult mieux et à plus juste prix.*"—Under Marshal Vaillant and the Count de Neuerkerke's dispensation, which has superseded the old academy, reforms are in progress of realisation in the Ecole des Beaux Arts. One of these was surely wanted. Under the *offite* academic arrangement, there were twelve professors who guided the evening studios of the more advanced class of scholars. The consequence was that each month brought a new master and all manner of conflicting systems, by which the youths were seriously perplexed and annoyed. This is now set aside, and the whole responsibility of directing tuition is thrown upon the shoulders of M. Yvon, whose great military illustrations have proved him to be at the least a most accomplished draughtsman. The measure has given satisfaction to all, except the devoted adherents of the antagonistic academy.—Madame Pompadour, the bright particular star of Louis XV., was, in addition to her other great accomplishments, a devoted admirer of Art, and, moreover, herself an artist of no ordinary skill. This won for her the following tribute from the pen of Voltaire:—

"Pompadour, ton crayon divin,
Devait dessiner ton visage;
Jamais une plus belle main
N'eut fait un plus bel ouvrage."

To be rendered freely thus—

"From no other pencil but thine,
Pompadour, should thy portrait be given;
And then—what a work all divine
We should have from a hand fair as heaven."

NUREMBERG, according to a statement in the *Builder*, "promises a monument to Stonewall Jackson. The way in which Nuremberg has come to promise it is rather curious. A young man from Nuremberg, named Volk, emigrated to America as a journeyman cooper. After arriving there his early passion for Art grew stronger; he made sketches for illustrated papers, and gradually became a self-taught artist. The war found him at Baltimore, whence he wandered south, and was engaged as draughtsman on the staff of one of the Southern generals. He made a bust of Stonewall Jackson from a mask which he took from the dead face; and when the monument was put up to competition by the Southern Government, the young German artist won the prize. But even then he had to find means for executing his work, and for this he ran a ship laden with cotton through the blockade, and brought it to Europe, where the sale of the cotton gave him the funds required. The monument represents the general on horseback; a fine Arabian steed from Stuttgart serving as a model for the horse."

FLORENCE.

It cannot be otherwise than interesting to the painter to hear something of the changes that are about to be effected in the earliest citadel of his Art. There is, perhaps, no other city of such limited size as Florence that could have so readily responded to the demands now made upon it in its sudden erection into the capital of the kingdom of Italy. The Pitti will remain the residence of the sovereign, but it is probable that the exigencies of the court of Victor Emmanuel may not leave open to the public so many of its marble saloons as were free under the sway of Leopold II. With respect to the dispositions in the Palazzo Vecchio, many statements have gone forth, each of which has, in turn, been contradicted. It is, however, understood that the convenience of strangers visiting the galleries will be consulted as much as can be done consistently with the public service. The subjoined arrangements are according to the latest reports of Signor Jacini, the Minister of Public Works, and they will be effected with the utmost regard to economy.

It is impossible to believe that such improvements can meet all the requirements of each case. The conversion of a monastery into barracks may not be so difficult as is supposed, but in all its resolutions regarding these public offices, it is clearly the wise purpose of the government to proceed to perfection by well-considered advances. The sittings of the Senate will be held in the Palazzo Vecchio, in those rooms in which the business of the Royal Court of Appeal has been transacted, and not, as has been reported, in the saloon called that of the two hundred, that is, the Supreme Court of Cassation. In the other large room, called the saloon of the five hundred, the Deputies will assemble, but the pictures and statues by which it has been so long ornamented will not be removed. Rooms also in the Palazzo Vecchio will be appropriated to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. To the Minister of Public Instruction is given the Riccardi Palace, the noble structure in the Via Larga which excites the admiration of every visitor. The name of this street is changed to that of Via Cavour. The War Office will be the building in the Via S. Frediano, now known as the Episcopal Seminary, which will be suitably enlarged by the erection of additional apartments and offices, for which there is ample space in the garden. To the Treasury is allotted the Casino Mediceo, which was formerly occupied by the Noble Guards; and to the Minister of the Interior the barracks of the Carbiniers, formerly the Institute of Music. The Institute of the SS. Annunziata will be henceforward the Office of Public Works, and to the Naval Administration is assigned a Convent. The Institute of SS. Annunziata was established for the education of young ladies of noble family; it is now transferred to the Poggio Imperiale. A Palace situated in the Via del Corso will be occupied by the Ministry of Justice. To Agriculture and Commerce no abiding place has yet been assigned. The offices of the Committees of Artillery and Engineering will be established in the Convent of S. Spirito. The Convent of S. Firenze is also appropriated.

The Military College, formerly existing in the Borgo Pinti, is now superseded, and the building held by the institution will henceforth be occupied by the Royal Carbiniers. The Convent of S. Trinita will be henceforth the Florentine Gymnasium and Lyceum, and the Convent of S. Girolamo will be turned into a barrack. The offices of the Customs will be established in the Convent of S. Maria Novella, and the Convent of S. Apollonia is to be turned into barracks. These are the present arrangements as far as they have gone, and it is probable that many of these appointments may be cancelled; but even for temporary purposes many of the buildings must be modified and adapted to the uses for which they are intended. In the above list there are many places that will be remembered by artists with affection, as having afforded many subjects of interesting study; but under all these changes, Florence is yet vastly rich in all that can assist the education of the painter.

MR. FLATOU'S EXHIBITION.

Is looking through an assemblage of pictures such as this collection, which carries us back through the last thirty or forty years—a term so stirring for English Art—the observer cannot fail to be struck by the successive differences that characterise the painting of the interval, as also the looseness with which the construction of subject matter is treated. As to the immediate impression conveyed by these works, it is, that we have lost in landscape, but gained in figure-painting. There are no examples of such of our ancient masters who drew with unpardonable eccentricity, to be contrasted with the studious accuracy of the present day; but there are landscapes of late date superseded in interest by others of an earlier time. Of those that have gone before are Morland and Nasmyth, and more recently, Müller, Constable, Calcott, Bonington, G. Chambers, and Collins, R.A. Some of the works that appear under certain of these names are but brief texts wherewith the memory funds a rapturous discourse on the most brilliant passages of many brilliant careers. The collection is rich in Nasmyths, some of the very best of the painter's works, as bright and as pure as any of those of the over-estimated Dutchmen who worked in the same vein; and we look at whatever has come from the hands of Constable, Calcott, and Müller, with the feeling that each was an originator, that all three were ever fresh, and never grew old in their art. Here are Sir Edwin Landseer's large picture, 'A Flood in the Highlands,' also 'Windsor Forest,' and 'No Escape'—the last painted thirty, perhaps forty, years ago, showing a white dog watching an unfortunate cat. This was one of the white dogs painted from Sir Edwin's dog Brutus, who has been described as "marvellous at cats."

"I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour."

In this picture there is no indication of that facility we see in this artist's later works. We find also many well-known pictures, others new, by T. Faed, R.A., J. Linnell, Sen., A. Egg, R.A., J. Phillip, R.A., J. Sant, A.R.A., J. C. Horsley, R.A., A. Elmore, R.A., T. Creswick, R.A., E. W. Cooke, R.A., C. Stanfield, R.A., R. Ansdell, A.R.A., W. T. C. Dobson, A.R.A., W. P. Frith, R.A., and others. The work of the last-named artist is 'Coming of Age in the Olden Time,' well known through the engraving, and that by Faed is 'Sunday in the Backwoods,' but very much heightened and improved by the painter since it was exhibited some years ago in the Academy. Creswick's pictures are, 'Good Evening,' a composition in which cattle has been painted by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A.; and, perhaps more characteristic, 'A Beck in the North Country,' that is, a thread of water in a droughty June, embowered in foliage, and struggling onward amid heaps of dry boulders; this was the kind of subject that founded the reputation of the painter. That by J. Linnell, Sen., is called 'Across the Common,' the kind of domestic landscape he always paints; and by W. Linnell and James Linnell are others differing somewhat in sentiment, but all having reference to the teaching of the elder Linnell. By F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., 'Wayside Flowers' is a marked departure from the chivalrous themes that Mr. Pickersgill has been wont to treat; and we instance this, to observe that the public taste for commonplace leaves the artist no choice, he never so allured in poetic imagery. By W. H. Boughton is a winter scene called 'Coming from Mass,' quite equal to the best work of E. Frère. On Etty's 'Wise Virgins' a pointed comment is pronounced by the firm painting of the present day; in concentrating himself in colour, Etty frequently overlooked form and character, and dated by specious anachronism subjects which should have no date. By F. Stone, A.R.A., there is 'The First Appeal,' which has given to the public a popular engraving; it also marks a period, and was in its time a leading picture of a certain class. The catalogue contains the titles of one hundred and fifty-three pictures, which are, without very many exceptions, of great value and interest; thus it will be seen that only some of the paintings in the collection are here mentioned.

KABYLE POTTERY.

COMMUNICATED BY MADAM BODICHON.

In the Atlas region of Algeria is a mountain race of men, who must not be confounded with the wandering Arab, whose character, moral and physical, is very different from theirs.

The Kabyle is a householder and not a dweller in tents, and as much attached to his homestead and his land as any peasant proprietor in France. The Kabyle is laborious, while the Arab is intensely idle and hates exertion, except in war or hunting; the Arab is fond of show, and likes the pomp and the appearance of power; the Kabyle is quite unconcerned about his personal appearance, and is not imposed upon by outside show in anything. The Kabyles are, in fact, by their sturdy character, and their curious Parliamentary government, the most remarkable people of North Africa. They really resemble the English more than any of the Oriental peoples. We cannot here enter into the question of where they got the blue eyes and red hair so commonly seen amongst them, or whether they are or are not descendants of the Vandals; but I could not help thinking as I looked down on the tops of the mountains from Fort Napoleon, in Kabylia, and saw the blue sea-line of the Mediterranean bounding our view to the north, that it was probable all sorts of flying men of all the nations who had crossed that sea had taken refuge from time to time in these mountains, and modified more or less the native population, whatever that may have been.

This people has held its mountains from time immemorial against Roman, Arab, and Turkish invasions, and it was only in 1857 that Kabylia was conquered by the French, after a tough resistance. Already the French have by their very presence established order, as they always do, and the Kabyle villages have lost the dear liberty of fighting among themselves. The French have opened schools, and give medical advice, drugs, and vaccination to all who will come for it. They teach the Kabyles to plant the vine and make wine, and show them a cleaner way of making oil than treading it out with their feet; the French will plant the Spanish chestnuts, which flourish admirably in that climate, and will graft the Kabyle's olives, and help them in many ways to better food and cleaner raiment; at the same time it is quite certain that some very beautiful objects will disappear before the modern innovations.

The exquisite Amphons (No. 1) which are now the common water jars, used every day by all the women to carry water from the springs, will be without doubt replaced in a few years by ugly jugs, or tin cans, or wooden buckets and yokes; and the oil-jar (No. 2), and the rest of their beautiful forms, will give way before hideous and cheap French earthenware. In Algiers itself I have seen this process taking place: eight years ago it was easy to find in any Arab street beautiful two-handed jars (No. 3), painted with colours mixed with wax, which stood very well all usage with cold water, and were extremely quaint and graceful: some were zig-zags simply of green, red, and black, on yellow earthenware; and others were covered with very elaborate scroll patterns, outlined in reddish-brown, but generally filled in with red and green; now these jars are almost impossible to be obtained: when I have ordered them to be painted by Arabs, they did them badly, and seem to have forgotten the traditional rules.

It is quite certain that the Kabyles will,

even sooner than the Arabs, forget their old forms, and take to now and more convenient



pottery, as they are a very enterprising and trading people, and also because their pot-



tery is exceedingly fragile, and the forms must soon disappear if not constantly made



fresh from the tradition. I have seen a woman, in a village near Fort Napoleon,

making this pottery—simply moulding a rough mass of clay into the form of the vessel with her hands; and it is evident that no potter's wheel can be used for these pots, which are nearly all of them very crooked and have complicated forms.

The shapes of the Amphons are exactly like Etruscan vases if turned upside down. It is curious and interesting to see a people making and using these beautiful antiques, but what is the most interesting about the Kabyle pottery is, not the forms, but the ornamentation. The drawings on these jars are a slight development of the earliest known forms of ornament. The simple zig-zag seems the earliest and natural form suggested to the human mind, for it is found in the early works of countries far distant, between which there has been no communication, and in ages far apart; for the early Greeks used the same designs which a savage carves on his club at this present day, and the same are seen on the early pottery of northern nations. The women in the Atlas region are at this present time painting precisely the same patterns on their pottery which the early Greeks painted on theirs; but this does not seem to me to prove that they have inherited these forms as traditions, but rather that they have come to them in the same way as the Greeks came to them, namely, by an independent evolution of the human mind. The same law gives us myths and legends in different countries, as far apart as the Polynesia and Ireland, exactly resembling each other, and early flint implements, worked in the same manner, in whatever country they may be found. Again, if we offer a stick to a country boy to carve, he will give us something very like the earliest ornaments of the Greeks, or the modern New Zealander; or give a child a piece of pie-paste to ornament, and he will do precisely what is found on the most ancient pottery of all nations. Probably the earliest ornament (not pure ornament either, as it was subservient to use) was the notching on the wooden haudles of battle-axes, probably made at first to prevent the hand from slipping, and then becoming ornament by simple repetition of these forms.

I have before me a weapon from the Navigators' Islands; on the handle is carved this pattern, which is known at a glance to be the same ornament seen on the early work of all nations. The black lines mean, in my drawing, the indented spaces, and I have no doubt whatever that the early drawings on pottery imitated the cuts of some sharp instrument.

The curious double jar (No. 4) is probably used to tie on a horse or donkey, and the idea is evidently to prevent the liquid from being spilt by shaking. This kind of vessel is sometimes made with four jars all connected, and sometimes each of the four jars has four smaller ones attached it,—looking like four kangaroos with four young ones projecting from their pouches.

Some of the Kabyle pottery is remarkably intricate in form and ornament, particularly the lamps, made to hold 20 or 30 wicks in three tiers or more, one above another.

The notchings and zig-zag pattern I have seen on wooden chests and round the doorways of Kabyle mayors, or other village dignitaries.

I have tried, since obtaining the specimens from which these drawings were made, to procure some of the more complicated forms, but without success; and I may as well mention here, for the benefit of the curious in pottery, that whenever I can get them, they shall be sent to the South Kensington Museum.

THE LAKE COUNTRY.*

THANKS to the facilities afforded by railways and "excursion tickets," the glorious scenery of the northernmost counties of England is now

made almost as accessible to dwellers in the metropolis as the parks of Richmond and Greenwich used to be half a century ago; a few hours' journey serves to land the traveller amid the natural beauties of the "Lake district," and thousands there are who every summer and



ANGLE TARN.

winter avail themselves of the opportunity to revel in its loveliness. To see, however, is one thing; to examine, digest, and gain instruction, is another: the former may be the privilege of

many, the latter is attainable only by the few who have both time and capacity for investigation and learning. But Mr. and Mrs. Linton have produced a book which will enable those who



THE OLD MAN, FROM BRANTWOOD.

have only taken a short "run" to the Lakes, as well as those who have never enjoyed even so much advantage, to "know all about them."

Artists have made us tolerably familiar with

the scenery of the Lake country: Mr. J. B. Pyne published about ten years ago a fine volume of sketches made there; and guide-books innumerable have put in their claims to



BORROWDALE.

public attention. An illustrated volume entitled "Scenery and Poetry of the Lakes," by Dr.

* THE LAKE COUNTRY. By E. Lynn Linton. With a Map, and One Hundred Illustrations drawn and engraved by W. J. Linton. Published by Smith, Elder, and Co. London.

Mackay, made its appearance some eighteen years since; but, hitherto, we have had no such book, none so thoroughly complete in description and pictures combined, as that which is the joint production of Mr. and Mrs. Linton—a work the subject of which has certainly called

forth the best powers—and they are not small—of the lady's pen and her husband's pencil. Perhaps we cannot do better than state in the

authoress's own words what the book is intended to be.

"Though a faithful description of scenes and



FURNESS ABBEY.

places, it is not a tour made up of personal adventures, neither is it a hand-book, telling

what inns to go to and how much to pay for breakfast and dinner; nor yet an exhaustive



BYDAL WATER.

monograph, for which we should have needed thrice the time and space afforded: but it is

merely a Book on the Lakes, giving such of general and local history as fell in with our plan



HEAD OF STOCKGHYLL.

and what we thought would interest the reader, while doing our best to worthily illustrate and

describe the most beautiful places—both those popularly known, and those which only the

residents ever find out. It is indeed a 'Love-book,' which we give to the world in the earnest desire for others to share in our experience, and to receive the same joy and healthy excitement as we ourselves have had."

It is rarely the beauties of nature have been brought before us in more eloquent language than in this volume: the picturesque scenery of the Lakes, with its varied and interesting historic associations, has stirred up all the poetry of the writer's mind. Passages—it might be said pages—confirmatory of this are so numerous that it is difficult to choose between them. We extract one, however, as a specimen; it refers to the famous Druid Circle, near Keswick. Mrs. Linton has just described the appearance of this locality at the celebration of one of the mysterious high festivals of these ancient worshippers, in language so graphic that nothing but the length of the passage prevents our extracting it entire. She then continues:—

"Oh, those dumb, eternal mountains! what tragedies of crime and terror have been enacted year by year before them! yet there they stand, unchanging witnesses of good or ill, patient in their power, and of supreme and infinite compassion; the same now and always, whatever storms of life beat up about their feet.

"The same, and yet how different! There are mountains which mean only summer days' excursions, and children gathering bilberries, and lovers wandering through the bracken, and skylarks singing overhead; and there are others which the fury of the element never wholly quits, but which have ever in the hearts of them an elemental spirit of wrath and a terrifying Presence; and there are others, like High Street, where the aspect is one of command and authoritative rule; and others, like Helvellyn, penetrated with the crying souls of victims and the masterful spirits of torture. And then, again, there are places like this of the Druid Circle, where every expression is of loveliness and terror, and the solemnity of priestly rites, and the helplessness of man in the grasp of superstition."

These passages, brief as they are, serve to show the impressions made by the magnificent scenery of the Lakes on the mind of the writer, and also the style of language employed in conveying her ideas to others. Her whole heart and soul are among those brave, rugged mountains, the summits of which she has evidently reached, though work enough for a stalwart man, and in those soft green valleys lying at their feet or binding them together by links of beauty, and in the quiet waters that reflect, as in a mirror, every precipice, and crag, and spur, and grassy surface. "It is," she says enthusiastically, "such a fine rich sensation, that of wandering about these perilous places," alluding more especially to Helvellyn and Fairfield, "so grand in their sublime loveliness, so magnificent in their dangerous beauty, that almost any amount of foolhardiness may be excused. It is worth whole years of tamer living in the plains—worth a generation time of living in the cities." This, however, is simply a question of taste and feeling as to whether a man prefers to be in constant communication with his fellow-man, or with nature.

Of the numerous engravings that embellish the volume we have been permitted to introduce some examples. They are gems of the kind, drawn by Mr. Linton with a free pencil, and vigorously engraved by him. We have seen more finished cutting by him of the drawings of other artists, but certainly none which manifest more decidedly the well-trained and skilful hand of the master, who seems to have adapted his style to the peculiar character of the landscapes. Mrs. Linton expresses her obligations to our friend and contributor, Mr. T. Wright, F.R.S., for aid in that portion of her narrative which refers to the early history of the Lake district; and to Mr. E. Hull, F.G.S., for "relieving her of the responsibility of the geological chapter." A glossary of provincialisms, a dictionary of the Lake botany, and a table of the mountains, lakes, and waterfalls, form a valuable appendix to the other contents of this volume—undoubtedly the most comprehensive, and in every respect the best which has hitherto appeared on the subject, so far as we know.

ART-WORK IN THE CATHEDRAL,
BOMBAY.

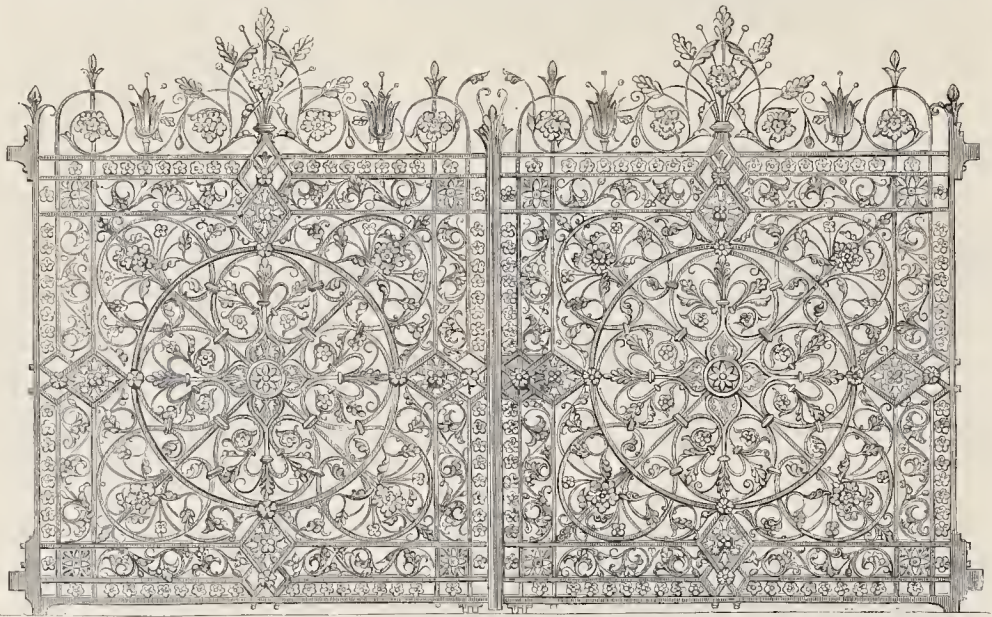
THE Cathedral of Bombay, the principal church of Western India, is an edifice that must necessarily be regarded with profound interest throughout the British empire. The history of this younger sister of the time-honoured cathedrals of the mother country yet remains to be developed from the future; but even now it possesses strong claims upon our present attention, not only from the fact of its existence, but more particularly because at this very time the existing cathedral is in the act of undergoing such a renovation as may qualify it to take a high architectural rank, worthy of the Christians of this generation in India, and fitted in all particulars for the celebration of public worship with becoming dignity.

When it was first opened, almost a century and a half ago, this church was then esteemed "worthy of the royal settlement" in which it had been erected. At that time, however, it represented only the small company of Christian

merchants who formed the subordinate factory of Bombay. But at this day Bombay is the chief commercial city of the East, the resort of those merchants of all nations who are dealers in gold, silver, pearls, precious stones, and every most costly production of the eastern and western hemispheres. And now the trustees of the cathedral, working with the cordial co-operation of their bishop and their fellow-citizens, and supported also in no slight degree by the munificence of wealthy native gentlemen, are carrying into effect a most important and comprehensive plan for the enlargement, the general improvement, and the consistent beautifying of the edifice. The style of the whole is based upon the beautiful types of the twelfth century, as they still exist in the ecclesiastical edifices of western Europe; and in his treatment of this style, the architect, Mr. Trubshawe, has carefully and thoughtfully kept in view the associations of an Indian in place of those of an European city. In his details and ornamentation also, he has had due regard to the peculiarities in taste, feeling, and skill of the native craftsmen, by whom the work has chiefly to be done. Thus, with a sufficiency of Eastern features and traditions

hanging about it to make it evidently at home in a tropical climate far away from the shores of England, the cathedral church of the great and wealthy Anglo-Indian city of Bombay will possess very decided characteristics of the faith and the people it represents.

This plan for the renovation of Bombay Cathedral necessarily implies that many distinct works, either component members of the renovated structure or details of such parts, together with various accessories, may constitute special gifts by individuals or families, who thus may desire to take a decided part in this noble enterprise. Foremost amongst such accessories, in addition to Mr. Trubshawe's designs, a fountain is in course of erection at the western entrance to the cathedral, from a design by Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A., and at the sole cost of a native Parsee or Zoroastrian, Mr. Cowasjee Jehanghier Ready Money. This gentleman, well known in Bombay for his princely liberality, has been prompted to undertake this work by gratitude for the prosperity he has enjoyed, as well as by a desire to beautify the cathedral in the immediate neighbourhood of which his boyhood and manhood have been spent. The only condi-



tion attached to the gift is, that it should be a public drinking fountain for the use of the inhabitants of Bombay.

Another English architect, eminent in a different style of Art, whose name is associated with many important works in India, Mr. Digby Wyatt, has recently designed a pair of elaborately enriched gates of wrought iron for the western entrance to Bombay Cathedral. These gates will be better understood by the annexed engraving, drawn from a photograph of the originals, than by any written description of them. The roses, central ornaments, and small bulls throughout these rich compositions, are of polished brass, the whole of the remaining parts, including the massive framework, being of hammered iron. These gates have been entirely executed by the Messrs. Cox and Son, of Southampton Street, Strand, at their new works in the Belvidere Road, Lambeth. Mr. Digby Wyatt has expressed to the Messrs. Cox his warm approval of the manner in which they have realised his designs, and we are glad to confirm Mr. Wyatt's favourable opinion of these very fine productions. A splendid pair of

standards for lighting the pulpit and reading-desk, also the work of the Messrs. Cox, were sent to Bombay with the gates for the cathedral.

One other independent addition to the renovated Cathedral of Bombay we now must associate with those works we have already noticed. This is a new font, a gift from an English gentleman long resident at Bombay, where he has for many years taken an active and prominent part in various important projects for improving and adorning the city. Like the gates, the new font has been executed in London. The design was given by the Rev. Charles Boutell, and the sculptor is Mr. James Forsyth, whose works in the Great Exhibition of 1862 won for him such distinguished reputation. In this font Mr. Forsyth has sent to India a truly beautiful example of the powers of his chisel, which doubtless will bring from the East both emphatic expressions of gratification and also other commissions for various works. Of full cathedral proportions, this font is cylindrical in form, and the massive bowl, harmonising in its general character with the Norman feeling of the architecture of the cathedral itself, is sustained

by a cluster of five dwarf shafts, which, in their turn, are supported by bases of Caen stone and a plinth of the same material. The steps upon which the true plinth rests are of black basalt, of very simple design, and prepared at Bombay. The capitals of the group of shafts, with the bowl of the font, are of the finest Caen stone, the shafts themselves being of either serpentine or Devonshire marble. The four smaller capitals are formed of the flowers and leaves of the rose of England and the lotus of India intertwined with simple gracefulness. At its base, the bowl is encircled by leaves of the lotus, and above it is wreathed round with lilies of the valley—emblems of baptismal innocence and types also of the Saviour himself; while midway between these floral wreaths are the words, in relief, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," and "Go and baptize all nations." The composition is completed by four large circular medallions, two of which enclose groups of figures in high relief, severally representing the baptism of Christ and the baptism of the Ethiopian prince, the other two being devoted to the sacred monogram I. H. S., and the date 1864.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

By S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND Mrs. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



POETRY has been to me its own 'exceeding great reward;' it has soothed my afflictions, it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments, it has endeared solitude, it has given me the habit of

wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." These eloquent and impressive words preface a book of poems bearing date "May, 1797," and up to a summer morning in 1834, when "under the pressure of long and painful disease" he yielded to the universal con-

queror, and joined the beatified spirits who praise God without let or hindrance from earth, the comfort and consolation thence derived had brought continual happiness to Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Yet was the joy of his heart and mind drawn from a far higher source. He lived and died a Christian, seeking salvation "through faith in Jesus, the Mediator," and earnestly and devoutly teaching "thanksgiving and adoring love," ending his last will and testament with these memorable words, "HIS STAFF AND HIS ROD ALIKE COMFORT ME." It is a rare privilege to have known such a man. The influence of one so truly good as well as great cannot have been transitory. It is a joy to me now—thirty years after his departure. I seem to hear the melodious voice, and look upon the gentle, gracious, and loving countenance of "the old man eloquent," as I write this Memory.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at

St. Mary Ottery, on the 21st October, 1772, and was thus a native of my own beautiful county—the county of Devon. His father, the Rev. John Coleridge, Vicar of Ottery, and head-master of Henry VIII's Free Grammar School—"the King's School"—was a man of considerable learning, and also of much eccentricity. It is told of him that, once going a journey, his wife had supplied him with a sufficient number of shirts, and on his return found they were all on his back; when he put on a clean one, he had forgotten to remove its predecessor.

Coleridge was a solitary child, the youngest of a large family. Of weakly health, "huffed away from the enjoyments of muscular activity," "driven from life in motion to life in thought and sensation," he had "the simplicity and docility of a child, but not the child's habits," and early sought solace and companionship in books. In "The Friend," he informs us he had read one volume of "The Arabian Nights" before his fifth birthday. Through the interest of Judge Buller, one of his father's pupils, he obtained a presentation to Christ's Hospital, and was placed there on the 18th July, 1782. Christ's Hospital—the Bluecoat School—was in 1782 very different from what it is in 1865. The hideous dress is now the only relic of the old management that made "such boys as were friendless, depressed, moping, half-starved, objects of reluctant and degrading charity." There is little doubt that the treatment he received there induced "a weakness of stomach" that was the parent of much after misery. The head-master was the Rev. James Dowyer. Coleridge writes of him: He was "a sensible, though a severe master," to whom "lute, harp, and lyre, muses and inspirations, Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene, were abominations." Do Quincy considers his great idea was to "flog;" "the man knouted his way through life from bloody youth up to truculent old age." And Mr. Gillman relates that to such a pitch did he carry this habit, that once when a lady called upon him on "a visit of intercession," and was told to go away, but lingered at the door, the master exclaimed, "Bring that woman here, and I'll flog her!" Leigh Hunt thus describes the tyrant of the school:—"His eye was close and cruel;" "his hands hung out of the sleeves of his coat as if ready for execution." He states that Coleridge, when he heard of the man's death, said, "it was lucky the cherubim who took him to heaven were

For in this mortal frame

*Over is the Reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things, whereon we feed.'*

S. T. Coleridge

30 April, 1830.

nothing but faces and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them by the way."

Among his schoolfellows were Charles Lamb and, later, Leigh Hunt. The friendship with Lamb, then commenced, endured unchangingly through life. In one of the pleasantest of his essays he recalls to memory "the evenings when we used to sit and speculate at our old Salutation Tavern upon pan-

tiocracy and golden days to come on earth." Wordsworth told Judge Coleridge that many of his uncle's sonnets were written from the "Cat and Salutation,"* where Coleridge had "imprisoned himself for some time;"

* In the several memoirs of Coleridge and of Lamb, the Inn is described as being in Southfield; I believe it was in Newgate Street, No. 17. Peter Cunningham so states. There is still a Salutation Inn (though probably not the old

and Talfourd tells us it was there Lamb and Coleridge used to meet, talking of poets and poetry, or, as Lamb says, "beguiling the cares of life with poetry,—

Our lonely path to cheer, as travellers use,
With merry song, quaint tale, or roundelay."

hotel) in Newgate Street. Cunningham adds, that "here Southey found out Coleridge, and sought to move him from the torpor of inaction." Lamb, in his famous letter to Southey, reminds him of their meetings at the old tavern.

Yet full draughts of knowledge Coleridge certainly took in at Christ's Hospital. Before his fifteenth year he "had translated the eight hymns of Synesius from the Greek into English anacrotics;" he became captain of the school, and in learning soon outstripped all competitors. "From eight to eighteen," he writes, "I was a playless day-dreamer, clumsy, slovenly, heedless of dress, and careless as to personal appearance, treated with severity by an unthinking master, yet ever luxuriating in books, wooing the muse, and wedded to verse."

At the age of eighteen, on the 7th of February, 1790, after much discomfort and misery, he left Christ's Hospital for Jesus College, Cambridge. His fellow-scholars even then anticipated for him the fame which many of them lived to see. "The friendly cloisters, and happy groves of quiet, ever-honoured Jesus College" he quitted without a degree, although he obtained honours—poetical honours, that is to say. His reading was too desultory; in mathematics he made no way; there was consequently little chance of the University providing him with an income, and he had to take his chance in the world. During his residence at Cambridge occurred that romantic episode with which all readers are familiar. Having come up to London greatly dispirited, on the 3rd of December, 1793, he enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons, under the name of Silas Tomkin Cumberbatch. The story is told in various ways. Joseph Cottle, who professes to gather the facts from several "scraps" supplied by Coleridge at various times, infers that he enlisted because he was crossed in love. He made, of course, a bad soldier, and a worse rider. According to Cottle, he was one day standing sentry when two officers passed who were discussing one of the plays of Euripides; Coleridge, touching his cap, "corrected their Greek." Another account is that one of the officers of the troop discovered some Latin lines which Coleridge had pinned up to the door of a stable. The discovery of his scholarship was made, however, his discharge was soon arranged, and he was restored to the University. Miss Mitford, in her "Recollections," states that the arrangements for his discharge took place at her father's house, at Reading, where the 15th was then quartered, and adds that it was much facilitated by one of the servants who "waited at the table" agreeing to enlist in his stead.

What motive swayed the judgment, or what stormy "impulse drove the passionate despair of Coleridge into quitting Jesus College, Cambridge, was never clearly or certainly made known to the very nearest of his friends." De Quincey, who writes this, adds that he enlisted "in a frenzy of unhappy feeling at the rejection he met with from the lady of his choice." In 1836 I published in the *New Monthly Magazine* "a letter from Wales by the late S. T. Coleridge." It was addressed to Mr. Marten, a clergyman in Dorsetshire. Coleridge being at Wrexham, standing at the

inn window, there passed by, to his utter astonishment, a young lady, "Mary Evans, *quam afflictam et perditam anabam*—yea, even to anguish." "I sickened," he adds, "and well-nigh fainted, but instantly retired. God bless her. Her image is in the sanctuary of my bosom, and never can it be torn thence but with the strings that grapple my heart to life." May not this incident, which seems to have been unknown to his biographers, supply a key to the motive of his enlistment, as surmised by both Cottle and De Quincey?

After his return to Cambridge he formed, with Southey, the scheme of emigrating to America. Southey, in a letter to Montgomery, long afterwards, thus briefly explains it:—"We planned an Utopia of our own, to be founded in the wilds of America, upon the basis of common property, each labouring for all—a PANTISOCRACY—a republic of reason and virtue." And Joseph Cottle writes:—"In 1794 Robert Lovell, a clever young Quaker, who had married a Miss Fricker, informed me that a few friends of his from Oxford and Cambridge, with

himself, were about to sail to America, and on the banks of the Susquehanna to form a 'social colony,' in which there was to be a community of property, and where all that was selfish was to be proscribed." Two of the patriots were very soon introduced to the more prudent bookseller: one of them was Coleridge, the other Southey. It was speedily ascertained that their combined funds, instead of sufficing to "freight a ship," would not have purchased changes of clothing; and very soon the Pantisocratic trio were necessitated to borrow a little money from the bookseller to pay their lodgings, which were then at 48, College Street, Bristol (the house is still standing, and remains in nearly its original condition). The scheme was of course abandoned, and Coleridge and Southey married the two sisters of Mr. Lovell's wife.

The shades of Chatterton, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Davy, Cottle, Lloyd, and of many others who are "famous for all time," consecrate the streets of Bristol. A dark cloud has for ever settled over the proud church of the Canynges,



COLERIDGE COTTAGE AT CLEVEDON.

although a monument recalls the memory of the "marvellous boy"—whose birthplace is but a stone's throw off—whose grave is past finding out among the accumulated rubbish of a graveyard in London. In Bristol great Southey was born, and there (in the city jail) Savage died, his grave, in one of the churchyards, yet unmarked by a memorial stone.* Here immortal Wordsworth first saw himself in print; here Humphry Davy had a vision of a lamp, of greater worth than that of the fabled Aladdin; here dwelt the profound essayist, John Foster; here Robert Hall glorified a Nonconformist pulpit; here Hannah More taught to the young imperishable lessons of virtue, order, piety, and truth; here the sisters, Jane and Anna Maria Porter, dwelt in early youth and in venerated age; and here the artists Lawrence, Bird, Danby, Pyne, and Muller, earned their first leaves of dry bread. But Bristol was never the nourishing mother of genius; the birds

from her nest, as soon as full fledged, went forth, thenceforward uncared for; they obtained no affection, and manifested no attachment. Here and there a few lines of tributary verse, and a gracious memory, bear misty records of friendships formed and services received in the great city of commercial prosperities; but Bristol has assuredly not honoured, neither has she been honoured by, the worthies who in a sense belong to her, and of whom all the rest of the world is rightly and justly proud.

Soon after the "enlistment," and while at college, Coleridge imbibed Socinian opinions. His mind became "terribly unsettled." In his monody on the death of Chatterton ("sweet harper of time-shrouded minstrelsy") he thus indicated his sad and perilous forebodings:—

"I dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom."

He tells us that before his fifteenth year he had bewildered himself in metaphysics

* The miserable sneer of Byron will be remembered, but the "three sisters" were of Bristol, and not of "Bath;" in "Don Juan" they were transferred to Bath because the word suited better than Bristol the rhyme of the poet.

* In 1837, after the death of Coleridge, a volume of "early recollections" of the poet was published by Joseph Cottle, the bookseller of Bristol, by whom the poems of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, were originally published in 1794. The book is not to be entirely depended upon. So, at least, Southey says. Yet it is full of curious and most interesting matter, and, beyond doubt, the publisher was the attached, and generous, and sympathizing friend of the three immortal men whom he may be said to have introduced to the world. James Montgomery's view of this work seems to me a just one: "that the remiscient had not printed a single remark that was either dishonourable to himself or derogatory to the friendship that had existed between him and the highly gifted individuals." Cottle's bookshop stood at the N.E. corner of High Street; the house was burnt down long since, but has been rebuilt. His residence was Firfield House, Knowle, near Bristol, where he died in 1853, in his eighty-fourth year.

* I had the privilege to suggest to a respected merchant of Bristol the removal of this reproach from the city, and I rejoice to say he is about to place a memorial tablet on the exterior wall of the church, marking the spot where unhappy Richard Savage was buried.

and theological controversy, "and found no end, in wandering mazes lost." One of the experiments as to his future was to become a preacher, and he did actually, on a few occasions, preach. He preached indeed, but in so odd a dress and so out of

the usual routine, that it was quite clear, as a minister, "he would not do." * Yet Hazlitt thus describes one of the sermons of the "half-inspired speaker:"—"I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres. Poetry and phi-

spiritual life in a spiritual world." He had "skirted the howling deserts of infidelity," but he had found a Haven—one that sheltered him in pain, in trouble, even in the agonies of self-reproach. He became a thorough Christian, and ever after in all his speakings and writings was the advocate of the Redeemer, and ever after in all his speakings and writings was the advocate of the Redeemer, proclaiming in a memorable letter to his godson, Adam Steinmetz Kinnaird, and on many other occasions, that "the greatest of all blessings, and the most ennobling of all privileges, was to be indeed a Christian." This passage is from his last will and testament (dated September 17, 1829); a few of the small things of earth he had to leave he bequeathed to Ann Gillman, "the wife of my dear friend, my love for whom, and my sense of unremitting goodness and never-wearied kindness to me, I hope, and humbly trust, will follow me as a part of my abiding being, in that state into which I hope to rise, through the merits and mediation, and by the efficacious power, of the Son of God incarnate, in the blessed Jesus, whom I believe in my heart, and confess with my mouth, to have been from everlasting the way and the truth, and to have become man that for fallen and sinful men He might be the resurrection and the life."

In 1796 he devised a publication which he called the *Watchman*, the motto of which was, "That all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free." The first number was issued on the 5th of February, 1796, to be published every eighth day, at the price of fourpence. It soon died, not having paid its expenses, but involving its editor in a heavy debt, which happily a friend discharged. In the "Biographia Literaria" there is a lively account of his travels in search of subscribers, mingled with some painful reminiscences of "those days of shame and regret," the degrading anxieties of his canvass. He was reminded by one to whom he applied, that twelve shillings a year was a large sum to be bestowed on one individual when there were so many objects of charity; a noble lord, whose name had been given him as a subscriber, reproved him for impudence in directing his pamphlets to him; a rich tallow-chandler was "as great a one as any man in Brummagem for liberty and them sort of things," but begged to be excused; while an opulent cotton dealer in Manchester was "over-run with these articles," and another "had no time for reading, nor money to spare." At the ninth number he "dropped the work," and had the satisfaction of seeing his servant light his fire with the surplus stock, recording the event in this expressive line—

"O watchman, thou hast watched in vain!"

But, in truth, he soon disgusted all his Jacobin supporters by attacking "modern patriotism," and raising a warning voice against it. Like "Balaam, the son of Beor," he blessed where he was employed to curse. Instead of advocating infidelity and the freedom that France was then brewing in her infernal cauldron, French morals, and French philosophy, he "avowed his conviction that national education, and a concurring spread of the Gospel, were the indispensable condition of any true political amelioration." Loyalty is now the easiest of all our duties—thank God! It was not so when Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth were Republicans.

The help of Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood—worthy sons of a great father,"



THE HOUSE OF THE GILLMANS AT HIGHGATE.

Iosophy had met together; truth and genius had embraced under the eye, and with the sanction, of religion."

It was not long, however, before he struggled through the slough of Socinianism, and was freed from the trammels of in-

firmity. Cottle records how "he professed the deepest conviction of the truth of revelation, of the fall of man, of the divinity of Christ, and redemption alone through his blood," and had heard him say, in argument with a Socinian minister, "Sir,



THE CHAMBER OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

you give up so much, that the little you retain of Christianity is not worth keeping." He is also represented as saying on another occasion of Socinians, that "if they were to offer to construe the will of their neighbour as they did that of their Maker, they

would be scouted out of society;" and he eagerly protested against the theory that there was "no spiritual world, and no

* Joseph Cottle says—"He preached twice at the Socinian chapel in Bath, in blue coat and white waistcoat, once on the corn laws and once on the hair powder tax."

* The Wedgwoods thou resided at Cote House, near Bristol.

honoured by the name!—by settling on Coleridge an annuity of £150, placed him at comparative ease. "Thenceforward," he writes, "instead of troubling others with my own crude notions, I was better employed in attempting to store my own head with the wisdom of others." By that help "I was enabled to finish my education in Germany." In September, 1798, he sailed with Wordsworth and his sister from Great Yarmouth to Hamburg. He was but fourteen months absent, and returned to London in November, 1799. The fruits of his journey were seen in his translation of "Wallenstein," which he wrote at a lodging in Buckingham Street, Strand;* and soon afterwards he was engaged in the literary department of the *Morning Post*. Subsequently he visited Malta, Rome, Naples, and other parts of Italy. From Italy, however, he made a rapid exit, an order for his arrest having been sent, it is said, by Buonaparte, in consequence of his writings in the *Morning Post*.

The *Friend*, another literary venture, was published weekly; it reached its twenty-seventh number, and ceased. It was printed at Penrith, and Coleridge was actually induced to set up a printer there, to buy and lay in a stock of type, &c. The result was certain; the printer failed, and Coleridge had to sustain a severe pecuniary loss.

The circumstances that kept Coleridge apart from his wife during the greater portion of his life is one of those mysteries into which it is not our business to inquire. Coleridge was married to Miss Sarah Fricker on the 4th of October, 1795, at the church of St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol. There is abundant testimony to the amiable qualities and pure character of Mrs. Coleridge. De Quincey, perhaps, is the best authority on the subject:—"She was in all circumstances a virtuous wife and a conscientious mother;" moreover, she was the opposite of commonplace: the affection borne for her by her sister's husband, Southey, and her long and close companionship with the high-souled Laureate, would suffice as evidence on that head. De Quincey records that, wishing her daughter to learn Italian, and in her retirement at Keswick finding it impossible to procure the aid of a master, she resolutely set herself to the task of acquiring the language, that she might teach it to her child; and Cottle prints a poem written by her, of far more than ordinary merit. She wanted, it is believed, "a candid admiration of her husband's intellectual powers;" wanted, perhaps, the power to comprehend them, and was "not capable of enlightened sympathy with his ruling pursuits." Nothing more. But that was enough.

These lines are from a poem addressed by Coleridge to his "pensive Sara," not long after their marriage:—

"Meek daughter, in the family of Christ,
Well hast thou said, and holly dispraised
These shapings of the unregenerate mind,
Bubbles that glitter as they rise, and break
On vain Philosophy's eye-bubbling spring."

One who knew her well informs me that "she was a woman of rare qualities, clever,

* His travels in Germany, entitled, "Fragments of a Journey over the Brocken," &c., he gave to me in 1828, for publication in the *Amulet* (one of the then popular "annuals," of which I was editor from the year 1826 to the year 1836); they were subsequently reprinted by Mr. Gilman, in his "Life of Coleridge." They contained the well-known poem—

"I stood on Brocken's sovran height."

In 1835, however, I printed, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, of which I was then the editor, three letters from Coleridge to his wife (his "dearest love," from her "faithful husband"), dated May, 1799, which contain more details of his tour than are found in the "Fragments." I cannot call to mind from whom I received them; a preliminary note states that they were given to the writer by Mr. Coleridge in 1824. It would appear that Wordsworth and Coleridge did not long travel together; Coleridge names his com-

accomplished, and witty, and possessed taste and judgment in no common measure. Extremely industrious, labouring for the mental and bodily needs of her children through the whole of a long life. Frugality in her reached to a great virtue; she was of transparent truthfulness in thought, word, and deed." "She probably," adds my authority, "withheld that 'candid admiration of her husband's powers' which she is assumed to have lacked, for she wanted neither the power to appreciate nor the will to admit them. The mystery of their so long living apart is explained without the slightest slur on the character or the disposition of either."

The three children of that marriage have all been, or are, distinguished. The eldest was Hartley Coleridge, who died young, but not until he had given to the world many poems that place his name high among the poets of the century, giving him rank, indeed, beside his great father. He was tenderly beloved by his uncle, Southey.

A friend informs me that great Wordsworth grieved for him as for a younger brother. He selected the place of his burial in Grasmere churchyard, close to the resting-place he had chosen for himself, saying, "Hartley I know would like to lie near me!" Sarah, the only daughter, married her cousin, H. N. Coleridge, and edited some of her great father's works, inheriting, indeed, much of his genius. Ample proof of this is given in her notes to the "Biographia Literaria," and the Introductory Essay to the "Aids to Reflection." Those who knew her, describe her as lovely in person and in mind. Derwent Coleridge, the youngest of his children, is happily still with us—not much past the prime of life—and very lately he has written a memoir and edited the works of his friend Mackworth Praed. He has long been recognised as a ripe scholar, and until very recently was the Principal of St. Mark's College, Fulham; he is now the Rector of Hanwell. His published works are many, and of rare excellence. He is



THE TOMB OF COLERIDGE.

valued, not only as a divine, but as an editor and a biographer, but chiefly as an educationalist. Thus the name has been continued in honour and in usefulness, and no doubt it will be so to another generation, for not long ago, a grandson, Herbert Coleridge, achieved eminence—and was called away. There are others who are bearing it with distinction.

Genius is sometimes, though not often, hereditary.

The cottage at Clevedon, near Bristol, in which Coleridge and his young wife went to reside, in 1795, heedless of all the requirements of life, and with literally nothing "to begin life" upon, is still standing, and is one of the "hons" of the place. The

panions—Wordsworth is not among them. One of them, Dr. Clement Carlyon, F.R.S., published in 1836 a volume entitled "Early Years and Late Recollections," a principal part of which is occupied with details of this tour; it contains very little of any value. He states, however, that the beautiful poem, "I stood on Brocken's sovran height," was certainly written at the inn at Wernigerode.

village was then essentially rural: it is now a fashionable watering-place. The cottage, which the poet thus describes—

"Low was our pretty cot—our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber window;
In the open air
Our myrtles blossom'd, and across the porch
Thick jasmynes twined!"

is now poor enough. "The white-flowered jasmine" and the "broad-leaved myrtle" ("meet emblems they of innocence and love") no longer blossom there; but the place has a memory; for there, out of "thick-coming fancies," were planned and penned some of the sweetest and grandest poems in our language—poems that have given joy to millions, and will continue to delight as long as that language is spoken or read. It is called "Coleridge Cottage," and is pictured in the accompanying woodcut. The Bristolians love the place for its fresh sea-breezes, and the airs redolent of health that come from heath-covered

downs. Will no generous hand restore as well as preserve it, that thither the young and hopeful and trustful may make pilgrimage, that there the aged may think calmly over a troubled past,

"And tranquil nance upon tranquillity."

In 1816 the wandering and unsettled ways of the poet were calmed and harmonised in the home of the Gillmans, at Highgate, where the remainder of his days—nearly twenty years—were passed in entire quiet and comparative happiness. Mr. Gillman was a surgeon, and it is understood that Coleridge went to reside with him chiefly to be under his surveillance to break himself of the fearful habit he had contracted of opium eating; a habit that grievously impaired his mind, engendered terrible self-reproach, and embittered the best years of his life.* He was the guest and the beloved friend, as well as the patient, of Mr. Gillman, whose devoted attachment, with that of his estimable wife, supplied the calm contentment and seraphic peace—such as might have been the dream of the poet and the hope of the man. Honoured by the name, and revered the memory, of this "general practitioner," this true friend! It is recorded that Fulke Greville, the councillor of kings, ordered it to be placed on his monument, as his proudest boast, that he was

"The friend of Sir Philip Sidney."

It is a loftier title to the gratitude of posterity than which James Gillman claims, when his tombstone records that he was

"The friend of S. T. Coleridge."

carving also on the stone two of his dear friend's lines—

"Mercy, for praise, to be forgiven for fame,
He asked, and hoped through Christ—do thou the same."

He died on the 1st of June, 1837, having arranged to publish a life of Coleridge, of which he produced but the first volume.†

Coleridge's habit of taking opium was no secret. In 1816 it had already reached a fearful pitch; having produced "during many years an accumulation of bodily suffering that wasted the frame, poisoned the sources of enjoyment, and entailed an intolerable mental load that scarcely knew cessation." The poet himself called it "the accursed drug." In 1814 Cottle wrote him a strong protest against this terrible and ruinous habit, entreating him to renounce it. Coleridge said in reply, "You have poured oil into the raw and festering wound of an old friend, Cottle, but it is oil of vitriol!" He accounts for the "accursed habit" by stating that he had taken it first to obtain relief from intense bodily suffering, and he seriously contemplated entering a private insane asylum as the surest means of its removal. His remorse was terrible and perpetual; he was "rolling rudderless," "the wreck of what he once was," "wretched, helpless, and hopeless." He revealed this "dominion" to De Quincy "with a deep expression of horror at the hideous bondage." It was this "conspiracy of himself against himself" that was the poison of his life. He describes it with frantic pathos as "the scourge, the

curse, the one almighty hlight, which had desolated his life;" the thief,

"To steal
From my own nature, all the natural man."

The habit was, it would seem, commenced in 1802; and if Mr. Cottle is to be credited, in 1814 he had been now accustomed to take "from two quarts of laudanum in a week to a pint a day." He did, however, ultimately conquer it. There is more joy in heaven over one that repenteth, than over ninety and nine who need no repentance!

It was during his residence with the Gillmans that I knew Coleridge. He had arranged to write for the *Amulet*, and circumstances warranted my often seeing him—a privilege of which I gladly availed myself. In this home at Highgate, where all even of his whims were studied with affectionate and attentive care, he preferred the quiet of home influences to the excitements of society; and although I more than once met there his friend, Charles Lamb, and other note-worthy men, I usually found him, to my delight, alone. There he cultivated flowers, fed his pensioners, the birds, and wooed the little children who gambolled on the heath, where he took his walks daily.* I have seen him often—as Thomas Carlyle (honoured and loved among his many friends) saw him often—"on the brow of Highgate Hill, looking down on London, and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the manly of life's battle, attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave hearts still engaged there." It is a beautiful view, such as can be rarely seen out of England, that which the poet had from the window of his bed-chamber. Underneath, a valley, rich in "patrician trees," divides the hill of Highgate from that of Hampstead. The tower of the old church, at Hampstead, rises above a thick wood—a dense forest it seems, although here and there a graceful villa stands out from among the dark green drapery that enfolds it. It is easy to imagine the poet often contrasting this home-scene with that of "Brocken's sov'ran height," where no "finer influence of friend or child" had greeted him, and exclaiming—

"O thou queen!
Thou delegated Deity of earth,
O dear, dear England!"

And what a wonderful change there is, when the pilgrim to the shrine at Highgate leaves the garden and walks a few steps beyond the elm avenue that still fronts the house. Here he looks over London, "the mighty heart" of a great free country,—

"Earth hath not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul, who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty."

Forty years have brought houses all about the place, and shut in the prospect; but from any ascent you may see regal Windsor on one side, and Gravesend on the other—twenty miles of view, look which way you will. But when the poet dwelt there, all London was within ken a few yards from his door. The house has undergone few changes, and the garden is much as it was, when I used to find the poet feeding his birds there. It has the same wall—moss-covered now—that overhangs the dell; a shady tree-walk gives shelter from sun and rain; it was the poet's walk at mid-day. A venerable climber—the glycerias—was no

* "His room looked upon a delicious prospect of wood and meadow, with coloured gardens under the window, like an embroidery to the mantle. Here he cultivated his flowers, and had a set of birds for his pensioners, who came to breakfast with him. He might have been seen taking his daily stroll up and down, with his black coat and white locks, and a book in his hand, and was a great acquaintance of little children."—LEIGH HUNT.

doubt planted by the poet's hand; it was new to England when the poet was old, and what more likely than that his friends would have hidden him plant it where it has since flourished—forty years or more. Many who visit it will say in the words of Charles Lamb, his "fifty years' old friend, without a dissension:"—"What was his house is consecrated to me a chapel."

I was fortunate in sharing some of the regard of Mr. and Mrs. Gillman. After the poet's death, they gave me his inkstand (a plain inkstand of wood), which is before me as I write, and a myrtle on which his eyes were fixed as he died: it is now an aged and gnarled tree in our conservatory.*

One of the very few letters of Coleridge I have preserved, I transcribe, as it illustrates his goodness of heart and willingness to put himself to inconvenience for others:—

"DEAR SIR," it runs, "I received some five days ago a letter depicting the distress and urgent want of a widow and a sister, with whom, during the husband's lifetime, I was for two or three years a house-mate, and yesterday the poor lady came up herself, almost clamorously, soliciting me, not indeed to assist her from my own purse—for she was previously assured that there was nothing therein—but to exert myself to collect the sum of £20, which would save her from God knows what. On this hopeless task—for perhaps never man whose name had been so often in print for praise or reprobation had so few intimates as myself—I recollected that before I left Highgate for the sea-side, you had been so kind as to intimate that you considered some trifle due to me. Whatever it be, it will go some way to ease out the sum, which I have with a sick heart been all this day trotting about to make up, guinea by guinea. You will do me a real service (for my health perceptibly sinks under this unaccustomed flurry of my spirits) if you could make it convenient to enclose to me, however small the sum may be, if it amount to a bank note of any denomination, directed 'Grove, Highgate,' where I am, and expect to be any time for the next eight months. In the meantime, believe me,

"Your obliged,
"4th December, 1828." "S. T. COLERIDGE."

I find also, at the back of one of his letters, the following poem, which I believe to be unpublished, for I cannot see it in any edition of his collected works:—

LOVE'S BURIAL-PLACE.
A MADRIGAL.

Lady.—It Love be dead,—
Foot.—And I aver it.
Lady.—Tell me, Bard, where Love lies buried.
Foot.—Love lies buried where 'twas born.
O gentle dame, think it no scorn,
If in my fancy I presume
To call thy bosom post Love's tomb,
And on that tomb to read the line—
"Here lies a Love that once seemed mine,
But caught a chill, as I divine,
And died at length of a decline!"

I have engraved a copy of his autograph lines, as he wrote them in Mrs. Hall's

* Mrs. Gillman gave me also the following sonnet; I believe it never to have been published; but, although she requested I "would not have copies of it made to give away," I presume the prohibition cannot now be binding, after a lapse of thirty years since I received it. The poet, he who wrote the sonnet, and the admirable woman to whom it was addressed, have long since met.

SONNET ON THE LATE SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

"And thou art gone, most loved, most honour'd friend!
No, never more thy gentle voice shall blend
With air of earth, its pure, ideal tones
Binding in one, as with harmonious zones,
The heart and intellect. And I no more
Shall with thee gaze on that unfathom'd deep,
The human soul; as when, push'd off the shore,
Thy mystic bark would through the darkness sweep,
Itself the while so bright! For oft we seem'd
As on some starless sea—all dark above,
All dark below; yet, onward as we drove,
To plough up light that ever roared its stream'd.
But he who mourns is not as one bereft
Of all he loved: thy living Truths are left."

"WASHINGTON ALLSTON.
"Cambridge Port, Massachusetts, America.
"For my still dear friend, Mrs. Gillman, of the Grove,
Highgate."

* De Quincy more than insinuates that instead of Gillman persuading Coleridge to relinquish opium, Coleridge seduced Gillman into taking it.

† Gillman published but one volume of a Life of Coleridge. The volume he gave me contains his corrections for another edition. De Quincy says of it, that "it is a thing dearer than a doorman, which is waiting satiny, and for thousands of years is doomed to wait, for its sister volume, namely, Volume Second." It must be ever regretted, that of the poet's later life, of which he knew so much, he wrote nothing; but the world was justified in expecting, even in the details of his earlier pilgrimage, something which it did not get.

Alum; they will be found, too, as a note, in the "Biographia Literaria:"—

"ON THE PORTRAIT OF A BUTTERFLY, ON THE 2ND

LEAF OF THIS ALBUM.

"The Butterfly the ancient Grecians made
The soul's fair emblem, and its only name;
But of the soul escaped the slavish trade
Of earthly life! For in this mortal frame
Ours is the reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,
Manifold notions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed!"
—S. T. COLERIDGE.
"30th April, 1830."

All who had the honour of the poet's friendship or acquaintance, speak of the marvellous gift which gave to this illustrious man almost a character of inspiration. Wilson, in the "Noctes," writes thus, "Wud him up, and away he goes, discoursing most eloquent music, without a discord, full, ample, inexhaustible, serious, and divine;" and in another place, "he becomes inspired by his own silver voice, and pours out wisdom like a sea." Wordsworth speaks of him "as quite an epicure in sound." The painter Haydon makes note of his "lazy luxury of poetical outpouring;" and Rogers ("Table Talk") is reported to have said, "One morning, breakfasting with me, he talked for three hours without intermission, so admirably, that I wish every word he uttered had been written down."* And a writer in the *Quarterly Review* expresses his belief that "nothing is too high for the grasp of his conversation, nothing too low; it glanced from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, with a speed and a splendour, an ease and a power, that almost seemed inspired." De Quincey said he had "the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and the most comprehensive, that has yet existed amongst men." Montgomery describes the poetry of Coleridge as like electricity, "flashing at rapid intervals with the utmost intensity of effect," and contrasts it with that of Wordsworth, "like galvanism, not less powerful, but rather continuous than sudden in its wonderful influences." Of Coleridge, Shelley writes:—

"All things he seem'd to understand,
Of old or new, at sea or land,
Save his own soul, which was a mist."

The wonderful eloquence of his conversation can be comprehended only by those who have heard him speak "linked sweetness long drawn out;" it was sparkling at times, and at times profound; but the melody of his voice, the impressive solemnity of his manner, the radiant glories of his intellectual countenance, bore off, as it were, the thoughts of the listener from his discourse, and it was rarely he carried away from the poet any of the gems that fell from his lips.

I have listened to him more than once for above an hour: of course without putting in a single word; I would as soon have hallowed a loose song while a nightingale was singing. There was rarely much change of countenance; his face at that time was overlaid with flesh, and its expression, perhaps, impaired, yet to me it was so tender, and gentle, and gracious, and loving, that I could have knelt at the old man's feet, almost in adoration. My own hair is white now, yet I have much the same feeling as I had then, whenever the form of the venerable man rises in memory before me. But I cannot recall now—and I believe could not recall at the time, so as to preserve as a cherished thing in my remembrance—a single sentence of the many sentences I heard him utter. Yet in his "Table Talk" there is a world of wisdom, and that is only a collection of scraps, chance-gathered. If any left his

* Madame de Stael said that Coleridge was "rich in a monologue, but poor in a dialogue;" and Hazlitt said sneeringly, "Excellent talker, very—if you would let him start from no premises, and come to no conclusion."

prepossession unsatisfied, it resulted rather from the superabundance than the paucity of the feast.* And there has never been an author who was less of an egotist: it was never of himself he talked; he was always under the influence of that Divine precept, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

I can recall many evening rambles with him over the high lands that look down on London: but the memory I cherish most is linked with a crowded street, where the clumsy and the coarse jostled the old man eloquent, as if he had been earthly, of the earth. It was in the Strand: he pointed out to me the window of a room in the office of the *Morning Post* where he had consumed much midnight oil; and then for half an hour he talked of the sorrowful joy he had often felt when, leaving the office as day was dawning, he heard the song of a caged lark that sung his orisons from the lattice of an artisan, who was rising to begin his labour as the poet was pacing homeward to rest after his work all night. Thirty years had passed, but that unforgettably melody—that dear bird's song—gave him then as much true pleasure, as when, to his wearied head and heart, it was the matin hymn of nature.

I remember once meeting him in Pater-noster Row; he was inquiring his way to Bread Street, Cheapside, and, of course, I endeavoured to explain to him, that if he walked straight on for about two hundred yards, and took the third turning to the right, it would be the street he sought. I noted his expression so vague and unenlightened, that I could not help expressing my surprise, as I looked earnestly at his forehead, and saw the organ of "Locality" unusually prominent above the eyebrows. He took my meaning, laughed, and said, "I see what you are looking at: why, at school my head was heaten into a mass of humps, because I could not point out Paris in a map of France." It has been said that Spurzheim pronounced him to be a mathematician, and affirmed that he could not be a poet. Such opinion the great phrenologist could not have expressed, for he had a large organ of Ideality, although at first it was not perceptible, in consequence of the great breadth and height of his profound forehead.

I attended one of his lectures at the Royal Institution, and I strive to recall him as he stood before his audience there. There was but little animation; his theme did not seem to stir him into life; even the usual repose of his countenance was rarely broken up. He used little or no action; and his voice, though mellifluous, was monotonous; he lacked indeed that earnestness without which no man is truly eloquent.

Whenever it was my privilege to be admitted to the evening meetings at Highgate, I met some of the men who were then famous, and have since become parts of the literature of England. Of some of them I shall hereafter give "written portraits."

I need not say that I was a silent listener during these evenings; but I was free to gaze on the venerable man—ono of the humblest, yet one of the most fervid, perhaps, of the worshippers by whom he was surrounded, and to treasure in memory the poet's gracious and loving looks—the "thick

* It may not be forgotten that the Rev. Edward Irving, in dedicating to Coleridge one of his books, acknowledges obligations to the venerable sage for many valuable teachings, "as a spiritual man and as a Christian pastor," lessons derived from his "conversations" concerning the revelations of the Christian faith—"helps in the way of truth"—from listening to his discourses. Charles Lamb thus writes, "he would talk from noon to dewy eve, nor cease till far midnight, yet who would interrupt him, who would obstruct that continuous flow of converse fetched from Hebron or Zion?" Coleridge has said, "he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the fullest utterance of his most subtle fancies by word of mouth."

waving silver hair"—the still, clear blue eye. On such occasions I used to leave the presence as if I were in a waking dream, trying to recall a sentence of the many weighty and mellifluous sentences I had heard—seldom with success—and feeling at the moment as if I had been surfeited with honey.

May I not now lament that I did not foresee a time when I might be called upon to write concerning this good and great and most loveable man? How much I might have enriched these pages—weak records of the impressions I received!

The portrait of Coleridge is best drawn by his friend Wordsworth; and it sufficiently pictures him:—

"A noticeable man, with large, grey eyes,
And a pale face, that seem'd unadorned;
As if a *Mooring* face it ought to be;
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear,
Depress'd by weight of moving phantasy,
Profound his forehead was, though not severe."

Wordsworth elsewhere speaks of him as "the brooding poet with the heavenly eyes," and as "often too much in love with his own dejection." The earliest word-portrait we have of him was drawn by Wordsworth's sister in 1797. "He is pale, thin, has a wide mouth, thick lips, longish, loose-growing, half-curling, rough black hair. His eye is large and full, and not dark, but grey—such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression; but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind. He has fine dark eyebrows, and an overhanging forehead."

This is De Quincey's sketch of him in 1807. "In height he seemed about 5 feet 8 inches, in reality he was an inch and a half taller.* His person was broad and full, and tended even to corpulence; his complexion was fair, though not what painters technically call fair, because it was associated with black hair; his eyes were soft and large in their expression, and it was by a peculiar appearance of haze or dimness which mixed with their light." "A lady of Bristol," adds De Quincey, "assured me she had not seen a young man so engaging in his exterior as Coleridge when young—in 1796. He had then a blooming and healthy complexion, beautiful and luxuriant hair falling in natural curls over his shoulders." Lockhart says, "Coleridge has a grand head; nothing can surpass the depth of meaning in his eyes, and the unutterable dreamy luxury of his lips." Hazlitt describes him in early manhood as "with a complexion clear, and even light; a forehead broad and high, as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them like a sea with darkened lustre. His mouth open, his chin good-humoured and round, his nose small. His hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, fell in smooth masses over his forehead—long, liberal hair, peculiar to enthusiasts.

"A certain tender bloom his face o'erspread."

Sir Humphry Davy, writing of him in 1808, says, "his mind is a wilderness, in which the cedar and the oak, which might aspire to the skies, are stunted in their growth by underwood, thorns, briars, and parasitical plants; with the most exalted genius, enlarged views, sensitive heart, and enlightened mind, he will be the victim of want of order, precision, and regularity." And Leigh Hunt speaks of his open, indolent, good-natured mouth, and of his forehead as "prodigious—a great piece of placid marble." Wordsworth again—

"Noisy he was, and gamesome as a boy,
Tossing his limbs about him in delight."

* De Quincey elsewhere states his height to be 5 feet 10 inches—exactly the height of Wordsworth—both having been measured in the studio of the painter Haydon.

In the autumn of 1833, Emerson, on his second visit to England, called on Coleridge. He found him "to appearance, a short, thick old man, with bright blue eyes, and fine clear complexion." The poet, however, did not impress the American favourably, and the hour's talk was of "no use, beyond the gratification of curiosity." They did not assimilate: it was not given to the hard and cold thinker to comprehend the nature of "the brooding poet with the heavenly eyes," and assuredly Coleridge could have had but small sympathy with his unsought-for, and perhaps unwelcome, guest. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* pictures him, as he appeared not long before his death:—"His clerical-looking dress, the thick waving silver hair, the youthful-coloured cheek, the indefinable mouth and lips, the quick, yet steady and penetrating greenish-grey eye, the slow and continuous enunciation, and the everlasting music of his tones."

Such, according to these high authorities, was the "outer" man Coleridge; by who

"In bewitching words, with happy heart,
Did chaunt the vision of that ancient man.
The bright-eyed Mariner."

There are several portraits of him. The best would appear to be that which was painted by Alston, the American artist, at Rome, in 1806. Wordsworth speaks of it as "the only likeness of the great original that ever gave me the least pleasure."* The wood-cut at the head of this notice is engraved from the portrait by Northcote: it strongly recalls him to my remembrance—the dreamy eyes, the full, yet pale face,—

"That seem'd, undoubtedly,
As if a blooming face it ought to be."

the full mouth, the "low hung" lip, the broad and lofty forehead,—

"Profound, though not severe."

But it does little justice to the high and holy expression his features derived from his soul. It would have been, indeed, difficult, perhaps impossible, for any artist to have produced a satisfactory portrait of the poet. What would we not give for copies of the great of past times such as those which the sun supplies to us of existing celebrities!

In his later days he took snuff largely. "Whatever he may have been in youth," writes Mr. Gillman, "in manhood he was scrupulously clean in his person, and especially took great care of his hands by frequent ablutions."

Although in his youth and earlier manhood Coleridge had perpetually been

"Chasing chance-started friendships,"

not long before his death, he is described as "thankful for the deep, calm peace of mind he then enjoyed—a peace such as he had never before experienced, nor scarcely hoped for." All things were then looked at by him through an atmosphere by which all were reconciled and harmonised.

It is true that he failed to perform all he purposed: of what high soul can it be said otherwise? But his friend, Justice Talford, who, while testifying to the benignity of his nature, describes his life as "one splendid and sad prospectus," does the poet and philosopher scant justice. What he *might* have done was, perhaps, hardly known to himself, and could but be guessed at by others. Whatever the "promise" may have been, the "performance" was prodigious. To quote the words of his

nephew, H. N. Coleridge, "he did, in his vocation, the day's work of a giant." The American edition of his works, which is not quite complete, extends to seven closely-printed volumes, each of more than seven hundred pages! If he had done nothing but "talk,"[†] his life would not have been spent idly or in vain, as the "Table-Talk" may testify; but as a writer, who of the generation has done more? If, as Hazlitt writes, "in the later years of his life he may be said to have lived on the sound of his own voice;" and if, according to Wordsworth, "his mental power was frozen at its marvellous source;"[‡] yet, what a world of wealth he has bequeathed to us! How rich is the legacy mankind inherits from the Philosopher, the Translator, the Commentator, and the Poet.*

"After a long and painful illness, borne with heroic patience, which concealed the intensity of his sufferings from bystanders, Coleridge died;" if that must be called death which removes the soul from its impediment of clay, extends immeasurably its sphere of usefulness, and perpetuates the power to benefit mankind so long as earth endures.

His mortal remains lie in a vault in the graveyard of the old church at Highgate. He was a "stranger" in the parish where he died, notwithstanding his long residence there, and was therefore interred alone. Not long afterwards, however, the vault was built to receive the body of his wife. There they two rest together. It is enclosed by a thick iron grating, the interior lined with white marble, containing the letters marked in the woodcut. When I visited the tomb in 1864, one of the marble slabs had accidentally given way, and the coffin was partially exposed. I laid my hand upon it in solemn reverence, and gratefully recalled to memory him who, in his own emphatic words, had

"Here found life in death."

The tablet that contains the epitaph is on one of the side walls of the new church, consecrated two years before the poet's departure; and although it shut out his view of mighty London, it is pleasant to know that in his later days he had often looked on that beautiful temple of God. The tablet that records the death of Mr. Gillman (and also that of his wife, who survived him many years), also in this church, is of exactly the same size and form as that of the friend he loved so dearly.

Within a few months past I again drove to Highgate, and visited the house in which the poet passed so many happy years of calm contentment and seraphic peace; again repeated these lines, which, next to his higher faith, was the faith by which his life was ruled and guided—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all!"^{††}

I would only omit the word "perchance" when I quote these lines from the poet, and to the poet apply them—to him who works untrammelled in another sphere, beloved by the Master he served in this—

"Meek at the throne of mercy and of God,
Perchance thou raisest high thy enraptured hymn,
Amid the blaze of seraphim!"

* Very early in his life, Lord Egmont said of him, "he talks very much like an angel, and does nothing at all." De Quincey speaks of his indolence as "inconceivable," and Joseph Cottle relates some amusing instances of his forgetfulness, even of the hour at which he had arranged to deliver a lecture to an assembled audience.

† It was once said to me, by a common "navy," "I wouldn't give much for a man's Christianity, if his dog was none the better for it."

BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE.*

CONSIDERING what an outcry has been raised of late for some novelty in the way of architecture, it is a matter of surprise that more attention has not been given to the style known as Byzantine. This, it is true, would not, strictly speaking, be a novelty; but it is so rarely seen in this country, that it might be justly regarded as such. Here and there throughout the country, a mansion having some claim to Byzantine has been erected, and churches of the same character have appeared in certain places. Of the latter, the most perfect example within our knowledge is Christ Church, Streatham, a gem of its kind, and well worth a visit from any one who feels the slightest interest in such an object. Mr. Owen Jones's decorations of the apse are gorgeous. Without expressing any preference for Byzantine architecture over Gothic, as applicable to ecclesiastical purposes, we are yet satisfied it might be fitly employed thus under certain conditions, and in certain localities where it would not seem to be altogether out of place. Perhaps the volume now before us which has called forth these remarks, may be the means of leading in the direction whereto its contents point. The book—a large one, and profusely illustrated with examples and plans of ancient Byzantine structures—had its origin in the labours of M. Texier, a French archaeologist, whose travels and researches in the East have gained for him a European reputation, and who has amassed a vast collection of drawings and documents having reference to the subject. To consult these sketches and papers, antiquaries from various parts of Europe have resorted to Paris. It having been represented to their owner, as a matter of regret, that such valuable materials were accessible only to the few, M. Texier resolved to let the public have a portion, at least, of what he had accumulated; and accordingly, he entrusted to our countrymen, Mr. Pullan, a number of these documents, &c., for publication, permitting him, at the same time, to make such additions and alterations as might be deemed necessary. Three journeys to the East, at various periods between 1854 and 1862, and a visit to Thessalonica, undertaken specially for the purpose of studying the Byzantine remains there, qualified Mr. Pullan for the task entrusted to him. The result of their combined labours is before us. "We have worked together," writes the latter, "with the object of rendering this work worthy of the attention of the literary public to whom it is addressed. We trust, moreover, that it will in some measure fill up a gap that exists in the history of the early Christian Art. We believe, also, that its perusal will tend to modify certain preconceived notions regarding Byzantine architecture. Some authors affirm that there was a school of Byzantine painting, but not of architecture; we shall endeavour to show them that such a school existed. Others assert that the Gothic is the only veritable Christian architecture; we shall prove that Christianity did not last for twelve centuries without having discovered a monumental form of expression."

Byzantine architecture had its origin in the desire of the Romans to modify, in an important manner, the style of building they had derived from the Greeks. This was done in a variety of ways before Constantine removed the seat of government to Byzantium; from which date alone he term can be legitimately applied to edifices constructed in the style bearing a name borrowed from that of the city. Though buildings for Christian worship existed before Constantine renounced paganism, in the early part of the fourth century, it was to this emperor that the disciples of the now wide-spread creed owed so many of their basilicas or churches, for he wished to manifest in this way his zeal for the faith. "Those churches which he built at Rome

* BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE; illustrated by Examples of Edifices erected in the East during the Earliest Ages of Christianity. With Historical and Archaeological Descriptions. By Charles Texier, Member of the Institute of France, Honorary Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Munich; and R. Englewood Pullan, Esq., F.R.I.B.A., Architect to the British Expedition; Agent for the Dilettanti Society in Asia Minor. Published by Day and Son, London.

† This portrait is now in the National Portrait Gallery—a recent acquisition.

were on the basilica plan; that is to say, they had nave and aisles divided by columns, surmounted, not by arcades, but by architrave." We also find in his reign the introduction of round churches; for example, the Anastasis erected over the tomb of Christ at Jerusalem. These became, like other edifices of Constantine's time, the prototype of a class of sacred buildings of the same kind, which were multiplied in the West as well as in the East. "It is evident," says Mr. Pullan, "that the Pantheon at Rome, and the Temple of Portunna at Ostia, gave the first idea for churches of this description." We have three or four of these round churches, old in date, still existing in England, the Temple church being the most prominent.

With the reign of Justinian (527-565) commenced a new era for Christian architecture, for the faith, freed entirely from the fetters which bound it under pagan rulers, manifested itself openly to the world. The most able architect of this emperor's time was Anthemius, who was selected by Justinian to undertake the charge of several extensive works before the commencement of the church of St. Sophia, his *chef-d'œuvre*. The primitive churches, which under pagan rule showed always unpretending exteriors, were replaced by sumptuous edifices; the principal feature of those erected under the superintendence of Anthemius was the dome. This form became universal in all the churches of the Eastern empire, and has been continued, as we find in the Turkish mosques, to the present day, while the oblong nave was retained in the Western churches, and still is adopted.

This book is something more than an architectural description and criticism of the ecclesiastical edifices of the early Christians; it discusses also the forms and ceremonies of their worship, which in some way or other affected the style and character of their churches, just as we find in later times the Gothic churches of western Europe were built to suit the wants and necessities of Romanism. At a period like the present, when attempts are being made by some members of the Anglican Church to assimilate its forms and observances to those of the primitive Greek and Latin churches, the records here given cannot fail to be of deep interest. These are found in the consecutive chapters headed "The Erection of the First Christian Churches," "The Byzantine Church and its Ceremonies under Justinian and his Successors," and "The Ceremonies of the Primitive Christian Churches." Though discussions had frequently occurred between the patriarchs of Constantinople, or Byzantium, and the popes of Rome—that is, between the Eastern and Western churches—for some centuries prior to their separation in the early part of the eleventh century, the differences were rather of doctrine and supremacy, than of forms of worship. After the separation each pursued its own course, both as to forms and ceremonies, and the arrangement of their ecclesiastical structures.

It has, we believe, been a disputed point whether or no the early Christians made use of the pagan temples as places of worship. Mr. Pullan says:—"When the conversions, whether sincere or brought about by policy, became so numerous that the clergy were in want of church-room for the neophytes, many churches were erected; but these were found insufficient. Then the Christians first entertained the thought of consecrating the ancient temples of idols to the new faith. They were encouraged and supported in this by the imperial authority. The form of the Roman temples was not ill adapted to the requirements of Christian worship. With some slight adaptations, the temple could be made to resemble the church constructed by the early Christians, which consisted of a long oblong room with an apse for the altar. We can still trace the ingenious transformations that some temples have undergone; others have been consecrated to Christian worship without any change. These changes took place but slowly, as the *vis inertiae* of paganism rendered the ordinances frequently ineffectual. . . . The barbarians, on arriving in Gaul, had, in their character of Christians, annihilated the greater part of the temples which existed in the chief towns. We owe the preservation of those which still exist to their transformation into churches. We may

affirm this to be the case in Asia Minor also. . . . It is to be remarked, in following in the footsteps of St. Paul through Asia, that along the whole course of his route we do not find a single ancient temple standing, though to the right and left of the line of his progress there are the ruins of many which do not exhibit marks of having been purposely demolished. This fact could not be the result of mere chance." The inference to be drawn from it is that the zeal and enthusiasm of the Christians to whom St. Paul preached manifested itself in the destruction of the temples "wholly given to idolatry," so far, at least, as there was the power to effect their ruin.

Thessalonica, or, as it is now called, Salonica, and by the Turks, Saloniki, contains the most perfect existing examples of ancient Byzantine ecclesiastical architecture; these are the churches of St. Demetrius, of St. George, of St. Sophia, and of the Holy Apostles. We cannot ascertain from Mr. Pullan's remarks the date of the first-mentioned, for he says:—"The first church, erected in honour of St. Demetrius, was therefore achieved A.D. 412-13. The second and more magnificent church was erected at the commencement of the fifth century." These dates appear almost contemporary. The general form of the church is that which the Latins called *basilica*, from the Greek; it has a nave and double aisles. A far more interesting example, as to its external form, is the church of St. George, sometimes called the Rotonda, from being circular. The dome is enriched with portraits of saints in mosaic, and "though there is certainly no document by which the date of this church can be ascertained, still its character of antiquity has struck all observers, and it is a remarkable fact that the portraits of saints represented in the mosaics of the dome are all those of saints who lived before the time of Constantine." The church of St. Sophia, supposed to have been erected about the time of the reign of Justinian, has also a cupola adorned with beautiful mosaic-work. But perhaps the most remarkable of the Thessalonian churches is that of the Holy Apostles; it is in perfect preservation, "and possesses all the elegance of the Byzantine architecture of the seventh century." There are two external views of it given by Mr. Pullan, or, rather, by M. Texier, from whose drawings they are made; but it would be impossible to convey to the reader any idea of the singular appearance of the church, by any verbal description, and there is none given in the text, but only a brief recital of the interior arrangements. The church of St. Elias, in Salonica, though of much later date than either of the preceding—its date is about the tenth century—is another very striking example of Byzantine architecture.

The histories of Greek, Italian, and Gothic architecture have been written over and over again; the volume of M. Texier and Mr. Pullan will amply supply what has been wanting with regard to Byzantine architecture, and may, as we suggested at the outset of our notice, be the means of directing the attention of English architects to it, with a view to its adoption here, where practicable and suitable. The history is by no means limited to ecclesiastical buildings, though these supply the most important features of the work; other edifices, such as temples, caravansaries, tombs, &c., come in into the record. As we read it over, and examine the numerous plates—many of them executed in Messrs. Day and Son's best style of chromolithography—we trace the foundation of that gorgeous character of building that now prevails in the Eastern mosques and temples, which the Moors carried into Spain, and from which arose the magnificent Christian churches, the palatial and other residences, that are still the glory of the land of the Sid, as examples of Saracenic architecture.

It is almost a pity Mr. Pullan had not submitted his proof-sheets to some one accustomed to literary composition; the text would thereby have gained considerably both in correctness and elegance of expression. The few extraneous we give will show where such supervision might have been advantageously applied. His style of writing affects not the matter of his history; still there is no reason why this should be, as it not infrequently is, deformed by a loose and inaccurate manner.

VENUS.

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY J. GIBSON, R.A.

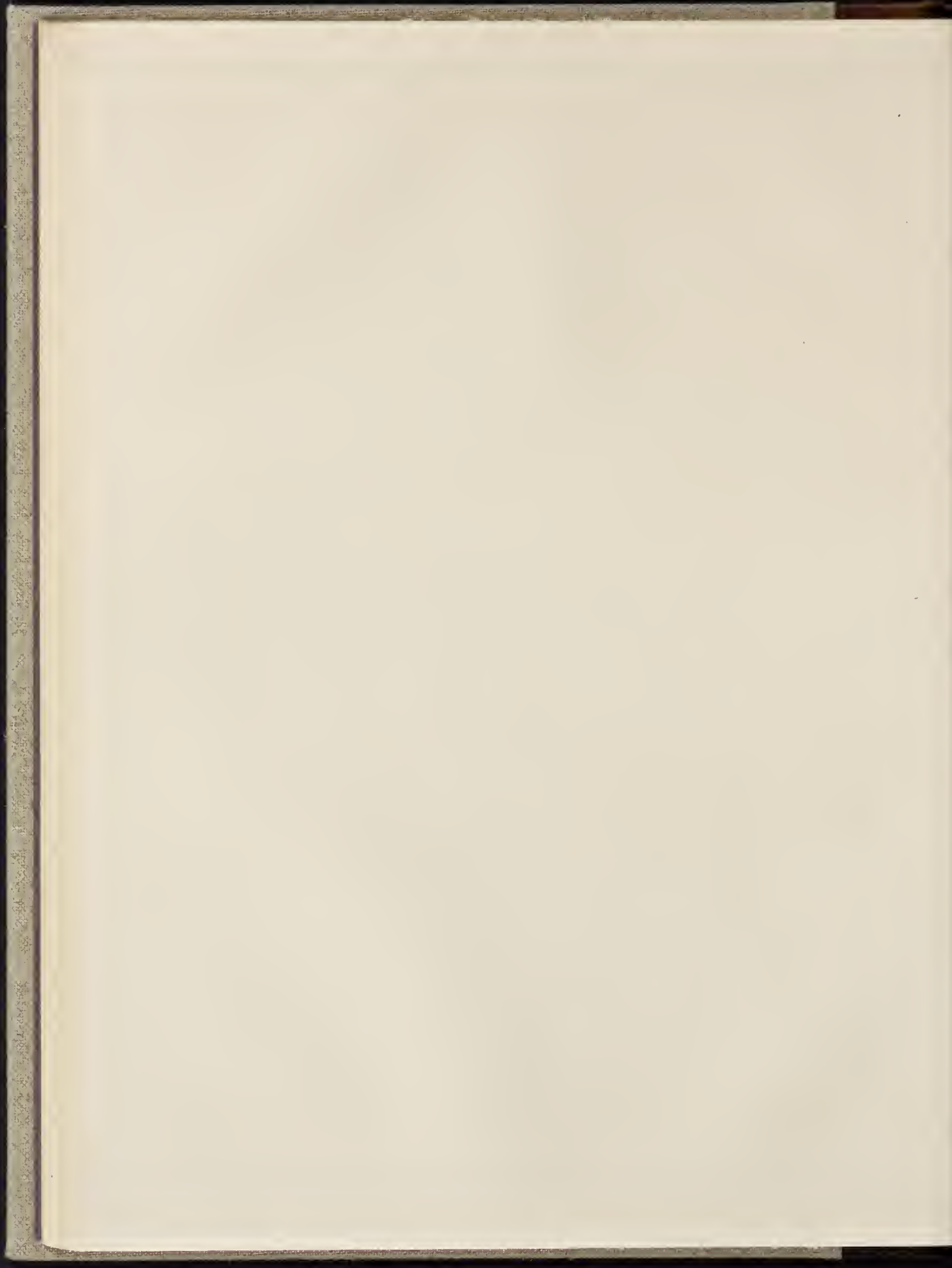
THIS figure, which, known as the 'Tinted Venus,' attracted so much attention in the last great Industrial Exhibition, has been, perhaps, subjected to more critical comment in the public journals and in artistic circles than any other modern sculptured work. And this not from any great diversity of opinion on the work as an example of the art—for its beauty, both of form and expression, was universally admitted—but because the sculptor had introduced into it what was generally considered an innovation; the statue is slightly coloured, or "tinted." Mr. Gibson is one of the few sculptors of our age who professes rigidly to adopt the principles carried out by the great masters of Greek Art; he is pre-eminently a classicist in manner; and in giving to the statue of Venus a tone more in harmony with nature than the pure but cold white of marble, he rendered his work a grand controversial point for both writers and talkers.

This subject of coloured sculpture has on several occasions found its way into the columns of our Journal, where it has met with its defenders and its opponents: when writing upon it ourselves, we have taken the side of the latter. Professor Westmacott, R.A., handles the subject at considerable length, and with great ability, in his "Handbook of Sculpture, Ancient and Modern;" yet while he brings forward all the arguments and authorities that can be found in favour of its general application, the conviction in his own mind is against it. "It certainly is remarkable," he says, in one place, "if the practice ever prevailed to the extent some advocates of polychromy have supposed, that, among the very large number of marble statues of a fine period of Art that remain to us, to attest the indisputable superiority of the ancients in sculpture (proper), there is not a single tolerable example of the application of colour. It scarcely will meet the objection to say this is owing to the great age of the works, and the accidents to which they have been exposed. Many of them have been found under circumstances that have insured their integrity a sufficient time to show the original surface; and, as in the case of painted architectural members, and of small works, such as those above referred to—figures in terra-cotta—"it has been proved that age has not destroyed colour on some even of the most ancient specimens. Besides, there was a period when the works of the Greeks were studied and imitated in Rome with the most scrupulous exactness." After referring to the sculptures exhumed in that city, he remarks that, "while the colours of paintings on walls have been found as bright and fresh as when they were executed, none of these even comparatively late works in sculpture have been found painted, or showing any indication of colour to warrant the conclusion that even the Romans, in the days when a great effort was made to restore sculpture on the basis of Greek examples, considered it a characteristic of Greek practice to paint their statues."

We have preferred to speak now of Mr. Gibson's statue from this point of view rather than any other, because its appearance marks an era in the Art of our school which may—though, with all deference to the accomplished sculptor, we trust it may not—lead to imitation.



ENGRAVED BY W. H. STONE. SCULPTED BY T. B. JOHNSON.



FACTS ABOUT FINGER-RINGS.

CHAP. I. (continued).—ANTIQUÉ RINGS.

As the luxury of Rome increased, the wearing of rings increased also, and the emperors relaxed the law of restraint. Thus Tiberias, in A.D. 22, gave permission for gold rings to be worn by all persons whose fathers and grandfathers possessed property to the value of 200,000 sesteriæ. The Emperors Severus and Aurelian ultimately gave the right of wearing gold rings to all soldiers of the empire; and the Emperor Justinian at length gave a similar right to all who had legal claims to Roman citizenship. Distinction once broken through, and wealth increasing, ring-wearing became general. Seneca, describing the luxury and ostentation of his time, says, "We adorn our fingers with rings, and a jewel is displayed on every joint." The ridiculous excess to which the custom was carried may be understood from Martial's description of Charinus, who wore as many as sixty rings on his hands at one time, and so fond was he of his jewellery that he kept them upon his fingers when in bed. They were decorated with a vast variety of subjects, originally cut in the metal of which the ring was made, whether gold, silver, or brass; ultimately the devices were



magnitude, and of costly material; it has upon it a bust in high relief of the Empress Plotina, the consort of Trajan; she wears the imperial diadem, which is here composed of precious stones cut into facets. This bust would of course come outside the hand, the narrower part of the wreathed ring passing between the thumb and first finger. The gorgeous inconvenience of the whole thing is at once apparent. It probably decorated the hand of some member of the imperial family.

The enormous sums expended by the wealthy on rings may be best understood by an allusion to the recorded value of two belonging to empresses of Rome. Thus, the ring of Faustina, we are told, cost £40,000, and that of Domitia £60,000, reckoning the Roman sesteria at its modern value.

Sometimes the decoration of a ring was not confined to a single gem, though such rings were comparatively rare. Valerian speaks of the *annulus bigemmis*, and Gorgius furnishes us with the specimens here engraved; the larger gem has cut upon it a figure of Mars, holding spear and helmet;

cut upon stones and gems, occasionally representing the tutular deity of the wearer. Thus Julius Cesar wore one with Venus Victrix upon it, and his partisans did the same. Pompey's ring was engraved with three trophies, indicating his victories in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Many used merely fanciful or emblematic devices; thus the famed Mæcenas had a frog upon his ring. Others wore the portraits of their ancestors or friends. Publius Lentulus had that of his grandfather. Cornelius Scipio Africanus, younger son of the great Africanus, wore the portrait of his father; but, as he was a degenerate son of an illustrious sire, the people gave expression to their disgust at his conduct by depriving him of his ring, saying he was unworthy to wear the portrait of so great a man.

This ring-wearing became one of the troubles of the wealthy, and as the Sybarite complained of the folded rose-leaf inconveniencing his bed, the rich Roman was fatigued with his rings. Hence came the custom of wearing light or heavy rings, or as they termed them, summer or winter rings, according to the season. That there really was some reason in the complaint, will be granted by the reader who looks on the accompanying engraving, copied from Montfaucon's great work on Roman antiquities. It is a thumb-ring of unusual

but wearing only the chlamys; the smaller gem is incised with a dove and myrtle branch. Beside it are placed two examples of the emblematic devices and inscriptions adopted for classic rings, when used as



memorial gifts. The first is inscribed, "You have a love pledge," the second, "Proteros (to) Ugiae," between conjoined hands—a type of concord still familiar to us.

Though the ancients seem scarcely to have thought of decorating the circlet of the ring, they occasionally varied its form, producing novelty at the expense of convenience. Fig. 1 is a whimsical example;

it may, however, have been principally represented as a signet. The same may be said of Fig. 2, which has a very broad face, set



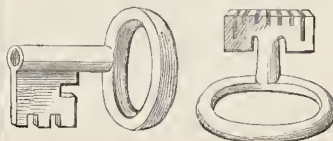
Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

with an incised stone bearing a figure of Hygeia.

The ancients tell us of charmed rings; such was the ring of Gyges, which was reported to have rendered him invisible when he turned the stone inwardly, and closed it in his palm. Execetus, tyrant of the Phocians, carried two rings, which he was accustomed to strike together, to divine by the sound emitted what he had to do, or what was to happen to him.

The most curious adaptation of the finger-ring to a double use was made by the Romans. It was a combination of a ring and key, as here represented from originals



engraved by the learned Montfaucon in his great work on Roman antiquities. He has published many varieties, for they are very commonly discovered in all places where the Romans located themselves. Many have been found in London, York, Lincoln, and other old cities, as well as in the neighbourhood of Roman camps. The use of these rings is apparent: they opened the small cabinets or boxes in which the most precious articles were preserved, and they were less likely to be lost, mislaid, or improperly used by others, when thus worn night and day on the finger.

It is recorded of the infamous Pope Alexander VI. (Borgia) that he caused a somewhat similar key to be used in opening a cabinet; but the Pope's key was poisoned in the handle, and provided with a small sharp pin, which gave a slight puncture sufficient to allow the poison to pass below the skin. When the Holy Father wished to rid himself of an objectionable friend, he would request that friend to unlock his cabinet; as the lock turned rather stiffly, a little pressure was necessary on the key-handle, sufficient to give the trifling wound that ultimately proved mortal. Poisoned rings were known to the ancients; when Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, was overcome by Scipio Africanus, it is recorded that he fled to Bithynia, and ended his life by poison, which for that purpose he had reserved in a ring.

Rings formed of bone, amber, and glass, were provided for the poorer classes, as was



Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

the case in ancient Egypt. They were also used as mortuary rings, and are found on

the hands of the dead in Itaban sepulchres. The Waterton collection supplies us with two specimens. Fig. 3 is of amber, cut to appear as if set with a stone. Fig. 4 is of glass, also made as if set with a jewel. The body of this ring is dark brown with bands of white crossing it; the jewel is yellow.

In the later days of the Roman empire the simplicity and purity in decorative design that the Romans obtained from the Greeks, gave way to the ostentatious love of gaudy decoration taught at Byzantium. Jewellery became complicated in design; enrichment was considered before elegance. The old simple form of finger-ring

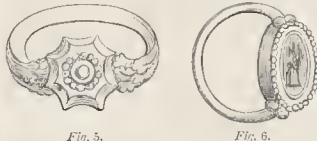


Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

varied much. Fig. 5 is given by Montfaucon in the great work we have already referred to. Fig. 6 is in the Londesborough collection, and was found upon the hand of a lady's skeleton, buried with her child in a sarcophagus discovered in 1846, in a field near Amiens, called "Le Camp de Cesar;" on two of her fingers were rings, one of which was set with ten round pearls, the other (here engraved) is of gold, in which is set a red cornelian, engraved with a rude representation of Jupiter riding on the goat Amalthea. The child also wore a ring with an engraved stone. The whole of the decorations for the person found in this tomb proclaim themselves late Roman work, probably the time of Diocletian.

In 1841 a curious discovery was made at Lyons of the jewel case of a Roman lady, containing a complete *trousseau*, including the rings here engraved. Fig. 7 is of gold; the hoop is slightly oval, and curves upward to a double leaf, supporting three cup-shaped settings, one still retaining its

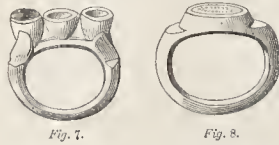


Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.

stone, an African emerald. Fig. 8 is also remarkable for its general form, and still more so for its inscription, *VENERI ET TVTELE VOTVM*, explained by M. Comarmond as a dedication to Venus and the local goddess Tutela, who was believed to be the protectress of the navigators of the Rhine; hence he infers these jewels to have belonged to the wife of one of these rich traders in the reign of Severus.

Carrying back our researches to the prehistoric era of our own island, and searching in the tumuli of the early British chieftain and his family, we shall discover the utmost simplicity of adornment; not probably the result of indifference to personal decoration, but simply to the rudeness of his position. The wild hunter, located in the gloomy fastnesses of wood and morass, had little or no communication with the southern sea-margin of our isle: and when we find the south Saxon much advanced in civilisation, owing to his connection with Gaul, Belgium, and the Spanish and Mediterranean traders, we find the tribes inhabiting the midland and northern counties

still barbaric, and little advanced in the arts that make life pleasant. Such decoration as they adopted seems to have originated in the basket-weaving, for which the British islands were famous even at Rome, where noble dames coveted these works from the far-off and mysterious *Cassiteride*. Plaited, or interlaced work, resembling the convolutions of wicker and rush, was imitated in threads of metal; thus circlets for the neck, bracelets for the arms, or rings for the fingers, were but twisted strands of gold.

The simplest form of finger-ring worn by our ancestors consisted of a band of metal, merely twisted round to embrace the finger, and open at either end. Fig. 9 shows one of these rings, as found upon the finger-bone of an early Saxon, in excavating at Harnham Hill, near Salisbury, a locality celebrated from the very earliest recorded time as the true centre of ancient Britain. This ring was found on the middle finger of the right hand of a person of advanced age. Sometimes several rings were found on one hand. "Among the bones of the fingers of the left hand of an adult skeleton was found a silver ring of solid form, another of spiral form, and a plain gold ring."* Mr. Akerman, who superintended these researches, says, "Similar rings have been found at Little Wilbraham,



Fig. 9.

Fig. 10.

at Linton Heath, at Fairford, and other localities. They are for the most part of an uniform construction, being so contrived that they could be expanded or contracted, and adapted to the size of the finger of the wearer."†

The prevailing form of the old Celtic finger-ring is shown in Fig. 10. It is formed of thick twisted wires of pure gold. This fashion seems to have been in most favour with all the early Celtic tribes, such rings being found in the grave-mounds of Gaul, Germany, Belgium, Denmark, Ireland, and Scotland. A discovery of many similar rings ‡ has recently been made in one of the Western Islands of Scotland, and they are formed of from three to eight wires each, elaborately and beautifully enwreathed.

The south Saxons retained to the last the simple form of wire-ring, which originated, as we have already shown, with the most ancient people. Its comparative cheapness and ease of construction were no doubt its great recommendations. Similar rings are still made for the poorer classes in the East: the author has seen such worn in modern Egypt. Specimens have been obtained in Anglo-Saxon grave-mounds in England, and others, identical in form, in the old Saxon cemeteries of Germany. §

* "Account of excavations at Harnham Hill." *Archæologia*, vol. xxxv.

† "Remains of Pagan Saxondom," p. 71.

‡ Now in the possession of Mr. J. Ferguson, of Inverness.

§ In the museum at Augsburg are several which were found in cutting for the railway near that city. A large series of personal ornaments is also preserved there, which are so exactly similar to others found near Richborough, in Kent, that they would appear to have come from the same manufactory. As the Romans introduced their arts wherever they went, so the Saxons seem to have continued theirs in all their colonies.

Fig. 11 represents one of the plainest of these wire-rings; it was exhumed from a tumulus on Chartham Downs, a few miles from Canterbury, Kent, in 1773, by the Rev. Bryan Faussett, who says, "the bones were those of a very young person." Upon the neck was a cross of silver, a few coloured



Fig. 11.

Fig. 12.

earthen beads, and "two silver rings with sliding knots."

The industry of the same collector furnishes us with Fig. 12, a specimen of a wire-ring so twisted as to resemble a seal ring, or one set with a stone: the wire around the finger has been beaten out flat. It was discovered in the extensive Saxon cemetery on Kingston Downs, near Canterbury, on the Dover Road. The tumulus was evidently the last resting-place of a person of small wealth, as this copper ring and two small beads only were found in it; and it was customary to bury the ornaments of the deceased, however valuable, with them.*

Ireland seems to have boasted a higher civilisation at an earlier period than the sister kingdoms, and her ancient Art-works are remarkable for the most skilled and tasteful elaboration. Gold, too, appears to have been used more commonly there, and the museum of the Royal Irish Academy can show a more wonderful collection of personal ornaments in that precious metal, as once worn by the native nobles, than is to be seen in the national museums of any other country, with the exception of Denmark. The gold is of the purest kind and richest colour, and the manner of its working could not be excelled by a modern goldsmith. The Londesborough collection includes two remarkable rings (Figs. 13 and 14), which were found with other gold ornaments near the very remarkable tumulus known as "New Grange," a few



Fig. 13.

Fig. 14.

miles from Drogheda. They were accidentally discovered in 1842 by a labouring man, within a few yards of the entrance to the tumulus, at the depth of two feet from the surface of the ground, and without any covering or protection from the earth about them. Two bracelets of thick twisted gold, and a chain, also of gold, were found with them. Another labouring man, hearing of this discovery, carefully searched the spot whence they were taken, and found a denarius of Geta, which may aid us in arriving at some conclusion as to the age of these curious works. The stone set in both rings is a cut agate.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

* See the "Inventorium Sepulchrale: an Account of some Antiquities dug up by the Rev. Bryan Faussett, of Hoptington, Kent." This diary, edited by C. Rouch Smith, and illustrated by the author of these papers, was published at the sole risk of Mr. Mayer, the owner of the collection. It is a mine of valuable reference on all matters connected with Anglo-Saxon Art, and the jewellery delineated is the finest of its kind known.

SCHOOLS OF ART.

MEETINGS have been held during the past month in Leeds, Carlisle, Kidderminster, and Exeter, chiefly for the bestowal of prizes, and to receive the reports of masters. At neither of them were any of the officials of South Kensington present, it being understood that while proceedings in Parliament are pending, and the managers of the Science and Art Department are, so to speak, on their trial, they are willing to keep quiet, and to let judgment go by default. At two of the meetings, however, two of the members of the Select Committee of the House were in attendance, one of whom, the chairman, addressed at some length an audience at Exeter. Any opinions expressed by Sir Stafford Northcote on any subject are entitled to respect, but more especially they are so with reference to Art-matters. Few statesmen are better qualified to lead the public to just and right conclusions as to the capabilities, the management, the past and future, of these Art-schools in London and in the Provinces; and his views will, no doubt, materially guide the House in the decision to be arrived at in March or April next. In his speech at Exeter, he traces the history of the schools from their earliest formation; but though he avoids all prophecy as to their "hereafter," he clearly intimates an intention to introduce such changes—"reforms"—as without, in any degree, impairing, shall materially augment their powers of usefulness, not only to the manufacturer, the artisan, and the Art-student, but the whole community.

We extract from his address two or three passages, that will be read with satisfaction:—

"The Committee was appointed not for the purpose of inquiring into this or that complaint, or into a portion of those particular minutes, but for the purpose of inquiring generally into the constitution, management, working, and success of schools of Art which were partially aided by the Government, and thereby to inquire into the principle upon which the money voted in Parliament for the promotion of Art-education was expended; in point of fact, they took a review of the whole of that portion of the department of Government which was charged with the promotion of Art-education, from the commencement to the time of their appointment."

"The encouragement of Art-education had accomplished great objects; it had enabled us to ascertain that which was previously a disputed point, that the Englishman had as good a mental capacity for producing works of Art as the native of any other country; that the English people might be taught and their taste cultivated as much as other nations could be; and it had been shown by the evidence of manufacturers that what had been achieved had told most materially for the benefit of the manufacturers of this country."

"The more the department of South Kensington was stirred up the better, and he did not regret having been on the Committee that had called them to account for having monopolised too much of the Parliamentary grant. The only way to meet the present difficulties attaching to schools of Art was to have a more enlightened local management, and a selection should be made of such managers only as would take an interest in Art, and so qualify themselves as to justify their holding their trust. He hoped that interest would be felt by the middle and upper classes, but especially by the middle class, who, he hoped, would take a prominent part in promoting the system, for the education of the middle class was becoming of increased importance. That class must bestir themselves if they would not be left behind."

At Carlisle, Mr. Potter, another of the members of the Committee, addressed a large and intelligent audience. He also

gave a succinct history of the origin and progress of the Art-schools, and dwelt somewhat minutely on the influence they had exercised on the Art-manufacturers of the kingdom. We extract some passages from his speech:—

"The grants (to South Kensington) for twelve years inclusive, had been £1,100,000. When they considered that the school educational grant in Great Britain was annually £721,386, these figures were rather startling; and, moreover, during the last two years there had been a decrease of £92,000 in educational grants. That decrease, he thought, would go on, and he thought, too, the South Kensington grant would also come under Mr. Gladstone's notice."

"In the museum there was a very amusing collection of things which he should call more fitted for an old curiosity shop, including all sorts of mediæval curiosities. He had had the curiosity to analyse some of the purchases debited to last year's account. There was a class of china excessively popular at South Kensington—majolica—of which he had seen some specimens in the shop windows at Carlisle. It was extremely grotesque, and he thought a very barbarous and antiquated taste. At South Kensington they were very fond of this, and seemed to have bought it very freely. He would give a few instances. There was a majolica group, £100; majolica vase, £200; majolica plate, £10; Pilgrin bottles, £250; drip plates, £100; plate, £100; plate, £70; plate, £50; plate, £50; platen, £80; vase and cover, £80—making £1,120 for this part of the majolica. And it was claimed that these things were bought for the benefit of the manufacturers!"

"They had at South Kensington ladies and gentlemen to the extent of one-half—or, as he suspected, two-thirds—receiving an education at £4, £5, or £6 a-year, which they could not obtain from any professional man in London—if, indeed, they could obtain such an education at all—for four times the sum. That, he thought, was abominable—or, not to use too strong a term, was very wrong."

"The returns which had been asked for would, he thought, be of great benefit in throwing some daylight upon the expenditure; and he was extremely anxious that these points should be pressed upon the Department and upon the Legislature."

At Leeds, Lord F. C. Cavendish presided; and, in addressing the meeting, among other pertinent remarks, said:—

"He considered they might conclude that the whole system of teaching Art was not the failure which people who knew nothing of it were apt to say; but that it had been of great substantial advantage to the country."

At Kidderminster Sir John Pakington said much to the purpose, and anticipated very beneficial results from the practical working of the schools.

We gather, therefore, from these meetings, and the opinions put forth by those who have been appointed to judge, that the real and practical value of the schools will be in no sort of danger. The country does not, and will not, grudge the grants for their support; but it does, and will, insist that the moneys allotted shall be wisely and judiciously expended—not by over-paying some masters, and under-paying others; not in collecting useless curiosities at enormous prices, that teach little or nothing except what to avoid—but by studying every possible means to augment the power of teaching Art, to the manufacturer no less than to the artisan and to "the public," in all its grades. Although we await with hope and confidence the decision of Parliament, which will, no doubt, be the result of careful and scrupulous inquiry, we shall report, from time to time, the views of such persons as may be, and ought to be, considered authorities on the all-important subject.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The Scottish National Gallery, having been closed during some weeks for sundry repairs, cleansing, &c., was opened in the month of December last. The pictures have been rearranged, and with much advantage, and the water-colour department, which now possesses one of the finest collections in the country, has received several important acquisitions, especially those bequeathed to the gallery by the late Mr. John Scott, of the firm of Colnaghi, Scott, and Co., the eminent London print-publishers. They are about fifty in number, and include first-class specimens of many of our leading water-colour painters.—Among the designs submitted for the National Scottish Memorial of the Prince Consort, is, according to the *Builder*, one "the joint work of Mr. Joseph Durham, sculptor, and Mr. J. Robinson, architect, and which is proposed to be placed on 'Arthur's Seat.' The principal feature is a monolithic obelisk of grey granite, nearly 60 ft. high, in front of which stands a colossal statue of the Prince Consort, to be in bronze. The obelisk and statue are erected upon an elaborately-wrought basement of red granite, at the angles of which are seated four winged angels, 9 ft. high, bearing wreaths. This basement is raised upon a flight of steps, with pedestals at each corner, giving the lower portion of the design an octagonal form. Upon these pedestals are lions, so composed as to have the effect of guarding the whole structure. The designers have been influenced in adopting this form of design, firstly, by the belief that its contrast with all objects around would ever make it more conspicuous than any other, remaining distinct from the surrounding scenery; and, secondly, by the knowledge of the desire the Prince Consort himself had, that a lofty monolithic obelisk should be erected."

DUBLIN.—A stained-glass window, the work of Messrs. Ballantine and Son, of Edinburgh, has been placed in St. Patrick's Cathedral, to the memory of Sir John A. Stevenson, Mns. Doc., so well known as the arranger of "Moore's Melodies." The subject of the window is Early English, treated in the mosaic style. It introduces David singing one of his psalms, accompanied by himself on the harp, and surrounded by groups of Israelites listening to his divine strains. In the upper medallion of the window are seen three angels with musical instruments, as if repeating the melody. At the base is a harp suspended on a cross, the whole being surrounded with groundwork and bordering, in the early style of glass.

BATH.—The distribution of prizes to the successful competitors of the Bath School of Art was made in December last, in the presence of the mayor of the city and a large number of influential citizens. It appears that, although so far as the pupils are concerned, the school is doing its proper work, it has, like many others, pecuniary obligations which the committee finds some difficulty in discharging. A strenuous effort is to be made to get rid of all liabilities, as well as to purchase the house in which the school is conducted.—A Working Men's Industrial Exhibition and Bazaar was opened in this city on the 26th of December. The *Bath Chronicle* says:—"Whether it be the shortness of the notice given, or whatever may be the reason, it seems to us that the working men generally have not rallied round the exhibition as might have been expected. It is true that there are some 150 exhibitors, and 250 articles exhibited, but many of these come within the regulation which permits the introduction of objects that are not the production of those who send them." This report is not very encouraging, but due allowance must be made for an undertaking the novelty of which may have had some influence in producing a result so comparatively unsuccessful: a second exhibition will probably wear a different aspect.

BRIGHTON.—The annual meeting of subscribers to the Brighton Art-Union took place at the Pavilion, in December, for the purpose of receiving the report and drawing the prizes. These last consisted of ten paintings, of the

aggregate value of £60, and seventeen Parian statues; a considerable diminution from the results of the preceding year's distribution. Truly, the patronage of the Fine Arts in the large and wealthy town of Brighton is at a low ebb indeed, if the Art-Union may be accepted as a specimen.

KIDDERMINSTER.—The third annual examination of the pupils of the School of Art in this town, was held in the month of December. The results showed a manifest improvement over the works produced at any former examination. The central school carried off two national medallions, thirteen local medals, and obtained one "honourable mention."

HALIFAX.—The annual *soirée* of the Halifax School of Art was held towards the close of last year. The report of the Committee stated that the progress of the institution had been steady during the year. The number of pupils in the central school had reached 137, being an increase of twenty-five over those of the preceding year. The local medals taken amounted to nineteen, the largest number ever awarded to the school, while two students received "honourable mention." For the first time two national medallions, and one "national honourable mention," have been gained by pupils educated in the school.

LINCOLN.—A sculptured altar tomb has been placed in the cathedral of this city, to the memory of the late William Hilton, R.A., and his brother-in-law, P. De Wint, the eminent water-colour painter, both of whom, we believe, were natives of Lincoln: Hilton certainly was. The tomb is principally of Caen stone, the top being of polished marble, and the panels of white alabaster. The sculptures on the panels are taken from the works of the deceased painters. Three respectively are from Hilton's 'Mary anointing the Feet of Christ,' in St. Michael's Church, College Hill, London; from his 'Crucifixion,' which is at Liverpool; and from his 'Raising of Lazarus,' in Newark Church. The fourth panel, at one end, is copied from De Wint's drawing of the west front of the cathedral, as seen from the top of Castle Hill. The inscriptions are on the marble slab that surmounts the tomb.

LIVERPOOL.—The bronze bas-relief for the Wellington monument, by Mr. G. A. Lawson, consists of a group of about twenty figures, nearly three feet in height. It represents an assumed episode in the battle of Waterloo, the three principal figures being the Duke, the Marquis of Anglesey, and Lord Hill. In the foreground is seen a portion of the brigade of Guards charging at the point of the bayonet.—The council of the Liverpool Exhibition has awarded the prize of £100 to Mr. W. J. Grant, for his picture of 'The Token of Flight to Robert the Bruce.'—Sir Rowland Hill has expressed a desire that the money subscribed in this town for a testimonial to him, amounting to £400, should be expended on pictures, selected by himself, and bearing appropriate descriptions on the frames.

MANCHESTER.—The proposed Art-workmen's exhibition is to be held in the galleries of the Royal Institution, the use of which has been freely granted by the council of the institution. The committee has received great encouragement in the proposed undertaking from the influential inhabitants of the city and the surrounding locality. Contributions will be accepted from all workmen residing within twenty-five miles of the Manchester Exchange.

TAUNTON.—The friends and supporters of the Taunton School of Art had their annual meeting towards the close of last year, when Mr. A. Mills, M.P., presided. The number of the pupils taught in the School of Art during the year 1864 has been 117, being 17 in excess of those in the school the year preceding, and it is gratifying to find that the accessions have been from the artisan class, to whom the knowledge of drawing is so important. In addition to those, about 55 pupils from private schools are likewise taught here.

WAREFIELD.—It is proposed to hold an Industrial Exhibition in this town, on the plan of that recently held in the north of London. We believe other towns of the provinces are arranging for exhibitions of the kind.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

At the house of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi is exhibited a collection of works, executed in competition for prizes according to terms published by the society in February, 1864. They are all examples of what is understood as "Industrial Art," and although, as a show, the exhibition is not extensive, it is considerable, and highly interesting. The competitors are "Art-workmen;" we are therefore called upon to regard these productions not as the results of the diligent employment of leisure hours, but as the efforts of men labouring in the callings to which they have devoted themselves. There is no deprecatory appeal to indulgent criticism, nor is it necessary that there should be, since the craft exhibited in some of these articles is of an order so high as to vie with the best of its kind. The examples are small, because, as there must be many candidates, the sacrifices made by those who were unsuccessful must be great in the execution of larger works, and for their labours there would be no compensation. The divisions comprehend carving in wood and stone, *reposé* hammered work, carving in ivory, chasing in bronze, niello, enamel painting, painting on porcelain, marquetry, cameo cutting, wall-mosaics, gem engraving, &c. Looking, therefore, at the exhibition as that of the productions of Art-workmen, it must be considered in reference to Art-education. We turn, therefore, at once to those carvings in which the human figure or animal parts and proportions are treated, as in (1) carving in stone of a hoy and a dolphin, by Lennox; (2) carving in marble; (3) carving in stone, by George H. Ives; (4) carving in marble, by John Willis; (93) 'The Temptation,' Gerard Robinson; 'Garihaldi,' by the same; (67) 'Spring'—a child's head, Mark Rogers; (77) female figure in oak, Charles Liddle; (91) 'Cain preparing his Sacrifice,' James Griffiths; (78) 'Hope for the Future,' T. W. Wallis; (84) 'Caractacus,' G. R., &c. Some of these carvings show a high degree of ambitious impulse, but where the figure occurs, even in copies, there is an absence of that firm exactitude which only long practice in modelling in clay can give. In the marble and stone copies, numbered from 1 to 4 inclusive, there is much infirmity in the carving of the face of the small figure. Some of the arabesque and fruit and flower carvings are admirable, as a panel with double festoons, and three drops of carved flowers, by George Lock. This is a work in elegant taste and most delicate execution. The more, however, we see of dark wood carving for independent festooning and grouping, the more we are convinced that Gibbons was right to carve his most delicate works in white wood, as we see them at Potworth, Warwick Castle, and other places. The dark colour of this work hides the nicety of the carving. Others of great merit are, (65) portion of a frieze, George Murray; (69) envelope case and blotting book, T. Hewison; (92) frieze, T. R. Smith; (66) chimney-piece, Miss Maude; with others of great beauty. Let us not omit to mention a carved inkstand of great beauty (9), by W. H. Baylis. One or two of the *reposé* examples are very good, as also two of the bronze chasings; and there are withal worthy specimens of gem engraving, cameo cutting, die sinking, painting on porcelain, and engraving on silver, &c. There are nearly one hundred examples, of which very many are of rare excellence.

SELECTED PICTURES.

IN THE COLLECTION OF T. ROBINSON, ESQ., LINGDALE, BIRKENHEAD.

GIPIY MUSICIANS OF SPAIN.

J. Phillip, R.A., Painter. Professor Knolle, Engraver.

No one acquainted with Mr. Phillip's style of painting, and the character of the subjects he is ordinarily accustomed to illustrate, could suppose he would visit Spain without bringing back some reminiscences of gipsy life in that country. Though this singular people retain their peculiar nationality, like the Jews, wherever they are found, they present almost a distinctive appearance according to the country they inhabit,—one which somewhat assimilates to that of the great mass of those among whom they dwell, the settled inhabitants. For example, the two girls in this picture would never be mistaken for the gipsies of Bohemia, nor of England; their features are undoubtedly of Spanish type, grafted, as it were, on the original gipsy stock. There is, moreover, a certain degree of grace and refinement among them which is rarely seen in the tribes of other nations, except it be among the Zingari of Italy. Add to these manifest picturesque qualities of physiognomy and bearing, the gay costume in which these Spanish wanderers, like those by whom they are surrounded, array themselves, and we at once see in them a subject eminently suited to Mr. Phillip's hold pencil and luxuriant colouring.

This is one of the earliest, if not the first, of those Spanish pictures which have gained for the artist so high a reputation. We never in England see gipsies employed as these two girls are, in a way common to the fraternity—or it should rather be said, to the sisterhood—in the south of Europe; they are musicians and vocalists, and are supposed to be amusing an out-of-door audience with songs, accompanied by the guitar and tambourine. Their dress is of coarse fabrics, but gay in colour, and their persons are adorned with jewellery more showy than costly. The arrangement of the group is very picturesque, and the costume has been carefully studied, so as to combine variety of form with richness of colour; while there is a living expression throughout that speaks far more of reality, of a sketch from nature, than of the models of the studio, set up and dressed for the occasion. The picture is engraved by F. Knolle, professor of engraving in the Art-school of Brunswick.

The origin of the gipsy race has long been a discussed but yet unsettled question among writers on ethnography; the general opinion is, that they came out of India, though they are often thought to be of Egyptian origin. An anonymous poet says, with reference to this point—

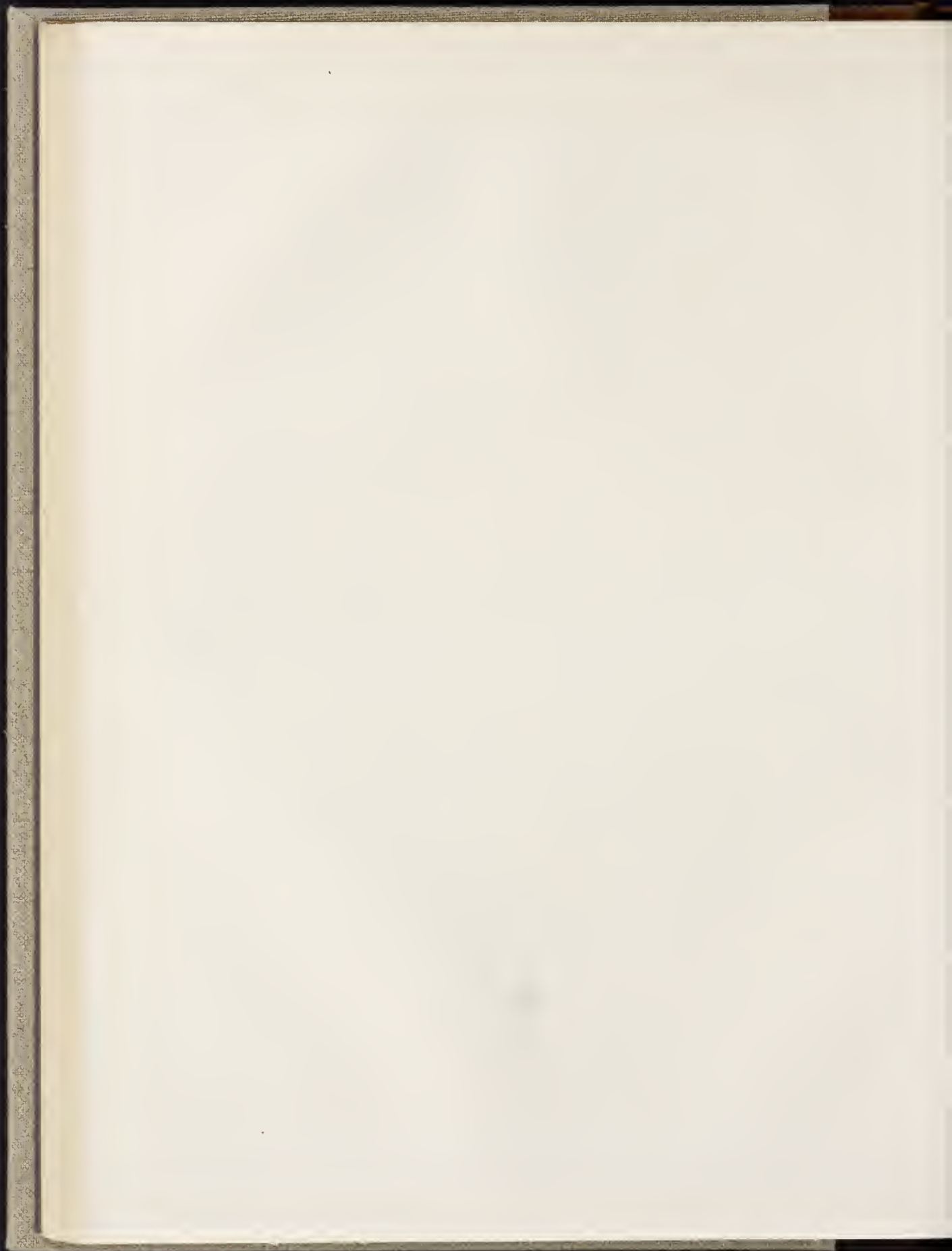
"He was a son of Egypt, as he told me,
And one descended from those dread magicians
Who waged rash war, when Israel dwelt in Goshen,
With Israel and her prophet."

It is now most universally believed that the gipsies migrated originally from India at the time of the great Mahometan invasion of Timour Bey; that in their own country they belonged to one of the lowest castes, which resembles them in appearance and habits. Certainly the two females in this picture are not unlike some of the Indian tribes with whose countenances Europeans have become familiar of late years, either through personal observation or the works of artists.



GYPSY MISTRESS OF IRAN.

FROM A DRAWING BY J. HILLIP & A. W. W.



MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY elections cannot but have been satisfactory to the profession as well as to the public. Mr. Paed is one of the foremost men of the age: he is a worthy scion of the Scottish school; while Mr. Callcott Horsley has long been esteemed as a gentleman, and respected as an artist. He is great-nephew of Sir Augustus Callcott, and received his early education in the healthy school of English Art some thirty years ago. There is yet another vacancy in the Academy; but probably before that is filled up, arrangements will be entered into to meet the "reforms" suggested by Parliament.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY PICTURES.—A communication received from Mr. Wornum, Keeper of the National Gallery, with reference to our remarks last month on the cleaning, or restoration, of several of the pictures in that collection, demands notice. He tells us that the operation ascribed to Dr. Pottenkofer was performed by himself with an apparatus which he had also prepared; the only credit due to the learned doctor is that of being "the inventor, or re-inventor, of the system of vapourising with alcohol." The process, as described to us by Mr. Wornum, is a very simple one, yet anything but mechanical; it is, however, certainly not *cleaning* in any sense. "The picture is carefully washed, and then submitted, when quite dry, to a vapour of spirits of wine, by being shut up in a suitable box. There is no fear of fixing the dust, because that is first removed, or of doing any injury whatever, if the matter is treated with proper judgment;" and the process may be repeated again and again, if necessary, provided it be skillfully applied. "It is literally true that the picture is not touched after the preliminary wiping with damp cotton wool; the process, therefore, must not in any way be confounded with *picture cleaning*; it puts nothing on, nor does it take anything off; it is only rendering opaque varnish transparent by the action of the cold vapour; and this is done in a longer or shorter time, according to the surface of the picture, and the proximity or quantity of the spirit used."—Lord Tannton has presented to the National Gallery a fine painting by Carlo Crivelli. 'The Annunciation' is an admirable specimen of the master, in excellent preservation, and a valuable acquisition to the collection.

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—Nearly every country of Europe, and our colonies, will be well represented in Dublin—all, that is to say, excepting England; we much fear that responses to applications on the part of the London Committee have been neither numerous, cordial, nor encouraging. This is "too bad;" such neglect is not only very short-sighted, but very disheartening, as compelling an admission of apathy towards the sister country. At present, if we made "a report," we believe it would include few leading British Art-manufacturers; while some who will contribute purpose to do so through prominent tradesmen of Dublin, who will, probably, mingle together the productions of a dozen firms. The medals, will, however, be given not to the exhibitors, but to actual producers. Although the demands for space have been all sent in, it may not be too late for manufacturers of the rarer classes of articles to signify a wish to contribute. We earnestly entreat them to do so. In PAINTINGS the Exhibition will be attractive and instructive; the com-

mittee are making applications for the aid of generous and liberal collectors. It cannot be given without some sacrifice; but we hope such sacrifice will be readily and cheerfully made by the many noblemen and gentlemen who possess fine examples of British Art; some of whom certainly derive happiness from the knowledge that thousands may enjoy for a season that which they enjoy daily. From Paris, Belgium, Dusseldorf, Vienna, and Berlin many valuable contributions are promised. The exhibition is sure to be rich in foreign pictures. It would be lamentable, indeed, to find it poor in the productions of British masters. Her Majesty, it is understood, graciously will permit some fine pictures to be contributed from the Royal Collections.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.—The exhibition will open as usual on the second Monday of February, and, no doubt, much "as usual" will be the gathering of pictures. We do not hear of any contributions of peculiar character, and it is not likely there will be many works by members of the Royal Academy. This annual exhibition, however, has always afforded powerful help to young aspirants for fame. Many such gathered here their first laurels. We may hope, in this respect, that the valuable aid of the institution will be continued.

'THE NIGHT OF RIZZIO'S MURDER,' the work of Mr. E. M. Ward, designed for "the Exhibition," is completed, or nearly so. He has painted it for John Pender, Esq., M.P., whose collection contains many of the best examples of the best British masters: this addition to it will very greatly augment its interest and value. The artist pictures that terrible incident in the history of the unhappy queen, when at supper, in the smaller chamber at Holyrood, the half-dead Ruthven, clad in complete armour, enters alone, and lays his hand on the doomed secretary, while the conspirators wait without. There are but seven figures in the group; Mary, her husband Darley, the Countess of Argyle, David Rizzio, Ruthven, and the physician, and a captain of the guard in the background. The story is told with amazing force; the costumes, the arrangement of the room, and all the minor accessories have been studied with the nicest care and accuracy, and in "finish" it is carried to the extreme. It will certainly be considered the best work of the great artist, and enhance a reputation already of the very highest.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST.—Some time ago a description was given in our columns of a picture then in progress, and now completed, by Mr. Flagg, the subject of which is the story of Columbus and the egg. The incident having arisen from a conversation that took place at a dinner, given by the Cardinal Gonzales, Columbus appears at table with the egg before him, and the Cardinal by his side, looking intently at the simple solution of the question. We see at once in this picture a difference to the principles of the Venetian school; it is generally low in tone, but rich and harmonious in colour, and the heads are distinguished by much nobility of character. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" also has supplied Mr. Flagg with a subject, rendered by a single figure, that of the unhappy heroine, who appears to be nerving herself to meet the public scorn. 'Haidee' is another subject treated by this artist—a single figure, painted with much more tenderness. Mr. Flagg has, in early life, studied with profit the great Italian masters, and is still faithful in his allegiance to them. He is a nephew of Washington Allston, one of the most eminent of the painters of America.

JOHN FLAXMAN.—Of the very few unknown reliques of this great sculptor, is a set of sketches made as an offering to his wife on the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage, called "The Christian Knight," and presented, as we may infer from the titlepage, on "October the Second," 1796. The drawings set forth the career of a good man in conflict with the sin and evil of the world, and his ultimate triumph and ascent to heaven in company with the virtues and the charities. In an affectionate dedication, Flaxman attributes the subject to the suggestion of his wife, and expresses in words and in the feeling of his sketches how much the work is a labour of love. These drawings are a cherished heir-loom, and are not publicly known, but they are now about to be published as photographs, by the proprietor, Mr. Denman, Church Street, Chelsea.

THE GOOD PRINCE CONSORT.—Mr. Foley, R.A., has made small sketches for two marble statues of his late Royal Highness Prince Albert, one of which is for Birmingham and the other for Cambridge. In the latter the Prince wears the robes of Chancellor of the University. This statue will be placed either in the Senate House or the Fitzwilliam Museum; but in which of the two it is not yet determined. The statue for Birmingham represents the Prince in the robes of the Garter. This statue will be of Sicilian marble, and is, we believe, intended for an exposed situation, but to be protected by a canopy. There are, we are told, some local objections to bronze, but certainly more solid objections may be made to the material and arrangements proposed. It is difficult to conceive anything in the form of canopy or covering that will not detract from the importance of the work. Carrara marble yields to the influence of the London atmosphere, and so also does Sicilian, which is much harder. In attestation of this, the monument of David Pike Watt, which is of Sicilian marble, and was placed in St. John's Wood Cemetery in 1826, has now the appearance of white Caen stone, with a surface so friable that it may be rubbed off readily with the finger. This is caused by the violent alternations of our climate, and perhaps much of it to the acids that may be suspected to exist in our coal smoke which so soon destroys colours that are known to be destructible by acid. In this particular Birmingham will be rather in advance of than behind London.

A CAST IN PLASTER of the Roman *viga* in the Vatican has been added to the collection at South Kensington. The body of the chariot is tastefully arabesqued in relief with a composition of leaves like those of the poppy. The wheels are much sharper in execution, and do not look as if they belonged to the body. The pole terminates in a ram's head, and the outward extremities of the yoke are eagles' heads. The horses are spirited in action, but their points are not such as modern jockeys would approve.—In the loan department has been placed a valuable case containing bijouterie and valuables, the property of Lord Chesham, among which are some enamels and miniatures in oil and on ivory of great beauty. In the same room is a beautiful Limoges enamel, by Penicard the second, of the time of about 1530, containing eighteen plaques, with subjects from the life of our Saviour: this has been acquired at a cost of £800! There is, too, an enamelled missal cover of wonderful workmanship, formerly the property of Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I. A cast of the famous pulpit in Pisa Cathedral, by Pisano, has also been placed in the same room.

WOOD-CARVINGS.—The Science and Art Department has published the Report of the Commission appointed to "inquire into the causes of decay in wood-carving, and the means of preventing and remedying the effects of such decay." The conclusions at which the Committee—consisting of Mr. T. Graham, Professor J. O. Westwood, Messrs. W. G. Rogers, P. Graham, J. C. Robinson, J. Webb, and J. G. Crace, with Mr. George Wallis, Secretary—arrived, are:—First, that the action of the worm which produces the decay may be arrested, and the worm itself destroyed by vaporisation, more especially by the vapour of benzine. Secondly, that the practicability of the complete restoration of decayed carved work is fully shown in the results of Mr. W. G. Rogers's labours at Belton House on the carvings by Grinling Gibbons. Thirdly, that after the worm has been destroyed by the course of action proposed, further attacks from it can be prevented by treating the carved work with a solution of chloride of mercury, either in methylated spirits of wine, or parchment size. The Report, which is embodied in a small pamphlet of a few pages, is worth consulting by all who are interested in the subject.

MR. THOMAS JEAVONS, whom we classed last month among some deceased line-engravers, writes to tell us he is still in "the land of the living." We are well pleased to know it, and also to hear that he is enjoying the fruits of his long life's labours in the lovely county of Montgomery. It is some years since we heard of Mr. Jeavons, and we were under the impression that he was dead.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.—It has been in contemplation to decorate with mural paintings the upper part of the Flaxman Hall, especially to fill the three domed panels that face the entrance to the great room. The matter remains for consideration on a doubt expressed by certain of the Council or Committee as to the harmony of painting and sculpture. Should the question be settled affirmatively, the artist chosen to carry out the work is Mr. W. Cave Thomas, whose taste and judgment amply justify the selection.

AN ARMLESS ARTIST.—A correspondent, who states that he was a schoolfellow of this singular painter, requests us to say that his name is Charles Felu, not Fillu, as we reported last month on the authority of our correspondent abroad.

TRAJAN'S COLUMN.—A very welcome addition has been made to the Sculpture Hall in the South Kensington Museum, of a series of casts from this famous Roman column, which represent the incidents of Trajan's wars in Germany with the most minute fidelity, and are particularly valuable to the Art-student and antiquary. They can all be much better seen and studied here than in Rome, where they are placed above the vision, and are disfigured by the dust of ages. The casts are arranged round a large cylinder, but do not yet comprise the entire sculptures, which we hope they will eventually do. We owe to the French occupants of Rome this series of casts.

REPRODUCTION OF PENCIL DRAWINGS.—An officer of the Russian Imperial Artillery is stated to have invented a method of reproducing drawings, plans, &c., made with the ordinary lead-pencil. The process, which is very simple, seems to have originated with M. Villau-Villanis, who ascertained that if a sheet of paper on which any plan, writing, or drawing, executed with a pencil, be moistened with acidulated water, and afterwards inked, the pencil marks alone will take the ink, and the whole

drawing may then be transferred to zinc or stone in about ten minutes. Captain Sytenko, the officer in question, has introduced some modifications into the process, and invented a portable press, for use on field duty or during a campaign, where it is often necessary to have a number of copies of an order or a sketch rapidly multiplied. The particular acid required is not, however, specified.

"ENOCH ARDEN" FOR ARTISTS.—No poem to which the century has given birth is so full as this of pictures; none to which the artist can turn with surer certainty of harvest. It is an exquisite story, pure as a sunbeam before it touches earth. No production of our time has been more read—sign infallible that love of the holy and the beautiful has not faded out from the human heart! If poetry is less "popular" than it was in our younger days—the palmy days of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Moore, Byron, Scott—it is because such gifts as this great gift have been withheld from us. Here, then, is a rare gallery for the painter: every page supplies a subject—nay, subjects more than one—for the pencil; and, no doubt, "the exhibitions" will be full of evidence that the Poet has conferred an incalculable boon on Art.

LANGHAM CHAMBERS.—The first exhibition meeting of the season took place on the evening of January 7th; the show, however, was less imposing than upon other recent occasions, and, as usual, the room was so thronged with visitors, as to render the inspection of the portfolios and water-colour drawings a matter of some difficulty. The society has had offers of greater accommodation for these meetings; but it has been wisely determined that they shall continue to be closely identified with a school which is unique in the history of such institutions, and which has helped to distinction so many eminent men.

TURNER'S "MERCURY AND ARGUS."—This glorious picture, engraved in our last month's number, has passed from the hands of Mr. Naylor, of Liverpool, into those of Mr. John Graham, of Skelmorlie Castle, Largs, N.B., a gentleman whose taste and liberality of expenditure have gathered round him a very fine collection of English paintings.

MESSES. LONGMAN'S NEW TESTAMENT.—The beautiful edition of the New Testament, of which a notice, with illustrations, appeared in our last number, was "projected" and carried out by Mr. Thomas Longman, not Mr. William Longman, as we then understood and said. The work is an honour to the eminent publisher, and is evidence that he is a gentleman of knowledge and taste. It is nearly twenty years since Mr. Henry Shaw was consulted with the view of aiding in the publication.

SALE OF CHINESE AND JAPANESE CERAMIC WARE.—A collection of these productions, stated to be the property of a Mr. Marks, of London, was submitted to public competition in Paris towards the close of last year. Two large garden stools, or table bearers, in inlaid enamel work, ornamented with flowers on a blue ground, fetched £248. A fine four-sided vase, of the same character, decorated with landscapes, kiosts, and scenes of industry, was sold for more than £68. A rock crystal ball, about 16 or 17 inches in circumference, realised upwards of £52. Five pieces of Chinese enamelled ware, ornamented with flowers and birds, the vases being about 13 inches high, sold for £108. Two vases in old Japan porcelain, 33 inches high, decorated with landscapes and flowers, in blue, red, and gold, realised nearly £59. A vase of old Chinese porcelain, decorated with agri-

cultural scenes, rather more than 13 inches high, fetched nearly £44. And two vases of the same manufacture, with cameos of figures, animals, and flowers, in blue, on a white ground, £60. The day's sale produced £2,868 francs (£1,715 nearly).

OPERATIVE COACH-MAKERS.—The proposed exhibition by the above industrial artisans, which is advertised to be opened this month, is meeting with every encouragement from the master-manufacturers and employers. The Society of Arts will, with the Company of Coach-Makers, offer special medals for objects of improvement; and the Marquis of Lansdowne has also offered a special prize.

THE SOIREEES of the Artists and Amateurs' Society commence on the 2nd of the present month, at Willis's Rooms. These pleasant gatherings will be continued on the evenings of March 2nd, April 6th, and May 4th.

PICTURE SALES.—Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods already announce a long list of sales during the forthcoming season. They include the Bramhope Manor collection; the annual sale of a portion of Mr. Henry Wallis's stock; the collections of Mr. S. Cartwright, Mr. W. Hardman, Manchester, Mr. J. Davis, of Cranbrook Park; the works of the late Mr. John Leech, Mr. Dyce, R.A., and Mr. W. Linton; the collections of the Earl of Cadogan, and Mr. Julius Sichel, of Timperley, and others.

TURNER'S "RIVERS OF ENGLAND."—The Misses Bertolacci are, we understand, preparing a series of photographic copies of these celebrated engravings, as a companion work to the "England and Wales," recently published by them.

SIR ROBERT KANE read, at the Society of Arts, on the 14th December, a very admirable paper on the Present State and Recent Progress of Industry in Ireland, in which he proved, by a mass of facts and by elaborate details, that the Ireland of to-day differs essentially from the Ireland of yesterday; that within the last twenty years improvements in that country have advanced with giant strides. Many things may yet be needed to place side by side with England that richly endowed island—for which God has done so much and man so little. But it is certain that the Work has been commenced. It will go on steadily in spite of wicked attempts at agitation which is now but the far-off echo of what it was when wrongs and grievances did really exist. The object of Sir Robert Kane was to obtain aids for the approaching International Exhibition. He had a large audience, and induced conviction that it is a duty, and may be a happiness, to aid that project.

THE EXHIBITION BUILDING at South Kensington is now almost level with the ground. The bricks and stone-work have been carted away; and very soon it will exist only in the thousand and one engravings that picture it.

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION of National (not International) Productions closed on the 26th of December, or rather a day later, the present estimable Lord Mayor having defrayed the incidental expenses of another day, in order that free admission might be accorded to all comers. Twenty thousand persons availed themselves of his lordship's invitation. The exhibition has been successful far beyond the expectation of its promoters, and has done much good.

THE CRYPT under the Houses of Parliament may be visited on Saturdays; persons to be admitted "with the usual tickets, which are obtainable at the Lord Chamberlain's office."

REVIEWS.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, AND THE INFANT PRINCE, ALBERT VICTOR.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR. Engraved by W. HOLL, from Photographs by VERNON HEATH. Published by Moore, McQueen, & Co., London.

A pair of charming little oval-shaped prints, which will be the delight of every mother, and of every young married "couple" who may be able to possess them. In the first-named, the Princess is seated with the infant sitting up and "wide awake" in her lap; the Prince stands behind them, dressed in a morning-coat. They are prettily grouped in an architectural open recess, surrounded by shrubs and flowers. In the second print, the Princess, habited in simple costume, stands beside the cot of her infant, whose little face peeps out from above the coverlet. It is an elegant picture in arrangement and general treatment; and in both subjects the likenesses are excellent. Mr. Holl has put some of his most delicate work into the plates. The photographs were taken at Sandringham, and the prints are dedicated "by command," to her Majesty. As a photographer, Mr. Vernon Heath is second to no artist in England.

CLAUDE DUVAL. Engraved by LUMB STOCKS, A.R.A., from the Picture by W. P. FRITH, R.A. Published by the Art-Union of London.

This is the print which the Art-Union of London offers to its subscribers of the current year. In making selections of subjects year by year for this purpose, the society, actuated by the policy which can alone render it popular, chooses those that are likely to attract the multitude, yet without ignoring the real merit of the picture as a genuine work of Art. To do otherwise—that is, to select a truly dignified subject which only the few could appreciate—might imperil the existence of the institution: it was once tried in the case of Hilton's 'Crucifixion,' and failed. No other resource, then, is open but to adopt what will please, even if it does not teach. Such a work is Mr. Frith's 'Claude Duval,' exhibited at the Royal Academy not very long since. The picture must be well remembered, for it was one of the principal attractions of the gallery that year. This noted highwayman, who rendered himself a terror to all aristocratic travellers about the early part of the last century, by levying black mail on all who carried with them anything worth taking, has, with sundry other freebooters, his companions, stopped some grandee's family coach, turned out its occupants, and while some of the soundrels are possessing themselves of the valuables, Claude compels a handsome young lady, one of the travellers, to dance with him on the heath. The story is capitably told in all its varied incidents, but the interest of the spectator centres in the dance and in the young lady, who tries hard to make herself an agreeable partner at such an unusual "ball," though the anxiety of her face shows her to be but ill at ease. However, there is honour among thieves, for, as the story goes, Claude releases the lady and her companions, taking only a small proportion of their property, because she had complied with his polite request of standing up with him in a *covanto*, the dance of the period.

The engraving—a large one in line—is by Mr. Stocks, who, presuming, and rightly too, that the subject is not over refined, has treated it with boldness rather than delicacy in the cutting; but it comes together very effectively, while the figure of the young lady appears in great contrast, by the softness of texture in both flesh and drapery. It is most highly finished. The print can scarcely fail to be popular, and deserves to be so if only for the excellence of the engraving.

THE ART OF MARINE PAINTING IN OIL. By J. W. CARRICHAEL. Published by Messrs. WINSOR AND NEWTON, London.

This small but very complete treatise fills up a blank more or less felt by those whose

practice was not yet sufficiently confirmed to render them independent of counsel. The great principle of our time is to sit down and paint what we see; but there is very much to be done before this can be accomplished in a presentable form, and if the experience of a laborious life can be set before the student in a concise and practical form, a comprehensive insight into such a digest must save years of labour and research. There are no two men that would point any given natural object in the same way, nor will it be likely that any artist, availing himself of the stepping-stones of any method of instruction, will adhere to his first impressions; he will form a method for himself which will be good in proportion as his base is sound. This little book is abundantly illustrated with admirable woodcuts. The first lesson is given on a subject called "Off Little Yarmouth, Isle of Wight," of which there is a woodcut, and an outline key with references giving instructions as to colour. The lessons are carried through a first, second, and third painting, with directions so plain as to be throughout clearly intelligible. This is followed by lessons on "Sunrise," also accompanied by a plate and key. The next is "A Misty Morning," also with a cut and separate key. Then follow with the like arrangement, "A Storm at Sea," "A Stormy Sunset," "Evening—a Cloudy Sky," "Moonlight—a Ship on Shore," "Cliff Subject," "River Craft," &c., with other chapters on all matters appertaining to the subject. Indeed, nothing is omitted that can render the book perfect in itself; and the plain instructions require only application on the part of the student to render him independent of any other assistance.

THE MUSIC OF THE MOST ANCIENT NATIONS, particularly of the Assyrians, Egyptians, and Hebrews; with Special Reference to Recent Discoveries in Western Asia and in Egypt. By CARL ENGEL. With numerous Illustrations. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

It is language beautifully figurative in which Job is asked, "Where wast thou . . . when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" It refers, undoubtedly, to music which no mortal ear ever listened to, and in which no human voice ever joined; but it signifies also that music is one employment of the highest intelligences of creation, while we read in other passages of Sacred Writ that it will also engage the attention of those inhabitants of the lower world who will hereafter be admitted into the company of the hosts above. Music is probably the oldest, as it is the most universally practised, of the fine Arts, among which it has always been assigned a place. The rudest and most barbaric tribes of earth, who know nothing of painting but the decoration of their own persons and warlike instruments, and of architecture but the rearing of wigwags, have yet a national music, such as it is, and instruments which, to their untutored ears, are as melodious as the strains of an *Æolian* harp to ours.

Music and painting are often spoken of as sister arts; it is not, therefore, strange, though at first sight it may be so considered, that a writer searching to trace the origin of the former should have recourse to what he can find concerning it in the latter, and also in sculpture. "In order," says Herr Engel, "to understand clearly the music of the various modern nations, it was necessary to extend my researches to the music of ancient nations. Thus my attention was directed to the Assyrian monuments in the British Museum. All the facts which I have been able to gather from them must be considered as a new addition to our history of music, and one by no means unimportant to the musician." The discoveries that have been made, during the present century, among ancient monuments of every kind, have thrown much new light upon this subject. "Not only have we become better acquainted, by means of sculptures and paintings, with the musical instruments of several ancient nations, but in some instances the actual instruments have been discovered in tombs or other places, where, protected from the destroying influences of air and damp, they had remained almost unchanged during a marvellously long period."

But our object is not so much to give a critical review of this book—which its interesting character would tempt us to do, were it not somewhat beyond our province—as to show the sources whence the spirit of it is derived—the paintings and sculptures of the most ancient nations of antiquity that have come down to us, very many of which Herr Engel has introduced as illustrations into his pages. The harp, the lyre, the tambourine, the drum, pipes, and bells, trumpets, the dulcimer, the asor (a curious stringed instrument, unlike any of our own time), the tamboura (something akin to a guitar), cymbals, are the chief instruments found on the monuments of Assyria, and which, in some form or other, have been used by all, or nearly all, succeeding nations. The author's observations, however, are by no means limited to the instrument; he speaks of musical performances, and gives the score of several chants and songs of modern Eastern countries, and of the Hebrews, some of whose ancestors, under the direction of King David, attained such celebrity as vocalists; his four thousand trained singers must have woken up mighty echoes in the old temple of Jerusalem. Herr Engel says:—"In our Christian Church the intoning, chanting, and antiphonal singing, are, in all probability, remains of the ancient Hebrew mode of performing in the temple. The apostles were Hebrews, accustomed from their childhood to the usages of their nation, and must have been practised in the music which they had been in the habit of using in worship before they had become Christians. And it is not likely that the primitive Christians would have adopted in their worship the musical performances of idolaters, to which they were naturally averse."

And thus, as Solomon said, "There is nothing new under the sun: what hath been, shall be." The Jewish monarch in the glorious temple erected by himself, the Christian disciples in the second temple, scarcely less magnificent than its predecessor, and we in our solemn cathedrals and less imposing, yet venerated, parish churches, "praise HIM with stringed instruments and organs." Herr Engel constantly refers to the Scriptures, where mention is made of music of any kind, in the elucidation of his subject; we may be excused, if excuse is necessary, for doing the same in our notice of his book.

POEMS AND PICTURES: a Collection of Ballads, Songs, and other Poems, illustrated by English Artists. Published by CASSELL, PETER, & Co., London.

Christmas and New-year "gift-books" came upon us in such thick array, in the month of December, that our space for notices was by no means equal to the demand made upon it. Some, as a matter of course, were therefore necessarily laid aside for a more convenient opportunity. The postponement, in the matter of "Poems and Pictures," is comparatively of little consequence, as the volume is an old friend, unless memory deceives us. There are, at all events, in it many engravings we have seen before, some of them by one engraver, J. Bastin, who has long since ceased from his labours. But whether the compilation, as it now stands, be new or old, the book may take its allotted place among the best illustrated works of the season, both poems and pictures being of a right good order.

GOING TO THE DOGS. By A. S. ROE, Author of "What put my Pipe out." Published by VIRTUE BROTHERS & Co., London.

The writer of this story must be greatly "put to it" for a title for his books, to select such as he has adopted here, and in his previous work: both are enough to exclude the volumes from any decent book-shelf. What lady would care to inquire after either by a name, the commonness, not to say the vulgarity, of which is indubitable, and is almost sufficient in itself to condemn a work to comparative neglect? An author could scarcely commit a greater mistake; and we would seriously advise Mr. Roe—of course, we are right in the sex, though it is only a guess—to abstain from such errors in future.

Frank Holmes is the hero of the tale; he has

been sent to college by his father, a solicitor who has risen in his profession, and who desires that his only son should follow some useful and honourable calling. But Frank has the misfortune to possess in his mother a fond, foolish woman, who indulges him in everything, and rears him up to be a gentleman. The young man lives fast at Oxford, quits it heavily in debt; soon after the father dies, leaving but little property; Frank has to turn his hand to something for a living, knows not how, gets reckless, and for twenty years is "going to the dogs" as fast as he can: his last appearance in a public capacity, prior to his being taken to the workhouse in a fit of *delirium tremens*, being that of a crossing-sweeper in Great Queen Street. The other characters incidental to the tale are multitudinous; young people and old, religionists and unbelievers, saints and sinners, whose histories are all bound up in some way or other with Frank's career. There is no lack of interest either in the characters or the plot, and the story is carried on unflinchingly to the end; but the mingling of scriptural sentences and religious feelings is often "out of season," jarring unpleasantly on the thoughts amid the ordinary scenes narrated. High Church and No Church, Antinomian, Irvingite, and others, pass along the stage, and have something to say about their respective creeds, not very logically or convincingly, perhaps, but serving the purpose of giving variety to the author's tale.

DON QUIXOTE. With Four Hundred Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. With an Introduction and Annotations, and a Life of Swift, by J. F. WALLER, LL.D. Illustrated. Published by CASSELL, PETER, and GALPIN, London.

Wonderful caterers for the public, in the matter of popular literature, are Messrs. Cassell and Co. Books of all kinds, educational, instructive, or amusing, come forth from that huge establishment in La Belle Sauvage Yard, whence in our younger days we started behind four well-bred and well-trained horses for some destination far off in the country. The old inn, with all its appurtenances of stage coaches, and coachmen, and grooms, and ostlers, has long been swept away to make room for steam printing presses, and compositors, and pressmen, and all the staff and paraphernalia appertaining to the printing and publishing trade, but the "yard" still remains, though wearing a different aspect from what it did thirty or forty years ago. The two latest travellers who have issued from it are Don Quixote on his march of chivalry, and Gulliver on his voyage to Lilliput. The Spaniard is accompanied on his expedition by that famous artist, M. Doré, and the Englishman by another artist, his countryman, Mr. C. Morton, who if not already holding so high a reputation as the distinguished Frenchman, is certainly on the road to it, judging from what we have now before us.

To drop all metaphorical expression, Messrs. Cassell have secured an interest in the extraordinary woodcuts designed some time since by M. Doré to illustrate the famous work of Cervantes; they are now publishing them with a new edition of "Don Quixote." Parts I and II have already appeared, profusely embellished with engravings large and small, but all full of the richest humour, and showing a pencil as free as it is fanciful, and as much at home in the grotesque description of medieval chivalry as amid the horrors of Dante's "L'Inferno" and the gorgeous scenery of tropical landscape described in Chateaubriand's "Atala."

Mr. Morton's illustrations of "Gulliver's Travels" may be classed among the most remarkable works of the kind which the present prolific age of pictorial literature has produced. The artist has a wide field in which to luxuriate, and he makes the most of the opportunity by exhibiting a rare combination of humour and invention in the various "situations" in which Gulliver is placed; it seems as if Mr. Morton is destined, if he pleases, to occupy the position from which death so prematurely removed the lamented Leech. Dr. Waller's notes and re-

ferences throw much light on the political character of this popular satirical romance.

Though these two works are published at a price which brings them within the reach of the masses, the character of the illustrations, the careful printing and excellent paper—in fact, it would be impossible to print engravings so effectively as these are, on inferior paper—must introduce both books into the homes of the more wealthy classes. There is not a house in the kingdom into which either work is unworthy to enter.

MEMOIRALS OF THE LATE FRANCIS OLIVER FINCH, with Selections from his Writings. Published by LOSGROVE & Co., London.

Beyond the immediate circle in which Mr. Finch moved, this book cannot be expected to have a wide circulation. It is the tribute of a loving wife to the memory of her husband—a worthy man and an excellent artist, though his works, seen in the gallery of the Society of Water-colour Painters—of which he was one of the earliest members—were not generally of a kind that modern fashion made popular. The life of Mr. Finch seems to have been one unusually barren of "events," even for an artist: he loved music, played and sung well for an amateur, wrote poetry, and left behind him some essays on various matters; among others, on the doctrines held by Swedenborg, whose faith he followed, as did, by the way, Flaxman. From these materials, joined with some reminiscences of him written by his friends, the volume sent out by Mrs. Finch is composed. It assumes to be nothing more than what it is, and it "is addressed," to use her own words, "to those who have not yet learnt to despise the musing temperament, the poetic eye, the sympathetic heart; and who, amidst the hustle of life, sometimes stand apart, and even listen for the footsteps of goodness." The story of the artist's unpretentious life is written in a manner as simple and unpretending, yet with a pen soft, graceful, and tender, as her husband's pencil.

NORTH AMERICAN SCENERY; being Selections from C. J. WAY'S Studies, 1863-64. Photographed and Published by W. NOTMAN, Montreal.

Whether or not Mr. Way is a "born and bred" Canadian we do not know; but, certainly, this series of twelve photographs from his pictures bears unequivocal testimony to his being a very skilful artist; and if his knowledge of Art has been acquired in Canada, so much the more credit is due to that country for having reared and instructed so able a landscape-painter. There is grand scenery in that Trans-Atlantic land. Mr. Way has picked out some of its finest, and treated the views with artistic feeling and great ability. For example, a "Scene on the Androscoggin," a noble mountainous landscape; a somewhat similar one entitled "A Mountain Solitude," rugged and gloomy enough to satisfy Salvator Rosa; "Mouth of the Marguerite Saguenay;" and "L'Ance du Cape Trinité," both reminding us not a little of the scenery in our own Lake districts. Then there are capital views of the city of Montreal and Quebec, and a most masterly representation of a storm on the broad river Saguenay; it is called "An October Reminiscence of the Saguenay—a Squall from the North-West." These photographic pictures come out with great clearness and precision in all their details, and are yet soft in tone of colour. We cannot avoid noticing the title-page of the volume; it is lithographed in ornamental writing letters, executed with remarkable taste and skill of penmanship; in fact, the whole book is got up in a manner which, though perfectly simple and plain, evidences purity of judgment.

FAIRY LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF THE SOUTH OF IUELAND. By T. CHOPPIN CROKER. Published by WILLIAM LEGG, London.

This is a gracefully "got up" volume; otherwise it is not satisfactory; it contains but a few of the engravings that enriched the earlier published volume—published, by the way, nearly forty years ago. It contained some of the boy sketches of Maclise, full of rich fancy, and

strongly indicative of the fame to which the great artist has since attained. They ought to have been re-engraved for this edition. The book purports to be edited by Mr. Thomas Wright, but his labour seems to have been limited to a preface, and in that he tells us very little; while the memoir of Croker, by his son, contains no very great deal beyond some letters by Walter Scott and Maria Edgeworth. Yet the book is a very welcome book; it was the pioneer that led the way to many treasures in fairy lore; it largely aided to make Ireland better known in England; and to-day, as it was long ago, it is a fund of pleasant and by no means unprofitable reading. It is much to be lamented that Mr. Wright did not tell us who were the authors of some of the leading stories. The best of them were written by Maguin; others were the contributions of Joseph Humphreys (a Quaker), Charles Dodd, formerly of the *Times*, the present Irish Chief Baron, S. C. Hall, and several whose names are now forgotten, at least in connection with the fairy lore of Ireland. Croker was the editor, and not the author; but the merit of originating the work belongs to him.

LEONORE, A TALE; AND OTHER POEMS. By GEORGIANA, LADY CHATTERTON. Published by MACMILLAN & Co., London.

Very early in life Lady Chatterton depicted with a firm and truthful pen some phases of Irish character, and contributed to the lighter portions of our literature much that was pleasant as well as pure. When those books were issued, the corrupt taste for exciting "sensations," by depicting and "illuminating" crimes, was unknown in England; it has had its "run," and is now, we trust, lagging in the race. Earnest men and right-minded women, if they remain true to the highest purposes of their art, will have their reward. The same spirit that has restored Shakspeare to the stage, will bring back again truth and dignity to English literature. Some time ago Lady Chatterton published "Memorials of Admiral Gambier," and still more recently "Selections and Translations from Plato and J. P. Richter." Nothing daunted at the taste of the times being at war with poetry, she has called imagination to her aid, and produced a poem which ought to and will increase her reputation. Her style is graceful and forcible; a high moral influence pervades her poetry as it does her mind. She leaves with her readers a thorough conviction that she has done all she could do to please and to instruct. Her poetry happily combines freshness with experience, fancy with truth. Among the many candidates for that public favour which is ever ready to reward desert, this book of Lady Chatterton's will not be in the rear.

LIGHTHOUSES. By DAVID STEPHENSON, F.R.S.E. Published by A. AND C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

The chapters comprising this small volume originally appeared in *Good Words*. The author very significantly says:—"Every native of our sea-girt kingdom ought to feel an interest in the questions, What do we owe to our lighthouses? and what would our country be without them? but we suspect that, from lack of information, these questions are not viewed with the attention which they demand." When the insular position of our country is taken into consideration, with our vast marine, both commercial and warlike, and our maritime propensities as a people, there are comparatively few of us who can be absolutely indifferent to these guardians of life and property. The introduction of the lighthouse system is the safeguard of our navy and its commerce; its extinction would tend to the ruin of both, while its extension seems to be desirable on some parts of the coast hitherto unprovided.

This history of lighthouses—their origin, construction, illumination, and management—forms a really entertaining little story, which we think the author has done well in giving to the public in a separate and distinct form from that in which it first appeared. It is not so much a professional engineer's scientific account of them, as a popular description suited to any class of readers.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, MARCH 1, 1865.

NOMENCLATURE
OF PICTORIAL ART.

HARMONY.

TO define a term upon which the whole world is at present at loggerheads, is a difficulty, for not only is the world generally in the greatest perplexity on the subject—that is, Harmony as relating to colours—but that profession particularly in which colour forms one of the three constituents out of which all its choicest productions are elaborated, is equally at moot as to what may be harmony or not harmony.

Notwithstanding, therefore, it is absolutely necessary that a man should be able to furnish a definition of the chief term he is writing on, in the absence of which he can expect little credence for either his suggestions or his assertions; yet in this particular case his best definition becomes only a theory, amongst many other theories on the same subject, to be ultimately settled by posterity, and to be admitted to, or discarded from, that much of pure science which hereafter may be admitted to displace so much of pure Art; so much, in fact, of pure certainty to be accepted in lieu of so much pure uncertainty.

If Dr. Johnson had been called on to write a definition of harmony, and finding himself so trammelled by the indefiniteness of his term, he would have written some such definition as his definition of painting, or the more honest one, perhaps, of his definition of a definition. The best definition of harmony, that is, chromatic harmony, extant is, that it consists of relationship, opposition, and subordination. If this definition may not be found somewhere amongst the writings of those very few who have treated the subject of Fine Art with anything like intelligence and power, put it down as my own, for I bow to it most implicitly as containing, in a crude form, all that can be advanced on so intricate and so beautiful a subject, consistently with chromatic truth and chromatic beauty.

In opposition to this one grand and crude truth, we have three other more or less divergent theories: the first, or oldest in date—that which deified our great Newton—the prismatic theory; the second, the theory of colour by accumulation, so beautifully treated by the poet Goethe; and the third, the theory of chromatic harmony by contrast or opposition, first enounced by Field, and contemporaneously illustrated in the polarisation of light by the physiologists of the present time.

Of the first two, it may be generally asserted and easily proved that they both are void of chromatic character, and altogether deficient as exponents of either

Nature, with her boundless host of colours and hues, or of Fine Art, with its demand for sentiment, expression, and passion.

It is almost with bated breath that one dares to impugn the universally acknowledged beauties of the rainbow. Before it we have cowered with delight as children, as men we have looked at it with admiration because connected with Holy Writ, and again are moved with similar sensations to those which swayed the spirit of Noah when first witnessing it from the surging ark. But as painters and philosophers we must admit, that, as a diagram of disintegrated light—could it be even made always present in the heavens—we should sigh for the tertiaries, the quadrates, and the thousand hues, and the ten thousand tints requisite to constitute a palette for the sorriest imitation of multifarious nature. Still relying on the definition, relation, opposition, and subordination, the capacity of the prismatic theory, as exemplified in the spectrum, is radically short of the whole series of colours deducible from the primary triad, yellow, red, and blue; as such spectrum only includes those seven colours detected by Newton on his first discovery that the Toy prism, under the name it had sustained for centuries of the fool's paradise, was nothing more or less than an instrument which determined the chromatic constituents of Light itself.

To some it may be useful or satisfactory to be reminded, that primitive colour as found in light is refrangible—not equally so in the whole triad, in which case it would have delivered merely one darker tint of an indefinite colour, and in one place—but unequally so, that is, red admits of refraction to the extent of one, yellow to the extent of two, and blue to the extent of three. Again, this refrangibility does not exist to so great an extent as to perfectly disengage one colour from another, or we should have had the spectrum composed only of a distinct and definite band of each colour laid side by side, or in an extreme case separated by interspaces of the colour of the ground upon which this shortened spectrum should be received. Instead of which, with this limited refrangibility, each band of colour is refracted exactly so much as to place itself about one-third on its neighbouring band. The progressive increase of refrangibility of one, two, and three, occurs in the order of red, yellow, blue; therefore red lays one-third of its band over yellow, producing orange at the doubling of the two colours. Yellow doubles in the same way over one-third of blue, producing green at the doubling, and blue again doubles on the second and weaker reflected red, producing violet.

It is said by many, and there are certainly many examples to warrant such an assertion, that nature never develops herself in so complete a manner as to let man at once into the secret he may be in search of; and this spectrum of light is one of these examples. If the rate of refrangibility, instead of 1, 2, 3, had been 3, 6, 9, we should have had Newton coming to us with red, yellow, blue, and been saved much perplexity, while it had been a much more perfect groundwork to start from. Chromatism had advanced at double the rate it has made, and harmony as a part—if not the whole object of it—might be by this time an acknowledged science. Colourists would have soon discovered the mode of producing the doubling colours, orange, green, and violet, as the secondaries, as they have the mode of producing the tertiaries, russet, citrine, and olive (called the tertiary red, tertiary yellow, and tertiary blue), as well

as the quadrates, citrine-russet, citrine-olive, and russet-olive.

It ought to be noticed here, that in chromatic science these four triads, from the primitives to the quadrates, should all be considered as *bona fide* colours: hues being things quite apart from colours, though necessarily ramifying themselves extensively in those combinations forming the more complex, poetical, and morbid harmonies, and which are to be found only in the works of the most accomplished colourists. It may appear strange that as amongst the Italians you cannot find a single painter who, as a general usage, adopts this morbid style of colouring, yet from the Italian language we derive the term "morbidezza," generally applied as a high eulogy where the faintest blush of this quality betrays itself.

But to return to what is more immediately involved in the prismatic theory. In physics it is a great thing to have determined not only the chromatic constituents of light, but by the self-same blow to be able to assign the measured and exact susceptibility of each particular colour to its particular amount of refrangibility. In physics it is everything; in Art, and in Fine Art especially, it is nothing. A painter and colourist could well afford to have never known of the analysis, and as far as his art goes, never to have seen a rainbow nor heard of such a thing as a prismatic theory. Indeed in this last respect he would be much better off; as it is, he has merely had his ears tickled, his perception confused, and perhaps his practice perturbed. The grounds upon which these objections rest are, in the first place, the colours produced by prismatic means are only a pair of triads in lieu of two pairs. In the next place, and this is in every respect conclusive—before the face of the definition, relation, opposition, and subordination—as, though it admits of opposition, of green to red, violet or purple to yellow, and orange to blue, it does not by any contrivance admit of subordination. Neither does it again admit of more than an imperfect relation—the ultimate relationship of closely approximating colours, such as a hue of yellow orange to yellow, of a blue purple to blue, or a red purple to red, hues of any sort being impossible under the arrangement through which we obtain the prismatic spectrum, belonging as they do to the fullest chromatic scale. I say the "fullest," although it would be difficult if not impossible to render a scale which should include the hues along with the twelve accredited colours. Without feeling any certainty as to whether the old Romans had access to the prism, it is quite certain they had the rainbow, and it is fair to presume they were as much struck with it as ourselves, and looked upon it in the light of a heavenly messenger to teach man the art and mystery of colouring. It is quite true that in their large works they unscrupulously admit into one picture the three primitives as well as the three secondaries found in the prismatic scale, but not further; analogously with the early Greeks, who in music admitted, or felt no occasion for more than, five tones or notes in music, though how the one could put up with such music or the other with such colour, has puzzled equally the painters and the musicians of the present day. The critics alone have found in both themes for eulogy. The professors in both arts, however, have held their tongues and preserved their peace. The critics in painting still adhere to the assertion that this Roman style of colouring is in itself essentially grand, and consequently in every respect appropriate to the grand or historic style. It were well if a

music of five notes could be got up, especially for the delectation of the coarse nerves of these same yezedists. It were superfluous to advance more than has been said in opposition to the prismatic theory, though we must be still content to hear of an extraordinary brilliancy in the colour of a picture described as truly prismatic, a quality only attainable under the most consummate management of the four chromatic triads, elaborated in conformity with harmonic laws, intuitively developing themselves through the original schemes of chromatic and special organisms, like those of Rubens on the natural, and Titian on the occasionally morbid set of tones, and neither of whom, it may be imagined, could ever go wrong.

It is a thing to be regretted that neither Titian nor Rubens had ever written a word about colour; but it is to be imagined that the next really great, and at the same time original, colourist may, in his turn, also go down to the grave without once dreaming of saying a word upon the one subject with which he never had any difficulty, but over which he possessed intuitive instinct and never-failing power. It is thus that we might never obtain the power of colouring from a colourist, any more than we might obtain the power of walking from a first-rate pedestrian. Two more instances of the stumbling-blocks nature constantly throws in the path to knowledge!

As the theory of prismatic harmony—as illustrated by the spectrum—is accompanied by a descent from red to blue, so the theory of colour by accumulation is accompanied by a descent from yellow to blue. The theory itself has never been allowed in the hands of Goethe to assume to be a theory of harmony, but taking colour even in its lightest state, that of the faintest tint of yellow, to be darker than light, he assumes, and I think very justly, that by superimposing a certain amount of dark upon light, yellow is obtained; that by a constantly increasing accumulation of dark, red is next induced, and ultimately blue; this, when the accumulation be perfectly gradual, occurring without a break such as occurs in the separation of the colours in the rainbow, but in a true and unbroken flow of one colour into another. What again separates this mode of colour from the prismatic mode is, that tints occur as the gradation progresses, and more numerous than could be described, inasmuch as they are infinite. The general order, however, may be indicated thus:—

Light.
Light yellow.
Middle tone yellow.
Darker yellow.
Light orange.
Middle tint orange.
Darker orange.
Light red.
Middle tint red.
Darker red.
Light violet.
Middle tint violet.
Darker violet.
Light blue.
Darker blue.
Blue.

Instances of this arrangement are found in nature on a large scale in the evening sky. Indeed so far from the evening sky being a prismatic production, the prismatic colours occur in quite another order, commencing with red instead of yellow. And here we must leave Goethe with the physicists, for we cannot follow him in the search for harmony, from sheer lack of material. The prismatic scheme, deficient as it is, gives us

one more colour, green. He, however, establishes his claim to being a first discoverer of this mode of colour, and furnishes ample illustrations by many circumstances under which this particular mode of colour occurs, and among others the opal. This mode of colour develops itself readily on a common piece of window glass. When the sun is setting amid a mass of tender yellow hues, breath on the glass, and the yellows will be reddened, the deeper reds occurring where the breath or steam lies heaviest; the breath, in this instance, though not dark, operating the accumulation, by which it seems that the term colour by obstruction would be as well as colour by accumulation: in each case dark is induced; in the latter the accumulation obstructs light and induces dark. In the case of a gauze window curtain, one or two folds induce yellow to a certain moderate extent, and four or five folds develop a certain delicate tint of red, while in the hollow of the deeper folds, where light is altogether excluded, you get a tint more like blue than any other colour. We are mostly much too dogmatical in assigning some one particular cause of one's own discovery as the true if not the only source of some particular phenomenon, and so with the cause of the phenomenon of colour, we have, it is very likely, assigned its cause too generally to refraction. I shall be very much surprised, and in some measure disappointed, if there be not discovered at least three distinct causes, or modes of colour, the more so as nature is so prone to work by trines. Already two distinct modes of colour have been reported and described in following this path in search of what is intrinsically harmonious, that is, a comprehensive scheme of chromatism, which shall have for its basis relation, opposition, and subordination.

Field, the chromatist, in taking the most popular view of the subject possible to be taken, inasmuch as it is an allowance of the general opinion of the unlearned world at large, enounces a third, that is, "colour inherent, as discoverable in pigments." The physiologists, however, will not bow to this, but will have it to depend altogether on molecular structure and arrangement, by which one specific arrangement refuses to give any other colour but red, another yellow, and another blue, and so on through the whole four triads, making twelve; some thousand hues and tints from each up to infinity. A great many distinct molecular arrangements, you will say! But, leaving out of the question all unappreciable numbers, as this mode of nature may be infinite, the unlearned world, in the huge number of which I include myself, say—"But all your colours by molecular arrangement go out in the dark, and require light to again produce them." "True," answers the philosopher, "we require light to reproduce them, as colour itself is nothing more in this case than the refraction of light from molecular surfaces: without light we have no colour." This system has been supported by the assertion, that in some persons born blind the nervous system is so exquisitely fine, as to enable them to pronounce on any, or, at least, some particular colours by touch alone. I must confess to never having seen this successfully proved, and think that few scientific persons would either assert it as a fact, or risk their reputation on its proof. Here is another circumstance of some weight, which naturally suggests itself as a fitting one for consideration, in connection with the theory that all colour is derivable from refraction of light alone, pigmental as well as prismatic: that is, if

pigmental colour be derivable from refraction, merely using the molecular atom as a prism, how comes it that pigmental colour embraces the four triads, all hues and all tints, while the prismatic colours got by refraction embrace only two triads? It is generally a losing game to set up pertinaciously an isolated opinion of your own, against the united dictum of a scientific phalanx. But under the impression produced by these antagonistic facts, I can only say for myself, wonderful if true; and that it is only to be accounted for under another fact—that at present comparatively little is known on the subject generally, theoretically, or practically, the last term to be considered, as in the sense of its harmony, in regard to the art of painting. It would be well if the eminent lecturer, Professor Tyndal, could be induced to take the subject in hand, unpopular as it may appear, from its abstract nature, in an age so pertinaciously addicted to the practically productive. If, for instance, it would make soap, or get a cheap substitute for cotton or paper, the affair might be expected in full and luminous solution in a year or so.

The fact is, that at present we have not, in so full and acknowledged a state as to allow of its being taken out of the realms of Art, and placed definitively in that of science, any system of colour in the sense in which is taken chromatic harmony. We have merely three distinct modes of colour, all equally satisfactory and interesting to the physiological world. They are, colour by refraction, due to Newton, colour by accumulation, due to Goethe, and colour by excitation.

This last mode of colour has been used in support of a theory, that nature herself suggests a perfect harmony to any one colour, by exciting the retina by it in a vivid state, and then suddenly taking the vision off the colour, and directing it—the vision—to a neutral or white surface.

The supporters of this theory insist, that exciting the eye thus by an intense red up to its full endurance, a spectrum of green is produced on the neutral surface, and so on with the other colours of the primary triad, a purple spectrum resulting from yellow. Now this may, or may not, be all right as far as the facts go, though I venture to assume it to be all wrong. There is a very characteristic saying, not intended here to be taken in its offensive sense, "Give a rogue enough tother, and he will hang himself." It certainly is generally the case, that no men have so much to retract as those who escape unanswered. Here is an instance. Allowing for the nonce that this first opening of the theory be right, and that red, endured up to an exciting extent, produces a spectrum of green, what becomes of the argument which, in making the next step forward, assumes that the inverse of the first proposition takes place? that is, that by exciting the eye by a full and brilliant green, a spectrum of red is produced; that purple produces a spectrum of yellow, and that orange produces a spectrum of blue? The untenableness of this continuation of the theory up to any useful extent will be thus exemplified, I think. It is easy to conceive the possibility that a primary cause might produce a secondary effect; but difficult, if not impossible, to imagine that a secondary cause should produce a primary effect, such as the production of a red spectrum by the excitation of green.

The double fallacy of this theory of colour by excitation, derives itself firstly from an exaggerated estimate of the power of the spectra evoked, and then (as to their being

a mode of harmony) from the fact that the spectra, as stated to be produced, are in direct opposition to the colours producing them, failing, therefore, to result in a harmony. In regard to the vivacity of colour in the spectra, nearly everything depends on an abnormal vision, the greater excitability of the organ producing the greater vivacity in the spectra. It is, therefore, with much and incessant care that this subject should be conducted, and always with strict reference to the state of the organ to be submitted to any experiment. And, as the immortal Mrs. Glass says, "first catch your hare," that is, in our case, be sure you have a subject with a perfect appreciation of not only the single triad of primaries, but the whole four triads together; so that the little difference between the colour olive, and a hue of blue olive, yellow olive, or red olive, shall be immediately appreciable. With an eye thus constituted, it will be at once perceived that the colours green, purple, and orange, are exaggerations of hues just trending on green, purple, and orange, instead of the *bona fide* colours themselves; and that the complementaries to the secondaries, purple, green, and orange, instead of being spectra of yellow, red, and blue, will be at most citrine to the purple, russet to the green, and olive to the orange.

It seems cruel and heartless to endeavour to reverse, or seriously alter, so amiable a theory as that embraced under the phrase, "colour by excitation," and which has for its most potent ground-work a fact as wide as nature itself,—that all organised things have within themselves, when in a normal state, the powers of reproduction, self-sustenance, alleviation, and cure. And thus is it most eloquently argued: the eye having received a temporary hurt under the too great excitement of the colour red, cures itself by conjuring up a spectrum of the two remaining colours, yellow and blue, resulting in green, and capable of allaying the irritation caused by an excess of red. I have said eloquently argued; it would be well if rationally could be substituted for eloquently. But does it not, in going no further, suggest itself, that the whole gist of the subject has dropped through a huge hole in the argument, and left nothing within besides a hurt, and its cure. We have in this case nothing analogous to hurts by red and cures by green, nor hurts by green and cures by red; but, on the contrary, all that we have to do with here, is a perfectly normal and pleasurable state of the sensations, operated through the means of well-adjusted and intelligent harmony. We really do not want to poison ourselves on red, in order to be cured by green; nor to poison ourselves on green, in order to be cured by red. Even if it were possible (which may be doubted) to imbibe one colour to an extent that would demand an equivalent in another, we should prefer the edible harmony to the indigestible opposition—that harmony which grows on what it feeds, and is ever athirst for a healthful more.

If it were intended to adopt the theory of "colour by excitation," on which to erect a system of harmony, it would be necessary to go through the whole four triads, and if, on finding that the asserted red spectrum, as a complimentary opposition to green, be not really a red, but merely a russet, to assign to it that colour; and so on with all the others. And the amended colour of russet, in lieu of red, would be, indeed, one out of two of the most correct harmonies to green. But the theory itself is now so well known, and will continue for some considerable time to remain so, that it had better be let

alone in its primitive state, and together with it its supposed-to-be-evolved spectra of oppositions; in this state it will serve the better as a monument of one of the gravest errors against which we have knocked our heads in search of chromatic harmony,—its great and radical defect being the attempt to impose upon common sense an opposition for a harmony, an opposition without either relationship or subordination. For a most complete manual of this theory, there is nothing in print equal to Field's "Chromatography." The construction of the work is conducted on a system of perfect sequences, beautifully tabularised, and illustrated by coloured diagrams from the primary triad down to the quadrates; while another series gives the four triads in harmony, or, if you like, opposition. I shall never regret the time spent in completely mastering this chromatic compendium, as not until this was done, and as a direct consequence of its being done, did the truth of a completely new theory make itself apparent. After trying in vain to digest the opposition as a harmony, and arguing as a young man, with Field himself, on the impossibilities of the system, I was forcibly struck with the idea that the limitation itself of one harmony to each primitive colour was in itself decidedly adverse to the probability that the theory were truly grounded in the nature of things. And here, though Field at once admitted the potency of analogy as an argument, having previously written a paper or essay to prove the analogon to be a third organon in logic, he constantly recurred to the eye as being the sole arbiter in the matter of harmony, whose judgment was to be considered as supreme, and without appeal. His impression was evidently based on the extra vivacity to be expected from the juxtaposition of opponents, instead of bringing into juxtaposition what he called "merely" harmonies. This qualifying term, "merely," at once opened my eyes somewhat wider, and I necessarily concluded, though I hope not ungenerously, that my mentor in colour for the time being was, at the bottom, in search rather of impressiveness, or vivacity, than harmony.

The future of my artistic life from this time was devoted, as a chief point, to inquiries on this sole subject. Field had the rare sagacity to select the only form of diagram in which to embody the triads of the chromatic scale, and to bring them into immediate and diversified contact. This form, therefore, the triangle, was continued, and out of which it was not unreasonable to suppose that some new and more correct system of harmony was likely to develop itself. It was thought, again, as absolutely necessary that all hues of any description whatever should be most carefully and scrupulously refused admission into this category of acknowledged colours, for much confusion has been occasioned by the uncertainty in our mode of conversing on the subject of colour, such as using too extensively the term colour, or, on the other hand, too limitedly; some using the term colour exclusively for the three primaries, some including the secondaries, as Newton has done, but nearly every one refusing the tertiaries and quadrates a place, except as hues, and all the world, generally speaking, indiscriminately applying tint, shade, hue, blush, and some others, to indicate some specific state of a colour, to which one term alone would only be strictly applicable. Some persons may say, inasmuch as they have very high authority for doing so, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but it is suggested, in a treatise on

seents, it would not exactly do to call the rose an onion, nor a tulip. In colours, at any rate, we call the whole four triads colours, and have high authority for doing so, if Newton be considered an authority. But having gone with Newton so far as the first departure from the primaries—the secondaries—why stop there? as the remaining two triads are arrived at by merely a continuation of the same process or principle by which we arrived at the secondaries. It may be asked, why not go further still? We have not the least objection; but Field very justly says that all further duplexing of the colours results in indefinite greys. Indeed, the quadrate russet blue, being on the dark side of the scale, is of itself a colour somewhat difficult to pronounce. Let us accept, then, the whole four quadrates as accredited colours, the primaries being full and brilliant, and the tertiaries and quadrates more or less low and melancholy, and all derived from the primaries, not on any arbitrary or preconceived notion of what a colour ought to be, but in strict and sequential combinations of half and half of each colour of every triad, that is, equal parts in force of colour of every one colour in a triad; the primaries resulting in secondaries, the secondaries producing tertiaries, and the tertiaries quadrates.

The best mode for a student in harmony to pursue, to test the impression producible by any number of combinations of these colours in immediate contact, is to prepare a number of good-sized equilateral triangles in a stout, say twelve-sheet, mounting board or card paper, with some of the triangles double the size of others. Paint on each of these, either in oil or water-colours, a single triad only, so that when complete, by means of a hole in the centre, they may be thrown on a peg in the centre of another panel in wood, and capable of being turned round without trouble. By this method every conceivable combination of the accredited colours may be obtained, their accuracy tested, and the mind exercised on the harmonious, and inharmonious, contacts; and by this means the mind, though it may not be exquisitely organised for harmonic appreciation, will naturally obtain a preference for some combinations over others, and most probably a more correct one than if permitted to remain unpractised;—it will find itself gradually enriching in its number and variety of combinations, and possibly in its power over general harmony and intelligence; harmony being nothing more nor less than chromatic intelligence, either instinctive, scientific, empirical, or all three.

This was the mode adopted in searching amongst the combinations offered by the full scale for a cast in which all the contacts would admit (by reference to the numbers of their constituents) of a relationship, opposition, and subordination. Take, for example, the primary red. According to the harmonic diagram, it has a contact with three harmonic colours—citrine, olive, and citrine-olive—two tertiaries and a quadrate. In the two tertiaries the subordinate number of the red is as two to eight, and in the quadrate citrine-olive the same, *vide* the Table 2 of constituents; and this amount of subordination obtains throughout the whole scale. Harmony in colour, therefore, has for its basis what some would call a mysterious combination of numbers, productive of an intelligent variety, and resulting in harmony strictly analogous with what is called chromatism in musical movement by transition.*

J. B. PYNE.

* To be continued.

THE
SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

This Society opened its ninth exhibition to the public on the 28th of January. Like all similar institutions, it has its own proper circle of supporters; but unlike certain others, some of the soundest talent it displays is unconnected with the Society more nearly than by contribution; and yet the names of even these exhibitors, how worthy soever of public notice, were unknown before their just claims to distinction were set forth by this institution. The catalogue, withal, contains names that have long been honourable in Art; and the works to which these names are now appended sustain them in the odour of repute. The gradual increase in the real value of its productions is the surest evidence that the institution has not existed without having effected a great measure of good; but it is to be regretted that this enhancement is only partial. Lady artists are not sufficiently ambitious of excelling in figure composition. Flowers and "still life" but in justice to these, it must be said, that very many of them command themselves to the eye by the most graceful dispositions, and the most moving tenderness of description. There is scarcely a question of the ulterior disadvantage to themselves of so many being followers of Persephone—emulously gathering sweets in the fields of Enna, but this is one of the evils for which our Schools of Design have to answer. The merit of the works of which we speak is of every degree; thus those that are low in the scale have no chance of attracting attention. The extraordinary success of a few professors in this section has called up crowds of others, especially ladies who aspire to bright honour in the same path; but already many must feel themselves distanced in the race. What we have already said, and what we now repeat in one word is, that there is a noble field open for landscape Art of high character to those Englishwomen who may not choose to meet the difficulties of study from the life.

Miss Gillies contributes this season but one drawing, 'A Young Knight' (77), in a full suit of plate-armour. The novelty of this kind of study for a lady leads us to look especially at the equipment, which is made out even to the graven ornamentation on the steel. Miss Gillies is most happy in her diversity of subjects, and the success with which she sets forth her ideas. There are, by a lady who veils herself in the initials E. V. B., three admirable etchings—'A Dream' (221), 'Arcadia' (225), and 'Fragments' (235), remarkable for a much richer vein of thought than that by which the great proportion of the poetry of Art is animated. In 'Arcadia,' we find a young bacchanal amid a shower of luscious fruits; and in 'Fragments,' the youthful Saviour is the principal character. The two latter would paint extremely well; but such is the perfection of the etching, that they might thus lose in perspicuity. Beatrice Mary Florence (188) and 'The Young Archer' (182), by Mrs. E. M. Ward, appear to be brilliant portraits of children, showing a well-matured accomplishment in this department. Miss Swift's two pictures, 'Two Heads better than One,' and 'A Stitch in Time saves Nine,' are in continuation of the humble life incident whence she elects to draw her subject matter. These works are far preferable to those of last year, inasmuch as the execution is much more careful, and the *chiaroscuro* not less successful. 'A Little Gleaner' (78), Mrs. Backhouse, is pictorially more perfect than anything we have ever seen under this name, the figure being entire, and relieved by a well-painted sylvan-background. Mrs. Nils Müller (a name new to us) exhibits 'Instruction' (168*), a work apparently showing much ability, but placed too high for examination. It seems an emanation of the ripe studentship of a foreign school. 'The First-Born' (164), Miss Emma Brownlow, is, as the title suggests, a domestic subject, as is also 'Anxious Moments—A Ray of Hope,' but the latter embraces a range of emotions of another kind, the subject being a doctor's visit to a sick child. There are many valuable qualities in this artist's

works, but these examples are somewhat hard. In 'Returning from Covent Garden,' (167), Miss G. Swift, are the elements of a good picture, but it looks unfinished. One of the most ambitious themes in the collection is by Clara E. Kettle, 'Cleopatra taking the Asp from Charnian' (229), a large painting on ivory, worked out with the most studious care. 'A French Flower-Girl' (28), Miss Adelaide Burgess, presents the head of the figure round, bright, and life-like; the picture in every way is superior to all works formerly exhibited by this lady, who has also sent 'The May Wreath' (88), 'Cat's Cradle' (110), &c., all great improvements on her former works. 'The Jew's Harp' (41), Miss Sarah F. Hewitt, and 'Shade in a Hop Garden' (251), are perhaps less telling than others that have been already exhibited by this artist: the latter, especially, is a subject of no common difficulty. 'Kiss Little Sister' (53), and 'A Little Maid of Ischia' (98), Miss Agnes Bouvier, are effective in relief and colour, but deficient in the thought of the wear and tear of every-day nature. A miniature portrait of a young lady (237), Alicia H. Laird, is a small work of much beauty, and in another portrait on paper, by Miss Lane (93), we recognise at once the features of Miss Helen Faucit. Mrs. L. Goodman exhibits life-sized head portraits in oil of Mrs. H. Thurburn (168), the late James Esdaile, Esq. (170), &c., and a picture called 'Flora' (195). There is, moreover, bearing the same fragrant name, 'Lady Flora' (87), by Miss A. L. Oakley, but differently appointed, as wearing the dress of the middle of the last century. 'Jock's got it' (13), by Mrs. Mackenzie, *née* Landsker, 'Lassie' (238), and 'Myrtle' (239), Miss Jessie Landsker, are examples of eminence portraiture, characterised by a marked fellow-feeling with the works of Sir Edwin himself. Miss S. S. Warren contributes some landscapes of greater artistic power and decision of manner than are usually met with in works of this class by ladies, as 'Southcot Lane, Berks' (82), 'The Path through the Woods' (72), &c. By Louise Rayner, 'Durham, from below Framwellgate Bridge,' is a very faithful version of a view which, since the early days of Robson, has been a favourite with our most eminent painters. This lady exhibits also 'Black Gate, Newcastle,' and 'Old Houses on Elvet Bridge, Durham' (71), skilful in manipulation, but in parts too black. Other studies distinguished by merit of various degrees are, 'Near Lugano' (8), Clara Mitchell, and 'Lago Muzzano, on the Luino Road' (48), by the same; 'Chelton from below the Old Bridge' (244), Mrs. E. D. Murray; 'Lying to in Wardle Creek, Dartmouth,' H. A. Seymour; 'Loch Katrine' (79), 'Onks at Amphilph Park, Beds,' Mrs. Wilson Eastace Patten, and others by Miss Gastineau and Miss Bradshaw Smith; also 'From the Common, Richmond' (22), a difficult, but successfully treated subject, by Palacia E. Fahy; 'Sketches at Folkestone' (147), Mrs. Hussey; 'Great Mongeham, Kent' (242), Mrs. Bessie Parkes; 'The First Sketch' (171), Mrs. Rochat; 'Noon near Horsemonden, Kent' (171*), Miss C. F. Williams; 'Rue St. Jean, Beauvais' (187), Mrs. Henning; 'Uncertain Ground' (169), Miss Lefroy, &c.

Here, too, are examples of flower painting equal to the very best efforts in this direction. There are by Miss Emma Walter, 'Fruits and Flowers' (47), 'Flowers Fresh Gathered' (58), &c., with many exquisite flower-drawings by Miss Lane, studies of rare beauty, as 'Dorsetshire Growth' (76), 'Cinerarias' (35), 'Sambur Briar Roses' (43), Mrs. Pfeiffer; 'Apple and Holly' (36), Miss A. M. Fitzjames; 'Grapes and Apples' (230), 'Hazel Nut and Bramble' (236), Miss Helen Coleman; 'Wild Roses' (252), Miss E. Cantelo; 'Disarranged Roses,' Miss H. Harrison; 'Fruit' (226), Mrs. Nixon, &c. As a painter of animals and still life, Agnes Dundas is prominent among ladies: her dogs' heads and dead birds are worthy of high commendation. On the whole, it may be said that the contributions of the members of the Society advance greatly in flower-painting, and also in a marked degree in landscape; but in personal narrative the progress is not proportionally remarkable.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF W. BASHALL, ESQ.,
FARINGDON LODGE, PRESTON.

THE NOVICE.

A. Elmore, R.A., Painter. T. Vernon, Engraver.

MR. ELMORE has painted two pictures bearing the above title; one, exhibited at the Academy in 1843, represents a young man preparing to take upon himself monastic vows; he is seated at the door of the monastery, for whose solitude he has left busy life and his former companions, a number of whom are seen in the distance enjoying their usual diversions: the world and the cloister are striving for the mastery in the heart of the young recluse—

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

The second picture is that engraved here; it was exhibited in 1852, and in both we find a similarity of idea presented under different forms. In this later version the "novice" is a young girl; she is seated on a low bed in the slenderly-furnished apartment, or cell, of the convent; the room, however, has a greater air of comfort than that she will probably occupy when the term of her novitiate has expired, and she becomes amenable to all the strict rules of the religious house, if the temptations from which she is not altogether yet free do not recall her to the world again. Of that world, with its gaieties and its fascinations, she has a sight through the window, where the revels of the carnival are going on; and it is quite evident her thoughts, if not her heart, are with the merry throng; not yet are both sealed against the influences of the scenes and sounds of merriment, else the window would be closed, the curtain drawn before it—all shut out. But her eyes are cast—perhaps half wistfully and half compassionately—on the crowded street; the book of prayer is laid aside, her bead-roll hangs listlessly from the fingers; the laughter and the joy bells without have, for a time at least, driven from her mind all devotion, and called up recollections of the past, which still retain something of their original sweetness.

Through the open door of the cell the venerable Lady Superior of the convent, supported by a nun, advances to converse with the young maiden; possibly to read her a homily upon the vanity of earthly pleasures, taking the text from the scene outside. Beyond these two figures is an open court-yard, which the small crucifixes visible show to be the burying-place of the inmates when the almost living death is exchanged for the stern reality itself; some one has said that "a nun is but a flower worked on black crape—a silver crest on a funeral pile."

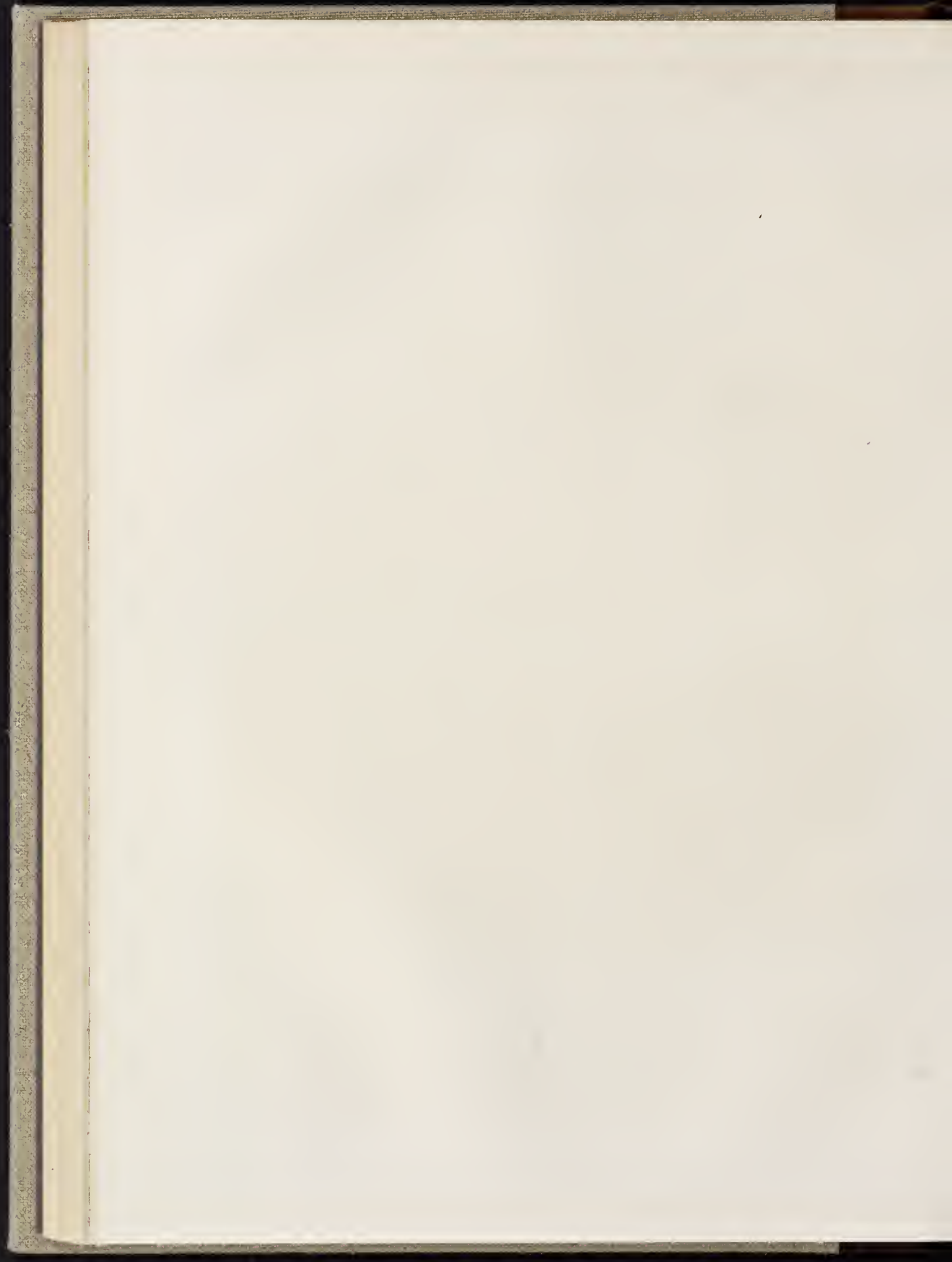
The artist has worked out his story in a very simple but very forcible manner; he has surrounded it with nothing which is inconsistent with its truth. The maiden is placed, as it were, between two opposing powers: the votaries of pleasure calling her back to the allurements of the world on the one hand, and, on the other, the aged abbess advancing with feeble step, to enforce a continuance in that path which, according to the monastic creed, is the only certain way to peace here, and a glorious immortality in the life to come. The manner in which the principal figure is lighted up and brought away from the background is most masterly; in fact, the *chiaroscuro* throughout is excellently managed.



A. PINX

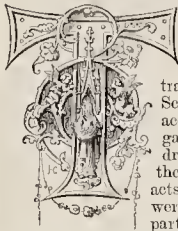
THE MOTHER

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD



GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

F. W. SCHADOW, VEIT, AND SCHNORR.



THESE three painters are brought together into one group in order to complete the historic narrative. In previous papers, Cornelius and Overbeck have been portrayed as chiefs of the school. The names of Schadow, Veit, and Schnorr are now added as accessory characters to fill up the remaining gaps in the picture. The sacred pictorial drama which, as we have seen, was put upon the stage of Europe, had been cast in several acts and divided into sundry scenes, and many were the players needed to give finish to the parts. A strong artist company had been gathered together from the chief towns of Germany, enthusiasts who believed in a mission and sought for a vocation, and were eager to enrol themselves under the guardianship of zealous leaders as apostles or martyrs in the cause of Art regenerate. Of the bodily aspect of these eccentric men as they walked the streets of Rome, and of their mental habits when secluded in cloister studios, it may be worth while to preserve the traditions which still survive among their former and favourite haunts.

Cornelius, Overbeck, Schadow, Veit, Schnorr, Pforr, Vogel, and Wächter,* the compact band of German painters settled in Rome in the first and second decade of the present century, were not in their younger years guiltless of affectation, or of the vanity which seeks to gain the eye of the world through singularity. By an assumption, a failing often incident to partial and one-sided knowledge, and through a boasting, the frequent fault of youthful assurance, when unchecked by the discipline which experience supplies—sins of which their namesakes, the Pre-Raphaelites of England, were in subsequent days guilty—the German neophytes provoked criticism, derision, and calumny. It is said they assumed antique costumes, that their manners bespoke pretence, and that the epithets by which they wished to be distinguished were open to the charge of conceit. Assuredly such terms as "the old and new, the German and Roman painters," or "the new German religious and patriotic artists" were well calculated to rouse the derision of enemies. Thus these tyros, not exempt from the

weakness of coxcombs, were nicknamed "Nazarites," because, as with the sect of old, they affected to wear long hair, which was left in disorder to fall on the shoulders and flow down the back. They were also in obloquy termed "Pre-Raphaelites," inasmuch as, setting little store on the works of Raphael, they gave themselves over to the mannerism of prior epochs. Like Pugin, Ruskin, Rio, Montalembert, and others in our own day, who have preached as purists too exclusive doctrines, these Germans, espousing bigotry as a virtue, held the influence of Raphael to have been pernicious; they believed that the Church of the sixteenth century had suffered woe; and they taught and acted on the assumption that the great painters of the period which has usually been deemed supreme, were in their works anti-Christian, self-seeking, and vain-glorious. Raphael thus falling under denunciation, it is almost needless to name the artists on whom the zealots bestowed the warmth of their affection. Giotto, Orcagna, Perugino, and of course, pre-eminently, Fra Angelico, the holy monk of Florence, were the painters alone worthy of emulation. These were the pure models upon which Christendom must hope to restore a lost religious Art. Thus these sciolists, not content merely to labour in their calling, seem betimes to have fashioned a theory, to have given themselves over to that metaphysical speculation in which Germans are known to delight, and to have drunk of that mystic philosophy which in Port Royalists had kindled into ardour, eloquence, and devotion. It was said that the tares which in the field of Art were growing up together with the wheat, choking the good seed, ought to be rooted out and burned, and that Christian painting, purged from sin's pollution, must henceforth be made pure as the souls of the redeemed. It was proclaimed that all painting should be "soul-painting;" that as of created things here on earth the spirit of man is the noblest and the most enduring, so in the highest Art soul and spirit ought to dominate over flesh. Outward bodily form, rich materials, the dyer's pomp of colour, pertain but to things perishable. Such mere mundane allurements leave the inward desire of the heart unsatisfied; the thirst for the infinite and the absolute still remains unquenched. Art thus destitute of life-giving essence is dead: ideal limbs and members as moulded by Greek sculptors fall short of the true ideal; and melting harmonies such as the painters of Venice indulged in, lack heavenly rapture. On the other hand, in the true and only Christian Art, the body is animate with the soul, matter is inspired by spirit, and outward form becomes sensitive to inward emotion. Such is the express creed which was enunciated by, or on behalf of, the



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Veit, Paint.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

CHRISTIANITY INTRODUCING THE ARTS INTO GERMANY.

dogmatic spiritual school—a faith not free from bigotry, a high-sounding philosophy not exempt from fallacy and snare. As was to be expected, the fervour of the novices degenerated into fanaticism. In 1814 Overbeck, the two brothers Schadow, and other painters who dwelt in the cloisters of San Isidoro, went over

to Roman Catholicism, and in taking this step, they believed that their works, as well as they themselves personally, obtained baptism and new birth. But henceforth it may be feared they pledged themselves to seek after, not the truth and the beauty which are universal, which existed before churches, and which will last though churches should have an end; for they became servile to sacerdotal forms, imitators of prescriptive styles, reproducers of traditional ideas, painters who would not rest content until every work of Art should be crowned with the crucifix and sanctified by the image of the Virgin. This saddening story may be read with profit by men in our own country given to like follies.

* Among the authorities consulted in the writing of this series of papers—"German Painters of the Modern School"—are the following:—"Die Künstler aller Zeiten und Völker," von Professor Fr. Müller; "Dictionnaire Historique des Peintres de toutes les Ecoles," par Adolphe Siret; "Ansichten über die Bildenden Künste von einem Deutschen Künstler in Rom: Die Deutsche Kunst in unserem Jahrhundert," von Dr. Hagen; "Geschichte der Bildenden Künste in neueren Jahrhunderten," von Anton Springer; "Die Königl. Kunstakademie in Düsseldorf," von Wiegmann.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM SCHADOW was born in Berlin in the year 1789. The stars seem about this time to have shed over northern latitudes a light favourable to sacred Art, and the planets it would appear ruled a common destiny for several painters who were in coming seasons to shine in the heavens as one constellation. In this same year of 1789, Overbeck's nativity was cast in the neighbouring town of Lubeck; two years later Cornelius rose like a comet on the horizon of Dusseldorf, and within the three succeeding years came into the world, though with milder light, Veit, who gave lustre to Berlin, and Schnorr, who added to the renown of Leipzig. This correlation of phenomena it is right to deem as something more than accidental. This concentration of concurrent intellect on a given spot at one time, comes in confirmation of a doctrine promulgated by Ullmann, the law under which men of genius make in the world a periodical appearance, and seems to suggest in the economy of Divine providence "the idea of a great

spiritual choir, extending, in harmonious succession, through the whole history of human progress." Such a line of thought will prepare the reader to find an ever-recurring correspondence running through the lives and the works of the chief leaders in the new school. We are not surprised to learn that in the year 1810 Friedrich Wilhelm Schadow went, in company with his brother, Rudolph, to Rome, that he there joined fellowship with Cornelius and Overbeck, became identified with the so-called sect of "Nazarites," and entered two years later, in company with his brethren, the Holy Catholic Church. Like other members of his school, Schadow tried a prentice hand in the decoration of the Casa Bartholdi. A more mature work is the large picture, "The Wise and Foolish Virgins," in the Städels Institut, Frankfort, which may be accepted as a fair manifesto of the artist's powers. Schadow I cannot rank as a master-mind, and this composition does not possess the marks of a master-work. I recognise indeed, in the



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Schnorr, Paint.

JOSEPH INTERPRETING PHARAOH'S DREAM.

Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

countenances of the wise virgins, not perhaps wisdom, but yet purity and beauty, and all that care in a painter can accomplish is here attained. But the figure of Christ is wholly wanting in Divine presence, and no passage throughout the picture has been pronounced with power. Schadow is known by minor productions, including portraits; and his position in Germany was, after all, less due to his works as a painter than to his skill as a professor. As a teacher in the Academy of Berlin, scholars crowded round him; when Director of the Dusseldorf Academy, which he re-organised, among his pupils were numbered Hildebrandt, Sohn, and Lessing. But he had not strength to hold the seat into which he had mounted. A reaction set in against the party he espoused, and he had to endure from rivals cruel attacks. He was accused of being a narrow partisan of sacred, or rather sacerdotal, Art, and his style was stigmatised as soft and sugared superficiality. A younger generation of men had arisen, who, according to the spirit of the

age, demanded vigorous naturalism, vivid colour, and bold execution. Schadow, after a severe struggle, laid down his authority. He died in 1862, not without honour. He was doctor in the University of Bonn, Knight of the Red Eagle and other orders, and member of the Academy of Berlin, and of the Institute of France.

PHILIPP VEIT, whose master-work we engrave, was made of stouter stuff. His ancestors, it appears, were Jews, and Frederick von Schlegel, who had married a daughter of Moses Mendelssohn, was his stepfather. To recount his history is but to repeat the incidents already recorded in the lives of the other disciples of the school. Veit went to Rome, joined the brotherhood, and painted frescoes in the Casa Bartholdi and the Villa Massimi. In 1830 he was made Director of the Städels Institut, Frankfort, and he numbered Settegast and the lamented Alfred Rethel among his scholars and assistants. His works are few. Among his designs

it may be worth while to mention 'The Heavenly Stranger,' the supposed origin of Mr. Holman Hunt's "Light of the World." Veit, in taking for his text "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," adopts a literal reading, and gives the simple germ of that idea which our English painter subsequently wrought out in elaborate detail, and loaded with symbolic meaning.

'THE INTRODUCTION, THROUGH CHRISTIANITY, OF THE ARTS INTO GERMANY' I have selected for engraving, because it is a picture in which Veit put forth his full power. The work is important as an example of the practice of fresco painting as revived by the Germans, and it is interesting as a manifestation of the symbolism through which the mystic minds of these painters were accustomed to veil their thoughts. In the midst of the composition stands the allegorical figure of Religion; one hand is placed upon a volume of the Holy Scriptures, which an angel bears, the other hand holds a palm branch, the symbol of enduring peace.

Religion, thus personified, turns her eyes towards the great apostle of Germany, the holy St. Boniface. This missionary to the heathen proclaims to the wild dwellers in the woods the good tidings of everlasting redemption. Before the might of the preacher's words, a venerable bard, foreseeing that his dominion is at an end, trembles in despair. Towards the farther right, a young priestess, in anger, hastens away, but vows future revenge. Around, encircled in a group, are the old and the wise listening in wonder, together with the young, who lend to the new faith willing assent. Mark especially the boy leaning on a hatchet ready to cut down the groves of oak sacred to bards and Druid priests. Before him gushes a fountain, yielding waters for baptism. In the other parts of the picture are seen the fruits of Christianity in the rise of the sister Arts. A Gothic church is already well-nigh finished. Under a laurel tree are figures like to the three Graces, the symbols of Sculpture, Architecture, and Painting. Standing in



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

Schnorr, Paint.
THE MEETING OF REBECCA AND ISAAC.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.]

the foreground is the triple group the impersonation of Poetry, Music, and Chivalry. Near to the church two monks, with open book, show Christianity the parent of learning; and on the farther left a cluster of children, spelling their lesson, tells that only in the fostering of early and tender blossoms can knowledge and the Arts flourish and expand. The preceding interpretation will at once prove how much thought has been devoted to the development of the story. The treatment, which is worthy of the theme, calls for further remark. It will be observed that the composition is somewhat panoramic, that like to the frescoes in the Campo Santo of Pisa, distinct incidents and successive periods in time are linked together into one narrative. The skill of the painter is seen in that he has reconciled to the eye this violation of the unities. Another point is also worthy of note. The picture, in accordance with the usual practice in mural paintings, is without any decided

concentration of effect; an equally diffused light pervades the entire composition, which is studiously sober, telling a simple story without the show of rhetoric or the violence of declamation. It must be confessed, however, that certain defects, from which the German school seldom escapes, tend to make the original work somewhat disagreeable. The colour is crude, and the outlines cut harshly against the sky. Hence is it that engravings from German pictures are often more pleasing than the pictures themselves; yet when last I stood before this composition, I was greatly struck with the mastery it displayed. The forms are noble, the figures are drawn with knowledge and power, the draperies are cast with skill, the characters are clearly thought out, and thus, in all that pertains to Art, as the expression of mind and the exponent of truth, this work is triumphant. To bestow higher praise were difficult.

JULIUS SCHNORR VON KARLSFELD is of a family well known in the annals of German painting. No less than five artists of this name find a place in contemporary records. The subject of our memoir was born in the year 1794 at Leipzig, and his earliest studies were made under the instruction of his father, Hans Veit Schnorr. At the age of seventeen he went to Vienna to work in the Academy, and falling under the influence of Joseph Koch and Ferdinand Olivier, he became smitten with the newly-discovered truth and goodness of the old German and the early Italian masters. A few years later he joins in the common migration to Rome, and receives, in company with his young friends, a commission to decorate in fresco the Villa of the Marchese Massimi. In 1827 he was appointed Professor in the Academy of Munich, and in that city, sharing the royal patronage, his exuberant imagination gained adequate sphere for expansion and display. His genius, inclining little towards the severity of classic, or the austerity of mediæval forms, leaned rather to those romantic schools which give wing to fancy. In the Villa Massimi his poetic invention had expatiated in illustration of Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered'; and now in Munich, charged with the decoration of King Ludwig's new "residence," he found like congenial theme in the legend of the Niebelungenlied, and the exploits of Friedrich-Barbarossa. Reviving my recollection of these works by reference to an engraving from one of the most pretentious among the series, 'A Festival given by Friedrich at Mainz in the year 1184,' I cannot but agree with those critics who object that the style is too decorative, that the figures, drawn with facile generalisation, want individuality, and that the whole composition is lacking in the dignity required of painting when conjoined to architecture. It may be added that some of the decorations in this palace are executed in encaustic, one of the ancient processes which the fostering care of King Ludwig revived in Munich.

Schnorr is best known in this country by his "Bible pictures," a series of one hundred and eighty wood engravings, which obtain an extended sale, and have deservedly won considerable popularity. An English edition of the work has been published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, and with the sanction of the artist the original blocks have been used for printing the designs. These pictures are copyright, and we have to acknowledge with thanks the kind permission which has been given to republish in the *Art-Journal* the two effective compositions chosen as happy illustrations of the master's manner. The Bible of Schnorr may be weighed in comparison with analogous works. The Bible of Raphael charms by its symmetry and beauty; it is a product of the Italian Renaissance. The Passion of our Lord, as depicted by Albert Durer, arrests attention by eccentric character, pushed sometimes to the point of caricature: it is the offspring of the old German school. The Life of Christ, as portrayed by Overbeck, wins by gentleness and purity of spirit: it is the outcome of the modern German school. The Parables of our Lord, as illustrated by Millais, commend themselves by an originality, sometimes, it may be feared, a little forced and far-fetched: this is the manner of the English Pre-Raphaelites. How far the style of Schnorr differs from the treatment of his competitors may be seen by an appeal to the two designs which we publish. The dramatic, and sometimes declamatory manner of the artist, is detected in the bold action of Joseph pointing to the years of famine and of plenty, and in the melodramatic attitude of Pharaoh cowering before the interpretation of his dream. In the bystanding figures is a touch of common nature, to which the great masters would not have condescended. The second illustration, 'THE MEEPING OF REBECCA AND ISAAC,' may be commended for merits by which Schnorr is not unfrequently distinguished. The freedom of the composition, the flow of harmonious lines, the onward action of the figures, the motion in the flying draperies, and the final balance struck between the opposing masses, are all after this exuberant painter's best manner. But there cannot be a doubt that an unusually prolific creative power has tempted Schnorr to undertake too much. Like to his fellow-labourer in Munich, the sculptor Schwanthaler, multitudinous thoughts came crowding on the artist's brain which time and study failed him to mature. Thus often is it to be regretted that Schnorr put upon paper chaotic ideas, and took no trouble to carry out with accuracy of detail his rapid and crude conceptions. Yet in this off-hand mode some happy hits are made. A brilliancy in the flash of the impassioned eye, a boldness in the stroke of the adventurous arm, an originality in the discursive thought of a mind let loose without restraining curb,—such were the power and the franchise which made the painter free, and gave to his works endless fertility and resource. The completion of Schnorr's Bible, involving in its one hundred and eighty compositions no slight labour, seems to have been the occasion of jubilee. The artists of Saxony made a feast, the painters of Dresden gave a drinking cup, those of Leipzig a writing-desk, together with a gorgeous copy of the Bible itself; the municipality of Leipzig honoured Schnorr with the freedom of their town, the University conferred on him the diploma of Doctor. Thus rewarded,

bearing, moreover, the decoration of many orders, and being member of divers academics, Schnorr reaps the harvest of a life laden in years and rich in abundant fruits.

The critic, Frederich Schlegel, the relative, as we have seen, of Philipp Veit, became a zealous advocate of the new school. We hear of an exhibition of German paintings in the year 1819, held in Rome, which obtained from the philosopher an elaborate encomium. It is evident that a fashion had set in for the austere Teutonic style, and the young painters of the day were not slow to affect its mannerism. Schlegel came forward to defend Veit, Schadow, and others of the clique, against the reproach of copying the defects of German works which in subject were thought to be obsolete, and in manner archaic. This partial apologist, not without reason, propounds that neither painting, nor any other science or art, can break loose entirely from the chains of tradition, and overturn the principles established in past times, in order to enter on untrodden paths. Each artist should rather prefer to link his genius with a period earlier than his own, whether he aim at opening for himself an original career, or desire to raise a degenerate art to its original grandeur. That the experiment should arouse public interest cannot be matter of surprise. "The general struggle of the German artists in Rome," writes Schlegel, "daily excites more and more attention, and the progress of the movement is watched with sympathy by the illustrious men of other countries." Canova, for example, was able to give to a style in which he had little in common kindly encouragement, and many young Germans, Veit, Eggers, and others, owed to the sculptor's recommendation permission to study the great frescoes in the Vatican, through which the art of fresco painting was to be revived.

The exhibition which had been, as we have seen, got together in Rome, numbered the works of no fewer than sixty-three artists, of whom by far the greater part were but entering on their career. Many people, we are told, ridiculed the antique mannerism of which these paintings were guilty, and scoffed when they saw endless reproductions of prescribed devotional subjects, for, says Schlegel truly, "so various is the taste of individuals, that many persons would doubtless take equal pleasure in looking at the representation of a sucking calf!" But happily the love of devotional painting was deeply rooted, and no satire could stay its growth. It seems to have been the steadfast faith of those painters, that there is an indwelling light in the soul which gives life and inspiration to every creation of the pencil, and that thus alone can Art become regenerate in Christian purity and loveliness. The truths of the Christian religion, it was added, should not be received into the mind as mere dead forms; they must be embraced with an earnest conviction of their reality, and bound up in the very existence of the artist. The peculiar characteristic of the new school is, says Schlegel, that it has ever been emulative and aspiring, ever absorbed in the pursuit of those lofty ideas which clothe Christian Art in beauty. Credence must not be granted to those who affirm that the glory of Art has passed away; even now a vigorous impulse has been given to the renovated school. Already is the way opened which leads to the desired goal, and thus only dare we look for the springtime and summer of Art. This rapturous strain, which I have sought to tone down and strip of its redundancy, mounts to still further heights of unintelligible diction and inaccessible eloquence. Whether, after all, Schlegel knew a good picture from a bad one, may be doubted; it is greatly indeed to be questioned whether he had ever mastered painting other than a poetic and dramatic Art, to be judged not by any technical merits, but solely by the worth of the thought sought to be embodied.

I cannot close this article without a tribute of thanks to Mr. Walter J. Allen, and to Mr. J. D. Cooper, the one for the accurate drawing, and the other for the skilful engraving, of the illustrations to these German painters. I would specially direct attention to 'The Last Judgment,' and 'The Riders of the Apocalypse,' published in the memoir of Cornelius, as master-works of the art of wood-engraving. Equally to be commended for precision in outline, and dexterity in manipulation are the illustrations to the present paper. I doubt not that our readers will have reason to be as well satisfied with the choice works in progress as with those now completed.

With this paper is ended the account of the first generation of German painters of the new school. In the seven articles which are yet to follow will be introduced another race. In conclusion, to the members of the school generally may be aptly applied the words by which Heine designated Schlegel their friend and critic, "Schlegel," writes the brilliant Heine, "surveys literature from a lofty point of view, but the high position he assumes is invariably within the belfry of a Catholic church, where his speech clashes with the jingling of the bells, and mingles with the croaking of the ravens that haunt the old weathercock!"

J. BEAVERINGTON ATKINSON.

THE CESTUS OF AGLAIA.

CHAPTER II.

"SIR, it cannot be better done."

We will return, with the reader's permission, for a little while, to this comfortable saying of Albert Durer's, in order to find out, if we may, what Modesty is; which it will be well for painters, readers, and especially critics, to know, before going farther. What it is; or, rather, who she is; her fingers being among the dearest in laying the ground-threads of Aglaia's Cestus.

For this same opinion of Albert's is entertained by many other people respecting their own doings—a very prevalent opinion, indeed, I find it; and the answer itself, though, as aforesaid, not made with any crushing decision, is nevertheless often enough intimated, with delicacy, by artists of all countries, in their various dialects:—neither can it always be held an entirely modest one, as it assuredly was in the man who would often estimate a piece of his unconquerable work at only the worth of a plate of fruit, or a flask of wine—would have taken even one "fig for it," kindly offered; or given it royally for nothing, "to show his hand" to a fellow-king of his own or any other craft; as Gainsborough gave the "Boy at the Stile" for a solo on the violin. An entirely modest saying, I repeat, in him—not always in us. For Modesty is "the measuring virtue," the virtue of *modes* or *limits*: she is indeed said to be only the third or youngest of the children of the cardinal virtue, Temperance; and apt to be despised, being more given to arithmetic and other vulgar studies (Cinderella-like) than her elder sisters; but she is useful in the household, and arrives at great results with her yard-measure and slat-pencil—a pretty little Marchande des Modes, cutting her dress always according to the silk (if this be the proper feminine reading of "coat according to the cloth"), so that, consulting with her carefully, of a morning, men get to know not only their income, but their in-going—to know themselves, that is, in a vulgar's manner; round, and up and down—surface and contents; what is in them, and what may be got out of them; and, in fine, their entire canon of weight and capacity. That yard-measure of Modesty's, lent to those who will use it, is a curious musical reed, and will go round and round waists that are slender enough, with latent melody in every joint of it, the dark root only being soundless, moist from the wave wherein

"Null' ultra pianta che facesse fronda
O indurasse, puote aver vita."¹⁰⁸

But when the little sister herself takes it in hand, to measure things outside of us with, the joints shoot out in an amazing manner: the four-square walls even of celestial cities being measurable enough by that reed; and the way pointed to them, though only to be followed, or even seen, in the dim starlight shed down from worlds amidst which there is no name of Measure any more, though the reality of it always. For, indeed, to all true modesty the necessary business is not inlook, but outlook, and especially *inlook*; it is only her sister, Shamefacedness, who is known by the drooping lashes;—Modesty, quite otherwise, by her large eyes full of wonder;—for she never contemns herself, nor is ashamed of herself, but forgets herself—at least until she has done something worth memory. It is easy to peep and peep about one's own deficiencies in a quite immodest discontent; but Modesty is so pleased

with other people's doings, that she has no leisure to lament her own; and thus, knowing the fresh feeling of contentment, unstained with thought of self, she does not fear being pleased, when there is cause, with her own rightness, as with another's, saying calmly, "Be it mine, or yours, or whose else's it may, it is no matter;—this also is well." But the right to say such a thing depends on continual reverence, and manifold sense of failure. If you have known yourself to have failed, you may trust the strange consciousness of success; if you have faithfully loved the noble work of others, you need not fear to speak with respect of things duly done, of your own.

But the principal good that comes of arts being followed in this reverent feeling, is vitally manifest in the associative condition of it. Men who know their place can take it, and keep it, be it low or high, contentedly and firmly; neither yielding nor grasping; and the harmony of hand and thought follows, rendering all great deeds of Art possible—deeds in which the souls of men meet like the window jewels of Aladdin's palace, the little gems and the large all equally pure, needing no comment but the fitting of facets; while the associative work of immodest men is all juttily, and astir with wormy ambition; with putridly dissolute, and forever on the crawl: so that if it come together for a time, it can only be by metamorphosis through flash of volcanic fire out of the vale of Siddim, vitrifying the clay of it, and fastening the slime, only to end in wilder scattering, according to the fate of those oldest, mightiest, immodestest of builders, of whom it is told in scorn, "They had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar."

The first function of Modesty, then, being this recognition of Place, her second is the recognition of Law, and delight in it, for the sake of law itself, whether her part be to assert it, or obey. For as it belongs to all immodesty to defy or deny law, and assert privilege and licence according to its own pleasure (it being therefore rightly called "insolent," that is, "custom breaking," violating some usual and appointed order to attain for itself greater forwardness or power), so it is the habit of all modesty to love the constancy and "solemnity," or literally "accustomedness," of law, seeking first what are the solemn, appointed, inviolable customs and general orders of nature, and of the Master of nature, touching the matter in hand; and striving to put itself, as habitually, and inviolably, in compliance with them. Out of which habit, once established, arises what is rightly called "conscience," not "science" merely, but "with-science," a science "with us," such as only modest creatures can have—within, or within them,—and within all creation besides, every member of it, strong or weak, witnessing together, and joining in the happy consciousness that each one's work is good; the bee also being profoundly of that opinion; and the lark; and the swallow, in that noisy, but modestly upside-down, Babel of hers under the eaves, with its unvolcanic slime for mortar; and the two ants who are asking of each other at the turn of that little ant's-foot-worn path through the moss, "lor via o lor fortuna;" and the builders also, who built yonder pile of cloud-marble in the west, and the Gilder who gilded it, and is gone down, behind it.

But I think we shall better understand what we ought of the nature of Modesty, and her opposite, by taking a simple instance of both, in the practice of that art of music, which the wisest of men have

agreed in thinking the first element of education: only I must ask the reader's patience with me through a parenthesis.

Among the foremost men whose power has had to assert itself, though with conquest, yet with countless loss, through all those peculiar English disadvantages of circumstance of which I spoke in the prefatory chapter, are assuredly to be ranked together, both for honour and for mourning, Thomas Bewick, and George Cruikshank. There is, however, less cause for regret in the instance of Bewick. We may understand that it was well for us once to see what an entirely powerful painter's genius, and an entirely keen and true man's temper, could achieve together, unhelped, but also unharmed, among the black banks and wolds of Tyne. But the genius of Cruikshank has been cast away in an utterly ghastly and lamentable manner: his superb line-work, worthy of any class of subject, and his powers of conception and composition, of which I cannot venture to estimate the range in their degraded application, having been condemned, by his fate, to be spent either in rude jesting, or in vain war with conditions of vice too low alike for record or rebuke, among the dregs of the British populace. Yet perhaps I am wrong in regretting even this: it may be an appointed lesson for futurity, that the art of the best English etcher in the nineteenth century, spent on illustrations of the lives of burglars and drunkards, should one day be seen in museums beneath Greek vases fretted with drawings of the wars of Troy, or side by side with Durer's "Knight and Death."

Be that as it may, I am at present glad to be able to refer to one of these perpetuations, by his strong hand, of such human character as our faultless British constitution occasionally produces, in out-of-the-way corners. It is among his illustrations of the Irish Rebellion, and represents the pillage and destruction of a gentleman's house by the mob. They have made a heap in the drawing-room of the furniture and books, to set first fire to; and are tearing up the floor for its more easily kindled planks: the less busily-disposed meanwhile hacking round in rage, with axes; and smashing what they can with butt-ends of guns. I do not care to follow with words the ghastly truth of the picture into its detail; but the most expressive incident of the whole, and the one immediately to my purpose, is this, that one fellow has sat himself at the piano, on which, hitting down fiercely with his clenched fists, he plays, grinning, such tune as may be so producible, to which melody two of his companions, flourishing knotted sticks, dance, after their manner, on the top of the instrument.

I think we have in this conception as perfect an instance as we require of the lowest supposable phase of immodest or licentious art in music; the "inner consciousness of good" being dim, even in the musician and his audience, and wholly unsympathised with, and unacknowledged, by the Delphian, Vestal, and all other prophetic and cosmic powers. This represented scene came into my mind suddenly, one evening, a few weeks ago, in contrast with another which I was watching in its reality, namely, a group of gentle school-girls leaning over Mr. Charles Hallé as he was playing a variation on "Home, sweet home." They had sustained with unwonted courage the glance of subdued indignation with which, having just closed a rippling melody of Sebastian Bach's, (much like what one might fancy the singing of nightingales

* Purgatorio, l. 103.

would be if they fed on honey instead of flies), he turned to the slight, popular air. But they had their own associations with it, and besought for it, and obtained it: and pressed close, at first, in vain, to see what no glance could follow, the traversing of the fingers. They soon thought no more of seeing. The wet eyes, round-open, and the little scarlet upper lips, lifted and drawn slightly together in passionate glow of utter wonder, became picture-like, porcelain-like, in motionless joy, as the sweet multitude of low notes fell in their timely infinites, like summer rain. Only La Robbia himself (nor even he, unless with tenderer use of colour than is usual in his work) could have rendered some image of that listening.

But if the reader can give due vitality in his fancy to these two scenes, he will have in them representative types, clear enough for all future purpose, of the several agencies of debased and perfect Art. And the interval may easily and continuously be filled by mediate gradations. Between the entirely immodest, unmeasured, and (in evil sense) unmannered, execution with the Fist, and the entirely modest, measured, and (in the noblest sense) mannered or moral'd execution with the Finger;—between the impatient and unpractised doing, containing in itself the witness of lasting impatience and idleness through all previous life, and the patient and practised doing, containing in itself the witness of self-restraint and unwearyed toil through all previous life;—between the expressed subject and sentiment of home violation, and the expressed subject and sentiment of home love;—between the sympathy of audience given in irreverent and contemptuous rage, joyless as the rabidness of a dog, and the sympathy of audience given in an almost appalled humility of intense, rapturous, and yet entirely reasoning and reasonable pleasure;—between these two limits of octave the reader will find he can class, according to their modesty, usefulness, and grace or becomingness, all other modes of musical art. For although purity of purpose and fineness of execution by no means go together, degree to degree (since fine, and indeed all but the finest, work is often spent in the most wanton purpose—as in all our modern opera—and the rudest execution is again often joined with purest purpose, as in a mother's song to her child), still the entire accomplishment of music is only in the union of both. For the difference between that "all but" finest and "finest" is an infinite one; and besides this, we shall find that however the power of the performer, once attained, may be afterwards misdirected, in slavery to popular passion or childishness, and spend itself, at its sweetest, in idle melodies, cold and ephemeral (like Michael Angelo's snow statue in the other art), or else in vicious difficulty and miserable noise—crackling of thorns under the pot of public sensuality—still the attainment of this power, and the maintenance of it, involve always in the exalted some virtue or courage of high kind; the understanding of which, and of the difference between the discipline which develops it and the disorderly efforts of the amateur, it will be one of our first businesses to estimate rightly. And though not indeed by degree to degree, yet in essential relation (as of winds to waves, the one being always the true cause of the other, though they are not necessarily of equal force at the same time), we shall find vice in its varieties, with Art-failure, and virtue in its varieties, with Art-success, fall and rise together: the peasant girl's song at her spinning-wheel,

the peasant-labourer's "to the oaks and rills,"—domestic music, feebly yet sensitively skilful,—music for the multitude, of beneficent, or of traitorous power,—dance-melodies, pure and orderly, or foul and frantic,—march-music, blatant in mere fever of animal pugnacity, or majestic with force of national duty and memory,—song-music, reckless, sensual, sickly, slovenly, forgetful even of the foolish words it effaces with foolish noise,—or thoughtful, sacred, healthful, artful, for ever sanctifying noble thought with separately distinguished loveliness of belonging sound,—all these families and gradations of good or evil, however mingled, follow, in so far as they are good, one constant law of virtue (or "life-strength," which is the literal meaning of the word, and its intended one, in wise men's mouths), and in so far as they are evil, are evil by outlawry and unvirtue, or death-weakness. Then, passing wholly beyond the domain of death, we may still imagine the ascendant nobleness of the art, through all the concordant life of incorrupt creatures, and a continually deeper harmony of "plaisant" words and murmurs made to bless;" until we reach

"The undisturbed song of pure consent,
Aye sung before the sapphiric-coloured throne."

And so far as the sister arts can be conceived to have place or office, their virtues are subject to a law absolutely the same as that of music, only extending its authority into more various conditions, owing to the introduction of a distinctly representative and historical power, which acts under logical as well as mathematical restrictions, and is capable of endlessly changeable fault, fallacy, and defeat, as well as of endlessly manifold victory.

To the discernment of this law we will now address ourselves slowly, beginning with the consideration of little things, and of easily definable virtues. And since Patience is the pioneer of all the others, I shall endeavour in the next paper to show how that modest virtue has been either held of no account, or else set to vilest work in our modern Art-schools; and what harm has resulted from such disdain, or such employment of her.

J. RUSKIN.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY LIVING ARTISTS,
1865.

THE present exhibition, if not all that may be desired, is above the somewhat mediocre merit of its immediate predecessors. It contains, indeed, among its six hundred works, a few pictures which, after their several kinds, can scarcely be surpassed. The catalogue opens with an imposing production by Ansdell, and the first room contains no less than three subjects by Landseer. In other directions, too, may be discovered works scattered here and there possessing hardly less interest. Sometimes youthful talent is observed making a first rehearsal of its untried powers, striving to gain the public eye on open stage without favour; and sometimes a well-worn veteran comes upon the scene, and, in hasty undress, indulges in a piece of small by-play, or goes over old parts, perchance, long faded, yet still coloured with memories of younger days. Thus visitors who take the trouble to glean among the tares,—for there is an abundance among the wheat,—will gather good seed ripe in harvest, or find tender

plants which claim a fostering hand to rear them.

ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

We will begin with number one in the catalogue, 'The Death of Caesar,' by R. ANSDELL, A.R.A. Shall we call this picture grand or grotesque? Has it real power, or only a rude handling which makes pretence? Certainly the artist possesses a not unenviable device whereby to catch loud popular applause. The subject of the picture, which, from its title, would seem to portend earthquake in the Roman empire, is simply this:—"Caesar," a big bully of a dog, has come to grief; in short, he is dead, but how killed does not appear. At all events, he lies with heavy carcass on the steps—not of the Capitol,—and the laurel wreath, which even dogs in this painter's republic are privileged to wear, is dashed upon the ground. Above, on a pedestal, an impudent cur, answering to the name of "Pompey," capers with the conceit of a Jack in office. Around is a group of dogs, such as prey in Constantinople on offal—dogs with an assassin look and a conspirator yell; and yet wretches that, coward-like, sneak away with a tail between their legs. The picture, it will be seen, is in a kind of mock-heroic style—a work of a comic-tragic cleverness, which would be quite grand were there not that one unlucky step lying between the sublime and its contrary. The subject, we admit, is painted with force, and attains startling effect.

Sir EDWIN LANDSEER tells his story with equal pathos and greater delicacy. 'An Event in the Forest' (204) is the death of a stag, shot in a rocky ravine, and lying among the boulders left by a mountain torrent. A fox keeps guard over the prey, and an eagle wings its way scenting food. The subject, which has the charm of a poem, refined in sentiment and arousing sympathy, is painted in Landseer's last or vaporous manner, slight and suggestive in execution, the broad results struck out with rapid liquid brush, the details just indicated, but not elaborated. 'No Hunting till the Weather Breaks' (189), by the same artist, is in painting more solid, but less pleasing. Landseer's third picture, 'Dear Old Boz' (85), painted for Her Majesty, ranks among the most careful and commendable of his works. In the painting of the curly coat of this Skye terrier, we see what detailed finish Landseer would reach, did time permit the carrying out of pictures which are sometimes left, in the pressure of professional engagements, little more than ideas skilfully sketched. 'Dear Old Boz,' indeed, is a study which every artist should attentively examine. No man knows better than Landseer how to get softness and yet substance; transparent depth, yet tangible surface; suggestive and cloudy haziness, yet definite form and rotundity. This comes from knowledge of nature, and the practice in Art that makes perfect. The mode in which the terrier's shaggy coat has been painted is specially worthy of observation. Look not only at the softness, but at the depth of the hair, layer lying beneath layer, each lock of a length and a curve which called for the artist's consummate dexterity of execution, as he laid down with rapid brush the shadows, and then touched in with delicate and playful pencil the topmost hairs which catch the highest lights. This picture will be remembered in future years as a work completed with more than usual deliberation. The colour is not fortunate; it is a little too dum and dead.

'Swan and Peacock' (387) make a picture

that shows how much the world has lost by the death of WILLIAM DUFFIELD. A dazzling plumed peacock is stretched on the snowy breast of a dead swan. The peacock's starry tail has been painted to perfection; the soft fleecy feathers are set with emeralds, they spangle as a shower of jewellery glittering in the sunlight. No small skill was needed to interweave the outlying feather sprays into harmonious texture, confused with accident, yet ordered, as in nature, into blended harmony.—William Duffield's friend, JOHN GILBERT, supplies a landscape background, wherein the warmth of colour is kept down as Rubens might have seen fit if painting up to Weenix.—Several other canvases containing animals or game must be passed rapidly by. In 'Spring Time' (586), T. G. COOPER paints sheep, lambs, and an old shepherd beneath an ash tree, in a key of silver grey not without some alloy of the base metal, lead.—ASPER CORBOULD, in 'The Drover's Halt in the Highlands' (619), has attempted a subject beyond his powers.—'Dead Game and Fruit' (568), by W. HUGHES, are well painted.—'Partridges' (237), by J. WAINWRIGHT, may be commended.—'Sundry Farmyards' by J. F. HERRING, are well stocked with horses, cows, pigs, fowls, and ducks, all portrayed with precision, and sparkling in execution.—'Travelling in Russia,' by A. F. DE PRADES, has the character and force often found in foreign schools.—'A Farmyard at Barbison in France,' by F. CHAIGNEAU, gains also the vigour we have a right to expect in the land of Rosa Bonheur.—We cannot close this list without pointing to a picture by way of warning. 'The Young Master's Grave' (413), painted by G. ARMFIELD, and mourned over by a horse and three dogs, is one of the most desperate cases of mawkish sentimentality ever gibbeted before the public. Why did not the hangers honour the picture by a place at the ceiling? With a feeling pathos never before equalled, the artist has painted a tear of sorrow gushing from the corner of a dog's eye. The execution and colour have a prettiness which, lest it should become too cheerful for the melancholy occasion, is shadowed by blotches of inky black.

LANDSCAPES.

A large portion of wall space is, as usual, occupied by landscapes, among which prevail the ordinary diversity of style. In these rooms, however, where the competition for "the line" is less fierce than in the Academy, it is to be observed that toleration, not to say favour, is shown towards pictures of extended area, and of bold dashing effect. Among these is conspicuous a large frame, containing 'London from Vauxhall' (195), painted by H. DAWSON, a glowing sunset on Father Thames, the gold of the burning sky reflected, focussed, and intensified in the water beneath. On either side of the central light are ranged in russet brown the river craft, drawn with knowledge and painted with power. To mitigate the heat of the colour otherwise too intense, cool blues shadow the ripples on the river's surface. Mr. Dawson is gifted with a poet's eye that only lacks more subtle culture to discover in nature delicate gradations of tone and harmony which as yet, in his splash manner, he has overlooked and missed. A nicely attuned sense of colour is tested chiefly in these intermediate and transition notes which the truly sensitive mind dwells upon tenderly. Mr. Dawson relies too exclusively on the extremes in the chromatic scale, which strike the uneducated eye, but leave refined sense unmoved.—It is a pity that Mr. A. GILBERT, like to certain

prolific preachers or in veteran talkers, should eternally discourse on some one or two ideas. The hacknied text on which this artist enlarges in his picture 'Midnight—the Black Mountain' (212), would seem to be, "The moon is up, and yet it is not night." But the moon herself has been by special desire left out of the canvas, her presence being revealed only through a flood of silver light, mirrored in one radiant spot from the burnished surface of a mountain tarn. A range of hills rising to a crest, in twin pyramids pierces the cool midnight sky: spectral and shadowy, these mountains are as the ghosts of departing nature. We should suppose that Messrs. Gilbert & Co. have taken out a patent conferring the privilege of perpetual reproduction of these and other cognate ideas. Nature, however, withholds her sanction to the bargain.—We are glad to see that Mr. OAKES, in a highly impressive theme named 'Quietude' (58), is regaining the position he has for some years past been in danger of losing. The chaotic detail which of late has run beyond this artist's power of control, he now wisely masses and merges in breadth of general effect, bold, grand, and novel. A solemn gloom settles at twilight's close, as "the blanket of the night" over the shoulders of the shuddering hills, for the landscape seems vocal, and voices from the mountain speak through the solitude. Near to sight a fisherman's boat floats in the slumbering waters, dark with the shadows of coming night. We have seldom seen a picture so deep in tone without blackness. The artist must have been at great pains to preserve the purity of the purple which, as a dark rich robe, mantles the hills.

The poetic fervour for which the family of Danby has been so long famed still survives. Mr. J. DANBY contributes several works, fraught with the usual amount of gold and carmine. But we fear that these old materials he is not turning to new account; we do not see the access of fresh thought, or the mental struggle to take possession of domains in earth, air, or water yet untraversed. His brother Thomas, too, is content with the stock of knowledge long at ready command, and which certainly is choice and charming as far as it extends.—'Coming up Glen Dovey' (74), by Mr. T. DANBY, is a balanced composition, placid in sentiment, the trees growing in symmetry, the landscape dwelling in peace, without dread of the storm-demon which Salvator Rosa or Gaspar Poussin might have let loose—a landscape wherein we read the haunting memories of Claude and Turner—a composition classic, ideal, and romantic, which, by way of contrast, it is agreeable and salutary to look at in these days of vigorous naturalism.—Mr. HEILING, in 'Lake Como' (2), indulges in his habitual prettiness, a style smooth in surface, placid even to languishing in sentiment, but wanting in individual character.—Mr. H. JOHNSON must come to more careful elaboration if he is to retain or enhance the reputation he has won. The Lago Maggiore is not to be painted by a stroke of genius: imagination or intuition in these days will not stand in the stead of hard toil; and in Art, as in other paths, it is often the tortoise that wins the race.—Mr. NIEMANN comes also in the company of artists flocking to this exhibition who determine to take the public by bold assault. His 'Hampstead Heath' (601) is a picture which in loudest tones demands attention; it is determined to be seen, even at a mile's distance. Such works, it is to be feared, generally rely on some clap-trap effect gained by clever offrontery. In the pre-

sent instance, through the canvas is made to stalk a giant procession of pine trees, which in broad dark masses tell in strength against the sky, while on the terraced path beneath light plays, as a contrast to the canopy of shadow overhead. The picture suffers on closer approach; it will not bear scrutiny. Fir trees demand accurate drawing in the anatomy of their branches, and careful massing in the detail of their ponderous foliage.

Among dramatic landscapes must be recorded 'The Cordilleras of Ecuador' (179), by L. R. MIGNON. We have all much to learn from the opening up of these equatorial regions, rich in exuberant growth of leaf and flower and fruit, riotous in the play and outburst of nature's forces let loose in a theatre boundless in extent. It is a question, however, whether any artist has yet been found to grapple with the tremendous powers here displayed. It is indeed an anomaly not admitting of very easy explanation, that just in those territories where nature is omnipotent, Art shows herself weak. Hence painters, for the most part, have chosen humble scenes which they might exalt, in preference to those proud regions that spurn man's approach. Both the tropics and the arctic regions have yet to be painted. Heat in its fever glow, and cold in its icy grasp, have alike defied the painter's skill. To this assertion we cannot deem the commendable efforts made by Mr. WALTON to take possession of Alpino heights as an exception. The 'Aiguille Verte' transcends his strength and eludes his microscopic vision, for paint cannot feign the elements, nor canvas compass illimitable space. The snow on the Matterhorn, which blinds the eye by radiant light, finds no equivalent in white lead, and the depth of the liquid sky cannot be expressed by a surface of blue paint. Mr. Walton's labours are most praiseworthy, and it is only to be regretted that he has set himself an impossible task. Snow mountains are only to be painted in the general, and at a distance. Stanfield has done this with success.—VICAT COLE contributes a minutely studied 'Harvest Field' (4) after his usual manner.—Mr. JUTSUM, in 'The Cottage Homestead' (38), is neat, prim, and spruce. We have rarely noticed of late the mannerism of the well-known "Jutsum tree touch" turned to better account.—Mr. MELBY, in the 'Scottish Fishing Boat' (67), paints a heaving sea, with free motion and bold dash. We have seldom seen waves so transparent, almost, indeed, translucent; nor as seldom found light, shade, and colour so delicately modulated in tender transitions from blue to green and grey.

FIGURE PICTURES.

The exhibition contains, as in former years, fancy or ideal heads, which might be collected into a gallery of beauty. Mr. BUCKNER contributes to the galaxy two stars, the one, 'La Biondina' (541), softly placid as the silver light of Hesperus, the other, 'La Brunetta' (217), shadowed as by the darkness of sable night. Mr. Buckner is one of the most dainty of painters; sugar-and-water sentiment and attar-of-roses confection it were impossible to concoct in form more palatable.—Mr. DICKSEE paints 'Miranda' (453)—hair bunched with coral spray, the features exquisite in form, the drawing precise, the execution clean and clear,—a gem, surely, of the first water,—

"Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world!"

Near to 'Miranda' hangs, in contrast, a simple, innocent child, by C. S. LIDDER-

DALE, a little girl who, the catalogue tells us, is "going home" (461), and surely a home-bound intent is in the countenance. Mr. Lidderdale is always scrupulous to literal truth.—In the same room are several heads which claim a polite bow of recognition in passing. 'The Beauty of Valcutia' (351), who presides at the head of the gallery, is not quite the perfect lady, and so Mr. Burgess puts her off in a manner of careless indifference. Had he known that her charms would win a place of conspicuous honour, he might have thought it worth while to throw the mantilla with more considerate care on her shoulders.—Among Mr. HALLE's numerous figures, we may take the first that comes to hand as an example of all the rest. In 'Two Pets' (492), the artist has extended his scale, but not changed his model. We do not see that he puts more into his large frames than he has hitherto managed to concentrate within smaller limits.—Mr. A. JOHNSTON shows this year not at his best. His 'Flower Girl' (285) is conspicuous for his failings rather than for his force. It is true that we recognise the artist's usual show, his resource of pallet, and his power of dash; but then, likewise, we deplore a display which scarcely escapes meretriciousness.—Decidedly the most masterly study in the Exhibition is the head of 'Suleiman' (174), by H. W. PHILLIPS. It is painted in a large, firm manner. The features are drawn with decisive hand, and the complexion of dusky copper has been used, as with the Venetians, for a deep note of harmony, that breaks into positive rhapsody in the blaze of colour which burns in the turbaned turban. Mr. Phillips paints a downright honest work.

Mr. RITCHIE possesses a dangerous cleverness and facility, which will mislead him grievously, if he do not take to severe study in time. 'The Border Fair' (319), abounds in point and racy character; but the artist attempts too much; he hurries over his innumerable figures with a slovenly slur, and blackens his heroes by a vulgarity not within the reach of nature.—Mr. HAYLLAR, a painter from whom much is expected, has certainly, in 'Crying Forfeits' (593), thrown himself away. The subject is too trivial for the scale in which it has been put upon canvas. The contrasted colours in the dresses of the two young ladies are discordant; and these draperies, moreover, are nothing but heaps of material, thrown into folds wholly irrespective of the human form beneath. Even a costume-painter cannot utterly ignore anatomy.—Different every way is Mr. PETTIE's naturalistic group, 'Out of an Engagement' (312), a work after its kind scarcely to be surpassed. The *dramatis persone* are strolling players, father and two children—evidently of the most vagrant and nomadic sort. Here is genius under difficulties, talent out at the elbows, stomachs and cupboards alike empty. Great skill is seen in the putting together of this picture, and purpose is carried throughout even to the minor accessories.

'The Three Sisters' (118), by W. R. RICHMOND, will probably rank as one of the chief surprises and successes of the year. It has been said that this charming work shows the influence of Giorgione, and again others may see an idea or two borrowed from Millais. This is in part true. The colour has a Giorgione glow which Mr. Millais himself may have emulated. The conception is subdued into profound quietism, as if these young sisters were shadowed under a sorrow beyond their years; and this too is a characteristic of Pre-Raphaelite painters, both ancient and modern. Yet,

notwithstanding, the work is sustained in sufficient independence. It evinces rare sense of beauty, deep delight in colour, winning softness in execution, refined delicacy in drawing, with watchful care in detailed execution. The artist probably will obtain more power as he gains greater confidence.

In the space that remains, a few pictures may be passed under rapid review. A. T. PATTEN depicts 'Guilt' (502); the crying guilt is that such a picture should be painted at all. Savage lightning divides the night with a smoky street lamp, otherwise the artist would have veiled his horrors in a blackness impenetrable.—'A Lesson in Faith' (475), by G. E. HICKS, is an example of forced affectation in the naming of a picture. The execution is lax.—'Baby's Corner' (51), by FRANK WYBURD, may be accepted as a refined picture after this artist's usual smoothness of surface, skin deep. A little more ruggedness of nature would vastly improve Mr. Wyburd's works.—Near at hand is 'A Spanish Beggar' (39), by C. S. LIDDERDALE, a diligent study, delicately painted.—'The Sleeping Babes in the Wood' (358), an old subject enough, obtains gay rehabilitation by C. LUCY. The two children are brightly spangled in red, yellow, blue, and green; that they should have come to grief is sad and strange!—'Cherries' (392), by G. D. LESLIE, nothing more than an every-day subject, has been treated in that quaint, hard, and medieval manner which goes by the name "Pre-Raphaelite."—'La Jeunesse dorée' (396), by D. WILKIE WYNFIELD, is a composition of colour evidently managed on the sumptuously decorative principle of Paul Veronese. The artist must repeat the experiment ere he can attain the balanced harmonies of his great predecessor.—W. E. FROST, A.R.A., gives us, in miniature, a pretty replica of a poetic composition. His forms are of an ideal, almost of an icy beauty, seldom found save in classic Art. Chaste nudity he models with the unconscious innocence of nature.

Some works we have passed by from want of space; others we have refrained to mention from kindly consideration to artists who, in failure, have yet done their best. Speaking generally, there is a painful want of completeness in the large majority of the pictures in this gallery, and it is impossible not to institute in imagination a comparison between this modern collection and the exhibition of old masters held each year within these walls. Our modern school, it is to be feared, has little of the earnest intent of older times, little faith in the great truths by which painters of other days sought to make their generation better and nobler. It is melancholy to have to confess that the pictures which here aim at what may be supposed to be high Art, are just the works it is most sad to see. Judging from this gallery indeed, the sooner high Art and academic styles are extinct the better. The hope of our English school evidently lies, for years yet to come, in a wholly different direction. It may be that each epoch in the world's history has the commission entrusted to it of working out to utmost completion some one paramount thought or purpose. To our age is not given the triumph of imagination, or the spell wrought through ideal beauty; rather to painters in these times belong the strength which comes from nature's literal study, the truth which the intellect sees clearly, and the facts which the hand grasps firmly. Thus it happens that the best works in the British Institution have value just in proportion as they are naturalistic.

SKETCHES BY D. ROBERTS, R.A.

THERE are many reasons why an exhibition of the sketches of the late David Roberts should be regarded with deep interest. In all his labours he was popular, but his folio from the 'Holy Land' bore his name into abodes of learning wherein a knowledge of Art was regarded rather as a disqualification than an accomplishment, and a love of Art an unworthy attachment. But this publication has given extraordinary value to the original drawings, certainly greater than they would be estimated at without such association; and hence one source of powerful attraction. The drawings and sketches left by Mr. Roberts are in number about eight hundred, a large proportion of which may now be seen at No. 9, Conduit Street. They are principally in water-colour, but there are also many in oil. Not a few of the water-colour sketches are extremely slight; they seem to have been left unfinished from a feeling that the subjects did not promise well either for painting or lithography. On the other hand, those that are more fully detailed have obviously been determined by the artist as the bases of prospective pictures. The drawings most favourably shown are the Holy Land and Egyptian series; there are the hypothetical temple, and other views at Philo; Luxor, several subjects; Abosimble; the Temple of Offelina; Dendera and Tenturis; Wady Saboun; Joppa, several subjects; Jerusalem, many subjects; El Dair, the temple at Petra, and other sketches in the same valley; Hebron, Nablous, Lake Tiberias, Bethlehem, &c. To say that these drawings are devoid of manner would be saying, firstly, what is far from true; and, in the next place, it would be an assertion depreciative of their excellence. For the purpose intended, nothing can surpass the feeling in which the subjects are set forth; they are described in terms of Art that impress us with a deep sense of their solitude or their sacredness. Thus, what the artist has striven to do he has accomplished fully in many instances, that is, to make these *religies* speak out from their beginning. Twenty-six years ago the journey from London Bridge to Jacob's Well was not then, as now, a vacation tour; but our ubiquitous countrymen now daily write their names on Egyptian remains, and return home bitterly disappointed that they do not realise the promise of Roberts's great book; the objects themselves are more difficult to read than is the artist's interpretation of them. Some of the studies were intended for painting in oil, such as the Chapel of the Annunciation at Nazareth, the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, &c., which differ in treatment materially from those intended only for lithography.

In the drawings made before 1830, Mr. Roberts does not show himself in advance of his contemporaries; in the views in Abbeville, Brussels, Antwerp, &c., he has never been able to escape from mere locality; but at that time he was still a student, as was shown in his subsequent Spanish views, which took the public by surprise, not so much by the novelty of the subjects as by the dignity conferred upon them. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Roberts's practice as a scene-painter did not exert certain influences on his practice in easel-painting. In nothing, however, that he has ever done is there the slightest taint of scenic show. He was bred up amid the most seductive vanities of the art, but his virtue was proof against the ordeal. He had the discrimination to extract from this kind of study all the good it could give him. From a long habit of looking at large painted surfaces he became an adept in the disposition and harmonising of quantities, inasmuch as to acquire a perfect command of effect in small drawings. The only trace of theatrical expediency in his works is his exaggeration of the principal members of certain of his compositions, as the Castle St. Angelo, St. Peter's, the Colosseum, St. Paul's, Antwerp Cathedral; but withal few painters have left behind them so much of soundness, and this exhibition of his drawings is a sight that no lover of Art should omit visiting.

THE ART-WORKS

OF THE LATE

REV. EDWARD PRYCE OWEN, M.A.

It is a trite but true saying, that "one half of the world knows not how the other half lives." Equally true is it that, though the great majority of mankind is composed of workers, one half of the world has no conception how the other half works. There are men whose reputation is made by the constant, yet silent, labours of others; some whose works are made manifest to the world as their own; and others again, diligent, earnest, enthusiastic labourers in a special field of action—chosen by themselves or forced upon them by an impulse which they cannot resist—the history of whose lives and the fruits resulting therefrom are scarcely known beyond the immediate circle of their acquaintance. Of such diversified elements are the world's workers, great and small, composed:—

"Thus some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage."

How much of the knowledge we now possess has descended to us from those who worked, centuries ago, in cloistered cell, seen by, and known to, none save their fellow-recluses—men who "dried their brains in dim libraries," and found companionship only when the monastery bell called the brotherhood into chapel; or, by way of relaxation, the care of their little gardens, laid out between far-projecting buttresses, walled them into the open air! Those monks of old well knew how to build their nests, and where to build them; in pleasant valleys sheltered by richly-wooded uplands, and watered by clear and swift streams, and laden in summer-time with the breath of a thousand wild flowers. From those grand mediæval edifices, the ruins of which we now gaze on with wonder and admiration, came forth uncontrovertible witnesses of the mental labours of the men who dwelt within them. How many of the great discoveries of science and of the mysteries of nature in later times have been revealed only to those who were comparatively hidden from human eye! Men of thought must almost of necessity work in solitude; but a time surely comes, sooner or later, when they shine out as lights in the world, and their names are enrolled on the records of a nation's history, an enduring testimony that they have not lived and worked in vain.

These thoughts naturally suggested themselves on looking over, a few months since, a large volume of etchings, the work of one whose name was even unknown to us, and probably to most others also, till very recently, and of whose productions the world, except his own friends and connections, was, in all probability, as ignorant as ourselves. Mr. Owen was one of the silent, hidden workers—hidden only because he chose to keep so—whose labours as an artist fully entitle him to no obscure niche in the temple of Art; a man of genius pursuing his favourite employment with indomitable energy and perseverance almost to the end of a long protracted life, and leaving behind him a rich legacy of paintings, drawings, etchings, &c., as the fruits of his talent and industry, and in number and quality such as many an artist of high professional reputation would be proud to acknowledge as his own.

The Rev. Edward Pryce Owen, M.A., of Bettws Hall, Montgomeryshire, Roderic House, Cheltenham, and of 4, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square—the same street

as that in which Turner so long resided—was born in March, 1788. His father, the Ven. Archdeacon of Salop, Hugh Owen, a scholar and learned antiquarian, sprung from an ancient race, being the twenty-sixth in descent from Edwyn Teyaingl, Prince of Powis, and founder of the tribe of that name. The son was educated at the Gram-

mar School, Shrewsbury, then presided over by Dr. Butler, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield. He subsequently was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, and graduated there in due time, though he did not take his M.A. degree till 1828. His earliest predilections would have induced him to join the army, and he possessed



THE BRIDGE OF VARDOME.

many qualities which would have well fitted him for the military profession, such as great powers of endurance, a love of athletic sports, activity of body and mind, and an innate ability to command. But he at length decided upon taking holy orders, and having received ordination, settled in London. During seven years he was alternate morning preacher at Park Street and Gros-

venor Chapels, acquiring great popularity as an eloquent and faithful minister of the Church. In 1823, Mr. Owen was inducted into the valuable living of Wellington *cum* Eyton, Shropshire, which he held till 1840, and then resigned it.

Before finally quitting Wellington, however, Mr. Owen had visited France and Belgium, bringing back with him nume-



SCARBOROUGH.

rous sketches of the scenery of the Low Countries and their inhabitants, executed, though entirely a self-taught artist himself, with great power and truth, either with pen and ink, or in neutral tint: from his earliest years he had shown an ardent love of Art, and great ability in its practice. But on leaving his Shropshire incumbency, a second

and more lengthened tour on the Continent was undertaken, during which there was scarcely a place of any importance or interest in North and South Italy, the Levant, Germany, Switzerland, France, and Belgium, that he did not visit. The drawings made by Mr. Owen on this and subsequent tours in some parts of England and

Wales, fill twelve thick folio volumes. Nor were these sketches limited to one class of subject: landscapes, architecture, figures single and in groups, are treated with equal freedom and skill of pencil. He appears to have been sensible, in an extraordinary degree, to the beauties of Nature, and endowed with the faculty of rapidly transferring to paper the varied atmospheric effects of light and shade, rarely retouching what he first placed on it.

Mr. Owen had reached the age of fifty ere he attempted to paint in oil-colours; but from that period till quite the close of his life he worked most diligently and enthusiastically at his easel: to what extent may be inferred from the fact that at the time of his death, the number of oil pictures by his own hand, hanging at his residence in Queen Anne Street, was little short of four hundred, besides others at Prestbury Lodge, and in Cheltenham. These were painted either from sketches made by him, or from his own designs, for among them are not a few historical subjects. Only in one instance did he ever make a copy, and that was in the case of a very fine Teniers. He set his palette regularly at nine o'clock each morning, and worked till two in the afternoon, standing the whole time, and at a considerable distance from his easel: hence his manner is bold and broad in execution, especially in his larger pictures, rather than highly finished; yet there is no appearance in them of careless or slight handling.

His paintings, like the sketches already referred to, include almost every kind of subject. The English landscapes are principally taken from his own native county, whose picturesque beauty had many charms for his pencil, particularly the scenery round about Wellington, and the villages of Harman, Lillishall, Buildwas, on the banks of the Severn, Wenlock Abbey, Coalbrooke Dale, and the Wrekin. One of Mr. Owen's finest landscapes is a view in the vicinity of this mountain; two others are of Orleton Park, the seat of Mr. Cludde; and he has left behind him several excellent pictures sketched among the collieries at Ketley. These last works are remarkable for no little grandeur of composition, and for vivid colour, producing the most striking effects. The adjoining Welsh counties also supplied him with numerous subjects, especially the scenery between Dolgelly and Barnmouth. Of the Welsh pictures, some interiors of cottages deserve particular notice for their strong Rembrandtish effect. Hastings was another favourite locality of this enthusiastic amateur-painter. Several pictures were the result of his temporary sojournings here, the most important, perhaps, of which represents a fisherman rescuing a female from drowning.

We have spoken of a volume of etched plates by Mr. Owen, as the medium through which his name as an artist became known to us. These works, irrespective of his paintings, would entitle him to a distinguished place among those who, in this country, have successfully used the *point*. The book, which is not published, contains a considerable number of etchings, large and small, but we understand Mr. Owen executed many more. All are from his own pictures, or sketches, excepting a few copied from drawings made by his father, who himself was a good draughtsman: these last etchings were executed to illustrate the archdeacon's publications on the history of Shrewsbury. Mrs. Owen has very courteously permitted us to transfer to our pages some of the subjects etched by her lamented husband: they are seen

in seven out of the eight cuts which accompany this notice. The other, called 'Drowned,' is copied from a masterly sketch in oil colours. Wood-engraving, however skillfully executed, cannot imitate the spirit and richness of the etching-point; still these cuts afford a very faithful idea of Mr. Owen's composition, manner of treating a subject, and his management of *chiar-oscuro*. Here is ample variety—architect-

ture, landscape, marine views, and a figure-subject of a peculiar kind: each and all are evidently the productions of one possessing a thorough knowledge of Art, both theoretically and practically. 'Scarborough,' and 'The Mill,' may, for effect, be classed with the best works of Rembrandt and Backhuysen respectively. Our copies are on a scale greatly reduced from that of the originals. But we are also able to intro-



THE WELSH BRIDGE, SHREWSBURY.

duce a specimen of an etching from Mr. Owen's hand, in the large print of 'Milking Time,' the plate of which was lent to us for the purpose. The cow-shed is one of those interiors frequently seen in the colliery district of Wellington, and the figures wear the garb of the miners. The scene very much resembles an interior such as some of the old Flemish painters put on canvas.

and it is treated in a manner scarcely inferior to the best of these. The *needle* is here used with equal delicacy and power, resulting in a bold, luminous effect.

But we must turn over the leaves of the folio volume now lying open on our table: the first print is a portrait of Mr. Owen, from a painting by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.; it is a half-length, taken, it may be sup-



THE MILL.

posed, when he was in the prime of life; the face is bright, manly, intelligent, yet soft in expression, and kindly; the forehead high and broad; the eyes are clear and penetrating; this plate is admirably etched. Shrewsbury—with the exception of Chester the most picturesque town in England, full as it is of old half-timbered houses, so dear to architectural painters—appears to have been the favourite sketching-ground of this

artist: two of the woodcuts introduced into our pages are views in Shrewsbury; one of a street in the town, the other is of the Welsh Bridge; both are copied from small etchings in the book. There are, however, in the volume several engravings of larger size, and altogether more important in character. A view of the ancient massive tower near the entrance of the Welsh Bridge—it is seen in the woodcut on this page—is

a remarkably bold and effective plate. The gateway, which is embattled and pierced, in the turrets flanking each side, with windows, is a most picturesque object; over the arch is a canopied recess, containing

the figure of a mailed warrior, on each side of which is a shield with a coat of arms; lichens, and ivy, and other parasitical plants overgrow portions of the stone-work, every fragment of which is most carefully marked

on to the centro of the room, is a skillfully-arranged composition, most effective in light and shade. 'Plastow Mill,' one of the overshot mills so common in Wales, is a cleverly-handled subject. 'The Pulpit in the Abbey Garden, Shrewsbury,' a fine bit of architectural ruin, in form like a Gothic oriel window, is a large etching, and, in spite of a little heaviness in the shadows and foliage, makes a most interesting picture. Better than this, however, because free from the fault indicated, is 'The North Porch of the Abhey, Salop,' a venerable and picturesque study, looking as ancient on paper as does the building itself in reality, so well has the artist shown the ravages of time on its sculptured surface, and its decorated niches and windows; a group of peasants by the doorway appears with great effect. 'Mardol Street, Shrewsbury,' is another large etching of great merit: the nearer houses are some centuries old; they have storeys overlapping each other, and large casement windows, and ornamental plaster fronts; the view is taken from a capital point, and is treated with genuine artistic feeling.

Of the old Benedictine Abbey of Shrewsbury, founded, in 1083, by Robert de Montgomery, who was related to William the Conqueror, nothing remains but a portion of an embattled wall; the ground whereon it stood is now partially occupied by a modern mansion, and in the garden adjoining the house is the beautiful stone pulpit just referred to. The abbey church, a cruciform structure, was almost destroyed at the Dissolution, but the nave, western tower, and north porch remain, and constitute the parish church of Holy Cross. The north porch has been noticed among Mr. Owen's etchings. There is also in the volume a smaller and highly-finished etching of the church itself, taken from a point nearly opposite the western entrance.

Among other plates deserving special allusion, the following may be pointed out:—the 'Font of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury,' a remarkably curious group of old houses in Bristol; 'Boats on the Sea-shore,' a moonlight scene, executed with masterly effect; 'Haughman Abbey, Shropshire,' one of the largest etchings in the volume, and one of the most beautiful, because of its delicacy; 'Falstaff at the Battle of Shrewsbury,' 'South Transept Door, St. Mary's, Shrewsbury,' to which a strange interest is given, by the introduction of an old man contemplating a huge mass of dock leaves, &c. There are also some heads of Rembrandtish character, several small figure subjects humorous in design, and a multitude of little gems, which we have no space to particularise. Enough, it may be presumed, has been said to show, with the accompanying illustrations, that if Mr. Owen had determined to make his works public, they would have been accepted as among the best which this age has produced. Our object in this brief and inadequate paper is to rescue his name and what he has left behind from comparative obscurity; both deserve to be widely known, and the former must find a place in the roll of great British artists, though only an amateur, or the record will be incomplete.

Mr. Owen died at Cheltenham on the 15th of July, 1863, at the age of seventy-six. A local paper referring to the event, and after eulogising his extraordinary talent for painting and engraving, says:—"We must not forget to pay a tribute to his nobler qualities,—his social virtues, his



HIGH STREET, SHREWSBURY.

out and solidly rendered by the artist's tools. This is followed by a still larger plate, showing the bridge in perspective; it is a masterly piece of etching, the retiring

distance soft and mellowed in beautiful contrast to the vigour and power of the nearer portions of the picture. These two plates, and some others of a similar cha-



THE WAYSIDE INN.

racter which follow, will bear favourable comparison with the magnificent series of etchings by George Cuijt, published many years ago under the title of "Wanderings and Pencilings among Ruins of the Olden

Time." An 'Interior of a Cottage,' a large apartment with plastered walls, and the domestic utensils hung thereon, strewed on the flooring, and piled on the bench, with the light streaming from a small window

goodness and kindness of heart, the genuine suavity of his manner, and the noble candour and cheerfulness of his mind. These gave a charm to his society—a life to his

conversation, and must continue to endear his memory to all who had the happiness and the advantage of his friendship." His own ardent love of Art led him to encourage



CUPID.

it in others, while his naturally amiable disposition rendered him more anxious to see what was excellent in their works, than to criticise and point out defects. He was one of Eddy's earliest friends, and had great

influence with him. Mr. Owen's collection of pictures by other hands than his own was good; it contained some fine examples of Eddy and W. Müller.

Besides his widow, Mr. Owen left behind



DROWNED!

him a son, Hugh D. Owen, Esq., of Prestbury Lodge—to which mansion the pictures formerly in Queen Anne Street have been

removed—and a daughter, Mary, the wife of Creyoe Colmore, Esq., of Moor End, near Cheltenham. J. D.

MR. A. H. LAYARD, M.P., ON ART.

On the evening of the 12th of January a lecture was delivered at the Assembly Rooms, Kennington, by Mr. Layard, Under Foreign Secretary, on "The History of Art." The ultimate object of the appearance of the Hon. Member was to aid the Lambeth School of Art in liquidating a debt contracted for materials, and to further the purpose of the institution generally. The chairman of the school, the Rev Robert Gregory, Incumbent of St. Mary's, Lambeth, introduced the lecturer, and in so doing remarked on the amount of good work that was done, noticing the fact that in the last competition four National Medallions were taken by pupils, the largest number awarded to any one school by the Department of Science and Art. These prizes were gained for original designs, or for drawings from the figure, a conclusive proof that the aim of the school teachings was high. Six students had been admitted into the schools of the Royal Academy, and others were preparing probationary works. Yet, continued the chairman, this most useful and successful school might at no distant time be compelled to close its doors, in common with all other similar institutions, if the authorities at South Kennington did not deal liberally with it in the new Minutes which were so anxiously expected, and which would of course be framed on the recommendation of the parliamentary committee that sat last year, with Sir Stafford Northcote as chairman. It was much to be hoped that the Department would see the necessity of giving more vitality to the Lambeth school.

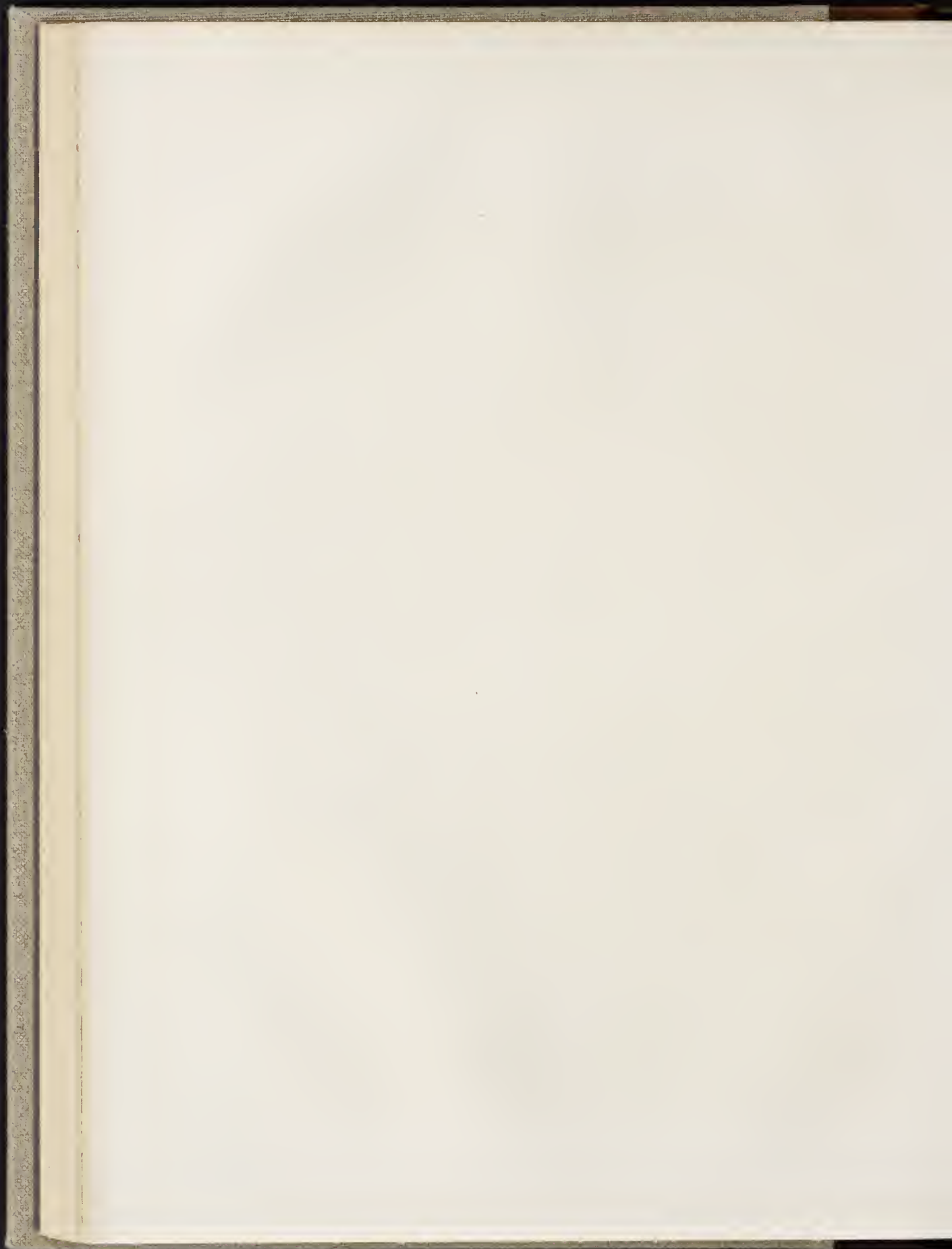
Mr. Layard's lecture, which was listened to with marked attention by an audience considerably smaller, we regret to say, than it would have been under a more favourable state of weather, was a clear and mastery exposition of the early history of Art, chiefly. True Art, he said, consisted in a perfect appreciation and combination of form and colour. Some nations had one, and some the other; but without a combination of the two, no country had ever been great in Art. The Assyrians and the Egyptians had the earliest appreciation of both; and thus whatever each produced possessed the elements of beauty. The arts of a nation depended on the character of the people; thus the massive, invariable character of Egyptian Art corresponded to the character of an exclusive, unchanging people, possessing unlimited command of stone materials. On the other hand, Assyrian Art represented a conquering, ambitious people, prone to assimilate the characteristics of the different nations with whom they came in contact. From these two peoples the Greeks collected the chief features of their Arts, and developed those beautiful forms which yet are the admiration of the world. Etruscan and Roman Art was only a reproduction of Greek Art; and architecture alone, or chiefly, is that in which the Romans distinguished themselves. Mr. Layard enlarged considerably upon this latter topic, describing the exportation of Roman architecture eastward to form the basis of Arabian, Moorish, Turkish, and Mahometan Art, and westward to form that of Romanesque and Gothic. Speaking of modern Art, he touched chiefly on the English school, criticising severely our shortcomings in architecture, as expressed in the National Gallery, the British Museum, and other public buildings; and in sculpture, in our public statues and monuments. He considered, however, there was a hopeful future for British Art, arising out of the establishment and success of Art-schools throughout the country, and that money spent by Government on these institutions would prove the very best investment. He trusted that his constituents in Southwark would avail themselves of the Lambeth school to organise a branch institution for themselves. To this expressed hope we will add one of our own, which is, that when the case of the schools comes before Parliament, the hon. gentleman will use all his influence, both as a member and as holding office in the Government, to put them in a condition which will satisfy the masters and promote the real interests of the students.



MILKING-TIME

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY THE REV. EDWARD PRYCE OWEN

LONDON: AMES & CO. 1851.



FACTS ABOUT FINGER-RINGS.

CHAPTER II.—MEDIEVAL RINGS.

THE rings worn by the higher class of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors during the Heptarchy were often very beautiful, and of imposing form. One of the finest that has fallen under the author's notice belonged to the Rev. H. B. Hutchings, of Appleshaw, Hants,* who stated that it was found in a meadow at Bosington, near Stockbridge, in the same county, by a labourer who saw it among a heap of peat. It was therefore probably lost in crossing marshy ground. The engraving gives a side and front view of this interesting relic; the whole is of gold



and is of considerable weight and thickness; the gold threads are all beautifully reeded, and the lettering and head executed with great care. The inscription reads NOMEN ELLILA FID IN XPO, equivalent to its owner saying "My name is Ella, my faith is in Christ."

The beautiful and remarkable collection of rings formed by Edmund Waterton, Esq., F.S.A., to which I have already made frequent allusion, includes a ring of South Saxon workmanship, which was found in the Thames at Chelsea in 1856. The face of this ring, Fig. 2, is an elongated oval, with a circular centre. Within this circle is the conventional figure of a dragon, surrounded by convoluted ornament, reminding us forcibly of the prevailing enrichments so lavishly bestowed on old Runic monuments, at home and abroad. Four quaintly-formed heads of dragons occupy the triangular spaces, above and below this centre. This ring is of silver. The ground between the ornament has been cut down, probably for the insertion of niello or enamel colours.

Fig. 3 is an historic relic of singular interest, and a remarkable work of early Art. It is the ring of Ethelwulf, King of

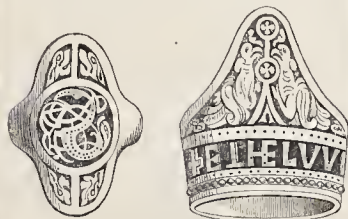


Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Wessex (the father of Alfred the Great), who reigned A.D. 836--838, and bears the royal name upon it. It was found in the parish of Laverstock, Hants, in a cart-rut, where it had become much crushed and defaced. The form is remarkable, the front

* This venerable clergyman died soon after I saw and engraved this ring, as an illustration to the volume describing the congress of the British Archaeological Association at Winchester, in 1845. What became of it since then I know not; it adds another to the many unfortunate losses of fine antiquities when isolated in private hands.

rising pyramidally. Two birds of conventional form face each other, a flower ornament dividing them; these decorations, like those on Mr. Waterton's ring just described, are relieved by a ground of glossy bluish-black enamel, cavities having been cut between the ornament for its reception. This ring is of gold, weighing 11 dwts. 14 grs.; it is now preserved in the British Museum.

Mr. Waterton is the fortunate possessor of a ring second only in interest and value to this royal relic. It is the ring of Ahlstan, Bishop of Sherborne, the friend and coun-



sellor of King Ethelwulf, who flourished A.D. 817--867. It was discovered in Carnarvonshire, and has the name of the bishop in divided letters distributed on the circular rosettes of the design; they are connected by lozenge-shaped floriated ornaments, having dragons in their centres. Our cut gives the general form and detail of this beautiful ring, which is remarkable for the elegance of its design. It is of gold, like the preceding ring; both being admirable illustrations of the *champ-levé* process of enamelling as practised in the ninth century.

A remarkable discovery of coins and treasure was made in 1840 by workmen employed in digging at Cuedale, near Preston, in Lancashire. It consisted of a large mass of silver, in the form of ingots or bars of various sizes, a few armlets and rings, and portions of other ornaments, cut into pieces as if for melting. With them were packed nearly seven thousand coins of various descriptions, consisting of Anglo-Saxon pennies, others struck by the second race of French kings, a few Oriental coins, and others which appear to have been coined by some of the piratical northern chieftains. This treasure was minutely examined by E. Hawkins, F.R.S., late keeper of antiquities in the British Museum, and he came to the conclusion that it had been deposited about the year 910, and that the ornaments must be considered such as were worn about the time of Alfred, or perhaps somewhat earlier. The rings retain much of the primitive British form, as will be seen on examining the two selected for engraving here. Fig. 5 bears great resemblance to Fig. 11, in the preceding chapter; but it is beaten out into a broader face, which is covered with an indented ornament produced by a chisel-shaped punch of triangular form, the points of two conjoined in



Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

one pattern, the edge of the ring on each side further enriched by a series of dots. Fig. 6 has a still broader face, which is decorated by groups of three circles each, somewhat irregularly distributed over the

surface, with indented lines between them. The open end of this ring has been drawn together and secured by a coil of wire. Such rings were probably worn by the middle classes.

The passion for gems and jewellery was excessive among all the Gothic nations. When Alaric pillaged Rome, his booty in this way was enormous; and it is recorded that his princess, Placidia, received as a present from the conqueror's brother, fifty basins filled with precious stones of inestimable value. Not only were the persons of these sovereigns and nobles covered with gems, inserted in girdles, sword-scabbards, on borders of garments or shoes; but vases, dishes, bowls, drinking-cups, as well as portable articles of furniture, caskets, &c., were similarly enriched. The Ostrogoth and Wisigoth kings amassed, in Tolosa and Narbonne, immense treasures in gems and gold and silver vessels. When Narbonne was pillaged, the number of ornaments of pure gold enriched with gems that fell to the conquerors would scarcely be credited, were the details recorded by less trustworthy authors, or not corroborated by some few works of the same age which have fortunately descended to us.

The Church shared largely in this wealth; crosses, reliquaries, and sacred vessels of all kinds, were made of the most costly material, and encrusted with gems. One of those ancient works may still be seen in Cologne Cathedral—the *chasse*, or reliquary, containing the reputed skulls of the three Magi, of whom we shall soon have to speak more fully. This remarkable work is studded all over with engraved intaglios of Roman workmanship. Churchmen at this time were clever artificers; and the names of St. Dunstan in the British, and St. Eloi in the Gallic, church, will at once be remembered as working goldsmiths, who have since become the patron saints of confraternities of their followers.

The higher clergy on all solemn occasions displayed much personal decoration. A jewelled ring was part of the necessary costume of a bishop when arrayed in full pontificals. It indicated his rank, was made for him, and buried with him. The treasures of our old cathedrals still possess a few of these rings. One of the earliest and most curious is kept by the Dean of Winchester, and is represented Fig. 7. It

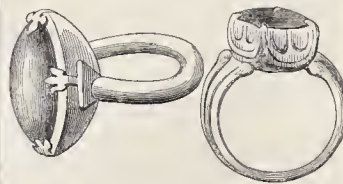


Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.

was found during the repair of the choir under the tomb of William Rufus, and is supposed to have been the pontifical ring of Henry de Blois, Cardinal, and Bishop of Winchester, A.D. 1129. It is a massive ring of solid gold, set with an oval irregularly-shaped sapphire, *en cabochon*, polished only, not cut—held in its heavy socket by four fleurs-de-lys, and still further secured by drilling through its centre a passage for a gold wire, a reckless way of treating valuable jewels, which is characteristic of almost all these early works.

Dignity, as exhibited by weight and simplicity, seems to have been chiefly regarded in the design of these old episcopal insignia. In the sacristy at York Minster

is preserved a very excellent specimen, Fig. 9. This was found in the tomb of Archbishop Sewall, who died in 1256. With it is kept another fine ring of more elaborate design (Fig. 10), which was discovered in the tomb of Archbishop Greenfield, who died in 1315. The foliations which curl around the central stone and its setting, take the prevailing forms adopted in architectural enrichments of the archbishop's age. The stones usually chosen for such rings were ruby, emerald, or crystal, and had a signi-



Fig. 9.



Fig. 10.

fiance usual with all things connected with the Roman Catholic Church; ruby indicated its glory, emerald its tranquillity and happiness, and crystal its simplicity and purity. The diamond typified invulnerable faith; the sapphire, hope; the onyx, sincerity; the amethyst, humility.

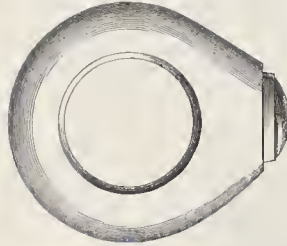
In the old romance of "Sir Degrevant," we are told that at the marriage of the hero there came

"Archbishops with rings
More than fifteen."

In the romance of "King Athelstan," (also a work of the fourteenth century) the king exclaims to an offending archbishop—

"Lay down thy cross, and thy staff,
Thy mitre, and thy ring, that I to thee gaff:
Out of my land thou fee."

The episcopal ring, being thus necessarily a mark of rank, was worn about this time over the gloves; sometimes as a thumb-ring, and often of very large size. The ornaments of the clergy became more massive as the wealth of the Church increased.



As the clergy were during church service separated from the laity, many of the latter were at a considerable distance from them. This may be a reason for the size adopted for episcopal rings. A late Dean of St. Patrick's had in his collection a very large ring of this kind, here represented from a sketch made by the author when it was in the possession of W. Huxtable, F.S.A., in 1847. It was of bronze, thickly gilt, and set with a crystal.

This peculiar form was generally adopted for rings at this period. The Londesborough collection furnishes us with a curious specimen (Fig. 11), formed of gilt copper, and set with a small ruby, which must have stood forth from the finger in what would now be considered as a most inconvenient manner. Fig. 12 exhibits the form of the plain hooped ring, simply decorated with quatrefoils on each side of the stone (in this instance a small irregularly-shaped saphire), which is embedded in a somewhat solid setting projecting from the ring.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1848 is engraved a massive ring, also of brass,

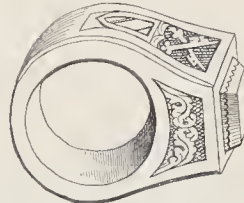


Fig. 11.



Fig. 12.

thickly gilt, the hoop chased with the arms of Pope Pius II.* (the famed *Aeneas Sylvius*), and his name, *Papa Pio*, between the tiara and the cross-keys. On each of the four sides of this ring appears one of the four beasts of the Revelation, typifying the Evangelists: they are executed in high relief. It is set with a large topaz. This ring has since passed into Mr. Waterton's fine collection, who is the fortunate possessor of others of the same class. One in the Londesborough collection is here engraved, as a good specimen



of the general design adopted for such rings. The crossed-keys surmount a coat of arms on one side of the ring; the keys alone appear on the opposite side; foliated ornament fills the space above the circlet on either side. This ring is set with a large crystal.

Fig. 8 is the ordinary pontifical gold ring of investiture, used in the Anglican Church about this time. It was found at Winchester, and is preserved with Fig. 7, already described. It has a very massive setting for a large blue sapphire, and is very characteristic, though simple in its design.

We close our series of episcopal rings with one found in the cathedral at Hereford during the repairs of the choir in 1843, which rendered the removal of the beautifully carved alabaster monument of Bishop Stanbery unavoidable. This bishop held the see from 1452 until his death in May,



1474. Upon opening the tomb a few fragments of bone were discovered, very small portions of the mere remains of the silk of the robes in which the body of the bishop was enveloped, and this beautiful ring. It is of gold, set with a sapphire; the sides of the ring are decorated with sprays and

* He was elected 1418, and died 1461.

flowers on a ground of dark enamel; and inside is the motto "*cu bon au*."

A very large ring bearing great general resemblance to the episcopal ring, was occasionally worn as a thumb-ring by the laity. A specimen of such an one is selected from the Londesborough collection. It is somewhat roughly formed of mixed metal, and has upon the circular face a conventional representation of a monkey looking at himself in a hand-mirror. This is surrounded by a cable moulding, and on each side is set two large stones. The outer edge of this ring is also decorated with a heavy cable moulding: inside, next the figure, is the cross and sacred monogram, placed on each



side of the mystic word *ananzapta*, which we shall immediately have to explain more fully when speaking of the rings commonly worn as charms.

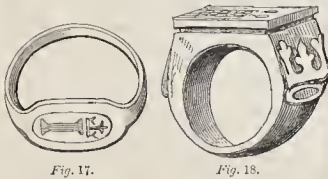
These massive thumb-rings were indicative of wealth or importance, when worn by the middle classes who had obtained any municipal position. When Falstaff speaks of his slenderness in his youth, he declares that he could then have "crept through an alderman's thumb-ring." Like the massive gold chains still worn by that honourable fraternity, they told of a trader's wealth. The inventories of personal property belonging to burgesses in the middle ages, contain frequent allusions to such rings, without which they would have felt shorn of an important part of their hard-earned honours. Among the wills and inventories preserved at Bury St. Edmund's, published by the Camden Society, is one made by Edward Lee, of that town, bearing date 1535, in which he bequeaths to a friend, "my double wreathed ring of gold, which I ware on my thumb." From this description it is evident that this ring must have borne great resemblance to that in our last woodcut, with its outer cable or double wreathed pattern. There is a brass in Hastings Church, Sussex, with the effigy of a gown'd citizen wearing such a ring. That such rings became in the end indicative of that class, and were retained in fashion for this reason when they had been long discarded from general use, may be safely inferred from the description of a character introduced in the Lord Mayor's Show in the year 1664, who is said to be "habited like a grave citizen—gold girdle and gloves hung thereon, rings on his fingers, and a seal



ring on his thumb." Such rings were evidently used according to the most ancient mode as personal signets, by such as were not entitled to bear arms; hence originated

the quaint inventions known as "merchant's marks," which were impressed on merchandise, painted on shields instead of armorial bearings, inserted in memorial windows of stained glass, and worn on the thumb for constant use in sealing. A very fine ring of this kind is engraved in the Journal of the Archaeological Institute, vol. iii., and is here copied. It was found in the bed of the Severn, near Upton, and is probably a work of the fifteenth century; it is of silver, and has been strongly gilt. The hoop is spirally grooved, and upon the circular face is a large letter H, surrounded by branches.

The custom of placing initial letters on rings is a very old one, and they are sometimes surmounted by crowns or coronets; hence they have frequently been mistakenly appropriated to royalty. Fig. 17 is a ring of this kind, with a crowned I upon it; hence it was once called "King John's ring." It is most probably the initial of the Saviour's name as King of the Jews, in the same way that the crowned M may indicate the Virgin Mary as "Queen of Heaven," a favourite popish designation. Such rings may have been worn from religious feeling, or from the superstitions belief in the efficacy of holy names as preservatives from evil. The baseness of the metal of which they are often made, and their consequent small value, precludes the possibility of their having belonged to royalty. The same remark will apply to a ring also engraved in the Journal of the Archaeological Institute, and now in the possession of the



Rev. Walter Sneyd. It is there described as of mixed yellow metal gilt; on either side of the hoop there is a crown (Fig 18), of the form commonly seen on coins of the twelfth century, and on the signet are the words, ROGERIVS REX, chased in high relief. In the form of the character they correspond closely with legends upon coins of Roger, second Duke of Apulia, of that name, crowned king of Sicily A.D. 1129; he died A.D. 1152. This ring has every appearance of genuine character, but it is difficult to explain for what purpose it was fabricated, the inscription not being inverted, and the letters in relief ill suited for producing an impression. It seems very improbable that King Roger should have worn a ring of base metal; and the conjecture may deserve consideration, that it was a signet not intended for the purpose of sealing, but entrusted in lieu of credentials to some envoy. The popular literature of the middle ages abundantly proves this custom to have been in general use. The tale of Iphomydon, in Weber's "Ancient Metrical Romances," notes the gift of a ring to the hero from his mother, which is to be used as a token of recognition to his illegitimate brother, and which is brought secretly to his notice by being dropped into his drinking horn. In the "Romance of Florence and Blancheflor," a ring serves the purpose of letters of introduction when the hero is on his travels, and ensures him hospitality when he deserves it.

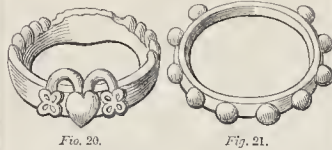
Rings sometimes bore the name and title of the Saviour in full, as in the example here selected from the Londesborough collection. Two hands are clasped in front; it

was, therefore, most probably a gift, or betrothal ring. It is silver, somewhat rudely fashioned. The inscription (here engraved below it) is in uncial characters, and



shorn of its somewhat awkward abbreviation, reads "Jesus Nazareneus Rex."

The same collection furnishes us with the specimen of a religious ring (Fig. 20), apparently a work of the fourteenth century. It has a heart in the centre, from which springs a double flower. On the upper edge of the ring are five protuberances on each side;



they were used to mark a certain number of prayers said by the wearer, who turned his ring as he said them, and so completed the series in the darkness of the night. Such rings are of very common occurrence, and must have been in general use. They are sometimes furnished with more prominent knobs, as in Fig. 21. They are termed decade rings when furnished with ten bosses, which were used to count the repetition of ten *aves*, but they are occasionally seen with one or two additional bosses; when there are eleven, they notify ten *aves* and a *pater-noster*; the addition of the twelfth marks the repetition of a creed.

E. W. FAIRHOLT.

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1865.

In a recent number of our Journal we brought under the notice of the reader the subject of this Exhibition, which it is proposed shall be inaugurated on the 9th of May. Much that we then hopefully anticipated is in steady progress towards realisation. The grounds surrounding the Winter Garden Palace are taking shape, and developing the incipient beauties which will have many charms when seen under the influence of a summer sky and a genial temperature in the "merry month of May." Plateau and terrace, trim grass and the mimic wilderness of rocky precipices and sylvan bowers, water basins and fountains with elaborate ornamentation, and rugged cascades, are all preparing to rise up "as from the stroke of the enchanter's wand." And in the midst, the Palace itself, dedicated in its first use to the Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures, now stands complete in its entire outline; the stone-work all finished, and the spaces between iron ribs filled in with the glass work that gives the heavier portions of the structure a singularly fine relief. A few words of description will afford our readers a tolerable idea of the building. The combination of solid masonry in those styles of architecture with which we have been so long acquainted, is supplemented with the more aerial forms to which

the modern application of iron and glass has given birth; thus, as it were, symbolising the transition from the old to the new, from the Greek and the Byzantine and the Gothic to those orders of architecture which are yet only in their infancy, and which bid fair to rival in grace, and variety of form, and fertility of resources all that has preceded them in old-world times. This combination is a novelty, and let us say a success; it reflects great credit on the architect, Mr. Alfred G. Jones. The principal front is to the east—a symmetrical elevation of two storeys, 252 feet in length. In the centre is a handsome portico 45 feet long, consisting of two tiers of coupled columns, the lower being fluted Roman Doric, with an entablature, upon which stand the upper columns—Corinthian—supporting a pediment, intended to receive sculptured figures; the windows in front are segments and semicircular, and in important positions are introduced some of Byzantine character; a colonnade runs along the whole front, and each end terminates in a pavilion. This elevation is returned along the southern side for 168 feet, projecting beyond which, for 94 feet, is seen a portion of the metal and glass fabric forming the western front, 475 feet long, intended for the winter garden, rising three tiers in height, and surmounted by a lofty roof of glass, resembling the Mansard roofs so prevalent in the great palatial buildings in Paris. The extreme northern end of this structure projects 119 feet beyond the pile of masonry, and is returned along it to the eastern front, and thus the more massive building is admirably relieved by the lighter. Entering through the eastern portico we come into a noble hall, about 130 feet long by 40 feet wide, the upper story of which will form the chief picture gallery, the lower being intended for sculpture. On the left is the great concert hall, 130 feet by 65 feet, capable of accommodating 3,000 persons, with an orchestra for 500 performers. Over the room, on the right of the hall, will be a second picture gallery, and to the north of the latter another of smaller dimensions; while, on the extreme south, will be a gallery for water-colour pictures, 100 feet by 30 feet. Passing through the hall we enter the transept, the iron and glass building already mentioned, the centre of which projects in a semicircular apsis, that commands a view over the ornamental gardens and grounds.

Much has been done since we wrote last on this subject to ensure ample contributions from all lands so as to render the Exhibition a success. Our appeal to our English and Scotch friends has not been without a response. Besides the active exertions and the cordial sympathy of the London committee, Lord Wodehouse, the Viceroy of Ireland, has personally interested himself in this, as indeed he seems disposed to do in every undertaking that can benefit the country; and upon the occasion of a visit which he made to the grounds on the 21st of January, he stated that he had himself written to several noblemen in England, and had succeeded in inducing some of them to contribute pictures from their galleries. But, better still, her Majesty has been graciously pleased to consent to become the patron of the Exhibition, and has placed at the temporary disposal of the Fine Arts' Committee a selection of pictures by Lawrence, Wilkie, Mulready, Stanfield, and Roberts. Such an example cannot fail to produce a beneficial effect on the possessors of objects of Fine Art; and, indeed, already several eminent private collections have

been freely offered; and important works from the National Gallery and Royal Academy will, of course, be obtained. An influential committee has been formed in Edinburgh, of which the Lord Provost and the Presidents of most of the great societies, including those of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, and the Royal Scottish Academy, are members; and we may calculate that the contributions from that city will not be less important than they were to the International Exhibition in London. Dundee, Aberdeen, and other cities of North Britain, too, are exerting themselves.

An excellent organisation has been established through which competent persons have visited the principal cities of Europe to solicit the best objects of the Fine Arts and manufactures. Mr. George F. Mulvaney, the director of the National Gallery of Ireland, whose mission was principally directed to Germany and Spain, Mr. Hercules Macdonnell, who was specially assigned to France and Italy, Mr. Philip Cunliffe Owen, who took the Low Countries, and Mr. Gilbert Sanders, have, one or other, visited the chief depositories of Art in these several countries; while Mr. Antonio Brady made a tour through the Scandinavian kingdoms. The most gratifying results have attended these missions. From Belgium—where an active committee is at work—a good representation of its schools, both of painting and sculpture, may be expected, and over one hundred of their painters have applied for space. The two great German schools—those of Dusseldorf and of Munich—will also be well represented. The Prussian government has promised to contribute as it did in 1853, when the collection was of a most attractive character. The associated artists of Dusseldorf are organising their own contributions as a body through their secretary, Professor Hüntgen. All the distinguished artists of Munich—Kaulbach, Cornelius, Schnorr, Hess, Piloty, Schwind, Froltz, Schraudolph, and others—will send paintings; and a most interesting collection of cartoons, by which the true powers of the German artists are perhaps best exhibited, will be formed. Nor will Berlin be behind in its contributions. There is good reason too to hope that Saxony and Austria will be adequately represented. In Italy the Papal government has given its sanction to the formation of a commission charged with the interests of the Exhibition as far as Rome is concerned; and in Turin, Milan, and Florence, committees have been formed under the royal sanction, and are in active operation. We may, therefore, expect some of the rare treasures for which that land has been ever so highly distinguished. There are promises also from Spain of some fine pictures from the national collections, in addition to which it is expected that good works will be forwarded from the biennial exhibition in Madrid, not yet closed, in which there are a great number of merit, including paintings by Rosales, Madrazo, Agosto Munoz, Gisbert, Casado, and other rising men. We have no doubt that France will do her part towards a nation with whom she is on terms of such cordial amity, and that amongst other pictures from that country, we may have the works of Hyppolyte Flandrin, Rosa Bonheur, and other great artists. In fine, let us turn our attention northwards to the Scandinavian school, one of deep interest. Adolph Tidemand, the greatest painter of that school, acts as the agent of the Exhibition, and brings with him as contributors all the leading painters belonging to it, so that the works of from two hundred to

three hundred painters are calculated upon from the north. The King of Sweden will himself be an exhibitor, and his government will furnish a ship of war to convey the contributions of the country, in addition to which Prince Oscar has announced his intention of visiting the Exhibition. We are glad to see these personal indications of sympathy on the part of sovereigns, as, after all, much will depend upon the liberality of royalty in the several countries, as it is chiefly in royal and national collections that the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the greatest artists are to be found.

And now let us consider the prospects of the Exhibition as regards the sister Art of sculpture. We naturally turn first to Italy, and here there is every reason to believe that much will be done. It is calculated that Gibson, Hiram Powers, Fedi, Magni, Tenerani, Rogers, Storey, and many other sculptors resident in Rome, Florence, and Milan, will contribute. In the latter city Magni has just completed a beautiful companion to his celebrated 'Reading Girl' ('La Leggitrice'), being a girl drawing, and has promised to send both. In Germany, Professor Kiss, the well-known sculptor of 'The Amazon,' has promised to exhibit his magnificent colossal group in bronze of 'St. George and the Dragon,' and no doubt Wolf, Drake, and other distinguished German sculptors will exhibit. J. and G. Geefs, Franklin, and others, will send works from Belgium. Let us hope that the sculptors of other nations will do no less for the honour of their art. In England there has been a hearty response from the sculptors. Three and twenty of those resident in London have already applied for space, amongst whom are the highest names in the kingdom, including Westmacott, Mr. and Mrs. Thornycroft, Foley, Munro, Marshall, Durham, and Noble, and others no doubt will be added.

So far for the Fine Arts *par excellence*. Those which are cognate will be well represented, too. Britain will furnish, amongst other specimens, china from the factories of Minton, the Pottery Hall Company, and Alderman Copeland; and Chance, of Birmingham, will exhibit glass. From abroad will come porcelain from the factory of Fischer, which has attained such deserved celebrity. Neustadt, of Prague, will contribute works wrought in the precious metals; and photographs of their finest works in metal will be forwarded from the establishment of the Chevalier Wertheim and Company. Nor must we omit to mention that the King of Saxony has signified his intention of transmitting fine specimens of China and ironwork. Foreign furniture and fancy-work will find an adequate exposition from the houses of C. Kronig, of Vienna, Thonet Brothers, Klein, and others; while there will be an abundant supply of clocks, musical instruments, and *bijouterie*.

One other department there is which, though not strictly within our province, yet may not, by reason of its vast importance, be passed over in silence. We allude to the exhibition of machinery in motion. Great exertions have been made to render this an effective as well as an instructive display; and when we remember that Britain is especially a manufacturing country, and that Ireland may and should become so too, to an extent far beyond what has been yet attained; that she has a linen trade unrivalled; that she has a woollen trade capable of great advancement; and that ship-building and other mechanical arts are in progress of fair and remunerative development—it will be readily admitted no more momentous display could be in-

stituted for the benefit of Ireland, than that which shall give her people the opportunity of seeing and studying on their own soil the best machinery. For this purpose, Mr. Parkinson, the Secretary of the Exhibition, has made a tour through England, and has secured many of the great machinists as exhibitors; amongst others, Dobson and Barlow, of Bolton; Platt Brothers, of Oldham, and Dugdale, of Blackburne, for textile machinery. Steam-engines will be exhibited by Peel, Williams, and Peel, of Manchester, and by Rutledge and Ommany, of Salford; while Collier, and also Sharp Steward, of Manchester, will send a large variety of the most approved tools.

It is gratifying to learn that our colonies are giving their aid. Australia, in addition to wools, woods, grain, and minerals, will send even some illustrations of the Fine Arts in pictures and photography. The Canadas and the West Indies will also be represented, and so will our colonies in Africa; while India sends a magnificent display of manufactured articles, and raw materials from the Indian Museum, arranged by Dr. Forbes Watson. We understand that great preparations are in progress for a most effective musical opening, the arrangements of which are confided to Mr. Joseph Robinson. More than one thousand performers will assist, and the Messrs. W. Hill and Son, of London, are building a large organ for the occasion. The Exhibition, therefore, cannot fail to be greatly attractive. Among the other advantages we anticipate from it is one to which we attach very high importance—it will induce many English tourists to visit Ireland during the spring, summer, and autumn of 1865.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The French Etching Society, directed by Messrs. Cadart and Lugnet, counts several princes amongst its members. Of these, the King of Sweden contributed, in the year gone by, a vigorously worked plate to the repository of the body; and the present year brings also a highly creditable work from the hands of Don Ferdinand, the King of Portugal. His Majesty draws his inspirations of design from the rich source of German literature, with which he is well known to be intimately acquainted. He gives, in the etching, an illustration to Hauffmann's fantastic tale of the adventures of the *Chat Noir*, and with unequivocal artistic treatment. It may indeed be safely affirmed, that if the young sovereign only succeeds in guiding his sceptre with as much discretion as he indicates in the handling of his etching needle, he may rely upon winning the admiring regards of his subjects.—The sale of the celebrated collection of pictures, sculptures, medals, and other works of Art, formerly in the possession of Comte de Pourtalès-Gorgier, who died ten years ago, commenced in the early part of last month. Some idea of the magnitude of this gallery and museum may be gathered from the facts that the catalogue of the objects offered for sale fills 500 pages, and that the sale will occupy thirty days, or nearly so, extending into the month of April. Of pictures and drawings alone there are more than 400 examples, including some fine specimens of both the old and modern masters. The sale is engaging the attention of all amateurs and collectors.

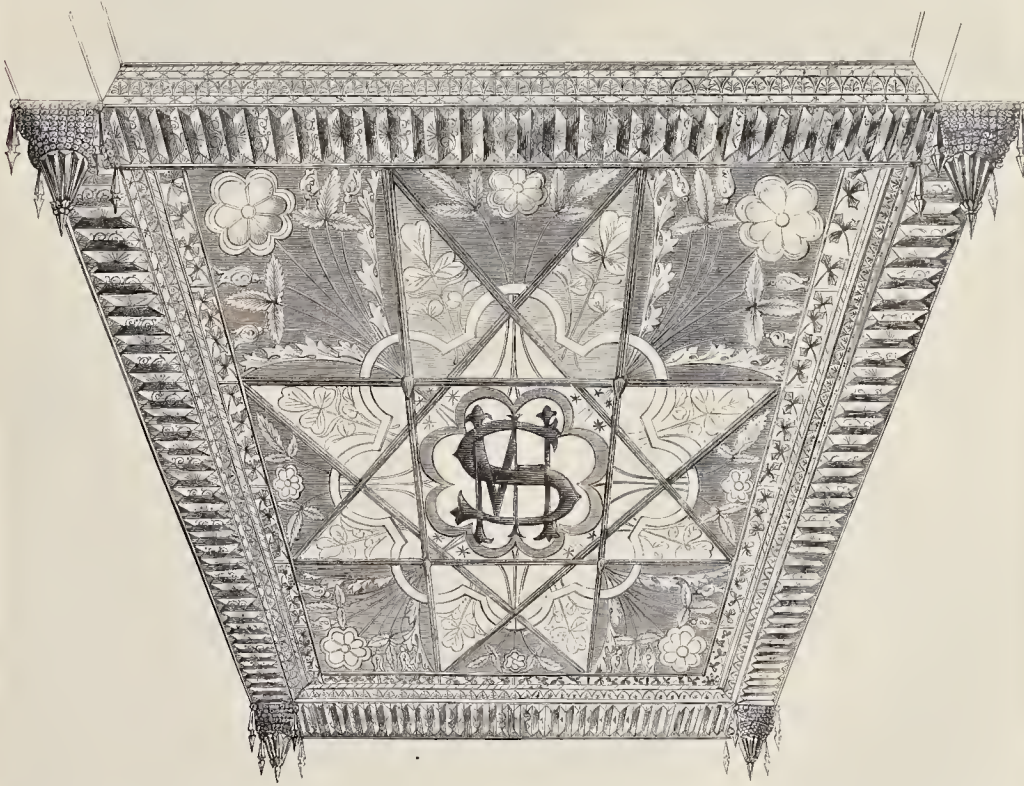
ROME.—It has been finally decided by the Roman Pontifical Archaeological Academy, that the recently recovered colossal bronze-gilt statue of Hercules shall receive the designation of the *Mastai Hercules*, as a memento of the family to which Rome is indebted for her Pio Nono, and that it shall be placed in the Vatican. Thus another star will be added to the glorious constellation which already sheds so glorious a radiance over that consecrated quarter.

THE CRYSTAL CEILING
OF
THE STRAND MUSIC HALL.

OUR purpose in recurring to the "Music Hall" in the Strand is not again to offer any comment upon the building as a specimen of architecture, but to direct attention to an especial part of it as a successful example—and no less beautiful than successful—of a plan invented and patented by Messrs. Defries and Sons, of Houndsditch, for illuminating and ventilating large rooms of public resort, as theatres, ball-rooms, music-halls, &c., a plan which has gained the unqualified approbation of many of our most eminent scientific and professional men. The illuminating agent is, of course, gas, but the jets are nowhere visible, the burners being placed in the roof, and the light transmitted through large sheets

of glass, which occupy the place of the ordinary ceiling, as represented in the accompanying engraving, copied from the ceiling itself, or, at least, from a section of it. These sheets of glass are of varied colours, as amber, mauve, and others equally adapted, by their transparency, to produce the most brilliant, yet soft and subdued, reflections from the light above; and they admit of the greatest amount of ornamentation, so much so, that the more decorative design there is, the more perfect is the ventilation of the building. This is, perhaps, not very intelligible without an explanation of the whole system employed by the inventors, which is as follows:—First of all, the ceiling may be described as a mass of crystal, varying in thickness to suit the emergencies of artificial light, and apparently ornamented with rows of prisms, externally, formed of the finest crystals, and producing extraordinary brilliancy, the centre

of each prism having a gas-light introduced into it. These prisms, however, are the medium of ventilation, for, alternating with narrow strips of ground glass artistically cut, they allow a vacuum through which the impure air, as well as the heat, of the room below is carried away through the top of the building by the powerful current thus created. The lighting-chamber, as it is termed, is very peculiar. There are no fewer than *three hundred and fifty* ventilating tubes, the whole of which are conducted into two enormous shafts, or cylinders, extending the entire length of the upper area, and through these the heated air is expelled. With such an amount of combustion going on in this chamber, it would naturally be expected that the heat must sometimes be overpowering; but so perfect is the system adopted, that the thermometer rarely reaches beyond 80°, after all the burners have been lighted many hours.



Possibly there never was a time when the value of such an invention as this of Messrs. Defries could be more universally acknowledged and appreciated, as now. The metropolis, and most of the great cities and towns in the United Kingdom, teem with places of public resort where crowds congregate for amusement or instruction; and it is of the utmost importance that these gatherings should be attended with as little inconvenience as possible, and without any prejudice to health; that they should be free from draughts of cold air on the one hand, and from oppressive heat on the other. And yet how rarely do we find them so; as a consequence, it is not too much to affirm that hundreds of deaths which annually occur may be traced to attendance at some of these overheated or ill-ventilated halls, or rooms, or churches, as the case may be. We happen to know of a church in the suburbs of London, in

which a congregation of upwards of fifteen hundred persons usually attend, and, till within the last few months, when the gas was lighted of an evening the heat, even in the depth of winter, was so insupportable that persons of delicate constitution dare scarcely subject themselves to it. Latterly a new plan, combining both lighting and ventilation, has been adopted, which has, in a great measure, cured the evil, for the atmosphere of the building is entirely changed every twenty minutes, as we have been informed. Whether the system adopted is that of Messrs. Defries we are unable to say, but it certainly bears some analogy to it. Two circles, each about 3 feet square, are cut in the ceiling, and these are filled with stained glass of light colours, showing a design of small pattern; the gas-burners are behind, and cast a most brilliant, yet subdued, light on the area of the church; yet the stars themselves, if we may so

call them, are so intensely vivid, that the eye can only rest on them for a few moments. The machinery of the lighting produces, as it has been explained to us, the ventilation.

In an Art point of view, the invention of Messrs. Defries, as exemplified in the Strand Music Hall, is worthy of the greatest consideration. Hitherto the ornamentation of ceilings has been consigned to the architectural decorator, who, when he has done his utmost, leaves his work comparatively unsatisfactory, because it can be but very imperfectly seen at night, even by the most effective system of internal lighting. But the crystal ceiling is in itself an ornament, and any amount of design, as already intimated, being applicable to it, there is scarcely a limit to the taste and ingenuity which may be exercised to render it a beautiful part of internal decoration for special purposes.

LACE.*

Is it possible to make a readable book out of such materials as lace might furnish? is a question which may not unnaturally occur to many; but by whomsoever put, it would only show that the querist has only a vague idea of the comprehensive character of the subject, and of the position it has assumed for ages, as a rich and costly ornament, both of male and female attire. To trace its history back no farther than the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, we have only to look at Titian's portraits of Venetian doges and nobles, at the Spanish *grandes* by Velasquez, at the English cavaliers and high-born dames whom Holbein and Vandyke have handed down to us, to see how important a part lace arrogates to itself in these pictures; there is a beautifully-engraved portrait of Isabella, granddaughter of Charles V.—which appears as a frontispiece to Mrs. Palliser's volume—where the head of this royal daughter of Spain is so deeply set in a splendid broad lace ruff, that one marvels at its immensity, and the inconvenience to which it must have subjected the wearer. There are many still living among us who remember a political satirist being punished by fine and imprisonment for writing a lampoon upon an exalted personage, who was described as—

"The dandy of sixty who danced with a grace,
And had taste in wigs, collars, cuirasses, and lace."

As an appendage of male costume we have outlined the day when this delicate fabric is used, except on grand regal state occasions, and by the high officials of the court; and though it forms no unimportant item in the wardrobe of the ladies of the nineteenth century, yet it may be presumed they are scarcely amenable to the remark Swift makes on the ladies of his time, who

"Of caps and ruffles hold the grave debate,
As of their lives they would decide the fate."

Considering the comparatively fragile nature of this material, and its trivial character, equally by comparison, there is possibly no product of industrial Art which has a more interesting story to tell of its growth and development; at least, such is the history Mrs. Palliser has written—statistics, anecdote, and poetical quotations, all tend to lighten the record of a subject which in itself is very far from unattractive.

The origin of lace—the fabric that is ordinarily known under that name—has never been satisfactorily established; none of the various kinds of needlework spoken of in the Scriptures and other ancient writings can be identified with it; embroidery, gold and silver tissues, and other productions of the needle, on which royal and noble ladies, from the days of the Trojan Andromache, and perhaps earlier, down to the time of our own Queen Elizabeth, or even later, employed many of their hours of quiet occupation, do not properly come under the denomination of lace. "It is," writes Mrs. Palliser, "from that open-work embroidery, which, in the sixteenth century, came into such universal use, that we must derive the origin of lace. . . . This outwork was made in several manners: the first consisted in arranging a network of threads upon a small frame, crossing and interlacing them into various complicated patterns. Beneath this network was gummed a piece of fine cloth, called *quintain*, from the town in Brittany where it was made. Then, with a needle, the network was sewn to the quintain by edging round these parts of the pattern that were to remain thick. The last operation was to cut away the superfluous cloth; hence the name of outwork." So late as the year 1850, we are told, a splendid outwork pall—these early decorative fabrics were chiefly used for ecclesiastical purposes—still covered the coffins of the fisher-tribe, when borne in procession through the streets of Dieppe. It is said to have been a votive offering, worked by the hands of some lady saved from shipwreck, and presented as a memorial of her gratitude, to be handed down from generation to generation. And till within the last twenty years,

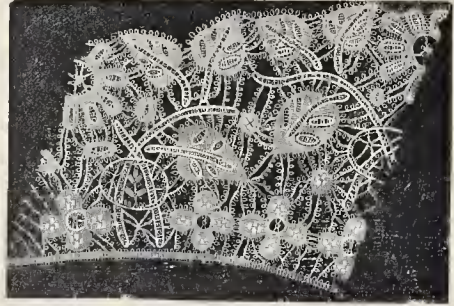
* HISTORY OF LACE. By Mrs. Bury Palliser. Published by S. Low, Son, and Marston, London.

"an expiring relic of this art might be sometimes seen on the white smock-frock of the English labourer, which, independent of elaborate stitching, was enriched with an insertion of outwork running from the collar to the shoulder crossways, like that we see decorating the surplices of the sixteenth century."

Mrs. Palliser divides her history of this fabric systematically, specifying the various kinds of lace which have been produced in different

countries, and giving to each country a separate history of its manufacture. We must refer our readers to the book for this information—it will well repay perusal—while we select a few out of the many most interesting anecdotes with which the book abounds.

The Italians claim the invention of point or needle-made lace, which was made throughout the country mostly by nuns, and expressly for the service of the Church; the laces best known



RAISED PLAIT, BEDFORD.

to the commercial world in the earlier period were those of Venice, Milan, and Genoa. "At the coronation of Richard III., 'fringes of Venice' and 'mantel laces of white silk and Venice gold' appear; and twenty years later Elizabeth of York disburses sundry sums for 'gold of Venice' and 'other necessaries.' The queen's accounts are less explicit than those of her royal predecessor; and though a lace is ordered for

the king's mantle of the garter, for which she paid sixteen shillings, the article may have been of home manufacture."

Queen Elizabeth possessed a wardrobe worthy of the sovereign of a great kingdom: lace had a peculiar attraction for her, and though the sumptuary laws were not then in existence, she would not allow her people to rival her in the use of this ornament of dress. She wore her



OLD DEVONSHIRE (?) POINT.

ruffs "higher and stiffer than any one in Europe, save the Queen of Navarre, for she had a 'yellow throat,' and was desirous to conceal it. Woe betide any lady of the court who dared let her white skin appear uncovered in the presence of majesty. Her ruffs were made of the finest outwork, enriched with gold, silver, and even precious stones. Though she consumed endless yards of outwork, purple, needlework lace, bone lace, of gold, of silver, enriched

with pearls, and bugles, and spangles, in the fabrication of the 'three-piled ruff,' she by no means extended such liberty to her subjects, for she selected grave citizens, and placed them at every gate of the city, to cut the ruffs if they exceeded the prescribed length."

Trade advertisements appear to have been employed in this country two centuries ago. In the *London Gazette* of September 20, 1675, Mrs. Rebecca Croxton announces that "she has

found out a new way of making Point de Venice, and has obtained a patent from his Majesty for making the same; that she is now settled at Hammersmith, over against Lord Chief Justice Neville's house, where such as are willing to be instructed will find her all days save Tuesdays, on which day she may be spoken to at the Duke's Head, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden." But Venice point is now no more. The sole relic of this far-famed trade is the coarse torchon lace of the old lozange pattern, offered by the peasant-women of Palestrina to strangers on their arrival at the hotels—the same fabric mentioned by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, when she speaks of "peddling women, that come on pretext of selling penny-worths of lace."

Here is a hint which may not be altogether useless to some artists of our own time. "Towards the middle of the last century many of the Italian sculptors adopted an atrocious system, only to be rivalled in bad taste by those of the Lower Empire—that of dressing the individuals they modelled in the costume of the period, the colours of the dress represented in varied marbles. In the villa of Prince Valquarna, near Palermo, were, some years since, many of these strange productions with rich laces of coffee-coloured point, admirably chiselled, it must be owned, in *giallo antico*, the long flowing ruffles and head-tires of the ladies being reproduced in white alabaster."

Of the national mantilla worn by the ladies of Spain, we read there are three kinds, which, *de rigueur*, form the toilette. The first is composed of white blonde, a most unbecoming contrast to their sallow, olive complexions. This is only used on state occasions, birthdays, bull-fights, and Easter Mondays. The second is black blonde, trimmed with a deep lace. The third, "*mantilla de tiro*," for ordinary wear, is made of black silk, trimmed with velvet. A Spanish woman's mantilla is held sacred by law, and cannot be seized for debt.

Flanders, or as we now call it, Belgium, has always been famous for the manufacture of lace, one-fourth of the whole population, or about 150,000 females, being engaged in it. Charles I. of Spain, when the country was under his dominion, commanded it to be taught in the schools and convents, and to learn the art is still a part of female education. A curious story is told of the way in which Flemish lace used to be smuggled into France by means of dogs trained for the purpose. "A dog was caressed and petted at home, fed on the fat of the land, then, after a season, sent across the frontier, where he was tied up, half-starved, and ill-treated. The skin of a bigger dog was then fitted to his body, the intervening space filled with lace. The dog was then allowed to escape and make his way home, where he was kindly welcomed with his contraband charge." This cruel practice was at length stopped by the French Custom House authorities, who detected the unfortunate four-footed smugglers. No fewer than 40,278 dogs engaged in those transactions were destroyed between the years 1820 and 1836, a reward of three francs being given for each.

Had we not exhausted all the space we can afford to a notice of this exceedingly amusing book, there is ample material in it both for additional extract and comment. Dress forms no insignificant part of the social history of a country, and in Mrs. Palliser's treatment of her subject much curious and valuable information of this kind is brought before the reader. Though a work which seems especially to commend itself to the female portion of the community, it possesses attractions in abundance for those who, like ourselves, are neither wearers of, nor can distinguish between, cut-work, *guipure*, point, pillow, and all other descriptions of this delicate and beautiful fabric.

Upwards of one hundred and sixty exquisitely engraved woodcuts illustrate the subject, selected both from ancient and modern specimens. Two of them are introduced on the preceding page: the laces they represent are from counties—at least one of the specimens is—celebrated for such manufacture. In Bedfordshire, and its neighbour Hertfordshire, "pillow" lace has long been a staple employment of a large number of the poorer female classes.

THE NATIONAL MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE sculptural designs for the National Memorial of the "good" Prince Consort being now in such a state of advancement as to show their several pretensions, we give a brief account of the manner in which the sculptors intend working out the themes proposed to them. These designs have been embodied as groups consisting of figures of about a foot high. They have been submitted to the Queen, and to certain of them improvements have been suggested, and have already been realised, but whether any ulterior changes will be made is not certain. Any discussion, therefore, of their merits or demerits were premature; the more so because they are in a variety of conditions as to finish; that is, some are minutely worked, while others, it would appear, are insufficiently detailed. Again, in the absence of the character and expression which in execution will be given to them, no just opinion can be formed of their ultimate spirit and manner of discourse. We are thus at present limited to a simple survey of the materials into which the sculptors have hereafter to breathe the vital essence.

This monument is the grandest effort that our school of sculpture has ever been called upon to put forth; and like all similarly great efforts which necessitate the employment independently of various degrees of capability, it will be carried out with marked inequality. Examples of such inequality have been preserved to us from the best times of the art; but if these be too far back for comparison, it is enough to consider with what various degrees of success selected circles of the artists of our own school have contributed to the exaltation of one idea. It is, we say, the greatest undertaking that has ever been proposed to English sculptors, and centuries may elapse before the contemplation of any equally important work may recur. The more prominent figures in four of the compositions will be colossal, and the others in subordinated proportion. In order to secure throughout the whole the unity of design indispensable to such a monument, certain necessary conditions were proposed for the guidance of the artists, such as the size of the models, the number of figures in each story, and particularly that in each description of the quarters of the globe an animal should form a principal quantity. All this has been duly observed, and thus far a most agreeable harmony prevails; whatever differences may be observable hereafter, will arise from the various degrees of intellectual power whence the ideas have emanated. With the exception of the *Toro Farnese* we remember nothing in a spirit similar to that of the four larger aggroupments. They afford opportunities for permanent distinction that will never occur again in our time.

The model of the statue of the Prince, which will be designed by MAROCHETTI, A.R.A., is not yet in a state of advancement sufficient for description. Europe, by MACDOWELL, R.A., has a character somewhat mixed, as referring at once to classic Art and modern progress. The animal chosen by the artist is a bull, whereon Europe is seated, holding in her left hand the orb and cross. The horse might be proposed as the fittest animal association; but the mythological allusion serves as a text suggestive of endless arguments on the lights and shades of those ages that were

subdivided into Olympiads and consulships. The narrative is continued by four other figures, Britain, France, Italy, and Germany. The first is of the accepted type, against a departure from which there are many sound reasons. The figure is seated firmly on a rock, round which break the waves of the sea; in the right hand she holds a trident; the left rests on a shield, and she bespeaks peace, earnestness, and self-possession. France places her right hand on a sword, and in her left holds a laurel crown; she is also seated, and seems to gaze thoughtfully into the future. Italy holds a lyre and looks upward, as if in hope or aspiration; at her feet are a palette and brushes. To Germany a student-like character is given; she is absorbed in the contents of a book that is spread open before her. The general sentiment of the whole is that of *Peace*, and it inclines to the pyramidal form, in deference, it may be supposed, to the architecture. FOLEY, R.A., presents Asia seated on a kneeling elephant, which may be supposed to be about to rise. She is in the act of unveiling. The docility of the elephant by which she is borne instances the subjection of brute force to human intelligence. The complementary figures are four, representative of those nations that contributed conspicuously to the Exhibition, as China, Persia, India, and Asiatic Turkey. There is, accordingly, the Art-manufacturer of China, thoroughly business-like, and so pointedly national as to be unmistakable, even as to his commercial engagements. The traditions of Persia are consulted in the presentation of a poet as her representative; Asiatic Turkey by a merchant, with an accompaniment of attributes telling of barter and sale in Oriental bazaars; and India by a figure not less nationally appropriate than the others. Asia is personally larger than the subordinated figures, as presenting a paramount whole, a point observable in the treatment of others of these works; and it is felt throughout that the artist has eschewed allegory as much as possible. As the sustaining quantity in the African aggroupment, THEED has chosen the camel as a laborious wealth producer, and not an unworthy auxiliary in the cause of civilisation. The impersonation is that of a princess, with the richest appointments of barbaric splendour. She is seated on the camel, which lies down as those animals do when being unloaded; on her right is a native of the Valley of the Nile, whose right hand is placed on the head of a Sphinx; he supports on his shoulder the right hand of the principal figure. On the left is a native of the Barbary States, a merchant with bales of merchandise. The third is a native of Central Africa, who leans upon his bow, while listening to instruction from the fourth—Europe, who is earnest in advancing the culture of the great blanks yet on the world's surface. In BELL's America, the sections presented are the States, Canada, Mexico, and South America. The dominant, America, is seated on a bison. On the other side of the bison is Canada, or what hereafter will represent the States of British America. With the left hand she is pressing to her bosom the Rose of England, a conception at this time beautifully appropriate; and in the right she holds entwined branches of English oak and Canadian pine. She is crowned with Canadian maple, and over her left arm hang the spoils of the beaver; a scarf of furs crosses her breast. South America is a hunter or stock-keeper; he is seated on a block of stone, typical of the Andes, holding in his right hand a *lasso*, and in his left a carbine.

The above are the four large compositions which will occupy pedestals removed from the architecture, but connected with it by marble projections, containing on each side flights of steps. The four subjects standing more immediately at the base of the principal erection, are by Weekes, R.A. Marshall, R.A., Thornycroft, and Lawlor. That of the first-named sculptor is Industry, consisting of a dominant and three subordinate figures. Industry places her right hand on a beehive, and holds prominently in her left hand an hour-glass, in admonition of the fleeting course of time. On her left stands a smith, a herculean figure, resting on his sledge-hammer. On the right are the results of textile labour—a woman showing the produce of her loom, holding the web in her right hand, while in the left is the distaff. In the centre is the potter displaying the triumphs of his craft, and the relation between the whole is effected by their appeal to Industry, who seems to be addressing them collectively and severally. Marshall's subject, Agriculture, is illustrated by a competent history, beginning with the days of Hesiod. Thus we see the ancient husbandman holding the ploughshare of his day, without the accompaniment of the modern coulter. His attention is directed by Agriculture to the *primæna mobile* of improvement—the steam cylinder and piston; and modern husbandry is illustrated by a figure with a sickle and sheaves of corn on the left, while the right is supported by a flock-master, busied with his ewes and lambs. Commerce, as treated by Thornycroft, holds supported on her left arm a *cornucopia*, as emblematic of the treasures of which she is the mistress. Her right hand rests encouragingly on the shoulder of a young merchant, in reference, it may be, to countries yet young in commercial pursuits, and as symbolising the development of trade by foreign intercourse. The principal figure is supported by a pedestal, classically beaked, in allusion to the means of commercial intercourse with distant countries. Engineering, by Lawlor, holds a plan in one hand, and in the other a pair of compasses. Of the secondaries, one holds a boring screw, and another a cog-wheel, while the front figure kneels and opens before him a plan. The whole is simple and legible, though extremely difficult of treatment.

There remains now only to mention the composition by which it is intended to belt round the part of the monument that will serve as the pedestal of the statue of the Prince. Two sides of the composition are confided to Mr. Phillip, and the other two to Mr. Armistead. The subjects are Painting, Sculpture, Music, Architecture, &c. They will be treated historically; but such is the research necessary to the accomplishment of the task, that these artists have not yet satisfied themselves as to their conclusions.

The progress of a work so vast, as a whole, will necessarily be slow, but it will be our duty from time to time to report its state of advancement.

While writing on this subject we may notice that the massive blocks of granite intended for the base and pedestal of the Memorial have arrived in London, and are in the hands of Mr. Kelk, the contractor. The marble is of a beautiful pink red colour, from the quarries of the Scottish Granite Company, in the Isle of Mull. It admits of a high degree of polish, and possesses properties capable of resisting, to a remarkable extent, the action of the atmosphere.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

ROME, FROM THE VATICAN:
RAFFAELLE AND THE FORNARINA IN THE
CORRIDOR OF THE LOGGIE.
Engraved by A. Willmore.

So far as our memory serves, we believe this to be the largest picture Turner ever painted. It is nearly six feet in height by about eleven feet in width, and belongs to the early part of what is called the artist's "second period." It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1820, under the title of 'Rome, from the Vatican: Raffaele, accompanied by La Fornarina, preparing his Pictures for the decoration of the Loggie.' But Rome, as Raffaele saw it from the galleries which are associated with so much of his short life's labours, was not the Rome Turner here presents to us; for example, the colonnade of the famous Piazza of St. Peter's, which forms so prominent an object in the central distance of the composition, was not commenced till more than one hundred and fifty years after Raffaele was in his grave. Moreover, that portion of the Vatican assumed to be represented in the picture, differs in many essential particulars from what it is in reality. The general appearance of the city is tolerably accurate: conspicuous among the buildings is the castle of St. Angelo with the adjoining bridge, and behind the whole rises the range of snow-capped Apennines. The subject, apart from the incident brought into the foreground, has comparatively little pictorial interest, and, when looked at on the canvas, seems to have still less from the large scale on which it is brought forward: reduced to half the size, it would undoubtedly have been more effective. Still, the genius of the painter has, in the matters of colour and *story*, given value to what would otherwise have proved, in a great degree, unattractive.

Turner ever had strange fancies and ideas, which in themselves form a broad line of demarcation between himself and all other painters. It would naturally be supposed that in a design where Raffaele was to appear preparing for his work in the Vatican, Turner would have surrounded him with a group of those distinguished artists who assisted in his labours: instead of this, however, we have him accompanied only by his mistress, the beautiful baker's daughter, whose charms he has immortalised in the picture of the Fornarina, one of the gems in the Barberini Palace, in Rome. While Raffaele seems absorbed in the contemplation of the edifice, which even now is brilliant with the lustre of his pencil, La Fornarina stands by amusing herself with some flowers. Scattered around them are various pictures; among them is the celebrated 'Holy Family.'

The personal labours of Raffaele in the Vatican, as well as those executed by artists from his designs, originated a style of ornamental work which has ever since been called by his name. It is composed of figures, flowers, mythological subjects, animals, and architectural designs, which, when stamped with the genius of the great master, form the most elegant and graceful combination one can possibly conceive. The second storey of the Loggie, which is presumed to be that seen in the picture, contains the celebrated frescoes that have gained for it the title of the "Loggie of Raffaele." It consists of thirteen arcades, supported by pilasters covered with stucco ornaments, and with arabesques painted by Giovanni da Udine from Raffaele's designs.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

BIRKENHEAD.—A meeting of the supporters of the School of Art in this town has been held, to receive from the committee explanations as to the present position of the school, and to take such measures as might be deemed desirable for carrying it on, provided sufficient funds can be raised for the purpose. It appears that under the system hitherto adopted the amount of fees received from students has been inadequate to meet the expenses; and, therefore, as the chairman, Mr. John Laird, M.P., remarked, it would be necessary to look to the inhabitants to provide £130 annually, to carry on the school efficiently. A committee was appointed to promote this object.

BIRMINGHAM.—The annual ballot for prizes in the Birmingham and Midland Counties Art-Union took place in January. The amount subscribed during the past year reached nearly £1,100, of which the sum of £730 was allotted for expenditure in prizes, exclusive of ten pictures purchased at the cost of about £100. Besides these, fifty-eight picture prizes were distributed, varying in value from £5 to £100.

Bristol.—It is proposed to open an exhibition of "Industrial" Art-works in this city. We hope it will have a more successful result than the recent exhibition in the neighbouring city of Bath.

CARMARTHEN.—The annual local examination of the pupils of the Carmarthen School of Art, to which are attached schools at Swansea and Llanelly, took place towards the close of last year. The number of scholars of all grades under instruction amounts to nearly 2,000.

HANLEY.—Preparations are being made for holding an Industrial Exhibition for the Potteries districts in the present spring; and there is little doubt, from the way in which business is managed in that quarter, of its success.

LEEDS.—The annual distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Leeds School of Art took place in the month of January. Lord F. C. Cavendish presided on the occasion. This institution has, during the last five years of its existence, taught 20,000 children in National schools at a nominal fee; given instruction to 5,000 pupils of the middle classes; taught 2,500 working men in evening classes; has educated four Art-masters; has been referred to in evidence given before a parliamentary commission, by the chief inspector of Art-schools, as the type of a successful school; is now carrying on Art-work in all the great towns of the West Riding of Yorkshire, teaching thirty National schools, thirteen middle-class schools, five evening classes in Mechanics' Institutes, two branch schools of Art, and its own classes in the central school.

NOTTINGHAM.—The new School of Art in this town—a large and commodious building—was opened on the 16th of January, when the Mayor distributed prizes to the successful competitors among the students. In the course of his observations, his worship remarked, as a fact most creditable to the school, that the winning of a national medallion by a student brought a grant from Government of £10, and there were four such medallions to be then presented.

SHEFFIELD.—The council of the School of Art in this town has presented to Mr. Benjamin Wightman, a silver tea and coffee service in testimony of services rendered to the school for a period of twenty years, during which he has held the post of honorary secretary.

STROMMUNGE.—The annual meeting of those interested in the School of Art was held at the close of last year. The report of the committee congratulated the friends of the school on the progress of the students, their increased number, and upon the condition of the finances; the excess of income over expenditure, up to the 30th of September, being a fraction more than £15. But the mortgage debt still amounts to £540, though it had been recently reduced by £60. Four medals were awarded to pupils at the annual examination last year.

TENBY.—The foundation-stone of the Welch memorial of the Prince Consort was laid on the summit of the Castle Hill, on the 14th of December, the anniversary of the Prince's birthday.

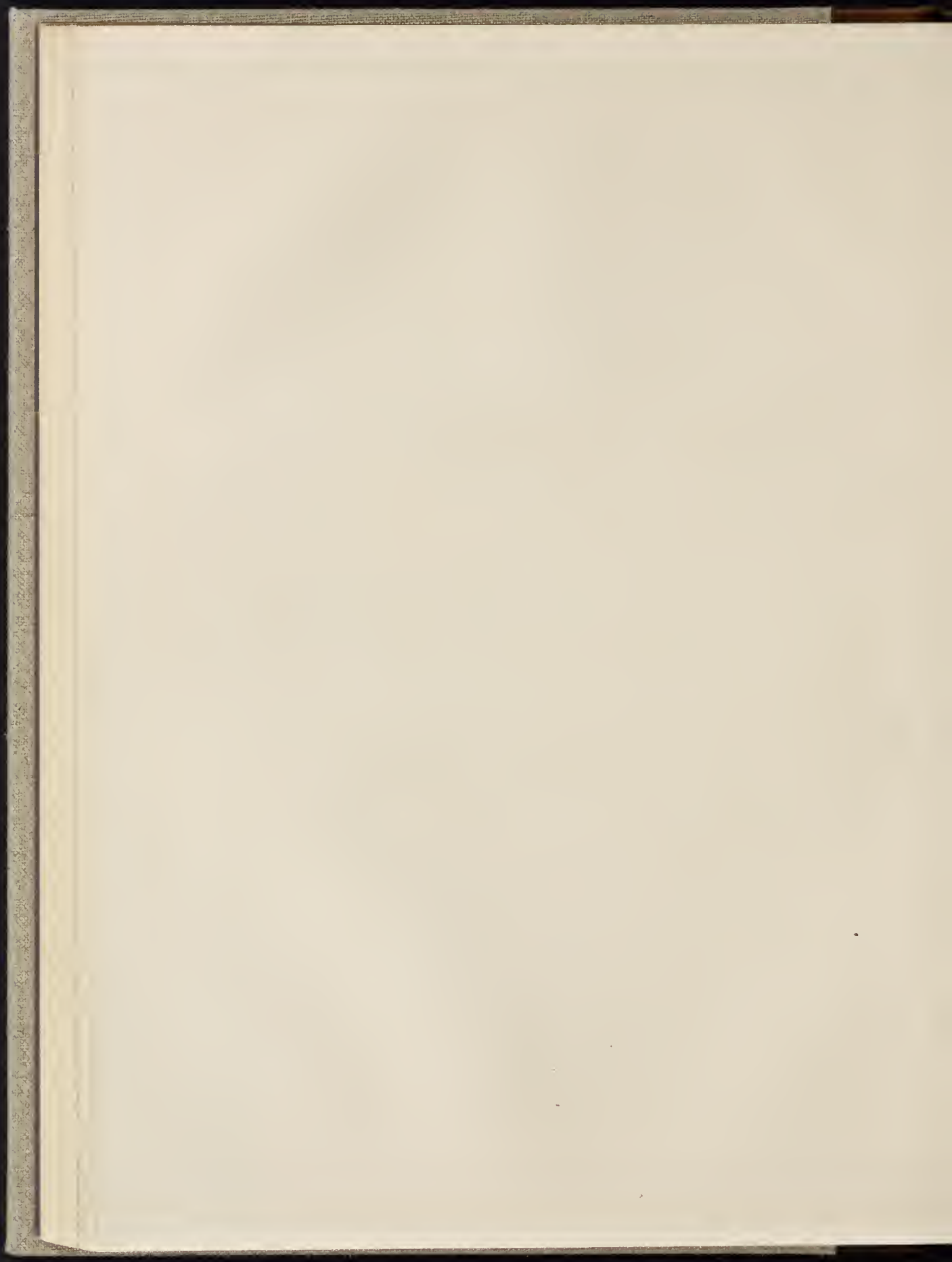


A. WILMORE SCULPT.

J. M. W. P. S. A. V.

ROME FROM THE VATICAN

FROM THE SCULPTURE IN THE VATICAN GALLERY



MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

By S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

LÆTITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.



utter impossibility of its being other than false could have been proved not only by us, but by a dozen of her intimate friends, whose evidence would have been without question, and conclusive. She was living in a school for young ladies, seen daily by the ladies who kept that school, and by the pupils. In one of her letters to Mrs. Hall she writes, "I have lived nearly all my life since childhood with the same people; the Misses Lance are strict, scrupulous, and particular, moreover, from having kept a school so long, with habits of minute observation. The affection they feel for me can hardly be undeserved. I would desire nothing more than to refer to their opinion." Dr. Thomson, her constant medical friend and advisor, testified long afterwards to "her estimable qualities, generous feelings, and exalted virtues." It would, indeed, have been easy to obtain proof abundant; but in such cases the very effort to lessen the evil augments it; there was no way of fighting with a shadow; it was found impossible to trace the rumour to any actual source; few then, and perhaps none now, can tell how deeply the poisoned arrow entered her heart. Ay, if ever woman was, Lætitia Landon was "done to death by slanderous tongues."

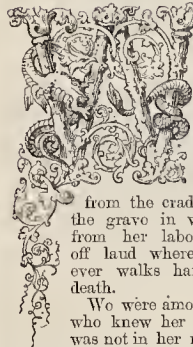
I have touched upon this theme reluctantly; perhaps it might have been omitted altogether; but it seems to me absolutely necessary in order to comprehend the character of the poet, towards her close of life, and the mystery of a marriage that so "unequally yoked" her to one utterly unworthy.

Here is a passage from one of her letters to Mrs. Hall, without a date, but it must have been written in 1837, when she was suffering terribly under the blight of evil reports:—

"I have long since discovered that I must be prepared for enmity I have never provoked, and unkindness I have little deserved. God knows that if, when I do go into society, I meet with more homage and attention than most, it is dearly bought. What is my life? One day of drudgery after another; difficulties incurred for others which have ever pressed upon me beyond health, which every year, by one severe illness after another, is taxed beyond its strength; envy, malice, and all uncharitableness,—these are the fruits of a successful literary career for a woman."

How slow she was to believe that false and evil words could harm her! At first they seemed but to inspire her, in her innocence, with a dangerous confidence, and to increase a practice we always deplored of saying things for "effect"—things in which she did not believe. Certainly no advocate of Miss Landon can affirm that the "bright ornament" of Truth was hers. It was no

WITH unmingled pain I write the name of Lætitia Elizabeth Landon—the L. E. L. whose poems were for so long a period the delight of all readers, old and young. Her life was a "battle" from the cradle to the grave—the grave in which she "rests from her labours" in that far-off land where the white man ever walks hand in hand with death. We were among the few friends who knew her intimately; but it was not in her nature to open her heart to any; her large organ of "Secretiveness" was her bane; she knew it and deplored it; it was the origin of that misconception which embittered her whole life, the mainspring of that calumny which made Fame a mockery, and Glory a deceit. But I may say that when Slander was busiest with her reputation, we had the best means to confute it—and did. For some years there was not a single week during which, on some day or other, morning or evening, she was not a guest at our house; yet this blight in her spring-time undoubtedly led to the fatal marriage that resulted in her mournful and mysterious death. The calumny was of the kind that most deeply wounds a woman. How it originated, it was, at the time, and is, of course, now, impossible to say. Probably its source was nothing more than a sneer; but it bore Dead-sea fruit. A slander more utterly groundless never was propagated. In after years it was revived with "additions," and broke off an engagement that promised much happiness, with a gentleman then eminent and since famous as an author; not that he at any time gave credence to the foul and wicked rumour; but to her "inquiry" was a sufficient blight, and by her the contract was annulled. Tho



use telling her this; she would argue that a conversation of facts would be as dull as a work on algebra, and that all she did was to put her poetry into practice.

"I sit upon the green grass sod
Beneath the willow tree
My heart it is the lonely yearn
And let that they answered be.

L. E. L.

use telling her this; she would argue that a conversation of facts would be as dull as a work on algebra, and that all she did was to put her poetry into practice.

Poor child! poor girl! poor woman! What a melancholy volume is her brief history—"dreary," beset with "privations," "disappointments," "unkindnesses," and

"harassments," "ever struggling against absolute poverty," these are her own words in mournful application to herself!

Endowed by nature with the perilous

gift of genius, she was, while yet a child, thrown entirely on her own resources, altogether without a guide by which such a mind could be directed, or such a character wisely formed. She was not more than fifteen years old when the letters "L. E. L.," appended to some verses in the *Literary Gazette*, riveted public attention; and when it became known that the author was scarcely in her teens, a full gush of popularity hurst upon her, which might have turned older heads and steadier dispositions. She became a "lion," courted, and flattered, and fêted; yet never was she misled by the notion that popularity is happiness, or lip-service the true homage of the heart.

She was residing at Old Brompton when her first poem appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, which Mr. Jordan had, not long previously, established. In this age of iron, when poetry is, in the estimation of publishers, "a drug," it would be difficult to conceive the enthusiasm excited by the magical three letters appended to the poems whenever they appeared. Mr. Jordan was a near neighbour of the Landons, and he thus refers to their residence at Old Brompton:—"My cottage overlooked the mansion and grounds of Mr. Landon, the father of 'L. E. L.,' at Old Brompton, a narrow lane only dividing our residences. My first recollection of the future poetess is that of a plump girl, grown enough to be almost mistaken for a woman, howling a hoop round the walks, with a hoop-stick in one hand, and a book in the other, reading as she ran, and, as well as she could manage, taking both exercise and instruction at the same time."

The house in which she resided is still standing, but is about to be taken down; I have thought it, therefore, desirable to procure of it a drawing, which I have engraved.

She was born on the 14th of August, 1802, at Hans Place, Chelsea, where her father, a junior partner in the house of Adam, army agents, then resided; and in that locality, with few brief intervals, the whole of her life was passed. When we first knew her in 1825, she lived with her grandmother in Sloane Street; subsequently she became a boarder in the school establishment of the Misses Lance, at No. 22, Hans Place, the house in which she had been a pupil when but six years old, and here she was residing up to within a few months of her marriage, when, in consequence of the retirement of the Misses Lance, she became an inmate in the family of Mrs. Sheddon at Upper Berkeley Street, Connaught Square.

Her grandmother's grave was, if I recollect rightly, the third opened in the graveyard of Holy Trinity, Brompton. Her lines on the "new" churchyard will be remembered. I attended the old lady's funeral, Mrs. Hall having received from Miss Landon this letter:—

"I have had time to recover the first shock, and it was great weakness to feel so sorry, though even now I do not like to think of her very sudden death; I am thankful for its giving her so little confinement or pain; she had never known illness, and would have borne it impatiently—a great addition to suffering. I am so very grateful to Mr. Hall, for I really did not know what to do. Her funeral is fixed for Friday; the hour will be arranged to his and Mr. Jordan's convenience."

Mrs. Hall supplies me with the following particulars concerning her early acquaintance and intercourse with Lætitia Landon:—

"My husband had been introduced to a certain little Miss Spence, who, on the strength of having written something about the Highlands, was decidedly 'blue,' when

'blue' was by no means so general a colour as it is at present. She had a lodging of two rooms in Great Quebec Street, and 'patronised' young *literateurs*, inviting them to her 'humble abode,' where tea was made in the bedroom, and where it was whispered the hutter was kept cool in the wash-hand basin! There were 'lots' of such like small scandals about poor little Miss Spence's 'humble abode;' still people liked to go, and my husband was invited, with a sort of apology to poor me, who, never having published anything at that time, was considered ineligible; it was a rulo."

"Of course I had an account of the party when Mr. Hall came home. I coveted to know who was there, and what everybody had worn and said. I was told that Lady Caroline Lamb had been present, enveloped in the folds of an ermine cloak, which she called a 'cat-skin,' and that she talked a great deal about a Periodical she wished to get up, to be called the 'Tabby's Magazine;' and that with her was an exceedingly haughty, brilliant, and beautiful girl, Rosina Wheeler, since well known as Lady Bulwer Lytton, and who sat rather impatiently at the feet of her eccentric 'Gama-

liel.' Miss Emma Roberts was one of the favoured ladies; and Miss Spence, who, like all 'Leo-bunters,' delighted in novelty, had just caught the author of 'The Mummy,' Jane Webb, who was as gentle and unpretending then as she was, in after years, when, laying aside romance for reality, she became the great helper of her husband, Mr. Loudon, in his laborious and valuable works. When I heard Miss Beuger was there, in her historic turban, I thought it fortunate that I had remained at home. I had always a terror of tall, commanding women, who blink down upon you, and have the unmistakable air about them of 'Behold me! have I not pronounced sentence upon Queen Elizabeth, and set my mark on the Queen of Scots?' Still I quite appreciated the delight of meeting under the same roof so many celebrities, and was cross-questioning my husband, when he said, 'But there was one lady there on whom I promised you should call to-morrow.'

"Imagine my mingled delight and dismay—delight at the bare idea of seeing her, who must be well-nigh suffocated with the perfume of her own 'Golden Violet,' the idol of my imagination!—dismay! for what



MISS LANDON'S RESIDENCE AT OLD BROMPTON.

should I say to her, what would she say to me?

"And now I must look back, back to the 'long ago,' the long, long ago!

"I can hardly realise the sweep of years that has gone over so many who have become near and dear to us, since I first saw Lætitia Landon—in her grandmother's modest lodging in Sloane Street—a bright-eyed, sparkling, restless little girl, in a pink gingham frock, grafting clever things on commonplace nothings, frolicking from subject to subject with the playfulness of a spoiled child, her dark hair put back from her low, yet broad forehead, only a little above the most beautiful eyebrows a painter could picture, and falling in curls around her slender throat. We were nearly the same age, but I had been a year married, and if I had not supported myself on my dignity as a matron, should have been more than nervous on my first introduction to a 'living poet,' though the poet was so different from what I had imagined. Her movements were as rapid as those of a squirrel; I wondered how any one so quick could be so graceful.

She had been making a cap for her grandmother, and would insist upon the old lady's putting it on, that I might see 'how pretty it was.' To this, 'graudmamma' (Mrs. Bishop) objected. 'She couldn't,' and she 'wouldn't' try it on; 'how could Lætitia be so silly!' And then the author of the 'Golden Violet' put the great be-flowered, he-ribboned thing on her own dainty little head, with a grave look—like a cloud on a rose—and, folding her pretty little hands over her pink frock, made what she called a 'Sir Roger de Coverley' curtsy, skipping backwards into the bedroom, and rushing in again, having deposited out of sight the cap she was so proud of constructing, she took my hands in hers, and asked me 'if we should be friends?' 'Friends!' I do not think that during the long intimacy that followed that child-like meeting, extending from the year 1825 to her leaving England in 1837, during which time I saw her nearly every day, and certainly every week—I do not think she ever loved me as I loved her; how could she? But I was proud of the confidence and regard she bestowed on me, and would have given half my

own happiness to have sheltered her from the envy and evil that embittered the spring and summer-time of her blighted life. It always seemed to me impossible not to love her, not to cherish her; perhaps the greatest magic she exercised was, that after the first rush of remembrance of that wonderful young woman's writings had subsided, she rendered you completely oblivious of what she had done, by the irresistible charm of what she was. You forgot all about her books; you only felt the intense delight of life with her. She was penetrating yet thoroughly sympathetic, and entered into your feelings so entirely, that you wondered how the little 'witch' could read you so readily and so rightly; and if, now and then, you were startled, perhaps dismayed, by her wit—it was but as the prick of a diamond arrow. Words and thoughts that she flung hither and thither, without design or intent beyond the amusement of the moment, come to me still, with a mingled thrill of pleasure and pain that I cannot describe, and which my most friendly readers could not understand—because they did not know her. When I knew her first, she certainly looked

much younger than she was. When we talked of ages, which we did the first day, I found it difficult to believe she was more than seventeen—she was so slight, so fragile, so girlish in her gestures and manners. Like all the earnest workers I have known intimately, she had a double existence—an inner and an outer life. Many times when I have witnessed her suffering either from spasmodic attacks, to which she was continually liable, or from the necessity for work to provide for the comforts and luxuries of those who never spared her, I have seen her cast, as it were, her natural self away, enter the long, narrow, and poorly furnished room that opened on the garden at Hans Place, and flash upon a morning visitor as if she had not a pain or a cure in the world; dazzling the senses, and captivating the affections of some new acquaintance, as she had done mine, and sending him or her away believing in the reality of her happiness, and fully convinced that the melancholy that breathed through her poems was assumed—that, in fact, her true nature was buoyant and joyous as that of a lark singing between earth and heaven.

indulged, but her grandmother owed the greater part if not the entire of her comforts to the generous and unselfish nature of that gifted girl. Her mother I never saw; morally right in all her arrangements, she was mentally wrong, and the darling poet of the public had no loving sympathy, no tender care from the author of her being. She had endured the wrongs of a neglected childhood, and but for the attachment of her grandmother she would have known 'next to nothing' of the love of motherhood; thus she was left alone with her genius; for admiration, however grateful to a woman's senses, never yet filled a woman's heart.

"When I first knew her, and for some time after, she was childishly untidy and negligent in her dress. Her 'frocks' were fussed on, as if buttons and strings were unnecessary incumbrances; one sleeve off the shoulder, the other on, and her soft, silky hair brushed 'anyhow.' But Emma Roberts, whose dress was always in 'good taste,' determined on her reformation, and gradually the young poet, as she expressed it, 'did not know herself.' I use the word 'young' because she was so wonderfully youthful in appearance, and positively as she grew older looked younger—her delicate complexion, the transparent tenderness of her skin, and the playful expression of her childlike features, adding to the deception."

In the zenith of her fame, and towards the terrible close of her life, the personal appearance of Miss Landon was highly attractive. Though small of stature, her form was remarkably graceful, and in society, at all events, she paid to dress that attention which literary women too frequently neglect. This is Mrs. Hall's portrait of her. "It was strange to watch the many shades of varied feeling which passed across her countenance even in an hour. I can see her now—her dark silken hair braided back over a small, but what phenologists would call a well-developed, head; her forehead full and open, but the hair grew low upon it. The eyebrow perfect in arch and form; the eyes, round, soft, or flashing, as they might be, grey, well formed, and beautifully set, the lashes long and black, the under lashes turning down with a delicate curve, and forming a soft relief upon the tint of her cheek, which, when she enjoyed good health, was bright and blushing. Her complexion was delicately fair; her skin soft and transparent; her nose small (*retroussé*), the nostril well defined, slightly curved, but capable of a scornful expression, which she did not appear to have the power of repressing, even though she gave her thoughts no words, when any mean or despicable action was alluded to. It would be difficult to describe her mouth; it was neither flat nor pouting, neither large nor small; the under jaw projected a little beyond the upper. Her smile was deliciously animated; her teeth white, small, and even; and her voice and laugh soft, low, and musical. Her ears were of peculiar beauty, and all who study the beauty of the human head, know that the ear is either very pleasing to look on, or much the contrary: hers were small, and of a delicate hue. Her hands and feet were even smaller than her sylph-like figure would have led one to expect. She would have been of perfect symmetry but that her shoulders were rather high. Her movements, when not excited by animated conversation, were graceful and ladylike, but when excited they became sudden and almost abrupt."

There were few portraits of Miss Landon painted, yet she was acquainted with many artists, and had intense love of Art. Witness her subjects for pictures in the *New Monthly*



MISS LANDON'S RESIDENCE AT HANS PLACE.

If they could but have seen how the cloud settled down on that beaming face; if they had but heard the deep-drawn sigh of relief that the by-play was played out, and noted the languid step with which she mounted to her attic, and gathered her young limbs on the common seat, opposite the common table whereon she worked, they would have arrived at a directly opposite, and a too true, conclusion—that the melancholy was real, the mirth assumed.

"My second visit to her was after she had left her grandmother, and was residing at 22, Hans Place. Miss Emma Roberts* and her sister at that time boarded in Miss Lance's school, and Miss Landon found there a room at the top of the house, where she could have the quiet and seclusion her labour required, and which her kind-natured but restless grandmother prevented. She never could understand how 'speaking one word to Letty,' just one word, and not keeping her five minutes away from that desk, where she would certainly grow

'humped' or 'crooked,' could interfere with her work. She was one of those stolid persons who are the bane of authors, who think nothing of the lost idea, and the unravelling of the web, when a train of thought is broken by the 'only one word,' 'only a moment,' which scatter thoughts to the wind—thoughts that can no more be called home than the thistle-down that is carried away by a passing breeze.

"She continued to reside in that unostentatious home, obedient to the 'rules of the school,' as the youngest pupil, dining with the children at their early hour, and returning to her sanctuary, from whence she sent forth rapidly and continuously works that won for her the adoration of the young, and the admiration of the old. But though she ceased to reside with her grandmother, she was most devoted in her attentions to her aged relative, and trimmed her caps and bonnets, and 'quilled' her frills, as usual. I have seen the old lady's 'borders' and ribbons mingled with pages of manuscript, and known her to put aside a poem to 'settle up' grandmamma's cap for Sunday. These were the minor duties in which she

* Miss Emma Roberts, whose name is now forgotten, was the author of some works of merit; she accompanied her sister and her sister's husband to India, and died there.

Magazine, written at my suggestion as editor of that work. Her friend Machise painted her three or four times; I know of none others, except that by Pickersgill. It is engraved with this Memory. I always thought it the most like her, but it is not flattering. Though quite unskilled in the language of the schools, she had a fine feeling for

"The art that can immortalise."

I remember her once speaking of artists in her usual animated and pictorial manner, and concluding by saying, "they deserved all honour, they idealised humanity." What a string of pearls I might have gathered, had I noted down the thoughts that fell in sayings from her lips.

She cannot be described as handsome, but at times her face became absolutely beautiful, when its expression was animated by thought, and the language of warm feeling, or of earnest sympathy, fell from her eloquent lips. Then her eyes too would speak; I have seen them many a time sparkling with indignation and dissolved in tears.

In society she was brilliant, without by any means being

"That dangerous thing, a female wit."

Her language was often epigrammatic, and her "sayings" would have been worth collecting and preserving for their point and purpose. She was usually full of animation, and never failed to deal "well" with any subject on which she conversed. Those who saw her at such times would have thought that gaiety was her prevailing characteristic: it was not so. Frequently I have seen her sigh heavily in apparently her merriest moments, and have quoted to myself her own lines,—

"Blame not her mirth who was sad yesterday,
And may be sad to-morrow."

She first met the Ettrick Shepherd at our house. When Hogg was presented to her, he looked earnestly *down* at her, for perhaps half a minute, and then exclaimed, in a rich manly "Scottish" voice, "Eh, I did na think ye'd been sae bonnie! I've said many hard things about ye. I'll do sae nae mair. I did na think ye'd been sae bonnie!" Mrs. Opie, who also met her at our house, paid her a questionable compliment, saying she was the prettiest butterfly she had ever seen; and I remember the staid Quakeress shaking her finger at the young poetess, and saying, "What thou art saying thou dost not mean!" Miss Jewsbury (the elder sister of the accomplished authoress, Geraldine), whose fate somewhat resembled her own, for in the "hey-day" of life and hope she married, accompanied her husband to India, and soon died—Miss Jewsbury said of her, "she was a gay and gifted thing," but Miss Jewsbury knew her only "in the throng." Her toils were too intense, the demands upon her resources too heavy: there was a perpetual necessity for labour to answer the needs of others, not her own, for her wants were very limited; her own expenses little more than those she paid for her moderate board at "a school," and for dress, though no doubt she had a woman's longing in that way, she says, and we can well believe her, she had seldom two silk gowns of her own. But "gay" the troubles and anxieties of life would not let her be; "gay" she was forbidden to be by the necessity of daily toil, ill or in health; more than that, her nature inclined her to despondency—almost

* Mrs. Hall remembers once meeting her coming out of Youngman's shop, in Sloane Street, and walking home with her. "I have been," she said, "to buy a pair of gloves, the only money spent on myself out of the three hundred pounds I received for 'Romance and Reality.'"

a necessity of the poetic temperament. Her closer friends knew that the sparkle was often unreal:—

"The cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
While the cold heart to rain runs darkly the while."

And beyond doubt, in later years, there was "a fatal remembrance" that threw

"Its dark shade alike o'er her joys and her woes."

I have rarely known a woman so entirely fascinating as Miss Landon. This arose mainly from her large sympathy: she was playful with the young, scoldat with the old, and considerate and reflective with the middle-aged—she could be tender and she could be severe, prosaic or practical, and essentially of and with whatever party she chanced to be among. I remember this faculty once receiving an illustration. She was taking lessons in riding, and had so much pleased the riding-master, that at parting he complimented her by saying, "Well, madam, we are all born with a genius for something, and yours is for horsemanship."

Her industry was absolutely wonderful:—she was perpetually at work, although



THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, CAPE COAST CASTLE.

subject that has interested my imagination. It is the most subtle and insinuating of pleasures, but, like all pleasures, it is dearly bought. It is always succeeded by extreme depression of spirits, and an overpowering sense of bodily fatigue.* In fact, she could have improvised fine verses without hesitation or difficulty.

She married Mr. McLean, then Governor of the Gold Coast,†—a man who neither knew, felt, nor estimated her value. He wedded her, I am sure, only because he was vain of her celebrity; and she him, because he enabled her to change her name, and to remove from that society in which, just then, the old and infamous slander had been revived.‡ There was, in this case,

* She was married on the 7th of June, 1838, to Mr. George McLean, at St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, her brother, the Rev. Waddington Landon, officiating. The bride was "given away" by her long and attached friend, Sir Lytton Bulwer Lytton. They were married a fortnight, at least, before the marriage was announced even to friends. A sad story was some time afterwards circulated, the truth of which I have no means of confirming, that McLean had been engaged to a lady in Scotland, which engagement he had withdrawn; and that she was in the act of sending a farewell letter to him, when her dress caught fire, and she was burnt to death.

† The Hon. Grantley Berkeley, in his recently published volume of "Recollections," canvasses this painful topic in a manner utterly unjustifiable. He can hardly expect those who knew Miss Landon to believe that she was

often, nay generally, with little of physical strength, and sometimes utterly prostrated by illness. Yet the work *must* be done. Her poems and prose were usually for periodical publications, and a given day of the month it was impossible to postpone. She was also a fertile correspondent: we have had hundreds of her letters; many of them we have now. She found time to show how deep an interest she took in all that concerned those she liked or loved. Her entirely unselfish nature was known, by pleasant experience, to all friends, admirers, or acquaintances with whom she came in contact, either in the way of business or of pleasure.

Poetry she wrote with great ease and rapidity. In one of her letters to me she observes, "Writing poetry is like writing one's own native language, and writing prose is like writing in a strange tongue!" And in a letter to Mrs. Hall, she says:—"I write poetry with far more ease than I do prose. In prose I often stop and hesitate for a word—in poetry, never. Poetry always carries me out of myself: I forget everything in the world, but the

no love, no esteem, no respect, and there could have been no discharge of duty that was not thankless and irksome.

ever to place her honour in his keeping on the very first occasion of their meeting; or that she really looked to him to avenge a wrong done to her by Dr. Maginn, who, he more than insinuates, sought to purchase the virtue of L. E. L. as the price of "making or marring" her literary prospects, and that at a time, he it is remembered, when her fame had been long established, and when no writer could have either increased or impaired it. Moreover, Mr. Berkeley requires us to accept the picture he draws of the poetess—saying to him (the first time she had ever spoken with him), her voice interrupted by "sobs." "I resolved to trust you with more than my life; to tell you all, and to ask your counsel;" and that, as a consequence, he "rescued from the machinations of a scoundrel one of the most amiable and gifted of her sex." Of all visionary fancies arising out of the creative faculty, this is one of the most "thorough." The poet-laureate has written—

"That ail which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies;
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with
outright;

But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

Undoubtedly the wicked slander that associated the name of Maginn with that of L. E. L. had some foundation. She had written to that very worthless person a letter, or letters, containing expressions which she ought never to have penned. They sufficed to arouse the ire of a jealous woman, and led to much misery. To have seen, much less to have known, Maginn, would have been to refute the calumny. She gave a full history of this unhappy affair at the time in a letter to Mrs. Hall. The worst accusation that could have been urged against her was that of extreme imprudence. To revive the sad story after it has slept for thirty years, is not creditable to the chivalry of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley.

The last time I saw L. E. L. was in Upper Berkeley Street, Connaught Square, on the 27th June, 1838, soon after her marriage, when she was on the eve of her fatal voyage. A farewell party was given to some of her friends by Mrs. Sheddon, with whom she then boarded, Misses Lance having resigned their school. When the proper time arrived, there was a whisper round the table, and as I was the oldest of her friends present, it fell to my lot to propose her health. I did so with the warmth I felt. The "chances" were that we should never meet again; and I considered myself free to speak of her in terms such as could not but have gratified any husband—except the husband she had chosen. I referred to her as one of my wife's most valued friends during many years of closest personal intimacy, and sought to convey to McLean's mind the high respect as well as affection with which we regarded her. There were many at that table who shed tears while I spoke. The reader may imagine the chill which came over that party when McLean had risen to "return thanks." He merely said, "If Mrs. McLean has as many friends as Mr. Hall says she has, I only wonder they allowed her to leave them." That was all: it was more than a chill, it was a blight. A gloomy foreboding as to the future of that doomed woman came to all the guests, as, one by one, they rose and departed, with a brief and mournful farewell; probably no one of them ever saw her again.

They sailed for Africa on the 5th July, 1838. On the 15th of August she landed, and on the 16th of October she was dead!—dying, according to a coroner's jury, "of having incautiously taken a dose of prussic acid." Alas! it is a sad, sad story; one that makes my heart ache as I write. It was, indeed, a terrible close to a most unhappy life.

The circumstances of her death will be for ever a mystery, for her husband has since "died and made no sign." But no one ever heard of her having had that dangerous medicine in her possession. Dr. Thomson, who made up her medicine chest, and who had been her attendant for many years, declared he never prescribed it for her, and that it was next to impossible she could have possessed it. I do not believe she committed suicide; nay, I am sure she did not; although I know she was most wretched in her mournful banishment, most miserable in her changed condition, and that if her past had been gloomy, her future was very dark; but I do believe that poison in some shape—not from the small vial which it was said was found in her hand—was administered by the African woman who is known to have been her predecessor—
—one of those

"Children of the South,
With whom Revenge is Virtue."

The very morning of her death, in a letter to a friend, she wrote, "The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute. From seven in the morning till seven in the evening, when we dine, I never see Mr. McLean, and rarely any one else." Writing previously, she says, "There are eleven or twelve chambers here, empty, I am told, yet Mr. McLean refuses to let me have one of

* Dr. Madden ("Memoirs of Lady Blessington" by whom the "Gold Coast" was visited not long after the death of L. E. L., describes the castle as "a large, ill-constructed, dismal-looking fort, with a few rooms of a barrack-looking fashion." The town, "Cape Coast," is a wretched town, "containing about four thousand inhabitants, natives of the country, with a few European traders." "A wilderness of seared verdure, and tangled shrubs and stunted bushes—a jungle and a swamp, realising desolation"—this was the scenery around the miserable dwelling called "a castle."

them for my use. He expects me to cook, wash, and iron; in short, to do the work of a servant. He says he will never cease correcting me, until he has broken my spirit, and complains of my temper, which you know was never, even under heavy trials, bad." It is but a mild view of the case which Dr. Madden takes, when he says—"The conviction left on my mind, by all the inquiries I had made (at Cape Coast), and the knowledge I had gained of the peculiarities of Mr. McLean, was that the marriage of L. E. L. with him was ill calculated to promote her happiness, or to secure her peace; and that Mr. McLean, making no secret of his entire want of sympathy with her tastes, of repugnance for her pursuits, and eventually of entire indifference towards her, had rendered her exceedingly unhappy."

On the 1st January, 1839, we heard of her death; on the 3rd we received from her a somewhat long letter; it was a "ship letter," without a date. In that letter she wrote cheerfully, even playfully, of her hopes and prospects, and described herself as "very happy,"—a statement very different indeed from that I have above quoted. She was learning to be a housekeeper, giving out sugar, butter, &c., and was embarrassed by "a legion of keys." To that letter she had signed her name "L. E. Landon," but had erased "Landon," and written in "McLean," adding "how difficult it is to leave off an old custom."

She was buried on the evening of her death, "in the courtyard of the Castle." The grave was dug by torchlight; and there stood beside it a few "mourners" wrapped in cloaks—shelters from "a pitiless torrent of rain." Guided by "a flickering light," the busy workmen hurried through their work; the mourners hastened away; one "silent watcher"—it was not her husband—waited till the grave was covered in, and all that was mortal of her whose life was indeed a grief from the cradle to the grave, was "put out of sight."

Let the name she bore for so brief a time be forgotten; let her be known in the literary history of her country only as Læticia Elizabeth Landon; and let the "small white tablet inserted in the Castle wall" at Cape Coast, be the solo record of the name "McLean."†

Poor girl! Poor woman! Poor victim! Thus she fulfilled her own mournful prediction, though speaking of another:—

"Where my father's bones are lying,
There my bones will never lie!"

* Mine shall be a lonelier ending,
Mine shall be a wilder grave:
Where the shout and shriek are blending,
Where the tempest meets the wave,
Or perhaps a fate more lonely,
In some dream and distant ward,
Where my weary eyes meet only
Hired nurse and stollen guard!"

* * * Mr. McLean was a good mathematician. All his tastes were for the cultivation of the exact sciences. His favourite pursuits were geometrical and algebraic calculations, barometrical and thermometrical observations. He affected scorn for poetry and poets.—Dr. Madden.
McLean died at Cape Coast on the 28th May, 1847. He was not buried in the same grave with his unhappy wife, but "at her side."

† During Dr. Madden's brief residence at Cape Coast Castle, he occupied the chamber in which L. E. L. died. He describes "a frightful dream, or rather, a half-waking, half-sleeping sort of hallucination, in which I fancied that the form of Mrs. McLean, clad in a white dress, was extended before me lifeless on the floor, on the spot where I had been told her body had been discovered. This imaginary white object lay between my bed and the window, through which the moon was shining brightly, and every time I raised myself, and examined closely this spot, on which the mouebans fell in a slanting direction, the imaginary form would cease to be discernible; and then in a few minutes, when I might doze, or fall by any effort to keep attention alive, the same appalling figure would present itself to my imagination."

Was this "a dream that was not all a dream?"

MASTERPIECES OF INDUSTRIAL ART.

Messrs. Day have at length issued their great work—a representation, in coloured lithography, of the principal Art-treasures contained in the International Exhibition, 1862, and designed as a sequel to that they published soon after the Great Exhibition, 1851. It is dedicated to the Queen, and is a right regal offering, for it contains three hundred prints, in most instances facsimiles of the objects pictured, and is, therefore, a worthy monument to the Exhibition, of which it will be a record long after that event is forgotten. Even now, it would be difficult to bring together a hundred of the hundreds of thousands of beautiful works collected at South Kensington; they are widely scattered; few of them were returned to their producers; their homes are in the mansions of the wealthy in Great Britain, where, although they continue to give enjoyment, they have ceased to be instructors. In these volumes, however, their teachings are perpetuated. There is no manufacturer of the kingdom, neither is there any artisan, who may not here acquire valuable lessons, that will add to his honour and to his prosperity; on this ground, chiefly, the work is to be commended and recommended. It ought to be a cherished guest in every Art-workshop; probably it is so; for, we believe, the list of subscribers contained the name of nearly every British producer of Art-works, and no doubt the work was obtained less as a luxury than a necessity. We gladly endorse the statement Messrs. Day have put forth regarding this most remarkable achievement:—

"This important work, more complete than any of the kind published, is the most magnificent, useful, and interesting souvenir of the International Exhibition of 1862—rendering with exact fidelity, both in form and colour, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the world's progress in Art and Industry. Its value is enhanced by the thorough independence with which the selection of examples was made—the only influence brought to bear on that selection being the merit of the subjects themselves,—which, as a series, form, both in style and size, an attractive and elegant work, and also as permanent models for all interested or occupied in the various arts and manufactures represented."

There is no class of Art or Art-manufacture that is not represented; we turn over page after page to refresh our remembrances of the wonderful assemblage of Art-treasures—such a collection as even the youngest among us are not likely to see again in England. They were indeed the treasures of the world, for there was no country that held back from a contest in which victory was almost sure to the swift and the strong; and now that we have obliterated from our note-book humiliating memoranda of fatal mistakes committed, generally from incapacity, but sometimes wilfully, we may contemplate with exceeding satisfaction the memory of a glorious assemblage of Art-wonders, that made the year 1862 memorable in Art-history.

Here are the rare jewels, set with true Art-power, by the most famous jewellers of England, Italy, Germany, and France; plate, the value of which is a thousandfold beyond the cost of the precious metals of which they are composed; furniture of surpassing beauty, from a hundred renowned establishments; porcelain, rendered by Art of greater worth than gold; in a word, every class of Art-manufacture is here, very few objects being omitted which the memory recalls with satisfaction and pleasure; and each all supplying lessons to Art-manufacturers for centuries to come.

We cannot devote to this valuable work the space to which, in review, it is entitled. It must suffice to say, there is no class of Art-manufacture unrepresented, and; consequently there is no manufacturer who may not study with advantage the works of his rivals side by side with his own. Mr. J. B. Waring, to whom was confided the duty of "selecting," and whose written descriptions accompany each print, merits the praise he has received for the entirely satisfactory manner in which he has accomplished his arduous and onerous task. Messrs. Day have sacredly fulfilled the pledge they gave to the thousand subscribers by whose support the costly work was undertaken, and has been carried to completion.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—On the 10th March the Royal Academy will elect a member to fill the place of the late David Roberts. As yet all matters are "unsettled" that have reference to the report of a committee of the House of Commons, a subject that will be, ere long, discussed in Parliament. The ground at Burlington House has, however, been "measured," and it is found that enough can be allotted to the Academy for all its requirements.

THE BUST OF THACKERAY.—As we anticipated, the committee who are to place a bust of Thackeray in Westminster Abbey have raised a storm. We asked, and others have asked, on what ground a sum of six hundred pounds was demanded? It has been insinuated that a very large payment would be required by the Dean and Chapter; we are in a position to say such amount would certainly not exceed £50; the cost of the bust would be £100, and of the pedestal £50. A sum of £200, therefore, will suffice for the work, and the committee are not justified in looking for more.

LAMBETH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.—The idea of exhibiting works by actual working men originated here; their first exhibition was a success, their second will be as much so. The collection is highly creditable; there are many productions of great merit, and the whole manifests industry rightly and wisely directed. A large majority of the works are those of men and women whose callings are in an opposite direction; they show that which is not the result of daily labour, but of hours of relaxation, when "idle time" is not spent idly; in nearly all cases they are the fruits of home toil, when wives and children have been lookers-on, and have seen wonderful things grow out of nothing. This, indeed, constitutes the main feature of such exhibitions, which are consequently calculated to induce healthy and good occupations; they make the working man a contributor of pleasure not only to his own immediate circle, but to thousands who can see the issue of his labour. We regret that our space will not permit us to do justice to the collection in the Westminster Road; it has given us, however, much pleasure, and cannot fail to interest and gratify the many by whom it will be visited. There are 633 exhibitors; among them are compositors, hairdressers, brush-makers, house-painters, stonemasons, railway-porters, bookbinders, carpenters, letter-carriers, smiths, shopmen, cutlers, hatters, labourers, shoe-makers, millers, sailmakers, packers, gunmakers, stampers, hutchers, engine-drivers, stokers, watchmakers, host-builders, basket-makers, cab-drivers, coachmen,—in fact, every class and order of "working men," with cooks, confectioners, sempstresses, domestic servants, teachers, &c., among the "working women."

"THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION."—The Chancellor of the Exchequer has graciously acceded to the request of the Committee, and has become the President of this Society. Such an accession will do much to extend its powers of usefulness, and greatly strengthen its position. We understand that many important works are in progress for its subscribers; some that are finished we have seen, they are of great beauty, and would be considered acquisitions by the wealthy, although produced for those who are limited to the subscription of a single guinea. To the gratifying fact we record above, we may add one almost as satisfactory, that the duties of honorary

secretary have been undertaken by Mr. Frederick Battam, the brother of the founder of the Society, Mr. Thomas Battam.

PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS IN SWITZERLAND.—We have been enabled to examine a series of stereograms taken in various parts of Switzerland, and specially dedicated to the Alpino Club. They number nearly two hundred and fifty, and comprise almost every object of leading interest in the country they depict—cities, lakes, churches, public halls, chalets, mountains, rocks, rivers, passes, tunnels, glaciers—distant and near views, indeed, of all the places that are famous, either in history and tradition, or as marvels of picturesque grandeur and beauty. It is difficult to over-rate the attraction of so extensive a series; it leaves nothing for future artists—at least, we should suppose so—for the photographer seems to have been everywhere, exercising with singular skill the power of his art. They are admirable, considered merely as photographs; there have been none better done; the atmosphere has, no doubt, been a valuable auxiliary, and perhaps it was more difficult to find a bad than a good subject; but Mr. England, by whom this arduous task has been carried through, deserves the praise he will receive, and the reward that will follow.

NORTH LONDON WORKMEN'S EXHIBITION.—The distribution of prizes to the successful exhibitors took place on the 16th of January, at Exeter Hall. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided, and presented the prizes, which consisted of books and certificates. The latter is in the form of an illuminated design commemorative of the exhibition; it is signed by the noble lord, and enclosed in a gilt frame. The memorial given to each exhibitor is a volume descriptive of the exhibition.

THE LATE DUKE OF RICHMOND.—Two memorial busts of his grace were subscribed for by his friends in the county (Sussex) with which he was more intimately connected. The commission for one was given to J. H. Foley, R.A., and the work is placed in the council-chamber, Chichester. The other is by P. MacDowell, R.A., and is in the Town Hall, Lewes.

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY opens its annual exhibition on the 6th of the present month; it will continue open till the end of May. It is an encouraging sign for the future of Art in Ireland, that pictures to the amount of £1,700 were sold last year in the gallery of the academy, a fact which, we believe, is unprecedented in its history. With the large influx of visitors to the International Exhibition, a much greater result may, this season, be confidently anticipated.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Notice has been given that artists intending to contribute to the Picture Gallery this season, may send their works to the Hanover Square Rooms on the 6th and 7th of the present month. The Directors state that the Gallery progresses yearly in public favour, and in the improved character of the works exhibited, evidence of which is afforded by the fact that the receipts for pictures sold during the past year amounted to nearly £7,000. Any information required by artists who wish to exhibit, will be given on application to Mr. Wass, superintendent of the Gallery.

MR. MADOX BROWN is preparing an exhibition of his sketches and pictures, to be opened about the middle of the present month, at the Gallery, Piccadilly.

MR. CHARLES WINSTON.—The valuable collection of drawings of stained glass made, during a course of many years, by this deceased gentleman, will be exhibited

this month, under the auspices of the Archaeological Institute, at the rooms of the Arundel Society. In the collection will be found examples of every style of mediæval glass-painting from the earliest date, taken from the finest specimens to be found both in England and on the Continent. These drawings were made with the most scrupulous attention to accuracy of detail and truth of colour, and they will, doubtless, be carefully studied by all who take interest in an art that is beginning to be revived among us, and to the elucidation of which Mr. Winston devoted himself so assiduously and successfully. While writing on this subject we may notice that some of his friends and admirers are preparing to collect and publish, as a memorial of him, the papers on glass-painting he communicated at various times to societies of which he was a member, or read on other occasions. The volume will be illustrated with many coloured plates and wood engravings from his drawings, which have been entrusted to Mr. Philip De la Motte for execution.

THE MEMBERS OF THE ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' SOCIETY opened their meetings of this season on Thursday evening, February 2nd, by a large attendance and an admirable display of works. Prominent among the contributions was a fine oil painting, 'The Honeymoon,' by F. Leighton, A.R.A., two charming little pictures of French life by E. Frere, and a very grand sketch in oils of 'A Passing Storm,' by the late F. Bridell. Turner, David Cox, and other great names of the past were represented, and the industry and liberality of the members evinced by the presence of a large number of their own productions.

THE NELSON COLUMN.—A contemporary states that "one of the four lions so long ago commissioned from Sir Edwin Landseer, has been cast in plaster," and he takes courage from this gratifying fact to intimate that "in the course of a few years this statue may be placed on its pedestal!"

THE BIRMINGHAM PERMANENT ART-GALLERY was announced to be opened on the 25th of last month, after our sheets were at press. Among the contributors, we understand, are members of various academiæ, bodies, and other names of repute.

"WORK AND PLAY" is the title of a lecture delivered by Mr. Ruskin, on the evening of the 24th of January, at Camberwell, on behalf of the St. Matthew's Working Men's Institute, Denmark Hill. The lecture, of which we have seen a concise report, contains many remarks on the social condition of our age, with reference to the subject discussed, that may be accepted as more truthful than pleasant to our national vanity. Multitudes are playing who ought to be working, while the work of thousands is little else than play, or work which brings no real, satisfactory profit. This was the moral of the lecturer's discourse.

PICTURES BY JOHN CROSS.—While the brother artists of this great but neglected painter, who so lovingly followed his remains to their last resting-place in Highgate churchyard, yet lingered beside his grave, they determined upon taking some steps to render that public justice to his name and reputation denied him during life, and also to assist in providing for his sorrowing widow and children. To this end, on the 9th of March, 1861, a few days only after the painter was laid in his grave, a meeting of artists and other friends was held at the house of Mr. J. H. Foley, R.A., when it was resolved that a public subscription should be opened to form a fund for the purchase of his three large unsold historical works—the only possessions he had to bequeath; in

order that by placing them in public institutions the name and genius of the painter of 'The Clemency of Richard Cœur de Lion' might be the better known and disseminated, and that the sum so collected should be set apart for his family. This generous proposition was at once warmly supported by the highest names in Art, and contributions from friends and pupils came in from many quarters, the whole resulting in a total of about £900. The committee has accordingly purchased the three large unsold works of John Cross, 'The Murder of Thomas à Becket,' 'The Coronation of William I.,' and 'The Burial of the Princes in the Tower,' the purchase money of which and remaining balance have been placed in the hands of trustees for the benefit of his children, Mrs. Cross having desired that the whole sum should be devoted to their interest only. It may be here noted, that through the kind exertions of those promoting this fund, a pension of £100 a year from the Royal Pension Fund was conferred on Mrs. Cross. The picture of 'The Murder of Thomas à Becket' has just been presented to Canterbury Cathedral, where it may now be viewed in association with the actual site of occurrence. For 'The Coronation of William the Conqueror,' a place in the National Collection is most fittingly proposed; whilst some public institution in Devonshire (Cross being a native of that county) will, in all probability, become the future home of 'The Burial of the Princes.' We shall duly notice the destination of the two latter works.

CANADIAN PHOTOGRAPHS.—There must be something in the atmosphere of Canada very favourable to the development of photographic art, judging from a number of specimens recently sent us by Mr. Notman, of Montreal, which are certainly among the most brilliant *carte-de-visite* portraits we have ever examined. Military officers in uniform and undress, civilians, ladies "at home" and "abroad," children—all either in groups, or single—full-lengths, half-lengths, and heads, make up a very charming gallery of those who, it may be presumed, form a portion of Montreal "society."

THE OPERATIVE COACHMAKERS opened their Industrial Exhibition on the 1st of February, in the Hall of the Coach and Harness Makers' Company, St. Martin's le Grand. The contributions are, generally, not of a nature to demand discussion in a journal like our own, but, with few exceptions, they bear evidence of the skill, ingenuity, and taste of the artisans employed in this branch of manufactures.

MR. THOMAS BATTAM'S PORCELAIN, &c. —On Wednesday, the 1st March, Messrs. Christie and Manson will sell by auction the collection of porcelain, &c., made by the late Mr. Thomas Battam. It consists of rare and singularly beautiful examples of Sèvres, Dresden, Chelsea, Derby, Worcester, Wedgwood, and Limoges, with the finest specimens of the manufacture of Minton, Copeland, Kerr and Binns, and other famous modern manufacturers, together with many exquisite pieces of recent French, German, and Italian. So "tempting" a collection has very rarely been brought to the hammer, and it cannot but excite warm competition. The selection was made under circumstances of singular advantage. No connoisseur in England knew better what was really good, and in choosing for himself Mr. Battam had the "pick" of a hundred establishments; every piece he possessed has peculiar merit. It is indeed impossible to over-rate the value of the collection, either as a whole or in parts. There is not a single object but is the choicest of its kind.

REVIEWS.

TUSCAN SCULPTORS: THEIR LIVES, WORKS, AND TIMES. With Illustrations from Original Drawings and Photographs. By CHARLES C. PERKINS. 2 Vols. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

It has often occurred to us as something singular that the attention of English writers upon Art has never been directed to the subject of Sculpture in the same way that Painting and Architecture have been. These two Arts appear almost to have been exhausted by historians, who have investigated each subject respectively from the earliest known period to our own time, both in its rise and progress in different nations, and in its universal life. Sculpture, on the other hand, has met with entire neglect, except as connected in some way or other with the other Arts, or in the mere outline sketches contained in academical lectures. It has, in fact, "found but few admirers or illustrators," so says Mr. Perkins when speaking of the Sculpture of Italy, and it is equally true of the Sculpture of other countries. The reason for this, he says—still with reference to Italy—"does not lie so much in the greater claims of Painting upon lovers and students of Art, as in the existence of an antique standard, by which all modern Sculpture is habitually judged, and of which it falls short; while Painting, which cannot be submitted to this formidable test, is judged more according to its merits. Another and more positive reason why Italian Sculpture is so much less known, and consequently less widely appreciated than Italian Painting, is because it can only be studied in Italy, where its masterpieces are not to be found in splendid and commodious galleries, but in scattered churches and palaces, in which they are seldom so placed as to attract the attention of any but careful observers." He, however, admits that the collection of Italian Sculpture at South Kensington "makes it possible for a student to learn more about it in England than anywhere else out of Italy." But Mr. Perkins entirely overlooks the vast and magnificent collection of casts at the Crystal Palace; true, they are principally of statues, and not of *relievs* and other works of numerous figures, such as compose the majority of the sculptures at Kensington; still along that lengthened vista of sculptured Art at Sydenham, from which scarcely a statue of note, whether ancient or modern, is absent, the student and the man of taste may pause, and admire, and reflect, and learn. And one has only to notice the utter disregard of these noble works by the thousands who visit the Palace, and also to observe the few who ever enter the Sculpture-room of the Royal Academy, and the problem of our national indifference to Sculpture is at once solved. It has comparatively but very "few admirers" among us, and hence there is small encouragement for men to write about it. Let us hope Mr. Perkins's volumes will inaugurate a new era in this matter.

He divides his history of the "Sculptors of Tuscany" into six books. The first is assigned to architectural sculptors, Nicola Pisano and his scholars; the second to allegorical, Andrea Pisano, Balduccio, Orcagna, and others; the third to pictorial sculptors, Ghiberti, Donatello, Lucca della Robbia, and others. The fourth book is entitled "Tares among the Wheat;" it is devoted to a record of certain sculptors whose works are presumed to have had a deteriorating influence upon the art, who departed from the pure traditions of their predecessors, and "aimed at smooth elegance rather than at truth and character." The fifth book speaks of Michael Angelo and his scholars; the sixth of Tuscan Sculpture under Cosimo I., among whom stand prominently forth Cellini, Bandinelli, Tribolo, and Gian Bologna. The history is thus brought down to the end of the sixteenth century, from which date the art, as practised in Tuscany, possesses no longer any interest.

A narrative which, like this, embraces so wide and varied a range of subject-matter, and that includes in it a record of the labours of a very large number of artists, many of whom are comparatively unknown out of their own land, cannot

but be a most welcome addition to the Art-literature of our country, especially when we are able to recognise and estimate the care and industry evidently bestowed in collecting the materials and preparing them for the press; and, in addition to this, feel that the critical examination of the works referred to, though generally concise, has been guided by discriminating judgment and a knowledge of the art spoken of.

It is not to be denied that artists of transcendent genius exercise oftentimes an unfavourable influence upon their successors, who, attempting to imitate them, and possessing but little of their supreme ability, fail utterly in their endeavours. Such, in Mr. Perkins's opinion, were the imitators of Michael Angelo. "We are not prepared," he writes, "to say what would have been the fate of Sculpture had he never lived, for we have already pointed out signs of decay in artists who were old men when he was born, such as Pollajuolo, whose vicious style was unredeemed by any sublime element, and in those who enjoyed great reputation contemporaneously with himself, such as Andrea Sansavino, of whose evil influence the bas-reliefs upon the Santa Casa at Loretto may suffice as an example; but as Michaelangelo was far stronger than these men, his power for good or for evil upon his times was proportionably greater, and as his peculiarities were especially marked and inimitable, while his sublimity was unattainable by men of inferior stamp, he above all others did harm in his day and generation."

The period at which Mr. Perkins's history ends, commences almost a new era in the annals of Sculpture, not only in Tuscany, but also throughout the whole of Italy. Simplicity of design and dignified expression, gave place to florid compositions and finished and elaborated execution. Bernini, the Neapolitan, and Algardi, of Bologna, led the van in the march of decadence, and their followers degenerated more and more till real Art became entirely a thing of the past.

We are promised by the author a continuation of the subject in the history of the Sculpture of other parts of Italy, and trust that the success which we predict will attend these volumes—they are, by the way, copiously illustrated with engravings of many of the principal works to which reference is made—may ensure the fulfilment of the promise.

A HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND GROTESQUE IN LITERATURE AND ART. By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., Corresponding Member of the Imperial Institute of France. With Illustrations from various Sources, drawn by F. W. FAIRHOLT, Esq., F.S.A. Published by VIRTUE BROTHERS, London.

The foundation of this volume was laid in the pages of the *Art-Journal* during the last two years. The papers which thus appeared month after month their author has collected, and having given to them some necessary revision and modification, with very considerable additional matter and illustrations which could with more propriety come into a detailed history of the subject, like this, than into the columns of a periodical, they are now published in a complete form, constituting a worthy companion to Mr. Wright's "Domestic Manners and Sentiments of the English." In the preface to his new work he says—"My design was to give, as far as may be done within such moderate limits, and in as popular a manner as such information can easily be imparted, a general view of the history of comic Literature and Art. Yet the word comic seems to me hardly to express all the parts of the subject which I have sought to bring together in my book. Moreover, the field of this inquiry is very large, and although I have only taken as my theme one part of it, it was necessary to circumscribe even that in some degree; and my plan, therefore, is to follow it chiefly through those branches which have contributed most towards the formation of modern comic and satirical Literature and Art in our own island."

There is no doubt of Mr. Wright's volume

finding a place in every well-selected library, whether public or private; it is a learned, most entertaining, and instructive book; no writer of our time is better qualified to deal with such a prolific and curious subject. We wish he had devoted a few pages to the works of the lamented Leech, the last, but certainly the greatest—viewed in all points—of English artist-humorists. This would have formed a most worthy termination of the history.

CRINOLINE FROM 1730 TO 1864. Published by E. PHILPOTT, London.

Crinoline has become an institution all over the world among civilised people, except with those barbarians the Chinese, and other Eastern nations. It is in vain to rail against it, and therefore we of the stronger sex, who pay for it, both in purse and person, and denounce while we inwardly admire it—but in moderation—must put the best face on the matter we can. Is the subject, then, beneath the notice of the Art-critic? Why, it has become a "property" in the artist's studio; crinoline expands itself both on the walls and the floors of our public picture-galleries; it is, perhaps, the most important item of modern female costume, and to arrange it symmetrically is an art in itself.

We have heard it whispered gently in our ears, for we know nothing "of our own knowledge," to adopt a legal term, that Mr. Philpott is a celebrated maker of *jeans*; whether this be so or not, he has published a curious book on the subject, with numerous illustrations of the dresses worn by ladies during the past and pre-sent centuries—pictures copied from authentic sources published at their respective dates; and, certainly, a comparison of the costume of 1730 and for more than a century afterwards, with that of our own day, is immeasurably in favour of the latter. No artistic eye would care to see a revival of the fashions worn by our grandmothers and their predecessors for two or three generations. Mr. Philpott may have had no other motive in publishing the book than to direct attention to his "show-rooms," but it is amusing, nevertheless, both in its pictures and its histories.

ICEBERGS. Painted by F. CHURCH. Chromolithographed by CHARLES RISDON. Published by DAY AND SON, London.

The picture, of which this is a marvellously exact copy, was exhibited some time ago in London, and excited very general admiration. The great artist of America had achieved a triumph over difficulties such as the painter encounters but rarely. It is impossible to describe the work so as to convey an idea of its surpassing merit. The subject is treated with so much reality that we absolutely shiver before it. The scene is apart from humanity, existing in its lonely grandeur far away from the foot-paths of man. No doubt the artist has called imagination to his aid; but the picture carries with it a conviction of truth; there seems no exaggeration in those singular or grotesque forms reflecting all the hues that glorify a rainbow. Messrs. Day have issued no production that so conclusively exhibits the power of their Art—none that so effectually shows what can be done by the appliances at their command. We cannot say to how many "printings" it has been subjected; but they must have been very numerous; for, perhaps, there has never been a chromolithograph containing so many "tints."

WHAT MEN HAVE SAID ABOUT WOMEN. A Collection of Choice Thoughts and Sentences. Compiled and Analytically Arranged by HENRY SOUTHGATE, Author of "Many Thoughts of Many Minds." With Illustrations by J. D. WATSON. Published by ROUTLEDGE & Co., London.

If Mr. Southgate's name does not become familiar as a household word among women of every degree, the whole sex must be upbraided for their ingratitude. Who but a knight of chivalric gallantry would have explored the rich field of English literature, and gathered from it such a

fragrant garland of the sweetest flowers that men in all ages of our civilised history have sown there to the honour and glory of "woman?" And what a crop has sprung up! Men have said many harsh things of the opposite sex, but the balance of favourable testimony far outweighs them all; and we have only to glance over Mr. Southgate's collection of "Thoughts and Sentences" to be assured of it. His extracts are chosen with discrimination; every virtue and every grace that shines forth in woman finds a place among his selection, and though some old bachelors may feel disposed to question the truths presented here, the verdict of mankind generally will be found in their favour. If Evo did tempt us with the apple, and by her flattering arts involve her partner in the act of disobedience, and thus bring upon posterity all the ills of our lives, her daughters have done, and are doing, very much to lessen our troubles, and to make our burdens sit with comparative lightness on the shoulder. Mr. Southgate is a shrewd man; he knows well his book must find its way among the ladies as a weapon of defence against their "persecutors and slanderers."

THE BOOK OF PERFUMES. By EGEGNE RIMMEL, Member of the Society of Arts, &c. With numerous Illustrations by BOGANELLI, THOMAS, and others. Published by CHARMAN AND HALL, London.

Non cuique datum est habere nasum, is the motto placed by Mr. Rimmel under the fanciful coat of arms which appears on the cover and title-page of this curious volume—truly a book of perfumes, which every one who is fortunate enough *habere nasum* will discover ere he opens the leaves, from the sweet odours they emit.

A book which appeals so pleasantly to a most delicate organ of sense as does this by its "odoriferous emanations"—we quote the author's own expression—puts itself almost beyond the pale of criticism. Even were one to feel so compelled, how is it possible to speak harshly of that which yields so delicious a fragrance? But in truth there is no necessity for applying to it the language of unfavourable judgment; it is an ingenious and learned history of those sweet extracts which none know better than Mr. Rimmel how to produce. But he very modestly keeps himself in the background; that is to say, his work is not an advertisement of his business, nor even a catalogue of recipes; for perfumery is an art, and, as he wisely tells us, "can always be bought much cheaper and better from dealers than it could be manufactured privately by untutored persons." Let no fair lady presume then to think she can add to the choice aromas on her toilet-table by any decoction of the leaves of this book.

Commencing with the physiology of perfumes and cosmetics, we have their history traced down in detail from the earliest records to our own day, through their uses among the Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, ancient and modern Asiatic nations, even to the uncivilised inhabitants of the Pacific Islands; and not only in their personal application, but as employed in the rituals of the Jewish temple, where the smoke of the incense rose up day and night, in the ceremonies of heathen sacrifice, and in the services of Christian worship. It is a curious and entertaining history, the result of considerable research, and worked out with no little ingenuity and professional *esprit de corps*. The interest of the book is greatly enhanced by a multitude of well-wrought engravings of a variety of objects having reference to the matter discussed.

THE TWELVE MONTHS. Illuminated and illustrated by WALTER SEVERN. Printed in Colours by DAY AND SON, London.

Another of Messrs. Day's achievements in the art they have brought to such perfection claims a willing notice at our hands. We have here a series of twelve prints, illustrating the months, a task that has taxed the skill of one artist and a dozen poets; moreover, the months are arranged as a calendar, noting a prominent event that has rendered famous each day of

each month—in so far, that is to say, as biography is concerned, for the birth or death of some celebrity is "made a note of." The prints are pictures of leading incidents of the months; thus, January has its group of skaters, July its pretty maidens playing croquet, and November its meet of hounds; while flowers and fruit, the gift of each season, are skillfully introduced round the borders. The artist has done well; better than the poets, who, having gone over the ground trodden by giant predecessors, were not likely to rival them in charming the glories of nature from month to month. The book, however, is a very charming book; there can be no more graceful gift from friend to friend at any period of the year.

JAMES BRINDLEY AND THE EARLY ENGINEERS.—THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON, including a MEMOIR of his SON, ROBERT STEPHENSON. By SAMUEL SMILES, Author of "Industrial Biography," "Self-Help," &c. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

We associate these two little volumes, because they appear as companion volumes, and are of a kindred nature. Both have been given to the public in a larger and more expensive form; the first being a reproduction of the life of Brindley, in Mr. Smiles's "Lives of the Engineers," and the second a revised and improved edition of the same author's previous work bearing a similar title; these, when they first appeared, received due notice from us. But both are too valuable in the lessons they teach to be the property only of those who can afford to buy books comparatively costly; such histories should be in the hands of every man and boy who can read; it was a right thing, therefore, to place them within the reach of thousands who may learn that though a Brindley or a Stephenson is not born every day, there is a dignity in labour and persevering industry which will ever bring its own reward, sometimes in the shape of accumulated wealth, but always in the conscious enjoyment of doing the best with the talents God has given us, and thus being a willing and active, yet perhaps but a lowly, helper in the great republic of the world's workers.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Engravings on Wood from Drawings by F. J. SHIELDS. Published by A. IRELAND AND Co., Manchester.

It was a daring attempt on the part of a young artist to add to our store of pictorial readings of the great dreamer: an attempt to be justified only by success. He has succeeded, and that is saying much. His drawings give the meanings of the writer; they carry out his conceptions, and come very near to realise the pictures that every reader has drawn without artist aid. The style is bold and free; the prints are products of thought and study; their looseness is not carelessness. We have seldom seen a book so full of promise; no doubt efforts more ambitious will emanate from the pencil of this artist.

MERRY SONGS FOR LITTLE VOICES. By FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP and THOMAS HOOD. Set to music by THOMAS MURBY. Published by GRIFFITH and FARRAN, London.

Any work, the joint production of the son and daughter of Thomas Hood, would claim attention; this volume, however, needs no recommendation beyond that which it derives from its own intrinsic merit. Here are forty charming songs—merry and wise—set to music: each being illustrated by a graceful woodcut. There is no book of the season that will be so welcome to little readers. What a luxury it would be to hear the little voices sing these sweet songs, which are written with a thorough comprehension of childhood, neither above nor below their capacities. It is gratifying to find the son and daughter of the author of "A Song of a Shirt" thus contributing to the pleasure and the happiness of young readers.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, APRIL 1, 1855.

GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

SCHOOL OF MUNICH.

HIESS.

LIKE to the revival in Italy of the middle ages, the revival of painting in Germany has sprung up at separate centres, and received nurture in the cities of independent states under the fostering care of princes. Among the capitals of Europe, two towns in Germany, Munich and Dusseldorf, are specially distinguished as the seats of schools which have become illustrious either through the teaching of professors, or by the multitude and the worth of the works produced. Of these two schools, Dusseldorf is more famed for its academy, and Munich more fortunate in the assemblage of its public buildings and the display of its statues and monumental paintings. The creations of Cornelius in Munich have already passed under notice; the mural decorations by Kaubach will be described in a future paper. In the present article I wish to bring into prominent view the works of a third artist, to whose prolific pencil the capital of Bavaria owes no small part of her splendour. Hieess I propose to take as a representative man—as an artist who is the exponent of an elaborated system—the painter who has deliberately used fresco in the decoration of architecture, and has

matured the practice of polychromy to a high pitch of harmony reached nowhere save in Munich.

Between the school of modern Munich and that of mediæval Rome subsists an analogy of condition. Rome had not the honour of giving birth to the great artists who added to her renown; it was by princely patronage that she brought within her walls the famed architects, sculptors, and painters, who, thus drawn from distant cities, came in quest of honour and reward. Through the invitation of the reigning pontiffs, Bramante, Raphael, and Michael Angelo were induced to enter the Eternal City, where they executed the master-works which constitute the glory of the Roman school. The Art of Munich must be content to acknowledge a like origin; her churches, palaces, and paintings are the works of strangers, tempted from the towns of Germany by the munificence of princely rewards. Klenze, the architect of the king's palace, of the Glyptothek, the old Pinakothek, the church of All Saints, and of the Ruhmeshalle, was born in the Harz mountains; Cornelius and Hess were natives of Dusseldorf, and Schnorr came from Leipzig; Schwanthaler, the sculptor of the giant statue of Bavaria, alone, among the artists of Munich, owed to that city a parentage. From this it is easy to understand that the history of the school is circumscribed and barren. The city of Munich indeed, as we all know, is of recent growth. In the last century it was a mere second-rate German capital, distinguished neither for its situation nor its architecture. The great works of which the city is in our days justly proud, are the creations of one enthusiastic will, that of King Ludwig, who determined to make the capital of Bavaria the rival of Florence, of Rome, and even of Athens. The desert soil of Munich being, as we have seen, barren of genius, great ideas, which might be wrought in stone or translated into pictures, had to be sought in distant territories and imported to Bavaria from across the mountains. It has been said indeed that King Ludwig was like to the Emperor Hadrian, each monarch wished to imitate in his own capital those buildings which had most pleased him in his foreign travels. Munich, in truth, is rich in plagiarism. The king's palace is an impoverished reproduction of the Florentine Palazzo Pitti; the Hall of the Marshals rises in repetition of Orcagna's Loggia de' Lanzi; the triumphal gate at the end of the Ludwig Strasse is an adaptation of the arch of Constantine; and the church of St. Boniface serves as a small model of the Basilica of St. Paul without the walls of Rome. But imitation and emulation do not end here. All the Arts known to the middle ages it was sought to revive for the decoration of the modern buildings, of which mediæval Italy had furnished the prototypes. A royal painted-glass manufactory and a bronze foundry were established, and the arts of fresco and encaustic painting have again been brought into practice. Such is the Munich school, in which Hieess has for many years held a



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

WORSHIP OF THE SHEPHERDS AND THE KINGS.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

prominent station; such are the varied arts which were revived in the modern Athens of Germany; such the generous patronage and the lavish expenditure which induced no less than seven hundred adventurous artists to encamp on the desert table-land of Bavaria.

This recital will enable us the better to understand the merits as well as the defects of the Munich school. Forced into rapid and inordinate growth, it is, in outward form and dimensions,

presumptuous and grandiloquent. We cannot indeed but feel, while wandering among the tenanted streets, with here and there a solitary dwelling or a single foot passenger to occupy the void, that the architect makes vain attempts to take possession of a wide waste of acreage, and that the painter has with ill success essayed to cover the wall space which the builder prepares for his decorative disguise. Here surely was space sufficient and to

spare, here was patronage tempting the painter to prolific production, yet do we find, what indeed might have been anticipated, that even at a king's bidding origination talent failed to come. Great works, not vast in extent, but grand in the measure of their genius, cannot be made to order at a moment's notice. The Arts of the middle ages were slow to mature; centuries were needed for the manifestation of their strength and beauty; and only by the aid of a combination of causes singularly

felicitous, a concurrence of circumstances which have never since been known to meet together, were the matchless works of the Vatican and the Sistine Chapel designed and completed. Thus, all things considered, I think the wonder is not that the artists called together in Munich did no better, but that they have succeeded so well. If original ideas would not come just when wanted, the obvious expedient was to borrow or to steal the thoughts of minds more creative. Indeed, the very project of a revival



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

THE MADONNA.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.]

seems to imply not invention, but appropriation; and accordingly, as we have seen, Florence and Rome were laid under tribute to enrich the barrenness of the German soil. That the copies made should have the merits of the originals—that artists who, in poverty of

thought, asked for charity, should possess the independence of masters opulent in resource—were scarcely to be expected. But, on the other hand, of this at least we may be sure, that a painter who, rather than rely upon his own inventions, which possibly may

provo worthless, deliberately takes the conceptions of others and makes the best of them, will be saved from falling into gross error, and thus may be maintained all the days of his life in respectable mediocrity. This is the fate and the felicity which attend all eclectic schools, from that of Bologna down to that of Munich. An artist, moreover, who can lay men of all times under contribution, who can place his hand upon approved works and model them to his own ends, who can make a mosaic out of pre-existing materials, who can pilfer on all sides and yet possibly not be found out, possesses the invaluable secret of being able to multiply his own manufacture with a rapidity otherwise attained only by a machine. In the arduous task of building and adorning a city which was required to rise out of the ground at a monarch's command, this prolific power of production came as no inconsiderable advantage. That artists in Munich have done too much, that their hands have often travelled faster than their thoughts could follow, that they have been taxed to cover with decoration acres of wall in a time too short to admit of care and deliberation, is perhaps less their fault than their misfortune. The disinterested generosity of an artist who will thus, at the bidding of a patron, sacrifice his reputation in the judgment of posterity cannot be too much applauded or deplored. Certain it is, that, in the review of this Bavarian revival, a conflict between approval and censure divides the mind. At all events, let us admit that a laudable effort has been made, and a mighty work attempted and accomplished. Count Raczyński, in his "History of Modern Art in Germany," accords to the Munich school the merits of "fecundity," "ideality," "symbolism,"

and "sublimity." And it may be wise to accept all that is true and good therein with gladness; yet at the same time I cannot but feel that in this magnificence of outward show, there is a hollowness at the heart and a rottenness in the core.

Heinrich Maria Hess, known chiefly as a fresco-painter, was born in Dusseldorf in the year 1798. When nine years of age, his father brought him to Munich, where he became earnestly devoted to painting. Under the countenance of King Maximilian, the young artist afterwards went to Rome, for the further prosecution of his studies. Having made himself master of the art of painting, both in oil and fresco, he was, in the year 1828, at the age of thirty, created a professor in the Academy of Munich, and at a later period obtained the appointment of director to the united Art institutions in that city. The life of Hess was now crowded with professional engagements, too numerous for the artist to execute single-handed. Like to the painters of old, Hess gathered round him a company of scholars, who relieved their master from much manual drudgery. He organised a compact body of pupils, expressly trained to take the subordinate and more laborious parts incident to monumental painting—youths of promise, who should be competent to draw draperies and architectural backgrounds in cartoon compositions, and afterwards be able to execute, under the direction of their master, the less difficult passages of the design in fresco. Thus, and thus only, can vast mural works be carried out to completion; and it is the lack of students in our own country, qualified for the task which the better-trained pupils in Munich were able to undertake, that has made for our English



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

DEPARTURE OF ST. BONIFACE.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

artists the painting of the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament an intolerable burden. Hess, more fortunate than our English fresco-painters, obtaining all needful assistance, completed with apparent facility works, the mere enumeration whereof excites our wonder. By Hess and his pupils the entire interior of the palace chapel of All Saints was covered with frescoes; and the same persistent imagination, the same untiring hand, also found time to decorate the Basilica of St. Boniface. Under his direction, likewise, were executed nineteen large windows in the church of Maria Hilf, painted with pictures illustrating the life of the Virgin. Each of these several undertakings we shall pass in rapid review.

The pretty little Gothic church of Maria Hilf owes a chief attraction to its choice examples of painted glass, in the style usually identified with the Munich school—a manner which, by two opposing parties, has been alternately extolled and condemned. It is urged by the antagonists to the Munich method, that a painted window should not be treated as a picture, that in painted glass form and subject should be subservient to colour, that shadow should be in subjection to light, and that opacity should give place to transparency and lustre, and thus that window is best which shows most brilliant and luminous as a mere mosaic of colour. It must be admitted that the windows executed under the direction of Hess for this Gothic church do not comply with these conditions. Yet, on the other hand, I think it can scarcely be denied that they attain excellences which are wanting in works of the opposing school. Hess, by the use of enamel colours, which no doubt diminish transparency and lustre, has succeeded in

putting upon glass just the pictures which he, as a fresco-painter, might have executed on a wall. The effect gained is illusive, even magical, and the result has, at all events, won the applause of the common people. It is, then, of little avail hypercritic object that the Art is false. Whether true or false, the effect is, at least, eminently pleasing. All sorts and conditions of men, save only the professed antiquary, flock to see this picture-painted glass, and come away applauding. The revival of Christian Art, indeed, by the painters of Germany, would scarcely have been complete, had it not obtained this uncompromising application to church windows. The method, matured by Hess and others, has of late years, however, undergone some modification. The windows which decorate the Glasgow Cathedral were executed at the Royal Manufactory at Munich, but more transparent glass and less opaque enamel colours have been used, and thus a compromise between the two hostile schools may, it is hoped, in the end become practicable. The result gained in Glasgow obtained the approval of the late Mr. Charles Winston. That any one style can be equally suited to every possible combination of circumstances, only a blind partisan would venture to assert. It is sufficient for my present purpose to claim for the Munich practice an honourable place in the wisely inclusive kingdom of a widely Catholic Art.

The chapel of All Saints, from which I have selected two illustrations, 'THE MADONNA,' and 'THE WORSHIP OF THE SHEPHERDS AND THE KINGS,' is a gorgeous example of mural decoration in the Byzantine style. Like the interior of St. Mark's, in Venice, the

cupolas, and the backgrounds to the subject compositions, are of gold, and all other compartments of the wall and roof are coloured up to the same intense pitch. The columns are of red Salzburg marble, the capitals are gilt, and the frescoes, which occupy all available space, strike a key in concert with the same chromatic rhapsody. The combined effect, however, has the crudity which hets all like interiors dazzling with prismatic rays. Yet closer scrutiny shows how careful have been both architect and painter to subdue, by pale, delicate, and tender secondary or tertiary tones, a hot blaze of colour which otherwise had been intolerable. As to the general effect upon the eye, and through the eye upon the mind, there prevails the usual diversity of opinion. Men of cold reason, and women of the same cool class, if such exist, reducing devotion to the service of the intellect, naturally seek for a simpler church; but worshippers of the imaginative and ecstatic order, whose emotions kindle readily into ardour, find these ministrations of the beautiful in grateful harmony with their spiritual wants and aspirations. If I may be permitted to appeal to my own experience, I would confess that to join in the ceremonials of the Allerheiligen Kapelle is a privilege and delight. Referring to the published journal of "an Art-student in Munich," I find like testimony borne to the effect produced by this concord of sweet thought, sound, and colour. The following description casts into poetic form the emotions which many a traveller has doubtless felt. "I had no conception," writes the "Art-student," "how sublimely beautiful is this chapel." "The crowd of worshipping people, the strains of music, the incense, all produced an overpowering effect; but the highest enjoyment was, in the calmness of early morning, in solitude, in so perfect a silence that one could hear one's heart beat, to sit there alone, steeping one's soul in the spirit of the place; being fanned, as it were, by angelic wings; being caught up into the golden sunlight of those heavens, forgetting all but the glorious abstractions before and above one, till Christ seemed to speak as He stretched forth His benevolent arms, till the Virgin's eyes sent peace into the depths of one's soul, till the whole choir of angels, overshadowed with their azure wings, hurst into one anthem of praise and rejoicing!" The reader will grant that the architect and painter who succeed in arousing such emotions, must, notwithstanding minor errors, be in the main true to aesthetic principles, and to those laws of constructional and decorative harmony which find response in the universal mind.

The frescoes in this Chapel of All Saints comprise a complete cycle of biblical truth. The sacred narrative commences with the epoula at the entrance to the church, occupied by the leading events and persons of the Old Testament, in the midst whereof reigns the First Person of the Trinity. The next cupola contains a corresponding selection from the New Testament, with God the Son as its centre. The choir sets forth the continued revelation in the Church, through God the Holy Ghost, manifest in the Acts of the Apostles, the seven gifts of the Spirit, and the seven sacraments. The entire chapel being dedicated to all the saints, the picture of St. Mary the Virgin, the most blessed of saints, is enthroned at the altar. This picture, which we engrave, is said to have been painted from the artist's wife, a course of proceeding for which, it will be remembered, the history of Art affords precedent.

The other subject selected for illustration from the same chapel, 'The Worship of the Kings and the Shepherds,' is one of the best examples of the artist's manner with which I am acquainted. It will be observed that two themes often treated separately are here brought together. On the one side come the three kings or wise men from the East, presenting gold, frankincense, and myrrh, "by which symbolical oblation," writes Mrs. Jameson, "they protested a threefold faith: by gold, that he was a king; by incense, that he was God; by myrrh, that he was man, and doomed to death." On the other side kneel the shepherds, with the pastoral offering of a lamb; and behind them stand two young companions, piping before the Madonna and Child, as do the *Pifferari*—shepherds of the Campagna and of Calabria—at Christmas-tide in Rome. This union of two subjects has a double symbolic meaning: on the one side, the shepherds signify the manifestation of Christ to the Jews; on the other side, the Magi denote the preaching to the Gentiles. The Virgin, it will be observed, is not in a stable, but on a throne, and the Infant not in swaddling clothes lying in a manger, but seated on his mother's knee, raising the hand in benediction. This violation of literal fact, of which early Christian Art affords abundant example, admits of explanation, and, indeed, of justification. The scene, we are told, has been transferred from earth to heaven; the picture is not so much a historic record as an imaginative vision, a poetic conception which, though a little bold, imagination refuses not to accept. Coming to points more technical, the simplicity of the composition, likewise its symmetry, evenly balanced on either side, are worthy of note. Also be it remembered that the gold background in the original work precluding perspective distance, the figures have

been fitly ranged on the one plane of the foreground, after the manner of bas-relief. Altogether the composition is a good example of the treatment required of painting, when made the instrument of architectural decoration.

The first stone of the Basilica of St. Boniface was laid by King Ludwig in 1835, in commemoration of his "Silberne Hochzeit," or Silver Wedding, which comes round on the twenty-fifth anniversary of a marriage. The church, having taken fifteen years in the building, was consecrated in 1850. The style is Romanesque, after the manner of the Roman Basilicas of the fifth and sixth centuries. The elevation and general arrangement, indeed, closely resemble the church of "St. Paolo fuori le Mura." Attached to the Basilica is a monastery of Benedictine monks, who find burial in the crypt. The refectory has at its upper end, after the manner of several well-known refectories in Italy, a fresco representing the Last Supper. This work, which is singularly impressive, as all renderings of the subject are wont to be, was executed, in common with the pictorial decorations of the church, by Hess, with the aid of his pupils. It has been my good fortune to stand in the presence of seven pictures of the Last Supper—four in or near Florence, one at Assisi, one in Milan, and one, this "heilige Abendmahl," by Hess, in Munich. Six of these paintings suffer heavily doubt by the comparison which the mind involuntarily institutes with the seventh, the masterpiece of them all, executed by Leonardo, in Milan. The task, then, which Hess undertook was arduous. Yet I think, the general opinion is that the German painter has acquitted himself with credit. Originality was almost beyond reach, still some boldness of thought has been thrown at least into the figure of Judas; and for the rest, the picture leaves little to regret, and much to approve. Like the other works by this painter, it is careful, conscientious, and right-minded.

'THE EMBARKATION OF ST. BONIFACE FROM SOUTHAMPTON,' which we engrave, is one of twelve large compositions taken from the life of the saint, which range along the nave of the Basilica. These frescoes, of which this 'Embarkation' is accepted as the best, "have been executed," says Mrs. Jameson, "with great care, in a large, chaste, simple style." The same writer describes "the story of St. Boniface as one of the most beautiful and authentic of the mediæval legends. As one of the Saxon worthies, educated in an English Benedictine convent, and connected with our own early history, he is specially interesting to us. His active, eventful life, his sublime devotion, and his tragical death, afford admirable subjects for Christian Art and artists." St. Boniface was born in the eighth century at Crediton, in Devonshire, of noble and wealthy parents. Contrary to the wishes of his family, he entered the Benedictine abbey of Ntshall, near Winchester, where he studied and taught poetry, history, rhetoric, and the Holy Scriptures. But in solitude a voice came with the injunction, "Go and preach the Gospel to all nations." Accordingly, in the year 719, he quits his native England for ever, reaches Rome, and is consecrated by Pope Gregory II. to the mission of preaching the Gospel to the pagan inhabitants of Germany. He labours for upwards of ten years in Thuringia, Bavaria, Friesland, and Saxony, everywhere converting and civilising the people. He is created first Bishop of Mayence, and Archbishop and Primate of all Germany. When more than seventy years of age, he travels once again into Friesland, pitches his tent on the banks of a small rivulet, and is set upon by a horde of pagans sworn to avenge their injured deities. "The servants of Boniface drew their swords in his defence, but calmly, and even cheerfully, awaiting the approach of his enemies, and forbidding all resistance, he fell beneath their blows, a martyr to the faith which he had so long lived and so bravely died to propagate."

The picture by Hess of the saint's 'Embarkation' tells the simple touching story so clearly that further explanation is not needed. Specially to be admired is the air of truth which gives persuasive reality to the scene. The spectator feels himself present at this solemn leave-taking and final benediction, and the good monks have an individual character which almost bespeaks actual portraiture. The composition, somewhat novel, and presenting withal unusual difficulties, has been managed with skill.

Hess, as a painter, wanting in the physical power of Cornelius, and in the spiritual fervour of Overbeck, does not, like those artists, rank among the chiefs of the German school. Yet is he a man holding honourable position; an artist, not creating his age, but moulded by it; an industrious, careful worker; a painter who utilises known ideas, adapts existing modes, and thus makes pleasing pictures, and does much good service to Art. Vigour in his outlines never outrides, as with Cornelius, in the form of rude ruggedness; rather as the Carlo Dolci of Germany would he be recognised, by sweet serenity, by delicacy of beauty, and by quiet unobtrusive goodness. Truly did Raczynski say, that Hess, by disposition, was destined to be the painter of evangelists, for in him dominate the tender emotions of love and religion.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

THE CESTUS OF AGLAIA.

CHAPTER III.

"Dame Patience sitting there I fonde,
With face pale, upon an hill of sonde."

As I try to summon this vision of Chaucer's into definiteness, and as it fades before me, and reappears, like the image of Picarda in the moon, there mingles with it another;—the image of an Italian child, lying, she also, upon a hill of sand, by Eridanus' side; a vision which has never quite left me since I saw it. A girl of ten or twelve, it might be; one of the children to whom there has never been any other lesson taught than that of patience;—patience of famine and thirst; patience of heat and cold; patience of fierce word and sullen blow; patience of changeless fate and giftless time. She was lying with her arms thrown back over her head, all languid and lax, on an earth-heap by the river-side, (the softness of the dust being the only softness she had ever known), in the southern suburb of Turin, one golden afternoon in August, years ago. She had been at play, after her fashion, with other patient children, and had thrown herself down to rest, full in the sun, like a lizard. The sand was mixed with the dragged locks of her black hair, and some of it sprinkled over her face and body, in an "ashes to ashes" kind of way;—a few black rags about her loins, but her limbs nearly bare, and her little breasts, scarce dimpled yet,—white,—marble-like—but, as wasted marble, thin with the scorching and the rains of Time. So she lay, motionless; black and white by the shore in the sun; the yellow light flickering back upon her from the passing eddies of the river, and burning down on her from the west. So she lay, like a dead Niobid: it seemed as if the Sun-God, as he sank towards grey Vise, (who stood pale in the south-west, and pyramidal as a tomb), had been wroth with Italy for umbering her children too carefully, and slain this little one. Black and white she lay, all breathless, in a sufficiently pictorial manner: the gardens of the Villa Regina gleamed beyond, graceful with laurel-grove and labyrinthine terraco; and folds of purple mountain were drawn afar, for curtains round her little dusty bed. Pictorial enough, I repeat; and yet I might not now have remembered her, so as to find her figure mingling, against my will, with other images, but for her manner of "revival." For one of her play-mates coming near, cast some word at her which angered her; and she rose—"en ego, victa situ"—she rose, with a single spring, like a snake; one hardly saw the motion; and with a shriek so shrill that I put my hands upon my ears; and so uttered herself, indignant and vengeful, with words of justice,—Alecto standing by, satisfied, teaching her acute, articulate syllables, and adding her own voice to carry them thrilling through the blue laurel shadows. And having spoken, she went her way, wearily; and I passed by on the other side, meditating, with such Levitical propriety as a respectable person should, on the asp-like Passion, following the sorrowful Patience; and on the way in which the saying, "Dust shalt thou eat all thy days" has been confoundingly fulfilled, first by much provision of human dust for the meat of what Keats calls "human serpentry;" and last, by gathering the Consumed and Consumer into dust together, for the meat of the death spirit, or serpent Apap. Neither could I, for long, get rid of the thought of this strange

dust-manufacture under the mill-stones, as it were, of Death; and of the two colours of the grain, discriminate beneath, though indiscriminately cast into the hopper. For indeed some of it seems only to be made whiter for its patience, and becomes kneadable into spiced bread, where they sell in Babylonian shops "slaves, and souls of men;" but other some runs dark from under the mill-stones; a little sulphurous and nitrous foam being mingled in the conception of it; and is ominously stored up in magazines near river-embankments; patient enough—for the present.

But it is provoking to me that the image of this child mingles itself now with Chaucer's; for I should like truly to know what Chaucer means by his sand-hill. Not but that this is just one of those enigmatical pieces of teaching which we have made up our minds not to be troubled with, since it may evidently mean just what we like. Sometimes I would fain have it to mean the ghostly sand of the horologe of the world; and I think that the pale figure is seated on the recording heap, which rises slowly, and obbs in giddiness, and flows again, and rises, tottering; and still she scos, falling beside her, the never-ending stream of phantom sand. Sometimes I like to think that she is seated on the sand because she is herself the Spirit of Staying, and victor over all things that pass and change;—quicksand of the desert in moving pillar; quicksand of the sea in moving floor; rootless all, and unabiding, but she abiding;—to herself, her home. And sometimes I think, though I do not like to think (neither did Chaucer mean this, for he always meant the lovely thing first, not the low one), that she is seated on her sand-heap as the only treasure to be gained by human toil; and that the little ant-hill, where the best of us creep to and fro, bears to angelic eyes, in the patientest gathering of its galleries, only the aspect of a little heap of dust; while for the worst of us, the heap, still lower by the levelling of those winged surveyors, is high enough, nevertheless, to overhang, and at last to close in judgment, on the seventh day, over the journeyers to the fortunate Islands; while to their dying eyes, through the mirage, "the city sparkles like a grain of salt."

But of course it does not in the least matter what it means. All that matters specially to us in Chaucer's vision, is that, next to Patience, (as the reader will find by looking at the context in the "Assembly of Foules") were "Beheste" and "Art;"—Promise, that is, and Art; and that, although these visionary powers are here waiting only in one of the outer courts of Love, and the intended patience is here only the long-suffering of love; and the intended beheste, its promise; and the intended art, its cunning,—the same powers companion each other necessarily in the courts and ante-chambers of every triumphal home of man. I say triumphal home, for, indeed, triumphal arches which you pass under, are but foolish things, and may be nailed together any day, out of paste-board and filched laurel; but triumphal doors, which you can enter in at, with living laurel crowning the Lares, are not so easy of access: and outside of them waits always this sad portress, Patience; that is to say, the submission to the eternal laws of Pain and Time, and acceptance of them as inevitable, smiling at the grief. So much pains you shall take—so much time you shall wait—that is the Law. Understand it, honour it; with peace of heart accept the pain, and attend the hours; and as the husbandman in his waiting, you

shall see, first the blade, and then the ear, and then the laughing of the valleys. But refuse the Law, and seek to do your work in your own time, or by any serpentine way to evade the pain, and you shall have no harvest—nothing but apples of Sodom: dust shall be your meat, and dust in your throat—there is no singing in such harvest time.

And this is true for all things, little and great. There is a time and a way in which they can be done: none shorter—none smoother. For all noble things, the time is long and the way rude. You may fret and fume as you will; for every start and struggle of impatience there shall be so much attendant failure; if impatience become a habit, nothing but failure: until on the path you have chosen for your better swiftness, rather than the honest flinty one, there shall follow you, fast at hand, instead of Beheste and Art for companions, those two wicked hags,

"With hoary locks all loose, and visage grim;
Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
And both as swift on foot as chased stags;
And yet the one her other legges had lame,
Which with a staffe all full of little snags
She did support, and Impatience her name;
But th' other was Impatience, armed with raging flame."

"Raging flame," note; unserviceable;—flame of the black grain. But the fire which Patience carries in her hand is that truly stolen from Heaven, in the *path* of the rod—fire of the slow match; persistent Fire like it also in her own body,—fire in the marrow; unquenchable incense of life; though it may seem to the bystanders that there is no breath in her, and she holds herself like a statue, as Hermione, "the statue lady," or Griselda, "the stone lady;" unless indeed one looks close for the glance *forward*, in the eyes, which distinguishes such pillars from the pillars, not of flesh, but of salt, whose eyes are set backwards.

I cannot get to my work in this paper, somehow; the web of these old enigmas entangles me again and again. That rough syllable which begins the name of Griselda, "Gries," "the stone;" the roar of the long fall of the Toccia seems to mix with the sound of it, bringing thoughts of the great Alpine patience; unto snow wreathed by grey ruck, till avalanche time comes—patience of mute tormented races till the time of the Grey league came; at last impatient. (Not that, hitherto, it has heven its way to much: the Rhino-foam of the Via Mala seeming to have done its work better.) But it is a noble colour that Grison Grey;—dawn colour—graceful for a faded silk to ride in, and wonderful, in paper, for getting a glow upon, if you begin wisely, as you may some day perhaps see by those Turner sketches at Kensington, if ever anybody can see them.

But we *will* get to work now; the work being to understand, if we may, what tender creatures are indeed riding with us, the British public, in faded silk, and handing our plates for us with tender little thumbs, and never wearing, or doing, anything else (not always having much to put on their own plates). The loveliest arts, the arts of noblest descent, have been long doing this for us, and are still, and we have no idea of their being Princesses, but keep them ill-entreated and enslaved; vociferous as we are against Black slavery, while we are gladly acceptant of Grey; and fain to keep Aglaia and her sisters—Urania and hers,—serving us in faded silk, and taken for kitchen-wench. We are mad Sanchos, not mad Quixotes; our eyes enchant *Downwards*.

For one instance only: has the reader ever reflected on the patience, and deliberate subtlety, and unostentatious will, in-

volved in the ordinary process of steel engraving; that process of which engravers themselves now with doleful voices deplore the decline, and with sorrowful hearts expect the extinction, after their own days?

By the way—my friends of the field of steel,—you need fear nothing of the kind. What there is of mechanical in your work; of habitual and thoughtless, of vulgar or servile—for that, indeed, the time has come; the sun will burn it up for you, very ruthlessly; but what there is of human liberty, and of sanguine life, in finger and fancy, is kindred of the sun, and quite inextinguishable by him. He is the very last of divinities who would wish to extinguish it. With his red right hand, though full of lightning orcasation, he will faithfully and tenderly clasp yours, warm blooded; you will see the vermilion in the flesh—shadows all the clearer; but your hand will not be withered. I tell you—(dogmatically, if you like to call it so, knowing it well)—a square inch of man's engraving is worth all the photographs that ever were dipped in acid (or left half-washed afterwards, which is saying much)—only it must be man's engraving; not machine's engraving. You have founded a school on patience and labour—only; That school must soon be extinct. You will have to found one on thought, which is Phœnician in immortality, and fears no fire. Believe me, photography can do against line engraving just what Madame Tussaud's wax-work can do against sculpture. That, and no more. You are too timid in this matter; you are like Isaac in that picture of Mr. Schnorr's in the last number of this Journal, and, with Tautonically metaphysical precaution, shade your eyes from the sun with your back to it. Take courage; turn your eyes to it in an aquiline manner; put more sunshine on your steel, and less burr; and leave the photographers to their Phœbus of Magnesium wire.

Not that I mean to speak disrespectfully of magnesium. I honour it to its utmost fiery particle (though I think the soul a fierior one); and I wish the said magnesium all comfort and triumph; nightly-lodging in light-houses, and after victory over coal gas. Could Titian but have known what the gnomes who built his dolomite crags above Cadore had mixed in the make of them,—and that one day—one night, I mean—his blue distances would still be seen pure blue, by light got out of his own mountains!

Light out of limestone—colour out of coal—and white wings out of hot water! It is a great age this of ours, for traction and extraction, if it only knew what to extract from itself, or where to drag itself to!

But in the meantime I want the public to admire this patience of yours, while they have it, and to understand what it has cost to give them even this, which has to pass away. We will not take instance in figure engraving, of which the complex skill and textural gradation by dot and chequer must be wholly incomprehensible to amateurs; but we will take a piece of average landscape engraving, such as is sent out of any good workshop—the master who puts his name at the bottom of the plate being of course responsible only for the general method, for the sufficient skill of subordinate hands, and for the few finishing touches if necessary. We will take, for example, the plate of Turner's 'Mercury and Argus,' engraved in this Journal.

I suppose most people, looking at such a plate, fancy it is produced by some simple mechanical artifice, which is to drawing

only what printing is to writing. They conclude, at all events, that there is something complacent, sympathetic, and helpful in the nature of steel; so that while a pen-and-ink sketch may always be considered an achievement proving cleverness in the sketcher, a sketch on steel comes out by mere favour of the indulgent metal: or perhaps they think the plate is woven like a piece of pattern silk, and the pattern is developed by pasteboard cards punched full of holes. Not so. Look close at that engraving—imagine it to be a drawing in pen and ink, and yourself required similarly to produce its parallel! True, the steel point has the one advantage of not blotting, but it has tenfold or twentyfold disadvantage, in that you cannot slur, nor efface, except in a very resolute and laborious way, nor play with it, nor even see what you are doing with it at the moment, far less the effect that is to be. You must *feel* what you are doing with it, and know precisely what you have got to do; how deep—how broad—how far apart—your lines must be, &c. and &c. (a couple of lines of &c.s would not be enough to imply all you must know). But suppose the plate were only a pen drawing: take your pen—your finest—and just try to copy the leaves that entangle the nearest cow's head and the head itself; remembering always that the kind of work required here is mere child's play compared to that of fine figure engraving. Nevertheless, take a strong magnifying glass to this—count the dots and lines that gradate the nostrils and the edges of the facial bone; notice how the light is left on the top of the head by the stopping at its outline of the coarse touches which form the shadows under the leaves; examine it well, and then—I humbly ask of you—try to do a piece of it yourself! You clever sketcher—you young lady or gentleman of genius—you cyo-glassed dilettante—you current writer of criticism royally plural,—I beseech you—do it yourself; do the merely etched outline yourself, if no more. Look you,—you hold your etching needle this way, as you would a pencil, nearly; and then,—you scratch with it! it is as easy as lying. Or if you think that too difficult, take an easier piece;—take either of the light sprays of foliage that rise against the fortress on the right, put your glass over them—look how their fine outline is first drawn, leaf by leaf; then how the distant rock is put in between, with broken lines, mostly stopping before they touch the leaf-outline, and—again, I pray you, do it yourself; if not on that scale, on a larger. Go on into the hollows of the distant rock—traverse its thickets—number its towers—count how many lines there are in a laurel bush—in an arch—in a casement: some hundred and fifty, or two hundred, deliberately drawn lines, you will find, in every square quarter of an inch;—say three thousand to the inch,—each with skilful intent put in its place! and then consider what the ordinary sketcher's work must appear to the men who have been trained to this!

“But might not more have been done by three thousand lines to a square inch?” you will perhaps ask. Well, possibly. It may be with lines as with soldiers: three hundred, knowing their work thoroughly, may be stronger than three thousand less sure of their game. We shall have to press close home this question about numbers and purpose presently;—it is not the question now. Supposing certain results required,—atmospheric effects, surface textures, transparencies of shade, confusions of light,—more could not be done with less. There are engravings of this modern school, of

which, with respect to their particular aim, it may be said, most truly, they “cannot be better done.” Whether an engraving should aim at effects of atmosphere, may be disputable (just as also whether a sculptor should aim at effects of perspective); but I do not raise these points to-day. Admit the aim—let us note the patience; nor this in engraving only. I have taken an engraving for my instance, but I might have taken any form of Art. I call upon all good artists, painters, sculptors, metal-workers, to bear witness with me in what I now tell the public in their name,—that the same Fortitude, the same deliberation, the same perseverance in resolute act—is needed to do *anything* in Art that is worthy. And why is it, you workmen, that you are silent always concerning your toil; and mock at us in your hearts, within that shrine at Eleusis, to the gate of which you have hewn your way through so deadly thickets of thorn; and leave us, foolish children, outside, in our conceited thinking either that we can enter it in play, or that we are grander for not entering? Far more earnestly is it to be asked, why do you stoop to us as you mock us? If your secrecy were a noble one,—if, in that incommunicant contempt, you wrought your own work with majesty, whether we would receive it or not, it were kindly, though ungraciously, done; but now you make yourselves our toys, and do our childish will in servile silence. If engraving were to come to an end this day, and no guided point should press metal more, do you think it would be in a blaze of glory that your art would expire?—that those plates in the annuals, and black proofs in broad shop windows, are of a nobly monumental character,—“chalybeperennius?” I am afraid your patience has been too much like yonder poor Italian child's; and over that genius of yours, low laid by the Matin shore, if it expired so, the lament for Archytas would have to be sung again;—“pulvis exigui—numera.” Suppose you were to shake off the dust again! cleanse your wings, like the morning bees on that Matin promontory; rise, in noble impatience, for there is such a thing: the Impatience of the Fourth Comice.

“Cui buon voler, e gusto amor cavalea.”

Shall we try, together, to think over the meaning of that Haste, when the May mornings come?

J. RUSKIN.

RECENT SCIENTIFIC AIDS TO ART.

ANILINE AND COAL-TAR COLOURS.

PART II.

HAVING in a former article (*vide* p. 25) given a sketch of the origin and progress of these novel and beautiful colours, and also an outline of the methods by which the purples and reds are commercially produced, it is now proposed to continue the same course with respect to the remaining aniline colours.

Blues.—The blue colours from aniline may be classed under three different heads:—

1st. Blue colouring matters of a light hue, resisting the action of acids, and to a certain extent that of light, but decolorised by alkalis;—such are the colours called *Azulino*, *Bleu de Lyon*, *Bleu de Paris*, *Opal Blue*, and probably the *Bleu de Mulhouse*.

2nd. Blue colouring matters giving shades very similar to those of indigo, offering great resistance to light and alkalis, but

turning green under the action of acids, such as Azurine.

3rd. Blue colouring matters of a light shade, but highly fugitive, turning yellow when in contact with acids, such as that produced by Mr. Lauth's process.

It is highly interesting to notice how all these various kinds and shades of blue are obtained from one substance, aniline, notwithstanding the great variety of properties which they present; for, on the one hand, some cannot withstand the action of light, while others, on the contrary, such as azurine, are as fast as indigo; again some, such as azuline, perfectly resist the action of acids, while others, such as azurine, are modified by it. These facts tend to show that as we become better acquainted with the composition and properties of these colours, it is most likely we shall arrive at methods by which their defects will be overcome, and perfect fastness obtained, when it will be possible to substitute the brilliancy of the aniline colours for the dull and somewhat unsatisfactory hues produced by the aid of indigo and Prussian blue.

The first aniline blue which was brought into the market was azuline, discovered by M. Marnas, of the firm of Guinon, Marnas, and Bonnet, of Lyons. The production of this colour was as interesting, in a scientific point of view, as its beauty was novel, and the following method of manufacturing it was kept secret for a long period. The blue is produced by slowly oxidising aniline by means of a substance called peonine, the properties of which we shall describe further on, and the following is an outline of the process:—Five parts of peonine are mixed with eight parts of aniline, and the whole is kept at the boiling point for several hours, until nearly all the substances used are transformed into the blue colouring matter. To isolate it, the boiled mass is thrown into cold water, previously acidulated with vitriol, which not only neutralises the excess of aniline used, but also keeps the colour in an insoluble condition. This is collected, dried, and washed with heavy oils of tar, which separate the insoluble resinous matters. Lastly, its purification is effected by washing the colour, first with alkali and then with acidulated water. The azuline thus prepared presents itself as a reddish powder with a golden lustre, and its alcoholic or methyle solutions can be used by the dyer, for all that is necessary in using azuline to dye silk or wool, is to add some of the above solutions to a hot aqueous bath slightly acidulated with vitriol, into which the silk or wool is plunged, when the blue dye becomes fixed upon the material.

The next blue introduced to the notice of the public was one by Mr. Charles Lauth, of Mulhouse, which we shall notice presently.

But the light shades of blue which have had most success, and are first in favour with dyers and printers, are those produced by the reduction of rosaniline by means of aniline; and the following is the process that has given the best results, and which is still the base of all the methods now in use for producing these shades of blue. Mr. Girard's method consists in heating for several hours, at a temperature of 320° Fahr., equal weights of aniline red and aniline, when the mass gradually assumes first a purple and then a blue hue. The mass is then allowed to cool, when it is washed with weak hydrochloric acid, which removes the excess of aniline and a purple colour. The insoluble residue is further purified by being boiled several times with slightly diluted hydrochloric acid, and then washed with water, after which a beautiful blue colour

remains, only requiring to be dissolved in methylated alcohol to be ready for the dyer or colour printer. But since the date of this patent (1861) great improvements have been effected in the production of this blue, chiefly consisting in employing the acetate of rosaniline instead of the chloride, and strong acetic acid instead of hydrochloric. Thus Mr. E. C. Nicholson describes his process to be as follows:—Twenty pounds of rosaniline are mixed with four pints of crystallisable acetic acid, and to these are added 60 lbs. of aniline, the whole being then boiled for about an hour and a quarter, the temperature gradually rising to 360°, when the formation of the blue colour is completed. Four pints of the same crystallisable acetic acid are added, with twenty pints of methylated alcohol. To remove from the blue colour any shade of purple with which it may be mixed, it is heated with several times its weight of strong vitriol, which dissolves the purple colour. The blue, when washed and dissolved in methylated alcohol, constitutes the splendid colour called *opal blue*. Some manufacturers of opal blue find it advantageous to add to the mixture of acetate of rosaniline and aniline a few per cent. of benzoic acid, which enhances greatly the rapid formation of a fine shade of blue. It would also appear that a fine blue can be produced by heating together at a temperature of 320° a mixture of arseniate of rosaniline, acetate of soda, and aniline. In this case arseniate of soda is produced, and the acetate of rosaniline is reduced by the aniline as in the above case. The blue colour is then purified by treating it successively with strong muriatic and sulphuric acids. Messrs. Simpson, Maule, and Nicholson have lately introduced a very beautiful dark purple blue colour, called *Toluidine blue*, discovered by Dr. Hofmann. It is produced by a process differing from that just described only in the use of toluidine instead of aniline, and Dr. Hofmann has proved that the chemical composition of this latter colour is absolutely analogous with that of opal blue. Owing to the great success which has attended the introduction of these colours, various attempts have been made to produce the light blue shades of aniline with shellac, oleic acid, &c., which reduce or remove a portion of the oxygen from rosaniline, and act as aniline on that substance.

I shall now proceed to give an outline of the dark blue shades yielded by aniline.

M. Erische, a celebrated Russian chemist, observed during some of his researches on this substance, the production of a dark blue compound, which he prepared by mixing together an alcoholic solution of a salt of aniline together with one of chlorate of potash and hydrochloric acid. After a short time a dark blue precipitate was produced, which underwent no change under the action of alkalis, but became green under that of acids. The insolubility of this substance in all solvents prevented its being used as a dyeing material. Messrs. Emile Kopp and Hofmann also observed the production of this substance; but its application to the fibres of cotton, wool, and silk was ultimately effected by the following means:—The production of the colour on cotton resulted from passing the goods through a solution of chlorate of potash, and then printing on it a thickened solution of acid chloride of aniline, when, strange to say, from this colourless compound a green colour gradually appeared, to transform which into a dark blue it was simply necessary to pass the piece through a solution of bichromate of potash. When it

is intended to apply the whole of the materials above enumerated to silk or woollen goods, they are mixed together, and a small quantity of gum added to prevent the blue substance separating from the mixture. If pieces of wool or silk are passed through this mixture and subjected to the action of air, they undergo the change above described. I shall again refer to this colour of aniline in my article on calico printing, as it is used to obtain a very dark blue almost identical with black, in that branch of manufacture.

With respect to the third class of blues, although they have very little commercial value, still the curious processes which have been devised for their production render them interesting. Thus Mr. Lauth produced a very beautiful blue colour by reducing azaline or the nitrate of rosaniline by various organic compounds, such as aldehyde (a substance produced by the oxydation of vinous alcohol), benzoyl, acetylene, and many of the natural essences. These reactions are interesting, as they show that rosaniline can produce a blue colour, either by reduction as in the above case, or by substituting for a part of its hydrogen some organic radicals, as is the case with opal and toluidine blues. These facts acquire additional interest since Dr. Hofmann has succeeded in substituting ether for part of the hydrogen in aniline, as shown in my former article when speaking of Primula Purple.

Aniline Yellow.—It is well known to the manufacturers of aniline red that at the same time this colour is produced, a large portion of a resinous substance of feebly basic properties is formed, from which Mr. Nicholson has succeeded in isolating a fine yellow colouring matter, called Phosphine. This substance has been studied by Dr. Hofmann, and named by him Chrysaniline, from the fact of its imparting to silk a beautiful golden yellow colour, which is easily obtained by simply dipping the fibres into a methylated alcoholic solution of this colour. Dr. Hofmann represents this substance when pure to be in the form of a finely divided yellow powder, closely resembling freshly precipitated chromate of lead, perfectly uncrystallisable, and scarcely soluble in water. Chrysaniline, like all the other colours from aniline, is an organic base or alkaloid—that is to say, a substance susceptible of combination with acids, and forming well defined salts.

Aniline Green.—Among the most remarkable colours obtained from aniline, not the least interesting is a green called Viridine, not only because its beauty and intensity are considerably increased by artificial light, but also because it is the first artificial green ever produced. No doubt our readers are aware that we possess many reds, blues, yellows, &c., but the only green hitherto known (before viridine) was one imported from China in the year 1852, under the name of Lo-Kao. This green also possessed the property of remaining green in artificial light, which gave it such a value that the Chamber of Commerce of Lyons offered a large sum of money to any person who could find a method of preparing it in Europe, and adjudged the reward to M. Charvin, of Lyons, who prepared it from a plant called *Rhamnus Catharticus*. I may further add, whilst on this subject, that Lo-Kao presents a property most exceptional amongst vegetable colouring matters, viz., that of producing, under the influence of various re-agents, the seven colours of the spectrum.

The best method which I am acquainted with for producing viridine is the following:—M. Usébe, the discoverer of it, mixes

the acid sulphate of aniline with a substance called aldehyde, and after a short-time, from twelve to eighteen hours, a dark greenish blue colour is produced. The whole is then diluted with a weak solution of sulphuric acid carried to the boil, and hyposulphite of soda is gradually added, when a beautiful green colour is produced, which remains in solution, and the liquor can be at once used by the dyer to impart a green colour to silk or wool.

Colours from Naphthaline.—Naphthaline is a white, solid, crystalline substance, having a very pungent odour; and as it is produced in large quantities during the distillation of tar, and especially from Newcastle coal, and also as it is a refuse product which to the present time has received no commercial application, great efforts have been made by several chemists to introduce into arts and manufactures the beautiful colours which this substance is susceptible of giving, when it is submitted to various chemical reactions. Although these attempts have not hitherto been commercially successful, still, the cheapness of the first material, and the great brilliancy of the colours generated, induce us to record here a few facts respecting it.

It was known as far back as 1840-1841, when Laurent published his remarkable researches on this substance, that naphthaline yielded fine colours under the action of certain re-agents, but this received comparatively little attention until the successful application of aniline colours called them into public notice. Mr. Streckner had shown that naphthaline was susceptible of yielding products which, in their chemical composition, were similar or identical with those which could be obtained from alizarine, the colour-giving principle of madder roots. These facts were further corroborated by some valuable researches made by Dr. E. Schunck on the latter subject. Further, in 1861, M. Z. Roussin startled the scientific world by declaring that he believed he had discovered the means of making alizarine from naphthaline, a belief which derived strength from his observation that on dipping cloth, mordanted as it would be for madder dyeing, into a solution of the colour he had obtained from naphthaline, similar shades of colour were produced. But, unfortunately for him and for this country, the colours were found on closer examination to be inferior to those of alizarine, and also not to be fast, the possession of this latter quality being, as is well known, one of the chief characteristics of madder colours. The simple process devised by M. Roussin to produce his colour was to dissolve slowly binitro naphthaline in concentrated sulphuric acid, and when the temperature of the mixture had been gradually raised to 392°, to add slowly granulated zinc, when a red colouring matter was gradually produced. To obtain this it was simply necessary to dilute the liquor with water, boil, and filter, when M. Roussin's so-called alizarine separated itself in the form of fine red or orange coloured crystals.

Mr. W. A. Perkin has devoted of late much time and labour in endeavouring to apply, commercially, naphthaline colours, and has published some interesting papers on the preparation and-properties of several of them. Thus he has described the composition and characteristics of *nitrosanaphthalin*, which is a crystalline, dark-coloured substance, of a greenish metallic reflection, that, when dissolved in alcohol, assumes a most beautiful purple or violet colour, as fine as any of the anilines when an acid is added. But what renders this colour useless in practice is, that if silk is dyed with

it, when dipped in water, it immediately loses its fine purple hue.

Naphthylamine is a product which is to naphthaline what aniline is to benzene, and has been much experimented on of late years, as a colour-producing material. Although Mr. H. Brunner succeeded, in 1861, in obtaining from this colourless, crystalline substance of most noxious odour, a very fine violet colour, still the difficulties attending its production were so great, as to necessitate its abandonment.

M. du Wilde published also, about the same period, a method of producing a purple from naphthylamine, substituting nitrate of mercury for the arsenic acid employed by M. Brunner. M. Roussin, above mentioned, has also found that if silk or wool is dipped in a colourless solution of hydrochlorate of naphthylamine, and then into a colourless solution of nitrate of soda, a beautiful scarlet colour is produced on the fibre; but what has prevented the use of this remarkable colour, which resists the action of light, acid, and alkalis, is, that when the silk is washed to remove excess of acids, the colour loses its beauty. Lastly, M. Marnas, of Lyons, has found that naphthylamine can be substituted with success for aniline in the manufacture of his azuline blue.

Notwithstanding the failures hitherto to adapt naphthaline colours to commercial requirements, still the progress of chemical science is such that it is only a question of time, and very few years will certainly see these colours used in competition with those of aniline.

F. CRACE CALVERT.

MADemoiselle ROSA BONHEUR'S 'LABOURAGE NIVERNAIS.'

THIS picture, the property of the French Government, was repeated by Mademoiselle Bonheur for Count Orloff, and the *replica* is now to be seen at the French Gallery in Pall Mall. A painting so well known scarcely requires description; but as there are many persons who have not seen it, it may be well to say, that it shows principally a yoke of six oxen with two men ploughing; and these are followed by a secondary and similar aggroupment. They are working on an old pasture, and the ploughshare turns up the soil in heavy masses; indeed, these markings and forms we have always regarded as so positive as almost to supersede the oxen; but this may not be generally felt. For a man the picture would have been a marvellous production, but for a woman it is more than that. The power and self-reliance of the artist are shown not more in what she presents than in what she omits—objects appropriate to such a scene which are "conspicuous by their absence." The eyes and forms of the oxen do not indicate what we call breeding, but the animals possess vast strength, and their movement shows they are drawing by their weight. This, with many other facts, sets forth without the slightest ostentation an amount of studious inquiry rare even among animal painters. With a determination to concentrate the entire attention on the oxen, there is nothing in the landscape to divert the eye: even the sunlight is expressed more by shadow than by light. The 'Labourage Nivernais' is one of the grandest cattle pictures that have ever been produced. It cannot be said that Mademoiselle Bonheur will not hereafter equal it, but it may be affirmed she will never exceed it.

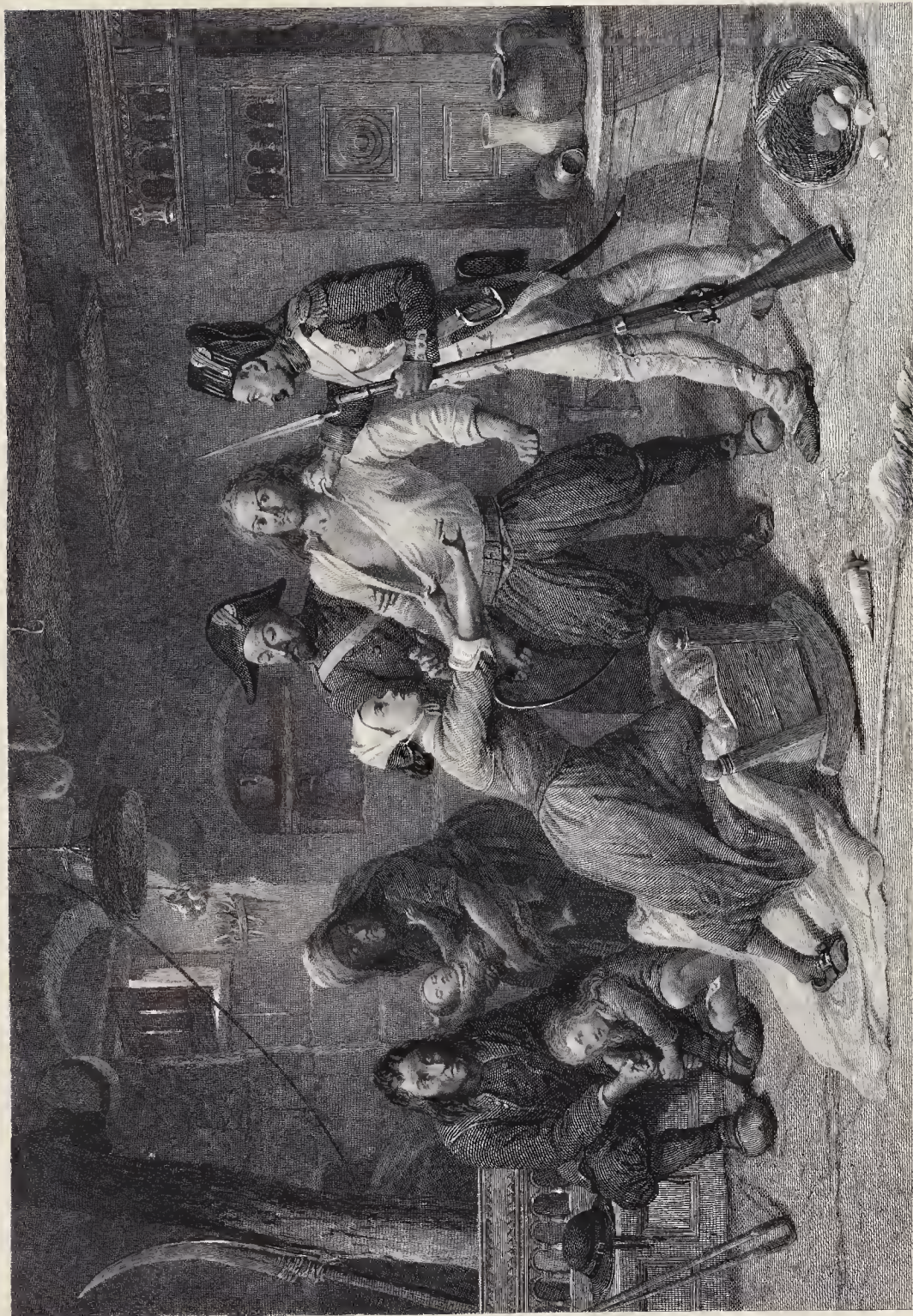
SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

ARREST OF A PEASANT ROYALIST—BRITANNY, 1793.

F. Goodall, R.A., Painter. E. Goodall, Engraver.
BRITANNY is not much visited by the English artist, and less, perhaps, than most other foreign countries easy of access, by the English tourist. It is easier to account for the latter fact than the former, because this part of France has fewer attractions for the mere idler than any other; and, although the condition of the people has greatly improved since Mrs. Charles Stodart published, in 1820, her travels there, the picture she drew of them is still sufficiently true at this time to deter visitors in any considerable number. "The Bretons," she writes, "dwell in huts generally built of mud; men, pigs, and children live together without distinction, in their cabins of accumulated filth and misery. The people are, indeed, dirty to a loathsome excess; and to this may be attributed their unhealthy and even cadaverous aspect. Their manners are as wild and savage as their appearance; the only indication they exhibit of mingling at all with civilised creatures is, that whenever they meet you they bow their heads or take off their hats in token of respect. . . . In some parts of Brittany the men wear a goat-skin dress, and look not unlike Defoe's description of Robinson Crusoe. The furry part of the dress is worn outside; it is made with long sleeves, and falls nearly below the knees. Their long shaggy hair hangs dishevelled about their shoulders, the head being covered by a broad flapped straw or beaver hat. Some few of the Bretons go without shoes or stockings; but the generally wear sabots (wooden shoes), and thrust straw into them to prevent the foot being rubbed by the pressure of the wood. . . . The women who appear tolerably respectable, and are dressed decently in their singular costume, look florid and healthy; while those attired in the ragged garments bear a squalid and meagre aspect."

Mr. Goodall has visited Brittany more than once or twice, but not, we believe, within the last ten or twelve years; and has painted several pictures, the materials of which have been gathered from the country. That forming the subject of the annexed engraving is one of them; it was exhibited in the Academy in 1855. In the early part of the great French Revolution, the Bretons inhabiting the remote rural districts especially adhered to the royal cause; they were a simple-minded race, concerning themselves little with politics, and loyal to their sovereign. The picture represents the arrest of one of these peasants by two soldiers of the republic: the man has evidently taken up arms in defence of royalty, for the scythe, resting against an upright beam of the cottage, has been transformed into a weapon of war, and he has snatched up a sickle, on the entrance of the soldiers, to defend himself. The wife rushes forward and implores his release; while an aged couple, the parents, probably, of one or the other of the younger pair, have possessed themselves of their grandchildren, and look on the proceedings with horror and dismay. We scarcely remember a picture, by Mr. Goodall which shows so just a claim to the title of an actual historical subject as this; the story is most impressively and clearly sustained, the composition well arranged, and the treatment broad in execution.

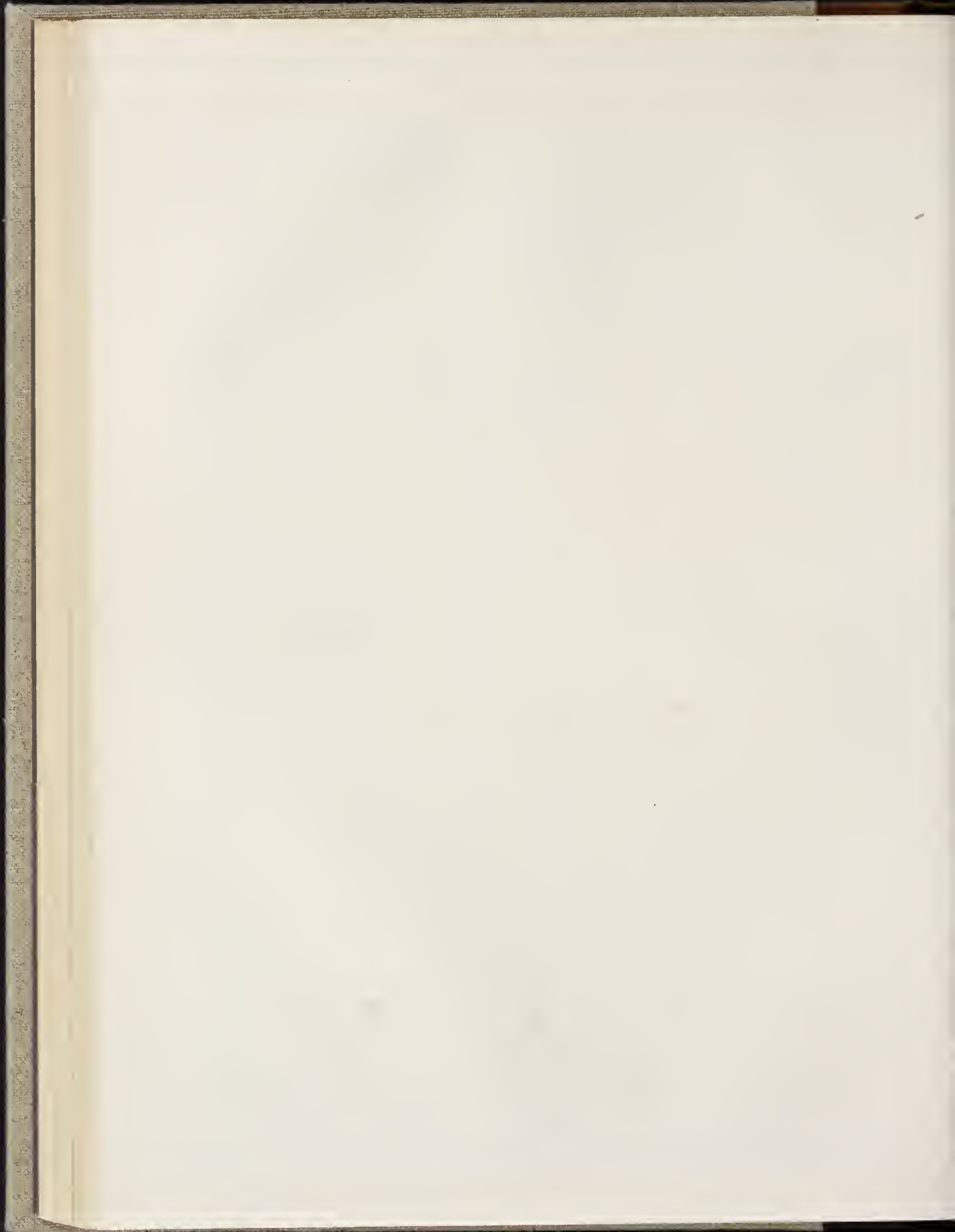


F. SCOTT, DEL.

ARREST OF A PEASANT ROYALIST IN BRITTANY, 1793.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PEASANT

F. GOODALL A.R.A. PINXT



MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

By S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND Mrs. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

THEODORE HOOK.



THEODORE EDWARD HOOK was born in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, on the 22nd September, 1788. His father was a musical composer, who "enjoyed in his time success and celebrity." His elder brother, James, was Deau of Worcester, whose son is the present learned

and eloquent Dean of Chichester. The mother was an accomplished lady, and also an author.

The natural talent of Theodore was, therefore, early nursed: unfortunately, the Green

Room was the too frequent "study" of the youth, for his father's fame and income were chiefly derived from the composition of operetta songs, for which Theodore usually wrote the libretto. When little more than a boy he had produced perhaps thirty farces, and in 1808 gave birth to a novel. Those who remember the two great actors of a long period, Mathews and Liston, will be at no loss to comprehend the popularity of Hook's farces, for these eminent men were his "props."

In 1812, when his finances were low, and the chances of increasing them limited, and when, perhaps, also his constitution had been tried by "excesses," he received the appointment of Accountant-General and

Treasurer at the Mauritius—a post with an income of £2,000 a year. Hook seems to have derived his qualification for this office from his antipathy to arithmetic, and his utter unfitness for business. The result might have been easily foreseen: in 1819 he returned to England; the cause being indicated by his very famous pun. When the Governor of the Cape expressed to him a hope that he was not returning because of ill-health, Hook "regretted" to say "they think there is something wrong in the chest." He was found guilty of owing £12,000 to the government, yet he was "without a shilling in his pocket," if public funds had been abstracted, he was none the richer, and there was certainly no suspicion that the money had been dishonestly advantageous to him. Although kept for years in hot water, hating with the Treasury, it was not until 1823 that the penalty was exacted—some time after the *John Bull* had made him a host of enemies. Of course, as he could not pay in purse, he was doomed to "pay in person." After spending some months, "pleasantly," at a dreary sponging house in Shoe Lane, where there was ever "an agreeable prospect, barring the windows," he was removed to the Rules of the Bench, residing there a year, being "discharged from custody" in 1825. While in the "Rules" he was under very little restraint, being almost as much in society as ever, taking special care not to be seen by any of his creditors, who might have "pounded" upon him, and made the marshal responsible for the debt. The danger was less in Hook's case than in that of others, for his principal "detaining creditor" was the King.

I remember his telling me that during his "confinement" in the Rules, he made the acquaintance of a gentleman who, while a prisoner there, paid a visit to India. The story is this—the gentleman called one morning on the marshal, who said, "Mr. So-and-So, I have not had the pleasure to see you for a long time." "No wonder," was the answer, "for since you saw me last I have been to India." In reply to a look of astonished inquiry he explained, "I knew my affairs there were so intricate and involved, that no one but myself could unravel them, so I ran the risk and took my chance. I am back with ample funds to pay all my debts, and to live comfortably for the rest of my days." Mr. Hook did not say if the gentleman had obtained from his securities a license for what he had done; but the anecdote illustrates the

*My first for age hath great repute
My second is a Tailor
My whole is like the other sort
Only a little paler*

*Theodore S. Hook
September 4 1838.*

extremo laxity enjoyed by prisoners in "the Rules," which extended to several streets, as compared with the doleful incarceration to which poor debtors were subjected, who, in those days, often had their miserable homes in a jail for debts that might have been paid by shillings.

He then took up his residence at Putney, from which he removed to a "mansion" in Cleveland Row, but subsequently to Fulham, where the remainder of his life was passed, and where he died. The house at Fulham was a small detached cottage. It is of this cottage that Lockhart says, "We

doubt if its interior was ever seen by half a dozen people besides the old confidential worshippers of Bull's Mouth."

Hook resided here in comparative obscurity. It gave him a pleasant prospect of Putney Bridge, and of Putney on the opposite side of the river. As the Thames flowed past the

bottom of his small and narrow garden, he had a perpetually cheerful and changing view of the many gay passers-by in boats, and yachts, and steamboats. The only room of the cottage I ever saw was somewhat coarsely furnished; a few prints hung on the walls, but there was no evidence of those suggestive refinements which substitute intellectual for animal gratifications, in the internal arrangements of a domicile that becomes necessarily a workshop.

Hook's love of practical joking seems to have commenced early. Almost of that character was his well-known answer to the Vice-Chancellor at Oxford, when asked whether he was prepared to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles—"Oh certainly, to forty of them, if you please," and his once meeting the proctor dressed in his robes, who, having questioned him, "Pray, sir, are you a member of this university?" received a reply, "No, sir; pray are you?"

In the memoirs of Charles Mathews, by his widow, abundant anecdotes are recorded of these practical jokes; but in fact, "Gilbert Gurney," which may be regarded as an autobiography, is full of them. Mr. Barham, his biographer, also relates several, and states that when a young man, he had a "museum" containing a large and varied collection of knockers, sign-paintings, barbers' poles, and cocked hats, gathered together during his "predatory adventures;" but its most attractive object was "a gigantic Highlander," looted from the shop-door of a tobacconist on a dark, foggy night. These "enterprises of great pith and moment" are detailed by himself in full. The most "glorious" of them has been often told—how he sent through the post some "four thousand" letters, inviting on a given day a huge assemblage of visitors to the house of a lady of fortune, living at 54, Berners Street, beginning with a dozen sweeps at daybreak—including lawyers, doctors, upholsterers, jewellers, coal-merchants, linen-drappers, artists, even the Lord Mayor, for whose behoof a special temptation was invented. In a word, there was no conceivable trade, profession, or calling that was not summoned to augment the crowd of foot passengers and carriages by which the street was thronged from dawn till midnight, while Hook and a friend enjoyed the confusion from a room opposite. * Lockhart, in the "Quarterly," states that the hoax was merely the result of a wager that Hook would in one week make the quiet dwelling the most famous house in all London. Mr. Barham affirms that the lady, Mrs. Tottenham, had, in some way or other, fallen under the displeasure of "the formidable trio"—Mr. Hook and two unnamed friends.

His conversation was an unceasing stream of wit, of which he was profuse, as if he knew the source to be inexhaustible. He never kept it for display, or for company, or for those who knew its value—wit was indeed as natural to him, as commonplace to commonplace characters. It was not only in puns, in repartees, in lively retorts, in sparkling sentences, in brilliant illustrations, or in apt or exciting anecdote, this faculty was developed. I have known him string together a number of graceful verses—every one of which was fine in composition and admirable in point—at a moment's notice, on a subject the most inauspicious, and apparently impossible either to wit or rhyme; yet with an effect that delighted a party, and might have borne the test of criticism the most severe. These verses he

* In "Gilbert Gurney" Hook makes Dely say—"I am the man; I did it; for originality of thought and design, I do think that was perfect."

usually sung in a sort of recitative to some tune with which all were familiar; and if a piano were at hand, he accompanied himself with a gentle strain of music.

Mrs. Mathews relates that she was present once when Hook dined with the Drury Lane company, at a dinner given to Sheridan in honour of his return for Westminster. The guests were numerous, yet he made a verse upon every person in the room: "every action was turned to account; every circumstance, the look, the gesture, or any other accidental effects, served as occasion for wit." Sheridan was astonished at his extraordinary faculty, and declared that he could not have imagined such power possible had he not witnessed it.

People used to give him subjects the most unpromising, to test his powers. Thus Campbell records that he once supplied him with a theme, "Pepper and Salt," and that he amply seasoned the song with both.*

I was present when this rare faculty was put to even a more severe test at a party at Mr. Jerdan's, at Grove House, Brompton—a house long since removed, to make room

for Ovington Square. It was a large supper party, and many men and women of mark were present; for the *Literary Gazette* was then in the zenith of its power, worshipped by all aspirants for fame, and courted even by those whose laurels had been won; while its editor, be his shortcomings what they may, was then, as he ever was, ready with a helping hand to those who needed help—a lenient critic, a generous sympathiser, who preferred pushing a dozen forward to thrusting one back.

Hook, having been asked for his song, and, as usual, demanding a theme, one of the guests, either facetious or malicious, called out, "Take Yates's big nose" (Yates, the actor, was of the party). To any one else such a subject would have been appalling. Not so to Hook; he rose, glanced once or twice round the table, and chaunted (so to speak) a series of verses, perfect in rhythm and rhyme, the incapable theme being dealt with in a marvellous spirit of fun, humour, serious comment, and absolute philosophy, utterly inconceivable to those who had never heard the marvellous improvisator;



THE RESIDENCE OF THEODORE HOOK.

each verse describing something which the world considered great, but which became small when placed in comparison with

"Yates's big nose!"

It was the first time I had met Hook, and my astonishment was unbounded. I found it impossible to believe the song was improvised; but I had afterwards ample reason to know that so thorough a triumph over difficulties was with him by no means rare.

I had once a glorious day with him on the Thames, fishing in a punt on the river, opposite the "Swan," at Thames Ditton. Hook was in good health and good spirits, and brimful of mirth. He loved the angler's craft, though he seldom enjoyed it; he spoke with something like affection of a long ago time, when bobbing for roach at the foot of Fulham Bridge, the fisherman perpetually raising or lowering his float, according to the ebb and flow of the tide.

* Campbell thus writes of Hook in 1812—"Yesterday an improvisator—a wonderful creature of the name of Hook—sang some extempore songs, not to my admiration, but to my astonishment. I prescribed a subject, 'Pepper and Salt,' and he seasoned the impromptu with both—very truly Artie said."

Yes, it was a glorious day! A record of his "sayings and doings," from early morn to set of sun, would fill a goodly volume. It was a fine summer day. Fishing on the Thames is lazy fishing, the pudgeons bite freely, but there is little labour in "landing" them: it is the perfection of the *dolce-far-niente*, giving leisure for talk, and frequent desire for refreshment. In a punt, at all events, though not by the river side, idle time is idly spent; but the wit and fun of Mr. Hook that day might have delighted a hundred by-sitters, and it was a grief to me that I was the only listener—Hook and I—to borrow a pun that is said to have been made by another, upon another occasion. Hook then conceived—probably then made—the verses he afterwards gave me for the *New Monthly*, entitled "The Swan at Ditton."

The last time I saw Hook was at Priors Bank, Fulham, where his neighbours, Mr. Baylis and Mr. Whitmore, had given an "entertainment," the leading feature being an amateur play, for which, by the way, I wrote the prologue. Hook was then in his decadence, in broken health, his animal spirits gone, the cup of life drained

to the dregs. It was morning before the guests departed, yet Hook remained to the last, and a light of other days brightened his features as he opened the piano, and began a recitative. The theme was, of course, the occasion that had brought the party together; and perhaps he never, in his best time, was more original, powerful, and pointed. I can recall two of the lines—

"They may boast of their Fulham omnibus,
But *this* is the Fulham stage."

There was a fair young boy standing by his side while he was singing; one of the servants suddenly opened the drawing-room shutters, and a flood of light fell upon the lad's head. The effect was very touching, but it became a thousand times more so, as Hook, availing himself of the incident, placed his hand upon the youth's brow, and

in tremulous tones uttered a verse of which I remember only the concluding lines—

"For you is the dawn of the morning,
For me is the solemn good-night."

He rose from the piano, burst into tears, and left the room. Few of those who were present saw him afterwards.*

All the evening Hook had been low in spirits; it seemed impossible to stir him into animation, until the cause was guessed at by Mr. Blood, a surgeon, who was at that time an actor at the Haymarket. He prescribed a glass of sherry, and retired to procure it, returning presently with a bottle of pale brandy. Having administered two or three doses, the machinery was wound up, and the result was as I have described it.

I give one more instance of his ready wit and rapid power of rhyme. He had been

paragraph purporting to be a reply to a letter from Mr. Hook, "disavowing all connection with the paper." The gist of the paragraph was this:—"Two things surpris us in this business: the first, that anything we have thought worthy of giving to the public should have been mistaken for Mr. Hook's; and secondly, that *such a person as Mr. Hook* should think himself disgraced by a connection with *John Bull*."

Even now, at this distance of time, few of the contributors are actually known. Among them were undoubtedly John Wilson Croker, and avowedly Haynes Bailly, Barham, and Dr. Maginn.

In 1836, when I had resigned the *New Monthly* into the hands of Mr. Hook, he proposed to me to take the sub-editorship and general literary management of the *John Bull*. That post I undertook, retaining it for a year. Our "business" was carried on, not at the *John Bull* office, but at "Easty's Hotel," in Southampton Street, Strand, in two rooms on the first floor of that tavern. Mr. Hook was never seen at the office—his existence, indeed, was not recognised there; if any one had asked for him there by name, the answer would have been that no such person was known. Although, at the period of which I write, there was no danger to be apprehended from his walking in and out of the small office in Fleet Street, a time had been when it could not have been done without personal peril. Editorial work was therefore conducted with much secrecy, a confidential person communicating between the editor and the printer, who never knew, or rather, was assumed not to know, by whom the articles were written. In 1836—some years before, and during the years afterwards—no paragraph was inserted that in the remotest degree assailed private character; political hatreds and personal hostilities had grown less in vogue; and Hook had lived long enough to be tired of assailing those whom he rather liked and respected. The bitterness of his nature (if it ever existed, which I much doubt) had worn out with years; but, undoubtedly, much of the brilliant wit of the *John Bull* had evaporated; in losing its distinctive feature, it had lost its power, and, as a "property," it dwindled to comparative insignificance.

Mr. Hook derived but a small income from his editorship during the later years of his life. I will believe that higher and more honourable motives than those by which he had been guided during the fierce and turbulent party times, when the *John Bull* was established, had led him to relinquish scandal, slander, and vituperation as dishonourable weapons; but I know that in my time he did not use them. His advice to me, on more than one occasion, while acting under him, was, to remember that "abuse" seldom effectually answered a purpose; and that it was wiser, as well as safer, to act on the principle that "praise undeserved is satire in disguise." All that was evil in the *John Bull* had been absorbed by two infamous weekly newspapers, the *Age* and the *Satirist*; they were prosperous and profitable. Happily, no such newspapers now exist; the public not only would not buy, they would not tolerate, the personalities, the indecencies, the gross outrages on public men, the scandalous assaults on private character, that made these publications "good speculations" at the period of which I write, and undoubtedly disgraced the *John Bull* during the early part of its career.

No wonder, therefore, that no such person as Mr. Theodore Hook was connected with the *John Bull*! He invariably denied



THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THEODORE HOOK.

idle for a fortnight, and had written nothing for the *John Bull*; the clerk, however, took him his salary as usual, and on entering his room said, "Have you heard the news?—the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands are dead" (they had just died in England of the small-pox); "and," added the clerk, "we want something about them." "You shall have it!" said Hook, "it's done!"

"Walter, two sandwiches" cried Death;
And their wild majesties resigned their breath."

I remember once breakfasting with him, mulled claret being on the table, in jugs that were unmistakably sacramental, and his telling me that when Mrs. Wilson Croker was shocked at so great an outrage on propriety, he succeeded in persuading her they were nothing of the kind, the cherubim neither more nor less than little models of Bacchus.

The *John Bull* was established at the close of the year 1820, and it is said that Sir Walter Scott having been consulted by some leader among "high Tories," suggested Hook as the person precisely suited for the

required task. The avowed purpose of the publication was to extinguish the party of the Queen Caroline, wife of George IV., and in a reckless and frightful spirit the work was done. She died, however, in 1821, and persecution was arrested at her grave. Its projectors and proprietors had calculated on a weekly sale of seven hundred and fifty copies, and prepared accordingly. By the sixth week, it had reached a sale of ten thousand, and became a valuable property to "all concerned." Of course, there were many prosecutions for libels—damages and costs, and incarceration for breaches of privilege; but all search for actual delinquents was vain. Suspicions were rife enough, but positive proofs there were none.

Hook was, of course, in no way implicated in so scandalous and slanderous a publication. On one occasion there appeared among the answers to correspondents, a

* Mr. Barham has a confused account of this incident. He was not present on the occasion, as I was,—standing close by the piano when it occurred.

all such connection, and perseveringly protested against the charge that he had ever written a line in it. I have heard it said that during the troublous period of the Queen's trial, Sir Robert Wilson met Hook in the street, and said in a sort of confidential whisper, "Hook, I am to be traduced and slandered in the *John Bull* next Sunday." Hook, of course, expressed astonishment and abhorrence. "Yes," continued Wilson, "and if I am, I mean to horsewhip you the first time you come in my way. Now stop; I know you have nothing to do with that newspaper; you have told me so a score of times; nevertheless, if the article, which is purely of a private nature—if that article appears, let the consequences be what they may, I will horsewhip you!" The article never did appear. I can give no authority for this anecdote, but I do not doubt its truth.

I have another story to tell of these editorial times. One day a gentleman entered the *John Bull* office, evidently in a state of extreme exasperation, armed with a stout cudgel. His application to see the editor was answered by a request to walk up to the second-floor front room; the room was empty, but presently there entered to him a huge, tall, broad-shouldered fellow, who in unmitigated brogue asked, "What do you please to want, sur?" "Want," said the gentleman, "I want the editor." "I'm the idditar, sur, at your service." Upon which the gentleman, seeing that no good could arise from encounter with such an "editor," made his way down stairs, and out of the house, without a word.

In 1836, Mr. Hook succeeded me in the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*. The change arose thus: when Mr. Colburn and Mr. Bentley had dissolved partnership, and each had his own establishment, much jealousy, approaching hostility, existed between them. Mr. Bentley had announced a comic miscellany, or, rather, a magazine, of which humour was to be the leading feature. Mr. Colburn immediately conceived the idea of a rival in that line, and applied to Hook to be its editor. Hook readily complied; the terms of £400 per annum having been settled—as usual, he required payment in advance, and "then and there" received bills for his first year's salary. Not long afterwards, Mr. Colburn saw the impolicy of his scheme; I had strongly reasoned against it; representing to him that the *New Monthly* would lose its most valuable contributor, Mr. Hook, and other useful allies with him; that the ruin of the *New Monthly* must be looked upon as certain; while the success of his *Joker's Magazine* was problematical at best. Such arguments prevailed: he called upon Mr. Hook with a view to relinquish his design. Mr. Hook was exactly of Mr. Colburn's new opinion. He had received the money, and was not disposed, even if he had been able, to give it back; but suggested his becoming editor of the *New Monthly*, and in that way "working it out." The project met the views of Mr. Colburn, and so it was arranged.

But when the plan was communicated to me, I declined to be placed in the position of sub-editor. I knew that however valuable Mr. Hook might be as a large contributor, he was utterly unfitted to discharge editorial duties; and that, as sub-editor, I could have no power to do aught but obey the orders of my superior; while as co-editor, I could both suggest and object, as regarded articles and contributors. This view was the view of Mr. Colburn, but not that of Mr. Hook: the consequence was, that I retired. As to the conduct of the

New Monthly in the hands of Mr. Hook, until it came into those of Mr. Hood, and not long afterwards was sold by Mr. Colburn to Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, it is not requisite to speak.

A word here of Mr. Colburn. I cherish the kindest memory of that eminent bibliophile. He has been charged with many mean acts as regards authors; but I know that he was often liberal and always considerate towards them: he could be implacable, but also forgiving, and it was ever easy to move his heart by a tale of sorrow, or a case of distress. For more than a quarter of a century he "led" the general literature of the kingdom, and I believe his sins of omission and commission were very few. Such is my impression, resulting from six years' continual intercourse with him.

He was a little active man; of mild and kindly countenance, and of much bodily activity. His peculiarity was that he rarely or never finished a sentence; appearing as if he considered it hazardous to express fully what he thought. Consequently one could seldom understand what was his real opinion upon any subject he "debated or discussed." His debate was always a "possibly" or a "perhaps;" his discussion invariably led to no conclusion for or against the matter in hand.*

It was during my editorship of the *New Monthly*, that the best of all Hook's works, "Gilbert Gurney," was published in that magazine. The part for the ensuing number was rarely ready until the last moment; and more than once, at so late a period of the month, that unless in the printer's hands the next morning, its publication would have been impossible. I have driven to Fulham, to find not a line of the article written; and I have waited, sometimes nearly all night, until the MS. was produced. Now and then he would relate to me one of the raciest of the anecdotes before he penned it down; sometimes as the raw statement of a fact before it had received its habiliments of fiction, but often as even a more brilliant story than the reader found it on the first of the month.†

Hook was in the habit of sending pen-and-ink sketches of himself in his letters. I had one of especial interest, in which he represented himself down upon knees, with handkerchief to eyes. The meaning was to indicate his grief at being late with his promised article for the *New Monthly*, and his begging pardon thereupon. He had great facility for taking off likenesses.

Here is Hook's contribution to Mrs. Hall's album:—

"Having been requested to do that which I never did in my life before, write two charades upon two given, and by no means sublime words, here they are. It is right to say that they are to be taken with reference to each other.

"My first is in triumphs most usually found;
Old houses and trees show my second;
My whole is long, spiral, red, tufted, and round,
And with beef is most excellent reckoned.
"My first for age hath great repute,
My second is a tailor;
My whole is like the other root,
Only a little paler.

"THEODORE E. HOOK.
"Sept. 4th, 1835.

"Do you give them up? "Carrot.
"Par-snip."

* Of Colburn, Lady Morgan said, "He could not take his tea without a stratagem. He was a strange *mélange* of meanness and munificence in his dealings."

† Hook's biographer does not seem to have been aware that for several months before he became editor of the *New Monthly*, he wrote the "Monthly Commentary" for that magazine—a pleasant, pungent, and sometimes severe series of comments on the leading topics or events of the month.

The reader may permit me here to introduce some memories of the immediate contemporaries and allies of Hook, whose names are, indeed, continually associated with his, and who, on the principle of "birds of a feather," may be properly considered in association with this master-spirit of them all.

The Rev. Richard Harris Barham, whose notes supplied material for the "Memoirs of Hook," edited by his son, and whose "Ingoldsby Legends" are famous, was a stout, squat, and "hearty-looking parson" of the old school. His face was full of humour; although when quiescent, it seemed dull and heavy; his eyes were singularly small and inexpressive, whether from their own colour, or the light tint of the lashes. I cannot say, but they seemed to me to be what are called white eyes. I do not believe that in society he had much of the sparkle that characterised his friend, or that might have been expected in so formidable a wit of the pen. Sam Beazley, on the contrary, was a light, airy, graceful person, who had much refinement, without that peculiar manner which bespeaks the well-bred gentleman. He was the "Daly" of "Gilbert Gurney," whose epitaph was written by Hook long before his death:—

"Here lies Sam Beazley,
Who lived hard, and died easily."*

When I knew him, he was practising as an architect in Soho Square. He was one of Hook's early friends, but I believe they were not in close intimacy for some years previous to the death of Hook. Beazley built the present Lyceum Theatre.

Tom Hill was another of Hook's frequent and familiar associates: he is the "Hull" of "Gilbert Gurney," and is said to have been the original of "Paul Pry" (which Poole, however, strenuously denied), a belief easily entertained by those who knew the man—a little, round man he was, with straight and well-made-up figure, and rosy cheeks that might have graced a milk-maid, when his years numbered certainly fourscore.† Tom Hill was a drysalter in Queenhithe, a man of narrow education, of no literary attainment, while his manners were by no means those of a gentleman. He managed, however, to draw the wits about him, giving *recherche* dinners at Sydenham, never costly. He was in reality their "butt;" some liked but none respected him. One of his friends pictures him as "a little, fat, florid man—an elderly cupid." Another says he had "a face like a peony." He had a rare collection of books, of which he knew only the titles and their marketable value; drysalting and literary tastes did not harmonise. In his later days he was poor: lived and died in third-floor chambers in the Adelphi. But his ago no one ever knew. The story is well known of James Smith asserting that it never could be ascertained, for that the register of his birth was lost in the fire of London; and Hook's comment, "Oh, he's much older than that, he's one of the little Hills that skipped in the Bible." He was a merry man, *tonjours gai*, who seemed as if neither trouble nor anxiety had ever crossed his threshold, or broken the sleep of a single night. His peculiar faculty was to find out what everybody did, from a minister of state to a stable-boy.

* Mr. Peske, the dramatist, who wrote most of Mathews' "At Home," attributes this epigram to John Hardwick. Lockart gives it to Hook. Hook pictures Beazley in "Gilbert Gurney." His conversation was full of droll conceits, mixed with a considerable degree of superior talent, and the strongest evidence of general acquirements and accomplishments.

† He was plump, short, with an intelligent countenance, and near-sighted; with a constitution and complexion fresh enough to look forty, when I believed him to be at least four times that age.—*Gilbert Gurney*.

Of a far higher and better order was Hook's friend Mr. Brodric, so long one of the police magistrates, a gentleman of large acquisitions and sterling rectitude. Nearly as much may be said of Dubois, more than half a century ago the editor of a then popular magazine, the *Monthly Mirror*. Dubois, in his latter days, enjoyed "the sweets of office" as a magistrate in the Court of Requests. He was a pleasant man in face and in manners, and retained to the last much of the humour that characterised the productions of his earlier years. To the admirable actor and estimable gentleman, Charles Mathews, I can merely allude. His memory has received full honour and homage from his wife, but there are few who knew him who will hesitate to endorse her testimony to his many excellencies of head and heart.

I knew Dr. Maginn when he was a schoolmaster in Cork; he had even then established a high reputation for scholastic knowledge, and attained some eminence as a wit; and about the year 1820 astounded "the beautiful city," by poetical contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, in which certain of its literary citizens were somewhat scurrilously assailed. The doctor, it is said, was invited to London in order to share with Hook the labours of the *John Bull*. I believe, however, he was but a very limited "help;" perhaps the old adage "two of a trade" applied in this case. Certain it is, that he subsequently found a more appreciative paymaster in Westmacott, who conducted the *Age*, a newspaper then greatly patronised, but, as I have said, one that now would be universally branded with the term "infamous."

It is known also that he became a leading contributor to *Fraser's Magazine*, a magazine that took its name less from its publisher, Fraser, than from its first editor, Fraser, a barrister, whose fate I have understood was mournful as his career had been discreditable. The particulars of Maginn's duel with the Hon. Granley Berkeley are well known. It arose out of an article in Fraser, reviewing Berkeley's novel, in the course of which he spoke in utterly unjustifiable terms of Berkeley's mother. Mr. Berkeley was not satisfied with inflicting on the publisher so severe a beating that it was the proximate cause of his death, but called out the doctor, who manfully avowed the authorship. Each, it is understood, fired three shots, without effect, and when Fraser, who was Maginn's second, asked if there should be another shot, Maginn is reported to have said, "Blaze away, by —! a barrel of powder!"*

The career of Maginn in London was, to say the least, mournful. Few men ever started with better prospects; there was hardly any position in the state to which he might not have aspired. His learning was profound; his wit of the tongue and of the pen ready, pointed, caustic, and brilliant; his essays, tales, poems, scholastic disquisitions—in short, his writings upon all conceivable topics—were of the very highest order. "*O'Dogherty*" is one of the names that made *Blackwood* famous. His acquaintances, who would willingly have been his friends, were not only the uen of genius of his time; among them were several noblemen and statesmen of power as well as of rank. In a word, he might have climbed to the highest rung of the ladder, with helping hands, all the way up: he stumbled and fell at its base.

It is notorious that Maginn wrote at the same time for the *Age*, outrageously Tory, and for the *True Sun*, a violently Radical paper. For many years he was editor of the *Standard*. It was, however, less to his thorough want of principle than to his habits of intoxication that his position was low when it ought to have been high; that he was indigent when he might have been rich; that he lost self-respect and the respect of all with whom he came in contact, except the few "kindred spirits" who relished the flow of wit, and little regarded the impure source whence it issued.

He lived in wretchedness and died in misery, in 1842. His death took place at Walton-on-Thames, and in the churchyard of that village he is buried. Not long ago I visited the place, but no one could point out to me the precise spot of his interment. It is without a stone, without a mark, lost among the clay sepulchres of the throng who had no friends to inscribe a name or ask a memory.

Maginn was rather under than above the middle size; his countenance was "swarthy," and by no means genial in expression. He had a peculiar thickness of speech, not quite a stutter. Latterly excesses told upon him, producing their usual effects. The quick intelligence of his face was lost; his features were sullied by unmistakable signs of an ever-degrading habit; he was old before his time. He is another sad example to "warn and scare." A life that might have produced so much yielded comparatively nothing; and although there have been suggestions, from Lockhart and others, to collect his writings, they have never been gathered together from the periodical toms in which they lie buried, and now, probably, they cannot be all recognised.

From what I have written, the reader will gather that I only knew Hook in his decline—the relic of a manly form, the decadence of a strong mind, and the comparative exhaustion of a brilliant wit. Leigh Hunt, speaking of him at a much earlier period, thus writes:—"He was tall, dark, and of a good person, with small eyes, and features more round than weak; a face that had character and humour, but no refinement." And Mrs. Mathews describes him as with sparkling eyes and expressive features, of manly form, and somewhat of a dandy in dress. When in the prime of manhood and the zenith of fame, Mr. Barham says, "he was not the tuft hunter but the tuft hunted;" and it is easy to believe that one so full of wit, so redolent of fun, so rich in animal spirits, must have been a marvellously coveted acquaintance in the society where he was so eminently calculated to shine; from that of royalty to the major and minor clubs; from the "Athenæum" to the "Garriek," of which he was a cherished member.

In 1825, when I first saw him, he was above the middle height, robust of frame, and broad of chest; well proportioned, with evidence of great physical capacity; his complexion dark, as were his eyes. There was nothing fine or elevated in his expression; indeed his features when in repose were heavy; it was otherwise when animated; yet his manners were those of a gentleman, less, perhaps, from inherent faculty than from the polish which refined society ever gives.†

He is described as a man of "iron

energies," and certainly must have had an iron constitution, for his was a life of perpetual stimulants, intellectual as well as physical.

When I saw him last—it was not long before his death—he was aged, more by care than time; his face bore evidence of what is falsely termed "a gay life;" his voice had lost its roundness and force, his form its buoyancy, his intellect its strength.

"Alas! how changed from him
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim."

Yet his wit was ready still; he continued to sparkle humour even when exhausted nature failed, and his last words are said to have been a brilliant jest.

At length the iron frame wore down; he was haunted by pecuniary difficulties, yet compelled to daily work, not only for himself, but for a family of children by a lady to whom he was not married. He then lived almost entirely on brandy, and became incapable of digesting animal food. Well may his friend Lockhart say, "He came forth, at best, from a long day of labour at his writing-desk, after his faculties had been at the stretch; feeling, passion, thought, fancy, excitable nerves, suicidal brain, all over-worked, perhaps well-nigh exhausted."

And thus, "at best," while "seated among the revellers of a princely saloon," sometimes losing at cards among his great "friends" more money than he could earn in a month, his thoughts were labouring to devise some mode of postponing a debt only from one week to another. Well might he have compared, as he did, his position to that of an alderman, who was required to relish his turtle soup while forced to eat it sitting on a tight rope.

The last time he went out to dinner was with Colonel Shadwell Clarke, at Brompton Grove. While in the drawing-room he suddenly turned to the mirror and said,— "Ay, I see I look as I am, done up in purse, in mind, and in body too, at last!"

He died on the 24th of August, 1841, at the comparatively early age of fifty-three, and was buried in the churchyard at Fulham, which adjoined his residence. His grave is in a nook under the west window, where a score of bishops of London are interred. Close beside the upright stone that bears the name of Theodore Edward Hook, is the tomb of Bishop Sherlock.

Yes, when I knew most of him he was approaching the close, not of a long, but of a "fast" life. He had ill-used Time, and Time was not in his debt!

He was tall and stout, but not healthfully stout, with a round face, which told too much of jovial nights and wasted days; of toil when the head aches and the hand shakes; of the absence of self-respect; of mornings in ignoble rest to gather strength for evenings of useless energy; of, in short, a mind and constitution once vigorous and powerful, but both sadly and grievously misapplied and misused.

No writer concerning Hook can claim for him an atom of respect. His history is but a record of written, or spoken, or practical jokes, that made no one wiser or better. His career "points a moral" indeed, but it is by showing the wisdom of virtue! In the end, his "friends," so called, were ashamed openly to give him help; and although bulliffs did not—as in the case of Shendan—

"Seize his last blanket,"

his death-bed was haunted by apprehensions of arrest, and it was a relief rather than a loss to society when a few comparatively humble mourners laid him in a corner of Fulham churchyard.

* Since this was written, Mr. Granley Berkeley has published in a volume of his "Recollections" full details of this duel. It is, of course, an *ex parte* statement—very *ex parte*.

† While on his death-bed, Sir Robert Peel sent him a sum of money, probably not the first. It arrived in time to pay his funeral expenses.

‡ The portrait that heads this Memory is from a drawing made by Mr. Eddis for the collection of Mr. Magrath, long the respected secretary of the "Athenæum" club.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

ABINGDON.
Engraved by C. Cousen.

In this picture we have another remarkable instance of the difference between Turner's early and latter styles. There is no record of its having been publicly exhibited, and consequently the date of it cannot be accurately determined. But though it may unquestionably be classed with those works which belong to his first period, the picture bears evidence as indisputable of transcendent power and matured thought. To the majority of Art-lovers, if not of Art-critics, such simple home-scenes as this possess far greater attractions than those wonderful Italian and other foreign views on which the great painter lavished his rich and fertile imagination; and the reason is, they are familiar to the English eye, and appreciated because familiar.

There is, perhaps, no county through which flows the "royal Thames," whose banks supply more abundant and more beautiful subjects for the pencil than Berkshire. Sometimes the noble river winds through pleasant pasture-lands, flat, but yet overshadowed by groups of noble trees, and backed, as at Windsor, by rising ground; sometimes, as at Maidenhead, Henley, and Abingdon, we see its banks covered more or less with forest fobago sloping down to the water's edge. There are stately mansions, too, standing in well-kept parks skirting the river, and picturesque bridges spanning its breadth, and inviting the artist to "take note" of them. It was not likely that such attractions could escape the watchful eye of Turner, always on the look out for something worthy of the genius that Nature had bestowed on him; and Berkshire received its due share of his attention. The Abingdon picture is an example. The town is pleasantly situated at the junction of the little river Ock and the Thames, just where a canal, known as the Wilts and Berks Canal, joins the latter. Turner appears to have made his sketch from this point, or near to it; but here, as in almost every other place where busy men congregate or pass along, so many alterations have been carried out within the last half century, that it is not easy to compare what *is* with what *was*. Nothing of the town is visible but the spire of the church, faintly seen in the distance beyond the bridge. On the left bank of the river, far above the water-level, is a road, indicated by a waggon and team of horses wending their way into the town. Near the opposite bank are several sailing barges, some loaded and slowly pursuing their course up the stream; while another is taking in a cargo of rough timber. In the foreground a few cows are refreshing themselves in the shallows, under the guidance of their respective drivers.

In this picture the artist has shown how he could construct out of a few elements of ordinary English scenery, a composition equal in poetical feeling to, though so different from, the magnificent Italian landscapes he placed on canvas. The general arrangement of the subject is most picturesque, and all the forms, especially of the distant belt of trees, are true to nature. This belt makes a very graceful sky-line. Over the whole distance the misty sunlight throws its softening influence, blending the masses into harmony, of a cool grey colour. This beautiful effect of vapoury mist drawn by the sun from the river, is the great charm of the picture.

GENERAL EXHIBITION
OF
WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

The need for yet one more gallery devoted to the exhibition of water-colour drawings has been for some time generally felt. Just sixty years ago the Old Water-Colour Society was established for the purpose of giving to a popular art that position which it failed to obtain within the walls of the Academy. Thirty years later the new Institute was set on foot, because the parent society could not find room for the greatly increasing number of water-colour painters. And now, after a further interval of thirty years, this third and "General Exhibition" is opened, to meet a still growing want on the part of the profession and the public. The new project, moreover, seeks to recommend itself by a programme differing from that of either of its predecessors. The existing societies, both old and new, open their doors to pictures painted by members and associates only; and hence, the privilege of exhibition being restricted, many skilled artists and very many excellent works are denied the opportunity of making their merits known. The new exhibition, then, called "General," because open to all comers, has been constituted expressly to supply the obvious incompleteness in previous associations. This novel enterprise, unlike those that have gone before it, is constituted neither of members nor associates; on the contrary, the entire world of artists and amateurs can claim the privilege which the most favoured enjoy on the ground of merit solely. On entering the Dudley Gallery, the general impression is that the exhibition has achieved a decided success. The walls are hung with works which pleasantly meet the eye; an unusual variety of style, and even of subject, give to the room a lively and attractive aspect, while here and there a salient drawing, probably by some artist as yet unknown to fame, seems to tell of a new star above the horizon. Yet it must be confessed that when the first surprise and satisfaction have a little abated, a reaction comes upon the mind as time gives opportunity for closer scrutiny. The merit of the entire collection amounts to a fair average, scarcely to a high excellence; a large proportion of the drawings have in them future promise rather than present and ripe maturity. They are the efforts of novices glad to steal an idea from their superiors, and ready to make the best of an easy expedient, but as yet wanting in discipline and lacking in knowledge. Still, if we mistake not, more than one poet found an advent in the opening of this wisely tolerant exhibition.

The drawing which at the private view especially came upon people as a surprise, had for its subject nothing more than "Waves by Moonlight"—wild tumultuous waves, storm-driven, breaking in thunder on the shore, with not the vestige of a wreck or the presence of a human being to intrude upon the solitude. This passage of the ocean is simple in its power, onward in its motion, grand in its gloom, and lovely in its silver light. The subject has been treated as was most fitting, in broad generality touched with detail, as, for example, where the crested wave breaks into spray when caught by the wind. The painter is young Mr. Arthur Severn, the son of the English consul in Rome, who was friend and companion of Keats and Shelley. Young Severn evidently inherits the poetic traditions of his family. W. R. Beverley—

a name well known among scene-painters—contributes several dashing and effective drawings, such as 'Off Whitby' (222), wherein opaque colour is loaded on with liberal hand. C. P. Knight here obtains the justice which was denied him in the Academy. 'A calm Summer's Evening off the Coast of Yorkshire' (51), which in this exhibition adorns "the hne," is a water-colour replica of the large oil picture that, in last Academy, was, by one of those blunders for which hanging committees are notorious, placed in banishment at the ceiling. The idea which this painter expresses is far too good to be lost, and the public appeal which is here given to him against a wrongful decision in another court, serves as a good example of the uses to which this "general exhibition" may be put. The title of the drawing aptly describes the effect which Mr. Knight has clothed in poetry. "A calm summer's evening" is the one thought pervading the scene: not a breath stirs in the air, not a ripple breaks on the swelling of the slumbrons sea; the sails flap idly against the masts of the vessels, which make no way; and in the sky above a troop of clouds, marshalled in crescent line, lie, like the ships on the sea beneath, waiting a wind. The colours are lustrous as the rainbow. The execution, which is somewhat uncertain and hesitating, comes in striking contrast to the daring handling in Mr. Beverley's drawings. Execution in Mr. Knight's picture is, in fact, subordinate to thought.

Several painters, known in other exhibitions by their oil pictures, contribute to this gallery either preliminary sketches or matured drawings. One Royal Academician, Mr. Redgrave, sends a careful study, 'Autumn's Golden Leaf' (269), a literal transcript of a plough-field, backed by a woolly distance, which dips into a sheltered dell. Mr. W. H. Millais, a brother of another academician, comes before the world in a vigorous study made on 'The East Lynn' (328).—Mr. Frank Dillou and Mr. Frank Walton, names we notice on the committee, have selected from their portfolios subjects gathered in their sketching tours. Mr. Oakes, whose oil picture in the British Institution we have recently had the pleasure of commending, contributes several water-colour sketches, which explain to the full how it is that this artist fails to concentrate into unity the confusion of his over-crowded materials. Mr. Harry Johnson falls into an opposite error; he trusts too exclusively to general effect, and seems content to let minute facts take care of themselves. Could Mr. Oakes and Mr. Johnson come to a compromise, it were greatly for their mutual benefit—the simple truth of the one and the theoretic pomp of the other might meet in contraction as bone and antidote.

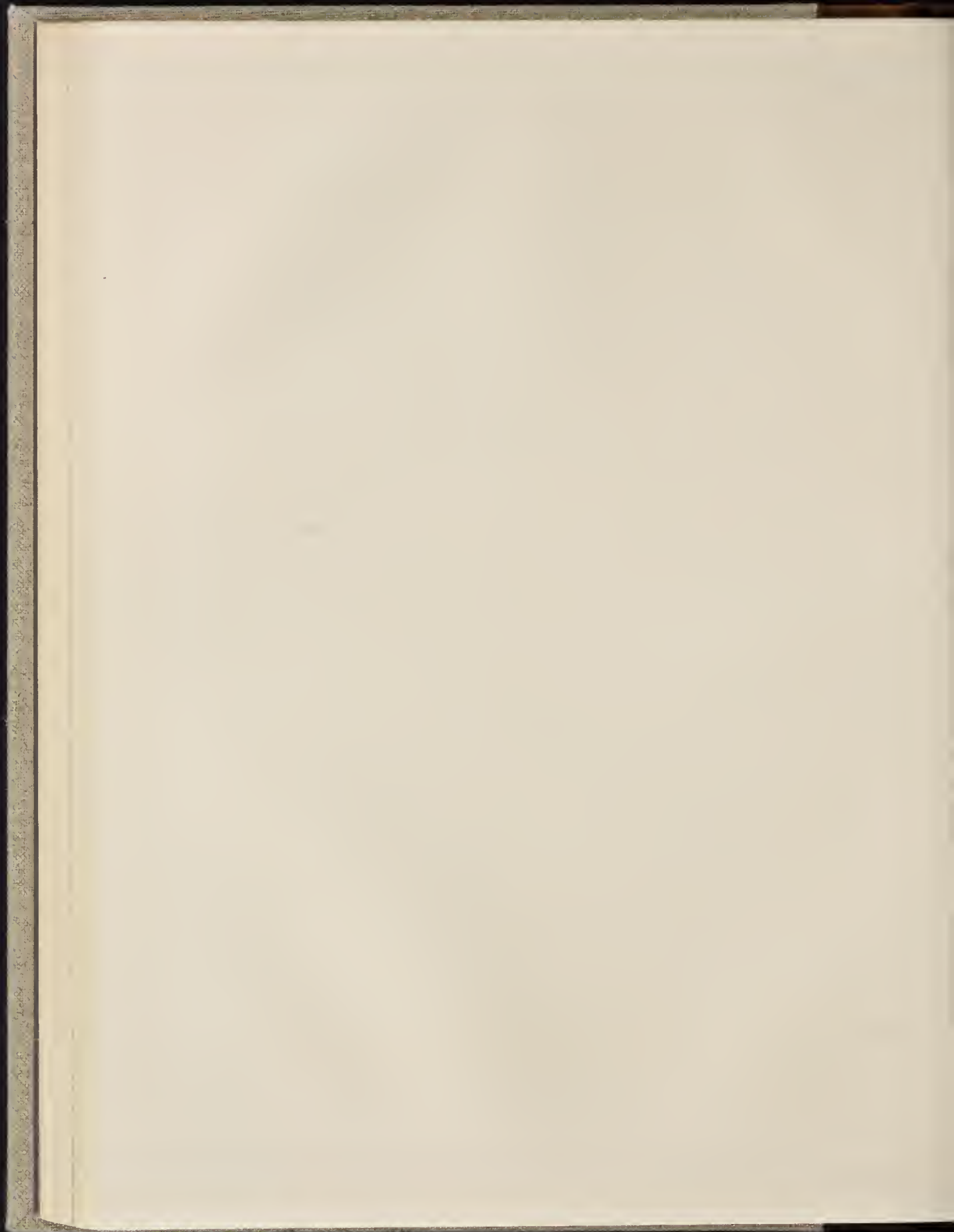
The post of honour has been given to Henry Moore's powerful drawing, 'Lochian Elan' (141), the most ambitious of this artist's numerous contributions. Mr. Moore possesses merits which have won him a recognised position, and if he can but correct certain faults that admit of easy remedy, he will secure still further reward. He belongs to a class of painters for some years on the increase, who attempt to get into a picture more than it can comfortably hold. Consequently his materials are heaped together in disorder; the various parts of his compositions want well-disciplined subordination, and hence pictorial unity is sacrificed in the impossible attempt to grasp an infinite variety.—Joseph Nash, jun., is of the number of young artists who have fallen under the sway of their "Pre-



J. W. W. RAY

C. COULLEN

ADDENDUM



Raphaelite" surroundings. His study of 'The Ardour Hills' (173) is the right sort of thing for a painter to undertake by way of commencement: here is no skirking of work; the artist, indeed, has been so unremitting in his efforts, that he grasps at almost more than he can see; the result, as usual, proves a little hard and petrified.—Mr. Needham's 'Ivy Bridge' (165) is another drawing of elaborate finish, such as may be seen both in the Old and the New Water-colour galleries, in the studies of Mr. Andrews and Mr. Warren, jun.—A. C. Stannus has made a detailed study, 'Near the Land's End' (77).—C. R. Aston is to be commended for his successful labours on the 'Coast of Pembrokeshire' (127).—Several drawings by Arthur Ditchfield are of promise. Birket Foster has many admirers, among whom may be mentioned W. S. Coleman and F. G. Reynolds. 'Polpier Cove, Cornwall' (285), by Thomas Hart, pleasantly recalls the drawings of the late Cornish Cook. Vicat Cole, whose oil pictures may be seen in the British Institution, gives his support to this new exhibition, by a powerful drawing of moorland, fern, and heather, rather heavily painted. Miss Blunden contributes several studies, such, for example, as 'Tho Ledr Valley, Meol Siabod' (333), which are delicate and detailed in execution and delicious in colour. George S. Keys, 'In Nant Gwinant' (22), shows just sufficient care, and thereby attains considerable character. J. C. Moore, in his drawing 'On the Tiber' (244), catches local truth—nature in desolation, lit up by golden light. Among pictures of effect is conspicuous 'The Last Gleam' (42), by J. Hitchins: the materials on which he relies are, a windmill on a woody mound, sheep reposing, cattle driven homewards, birds also going to their rest, and the sun lying down on his golden couch in the east. This summary of landscape contents may be brought to a close by the mention of one or two more painters whose fame must increase after the works they now display. George Mawley is a name which this exhibition will have the merit of making better known. Among the four works by H. Pileau, we specially recall a 'Street in Cairo' (39), flooded with the light which in the East dazzles the eye, and we cannot but remember a drawing of 'Jerusalem from the Hill of Scopus' (276), accurate in its topography, and beautiful in the play of light, shade, and colour.—Frank Powell is another of the poet painters whom the exclusive character of established exhibitions might have doomed to inglorious obscurity, but now his light cannot be hid. In 'Loch Ech' (253) he ventures on a strong effect, which, however, he manages to reduce into tone and keeping.

The human figure—which demands closer study than landscape—does not obtain justice at the hands of the tyros within these walls. For the most part, the figure drawings in this exhibition confess to a timid, uncertain hand, wanting the guidance of knowledge. A few of the more conspicuous attempts may be passed in review. Miss Rebecca Solomon, in 'Hypatia' (221), has hit upon a manner which does not fail to arouse attention. The stately stiffness in the heroine's bearing, has quite the air of originality. In 'Prima Vera' (255), this artist has been haunted with reminiscences of the style of Mr. Leighton. More power over the figure is shown in 'Antinous Dionysiaens' (239), by S. Solomon.—The pictures by Cave Thomas evince pure and lofty aims, but they want nerve and sinew: soul is not of itself sufficient even in ideal Art.—Among single heads may be enume-

rated 'Esther' (176), by Raymond Tucker, not particularly pleasing, but praiseworthy for that deliberate drawing which, in the works of Mr. Burton, has given to water-colour Art an extended and noble sphere. Miss Beresford in 'A Peasant's Head' (197), strikes home to nature with unsophisticated truth.—Edward Taylor in 'Girlhood' (53) has found a pretty face. Literal transcripts from humble life, as usual, abound. J. Richardson throws rough execution into 'The Highland Bagpiper' (48); and J. Pellman is equally true in his rendering of 'An Old Woman's Occupation' (178). John Burr's portrait of 'An Old Castilian' (252) deserves more emphatic praise. Mark the swagger of the old fellow, probably like many of his country folks, as poor as a beggar and as proud as a lord. See what cool insolence he throws into the smoking of his cigarette. Altogether this figure, set off by strong contrast between the reds and blacks in the costume, and distinguished by a grotesque character quite Quixotic, must be ranked as one of the comparatively few original products of the gallery. A picture by E. J. Poynter, who, it may be remembered, came favourably into notice at the last Academy, also deserves commendation as a departure from the commonplace which generally rules in all exhibitions. 'Beware' (376), coupled with the well-known line from Longfellow, "Trust her not, she is fooling thee," is a satire in disguise. A lady, standing by the brink of a garden pond, attempts to catch gold fish by the bribe of bread. The picture is made all the more comic by its Pre-Raphaelite stiffness and mock solemnity. Mr. Poynter affects mediævalism; this mannerism he will have to throw off if he would gain close access to nature in her truth and beauty. 'A Girl and Butterfly' (210) is a work that shows that G. H. Thomas knows thoroughly what he is about, which is more than can be said for many of his companion artists in this somewhat juvenile exhibition.

The promoters of this project express a hope that sufficient success may attend their experiment to justify its repetition. Their sanguine expectation, we think, is likely to be realised, at least for a time. The large number of candidates who aspire to the honour of a place upon these walls is, if turned to wise account, in itself no mean resource;—a fund whence future strength may be drawn. The managers had provided for only five hundred works, but no less than seventeen hundred drawings claimed admission at the doors. There is, therefore, as it were, a surplus force, which, if dealt with judiciously, should give to the committee decisive power over the future destiny of the exhibition. Mere novelty will carry the undertaking through the first season, but merit can alone secure its permanence in subsequent years. The public are at the outset willing to look with indulgence on the shortcomings of a project in itself praiseworthy; but with growing years infancy can no longer be admitted as a plea for immaturity. The committee, in order to build up their tentative exhibition in enduring strength, and to prevent invidious comparisons which may prove to its prejudice, must, beyond doubt, raise the standard of merit in the drawings admitted. This, with seventeen hundred works to choose from, they should find little difficulty in doing. If thus the high character of the exhibition can be maintained, its staff of supporters may not be drawn away to seek for honours elsewhere.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

The thirty-ninth exhibition of this Academy, and its first under the presidency of Mr. George Harvey, opened on the 11th of February, and the remarkable improvement to which we called attention in last year's exhibition is worthily carried forward in this. Not only does the large number of pictures show the existence of a healthy stimulus to work among the artists of the Northern School, but a large proportion of the works themselves show that the glorious scenery and romantic associations of the country inspire the painters with tasteful vigour and poetic feeling, without which picture-making is a mere manufacture. In other respects, too, this exhibition bids fair to be eminently successful. The crowded state of the room every day, notwithstanding the unusually inclement weather, shows that our friends in the far north take a lively interest in works of Art; and they may well be proud of a school which comprises such men as John Phillip, Harvey, Paed, McCulloch, Douglas, Drummond, Crawford, James Archer, Bough, Calder Marshall, Brodie, Steele, Hutchison, Johnstone, Lees, Lauder, Herdman, Noel Paton, Macnee, &c., and which but lately numbered in its ranks David Roberts, Sir John Watson Gordon, and W. Dyce.

The council has shown good judgment in drawing pictures from England, and even from abroad; for it is not only desirable that the works of those Scotch artists who have been successful elsewhere should be shown as a stimulus to those who are rising, but it is also extremely desirable in the provinces that foreign Art should be seen, and its beauties admired and compared with works of home production. In London alone other opportunities occur, and the Royal Academy is therefore best devoted to native Art.

The great picture of this exhibition is the magnificent work of John Phillip—the 'Spanish Wake,' or 'La Gloria.' It has already been noticed in the *Art-Journal*; so also has T. Paed's *genre* picture, 'Bath Father and Midwife,' the subject taken from one of James Ballantine's touching lyrics. Both were in the exhibition of the Royal Academy last year, and have been kindly lent, with other gems, to adorn the walls of the Royal Scottish Academy. The local pictures will therefore occupy our chief attention—not, however, forgetting those which foreign artists have sent to this friendly competition. Foremost among the local artists we must place the president, G. Harvey, whose pictures always shine with that radiant warmth which is the leading feature in his disposition. He hangs but one picture—yet one full of fine feeling—a family group of mother and children in full play before an open window, through which another child is being lifted by an elder sister, and through which we also see one of these spirited hill-side landscapes which he touches with such a masterly hand. The colouring is judiciously executed, and is very harmonious. Unfortunately, it is hung rather too low, which slightly mars its effect.

Horatio McCulloch, R.S.A., the chief of Scotland's landscape painters, is largely represented in this exhibition. His greatest work here—if not the greatest of his works—is a magnificent view of Glencoe, with its mighty mountain-masses, and their innumerable varieties of light and shadow. This masterpiece is so perfect in its aerial effects, that the clouds seem to move, and to produce corresponding changes in the lights and shadows on the craggy slopes. Besides this, he has seven other paintings and drawings; the finest among which is of a very different character to the one just mentioned. It represents a picturesque old oak in Cadzow Forest,—

"Whose boughs are mossed with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity."

It is a rich piece of colouring, and the artist has dealt with his subject as a painter should do. He has given his own hold and graphic touches, and has not relied upon microscopic copies to produce the effect. His 'Loch Achray' is another large landscape, in which his well-known powers are fully called out.

W. Douglas, R.S.A., as usual, charms us with

his quaint compositions; but neither the astrologer nor alchemist is present on this occasion. His finest work is the 'Return of the Carrier.' An elderly man is sitting in his library, deeply intent on his papers; his daughter—a beautiful girl—sits near him on the floor. Through the open window we have a charming glimpse of the city, and a fair, blue sky; and it has allowed the entrance of a carrier pigeon, with a letter attached, to alight on the floor behind the elder student's chair. The girl's intent look at the dove betrays the secret. Another picture, called 'Perfect Solitude,' is an admirable example of high finish and mellow colouring, and, we may say also, of that quiet satire in which he sometimes indulges. It is a richly furnished library, wherein the only occupant is a fair young lady, who is evidently quite lost amongst the quaintly bound tomes and the *objets de vertu* by which she is surrounded. Mr. Douglas has two or three minor works—all good examples of his strongly marked style.

As an example of history and poetry rendered by colour and drawing, the beautiful picture, by James Archer, R.S.A., of 'The Parting of Arthur and Guinevere,' is remarkably fine. The great heart of the good king seems to heave in his broad, mail-clad chest, as he gazes, with forgiving pity, on the prostrate form of the queen. It is a cabinet picture, but such a one as would enrich any collection. Besides this, the artist exhibits a sketch of a Franciscan, and an admirable portrait.

John Ballantyne, R.S.A., has a clever little portrait of Mrs. Thomas Faed, and a pretty composition called 'The Last New Novel,' in which is seen a young girl, with a sweet face, and a most life-like expression of intense interest and pleasure in the contents of the book she is so eagerly reading. The whole treatment of the picture is masterly, and free from all affectation.

Samuel Bough, A., has no less than twelve pictures and drawings—all indicating that this very clever artist is rapidly learning the value of greater care and finish; indeed, there is so little of the slap-dash style which formerly was his chief characteristic, that one hardly wishes to see it lessened, for fear of losing his individuality. His 'Otter Hunt,' in which he figures personally, is a glorious piece of aquatic sporting life. The 'Storm' and 'Off the Fife Coast' show his masterly ability to depict the sea in tempest or calm; and his great landscape picture, 'In the Trossachs,' is remarkable for its breadth of subject, boldly grasping at and mastering the whole of the most picturesque pass in Britain. The colouring is sunny and clear; the trees are well defined, and the greens and browns are soft, warm, and harmonious.

E. T. Crawford, R.S.A., has seven or eight landscapes of great merit. They are painted with care and true feeling. His 'Sea Scene' (703), with the waves dashing against the rocks, is very masterly.

W. Crawford, A., besides several clever portraits in crayons and in oil, has a picture strongly reminding us of his 'Keeper's Daughter,' which was so great a favourite in last year's exhibition. This is called 'Waiting at the Ferry.' A young and very beautiful Scotch lassie is waiting on the side of a loch for the return of the ferry-boat. There is much refinement in the treatment of the subject.

James Drummond, R.S.A.—The high merits of this artist as a historical painter are undisputed, and even if they were, his principal works in this exhibition would certainly place him in the front ranks of the Scottish school. The subject is one in which the powers of any artist would be severely tested; it is the escape from Scotland of Queen Mary, with seven of her followers, in a small fishing-boat, after the battle of Langside. It is called 'Queen Mary's last look of Scotland,' and there is an intensity of feeling in that last look which evidently overcomes all fear of the heavily rolling sea in a dangerously crowded boat; a thousand mournful thoughts seem to be rising as the kingdom which has just slipped from her grasp is fast fading from her sight. The subject was worthy the pencil of a good artist, and it has received its deserts from the pencil of Mr. Drummond. The grouping of the figures in the boat is

most masterly, and the mixture of the gaily apparelled courtiers, with the roughly-clad fishermen, has afforded him an opportunity of showing his excellent taste for colour; while his treatment of the surrounding sea is bold, vigorous, and truthful. Mr. Drummond has three or four smaller pictures of considerable merit, and one large work, lent by John Pender, Esq., M.P., called 'The River Postern, Conway.' Two young gentlemen are passing through the picturesque postern of Conway Castle—one mounted on a Welsh pony; we presume they are portraits of Mr. Pender's sons.

Of the late W. Dyce, R.A., H.R.S.A., there are four pictures—'Christ and the Woman of Samaria,' also the property of Mr. Pender; 'Portrait—name unknown,' a magnificent 'Arab's Head,' 'Pegwell Bay,' and the 'Month of the River Rosa, Arran.' The first three have been already exhibited in London; the last is a choice specimen of the artist's power in treating subjects more homely than he usually chose. It is a small landscape, in which a small stream is shown, with children and ducks equally enjoying its pellucid waters.

Alexander Fraser, R.S.A., is best represented by his pictures of 'Barncluth on the Avon' and 'Ferns and Fox-gloves.' The former is a rich piece of woodland scenery, spanned by the iris left by a retreating shower. It is a masterly work, both as regards composition and colour. The foliage is bold and free, and the whole picture, though carefully executed, is void of all appearance of labour effect. The other is a charming bit of woodland, with ferns and fox-gloves in the foreground.

Two finely-executed portraits of Lord and Lady Deas—the former in his judge's robes, &c.—sustain the well-earned fame of Gilbert Graham, R.S.A., whose merits must not be passed over.

Sir John Watson Gordon, late President of the Academy, appears for the last time on the Exhibition walls. His spirit, it is to be hoped, will still remain to animate rising aspirants. But few, if any, may ever hope to surpass his simple, pure, and effective style. The fine genial face of Dr. Sellar, dear to the Edinburgh world, beams from the walls, a striking and most pleasing witness to the late president's wonderful power of portraiture. Sir David Brewster is another of his most successful works; and little, if at all, inferior is his portrait of Dr. Alexander Morrison. His unfinished portrait of John Pender, Esq., M.P., the well-known patron of modern Art, is a painful memento of the loss the Scottish school has sustained. F. Grant, R.A., H.R.S.A., also has two portraits, one of Major-General Sir Hope Grant, in military costume; it is life-like and vigorous. The other is of 'The Lady Mary Craven'—very beautiful, but wanting in expression. James Giles, R.S.A., has been profuse in his contributions to the exhibition, the chief among his works, which are all of average merit, is a 'Highland Linn,' rich in colour and truthfully rendered; it is the home of the deer amongst the sturdy mountain pines. Another Highland scene, of a different character, is the 'Ruins of Other Times,' by Peter Graham, A.—a wild erio scene, such as the traveller in the Highlands occasionally lights upon: a pine wood in its last stage of decay, the blighted trunks bare even of bark, a solitary raven the sole living occupant of this ghost of a forest, and the mountain mist rolling in masses, which give a chilly horror to the scene. It is a remarkable picture, which only a poetical mind could have produced. 'The Young Keeper,' by John Glass, A., is a picture of merit; and so also are several by Robert Gavin, A., especially one called 'Play,' a girl and infant playing in a hayfield, which is a pure piece of rustic beauty, vigorously drawn, full of life and rich in colour. Robert Herdman, R.S.A., has contributed largely to the beauties of the exhibition; his portraits of Lady Harriet Wentworth, T. V. Wentworth, Esq., and their lovely little daughter, "Etha," are unrivalled in masterly execution. The child is quaintly dressed, and in its treatment the portrait reminds us forcibly of the best style of Vandyke. A Calabrian 'Pifferaro' is also a charming study. D. O. Hill has just done enough to make one regret that he has not done more: only three minia-

ture landscapes, very charmingly executed, but too small for the walls of an exhibition. John A. Houston, R.S.A., has a very fine water colour of Ben Lomond; and his '*Pas seul* in the Highlands' is an exquisite bit of Art—the pretty dancing Highland girl has the lightness and free motion of Terpsichore, and is as bright and rosy as the heather bell. His 'Prospero and Miranda' is a work of higher pretensions, and is a fine Art composition, showing great skill in colour. W. B. Johnstone, R.S.A., shows but one picture; it is a large coast scene at Auchmithy, and gives, with great breadth and vigorous handling, the bold cliff known as the 'Mussel Crag' of the 'Antiquary.' Charles Lees, R.S.A., has not yet deserted the ice; but it would appear that he has nearly done so, for his wild joyous games of 'Shinty' have given way to the much tamer subject of a 'Lesson in Sliding'—a young lady aided in her first efforts by a skating friend, of course of the opposite sex. The picture is quite equal to his former works in that freedom of motion which he so wonderfully excels in; but the delicate care of the lady in holding up her dress with the tips of two of her lemon-coloured gloved fingers is hardly consistent with the active amusement she is pursuing. Kenneth Macleay, R.S.A., gives us a very charming picture of a 'Highland Girl,' but Highland girls and portraits of unpleasantly visaged preachers are so abundant on these walls, that one is at a loss to know the reason why artists waste their talents upon such subjects. James Eckford Lander exhibits nine of his clever sketches, the first of which is 'William Tell's Chapel.' He has treated the subject in a somewhat Turneresque style, but the colouring is too opaque and heavy. William MacTaggart's 'Word from the West' is good *genre* composition, which will find many admirers. Daniel Macnee, R.S.A., when not employed in painting portraits of people who have no other recommendation than the weight of their purses, always comes out as a true artist. One of his works in the present exhibition shows his remarkable power of depicting the strongest and most delicate feelings. It is anonymous, but the following lines most expensively tell the tale of that fond but anguished look:—

"How can my poor heart be glad
When absent from my sailor's bed?
Nighly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him who is far away."

It is a work which will add to the artist's fame, and so also will his exquisite portrait of Mrs. Collin Croll, in whose picturesque expression he has found a genial subject. It is a free, graceful, and rich in colour treatment, as some of the other portraits by which it is surrounded are lifeless, flat, and wooden. A good historical composition called 'An Episode in the Time of the Test Act,' is the work of John B. MacDonald, A. The incident is from "Old Mortality," and represents Bothwell receiving the purse from Milnwood's housekeeper. It is a little hard in colour, but the figures are well drawn, easy, and effectively grouped. Her Majesty's Limner for Scotland has been chary of his work for this exhibition. Noel Paton, R.S.A., favours us only with two small cabinet pictures, one representing Ariel, the other Puck, but they are perfect gems, such only as could be produced by one who combines the most perfect execution with a highly poetical imagination. His brother, Waller Paton, the R.S.A. *elect*, gives us several of his rich glowing landscapes, all of which show increased care and firmer handling. We congratulate him on his new honour, and the Academy on its correct judgment in the election. A. Perigal has also greatly improved in his landscapes; but, with his love of Highland scenery, it is surprising that he continues to treat mountain masses in such a sharp angular style; a very little care would suffice to avoid this defect, and would relieve his pictures from an unpleasant sameness which greatly mars their beauty. 'Oh, what's at the window?' is a very clever picture, by R. T. Ross, R.S.A. The subject is well known, and the artist has shown great skill, both in the arrangement of his figures, and in their masterly execution. It is a picture which gains

rapidly upon the spectator. The same artist has several nice bits of landscape. Two masterly portraits are contributed by Colvin Smith, R.S.A.; the best of which is the vigorous and expressive one of the Rev. Leonard Shafto Ord. Gourlay Steel, R.S.A., Scotland's animal painter, is not very prominent this season; his best work is a 'Sketch of a Native of the Highlands,' a rough-coated bullock, full of life and action. Clark Stanton, A., has a fine fruit piece, in which he has shown more skillful management of colour than in his portraits, which have a hard, leaden look. His best is No. 59, 'Portrait of a Lady.' J. C. Wintour, A., is an artist of much taste and feeling, and his landscapes, four in number, are all worthy of the exhibition, though not pretending to very high merit. W. Smellie Watson, R.S.A., has several portraits of great merit, amongst which the best and most expressive is that of Mrs. Kerr.

We have thus taken a hasty glance at the works of those painters who are either Academicians or Associates of the Royal Scotch Academy, but there are many highly meritorious works by artists who are not associated with it. One of the most rising landscape painters is John Cairns, whose beautiful view 'On the River Esk,' shows talent of a very high order. W. Beattie Brown is another artist whose talent is making itself a name; his 'Glencoe' is a very fine work, in which the atmospheric effects of a passing shower are treated with great fidelity and skill. McWhirter, to whose works we called attention last year, has given us some of his marvellously truthful and artistic sketches of floral life in its native habitats; no artist can represent the heather-bell, the daisy, or the little gems of the alpine flora with such artistic grace as he, and he has given the widest scope to this fancy in his large picture of 'The Exile's Garden,' in which he has placed on canvas that wonderful specimen of word-painting, the Deserted Garden, in Hood's "Haunted House." But Mr. McWhirter is a master in other subjects. His 'Capri' is a remarkable picture of Italian scenery, wherein he has shown true inspiration. A *genre* picture of much merit is shown by Mr. John McMichael, called 'The Travelling Tailor's Story—Brittany.' It is an interior, with several figures, among which is the tailor working, and gradually unfolding his tale of love, according to that curious custom which in Brittany constitutes the travelling tailor the agent for popping the question; and the bashful looks of the maiden holding the distaff show pretty plainly for whom the tailor's message is intended. This curious custom is well described in Mr. Tom Taylor's interesting work on the "Ballads and Songs of Brittany." E. H. Simpson's 'Apple Girl' is a piece of exquisite colouring and a most agreeable composition. Keeloy Halswelle, besides a number of his ruddy fisher boys, of which we have now had enough, has a much more agreeable and more artistic subject—'The Moonlight March.' It is a night march of armed warriors, their faces just lighted up by the glare of the torch carried in front. It is a small picture, but has deservedly attracted much notice.

In the Edinburgh exhibition there is always a good sprinkling of the works of lady artists. Among them we especially noticed two pretty landscapes by Miss Agnes McWhirter; a view of 'The Bass Rock from North Berwick,' by Miss Isabella Lander; an exquisite 'Study of Roses,' painted with pearly softness, by Miss Agnes Boyd; another beautiful flower-piece by Miss Susan A. Ashworth; and a pretty study of a tropical bird on a branch of bamboo, by Miss Isabel Byres. But at the head of the lady artists is, unquestionably, Miss Frances Stoddart, whose works have so long formed prominent features in the exhibitions of the Royal Scottish Academy. She has three landscapes, of which the finest is the 'Cave of Sure,' Sutherlandshire—a most skilfully executed picture of a difficult subject. The vast, yawning mouth of the cavern, dwarfed by the gigantic rocks, is, however, made impressively grand; and the cool soft tones of colour of the rocks harmonise most agreeably with the patches of vegetation, and the limpid stream which issues from the cave. 'The Head of Glen

Crenan' is a richly wooded landscape, in which the middle distances are given with great delicacy and feeling.

Of sculpture there is very little in the Exhibition. Wm. Brodie, R.S.A., has an alto-relievo in marble, 'Faith,' part of a mural monument; it is delicately chiselled, and has much grace and feeling. Besides this he has a beautiful little bust of Mrs. Robert Hislop, jun., and fine full-sized marble busts of Mrs. Rutherford Clark and the Right Hon. John Inglis, Lord Justice Clerk. John Hutchinson is only represented by a charming bust in marble of 'Angelino,' a shepherd of the Campagna, and a still more beautiful one of 'Stella,' a Roman mother. Lawrence Macdonald, H.R.S.A., has a beautiful half-sized marble figure of a Bacchante, the property of Charles Jenner, Esq. Calder Marshall's (R.A., H.R.S.A.) 'Summer Cloud' is the clay model of a flying female figure enrobed in clouds of drapery. A fine sitting statuette in marble represents John Steel, R.S.A. Clark Stanton's bust of a lady is clever and finely modelled. But most noticeable, both for the number of her works and also their vigorous and masterly handling, are the numerous busts by Mrs. D. O. Hill, who has taken a very leading position as a sculptor; her best works now shown are the marble busts of Mrs. A. B. Shand, Mrs. W. S. Brown, Henry Ashworth, Esq., and the Rev. Robert Buchanan.

In a review of upwards of nine hundred works it is impossible to avoid passing over many which are deserving of notice; but this difficulty, and the necessity for being very brief, must be an excuse for omissions and apparent injustice.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—At the sale of the collection of pictures formed by the late Marquis de Lambertye, which took place in the month of February, the following works, with the prices they realised, ought not to escape notice:—'Reynard in his Study reading a Manuscript,' a little painting, by Meissonnier, measuring about nine inches by seven inches, and purchased of the artist by the marquis, £504; it was bought for Mr. David Price, of Regent's Park, whose collection of beautiful pictures was last year hung in the Crystal Palace, Sydenham; 'Van do Velde in his Studio,' Meissonnier, less than six inches by four, £280 16s.; 'Eastern Landscape,' Decamps, £620; 'Peasant Girl in a Forest,' Decamps, £169 12s.; 'The Scotch Ballad,' E. Delacroix, £92; 'Jesus on the Mount of Olives,' a very small canvas, Paul Delaroche, £88; 'Arnauts at Prayer,' Gérôme, £156; 'Les Cervarolles,' Hébert, £112; 'La Malaria,' Hébert, a reduction of the larger picture in the same gallery, £244; 'The Beach at Trouville,' Troyon, £160; 'Feeding the Poultry,' Troyon, £194.

ORONTO.—A Crystal Palace is being erected on Torre de Marca, near this city, for an Industrial and Fine Art Exhibition, to be opened towards the end of August.

BRUNSWICK.—The recent destruction by fire of the splendid dual palace in this city, with all its magnificent furniture, and a large number of valuable pictures and other works of Art, has also involved the loss of Rietschel's noble bronze group of Brunonia, the patron goddess of the place, and a present from the people of Brunswick to their sovereign. This group, which occupied the centre of the façade of the Schloss, or palace, consisted of a colossal figure in a car drawn by four colossal horses, and was only completed a few months since under the direction of Professor Howaldt, who, jointly with his sons, had been occupied ten years on it. So large and ponderous was the group, that considerable doubts existed as to whether its weight would not be too much for the walls and roof destined to receive it; but in the autumn of last year it was raised to its elevation, and stood in magnificent proportions of strength and beauty looking down on the quaint old town at its feet. It is now a mass of molten, formless metal.

PICTURE SALES.

THE first prominent sale of oil-pictures this season was effected by Messrs. Christie and Co., at their rooms in King Street, St. James's, on the 18th of February. The works in question were the property of Mr. Henry Wallis. Upwards of 130 paintings were offered in competition; among them were the following:—

'Joy,' and 'Sorrow,' small ovals, by T. F. Dicksee, 100 gs. (Bourne); 'The Young Gleaners,' small, F. Goodall, R.A., 120 gs. (Martin); 'Stacking Hay,' W. F. Witherington, R.A., 250 gs. (Graves); 'The Young Mother,' E. Branger, 100 gs. (Cox); 'Scratch-Cradle,' and 'The Broken Plate,' a pair by Duverger, small, 125 gs. (Ames); 'Canterbury Meadows,' and 'Sheep,' a pair by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 460 gs. (Moore); 'Musing,' J. Sant, A.R.A., 100 gs. (Ames); 'Scene from *Cymbeline*,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 450 gs. (Ames); 'The Glial at Erc,' M. Anthony, 165 gs. (Martin); 'Burial of Charles I.,' A. Johnston, 145 gs. (Bourne); 'Rebecca,' W. C. T. Dobson A.R.A., 175 gs. (G. Earl); 'Santa Maria della Salute, Venice,' D. Roberts, R.A., 556 gs. (G. Earl); 'Rust-hall Common,' H. Bright, 120 gs. (Ames); 'Going to Service,' R. Redgrave, R.A., 110 gs. (Martin); 'The Alarm,' and 'Sea-Nymphs,' a pair of very small works by W. E. Frost, A.R.A., 130 gs. (Shaw); 'Felice Ballarin reciting *Tosca* to the People of Chioggia,' the finished sketch for the large picture engraved in the *Art-Journal* for 1863, F. Goodall, R.A., 120 gs. (Cox); 'The Children in the Wood,' F. Goodall, R.A., 154 gs. (Ames); 'Minding the Flocks,' small cabinet size, J. Lunnell, sen., 195 gs. (Ames); 'Love has its little cares, but want its great ones,' an illustration of an old Spanish proverb, E. Long, 160 gs. (Bourne); 'The Barley-field,' F. R. Lee, R.A., 165 gs. (Ames); 'The Poor helping the Poor,' A. H. Burr, 225 gs. (Martin); 'The Lovers' Secrets,' P. II. Calderon, A.R.A., 210 gs. (Ames); 'Charlotte Corday contemplating her Portrait before going to Execution,' E. M. Ward, R.A., 440 gs. (Martin); 'The Old Receiving-Houses on the Serpentine,' W. Mulready, R.A., 450 gs. (Lewis); 'Boys in Search of Wild Powl,' W. Collins, R.A., 275 gs. (Bourne); 'The Writing Lesson,' E. Frère, 170 gs. (Howard); 'Juliet's Reverie,' C. R. Leslie, R.A., 185 gs. (Wilson); 'An Armenian Soldier,' J. L. Gérôme, 155 gs. (Wilson); 'Searching for the Will,' G. Smith, 490 gs. (Harrison); 'Faith Bycan,' Copley Fielding, 250 gs. (Martin). The whole product of the sale amounted to £6,645.

The collection of modern pictures formed by the late Mr. Samuel Cartwright, and removed for the purposes of sale from his residence, Nizells, near Sevenoaks, to the rooms of Messrs. Christie and Co., was disposed of by them on the 25th of February. Among the works, three pictures painted for their late owner by P. D. Hardy—'Interior of a Kitchen,' with an old woman and child; 'An Interior,' with a man and an old woman seated by the fire; and 'Richard and Kate,' realised the sum of 240 gs. (Graves and others); 'A Neapolitan Peasant-woman teaching her Child to dance the Tarentella,' T. Uwins, R.A., 160 gs. (Wheeler); 'The Burning of the Books,' from "Don Quixote," engraved in the *Art-Journal* for 1857, p. 184, J. C. Horsley, R.A., 295 gs. (Flatou); 'Rent-day at Haddon Hall in the Sixteenth Century,' J. C. Horsley, R.A., 175 gs. (Gerrard); 'The Wreckers,' J. P. Knight, R.A., 105 gs. (Haig); 'View of Naples from the Sea,' and 'The Grand Canal, Venice,' W. Wyld, 175 gs. (Taylor); 'Festa della Madonna del Arco,' T. Uwins, R.A., 84 gs. (Graves). A number of pictures, the property of some one whose name was not announced, were afterwards sold; of these were two by Koekkoek, 'A Shipwreck,' and 'A Landscape,' with cattle, 150 gs. (Wright); 'A Lady and her Children,' J. C. Horsley, R.A., 220 gs. (White); 'Sheep in the Mountains,' and its companion, 'Cattle and Figures,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 300 gs. (White); 'Pat among the Old Masters,' E. Nicol, R.S.A., 160 gs. (White); 'The Chapel of Henry VII.,' E. Goodall, figures by F. Goodall, R.A., 130 gs. (Newman); 'River Scene,' P. Nasmyth, 100 gs. (Flatou); 'The Return to Port,' Isaby, 135 gs. (Flatou).

NOMENCLATURE OF PICTORIAL ART.

HARMONY.

CHAPTER II.

I PROPOSE now to make out a table of the twelve colours; afterwards to accompany it with the varying quantities of the primaries found in the compound colours, and ultimately to present an arrangement of the coloured triangles, in which all the colours coming into contact will have in them, as well with reference to the primaries as with the compounds, RELATIONSHIP, OPPOSITION, AND SUBORDINATION.

I think, then, that a person having an organisation favourable to the just appreciation of colour, and holding in one hand the coloured diagram of the four triads under this arrangement, and in the other hand a list of the quantities of the primaries contained in the compounds, will at once see an efficiency and comprehensiveness not to be found in the theory of colour by opposition, that by excitation, by accumulation, or by refraction; and will, at the same time, feel the force of the assertion, that if any science of harmony be ever permitted to take precedence of the present uncertainty, it must come out of the entire category of colours possible to be produced by a perfect and unbroken sequence of combinations, like the one presented in the first-named list; while the other and preceding theories, as they have been called, but which are no theories at all, but merely illustrated chromatic phenomena, must take their place in physics instead of in Art, as so many modes of colours occurring under different natural conditions necessary to their development.

The first triad of the primaries is supposed to be in each instance a pure and brilliant specimen of yellow, red, and blue; that is, the yellow leaning neither to red or blue; the red leaning neither to yellow or blue; and the blue leaning neither to yellow or red. For in case either one of the colours forming this triad has the least leaning towards either of the other colours, it loses at once any claim to the colour it claims to represent, and becomes a hue. Thus, a yellow leaning in the least possible degree either to red or blue, becomes, in the first instance, a hue of red, yellow, or orange yellow; and in the second instance a hue of blue-yellow, or green-yellow. We say, therefore, of an impure yellow, it has a hue of red or blue, and so on with the remaining eleven colours. Generally speaking, the primaries are used as the quantitative colours for the whole scale, as you may have a red orange, or a yellow orange; a yellow green, or a blue green, a red purple or a blue purple, and so with the tertiaries and the quadrates. You may certainly have a merely dirty colour, and some are consequently called impure, dull, or dirty. But this merely occurs from the difficulty of naming the exact compound with which the dirtiness or dullness have been operated. It would be no difficulty to a complete chromatist, but merely to one unacquainted with colours, as a colour seller, or colour preparer. It may be well to remark here that a quadrate or a tertiary is not necessarily a dull colour, though a low one. On the contrary, it may be made extremely luminous, and generally is so, when its constituents, instead of being rubbed up into a solid tint, are hatched and driven together loosely, in the same manner as adopted by Rembrandt and other great colourists. To try the truth of this, drive

loosely together the constituents of any one colour, which will produce the third in the state of a tone. Continue to rub the brush in one portion of the tone thus produced until it become a solid tint, and it will be found that the tone, semi-transparent and luminous, will have become dull and uninteresting. Many painters, genuine admirers of the luminous result of Turner's mode of painting—luminously hung together in an exhaustless number of harmonic tints—have attributed the fascinating result to the merely broken manner of the painting, and have produced nothing by the process besides a ragged, slovenly, and monotonous work. Looseness by itself, therefore, will not do. To produce a perfect tone, it is necessary to bring together by a loose, open, and broken manner, any number of tints all in harmony with each other, and to be able to stop before perfect mixture may have been obtained. It will then be said, that "there is no possibility of making a tone out of a primary." True, the power of tone-making increases with the descent of the scale, and the quadrates in this particular, transcend the secondaries, being in themselves more composite, and admitting, if not really requiring, their constituency to be more palpably indicated than the simpler colours. But though a perfect red, yellow, or blue, are all adverse to tone, red, yellow, and blue hues are achievable, and even easy of production, when applied to objects having much form, and receiving reflects on their shadowed sides. The following table shows the mode of arriving at the whole compound scale:—

SCALE No. 1.			
4 equal parts of two primaries make a secondary.	4 equal parts of two secondaries make a tertiary.	4 equal parts of two tertiaries make a quadrate.	4 equal parts of two quadrates exquish colour.
Primaries.	Secondaries.	Tertiaries.	Quadrates.
<i>Thus:—</i>			
Yellow, 4 make	Orange, 4 make	Russet, 4 make	Russet-Olive.
Red, 4 make	Purple, 4 make	Olive, 4 make	Citrine-Olive.
Blue, 4 make	Green, 4 make	Citrine, 4 make	Citrine-Russet.
Yellow, 4 make	Orange, 4 make	Russet, 4 make	
Red, 4 make	Purple, 4 make		
Blue 4			

The next table gives the quantities of the constituent primaries entering into combination in the three compound triads, and is introduced here in a separate form, in order to avoid the confusion which might be felt by some, if its information were added to that of the first; and as it is out of the relative quantities that harmony is deduced, it was considered essential to separate them.

SCALE No. 2.	
SECONDARIES.	
4 parts Yellow	} Orange
4 parts Red	
4 parts Red	} Purple.
4 parts Blue	
4 parts Yellow	} Green.
4 parts Blue	
TERTIARIES.	
4 parts Yellow	} Citrine.
2 parts Red	
2 parts Blue	} Russet.
4 parts Red	
2 parts Yellow	} Citrine-Olive.
2 parts Blue	
4 parts Blue	} Olive.
2 parts Yellow	
2 parts Red	} Russet-Olive.
QUADRATES.	
3 parts Yellow	} Citrine-Russet.
3 parts Red	
2 parts Blue	} Citrine-Olive.
3 parts Yellow	
3 parts Blue	} Russet-Olive.
2 parts Red	
3 parts Red	} Russet-Olive.
3 parts Blue	
2 parts Yellow	

In the theory of harmony by opposition,

or equivalents, as they have been sometimes termed, there occurs but one colour by which to harmonise another; or, to put the most liberal construction on the matter, but one principle—or unexceptional harmony, on the principle that the eye naturally demands, either for its pleasure or relief, the exact opposite of the one colour primarily exposed to it—exhibited. According to this theory, the primary, YELLOW, would find its harmony in the two remaining colours, red and blue, combined in a PURPLE, and so on with the other two. The secondary, ORANGE, would find its harmony (supposing the sequential mode to be continued) in the two remaining secondaries, green and purple, combined in the tertiary, OLIVE; and the tertiary CITRINE would find its harmony in the two remaining tertiaries, russet and blue, combined in the quadrate, RUSSET-BLUE, and so on with the remaining two of this triad. But having come to the end of the four triads in the quadrates, there is no harmony to be found for them by progression, or sequence. The retrograde principle, therefore, has been, as it were, forced on the disciples of this theory, and they find that as purple harmonises with yellow progressively, so yellow harmonises with purple retrogressively, and so on with the others throughout the entire scale; this also still leaving the limitation of the harmony to one colour, by some other one colour, and furnishing a no more extended nor a more varied combination. But, according to the views entertained by the theorists themselves, that the eye demands an equivalent or opposition for its own ease or pleasure, it follows, I think, that there is a radical objection to this system, in the probable necessity that the eye would naturally demand for its ease, if not delectation, similar amounts as to quantity, as well as quality—a demand which could hardly be complied with in any one work out of a hundred of anything like a complicated character. It would seem strange that ever since the enouncing of this theory by equivalents or opposition, by Field, some forty years since, and the corroborating influence of some of the experiments on the polarisation of light and colour, dating from about the same time, the majority of the painters in this country have been professing to eke out a harmony from this evidently inharmonic law; inharmonic, as is evident from the term used, *i.e.*, "opposition," which has been correctly applied to denote the fact of a real opposition.

The great object, then, of this paper, is to introduce, in perfect opposition to the theories already referred to and endeavoured to be explained, a new theory, consistent throughout, formed upon a rationale of the full chromatic scale, with reference to the definition of harmony, as constitutional of RELATIONSHIP, OPPOSITION, AND SUBORDINATION.

The superiority of this system over the one just discussed, consists principally in the fulness and richness of the combinations it presents, and the diversity of the chromatic expression it offers for selection; inasmuch as instead of one harmonic colour, as offered by opposition, it presents three distinct colours as harmonious accompaniments to every one colour throughout the entire scale, and consequently to any one colour with which it may be determined to initiate a harmony. To illustrate this in the clearest possible manner, there is nothing more required than a full chromatic diagram of the four triads, under a novel but perfectly sequential combination, in which arrangement every one colour in the scale, from the highest primary to the lowest

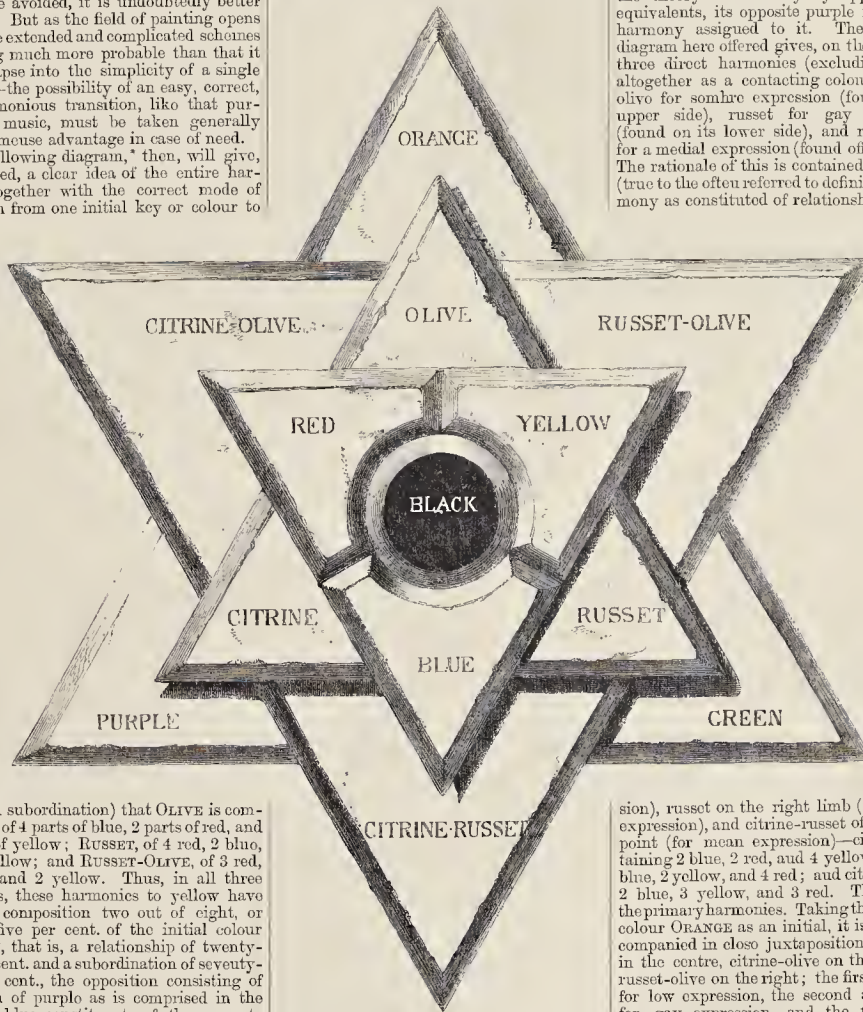
quadrato, is accompanied by its natural harmonic triad, in juxtaposition with their initiative colour; that is, the four are always and invariably found together in a harmonic group. This tripling of the harmonies permits also an equally harmonious transition from one initial colour to another, until the whole scale becomes fused in one extended harmony. This extension of the whole scale into a complete harmony may be objected to by a very scrupulous and classical chromaticist, as producing what a musician would term redundancy; and when it may be avoided, it is undoubtedly better to do so. But as the field of painting opens into more extended and complicated schemes—a thing much more probable than that it will collapse into the simplicity of a single portrait—the possibility of an easy, correct, and harmonious transition, like that pursued in music, must be taken generally as an immense advantage in case of need.

The following diagram,* then, will give, it is hoped, a clear idea of the entire harmony, together with the correct mode of transition from one initial key or colour to

another, until the whole four triads are found equally contributing to the harmonic scheme. The construction of the scheme occurs in this order. The primitive triad occupies the immediate front. Next to that is placed the tertiary, after that the quadrates, and lastly the secondaries. The centre spot represents the negation of all colour on the dark extreme by black; black and white in all their tints, from the darkest to the lightest, contributing to the positively

neutral greys, which take a harmonious position by the side of any and all colours, though not so chromatically correct with hues as with colours, and for this reason: the morbid character of the hues presupposes that the whole colour of a work be influenced by some one coloured light, and the neutral greys of a work painted under such conditions should receive a portion at least of such general hue.

Let it now be considered that a work shall be projected leading off with the initial colour yellow. We know that according to the theory of harmony by opposition or equivalents, its opposite purple is the only harmony assigned to it. The harmonic diagram here offered gives, on the contrary, three direct harmonies (excluding purple altogether as a contacting colour), that is, olive for sombre expression (found in its upper side), russet for gay expression (found on its lower side), and russet-olive for a medial expression (found off its point). The rationale of this is contained in the fact (true to the often referred to definition of harmony as constituted of relationship, opposi-



tion, and subordination) that OLIVE is compounded of 4 parts of blue, 2 parts of red, and 2 parts of yellow; RUSSET, of 4 red, 2 blue, and 2 yellow; and RUSSET-OLIVE, of 3 red, 3 blue, and 2 yellow. Thus, in all three instances, these harmonies to yellow have in their composition two out of eight, or twenty-five per cent. of the initial colour YELLOW, that is, a relationship of twenty-five per cent., and a subordination of seventy-five per cent., the opposition consisting of as much of purple as is comprised in the red and blue constituents of the separate colours of the harmonising triad; that is, four out of eight in the olive, four out of eight in russet, and six out of eight in

russet-olive. Scale No. 2 will explain these quantities.

Exactly similar results follow upon taking red for the initial colour, which in the same coloured diagram finds itself surrounded in juxtaposition with olive on the upper limb, citrine on the lower limb, and citrine-olive off the immediate point—olive containing 2 red, 2 yellow, and 4 blue; citrine containing 2 red, 2 blue, and 4 yellow; and citrine-olive 2 red, 3 yellow, and 3 blue. With blue as the initial colour, citrine is found on the left limb (for gay expres-

sion), russet on the right limb (for sombre expression), and citrine-russet off the lower point (for mean expression)—citrine containing 2 blue, 2 red, and 4 yellow; russet 2 blue, 2 yellow, and 4 red; and citrine-russet 2 blue, 3 yellow, and 3 red. This finishes the primary harmonies. Taking the vivacious colour ORANGE as an initial, it is found accompanied in close juxtaposition with olive in the centre, citrine-olive on the left, and russet-olive on the right; the first a tertiary for low expression, the second a quadrato for gay expression, and the third as a medial. Here again the proportions of relationship and opposition are held in complete, though slightly varied, subordination to the red and yellow of the initial colour, for the orange constituents red and yellow being equal, both colours are to be taken into account in legislating for harmony. You have therefore in olive 4 blue, 2 yellow, and 2 red; in citrine-olive 3 blue, 3 yellow, and 2 red; and in russet-olive 3 blue, 2 yellow, and 3 red. For PURPLE as an initial colour, its constituents, red and blue, must be taken into account. It is accom-

* [The cost of preparing and printing so large a number of coloured diagrams as our circulation would require, precludes the possibility of introducing such an illustration. We have, therefore, substituted the diagram in outline, and light and shade, with the names of the four triads inserted in their proper places. This may easily be filled in with the requisite colours by those acquainted with a palette, and who may wish to refer to it as a manual, which, as the author says, "is capable of getting any one out of a chromatic scope he may fall into, in any picture whatever, particularly in those which consist of draped figures"—Ed. A.-J.]

pamed, therefore, as is orange, by a tertiary and two quadrates; to the immediate right the gay citrine (called the tertiary yellow), above the sombre citrine olive, and below the medial citrine-russet; citrine containing 4 yellow, 2 red, and 2 blue; citrine-olive 3 yellow, 3 blue, and 2 red; and citrine-russet 3 yellow, 3 red, and 2 blue. With GREEN as initial you have on the right lower portion of the scale, as an accompaniment, russet in the centre; above, russet-olive; and below, in the immediate centre, citrine-russet; russet containing 4 red, 2 yellow, and 2 blue; russet-olive 3 red, 3 blue, and 2 yellow; and citrine-russet containing 3 red, 3 yellow, and 2 blue—three colours of three different degrees of vivacity and gloom, as in the previous instances, with the same proportions of relationship or affinity, opposition, and subordination.

It will be found at this point that the whole four triads have been brought into play, and that to go farther the system must be in part given up and the retrogressive introduced. Take, for instance, the colour olive, lying in the upper portion of the diagram. It contacts with but two colours lower than itself progressively, the quadrates, citrine olive and russet-olive; the others are the two primaries, yellow and red, and orange separated by it. Progressively, then, the tertiaries have but a limited harmony. Taken altogether, its harmonies attached by contact amount to five—yellow, red, orange, citrine-olive, and russet-olive. They are all in absolute and unmistakable harmony, although olive may not be called an initial colour. The same combination occurs with both the remaining tertiaries, citrine and russet. With the quadrates also, they being the last of the series, the whole five harmonies attaching to each of them, and making six with the quadrate itself, are in the retrogressive path. Thus, selecting one of them for example, the russet-olive, found on the upper right-hand portion of the diagram, it makes contact with the primary yellow, the secondaries orange and green, and the tertiaries russet and olive, having in combination the same elements of harmony with the other colours already worked through their chromatic proportions, and coinciding with them in relation, opposition, and subordination.

Here is another circumstance infusing itself into this system of harmony, and at the same time tending to simplify its appreciation by persons who may have given little attention to the subject. There is a common half-way station between the four triads: the first half, containing the primaries and secondaries, works downwards by progression; the second, or lower half, works upwards by retrogression; and both of them have an extensive harmony of negations in black, white, and intermediate greys, as indicated in the black blot of the centre, and the radiated white and greys of the background. There is another mode of still further simplifying the true appreciation of the character and of the constituency of the four triads. Consider the primaries and the secondaries as equally simple colours. With the primaries it is necessary and obvious to do so; and it is easy to do so by the secondaries, as they are simple mixtures of equal parts, and have very little character to complicate them. Light and shade they have in common with not only the primaries, but the tertiaries and quadrates, yellow, orange, citrine, and citrine-russet representing light; red, green, russet, and citrine-olive representing middle tint; and blue, purple, olive, and russet-olive repre-

senting dark—the light of the primaries gradually becoming darker by progression, and the darks of the primaries by progression becoming gradually lighter. This will be easily felt when it is remembered that the lightest of the quadrates, citrine-russet, has in its composition 3 of red (middle tint) and 2 of blue (dark), and that the darkest of the quadrates, russet-olive, has in its composition 2 parts of yellow (light) and 3 of red (middle tint).

Consider, then, both primaries and secondaries as simple and uncompounded colours; get into the habit of looking on the tertiaries as the tertiary yellow, red, and blue; and on the quadrates as the quadrate orange, green, and purple. This will not only simplify the whole scale, but the colours themselves strongly indicate the propriety of this arrangement. The dissection of the scale and the determination of its colours into different proportions of the primaries in scale two, accompanied by this arbitrary nomenclature recommended, will facilitate this part of the business, and save a deal of memory. The apparent complication of the varying constituent members in Scale 2 look formidable at first sight, and remind one of the tables of French verbs which Cobbett has properly designated "the tasks." But with our table of colours there exist no exceptions. The primaries speak for themselves, and form the root of the whole. The secondaries nearly do the same, as the numbers stand 4. 4.; the tertiaries stand 4. 2. 2, the 4 determining the colour; and the quadrates stand 3. 3. 2, the 3. 3. determining the colour. Therefore ten minutes' gentle hammering welds the whole into the memory.

Another circumstance which blends the scheme in the memory as thus disposed of, is the coincidence of the close relatives of the first and second triads standing immediately opposite them in the diagram. Thus, exactly opposite to yellow stands the tertiary yellow (citrine), opposite red the tertiary red (russet), and opposite to blue the tertiary blue (olive); opposite to the secondary green stands the quadrate green (citrine-olive); opposite to purple stands the purple quadrate (russet-olive); and opposite to orange stands the quadrate orange (citrine-russet). These near relatives would not be inharmonious brought from their present situations on the diagram into close contact in a picture, but, on the contrary, would serve to spread out and enlarge the sphere of the initial colour, in the same way as would the introduction of tints of the same individual colour. There is no reason indeed why a whole family of yellows should not be brought together before resorting to the more stimulant harmony, russet or olive. This observance, as far as chromatism is concerned, gives chromatic breadth, one of the finest qualities with which a work may be imbued. For breadth of colour is obtained by refusing as long as possible to come to loggerheads with the initial colour and its true and pungent harmony, and nothing betrays more the weakness of a colourist than coming, as it were, to blows on the earliest opportunity; and at the same time there is nothing so soon exhausts the resources of a palette. Analogies to this process crop up by dozens in political life, social life, military life, commercial life, the Arts generally, and most likely the sciences.

Two of the greatest authorities, however, for this scheme of harmony arose out of a scrupulous examination of the pictures of Titian and Rubens. If therefore the whole world of secondary colourists should refuse to acknowledge its truth, those two chro-

matic giants in harmony sanction it as far as their works go. They certainly have not written on the subject, but had they written whole volumes to disprove the soundness of any previously advanced theory on the same system, their works, those of both of them being voluminous, would at once upset their assertions; we should, in fact, be able to combat them as Milton did his opponents, and say, "ye write them in your closets and unwrite them in your courts;" and in the same sense, with a little change of terms, we should certainly be able to say of Titian and Rubens, "ye write them in your closets, and unwrite them in your works." As it is, however, they have written positively nothing, with the exception of a sorry and thin piece of advice from Rubens to his pupils, "do not torment the tints on your palettes." There is nothing left us to doubt that both one and the other were in possession of so perfect an organism for colour and harmony, that to go wrong were impossible, and to go right the most obvious and natural thing in the world. There is in my mind not the slightest doubt that Rubens, an intuitive chromaticist, was much annoyed that his pupils were not good colourists also, particularly as they might have had occasionally to work for himself, and that, being himself very mindful of not "tormenting the tints on his palette," he thought the principal thing to direct their minds to was only to mix their tints gently or partially. However, be it as it may, Rubens turned out to be the most glowing, natural, and vivacious colourist the world has ever known, while Titian became the most learned, expressive, and impressive—morbid when requisite, and at other times grandly natural.

Harmony to both was a natural impulse, not attained by study, but emanating from a congenial organism which refused to permit the possessor to go astray. There is, again, no doubt to be rationally entertained that Titian was by far the greater and more poetical intellect of the two. Rubens was always splendid, gorgeous, luminous, and gay, but these qualities, as a group, grow out of, and belong to each other. They do not, however, so expressly belong to many subjects he has painted, but, on the contrary, refuse to associate with them, and create an unpleasant discrepancy between subject and treatment anything but satisfactory to a classical temperament. Rubens seemed neither to understand nor appreciate the sentiment or colour of mourning or grief in any of its numerous phases, and painted a marriage or an entertainment in rose leaves. Titian possessed a superb control over colour as an exponent of diversified passion, and swayed it with an intelligence and power perfectly irresistible. While Rubens painted one chromatic passion, Titian painted six, and under phases so delicate yet appreciable, as to mark him as being the greatest painter of chromatic expression the world has ever known.

From the year 1846 up to the present time, I have assiduously searched for the pictures of both Titian and Rubens, in order to discover if any definite system of transitions was adopted by them, that would sanction, or, at least, give any weight to, the then generally received theory of harmony by opposition, but could find none. My object in choosing these two masters was, that they were the two of all others universally acknowledged to be the truest, and consequently the greatest, chromatic harmonists that have been known to the world. The consequence is, that the whole world of connoisseurs and painters acknow-

ledge it. Out of a hundred opinions collected from these classes of men, however they may be contradictory on other points, they would all agree in this. They are, therefore, looked up to as standing tests, as well as examples, and many painters have empirically founded their colour on passages extracted from the pictures of one or the other of them. The works of these extractors have consequently operated a healthy influence, in creating doubts of the genuineness of the theory of harmony by opposition, and must have set many men besides myself to work, in endeavouring to solve the question by some more profound and scientific base than that to be extracted from pictures, even of such men as Titian and Rubens. After the explanations in the first portion of this paper, of the very limited resources of the theories there discussed, there was nothing left to do this but resorting afresh to colour itself; not as in either of its modes merely, as the prismatic, or refractive, colour by accumulation, &c., but as presented by combination, in the four recognised triads, first initiated by Field. In, it may be said, the hundreds of pictures by Titian and Rubens, examined in this search after the causes of harmony, I was not prepared to meet with so little—say nothing, to sanction the theory of the day—harmony by opposition. I expected in the more vivacious works of both men, to find frequent resort to opposition, as a mode of intensifying impression. I was not, indeed, prepared to find in the works of both men so total a suppression of all opposition. But this fact, when properly digested, impelled me to a readjustment of the scale, with reference to relationship instead of opposition. This was done by first dissecting the whole scale as to component numbers, and then readjusting the different triads, all of them under one arrangement, in a path commencing with yellow, going through red, and terminating with blue, so that the numbers indicating at once relation, opposition, and subordination, should make actual contact. With this readjustment, then, of the entire scale, which forms the subject of the coloured diagram, it is found by collating it with the memoranda made of the arrangements of colour in the pictures of Titian and Rubens, that the agreement is in every way complete. It is not an affair of one hundred for the rule, and ninety-nine for exceptions. It is impossible to find in either one or the other five exceptions out of a hundred cases. I must have examined more than three hundred works by both men, and out of that number there are but two exceptional pictures, both of them in our own National Gallery; one by Rubens, 'The Rape of the Sabines,' in which there occurs a mere threat of a collision, with the fact still unaccommodated, and the noted case by Titian in the subject of 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' in which, as a favourite writer on Art would say, the fact of the collision of unmitigated orange and blue, is consummated in the drapery of the flying Ariadne. This, if the number had been augmented to ten, out of the pictures of these men hanging in this country alone, would not be anything like sufficient to impugn the rule illustrated in the coloured diagram. The diagram itself, if good for nothing else, serves the purpose of disentangling and placing in a perfect sequence, the tacit and intuitive law, the individual and harmonious canons of which emanated from two of the most highly-gifted chromatic organisms the world has as yet produced, or is very likely to reproduce.

J. B. FYNE.

ART AS A SOCIAL REFORMER.*

THERE are two prominent aspects presented to public view in the life of George Cruikshank: one is that which shows him as a humorous artist and a caricaturist; the other that wherein he appears as a missionary labouring with untiring energy to ameliorate the social condition of the country by his endeavour to arrest the progress of intemperance,—certainly one of the great, if not actually the greatest, vices of the age, and to which so many others may be both directly and indirectly traced. If it be true that "the love of money is the root of all evil," it may with equal truth be asserted that the love of strong drinks is the root of a tree which brings forth fruit as pernicious to body and soul; how fruitful and how destructive, the records of the daily journals demonstrate every time we take a newspaper in hand. But if we could penetrate into the recesses of many homes, and if one could read that which never meets the public eye, the demoralising and unhappy effects of intoxication would be seen to cover a much larger area of society than the world generally has any idea of. From the upper and middle classes this vice, as it was too frequently indulged in half a century ago, has entirely disappeared; fashion, happily, has set its face against late sittings after dinner and midnight carousals, and the demon Intemperance has been exorcised from all "respectable" circles: yet the "bottle" has still too many secret worshippers among the better classes, whose individual indulgence is the bane of their own existence and the source of discord and wretchedness in the homes of their families.

It is in neither of the two characters respectively in which the veteran Cruikshank is specially recognised among us that we now write of him, but in both combined, namely, as an artist, and as the ardent opponent of intemperance; and in both his pencil is made the medium of communicating the thoughts and opinions to which his lips have often given utterance: and certainly if Art has the power to work social reform, his large picture of 'The Worship of Bacchus,' painted about four or five years ago, and now engraved on a scale of corresponding size, ought to effect in no measureless degree the object for which the painter placed it on the canvas. He intended to make it a powerful teacher of temperance by the exhibition of its opposite; not alone, however, in the more ghastly and repellent form in which intemperance is almost invariably manifested, but to show how the poisonous seed is sown; how it may take root and fructify; how it often does so; and when it does, what are the results which follow. Hogarth, in his 'Rake's Progress,' dedicated his pencil to the exhibition of one great social evil; Cruikshank has devoted his to the development of another far more prevalent and equally self-abasing. He has done so in several minor productions, which are all, however, superseded, if not thrown into the shade, by this panoramic view, for we can call it nothing else, of *drinks* in all its infinite varieties of form and feature.

Our purpose is not to examine and criticise it as a work of Art, in the ordinary acceptation of the term; the painter had another object when he produced it than to render it amenable to the laws of aesthetic censorship; and yet, as one of its critics justly remarks, "Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment' has the same quality of thought," and he might have added, designed his composition in a similar manner. 'The Worship of Bacchus' is a pictorial essay or sermon, "warning every man and beseeching every woman to beware of the destroyer—to sprinkle the door-posts, that the avenger strike not." It is intended, as the imprint on the engraving says, to show "how universally the intoxicating drinks are used upon every occasion in life, from the cradle to the grave." And who can foresee what mischief may grow up in after life

* THE WORSHIP OF BACCHUS; OR, THE DRINKING CUSTOMS OF SOCIETY. Showing how universally the Intoxicating Liquors are used on every occasion of Life, from the Cradle to the Grave. Engraved by G. Cruikshank and C. Mottram, from the picture by G. Cruikshank. Published by W. Tweedie, London.

from allowing a child to have a taste of "mother's beer," or another to come from the nursery into the dining-room, after the cloth is removed and the decanters are placed on the table, and have his little glass filled with his father's "old port"? These are too often the beginnings of evil.

Two years ago, when the picture was exhibited in Wellington Street, Strand, a writer in the *Times*, speaking of it, says,—"Mr. Cruikshank divides his sermon into many hundreds of heads, and preaches with the most grotesque variety. He is for no half-measures. He will have no compromise with the odious god, Bacchus; the wicked idol is smashed like Bel and Dagon. He will empty into the gutter all Master Bacchus's pipes, his barrels, quills, casks, demijohns, gallons, quarts, pints, galls, down to your very smallest liquor glasses of spirits or wine. He will show you the church, the bar, the army, the universities, the gentry world, the country gentleman in his polite circle, the humble artisan in his rustic ploughman in the fields, the misguided washerwoman over her suds and tubs—how all ranks and conditions of men are deteriorated and corrupted by the use of that abominable strong liquor. He will have patience with it no longer."

To attempt to describe a picture which, as the writer just quoted remarks, contains "many hundreds of heads," and to offer any comment on these several divisions, would fill the pages of a volume; for merely to glance over the vast field of material here brought into action, the multiplicity of scenes which crowd upon the eye, each one as it becomes separate from its surroundings immediately arresting the attention and inviting close examination, is no easy task. Suppose yourself standing at the base of a wide rising ground covered with all ranks and conditions of human life, formed more or less into groups, each of which is in some way or other engaged with the wine-bottle or beer-pot, and you have an idea of what George Cruikshank has put on his canvas. Here is a christening party drinking life and happiness to the new-born child, a family party similarly occupied on the anniversary of a birthday, a funeral party taking a glass to animate their spirits, while the mutes at the door are not forgotten; a bridal party, a picnic, a ball and supper, a dinner for a charity: these are where the champagne circulates. Then there is the dram-shop, the drunken fight in the streets, the murderous assaults and wife-beatings at home, affairs with the police, intoxicated cabmen and other drivers, the police court, in fact, every phase of society represented as a direct or indirect participator in the habit which leads to intemperance. In the centre of the hill rises a vast pedestal of beer barrels, on which stands Bacchus with a Silenus and a Bacchante below. On the summit of the hill, as we call the picture, is a mass of buildings, forming the background, breweries, distilleries, the workhouse, the hospital, the penitentiary, the house of correction, and the prison surmounted by a gibbet.

The amount of thought bestowed on this composition must have been very great, for nothing appears to be lost sight of which could, with any propriety, come into it; while the ingenuity with which all are worked into a harmonious whole is almost inconceivable. Here is the philosophy of drunkenness written with a pen as bold as it is truthful, and more impressively than the words of eloquence could pour forth, more convincingly than the most logical argument could supply; and if Art is capable of being made a Social Reformer, George Cruikshank's 'Worship of Bacchus' ought, as we have already said, to have a powerful influence in checking the inordinate indulgence, at least, of stimulants. A great authority, Mr. Ruskin, spoke, in the last number of our Journal, in deprecatory terms of Cruikshank's art as developed in this manner: but it ought to be borne in mind that the object of the painter is to show the sin of drunkenness in its most degraded forms, as a warning; and to do this the work must have to every refined taste a repulsive character. The instruments employed for his purpose are its most debased victims.

A WEEK AT KILLARNEY.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

ALTHOUGH we have heretofore brought before the readers of the *Art-Journal* the manifold attractions of THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY, we are sure no apology need be offered for again recurring to the subject. During the summer and autumn of 1865, there will be a large in-flow of visitors to Ireland—not from England only, but from all parts of Europe. THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION—to be held in DUBLIN from May to November—will no doubt induce many to make the tour of that interesting country. It is for that reason, principally, and in the hope of proving useful "Guides," we have prepared a new edition of our book—"A WEEK AT KILLARNEY"—and we believe our subscribers will not be displeased to be made acquainted with some of its leading beauties (of several of which we have obtained new engravings) in the columns of the *Art-Journal*, previous to their publication in that book.

Our earnest hope is that we may be the means of augmenting the number of visitors from England to Ireland. The temptations to such visit are numerous and strong; the country is "rich in raw materials;" the novelties that meet the eye and ear are many; the characters encountered are generally "original;" the incidents often striking and peculiar; the wit and humour of "the people" are proverbial; "society," of all grades, is always cheerful, and often brilliant, never formal or restrictive; and hospitality is a virtue that pervades every class, from the highest to the lowest. The stranger in Ireland is sure of a cordial reception; whatever domestic "squabbles" there may be, they never affect him. Journey where he will, he may calculate on a welcome. There is no country in the world where the traveller is so safe from annoyance; to that fact every Tourist who has written earnestly deposes; there is no exception to the rule. For our own parts we cordially endorse this testimony. We have travelled much in every part of Ireland, visited every one of its thirty-two counties, having posted, indeed—usually on the common jaunting car—more than six thousand miles in the course of our various tours, by night as well as day, along its by-paths as well as its highways, over mountains and through miles of bog, in very lonely places, sometimes the guest of the humblest cottier. We never met the slightest interruption or insult, and never lost a shilling during any one of our journeys. To state this may be needless; but we write for readers who may have drawn back from contemplated visits when they hear of "agrarian disturbaunces," and of "agitators" who strive—in vain—to excite hatred of "the Saxon" in the people. The tourist may be sure that he is safer in the wilds of Connemara, or in the *terra incognita* of Donegal, than he would be journeying from Hyde Park Corner to Richmond.

The great attraction of Ireland consists in its SCENERY. We are about to conduct the tourist only to Killarney, and we cannot here find space to direct his attention

* At a meeting of "the Social Science" at Leeds, Mr. Binconi, one of the best benefactors of Ireland, whose public cars travel night and day through every high road of the island, made this statement:—

"I repeat with pleasure the testimony I gave in 1857, namely, that my conveyances have been in existence now forty-six years, many of them carrying very important mails, having been travelling during all hours of the day and night, often in lonely and unfrequented places, yet the slightest injury has never been done by the people to my property or that entrusted to my care."

"There is no other country in the world of which so much could, with truth, be said."

to its other temptations—to the mingling of the beautiful and the magnificent he will so often encounter, travel where he will. We cannot now lead him through the delicious dells of Wicklow, or to its solitary "city," Glendalough; into the savage glens of Donegal; along the wild sea-coast of Antrim, with its world's-wonder, the Giant's Causeway; or among the Alpine grandeur of wild Connemara. Our purpose must be limited to the all-beautiful Lakes, and the lovely valleys, and bounding rivers, and

picturesquely rugged mountains, and ocean cliffs, that surround Killarney.

We repeat—our hope is to make the English hetter acquainted with the Irish where they are best seen—at home; knowing well that every visitor, let his visit be brief or prolonged, will return from it with a hetter appreciation of, and a kindlier feeling towards, the country and its people; that, in a word, for every new visitor Ireland will obtain a new FRIEND.

Nothing can be so valuable to England,



THE RAILWAY HOTEL, KILLARNEY.

and nothing so beneficial to Ireland, as frequent intercourse between the two countries, so essentially and so emphatically ONE. Of late years, happily, all political distinctions between the Englishman and the Irishman have ceased; there is no privilege denied to the one that is enjoyed by the other; and although much may yet be seen in Ireland that lowers the spirits and postpones the hope of the traveller, it is certain that Ire-

land has, of late years, undergone very great and very important improvement. It would be easy to adduce proof, if space permitted us to do so. It is a duty, as assuredly it may be a pleasure, to visit that country, and it will be a shame to those who prefer a search on the Continent for enjoyment they may obtain with infinitely greater certainty so near at hand, while advancing the great cause of "Union"



VIEW FROM THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, KILLARNEY.

between the two countries. The old prejudices that kept the people of England and Ireland too long apart have, in a great measure, vanished; frequent intercourse will entirely remove them, and the benefits to be thence derived are incalculable.

The difficulties* that, within our own

* The voyage was not the only evil. Immediately on arrival—in Ireland—the luggage and the passenger were both taken to the Custom-house. No passport was required; but that was his only advantage on landing in Ireland over

memory, made the voyage "across" a business that involved time and inferred danger, have been removed. Huge steamboats, so large as materially to diminish all dread of sea-sickness, convey the voyager from Holy-

landing at a foreign port. All imported goods paid duty; and his portmanteau was rigidly searched for articles on which that duty was to be paid. He tendered his shillings and sixpences in payment; but they were no current coin in that part of the realm—they must be exchanged for "ten-pennies" and "five-pennies" before he could obtain warrant to proceed to his hotel.

head to Kingstown in less than four hours; London being thus brought within little more than ten hours' reach of Dublin; while "Excursion Tickets" render the "trip" easy to persons of even restricted means, and the railroad authorities, from the highest to the lowest, consider it a primary

part of their duty to minister to the wants and wishes of tourists.

We are in no degree exaggerating inducements to visit Ireland. We might quote opinions nearly as strong as our own, advanced by a score of English writers who would be accepted as "authorities" on the

wretchedness it was impossible to relieve, and from the sight of which there was no escape. But what else could be? The poor had no other resource; they must beg or starve; it was their only means of life; and, ever and always, in Ireland, charity is a fountain never dry. The Legislature had given no thought to the multitude who were aged, maimed, or afflicted with diseases that prevented work. While, in England, the poor had food and clothes and shelter, as natural rights, the Irish had none. Now, there are in every district "poor-houses," where every man, woman, and child, unable to labour, is provided with a home and its accompaniments—where industry is taught as a virtue, and cleanliness inculcated as a luxury. The beggars—at all events the more appalling classes of them—are found nowhere throughout the country.

The Tourist who is not young, and can remember *old* Ireland, may picture the Irish dwellings as they were: so deplorably wretched that an English farmer would have rejected the best of them as habitations for cattle; the mud floor, seldom dry; the dilapidated thatch, rarely impervious to rain; the broken window, "stopped up" to keep out wind and air; the ever-occurring dung-hill before the door; the familiar friend the pig, "who paid the rent,"—these were but the lesser evils of the cabin of one room, in which often a dozen, sometimes twenty, fellow-beings lived. They are departing fast: lime is now used profusely; the pig is rarely the inmate of "the parlour," the dung-hill is generally behind the house, and not before the door; and, though still bad enough, the cabin of the Irish peasant is gradually approximating to the English cottage.

In old times—nay, not very old—there was meaning in the sarcasm of the traveller, that "he never knew what the English heggars did with their cast-off clothes until he visited Ireland;" and in the story of the Irishman who thought himself "in luck" when he exchanged dresses with a scarecrow in an English field. Rags are now exceptional cases; generally the peasant is decently, and often comfortably, clad. At least, there is a material diminution of those external signs of penury and suffering that not long ago offended the eye and pained the heart of the Tourist in that country.

No doubt, to English eyes, there is yet much that requires "change;" and comparisons between the outer aspect of England and Ireland will be discouraging, and perhaps humiliating. It is but just and reasonable, we repeat, to compare the Ireland of to-day with the Ireland of forty, twenty, even ten, years ago; to arrive at right conclusions concerning that country, there must be some knowledge of it in the past. We who have been acquainted with Ireland, by occasional and sometimes prolonged visits, since the year 1820, can see and appreciate the great improvements that are, in so many ways, perceptible there. It demands no great stretch of memory to carry us back to a time when, politically and socially, the Irish were treated as a "conquered" people; forty years ago there was not a Roman Catholic member of any Corporate body in Ireland; none could have presided in any court of justice, nor have attained distinction at the bar, while the Senate was entirely closed against them. "Middlemen" farmed more than half its lands—devouring locusts they were; they have vanished; the land was badly or not at all cultivated; wages for labour were seldom beyond fivepence a day; the peasant never eat meat, and rarely bread;



AT GLENGARIFF.

subject. We quote but one of them—a passage from the *Times*, printed during the past year:—

"There is nothing in these isles more beautiful and picturesque than the South and West of Ireland. They who know the fairest portions of Europe still find in Ireland that which they have seen nowhere else, and which has charms all its own. . . . The whole coast west and south, indeed all around the island, has beauties that many a travelled Englishman has not the least conception of. The time will come when

the annual stream of tourists will lead the way, and when wealthy Englishmen, one after another, in rapid succession, will seize the fairest spots, and fix here their summer quarters. . . . If a tourist should visit the spots we have indicated, he would return with the conviction, that beautiful as continental scenery may be, there are points in Ireland which may stand competition with the show districts of any other country."

The existing generation can have but a very limited idea of the changes for the better that have taken place in Ireland



VIEW FROM THE POLICE BARRACK, KILLARNEY.

during the last forty—twenty—even ten years. Those who are old may make comparisons of Ireland as it was and Ireland as it is, and rejoice at the result. Who of them will fail to recall the beggars that used to beset him on every highway, in every street. Standing at any hotel door,

entering or withdrawing from any shop, a terrible crowd was that through which he had to make his way. Noisy beggars of both sexes, and of all ages—exposing frightful sores and parading miserable diseases—barred the passage; giving wit, indeed, for money, but paining the very soul by

he raised his potatoes, and *lived*—that was all; the police were mockeries; drunkenness was a glory, and not, as it is now, a shame—to the higher, as well as to the lower classes, it was anything but dishonour; faction fights disgraced every *fête* day; hedge-schools were the only seminaries of education; there was no poor-law. In a word, Ireland was indeed a *wretched* country—made wretched, and kept so, from a cruel

and foolish policy, that has long been bearing its natural fruit. But to say that England *continues* to act unjustly towards Ireland *now*, is to say that which is false and wicked. There is in England, generally, nay, universally, an earnest and sincere desire to do *justice to Ireland*; and although evil tongues may rail at England in 1865 more foully than they did—or dared to do—in 1820, they fail to excite the hatred

may be well to remark that these tickets entitle the bearer to claim certain rights, and such courtesies as every servant of the company readily renders. There is no better line in Great Britain than that which leads from Dublin to Killarney. The officials consider it their business to advise and direct tourists, and to give personal attendance in order that their arrangements may be, as far as possible, facilitated. There is no change of carriage all the way; sufficient time is allowed for refreshments at two of the main stations *en route*—at the Limerick junction and at Mallow; in a word, the *comforts* of the tourist are in all ways cared for.

The station of the South-Western Railway, a building of much architectural beauty, is situate at Kingsbridge, close to the Phoenix Park, a mile from the city.

Dublin and its neighbouring attractions having been duly examined, we shall suppose the tourist *en route* for Killarney.

The trains run through a country full of objects of interest, many of which are seen as the traveller passes along—Kildare's "holy fane," the far-famed Curragh, the Bog of Allen, several Round Towers, the ruins of Kilmallock ("the Baalbec of Ireland"), the singular rock of Dunamase, and the renowned rock of Cashel. These are but a few of the many objects of interest of which he will be called upon to make note before he passes through the dull region that ensues between Mallow and Killarney, and sees the majestic mountains that look down upon the Lakes.

If, however, the tourist has a purpose more extended, he will probably continue his railway journey on to Cork, and having seen "the beautiful city" and its glorious harbour, proceed thence to Killarney, by one of the roads we have endeavoured to describe to him for his guidance in our hook—preferring, if he be not restricted to time, that which leads through Macroom to the lovely lake of Gougane Barra, the wild pass of Keim-an-eagh, the famous Bay of Bantry, and the lovely valleys, woods, sea, and rivers and mountains, that give fame to lovely Glengarriff.

There are, indeed, some who prefer Glengarriff ("the Rough Glen") to Killarney; that, we humbly think, is a mistake; but it skirts Bantry Bay, and at "the Lakes" there is no "sight" of the ocean. There are, however, at Killarney a score of views grander and more beautiful than any at Glengarriff. There is at Glengarriff, indeed, but one view that can rival them—that which is obtained from the summit of a hill (it would be a mountain elsewhere) on the high road to Kenmare and Killarney; but it will not bear comparison with that which greets the traveller when, having left behind him some miles of sterility, he reaches the Police Barrack, and obtains, suddenly, a first sight of the Lakes.

Take which way he will—either that which leads through Dublin by Holyhead, that which carries him to Waterford by Milford Haven, that which conveys him to the capital by Liverpool, or that which, *via* Bristol, lands him at Cork—the Tourist may be assured of a delightful journey. We shall endeavour to describe that which he goes specially to see.*

combined to bring the rates of travelling as low as possible.

* Return Tickets for one clear month will be issued from London to Dublin and back, *via* Holyhead and *via* Liverpool, at the following fares:—

First Class.....	£3
Second Class.....	£2

Excursion trains are to run at a through fare of 25s.; while to "working men from the Continent" the fare will be but 21s. The South-Western (Irish) railway (to Killarney, Cork, &c.) has also adopted resolutions in a similar spirit.

* To be continued.



GARAMEEN BRIDGE, KILLARNEY.

they design,—simply because there is no grievance to redress,—certainly none for which the British Government and people are unwilling to supply a remedy.

We might go to much greater length into statements of the benefits conferred upon Ireland by Time and Enlightened Policy; but our leading, if not our sole, object at this moment is to remove an impression which still to some extent prevails, that there will be any annoyances in Ireland

—such as can lessen the enjoyments of travellers.

We do not apologise for this lengthened introduction. At this particular moment, when the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION IN DUBLIN will certainly invite many strangers to Ireland, it is the duty of every public writer to stimulate, as far as possible, a wise and generous desire to visit that most interesting country.

To Killarney there are four leading



THE TLESK BRIDGE, KILLARNEY.

routes, one *via* Liverpool, another *via* Bristol, a third through South Wales to Milford Haven (a most delightful route), and across to Waterford, and a fourth, the easiest and most rapid, to Holyhead and Dublin. There can be no question that this latter route will be generally preferred, mainly because the voyage across is so comparatively short—in huge steam-ships; while the journey from Euston Square, by the Lon-

don and North-Western, occupies but seven hours, the railway carriages delivering their passengers at the pier alongside of which the packet is moored, while the latter lands them at Kingstown pier. Tourist tickets are issued at reasonable rates,* and it

* During the year 1865, in order to assist and advance the objects of the Dublin International Exhibition, more than the usual advantages are offered to Tourists. "The London and North Western," and other English companies, have

FACTS ABOUT FINGER-RINGS.

CHAP. II. (continued)—MEDIEVAL RINGS.

LET us now devote some attention to a peculiar phase in the history of rings, one exhibiting in no small degree the strange credulity of human nature, and enabling us by its means to dive into the mysteries of the old faith in necromancy and alchemy, those strangely fascinating sciences that led captive the minds of great men and learned scholars, when its professors were in earnest, and the world was willing to listen to them.

Allusion has already been made to the mystic virtues attributed to stones during the middle ages, and to the fondness for collecting antique gems. They were coveted not only as works of Art, but for their supposed power over the circumstances of life, or the welfare of individual wearers. The idea very probably originated with the Gnostics of the East, who engraved stones with mystic figures believed to impart good luck or to keep off evil influences. So completely had this belief gained hold on all classes, that a Gnostic gem set as a ring was found on the finger of the skeleton of an ecclesiastic, in the Cathedral of Chichester, some few years ago, "affording indubitable evidence that these relics were cherished in the middle ages by those whose express duty it was to roprove and chock such gross superstition."*

This belief was ultimately reduced to a system. An old French *Lapidaire*, compiled in the thirteenth century, assures us that a stone engraved with the figure of Pegasus or Bellerophon is good for warriors, "giving them boldness and swiftness in fight," very contradictory qualifications, it must be allowed. One with the figure of Andromeda had the power of conciliating love between man and woman. "A gem bearing the figure of Hercules slaying a lion or other monster, was a singular defence to combatants. The figure of Mercury on a gem rendered the possessor wise and persuasive. The figure of Jupiter with the body of a man and the head of a ram, made the man who bore it beloved by everybody, and he was sure to obtain anything he asked. If you find a stone bearing the figure of a hare, it will be a defence against the devil; if you find a dog and a lion on the same stone, it will be a preservative against dropsy or pestilence. The figure of Orion was believed to give victory in war. If you find a stone, in which is Perseus holding in his right hand a sword, and in his left the Gorgon's head, it is a preservative against lightning and tempest, and against the assaults of devils. A stone on which is engraved a long-bearded man sitting on a plough, with a bending in his neck, and four men lying down, and holding in his hands a fox and a vulture, this, suspended about the neck, enables you to find treasures. If you find a dove, with a branch of olive in its mouth, engraved in pyrites, and mount it in a silver ring, and carry it with you, everybody will invite you to be his guest, and people will feast you much and frequently. The figure of a syren, sculptured in a jacinth, rendered the bearer invisible. A fair head, well combed, with a handsome face, engraved on a gem, gave to the bearer joy, reverence, and honour. Such were the qualities attached to ancient gems in the middle ages."†

Many plain stones were also believed to have magical virtues. Thus, the amethyst prevented drunkenness, and was conse-

quently often set upon wine cups. The crystal clouded if evil was about to happen to its wearer. Amber was good against poison, hence drinking-cups were formed from it. The topaz cured and prevented lunacy, increased riches, assuaged anger and sorrow, and averted sudden death. Such foolish faith was placed in stones until the end of the sixteenth century. Dr. Donne speaks of

"A compassionate turquoise, that doth tell,
By looking pale, the wearer is not well."

But the most curious of all these superstitious beliefs attached itself to the *crapaudine*, or toad-stone. It is most unattractive to sight, of an opaque dirty-brown tint, and known to mineralogists as a variety of trap-rock. It was believed to have most sovereign virtues against poison if pounded and drank, and to give warning against it when simply worn in a ring by a change of colour, like that said to take place in the turquoise. It was believed to exist in the head of the toad. Fenton, writing in 1569, says, "There is found in the heads of old and great toads a stone which they call borax or stolon; it is most commonly found in the head of a he-toad." It was not easily attained, for the toad "envieth so much that man should have that stone," says old Lupton, in his "Thousand Notable Things." Hence came a true test for such stones, according to the same credulous author, who thus enlightens us:—"To know whether the toad-stone called *crapaudine* be the right and perfect stone or not, holdo the stone before a toad so that he may see it, and if it be a right and true stone, the toad will leap toward it, and make as though he would snatch it from you." It should be obtained, says a mediaval author, while the toad is living, and this is to be done by simply placing him upon a piece of scarlet cloth, "wherewithal they are much delighted, so that while they stretch out themselves as it were in sport upon that cloth, they cast out the stone of their head, but instantly they sup it up again, unless it be taken from them through some secret hole in the same cloth."

Lupton, whom we have just quoted, tells us of "a rare good way to get the stone out of the toad," which has the advantage of greater simplicity. It is to be done thus:—"Put a great or overgrown toad (first bruised in divers places) into an earthen pot; put the same into an ants' hillocke, and cover the same with earth, which toad at length the ants will cat, so that the bones of the toad and stone will be left in the pot"—a "rare secret," which no one will now doubt. These follies often occupied the thought of sages in the olden time. Boethius relates how he watched a whole night an old toad he had laid on a red cloth to see him cast forth the stone, but the tedious watch was not rewarded; the toad retained his jewel, and he had nothing from thence to "gratify the great pangs of his whole night's restlessness."

The Londesborough collection supplies us with two remarkable specimens of rings con-



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

nected with toad superstition. The first is of mixed metal gilt, having upon it the figure

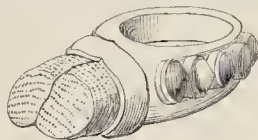
* Musarius, quoted in Toppel's "History of Serpents," 1611.

of a toad swallowing a serpent. There is a mediaval story of a necromancer introducing himself to another professor of magic by showing him a serpent ring, upon which the latter, who did not desire any one to interfere with his practice, produced his toad-stone ring, observing that the toad might swallow the serpent, thereby intimating his power to overcome him. The second ring is curious, not only as containing the true toad-stone, but the stone is embossed with the figure of a toad, according to the description of Albertus Magnus, who describes the most valuable variety of this coveted gem as having "the figure of the reptile imprinted upon it."

The elder poets have, as usual with them, turned into a moralisation this fabulous bit of natural history. Lyly, in his "Euphues" observes, "the foule toad hath a faire stone in his head." Shakspeare has immortalised the superstition in the most effective and beautiful manner, when he declares how

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Yet wears a precious jewel in its head."

Superstition did not confine its belief to a few charms; it ranged over more than we can now record. In the Londesborough collection is the massive thumb-ring here



delineated, having the tooth of some animal as its principal gem, fondly believed by its original owner to have mystic power over his well-being. To "make assurance doubly sure," it is set all round with precious stones, all believed to have magical virtues.

Superstition was not confined to the real world of animal life, but ranged over the fabulous natural history which mixed largely with the true, in all men's minds, at this particularly credulous era of the world's history. It really appears that persons put more faith in false charms for the cure of disease or the prevention of evil, than in the power of medicine, or the practice of proper preventives. The horn of the unicorn, the claw of the griffin, and other relics of equal verity and value, were sought eagerly by those rich enough to procure them, and when obtained were believed to ensure much good fortune to the possessor. A fear of the "evil eye"—that bugbear which still disturbs the happiness of the lower class Italians and of the Eastern nations generally—was carefully provided against. One great preservative was the wearing of a ring with the figure of a cockatrice upon it. This imaginary creature was supposed to be produced from that rarest of all rare things, a cock's egg, foolishly believed to be laid on certain occasions under magic influence and planetary agencies. Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Vulgar Errors," describes this imaginary creature "with legs, wings, a serpentine and winding tail, and a crest or comb somewhat like a cock." The Londesborough collection supplies us with a thumb-ring (Fig. 4), having two cockatrices cut in high relief upon an agate. The eye of the living cockatrice was believed to be so deadly as to kill by a look, to which Shakspeare alludes in *Twelfth Night*, and again in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

"Say thou but I,
And that base vowel I shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice."

* J. Y. Akerman on Gnostic Gems, *Archaeologia*, vol. xxxiii.
† T. Wright, M.A., &c., in *Archaeologia*, vol. xxx.

There was, however, a counter-action to the danger, for it was also believed that if a person saw the creature before it saw him, then the cockatrice died from the



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

effect of the human eye. To this Dryden alludes:—

"Mischiefs are like a cockatrice's eye,
If they see first they kill, if seen they die."

The figure of this bird merely gave security against the evil eye; it had no other effect; and for this purpose various engraved stones were used. Thus, Fig. 5, from the same collection, has set in its centre a Gnostic gem with cabalistic figures, believed able to avert the dreadful glance.

Such stones were, of course, "far sought, dear bought;" and rings believed to possess such covetable power had a high money value. How then were the poor, still more, ignorant and superstitious, to be aided? Craft came to the aid of faith: demand, as usual, produced supply, and inscriptions took the place of costly jewels. Rings were fabricated in silver and baser metals, having cabalistic words upon them, the names of spirits or of saints. To meet the poorest ring-wearer they were even cast in lead, and sold on the cheapest terms. They were believed to prevent cramp and epilepsy. One in the Londesborough collection is inscribed with the mystic word *Ananazpta*. In a manuscript of the fourteenth century, in the library at Stockholm, we have this recipe "for the falling sickness. Say the word *ananazptus* in his ear when he is fallen down in that evyll, and also in a woman's ear *ananazpta*, and they shall never more after feel that evyll."

In the Journal of the Archaeological Institute, vol. iii., is an engraving of a curious magical ring, here copied. It was found on the coast of Glamorganshire, near to "the



✠ ZARA·ZAI·DE ZEVEL

✠ DEBAL·GVT·GVTANI

Worm's Head," the western extremity of the county, where numerous objects have been found at various times on the shifting of the sand, such as firearms, an astrolabe, and silver dollars. This ring is of gold, much bent and defaced, and inscribed with mystic words inside and outside the hoop. Their talismanic character seems to be sufficiently proved by the English medical manuscript preserved at Stockholm, already alluded to, in which, among various cabalistic prescriptions, is one "for peynes in theth. . . Suro herto briore + vulnera quinque dei sut medicina mei + Tahebal + Ghetter + + + Othman." The last word should probably be read Guthman, and it is succeeded by five crosses, possibly in allusion to the five wounds of the Saviour.

As a preventive of peril by travel and sudden death, the names of the three Magi, or the "Kings of Cologne," as they were more popularly termed, was believed to be most efficacious. Their bodies travelled

first to Constantinople, thence to Milan, and lastly to Cologne, by various removals. The faithful may still view the skulls of the Arabian kings who visited the Saviour in the manger (if they can believe the old legend), in the richly-jewelled reliquary guarded so sacredly in the cathedral of Cologne. Their possession brought enormous revenues to the building, and a heavy tax is still imposed on all who would see them. It was once (and may be still) believed that anything which had touched these skulls had a protective virtue. Their names acted as a charm, and were inscribed on such articles of wearing apparel as girdles or garters, of which many specimens exist in the curious collection of C. Roach Smith, and were found at London in excavations or in the Thames. Upon rings they are most common; two are here selected from the Londesborough collection. The first is a thick gold hoop, inscribed with their names, Jasper, Melchior, Balthazar, and



the abbreviated motto, "in·god·is·a·r," which the late Mr. Crofton Croker, who compiled a descriptive catalogue of these rings, thought might probably mean "in God is a remedy." The second specimen is a good example of a fashion of hooping prevalent in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, flat inside and angular outside. Each face is inscribed with the same talismanic names. It is formed of cheap mixed metal, was found in London, and presented to the collection by Mr. Roach Smith.

Inscriptions on rings became at this time very common, nor were they confined to mystic or sacred words. Mottoes of love and gallantry were frequent, as well as moral sentences, and those strictly heraldic. In the curious inventory of the plate and jewels of the Duke of Anjou, compiled about 1360, mention is made of a ring with a large square emerald, surrounded by letters in black enamel. In "Archæologia," vol. xxxi., is a fine example of such an engraved ring. The representation there given is here copied. It is a weighty ring of fine gold, and was found in 1823 at Thetford, in Suffolk. The device which



appears upon this ring is an eagle displayed; on the inner side is engraved a bird, with the wings closed, apparently a falcon, with a crown upon its head. The following posy, or motto, commencing on the outer side, is continued on the interior of the ring:—*deus me courage de vous seür a grec·com mauz couer desire*—"God work for me to make suit acceptably to you, as my heart desires." The devices appear to be heraldic, and the motto that of a lover, or a suitor to one in power. The eagle is the bearing of several ancient Suffolk families; it was also a badge of the

House of Lancaster, and Thetford was one portion of the Duchy of Lancaster.

These mottoes, or "reasons," as they were sometimes termed, were occasionally engraved in relief. A specimen from the Londesborough collection is placed beneath the Thetford ring. It is of gold, and was found in the Thames. The inscription upon it is—*sans biniue*—"without baseness"—a motto that may have been adopted by some Bayard of the middle ages.

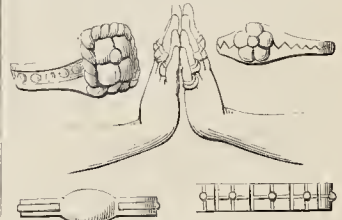
A very early ring, with an unusually pretty posy, is in the collection of J. Evans, Esq., F.S.A., and is engraved (Fig. 11). It is of



Fig. 11.

gold, set with a small sapphire, and is inscribed—*IE·S·V·I·C·I·E·N·L·I·V·D·A·M·I* ["I am here in place of a friend"]. It was probably made at the beginning of the fourteenth century. Beside it is placed two other specimens of inscribed rings. The first is chased with the Nortons' motto, "God us aydo;" the second is inscribed withinside with the sentence, "Mulier, viro subjecta esto." Both are works of the fifteenth century.

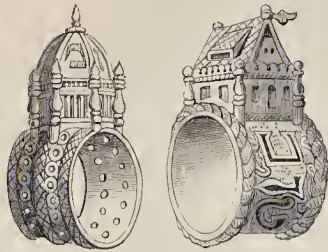
In Bromsgrove Church, Staffordshire, are the fine monumental effigies of Sir Hum-



phrey Stafford and his lady (1450), remarkable alike for the rich armour of the knight and the courtly costume of the lady. She wears a profusion of rings, every finger, except the little finger of the right hand, being furnished with one. They exhibit great variety of design, and are valuable as exponents of the fashion of that day. We here engrave the hands of the lady, as uplifted in prayer, with four of the rings, the full size of the originals.

Recurring to the ancient people whose sacred records gave us the earliest knowledge of the use of rings, we may profitably devote some attention to the very beautiful rings formerly used by the Hebrews for betrothals and weddings. The Londesborough collection furnishes us with the two fine examples here engraved. They are often termed "tower rings," from the figure of the sacred temple placed on their summit. In the first specimen it takes the form of a hexagonal building, with a domed roof of an Eastern character; in the second it is square, with a deeply pitched roof, having movable vanes at the angles, and is probably the work of some German goldsmith. Upon the roof of the first is inscribed in enamelled letters the best wish—"joy be with you"—that a newly-married couple would command. The same words are inscribed in more richly-designed letters on

the curve of the second ring. Both are of gold, richly chased, enamelled, and en-



riched by filigree work, and are sufficiently stately for the most imposing ceremonial.

A third Hebrew ring of less striking appearance, but of equal or greater curiosity, is also engraved from the same rich collection. It bears on its surface a representation (in high relief) of the temptation of our first parents, who are surrounded by



various animals, real and imaginary, their joint residents in Paradise. The workmanship of all these rings has been dated to the commencement of the sixteenth century.

We close our series with a wedding-ring, commemorative of a marriage which excited the marked attention of the entire Christian community, as a vigorous protest against monkery by that "solitary monk that moved the world"—Martin Luther. Renouncing the faith of Rome, he revoked his vow of celibacy, and completed his total severance from its creed by marrying a lady who had been once a nun, named Catharina Boren. The ring, here engraved, is that used on the occasion. It is of elaborate



D Martino Luthero Catharina Boren
13 JUNI 1525

design and execution; a group of emblems of the Saviour's Passion, the pillar, the scourge, the spear, and various other objects, combine with a representation of the Crucifixion, a small ruby being set in the centre of the ring above the head of the Saviour. We engrave this most interesting object of personal decoration as it appears to the eye, and also the full design *in plano*; beneath it are the names and date inscribed on the inside of the ring.

F. W. FAIRBOLT.

ART IN IRELAND AND THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN.—The Cathedral of St. Patrick is again open for divine service, restored to its pristine beauty by means of the princely munificence, public spirit, and true Christian feeling of Mr. B. L. Guinness. It is rare for men to have the opportunity of showing such liberality as he has done, but still more rare to find them using the opportunities that fall in their way. All honour, then, to him who has set so noble an example, and has linked his name to all time with a great and good work.

BRIGHTON.—The seventh annual meeting of those interested in the Brighton and Sussex School of Art was held in February last. It appears from the report for the past year, read at the meeting, that the number of pupils of all grades who came under the supervision of the head-master, Mr. J. White, during that period, was 1,881, an increase of 365 over those of the preceding year. A great majority of these pupils are, however, children in National schools and others of a kindred nature. The financial statement of the treasurer shows a small balance in his hands. It is probable that the institution will shortly be obliged to vacate the rooms hitherto occupied, which will be required in future by the municipal authorities; but it is expected that the Town Council and the Pavilion Committee will provide other accommodation. On the following day the prizes gained by the successful competitors at the examination in December, were distributed in the presence of a large number of visitors.

GLoucester.—The annual distribution of prizes to the successful students of the Stroud and Gloucester School of Art, was made in February by Mr. Gambier Parry, who at the same time delivered to the meeting a lecture on "The Claims of Art upon an Age of Business." By the way, we understand that this gentleman, a well-known amateur artist, has completed his decorations of the ceiling of the nave of Ely Cathedral, a labour he undertook to perform, after the sudden death, in 1862, of another amateur painter, Mr. H. Le Strange, who had been for some time engaged on the work.

LANCASTER.—An exhibition of works of Art and Industry, of very varied character, was opened in this town in the month of February.

MANCHESTER.—The Art-Workmen's Industrial Exhibition in this city was opened in the month of February with a large and very excellent display of works, varied in kind and degree, but chiefly of a practical nature. The idea of the exhibition originated with the grainers and decorators, and specimens of their handicraft occupy large spaces on the walls, constituting the chief attractions of the gallery. The imitations of the rarest and most beautiful woods, as well as of the more common, and of fruits and flowers, are spoken of by the local papers as especially meritorious. There is no doubt of the exhibition proving a success in every way.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—The last annual examination of the School of Art in this town was more successful in its results than at any previous time since the foundation of the school twenty-one years ago. The total number of pupils in attendance during the past year was 410, fifteen more than in the year preceding, while the fees paid showed an increase of above £26.

ODDINGHAM.—A School of Science and Art has been opened at this place, chiefly, if not entirely, through the liberality of Mr. John Platt, of the firm of Platt Brothers & Co., this gentleman having provided suitable rooms for the purpose.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The annual exhibition of the works of the students in the Southampton School of Art, competing for medals, took place on the 27th of February, and was attended by a large number of visitors, who had the opportunity of examining and criticising the drawings, which numbered forty-six, contributed by thirty-one pupils. The whole of the works have since been forwarded to the Department of Science and Art.

THE PROGRESS OF SCULPTURE IN ENGLAND.

ATTENTION is called at this time to the condition of our school of sculpture by many circumstances that affect it for better or worse; but especially by the fact, that within the next two years there will have been finished, and there will be advancing towards completion, more important works than have, within any similar term, been in progress in any other modern school. In what light soever we regard these forthcoming sculptures, they present themselves under aspects of grave importance. We have of late erected in our most public places works which have not the credit of being even questionable as to their degree of merit. They are loud in their own condemnation, and, like the wailing souls in the *Inferno*, denounce bitterly those by whom they have been betrayed. We cannot compel foreigners to do homage to the works of our hands, but it is ourselves who must do penance in the fiery furnace because they will not bow in admiration to the statues we have set up. As to support, the prospective of sculpture is full of promise, and it is to be hoped that this affluence of commissions will become rather celebrated by its triumphs than notorious by its failures. Multitudinous production attests liberal patronage, but patronage in some past instances has been at the disposal of persons entirely devoid of even that discrimination which is a chief element in natural taste. Much, however, as we may exclaim against our bad works of Art, they are not without their use; nay, to speak positively, they are precious and useful. The money they have cost has been well spent; if they do not show us what we should follow, they are very explicit as to what we should avoid; and the proof that they have spoken out, and to the purpose, is, there is nothing at present under promise redicible to the low scale whereby they are estimable.

In the course of the inquiries we have made in order to ascertain the prospects of sculpture, we find there are in different stages of advancement two statues of the Queen, one of the size of life, another colossal; six statues, principally colossal, of the good Prince Consort; besides busts of both the Queen and Prince. The number of colossal statues for London, the provinces, and the colonies, is beyond all precedent, inasmuch that in one or two instances, undoubtedly with a preference for these, the execution of busts has been declined. These large works are private or subscription commissions, and do not include the regal series that is coming forward for the Houses of Parliament. This prosperous condition of the art does not afford matter for congratulation only because it is prosperous. It has taken up a thread of poetic fiction that may be described as entirely English; that is, pure and exalted; or it may be tender in its narrative, that is, without the smallest theatrical or sensational taint. And for the propagation of this taste for poetic sculpture we must claim, not a modicum, but a large share of merit for this Journal, which has for years been most earnest in popularising the art. It has been our care to reproduce in these pages, by means of engraving, in unbroken series, the best English sculptures, and such a labour of love unintermitted for twenty years, cannot have been without its attendant good. In allusion to the present demand and supply, the *father* of the profession, not long since, observed, "Ay, when I began life there were only eight of us!" but now the brave old man is a unit of a company (to be precise) of a hundred and six, who gazette themselves as members of the profession. There is, besides, another shadowy multitude claiming brevet rank, but without the slightest pretension to the degree. The tendency of our painting has, for twenty years, been downward to the simplicity of domestic life. In most schools there is a common sentiment between sculpture and painting; but it is not so with us; our sculpture forsakes domesticity and rises into poetry, but it is a poetry of its own, more deep and touching than the rhapsody of other schools. Foremost among those who have pledged their troth to

"immortal verse," are Foley, MacDowell, Durham, Bell, Edwards, and there may be a few others, but the works that support these names have been conceived with an unusually profound apprehension of the beautiful. The subject of one of Durham's statues is 'Santa Filomena,' from Longfellow's poems:—

"A Lady with a lamp shall stand," &c.

But although these lines have suggested the statue, the features declare themselves at once to be those of Miss Nightingale, who, in her mission of charity, holds up a lamp as looking downward on the couch of some poor wretch whom her presence inspirits yet to strive for life. In one word, it may be regarded as the most perfect ideal statue this sculptor has ever produced; and this is much to say. Durham has completed a statue of the late Prince Consort, to be cast in bronze for the Agricultural College at Framlingham, in Suffolk. It is seven feet six inches in height, and the dress is that of the Order of the Bath. There are also in the same studio some charming statues of children. Edwards is engaged on a great work called 'Wisdom the Instructor and Consoler,' the idea having been inspired by a sublime passage from the writings of Carlyle. The design is a departure from everything approaching the hacknied Minerva type that has for centuries been the standard for the embodiment of such conceptions. The figure, in treatment, is similar to that of a Greek philosopher, but the head recalls the best configurations that the ancient painters gave to the Deity. Nevertheless it is perfectly original and impressively grand. A small bas-relief by the same artist shows "The star-crowned spirit of love and truth floating in light," a difficult idea to realise, but brought forward here with infinite beauty and tenderness.

If we endeavour to recall the names of those sovereigns and celebrities of whom the cunning of the artist has given us a personal knowledge, we conjure up at once a noble army of witnesses, every one of whom may be saluted by name, and to each may be paid the homage of the lip or the heart, beginning with "Hail, Cæsar!" and ending with "God bless the Prince!" Of those who are familiar to us through the traditions of painting and sculpture, Louis XIV. is the most perfectly known from youth to old age. Amid the tornado that swept over Europe during the military career of the First Napoleon, the chaunt of his fame arose loudly from millions of voices, and portraits and images of the emperor were circulated by hundreds of thousands. But never anything by the good will of a nation has been done of a character so abiding and costly as the statues that have been raised to the memory of the late Prince Consort. One of the most recent statues of Prince Albert is remarkable for the perfection of the bronze casting. It is a colossal figure by Theed, representing the Prince in the robes of the Bath. This statue was finished in the metal at Nuremberg. It is intended for Australia, and the colony may be congratulated on possessing a work of which the marvellous precision of detail has perhaps never been equalled in so large a figure. St. Stephen's Hall has received its appointed number of statues, yet still prominent among public works are marble statues for the Houses of Parliament. Of these there are two in the studio of Thornycroft, those of James I. and Charles I.; the latter, a strikingly characteristic figure, shows the king holding his sceptre of royalty to his breast, with a countenance of sadness; an act in which is concentrated the essence of his earliest and latest cares. The pederasty of the father is strongly insisted on, yet has he received necessarily much favour at the hands of the artist. Charles II. is in the hands of Weekes, whose chief care in dealing with "Old Rowley" will be to eliminate from the history of the man all he can of regal dignity wherewith to qualify the presence of one who was singularly wanting in that particular. The two last of our kings are the works of Theed. William IV. wears a royal mantle over an admiral's uniform, and George IV. appears in the robes and appointments of the Order of the Bath.

In support of our remarks on the education

of taste in sculpture, and disabuse of the vulgar prejudices against that treatment of the human figure whereby only its utmost beauties are set forth, and wherein consists the real test of the artist's power, it may be stated that, after an abeyance of many years, Foley's charming figure, 'A Boy at a Stream,' is in course of execution in marble, of the size of life; and another nude figure, MacDowell's 'Eve,' is also about to be finished in marble, together with some others undraped. Years ago we did justice to the merits of these and other works without a hope then of seeing them completed in marble, and now we signalise these facts as evidence of the advancement of public feeling towards an appreciation of the highest order of the beautiful. A statue of James, seventh Earl of Derby, has been finished by W. C. Marshall. The figure is eight feet high, and will be cast in bronze for the town of Bolton, where the earl was beheaded during the contest between Charles I. and the Parliament. There is a colossal equestrian statue in progress by Foley, that of Sir James Outram, to be finished in bronze for India, but this and Foley's other works have so recently been described in these pages, that it is not necessary again to enumerate them. Woolner's statue of Lord Macaulay, for Cambridge, is being worked in marble. The great historian wears the gown of a Master of Arts; he is seated in an attitude of profound thought. If the features are pronounced like those of Lord Macaulay, the artist will have achieved a triumph, for he had nothing to work from whereon he could rely. Woolner is also engaged on a statue of Mr. Godley, the founder of the Canterbury settlement in New Zealand: this statue is eight feet in height, and has been worked out entirely from photographs. In the same studio there is an admirable bust exemplifying all the solemn grandeur of the best Hebrew type. It is that of the late Sir David Sassoon, the Jewish philanthropist of Bombay, and is the precursor of a statue. Bell has finished the model of a colossal Guardsman, apparently a replica of one of those at the foot of Waterloo Place. By the same artist there is also 'The Octoon,' a statue of much beauty; and 'Early Flowers,' a marble statue of a child. Noble is occupied on the model of an important work for the Victoria Gardens at Bombay; the Queen as seated on the throne, and in the act of opening parliament. The figure is placed within a Gothic niche of the most elaborate design, ornamented with shields, mottoes, emblematical flowers. The statue is colossal, and the height of the whole will be thirty-five feet. The work has been commissioned by the King of Barroda. Noble is also busied with two statues of the late Prince Consort, one for the vestibule of the Town Hall of Leeds, and another for Manchester; a statue for India of the late wealthy Hindoo merchant, Juggomathjee Sunkerset; for Westminster Abbey a bust of Sir James Outram, with a Beel and a Sikh as supporters, on an elegant pedestal after a design by G. G. Scott, the architect; for Dunrobin Castle a statue of the late Duke of Sutherland, who, having built the castle, is represented with the plan as a scroll in his hand; for the Assize Courts of Manchester a statue of Mr. Forster, late chairman of the Quarter Sessions; with other monuments and several busts. Among the subscription and public busts of eminent persons, may be mentioned a bust of the late Dr. Hugh Falconer, in the hands of J. Butler, who is also engaged on two public busts for Bristol, those of the founders of the Bristol General Hospital, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Eton, both members of the Society of Friends. In the hands of Weekes are a bust of Sir Tatton Sykes; also two of Messrs. Martin, for the Canterbury, for Canterbury Cathedral. Any attempt to mention even all the public busts and monumental sculpture in progress, would extend this article far beyond the due limit. The account here given is only intended as a summary of the munificent commissions which now engage our sculptors. No living school could at any period of its history point to such an aggregate within a like term.

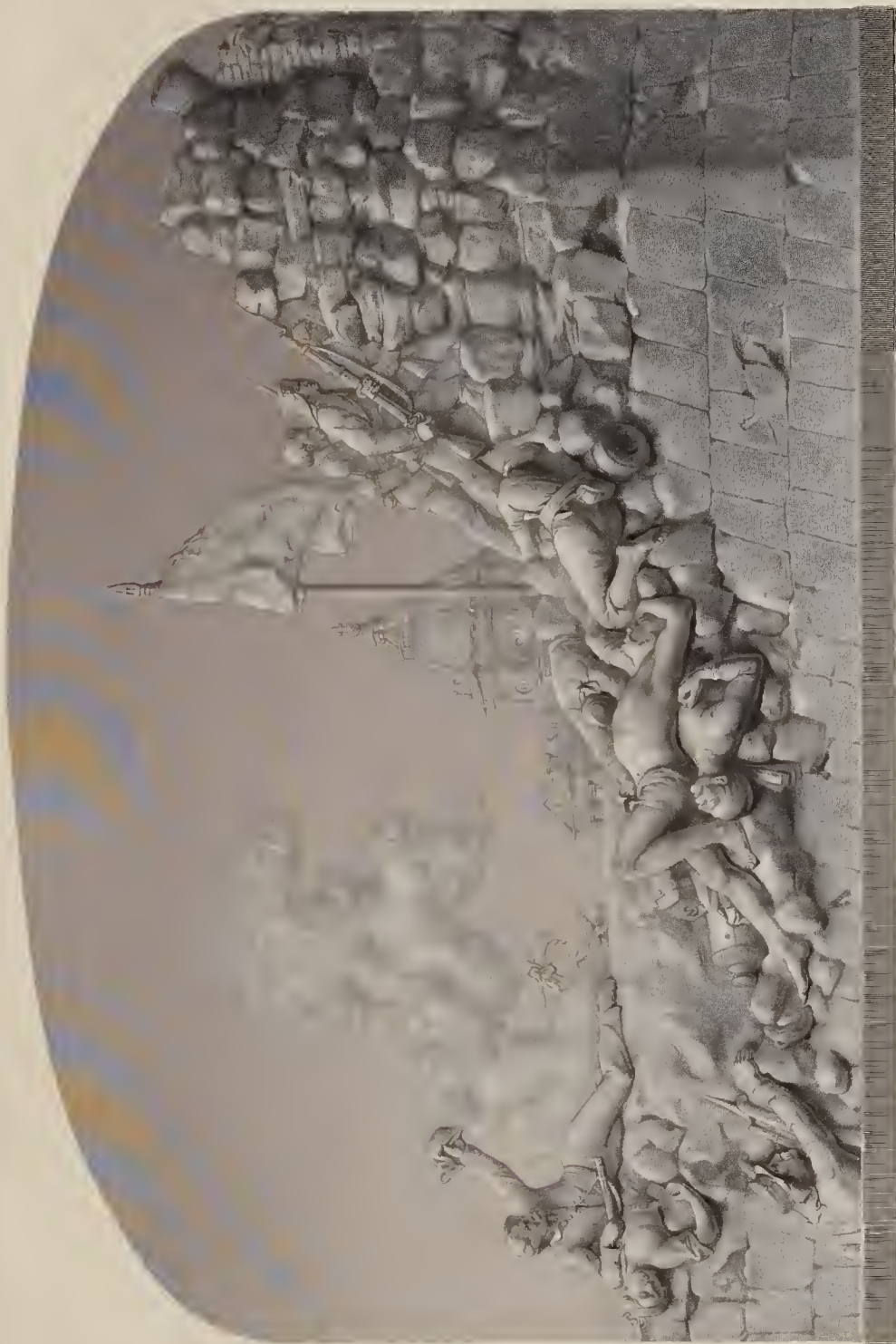
THE CASHMERE BASTION, DELHI. SEPTEMBER 14, 1857.

FROM THE BAS-RELIEF BY J. H. FOLEY, R.A.

OVER the pages that record the dark history of the Indian mutiny, there shines a glory which throws lustre on the narrative itself, while intensifying the depths of its shadows. In the roll of noble soldiers conspicuous for their achievements during this crisis stands the name of Brigadier-General Nicholson, who fell, mortally wounded, in the streets of Delhi, after the storming and capture of the Cashmere bastion. He was an Irishman by birth, and at the period of his death had only reached the age of thirty-five years, after having, by his great ability and gallantry, risen rapidly to the rank he then held. On the 8th of June, 1857, Sir Henry Barnard arrived before the city, and besieged it with a comparatively small British force; on the 5th of July following he died, and was succeeded in the command by Sir Archdale Wilson. On the 8th of August Nicholson joined the besiegers with a reinforcement, consisting of the advanced guard of a brigade, organised under his command in the Punjab, and which had rendered important services in that region. After intercepting, on the 25th of the month, and completely defeating, ten miles from Delhi, a large force of rebels, Nicholson was placed at the head of the first assaulting column on the memorable 14th of September; the orders given to him were "to assault the main breach and scale the face of the Cashmere bastion." Having accomplished this, Nicholson led his men along a narrow lane against the Lahore gate, which had defied all the efforts of the besiegers; the lane was swept by the grape and musketry of the enemy, and the brave young officer fell desperately wounded. "The grief and rage of his soldiers," says an historian of the war, "were unbounded." He died soon after.

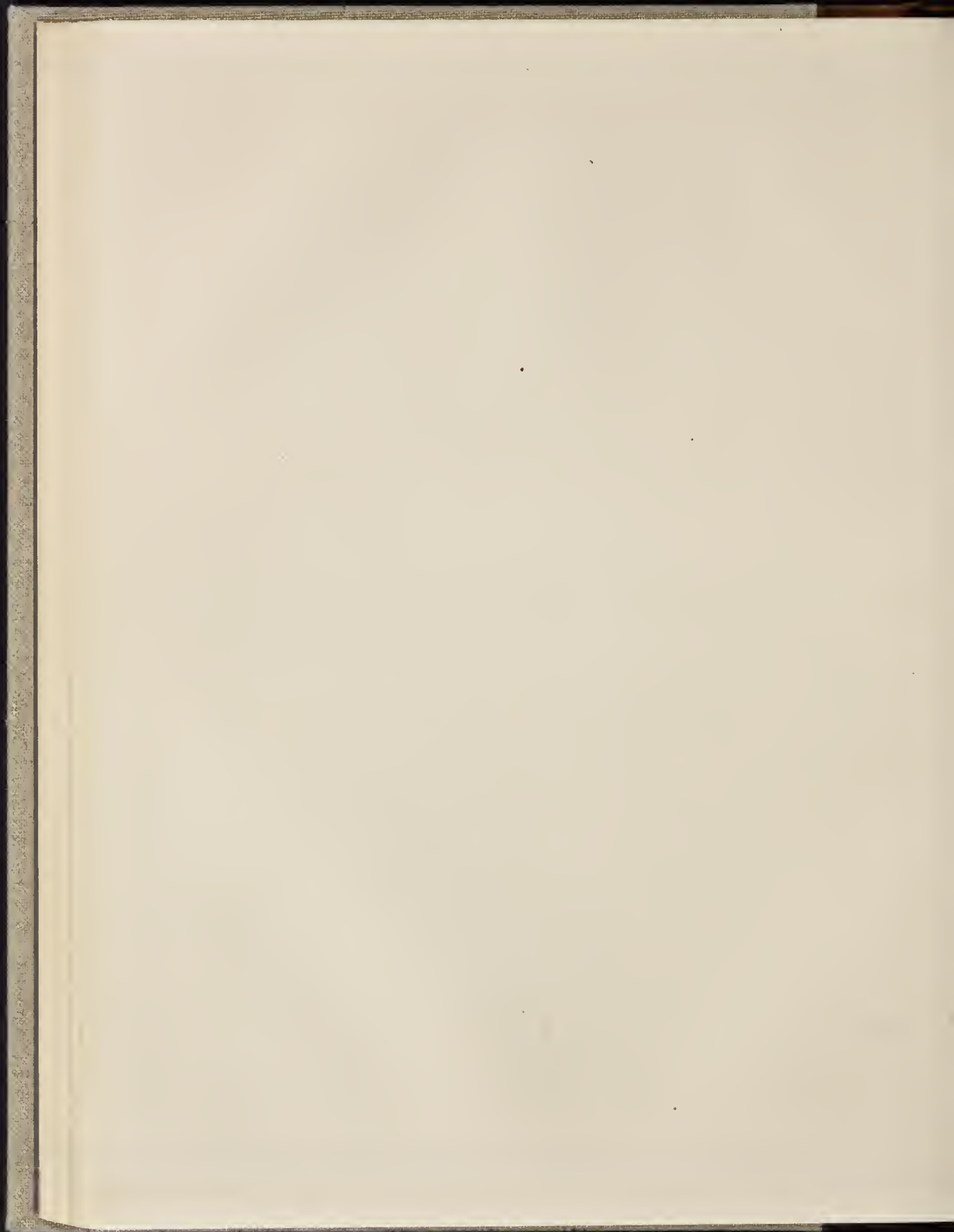
Such is a brief outline of the history connected with the engraving from Foley's masterly bas-relief, which forms part of the monument erected in Lishurn Cathedral, county of Antrim, in memory of the dead warrior. In compliance with the expressed wish of some of Nicholson's relatives, the sculptor has excluded from his design all representation of the general's appearance on the scene. The spectator must imagine him behind the parapet, leading the troops under his command. Of the three foremost men in the composition, two belong to the Fusilier Guards, and the other to the 75th Regiment, of which Nicholson was colonel. The group of slain is composed of a Brahmin, a Hindoo, a Mussulman, and a British officer. To the extreme left is a private of the 75th, who has struck down a Sepoy, but being himself wounded and unable to join his comrades in the attack, is cheering them on to victory, already signalled by the British flag planted on the wall. On the scaling ladder below that by which Nicholson entered the breach, is one of the men belonging to the reinforcements. The church in the background is the English church of St. Paul. The mass of smoke on the left is supposed to arise from guns fired behind the fortifications.

A sculptured work so necessarily naturalistic as this, offers many great difficulties to the artist; but Foley here shows himself able to treat it as successfully as he has treated those ideal and portrait statues which have placed him among the first sculptors of the age.



THE CASTLE OF SAN SEBASTIAN DELETT. 14. 20.

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OBITUARY.

ALEXANDER FRASER, A.R.S.A.

This painter, one of the founders of the Royal Scottish Academy, and the oldest associate member of that institution, died at his residence at Wood Green, on the 15th of February, at the advanced age of seventy-eight. He was born at Edinburgh in 1786, and studied at the Trustees Academy with Wilkie (in whose studio he afterwards worked many years), Allan, J. Watson Gordon, and others. During the last forty years, at least, of his life, the connection of Mr. Fraser with the Royal Scottish Academy could have been little more than nominal, for he was all this time resident in London, or the neighbourhood, and exhibited at our Royal Academy. When he first came southwards we know not, but in 1825 we find him contributing to the exhibition then held at Somerset House; he might have done so even earlier, but we have not catalogues at hand to inform us. His earlier pictures were coast scenes. He then turned to humorous subjects, such, for example, as 'The Blackbird and his Tutor,' 'A Cobbler at Lunch,' 'Tapping the Ale-barrel,' 'The Village Sign Painter.' At a later date he painted pictures from Scott's novels, and other incidents of Scottish life and character. Among these may be mentioned 'A Scene at Newhaven, near Edinburgh,' 'A Scottish Dinner,' 'Scene from the "Heart of Mid Lothian,"' 'Sir Walter Scott in his early Days dining with one of the Blue-gown Beggars of Edinburgh.'

Mr. Fraser's last appearance as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy was in 1848. He was a careful, rather than a vigorous painter, yet his works have the stamp of truth on them.

MR. JAMES LEAKEY.

Few, even of our professional readers, will, we apprehend, recognise the name of James Leakey in the ranks of contemporaneous artists; and the reason is, that he had long since retired from the practice of Art. It seems strange to hear of one but recently taken from us, who, in all probability, would have entered the studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds, if the death of the latter had not occurred to prevent it.

Mr. Leakey, who died at Exeter, his native place, towards the end of February, had reached the advanced age of ninety years. According to a local paper that has reached us, he enjoyed the acquaintance of Lawrence, Constable, Wilkie, Callcott, and other distinguished painters of that period, among whom he was particularly known for his "interiors" and groups of rustic figures. Lawrence once introduced him to a company of celebrities as "the English Wouvermanns," his works bearing considerable resemblance in style and colouring to those of the great Dutch artist. He also obtained high repute by his portraits and miniatures in oil, to which he more especially devoted himself. Letters from the then Sir Thomas Baring are still extant, mentioning a commission to Mr. Leakey in the year 1809, to paint, for five hundred guineas each, two pictures of subjects similar to those exhibited that year at the Gallery of the Royal Academy in Somerset House. The artist was, however, too busy at that time to undertake the works, though he painted a group of portraits of the Baring family about the same period.

His pictures were well known and highly appreciated in the western counties of England; and they received most favourable notice from the critics of his day.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY have elected J. F. Lewis, Esq., in the room of David Roberts, as a member of their body. There can be no question as to the right of the distinguished painter to that prominent position in his profession; but it is to be regretted the honour was not conferred upon him at an earlier period of his life. It cannot be expected that an artist born nearly sixty years ago can create works such as he produced in his prime. Judgment may ripen with years, but power must diminish with age. The distinction to which this accomplished painter has been raised must be regarded as less a gain for the future than a recompense for the past; it is a recompense to which he is eminently entitled. The only artist who went to the ballot with him was Mr. Richmond. We confess it is not encouraging to find of the two whom the Academy delights to honour, one who may be expected to repose on his laurels, and another who holds but secondary rank as a portrait painter—"in oils," that is to say—for undoubtedly in *drawing* portraits no painter, living or dead, has surpassed Mr. Richmond.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.—Mr. Waller H. Paton, associate of this institution, has been elected member—supplying the vacancy occasioned by the death of Sir John Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A. Mr. Waller Paton is a first-class landscape painter, and younger brother of J. Noel Paton, R.S.A.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—Messrs. J. D. Watson and F. L. Shields have been elected associate members of this institution. These artists are figure painters; the former has for some time been favourably known by his admirable drawings on wood for book illustrations.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The annual meeting of this institution was held at the rooms of the Arundel Society on the 28th of February. The report of the past year states the total net income to have been £2,029 18s. 1d., of which sum £1,227 14s. 6d. was received at the annual dinner, when the Bishop of Oxford presided. This liberal subscription is the highest recorded in the history of the institution. During the year seventy-five applicants have been relieved with the sum of £1,330, while within the fifty years of its existence, £27,662 have been expended and £18,695 funded. The "Artists' General Benevolent" has a large claim on the support and sympathy of every one who feels the least interest in Art—and how few are there who do not! This claim ought to have additional weight with the public from a knowledge that the funds of the charity are wisely and equitably distributed, and at a cost of only about five per cent. on the total receipts.

ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSATION.—The second of these most agreeable meetings of the present season took place on the 2nd of March. There was, as usual, a large muster of members of the society and their friends, with, as it appeared to us, a more than ordinary attractive collection of paintings, drawings, and sketches. Conspicuous among the oil pictures was one of Creswick's richly wooded dells; 'The Miraculous Cruise of Oil,' engraved last year in the *Art-Journal*, and 'Secret Intelligence,' both by W. J. Grant; some of F. Dillon's eastern scenes; 'Aristocracy' and 'Democracy,' by G. Lance, &c. &c. Mr. Quilter contributed several beautiful drawings by Turner, D. Cox, sen., and others. We noticed also numerous specimens of this class

of works by C. Stanfield, R.A., D. Roberts, R.A., F. Goodall, R.A., E. Duncan, G. P. Hall, Collingwood Smith, W. Innt, S. Palmer, Walter Goodall, Birket Foster, and many more. But among the drawings, none attracted so much attention as Meissonnier's 'Connoisseurs in a Painter's Studio,' a wonderful little picture of a few inches in dimension, belonging to Mr. White, the dealer, who, it was stated in the room, asks a fabulous price for it. The portfolios of sketches in the room were greatly in demand, especially those of W. Bennett, Collingwood Smith, and T. J. Soper. This last-named artist, by the way, appears to have much improved of late, both in colour and freedom of pencil.

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSOCIATION had a very brilliant *conversation* at the close of March; it was held in the house of Arthur James Melhuish, Esq., the Hon. Sec., in York Place. Upwards of four hundred invited guests were present, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, its president, having visited the exhibition during the morning. That exhibition consisted of several hundred works, the productions and contributions of members; to many of them "prizes" having been awarded. The association includes the names of nearly all the leading amateur photographers in England; their works, as may be supposed, are of great merit, for they are "labours of love," and their producers have grudged neither time nor money to bring satisfactory results of travel and study.

DAVID ROBERTS' COLLECTION OF PICTURES, DRAWINGS, AND SKETCHES.—Early in April this collection will be sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson. It contains upwards of a thousand examples of the genius of the great painter; but those who appreciate and desire to possess a specimen of his Art, and who have the means to acquire it, are at least ten for every drawing. There will no doubt be a "sharp" competition on the day of sale; for there will never again be such an opportunity for adorning the walls, or enriching the portfolios of Art-lovers. A time will certainly come when even a single specimen will be considered a treasure.

MR. COX'S PICTURES.—This large collection of old and recent pictures contains many that suggest remembrance of certain of the most eminent names which grace the history of our Art, as Turner, Callcott, Hogarth, Richard Wilson, Old Cromo, Bonnington, Müller, the elder Danby, Collins, Etty, &c. The catalogue of the ancient pictures cannot be referred to in a notice necessarily limited to little more than a paragraph, and intended only to call attention to works beautiful as paintings and memorable from association. That by Turner is the inimitable moonlight view on the Wye, so long in the possession of the late Mr. Chalou, R.A. It was engraved, we believe, in mezzotint, while in his possession. By Hogarth, there is Sir James Thornhill's academy, a curious and well-known picture. The gold and silver of Bonnington's small pictures outshine the vulgar lustre of these common metals. It is an enviable power, that of representing so much value on so small a surface. The examples of Callcott are principally small, and more or less capricious, as we find him now listening to the precepts of Poussin, now sitting at the feet of Albert Cnypp, though everywhere with more of the gravity of the former than the playfulness of the latter. 'Dedham Lock' recalls at once John Constable to mind. The picture hangs high. It is signalled by what his admirers

fondly term the "dash" of the painter, but what may be better described as minute and anxious finish. That by Wilson is 'The Bridge of Rimini,' very like a Wilsonsian English landscape. That whereby Müller is represented is an Italian view, in which the painter seems to have deemed it necessary to compliment Claude by working as nearly up to his standard as possible, and he has thus recorded his homage to the great painter. To do justice to this collection, a future recurrence to it will be necessary.

MR. R. J. LANE, A.R.A., has been appointed to establish and conduct at South Kensington a class for the study of etching on copper, a duty for which no artist of our time is more perfectly qualified. Thus we may hope to see hereafter this fascinating art more commonly employed for book illustration than it is. It may also be hoped that some of the students of etching may proceed thence to line engraving, which is likely to become obsolete among us, as few of the professors of line engraving are now instructing pupils.

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—We shall, next month, give engravings of the exterior and interior of the building in Dublin, to be "opened" on the 9th of May, by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. Arrangements have so far progressed that an exhibition of very great interest is made certain, as regards pictures as well as manufactured works. We grieve to say that the principal Continental kingdom will be represented better than England. The truth is, that a large majority of our leading manufacturers have not recovered from the indignation they felt at the treatment to which they were subjected in 1862. The evil hence arising has worked prejudicially in Dublin, and the same influence will prevail at Paris in 1867. When 1872 arrives, memory may be less tenacious—a new generation will have arisen; but in 1865 the doleful experience of 1862 is felt disastrously in an attempt to rouse manufacturers into action.

CHINESE WONDERS.—A very curious, interesting, and valuable collection of works, the productions of the Celestial Empire, is now in course of exhibition at the Crystal Palace, under the superintendence of Mr. R. Holt, of the "French Court." It was opened too late in March for us to do more than notice it. The works are, we believe, chiefly those that were "looted" when the emperor's palace was sacked; and the lucky proprietor of the treasures is a Captain de Negroni, of the French army. The announcement states that the value of the collection is £300,000.

THE NATIONAL REPEL ASSOCIATION having arranged to commission a commemorative "piece of plate," designs were directed to be submitted by several selected goldsmiths. Models and drawings were accordingly presented by Messrs. Elkington, Hunt and Roskell, Howell and James, Phillips Brothers, Ortner, and others; and a committee having been appointed, the leading members of which were Eastlake, Maclise, Foley, and Redgrave, the three chosen were all the offerings of Messrs. Elkington, the work of their principal artist, M. Willms. It is not flattering to our national vanity to find a foreigner thus taking all the honours; but the decision was entirely just. There can be no question that the productions of M. Willms were by much the best. He had, certainly, a great advantage over his competitors. While theirs were, in all instances, drawings, two of his works were elaborate and highly

finished models in clay. Our examination of the series was limited. When we revisited Willis's Rooms, where they were exhibited, they were gone. We saw enough, however, to be able to congratulate the associated members of the rifle corps on the surety that they will obtain a work of the very highest order of Art.

SCHOOLS OF ART.—The new minute of the Department of Science and Art was laid on the table of the House of Commons on the 15th February. It is a very singular document—ungenerous to the schools, unfair to the masters, and little less than insulting to the Select Committee. All recommendations made in the committee's report for the liberal and simple treatment of the schools have been refused, while all the recommendations to cut off various sources of aid have been accepted. The schools are, therefore, in a worse position than before their appeal to Parliament, not, however, from their not having a good ground of complaint, but from the determination of the authorities at South Kensington to reject all advice and information respecting these wretchedly mismanaged institutions. The only good point in the new minute is the separation of the parochial teaching in poor schools, which was only a disagreeable and useless duty imposed on the masters of Art-schools—one kept up solely for the purpose of helping to show that a vast number of thousands of Art-students were receiving instruction throughout the country. It was always such a manifest imposition that we hail its death with unmitigated satisfaction. We hope to return to the subject at an early opportunity.

TESTIMONIAL TO SIR ROWLAND HILL.—The merchants and other inhabitants of Liverpool, to mark their sense of this gentleman's services in the Post-Office department, subscribed for a testimonial, leaving him to select the form which would be most agreeable to his wishes. Sir Rowland accordingly chose three pictures by C. Stanfield, T. Creswick, and E. W. Cooke respectively. These works have recently been presented to him by a deputation from the subscribers.

MR. F. M. BROWN'S exhibition of his own works was opened too late last month for us to notice it at any length in the present number. It must now suffice to say that it will well repay a visit.

NOTICE TO QUIT has been formally given to the Royal Academy. The position they will take, and the circumstances under which "arrangements" will be made, are to be determined hereafter. No doubt Parliament will give to the Royal Academy that to which they have a just right—the equitable value of the privilege of which their removal deprives them. To do less would be an injustice. But no doubt more than that will be tendered, and, we trust, accepted; for the "more" will be accompanied by certain reforms which public opinion demands, and the interests of Art require. It is all but certain that the Academy will be made content, and the country satisfied, by the changes that will be commenced forthwith.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS.—We have before us a number of *carte-de-visite* portraits taken by Mr. Slingsby, of Lincoln, which seem of especial excellence, and are evidently the result of great knowledge of the resources and capabilities of the art, and of considerable experience in its practice. These portraits, especially those of some ladies, are peculiarly delicate in tone, truthful in expression, and graceful in *pose*. Some "cameo" portraits, by the same artist, are perfect gems.

A NEW MAGAZINE will be issued on the 1st of May, under auspices that seem to insure success. It will appear twice in the month, and be entitled "THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW." The model taken is the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. On the plan of this renowned work it will be published; that is to say, by obtaining the co-operative aid of the best writers upon subjects infinitely varied, letting each speak for himself, giving the broadest latitude to opinions without restriction, having consideration only to the ability with which they are put forth. Consequently the new Review will have no bias, political, scientific, literary, or artistic. Its conductors, understood to be two of our most popular authors, will thus leave every writer free, and his readers to form their own conclusions of assent or dissent. Obviously, therefore, the list of contributors will comprise persons of all parties and of opposite views. It is scarcely too much to say that all the genius of the country will be, in accordance with this judicious and original plan, enlisted in the public service. Success will entirely depend on the actual merit and value of the work; cheap things for the masses are plenty enough; it remains to be seen whether there is not a space for that which is entirely and altogether good—up to, and not under, the intelligence of the age. There can, we think, be no doubt on that head, or that we are safe in auguring large prosperity for this novel and important undertaking.

MEDALLION PORTRAIT OF THE POET LAUREATE, BY WOOLNER.—Their beautiful popular volume of selections from the poems of Tennyson, has very naturally led the publishers, the Messrs. Moxon, to produce, also under strictly popular conditions, a portrait of the poet himself, which is a work of Art of the highest order. And the idea of such a portrait of the most popular living poet, having been most happily conceived, has been realised in a form which commands our cordial admiration. The portrait is a medallion in high relief, and Mr. Woolner, working with his characteristic conscientiousness, and animated also by the warmest sympathy with his work, has produced a portrait of his friend that is a true poem in sculpture. The likeness is all that can be desired, and it is a true likeness, not merely of the features of Tennyson, but of Tennyson himself. The mind of the poet shines through the physical lineaments of the man, so that this medallion portrait, while in every minutest detail it bears the impress of thoughtful and laborious study, as a whole, is rather a felicitous inspiration than a successful effort. A true poet himself, the sculptor has shown that in a medallion head of Alfred Tennyson he could give a faithful portrait of the author of the "Idylls of the King." The original of this remarkable work has been reproduced for publication, either bronzed or plated in oxidised silver, and every copy will undergo the personal examination of the sculptor himself, before it is permitted to pass through the publisher's hands. We have carefully examined a numerous series of these reproductions, and we have much pleasure in pronouncing them to be as faithful to the original work by Mr. Woolner, as that original work is distinguished for its fidelity as a portrait of the Poet Laureate.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—The Lords of the Committee of the Council of Education have issued a minute expressing their desire to obtain a design for the decoration of one of the large lunettes at the north end of the south court of this edifice. The subject is to be a life-size illustration of

workmanship in any decorative Art or manufacture. Three artists will be invited to make a suitable design, for each of which the Department will pay £50; but any artist of any country can compete if he thinks fit to do so; and two sums of £30 and £25 will be paid respectively to the two artists, *not invited*, whose designs are selected. The design ultimately adopted will be enlarged by students for execution in mosaic, life-size; and the artist whose design is chosen for execution will be required to superintend the enlargement of the work, and to approve it; for this supervision he will receive a further payment of £50. The designs are to be sent in, distinguished by a cypher, on or before the 10th of June, and they will be publicly exhibited.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS.—A bill, prepared and brought in by Mr. Dodson, Mr. Milner Gibson, and the Attorney-General, is before parliament, having for its object the protection of inventions and designs exhibited at industrial exhibitions throughout the United Kingdom. It provides that the Board of Trade may grant permission, as it seems fit, to any persons desirous of holding such an exhibition; that the exhibition of new inventions shall not prejudice patent rights; and that the exhibition of designs shall not prejudice registration. The bill is entitled the "Industrial Exhibitions Act."

Mlle. ROSA BONHEUR.—The *Athenæum* has given publicity to the following story respecting this distinguished artist. In 1860 a collector commissioned the lady to paint for him a picture, the value of which was to range between 8,000 and 10,000 francs. As the work was not forthcoming, the collector instituted proceedings in the law court of Versailles to compel performance of the contract, or payment of 15,000 francs as damages. No time, it is said, was specified for the delivery of the picture, but the court decided that the artist was bound to fulfil her engagement, and that it—the tribunal—was competent to fix a time for its completion. Mlle. Rosa Bonheur was thereupon ordered to deliver her work within six weeks from the date of the judgment, and, at the expiration of that time, to pay twenty francs a day for every day's delay within three months. If the contract is not fulfilled within the last-mentioned extended period, further proceedings are to be taken. Our contemporary asks, "Why not appeal to a Parisian tribunal against this ridiculous judgment of a provincial court?" But whether the judgment be *ridiculous* or not, he will, we should think, acknowledge that four or, perhaps, five years are amply sufficient for the completion of such a work as the one in question may be presumed to be; and, therefore, if the artist has not been prevented by ill health, or some other valid reason, from fulfilling her engagement, it should, ere this, have been honourably carried out.

IRISH BOG OAK.—In our article on this subject, we described one of the most eminent of its manufacturers, Mr. Cornelius Goggin, as "the successor and son-in-law of a Mrs. Connell." We desire to correct the error: Mr. Goggin stands in that relationship to Mr. John Neate, who, in Killarney, so far back as the year 1820, manufactured objects from Bog-wood, and was certainly among the earliest to profess it, if he did not actually originate the trade. Mr. Goggin now carries it on—in Nassau Street, Dublin—with very great credit and corresponding success. He is surpassed by none of his now numerous competitors in the merit of his very varied productions.

REVIEWS.

THE LIFE OF THORWALDSEN. Collected from the Danish of J. M. THILLE, by the Rev. M. R. BARNARD, B.A., Author of "Sport in Norway, and where to get it;" late Chaplain to the British Consulate, Christiania, Norway. Published by CHAPMAN AND HALL, London.

In a very recent number of our publication, when noticing Mr. Perkins's "Tuscan Sculptors," it was remarked that the lives of sculptors had received comparatively little attention at the hands of biographical writers, although, as a rule, these artists would certainly supply materials no less ample and interesting than painters. By degrees, however, the void seems likely to be filled in some way or other, for we have now before us a brief history of the great Danish sculptor, whose reputation is unsurpassed by that of any artist of modern times. The reverend gentleman who has undertaken the task has not done enough to satisfy the earnest inquirer, but yet sufficient to demand our thanks and to make us wish he had said more. As a sketch of Thorwaldsen's outer life the book is most acceptable, but Mr. Barnard is evidently neither an Art-critic, or he would have enlarged more than he has done upon the inner or working life of the sculptor, whom we desire to meet in the studio, surrounded by his models, his drawings, and masses of clay, rather than in the company of the Roman aristocracy or English visitors.

Looking at Thorwaldsen's early years, and his disinclination at that time to follow the profession for which nature had specially marked him out, a wondrous change must have passed over both mind and habits to enable him even to set out on the path which ultimately placed him on a pinnacle of glory. Not until he had passed the age of thirty-five did he even know his own language so as to be able to read and write it with tolerable correctness. The son of a wood-carver, who earned a precarious livelihood by sculpturing ornamental work and queer figures for the shipbuilders in the dockyards of Copenhagen, and who spent no little of his earnings in drink whenever he had the opportunity, the example of homo was unpromising enough for the son's future. At the age of eleven his father, fancying perhaps that what the boy might learn would enable him to assist in his wood-carving, allowed him to enter the school of the Copenhagen Academy of Arts; five years afterwards he gained the small silver medal for modelling, four years later the small gold medal, and in two years from the latter award, that is, in 1793, the great gold medal for a bas-relief of 'Peter healing the Lame Man.' This entitled him to the benefit of a travelling stipend for three years to study in Rome or elsewhere; but he appears to have been indifferent to leave his country, and employed himself in painting portraits, in carving frames for looking-glasses, and in executing vignettes for booksellers; in short, doing almost anything but the right thing, though, through the influence of one of the academy professors, Abilgaard, who took much interest in him, the youth got occasional employment in modelling bas-reliefs and statues for the new palace. In 1796, however, Thorwaldsen, then twenty-six years of age, started for Rome, having permission of the government to occupy a berth in a royal frigate bound for the Mediterranean. The vessel was commanded by a Captain Fisher, who invited him frequently to his house before sailing, and, with his wife, showed him much kindness. Thorwaldsen appears to have taken no trouble during the voyage to prepare himself for the work expected of him, but passed the whole of his time, says Mr. Barnard, "in extreme idleness, devoting all his thoughts to eating and drinking, smoking and sleeping." Four months after leaving Copenhagen, Captain Fisher says, in a letter to his wife:—"Thorwaldsen is still here, but at length talks about going to Rome. Heaven only knows how he will get on there! He is so desperately idle that he has never even cared about writing a letter to his friends all the time he has been on board, nor evinced any

desire to learn the language. He seems only to think about what there is to be for dinner, and to look after cakes. But everybody on board loves him; he is such a good-natured fellow." And again, when writing to his wife in March, 1797, long after he had lost sight of his young friend, Captain Fisher says,—"Thorwaldsen is now in Rome. God be with him! He is a good fellow, but an idle dog."

Forty-one years Thorwaldsen passed in this famous city; that he was no idler there the world—at least that portion of it which takes any interest in modern sculpture—knows full well. Mr. Barnard gives a chronological catalogue of all the sculptor's works between the years 1789 and 1844. In that which preceded his retirement from Rome, namely, in 1837, he is stated to have executed no fewer than *sixty-nine* sculptures, all of which, with the exception of a monument to Goethe and a statue of a dancing-girl, were bas-reliefs. His reception at Copenhagen, when he returned to his native place in 1838, was a perfect ovation, the people taking the horses out of the carriage and dragging it triumphantly to his residence at Charlottenburg; nor would they be satisfied till he had shown himself once more on the balcony outside. Thorwaldsen, alluding afterwards to this latter exhibition of himself, remarked, "it was just like the pope distributing his blessing." Though he had now reached the age of sixty-eight, each succeeding year added greatly to the number of his works. On the 24th of March, 1843, he visited the theatre, took his seat in his box, and within a few minutes was carried out again a lifeless corpse. And as only a few short years previously the whole city went forth to meet and welcome their great countryman, so now he was honoured in his death. Night and day, as the body lay in state in the large room of the Academy, surrounded by his immortal works, hands of artists kept watch and ward by the bier, and chanted their farewell hymn as the coffin-lid was closed down. On it was placed his chisel, encircled with a wreath of palms and evergreens, while at the head was laid a garland of flowers, woven by the hands of the Danish Queen. And thus the venerable artist was borne to his grave through dense masses of silent and sad spectators, numbers of whom, as the procession passed along, flung down beautiful flowers from the open windows on the coffin. On entering the church, the King and the Crown Prince of Denmark placed themselves at the head of the procession, and led the way through the nave up to the choir. Thorwaldsen was no unworthy recipient of such honours.

Admitting to their fullest extent all the shortcomings of Mr. Barnard's biography, we are, as was stated at the commencement of our remarks, grateful for what he has told us of the *life* of this distinguished sculptor.

DECORATIVE FURNITURE: A Series of Original Designs. Designed and Drawn on Stone by LORENZO BOOTH. Published by HOULSTON AND WRIGHT, London.

The design and execution of a work of any kind on which both the hand and the hand are employed, require powers of two distinct kinds, and these are frequently not combined in one individual. It is especially the case with productions of industrial Art. The most skilful artisan is rarely a designer; he must look to another for the invention which, when placed before him, he will in all probability carry out to perfection. Neither, oftentimes, is his employer able to supply him with the requisite models originating with himself, but he procures them from other sources. Hence the value of having always at hand what will more or less meet his necessities. Such a book of reference and guidance for one special department of manufacturing and decorative Art is Mr. Booth's series of Designs for Furniture and Upholstery work of every description, arranged for the hall, the dining-room, the drawing-room, bed-chamber, boudoir, and library. Under these divisions collectively will be found nearly three hundred drawings of objects adapted either to the most sumptuously furnished mansion, or to

the family residence of the middle classes of society.

It must not, however, be supposed that these designs should in every instance be carried out in their integrity. There are some among them that would require considerable alteration or modification, as the writer of a treatise on the subject, which appears in the volume, points out. A designer does not always see the effect of his own work, nor does he always know what the manufacturer can or cannot do. The latter, however, may use at his discretion Mr. Booth's well-executed designs, which, at least, will be found a valuable book of suggestions, one especially of service in provincial towns, where clever designers are scarce "commodities." We notice it is especially "rich" in looking-glass frames, many of them very elegant. The drawings of drapery-hangings are also numerous, and display great taste.

PARABLES FROM NATURE. By Mrs. ALFRED GATTY. Third and Fourth Series. Published by BELL AND DALDY, London.

The public has long since set its seal of approbation on the former series of Mrs. Gatty's "Parables from Nature," and those which now appear will certainly meet with a similar mark of commendation. Some of them, if we are not mistaken, we have seen in another form than that in which they are presented in the elegant little volume sent out by the publishers. Mrs. Gatty's "Parables" are not intended for the use of children. The lessons they teach are not adapted to the understanding of the very young; it would be to place before them pearls of great price, but of whose beauty and value they could form no adequate conception. Only when the child has reached a thinking age, when it gets an insight into the workings of its own heart, and has some knowledge of the world of nature, can the truths of these exquisitely-written stories find an entrance into the mind. Adopting as the groundwork of her similitudes some of the ordinary objects or scenes of nature, the author weaves them into a narrative conveying the noblest of moral precepts, or the sublimest verities of religion. As an example of the former may be instanced the "purposeless life" in the parable "Wherunto?"—of the latter, "The Master of the Harvest," and "The Deliverer." But there is not one which is not a lesson worthy to be learned and digested by old and young; all are great truths conveyed in the most winning form, and in language at once simple and eloquent. The book, which has numerous illustrations, transcends a whole library of ghost stories and fairy tales, such as are often placed in the hands of young people as books of instruction.

THE GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE; or, How to Plan English Residences, from the Personage to the Palace; with Tables of Accommodation and Cost, and a Series of Selected Plans. By ROBERT KERR, F.R.I.B.A., Architect; Professor of the Arts of Construction in King's College, London. Published by JOHN MURRAY, London.

With a constantly increasing population, and a corresponding accumulation of wealth in the hands of individuals, there has of necessity sprung up in late years no small amount of work for the architect and the builder, especially in the vicinity of those localities whence the riches have been drawn. This seems to justify, in a great degree, the appearance of a volume of nearly five hundred pages, with innumerable plans, &c., devoted to the question of domestic architecture, as suited to the requirements of a class of persons who desire to build, and have the means of doing so, in greater or less proportions, but yet of an order suited to those who can afford to keep an "establishment." Mr. Kerr's well-timed book is addressed to the man of money.

The subject is treated so fully and comprehensively, and, moreover, can be so much more appropriately discussed in publications of which the art of building is the speciality than in our own, that we can only direct attention to the work as one which, from the close examination

given to it, we can conscientiously recommend to the study of all who seek for advice and information on a matter that, if they intend to build, requires the utmost consideration with regard to personal and relative comfort, not less than to cost.

WALKS AND TALKS ABOUT LONDON. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A., Author of "Curiosities of London." Published by Lockwood & Co., London.

Were we strangers to London, and desirous of "lionising" the vast area of the metropolis in all its "ins and outs," we would certainly select Mr. Timbs as our *cicerone*; his head is brimfull of its stories and history, and he has such a pleasant way of telling what he knows, that we should endeavour to secure his services at any price within the range of our means. One would suppose he had been living here for the last two centuries, and knew every house in which everybody with a name lived, and had made the acquaintance of its tenants. And now, as he strolls, in this book, from one end of London to the other, from west to east, from north to south, the reader who accompanies him will listen to a most agreeable medley of persons, places, and events, which will both add to his topographical information and introduce him to people whose lives make up a portion of the history of our country: he will ascertain, too, in some measure, what has been gained or lost by the wonderful changes that have taken place within the last half century, and which are still being made within this enormous circuit of human habitations.

FAMILIAR WORDS. By J. HAIN FRISWELL. Published by SAMPTON, LOW, & Co.

There are few writers or readers who are able immediately to recall with certainty the precise words of a favourite quotation, while they are frequently "puzzled" to know the authority from which they desire to quote. This "full" volume supplies them with many thousand passages from the poets, and several from Holy Writ, such as are constantly in memory, and in continual use. It is a work of great labour, for which all who write or read should be grateful. A sentence is found in a moment; for it is only requisite to call to mind a leading word, and to turn to the copious index, or under the alphabetic heading, for a guide. A few errors, no doubt, occur. It is, however, absolutely wonderful that they are so few. A carping critic, anxious to overlook merit and to search out a wrong, may certainly cavil here and there at a mistake—typographic: that has been done, little to the credit of the finder; but we believe there has never been a volume of such a class, comprising so much, where the editor has manifested so large an acquaintance with authors—whose faults have been so limited or so easily pardoned. The book is an invaluable aid to the library, and should be always near the hand of those whose business it is either to think, to write, or to speak.

HOW WE SPENT THE SUMMER; or, a "Voyage in Zigzag" in Switzerland and Tyrol with some Members of the Alpine Club, from the Sketch-book of One of the Party. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

The words "Second Edition" on the cover of this artistic *jeu d'esprit* necessarily denotes a previous appearance of the work, though of this we have no recollection. It consists of a series of outline sketches of the travellers during their excursion, of the places they visited, and of sundry adventures encountered, the pictures being connected together on each page by a kind of running descriptive commentary of a humorous kind. Much cannot be said in praise of the sketches, which are everywhere weak as drawings, and often pointless, while there are some so slight and insignificant as to be scarcely intelligible; still the book is amusing as far as it goes. The idea is not novel; it has been before carried out—and in a far better manner—in a work published a few years ago, the title of which we do not at the moment remember.

RECORDS OF 1864, by EDWARD WEST. Published at 18, Newgate Street.

This is an "annual." Year after year the writer issues a little volume of poems, each commemorative of some leading event that has occurred during the year passed. The book under notice begins with the birth of an heir to the Prince of Wales, and ends with the vanishing of the Great Exhibition Building. The themes chosen are thus the best fitted for places in memory. The poems are gracefully written; sometimes they rise far above mediocrity. They are the productions of a mind generous and refined, advocating right principles, and inculcating piety, virtue, and loyalty.

CRESCENT! AND OTHER LYRICS. By H. CHALMONDELEY PENNELL, Author of "Puck on Pegasus." E. Moxon & Co., London.

The title of this book may not inappropiately be applied—but without the interrogative—to the author's muse, which certainly grows, or increases, in power. We may differ from the conclusions at which he arrives in his principal poem that, among us

"Mind and Matter, dominant alike
Tower."

in comparison with the height they reached in past generations, but we must admit he puts forth his opinion in bold, forcible language, graced with many fine poetical thoughts. There is a fashion with some writers to contend that ours is a truly great age in all that constitutes a nation's real grandeur. The assertion is open to argument, and if we had space to discuss it, we might enter the lists with Mr. Pennell, though without any desire to shake down one leaf of his poetic chaplet. Among his other lyrics, "Fire!" descriptive of a vast conflagration in London, is most spirited, and may rank with his "Night Mail, North," in a former publication. The "Picture Gallery" is another short poem full of tenderness and deep, earnest feeling; and the "Fiend in the Family," rough and unrhymical as is the Norse metre in which it is sung, is worth a volume of the soft sentimentalisms we too often see embodied in verse.

THE DOMESTIC SERVICE GUIDE. Published by LOCKWOOD & Co., London.

We could not presume to criticise the "arts and mysteries" discussed in this book, and therefore handed it over to one far more competent than ourselves to deal with so important a subject. The verdict conveyed to us is one of unqualified approval; it is a volume, we are told, that ought to be in every well-regulated household, as a work of reference for all heads of families, and for every man-servant and maid-servant; the relative duties and occupations of each being fully set forth, with proper directions for carrying out in the best manner every kind of domestic service, both in-doors and out-of-doors. As we glanced over the book, prior to submitting it to our "authority," we noticed a large amount of what appeared to be valuable information on numerous matters indirectly associated with the main subject.

SOME NATURAL TYPES OF SPIRITUAL THINGS. Illuminated by C. G. BLACKMORE. Printed and Published by T. HARRILD, London.

The "Spiritual Things" are texts of Scripture, the "Natural Types" are floral emblems suggested by the respective passages. Miss Blackmore—we believe we are right in so designating the artist—deserves commendation for the taste, skill, and judgment which have directed the selection and adaptation of both text and ornament. Three or four of the pages are of special excellence; for example, "Be ye wise as serpents," &c., "The Lord shall guide thee continually," &c., "All flesh is grass," &c., "As one whom his mother comforteth," &c. The texts occupy the centre of the page, and are surrounded by broad ornamental borders containing the emblems, some of which are associated with figures, or birds, &c. Mr. Harrild's name is new to us as a printer of chromolithography, but his work here is quite up to the mark. The little book is well got up.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, MAY 1, 1865.

THE CESTUS OF AGLAIA.

CHAPTER IV.

IT is a wild March day,—the 20th; and very probably, due course of English Spring will bring as wild a May-day by the time this writing meets any one's eyes; but at all events, as yet the days are rough, and as I look out of my fitfully lighted window into the garden, everything seems in a singular hurry. The dead leaves; and yonder two living ones, on the same stalk, tumbling over and over each other on the lawn, like a quaint mechanical toy; and the fallen sticks from the rooks' nests, and the twisted straws out of the stable-yard—all going one way, in the hastiest manner! The puffs of steam, moreover, which pass under the wooded hills where what used to be my sweetest field-walk ends now, prematurely, in an abyss of blue clay; and which signify, in their silvery expiring between the successive trunks of wintry trees, that some human beings, thereabouts, are in a hurry as well as the sticks and straws, and, having fastened themselves to the tail of a manageable breeze, are being blown down to Folkstone.

In the general effect of these various passages and passengers, as seen from my quiet room, they look all very much alike. One begins seriously to question with oneself whether those passengers by the Folkstone train are in truth one whit more in a hurry than the dead leaves. The difference consists, of course, in the said passengers knowing where they are going to, and why; and having resolved to go there—which, indeed, as far as Folkstone, may, perhaps, properly distinguish them from the leaves: but will it distinguish them any farther? Do many of them know what they are going to Folkstone for?—what they are going anywhere for? and where, at last, by sum of all the days' journeys, of which this glittering transit is one, they are going for peace? For if they know not this, certainly they are no more making haste than the straws are. Perhaps swiftly going the wrong way; more likely going no way—any way, as the winds and their own wills, wilder than the winds, dictate; to find themselves at last at the end which would have come to them quickly enough without their seeking.

And, indeed, this is a very preliminary question to all measurement of the rate of going, this "where to?" or, even before that, "are we going on at all?"—"getting on" (as the world says) on any road whatever? Most men's eyes are so fixed on the mere swirl of the wheel of their fortunes, and their souls so vexed at the reversed cadences of it, when they come, that they forget to ask if the curve they have been carried through on its circumference was circular or cycloidal; whether they

have been bound to the ups and downs of a mill-wheel or of a, chariot-wheel.

That phrase, of "getting on," so perpetually on our lips (as indeed it should be), do any of us take it to our hearts, and seriously ask where we can get on to? That instinct of hurry has surely good grounds. It is all very well for lazy and nervous people (like myself for instance) to retreat into tubs, and holes, and corners, anywhere out of the dust, and wonder within ourselves, "what all the fuss can be about?" The fussy people might have the best of it, if they know their end. Suppose they were to answer this March or May morning thus:—"Not bestir ourselves, indeed! and the spring sun up these four hours!—and this first of May, 1865, never to come back again; and of Firsts of May in perspective, supposing ourselves to be 'nel mezzo del cammin,' perhaps some twenty or twenty-five to be, not without presumption, hoped for, and by no means calculated upon. Say, twenty of them, with their following groups of summer days; and though they may be long, one cannot make much more than sixteen hours a-piece out of them, poor sleepy wretches that we are; for even if we get up at four, we must go to bed while the red yet stays from the sunset: and half the time we are awake, we must be lying among haycocks, or playing at something, if we are wise; not to speak of eating, and previously earning whereof to eat, which takes time: and then, how much of us and of our day will be left for getting on? Shall we have a seventh, or even a tith, of our twenty-four hours?—two hours and twenty-four minutes clear, a day, or, roughly, a thousand hours a year, and (violently presuming on fortune, as we said) twenty years of working life: twenty thousand hours to get on in, altogether? Many men would think it hard to be limited to an utmost twenty thousand pounds for their fortunes, but here is a sterner limitation; the Pactolus of time, sand, and gold together, would, with such a fortune, count us a pound an hour, through our real and serviceable life. If this time capital would reproduce itself! and for our twenty thousand hours we could get some rate of interest, if well spent? At all events, we will do something with them; not lie moping out of the way of the dust, as you do."

A sufficient answer, indeed; yet, friends, if you would make a little less dust, perhaps we should all see our way better. But I am ready to take the road with you, if you mean it so seriously—only let us at least consider where we are now, at starting.

Here, on a little spinning, askew-axised thing we call a planet—(impertinently enough, since we are far more planetary ourselves). A round, rusty, rough little metallic ball—very hard to live upon; most of it much too hot or too cold: a couple of narrow habitable belts about it, which, to wandering spirits, must look like the places where it has got damp, and green-mouldy, with accompanying small activities of animal life in the midst of the hçhen. Explosive gases, seemingly, inside it, and possibilities of very sudden dispersion.

This is where we are; and round about us, there seem to be more of such balls, variously heated and chilled, ringed and uncoiled, moved, and comforted; the whole giddy group of us forming an atom in a milky mist, itself another atom in a shoreless phosphorescent sea of such Volvoeces and Medusæe.

Whereupon, I presume, one would first

ask, have we any chance of getting off this ball of ours, and getting on to one of those finer ones? Wise people say we have, and that it is very wicked to think otherwise. So we will think no otherwise; but, with their permission, think nothing about the matter now, since it is certain that the more we make of our little rusty world, such as it is, the more chance we have of being one day promoted into a merrier one.

And even on this rusty and mouldy Earth, there appear to be things which may be seen with pleasure, and things which might be done with advantage. The stones of it have strange shapes; the plants and the boasts of it strange ways. Its air is coinable into wonderful sounds; its light into manifold colours: the trees of it bring forth pippins, and the fields cheese (though both of these may be, in a finer sense, "to come"). There are bright eyes upon it which reflect the light of other eyes quite singularly; and foolish feelings to be cherished upon it; and gladdening of dust by neighbour dust, not easily explained, but pleasant, and which take time to win. One would like to know something of all this, I suppose?—to divide one's score of thousand hours as shrewdly as might be. Ten minutes to every herb of the field is not much; yet we shall not know them all, so, before the time comes to be made grass of ourselves! Half an hour for every crystalline form of clay and flint, and we shall be near the need of shaping the grey flint stone that is to weigh upon our feet. And we would fain dance a measure or two before that cumber is laid upon them: there having been hitherto much pipping to which we have not danced. And we must leave time for loving, if we are to take Marmontel's wise peasant's word for it, "*Il n'y a de bon que çà!*" And if there should be fighting to do also? and weeping? and much burying? truly, we had better make haste.

Which means, simply, that we must lose neither strength nor moment. Hurry is not haste; but economy is, and rightness is. Whatever is rightly done stays with us, to support another right beyond, or higher up; whatever is wrongly done, vanishes; and by the blank, betrays what we would have built above. Wasting no word, no thought, no doing, we shall have speed enough; but then there is that farther question, what shall we do?—what we are fittest (worthiest, that is) to do, and what is best worth doing? Not that word, "worthy," both of the man and the thing, for the two dignities go together. Is it worth the pains? Are we worth the task? The dignity of a man depends wholly upon this harmony. If his task is above him, he will be undignified in failure; if he is above it, he will be undignified in success. His own composure and nobleness must be according to the composure of his thought to his toil.

As I was dreaming over this, my eyes fell by chance on a page of my favourite thirteenth century psalter, just where two dragons, one with red legs, and another with green,—one with a blue tail on a purple ground, and the other with a rosy tail on a golden ground, follow the verse, "*Quis ascendet in montem Domini,*" and begin the solemn "*Qui non accipit in vano animam suam.*" Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, we have it; and *ελαβεν ενι παραπ,* the Greeks (not that I know what that means accurately): broadly, they all mean, "who has not received nor given his soul in vain," this is the man who can make haste, even up hill, the only haste worth making; and it must be up the right hill, too: not that Corinthian

Acropolis, of which, I suppose, the white spectre stood eighteen hundred feet high, in Hades, for Sisyphus to roll his fantastic stone up—image, himself, for ever of the greater part of our wise mortal work.

Now all this time, whatever the reader may think, I have never for a moment lost sight of that original black line with which is our own special business. The patience, the speed, the dignity, we can give to that, the choice to be made of subject for it, are the matters I want to get at. You think, perhaps, that an engraver's function is one of no very high dignity;—does not involve a serious choice of work. Consider a little of it. Here is a steel point, and 'tis like Job's "iron pen"—and you are going to cut into steel with it, in a most deliberate way, as into the rock for ever. And this scratch or inscription of yours will be seen of a multitude of eyes. It is not like a single picture or a single wall painting; this multipliable work will pass through thousand thousand hands, strengthen and inform innumerable souls, if it be worthy, vivify the folly of thousands if unworthy. Remember, also, it will mix in the very closest manner in domestic life. This engraving will not be gossiped over and fluttered past at private views of academies; listlessly sauntered by in corners of great galleries. Ah, no! This will hang over parlour chimney-pieces—shed down its hourly influence on children's forenoon work. This will hang in little luminous corners by sick beds; mix with flickering dreams by candlelight, and catch the first rays from the window's "glimmering square." You had better put something good into it! I do not know a more solemn field of labour than that *champ d'acier*. From a pulpit, perhaps a man can only reach one or two people, for that time,—even your hook, once carelessly read, probably goes into a book-case out of use, and is thought of no more. But this; taking the eye unawares again and again, and always again: persisting and inevitable! where will you look for a chance of saying something nobly, if it is not here?

And the choice is peculiarly free; to you of all men most free. An artist, at first invention, cannot always choose what shall come into his mind, nor know what it will eventually turn into. But you, professed copyists, unless you have mistaken your profession, have the power of governing your own thoughts and of following and interpreting the thoughts of others. Also, you see the work to be done put plainly before you; you can deliberately choose what seems to you best, out of myriads of examples of perfect Art. You can count the cost accurately; saying, "It will take me a year—two years—five—a fourth or fifth, probably, of my remaining life, to do this." Is the thing worth it? There is no excuse for choosing wrongly; no other men whatever have data so full, and position so firm, for forecast of their labour.

I put my speaker aside (not, observe, vouching for its red and green dragons:—men lifted up their souls to vanity sometimes in the thirteenth as in the nineteenth century), and I take up, instead, a book of English verses, published—there is no occasion to say when. It is full of costliest engravings—large, skilful, appallingly laborious; dotted into textures like the dust on a lily leaf,—smoothed through gradations like clouds,—graved to surfaces like mother-of-pearl; and by all this toil there is set forth for the delight of English women, a series of the basest dreams that ungoverned feminine imagination can coin in sickliest indolence,—ball-room amours, combats of curled knights, pilgrimages of

disguised girl-pages, romantic pieties, charities in costume,—a mass of disguised sensualism and feverish vanity—impotent, pestilent, prurient, scented with a venomous elixir, and rouged with a deadly dust of outward good; and all this done, as such things only can be done, in a boundless ignorance of all natural veracity; the faces falsely drawn—the lights falsely cast—the forms effaced or distorted, and all common human wit and sense extinguished in the vicious scum of lying sensation.

And this, I grieve to say, is only a characteristic type of a large mass of popular English work. This is what we spend our Teutonic lives, in engraving with an iron pen in the rock for ever; this, the passion of the Teutonic woman (as opposed to Virgilia), just as fox-hunting is the passion of the Teutonic man, as opposed to Valerius.

And while we deliberately spend all our strength, and all our tenderness, all our skill, and all our money, in doing, relishing, buying, this absolute Wrongness, of which nothing can ever come but disease in heart and brain, remember that all the mighty works of the great painters of the world, full of life, truth, and blessing, remain to this present hour of the year 1865 unengraved! There literally exists no earnestly studied and fully accomplished engraving of any very great work, except Leonardo's *Cena*. No large Venetian picture has ever been thoroughly engraved. Of Titian's *Peter Martyr*, there is even no worthy memorial transcript but *Le Febré's*. The *Cartoons* have been multiplied in false readings; never in faithful ones till lately by photography. Of the *Disputa* and the *Parnassus*, what can the English public know? of the thoughtful *Florentines* and *Milanese*, of *Ghirlandajo*, and *Luini*, and their accompanying hosts—what do they yet so much as care to know?

"The English public will not pay," you reply, "for engravings from the great masters. The English public will only pay for pictures of itself; of its races, its rifle-meetings, its rail stations, its parlour-passions, and kitchen interests; you must make your bread as you may, by holding the mirror to it."

Friends, there have been hard fighting and heavy sleeping, this many a day, on the other side of the Atlantic, in the cause, as you suppose, of Freedom against slavery; and you are all, open-mouthed, expecting the glories of Black Emancipation. Perhaps a little White Emancipation on this side of the water might be still more desirable, and more easily and guiltlessly won.

Do you know what slavery means? Suppose a gentleman taken by a Barbary corsair—set to field-work; chained and flogged to it from dawn to eve. Need he be a slave therefore? By no means; he is but a hardly-treated prisoner. There is some work which the Barbary corsair will not be able to make him do; such work as a Christian gentleman may not do, that he will not, though he die for it. Bound and scourged he may be, but he has heard of a Person's being bound and scourged before now, who was not therefore a slave. He is not a whit more slave for that. But suppose he take the pirate's pay, and stretch his back at piratical oars, for due salary, how then? Suppose for fitting price he betray his fellow prisoners, and take up the scourge instead of enduring it—become the smiter instead of the smitten, at the African's bidding—how then? Of all the sheepish notions in our English public "mind," I think the simplest is that slavery is neutralised when you are well paid for it! Whereas it is precisely that fact of its being

paid for which makes it complete. A man who has been sold by another, may be but half a slave or none; but the man who has sold himself! He is the accurately finished Bondsman.

And gravely I say that I know no captivity so sorrowful as that of an artist doing, consciously, bad work for pay. It is the serfdom of the finest gifts—of all that should lead and master men, offering itself to be spit upon, and that for a bribe. There is much serfdom, in Europe, of speakers and writers, but they only sell words; and their talk, even honestly uttered, might not have been worth much; it will not be thought of ten years hence; still less a hundred years hence. No one will buy our parliamentary speeches to keep in portfolios this time next century; and if people are weak enough now to pay for any special and flattering cadence of syllable, it is little matter. But *you*, with your painfully acquired power, your unwearied patience, your admirable and manifold gifts, your eloquence in black and white, which people will buy, if it is good (and has a broad margin), for fifty guineas a copy—in the year 2000; to sell it all, as Ananias his land, "yea, for so much," and hold yourself at every fool's beck, with your ready points, polished and sharp, hastening to scratch *what he wills!* To bite permanent mischief in with acid; to spread an inked infection of evil all your days, and pass away at last from a life of the skillfullest industry—having done whatsoever your hand found (remunerative) to do, with your might, and a great might, but with cause to thank God only for this—that the end of it all has at last come, and that "there is no device nor work in the Grave." One would get quit of *this* servitude, I think, though we reached the place of Rest a little sooner, and reached it fasting.

My English fellow-workmen, you have the name of liberty often on your lips; get the fact of it often on your business; talk of it less, and try to understand it better. You have given students many copy-books of free-hand outlines—give them a few of free heart outlines.

It appears, however, that you do not intend to help me with any utterance respecting these same outlines.* Be it so: I must make out what I can by myself. And under the influence of the Solstitial sign of June I will go backwards, or askance, to the practical part of the business, where I left it, three months ago, and take up that question first, touching Liberty, and the relation of the loose swift line to the resolute slow one, and of the etched line to the engraved one. It is a worthy question, for the open field afforded by illustrated works is tempting even to our best painters, and many an earnest hour and active fancy spend and speak themselves in the black line, vigorously enough, and dramatically, at all events: if wisely, may be considered. The French also are throwing great passion into their *eaux fortes*—working with a vivid haste and dark, brilliant freedom, which looks as if they etched with very energetic waters indeed—quite waters of life (it does not look so well, written in French). So we will take, with the reader's permission, for text next month, "Rembrandt, and strong waters."

J. RUSKIN.

* I have received some interesting private letters, but cannot make use of them at present, because they enter into general discussion instead of answering the specific question I asked, respecting the power of the black line; and I must observe to correspondents that in future their letters should be addressed to the Editor of this Journal, not to me; as I do not wish to incur the responsibility of selection.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS,
SUFFOLK STREET.

THE FORTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

THE present exhibition has been justly accepted as an improvement upon its immediate predecessors. There is no reason whatever, indeed, why the Society of British Artists should not regain the confidence of the profession, and the approval of the public. Since the foundation of this association, forty-two years ago, painters have multiplied their numbers, and patrons augmented their wealth beyond all previous precedent. A spacious gallery, such as that in Suffolk Street, ought certainly in these days to find no difficulty in obtaining works above mediocrity, or in attracting visitors possessed of means which might enrich the exchequer. The obvious functions of this exhibition, which, confessedly, does not reach first class, need not lack practical utility. There is a vast number of painters in the country, of respectable talents, who must live, and by living and working from year to year, may rise from mediocrity to distinction; and there is at the same time, likewise, a multitude of wealth-making merchants, together with whole colonies of newly-built tenements and villas, which demand, almost as a necessary of life, a supply of fairly good pictures at reasonable prices. The Suffolk Street Exhibition, then, as distinguished from the Academy and the Old Water-Colour Society, has a distinctive line of operation, which may secure success to itself, and prove of service to the Art-consumer. As a mart where producers can sell their wares, Suffolk Street has no mean mission. To the friends of the exhibition, it must be satisfactory to know that this, the speciality of the Society, admits of being worked to still greater profit. The collection which now falls under our review—though an improvement upon many that have gone before—is yet not so good as it ought to be. The bane which besets other like enterprises, blights the energy of this age-decrepid body. The vested interests of old members, who cling in decaying years to their accustomed haunts, and claim prescriptive rights to the snug places they have long occupied, but not honoured,—these, the plague-spots of all venerable organisations, have well-nigh stricken the Society of British Artists, not to incipient decay only, but to dissolution and death. Still, while there remains life, there is hope; and now that the patient is seen to rally, we may cherish the belief that the worst is already over. For convalescence and absolute recovery, indeed, only one thing is needed—the infusion of young blood. As long as the old leaven is left in the mass, lifeless must be the emancipated corpse. But, as we have said, fresh vitality is seen to move within the limbs. We trust, then, that from the present exhibition may date renovated powers and resituated rights. The chief places, long wrongfully usurped, will henceforth, we hope, be given to the men who, by talent, have title to distinction. Thus the Suffolk Street Gallery may reinstate itself in public esteem.

It is the misfortune of this exhibition that the largest pictures have the least merit; and those with most pretension, the smallest success. We wish we could quote in refutation of this judgment, a conspicuous canvas, covered with a composition confessing to the name 'Queen Elizabeth reproving Dean Noel in the Vestry of St. Paul's' (131). We certainly have seen the virgin queen rendered with more dignity, though seldom with so much assurance. It is, we confess, quite a novelty to find a face, proverbially so expressive, made wooden in material, and vacant in thought. The gaudy and discordant costume adopted might have been put on by the cruelest of enemies, to add insult to injury. Yet we are bound to suppose that "W. SALTER, M.A.F." &c., "Vice-President, Member of the Academy of Florence, and Corresponding Member of the Council of the Academy of Parma," a profound student of history, has read his characters with impartial eye. We wish, however, he could have rendered it compatible with his conscience to have painted a better and a more agreeable picture.—Judith

in the Tent of Holofernes' (246), by J. R. POWELL, is another attempt at high Art equally unpleasant, because in subject and treatment essentially repulsive; but otherwise, as a picture, possessed of considerable merit. Judith is represented with the passion and the appetite of a tigress about to spring upon her prey. The figure has power heightened into tragedy, not free, however, from melodrama. As a composition, the work is one-sided, and out of balance; it thus has the aspect of a fragment cut out from a larger canvas. The contrasts, too, between warm light and black impenetrable shadows are too abrupt. The picture, however, possesses redeeming points which prove that Mr. Powell has power to assert for himself position.—Mr. HURSTON, the President of the "British Artists," is very properly prominent upon these walls: to him belongs pre-eminently the ability to paint pictures, from which escape is impossible. Some spectators, not inured to such potent products, may in terror take to their heels. But go where they will, even to the furthest corner of the gallery, still these figures of the president stalk out from their frames to follow and to persecute. We are sure Mr. Hurstone will receive this confession as a tribute to his power. A weaker man could not work such dire dismay. Take, for example, 'The Two Cardinal Sins of Italy: Begging and Gambling' (229); these, manifestly, are vices which the artist felt bound to make as repulsive as possible; and so for oil he uses treacle; and for colour, dirt; and for clothes, rags. A weaker man would have mitigated these national crimes—would have put a gloss over the hideous spectacle—would have poured oil into the sores; but Mr. Hurstone is not a man for any such compromise or subterfuge. In the spirit of the same pitiless truth does the painter depict 'The Descendants of Marins and the Gracchi amid the Ruins of the Roman Empire' (385). The "decline" over which Gibbon mourned is indeed a "fall." The *geminis* of Rome are here in ruff-raft raiment, at their very worst. The President of Suffolk Street, triumphing in his well-tried genius, dashes through his subject with ready and rapid hand. Established position and long-proved success give confidence to every stroke of his pencil.

Pastoral and pastoral comedy, in earnest purpose, and unconscious jest, hang side by side upon these walls, staring each other out of countenance. Many of the actors in the scene are possessed of undoubted cleverness—an adroitness which only needs severer study to gain the applause it seeks. Who, for example, could show more ready resource than J. J. HILL? An artist who loads his palette with teeming colour, which he lays on with lavish brush. Whether he paint 'Innocence' (198), 'The Gleaner' (547), or 'Madge Wildfire' (579), it matters not; equally does he show in each a mastery over material which only requires more refinement and greater finish to lead the artist up to the higher ranks of his profession. 'Innocence' is a picture lacking the simplicity that pertains to innocence, yet has it a charm which takes the eye captive. A young, blooming mother, the wife of a fisherman, carries in her arms a bonny child—both child and woman examples of rude health and rustic happiness. The work is sure to win favour with the holders of prizes in Art Unions. 'The Gleaner' is another of Mr. Hill's showy subjects; and 'Madge Wildfire,' as a will-of-the-wisp, bears a fire in her eye and a fling in her arm well calculated to seduce the confiding wayfarer. These figures are fortunate in the possession of just enough anatomy to hold their members together; and any chasm in internal structure which might make a breach in nature's constructional arrangements is easily covered over by masses of drapery, the bright surface whereof disguises the form which lies beneath. Mr. Hill paints clever, effective pictures, and we cannot but think that within his grasp was, at one time, a reward which he has not cared to receive.—Side by side with Mr. Hill ranks Mr. COBBETT—brother artists, akin in obvious failings, and alike conspicuous in meretricious merits. 'The Thorn' (108), by Mr. Cobbett, gathered in the briars growing on an open common, is the invisible weapon which has inflicted

a wound on a baby's hand. The title, so far, may be read on the face of the composition. But in the trade of picture-making, the title goes for little; and certainly this work might, at its christening, have borne another name, and yet have shone just as fair. The figure of the girl, in graceful curve, reaching upwards in the act of gathering berries from a topmost spray, has certainly the charm of nature's simple beauty.—'Wayside Charity' (675), by W. M. HAY, is another example—in which these rooms unhappily abound—of showy effect, seized by ready rather than by lawful means. An artist who desires to mature a style and to lay in store reward for future years, should not thus compromise himself by choice of a subject reaching beyond his powers. One figure, studiously carried out, is of vastly greater worth than a promiscuous group labelled with a stimulating sentiment.—Not far from 'Wayside Charity' is another work that has need of charity.—'The Last Interview between Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson' (691), recorded by MARSHALL CLAXTON. It is always a bad sign when a painter relies upon his subject instead of the intrinsic merit of his Art. To raise capital out of the reputation of a Reynolds or a Johnson betrays the lack of funds in the artist himself. There is nothing in this picture to relieve it from the tedium of a thrice-told tale.—Before we pass to products brighter in promise, we are constrained to tarry yet another moment before a work which calls for caution—'The Puritan's Daughter' (79), by C. PASMORE, one of the most flagrant examples of ability squandered worthlessly away. Here is a mercurious display of light, shade, and colour, designed to catch the hasty glance of the populace, but wholly wanting in that precision of form, that expression obtained through accuracy in drawing, which can gain from judges consideration, or even from patrons reward.

The gem of the gallery is Mr. BAXTER'S charming picture, 'The Sisters' (47), painted with this artist's usual witchery. By adroit management the dark-eyed sister has been thrown into flooding light, while in delicate contrast her fair-haired companion is veiled in half-shadow. By slight play of fancy such as this, and with delicious qualities of execution, Mr. Baxter generally succeeds in removing his subject from the range of common life. In skin painting he is surpassed by few; and his eye for beauty generally fixes on the happy mean which lies between nature unadorned and youth alloyed by fashion. These two maiden sisters are flowers of lustrous hue, blooming health, and luscious sweetness; their unspotted complexions—soft, pearly, even waxy—are washed in dew, mingled with spring odours and honey. This confectionary art is apt to cloy the appetite to surfeit. Mr. Baxter, however, is chary of his charms; his pearls he does not lavish on every neck. His pretty picture—a little girl in black hat, white bon, red cloak, and warm muff—a child, painted to personate 'Winter' (511), has rightly obtained a central point upon the walls. This prim little darling, innocent in years yet wise in choice of creature comforts, bids fair to be a general favourite. The work, indeed, might claim companionship with Mr. Sant's 'Little Red Riding Hood,' which is universally known as one of the most popular pictures and picture-prints of the day.—G. BONAVIA makes a successful study of 'A Child in the Country' (422). Nature he has thrown into the picture; expression is caught in the face; and relative finish has been obtained by concentration of detail on the head, which, in its guileless beauty, attracts worldly the eye.—With this picture we may class a neighbouring work—'Dormiendo' (435), by E. LOVE, who finds a pretty subject in the sleep of a child on its mother's knee. 'Donna Inez' (727), by the same artist, is a clever head.—J. HEARNY'S 'Unexpected Inheritance' (434) is a picture smoothly and even delicately painted, with considerable study in the realistic detail.—Miss SOPHIA ANDERSON has met with the consideration due to talent. Though not a member of the Society, she has gained for her careful and capital picture a place full upon the line. 'Baby's Pony' (262) shows study in the drawing; in colour it is refined; and, above all, the work is

defiant of that common conventionalism which stereotypes the Suffolk Street school.—J. E. WERRALL'S 'Half Holiday' (710) deserves praise for studious detail, every touch of which depends on drawing.—E. HOLMES, in 'The Land of the Logan' (736), groups figures nicely on the rocky headland; the landscape and its human tenants consort well together.—H. GARLAND'S 'Prayer' (115), though a little hard and leathery, is to be commended for close study.—The works of W. BROWLEY, such as 'My Little Brother' (170) and 'Who is it?' (95), show more care than knowledge.—The same may be said of a picture by HAYNES KING—'A Sip from Daddy's Cup' (187).—We need scarcely say that a 'Study of a Head' (129), by C. S. LIDDEDALE—an artist who is always indeed studious—though in smallest of frames, possesses merit out of all proportion to its modest dimensions.—'Grace before Meat' (58), by W. HENSLEY, is a painting perfect of its class. Pictures by one or both of the brothers UNDERHILL may be seen in most London exhibitions. The style which these painters adopt is vigorous to a fault, rude even beyond the manner of their rustic models; and the large canvases they give themselves, like too much rope in the proverb, bring both to greater grief than they really deserve. The powers which the brothers undoubtedly wield have often made us mourn the more over the obvious ill-direction of energies that might easily be turned to better account. Therefore the gladder are we to note such a work as the 'Swiss Gautherd' (324), wherein may be observed more than usual circumspection and more than the refinement hitherto found. It is greatly to be desired that Welsh fern-gatherers and people of that breed should make room for dwellers not unworthy of Arcadia. Mr. W. Underhill, having got as far south as Switzerland, may possibly in the end contract the manner identified with Italy and Greece. Time works wonders!—'Streets in London in the 17th century' (279), is a picture of "ye period," painted with stinging satire by the pencil of A. H. TOURNER. Puritan preachers and profligate scoffers jostle each other side by side. Extremes meet in this diorama of the times, into which are thrown trenchant character and keen knowledge of human nature in its weakness and its wickedness. This is the cleverness that makes the satirist. Mr. Tourner will have to strive against temptations which lead downwards towards caricature and farce, and often constitute the too telling traits of low Art.—One of the most commendable efforts found in a gallery which does good service to the coming artist in giving him apprenticeship and offering practising ground, is the clever work by C. W. NICHOLS—'Sketching from Nature' (334). The subject, it is true, is somewhat trite—a group of ladies in a hayfield, one of the company amusing herself by sketching a peasant girl, who stands obligingly as a model. The picture, however, is pleasing, and possesses merit.—'Emilia e Stella' (467), two Roman models exalted by stately beauty, constitute by far the best picture we have yet seen from the easel of Mr. EAGLES. The flesh is a little opaque, and the complexion certainly has a quality wholly foreign to the soft delicacy that Mr. Baxter has suffused over the features of his two sisters. The two beauties of Mr. Eagles are no artificial products forced under glass; they are of the ancient Roman stock, hardy in snow and fiery in passion. Portions of this picture are painted with rare mastery; the raven hair and the white bodies, for example, have the advantage of a finish obtained through a broad rather than a pointed brush—a skilled art which seems year by year to be further from the reach of any but the most manly of our painters.—Two more sisters, 'Olivia and Sophia' (66), from the hand of Mrs. ROBINSON, make another picture deserving praise. The ladies are here engaged in the sisterly office of decking one another with flowers—a simple enough subject, which presumes to nothing but what the painter is able to carry out. In composition, colour, and finish, the work becomes alike commendable.—The point of honour in the larger room is conceded to Mr. ROBERTS, who has already won laurels in this gallery. Within 'The Family Pew' (64) kneel a brother and

sister, companions in sorrow for the memory of a lost parent. The spirit of the scene is quite refined and tender. Another work by this artist, 'The Image of his Father' (27), comes, in its conscientious painstaking, as reproach to the reckless effrontery by which many of Mr. Roberts's fellow-members manage to disfigure square yards of canvas. The very extent, in fact, of surface to be covered in this gallery gives magnitude to the sins committed. In quarters more circumscribed, an artist's peculiarities have to be packed within pocket compass, and his eccentricities are consequently exposed before the world in miniature only. He is, in fact, under wholesome dread that hangers may find his room more pleasant than his company. But here in Suffolk Street this order of things is reversed, and the chief check which deters an artist from indefinite expansion of small thoughts is the additional cost of frame and canvas. The glaring evils that result herefrom stare the spectator in the face on all sides. The largest pictures in this exhibition are, almost without exception, either enormities or abortions.

Several painters in Suffolk Street are the playmates of stormy ocean. They dare to put to sea in a tempest, and fear no shipwreck. J. J. WILSON and ALFRED CLINT are the most adventurous of these sailors—brave fishermen who cast their nets in many waters, and manage to bring to shore wares which find a market. Mr. Wilson's well-known sea-pieces have really considerable merit. In such works, for example, as 'Putting to Sea' (6), he paints the wind-lashed wave of swelling breast, silver grey, and translucent depth, its summit crested with snow-wreath. Mr. Clint, whom we have known in moods of calmest tranquillity, this season breaks into fierce passion. His 'Sunset after a Storm' (35) is, in the upper sphere of sky, fiery—almost furious—and the sea beneath tosses with tumultuous unrest. In this force, however, which at a distance is effective, there lies feebleness; and the artist evidently lacks ability and knowledge to carry out to completeness the idea he has sketched roughly.—One of the neatest, clearest, and most carefully executed pictures, which, in their modest dimensions and conscientious details, contrast with the coarse scenic panoramas of men hardened through long years to the perpetration of unblushing enormities.—Among new members, we may mention, though in this section out of place, E. C. BARNES, who exhibits 'The Neapolitan' (546), a peasant well painted after the manner of the modern Roman school, a style this artist will do well not to surrender for that of the Suffolk Street school, wherein he has just embarked his fortunes.—The water-colour room contains some drawings by G. WOLFE, among them may be noted 'A Message from the Sea' (812).

Animal painting, requiring specific study, is a speciality in which we cannot expect the generalising genius of Suffolk Street to shine. Yet upon these walls there are at least some few pictures that merit a measured word of praise. R. PHRYCK, for instance, has bestowed upon his terrier dog individual study, which gives to his work a thoroughly independent character.—This quality G. W. BLONDEL has at all events failed to put into his picture, 'The Guardians' (342). Hiorlor inherits the style of Landseer, and it may be sufficient reward for him to know that in pretty painting of sheep and dogs he has rivalled the smooth surface and the refined sentiment of his master.—A. CORBOULD we should suppose, while painting his 'Highlanders' (415), had made the acquaintance of Rosa Bonheur when on her Scottish sketching tour. But however this may have been, Highland cattle, as painted by Mr. Corbould, have a life and character which mark the artist for success.—In the water-colour room, a group of 'Dead Game' (860), by JAMES HARDY, wins warm acclamation for its force and brilliancy.

Turning to the landscapes, we are in duty bound to give precedence to the time-honoured members who have for years adorned the gallery. Who can restrain melancholy regret that with the works of Shayer, Tennant, and J. C. Ward must perish an art of which the world seems no longer worthy? The spectator, while he gazes in wonder on 'The Scene in Harvest'

(241), and a like scene in 'The Cornfield' (251), by Mr. SHAYER, as well as other works painted by Mr. Tennant and Mr. Ward, cannot but feel that the present generation is not in a condition to appreciate such performances. But the time will come, we feel persuaded, when pictures like these must find their desert. Neglected it may be in modern exhibitions, they shall henceforth live for posterity. Some among their number will be revered by the antiquary, and many, we cannot but hope, will survive to obtain honoured places on the walls of archaeological institutes, and there hang as prized relics of former and better times!

When 'British Artists' give rein to fancy and romance, they bid long adieu to common sense and sober reason. Their back they turn on nature, and henceforth go on a grand tour through Fairyland. Pleasant enough it is to follow them on their wild and wayward course, in a flight so high that the confines of earth are seldom approached; and nature, left far behind, never intrudes to put the painter out. We can well imagine what a sensation and shock Mr. WOOLMER, or Mr. PYNE, would receive, did they, by some ill chance, come in contact with an actual tree or a substantial rock, presenting itself as an unbidden intruder on their dreamland. We really hope that nothing of the kind will ever happen to make discord in their delicious reverie. We could, indeed, ill spare Mr. Woolmer. What a delight it is to look upon such a work as 'Ferdinand and Miranda playing at Chess in Prospero's Isle' (266)! What an intoxication of colour here glows upon the eye!—what a frolic of fancy is this!—what a florid, yet fitting elucidation of a drama exuberant in imagination!—Mr. Pyne, again, though he generally selects some well-known spot, is scarcely less transcendental in treatment. 'The Roman Aqueducts from the Palace and Church of St. John Lateran' (205) ranks as a romance of history, wherein, again, though not precisely according to the precedents found on the locality itself, is far from unpleasing. This artist's best work is 'The Church of San Giorgio, Venice' (495), notwithstanding the high flight which he has given to the campanile. Mr. Pyne certainly possesses a poet's eye for colour; upon his shoulders has fallen the rainbow bespangled robe of Turner.—The chief landscape painters in this society are Boddington, Percy, Cole, and Syer, each of whom is represented by pictures of a power sometimes even too powerful. Mr. PERCY'S 'River Llugwy' (428) is violent in contrast of light and shade, and altogether too florid in effect. Mr. SYER'S 'Scene' (188) on the same river has vigour, but lacks complete carrying-out. Mr. COLE is apt to be too fiery, as in 'The Harvest Field' (88). His best picture is 'Milking Time—Evening' (472). The cattle stand against a fervent sky with force in effect of which Cypri was fond. Mr. BODDINGTON in 'Thorsvall Brook' (121) paints a woody dell overshadowed by trees, drawn with a delicacy in the stems and branches that rivals Creswick.—W. W. GOSLING exhibits drawings which pleasantly recall the manner of Birket Foster. And J. W. BUNNEY, who has had the advantage, if we mistake not, of instruction from Mr. Ruskin, brings from Florence a study of considerable merit, though a little overdone in colour and elaboration.

The "British Artists" of Suffolk Street have enjoyed so much critical punishment that by this time they ought to be in a mended condition. And we really do think, as we have said before, that they show at last some signs of improvement. This is encouraging to their friends, and comes, though late, as a sufficient reward for all the kind interest that has been taken for their benefit. It is really a pity that a society for which there is room in the world should not manage to make itself more respected, and find an appointed sphere of usefulness. For the regeneration of this association, nothing more is wanted than the surrender of self-seeking ends in the interest of Art, not as merchandise, but as "a thing of beauty;" in saying this we only reiterate opinions expressed by us on former occasions.

GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

SCHOOL OF DUSSELDORF.

CARL MÜLLER, ITTENBACH, SETTEGAST.



OUR last paper was devoted to the school of Munich; our present article shall commence with a sketch of the renowned school of Dusseldorf. This academy on the Rhine has numbered among its professors and students men holding every diversity of opinion, and practising all varieties of styles. In Dusseldorf, within the last fifty years, high Art—classic and Christian, secular and sacred, allegorical, symbolic, mystic, and even rationalistic—has found devoted disciples. In the

same town, too, and within the same period likewise, might be seen, living and labouring side by side with their more philosophical brethren, artists of a determined naturalistic bent—men who know no higher divinity than nature herself; painters who within the peasant's cabin recognised in honest poverty God's noblest work; sketchers who on the fiords of Norway found grandeur enough and to spare. Thus it will be seen that the school of Dusseldorf is marked by that diversity of gifts, that twofold manifestation, that duality of opposing motives, which recur again and again throughout the entire history of Art, and which will, of necessity, subsist to the end of time in the sphere of painting as in the province of philosophy. This division between systems and schools, subjective and objective, inward and outer, idealistic and realistic, long known to the whole world, has obtained express recognition and demonstration in Dusseldorf. That small territory has the honour of having been for Art the battle-field of Europe. There is fought out upon canvas or on walls the conflict of theories and the contest of creeds. What the philosopher has dreamed the student has drawn; what the devout has prayed the artist has painted. It is to this, the subjective and spiritual aspect of the Dusseldorf school, that we shall for the present specially direct our attention. The objective and naturalistic phase of that academy we reserve for future articles.

Dusseldorf, which has given its name to one of the most renowned schools of Europe, is a comparatively small town of fewer than thirty thousand inhabitants. Its situation, far from imposing, is pretty. It lies on the lower banks of the Rhine, ere the hills rise precipitously, embowered by gardens, encircled by villas; its ancient ramparts thrown down and turned into pleasant promenades. To the traveller the place has few attractions, and I certainly should not have thought it worth while, on my way from the Hague and Amsterdam towards the great cities of Germany, to have stopped at the insignificant capital of the Rhine provinces, had not the Academy made Dusseldorf the abode of genius. That Academy has now existed for nearly a hundred years, and, like the town of which it is the ornament, has undergone many vicissitudes. In the earlier portion of its career it seems, as other institutions of the sort, to have slumbered ingloriously under the routine discipline of professors wedded to obsolete systems. Not till the appointment of Cornelius to the directorate, in the year 1819, did it rise from oblivion into notoriety. Cornelius, with an energy manifest in all tasks he has ever undertaken, no sooner entered on his office than he commenced to reorganise the Academy according to the exigencies of the times, and especially after his own individual convictions of the mission and ministration

devolving on sacred and historic Art. Bringing with him from Rome memories of the grand achievements of Michael Angelo and of Raphael in the Sistine and the Stanze of the Vatican, his purpose was to restore monumental painting to its ancient greatness, and to introduce into the Fatherland the practice of fresco, which the Italian masters had employed for the expression of their noblest conceptions.

From this time forward the Academy of Dusseldorf occupied a leading position in the history of European painting; it became identified with the revival of Christian Art; it was the centre whence were disseminated principles since widely diffused; it was the studio or workshop in which were produced and multiplied pictures of madonnas, holy families, and saints. Among the disciples that Cornelius gathered around him were W. Kaulbach, Götzenberger, Stülke, H. Sturmer, Ad. Eberle, C. H. Herrmann, and Ernest Förster. With the assistance of these and other pupils the mural paintings in the University of Bonn, as well as similar decorations in other towns, were designed first as cartoons and ultimately completed as frescoes. The character of the new school became henceforth pronounced, and its reputation established. Referring to German writers, I find the high, the elaborate, and the generic style thus evolved characterised by epithets drawn from a subjective philosophy. The "idea" of Plato furnishes the germ whence this system of metaphysics and these abstruse principles of Art gather strength and grow in dimension. The painter, it is said, makes his inward idea visible to sense; hence his work, when it comes into life in the outer world, has won the title to the name "ideal," the offspring of an "idea." Hence, likewise, are we told that the outcroppings of the Dusseldorf school are soul-pictures, thought-pictures, poet-pictures. In the same sense, too, critics of this philosophic turn teach us that in works claiming such high pedigree, the will has been projected into form, the spirit has taken to itself a body, thought has clothed itself in flesh. Now it is perhaps fortunate that Art, like nature, is able to get on, and to do its work without the aid of philosophy. It is happy for the artist that he can create, unperplexed by any consciousness of the act of creation, unnumbered with the cognisance of the machinery put in motion. And I do not for one moment imagine that any of the great artists whose works may now be regarded by critics as the culmination of a creed, seriously troubled themselves with the ingenious theories elaborated in their honour. Still, such speculations, though of little concern to the painter himself, may be of material help to students who wish to arrive at the right appreciation of a work and the due estimate of a school. It is evident that for the painting of a picture, and for the criticism of that picture when painted, two different orders of intellect, and

two classes of faculties, are called into play. A German critic would probably, of all men in the world, make the very worst of painters. Yet I think it will be seen, even from the slight indication just given of the transcendental philosophy which these adepts handle with imposing solemnity, that their power of analysis is searching as fire to a crucible. Non-essential accidents are driven away; the indestructible elements remain. Moreover, German critics are by birth probably better able to enter into the idiosyncracies of their countrymen than foreigners can be; consequently it may be wise to give heed to their words. Furthermore, I look upon the Art of Dusseldorf as pre-eminently what German writers call transcendental, and therefore, in its mysteries, to be unlocked by the key of the transcendental philosophy. I wish that space permitted me further to expand this line of thought. In brief, then, let me say that Dusseldorf Art, in its highest motives and profoundest teachings, is not naturalistic in the outward and visible meaning of the term; it appeals often not to a bodily but to a spiritual sense; it may even violate facts in nature in its struggle to reach the supernatural; it may outrage reason to satisfy faith; it



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Ittenbach, Paint.
CHRIST AND THE DOCTORS.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

may violate probability, and even possibility, in its attempt to enter a region where God works through miracles. Many will say that all this is mere folly. To persons thus minded, then, the Dusseldorf school must pass for foolishness. But to others, of whom I confess myself to be one, this philosophic and Christian painting has in its weakness power; in its shortcomings there are compensations: so that, taken for all in all, the conviction is brought home to us that the Art which soars farthest from earth is nearest to heaven, and that works in which outward sense takes little delight move the finer intuitions of the mind to calm yet conscious joy.

The Dusseldorf Academy has, within the last thirty or forty years, gone through varying phases of faith, upon which, for the present, we cannot dwell. I have already said that the school called Christian has been but one of the many manifestations fostered by German professors. The curriculum of study for the Rhine provinces contemplates a wide range; the classes are put through a course of systematic instruction, whereby each pupil may freely develop his individual talent unfettered by party restraint. The staff of the Academy consists of a director, a secretary, an inspector, a librarian, and a curator. The director is the first professor of painting, and with him are associated other professors, who take charge of special classes. For example, the Elementary class, the Antique school, the Architectural and the Perspective class, the Landscape class, and the school for Engraving, is each under the instruction of its own professor. Many of these have been men of renown, among whom may be enumerated W. von Schadow, Bendemann, Mosler, Carl Müller, Andreas Müller, Mücke Sohn, Weigmann, Keller, Leutze, and Lessing. The works of the last-named painter, to which we propose devoting a separate article, will enable me to enlarge this imperfect sketch of the Dusseldorf school. Lessing raised the standard of Protestantism as a creed, and naturalism as the firm basis of Art, in the midst of his Roman Catholic brethren. I rejoice to think that the universality of the Arts, extending beyond the narrow boundaries of party, and seeking to be as comprehensive as nature, and as infinite as truth, finds in Lessing a bold defender. Such a man serves to save the school of Dusseldorf from the blot of bigotry and the stigma of finality.

Dusseldorf, in itself a quiet, almost stagnant town, is stirred by active Art-life. The Academy begets, as may be well imagined, affiliated or kindred associations. As in Rome, and other like centres, there exist Art cafes and clubs, the daily resort of artists and students. Here pictures furnish topics for hourly talk; here the painter speaks of the difficulties he has just encountered in the elaboration of his conceptions, and takes counsel of his fellows in the progress of his work; here are discussed the comparative advantages of differing modes of study, the respective merits of methods which the schools of Rome, Venice, or Bologna may have practised; and thus becomes established in the town a tribunal of public opinion, before which each member of the community stands arraigned—a court of appeal which, by the unwritten code of the general conscience, upholds things right and true. I have been told by artists who have lived and worked in Dusseldorf, that the social and professional intercourse thus enjoyed constitutes no inconsiderable portion of the advantage of a residence

under the shadow of the Academy. Nor is the summary of the Art-operations in Dusseldorf yet complete. The public gallery of the town, though small, contains works of European reputation, among which cannot be forgotten 'Tasso and the two Leonoras,' by Professor C. Sohn; 'The Annunciation,' by C. Müller; 'Ishmael and Hager,' by Köhler; 'Peasant Preaching,' by Tidemann; 'Gamblers,' by Knaus; 'Tapping the Wine Cask,' by Hasenclever; 'Sea-shore in Tempest,' by A. Achenbach; and a 'Landscape,' of power and intent, by Lessing. An annual exhibition is held by the Dusseldorf artists in their academy—a collection, however, which, as far as my experience extends, is inferior to the exhibitions of Antwerp and Brussels. Among other pictures which I have seen in Dusseldorf, I find a note of commendation against a work by A. Rethel, known in this country through the 'Dance of Death,' and analogous designs in the style of Albert Dürer, an artist of weird imagination, who died at Dusseldorf when years of promise were ripening to maturity. In the town I also visited the commercial gallery of Ed. Schulte, where had



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

C. Müller, Paint.
THE LAST SUPPER.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

been placed on view several works with which the Dusseldorf school was more or less identified. There might be seen, by Lessing, the first sketch for the great picture, 'Huss at the Funeral Pyre,' also a cartoon, as well as several carefully studied landscapes. There, likewise, was a series of cartoons illustrative of the ages of man, designed by Tidemann, once a student in Dusseldorf, whereunto the artists of Scandinavia resort for the advantage of a more thorough training than can be got in their own country. Knaus, also formerly a pupil in the school, exhibited one of his most reckless works, 'The Thief in the Market,' redolent of ruff-raff character. Carl W. Hübner, whose studio I visited, a painter prolific in scenes of domestic incident, represented *genre* for the town of his adoption. Emanuel Leutze, who seems to have divided life and talent between Rhineland and the continent of America, rises to the higher level of secular history. I have seen his picture, 'The Departure of Columbus for America,' also his cartoon for Cromwell and Milton. The picture was marred by the ordinary defects of the German school—crudity of colour and harshness of outline. The cartoon, on the contrary, had the marks of merit seldom lacking in that school—care in drawing, and character in expression.

By aid of this enumeration and description the reader will be able to realise the spirit of the Art-life, and the nature of the Art-products, that have rendered Dusseldorf notorious, both as a school and an emporium.

But the description would, indeed, fall very short of the reality, did I omit mention of which Art-unions, the illustrated books, and the religious prints, of which Dusseldorf is the parent. The Art-union known as the 'Kunstverein für Rheinland und Westfalen' has its local habitation within the Academy. I believe this association has given for many years a fostering hand to artists and to Art, in proof whereof I cannot do better than adduce the vast and elaborate line engraving from the 'Disputa' of Raphael, brought out under the auspices of the society. This master-work, which bears the inscription, 'Joseph Keller delinavit et sculpsit, Dusseldorf, 1857,' is a noble monument to the industry and the severe academic training of the German school. The style, as may be suspected, is a little hard, and the execution

wants the delicate harmonies admired in the handling of the Italian engravers.—Perhaps it may here be worth while just to mention "the Dusseldorf Art Album," a serial which, as it reaches this year its fifteenth annual issue, cannot have been wholly without influence for good or for evil. An examination of the volume now published leaves me in doubt whether the bias to right or to wrong has been paramount. Of infinitely higher tone are the publications of the "Association for the Diffusion of Religious Art,"

of which several hundred prints are now before me. The persistency wherewith these plates, all bearing an unmistakable stamp of Roman Catholicism, are published, and that at the lowest possible cost, gives to the enterprise the character of a "propaganda of the faith." The masters I have selected in illustration of this article, Carl Müller, Ittenbach, and Settegast, are laid under contribution. Indeed, there is scarcely an artist who has played a part in the development of the modern school of Christian



Drawn by J. W. Zuen.]

Settegast, 1821.
THE ASCENSION.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

Art, that has not been called upon to swell with inspiration this pictorial missionary enterprise. In addition to the names of C. Müller, Ittenbach, and Settegast, already mentioned, I find taking part in the movement the apostles and disciples of the school, such as Overbeck, Veit, Führich, W. Schadow, Andreas Müller, Deger, Schraudolph, Steinle, Mosler, W. Sohn, Molitor, Elster Clasen, Flatz, and others. Such is the formidable phalanx pledged to the promulgation of that Art which in Dusseldorf is

called Christian, but which in Protestant England has been justly deemed sectarian, anti-natural, and anti-rational. I speak thus plainly, to guard against misconception. The simple, earnest, humble-minded Art which arose as a still small voice in Overbeck, and which, as the grain of mustard-seed, grew mightily in the soil of Dusseldorf, till it filled the heavens, this so-called Christian Art—and Christian it is, no doubt, in a high though not a universal sense—this so-called religious school I readily admit to be worthy

of profound respect, though not of unqualified admiration. Many of the subjects disseminated by the Dusseldorf association are grossly tainted by superstition, and some of the compositions rest on assumptions which modern criticism has wholly refuted. Yet, notwithstanding such errors, which, to rational minds, are repellent, it is impossible to deny to these works of the Dusseldorf *propaganda* a large measure of pictorial merit and spiritual unction. In subsequent papers, which will treat of the naturalistic and rationalistic branch of the Dusseldorf school, I shall hope to show that there may yet exist a religious school, which, unlike to the Art identified with the Romish Church, shall rest on a basis sane as reason, and sound as nature.

It is now time that we should turn to the masters and works selected in illustration of this article. CARL MÜLLER bears a surname often recurring in the annals of painting. Professor Müller discovered that there were no fewer than forty-three artists of the name of Müller worthy of a place in his Dictionary. Of these, Carl Müller, of Dusseldorf, with perhaps the single exception of Charles Lonis Müller, of Paris, is the most famous. The German painter was born in Darmstadt, in the year 1818. His first instruction was received from his father, the director of the Gallery. At the age of seventeen, he is a pupil in the Academy of Dusseldorf, under the eye of Professor Sohn; four years later, he visits Italy; and at the age of forty he is himself a professor in the academy wherein, while a youth of seventeen, he had worked as a student. His pictures, both in oil and fresco, are numerous. Of the former, a composition extensively known by engravings, is 'The Annunciation,' in the Gallery of Dusseldorf, a *replica* of which was, ten years ago, in the Exhibition Universelle of Paris. This work may be quoted in proof of the non-natural sense which Dusseldorf artists put upon Scripture texts. The subject is treated less as an event than as a mystery. The Virgin is seen, not as she was on earth, but as fond imagination would love to picture her. She receives the heavenly visitant while on her knees in prayer. She is dressed in no homely garb, but in a robe befitting a princess who shall reign queen of heaven. The floor has been cleanly swept, as for an angel's coming, and Gabriel enters, decked in wings of green tipped with gold. On the whole, I am inclined to think that this non-natural treatment, when not pushed to actual absurdity, best attains to the elevation and purity which can alone exalt sacred Art above the level of secularity. Carl Müller's chief fresco paintings are in the Church of St. Apollinaris, at Remagen, and these are beyond question choice. Like other of the Dusseldorf artists, Müller has executed for the engraver drawings which the Art-unions of the Fatherland have disseminated among the faithful. Of such designs is 'THE LAST SUPPER,' which serves as our illustration. This subject, rightly deemed, next to 'The Crucifixion,' the most momentous in the entire range of Christian Art, has received emphatic treatment by Giotto, Leonardo, and other artists, mediæval and modern. By some of these painters the theme is regarded as a historic scene; by others it is accepted as merely typical of the institution of the Holy Sacrament. The plate before us betokens the distribution of spiritual food, the breaking of the bread, and the giving thanks for the cup as "the blood of the New Testament, which was shed for the remission of sins." A picture such as this is too perspicuous to stand in need of much explanation; nevertheless, a word of comment may lead to the better appreciation of the artist's intent. It is worthy of observation that Müller, to gain concentration and to add to picturesque variety in the grouping, has discarded the formality of a long table, for which innovation he may claim as precedent the oldest versions of the subject. It is also to be noted that while Leonardo chose the earlier moment designated by the words "Verily, verily, I say unto you, one of you shall betray me," Müller takes the closing solemnity and tragedy. In the composition of Leonardo, the sacrament is not yet administered, and Judas is still at the table. In the picture before us the sop has been given, and Satan enters into the son of Simon. Furthermore, while Leonardo was content with the mere historic event of twelve apostles seated on one side the table, Müller, evidently wishing to signify a sacrament, has thrown two disciples on their knees, and others are studiously posed in attitude of adoration. This forced expression of devotion is, I think, as often with the Dusseldorf school, pushed too far; that is, beyond nature, and even out of the reach of grace, into the false region of affectation. Apostles, as painted in Dusseldorf, are righteous overmuch: becoming saints, they cease to be men. That Müller's treatment, however, escapes extravagance, may be inferred from the fact that this very composition has been adopted for a painted window at the east end of a Unitarian chapel in Clifton. This application shows Dusseldorf Art to be more universal and less sectarian than is generally supposed.

FRANZ ITTENBACH, the painter of 'CHRIST AND THE DOCTORS,' which we engrave, was born at Königswinter, in the year 1813. Like many of the young artists of his day and generation, he fell under the instruction of Professor Schadow, in Dusseldorf. He afterwards

joined Ernst Deger, Andreas and Carl Müller, in a journey to Italy, and on his return to Germany, he and his friends commenced painting some frescoes in the Rhine Church at Remagen. 'CHRIST AND THE DOCTORS' is one of these frescoes. At a glance it will be seen that the composition has the symmetric balance in its component parts which the exigencies of architecture prescribe. What is meant by this architectonic manner will be better understood by its contrast—the essentially picturesque treatment adopted by Holman Hunt. The German artist, moreover, has preserved breadth and simplicity, which come in further contrast to the scattered detail introduced by the English painter; an elaboration that, whether a merit or defect, lies, at all events, wholly beyond the intent and resource of mural and monumental Art. One more point we will raise, and then sufficient has been said of this characteristic work in the school of Dusseldorf. 'Christ teaching in the Temple' has been adopted by some artists as an incident in the 'Life of the Redeemer, by others as a scene in the life of the Madonna. In the former case, Christ is the central figure; in the latter, the Virgin becomes more conspicuous. Looking at the design of Ittenbach, it is not difficult to read his purpose. The infant Christ is the focus of the surrounding figures. Mary and Joseph are but episodes. This design is one proof among many others that the school of Dusseldorf is eminently learned in the science of composition.

JOSEPH SETTEGAST was born at Coblenz in 1813—the same year, it will be noticed, that Ittenbach came into the world at Königswinter. Settegast made his first studies in Dusseldorf; but seeking for an atmosphere more densely religious, it appears that he formed alliance with Philip Veit, then in Frankfurt. Subsequently we find him in Rome about the time when Ittenbach and the brothers Carl and Andreas Müller are in Italy. And then again he returns to Dusseldorf for the purpose of painting frescoes in that town. These pictures, the 'Immaculate Virgin,' and the 'Crucifixion,' in the Maximilian Church, obtained for him universal recognition. Beyond such works, and the early lessons he received in the Academy, Settegast's connection with Dusseldorf does not appear to be intimate. His style, however, is expressly that of the Dusseldorf school, and his designs are adopted and engraved by the Dusseldorf Association for the Promulgation of Religious Art. The position to which this painter is entitled will be seen from the picture we engrave, 'THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD,' certainly one of the most impressive among the very many renderings of the glorious theme, which is the seal and the triumph of the Christian's faith. This subject is sometimes included in the Life of the Madonna, as the seventh and last of her sorrows. More expressly, however, it comes as the final scene in the Passion and Death of the Redeemer. The event has been overlaid and encumbered by Perugino and others with a multitude of accessories. The composition of Settegast is to be applauded for its simplicity. The secret upon which this picture is put together is seen at a glance. The Apostles and the Holy Women are grouped in a circle: space and isolation are thus obtained for the principal figure in ascension. The calmness and the benignity of Christ as He is received into heaven, lifted up by power divine into the radiant sky, are traits nobly conceived. This central figure gently floating upwards finds effective contrast in the eagle swoop of the two angels downwards. The lines of composition are ingeniously thrown together.

The Rhino Chapel at Remagen, to which reference has been already made, is the best summary of the Art of Dusseldorf with which I am acquainted. Like the Giotto Chapel in Padua, and the Sistine Chapel in Rome, this church on the Rhine is completely covered with frescoes, and as in all similar interiors, so here likewise, the power of the architect has been made subservient to the prowess of the painter. This small German chapel may, in fact, be regarded as a picture gallery to the school of Dusseldorf, wherein the studios works of Carl Müller, Ittenbach, Deger, and Andreas Müller are seen to best advantage. The work is a little gem. I hardly know of another painted chamber with which it can compare for sweet sentiment of beauty akin to devotion, and for sensitive harmony of colour attuned to musical chords. That there is in the soft effusion of this emotional Art some satiety, will be readily admitted by those who best know what are the banes and the blots of the Dusseldorf school. Yet, on the other hand, let it not be forgotten that beauty in its spirit-purity has never gained more devout expression than among these modern Christian painters. I have compared this church at Remagen with the chapel at Padua, and the chamber in the Vatican. The work of Giotto is simple and elementary: Art is there in its cradle. The compositions of the modern German painters, on the other hand, are elaborate and ornate: painting is here seen in the maturity of the nineteenth century. Again, turning to the Chapel of the Vatican, Michael Angelo in giant strength creates the heavens and the earth; while in the church at Remagen, Müller, Ittenbach, and others carefully compile pretty pictures. History thus teaches the merit, and shows us the measure, of the Dusseldorf school.

J. BEAVENTON ATKINSON.

FACTS ABOUT FINGER-RINGS.

CHAPTER III.—MODERN RINGS.

PERSONS in the habit of considering the era of Queen Anne as an "old time," and that of Queen Elizabeth as profoundly ancient, may be startled at our calling the reign of her grandfather a *modern* time; they must be reminded that the period known as mediæval commences with the fall of ancient Rome under the Gothic invasion, and concludes with the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453. The modern era therefore commences in the middle of the fifteenth century, during the reign of Henry VI.

As private wealth increased, finger-rings became much more ornamental; to the art which the goldsmith and jeweller devoted to them, was added that of the engraver and enameller. Fig. 1, from the Londesborough collection, is decorated with floral ornament, engraved and filled with green and red enamel colours. The effect on the gold is extremely pleasing, having a certain quaint sumptuousness peculiarly its own. Fig. 2 is a fine specimen, from the same



Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

collection, of a signet-ring, bearing "a merchant's mark" upon its face. These marks varied with every owner, and were as peculiar to himself as is the modern autograph; they were a combination of initials or letter-like devices, frequently surmounted by a cross, or a conventional sign, believed to represent the sails of a ship, in allusion to their trading vessels. The marks were placed upon the bales of merchandise, and were constantly used where the coat-armour or badge of a nobleman or gentleman entitled to bear arms would be placed. The authority vested in such merchants' rings is curiously illustrated in one of the historical plays on the life and reign of Queen Elizabeth, written by Thomas Heywood, and to which he gave the quaint title, "If you know not me, you know nobody." Sir Thomas Gresham, the great London merchant, is one of the principal characters, and in a scene, where he is absent from home, and in sudden need of cash, he exclaims, "Here, John, take this seal-ring; bid Timothy presently send me a hundred pound." John takes the ring to the trusty Timothy, saying, "Here's his seal-ring; I hope a sufficient warrant." To which Timothy replies, "Upon so good security, John, I'll fit me to deliver it." Another merchant, in the same play, is made to obtain his wants by similar means:—

"— receive thou my seal-ring:
Bear it to my factor; bid him by that token
Sart thee out forty pounds worth of such wares
As thou shalt think most beneficial."

The custom must have been common to be thus used in dramatic scenes of real life, which the plainest audience would criticise. These plays were produced in 1606, and serve to show that the value attached to a seal-ring descended from very ancient to comparatively modern times.

In the Waterton collection is a massive gold signet-ring, with the rebus of the Wylmot family quaintly designed in the taste of the fourteenth century. In the centre is a tree; on one side of it the letters WY, and on the other OT. Supposing the tree

to be an *elm*, the name reads Wy-*elm*-ot, or Wylmot.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries religious figures were frequently engraved on rings. Fig. 3 represents a ring upon which is very delicately engraved a representation of St. Christopher bearing the Saviour on his shoulder across an arm of the sea, in accordance with the old legendary history of this Saint. The circle is formed by ten lozenges, each of which bears a letter of the inscription, *de hoc curr*. The figure of St. Christopher was used as an amulet against



Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

sudden death—particularly by drowning; for it was popularly believed that no sudden or violent death could occur to any person on any day when he had reverently looked upon this saint's effigy. Hence it was not uncommon for charitable individuals to place such figures outside their houses, or paint them on the walls. There is a colossal figure (and St. Christopher was said to have been of gigantic structure), thus painted, beside the great gate of the ancient city of Treves, on the Moselle.

The enameller and engraver were both employed on the ring Fig. 4, also from the Londesborough collection. The hoop is richly decorated, with quaint floriated ornament cut upon its surface, and filled in with the black composition termed *niello*, then extensively used by goldsmiths in enriching their works. This beautiful ring is inscribed within with the motto *mon est ptesor*—"my heart's delight"—and was doubtless a *gage d'amour*.

Of the renowned queens, Elizabeth of England and Mary of Scotland, interesting mementoes are preserved in the shape of rings. Fig. 5 represents the gold signet-ring of Mary, now preserved in the British

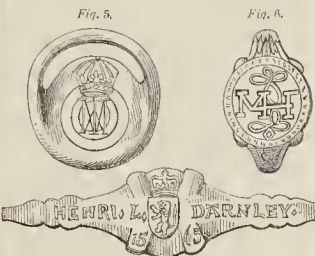


Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

Museum. Upon the face is engraved the royal arms and supporters of the kingdom of Scotland, with the motto *IN DEFENS*, and her initials *M.R.* But the most curious portion of the ring is the inner side of the seal, as shown in the cut, where a crowned monogram is engraved, which might have been an unsolved enigma, but for the existence in our State Paper Office of a letter written by Mary to Queen Elizabeth, in which she has drawn this identical monogram after signing her name. Sir Henry Ellis, who first traced out this curious history, says, "It is clearly formed of the letters *M* and *A* (for *Mary* and *Albany*), and gives countenance to the opinion that the written monogram was intended for Elizabeth and Burghley to study; the subsequent creation of the title of Duke of Albany in Lord Darnley ultimately opening their eyes to the enigma."

Elizabeth's intense dislike to the Darnley marriage is well known, as she endeavoured to force Mary into a match with one of her own favourites, the Earl of Leicester.

The Waterton collection boasts a gem of no inferior interest in connection with this unhappy marriage. It is the ring of Henry, Lord Darnley, husband to Mary Queen of Scots. On the bezel it bears the two initials *M.H.* united by a lover's knot, and within the hoop the name engraved of *HENRI, L. DARNLEY*, and the year of the marriage, 1565. The cut, Fig. 6, shows the face of the ring with the initials; below is engraved a fac-simile of the interior of the ring as a plano surface.

Queen Elizabeth's history, and that of her unfortunate favourite, the Earl of Essex, has a tragic story connected with a ring. The narrative is popularly known, and may be briefly told. It is said that the queen, at a time when she was most passionately attached to the earl, gave him a ring, with the assurance that she would pardon any fault with which he might be accused when he should return that pledge. Long after this, when he was condemned for treason, she expected to receive this token, and was prepared to have granted the promised pardon. It came not. The queen was confirmed in the belief that he had ceased to care for her, and pride and jealousy consigned him to the death of a traitor. But the earl had, in the last extremity of despair, entrusted the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, wife to the Lord High Admiral, an enemy of the unfortunate Essex, who forbade his wife to take any proceedings in the matter, but to conceal the trust entirely, and secrete the ring. When the countess lay upon her death-bed, she sent for her royal mistress, for the first time told her guilt, "and humbly implored mercy from God and forgiveness from her earthly sovereign, who did not only refuse to give it, but having shook her as she lay in bed, sent her, accompanied with most fearful curses, to a higher tribunal." Such is the awful account of the scene by Francis Osborne. Dr. Birch says the words used by Elizabeth were, "God may forgive you, but I never can." It was the death-blow to the proud old queen, whose regret for the death of Essex could not be quenched by her pride and belief in his ingratitude. A confirmed melancholy settled upon her; she died lonely and broken-hearted. Thus was the murder of Fotheringay avenged.

This ring is now in the possession of the Rev. Lord John Thynne, and three views of it are here engraved. It is of gold, of extremely delicate workmanship throughout. A cameo bead of the queen is cut on hard onyx and set as its central jewel; the execution of this head is of the highest order, and may possibly have been the work of Valerio Vincenzio, an Italian artist who



visited England and cut similar works for Elizabeth and Burleigh. It is one of the most minute but the most powerful of likenesses. The hoop of the ring is enriched with engraving, and the under-surface decorated with floriated ornament, relieved by blue enamel. It has descended from Lady Frances Devereux, Essex's daughter, in unbroken succession from mother and daughter, to the present possessor. Although

the entire story has met with disbelievers, the most sceptical must allow that whether this be the ring or not, it is valuable as a work of Art of the Elizabethan era.

A ring possessing even greater claim to notice, but depending for its appropriation on its own internal evidence, is the next on our list. It purports to be the seal-ring of William Shakespeare, and was found March 16, 1810, by a labourer's wife, in the mill



close adjoining Stratford-on-Avon churchyard. It passed into the possession of E. B. Wheeler, Esq., the historian of the town; and his sister, at his death, presented it to the museum of Shakesperian relics formed in the birthplace of the poet. It is of gold, weighing 12 dwts: having the initials W. S. braced together by a tasselled cord; the only other ornament upon the ring being a band of pellets and lines on the outer edge of the bezel.

Is it Shakespeare's? It is evidently a gentleman's ring, and of the poet's era. It is just such a ring as a man in his station would fittingly wear—gentlemanly, but not pretentious. There was but one other person in the small town of Stratford at that time to whom the same initials belonged. This was one William Smith, but his seal is attached to several documents preserved among the records of the corporation and is totally different.* Mr. Halliwell, in his Life of Shakespeare, observes that "little doubt can be entertained that this ring belonged to the poet, and it is, probably, the one he lost before his death, and was not to be found when his will was executed, the word *hand* being substituted for *seal* in the original copy of that document."†

In the great poet's will, five of his friends have bequests of memorial rings. Two are his townsmen, Hamlett Sadler and William Raynolds, who each have twenty-six shillings and eightpence left them "to buy them rings;" the other three being the actors ("my fellows," as he affectionately terms them) John Heminge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell,‡ each of whom has a similar sum.

Rings were at this time an almost necessary part of the fit-out of a gentleman; they indicated rank and character by their style or their devices. Hence the wills and inventories of the era abound with notices of rings, many persons wearing them in profusion, as may be seen in the portraits painted at this time. The Germans particularly delighted in them, and wore them upon many fingers, and upon different joints of the fingers, the forefinger especially; a whimsical custom still kept by their descendants. The ladies even wreathed them in the hands of their head-dresses. Rabelais in his renowned romance speaks of the rings

* He was a draper; and his seal has a device upon it consisting of a skull with a bone in the mouth; the letters W. S. are under it, and very small. This ring was most probably of silver. It is unlikely that a small trader like Smith should wear a heavy gold ring, like this which claims to be Shakespeare's.

† The concluding words of the will are—"in witness whereof I have hereunto put my seal;" the last word being struck through with a pen, and *hand* substituted.

‡ Heminge was the old stage-manager, who, like Shakespeare, became very wealthy by the profession. Burbage was the great tragedian, the Garrick of the Elizabethan stage, and the original performer of Richard III. Condell was a comedian, part-proprietor of the Globe Theatre; it is to him and Heminge we are indebted for the first complete edition of Shakespeare's works, the folio of 1623.

Gargantua wore because his father desired him to "renew that ancient mark of nobility." On the forefinger of his left hand he had a gold ring, set with a large carbuncle; and on the middle finger one of mixed metal, then usually made by alchemists. On the middle finger of the right hand he had "a ring made spire-wise, wherein was set a perfect bawley ruby, a pointed diamond, and a Physon emerald of inestimable value."

Italy now furnished the most splendid and tasteful jewellery; the workmen of Venice exceeding all others. The Londesborough collection supplies us with a graceful example, Fig. 9. The claws support the setting of a sharply-pointed pyramidal diamond, such as was then coveted for writing on glass. It was with a similar ring Raleigh wrote the words on the window-pane—"Fain would I rise, but that I fear to fall"—to



Fig. 9.

Fig. 10.

which Queen Elizabeth added, "If thy heart fail thee do not rise at all;" an implied encouragement which led him on to fortune.

In Burgon's life of Sir Thomas Gresham is engraved the wedding ring of that eminent merchant-prince. "It opens horizontally, thus forming two rings, which are nevertheless linked together, and respectively inscribed on the inner side with a Scripture posy. *Quod Deus conjunxit* is engraved on one half, and *Homo non sepevit* on the other." It is here copied, Fig. 10.

In Ben Jonson's comedy, "The Magnetic Lady," the parson compelled to form a hasty wedding asks—

"Have you a wedding ring?"

To which he receives as answer—

"Ay, and a posie:

Anulus hic nobis, quod sic uterque, dabit."

Ho at once exclaims—

"— Good!

This ring will give you what you both desire.

I'll make the whole house chant it, and the parish."

Such rings were known as Gimmel or Gimmel rings, the word being derived from the Italian *gemelli*, twins. The two making one, and though separate, undivisible, peculiarly fitted them for wedding rings. Their structure will be best understood from the very fine specimen in the Londesborough collection, Fig. 11. The ring, as

Fig. 11.



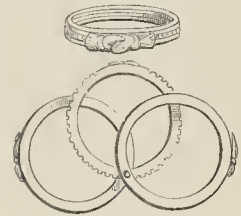
closed and worn on the finger, is shown in the uppermost figure. It is set with sapphire and amethyst, the elaborate and beautiful design enriched by coloured enamels. The

lower figure shows the ring parted, displaying the inscription on the flat side of each section, which is also enriched by engraving and *niello*.

Dryden, in his play of "Don Sebastian," describes such a ring:—

"A curious artist wrought them
With joints so close as not to be perceived;
Yet they are both each other's counterpart.
(Her part had *Juan* inscribed, and his *Juan Zaida*.
You know those names were theirs), and in the midst
A heart divided in two halves was placed,
Now if the rivets of these Rings included
Fit not each other, I have forged this lie:
But if they join, we must for ever part."

A complete illustration of this passage of the poet is afforded by our next example from the same collection. It also illustrates



Dr Nares' remark that "Gimmel rings, though originally double, were by a further refinement made triple, or even more complicated; yet the name remained unchanged." So Horriock:—

"Thou sent'st to me a true love knot: but I
Retain a ring of Gimmals, to imply
Thy love had one knot, mine a triple tye."

This ring is shown as it appears when closed. It parts into three hoops, secured on a small pivot, as seen below; the toothed edge of the central hoop, forming an ornamental centre to the hoop of the ring, and having two hearts in the middle; a hand is affixed to the side of the upper and lower hoop; the fingers slightly raised, so that when the hoops are brought together, they link in each other, and close over the hearts, securing all firmly.

A mechanical ring of still greater mystic significance is shown, Fig. 13, and is one



Fig. 13.

of the most curious of the Londesborough series. The outside of the hoop is perfectly plain, and is set with a ruby and amethyst. Upon pressing these stones, a spring opens, and discovers the surface covered with magical signs and names of spirits; among them Asmodei, Nachiel, and Zameel occur, a similar series occupying the interior of the hoop. Such a ring might be worn without suspicion of its true import, looking simplicity itself, but fraught with unholly meaning. It was probably constructed for some German mystic philosopher, at a time when students, like Faust, devoted themselves and their fortune to occult sciences, believing in the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, and the power given to man to control the unseen world of spirits.

We close our review of the art of ring-making in the sixteenth century with two very beautiful examples. Fig. 14, from the Londesborough collection, has a ruby in a very tall setting, enriched by enamel. The sides of the hoop are highly decorated with

flowers and scroll ornament, also richly enamelled. The Waterton collection gives us Fig. 15, a gold enamelled ring, set with a large turquoise in the centre, and surrounded by six raised garnets. This ring is



Fig. 14.



Fig. 15.

stated to have subsequently belonged to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, whose cypher is upon it.

We must not, however, end this portion of our history without a reference to the simple, but most important, "plain gold ring" of matrimony. It was at this time almost universally inscribed with a "posy" of one or two lines of rhyme. Two specimens are here engraved. Fig. 16 is formed



Fig. 16.



Fig. 17.

like the badge of the Order of the Garter, with the buckle in front, and the motto of the Order outside the hoop; withinside are the words "I'll win and wear you." The ordinary form of ring is shown in Fig. 17, and is inscribed "Lot Likinge laste." They were invariably inscribed *withinside* the hoop. Thus Lyly, in his "Euphuus," 1597, addressing the ladies, hopes they will favour his work, "writing their judgments as you do the posies in your rings, which are always next to the finger, not to be seen of him that holdeth you by the hand, and yet known by you that wear them on your hands." Such jingling rhymes were in great request, and exerted the ingenuity of poetasters and small wits. In 1624, a small collection of them was printed, with the quaint title, "Love's Garland; or posies for rings, handkerchiefs, and gloves, and such pretty tokens that lovers send their loves." They are generally in double, seldom in triple lines of rhyme. The Rev. R. Brooke, of Gateforth House, Selby, has presented a curious collection of such rings to the South Kensington Museum. The six following posies are selected from this series, as they are good examples of the average inspirations of ring-poets:—

"Sethis God hath wrought this choice in thee,
so frame thyselfe to comfort mee."

"United hearts death only parts."

"Let us share in joy and care."

"A faithfull wife preserveth life."

"As God decreed so we agreed."

"Love and live happily."

The custom of thus inscribing rings continued until the middle of the last century. There is a story told of Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Lincoln, in 1753, that he inscribed his fourth wife's ring with these words:—

"If I survive
I'll make them five."

Horace Walpole says—"My Lady Rochford desired me tother day to give her a motto for a ruby ring." At that time posies were not confined to wedding rings.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.

On the evening of the 21st of March, the members of this association met, with their president, Mr. Beresford-Hope, in the chair, to distribute the prizes offered last year for excellence in certain kinds of Art-workmanship. The awards were—For *Silver-Work*, £10 to Henry Whitehouse, jun.; 5 guineas to Septimus Beresford; an extra prize of 3 guineas to G. J. Langley; and an extra prize of 1 guinea and a book to Walter Stimson; for *Transparent Enamels*, £7 to H. de Koningh, and £3 to Fred. Lowe; for *Opaque Enamels*, £10 to Alfred Gray; and for *Chinese Cloisonné Enamels*, an extra prize of a book to H. de Koningh.

Prior to the distribution being made, Mr. Hope delivered an address on "The People's Share in Art." In discussing the subject, he remarked, that he would deal with it not so much as regarded the advancement or trade-profit of the Art-producer, as from the point of view in which the interest and advantage of the Art-consumer are concerned. He proposed to speak of the people's share in Art,—the share of those persons, some of whom might be able to practise more or less of Art, and to do so for their own amusement and edification, and not as their calling in life. He would place before them, plainly and emphatically, a general test for which they ought to be indifferent,—one of those things which, as the world is now constituted, might or might not exist in a nation, but which ought to exist if the nation meant adequately to fulfil its mission among the other peoples of the earth, in a social, moral, intellectual, and material point of view. They should first inquire how far it was desirable or necessary to the well-being of a people that a general appreciation of Art should be diffused; next, how far it was desirable towards this diffusion of taste in Art that facilities for making acquaintance with Art should be afforded to the general public. How far, in other words, should they take steps, not only that persons should appreciate drawing, carving, and so on, but also, to a certain extent, be converted into carvers and draughtsmen, although carving and drawing might never be more to them than an amusement, or, at the outside, a very temporary and occasional employment. The question, "How far ought education to be the education simply of the eye, and not so exclusively of the memory and the intellect?" brought them back to principles of a deeper and wider character than mere consideration of artistic beauty. It resolved at once into that great first principle which all those who studied the philosophy of the human mind in no narrow, no bigoted, or dry spirit, were united in asserting, namely, that for the healthy development of the mind, the imagination, no less than the reason, must be cultivated. This is an age in which science has made gigantic progress, an age in which the machinery of literature, so to speak—printing, journals, public speaking—had attained a position and acquired a power such as no previous time furnished any instance of. All these were, in their way, antagonistic to the development of the imagination; but, on the other hand, they were good and right in themselves.

After showing how much the ordinary literature of our day was imbued with materialism rather than imagination and true poetical feeling, and that our social condition contributed in no small measure to this result,—one greatly to be deplored,—Mr. Hope proceeded to point out a remedy for the evils complained of; and that is, to give to the masses, with a free, liberal, and open hand, the means of enjoying, and the opportunity of seeing, Art; give them, too, the opportunity of learning such principles of Art as shall enable them to appreciate the merits or recognise the demerits of the specimens of Art brought before them. The creation of a general Art-feeling was quite possible, and it was called for especially in this day, when materialism must be counteracted by cultivated imagination.

Mr. Hope's address throughout was of a truly practical character, and it ought to bear good fruit in those who listened to it.

OBITUARY.

GEORGE PATTEN, A.R.A.

OUR necrologic announcements have fallen greatly into arrears of late, owing to the pressure of other matters on our columns.

The death of this artist, the oldest Associate member of the Royal Academy, and who, during the life of the Prince Consort, held the appointment of Portrait Painter in Ordinary to his Royal Highness, occurred in the month of March. For some few years past he resided near Ross, in Herefordshire, but he returned to the neighbourhood of London not very long ago, and took up his abode at Winchmore Hill.

Mr. Sandby, in his "History of the Royal Academy," says Mr. Patten was born in June, 1801. His father was a miniature-painter, and his son, being desirous of following the same profession, entered the schools of the Royal Academy to study, at the age of fifteen years. In due time he commenced practice, continuing to paint miniatures till the year 1830. But two years preceding this date, he determined to qualify himself for painting life-size portraits in oils, and accordingly he studied a second time in the schools of the Academy. In 1837 Mr. Patten went to Italy and studied the works of the old Italian artists in Rome, Venice, Parma, &c.; on his return he was elected Associate of the Academy. He afterwards revisited Germany, where, in 1840, he painted a portrait of the late Prince Consort, who conferred upon him the appointment referred to already. Though the name of this artist will be chiefly known as a portrait-painter—he had constant commissions for works of this class as presentations from corporate bodies, &c.—he frequently exhibited ideal and other kindred compositions; such, for example, as his 'Cynon and Iphigenia,' 'Bacchus and Ino,' 'The Passions,' from the well-known ode by Collins, 'The Madness of Hercules,' 'Hymen burning the Arrows of Cupid,' 'Cupid caught by the Graces,' 'Flora and Zephyrus,' 'The Destruction of Idolatry in England,' 'Satan and the Elders,' 'The Bower of Bliss,' 'Apollo discovering the use of the Grape,' 'Apollo and Clytie,' and 'The youthful Apollo preparing to engage in a musical Contest with Paris,' the last of his exhibited works—in 1864. Several of these pictures are painted on a scale too large for the artist's powers to carry out successfully: Mr. Patten evidently aimed at Etty's manner, and though his flesh-painting of the nude, or semi-nude figure, was fairly good, it cannot for an instant be brought into comparison with that of Etty. His designs are not without considerable grace and spirit.

The only artist to whom Paganini sat was Mr. Patten; his portrait of the great violinist, and his 'Dante in Inferno,' were the two pictures selected by the Academy to represent the painter at the Universal Exhibition in Paris, in 1855.

MR. WILLIAM LEE.

We have to notice the death of the above-named artist, which occurred at his residence in the Enston Road, on the 22nd of January. Mr. Lee, who had reached the age of fifty-five years, was for many years a member of the Langham School, and succeeded Mr. Jenkins in the office of secretary, the duties of which he discharged with ability and assiduity, till compelled to resign by the long and painful disease that terminated his life. Mr. Lee's contributions of English rustic and French coast figures, both single and in groups, were always

attractive in the gallery of the Institute of Water-Colour Painters, a society of which he was long a member.

AUGUST KISS.

The death of this sculptor, whose colossal group of the Amazon became such a well-known feature in the Great Exhibition of 1851, is announced to have taken place on the 25th of March, at Berlin. He was a native of Gleiwitz, and was born in March, 1802. At the age of twenty-one he went to Berlin, where he received much assistance in his studies from Tierck; but in 1824 he entered the atelier of Rauch, with whom he remained a considerable time. He also studied in the *Institute l'Industrie*, and in the Berlin Academy. For the former edifice Kiss executed the eight small groups which ornament the fountain in the court, from the designs of Schinkel; and some bas-reliefs in the church at Potsdam are also his work; but he will be principally known by the noble group of the Amazon, which he modelled so far back as 1839. Of his later productions the most prominent are, a statue of Frederick the Great, and a large group of 'George and the Dragon.'

Kiss had, for some considerable time, held the responsible position of Professor of Sculpture in the Berlin Academy. His decease, though not altogether unlooked for by those who knew he had long suffered from a determination of blood to the head, was very sudden: he was found dead in his bed.

MR. WILLIAM HUMPHREYS.

The death of this gentleman, many years ago in good practice as a line-engraver, is announced as having taken place on the 21st of January, at Villa Novello, Genoa, whither he had gone, at the invitation of his friend, Mr. Alfred Novello, in the hope of restoring his health. Mr. Humphreys produced numerous small plates for "annuals," when these were in fashion, and for other illustrated books, such as editions of the American poets, Bryant and Longfellow, published in America, where he was resident during many years, and employed chiefly upon engraving vignettes for bank-notes and other paper used in commercial transactions. He was also much engaged on similar work when he returned to England. The portrait of our Queen on postage stamps was engraved by him, and likewise the head of Washington, used also as a postage stamp by the United States. The most important of his "picture-plates" are—'Saneho and the Duchess,' after Leslie; the 'Magdalen,' after Correggio's celebrated painting at Dresden; the 'Coquette,' and 'Kitty Fisher,' after Reynolds; and 'Young Lambton,' after Lawrence. Mr. Humphreys was a native of Dublin, and had attained the age of seventy-one, when an attack of paralysis resulted in his death.

MR. EDWARD JOHN ROBERTS.

The name of this engraver, who died on the 22nd of March, at the age of sixty-eight, is scarcely known out of the profession to which he belonged. He was chiefly employed by other engravers to *etch* their plates, and it was in the execution of such work that Mr. Roberts particularly excelled: the elaborateness and fidelity of his etchings rendered the subsequent operations of the engraver a comparatively easy task.

Mr. Roberts commenced his career under the late Mr. Charles Heath, with whom he resided many years, assisting in the pro-

duction of the various "Annuals" published by him. In 1832 he undertook the engraving and publication of the *Continental Annual*, from the drawings of Prout, and two years afterwards of Sir Bulwer Lytton's "Pilgrims of the Rhine," illustrated by his namesake, but not a relation—D. Roberts, R.A. His next illustrated work was "The Rhine," from drawings by Birket Foster, published by the late Mr. Bogue. Many of the etchings of these beautiful plates were executed by himself, and several of the prints bear his name. Notwithstanding the temptation which the success of these books offered him to continue his labours in his own name, he preferred devoting his time to etching, and was thus engaged on many of the plates engraved in our Journal—the 'Lake of Lucerne,' for example, in the present number—and on others of larger size.

We understand that the series of plates engraved for the *Continental Annual*, and the "Pilgrims of the Rhine," will be sold with the collection of works of Art left by Mr. Roberts, for the benefit of his family.

MR. JOHN CASSELL.

The name of Mr. Cassell, in connection with popular literature, has become, it has been truly said, "a household word:" as the projector and publisher of a very large number of works, which give employment to numerous artists and engravers. His death, on the 2nd of April, cannot be passed over without some notice in our columns.

With little or no scholastic education, and employed through many years of his early life as a hard "worker" among the working classes, he managed, by untiring energy and great perseverance, to raise himself above his fellows, and acquired no little popularity and influence by the zeal with which he advocated the temperance movement. He was, moreover, enabled in time to engage in some successful commercial pursuits; and afterwards embarked in the business of a publisher, and commenced that long catalogue of literary works with which his name, as the senior partner in the firm of Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, is associated, and so extensively known. What Charles Knight and Robert and William Chambers have done for the middle classes, Mr. Cassell has done for the classes below these. To enumerate even one-half of the publications which have issued from the extensive printing establishment on Ludgate Hill, would be to write a longer list than we have space for. He died at the comparatively early age of forty-eight; but he lived long enough to effect much good, and to leave a name entitled to sincere respect.

MR. THOMAS GARRETT.

We have received intelligence of the death, on the 2nd of April, of this gentleman, at the advanced age of eighty years. The event, which from our personal acquaintance with Mr. Garrett we beard of with much regret, deserves a record in our Journal, inasmuch as the ceramic arts of the country are much indebted to him for the progress they have made of late years. Mr. Garrett was long a partner in the house of Mr. Alderman Copeland, and upon him devolved, in connection with the late Mr. Thomas Baffam, the working, so to speak, of the artistic arrangements of the establishment in its earlier attempts to unite true Art with manufacture.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JOHN MITCHELL, ESQ., BRADFORD.

THE BALLAD SINGER.

D. MacIose, R.A., Painter. J. Stephenson, Engraver.

LAPIDARIES are accustomed to estimate the value of precious stones less by their size than by the purity and brilliancy of their colours. Something of the same kind of test must be applied to pictures whose excellence consists not in the extent of canvas covered by the artist, nor in the variety and quantity of subject-matter he places upon it, but in the masterly disposition of whatever he introduces, in the truth with which this is expressed, and in the appeal that the work makes to our judgment and feelings by the care, and the knowledge of what is beautiful in Art, expended upon it to render it acceptable to the spectator. On these principles we may pronounce this little picture to be not a whit less worthy of consideration than Mr. Maelise's more important works, such as 'The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher,' his 'Bohemian Gipsies,' 'Marriage of Strongbow,' 'The Sleeping Beauty,' 'The Vow of the Peacock,' and others. The 'Ballad Singer' is a woman with a gipsy style of face: she carries a half-naked baby at her back, and on her right arm a basket of fruit with "accompaniments," the meaning of which, in connection with her professed avocation, if it be that of a wandering vocalist, is not very clear; still the apples have afforded the painter an opportunity of putting in a few touches of brilliant colouring. She has entered the front garden of a wayside cottage, and is presumed to be serenading its inmates with a song, the words of which she holds in her hands; a redrebrear perched on the garden palings is evidently uniting his music with that of the ballad singer.

The principal figure is bold and free in design, and is richly coloured; exquisite in detail, and luxuriant in growth, are the masses of lilac flowers and foliage which form the chief background of the picture, bringing into relief the woman, whose costume and adornments, by the way, seem rather above one in her position of life.

Ballad singing, as a *profession*, has almost, if not quite, become a thing of the past; modern taste and the "march of intellect" have ruined the vocation: but in Charles the Second's reign, and even later, ballad singers were a kind of institution, and were compelled to take out a licence before practising their art. In the *London Gazette* of April 13, 1682, appeared the following notice:—"Whereas Mr. John Clarke, of London, bookseller, did rent of Charles Killigrew, Esq., the licensing of all ballad singers for five years, which time is expired at Lady-day next; these are, therefore, to give notice to all ballad singers, that they take out licences at the Office of the Revels at Whitehall, for singing and selling of ballads and small books, according to an ancient custom. And all persons concerned are besides desired to take notice of, and to suppress all mountebanks, rope-dancers, prize-players, ballad singers, and such as make show of motions and strange sights, that have not a licence, in red and black letters, under the hand and seal of the said Charles Killigrew, Esq., Master of the Revels to His Majesty." There are some old laws it seems a pity to have repealed; this, to some extent, is one of them. Were it in existence, our public streets and places of popular amusement might be freed from much annoyance.



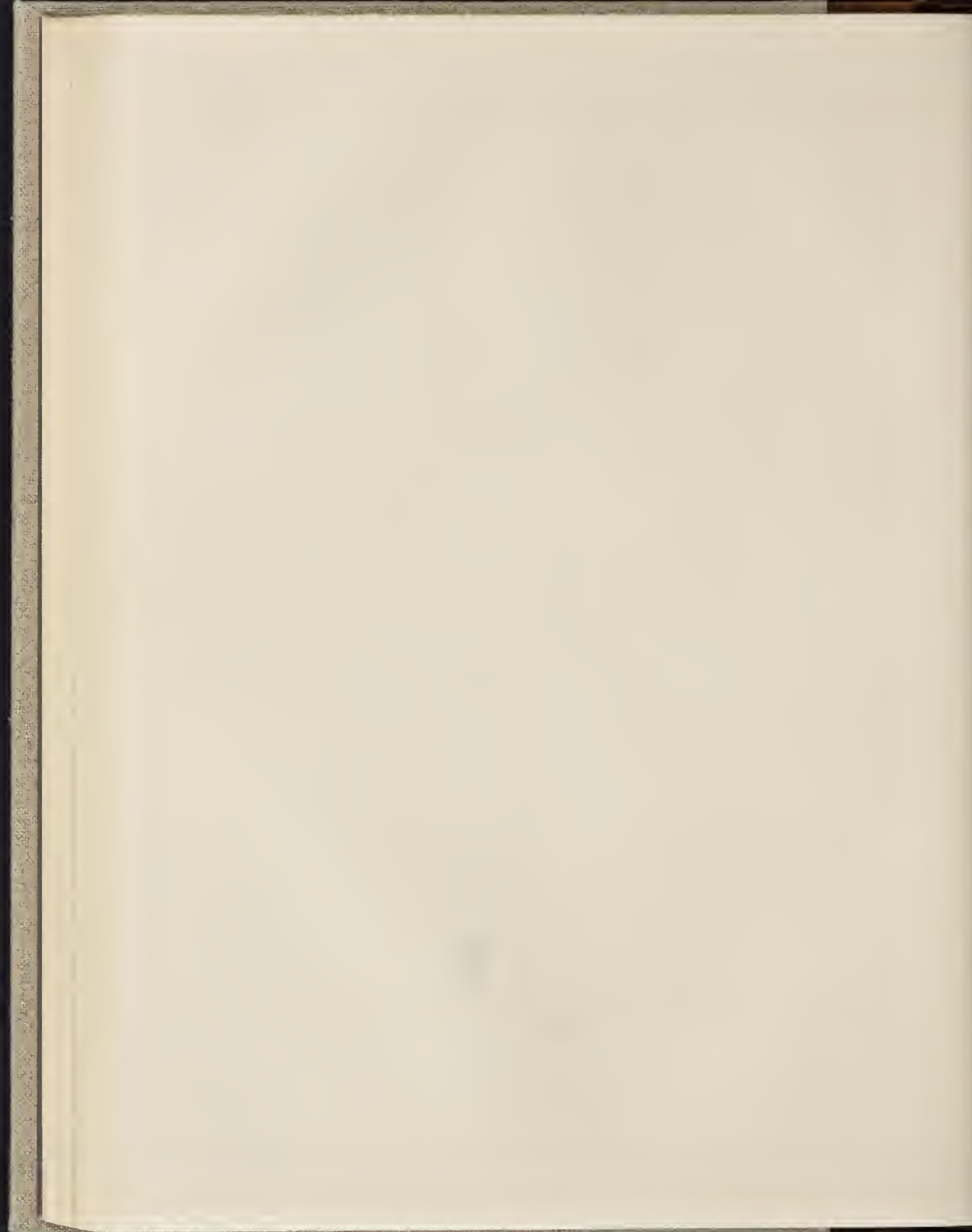
D. MACLISE, R.A. PINXT.

J. STEPHENSON

THE BALLED FINGER

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JOHN MITCHELL, ESQ. OF ALFORD

LONDON, JAMES'S VINTAGE



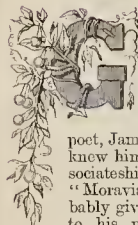
MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE :

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



ENTLE, suave, and tender, in look and manner, with very little outward development of power, but with an aspect that indicated a sensitive and generous soul, was the poet, James Montgomery—when I knew him in 1830. His early associateship with the sect called the "Moravian Brethren" had probably given a tinge of melancholy to his mind, for so he always seemed to me, and so, I believe, he seemed to others.

It matters little whether he was or was

not a descendant of that ancient family, whose name is renowned in three kingdoms, and who "came in with the Conqueror;" he had a higher boast, that he was

"The son of parents passed into the skies."

His father was the Rev. John Montgomery, who had been appointed to the pastoral charge of a small congregation of the "United (Moravian) Brethren," at Irvine, a seaport in Ayrshire; and on the 4th of November, 1771, the poet was there born. His father and mother were both Irish, and of Irish descent. He was himself, therefore, more than half Irish—as ho said to his friend, John Holland, having "barely escapod

being born in Ireland,"—entering the world a few weeks after the arrival of his mother at Irvine, and returning with her to Ireland four years and a half after his birth. He received his earliest lessons at Grace Hill, in the county of Antrim, from a genuine Irish schoolmaster—"one Neddy McKaffery,"—and was educated at the Moravian Settlement, Fulneck, about six miles from Leeds, his parents having been removed to the Island of Barbadoes, as "missionaries among the negro slaves." His mother died at Tobago in 1790, and his father at Barbadoes in 1791. The mission was unfortunate. The good man, in his hopelessness, exclaimed, "Oh that I knew one soul in Tobago truly concerned for his salvation, how should I rejoice!" They pursued their vocation, none the less; doing, as far as they could, the work of their Master, amid privations and sufferings, literally unto death: thus wrote their poet-son:—

"Beneath the lion-star they sleep,
Beyond the western deep;
And when the sun's noon-glory crests the waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves."

During his long life, James Montgomery paid but one visit to the land in which he was born. It is, therefore, absurd to describe him as a Scotchman; to all intents and purposes he was, as he himself said he had nearly been, an Irishman; for it is certain that the native country of a man is not determined by the accident of birth; otherwise some of the most renowned Englishmen must be treated as Frenchmen or Spaniards. A man loses no civil rights, as a British subject, by being born in a foreign state, nor does he by such "mischance" acquire any of the privileges to which, as a native of such state, he would be entitled.*

In 1830, when Mr. Everett, one of Montgomery's biographers, visited Grace Hill, a nephew and two aunts of the poet were "residents" there. Probably some of the family live there still. Montgomery himself visited Grace Hill in 1842. He had retained a vivid recollection of the place, and the several objects and incidents associated with it.

When Montgomery visited Irvine, where he was formally welcomed by the authorities with the respect due to one whose genius and virtues had done honour to the Burgh, the little chapel in which his father preached was no longer used as a

*Had the High, the Holy One
God in all the first, the last,
In His sake and His name done
He commanded, it stood fast.*

Sheffield.

Aug. 3. 1835.

J. Montgomery

sanctuary. It then contained four or five looms; yet he had a strong memory of

the place, and was deeply touched by the visit—"its bridge, its river, its street-

aspect, and its rural landscape, with sea-

* Maria Edgeworth was born at Bath. Her claim to be

glimpses between." His memory of Grace Hill was necessarily more clear and strong, but he had evidently no special attachment to either. He was indeed, though not in fact, a native of Sheffield.

Fulneck, a few miles from Leeds, was, and is, not only a settlement, but may be called a college of the Moravians. Montgomery became a scholar there in 1777; the design of his parents being to educate him for the ministry. It must have been a dolorous place, according to the vivid description of William Howitt, though others have spoken of it differently. No doubt in 1777 it was far less dismal than it is in 1865, when huge chimneys stretch up to the sky, clouds are intercepted by smoke, and a perpetual din of the hammer drowns the song of birds—if any remain to sing.

But in its best time, little of the more striking aspects of beautiful nature could have been without the walls; while within, the Fathers and "Brethren" sought by precept and example to close the outer world to the eyes and hearts of the neophytes. Such a locality, and such a system, would have dried up the living fountain that issued from the heart even of great Wordsworth. True, something must be conceded to systematic education, but a worse home in which to educate a poet can hardly be conceived. Neither was Montgomery much better off when in after life his Parnassus was the close street called "Hartshead," or even "The Mount," at Sheffield—the world's factory of steel and iron.

No doubt, in his poetry, his narrow sectarianism was a serious trammel. He could never give full vent to fancy; imagination was not permitted to body forth the forms of things unknown; inventions were stigmatised as falsehoods; and fiction was a convicted crime. The fine phrenzy of the poet was, therefore, a sin against the brotherhood; and themes in which happier "makers" revelled, were excluded from outries in his book of life. Montgomery was not heard in protest against this untoward fate; although he does complain that he had been often compelled to sacrifice brilliant forms of expression, which, whatever admiration they may have won from many readers, were "incompatible with Christian verity."

Montgomery's promise of the future was not such as to justify the hopes of the Directors at Fulneck: the ministry was not to be his lot. Little did the good fathers foresee that the rejected was to become a mightier teacher—more powerful to influence the hearts and minds of human-

English is stronger than that of Montgomery to be Scottish; for her mother was an Englishwoman, and she was many years a resident in England before she visited Ireland. Cardinal Wiseman was precisely circumstanced as was James Montgomery: his parents were Irish, but he was born in Spain, and sent to England for education when five or six years old.

Montgomery, in the course of a speech at a public meeting, made these remarks:—"If I did not love Ireland fervently, I should be a most unnatural and ungrateful wretch; every drop of blood in my veins was drawn from Irish fountains; both my parents were Irish, and the first motion of my heart was communicated by the pulse of an Irish mother."

I thought it well to determine this point, and put a written case before an eminent lawyer of England. This is his opinion:—"If born of English parents, no matter where—Scotland, Spain, or in any vessel, in any climate—he is English; there is an especial act of the British Parliament putting the matter beyond question. Certainly, if born in Spain, he could claim no rights as a Spaniard, nor lose any as an Englishman, always supposing the parents had not been naturalised." As it was possible the Scottish law differed from the English, I consulted a Scottish lawyer. This is his opinion:—"The fact of being born in Scotland is of no account. A child so born is no more a Scotchman by virtue of that fact, than he would be a marine by being born at sea."

* One of the Moravian pastors asks Montgomery in a letter from Fulneck:—"Do you yourself ascribe your tendency to depression of spirits to your mode of education here?" There appears to have been no answer to the question.

kind—than the whole of the students put together whom Fulneck was rearing to become missionaries throughout the world; that the silent, unsocial, and seemingly indolent lad, whom, hopeless of better things, they had to consign to the counter of a small shopkeeper at Wath, was destined to make their gentle faith revered to the uttermost parts of earth, among the millions upon millions who speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

Neither was shop-trialdom for him; he threw off the shackles they had placed on his soul. Considering himself free (as he was not under indentures) to act for himself, he set forth "to seek his fortune," but almost penniless, and without a guide; nay, not without a guide, for the Master he was to serve as the "Christian poet" of a future, was at his side. After a brief sojourn with the shopkeeper at Wath, and a bookseller in London, he was conducted to the proverbially unpoetic and intellectually unfruitful town of Sheffield, where the whole of his after-life was passed from the age of twenty-one to that of eighty-three. To

the "bard-handed" men in that capital of "toil and traffic," he brought a shining light. Assuredly, he was led where he was most needed; and who shall say how far the gentle teachings and glad tidings of the Gospel, preached by him during so many years, from the printing press, and in so many *ex tempore* speeches, influenced a people, many of them then and always conspicuous for passionate, not to say reckless, ardour? and who shall gauge the influence of the Christian poet in counterbalancing the dangerous efforts of a lofty but fierce democratic power that soon obtained ascendancy in that stirring and energetic town?—the one poet uttering curses loud and deep against a tax-fed aristocracy; the other breathing gently in his prose and verse, and illustrating by his example, the merciful teachings of the suffering yet ever considerate Saviour.

Yes, the pulpit of James Montgomery was the wide, wide world, and his congregation the whole of humankind.

Moreover, he was unfitted for the ministry by "constitutional indolence,"—he might



THE MOUNT, AT SHEFFIELD: MONTGOMERY'S HOUSE.

have said, excessive sensibility. Of himself he writes, so early as 1794, "I was distinguished for nothing but indolence and melancholy." "I who am always asleep when I ought to be working."

But Montgomery had, in reality, "no vocation for the pulpit," and it is not unlikely that the austerity of Fulneck school rendered a prospect of the ministry distasteful to him; at any rate, the rebound of his spirit, when breaking away from his religious teachers, took a different direction. His destiny was to be, not a man of peace, but a man of war (with the pen, that is to say). Very early in life he launched his fragile, if not "frail" bark, on the stormy sea of politics. His youth and his earlier manhood were expended in the party-contests of a provincial town; although his large mind and high soul dealt occasionally with the loftier topics that concern humanity. No doubt, in the main and for a time, he

"To party gave up what was meant for mankind."

In 1794, Montgomery commenced to publish in Sheffield the *Iris* newspaper, passing in a few short months from "a seclusion

almost equal to that of the cloister," to what was then one of the most responsible and perilous stations in active life—that of "a newspaper publisher, politician, and patriot"—exhibiting, as if in proof of Dr. Johnson's notable averment, "something of that indistinct and headstrong ardour for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters the world, and always suffers to cool as he passes forward."

On the 4th of July the first number appeared. He had soon to endure the pains and penalties consequent on his position. In October, 1794, he was prosecuted for printing "a patriotic song by a clergyman of Belfast." The passage that was pronounced "libellous" by the sapient justices who tried the case, was this:—

"Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends,

Most important its issue will be,

For should France be subdued, Europe's liberty ends,

If she triumphs, the world will be free."

The verses were written by a Mr. Scott, of Dromore, and were sung at a festival in Belfast, to commemorate the destruction of the Bastille; and they had been printed in various newspapers (among others, the

Morning Chronicle) a year before Montgomery was prosecuted for reprinting them for a ballad-hawker; for which he received as a printer the sum of eighteen-pence. It bore internal evidence that he was not the writer—indeed, that was not charged against him;—yet he was convicted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in York Castle, and to pay a fine of £20.

Not long afterwards (in 1796) he was a second time tried, convicted, and imprisoned for libel. It was for printing in his newspaper what he considered a true statement of facts concerning a riot that had taken place at Sheffield, in which several lives were lost.* He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of £60.

Again, therefore, to quote his own words, "he kept house in York Castle."

In a letter I received from him in 1837, he thus alludes to himself:—"The disappointment of my premature poetical hopes brought a blight with it, which my mind has never recovered. For many years I was as mute as a moulting bird, and when

the power of song returned, it was without the energy, self-confidence, and freedom which happier minstrels among my contemporaries have manifested, and have owed much of their success to such inspiration from their own conscious talents."

No doubt much of this state of mind resulted from the severity of criticism dealt out to him; it acted on a naturally sensitive mind and a delicate constitution, and had the effect it was probably designed to produce. Take, for example, the following extract from the *Edinburgh Review*—January, 1807—where Montgomery was cried down (!) as "intoxicated with weak tea, and the praises of sentimental ensigns, and other provincial literati;" "a writer of middling verses," whose readers were "half-educated women, sickly tradesmen, and enamoured apprentices;" a "most musical and melancholy gentleman," "very weakly, very finical, and very affected." The review ending with a prophecy that "in less than three years no one will know the name of the 'Wanderer of Switzerland,'

mile outside the town, and overlooking the valley of the Sheaf. The house occupied by the poet was one of eight, which together form a handsome and imposing pile of building. We were amused with Mr. Holland's account of the surprise of the American poet, Bryant, at the first sight of The Mount—on the supposition that the Sheffield bard, occupying the whole, was housed in so palatial a style!

In 1830, Montgomery was in London to deliver lectures on English Literature, at the Royal Institution.

It was then he visited us—in Sloane Street. I had seen him once before, during a rapid run through Sheffield, when I had a brief interview with him, seated, *ex cathedra*, in the office of the *Iris*, in the dingy locality before mentioned. It was in that year, while he was contenting himself with the production of occasional verses—often commemorating the worth of the departed, soothing sorrow, and arousing hope in survivors—that another Montgomery—ROBERT MONTGOMERY—claimed and obtained the suffrages of the world. The "Omnipresence of the Deity" rapidly passed through seven or eight editions, and Robert gave, in a year, more employment to the printers than James had found for them in half a century of work. Yet surely, while the one was pure gold—thrice tried in the furnace—the other was, by comparison, "sounding brass, and tinkling cymbal."

Some notes here concerning Robert Montgomery may not be out of place or unacceptable to my readers.

I remember James Montgomery calling upon me soon after the work of his namesake appeared, and became at once "famous." His mind seemed much unsettled, and he spoke as if under the influence of some affliction, as he asked me for my sympathy, showing me a letter, and telling me it was not the only one of the kind he had received, in which the writer congratulated him on the success of his new poem, "adding that it was undoubtedly his best, and that as he grew in years he grew in vigour and in beauty." The new poem was "The Omnipresence of the Deity."

No doubt the sudden, extreme, and irrational popularity of Robert gave pain to James, not from envy certainly, but on account of the mistakes arising, not always undesignedly, by the similarity of names. It is not in human nature to bear such mortifications without umbrage. Whether Robert was *particeps criminis* or not, I cannot say, but certainly the advertisements issued by his publisher—Mauder—of "Montgomery's new poem," repeated perpetually without any prefix, if not intended to deceive, did deceive, not the public alone, but the booksellers, and in some instances critics and reviewers. One speaker, at a public meeting, James being present, alluded in terms highly complimentary to Robert's poem of "Woman," as "rendering tardy honours to the sex," and in their name tendered thanks to James, whom he took to be its author.

A note to an article in the *Quarterly* which contained this passage, "we mean the poet Montgomery, and not the Mr. Gomery who assumed the affix of 'Mont,'" &c., naturally excited the ire of Robert, who wrote to James, indignantly denying the assumption of the name, which he affirmed was his natural right. To that letter James wrote a lengthened reply, in which he stated, "the worst that I wish to Mr. Robert Montgomery is, that some rich man would die and leave him a handsome estate on condition that he should take the name of his benefactor;" but he did not



THE TOMB OF JAMES MONTGOMERY.

or any of the other poems" of James Montgomery! Such was the judgment of Francis Jeffrey. How righteously true! how glorious in its fulfilment was the prophecy put forth in 1807, the fulfilment which Jeffrey, the writer, lived to witness, so long afterwards as 1856!

In 1823, he retired from the *Iris*. On the 27th of September of that year, appeared the last number of that journal with the imprint of James Montgomery.† His fellow townsmen received him at a public dinner, at which Earl Fitzwilliam presided;

persons of all political opinions attended to do him honour, acknowledging his services to humanity, the gentleness with which he had done his "spiriting," the blameless tenor of his life, the suavity of his manners, and the firmness of his character—that as a public journalist he had honoured and dignified the Press of his country.

And throughout the kingdom, that opinion there was none to gainsay. Thenceforward he entirely abstained from political writing; and his biographer says that, in 1837, "his opinions had become, in the main, very similar to those now indicated by the term Conservative."

On retiring from business Montgomery left the premises in the Haartshead, where he had so long resided, and went to live at The Mount, a pleasant situation, about a

* When, in 1796, Coleridge was canvassing for subscribers to the *Watchman*, he declined efforts in Sheffield, "lest he should injure the sale of the *Iris*," the Editor of which is a very amiable and ingenious young man of the name of James Montgomery.

† The *Iris* was, at one time, "the only newspaper published at Sheffield," and in allusion to this fact, on Montgomery's relinquishing it, Wilson says in the "Notes," "a hundred firesides sent their representatives to bless the man whose genius had cheered their homes for thirty winters." He adds, "his poetry will live, for he has heart and imagination: the religious spirit of his poetry is affecting and profound."

* "The Wanderer of Switzerland" was published in 1806; "The West Indies," 1810; "The World before the Flood," 1813; "Greenland," 1819; "Prose by a Poet," 1824; "The Pelican Island," 1827; "Lectures on Poetry," 1833.

conceal his vexation at the annoyances to which he had been subjected.*

I would not, however, seem to cast a slur upon the memory of the lesser, while lauding the greater, *Montgomery*; the suffrages of thousands have given to him a niche in the temple of Fame, and if rated above his value as a poet, he was at all events a kindly man, a zealous clergyman, and a fervent Christian—to whose rare powers as a preacher some of our best charities are indebted for much of their means to lessen and relieve human suffering!

I think the exact particulars of his parentage have never been given: it is, however, believed his father's name was Montgomery,† but that he had dropped the aristocratic quarter of it, calling himself *Armistead*, and that Robert in resuming it did no more than he was entitled to do.

It was in 1825 or 1826 that Robert Montgomery brought me an introduction; I cannot now say from whom. There came to spend an evening with me a somewhat handsome and rather "foppish" young man, tall, and slight, and gentlemanly, though assuming and exacting in manners. His object was to read to me a poem he had written, which he called "The Age Reviewed." It was full of sparkling "cleverness," but was a satire on the leading reviewers, poets, and authors of the day. The half-fledged sparrow was about to peck at their plumes. Names the most honoured and revered in letters, some of whom were even then almost of the future, were treated with contumely and scorn; heroes in a hundred fights were to go down "before the grey goose-quill" of the boy Goliath! His great prototype, Byron, was bitterly lamenting a wicked folly of the kind, but the intellectual giant had strength for the encounter, which this thoughtless youth had not. I listened as he read, and when he had finished I gave him serious and earnest counsel at once to put his poem into the fire beside which we were sitting. My advice was angrily rejected. Robert Montgomery published "The Age Reviewed,"‡ and lamented the wanton act of aggression all the days of his life. Many years passed before I again saw him; he had then been ordained, and was a favourite preacher—especially fond of preaching charity sermons. We were brought together in consequence of our mutual interest in the Hospital for the cure of Consumption at Brompton—a charity for which he exerted himself ardently and zealously.

He was certainly the vainest man I have ever known. To him notoriety was fame; a "few" was never a "fit" audience: he would have far preferred a bellow of applause from a crowded gallery to a half-suppressed murmur of admiration from "the first row in the pit."

The portrait I draw of him, however, cannot, and ought not to be, all shade. Beyond his vanity there was no harm in him; nay, his nature was generous and kindly. He was eloquent and impressive in the pulpit; and discharged zealously and faithfully his manifold duties as a clergyman. The Consumption Hospital is by no means the only charity for which he heartily

worked.* In all the minor relations of life—as husband, father, and friend—he was exemplary.

Of his merits as a poet I do not take upon myself to speak. A writer who lived to see thirty-six editions of one poem, "The Omnipresence of the Doity," and many editions of several other poems, could not be without great merit, though it may be of "a certain kind;" moreover, he was not prostrated, although for a time hurled to the ground by the memorable and terrific assault of Macaulay; and though he died comparatively young,† he had a position and achieved a triumph for which thousands labour in vain.

It was, as I have said, in 1830 when he visited London to deliver, at the Royal Institution, a series of lectures on poetry, that we became personally acquainted with James Montgomery. As a lecturer he cannot be described as successful; his matter was of course good, but his manner, as may be supposed, lacked the power, the earnestness, the conviction, in a word, that rarely fail to impress an audience, and which often stand serviceably in the stead of aids more important. Previously I had barely seen Montgomery, yet I had been in frequent correspondence with him, for he had written year after year for the *Amulet*, which contained some of his best compositions both in prose and verse. I was, however, prepared to see a gentleman of calm, sedate, and impressive exterior.

There was no timidity of manner before a London audience, but there was a want of depth and originality in his matter, beautiful and graceful as were his sentiments; while an utter absence of that positive and declamatory tone which so often stands for the power it simulates, lessened the appreciation of what he said. These lectures, received not unfavourably at the Royal Institution as the opinions of a poet concerning the brethren and mysteries of the craft, were delivered in several towns, and afterwards published in a volume, the reception of which would by no means be a fair or favourable criterion of the public appreciation of his merits as a poet.

In 1835 James Montgomery received one of the crown pensions—a grant of £150 a-year—the donor being Sir Robert Peel. It was one of the latest acts of the great statesman's government, for the day after the grant was made he ceased to be minister—for a time.

Montgomery was never married. His love verses have been variously interpreted. In a letter written when he was aged, he somewhat mysteriously alludes to his celibacy—"The secret is within myself," and it is on the way to the grave, from which no secret will be betrayed till the day of judgment."

The last time I saw Montgomery was during his one visit to the Exhibition in 1851; the venerable man was moving slowly about from stall to stall, examining, apparently with a dull and listless look, the beauties of manufactured Art by which he was surrounded. His form was shrunk, he stooped somewhat, his once bright eye seemed glazed; he was, indeed, but the shadow of his former self; yet I was told he had brightened up into his old nature when, just before, he had been looking over the books in one hundred and sixty-five languages of parts of the Holy Scripture

that England had printed as a benediction to varied mankind. I had to recall myself to his memory, but when I did so I obtained a cordial greeting, that even to-day I remember, and record with gratitude and pleasure. As I left him I could not help repeating his lines—

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found."

I have said the personal appearance of Montgomery was not striking. The eye was the redeeming feature in an otherwise plain face. It was (or seemed to be) a clear, bright blue, outlooking and uplooking.*

In 1805, the sculptor, Chantrey, "a young artist whose modesty and zeal for improvement are equal to his talents," painted a portrait of Montgomery. He was often painted. In 1827, by Jackson, R.A., whose portrait is perhaps the best. That by Illidge is good. Mr. Barber painted a full-length for the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Institution, where it now is, and where I have gladly seen it. But Montgomery said, that of all his portraits, there was not one he should like to see engraved. A faithful profile likeness of the "Christian Poet" appears on the bronze medal which is annually presented by the Sheffield School of Art to the most successful drawing by any pupil of English wild flowers; it was from a portrait carefully modelled from the life at four score. He considered, however, that his face was "rather improved than deteriorated by age." In one of his letters he speaks of himself as "the ugliest man in Sheffield." He was nothing of the kind.

Mrs. Hemans, who received a visit from Montgomery in 1828, speaks of his "mass of tangled, streaming, meteoric-looking hair;" and another writer says, that "when young, he had an abundant crop of carrotty locks."

In 1825, when the poet may be said to have been at the best period of his life, and certainly in the zenith of his fame, he was visited by a Mr. Carter, editor of a newspaper in New York; and as Mr. Holland has reprinted the article that hence arose, we are to assume that he endorses it.

Of Montgomery he says, "in his manners the author manifests that mildness, simplicity, and kindness of heart so conspicuous in his writings. His flow of conversation is copious, easy, and perfectly free from affectation; his language polished, but without an approach to pedantry. . . . In person he is slender and delicate, rather below the common size; his complexion is light, with a Roman nose, high forehead, slightly bald, and a clear eye, not unfrequently downcast."

Mrs. Holland wrote for the *New Monthly* during my editorship, in 1835, an article, entitled "Sheffield and its Poets," in the course of which she thus describes Montgomery:—

"He is the youngest man of his years I ever beheld; and at sixty years old might pass for thirty—such is the slightness of his figure, the elasticity of his step, the smoothness of his fair brow, the mobility and playfulness of his features when in conversation." She adds, "the lighting up of his eye when he is warmed by his subject is absolutely electrical."

In 1841, when he visited Scotland, he is thus described—in his sixty-fifth year: "His appearance speaks of antiquity, but not of decay; his locks have assumed a snowy whiteness, and the lofty and full-

* Robert had the cure of a church in Glasgow when James visited that city, but did not call upon his venerable namesake; yet the poet went to hear him preach. On his return to Sheffield, James, being questioned on the subject, merely said, "I cannot be one of his eulogists, and I will not say anything to his disparagement."

† It is said, but I know not with what truth, that the father of Robert, usually called Gomer, had been a theatrical clown.

‡ "The Age Reviewed" Robert Montgomery, Professor Wilson, in the "Notes," speaks of the book thus:—"I gave the thing a glance—wretched stuff."

* For the Consumption Hospital alone he preached thirty times, at thirty different churches, extending over a period from January, 1843, to December, 1853, adding thus to its funds no less a sum than £1,191 17s. 6d.

† The Rev. Robert Montgomery died in December, 1855, leaving a widow and one child.

* One of the artists who painted his portrait, said that his eyes were "in reality a bright hazel, within a narrow circle of clear blue, and so lustrous, that in some lights the latter seemed the prevailing tint."

arched coronal region exhibits what a brother poet has well termed the "clear, bald polish of the honoured head."

Searle, in his life of Elliott, describes Montgomery as "polished in his manners, exquisitely neat in his personal appearance, while his bland conversation rarely rose above a calm level." And Southey, in "The Doctor," thus refers to him, sending to the Christian poet the greeting of "one who admires thee as a poet, honours and respects thee as a man, and reaches out in spirit, at this moment, a long arm to shake hands with thee in cordial good will." The two poets never met; the want of opportunity being often regretted by both.

Montgomery had many acquaintances, and a few devoted friends. Foremost among them was John Holland, whom he more than once calls a "good man and true." He was the poet's loved and loving friend from a very early period, and to him (in conjunction with Mr. Everett) was assigned the duty of compiling the life of the poet. The task was discharged with sound judgment and nice discrimination, although with deep affection and abundant zeal.*

In 1854 the time of James Montgomery had come; warnings that the hour of his removal was near at hand had been mercifully sent to him some time previously; "the labour of composition made him ill," yet his faculties were all sound, and though feeble, he was not bedridden. The last tracings of his pen were in the writing of a hymn, printed in Mercer's collection; this was the appropriate close of a species of composition in which he delighted and excelled; and a sweet memorial of his piety and skill in this way, is the volume of Hymns published not long before his death, specimens of which occur in every hymn-book published during the last fifty years. On the last evening of life he was out, and returned home "apparently as usual," but surprised his aged companion, Miss Gales,† by handing her the Bible, and saying, "Sarah, you must read." She did so, he knelt down and prayed, retired to his room, and in the morning it was found that his spirit had gone home; the tabernacle of his body was without inhabitant; the soul was with the Master whose faithful servant he had been, and whose work he had so long and so well done. He entered into the joy of his Lord on the 30th April, 1854, in the eighty-third year of his age.

Those who knew him loved him, and by all he was respected and esteemed. By the tenor of his life, as well as ever by his writings, he advanced the cause of religion; in example, as well as in precept, he was a true Christian gentleman.

A fitting monument was proposed for him at Sheffield, and John Bell made a worthy design; the estimated cost, however, was beyond the reach even of zealous friends, and after some time fruitlessly spent, the same artist made a new design, comprising a life-size statue of the poet in bronze, upon a granite pedestal, containing a prolix inscription. This monument, placed over Montgomery's grave in the Sheffield Cemetery, was inaugurated by a public demonstration—rarely equalled for the number and respectability of those who took part in it, except at the funeral of the great and good man whose name and virtues are so deservedly commemorated.

* Mr. Holland, the author of numerous works in prose and verse, was for many years editor of the *Sheffield Mercury*. He still lives in a green and vigorous old age, and is at present the honoured manager of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Institution.

† This lady was the youngest and last survivor of three sisters of Mr. Gales, into whose office, as proprietor and publisher of the *Sheffield Register* newspaper, Montgomery was introduced on his first arrival in Sheffield.

THE CHINESE COLLECTION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

WHEN the summer palace of the Emperor of China at Peking was destroyed by the combined armies of England and France, it was felt that a useful lesson had been read to a government that had met "barbarian" conciliation and trustfulness, by "civilised" treachery and murder; but it was also felt that a royal museum had been destroyed in the confiscation of this favourite residence, leaving a void that could never be similarly refilled.

All that Oriental luxury and wealth could do to make a terrestrial Paradise appears to have been done for this favoured retreat. It was a veritable palace of Aladdin. Its walls were panelled with ivory, and covered with silks of fabulous price; crystal chandeliers hung from its ceilings; its furniture was of the costliest kind, rendered still more precious by the most skilled labour of the artisan; its "bijouterie" and general "garniture" comprised the most ancient, rare, and valuable, as well as the most costly works of their class. The Art-history of China for a thousand years was enshrined in these walls.

The owner of the present collection—Captain de Negroni—was posted with his regiment in this famed palace when it was sacked and burned. He secured many exquisite objects, now in this collection, and, having ample means, purchased others from the soldiery. The result has been the formation of a collection of an enormous money value, and the highest excellence.

It is, however, necessary to think over the material of many of these works, and the difficulty of their manufacture, before they can be entirely appreciated. Differing in taste so much from ourselves, the jade ornaments are cut into figures and fashions which give little pleasure to European eyes. The material is so extremely hard, that no important work, with the utmost diligence, can be finished in less than twenty years. The finest work of this kind known is the jewel-stand used by the Empress of China, now the principal feature of this collection: it much surpasses that in the Mineralogical Museum at Paris, valued at 72,000 francs.

The jewellery is not restricted to Chinese works, but comprises some of the finest European productions presented at various times to the emperors of China. They are rivalled by the jewel-cases of the Chinese empress, a work of the most beautiful design, encrusted with precious stones; and by the hand-glass used at her toilet.

The collection of porcelain, though small, is characterised by the same qualifications. All the works exhibited are *chif d'oeuvre*. Here we see the imperial yellow porcelain, the rare old grey cracklin, the secret of making which has been lost for many centuries; and the still rarer cracklin of dark, ruby colour; the enamel said to be composed of pulverised gems. The vase of this rare ware here exhibited is thought to have been manufactured some two hundred years before Christ. There is little doubt that we look upon works of profound antiquity in this collection, which have been highly treasured and religiously preserved as royal heirlooms for many ages.

Lovers of precious stones will be abundantly gratified by the sight of the largest sapphire in the world: it weighs 742 carats, and is "estimated" to be worth £160,000.

The imperial dresses tell their own tale in the rich character of their *fabricque*, and the elaborate style of their needlework; but their real value in some instances might escape detection. Thus, the mantle composed entirely of strips of fur, taken only from the throats of white foxes, is valued at £2,000, and it is calculated that about four hundred of these animals must have been killed to obtain fur enough to make this mantle.

It will thus be seen that this very *recherché* gathering of much that is rich and rare represents the highest flight of the Art-industry of this ancient nation, and is a more extraordinary exposition of its claims than Europeans could have hoped to see irrespective of the chances of war, which enables each "barbarian" to see for a shilling what the most highly privileged Chinese could scarcely hope to gaze upon.

PICTURE SALES.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, and WOODS sold, on the 13th and 14th of March, at their rooms in King Street, the collection of oil-paintings and water-colour drawings formed by Mr. Thomas Blackburn, of Liverpool, about one hundred and seventy in number. The more important examples of the former were—'The Gaele's Daughter,' P. H. Calderon, A.R.A., 100 gs. (Hartingstall); 'Morning on the Welsh Hills,' with cattle and figures, H. B. Willis, 155 gs. (Hartingstall); 'A Mountain Stream,' T. Creswick, R.A., 120 gs. (Wallis); 'A Fakcer at the Entrance to a Mosque,' a scene in Cairo, J. F. Lewis, R.A., 175 gs. (Hartingstall); 'Classic Landscape, with Figures,' B. Wilson, R.A., 115 gs. (Hartingstall); 'Ferdinand and Miranda,' P. F. Poole, E.A., 131 gs. (Moon). The water-colour drawings were by far the most attractive portion of Mr. Blackburn's collection, as is shown by the prices paid for the following:—'The Cottage Door,' and 'Shelling Peas,' a pair of very small drawings by Birket Foster, 132 gs. (Smith); 'Damascus,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 120 gs. (Crofts); 'Cottage at Hambleton, Surrey,' Birket Foster, 115 gs. (Rolfe); 'Gateway, Prague,' S. Prout, 100 gs. (Fitzpatrick); 'Moorland Scene, North Wales,' J. W. Whittaker, 128 gs. (Agnew); 'Spanish Peasants,' F. W. Topham, 101 gs. (E. F. White); 'Pine-Apple and Plums,' J. Sherrin, 81 gs. (D. White); 'Landscape,' E. Warren, 92 gs. (Moon); 'An English Homestead,' and 'Return from Labour,' a pair by D. Cox, sen., 126 gs. (E. Smith); 'English Landscape,' Copley Fielding, a very fine example of the master, 258 gs. (E. White); 'Black Grapes and Spanish Chesnuts,' W. Hunt, 95 gs. (R. P. Smith); 'The Stepping-Stones,' J. H. Mole, 115 gs. (Fores); 'Home,' J. H. Mole, 148 gs. (Fores); 'Lake Como,' T. M. Richardson, 90 gs. (R. P. Smith); 'Snowdon,' E. Duncan, 102 gs. (Cox); 'The Well in the Desert,' F. Goodall, R.A., 115 gs. (Fitzpatrick); 'Landscape,' with sheep, and children carrying water, B. Foster, 135 gs. (Flatow); 'Canterbury Meadows,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 128 gs. (Lloyd); 'The Tempest,' E. Duncan, 160 gs. (E. Smith); 'A Marriage in the Cathedral of Bruges,' L. Haghe, 81 gs. (Hartingstall); 'Hayfield near Batley,' B. Foster, 145 gs. (Moore); 'Heidelberg,' D. Roberts, R.A., 77 gs. (E. Smith); 'The Dunmow Flitch,' J. Gilbert, 105 gs. (E. Smith); 'View on the Rhine,' S. Prout, 78 gs. (Fitzpatrick); 'The Doge Andrew Dandolo leaving the Church of St. Mark,' a magnificent drawing by Louis Haghe, and one of the most important of his works, exhibited in 1853, 455 gs. (Hartingstall); 'Farmyard in Brittany,' F. Goodall, R.A., 96 gs. (E. Smith); 'The Gleaners,' and 'The Young Nurse,' a pair by B. Foster, 145 gs. (Moore); 'Christmas in the Olden Time,' one of the series, by J. Gilbert, illustrative of the ballad of "The Old English Gentleman," and exhibited last year at Mr. Agnew's gallery in Waterloo Place, 280 gs. (Hartingstall); 'Benvenuto Cellini and Charles I. at Fontainebleau,' another of Mr. Haghe's most distinguished drawings, 320 gs. (Hartingstall); 'Early Morning,' H. B. Willis, exhibited in 1863, 145 gs. (E. White); 'Plums, Apples, and Sprig of Sloes,' W. Hunt, 136 gs. (E. White); 'Landscape and Cattle,' with a girl driving cattle to water, B. Foster, 84 gs. (Moore); 'The Grange, Borrowdale,' C. Fielding, 120 gs. (Moore). The proceeds of the whole sale amounted to £8,763 15s.

A considerable number of the pictures belonging to the projector of an exhibition held during the late winter months at 53, Pall Mall, was sold by Messrs. Christie and Co. on the 18th of March. Among those enumerated in the catalogue were—'The Cottage Door,' and 'The Pet Kitten,' a pair by E. C. Barnes, 152 gs. (Bourne); 'Life in Aedie,' F. Wyburd, 168 gs. (Poole); 'The Meet,' and 'Breaking Cover,' a pair by J. F. Herring, 175 gs. (Barlow); 'The Spanish Beauty,' H. Schlessinger, 95 gs. (Barlow); 'The Village Schoolroom,' 'A Nest of Little Ones,' and 'The Young Boatbuilder,' W. Bromley, 135 gs. (Taylor); 'She Stoops to Conquer,' E. C. Girardot, 98 gs. (Barlow); 'The Marketplace, Antwerp,' Van Schendel, 120 gs. (Parsons); 'Evening Prayers,' and 'Sunday Morning,'

both by T. Brooks, 110 gs. (Parsons); 'Moel Gwyn, in the Vale of Festiniog,' T. Creswick, R.A., 160 gs. (Harper); 'The Tower, ay, the Tower!' Mrs. E. M. Ward, the picture engraved in the *Art-Journal* last year with the notice of this lady's works, 200 gs. (Barlow); 'The Old Bridge and Castle of Dietz on the Lahn,' and 'The Castle of Chillon,' a pair by G. C. Stanfield, 150 gs. (D. B. McEwen); 'A Lady at the Opera,' T. Brooks, 92 gs. (Bourne); 'Fun,' A. Burr, 245 gs. (Bailey); 'Caught!' E. Nicol, R.S.A., 360 gs. (Bailey); 'Happy Moments of Childhood,' E. J. Cobbett, 115 gs. (Barlow); 'The Water Lilies,' F. Goodall, R.A., a kind of small replica of Mr. Goodall's 'Happy Days of Charles I.,' 150 gs. (Barlow); 'Landscape and Cattle,' Auguste Bonheur, 140 gs. (Barlow); 'Fruit,' G. Lane, 115 gs. (Marshall); 'The Rose of England,' H. Schlessinger, 95 gs. (Barlow); 'The Token of Plicht to Robert the Bruce,' W. J. Grant, 170 gs. (Gilbert); 'The Execution of Montrose,' the finished study for the large picture by E. M. Ward, R.A., in the possession of Mr. James Bagnall, 375 gs. (Parsons); 'Landscape and Sheep,' E. Verboeckhoven, 190 gs. (Miller); 'The Queen's Highway in the Sixteenth Century,' J. Hayllar, 240 gs. (Marshall); 'Landscape, Cattle, and Sheep,' T. Creswick, R.A., 235 gs. (Moore); 'The Love Story,' A. Johnston, 110 gs. (Barlow); 'Make up your Mind!' R. Redgrave, R.A., 95 gs. (Bourne); 'The Croquet Party,' G. E. Hicks, 240 gs. (Parsons); 'The Spring Blossom,' C. Baxter, 140 gs. (Moore); 'San Pietro in Castello, Venice,' E. W. Cooke, R.A., 115 gs. (Shaw); 'Cornfield,' with figures, W. Linnell, 140 gs. (Parsons); 'Entrance to a Cathedral,' with figures, Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A., 150 gs. (Barlow); 'The Ballad-Singer,' D. MacIse, R.A., 280 gs. (Mr. D. MacIse); 'A Girl with Ferns,' W. C. I. Dobson, A.R.A., 335 gs. (Marshall); 'A Lady,' holding a fan, C. Baxter, 165 gs. (Gibson); 'Something it is which thou hast lost,' &c., a subject from Tennyson, P. H. Calderon, A.R.A., 320 gs. (Marshall). The amount realised by the sale—177 pictures were included in it—somehow exceeded £10,000.

On the 24th of March, Messrs. Christie and Co. sold about one hundred water-colour drawings, mostly of a very fine character, the property of Sir Hugh H. Campbell and other collectors. It will be seen from the prices appended to the following examples, that works of this kind are in great demand,—in fact, they seem to be just now more in request than oil-pictures, and to realise, comparatively, larger sums:—'A Scene from *Macbeth*, G. Catermole, 185 gs. (Wallis); 'The Forum at Rome,' S. Prout, 150 gs. (Agnew); 'The Temple of Peace, Rome,' S. Prout, 135 gs. (Vokins); 'Exeter, from the River,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., engraved in the *England and Wales* series, 490 gs. (W. Cox); 'Gipsies,' and 'Sunset,' D. Cox, 95 gs. (Greenwood); 'A Cloudy Day,' D. Cox, 515 gs. (Clark); 'Fisher-boys,' D. Cox, 120 gs. (J. Smith); 'Pond and Rushes,' D. Cox, 105 gs. (Agnew); 'Landscape, with Timber Wagon,' D. Cox, 206 gs. (W. Cox); 'Missing the Flocks,' D. Cox, 195 gs. (Mills); 'Collecting the Flocks,' D. Cox, 265 gs. (Mills); 'Bolton Abbey,' D. Cox, 350 gs. (F. Smith); 'Borrowdale, Cumberland,' T. M. Richardson, 198 gs. (Wigram); 'A Soup-Kitchen in the Olden Time,' L. Haghe, 80 gs. (Astley); 'The Leaning Towers of Bologna,' and 'The Temple of Peace, Rome,' S. Prout, the latter drawing a different view of the temple from one previously mentioned, 125 gs. (Wallis); 'Landscape, with Cattle,' and 'Coast Scene, with Fishing-Boats,' Copley Fielding, 100 gs. (Vokins); 'Coast-Scene, unloading Fishing-Boats,' Landscape, with Sheep,' both by D. Cox, 115 gs. (Shalders); 'Glen Lochy, Loch Tay,' Copley Fielding, 240 gs. (Agnew); 'View in Hampshire,' Birket Foster, 84 gs. (E. White); 'The Bay of Naples,' Copley Fielding, 71 gs. (Grundy); 'Metz,' S. Prout, 107 gs. (Crofts). The amount realised by this day's sale somewhat exceeded £5,500.

It was continued on the following day, when Messrs. Christie's great room was crowded to excess by collectors and amateurs, chiefly from the fact that a considerable number of oil-pictures and water-colour drawings by Turner, which had never previously been exhibited in public, were to be disposed of. Before these

were submitted for competition, several other pictures were offered, among which were—'The Journey to Emmaus,' the figures by J. Sant, A.R.A., the landscape—a view of Jerusalem, the Mount of Olives, &c.—by D. Roberts, R.A., 420 gs. (Simpson); 'Jezebel and Ahab,' F. Leighton, A.R.A., 160 gs. (Cock); 'A Hayfield,' D. Cox, 112 gs. (Flatow); 'Wind, Rain, and Sunshine,' D. Cox, 251 gs. (Flatow); 'Big Meadow, Bettws-y-Coed,' D. Cox, 105 gs. (W. Cox); 'The Greek Slave,' J. E. Millais, R.A., 197 gs. (Ames); 'Lady with a Locket,' C. Baxter, 140 gs. (Marshall); 'The Origin of the Comb Machine,' A. Elmore, R.A., the finished sketch for the large picture, 145 gs. (Cobraghi); 'The Bashful Swain,' J. C. Horsley, R.A., 550 gs. (N. Gibbs). The paintings by Turner were—'Italian Landscape, with bridges and figures in the foreground, engraved in the *Liber Studiorum*, 450 gs.; the companion picture, 'Italian Landscape, with a woman playing on a tambourine, also engraved in the same work, 480 gs.; 'The Beacon on the Rock,' 315 gs.; 'View of Margate Pier,' 210 gs.; these four were purchased by Messrs. Agnew; 'Morning after the Wreck,' 150 gs. (Sharpe); 'Kingsgate Bay, near Margate, emigrants landing, 160 gs. (E. F. White); 'The Wreckers,' and 'Squally Weather,' a pair of studies, 120 gs. (Vokins); 'Sunset,' a study for the celebrated picture of 'The Old Teméraire,' 125 gs. (Agnew); 'View of Margate, hazy morning, 180 gs. (Bricknell); 'View of Margate, evening, 155 gs. (Agnew). The water-colour drawings by the same painter were—'A Town in the Tyrol,' on the bank of a river, boats and figures, 400 gs. (Agnew); 'River-Scene in the Tyrol,' with a castle on a height, figures in the foreground, the moon rising, 420 gs. (Vokins); 'Lake Scene,' 150 gs. (Vokins); 'Going to Market,' scene in the Tyrol, 158 gs. (Agnew); 'The Pass of St. Bernard,' 84 gs. (Vokins); 'Town on a River in Savoy,' 275 gs. (Agnew); another subject of a similar kind, 290 gs. (Agnew); 'Sunrise,' and 'Sunset,' sketches, 100 gs., the former bought by Messrs. Vokins, the latter by Messrs. Agnew. The Turner works closed with his famous oil-picture 'Paestrina,' which, at the sale of the Bicknell collection in 1863, was bought by Mr. H. Bicknell, son of its late owner, for 1,900 guineas; it now was knocked down to Mr. J. J. Miller for 2,100 guineas.

The collection of oil-pictures formed by the late Mr. John Davis, of Cranford Park, Ilford, concluded the day's proceedings at the rooms of Messrs. Christie. The principal specimens were—'The Sphinx,' W. Müller, one of this artist's grandest Eastern works, 625 gs. (Agnew); 'Boar Hunters returning,' at the gate of a monastery, J. R. Herbert, R.A., 220 gs. (Marshall); 'Landscape,' F. R. Lee, R.A., with figures at a well, by F. Goodall, R.A., 100 gs. (Agnew); these three paintings were formerly in the gallery of Mr. Meigh; 'Landscape,' upright, with cattle on a road, T. Creswick, R.A., 168 gs. (Agnew); 'On the Maas, near Dordt,' market people waiting for the evening tide, G. Stanfield, R.A., 2,110 gs. (Ward); this picture was painted for the late Sir Robert Peel, who died before it was quite completed, when it was purchased by its late owner; 'Over the Sands,' T. Creswick, R.A., painted for Mr. Davis, 545 gs. (Agnew); 'The Surprise of the Caravan,' D. Roberts, R.A., the white horse by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., painted for Mr. Davis, 800 (Wallis); 'Landscape,' with sheep and goats, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 290 gs. (Agnew); 'Dutch Fishing Boats,' purchased direct from the artist in 1852, 290 gs. (Agnew); 'Interior of St. Stephen's, Vienna,' D. Roberts, R.A., painted for Mr. Davis, 1,820 gs. (Ward); 'Milton dictating *Samson Agonistes*,' J. C. Horsley, R.A., 350 gs. (Williamson). Several of these pictures were exhibited at Manchester in 1867, and at the International Exhibition in 1873. The day's sale realised the large sum of £18,475! Truly British Art is maintaining its high pecuniary value, but the principle on which purchases are frequently made is one we are utterly at a loss to comprehend, unless it be that of buying what will most readily and profitably sell again.

We have notices of subsequent sales in type, but are compelled to postpone them till next month.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The various designs for the Scottish memorial of the Prince Consort having been submitted to the Queen, her Majesty is stated to have expressed an opinion in favour of the equestrian statue, with its accompaniments, designed by John Steell, R.S.A., who bears the honorary title of the "Queen's Sculptor for Scotland." The general form of this design is pyramidal, composed of several stages. On the sides of the upper pedestal are bas-reliefs, illustrative of the career and character of the Prince—on the one side is a representation of his marriage, and on the other his opening of the International Exhibition, 1851. On the front panel H.R.H. the Prince is represented in the midst of his family; and, on the back, awarding rewards of merit. On the second stage long quotations from the Prince's public speeches enrich the surface; and, on each centre, a mass of classic emblems, indicative of his tastes and pursuits. At each of the angles of the first stage, or base, groups represent the people of all classes, from the poor to the peasant, approaching the obelisk of the Prince, looking up to it with reverence and affection, and leaving at its base chaplets and wreaths, in token of their gratitude and love. One group is representative of the votive offerings of rank and wealth. Another group illustrates honest labour. The site proposed for the memorial is on the level ground of the Queen's Park.—The members of the Royal Scottish Academy have again thrown open their gallery in the evening, at a reduced charge, for the benefit of the artisan classes, who eagerly throng the rooms, to their own pleasure and instruction, and, it is also said, without the slightest injury to the works exhibited.—On the 24th of March, the statues of Professor John Wilson, the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood* in olden time, and of Allan Ramsay, the poet, were unveiled, with much ceremony, in the presence of the municipal authorities and a large assembly of spectators. The statues, both of which are by J. Steell, R.S.A., are placed one at each end of the Royal Institution.

ABERDEEN.—Mr. A. Brodie, to whom was entrusted the task of executing the statue of her Majesty, subscribed for by the working men of this city, is proceeding rapidly with his work. The statue is of colossal size, in marble, and represents the Queen standing, and habited in ancient Roman costume, one hand grasping a sceptre, and the other holding lightly the folds of her flowing robe. A suitable central site in Aberdeen has been obtained for it.

ABR.—Mr. Matthew Noble is engaged upon a statue of the late Lord Eglinton for this town.

DUNDEE.—The committee of the School of Art in this town, in common with the managers of most other similar institutions throughout the country, has entered its protest against the action of the Department of Science and Art, which, it is alleged, must result in the closing the doors of the school.

BELFAST.—The memorial of the Prince Consort in this town takes the form of a clock-tower, for which the authorities have granted a site in Queen's Square.

DUBLIN.—The thirty-seventh annual exhibition of the Royal Academy opened last month; it is said the collection is not so large as that of last year, and that "native" art, especially, is more limited in number of examples than usual. We hope next month to visit Ireland, and shall then be in a position to judge and report for ourselves, and shall, doubtless, find much to prove that Irish Art is maintaining the credit of the country.

ALTON TOWERS.—The noble mansion of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot will, it is probable, be open in the autumn for a grand exhibition of Art works in aid of the Wedgwood Institute. Contributions are promised from the South Kensington Museum, Mr. Beresford-Hope, the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and many other well-known collectors. The project has the support of a very large number of persons of distinction, both in the county and elsewhere.

ANDOVER.—The annual meeting of the Andover School of Art has been held, when it was stated that the Government Inspector awarded, at the last examination, eighty-seven certificates of merit to the pupils in this and the Abbot's Ann school, which is united with it.

BIRMINGHAM.—A public meeting has been held for the purpose of promoting the erection in this town of a memorial of James Watt. No decision was come to as to what form the memorial should take, that being left for future consideration; but £500, or about that sum, was subscribed in the room before the meeting separated.

HANLEY.—The friends and supporters of the School of Art in this important manufacturing town held their annual meeting on the 6th of March, the mayor presiding. The report, read by the head master, Mr. Powell, alluded to the satisfactory result of the teaching, notwithstanding the want of sympathetic action evinced by the Department of Science and Art. A letter from Mr. Beresford-Hope, who was prevented by indisposition from attending the meeting, was read, in which he denounced in the strongest language the action of the Department, especially with reference to the recent "minutes;" and resolutions were passed of a similar import, and also of regret that the treasurer's statement of the financial condition of the school was so unfavourable.

LEEDS.—A large and influential meeting of gentlemen connected with the various schools of Art in Yorkshire, was held in this town in the month of March. The object of the meeting was to take into consideration the application of the new minutes of the Department of Science to the schools in the county. As we have referred to this matter elsewhere, it is only necessary to say here, that the speakers were unanimous in their condemnation of the minutes, and that a deputation was appointed to wait upon Earl Granville to express their views, and if unsuccessful in obtaining redress, that measures would then be taken to bring the matter prominently before Parliament.

MANCHESTER.—A committee of the Manchester School of Art has also recently passed resolutions upon the same subject, and upon other matters affecting these schools resulting from the conduct of the authorities at South Kensington. The committee is of opinion that unless a different course is pursued to that which now obtains, a large number of the provincial schools will inevitably languish, and ultimately cease to exist.

OXFORD.—A meeting was held in this city, at the end of March, the Dean of Christ Church presiding, for the purpose of establishing a School of Art in connection with the Department of Science and Art. The chairman remarked in his address, that some years ago an attempt was made to induce the University to found a Professorship of Art, but it failed for lack of sympathy. A School of Art was also set on foot by some of the citizens, but this, too, fell to the ground. He hoped soon to see one which should include in it every rank of society, and thus producers and patrons would reap an advantage. We have repeatedly urged it as a short-sighted view of their educational responsibilities, that the heads of houses, both in Oxford and Cambridge, have been so indifferent to the claims of Art as to have no Professor.

WARRINGTON.—The exhibition of the students' works executed in the School of Art here during the year, closed on Tuesday the 2nd March last. Hitherto they have been usually exhibited about November, on the occasion of their examination and the award of medals by H.M.'s Inspector; but under the new Art code, all works from the various schools of the kingdom are sent to South Kensington, there to be adjudicated upon according to their merit. The adoption of this new code has very much crippled the action of the executive here; but to the energy of Mr. J. C. Thompson, the master, may be ascribed the fact that there was no falling off in the number of works exhibited, and their general excellence was quite up to the usual high standard of this school. Meriting notice above all the rest, were three beautiful water-colour drawings of fruit, birds'-nests,

&c., from nature, of the most promising character; by William Jenkins; and some of the designs indicated much excellence. This school has now been in existence eleven years, and its course has been most successful.

WYNSON.—A singular discovery of ancient paintings has recently been made in the cloister of Wolsey Chapel, during some alterations that were carried on in the roof. Part of the western wall of the chapel is arranged in the shape of a large window with carved medallions, the space usually occupied by glass being filled with stone slabs. Mr. Turnbull, architect to the Castle, chanced to find one of these slabs, when a fragment of the stone fell off, and showed underneath a portion of a richly-coloured painting. On removing three of these slabs, portraits of as many knights of the Garter were found painted on the wall, with strong iron bars in front of each picture. The colouring of the pictures is somewhat brilliant, but differs in appearance from the usual water-colour mural paintings. At present there seems to be no clue as to the personages represented, nor the date of the work.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The sale of the celebrated Poupfès collection of works of Art, which extended over several weeks, has, as was expected, attracted a very large amount of interest; purchasers from all parts of Europe attended, and the various objects offered realised, in most cases, their full value, and in many instances more than this. Our notice of the sale must be limited to the principal pictures, though some account of the sculptures might find a place here. One example, bought for our National Gallery, is referred to in another column. Of the paintings may be mentioned:—'Sea-shore at Low Water,' R. P. Bonington, £260; 'A Young Painter's Garret Studio,' Boucher, £280; 'Brigands at Prayer before a Madonna,' Coigniet, £96; 'Young Girls at Play,' Coypel, £136; 'Portraits of Pius VII. and Cardinal Capreva,' David, £712; 'The Grand Vizier's Guard,' Decamps, £320; 'St. Cecilia,' P. Delaroché, £840; 'Cardinal Richelieu Sick in his Bed on the Rhone,' and 'The Death of Richelieu,' both by P. Delaroché, were put up together, and sold for £3,208; 'A Young Girl,' P. Delaroché, £160; 'The Temptation of St. Anthony,' P. Delaroché, £408; 'A Young Girl Reclining on a Couch,' Deshayes, £92; 'The Grape-Gatherer,' Girodet-Trioson, £108; 'Innocence,' a young girl holding a lamb to her bosom, Greuze, £4,008, bought, it has been stated, by the Marquis of Hertford, whose gallery already contains some fine specimens of the master; 'Head of a Young Girl,' Greuze, £298; 'The Seraglio,' Haman, £104; 'Rafaele and the Fornarina,' Ingres, £380; 'Return from Fishing,' Isahey, £120; 'Girls Bathing,' Lancret, £292; 'The Park of St. Cloud,' François, the figures by Meissonnier, £500; 'Fisherman and Young Girl of Ischia,' Robert, £164; 'Shepherd tending Sheep and Goats,' Rosa Bonheur, £360; 'A Young Mother with Her Children,' Ary Scheffer, £260; 'The Meeting of Tamar and Judah,' H. Vernet, £408; 'A Young Roman Woman,' H. Vernet, £160; 'Helen and Paris Reconciled by Venus,' Prudhon, £196; 'The Marriage of the Virgin,' Philip de Champagne, formerly the altar-piece of the chapel of the Palais Royal, £1,740; 'The Flight into Egypt,' by the same painter, £136; 'Portrait of the Daughter of Philip de Champagne,' habited as a nun of the Convent of the Ladies of Port Royal, by the same painter, £1,164; 'Salomé asking the Head of John the Baptist,' Albert Durer, £80; 'Portrait of a Man,' his left hand resting on his hip, and touching the handle of his sword, F. Hals, £2,040; 'Portrait of an Old Man,' Holbein, £145; 'Portrait of a Female with a Fan,' H. Moro, £320; 'Portrait of a Burgomaster,' Rembrandt, £1,380; 'Portrait of a Veteran Soldier,' seated at a writing table, Rembrandt, £1,080; 'Portrait of a Nobleman,' bareheaded,

and with a white beard, Rubens, £440; 'Triumph of the Eucharist,' Murillo, £2,700 (purchased by the French government for the Louvre); 'St. Joseph holding the Infant Jesus by the Hand,' Murillo, £600; 'Orlando Muerte,' a picture by Velasquez, known under this title when it decorated the palace of the kings of Spain—it represents a man bareheaded, his breast covered with a cuirass, lying dead in a grotto, £1,480; 'Bust Portrait of Philip IV. of Spain,' Velasquez, £288; 'Portrait of a Lady,' F. Clouet, or Janet, £160; 'Bust Portrait of a Man,' Clouet, £276; 'Group of Six Noblemen,' in the costume of the time of Louis XIII., formerly in the Fesch gallery, L. Le Nain, £700; 'Sampson routing the Philistines with the Jaw-bone of an Ass,' a large pen-and-ink drawing by Albert Durer, £180; 'Portrait of a Man,' Antonello de Messina, £4,450; 'Portrait of a young Duke of Urbino,' for a long time attributed to Andrea del Sarto, but now given to Sebastian del Piombo, and formerly in the gallery of the Prince of Canino, £3,720; 'Portrait of a young Man of the Medici Family,' Bronzino, £2,200; 'The Virgin and Infant,' Leonardo da Vinci, from one of the Spanish royal palaces, £3,340; 'Landscape,' Claude, £1,460; 'The Virgin,' Francia, £860; 'A Head,' Francia, £560.—Troyon the painter, who died recently, and of whom we are preparing a notice, has, it is reported, left a fortune of £48,000; of which large sum, £100 per annum will revert to the Association of Artists on the death of the person to whom it is bequeathed.—The modern pictures belonging to Mr. Alexander Dumas, jun., have been sold, and realised the sum of £4,000; the highest prices given were for 'Tasso in Prison,' by Delacroix, £560; 'Turkish Women,' by Decamps, £400; and 'Punchinello,' by Meissonnier, £280.—A class for the study of gem-engraving has been opened in the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, for the use of pupils between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. Foreigners are permitted to join it on application to the Minister of Fine Arts.

ANTWERP.—A statue of David Teniers, the execution of which has been entrusted to M. Ducain, is to be erected in one of the squares of this city, by command of the King of the Belgians. The public treasury will contribute the sum of 18,000 francs towards the cost of the work.

AUSTRALIA.—Some time since, the government of Victoria, desirous of encouraging the arts of the country, offered a premium of £200 for the best picture painted by an artist resident in any one of the various colonies of Australia. The prize has been awarded to Mr. N. Chevalier, of Melbourne, for his 'Buffalo Ranges,' a work of which the local papers speak in very flattering terms. Of the other paintings sent in for competition—the whole of which were thrown open to the public at the close of last year—favourable mention is made of Mr. Gritten's 'View from the Botanical Gardens,' and others by the same artist; of Mr. T. Clark's portrait of 'Sir Henry Barkly,' and his 'Capture of the Horses of Rhesus'; and of a water-colour picture by Mr. Terry, of Sydney, called 'The Bush Track.' But the real interest of the exhibition centres in the pictures purchased in England, by Sir C. L. Eastlake, to form the nucleus of a National Gallery in the country, and for which the sum of £2,000 was transmitted to England by the colonial government. The number purchased is, it is said, fourteen; among them are, 'The Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers,' by C. W. Cope, R.A.; 'Le Depart du France,' by Köller; 'Watergate Bay,' by J. Mogford; 'Horses and Pigs,' by J. F. Herring; 'An Italian Scene,' by F. Williams; 'John Bunyan in Prison,' by Polingsby, &c., &c. While writing about Art in this remote region, we may add that Frit's picture of 'The Derby Day,' sent over by Mr. Gambart, is creating quite a sensation in Melbourne; and that engravings of Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair,' find a multitude of admirers. The colossal monumental group to the memory of Burke and Wills, the Australian explorers, modelled by M. C. Summers, has been successfully cast in bronze.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE LAKE OF LUCERNE.
Engraved by R. Wallis.

This engraving is from a drawing made in 1845, for Mr. Windus, of Tottenham, the possessor of a very extensive collection of Turner's drawings. Some of these were sold a few years since, and among them the work in question, which passed into the hands of Mrs. De Putron, Rodwell Rectory, Sussex. The prices paid for Turner's water-colour pictures are, in general, as proportionately large as those realised by his oil-pictures, a fact that shows how highly they are esteemed.

In the first volume of his "Modern Painters," Mr. Ruskin passes a high and well-merited eulogium upon the series of drawings of which, we believe, this 'Lake of Lucerne' forms a part. After noticing those made of the Rivers of France, others of English Lakes, and of the river-scenery in certain Scottish localities, he says—"But all these early works of the artist have been eclipsed by some recent drawings of Switzerland. These latter are not to be described by any words, but they must be noted here, not only as presenting records of lake effect on grander scale, and of more imaginative character, than any other of his works, but as combining effects of the surface of mist with the surface of water. Two or three of the Lake of Lucerne, seen from above, give the melting of the mountain promontories beneath into the clear depth, and above into the clouds; one of Constance shows the vast lake at evening, seen not as water, but its surface covered with low white mist, lying league beyond league in the twilight like a fallen space of moony cloud; one of Goudau shows the Lake of Zug appearing through the chasm of a thunder-cloud under sunset, its whole surface one blaze of fire, and the promontories of the hills thrown out against it like spectres; another of Zurich gives the playing of the green waves of the river among white streams of moonlight; two purple sunsets on the Lake of Zug are distinguished for the gloom obtained without positive colour, the rose and purple tints being in great measure brought by opposition out of browns; finally, a drawing executed in 1845, of the town of Lucerne from the Lake, is unique for its expression of water-surface reflecting the clear green hue of sky at twilight."

This appears to be a view of the lake, looking south-west from the hill above Brunnen, towards Lucerne, far away on the right. We must, however, look upon the picture rather as suggested by the general features of the scenery of the locality, than as a truthful topographical view. But the grandeur of the composition, the holdness with which the whole mountain range is rendered. Solid as these vast elevations seem, rising in all their varied forms in successive elevations from the surface of the lake, and receding on the right into a mysterious and apparently impenetrable distance, there is exquisite tenderness in their treatment, that softens every outline yet leaves the distinctive form of each mass clear and definable. As a contrast to this, and assisting most materially to produce the effect, we may point out the strength of colour given to the various objects in the foreground.

FRENCH AND FLEMISH PICTURES.

TWELFTH EXHIBITION.

The present exhibition, though wanting in a class of pictures which in previous years have created sensation, is, in its general quality, unusually choice. The number of second-rate and inferior works is small, while at the same time the list of masters who take good rank on the continent of Europe is more than commonly inclusive in its range. The exhibition claims to be not only French but Flemish, and it ranks among its riches works by leading artists in each of these two master schools. A gallery which can show pictures by Gérôme, Bonheur, Browné, Gleyre, Lambinet, Frère, Plassan, and Meissonnier, will find favour among the numerous admirers of Gallican Art. And the lovers of the Flemish school will show no less anxiety to see the productions of Gallait, Leys, Portaels, Robie, Verboeckhoven, and Willems. It is among the many advantages accruing from the maintenance of these French exhibitions that the knowledge of foreign schools, which may have been caught up in a hasty tour or acquired from a short-lived exhibition, finds opportunity of perennial culture. As students of Art, therefore, we feel indebted to Mr. Gambart for the efforts he makes from year to year to satisfy the growing desires of English connoisseurs.

To the French school belongs pre-eminently the power of exciting curiosity through unexpected surprise. Second-rate men tread in a beaten track, and their boast is that they never deviate from self-established consistency. A French artist is too versatile to be bound down by routine, too creative to be fettered by prescribed precedent. What he may do next is a doubt even to himself, and a perplexity to his admirers and imitators. Among French artists whom we expect to do just what is most unexpected, we must place in foremost rank Jean Gérôme. Having painted Phryne the courtesan and Cæsar the emperor, he now comes to 'The Muezzin' (55) on the minaret, with the cry, "Allah, there is no God but Allah." This subject is certainly less striking than some of the themes which have already engaged the pencil of M. Gérôme, yet on examination the picture will be found to contain passages of rare excellence.—Rosa Bonheur is another artist accustomed to take one by surprise. It is always a matter of interest to know what she will do next. This year she rises in perihelion to the "Horse Fair," the centre of her earlier orbit. "Deer in the Forest of Fontainebleau" (17), will henceforth shine as a small particular star in a firmament of its own. This is a picture not of effect but of finish—a detail which has been carried into the drawing of the animals and the execution of the smallest accessories. The heather and the fern are touched in with a facile yet certain hand. The whole work has a charm it is difficult to describe. The dew of the morning seems to glitter on the cool grass, and the colour of the landscape rejoices in sparkling light.—As we have made a divergence towards landscape, we had better mention in the same breath Lambinet's two unpretending pictures. The pastorals of this painter are verdant in herbage, liquid in water, and showery in cloudland. Constant Troyon, a renowned landscape painter, the news of whose death has recently reached this country, is represented by one picture, 'Field Work' (14), in that large, rough, and low-toned manner which the French prize more highly than the English. Daubigny's Banks of the Seine (32) is a work in the same style.

Gleyre, whose name will ever be inscribed in the annals of the French school, if only as the painter of that mystic song of 'Evening' hung in the palace of the Luxembourg, is here seen by a work of dissonant tone therefrom, 'Hercules spinning at the Feet of Omphale' (54). This is a refined example of classic and academic Art in its transition into schools romantic. Passing from large canvases to small, our first duty is to recite accustomed eulogies before the three matchless and almost priceless gems of Meissonnier. In the small picture, 'Soldiers playing at Cards in the Guard Room' (103), this artist

has even surpassed his former self. It is difficult to know whether to admire such a work most for its composition, its character, its colour, or its execution. These qualities, each excellent in superlative degree, make in combination a result which is in fact the measure of this painter's pre-eminence. The Meissonnier scale is small, yet is it worthy of note that the treatment is large. By the use of a glass, these miniature figures become magnified into heroes of force and courage. Great is this Art!—Madame Henrietta Browne puts in an appearance by a work of little pretension, a 'Young Turkish Girl' (22). This minor episode from the East claims not even the most remote consanguinity with the author's touching drama, 'The Sisters of Charity.' 'The Turkish Girl' is distinguished by a lustrous harmony of broken colour.—We had almost forgotten Edouard Frère, an artist to whom Mr. Ruskin, speaking in hyperbole, once assigned the genius of Raphael. 'Bed-Time' (47), in a cottage of Auvergne, is a fair example of the sympathetic mood of this simple-hearted painter.

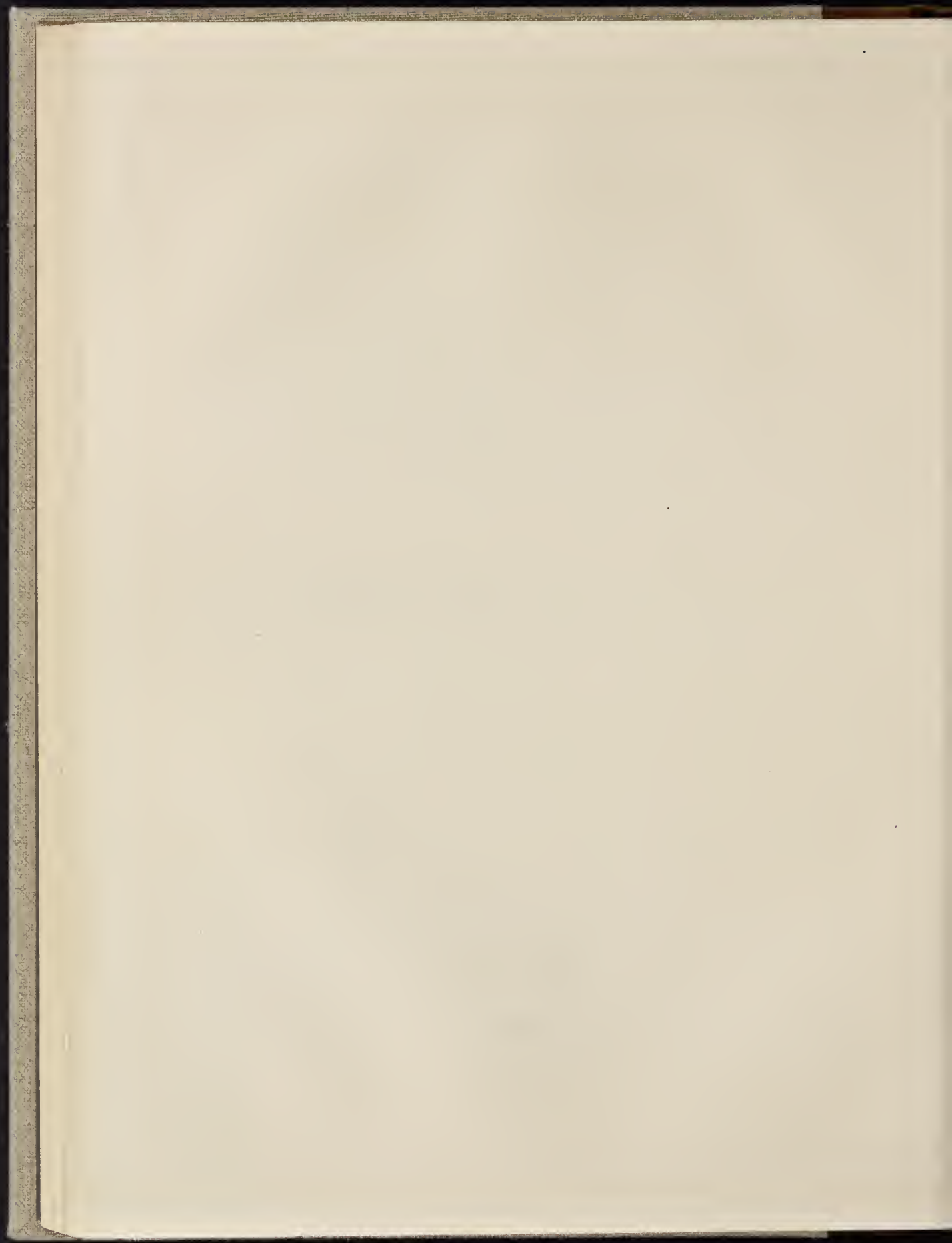
The artists of Flanders are led by Gallait, who is in himself a host. His two works, 'The Illusion of Youth' (50), and 'The Disenchantment of Age' (51), are in his usual manner, broad in execution, and dramatic, not to say melodramatic, in expression. 'The Illusion of Youth' we have long made acquaintance with in the form of a lithograph, under the title, 'Art and Liberty.' The treatment throughout is calculated for the winning of popular applause. Conceived for the same stage effects is the contracted subject, 'Columbus in Chains,' under a disguised title, 'The Disenchantment of Age.'—To the opposite school belongs Leys. This renowned painter has the honour of being represented by the largest picture in the gallery, 'Lancelot Van Ursel, Burgomaster of Antwerp, addressing the Armed Guilds in front of the Town-Hall' (90). The style is strictly mediæval, and the flesh mediæval too, being of the quality of tanned skin. Yet when the spectator has grown reconciled to these somewhat repellent eccentricities, he is able to recognise merits no less exceptional. The expression of the heads is wrought with trenchant reality, and the accessories, especially the background of the Belgian old houses, are painted with objective truth, which carries the eye to the spot itself.—A few other works call for a passing word. Dyckmans, notorious for his 'Blind Beggar,' has two small pictures in which high finish falls into its usual fatality, feebleness. Lies paints two pictures also—a strange compound of styles, mediæval and modern—wherein anatomy would come as an uncalculated impertinence. Koller, in 'The First Interview of Faust and Marguerite' (73), and Lagry, in 'Marguerite in the Chapel of Our Lady of Sorrow' (75), show, like others of their countrymen, the influence of Van Eyck and Memling. It is curious to observe how the extant schools of the Low Countries are divided between Van Eyck, Rubens, and Mieris. Portaels belongs to the larger and more showy of the manners now in vogue, as witness 'The Syrian Girl' (116), a figure gaudy and even crude, in striped robes, bright in colours, yellow, red, orange, and green. The famed white satin dress of Terburg is now claimed by many wearers, such, for example, as 'The Convalescent' (163), by Willems: a lady not too ill to don a robe which might adorn a festival. Stevens, in his picture, 'The Disappointed' (134), another title chosen on the principle of an anti-climax, also tries to win his diploma by emulation of Terburg's clever trick. In conclusion, we must not omit to mention a picture worthy of Van Huisum, 'Flowers and Fruit' (119), by Rolie, remarkable for those qualities of colour, texture, and translucent play of light which give to still life its animating beauty.

Thus, by aid of this small but choice collection, we have been enabled to present an epitome of two great schools in Europe, those of France and of Flanders. Daily do we see the light of these kindred styles reflected upon the school of our own country. And year by year do we hope to find that immediate interchange of thought between the great masters of all countries which shall make the Art of each nation not only national but cosmopolitan.



THE GREAT MOUNTAINS OF THE WEST

W. H. WOODS, F. R. S. G.



A WEEK AT KILLARNEY.*

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

WE ask the reader—the reader who, we hope, will be the Tourist—to accompany us to all-beautiful Killarney. We, in city pent, may envy him his walk through the gloomy Gap of Dunloe; his pensive stroll through fair Inisfallen; his ponderings in melancholy Mucross; his drive through the beautiful island of Ross, and the view from its castle—the Castle of the O'Donoghue; the shower under the Torc cascade; the ascent of Mangerton, or it may be the severer toil by which he reaches the summit of Carran-tuel, the highest mountain in Ireland; and, above all, the voyage that takes him through the Upper Lake, by the perilous passage of the Old Weir Bridge, into Torc Lake, thence into the Lower Lake, stopping an hour at sweet Glenna, and another hour at the Eagle's Nest, listening to echoes that are multiplied a thousand fold—now loud as a park of cannon—now gentle as a seraph's hymn—

"——— A wondrous chime
Of airy voices lock'd in unison—
Faint, far-off, near, deep, solemn, and sublime."

The memory is, to us, like a draught of pure water when athirst; and such it may be to every Tourist who enjoys a scene so abundant in all that gratifies the senses, touches the heart, and stirs the soul.

We shall suppose ourselves receiving the Tourist on the platform of THE STATION at Killarney town, and probably at once introduce him to Mr. Goodman (auspicious name), the landlord of THE RAILWAY HOTEL, to be located at which he has barely to step, under a covered way, across the road. This hotel is, we believe, the property of the Railway Company, and Mr. Goodman is their manager. There is no hotel in the kingdom better conducted; it is of modern build, with all recent improvements. The dining-room and the public sitting-room are large; there are sleeping apartments for some hundred and fifty guests, and it is impossible to overrate the zeal and attention given to all visitors. As much may be said of "THE ROYAL VICTORIA" (most happily situate, on a slope above the lower lake, in view of Glenna and the Purple mountains, Ross Castle, fair Inisfallen, and the lesser islands), and no doubt due praise may be accorded to THE LAKE HOTEL; while the minor hotels, of which there are many, are necessarily made as comfortable as possible to the traveller.

The guides are essentials at Killarney, and their name is legion. Some are, of course, much better than others, but he is mistaken who, at Killarney, thinks he can do without their aid. They are full of knowledge, and, generally, of humour. Those who lead at the Railway Hotel are the brothers Spillane, well educated and well-mannered young men, always preferred by visitors who have known them. The eldest, Stephen Spillane, is, in all respects, a most desirable ally, and the tourist will be fortunate who has him for a companion, to show him the wonders, to relate to him the legends, and to awaken the marvellous echoes that sleep in the Black Valley, the old Castle of Ross, and the Eagle's Nest.

Almost as essential to pleasure are the boatmen and car-drivers; the former are, in nearly all cases, sedate and steady. Now-a-days, we hear nothing of that of which in former times we heard much—the dangers to voyagers on the Lakes from the bad habits of the boatmen. At the Railway Hotel "the crew" consists of twenty-four

smart young fellows, all dressed alike, and well dressed, their "commodore" being Jeremiah Clifford, a somewhat aged man, but who can dance an Irish jig with the best youth in Kerry, who knows every spot about the place and the several legends thereof, and who can tell a story as well as the most accomplished of raconteurs. The car-drivers are proverbially pleasant fellows, and—reckless. They are, generally, full of fun

and wit, and marvellously help on a journey. At and about Killarney they are well trained and well conducted. Our lot has given us, during nearly all our visits, two excellent aids, the brothers Jerry and Mickey Sullivan: it chanced that they are now both at the Railway Hotel. They are as good at "laegends" as any of the guides, when they can leave their horses. We have had from each of them many contributions to



THE TUNNEL.

our budget: moreover, they are safe, steady, and sober drivers. So much can be said of all the tribe.

It is scarcely necessary to say that within the space to which we are confined, we can give but a very limited idea of the attractions of the Killarney Lakes. We shall write enough, however, to convey an idea of their surpassing attractions, for certainly the British dominions of the Queen have elsewhere no scenery at once so

grand and so beautiful. The highest authority gave to them the palm over those of Westmoreland. Wordsworth, in a letter we had the honour to receive from him, so records his opinion, qualifying it, however, by stating that "the three Lakes of Killarney considered as one, which they may naturally be, lying so close together, are together more important than any one of the lakes of Cumberland or Westmoreland."

The three lakes—THE UPPER LAKE, THE



IN GLENA BAY.

LOWER LAKE, and THE MIDDLE (or Torc) LAKE—are in reality one, being joined by a narrow river, connected by bridges, "the Briceken" and "the old Weir." They have their distinctive characteristics. The Lower Lake is studded with islands, nearly all of them being clothed with rich evergreens. The Upper Lake is remarkable for its wild magnificence, the mountains completely enclosing it; while the Middle Lake has a happy

mingling of both, not inferior to the one in grace and beauty, or to the other in majestic grandeur. The lakes are formed and supplied by numerous minor lakes that exist in the surrounding mountains, and there is but one channel of exit, the rapid river Laune, that runs into Castlemaine Haven, in the Bay of Dingle. They are understood to be thirty miles in circumference, the distance between the two extreme points

* Continued from p. 120.

being eleven miles, the greatest width is about two and a half miles. They are consequently not large, and *may* be seen in a day, so far, that is to say, as mere *stight* is concerned. A drive through the most savage defile in the country, the Gap of Dunloe, distant about seven miles from the town, leads to an opening in the Upper Lake, where boats are taken which row through the three lakes; Tourists visiting some of the islands on the way; touching at venerable Mucross Abbey; gazing up at the mountains; "about" at the rich foliage of the arbutus mingled with that of the yew, the holly, and other forest trees; listening to the echoes that repeat the lugle blast a score of times; hearing some of the legends of which every rock, and islet, and point contains at least one; driving home, it may be, through the beautiful demesne of Ross Island, to the Railway Hotel, or landing on the shore underneath the windows of the Victoria. A day *may*, and unhappily does often, suffice to exhibit the Killarney Lakes; but those who are compelled to give them no longer time are to be pitied much.*

The attractions of the Killarney Lakes are not to be described in the limited space we here allot to them; yet a faint idea of them may be given—sufficient, at least, to induce "further inquiry." We pass over the comparatively minor matters of which all readers have read something—the round towers, the monastic ruins, and the dilapidated castles—relics of all which are found in close association with the Lakes. There are no finer remains in Ireland than those of Mucross Abbey; it is only the base of a round tower that is to be examined at Aghadoe, and for "ould castles" we must take a few steps out of the district; but curiosity will be gratified, if information is not obtained, by these additions to the charms of the locality. Moreover, there is a cave where a volume may be read, which dates from a very far off period—the Ogham stones, which the Irish scholar may and does peruse. There are many other relics of remote ages to be seen—the cromlech, the Logan stone,

"Which the slightest touch alone sets moving,
But all earth's power cannot shake from its base:"

"raths," artificial mounds of earth where the fairies hold their revels, and a singular cave far under ground laid out in chambers and corridors; singular stones, the uses of which cannot even be guessed at, but which, of course, were perforated by the knees of saints or marked by the feet of giants—in short, a very large proportion of antiquities peculiar to Ireland are to be examined within a few miles of the hotels.

It is, however, to the *scenery* of the Lakes that we are specially bound to direct attention, and which, even at the risk of "ringing the changes," we repeat, cannot be surpassed in Great Britain as a combination of the sublime and the beautiful, of savage grandeur with most delicate loveliness, of rugged mountain and delicious valley, of wood and water in luxurious profusion, of all that can delight the eye and thence make its way to the heart.

Let us take one of the Tours: that which must occupy a whole day—and a full day. We drive or ride to the Gap of Dunloe, going perhaps a mile out of the way to visit venerable Aghadoe, its round tower, its ruined church, and the grave-field, where lie the ashes of twenty generations.

* We by no means go so far as Thackeray, who writes that "he who determines to see the whole of the lakes in a day, is an ass for his pains;" for a full summer day, from sunrise to sunset, may show him all the loveliness; but such "hurry" can give little or no enjoyment, and will leave but a faint impression of the beauties of the district.

What a view there is from the summit of the broken tower! We enter the Gap—a narrow road between huge mountains, out of which often the eagle issues and soars above our path. The small lakes seem of black water, for heavy shadows are on them always. To describe the Pass as savage is

not enough; it is awful in its gloomy grandeur. We pause awhile to wake its echoes, and proceed, until we arrive at its terminus, some four miles, and look down on the "Coom Dhuv," the black valley, at the base of Carran Tuel, the loftiest of the Irish mountains, which no doubt you will



THE OLD WEIR BRIDGE.

ascend before you leave the district; or, if difficulties deter you, there will be Mangerton, almost as high and far easier of ascent. Another walk of two miles or so brings us to the Upper Lake, where, passing over Garamcen Bridge, we enter boats,

well provided with sturdy rowers, and full of baskets that give promise of a dinner at Glona, with that luxury of luxuries, a salmon, just caught, roasted on arbutus sticks—a treat of which the Tourist should by all means partake. We row somewhat



THE DEVIL'S ISLAND.

rapidly through the Upper Lake; there are few objects to detain us, for the arbutus, in flower and in fruit, the yew, and gigantic ferns, are every where on either side as we pass along. We look up to the mountains, but we see them to disadvantage, and though there are a few wooded islands here,

we do not stay to visit them. Soon we arrive at the "Long Range." It is the river that connects the Upper with Torc and the Lower Lake. "Row gently here," and ship the oars when under "the Eagle's Nest," a rock clothed almost to its summit; we are to hear the best of the

Killarney echoes. The guide steps ashore; presently he sounds his bugle. The effect is MAGICAL; the word is too poor for our purpose. He will first play a single note; it is caught up and repeated loudly, softly, again loudly, again softly, the sound twisting and twirling around the mountain, running up from its foot to its summit, then rolling above it, and at length dying

away in the distance, until it is heard as a mere whisper, barely audible, far away. There is a small canon on the shore, small, but largo enough. Suddenly it is fired. In an instant every mountain miles around seems instinct with angry life, and replies in voices of thunder to the insignificant sound that has roused them. It is multiplied a thousand fold, and with infinite

but if time be of importance, hasten onwards, under the shadows awhile of Glenna mountain. You can see nothing of it but its covering of trees and shrubs, in vast variety; yet the red deer is browsing above you, and you may sometimes hear his hellow. You will have time—if you are hurried, that is to say, which we hope you will not be—to visit but one of the islands, and that must be Inisfallen,

“Sweet Inisfallen!”

the largest and certainly the most lovely of the many islands of the Lower Lake. Examine its wonders, its gigantic trees, and the remains of its ancient abbey, and become again a voyager, landing at Ross Castle, if your home be the Railway Hotel, and walking a mile through delicious grounds to your domicile. But Ross Castle with its histories and its legends, and Ross Island with its hills, and dales, and walks, where the hand of liberal taste has long been busy, must not thus be “run over.” Alone, it will yield pleasure enough for a day.

We have thus, we trust, given to our readers a glimpse of the enjoyment that awaits those who visit all beautiful Killarney: it is but a glimpse.

But when the lakes and islands have been fully seen, the mountains climbed, and all their marvellous beauties duly examined and appreciated, the Tourist must by no means think he has exhausted the district. There is, within a drive of thirty miles, as wild a sea-coast as any to be found in Ireland, not excepting that which girdles the north, and neighbours the Giant's Causeway; or the stupendous mountain cliffs in Connemara. The bays and harbours of Kerry are second to none in grandeur or in beauty.

It is a wild drive, indeed, that which conducts the Tourist from Killarney to Valentia, passing the birthplace of Daniel O'Connell (now a ruin) at Cahireiveen, round the coast to Kenmare, and so on to Glengarriff and Bantry.

But these are topics on which we can barely touch; the space we have allotted to the subject is expended.

We trust, however, enough has been said—even though we have said so little—to induce many who will this year visit Dublin, to extend their tour to Killarney. High as we may raise expectation, we have no dread of disappointment.

In our Introductory Remarks we detailed so fully the inducements to visit Ireland, that it cannot now be needful to repeat them. THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, which opens in Dublin a few days after this number of the *Art-Journal* will be in the hands of its readers, will, no doubt, induce tens of thousands to visit that country; tourist-tickets (as we have explained) will be issued at a very low rate; there can be no journey anywhere that will cost so little. These tourist-tickets are letters of recommendation; but, indeed, a *stranger* requires none. The voyage of less than four hours from Holyhead is in summer really but a pleasure trip; and, above all, the English may see the Irish where they are best seen and known, “at home,” and so help to cement that bond of “union” upon which so much of the happiness and prosperity of the United Kingdoms depend, and which only the enemies of both seek to loosen or to break.

We trust we shall not be considered presumptuous if we refer the Tourist who contemplates this delicious tour, to the new edition we issue of our book—“A WEEK AT KILLARNEY.”



BIRTHPLACE OF O'CONNELL.

variety: at first with a terrific growl, then a fearful crash. Both are caught up by the surrounding hills, mingling together, now in solemn harmony, now in utter discordance; awhile those that are nearest become silent, awaiting those that are distant—the echoes of echoes; then joining together, in one mighty sound, louder and louder; then dropping to a gentle lull, as if the winds only gave them life; then breaking forth

again into a combined roar that would seem to be heard a hundred miles away.

Good reader, this is no exaggeration. Yes; if you had but this one recompense for your visit to Killarney, it would suffice.

Pass on. The old Weir Bridge is before you: keep very quiet; it is safe enough, but it does not seem so. This is one of the Killarney lions, shaking his mane in strength and power. The waters rush



THE ISLAND OF VALENTIA.

through the passage fiercely; and a shudder, even a shriek, may be pardoned to delicate nerves; but there is no danger. You are now in Dinas Pool, and will land at Dinas Island, where the liberality of Mr. Herbert has provided a pretty cottage, at which Tourists may rest and be thankful; and where the aforementioned “salmon roasted on arbutus skewers” will soon be ready; but

if you are not very hungry, proceed onward yet a little, and crossing Tore Lake, enter the Lower Lake, and rest at beautiful Glenna, in the pretty cottage “the Kenmares” have prepared for your reception; and while dinner is dressing, hear a real Irish piper—blind of course—play a genuine Irish air on veritable Irish bagpipes.

You will have done enough for the day;

ORNAMENTAL IRON-WORK.

MANIFESTLY a vast change for the better in the architectural and decorative aspect of our cities and towns has taken place within the last few years, and to this happy result the frequent introduction of beautiful iron-work has contributed in no measured degree. The progressive improvement of our iron "industries" of late is surpassed by no other branch of Art-manufactures; and whether as an element of wealth, stability, or beauty, this material seems destined to assume—if it has not indeed already done so—a very foremost position. Until somewhat recently, cast iron applied to the higher branches of decorative Art was comparatively unknown to us, and at the corner of our streets we were accustomed to see—and in some places do still see—an old cannon serve the purpose of a curb post, and the same old weapon of war surmounted by a plain shaft doing duty for a lamp-pillar. Now, however, when parochial boards or corporate bodies find it necessary to provide these essentials to our comfort and safety, they generally show a laudable desire not only to set up an object suited to its utilitarian purpose, but also something which, by the beauty and appropriateness of the design, as well as by the cunning handicraft of the artisan, may serve as an ornament to the locality and an example of what is good in Art to the thousands who come within the reach of its influence.

Such a work we have in the Lamp Standard and Ventilating Shaft here engraved, of which two have been erected over the subway in Southwark Street, a street running from the Surrey side of Blackfriars Bridge to nearly the foot of London Bridge, and which is among the recent "improvements" carried out on the south side of the Thames. These lamps and shafts were executed in cast-iron by Messrs. Walter Macfarlane and Co., of the Saracen Foundry, Glasgow, and Bedford Street, Strand, from the designs of Mr. C. H. Driver, which were furnished to the manufacturers by Mr. J. W. Bazalgette, Engineer to the Board of Works.

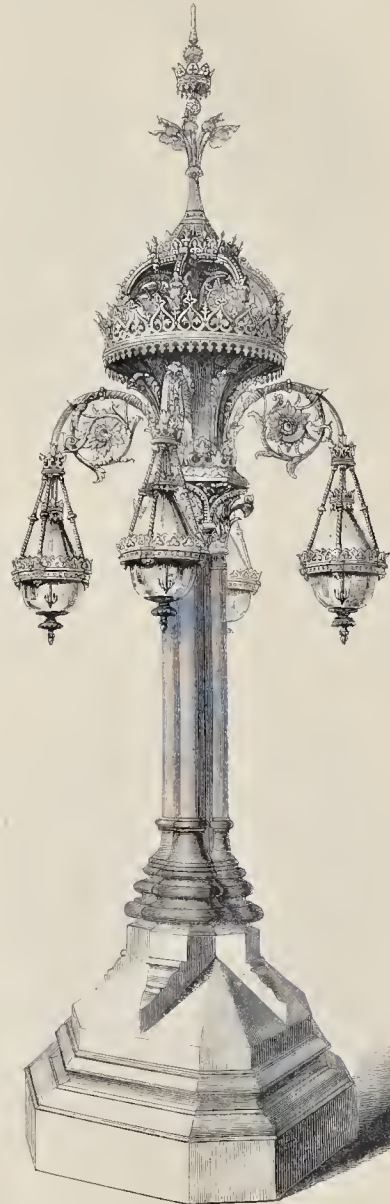
The lower half of the design consists of a hollow clustered column, two feet in its greatest diameter, with a massive spreading moulded base. This column has a decorated capital of conventional foliage with projecting stems, the *abacus* being brought to the octagon form. Above this capital the continuation of the shaft is encircled by a perforated cresting, from which spring four semicircular arms for the lamps; branching scrolls fill in these semicircles; the eyes of foliated rosettes in the centre of the scrolls are formed of richly-cut prisms of crystal. The lamps consist of a hemisphere, or cup, of glass, with ornamental pendant and decorated metallic ring. The lamp-covers are of glass, conical shaped, with a decorated metallic crest. From the continuation of the shaft above the capitals, and immediately above the arms, spring eight foliated brackets supporting a ring, or coronal, five feet three inches in diameter. This ring is formed of a *torus*, or semicircular moulding, with an under fringe and a beautifully perforated and curved cresting; it is united to a smaller one, at a greater height, by eight curved ribs of open iron-work, which form perforated scrolls, the effect of the whole being that of a rich open crown or canopy. The curved outline of the ribs is continued by an ogee curve, which terminates in a slender neck moulding. At this point eight curved and foliated stems project; the main stem of the finial rising through this is encircled by a lace-like coronet of open iron-work, below which is a large crystal prism, with cut *facets*, and is terminated by a ball of open iron-work and tapering spiracle. The shaft is terminated by a finial of bold and beautiful design, eight feet in height. The whole stands upon a basement of stone five feet in height, and forms a graceful and attractive object to the passer-by, while it offers an illustration of the adaptability of cast-iron to receive the richest and most delicate artistic treatment.

If we mistake not, this is the first offering of the Metropolitan Board of Works to Industrial Art. It is a worthy one, and, no doubt, will be followed by many others. Indeed, it fore-

shadows what London may yet become if the Board, with its almost unlimited powers, uses them discreetly and wisely, making the most of every salient point for the display of what is picturesquely good.

We have at various times directed attention to the skilful rendering by Messrs. Macfarlane

of their productions, and especially of those sent to the Industrial Exhibition of 1862, for which they received a medal; the award was made on the report of the jury, specified in the following terms:—"Admirable Architectural Castings of Ornamental Crestings, Panels, Finials, Rain-water Pipes, Gutters, &c., being sharp, clean,



and full of character." This well-deserved testimony has, doubtless, been gained by the determination of the manufacturers to give, even to the commonest of their productions, that true artistic element so often found absent in cast-iron work. Numerous examples of this are seen in the show-room in Bedford Street.

We may remark incidentally that the Saracen Foundry, Glasgow, where Messrs. Macfarlane's works are carried on, covers about two acres of ground. The buildings are somewhat after the Venetian Gothic style of architecture, and under their roofs about five hundred "hands" pursue their heavy labours.

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE month that has elapsed since we noticed this great undertaking, has been well employed by the various committees and officers of the exhibition; and a commensurate progress has been made in every department. Externally, little, comparatively speaking, remains to be done: the whole mass of buildings may now be said to be completed, save a few light and temporary structures which are in course of erection at the north-eastern angle, for the purpose of adding two more courts—one for carriages, and the other for machinery at rest. These are kept sufficiently low to prevent their marring the beauty of the original pile, and are a very desirable ad-

joined to the accommodation which, with the growing requirements of contributors, is even still too limited. The grounds may be pronounced all but finished—the approaches on all sides are being laid down. A massive dwarf wall of hewn granite protects the front, or eastern entrance, and is surmounted by handsome iron pillars at intervals, from which depend chains—thus forming a fencing at once elegant and substantial. The gates, both at the northern and southern ends of the enclosure, are remarkably fine, and afford spacious room for entrance. We have, in our last observations, given a sufficiently accurate description of the external style and architectural features of the building. To this we have now nothing to add, but that, as it receives the last finishing in the minutest details, its general effect is enhanced. Our

attention must henceforth be mainly directed to the interior. Much has been done here—though much remains to be done.

The arrangements and application of the various courts and apartments have been finally made, and appear to us to have been done with judgment. We shall go rapidly through them. On the ground-floor, the great hall, as we formerly stated, is intended for the reception of sculpture. It is open to the roof, through which it is lighted by a lantern the whole length; while all around it, supported by pillars, runs a gallery in the upper story; the hall is floored with encaustic tiling, in various patterns and colours. Passing out of the hall into the great structure of iron and glass, which traverses the whole length of the building, from north to south, we



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: FRONT VIEW.

[Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.

enter a square of over forty feet, which is assigned to Rome; to the right or north of which is a quadrangle, about twice as large, dedicated to the productions of the rest of Italy. Still farther north, a small space will be occupied by Sweden and Norway; while on the extreme south, Belgium gets a very extensive location. These allocations bisect the building longitudinally from south to north: the other half, that bounding the gardens, will be occupied by Prussia to the extreme south; Austria coming next; France taking up the centre, including the apsis, and stretching northward till it reaches the location for Denmark. The portion of the building which runs from west to east—being a space of about 270 feet long, and 117 feet wide, will be appropriated entirely to the United Kingdom. Northward of this, a

fine spacious court has been erected for machinery in motion; from which we pass eastward into a smaller court, for machinery at rest; adjacent to which, going southward, is a court of similar size, for the exhibition of carriages. Beyond the music hall, on the south of the entrance hall, are four rooms for the display of photographs; the disposable space south of which will be arranged for first-class refreshment rooms.

A spacious double staircase on the right of the hall leads to the upper floor and galleries. Round the hall runs a gallery which, with a room over the entrance, will be reserved for pictures of the modern foreign schools. The large room to the right is intended for the old masters, whose works are to be arranged chronologically, as in the Manchester Exhibition—a plan which

is highly instructive and interesting. We have already mentioned that a gallery is assigned for the exhibition of water colours, and another will contain the paintings of the modern English school. Considering the large requirements for the other objects of the Exhibition, we are bound to say that the interests of the Fine Arts have not been neglected in point of space; we could wish that the smaller picture galleries were wider and better lighted. A small mediæval court adjoins the great picture gallery. The galleries running round the whole of the iron building will be occupied by the industrial productions of the various nations in the following sequence, beginning at the south-west angle:—Prussia, Austria, France (in the apsis), Turkey, China, and Japan, the British Colonies, India, the United Kingdom, Italy, Switzerland, Hol-

land, and Belgium. Such are the final arrangements of the space, which we understand is very much less than is needed for the number and requirements of the applicants.

Now that the interior of the great western building is finished, one can adequately judge of its effect as a whole. Standing at the north-western angle, a full view is obtained southward and eastward, so as to take in the entire structure at a glance. The opinion which we formed at first has been fully confirmed by our latest survey, and we venture to assert that it is the most successful combination of iron and glass that has as yet been erected. In the arching of the roof, strength, grace, and lightness have been admirably combined; and the lattice-work of the girders gradually tapering to the centre, contributes not a

little to the elegance of its appearance. The columns throughout the building are light and airy shafts, that suit well with the character of the galleries they have to support; and, though simple, they are tastefully moulded in their ornamentation. We understand that the credit of much of the design of the ironwork is due to Mr. Orlish, the well-known engineer, by whom the details were worked out. The castings were made in the foundry of Messrs. Rankin, of Liverpool, and are an admirable illustration of the perfection to which this branch of manufacture has been brought.

The subject of the colouring of this structure was a question of great anxiety and much consideration. Artists, and artists only, will fully understand the importance of this matter. In all buildings, as we are of late years beginning to under-

stand, colour is primarily to be considered. It gives a character to the place, and to the objects which are to occupy it; and an error in judgment, especially where the objects to be affected are artistic or delicate, is sure to operate prejudicially. The difficulty in the present case was increased by the vast mass of light which is received in every direction into the building; this would necessarily detect and exaggerate anything that might be inharmonious in tone. In our frequent visits to the building, while this matter was under discussion, we have seen the experiments in colouring which were submitted to the test; and we have been sometimes more amused than edified by the suggestions we have heard from amateurs. One sturdily advocated vermilion; another clamoured for cobalt; while a third assured us that a good ochreous buff



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: THE WINTER GARDEN.

[Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.

would have a charming effect. Fortunately, the subject was in the hands of one who understood it—Mr. Henry Doyle, whose skilful decoration of the Roman Catholic chapel at Cahra, near Dublin, we have already favourably noticed in the *Art-Journal*. Accordingly, he took his own course in the matter; and bearing in mind, not only the present use to which the structure is to be applied, but its permanent occupation as a winter garden, he has used quiet, neutral colours—light and delicate shades of lavender and green being largely prevalent, with here and there a small portion of a stronger and more pronounced character, for effect. This, we do not hesitate to affirm, is artistically correct, harmonising with the building itself, and suited to relieve, but not offend, the strong and varied colours that will be thrown

off from the various articles with which the room will be filled. These will supply the deeper and more brilliant colouring necessary for contrasts; and the hammers which will be used as decorations will show finely against the more delicate colouring of the interspaces.

The strength of the galleries has been lately tested in a very satisfactory manner. A body of five hundred of the 78th Highlanders marched through them *en masse*, fully accoutred, with their band playing—a very pretty exhibition in itself.

The Fine Arts department will be placed under the superintendence of Mr. Doyle, and we have reasons to expect that it will be very complete, and highly interesting as an exposition of Art ancient and modern. While foreign artists and foreign governments are not deficient in their contribu-

tions, as we took occasion to state last month, we rejoice to find that the collections in our own country will be liberally placed at the disposal of the Exhibition. In addition to the contributions which her Majesty has already graciously accorded, we learn that she has signified her intention of sending Leslie's great picture of 'The Coronation,' and that of the 'Marriage of the Princess Royal,' painted by Phillip. She also permits a selection from the Indian collection at Windsor Castle to be forwarded. This collection will add considerably to the interest of the Indian Department, which, it is expected, will be rich and beautiful, under the management of a special committee, the presidentship of which Lord Gough has just accepted. Our nobility, too, are following this good example. The Dukes of Devonshire and

of Manchester are contributing from their collections works of both ancient and modern masters. Earls Warwick, Darnley, St. Germans, Spencer, Portarlington, and Mayo will send their best pictures by the ancient masters; so, too, will Viscount Powerscourt and Lord Lyttelton, and Willet Adee, and Thomas Kibble, Esqrs. Some good pictures of the British school, including those of Romney, Gainsborough, and others, come from Lord De Tahley, and a *chef-d'œuvre* in sculpture of Hogan's, 'Eye's first Sight of Death,' purchased by his lordship in Rome when that great Irish sculptor was a student there. We learn with pleasure that, in addition to the statuary that has been promised from Rome, and of which we spoke on a former occasion, every British sculptor will be represented. It is gratifying to hear that the Roman government is giving every facility to artists in the transport of their works to

Ireland, and is exerting itself energetically in the cause of the Exhibition. This is wise as well as generous. It not only promotes the Fine Arts, but directly benefits the artists, as it is a fact that by far the greatest portion of the sculpture sent to the International Exhibition at Hydo Park was purchased there. It is not unreasonable to expect that the artists may be equally successful in disposing of their works in Dublin.

It will be seen from what we have said on the subject of the arrangements of space, that some rooms have been appropriated to the display of photography, as among the Fine Arts; and we understand that the exhibition of these will comprise the largest and most varied collection of photographs ever brought together. To assign a place to photography amongst the Fine Arts may perhaps admit of a question; but we think the committee have done wisely in not deciding that question in the nega-

tive by excluding it. There is no doubt that in 1862 much discontent was caused among photographers by the refusal to rank them with artists. By giving the benefit of the doubt on this question, the Dublin committee will have their reward, as the photographers are coming forward in unprecedented numbers with their productions.

The Dublin committee have adopted a new arrangement for the selection of juries. The various British and foreign committees will be required to forward the names of persons whom they consider to be fit for the office, and from these lists the executive committee will select the juries. It is to be regretted that the space at the disposal of the committee is so much less than has been demanded. A good deal of jealousy and discontent must arise amongst disappointed applicants, no matter how fairly or judiciously those who have the disposal of



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: THE INTERIOR.

[Engraved by J. and G. T. Nickolls.

the space may act in the discharge of this difficult duty. To obviate, in some degree, this inconvenience to exhibitors, the Royal Dublin Society, with the liberality which has ever characterised that body whenever the public good was to be promoted, has placed its valuable and extensive premises at the disposal of the exhibition committee for the display of agricultural machinery and implements. This will afford an opportunity of making this department of the Exhibition—so important to Ireland—far more considerable than could otherwise have been done. We trust manufacturers will avail themselves of the increased accommodation.

A very important bill has just received the Royal assent, whereby the rights of all persons exhibiting new inventions or new designs are fully protected, notwithstanding the exposition of them at the Exhibition. We trust that this measure will

remove any difficulty that might have stood in the way of inventors, and that they will be encouraged to contribute largely on this occasion.

Meantime the executive committee are making their arrangements for the opening on the 9th of May. They have confided to Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King-at-Arms, the details of the marshalling, and the preparation of the programme of the ceremonies connected with the inauguration. Though these are not yet completed, we are enabled to give the following outline. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is expected to arrive at Kingstown on the evening of the 8th of May. The following day he is to leave the Lodge at noon in state, reaching the building about one o'clock. At the grand entrance he will be received by the Lord Mayor and the members of the executive committee. Thence they will proceed to the great concert hall, where the

National Anthem will be sung, and the ceremony of inauguration will take place. The Prince will then inspect the several departments of the building, and returning to the dais in the concert hall, declare, in the name of her Majesty, the Exhibition opened. A musical performance will conclude the ceremony, which promises to be a very brilliant one.

No doubt the several committees are working ardently and well; as we have elsewhere observed, the railway companies are co-operating liberally with them, so as to induce a large in-flow of visitors to Ireland this year. The result will be great good to Ireland, and not to that country only, but to England also.

Especially we shall have to congratulate the architect, ALFRED G. JONES, Esq., on the completion of a work that will be regarded as a professional triumph.

GOLDSMITH.

FROM THE STATUE BY J. H. FOLEY, R.A.

It is quite fitting that the precincts of the University of Dublin should be graced by a statue of one whose name occupies a bright page in the roll of Great Britain's literary men. Goldsmith owes little or none of his reputation to Trinity College; it did but little for him. The neglect, however, was less that of the college than his own; he could not bring his wild, erratic spirit to its discipline, nor brook the tyranny of some who bore rule over him. "His college tutor, the Rev. Theaker Wilder," writes one of Goldsmith's recent biographers, Dr. Waller, also of Trinity College, Dublin, "was a man of some mathematical ability, but violent in temper, insolent and overbearing in manners, and of a harsh, vicious, and brutal nature. Oliver detested mathematics, and so incurred the wrath of his tutor, which the indolence and thoughtlessness of the pupil gave too many occasions to gratify. He was subjected to taunts, ridicule, and insults almost daily—sometimes even to personal chastisement from one who, exercising over him the rights of a master over a servant, persecuted him with unremitting rancour." It must be remembered that Goldsmith was only a sizar of his college, that is, a "poor scholar," who received his education, and his board and lodging, such as these last were, free of expense, and that sizar were compelled to perform certain menial duties. Moreover, our universities in Goldsmith's time—more than a century ago—were conducted in a far different manner from what they are now and have long been. Especially was this the case in Dublin. Cambridge as well as Dublin has yet its "sizar," and Oxford its "Bible-clerks," a similar class of students; but there is nothing absolutely degrading in their position, and both are generally recognised as evidence of good scholarship.

Goldsmith's college life, as Dr. Waller remarks, "is not one on which we dwell with pleasure. . . . It is useless to speculate what the young man's progress might have been under kinder treatment. Brutality first outraged and then discouraged a sensitive nature. He sought relief from his wretchedness sometimes in dissipation, often in reckless disrespect of discipline; he wasted his time, neglected his studies, and dissipated the scanty supplies which his father could afford him." At length, in the spring commencement of 1749, he took his B.A. degree. "As he passed out for the last time through the wicket in that massive gate beside which he so often loitered, how little did he think the time would come when he should stand there, in the mimic bronze, for ever—no loiterer now, friendless, nameless, neglected, but honoured and admired—one of the great names that fill all lands, and ennoble their own."

That time has at length come, and Foley's noble statue of the *quondam* sizar of Trinity College, which we have engraved here, adorns the front of the edifice. How thoroughly it seems to embody the man: he is reading a book, with a pencil in his hand for annotating; some jida seems suddenly to have occurred to him, and he stops in his walk—for the figure is in the attitude of walking—to reflect a moment. A realistic statue truly; easy, graceful, natural, with all the difficulties of the costume of the period triumphantly overcome: a noble tribute to the genius of one Irishman from the hand of another.

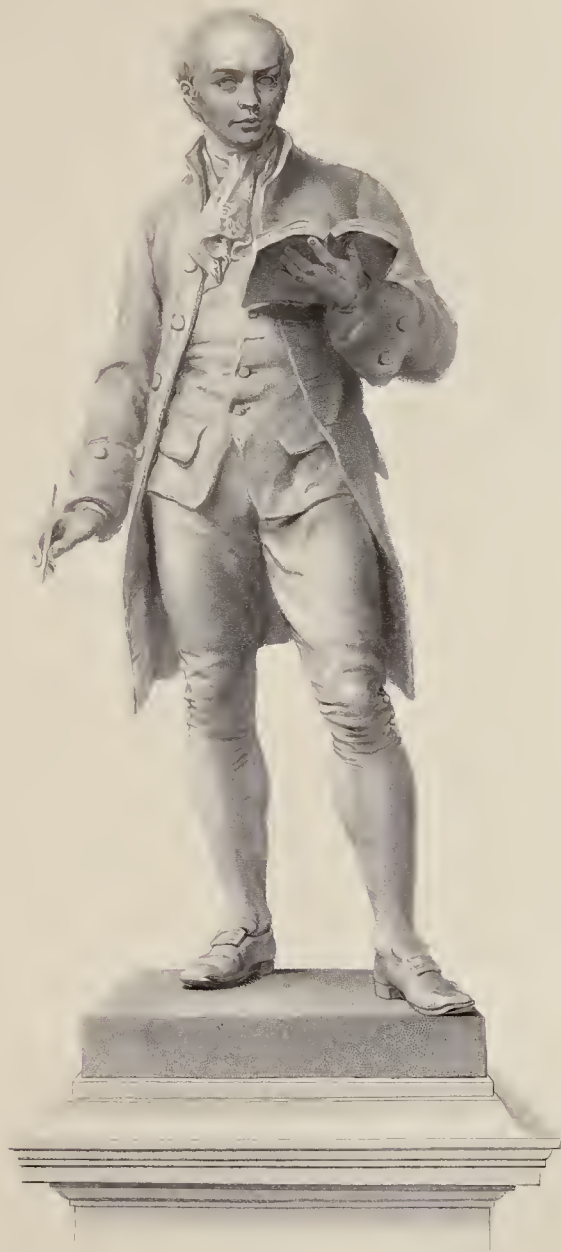
MR. F. MADOX BROWN'S PICTURES.

An exhibition of the collected works of this eminent painter is now open in Piccadilly; the catalogue numbers nearly one hundred pictures, sketches, and designs, some of which exemplify the earliest experience of the artist. By that sect of painters calling themselves Pre-Raphaelite, Mr. Brown is claimed as a brother, and he has, by certain of his works acknowledged himself as "the order." The pictures are seen to much disadvantage in the very small room wherein they are hung; and this is particularly felt in works of the speciality which these affect. Two or three of them would afford a diagnosis of the character, though not of the degree of success, of the whole; that is, they would tell us that the artist is a man of genius, a hard worker, who thinks for himself, and who is indefatigable in research towards the attainment of accuracy—the best passages of whose autobiography he has written rather in his small than in his large pictures. Those that catch the eye on entering the room are 'Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.,' 'Jesus washes Peter's Feet,' 'Work,' 'Willelmus Conquistator,' 'Cordelia and Lear,' 'Wickliff reading his Translation of the Bible to John of Gaunt,' 'The Pretty Baa-lambs,' 'The last of England,' 'Manfred on the Jungfrau,' 'The Death of St. Oswald,' &c. The whole, perhaps, of Mr. Brown's works that have been publicly exhibited since his early time, we have seen and considered attentively; for, as compositions of earnest and original thought, they cannot be lightly passed by. The announcement of the exhibition was therefore looked forward to as the first opportunity that had presented itself of seeing what the lapse of fifteen or twenty years had done for such works; mindful always of the first impressions they made.

Many of the early paintings have been extensively re-touched, a circumstance open to explanation in more ways than one. The results of this are a softness and concentration which did not before exist. The large picture, 'Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.,' has been studied as strictly an open-air effect, and faithful as it is to this proposition, we have always felt the want of gradations and some imposing dark in the arrangement. The small picture, 'Lear and Cordelia,' Mr. Brown considers one of his best works. We agree with him, and go further than he does; it is his most complete picture. It was shown fourteen or fifteen years ago at Knightsbridge, where the Portland Gallery exhibitions originated. When it was first exhibited the impression it then gave was that which the artist has since admitted, otherwise he would not have acted upon it. He felt that it wanted softness and combination, and he has very wisely re-touched it. But the picture which has been worked out in the most sincere spirit of the class wherein the artist has signalled himself is that entitled 'Jesus washes Peter's Feet.' The patient elaboration bestowed upon it, cannot be too highly praised, nor can we over estimate the tact shown in securing the essential points that identify the work as of the pre-Raphaelite section. In direct contrast to this is the feeling of the Wickliff picture, in which the heads of Chaucer and Gower are of great beauty; and a similar character pervades a long list of the small works in the collection. Of Shakspeare there is in the public mind an ideal which no imaginary portrait will ever now supplant; it is not therefore surprising that Mr. Brown's portrait is denied the merit of being a happy impersonation. The features depart from all common impressions of those of Shakspeare, inasmuch as to throw many difficulties in the way of recognition. We ought, perhaps, to have commenced this short notice with a description of the picture 'Work,' but it is a subject that alone would require a chapter, and all we can find room to say of it is, that it is itself a work showing a high development of thought, united with great and varied power of execution. But the entire exhibition is, briefly, descriptive of the spirit that has actuated the artist during the fifteen or sixteen years that we remember his works.

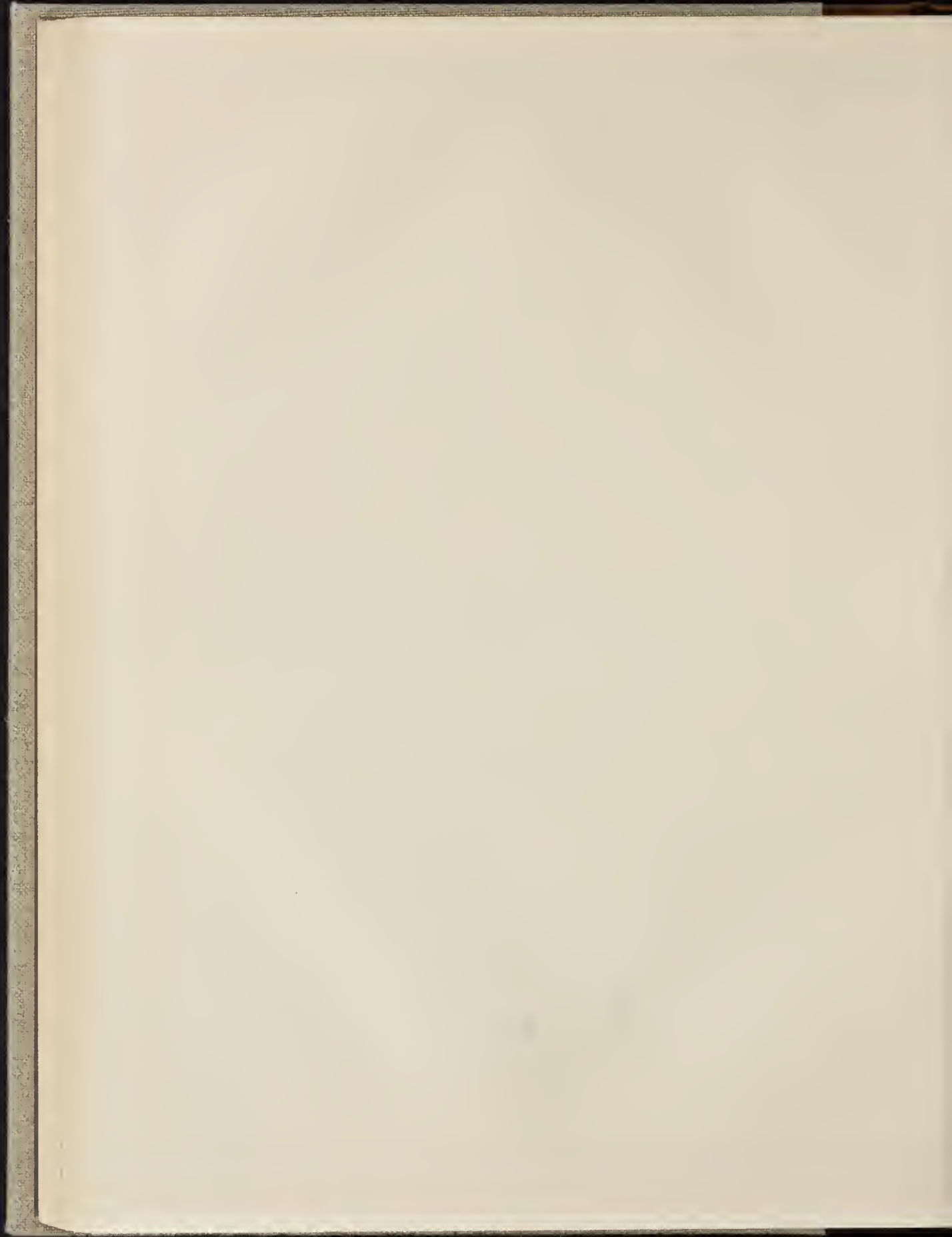
MACLISE'S 'DEATH OF NELSON.'

This great picture is now finished, and will shortly be open to public inspection. The work is spoken of as completed, but all available time will yet be employed in re-touching parts which may seem to require strengthening; and although, by the ordinary observer, the details of this revision would be inappreciable, yet the effect will be felt as a whole. This magnificent painting having been already more than once minutely described in these columns, it is not now necessary to repeat the story of its composition, and that of the labours of the artist. It has been in contemplation by Mr. MacLise to exhibit at the Academy the carefully finished oil picture from which it has, figure by figure, been worked out. If, however, he had determined to send it for exhibition, he has, we believe, abandoned that resolution from a chivalrous regard for the interests and feelings of others. It is to be hoped that the singular delicacy and modesty of such an act will be understood, although as regards the line of sight at the Academy there are two extreme feelings which extinguish all considerations immediately relative—those of exultation, and those of bitter disappointment. But for the last five years we do not remember that Mr. MacLise has occupied a foot of the line. The exhibition, therefore, of such a picture could not reasonably open a source of discontent, even to the most ambitious or most unworthy pretenders. There are many important reasons, entirely independent of its great merit, which render it desirable that the oil study should appear on the walls of the Academy, and those alone would have morally silenced the voices of the small authors of smaller themes. The extensive and patient research whereby, in the Waterloo picture, the military equipment and material, already all but forgotten, of the early part of the present century has been reproduced in painting, has, if possible with greater earnestness, been applied to circumstantial verification of the Trafalgar picture. Sentimental battle-painting is not, and never can be, a fashion among us; if it were a national taste, it could be more than gratified without divergence from truthful narrative. The accounts that have come down to us of the death of Nelson are too meagre to satisfy the inquiries of a very conscientious artist, and of the persons who were with Nelson when he fell, but very few are known; therefore, in the direction of portraiture the painter has had but little assistance. In modern pictures called historical, there is a marked tendency to dramatise serious narrative; but here is no approach to theatrical effect. The emotions of all the actors are absorbed by the circumstances of their situations respectively, without acknowledgment of an exterior circle of spectators, to whom the scene is as nothing without some vain compliment to national glory. Mr. MacLise has read his subject naturally, and set it before us with as near approach to reality as possible. With him, an exaggerated utterance of grief is not necessary to the description of a calamity, nor an expression of wild exultation indispensable to that of a victory. We cannot dismiss the subject without one word in reference to the inadequate remuneration granted for these national pictures, the discussion of which, at any length, may, however, be postponed until the subject is again brought before the House of Commons.



GOLDSMITH

DESIGNED BY G. STODART. FROM THE STATUE BY H. FOLLY.



MR FRITH'S PICTURE,
'THE ROYAL MARRIAGE'

THIS picture, 'The Marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales,' will more than realise public expectation. Mr. Frith, by sparkle of execution, glitter of colour, contrasts and harmonies in composition, together with telling traits of character, has overcome the inherent difficulties of his subject, and made out of a formal state ceremonial a brilliant work of Art. No theme could be more abundant in rich material. The occasion itself, the marriage of the heir apparent to an ancient monarchy, the nuptials of the future ruler of an empire whereon the sun, in its world-wide circuit, never sets, is fraught with brightest hopes, and draws around it every circumstance of greatness. The place, again, where the company is assembled, the Royal Chapel of Windsor, recalls a thousand memories of the past; the very stones are built into the history of the country, and the rich elaboration of architectural ornament seems to proclaim the pomp of dynasties. The assembly itself, one of the most dazzling ever congregated—the nobles of the land, ministers of state, dignitaries of the Church, envoys of foreign nations—makes this ceremony and the picture which records it a living and a lasting chronicle of England's power, wealth, and greatness. Such is the subject upon which Mr. Frith has for many months bestowed labour and anxious thought. That the Queen and the royal family are gratified with the result no one can doubt who sees the picture now complete.

The grouping of the figures is eminently pictorial. The prince and the princess, who stand in face of the spectator, towards the centre of the foreground, attract the eye, and then the attention is drawn off to the surrounding company, following the perspective of crowded heads, which stream into the choir, till lost at the furthest point of sight in the distant nave. The prince is in the deep purple robe of the Order of the Garter; the princess is dressed in white; thus, by the juxtaposition of the deepest dark and the highest light in the two principal characters, the utmost pictorial effect is gained. Above, from a balcony, or oriel window, where Anne Boleyn was accustomed to hear mass, stands the queen, a distant but earnest spectator of the ceremony. She is attended by ladies of the household. On the left of the royal couple are ranged the English princesses; on the right, with telling prominence, dressed in black velvet, relieved by the brilliancy of the Scotch tartan, stand the Princes Arthur and Leopold. In the placing of these figures the painter has made a master-stroke. Further to the right of the altar, immediately in the foreground, is the Duchess of Brabant, a figure of command, robed in lustrous purple, embroidered with gold. The glowing colour and the dazzling light cast upon this leading form, keep surrounding figures in their place, and throw into distance the crowded background. Near to the Duchess of Brabant are the King and the Queen of Denmark, the Crown Prince, the King of Greece, and other members of the Danish dynasty. Close at hand, likewise, may be distinguished the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, brother of the good Prince Consort. The bright train of bridesmaids, dressed in white, and wreathed in roses, shines as a sunny bank of spring flowers in the midst of the choir. When we add to the preceding enumeration the grave company of bishops, deans, and ecclesiastics who keep guard at the altar,

we have completed the roll of the chief actors in the pageant. Yet this is a scene in which, in some sense, no character can be subordinate, and thus even the medley crowd is in fact a studied and blended composition of individual portraits. The richly-carved stalls of the chapel are tenanted by nobles, statesmen, and ladies of title, who add materially to the decorative display. In this line, which runs decisively across the canvas, may be seen the portraits of the Chancellor, Lords Palmerston, Bouverton, and Devonshire, the late Sir Cornwall Lewis, the Speaker, and many others. Over the heads of this illustrious company hang numerous banners of knighthood; and still yet above, the painted windows, indicated in half tone, carry colour into the architecture. The manner in which this crowded company, this multiplicity of material, has been brought together into unity, is a triumph over difficulties which, under less dexterous treatment, would have proved fatal. It is no small praise to say that while this composition is true, even to the measurement of the comparative scale between the figures and the architectural details, the picture, as a picture and as a work of Art, is the first idea which seizes on the mind. Only by well-timed surrender and strictly-calculated subordination—self-denying qualities, of all others, it is hard not to overstep—can this massing and merging of units into a whole be secured. This, the last bringing together of the picture, is without flaw.

The architectural proportions and decorations of the Chapel of Windsor add state to the imposing pageant. The unobtrusive colour of the stonework forms a quiet background to the dazzling costumes. The painted glass in the clerestory windows carries the balance of colour up to the summit of the canvas. Again, the illuminations on the organ are made to enhance the general enrichment. Even the carpet at the altar, decorated with the roses of York and Lancaster, is turned to good account in its bright contrast to the lack lustre robes of the bishops. Behind this group of ecclesiastics stands the elaborate iron grillo attributed, though erroneously, to Quentin Matsys, an exquisite work, which has given to the painter the opportunity of displaying the precision of his well-trained hand. Nor must we forget a no less famed work in wood, the carved stalls, toned down by time into a deep quiet brown, which gives to the picture a much valued passage of repose. All these architectural details are made to preserve their relative proportions and to keep their respective distances, and thereby the perspective of the whole interior is definitely determined, and the scale of the figures and the dimensions of the building become reduced to the certainty of a geometric law.

On the direct Art-merits of the work we have already, by implication, passed judgment. Analysis, however, of the dazzling effect attained gives a few additional points not unworthy of note. Juxtaposition of highest light with deepest shadow, the contrast and the harmony gained by complimentary colours, the foil of ruby against emerald—these are comparatively the common manoeuvres by which even a tyro in the craft may hit his target. The master hand is indicated by more subtle play. In this picture, for example, the eye traverses the canvas and catches at every turn colours of tenderest modulation: whites, for instance, of varying hue—the pearly white, the creamy white, which passes into yellow, the shadowed white in half eclipse, and the white which reflects the full shower

of light. Such are the delicate mutations found to play in this picture over the satins of a duchess and across the gossamer of bridesmaids' dresses. Then, again, look at like distinctions in the qualities of blacks, and especially note the appreciable interval, and yet the close proximity, between black absolute and deep shaded purple. Examine the surface and the texture of the black dress of the bishops, broken by cool lights, and then pass to the rich purple robe falling from the shoulders of the prince. Such fine distinctions are seldom noted, and still more rarely striven after with any approach to success. Yet it is upon such subtleties that the difference depends between a work of plodding mediocrity and a feat of consummate skill. The thousands who see the finished work will applaud an art the mysteries whereof lie beyond their knowledge.

On Mayday, when these pages are in the hands of the reader, the picture we describe will make appeal from its place in the Royal Academy to the public of these realms. The people cannot fail to look with interest on a religious rite and a state ceremony wherein they feel the future destiny of the nation is deeply involved. They will, moreover, flock around this picture, attracted by its merits as a work of Art; and while they regard with affection an event which gives pledge to a people's happiness, they will pay tribute to the talent of the painter by whom this page in their country's history has been so truthfully indited and so brilliantly illumined.

MR. WINSTON'S DRAWINGS
OF OLD GLASS.

It is a wholesome feeling, this, which induces the gathering of the works of an earnest life, when the worker rests from his labour. How else in this busy age should we know the amount of labour done? In the struggle for name and fame, yesterday's work is forgotten when that of to-day demands attention; but the morrow comes, and lo! a new claimant with it, who may induce us to forget the man of to-day. It is only by collecting the works of an artist that we know the full scope of his mind: in most instances they are his autobiography.

We must refer to p. 16 of the present volume for a notice of Mr. Winston's career, which will show how devoted he was to the study of painted glass, although his own profession was a very different one. Busied in the difficulties of law, he relaxed in this favourite pursuit. His drawings exhibited at the Arundel Society were made from the most remarkable specimens of ancient glass remaining in our churches and cathedrals, and it is not too much to say the drawings themselves are quite as remarkable. As works of imitative Art, these drawings are wonderful, and we are glad to know they are to be given to our national Museum, where they cannot fail to be abundantly useful for reference. The series commences with examples of early glass prior to 1280, and concludes with the style of the "cinque cento," 1550.

In the present day, an increased taste for church decoration has led to the reproduction of windows expressly designed in various styles; and the danger is that a blind reverence for antiquity may tend to resuscitate much that is bad. The very early glass is often hideous, and the attempts of its fabricants to represent religious history are sometimes ludicrous, owing to a defective knowledge of drawing. This collection will prove, as we have said, extremely useful for reference, as historic data; but there is much we should think totally unfit for reproduction.

[It is not out of place here to state that Messrs. Parker will shortly issue a new edition of Mr. Winston's principal work, "Hints on Glass Painting," enlarged and corrected by the author shortly before his death.]

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY to-day opens its ninety-seventh annual exhibition; it will be, perhaps, the most attractive, and is certain to be the most "profitable," of the ninety-seven. The famous picture of the Royal Marriage, by Frith, will add enormously to its funds: but other artists have also done great things. We are fully sure the exhibition will be honourable to the country and to the state of British Art. It is likely that the centenary of the Royal Academy will be held in their new building at Burlington House, for its members have had "notice to quit," and the subject will be considered in Parliament probably before this number of our Journal is in the hands of the public.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The picture gallery, from what we have seen, promises to offer even greater attractions this season than at any former time. The gallery has always been a favourite "lounge;" something more than that, for it is resorted to by buyers, and the sales effected there increase in amount yearly. The pictures, especially of the English school, that were hung last month, when we visited the Crystal Palace, will certainly form the best and most interesting collection ever exhibited there.

THE BRIDGEWATER GALLERY was opened to the public last month, and will, as usual, remain open during "the season."

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—Messrs. W. Bayliss, E. C. Barnes, and E. Hayes, R.H.A., have been elected members of this society.

THE ANNIVERSARY BANQUET of the "Artists' General Benevolent Institution" takes place on the 6th of May, and that of the "Artists' Benevolent Fund" on the 27th of the month: both will be held at the Freemason's Tavern, where we hope to see a large gathering of the patrons of Art and artists.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.—The Chief Commissioner of Works being questioned in the House of Commons concerning "the completion" of the monument to the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's Cathedral, gave this singular answer:—"Mr. Stephens had not quite completed the model he was to prepare, and though he (Mr. Cowper) had addressed remonstrances to Mr. Stephens on the delay, Mr. Stephens had not yet informed him when the model would be ready." This is to the last degree discreditable; many years have gone since Mr. Stephens received this "commission;" most of the old companions in arms of the great soldier have died; almost a generation has departed since the country granted a large sum of money to erect a monument to his memory, yet even "the model" is "not ready." If Mr. Stephens had dared thus to betray the trust reposed in him by a private gentleman, he would have been sued for damages, and have had, rightly, to pay them; but as the Nation is his employer, he seems indifferent to the issue. There must be, however, some means of exacting a penalty, and they ought to be put in force. Such facts do immense injury to Art; they lower the professional status, and keep away from artists many commissions the country would give if there were confidence as to the result.*

INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS.—The Council of this association and the members are at

* So far back as the month of April, 1859, we wrote thus in the *Art-Journal*, deriving our information from what was currently reported both in and out of the profession:—"Mr. Stephens is busy preparing the work committed to his charge, and we understand it will ere long be shown to a select few."

issue respecting the award this year of the royal gold medal: the former naming for the honour a distinguished gothic architect, Mr. Butterfield; while the latter voted, by nearly three to one, in favour of Mr. James Pennethorne. The recommendation of the Council with respect to the award of one of the ordinary medals was also negatived by the members.

THE PORTALES SALE has furnished the British Museum with some fine classic works. Chief among them is the bust long known as the "Guistiniani Apollo." This grand head, all that remains of a Greek statue of the best kind, is an acquisition of the highest interest. The wonder is, that it was not secured for the Louvre. A seated Jupiter in the grandest style, and finest possible condition, is another important work. It is a bronze about eighteen inches high, but is grand in treatment and effect as if it measured as many feet. A fine Venus, also of the Roman era, is another important addition to our bronzes. The Greek bronzes comprise two very large and elegant vases, and an armed figure of very early work, and absurd proportions.

THE CARTOONS AT HAMPTON COURT.—Lord St. Leonards presented, on the 31st of March, a petition from the inhabitants of Kingston, and other adjacent parishes, praying that the cartoons may not be removed from Hampton Court. Lord St. Leonards, in presenting such a petition, sympathises with the inhabitants at the prospect of the loss of one of the great attractions of the place; but his lordship, perhaps, does not know the extent to which the cartoons have suffered in their present abiding place. The holiday crowds that resort to Hampton Court fill the small rooms so as to necessitate the opening of the windows, below which there is a fountain continually playing, whence a proportion of damp, together with dust from the outside, is carried in, sufficient, during a long course of years, to destroy surfaces so delicate as those of exposed water-colour drawings. It was suggested twenty years ago that they should be protected by glass; and that has lately been done, though, year by year, they have been perceptibly fading, until, really, of the original work of Raffaello's pupils but little remains. Lord Granville advocated their removal, and we hope shortly to see them at South Kensington, where they will certainly be more carefully preserved than at Hampton Court.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS closed its ninth exhibition on the 22nd of March, after a season of average success. The Society has been announced as "re-constructed," but the catalogue does not render this intelligible by any appearance of improvement; on the contrary, it is felt as matter of regret that those ladies who have hitherto directed the affairs of the body should have withdrawn from the management. If the business arrangements of the institution are in the hands of any responsible committee, our advice to the administration is to conciliate, and not to repel, its best supporters.

THE death of Mr. W. F. Witherington, R.A., was reported to us on the eve of our going to press: we shall refer to the event next month.

SCHOOLS OF ART AND THE "NEW MINUTES."—We have received from various parts of the United Kingdom a mass of correspondence and printed documents relating to this subject, to which, unfortunately, we cannot direct especial attention at this time. It must suffice to say that they all express in the strongest condem-

natory terms the action of the Department of Science and Art. In all probability the matter will come before Parliament ere our next month's publication appears. Mr. Potter (Carlisle) or Sir E. Crossley will, we believe, present a petition from the Yorkshire schools against the adoption of the "New Code," and application has been made to other members of Parliament throughout the country—especially where schools of Art exist—to support its prayer.

THE FINE ARTS QUARTERLY REVIEW.—We state with regret that this publication has ceased to exist. The sixth quarterly part was the last. It is, in truth, discouraging and humiliating to know that there is not "a public" for Art-literature. It is so in Germany, in France, and in America; in France, indeed, two or three Art-works are issued, but they are cheap and not good; here and elsewhere, all attempts to introduce publications that shall adequately represent the Arts have been failures, with the solitary exception of the *Art-Journal*. We regarded the *Fine Arts Quarterly* as an auxiliary, and not as a rival, and had hopes that it might have so stimulated taste as to work for our benefit as well as that of its conductors. Certainly its success would have aided, and not diminished ours. It is, we say, humiliating—this conviction, that, notwithstanding the prodigious talk concerning Art, and the enormous increase of picture collectors, the English public will not support two publications by which the Fine Arts may be represented. Perhaps the patience of the proprietors was exhausted too soon; the experiment may not have been tried at sufficient length. During the first ten years of the publication of the *Art-Journal* that work never paid its expenses any one year of these ten. We had, however, both faith and hope; we persevered, and we have had our reward.

THE SOUTH LONDON INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION was closed on the 23rd of March, in the presence of a large number of spectators. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided; and around him were grouped many influential persons who had interested themselves in the undertaking. Among them the Ven. Archdeacon of Surrey, Mr. Layard, M.P., Sir C. W. Dilke, the Hon. W. Broderick, Alderman Lawrence, Mr. G. Cubitt, and others. Mr. G. M. Murphy, secretary, read the report, from which it appears that in the forty-three days during which the exhibition was open, it was visited by 123,414 persons, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather through the greater portion of the time. The gross receipts were £1,271 7s. 11d., and though the expenses were necessarily heavy, a considerable surplus might be expected. The total number of exhibitors was 630, of whom 243 gained prizes, and 130 received "honourable mention." The meeting was addressed most affectively and appropriately by the noble chairman, the Archdeacon of Surrey, Mr. Layard, Mr. S. Morley, and others. A letter was also read from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, expressing his sincere regret that an appointment in Downing Street precluded his presence at the ceremony. On the 1st of April, Viscount Palmerston presented the prizes to the successful exhibitors. His lordship was accompanied to the platform by the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P., Mr. Locke, M.P., Mr. C. Gilpin, M.P., the Rev. Newman Hall, and many other gentlemen. The distribution assumed a profit, for the accounts had not been then audited, of £300. The first-class prize, of which there were 35 re-

recipients, was £3; the second-class, 85 recipients, £1 10s.; and the third-class, 123 recipients, a bronze medal in a case. Mr. Murphy stated that out of 120 first and second class prizeholders, 110 chose that a portion of the prize should consist of a medal similar to that given to the third-class prizeholders; 77 having selected silver medals, and 33 bronze medals. After the distribution of the prizes, a handsome ornamental timepiece was presented to Mr. Murphy by the exhibitors, as a testimonial of their sense of the services rendered by him in the capacity of honorary secretary; and Lord Palmerston then addressed those who were present in a speech, which could not fail to have a beneficial effect on the large body of the working classes who listened to it.

GOLD ROMAN COINS.—A most munificent gift has been made to the coin room of our British Museum. E. Wigan, Esq., of Highbury Terrace, who has been long known as one of our most spirited and liberal collectors, has permitted the selection, from his magnificent series of Roman gold coins, of all that were not in the cabinets at the Museum. This has added nearly two hundred coins to the collection, and among them many unique. All are of the greatest rarity and beauty. It is a gift that would realise £3,000 in the sale room. The chances of obtaining such coins at any price are few and far between, and Mr. Wigan's liberality is almost without a parallel in the history of collectors.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.—A very characteristic photographic portrait of the late Cardinal Wiseman—admirable as a work of Art—has recently been published by Messrs. Moira and Haigh. His eminence, arrayed in his gorgeous ecclesiastical vestments, is seated in a high-backed chair of rich carved work, emblematic of his high functions, with his private silver crucifix by his side. Through an open window is seen a representation of the Cardinal's own church in Rome, the church of St. Pudenziana. The photograph is large in size, exceedingly brilliant in effect, and the pose of the figure quite unconstrained. Such a work must prove particularly welcome to his admirers and followers, and is certainly not without interest to those who differ from the community to which he belonged, and who must acknowledge he "did his spitting," as a rule, in a way to command the respect of those opposed to him. A *carte-de-visite* portrait of his eminence, which represents him habited as in the other photograph, but standing, is also published by Messrs. Moira and Haigh: it is quite equal, as a picture, to the larger one, and in the opinion of some persons would probably be preferred, for the expression of the face is undoubtedly softer and more pleasant. Both photographs were taken a few months prior to the Cardinal's decease. The smaller one was considered by him the best ever produced. It is to be enlarged for the purpose of engraving.

A STATUETTE, in bronze, of the Prince of Wales has recently been completed by Mr. Fowke, and submitted to the inspection of his Royal Highness, who appears in the uniform of the Hon. Artillery Company, of which he is Colonel. The statuette is a prize presented to the regiment by the Prince.

A STATUE OF VISCOUNT PALMERSTON is about to be executed in marble by Carl Giovanni, of Milan, for Signor Ernesto Zuccani, an opulent merchant long resident in London, and who is forming a sculpture gallery of European "celebrities." One of these works, a statue of Garibaldi, appeared in the International Exhibition of 1862; another,

that of Count Cavour, has also been finished. A model of the Palmerston statue was exhibited recently at one of Lady Palmerston's "receptions."

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—Dr. Christopher Dresser, F.L.S., whose writings and lectures upon the Art of Design are well known, delivered, somewhat recently, a lecture before the members of this society on "Ornamental Manufacture, more particularly of Glass and Crockeryware." The groundwork of his essay being, that all ornamented Art should be considered in relation to the particular requirement of the article manufactured, and to the materials available for its production. The society's second *conversations* of the season was held on the evening of the 23rd of March, at the Dudley Gallery, and was ungenerously attended.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Mr. Westmacott, R.A., recently delivered a lecture before the members of this institution, taking as his subject, "How works of Art should be looked at." The lecture was of a thoroughly practical character, urging the necessity for cultivating and improving a taste for Art among all classes of the people; and certainly not the least among those to whom such knowledge is essential are they who as purchasers or critics assume to be judges of Art.

A SERVICE OF GLASS has been recently produced by Messrs. Pellatt & Co., that demands special notice at our hands, for it is a rare and very beautiful assemblage of "Art works," comprising three hundred pieces—wine-glasses, water-jugs, finger-glasses, and decanters. The merit consists chiefly in exceeding purity: not alone of the "metal," which is literally as "clear as crystal," but with regard to the ornamentation, the designs being simple and in the best taste. It is, however, mainly to the engraving we refer, when we describe this "service" as a remarkable work of Art: it is sharp, distinct, and refined as it could have been if a line engraver wrought with his burin on steel. The result is astonishing, when we consider that the workman on glass is labouring almost in the dark; for the moment he commences, his progress is hidden by the coating of oil and emery that covers the surface. The service is a "commission" from a gentleman whose crest is a pheasant, and the initials of whose name are T. B. Hence these, with a somewhat elaborate coat-of-arms, have supplied the artist with his materials; for he has had no aids from nature or from Art—that is to say, ornamentation, in the ordinary sense, has been denied to him, and he has been precluded from the resources, of which such artists usually make lavish use—those which the gardens and fields supply. Yet every piece of the three hundred pieces exhibits a variety of treatment, Art being shown only in the arrangement of the monogram and its "surroundings." The designs are by Mr. Girdlestone, heraldic artist and engraver, and Mr. Wood, of the firm of Pellatt & Co. To the latter, indeed, the merit of the designs chiefly belong: the monograms having been arranged by him, and the carrying out of the work having been under his immediate superintendence. It is unquestionably the most refined and beautiful service we have seen, and reflects honour on the eminent manufacturers who have produced it. It is fortunate for the progress of Art-manufacture when wealthy persons are found with judgment and taste to appreciate the value that is derived from purity of form and grace of ornamentation, rather than a display of overloading labour, that

may strike the eye, but by no means satisfies the mind; and while we compliment the producer on an achievement of the highest order, we congratulate on the result the gentleman by whom this commission was given.

PRESENTATION PICTURE.—Mr. M. Angelo Hayes's painting of 'Relieving Guard at Dublin Castle on St. Patrick's Day'—noticed last year in our remarks on the exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy—was, we have only recently learned, presented to the Earl of Carlisle a short time before the lamented death of that popular viceroys and excellent nobleman. It was a graceful and appropriate *souvenir* of his lordship's long rule in Ireland, and we believe was appreciated as such by his Excellency when it arrived at Castle Howard after the resignation of his high office. As he had not previously seen the picture, it must—struck down as he then was by the heavy hand of sickness—have produced in him, in all probability, mingled feelings of sweet and painful fancies; for it represents him surrounded by his court and personal friends on the balcony of the castle, as is the custom of lords lieutenant on St. Patrick's day. The work was purchased of the artist by nearly three hundred subscribers, principally on terms of personal acquaintance with his lordship. It has great merit, and is worthy of its position at Castle Howard.

THE ALEXANDRA PARK.—Although the Company has been "wound up," we are given to understand it is not, therefore, to be considered a failure. In other hands—that is to say, under another Direction—it is said, the great work will be completed, and with more than reasonable prospects of prosperity. We believe, however, the leading Art-features will be abandoned, and that the scheme will be treated merely as a commercial enterprise.

THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF NORTHUMBERLAND.—There was some years ago exhibited in London a series of pictures illustrative of the history of Northumberland, amongst which, it may be remembered, was a remarkable picture of the building of the Roman Wall. The painter of these scenes has completed for the Corporation of Newcastle another contribution to the pictorial history of the county, founded on the building of the New Castle on the Tyne by the Normans. The artist is Mr. W. B. Scott, late of Newcastle, now resident in London. The erection of the castle has been attributed to William Rufus; but Mr. Scott, following, perhaps, authority better accredited, makes Robert Curthose the builder of the fortress. We find, accordingly, the massive walls already rising to some height, by means of the skilled labour of a company of *frances masons* on the one hand, and of the forced work of the natives (still Danish) on the other. Robert is looking at the plan of the building, which the architect opens before him. He is attended by the future governor of the fortress, a grim old Norman warrior, whose name, by the way, as one of the trusty followers of the Conqueror, ought not to be unknown. The building rises on a green and wooded slope descending to the river, at the brink of which appear some of the rude huts of the Northumbrians of that time. Robert holds in his hand a cross-bow, with which he has shot some rooks, and hung them up overhead, as a warning to the natives, should they rise in opposition to the new order of things. In the construction of this picture Mr. Scott has spared no pains; the result is, therefore, a remarkable success.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF MICHAEL ANGIOLO. By HERMAN GRIMM. Translated, with the Author's sanction, by FANNY ELIZABETH BENNETT, Translator of "Geroimus' Shakespeare Commentaries," and Author of "Louise Juliane, Electress Palatine, and Her Times," &c. Two vols. Published by SMITH, ELDER, & Co., London.

The student of Art-history, taking a retrospective view of the men who, during the last five centuries, have been the prominent actors on the stage, will see one figure of grave, majestic aspect towering almost in giant height of superiority above them all: this is Michael Angelo Buonarroti, who, regarded in his collective character of painter, sculptor, architect, civil and military engineer, and poet, appears on the scene without a rival; it may be said, without a rival in any age or country. It is not, therefore, surprising that his life and works have repeatedly engaged the pen of the biographer both here and elsewhere. Many years ago a sketch of the life of the grand old Florentine was written by Mr. R. Duppa; an edition of this work, edited by Hazlitt, was subsequently published. Mr. J. S. Harford's elaborate history is of more recent date; Mr. Perkins, in his "Tuscan Sculptors," lately noticed by us, devotes a very considerable space in it to the same theme; and Mr. J. E. Taylor has given us "Michael Angelo considered as a Philosophic Poet." In Herman Grimm's volumes, which Miss Bunnett has rendered into English, we have another valuable addition to antecedent writings.

The author says he has been reproached with having called his book "The Life of Michael Angelo," when it should have been entitled "Michael Angelo and his Times;" certainly this would be the more appropriate name for it, for, as he says, "in truth they were one: he and the events which he witnessed." The history of Buonarroti is so interwoven with the political events of Florence and Rome during his time, that it is next to impossible to separate them without weakening the story of each. And it is because of this union *de facto* that the wording of the title becomes a matter of indifference, because, the "life" necessarily includes the "times."

A great advantage Grimm has had over preceding biographers is, that he has been able to consult and use at discretion the correspondence of the Buonarroti family now in the British Museum. Count Buonarroti, the last of the race, died in 1860, and bequeathed his archives to the city of Florence, but making the acceptance of the legacy dependent on the obligation to preserve continued secrecy, and to communicate to no one the slightest information. "Fortunately, however, the whole contents of the bequest were not doomed to this seclusion. A part of the heritage came by purchase into the possession of the British Museum." Here, of course, there intervened no obstacle to the use of it, and Herr Grimm says—"I came to a knowledge of three extensive correspondences, as well as a number of other documents, all in a state of excellent preservation, and lying plainly before me in the careful handwriting of Michael Angelo, legible as the pages of a printed book. A hundred and fifty letters were thus made known to me, whilst two hundred still lay hidden in Florence. At all events, the London correspondence seemed more full than the Florentine, for no one stood nearer to Michael Angelo than his father and brother, Buonarroti, and these are the letters in the possession of the British Museum." They are now bound up in three volumes, two containing the correspondence with the relatives just mentioned, and the third is filled with various documents. These papers, of which the biographer has made excellent use, throw much interesting light both on family affairs and on the circumstances attending the execution of many of Michael Angelo's works; they show us the character of the man no less than the bent and purpose of the artist's mind.

Herr Grimm will not satisfy those who look for a learned and scientific criticism of Angelo's

pictures and sculptures; but he will most assuredly delight those who can find pleasure in reading an historic-biographical story, written in a style scarcely less fascinating than—while it reminds us not a little of—Lord Macaulay's "History of England." Not only does the great Florentine artist himself pass before us, but popes and cardinals, emperors and princes, poets and painters, statesmen and warriors, those who were his contemporaries, and some who preceded or followed him,—all through the pages of the author in an animated and highly pictorial group. The concluding chapter, which is a brief sketch of Art and Literature from Michael Angelo's time to our own, and more especially of the modern German schools, contains some reflections that must be felt as truths, and truths of no consolatory character to those who desire to see Art exercising a right and pure influence on the heart and mind of men. For example, "Goethe's life," he says, "flows like an indispensable stream through the German lands. Michael Angelo in the present day would have had no more influence than Goethe would have possessed had he appeared in Michael Angelo's times. What Michael Angelo would have missed in the present day is the cultivation of the people, whose eye had in his time been prepared for him for a century; what Goethe would have missed at that time is the extent of the moral horizon, which, as things were three centuries ago, appears to us now contracted and narrow. Countries were at that time like limited seas upon which a moderate coast navigation is carried on; at the present day all the quarters of the globe form one single ocean, which is boldly traversed in all directions. To effect an influence we need stronger means than paintings which do not change their places. What is Art to us now, when nations are agitated with unrest? It hushes not the infinite misgivings that oppress us, that expectation of a great destiny which we look for like a revelation. We press onwards, instead of resting and decorating places for the quiet enjoyment of life." Who is there among us that will not acknowledge, though he may not feel, the truth of this last passage? And how few are there who care to attempt to arrest the progress, even were it possible, of that mighty power which is hurrying the nations of the earth onwards to a result the wisest among us cannot foresee or determine.

Miss Bunnett's translation does her infinite credit; it is done with great spirit and a most agreeable flow of language, though a little careful revision would have improved some of her sentences, where a repetition of the same words occurs unnecessarily. We notice, too, an occasional printer's error; for instance, Michael Angelo is stated to have been born in 1746, instead of 1475. The book, moreover, stands in great need of an index for reference, which ought certainly to be given if a second edition is called for. Even the headings of the chapters are omitted from the prefatory pages, a most unusual practice in works of this kind. It is a tedious and time-consuming process to be compelled to hunt through some hundreds of pages in search of a particular incident.

CHRISTIAN MONUMENTS. By WILLIAM LAWRIE. Printed for the Author, Downham Market.

Though this is nothing more than Mr. Lawrie's "trade-circular," sent out in the form of a neat volume, it deserves the attention of all whose duty or business it is to prepare memorials of the departed. The author truly says—"One cannot walk through the burial-places of the dead without being pained at the absence of Art therein displayed." And it is with the view of encouraging a more artistic style of grave-stones,—for monuments, strictly so called, find no place among the designs,—that he publishes this series of examples, about twenty-four in number, the majority of which are exceedingly good, and, if carried into execution, would give to our cemeteries and rural churchyards a very different aspect to that they now have. The matter of cost will always be a consideration, and Mr. Lawrie's designs, all of them more or less ornamental, would necessarily involve a larger expenditure than the simple plain upright

slab; but among this series are some which would, it may be assumed, involve but a little increase of cost, while they would greatly improve the appearance of those sacred spots where we lay to rest all that remains of our loved ones.

THE TEMPLE ANECDOTES: INVENTION AND DISCOVERY. By RALPH and CHANDOS TEMPLE. Published by GROOMBRIDGE, London.

Founded on the plan of a work—the "Percy Anecdotes"—which in our younger days gained a very wide popularity, the volume of Messrs. Temple has certainly a more instructive aim than its predecessor, which tended rather to mere amusement than mental edification. The term "Anecdotes" is scarcely suited to the book before us; "Stories of Invention and Discovery" would, perhaps, have been more appropriate, for the facts related frequently extend to greater length of description than to be called anecdotal. However, we do not care to quarrel with the compilers on the question of title, for they have put together a large mass of information bearing on scientific pursuits, that ought to prove a most welcome book to every boy, and to not a few men, unless they be void of understanding, or unmindful of knowing about persons and things whereof they are ignorant, and by whom and which the condition of the world seems to have undergone a total change within the last half century or longer.

GATHERED LEAVES: being a Collection of the Poetical Writings of the late FRANK E. SMEDLEY. With a Memorial Preface by Edmund Yates. With Illustrations. Published by VIRTUE BROTHERS, London.

Subject from his childhood to a physical malady which rendered him incapable of moving about without extraneous aid, and often suffering much bodily pain from his afflicted condition, Frank Smedley was a light-hearted, pleasant companion, a man of noble and generous impulses, with very considerable powers of authorship in light literature. Fortunately he was always possessed of ample means. His pen was therefore employed as an amusement, and to beguile the monotony of a life that compelled him to remain within doors, except when he took carriage-exercise. Yet no one who has read "Harry Coverdale's Courtship," "Frank Fairleigh," "Lewis Arundel," and remembers many of the descriptions and scenes related in these tales, but would suppose the writer to be a keen sportsman, a bold rider, and an active participator in the sports and enjoyments of out-door life. Mr. Smedley's vein decidedly inclined to the humorous; as his friend, Mr. Yates, says in the graceful tribute to his memory which prefaces the little volume now before us—"For the most part, his novels are but the vent for that extraordinary fund of high animal spirits which, under other circumstances, would have been brought into play in adventure, in sport, in fighting the great battle of life." Many of the poems that appear under the title of "Gathered Leaves" are altogether of a humorous character; such, for example, as "Maude Allingham, a Legend of Hertfordshire," "The Forfeit Hand, a Legend of Drabant," and "The Enchanted Net." Others are more sober, reflective, and moralising, but all are "leaves" not unworthy of being gathered and preserved from absolute decay; for, at least, they evidence the kind, genial, and cheerful spirit of the writer.

THE LAST SUPPER. By LEONARDO DA VINCI. In Coloured Lithography. Published by DAY AND SON, London.

This famous picture is known throughout the world. It has been copied a hundred times by every Art process. Perhaps there is no painting of the earlier schools so universal a favourite with all classes. It was a good thought to supply the public with a coloured copy of large size, and at a comparatively small cost: this may not satisfy the connoisseur, but it will amply content thousands, and is, indeed, an acquisition of much value.

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THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

INTRODUCTION.

FOR the first time during many years the English school is seen not only in its variety, but in its vigour and vastness. In past seasons the paucity of large and commanding works was deplored as a symptom of the incipient stages of decline and degeneration. It was said that the world of Art had fallen into days of small things, that genius was touched with the decay of the serene leaf, that the prime of youth was withered, and that painters of the present generation lacked passion, fire, and imagination. But now at last comes the season when the tide in the affairs of Art takes upward turn towards the flood. Low water mark is covered, and what is more, the swell still rises. We do not mean to say that precisely an Atlantic wave beats in upon our shores. In speaking of the ebbs and flows on the surface or in the depths of English Art, we are scarcely justified in going to boundless ocean for a metaphor. Rather must we be content to observe phenomena within the inlets and harbours of a sheltered coast, where great tidal waves are broken into ripples, and where the elements are mitigated in their strife. British Art is like the island that gives it birth, circumscribed in area, yet compact within its frontiers; its spirit is as the attempered climate of the latitude, assuaged in the extremes of heat and cold, the fever fire of the south quenched, and the frozen grasp of the north relented. Its range, too, is varied as our inland valleys, our woodland streams, and our sea-girt coasts, peopled by a peaceful peasantry and guarded by the gallant mariner. Such, in figurative phrase, is the temper and complexion of the present exhibition—a little kingdom, compact within itself, compounded of diverse independent states, and composed of varied conditions of men. Happy the land that finds in nature a benignant providence; and blessed the people that makes its truth-seeking Art the expression of the joys of domestic life and the reflection of a nation's greatness.

We have said that the English school, as displayed in the present exhibition, is as remarkable for its variety as for its vigour. The one quality it owes to freedom, the other it gets from nature. In countries where the State and the Church have been tyrants over life, property, and thought, the arts have been marked by uniformity, even monotony, and boasting of perfec-

tion in perpetuity, they found that finality meant, in fact, retrogression. But in lands such as England, where each person has the privilege of thinking as he likes, the artist will naturally paint as he pleases. Hence the endless variety seen upon the walls of our Academy. The contrariety of creeds in religion, the opposition of opinions in politics, even the conflict of theories in the metaphysics of mind or in the philosophy of outward nature, all tend to that truly Catholic and universal Art which is tolerant as it is extended. In the middle ages it was impossible that the arts could obtain this manifold manifestation. In present times, too, as we have said, under dynasties where people are fettered in thought, word, and deed, it is not easy for the painter to give to his genius free expansion. Then it is that liberty denied is forcibly taken, and breaks loose into license; and so even the Arts, in their escape from servitude, rush into excess, and, committed to opposite extremes, they move not in the quiet mean of moderation. The lot of our English school is more fortunate. The liberty our national arts enjoy has grown up year by year by the side of that freedom which is fittingly called constitutional, because part of the very life and blood of the body politic. And thus it is that the arts of England beat with the pulse of the people, and the cries of the multitude are echoed within the walls of our exhibitions. Thus it is, as it has ever been in the development of Art epochs, that the life of the nation is the soul of its Art; that the onward movement of the people propels the painter upwards; that the pressure of mighty deeds moulds the artist's conceptions into forms of greatness. Certain it is that England is in full swing; that the arms of commerce are stretching wide; that manufactures are creating wealth wholesale; that science is laying up vast stores of knowledge. And when we look around this Academy we see Art, as we have said, distending its dimensions, multiplying its resources, and augmenting its powers in the same ratio and the like directions. The pictures we find in Italy were painted under the patronage of the one Church; the pictures we now see in our Academy are executed under all creeds, or under no creed at all: they are not painted for priests, but for commerce-created patrons; they are not the products of a pre-scientific age, when miracles were showered down upon the earth as rain in April, but they stand forth as facts in nature, supported by truths which the eye may discover and the hand can grasp. Such is the aggregate designation of works which, in the sequel, we shall pass one by one under individual review.

We must not conclude this general introduction without pointing the lesson to which it naturally leads. We cannot refrain from observing that while in the growth of our national arts civilisation has shown itself potent, the Royal Academy of London has remained all but impotent. The Academy, in fact, has been little more than a private society for the exhibition and sale of pictures. Its public functions have never been performed on a scale or with an efficiency commensurate to the position of reposed trust occupied. But our present business is with the pictures put on view. We appeal, then, to these pictures as proof that the schools of the Academy are inefficient. It is worthy of remark that a considerable number of the present Academicians and Associates never received from the Academy a single lesson; and others, whose early instruction came from the Academy classes,

will admit that the knowledge which in their profession proves of most value they have taught themselves out of doors. But our concern is, as we have said, with the pictures before us, and these, we are bound to say, are conspicuous for defects which it is the special office of an Academy to overcome. Our English Art, as already observed, is free, true, and noble. These qualities it owes to the age and country in the midst of which it grows. But other essential attributes there are wherein our English school is avowedly inferior to the schools of continental nations. For these lacking academic qualities we ought to be indebted to the Royal Academy, and yet are not. Drawing in its firmness and precision, perspective and foreshortening in their intricate problems, subtleties of treatment, elevation of style, distinctions between individual and generic form, and the relation of literal to ideal truth—these essential elements in a well-organised system of Art-education are matters in which every student ought to recognise the high service of an Academy. Yet look around the exhibition, and then say who is the man that should first go and render thanks to his masters. Walk across the street to the small French Gallery, and there will be indicated, though in miniature, how great are the benefits an Imperial Academy, under the sanction and patronage of the state, can confer on the arts of a nation. What our English painters, and, above all, our English sculptors, want, is notorious to the world. Not patronage, not genius, but simply severe schooling in the days of their youth. This the Academy has not given them; and what is more, educational appliances, which are necessarily costly, the Academy could not, while still unaided by the state, be expected to afford.

We need scarcely add that these shortcomings in the Academy schools, admitted on all sides, and proclaimed afresh by the present exhibition, demand speedy and radical remedy. Also the inadequate size of the exhibition rooms for the display of the pictures seeking admission, constitutes an ever recurring grievance, which likewise requires prompt administrative cure. The hangings of the year, Messrs. Ward, Cooke, and Millais, have performed duties necessarily unpopular, and involving absolute impossibilities, with fairness and discretion. Still, a certain amount of individual injustice, always more or less inevitable, has been done; and a few cases have come to our knowledge which present obvious hardships, naturally felt by the sufferers themselves to be of especial cruelty. We are sorry to say that the crying evil does not admit of any immediate remedy. And we regret that the words uttered by the President at the Academy dinner could not assume a form more definite. "With regard to the present exhibition," said Sir Charles Eastlake, "as the increased employment of Art necessarily increases the number of exhibitors, so it involves the painful impossibility of accommodating, in our present apartments, all the meritorious candidates for space. It is unnecessary to dwell on this too familiar difficulty, a remedy for which will, we trust, in time be provided."

HIGH ART.

HISTORY—SACRED AND SECULAR.

We use the term "High Art" in no very superlative sense. The time has gone by when either pictures justify, or the public would tolerate, transcendental language. Still, however, there does exist a broad general distinction between styles high and

low which cannot wholly be ignored. We therefore shall continue to apply the phrase "high Art" to all works that fulfil the two conditions of dignity in subject, and elevation in treatment. As to subject-matter, history by common consent has an extent of horizon and a magnitude of intent, which communicate both to the historian and to the historical painter largeness and nobility of aim. Again, the treatment of themes touching on the greatness of nations naturally rises to a strain somewhat elevated. It is true that all classifications such as those we here attempt break down at some point. They include within their frontiers at once too much and too little. For example, the painted or written history of a nation may degenerate into mere penny-a-lining, and on the other hand, a comparatively trivial incident in a private family is capable of rising to noble drama. Nevertheless, though fallacies must lurk beneath all artificial divisions, we yet may be permitted to use accepted landmarks for the sake of convenience. The advantage of the classification we propose to adopt is, that it will serve to give to what would otherwise prove scattered criticism, comparative sequence and clearness.

J. R. HERBERT, R.A., again proves himself a fervent disciple of religious Art. 'The Sower of Good Seed' (46), following after the great mural picture in the Houses of Parliament, 'Moses coming down from the Mount,' may seem a minor work. But the artist never bestowed on any composition greater thought or higher elaboration. The Sower, conscious of a sacred mission, walks with steady step and eye intent, the features betokening watchful care, among the furrows of the field, casting, as he goes, from balanced hand the seed which, falling upon good ground, is to bear fruit a hundred fold. The briars and the thorns that choke the word lie on either side of the way. In the distance palm-trees grow and mountains rise; and towards the farther extremity of the field may be seen husbandmen who break the clodded earth with a roller, made, be it observed, out of a classic column, to signify the subjection of Pagan arts to Christian uses. The sun, from a cloudless sky, casts upon the parched ground burning heat, and fills the picture with brilliant light. Reverting to the sower, the spectator should remark how the figure, itself in light, relieves in bold isolation, against the brightness of the landscape in which it is set. This is a problem the painter has managed with skill, so as to educe out of difficulty triumph. The solitude, too, in which the figure stands, and the unbroken silence reigning over the whole scene, are in themselves impressive. It may be remarked, also, that colour is used abstemiously, as if the painter were in wholesome dread of a decorative style, and had determined in no way to break into the solemnity of his subject. Furthermore, in the detail there is no superfluity, and in the execution no flourish; so that the narrative flows onwards in a lucid stream, undiverted in its direct course either to the right or to the left. It will be perceived, then, that Mr. Herbert fulfils the conditions required of high religious Art, yet at the same time after a fashion peculiarly his own. As in the 'Moses,' so here in the 'Sower,' he departs from the practice prescribed by the old Italian painters, to which his brother in Art, the late Mr. Dyce, was pledged, and instead of the traditional manner to which foreign schools still adhere, he prefers to follow obediently in the steps of nature. The difficulty in such a course is to escape

common life, a danger from which it is well known that Horace Vernet, when treating religious themes, was not delivered. To elevate actual forms, to infuse into material shapes the spirit of inspiration, this is the task which the artist who rears religious Art on a naturalistic basis necessarily finds hard. Mr. Herbert has committed himself to this arduous task. It had been easier for him to have trodden in the footsteps of the great masters of Florence, Rome, and Bologna, but then he might have ended as a copyist and nothing more. The line he takes certainly conforms to the times in which he lives, and whatever he may lose in dignity he gains in truth and power.

We at once turn to a large life-size picture, by a well-known French artist, in illustration of the distinction we have drawn. 'Christ descendu de la Croix' (194), by E. SIGNOL, the painter of the oft-engraved picture, 'The Woman taken in Adultery,' is a strict example of the Academic style as practised by the Carracci and Van Dyck. The subject is one of the most impressive in the entire range of Christian Art. The dead body has been just taken from the cross, and is extended on a white sheet upon the ground. One of the holy women, bending forwards, gently draws the crown of thorns from the Saviour's brow. The Madonna, in agony, clings to the foot of the cross, while the darkness which covered the land from the sixth to the ninth hour, is still shrouding the heavens. The work, as we have said, is in the manner of high Art as prescribed by the great historic schools. The anatomy of the dead body has been studiously marked, the heads are modelled on accepted generic types, the drapery is cast in symmetric folds, and the colours, though tainted somewhat with the defects inherent to the French school, partake of the definite blues, reds, and greens employed by Raphael and the Carracci. This picture, good of its kind, strikes as an anomaly among the works in the midst of which it hangs. It certainly is wholly out of keeping with the products of the English school, and we may safely affirm, and that without prejudice to our native painters, that there is not living in England the artist who could produce such a work. The style, whatever may be its worth, is with us absolutely extinct. We question, however, whether for the decoration of churches and public buildings a reversion in some degree to ancient practice may not be wise.

The interval which divides this picture of the French painter Signol from a work by an English artist, entitled 'The Young Saviour observing the Hypocrites' (451), is vast indeed. We scarcely know how to speak of this production, executed by Mr. BARWELL, who in prior years has merited praise. In some passages of the composition we are reminded of Mr. Hart; in others we cannot help recalling Mr. Holman Hunt. The hypocrites, for example, are in the style of the former painter; while the Madonna and the Christ have obviously been suggested, of course unconsciously to Mr. Barwell himself, by similar figures in 'The Finding in the Temple.' The boy Christ, however, is varied by an incident which imparts to the figure some novelty, though little dignity: He bears in His hand, be it noted, a carpenter's basket of tools, brought, we presume, from His father's shop! The action assumed by the hypocrites is violent, yet not sustained by the vigour which comes of a thorough mastery of the figure. One hypocrite with upraised hands and eyes prays at the corner of the street; the other, belonging to a different species, sounds a

trumpet ere he distributes alms.' The idea is not bad, but it is a pity the artist has not made out of his conception a better picture. The colour is recommended by garish show.—Above Mr. Barwell's florid canvas hangs a composition by P. R. MORRIS of a colour altogether faded and wan. 'Jesu Salvator' (448) is a spasmodic and weak performance, based on a terror-moving shipwreck. We are told that the Spanish ship *Floride*, forming part of the Invincible Armada, was lost on the coast of Scotland, at a spot where stood a religious house dedicated to the Virgin. In the picture is seen, among the raging waters, the ship in last extremity; on a promontory stand a company of nuns, some swooning, others praying, all in every possible phase of Niobe and Cleopatra agony. An old monk is lot down from the rocks as a kind of life preserver to the drowning crew. The tumult of the elements, mingling with the paroxysm of human passion, here wrought into a climax of stage rant, is meant to be very imposing. Real power, however, there is none: the moving spell is wanting. It is a bad sign when an artist not of approved strength has to rely on the grandeur of his subject rather than on the greatness of his treatment. The execution, which is the reverse of vigorous, stands in no connection with the fury of the storm.—Mr. GALE takes for his text, 'A Woman having an Alabaster Box of very precious Ointment' (429). Here the woman is a large figure painted in a small manner. The drawing would be improved by the insertion of some resolute lines, which might impart decision. Yet there cannot be a doubt that the artist has gained a quiet and tender expression well in keeping with the act of affection whereon the woman is intent. The colour is marvellous for its lustre: but certain passages, as, for example, the green in the sky, have been pushed to limits that pass the bounds of possibility. Altogether, however, this is the best work Mr. Gale has painted for several years.—An exceedingly careful figure, 'The Good Shepherd' (436), is exhibited by W. C. T. DOBSON, A. This theme, a shepherd carrying in his arms a lamb, suggested by the almost literal words of the New Testament, forms one of the earliest types found in Christian Art. The painter in adopting the prescribed form for the Saviour's head, has secured for his work dignity softened by benignity. Mr. Dobson is one of the very few artists in our English school who take inspiration from the purest models of the best times, and he has his reward accordingly. We sometimes wish, however, that he could see in nature greater individuality; that he could vary the generic type by here and there the admission of accidental character; that he could break the monotone of colour by sunlight and the play of reflected hues; and that if he do still, as we trust he always may, look reverently on the old masters, that he would sometimes turn from Raphael to the worship of Titian, Michael Angelo, and Correggio. We say this, because we think Mr. Dobson, in the figure of 'The Good Shepherd,' and many praiseworthy works of prior years, has attained to a point of excellence which on his present system of study it will not be easy for him to surpass. If he is to go on in the course of constant progression, which to the artist constitutes the essence and the reward of life, he must take the wider range we have ventured to indicate. We confess to much sympathy with the spirit that animates this painter's creations; we see in his forms, purity; we recognise in his purpose, aspiration. These are rare qualities in the midst of the secular

and mundane styles now dominant, and we only wish to see the spiritual Art endowed with the vitality which will give enduring life. Mr. Dobson's three other pictures, 'In Walde' (129), 'A Girl with Faggots' (193), and 'A Portrait' (322), are nicely painted. This artist preserves the simple beauty found in his models and sitters.

We next turn to subjects taken from the Old Testament, which, not falling within the range of so-called Christian Art, seem permitted to go back into a rude nature the new dispensation is supposed to annul. Mr. WATTS, in his grand figure of 'Esau' (11), takes the advantage of the unredeemed savageness of the old world. Hero stands a wild man of the desert, shaggy in hair and raiment, an outcast and a wanderer, who trusts to the spear whereon he rests for defence, and to the arrows at his side for food. The bearing of the figure has command: the picture attains to grandeur. The colour is kept down in subdued tones, from which white and positive pigments are alike excluded. Altogether the canvas is the nearest approach to the panels painted by old masters that the Academy presents.—Hanging at no considerable distance from the impersonation of 'Esau,' is the figure of 'David' (5), as conceived by F. LEIGHTON, a work that, on several accounts, cannot be passed in silence. In the first place this figure is conspicuous for a breadth and a power not always found in the artist's doubly distilled ideas. Then, again, in the colours, especially of the background, where solemn purple hills preside over the plain, the spectator cannot but admire the poetry and grandeur of the conception. On the other hand, the figure of David himself seated in brooding thought on a terrace which overlooks the hills of Judæa, provokes to criticism. We would venture to ask why the divine psalmist has so small a brain? Within this skull there is not compass for a poet's thoughts to range. We state as a physiological fact, that a head so small, with a brow so receding, could not have belonged to any man who has made himself conspicuous in the world's history. Again, descending to mere matter of costume, there cannot be a doubt that the purple mantle flung on the psalmist's shoulders is wholly wanting in study of detail, and constitutes a blot upon the canvas. Barring these oversights, the picture, as we have said, possesses merit. For convenience we will make the other productions of Mr. Leighton follow in unbroken sequence. 'Helen of Troy' (309) is the artist's largest work—a composition concerning which we have heard most conflicting criticisms, a few whereof seemed in the artist's favour, but many were levelled in an opposite direction. Some objectors have asked, is it the moon, or can it be the sun, that the shining mid sky casts a silvery, not to say a chalky, light, with one black spot of shadow, upon figures and ground? Others, again, have desired to know whether the commanding image of Helen is made of marble, wax, or flesh. From all we hear we believe that these points can only be decided by the artist himself. But whatever cavillers may say to the contrary, this work we believe will be found to possess the poetry, the refinement, and the scholarly qualities, seldom failing to Mr. Leighton. Helen is here seen with two attendants, walking upon the ramparts. A cloud of sorrow is upon her brow, and her beauty is shadowed by gloom. The Earl of Derby, who at the recent Academy banquet, it will be remembered, pronounced a eulogy upon

the world's great epic poet, has furnished the text appended to the picture:—

"Thus as she spoke, in Helen's breast arose
Fond recollections of her former Lord,
Her home, and parents; o'er her head she threw
A snowy veil; and shedding tears
she issued forth."

The other works of Mr. Leighton, though of minor, are of varied interest. 'Mother and Child' (120) is a picture which shows the artist's usual beauty of form, subtlety of drawing, silvery delicacy of colour, together with a simplicity of sentiment to which the painter is not yet habituated. We cannot help thinking, however, that the composition would be vastly improved by some decisive line or shadow, which should obviate the confusion arising from the indefinite mingling of the figure of the child into the drapery which clothes its mother. Mr. Leighton melts his forms so voluptuously together, that he seems to dread the intrusion of just those strong points which an ordinary artist would use to gain manly force. The two remaining pictures, 'The Widow's Prayer' (305), and 'In St. Mark's' (316), are intoned in a different key. The last, indeed, is in some respects the artist's most satisfactory picture. There are in it a simple nature and a vigorous truth, and especially in the architectural background of shadow-casting arches in the caverned cathedral, a solemnity to which we trust Mr. Leighton may, as years add to the sobriety of his judgment, again and again recur with gathered strength.—It is impossible not to observe a marvellous, we had almost said an outrageous, though clever picture, 'Elijah's Sacrifice' (615), painted by A. MOORE.—"Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench. And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces; and they said, the Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God." The merit of this picture is surpassed by its eccentricity. On the favourable side of the account must be placed the conscientious study thrown into the figures and accessories. The heads and the hands are drawn with accuracy; the drapery is detailed; the background of mountains, and the foreground of earth and herbage, and especially the lambent flame that "licked up the water," are severally painted with knowledge and intent. Nevertheless, there is no use disguising the fact that the picture is bizarre and all but ridiculous. This unfortunate termination to a great labour results from the contempt shown for beauty, from the deliberate choice of grotesque forms and attitudes, and from the preponderance of a brickly and obnoxious colour. We shall look forward with interest to see whether the independent power wherewith Mr. Moore is gifted will enable him to throw off a mannerism which, if persisted in, cannot but prove fatal.

E. ARMITAGE has followed up his success of last year by a picture still more successful. 'Ahab and Jezebel' has been surpassed in fulness of composition and variety of colour by 'Queen Esther's Banquet' (422), a picture which has obtained prominent position on the line. Mr. Armitage, still adhering to a Scripture text, has been again fortunate in the choice of a subject. The history of King Ahasuerus, of Queen Esther, of Haman, the governor, and of Mordecai, the Jew, is here concentrated within the confines of a carefully studied composition. The final catastrophe, as depicted by Mr. Armitage, is recounted in the eighth and ninth verses of the seventh chapter of the Book of Esther, as follows:—"Then

the king returned out of the palace garden into the palace of the banquet of wine; and Haman was fallen upon the bed whereon Esther was. Then said the king, Will he force the queen also before me in the house? As the word went out of the king's mouth, they covered Haman's face. And Harbonah, one of the chamberlains, said before the king, Behold also the gallows, fifty cubits high, which Haman had made for Mordecai, who had spoken good for the king, standeth in the house of Haman. Then the king said, Hang him thereon." Mr. Armitage has followed strictly the terms of the narrative. The king stands beside the banquet table with raised hand and frowning brow, indignant. The queen, of voluptuous beauty, who might well enchain a lover in her charms, reclines on her couch in sumptuous apparel. The wicked Haman has thrown himself at her feet, and with clasped hands makes entreaty for his life; but the chamberlain standing by the king calls for the tyrant's execution. Thereupon the attendants rush forward, cover the face of Haman, and make ready to bear him away to the gallows prepared for Mordecai. The accessories and appurtenances to this banquet given by Esther, are in style accordant with the florid description of the sacred chronicler, and consonant with the remains of Assyrian magnificence which recent researches have brought to light. The bas-reliefs which cover the walls of the palace of Ahasuerus at Shushan, were probably, as here represented, similar to the mural carvings found generally on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates. Mr. Armitage has thus wisely fallen in with the prevailing realistic treatment of history. Every painter now, in fact, as pointed out by Earl Stanhope at the Academy dinner, is bound to be an archaeologist. Credit is due to Mr. Armitage for this bold attempt to clothe again in life the dead past of a great empire. The artist has managed his light, shade, colour, and lines of composition according to the strict principles known as academic. Obvious is it how the lines are made to converge upon the body of the culprit Haman. Again, a concentrated mass of central light has been carefully gathered together by the juxtaposition of the white table-cloth, and the silver-toned dress of the queen. This light is then by contrast forced up through juxtaposition with the intense scarlet coverlet on the couch. The constructional bases whereon historical pictures rest is usually simple, but then they need likewise to be sure.

E. M. WARD, R.A., by his picture, 'The Night of Rizzio's Murder' (258), adds one more striking illustration to the page of history. An old subject here gains novelty by treatment from a new point of view. Other artists—Opie, for example—have painted the actual 'Death of David Rizzio.' Mr. Ward chooses the opening scene to the tragedy. The story is told clearly and without unnecessary circumlocution. The Queen of Scots has been supping with Rizzio, the Piedmontese adventurer, who, having insinuated himself into her confidence, had aroused the jealousy of the weak Darnley. The plot which the King Cousort had formed with the banished lords for ridding him of a hateful rival is ready for explosion. Darnley has entered Queen Mary's boudoir by a private passage, and is crouched on a stool in the corner, awaiting in trepidation the evolution of the conspiracy. The murderers have entered, and Lord Ruthven, clad in armour, his eyes starting from their sockets, one hand upon his sword, the other laid on the shoulder of Rizzio, stands as the gaunt

spectre of death. Mary, here seen as the queen of beauty, in the full bloom of youth, her features delicately moulded, her complexion fair as a flower, her hair glowing as gold, richly robed in ermine and silk set with pearls, rises from her seat indignant. Rizzio, whom the murderers have come to seize, stands in hesitation, not to say dismay, between Ruthven and the Queen, one hand resting on the supper table, the other raised towards his royal mistress. The equerry and others having left the banquet, retire into the background. The Duchess of Argyll alone keeps her seat, and there, with back in broad shadow turned upon the spectator, serves as a foil to the other figures, whereon a flood of light streams. This shadow, eclipsing the candles that burn upon the table as the central source of light, serves as a keystone to bind in strength the circuit of the composition and the structure of the chiaroscuro. A counter light of redder hue glows from the embers in a slumbering fire. The conflicting rays from these two separate sources cast ominous shadows on the arras, where darkness is made visible. The general distribution and management of the scene will now be evident. The composition is essentially circular, which, of the several geometric forms used for pictorial combination, is proverbially that which attains greatest perspicuity and concentration of effect. The white tablecloth whereon the supper has been spread serves as the centre to the outlying circumference, and strikes the emphatic keynote to the surrounding composition. Upon this, which constitutes the highest light, are placed a few adjuncts to the royal yet frugal meal, a glass of choice Venetian workmanship, and a goblet, the red wine wherefrom has been overthrown upon the coverlet. To these details, and to the accessories of arms, armour, and dress, elaborate execution has imparted realistic verity. The interior of the chamber in Holyrood Castle still known as "Queen Mary's houndir," has been accurately transcribed from studies made on the spot. We have now said sufficient to indicate the character of the work. The composition possesses the power that is gained by concentration, and the perspicuity which inheres to simplicity. The situation is eminently dramatic, and the actors are moved to play their several parts in the manner their known characters bespeak. A picture such as this takes the spectator back to the very times. According to the old recipe, "high historic Art" used to be some ideal product after a kind which the imagination conceived to be probable and proper. What we now require from historical painting is best seen in this picture, 'The Night of Rizzio's Murder,' wherein the facts are narrated just as they took place. This work is Mr. Ward's masterpiece.

Chaste Queen Elizabeth, the cruel persecutor of her rival, the lovely but profligate Queen of Scots, is, by two pictures, put on view in no very flattering guise. J. HAYLLAR paints the virgin Queen with the toothache, and D. W. WYNFIELD chronicles her "last days," when "the Queen groweth sad, mepish, and melancholy." These two pages from our English history, not specially attractive in subject, have received no redeeming charm through the painters' treatment. Of the two, 'The Last Days of Elizabeth' (189), by D. W. Wynfield, has the advantage of a simple and intelligible composition. The queen, whose fiercely angular profile—here a little overdone—no one can mistake, is propped up by cushions at a window, where "she

will sit for hours, and none may speak unto her." Two gentlemen of the court, standing at respectful distance, look on anxiously. The picture has very considerable merit. Perhaps had the painter known that it would have obtained a place close to the eye, he might have fortified certain passages by more diligent study and elaboration. J. Hayllar tells us that 'Queen Elizabeth' (327) "was attacked with such grievous toothache, that she obtained no rest either night or day. Her physicians, although aware that the drawing of the teeth was the only remedy, forbore to recommend it, knowing her terror of the operation. The Lords of the Council then took the matter in hand, and after mature deliberation decided upon the extraction of the hostile tooth." The narrative then proceeds to detail how the Bishop of London, to give his royal mistress courage, directed that one of his own teeth should be extracted. These are good materials, yet the artist fails to make a good picture. Several individual figures are capably painted, but the skill herein shown is of no avail in a composition which wholly fails in concentration. Labour is in fact absolutely thrown away upon groups so scattered that they become pointless. The execution throughout seems of a polished evenness, destructive of emphasis. As to the arrangement of colour, there is a scarlet robe almost out of the picture, which kills all it comes near; while the blue in the dress of the queen, occupying a certain position, not being in the least forced up, is valueless. The picture only wants management to put these defects right. Mr. Hayllar is by far too clever a man to give his labour for naught.—The faults we have pointed out in 'Queen Elizabeth's Toothache' are to be lamented over just as much in an otherwise clever picture, 'Charles IX. and the French Court on the Morning of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew' (365), by A. B. CLAY. This work, like the last, has forfeited a right to the line, because in composition, colour, light and shade, it is without governing intent.

E. CROWE painted last year an episode from Luther's reformation in Germany: this season he exhibits a scene from Whitfield's preaching of dissent in England (559). Mr. Crowe has been regarded by some as the coming man—the future Academician. His abilities are undoubted, but it is matter of regret that he cannot, with all the resources at his command, manage to paint an agreeable picture. His figure of Luther last year was a failure: his chief character, that of Whitfield, in the present composition, cannot but be regarded as a blunder. The head has been designated wooden; the action of the preacher's arms has reminded some people of a see-saw, or the motion of a windmill. And speaking for ourselves, we could have wished that the rohe of the great fanatic had not been painted quite so black as the doom of the sinners he denounced. This pigment, not usually supposed to pertain to the children of light, the painter has distributed plentifully among the motley crowd. We have counted no less than ten patches of extremest black placed systematically among the preacher's hearers, yet the brilliant effect which Cnypp or Vander Helst would have deduced from the strongest of foils is missed by Mr. Crowe. The best part of the picture is a gaily-dressed Merry Andrew group, thrust into the corner, and all but out of sight. Yet, though Mr. Crowe's arduous undertaking has not been crowned with success, it must be admitted that redeeming points may be found in scattered profusion. The

heads are marked by character, the details by study, the execution by patience.

COMPOSITIONS—LITERAL, IMAGINATIVE, AND POETIC.

A fancy composition bears the same relation to a historic work as Shakspeare's fairy creation, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, holds to the historic drama of *Henry the Eighth*. Each of such productions, whether the art be that of poetry or of painting, is characteristic of a distinct class, has its several functions and aims, appeals to diverse faculties in the mind, and regards nature from different points of view. A historic picture is a record of events as they actually happened; the characters are portraits of people who have really lived; the scene is cast in the very locality where the transaction took place. An imaginary composition is obviously the reverse of all this: the event has been pictured in the fancy; the characters are conceptions of the mind; the situation has been created expressly for the occasion. These are lines of demarcation sufficiently distinctive to justify the classification we have adopted. It is true it often happens that the one species runs into the other; that in historic paintings, as in the historic dramas of Shakspeare, passages of fancy are interwoven among the *strata* of hard facts; and then, on the other hand, it is no less obvious that creations of the heldest imagination may, and often do with signal advantage, seek in a positive historic basis, a detailed truth which carries conviction to the mind. Yet, notwithstanding this transmutation of species according to what Darwin might call the law of natural selection, the kingdom of Art does preserve substantially intact the two distinctive *genera* we have just pointed out. It remains, then, that we should in few words designate the qualities we usually expect to find in pictorial "compositions," whether "literal, imaginative, or poetic." In the first place, we have a right to demand that such creations shall be good in the specific element of composition. An artist in the treatment of a positive historic event is often fettered and crippled; but it is the very essence of a fancy conception that the painter is free to do what he likes within the sphere of his own imagination. He is, indeed, left without excuse, if he do not manage well the matters over which he reigns undisputed master. Furthermore, the express nature of a "composition" is that it should be made to please. A history may instruct, but a poem should delight. Not but that a picture of poetry may carry with it instruction also; not but that it may, and, indeed, must contain realistic truth, which will be laid in store by the intellect. Yet all such facts must be used as means subservant to an end, and must constitute the evolution and the adorning of a theme which may fill the imagination, more or less, with rapture. From what has been said, it will be seen that "compositions" so defined are, above all other pictorial products, works of Art. They are creations specially designed to satisfy the mind's desires, to fill the thirsting imagination with a beauty which actual life does not supply. Every object, then, every figure, and every form, should be the best of its kind—not absolutely perfect, but the best fitted for the place wherein it is found, and the functions it is required to fulfil. Above all, each element essential to "composition" should receive studied care. Not only must the lines and masses combine together musically, but sweetest concord should rule the melody of colour, and unison be made to govern the concentration of light and

shade. These absolute demands, of course, are subject to modifications suited to the altered circumstances of each individual case.

J. PHILLIP, R.A., last year, in 'La Gloria,' surpassed himself; in this year's exhibition, by his picture, 'The Early Career of Murillo' (156), he has out-topped his highest triumph. Mr. Phillip enhances the interest of a composition of local costume and national character by the happy introduction of a telling historic incident. Murillo, born in Seville, practised while yet a youth of seventeen the Art of painting in his native city. He is known to have been poor; and it is related by Mr. Sterling, in "The Annals of Spanish Artists," that he was reduced to earn his daily bread by the painting of coarse and hasty pictures, which he sold week by week in the public market held in the open piazza. The market, its merchants, and merchandise, have changed little since the days when the unknown youth stood by his easel in the midst of gipsies, muleteers, and mendicant friars. This is the eminently picturesque scene into which Mr. Phillip has thrown the full force of his palette. Modern French painters have made effective themes out of the studios and sketching ground of illustrious artists, such as Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Nicholas Poussin. Mr. Phillip, in a city he has made his own, has seized upon a subject which, for national character, local colour, and historic truth, is not to be surpassed. This picture, indeed, following the just quoted example of the French school, might be termed "the studio of Murillo." At the early age of seventeen the artist was as yet painting sun-burnt peasants of Andalusia, flower-girls, and beggar boys. Such are the models here around him, in a city which we know from personal observation is still essentially the Seville of Murillo; a town, in the streets whereof may be seen unto this day figures just stepped, as it were, out from the painter's graphic canvas. Well might Mr. Phillip feel that he had here a situation which called for the choicest studies from his portfolio. The figure of the youthful Murillo has been adapted from an early portrait painted by the artist himself; the head, with its profuse crop of black hair, is of the Andalusian type, wherein Moorish blood has mingled. The peasants of the country had been the painter's playmates; and the artist's own pictures of his contemporaries best tell us what he himself was. Here, after the lapse of two centuries, he stands before us to the life. The first thought for his picture of 'St. John and the Lamb,' now hanging in our own National Gallery, he has sketched slightly upon canvas. Another production has been handed to a couple of Dominican friars, who, scanning its merits with the aid of big spectacles, seem likely to effect a purchase on the spot. A monk of St. Francis, an order also given to Art-patronage, standing near, seems quietly waiting his opportunity. A gipsy woman, one of the finest of her tribe, a child in her arms, another at her feet, make together an effective group. Then comes the well-known character in these parts, the hard-working, yet indolent, muleteer, taking his ease on his mule, eating the while a mid-day meal, after his march from early morn across country to market. Other important personages may likewise be picked out from the motley crowd. That Quixotic-looking fellow is a hidalgo, as poor and as proud as a Spanish lord can be. In the distance may be seen a flower-girl, a character which, in remembrance of the 'Flower-

Girl' in the Dulwich Gallery, it would have been a sin to omit from the surroundings of Murillo. Also may be distinguished an adept on the dance-stirring guitar, an instrument much in request in this city of serenade. The piazza itself is made out of the architectural materials common in the Peninsula—colonnades which give shelter from the sun, the sign of a barber's shop, and the picturesque belfry of the old church of All Saints, which bears not unusual marks of Moorish origin. In the foreground are richest offerings to the goddess Pomona, melons, grapes, and other palatable produce of this sunny garden. It is almost superfluous to add any critical remarks upon the manner in which Mr. Phillip has put his subject upon canvas. Suffice it to say, that his well-known manner is here seen in effective force. It has been objected that the work wants finish. At all events, broadly pronounced character, rich, deep colour, and bold execution, are qualities which triumph in this picture. It were an interesting inquiry how far the art of painting has retrograded or progressed during the two centuries which have elapsed since Murillo stood the vendor of his own goods in the market-place of Seville. It is not necessary we should assert that we have in England a painter greater than the *copaceticus* of the south. Yet we think it may at least be said that the picture now exhibited in the Royal Academy is not surpassed by the two grand compositions, 'Moses striking the Rock,' and 'The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes,' in the hospital of La Caridad, at Seville.

F. GOODALL, R.A., has for several past seasons lighted the rooms of the Academy with the sun and the colour of the East. Four years ago he exhibited a large and brilliant work, 'Early Morning in the Wilderness of Shur.' This was followed in successive seasons by 'The Return of a Pilgrim from Mecca,' 'The Palm Offering,' and 'The Messenger from Sinai at the Wells of Moses.' The picture in the present exhibition, 'The Rising of the Nile' (8), is a further instalment from Mr. Goodall's portfolios of studies, an additional chapter in his large and deliberate volume painted in illustration of countries and tribes bordering on the Nile and the Red Sea. Travellers in the East complain, not without reason, of monotony; yet is it worthy of remark that each painter who returns from Egypt and Syria shows these regions varied, if not absolutely exhaustless, in resource. First Roberts went an exploring tour, and brought back temples. Then Lewis lived upon the Nile, and painted latticed harems with their caged doves, and crowded bazaars with their cross-legged merchants. Afterwards Goodall goes to see what he can find, and actually comes home with the panorama of the country, and full-length figures of its inhabitants, packed in his portmanteau. The three painters we have named are first-class of their kind; each has his distinctive department, in which he alone is supreme. Mr. Goodall's 'Rising of the Nile' is just the subject to call forth the artist's special powers. The incident is striking, the forms of the figures are noble, the costumes picturesque, and the colour throughout dazzling with light and lustre. The Nile river, the dispenser of every good gift to the dwellers on its banks, comes at some seasons as a direful scourge. Swelling above its prescribed barriers it breaks into the villages, and with its devouring and devastating flood swallows up the mud-built towns, and drives into the desert their inhabitants. Such is the appalling yet pic-

turesque scene before us. In the distance are observed the village of earth hovels and the dome of a sheik's tomb, which have fallen a prey to the flood of waters. On the left rise the pyramids, partly veiled by the feathery palm tree the painter has persuaded to grow on his canvas in all the free grace of nature. Crossing the valley, which is now a lake, are the fellahs bearing away goods and chattels, and driving flocks of sheep; and near to the shore may be observed a group which carries a sick old man to a place of safety. In the foreground, men, women, and children, aggrandised in scale and force, bring the composition to a climax. The principal figure, a young, handsome woman, who, judging from her features, may be a direct descendant of nobly-formed Antinous, bears on the shoulder her child, after the manner of the East, and has just touched the land. She is clothed in a deep blue mantle, a purple robe lying beneath, and an emerald veil bringing lustre to the head. A girl, budding into womanhood, and carrying in her arms a little lamb, wears a mantle and head-dress whereon falls the principal light in delicate modulation. Lifted up on camel hack against the sky is an old man, who guards a child, and with upraised arm hears aloft a palm branch. A Nubian slave, of pulpy copper-colour flesh, stands at the camel's head. Such are the component parts of a composition distributed throughout with an eye to pictorial effect. The execution is rather more sketchy than in some of the anterior works of the artist, yet the detail throughout proves sufficient to pronounce character and to express intent. Pictorial effect has been gained by contrast between the emphasis and colour on the foreground figures and the delicacy of the silver tones thrown upon the surface of the waters—a subtle and yet obvious treatment which Gérôme turned to good account in 'The Nile Boat.' The Venetian system of colour that Mr. Goodall first deliberately adopted in his picture, 'Felice Ballerin,' into which method Mr. Poole had thrown the additional lustre of emerald green, is in the present picture seen in full force. The appetite for these seductive harmonies grows with what it feeds on. The delight ministered to sense is subtle and refined, therefore we shall not stop to inquire whether the style is more in keeping with the pomp of Venice than with poverty-clad Egypt.

P. F. POOLE, R.A., is another artist who exhibits in unusual force. This year he is conspicuous in the two distinct departments by which he has been from time to time distinguished, romantic beauty and terror-striking grandeur. Since the production of that comparatively early picture, 'The Plague of London,' a work which was said to have taken inspiration from Nicholas Poussin's 'Plague of Athens,' we have not seen Mr. Poole in so tragic a mood as in the present year. The subject he now chooses is thus described in the catalogue:—'A suburb of the Roman City of Pompeii during the eruption when the city was hurried under showers of ashes from Vesuvius' (162). The scene is laid in the open court of a Pompeian house. The sky is darkened with thick showers of ashes and by clouds of sulphurous smoke, which have stricken down birds upon the wing and suffocated the inhabitants of the city. On the foreground lie prostrate in death a girl and a boy; also to be observed are a woman and a man who, choked by fumes vomited by the volcano, carry handkerchiefs to their mouths as a present protection against instant death. A blind old man, knowing

no escape, is seated on a column, a piteous object of despair; beside him stands the noble Roman mother, rebel richly, and round her feet gather the children of the household. The demon of death in this hour of terror is banded with the robber. Thieves break in to steal; the bodies of the dead are stripped, rings are taken from the fingers. The incident of the man who lets himself down in full stretch of body and arms from a rafter, seems to have been suggested by a famed figure designed by Raphael in the fresco 'Incendio del Borgo.' As a whole, Mr. Peele's picture may be said to be at once grand in conception and imperfect in execution. The drawing is here and there inaccurate, and the drapery requires further study. Beyond doubt, however, the merits of the work are great, and its defects minor. To this tragedy the artist adds an afterpiece of poetic romance. Mr. Peele's second composition, 'The Parting Moment' (263), like 'The Troubadours,' 'The Gets in the Gardens of Italy,' and other creations of former years, is recommended by rare and rapturous beauty. A boat is on the shore, and two lovers are clasped in parting. The youth must join his ship, which, with sails already unfurled, awaits his arrival. The moon has made for herself a mirror of silver upon every dancing wavelet, and the whole scene is suffused in the soft halo of poetry. This picture, as its subject required, is finished with greater delicacy and detail than its tragic companion.

A. ELMORE, R.A., has succeeded, if we may judge from the opinions heard among the crowd, in producing the strong impression he desired. 'On the Brink' (138) is a misadventure wrought by the gambling table of Hemburg. The title, which is intentionally vague, suggests a sequence. A lady who, in high play, has sustained fatal loss, rushes with empty purse from the scene of her disaster, and is hero found "on the brink" of certain ruin and possible suicide. In the den within, a gay company of gamblers is still engaged in reckless rivalry. Such is the contrast between hope and despair. The moral inculcated is excellent, but it may be questioned whether, judged as a work of Art, this picture can be held as a success. It has often been our pleasant duty to acknowledge the earnest purpose and the studied elaboration of Mr. Elmore's compositions. These qualities we still, in some measure, recognise in his present picture. Yet we cannot but think that the intention has been pushed beyond the limits of moderation, and surely the contrasts are somewhat sensational. The hectic glow which blazes within the den is in too violent conflict with the pallor of the moonlight cast upon the lady in her despair. We think also that the dress of this victim of folly, coming close upon the eye, requires more careful study than it has received. Mr. Elmore is usually so deliberately exact that any departure from strict standards is all the more felt.

'The Lay of King Canute' (327), by H. O'NEIL, A., is a dream of poetry that recalls the 'Reverie,' by Gloyre, in the Gallery of the Luxembourg.

"Merrily sang the monks of Ely,
As Knut King rowed by:
Row, knights, near the land,
And hear we these monks' song."

The barge which bears the king is within sight of the tower of Ely: the boatmen pause upon their oars while the king listens to the music stealing over the tranquil waters of twilight. The heads bend pensively under the spell: the colour is tenderly subdued in consonance with the spirit of

the scene. Yet we cannot but think that in this picture the technical qualities are inferior to the idea. The colours are turbid and without varied meditation; and the handling wants dexterity. A pretty little picture, 'The Lesson' (30), by the same artist is better executed.—H. WALLIS sends two works. 'Shakspeare and Spenser' (7), are depicted with mere colour in their robes than genius in their heads. The room is too small for the figures to move in. The second picture of Mr. Wallis has a good subject, 'Paul Veronese painting the Portrait of Sir Philip Sidney' (385). Sir Philip is seated in due solemnity, and Veronese has just rubbed in the head upon canvas. The apartment is hung with rich curtains, and carpeted in bright colours. The grandees of Venice are in waiting on the artist and his sifter, and through an open window may be seen the well-known facade of the church of San Giorgio. The situation is altogether sumptuous, the colour resplendent; the picture, in fact, must be regarded expressly as a concatenation of colours. Assuredly there is widest interval between the 'Dead Stone Breaker' of former years and this luxurious show: the one is a work of decerative pomp, the other of vigorous naturalism.—'Morgan le Fay stealing the Scabbard of Excalbar from King Arthur' (620), by J. B. BEDFORD, is a work of character, colour, and detail—perhaps a little heavy and wanting in relief, and the principal figure has the disadvantage of lying parallel with the picture frame.—'Graham of Claverhouse and the Duke of Gordon' (515), by J. DRUMMOND, is a picture that has found a place on the line: it is a little spasmodic and black, and certainly has not the merit of being very agreeable.—'A Priestess of Vesta' (506), by W. F. O'CONNOR, is a study of much merit, though the figure labours under the prejudice of having been taken from a graceless model.—'Faithful unto Death' (342) is the best picture we have yet seen by E. J. POYNTER. This work shows that the artist has no need to imitate the styles of other men; he evidently can think and act for himself. The incident dates back to the last days of Pompeii. When the city was overtaken by the fire-flood, a sentinel, whose skeleton has been since found in full armour, not having received orders to quit his post, remained steadfast unto death. Mr. Poynter paints the guard as he then stood. Terror reigns along the corridor, the dead are strewn upon the ground, yet the faithful soldier flinches not from duty. Mr. Poynter's drawing is certain, the articulation of the limbs is sure; the eye and the mouth, firm in form, speak calm resolve. The picture is considerably injured by the unmitigated ardour of the red.—'Arming the Young Knight' (367) is clever, as all pictures by Mr. YEAMES are. The young fellow, his mother's "own brave boy," is in process of being clad in glistening steel, and thereby evidently rises vastly in his own estimation. The distribution of the surrounding figures is good; each is intent upon the work in hand. It is evident that the composition has been well thought out, but yet there remains more to be desired in the direction of trim execution and artifice in colour.—W. J. GRANT has not improved during the year. A certain clumsiness, we had almost said coarseness, which we pointed out in his former works militates from the dignity and the beauty of his present picture, 'The Last Appeal to Loyalty' (443). Marie Antoinette wishing to gain over a principal leader of the opposition, "as a last appeal, took him into the adjoining room, where her only son, the

Dauphin, was asleep,—the man regarded the boy sternly and turned away." Burke said of Marie Antoinette, "never lighted on this earth a mere enchanting vision:" the same words could scarcely be pronounced over the picture of Mr. Grant. It is, however, showy and effective.—A. LEGROS came into notice a year ago by a clever though eccentric picture, entitled 'Ex Voto:' this season he maintains the same unmitigated power and breadth in a composition which he calls 'Le Lutrin' (435). The picture would be improved by the infusion of delicacy and detail.—'Rosalind and Celia' (430), by Mrs. M. ROBINSON, is a picture which scarcely possesses the rare excellence its position on the line would imply. The drawing and the handling have not the precision which knowledge gives. The colour is gaudy but not good.

F. SANDYS, from the first moment he entered the Academy two years ago, riveted attention. And his presentation of 'Gentle Spring' (359) in the present exhibition will certainly not fail to attract to itself loving eyes. The lines of Mr. Algernon Swinburne, which furnish Mr. Sandys with a text, are of rare levelness, clothed in that lustrous apparel of metaphor which sparkles in the poems of Keats and Shelley. The painting itself is set as with jewels; and it intones impassioned rhapsody. "Gentle spring," scatters in her path "fervent flowers," which, born of her breath, lie fragrant at her feet. The figure is somewhat statuesque, yet voluptuous in swelling bust. As an allegory of Spring the lady is mere sensuous than intellectual or soul-like. Turning to mere direct Art qualities, the colour may be said to have at least decerative dazzle; but the whites are chalky and the greens sometimes too blue, and occasionally too yellow for concerted harmony. The execution is rather small and miniature-like, considering the size of the canvas. Mr. Sandys has another picture, 'Cassandra' (503), a head of chiseled features, passionate in tortured agony.—The faults which may be pointed out in Mr. Sandys certainly do not belong to Mr. Prinsep. No two painters can be more widely diverse. Next to 'Gentle Spring' is PRINSEP'S 'Lady of Tooti Naich' (360). "Attitude," says the proverb, "is everything," and so thought Mr. Prinsep evidently when he threw this figure into pose. The painting of the flesh certainly has not too much delicacy. The best, perhaps, that can be said of the picture is that it recalls the style of Mr. Millais. 'The Flight of Jane Shore' (405), by the same artist, is a picture of more decided intent, but in Art-qualities scarcely of higher merit. It is to be regretted, even in the interest of the painter, that this and the preceding picture have been hung upon the line, where they necessarily challenge a criticism they cannot bear. The forms throughout, and especially the hands, are deficient in drawing, and the drapery wants study. The colour is recommended by a dusky brown not over pure, which serves for the solemn intonation of Venice.—J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., was never seen in greater force, whether we take the area or the quality of his works. He contributes no fewer than five pictures, besides two others; of the former 'The Romans leaving Britain' (294) is perhaps the largest and possibly the best work he has yet painted. The composition is original, even startling. A British maid—a very Amazon for size and force, her brow ominously shadowed, her black eye fixed and fierce, her brown hair as a catarract poured copiously upon her shoulders, her foot firmly planted on the ground, her

stalwart frame clothed in fur and robe of scarlet—is seated on a headland of England's white cliffs, which stretch far away on the distant sea. The Roman galleys are already on the wing, and the last boat is struggling with the surf upon the shore. One brave warrior for a moment lingers behind; he has laid aside his helmet, and clasps his British mistress in a close and rapturous embrace. It may be questioned whether the further arm could by possibility reach round the waist far enough for the hands to meet. Similar difficulties have been raised against other works by this artist, 'The Huguenots' among the number. As for the astounding effect gained in this picture, it depends on the size and the bold character of the figures, likewise on the concentration upon these commanding masses of utmost colour and deepest dark relieved against a background which is kept in half-tone. Each of the four other contributions of Mr. Millais sinks in relation to this grand work into comparative insignificance. 'Joan of Arc' (208) on her knees, her liquid eyes upturned, her hand clasping a sword, is chiefly remarkable for the faithful realisation of steel armour. Another picture has for its subject a well-dressed but somewhat dreamy and dolorous lady in a drawing-room, who meets half way a swallow perched at the lattice, the bird bearing as the burden of its message the song of Tennyson—

"O swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her and jape, and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her—tell her—that I follow thee."

This picture has in it nothing very express. The results are got by mastery, not minuteness. The effect chiefly depends on a concord of colour, wherein blue plays a principal part, and then purple and black come in to complete the harmony. 'Esther' (522) is another figure wherein this versatile artist trusts to his unrivalled fertility of expedient. This is in truth only what a painter would call a first rubbing-in, so slight is the framework of colour and form whereon the composition is made to hang. The fifth and last of Mr. Millais's products is more important. 'The Parable of the Tares' (528) the artist has already rehearsed in the form of a woodcut in one of the popular periodicals of the day. To the artist's widely extended design is now added the further element of colour, and that in ominous and mystic guise. The theme, though novel in the Art annals of England, has been handled by Overbeck and other Continental painters. The treatment of Mr. Millais does not suffer by comparison with that adopted by his contemporaries. Our English artist turns literally into pictorial form the Scripture words, "But while men slept an enemy came, and sowed tares among the wheat." The "enemy" is a grotesque Mephistophiles, with leering eye, and mouth of craft, and nose of sinister intent. At his feet lies a snake, in the background prowls a wolf, in the sky are forked rays of hectic light said to stand for demon wings of fire. With stealthy step this hateful embodiment of evil scatters as he goes from his well-filled pouch the tares which fall among the wheat. The artist has verily succeeded in making a picture that moves to deep and dark dismay. This was his intent, and herein he has succeeded.

PORTRAITS.

"Shakspeare in poetry and Kneller in painting" were watchwords at one time with critics and connoisseurs. But as to portrait-painting, people no longer, like the friend of Sir Joshua, condemn the style that is not in Kneller's fashion. The art has no doubt advanced since the days of Hudson,

the master of Reynolds, and the time when Ellis, the author of the above apothegm, was illustrious as a limner. Yet we think no one acquainted with the history of portrait-painting as practised in former centuries in Italy and in Flanders will be wholly satisfied with the styles now habitual to England. Leslie, in his "Life of Reynolds," recalls to our memory an interesting anecdote which may be rehearsed with advantage in the face of many a canvas hung this year in the Academy:—"Northcote asked Reynolds if he thought there would ever be a superior painter to Titian in portrait. He answered that he believed there never would; that to procure a real fine picture by Titian he would be content to sell everything he possessed in the world to raise money for its purchase, adding with emphasis, 'I would be content to ruin myself.'" Many a portrait-painter since the days of Reynolds has made himself rich and thus escaped ruin, all the time nevertheless in utter ignorance of that manner of Titian which the illustrious president of the Academy extolled. We should be sorry to prescribe to portrait-painting, or to any other art, barriers of finality,—we do not desire to set up Titian or any other master as the idol of a blind idolatry. Still we are bound to say that portraiture has not in our days materially progressed; that the art of which Reynolds confessed himself a learner has not since his time advanced; and that thus the interval which he admitted to exist between himself and the great artists of Venice has now become between ancient and modern professors even still more wide. Yet, at the same time, we are not among those who look upon the prospects of the English school with despondency. At the present moment each style practised in previous centuries, either in Italy or in Flanders, has its adherents. Titian, in his golden colour, in his breadth and vigour, and even in his senatorial dignity, claims, if not worthy, at all events humble disciples. For example, in several exhibitions of our national academy we have noticed portraits by Mr. Watts and Mr. Wells, obviously treated, though with a difference, after Venetian precedent. Again, our English school has not shaken off all relationship with Kneller and Lely, and painters are not wanting who follow obediently, though at a distance, in the steps of Vandyck. In this direction, in fact, is to be found not only the elegances, but also the frailties of British portraiture. That attitude makes the gentleman may be a good enough axiom to start with, but attitude, grace in deportment, and a certain style of hearing against a pleasing background, or beside a stately column, will not alone suffice to make a portrait which Titian might have painted, or which, as we have seen, Reynolds would have ruined himself to possess. The great masters were not only broad in the masses, but firm in the details, their colour was not to the prejudice of their drawing, their generalisation was not reduced to a mannerism destructive of individual character. Raphael could maintain for a cardinal a natal squint, and yet manage to evolve therefrom a work of Art. Vandyck could throw into Charles I. irresolution and diltantane effeminacy, and yet make the figure every inch a king. And thus the skilled portrait-painter in all times knows how to reconcile conflicts which in hands of less power prove incompatibilities. The lineage of our British school is evident at a glance. Its descent, as we have indicated, is from Vandyck downwards through Kneller and Lely, till it rises again in Reynolds, and finds a final issue in the men of

our own generation. The late Sir Watson Gordon was of this pedigree, though the boldness of his hand occasionally confessed to a sterner stock. Mr. Grant, Mr. Boxall, and others, though each diverse in style from his neighbour, are all heirs to the same inheritance. They belong to a school now old. They paint in silver tones, delicate, but chalky and opaque. They delineate the English gentleman polished in manners, but emasculate in muscle as in mind. They celebrate the graces of the lady of the drawing-room, the pink of perfection, yet the mere toy of fashion. And thus they learn to please, because they hold up a flattering mirror to the vanities and the frailties of society. Against this eminently popular mode of portraiture a protest has recently been raised: Mr. Watts and Mr. Wells, as we have said, have ventured to kindle expiring ashes of silvery grey with golden fire, and upon canvases ready to fade, and upon heads about to vanish into thin air, these artists and others of their company have essayed, though not always with success, to infuse the lustrous colour of Venice. While this change was wrought in one direction, a revolution scarcely less radical came from another: Mr. Holman Hunt, in the portrait of Dr. Lushington, allied himself to the literal school of Van Eyck and Holbein; and Mr. Sandys, in his daguerreotypes of one or more old ladies, rivalled the literal transcripts of Demer. Thus it will be seen to what a pass the art of portrait-painting has come. That it is prolific every visitor to this Academy knows to his cost; whether it has reached to the "senatorial dignity" of Titian, let Reynolds be the judge.

W. P. FRITH, R.A., sends three pictures, all of which may be said to fall under the present heading. Of his brilliant chronicle of the 'Royal Marriage' (52), a picture which might claim foremost place either in the ranks of portraiture or history, we gave a critical description last month. The favourable opinion then expressed has since been echoed on all sides. The crowds which day by day encircle the canvas, and which have rendered the erection of a protecting barrier imperative, attest the interest and the admiration of the public.

Some portraits exalt a sitter's humanity; other portraits exult in display of dress; and others again seem to extol the accident of social position. Taken altogether we incline to think that the heads of Mr. RICHMOND will, among surrounding competitors, stand the severest test. Perhaps the best portrait in the large room is that of 'The Bishop of Oxford' (81) painted by this artist; though it must be admitted that Mr. Grant's careful study of the head of the Lord Chancellor (147), has strong claims to that distinction. The decisive features of the 'Bishop of Oxford' are firmly emphasised, and the individuality of the sitter's character is put decisively on the canvas. The painting of the lawn sleeves, a no easy matter, is clear, soft, yet sharp; and the robes, varied in red, blue, white, and black, are so managed as out of contrast to gain concord. Another capital portrait by Mr. Richmond is that of the 'Duke of Buccleuch' (271). The painting of the head is solid yet transparent, and the relation in which the figure stands, both in light, colour, and the distribution of space to the background, evinces that eye for balance in proportion, and for quiet unity in effect, whereon the excellence of a portrait as a work of Art materially depends. Mr. Richmond also has made a study from life for a larger picture of 'Her late Highness Maharanee Chund Kowr' (207). It is worthy

of remark how the gaud of oriental jewellery and apparel has been so regulated as to escape the pictorial excess which, in such a subject, constituted no slight danger.—We have already referred to Mr. GRANT'S elaborated likeness of 'Lord Westbury' (147). This is one of the artist's most deliberate, therefore one of his most successful, works. Firmness takes the place of flimsiness. The face and the hands have been circumspectly modelled; and the wig and the gold embroidered gown are absolutely realistic. But it strikes us that in the colour there is even more poverty than the subject imposed. A central position in the large room has rightly been accorded to an equestrian portrait by the same artist. 'Edward Holroyd, Esq.' (155) is made to stand by his well-bred steed—a noble animal, to which Mr. Grant can do greater justice than any other portrait-painter of the day. This horse strikes us indeed as almost worthy of an express animal draughtsman. Another portrait by Mr. Grant, that of the 'Lady Augusta Sturt and her Son' (83), deserves to be mentioned as a fair example of a further style in which the artist has won repute. What this picture may want in power it gains in dehcacy and refinement. Mr. Grant paints ladies in their most lady-like aspect.

We have remarked that some artists are triumphant in draperies. Mr. BUCKNER, without special reproach be it said, is of their number. In the chief room are two female figures, painted by Mr. Buckner, which, for contrast in dress, are as right is to day. The person of 'Mrs. Vander Bye' (149) is set off by white silvery satin. On the other hand, 'Mrs. Wallaston Blako' (67) rejoices in raven hair and ebon robes. The flesh is pearly. Certainly Mr. Buckner has a most dainty way of putting his figures on canvas; his sitters he paints seductively.—Mr. DESANGES has executed the lace and the dress in the portrait of the 'Princess of Wales' (10) dexterously; it is unfortunate that in the background reigns a monotony of yellow.—The post of honour has been awarded to a cabinet portrait of the 'Prince of Wales' (106) from the easel of H. WEIGALL. This artist is evidently in the possession of popular talents; it is a great pity he has not matured his style by that study which will entitle his works to live in the esteem of posterity.—Before we descend from royalty it may be worth while to mention drawings of 'Prince Alfred' (691), and of their royal highnesses the 'Princes Arthur and Leopold' (682), painted, under command, by K. MACLEAY. It will be seen at a glance that these works owe their position wholly to the loyalty which the Academy is ever ready to show towards the royal family.—In the north room, almost out of sight, is a portrait of 'Miss Lauri' (562), upon which A. ERCOLE has apparently bestowed great pains. The elaboration of the features and hands seems to be delicate. In the choice of a singularly light background the artist has followed the practice of the early Italian portrait-painters; thereby, however, he doubtless throws difficulties in his own way. Mr. Ercole, however, does not seem to be wedded to any one system. His most important work, 'The Marchioness of Northampton' (174), is effective in the opposition of black, white, and red; the picture gaining needful additional colour from the background.—'Colonel Ferrier Hamilton' (295) makes a picture of much power: the head and the accessories have been painted by D. MACNEE with deliberation and decision.—The figure of 'Miss Burdett Coutts' (161), as rendered by J. R. SWILTON, is not par-

ticularly like the original, and the frame certainly holds more colour than is quite agreeable to look on.—The portraits of S. LAWRENCE are generally reputed to be true; and certainly the artist has thrown much individual character into the bead and figure of 'George Finch, Esq.' (614). But in colour the painter seems wholly to have lost his way: the tints are not only too hot, but are also relatively out of place.—H. T. WELLS is another artist who, as we have said, aims at colour; and that the fervid hue of Venice. In previous years it was supposed that Mr. Wells suffered from injustice: in the present exhibition the hangers, in doing him more than justice, have, in fact, inflicted injury. The artist, in the most ambitious picture he has yet painted, is not at his best; and the style he adopts, when brought, as in the present instance, close to the eye, proves to be just of the sort that would gain by distance. Certainly 'Portraits of Florence, Mary, and Ada, daughters of J. Lowthian Bell, Esq.' (173), in the act of "preparing for a *tableau vivant*," make anything but an agreeable picture. The motive, indeed, is novel; and the mode in which the idea has been carried out, as a matter of composition, effective. The colours, however, are heavy and violent, and the execution is not clean or delicate.—It has sometimes been said that the best portraits the world has known, have been painted by men who take a wide range over general subjects. This remark does not hold good in the case of Mr. A. HUGHES. At all events, his portraits of 'Mrs. James Leathart and Children' (311) are not equal to his fancy pieces. This and the preceding composition, the one contingent on the feeding of pigeons, the other on the arrangement of a *tableau vivant*, are the two most direct examples in the exhibition of the art of "picturo-making" portraits—a practice to which Reynolds especially was addicted. The attempt of Mr. Hughes, it must be conceded, has not been unattended by success. His colour, assuredly, is lovely, and the tenderness of sentiment into which he falls is certainly not unaccompanied by refinement. The execution evinces some feebleness, and the composition is out of balance.—Mrs. C. NEWTON paints the bead of 'Mrs. Liddell' in tones of harmony, such as Palma Vecchio was wont to infuse over the portraits of his own daughters.—But it is the picture by G. F. WATTS which most directly recalls the good old style of the Italian artists. A single eye of 'W. Bowman, Esq., F.R.S.' (251), as painted by the Titian of the English school, is sufficient to identify the entire head. Yet the manner is large more than minute; the style has a breadth which seems to comprehend more than is positively put on the surface. Such a picture proves how noble the art of portraiture may become.

We will end this division with the names of one Associate and two Academicians who collectively present the strongest of possible diversities. Sant is plausible; Knight, dogmatic; and Boxall, dreamy. The works of Mr. SANT have been censured as showy and unsubstantial. This in some degree is the truth, yet not the whole truth, for if there be show, there is knowledge likewise; and if substance be lacking, a spark from the soul is kindled. 'Harvey, son of Richard H. Combe, Esq.' (264), dressed in a white nightgown, is a charming little fellow. Mr. Sant has an ingenuity that saves him from the hacknied manner of which inveterate portrait limners are usually the victims.—J. P. KNIGHT, R.A., as we have said, belongs to a different school. His portrait of 'William Foster White,

Esq.' (105) commands, in a post of eminence, by its knock-down power; breadth it has, and a blackness too; yet in its downright style it is a master work.—W. BOXALL, R.A., has also a manner of his own—a manner, it may be feared, which has now degenerated into absolute mannerism. His portrait of 'Mrs. Cardwell' (62), a good example of the artist's mode, is grey, vaporous, suggestive, and cloudy, as if the head were "out of focus."—This year we miss the manly works of the late Sir Watson Gordon, and mourn over the loss thereby sustained. Mr. KNIGHT'S portrait of 'Mr. T. Anthony Denny' (50) strikes us as the nearest approach now attained to the pictures of the late president of the Scotch Academy.

SCENES DOMESTIC AND SUBJECTS MISCELLANEOUS.

"Those rules of old, discovered, not devised,
Are nature still, but nature methodised;
Nature, like liberty, is but restrained
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd."

Such is the aphorism from Pope's "Essay on Criticism" which the Academicians have chosen as the motto for this year's catalogue. Pope, with his usual epigrammatic terseness, defines the boundaries of Nature and of Art, shows the confines where the one mingles with the other, and lays down in pomp of rhetoric the laws which govern each.

"First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same;
Erring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end and test of Art."

Principles so general, applying to all sorts and conditions of Art, may without violence be brought to bear on "Scenes Domestic and Subjects Miscellaneous." Such scenes and subjects, how widely soever they differ among themselves, take Nature as the one original from which they are derived, and to which again they must revert. Art is the child of Nature. The parent gives life; the offspring receives, prolongs, and propagates that life, and in mature growth gains for itself recognised independence. The critic stands the while watchfully by, and endeavours calmly and fairly to adjust any points of dispute which may arise among the elder and the younger generations in the one household. By turns he fans the spark in its faintness, and quenches the flame in its fierceness.

"The generous critics fan the poet's fire,
And teach the world with reason to admire."

J. C. HONSELEY, R.A. elect, contributes one picture after his usual order of merit. 'Under the Mistletoe' (146), is an incident of boyish jealousy. A little girl kisses her doll under the mistletoe; a sprig of a boy, who has been conjugating the verb "amo" on a slate, thereupon is tortured with pangs of rivalry. There is point in the story, and a refinement in the deportment of the actors, only we fail to find the highly-wrought execution to which the artist generally treats us.—R. REDGRAVE, R.A., in a composition, 'Starting for the Christening' (29), has bestowed on the figures much pains, and on the green bower of summer trees which overshadow the cottage door special elaboration.—'Savage discovering his Parentage' (18) we incline to think is the best picture which C. LANDSEER, R.A., has painted for some time.—A child in the arms of its mother, 'Asleep' (209), a pleasant work by R. THORBURN, A., is soft and subdued in form, tone, and colour.—'Brighted Aspirations' (282) shows S. A. HART, R.A., more successful in domestic scenes than in high historic subjects.—The same may be said for W. J. GRANT. 'A Nursery Story' (467) is far away his better

picture, and evinces indeed a diligence and deliberation which, if persisted in, will remove the obstacles which have impeded the artist's progress.—A. JOHNSTON'S 'Rencontre in the Alameda, Lima' (501) is a frivolous subject, which the artist has failed to redeem.—T. HEAPHY'S 'Lord Burleigh' (523) seems careful in execution, and is cheerful in colour.—'Bad News on the Threshold' (590), by T. BROOKS, is a composition which trades with sentiment in a feeble way.—F. WYBERG'S pictures are usually refined, but wanting in force. At 'The Church Door' (494) is an old woman receiving alms from a lady, whose attire is a study of haberdashery.—TOURRIER'S 'Prisoner' (493) is supreme in monotony of colour and shade.—'The Defence of Latham House' (616), by G. D. LESLIE, is a picture of ill-success. The composition is fragmentary; the colour crude and discordant.—MARCUS STONE, in 'Old Letters' (619), has marred his reputation. The lady's figure is strangely disproportioned both in itself and to the canvas it occupies. The picture has little meaning, and is not recommended by technical merit. It would do some of the artists whom we have just rapidly enumerated a world of good to study that rudest of pictures 'Les Retameurs' (547), by E. RIBOT. This Caravaggio canvas might administer a timely tonic to Art constitutions which have sunk into low condition of debility.

Lady artists, with one or two exceptions, are certainly this season not in the ascendant. Miss SOLOMON'S two pictures are slovenly, and Miss OSBORN'S composition is careless. Mrs. BRIDELL, on the other hand, was never seen to better advantage. 'Little Ellie' (608), taken from Mrs. Browning's "Romance of the Swan's Nest," has a beauty in form and a delicacy in execution to which this artist has hitherto been a stranger. The face and the draperies are nicely painted, and the cool green on the well-drawn leaves is delicious. But the crowning success for the artist-sisterhood has been achieved by Miss M. E. EDWARDS, in the prettiest of compositions, 'The Last Kiss' (574). A lady, young and gentle, drooping under sorrow, has dug for her pet bird a grave beneath a bow of roses and honeysuckles. Ere she commits her treasure to the earth, she gives it a parting kiss. The sentiment is exquisite in tenderness, the lines of composition bend in graceful symmetry, and the execution happily combines generalisation with detail.

It is no slight compliment to say that this lady, embowered among roses and woodbines, is worthy of the company of another lady, 'In the Bey's Garden' (234). This last picture is perhaps the greatest triumph yet achieved by J. F. LEWIS, R.A. elect. A favourite of the harem comes to gather flowers, which bloom in gay profusion in the garden of her lord. The girl, a pretty plaything, is herself a flower, but deficient, no doubt, in intellect, her face vague and vacant, defects for which the artist is perhaps more to blame than the lady herself. As for the flowers, nothing more lovely ever grew or was ever painted; each petaled cup is brimful of light and sunshine, and each leaf enjoys the air it breathes. The abounding detail, which otherwise might have been scattered, is brought together by a cool green background. The second picture of Mr. Lewis is one of those Eastern interiors, in the painting of which he has long been unrivalled. 'A Turkish School in the vicinity of Cairo' (121) is perfect after its kind. Here once more the artist casts a flood of sunlight through lattice window, down in

sparkling rays and chequered forms upon the parti-coloured floor. It strikes us that in these two works Mr. Lewis has overcome the loaded opacity which used to prejudice his technical practice. His colours are now liquid and transparent, and he thus adds to his feats in drawing and composition the full advantages of the oil medium.

"The life, force, and beauty" of "unerring nature," "the source, and end, and test of Art," many of our painters, adopting Pope's precepts, have imparted to their works. R. HANNAH, in his picture, 'The Amateur Juggler' (379), is certainly a diligent student of nature. Here is an errand boy trying his 'prentice and unpractised hand at juggling. He has tossed in the air and essays to catch in his hands a couple of stones, after the manner of strolling acrobats. But he fails, and one of the missiles is on the point of dashing into a basket of eggs, much to the dismay of the owner. The incident, which is novel and curious rather than attractive, Mr. Hannah has elaborated with circumstantial character.—In the same neighbourhood hangs another naturalistic picture, under the title, 'Please have you seen Mother?' (375). A little girl stands at a street corner in some perplexity, and asks anxiously for her mother, who seems to have been the owner of an apple-stall. Mr. DEVER is a bold man to put so small a subject on so large a scale. His picture, however, has merit.—J. BURR, who has not maintained the position he won two years ago, affords in his subject, 'The Tender Nurse' (487), another example of a picture which ought to have been reduced to the unpretending dimensions of the thought expressed. Wilkie, Webster, and others, the acknowledged masters of the school, have seldom allowed a humble theme to transgress modest dimensions. In 'The Tender Nurse,' the man's breeches have certainly received a fair share of the artist's attention.—T. MACKINLAY'S picture, 'The First Lesson' (502), is also open to the same objection, that its scale is out of all proportion to the value of the theme and the worth of the materials employed. The painting has power, but it fails to please.—E. NICOL, unlike many of his contemporaries, is made really out of stout stuff, and so every inch of canvas he asks for he fills. His picture of last Academy, 'Among the Old Masters,' was a satire; his present composition, 'A Deputation' (514), is equally a sarcasm in disguise. A parcel of country bumpkins, in mud-dirty boots intruding on rich carpets, are in waiting on the squire of the parish. Jan Steen is here surpassed in his own line.—In the picture, 'The Passing Bell' (267), we recognise a fresh hand and a new name. J. LOBLEY is evidently an artist who thinks and acts for himself. The colour of the work is dingy, and the sexton is a coarse fellow; but, nevertheless, we see within this frame undoubted traits of independence.—W. WEEKES, under the title, 'The Halfpenny Short' (403), enacts in brief the broad farce for which, at one time, Mr. H. S. Marks had the sole patent. The pictures by the latter artist are year by year growing more serious, yet the vein of comedy which formerly sparkled in his works still ever and anon rises to the surface.

"Hark, hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town"

(331), is the nursery rhyme upon which Mr. MARKS doth now dilate. In dolorous train is marshalled a troop of mendicants according to their several species. The lame beggar, the blind beggar, the sanctimonious beggar with long whining yarn, and the beggar who is the venerable patriarch of the tribe—

here they all are, and "the dogs do bark" a greeting. For a further subject Mr. Marks is once more indebted to Shakespeare, the dramatist who endowed his clowns, fools, and knaves with an immortality which Mr. Marks serves to perpetuate. 'Francis Feeble, the Woman's Tailor' (591), was one of Sir John Falstaff's "sufficient men." "Courageous Feeble," "Forcible Feeble," Mr. Marks shows us shrunk in the shanks, and nine parts of a man, plying his trade, and with tape in hand measuring the waist of a buxom bouncing woman. This minor character, this small by-way lying obscurely out of the main road of Shakespeare's plays, furnishes Mr. Marks with an amusing topic, which he turns to telling account. The picture is trenchant, and its materials are clenched with decisive execution.

T. FAED, R.A., is again in force. He has not exhibited so good a picture as 'The Last of the Clau' (150) since his greatest work 'The Cottage Death-bed.' There is pathos in all that Mr. Faed paints. A touching story is here told of the last small remnant of a once great and powerful clan. An emigrant vessel has just carried away to the Far West the stroug men yet able to make a fortune, and on the jetty are assembled "a feeble old man and his granddaughter," with many "out-lying kith and kin," "the last of the clan," who possess "not a single blade of grass in the glen that was once all their own." The subject is well chosen for the display of the painter's specialities; it gives him the opportunity of grouping effectively men stricken in years, aged women bowed in sorrow, maidens melting in tears—characters which dispose into a homely and heartfelt picture of Scottish nationality. The work has the usual merits and defects of the Edinburgh school. The colour is broken into tertiary tones; the execution is vigorous; and the sentiment would suit to a ballad of Burns.—The picture of JOHN FAED, the brother of Thomas Faed, which has for its subject 'Kinmont Willie a prisoner' (536) is not equal to that of last year. The vice of the school to which the artist belongs is in unusual excess. A background of black opacity is employed to give prominence to lights; the colours also are forced into violence. The elaboration which has been bestowed upon the figures is needless; that is, it is thrown away, inasmuch as it enhances the pictorial effect in no commensurate degree.—J. PETTIE'S 'Drum-head Court Martial' (192) is admitted on all hands to be a clever picture. The three stern fellows seated as judges, with the accessories of the drum and the sail-clou, make as fine a piece of painting as can be found in the exhibition. The group to the right, however, is altogether unworthy of the rest. The handling here is ragged, and the composition confesses to haste and immaturity.—J. A. WHISTLER has a picture the Italians would call *un capriccio*. Of his several works, all of which are experiments and freaks, 'The Little White Girl' (530) has obtained the largest number of admirers. The painting is a mere "abbozzo" or first "rubbing-in." No artist can play such pranks for long with impunity.—'Hamlet and Ophelia' (603) are characters which have not received at all a happy reading by W. Q. ORCHARDSON. Yet his picture has undoubted mastery. Every point which the artist seizes shows definite purpose; there is no superfluity of means to an end; a few figures decisively painted suffice to command the situation and to fill the space allotted. Colour is supplied by a rich tapestry, against which the

figures in little more than light and shade tell out boldly. Mr. Pettie and Mr. Orchardson will both make for themselves a position if they can but follow up their recent successes.—'After Work' (442), by A. RANKLEY, is another clever picture. This artist, if he take care what he is about, may win an Associateship. Power he undoubtedly possesses; delicacy does not seem always so readily within his reach.—The Spanish bull fight has supplied J. B. BURGESS with a subject out of which he has made a capital picture (304). "Bravo, Toro!" exclaim the spectators, some in surprise, some in terror, and others in cool indifference. Each varying phase of expression is portrayed with graphic power. The composition is the result of calculating thought, and must be accepted as a great success.—Not so is a somewhat companion picture, 'Habet' (431), a gladiatorial scene from the Roman Coliseum, painted by S. SOLOMON. Unfortunately, the countenances are all of the same type and wear the same expression; the colour, too, is monotonous.—We must not forget to mention, though possibly out of place, that lively scene of 'Snowballing' (610), by J. MORGAN. The little mischief-making urchins produce startling effect not only by vivacity of action, but through a force of colour which gains redoubled value by its immediate juxtaposition to the white field of snow.

J. ARCHER, whom we at one time feared would never get disentangled from the legend of King Arthur, has assuredly now set himself free to some purpose. 'Old Maid' (452), the well-known game of cards, played between two girls, one looking only more prim and old-maidish than the other, Mr. Archer has enacted with telling point. One of the little ladies finding the much dreaded fate impending over her, exclaims "Maggie, you're cheating!" In technical qualities the picture is not behind the felicity of its conception.—G. B. O'NEILL'S 'Anxious Mother' (199) deserves a passing word of commendation.—J. E. HODGSON'S picture, 'Taking Home the Bride' (398), may be mentioned as the painstaking effort of a young man.—The works of H. LE JEUNE, A., show his smooth and refined manner.—'Pilgrims in Sight of Rome' (272), by R. LEHMANN, is poetry after the Franco-Germanic fashion.—If we may dwell for a moment on poetry in an Academy which is habitually matter of fact and intolerant of imagination, we would gladly accord a word of affectionate approval on that poetic and indeed pathetic composition to which A. HUGHES has given the name of 'The Mower' (554). There is in this figure-landscape a delicious rapture of colour, and a sympathetic sentiment touched gently with melancholy, which are altogether lovely. Yet notwithstanding the possession of these rare qualities, it is still doubtful whether an artist who, labouring under obvious infirmities of drawing, can reach the foremost rank in his profession.—'Sundown in the Desert' (495), by W. V. HERBERT, jun., reveals a poet's eye for colour and composition.

The number of minor works which might claim more than a passing word, were infinite space at our command, exceed almost the limits of belief. A few among the multitude, not altogether small in size or important, must obtain at least cursory remark. 'Village Gossips' (77), a gathering of old ladies round a tea-pot, a company wherein "at every word a reputation dies," is a work after the well-proved merit of T. WEBSTER, R.A. Among English artists, and their name is legion, who follow the varying yet always literal and naturalistic practice of the Dutch cabinet painters,

may be enumerated, with more or less commendation, Coppard, J. Clark, S. B. Clarke, Crawford, Boughton, F. D. Hardy, A. J. Lewis, L. Smyth, Barnes, Brownlow, Garland, Farmer, Lidderdale, Bonavia, Morgan, Pasmore, Provis, G. Smith, Brennan, and R. Carrick. The last of these twenty artists is certainly not at his best. Mr. Carrick has given to a child a pair of legs which the hangers have placed very kindly above the point of sight. Of the thirty or forty pictures which would respond to the muster-call of the above twenty names, two strike us as specially worthy of individual mention. The one is 'The Leaky Roof' (265), by F. D. HARDY, a picture pre-eminent for knowledge, character, and objective truth. The other is 'Our Wee White Rose of all the World' (180), by E. CRAWFORD, a small but brilliant interior, highly wrought and dazzling with light at every point and turn. The fecundity of our English school is attested not only by the number of the pictures we have enumerated, but also by the many works of which it is impossible to speak at all. Some of these we pass over in silence, because it is manifestly not pleasant to give unnecessary pain.

We cannot, however, wholly forget pictures by Mr. Hicks, Mr. Storey, and Madame Jerichau. The first of these artists, Mr. Hicks, the painter of 'Dividend Day' and 'The Post-Office,' in former years, shows himself in his present composition, 'Polling at an Infant Orphan Election' (553), sparkling, dexterous, and epigrammatic as ever. The subject, however, has been dissipated into frivolity.—G. A. STOREY'S 'Royal Challenge' (350) is a theme recommended by its inherent vulgarity, a merit which the artist has not marred by his treatment.—Madame JERICHAU'S 'Wounded Danish Soldier' (418) is one of the lady's best performances. We always have to regret the extent of the artist's canvases, but in the present picture, we may at all events rejoice over the unobtrusive tone of the colours.—W. M. EGLEY'S 'Glaucus and Ione' (479) is intended to be superlatively poetic. The picture is smoothly polished after Vanderwerf's emaculate manner.—J. NOEL PATON compounds 'Fact and Fancy' (315) out of fungi, fairies, and a little child. The details are scattered and the colour is crude.

LANDSCAPES, SEA-PIECES, AND ANIMAL PAINTINGS.

In no department is the change which, within the last few years, has come over the face of modern Art, more marked than in the sphere of landscape. The names our forefathers revered have ceased to be watchwords; the styles which our English landscape painters used to emulate are no longer in esteem. The critic who should hold up Gaspar Poussin as a model, would have little chance of a hearing; the artist who should imitate Salvator Rosa would have to wait long for a purchaser. Even the tranquil harmony and the poetic fervour of Claude have fallen to a discount. The men who formerly recognised Wilson as their master know him no more. The scenic style of Louthembourg is out of vogue, the "blottesque" manner of Constable is deemed slovenly, and even Turner, though still an idol, is scarcely in the full zenith of his power. Who then are your gods, ye landscape painters of England? We have, say they in reply, no divinity save nature. The whole burden of their song, in short, is of nature: she is the mistress they serve both night and day. Thus it happens that our native school of landscape has become directly and dogmatically naturalistic.

T. CRESWICK, R.A., is a painter who

reconciles in great degree the contrariety of schools old and new, retaining the largeness of the one, and obtaining the detail of the other. His style is proverbially and pre-eminently English—peculiarly English in the choice of his subjects, and no less English and "homeish" in their treatment. 'Changeable Weather' (222), the windmill on the headland moor overlooking the sea, idly waiting change in the wind, is in the artist's accustomed style. 'Percy Beck, in the North Country' (529), is a woolly glen which shadows a pebbly stream—a scene green and grey in colour, and tranquil in sylvan solitude. Mr. Creswick has chosen for his largest picture 'A Village Smithy' (117), which casts the warm glow of its fire into a cool landscape. The composition, a rural homestead, is made out of usual materials, such as rustic buildings, over-arching trees, a bridge, a river, and a village church. In the quiet, unobtrusive treatment of unpretending scenes, Mr. Creswick has a method and a merit all his own; we doubt, however, whether this year he is quite at his best.—RICHARD RENGRAVE, R.A., is one of the older Academicians who have adopted with success the new manner now in vogue. He paints his pictures in the open air, and thus seeks sunlight; he studies every object on the spot, and hence gets truth into his details. 'The Valleys also stand thick with Corn' (310) is a pretty landscape, taken among the gently undulating hills and dales of Surrey.—F. R. LEE, R.A., still holds to his vested rights as Royal Academician, and thereby inflicts injury on younger men. 'One of the remaining Nooks and Corners of Old England' (243), by this artist, is a weak and washy picture, which could scarcely have been hung at all, had it relied solely on its merits. 'The Yacht Kingfisher in a Gale off the Coast of Malaga' (366), also by the same painter, is the worst picture we ever recollect to have seen upon the line, and that surely is saying much. Can no remedy be found for this injustice? Mr. Lee's canvas thrusts out of a good place a vastly better landscape by W. H. PATON.—Four LINNELLS, the father and three sons, send just four landscapes between them, all marked by a strong family likeness. 'Reapers' (337) is a picture of figures and fields in the traditional and much esteemed style of Mr. Linnell, sen. The golden colour of the wheat-laden sheaves could scarcely be more intense, and may, indeed, at least by eyes unhabituated to the artist's manner, be deemed somewhat excessive. Among the old frequenters of the Academy, however, we hear the exclamation, "that is a very grand Linnell." But we have not chanced to learn whether the picture is also considered like nature: that is a point of minor import! The landscapes by the younger Linnells do not strike us as quite up to the mark of former years.—For blaze of colour, E. WALTON totally eclipses the utmost splendour yet achieved under the name of Linnell. 'Tombs of the Sultans, near Cairo—Sunset' (346), by this artist, is fortunately hung in a place of safety over the door, so that should absolute flames burst from the picture, nothing more than the ceiling will be consumed. It was an act of mercy to banish this passionate painting into a peculiar solitude of its own. It was impossible to answer for consequences, had the work been thrown into the society of its fellows. Such a canvas would assuredly have committed bloody murder on every picture it could have laid hands on. The author of the work has much to be thankful for.—Sunsets, on the whole, are, we think, a little mitigated this

season. A. MACCALLUM, in the hectic evening sky of 'Rome' (383), has brought the intensity of his colours into balance. In this picture, also specially to be noted, is the characteristic leaf-touch given to the trees in the ilex groves of the Villa Mellini.—T. DANBY, G. E. HERING, and J. S. RAVEN, all in their several styles, seek the poetic glow of nature.—The pictures of G. MASON have received, perhaps, even more than their due, and that was not easy. 'The Gander' (31), the artist's best work, has colour, character, action, and a vague and suggestive grandeur; it, however, lacks completeness. It is more the indication of a purpose than the consummation of a picture.—F. TALFOURD exhibits several sketchy landscapes, pleasing in general effect.—We are sorry to say that J. W. OAKES has gone far beyond our power to follow him. His picture, 'The Pine Forest' (420), is discord and confusion. It is a great pity he cannot gather his forces together.—G. SANT continues to clothe nature in a monotony of brown even more inveterate than a Quaker drab.—E. EDWARDS paints 'Pardenick' (433) with unrelenting labour, and the picture in the end proves unpleasing.—We have marked for general commendation works by MOORE, BODDINGTON, BURKE, KNIGHT, LUPTON, and Mrs. LUKER.

We reserve for more special notice landscapes by Leader, Colo, Carrick, Field, Mawley, Brett, and Hemy. The last-named artist exhibits a study of great merit, 'The Lone Sea-shore' (345). The sea is painted in tones of tenderness, and the rocks are carefully drawn in purple grey.—It is said that the best of J. BRETT's pictures were crowded out; but, at all events, the one which has obtained admission, though small, and in subject to the last degree simple, is of rare excellence. Mr. Brett has evidently put himself under close discipline; every touch is guided by intention.—G. MAWLEY is another diligent student of nature. 'The Way across the Marsh' (118), a thoroughly English scene, is a good example of the mode in which our present school of landscape painters sets to work.—W. FIELD exhibits his best picture, and a right good picture it is. We see in this charming figure landscape the luminous qualities so much admired in Lambinet. The sky is delicately draped in rain clouds, through which the sun glances fitfully.—J. M. CARRICK contributes an inland and a coast scene, each of which evinces a watchful eye on the ways of nature both in her steadfast law and her varying change. 'Weather Clearing' (21) on the Glamorgan coast is, of the two, the more fortunate in subject. The rocky ramparts which guard the shore are planted and painted firmly, and the waves that still swell wildly after the tumult of the storm is past are carefully studied, even to the play of the smaller ripples sparkling in silver on the surface.—It has been a close run for some time past between Vicat Cole and B. W. Leader. A picture by each of these artists now hangs within sight of the other, as if to bring the competition to a final issue. 'Spring' (460), by Mr. COLE, might almost be a counterpart of that marvellous study which Mr. Warren, jun., has exhibited in the Gallery of the Institute of Water-Colour Painters. It is infinite in detail, and in light it sparkles with sunshine. Yet the picture, as a picture, is painfully scattered.—In this, the final bringing together of a landscape composed of multitudinous materials, 'Autumn's last Gleam' (468), by B. W. LEADER, has certainly the advantage. Indeed, taken for all in all, we ques-

tion whether there is in the whole Academy a landscape so free from fault, and at the same time so abounding in nobtrusive merit, as this the masterpiece of Mr. Leader. Every object, whether mountain, tree, or rock, asserts its place without prejudice to its neighbour. The haudling is dexterous, yet without ostentation; the penciling of the tree stems, and the delicate touching of the leaflets against the sky are points for special praise. The Academy is in want of a steady and skilled landscape-painter, who shall represent the new school in a truth delivered from eccentricity. There is no man more likely to obtain early election into the ranks of the associates than Mr. Leader.—Passing for a moment from landscapes, we pay a willing tribute to the lovely flower groups painted by the Misses MUTTLE. Never have we seen the sisters to better advantage.

Sea-pieces and coast scenes bring into the rooms of the exhibition the three elements of air, earth, and water, with their ever ceaseless change. Stanfield, Cooke, Hook, Wilson, Naish, and Johnson, take their several stations either in mid ocean, or upon the sea-washed shore. It is always a pleasure to greet once more the venerable CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A., upon the walls he has honoured for so many years. 'The Bass Rock' (96) recalls the painter's former triumphs. Storm-lashed waves, wind-driven clouds, a wild sea that has washed the wreck ashore, a swarm of gulls, which rise as misty spray above the breakers, such are the materials Mr. Stanfield still holds at command.—E. W. COOKE, R.A., paints 'A Dutch Bourtman' (595) with firmer hand, yet in his colours we miss the tempered harmony of grey, green, and blue, which the older Academician transfuses into sea and sky.—C. E. JOHNSON's 'Hastings Trawler' (314) is hard in the sails. But nowhere can be found a sea more faithfully truthful in its heaving bosom and unbroken swell, liquid in its depth and luminous in its radiant surface.—J. J. WILSON, in his picture, 'Blowing Fresh' (233), has cast a delicate grey green upon a breezy sea.—'Wrecked in December—Repaired in July' (288), by J. G. NAISH, is a commendable study. The old boat under repair has been painted in a sturdy way. The picture is much injured by a dim monotony of purple. Mr. Naish, if he can but free himself from a few besetting sins, may make sure of success.—J. C. HOOK, R.A., has been among the pilchard fishers, at Concarneau, and brought back rich pictorial spoils. His five pictures from the Atlantic shores of France are certainly among his happiest productions, and that is saying a great deal. A carelessness in the drawing of his figures, and a haste and a slovenliness in general execution, which wo at one time feared Mr. Hook might permit himself to fall into, he has in these his latest and his best works remedied. 'The Seaweed Gatherer' (567) the artist has never surpassed, whether for the simple, native beauty of the girl, graceful in action and intent upon her work, or for full toned harmony of colour, caught in veiled lustre upon the figure, and contrasted with tones of quiet grey reposing upon sea and sky.—S. G. POLLARD, judged by his picture, 'Our future Fishermen' (394), seems one of the many successful imitators whom Mr. Hook has found.—"The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord." Venice lost Turner, and now she laments over Roberts. That the Academy could ill afford to lose the member to whom it owed so much, is proved by the fact that picturesque architectural painting is left almost without a representative. Mr. Stanfield

the younger aspires to a position between his father and his father's friend, the late Mr. David Roberts. Two pictures painted on the canals of Venice are in Mr. GEORGE STANFIELD's best style.

The school of animal painters in England differs materially from that of France. Landseer and Cooper are the types of the one, Troyon and Rosa Bonheur the representatives of the other. Of late years French styles have exercised a marked influence in almost every department of English Art. Sir EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A., however, maintains very wisely his own manner absolutely intact. His four pictures in the present Academy fairly express the well-known characteristics of the master. Of these, 'Dejeuner à la fourchette' (91) is certainly not the most felicitous. The green background to this composition is dense and opaque. 'The Connoisseurs' (152) may serve as a signal example of what has been termed, though not with verbal accuracy, the painter's "anthropomorphism," or, in other words, the transfer of human character to the brute creation—a practice which is pushed to its furthest extreme in Kaulbach's illustrations to "Roinecke Fuchs." 'The Connoisseurs' are, in fact, two dogs, who, with eye of thoughtful yet self-complaisant critics, are looking over the sketch upon which the painter, Sir Edwin Landseer himself, is at work. This idea is a palpable hit. It must be confessed that the execution is a little heavy, and the picture is conspicuous for the absence of colour. On the two remaining works, 'Prosperity' (102) and 'Adversity' (112), hangs a tale. 'Prosperity' is persecuted by a high-bred horse, smoothly groomed, awaiting on a lawn a lady about to take her morning ride. 'Adversity' finds this noble creature reduced in old age to a hack, and doomed to servile drudgery. Landseer has certainly a clever way of telling a story. Some of the passages in these two pictures are executed in the artist's best manner.—T. S. COOPER, A., like Landseer, contributes companion pictures with antithetic titles, 'North' (163) and 'South' (478). The former is a work specially to be commended, not only for the painting of the sheep, in which this artist is unsurpassed, but likewise for the distribution of the mountain landscape, which crowns the composition with a noble background. The canvas is cold in colour.—RICHARD ANSDALL, A., contributes three compositions, whereof 'Treading out the Corn' (470) is the most ambitious. The process of threshing practised in Spain is said to be here truly represented, yet the picture is far from agreeable. The work stretches to wide dimensions, and the horses and men are endowed with physical power, yet it were difficult to find throughout the extended area a form recommended by nobility or beauty. It must, however, be admitted that this attempt attains to astounding effect.—We have marked pictures by BOTTOMLEY, HOPKINS, and HERRING, as distinctive in merit.—In the department of animal painting, however, supreme honour is reserved for that remarkable picture 'The Strayed Hord' (560), by H. W. B. DAVIS. This painter has for some years been favourably known as a diligent student of nature, addicted to so-called Pre-Raphaelite practices. But the public was not at all prepared for the surpris which this great picture brings unawares. The scene is skilfully yet artlessly disposed. The herd comes bowing tumultuously along over a wild mountain waste, the summits whereof are gilded by sunlight. Aloft in the air the cattle hold the head, their nostrils scenting the breeze,

their tails tossed in restlessness to and fro. The artist throughout knows what he is about: he is master of his subject. The heads of the cattle are drawn firmly, the eyes, nostrils, and horns have been planted resolutely in position. On all hands this picture is acknowledged one of the chief successes of the year. Since the completion of Rosa Bonheur's 'Horsos Fair,' no finer work of its kind has been exhibited.

SCULPTURE.

The present collection in the Academy cellar is neither better nor worse than the many miscellaneous musters held in the same favoured spot. Sculpture is the only art which is unprogressive. Both painting and architecture have in this country made within the last few years marked advances. But the sister art of sculpture has the while remained at best but stationary. Our English school manifests just those defects which might be expected to arise from its imperfect and most desultory training. It wants elevation and severity of style; it lacks knowledge, and that precision and definite purpose which persistent study can alone secure. Still our native sculptors possess merits peculiarly their own: in sentiment they are pure, in execution painstaking, and in general effect pleasing. The present collection, which we are bound to state by no means does justice to the school, may be divided into three classes: 1st, subjects of fancy; 2nd, monumental works; 3rd, portrait busts.

The first division, which comprises subjects of mythology, poetry, and general imagination, is not strong. H. S. LEITCH exhibits a figure under the generic title, 'Il Pensiere' (912), in which, as in previous works, he has obviously been indebted to Michael Angelo. The remaining composition by this follower after historic precedent, 'Minerva repressing the Wrath of Achilles' (917), is founded on the antique, but the subject has not been mastered, and the management of the drapery shows hesitating weakness. Placed in rival opposition to the last work is a 'Bronze Group' (971), by J. POLLET, which, in contrast to our English modelling, manifests the firmness, the sharpness, and the decisive character, seldom wanting in the French school.—C. F. FULLER, in his figure of 'Dalilah' (895), has taken literal inspiration from Story.—'Elaine' (914), by D. DAVIS, is a conception in which feeling has been pushed to affectation.—E. W. WYON'S 'Fisherman's Daughter' (911) making nets, is in treatment merely pictorial and picturesque, unprejudiced by even the first principles of the sculptural art.—R. JACKSON'S 'Mischief' (943), in the person of a small Cupid, is playful and pretty in action. The picturesque portrait-statuettes, by the same artist, of 'Master Hulse' (946), is clumsy in execution.—'Britannia unveiling Australia' (1060), by G. HALSE, will remind the visitor of groups displayed in the shops of stonemasons at Carrara.—'Departing Spirits' (985), by C. A. W. WILKE, are much too heavy in body ever to reach heaven. The artist's attempt at polyphony is the least successful we have yet seen.—E. G. PARWORTH, jun., by 'Paradise Regained' (951), takes the world by surprise. The artist has relieved his figure from the dross of earth by a certain vague generality.—A few has-reliefs may be noted which show the usual vacillation between styles classic and pictorial. 'Ariel' (962), by W. M. THOMAS, indicates little knowledge of the composition of lines or of the principles of the bas-relief treatment.—The same criticism may, without injustice, be

extended to the Memorial (922) modelled by T. EARLE. 'Emily and the White Doe of Rylstone' (927), by F. M. MILLER, reveals a more sensitive eye for harmony.—W. F. WOODINGTON executes a basso-relievo which pleasantly recalls the pure style of design found on Greek vases. 'The Lady in the Enchanted Chair' (923) has exquisite concord of composition, and much delicacy in manipulation.—We have also singled out from the general medley two other works which merit a fair meed of praise. The one is a naturalistic figure, 'Il Giuocatore' (898), by J. ADAMS, carefully modelled, but suggested by known French conceptions. The other, 'Evo' (937), by P. MACDOWELL, R.A., is after the manner of modern romance, graceful and refined.

Monumental works are few, and have taken almost exclusively a memorial form. The place of honour is assigned to a 'Model of a Statue of the late Prince Consort' (897), executed by J. DURHAM. The figure is fortunate as a portrait, and effective as a work of Art. P. D'EINAY, in the statue to 'The late Sir William Stevenson' (930), has gained power by bulk merely. In this work may be pointed out wide extending surfaces, destitute of one single touch of the modelling tool to impart detail, or to leave evidence of study. A like objection may, in some measure, be taken to W. C. MARSHALL'S 'Statue of James, Seventh Earl of Derby' (958).

The portrait busts are of that even mediocrity of merit which calls for neither decisive praise nor censure. Chantrey, the Sir Joshua Reynolds of sculpture, still claims followers, who now constitute the old school. But as in painting, so in sculpture, a movement towards literal naturalism has set in, whereof Mr. Woolner and others of Pre-Raphaelite predilections have taken the lead. Sculpture, then, at the present moment is in a transition state. Two busts we notice, the one that of 'Sir Tatton Sykes' (938), by H. WEEKES, R.A., the other a head of 'Sir Thomas Potter' (939), by M. NOBLE; both are in the old style, even to the conventional load of classic drapery which the shoulders are made to groan under.—The profile medallions by A. MUNRO possess a refined beauty that has gained popularity.—The 'Bust of a Lady' (975), by R. S. GREENOUGH, is well brought together under a generalised treatment.—W. DAVIS is fortunate in his sitter. 'John Watkins' (933) has a head which commands attention, and that all the more by the elaborate detail wherewith the artist has worked out the character.—The numerous products wrought by the ready modelling tool of T. E. BOERDT are sketchy and picturesque. A posthumous bust of 'John Leech' (1025) is after this sculptor's usual speaking and persuasive style.—Before ending, we cannot but express the wish that our artists could spare time for study in the British Museum. As a bust, no finer work exists than the head of Julius Cæsar. For the literal, yet generic treatment of nature, no nobler models can be found than the Elgin marbles. And as an ideal conception, the newly acquired head of Apollo is matchless for beauty. We cannot but fear that these great works in the Museum might prove severe critics upon the modern productions of our Academy.

We have left no space for peroration; therefore, reader, pray draw your own conclusion. We simply end as we began, by stating that a better exhibition has seldom been seen.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF ALDERMAN COPELAND, M.P., STOKE-UPON-TRENT.

MAZEPPA.

J. F. Herring, Painter.

C. Cosen, Engraver.

BYRON'S poem of "Mazeppa"—less known, perhaps, than most of his other writings—has furnished Mr. Herring with an excellent subject for the display of his skill in drawing that noble animal the horse; and we have no artist more competent to do it full justice. Even animal painters have their speciality, though each may be able to portray well other creatures than that in which he particularly excels, or, in other words, one tribe takes precedence of the rest. Thus Sir Edwin Landseer has established his claim to the dog, Mr. T. S. Cooper to sheep and cows, Mr. Abraham Cooper and Mr. Herring to the horse, as did the late James Ward, R.A., while Morland was "great" in pigs and donkeys. Each of these artists seems to have made the character of the several animals his especial study.

There is something more in this picture than a series of portraits such as might be selected from the stud of a monarch or a nobleman. Here is a vast herd of wild horses, that seem to have swept down into the valley from the adjacent mountains; such a herd as travellers tell us is sometimes seen on the prairies of America, where the animal is known as the *Mustang*, and congregates in numbers so immense as scarcely to fear the attack of any enemy but man. These herds are always under the leadership of one of the herd, who is able, by some extraordinary means, to convey his orders simultaneously to the whole body. There is not one of the horses in Mr. Herring's picture but calls to mind the magnificent description of the war-horse found in the Book of Job, than which nothing of its kind more poetical in idea, grander in language, and more truthful in delineation of character, was ever written. "Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted: neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he snelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

The prevailing idea in the thoughts of this herd is surprise, or curiosity, rather than fear, at the strange sight presented to them; fear would have caused them to rush away; but they look on with manes and heads erect, yet with an air of uncertainty as to whether it would be wiser to flee or stay. The horses in the foreground are drawn with much spirit and animation, while the attitude of the animal whereon Mazeppa is bound is most natural. Weary with his flight, his eyes bereft of their fire, his nostrils sending forth a stream of hot breath, he has stumbled, and in another instant will roll over and crush his rider to death.

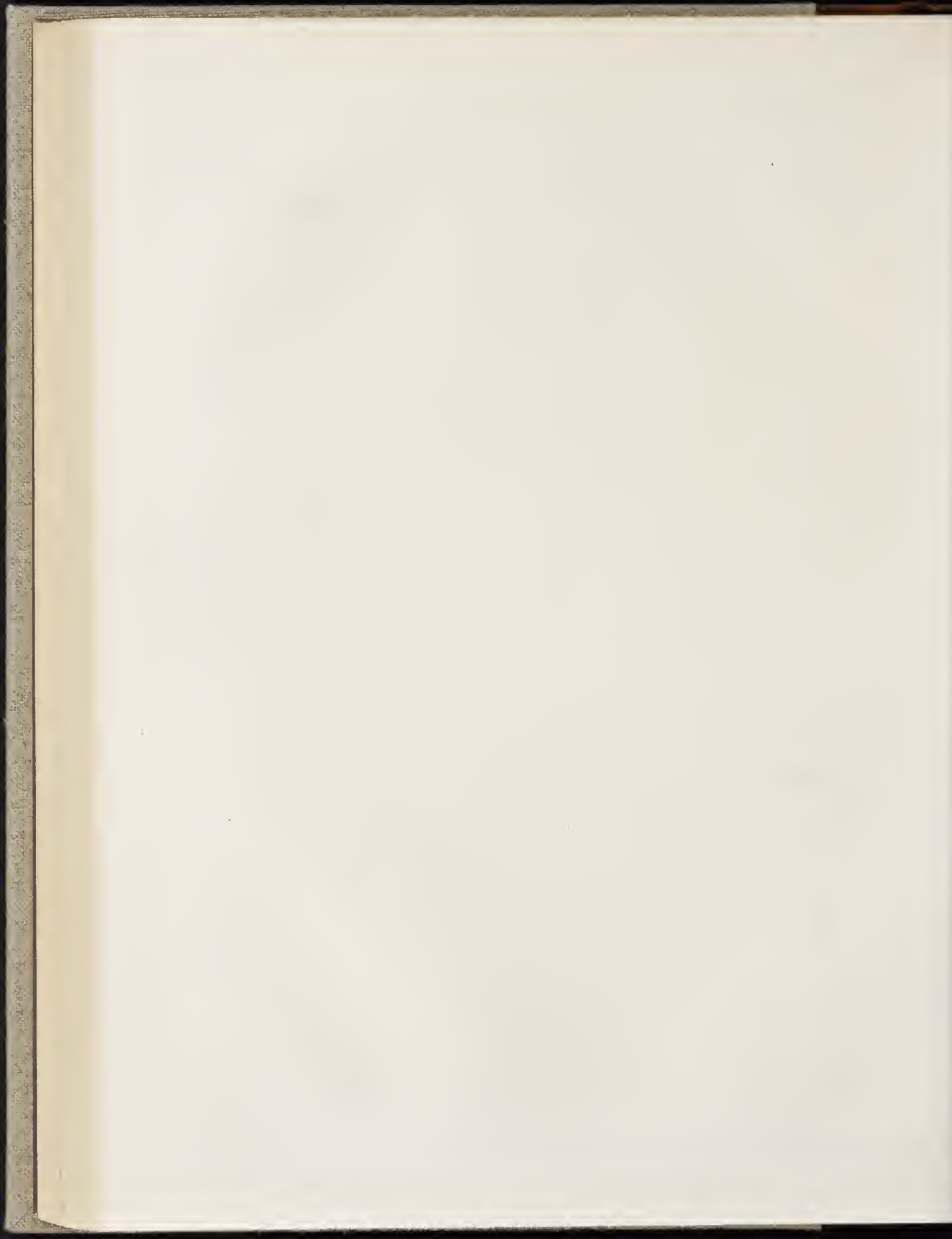
This is undoubtedly the artist's most poetical and original composition, qualities as evident in the treatment of the landscape as in that of the herd of horses.



J. HARRING PINX

MAY 18 1870

IN THE COLLECTION OF M. A. KMAN, CLAK



THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE SIXTY-FIRST EXHIBITION.

THIS Old Society has reached an established excellency which does not admit of much vacillation either for worse or for better. Its members have been submitted to the refiner's fire; its works have, as it were, been doubly distilled, so that the dross and all baser materials are eliminated, and only the rarer elements remain for public view. A society which has the pick of the profession, almost of necessity as a normal condition, finds its exhibition the pink of perfection. Accordingly, in the present year we find this gallery—at least, in the quality of its drawings—no exception to an undeviating average. The old favourites upon these walls may be seen once more in their accustomed places, wearing their wonted dresses and decked in their usual colours. We are no sooner within these rooms than, among the painters of figures, we at once recognise the well-known lineaments of Gilbert, Alfred Fripp, Jenkins, Topham, Frederick Tayler, Burton, and Smallfield. And a glance along the walls quickly brings within range of vision, landscapes of the prescribed dimensions and in the accepted styles, owing to the names of Richardson, Collingwood Smith, Holland, Branwhite, Davidson, Birck Foster, Cox, Fripp, Jackson, Newton, and Palmer. In this enumeration of members and associates we give, indeed, by implication, a synopsis of the contents of the entire exhibition. In general quality, as we have said, it shows no material deviation from established standards, but in works distinguished by dimensions, or signal through striking subjects, the gallery of the year is admitted by general consent to be deficient. This lack of leading drawings is obviously an accident and nothing more. One or two important works which would have taken command at centres failed by mere mischance to be finished in time. By sheer accident, then, wholly discovered from any essential cause, we find the old Water-Colour Society and the Royal Academy presenting precisely opposite aspects. The Society is prejudiced by the lack of leading works; the Academy is prominent for its prizes in pictures of magnitude.

Before we proceed to detailed criticism, a word may be said with advantage on the general phase of the art of water-colour painting here presented. The English school, though it has attained to a summit of excellence, changes, from time to time, its position and aspect; though its central line of progression be constant, yet its lateral movements are found to vary. In the first place, if we look at the means employed rather than at the end sought, we observe in the comparative use of transparent and opaque colours a practice which varies from year to year. At one time the fear was not unfrequently expressed, that what is considered the pure water-colour medium and method would be speedily lost and corrupted by the inordinate admixture of opaque materials. This danger we think is now diminished. Especially in landscape are we glad to observe that artists are seeking for quality, transparency, tone, and repose, by the means of persistent washes of broad liquid colours. Some seasons ago Mr. George Fripp stood almost alone in his long-proved preference for the transparent system. He now, on the contrary, finds for the method of his choice numerous adherents. The drawings of Davidson, Jackson, and Whittaker, are tending more to the methods to which the earlier masters of their Art were addicted; and we cannot but think that passages which might be pointed out in other landscapes—the foreground, for example, to Mr. Newton's elaborate work—are, by their opacity and crude incoherence, an additional argument for the use of transparent pigments. Nevertheless, we need not say that the perfecting of the art and the development of its full and varied resources, must be sought through no one exclusive method, but rather in the equitable adjustment of the contending claims of opposing parties. In the due mingling of opaque, semi-opaque, and trans-

parent colour, can drawings of utmost attainable vigour and truth be alone produced. And we are glad to find that through the surrender in some directions of extreme practices, which were likely to prove pernicious, threatened mannerism will be avoided, and a well and wisely-balanced propriety maintained.

The picture of CARL HAAG, which reigns in the post of honour at the top of the room, 'Fording of Poll Taibh in Glen Tilt' (73), by the Royal Household, will naturally, by its subject, as well as by its size, attract every eye. The scene, painted by command of her Majesty, is an incident in the return to Balmoral, after a visit paid in October of 1861, by the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Princess Alice, and the Prince Louis of Hesse, to Blair Athol. The royal party encounters a mountain stream, flooded up to the girth of the horses' saddles, which must be forded. The Queen's horse is foremost, led through the waters by attendants, and preceded by highland bagpipers on foot. Above rise impending mountain masses, which thrust out from the composition even one peep of the sky. The weight of this background somewhat overpowers the rest of the picture, and the exclusion of the blue heavens denies variety to the insuperable monotony of colour. The figures are most carefully painted, and the equanimity which the whole group maintains under circumstances not a little agitating, is subject of admiration. Could even the smallest accident have been permitted, it would have helped the artist amazingly through the tedium of his task. The peat-brown hue of the mountain stream unfortunately takes from the painter his last chance of getting into his colours cool grey and compensating blue. The picture is chiefly of personal interest, and as such will be prized. Mr. Haag finds in 'The Ruins of Bualboe' (129) a subject more favourable to his pencil. This is a small work, but for quality, colour, and the disposition of picturesque materials, it is in the artist's best manner.

Mr. GILBERT, as usual, puts forth power. 'Cromwell in Battle' (152) is a work of heavy mettle, both in steel and rider. Its merits, which in their special way are matchless, manifest themselves at a glance: its defects may possibly be cloaked under the *bravura* of a bold manner. On close examination it will be detected that this motley crowd of figures is not put under the discipline of pictorial composition, that the character seized has not been carried out with care, and that the hatched lines of execution do not correspond with the modulations of the surface covered. In a small subject taken from 'Gil Blas,' 'Laura introducing the Hero to the Service of Arsenia' (267), Mr. Gilbert is more painstaking. This composition is not only marked by the graphic character inseparable from the artist, but it is likewise distinguished for a refinement of colour seldom wanting to this artist in his tranquil moods.—Mr. ALFRED FRIPP, if we mistake not, has been seen to greater advantage. 'Arabs of the Common' (82) is a drawing which certainly possesses merits that few artists can touch, yet at the same time it betrays flaws which mar complete success. For force of vivid colour, and for texture of the surface which reflects that colour, it leaves nothing to be desired. But to our eye, at least, the materials of the picture are a little scattered, and require bringing together. In 'The Mischievous Pet,' and other works of former years, Mr. Fripp has taught us to expect that every object, and especially each touch of colour, shall be wrought into pervading harmony. The concord which this artist usually maintains between the figures and the landscape background is a high artistic result, which, in its utmost consummation, no other artist; it would appear, cares to approach.—Mr. RIVIERE has removed his sketching ground from England and Ireland to Italy, in which last latitude he is scarcely as yet acclimatised. The colours of the south, it is true, are vivid, but yet, for the most part, accordant, and seldom, indeed, abrupt and staring. Mr. Riviere, whose pictures we have commended in recent years, was certainly more at home in his own country. Mr. WALTER GOODALL contributes several comparatively small drawings, among which 'The Bindweed Wreath' (190) may be commended for its refined qualities.

—The powers of Miss MARGARET GILLIES have this year revived. In the composition entitled 'Youth and Age' (197), the head of the old man has been carefully studied, and the accessories reach realistic truth.—Mr. JENKINS is among the most carefully measured and studiously refined of our figure painters. He does not cover a large surface; he never attacks a grand subject; his works are prized more for quality than for dimensions; more for amenities of manner, than for substance in thought. No artist knows better how to express a pretty idea neatly and cleanly, as seen, for example, in the pleasant little picture bearing the title 'Il dort comme un Sabot' (119), a composition consisting of nothing more than a girl looking intently and lovingly at a pet dog that "sleeps as sound as a top."—Mr. FREDERICK TAYLER is another artist who elevates his chosen themes: into his dogs he throws breeding; his horses move in noble paces; his ladies, with their attendant knights, have the bearing of people of quality. Thus in his minor composition, 'Coupling the Hounds' (114), for woodland hunting, the dogs are marked by character and animated for action. Again, in another fancy subject, 'Return from the Ride,' the horses are noble, the lap-dogs are elegant, the lady is stylish, and the cavalier a man of gallantry. Mr. Tayler's intention is always right; his handling, however, wants firmness, and his execution completeness in the carrying out.—Perhaps the only artist who, this year, can be said to have decidedly surpassed himself is Mr. TOMTAM. His large and crowded composition, upon which it is understood the artist has been engaged some years, bearing for its title, 'The Pattern, Connemara' (126), is of the nature of an Irish wake, or fair. Tents are pitched, such as those which gypsies take shelter in, rude coverings which the wild Bedouin of the desert uses as a home, and in which these Celtic wanderers in the West do congregate promiscuously. The spot whereon this motley company is gathered seems sacred ground. A holy well, surmounted by a shattered crucifix, is in the midst of the assembled multitude, some of whom are on their knees. Around this sacred relic gather the young and the fair, ready to bask in the sunshine, to fall into coy and casual courtship, and indulge in love's dalliance. Here, too, may be seen a mother, who has brought her sick child to the healing waters. Hither, also, are coming the aged, the halt, and the blind, stumbling with lame limbs, and struggling with the aid of crutches, out of, or perhaps into, the dark valley of death. It will be seen that nothing which varied character in its appalling contrasts—nothing which poverty, famine, and rags, can add to picturesque effect, has been wanting in this delineation of Irish nationality. The treatment is that which belongs to the old school, rather than to the new. The precision of drawing, the multiplication of detail, and the accurate study, not only of the figure, but of its covering draperies, which are now fortunately the vogue, the artist does not desire to attain. Without troubling about any such niceties which lie wholly beyond his purpose, the painter succeeds sufficiently well in telling his story and making his picture. The work must be taken as a whole: criticism of detail it does not court.

Having passed in review the time-honoured occupants of the gallery, we will now turn to the new comers. Messrs. Watson, Shields, Walker, Lundgren, Smallfield, Burton, and Jones, elected either as Members or Associates within periods comparatively recent, we may take for the representative of "Young England" within these walls. The political *coterie* formerly designated by the sobriquet "Young England," was said to have been distinguished by white waistcoats, Puseyite predilections, and the games of cricket or bowls on the green after morning church service. This party in the state, small in more senses than one, was loved and laughed at by turns. We can scarcely say how far Mr. BURKE JONES is identified with all the eccentricities of "Young Englandism" in politics, or of its allied brotherhood "Pre-Raphaelism" in painting, but there can, at all events, be little doubt that upon him has fallen to an eminent degree the common lot of being

loved by the initiate few, and laughed at by the profligate many. The fate which has come upon this artist, we are bound to say, he heartily deserves. At the outset we confess ourselves one of the uninitiate multitude who are wholly unworthy of the rare revelation of which Mr. Jones is the favoured recipient. We certainly admit most readily that this artist possesses some gifts which move to sympathy. Even his confirmed mediocrity is not without winning charm. Its quaintness, bordering upon the grotesque, and even touching the impossible, is far removed at least from modern modes of commonplace, lies close upon the marvellous, and constitutes, as it were, a species of pictorial miracle. For a manifestation so unusual, either in daily life or within the circuit of our exhibitions, as exemplified, for instance, in pictures such as 'Astrologia' (18), 'The Enchantments of Nimue; how by subtlety she caused Merlin to pass under a heaving stone into a grave' (230), and 'Cupid and Delight,' from Chaucer's *Assembly of Foules* (97), we cannot but render to Mr. Jones our best thanks. It must be conceded that if he had not painted these pictures no other artist in England, or within the whole extent of Europe, would, or probably could, have ventured on the bold, we may even say the rash, attempt. The world then might have suffered loss; for it cannot be denied that some of the works by this painter have in colour a subdued and shadowed lustre; that they possess in their subjects, seen, for example, in the pretty conceit called 'Blind Love' (89), originality of thought; and that in sentiment, as manifest by the composition 'Green Summer' (105), they are not devoid of poetry. Thus we are willing to give Mr. Jones his due; and having done thus much in his favour, we claim the privilege of asking him a few plain questions, and of offering for his best consideration a little well-meant advice. In the first place, we would inquire why it is that he overlooks usual anatomical proportions and the acknowledged bases on which the human body is constructed? Again, we would wish to know how it is that he does not put draperies upon his figures with some express relation to the forms they clothe, and why he does not cast these draperies into folds and masses which by the well-ascertained laws of gravity they are bound to assume? Once more, we would query of Mr. Jones, as a colourist, how it is that in the Boccaccio composition, 'Green Summer' (105), he has made his figures "in verdure clad?" why it is that he has woven the robes of the picnic party out of the green grass whereon they sit, thus bidding defiance to known laws of chromatic art, which are now established with the certainty of scientific axioms? These are a few of the questions to which we hope Mr. Jones will give practical replies in the pictures he may in future years exhibit. As to the little bit of advice we promised, it is simply this, that Mr. Jones should correct his mannerism by the study of nature. This sounds as a simple truism, yet herein lies for the artist the whole issue of his future career. Either he will degenerate from bad to worse—a result which even the admirers of Mr. Jones, on the evidence of his present works, have been led to dread—or, on the other hand, delivering himself from mediæval bondage, and entering on the free service of nature, he shall go from strength to strength, and gain the truth, and rejoice in the health which nature imparts. We have favoured Mr. Jones with the foregoing strictures because avowedly he furnishes the most flagrant example of a school which we believe to be false in its basis and pernicious in its results. The old masters may teach us much, but they are safe to follow as guides only when brought face to face with nature.

It is a relief to turn from the preternatural eccentricities of Mr. Jones to styles more simple. We are glad to say that by far the greater number of the artists who may be accounted of the new school do not put nature in masquerade. Correct drawing, accuracy of form, truth in detail, and precision in execution, these are the qualities more than ever prized—these the merits which give promise and value to the school that now bids fair to be dominant. Such are the standards, in fact, by which we

shall venture to test the works that Messrs. Burton, Smallfield, Walker, Watson, and Shields contribute to the exhibition. Mr. BURTON, we are sorry to say, shows some falling away from his former high estate. Of the two drawings he has executed, 'Clematis' (247), a small and careful study of a single head, is the best. Here is a little girl, 'Clematis' flower in hand, with rose in the cheek, gold in the hair, and green of contrasted harmony in the robe, colours which compose into a subject altogether charming. A much more pretentious work, 'La Marchesa' (27), is far less satisfactory. This is a showy head, life size, painted, it would seem, in emulation of Titian's Mistress, Dominichino's Sihil, Guido's Cleopatra, or other like imposing figures. No such comparison, however, will this modern conception bear to great historic precedents. The flesh is opaque, yet not solid; the skin has an undefined surface, yet little internal transparency. These defects, however, we willingly suppose are mere accidents, incident probably to haste in execution. We understand that a large work, into which Mr. Burton had thrown his whole force, failed completion in time for exhibition. Any deficiencies, then, found in the products of the present season, the artist will remedy, it may be hoped, next year.

Neither can we accept Mr. SMALLFIELD'S chief work, 'Tartini' (204), as a complete success. 'Tartini,' the catalogue informs us, was a "famous violinist" who "is said to have dreamt that Satan took his violin and played him an air of marvellous and varied beauty," afterwards "known to the English as the Devil's Sonata." No doubt the painter has happily rendered the bewildered awaking of genius as from a dream. The eyes, startled, wandering, and yet rapt; the features fixed in moody melancholy, are certainly traits well conceived. Yet, taken altogether, the figure is uncouth, and the composition ungainly. The execution, too, strikes us as small, and wanting breadth in relation to the magnitude of the head. We observe, also, that the sleeve on the further arm has not in the drawing received sufficient study. The painter of 'The Slave of the Fish-pond,' in the last exhibition, has certainly a subtle hand for forms, and a sensitive eye to colour, which should not lapse into common nature.—Mr. LUNDGREN, in the picture by which last year he made his *debut*, 'Choristers at Seville,' manifested a rough and ready hand, apt in seizing powerful effect. In this his second appearance he sustains a like reputation. 'The Arab Girl' (310) is a head of vigour, character, and colour, not unworthy of 'Spanish Philip.' The robe covering the shoulders requires more studied treatment; it might still be left sketchy, and yet be suggestive of definite form.—Mr. WALKER, on his election as Associate a year ago, took the world by surprise in two drawings, 'The Church Pew' and 'Spring.' The last of these subjects now finds sequel in 'Autumn' (62), a work which fares the proverbial fate befalling the continuation of a story. Yet 'Autumn,' like 'Spring,' has charms accordant to the season. When the leaf grows yellow and sear, and the fruit falls, and the days darken, then the shadow of gloom passes over the spirit even of youth. This is the sentiment which seems to sicken the heart of the girl who stands in melancholy mood amid an apple orchard. Upon the dress of this homely lass there is a broken texture and a delicious harmony of colour which cannot be too highly commended. The cast of the lower portion of the gown is not quite accurate for.

—The two newly-elected Associates, Mr. WATSON and Mr. SHIELDS, prove acquisitions to the society. The former, well known as a popular book illustrator, is represented by 'The Duet' (104), a drawing which possesses "all the attributes we might be led to look for from the painter's antecedents—conciseness and perspicuity in composition, and detailed accuracy in execution. Mr. Shields appears to be addicted to figures in more rustic garb. His subject, bearing the somewhat abstract title, 'Desire is stronger than Fear' (195), is a truthful composition, made up of an old man vending a basket full of wares, and two children who know not how to resist the approach of temptation. There is still room and to spare for Mr. Shields in this Wilkie line of subject. In the province

of oil painting, Webster, Hemsley, and Smith have occupied a position which is not adequately filled in either of the water-colour galleries. Yet there can be no question that through the medium of water colours Wilkie subjects admit of a treatment peculiarly brilliant in colour and elaborate in detail.

Landscape drawings may, for convenience, be divided into three classes—the first, which seeks effect; the second, which seizes on detail; and the third, which strives with more or less success to combine effect and detail together. The landscapes of Mr. RICHARDSON, such as 'The Hospice, Pass of the Simplon' (46), and 'Castellamare, Gulf of Naples' (88), are primarily products for effect: the subjects chosen are, to the last degree, imposing, and the treatment is essentially scenic. Hence their popularity.—In some degree Mr. HOLLAND'S highly-coloured Venetian scenes, as 'The Riva degli Schiavoni' (108), may be placed in the same category. This drawing is not wholly satisfactory; its multitudinous materials are scattered, and the lights, darks, and colours want focussed force.—Mr. GASTINEAU belongs to an essentially old school; he paints in a style all but obsolete.—Mr. BALMERS'S pictures, 'The Good Farmer' (111), for example, are ideal creations, put together as rhapsodies of colour—works which, in their special line, are not approached.—Of Mr. COLLINGWOOD SMITH'S copious supply of seventeen drawings, that of 'Lugano' (94) is the most pretentious. Here is one of nature's grandest panoramas; an amphitheatre of hills, in the midst whereof lies the lake, girt by stately Italian villas. It may be of little purpose to observe that a picture which will not fail to gain loud applause, holds no high position as a work of Art. The meretricious effect is gained by easy, not to say cheap, methods; the execution is rude, and the whole treatment lacks a delicacy which students who work more slowly, and follow nature with humbler steps, are not denied. It is worthy of remark, that three artists just passed in review are the most prolific in the gallery. Mr. Collingwood Smith contributes seventeen drawings, Mr. Gastineau the same number, and Mr. Richardson only two less than the highest maximum. Surely men who rise to such results must be something more than artists. Students of nature are well considered works, which have a value in proportion to the thought expressed. But men who aspire to the display of seventeen frames, each one of which is made tempting to the popular eye, must, we repeat, be of a higher order in creation than the mere artist. It is obvious that, wise in their generation, they have gone to Birmingham and Manchester and have learnt from manufacturers and political economists how to suit the market, and make the supply equal the demand. We feel that the reproach often cast on the unthrift of the artist meets in these practices absolute refutation.

Chief interest naturally attaches to the career of the diligent student of nature, who year by year strives to gain new and higher truths, and who thus may secure for himself and his art continued progression. To the works of Newton, Davidson, Whittaker, and Boyce, we naturally look for novelty and advance. One of the chief positions has properly been assigned to Mr. SPANX'S deliberate effort, 'High Bridge, Glen Spear, Inverness' (203). This is a work of close study and high elaboration: every leaf has been counted and then transcribed; the subject too is possibly well brought together, barring the foreground, which is out of tone, and in detail scattered and weak. The greens altogether are not pictorially understood; those which are kept grey, as seen, for instance, in the shadowed copse on the right, are by far the most agreeable.—Mr. DAVIDSON has made in 'The Dollyweddell Valley' (9) a drawing of power, well managed in the distribution of successive mountain distances, wildly tossed like drifting waves. The conflict between detail and general effect is reconciled. The colour perhaps might be improved by the infusion of more grey.—Mr. BRANWHITE'S 'Autumnal Evening' (234) is in the artist's best style, vigorous in handling, and intense in harmony

of colour.—Mr. E. GOODALL has a pretty little drawing in the 'Bay of Naples' (262), cheerful in tone, gently modulated in colour, and altogether in favourable contrast to the blaze of pigment too often thought essential in an Italian scene.—Mr. G. FAIR, though long confirmed in his well-known style, to his praise be it said, unlike some of the veterans in the gallery, is still a humble watcher and waiter upon nature. 'Hay-making' (100) in Berkshire, and 'Eel Bucks' (118) on the Thames, are transparent in colour, luminous in atmosphere, and liquid in water, qualities in which he, in common with the early masters of the art, is unrivalled.—Mr. DODSON sends three drawings: 'Crossing the Brook' (78) is a little green in the foliage, and would be better for more individual character.—Mr. ALFRED HUNT possesses, as seen in his sketch entitled 'Durham' (37), a pleasing mode of just indicating a subject, which he then leaves vague and shadowy, the outlines and details remaining matters for conjecture as in scenes from dreamland.—Mr. NAPPÉL'S 'Val d'Aosta' (94) is chaotic; the artist is more at home in a watery lane of Guernsey, to which he gives the name of 'The Fairies' Haunt' (159). Hero ferns, brambles, lichen, and an undergrowth of cobweb foliage are made into a charming picture.—The works of Mr. WURTKER have deservedly obtained admirers, and indeed two unpretending drawings in particular.—'The Upper Valley of the Conway' (19), and 'Carnedd David' (28)—rank among the most praiseworthy studies in the room. They are simply true to nature without pretence or ostentation of any sort: the colour is transparent and the tone tranquil. Another drawing by this artist, 'The Valley of the Lledr' (65), strikes us as a little ragged in the handling, but we are not unmindful that the same objection might have been raised to the execution of the late David Cox.—'Llyn Heli' (220) is the best work we have seen by Mr. JACKSON for many a day. The effect chosen is that of twilight, solemn in monotone of sentiment, and poetic in tranquil beauty. We fancy the artist has found some difficulty in the foreground in the effort to gain force, and yet at the same time not to break the general repose.—It seems the general opinion that Mr. BOYCE, who made his entrance into the gallery last year, has employed the past twelve months well. His style is known to be peculiar, the manner he adopts is that commonly called "Pro-Raphaelite," and it is his privilege to be a leader in the landscape school which bears that misplaced name. Among the eight works contributed by Mr. Boyce there is, perhaps, not one which does not evince thought and feeling, and bear testimony to the artist's patient toil. Of the last virtue, 'The Black Gate at Newcastle' (96) rises as a witness. This quaint street of old houses, as here transcribed, is remarkable for character, local colour, and crumblingly texture. Another view (128) in the same town shows subtle sense of colour. Changing the scene to Egypt, may be noted a study (228) made on the spot from an upper window in Ghizeh, remarkable for truth when least adorned. We cannot, however, refrain from regret that Mr. Boyce should systematically choose subjects having nothing in them, scenes which are, in fact, common-place to the last degree: such, for example, as that 'Near Abinger' (283), which consists of nothing more than a marshy field, a copse, a cow, and a rook, thrown together without the slightest composition. Certainly, all preconceived notions as to the poetry of nature are here set wholly at naught. Yet we believe that nothing more delights the devotees in this school than this utter artlessness in treatment.

We ought, perhaps, to have noticed Mr. BRERET FOSTER among the painters of the figure; but the fact is that an artist of this lively versatile mood is never out of place, put him anywhere, or everywhere. 'On the Beach of Hastings' (12), he is on the verge of the sea, whereunto do congregate fishermen and their families, grouped together with boats, nets, and other seafaring properties. We have heard it objected that this and other scenes are a little spotty. Mr. Foster certainly sacrifices repose for the sake of vivacity and sparkle.—Several

drawings by Mr. ANDREWS, sometimes on shore and sometimes on sea, show delicate harmony in colour.—The pictures by the brothers W. CALLOW and JOHN CALLOW, the one among quaint old towns, the other upon the waters of our sea-girt coast, are in the manner usual to these artists.—'Hulks on the Tamar' (77), by Mr. JACKSON, make a tranquil and refined composition.—Mr. DUNCAN, however, is the man whom the Society of Water-Colour Painters have elected high-admiral. Stormy ocean, evidently, has entrusted him with the trident of Neptune. But we cannot help thinking that Mr. Duncan makes his tempests almost too fearful, and his shipwrecks terrible even over much. 'The Storm at Sea' (24) is indeed a tremendous affair. If the painter do not take care he will wreck, not only vessels, but his own reputation. We wish we had either space or words to do justice to the lightning and the roar of Mr. Duncan's crashing elements. But we must close.—Mr. REID paints a grand interior, 'The Choir of Toledo Cathedral' (85).—Mr. BARTHOLOMEW has a brilliant composition of 'Fruit.'—And among painters of cattle, Mr. BRITTON WILLIS is supreme. His 'Autumn in the Western Highlands' (142), is a picture chosen for a central position, because its force makes a fixed focus for the eye. The work is undoubtedly first-class. Its quality, however, would be improved by mitigation of hot colours. Identical pigments are again and again repeated in cattle and landscape alike, a besetting sin against which artists should be watchful in these days of flagrant chromo-lithography.

Altogether, this exhibition shows the art of water-colour painting in a state of steady advance. If there be a want of any one triumphant work, the art as an art remains still progressive and transcendent. Thus the advance of the English school grows out of the persistent study of nature. Future development will necessarily be measured by the discreet application of truths now universally accepted.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE THIRTY-FIRST EXHIBITION.

THE New Society, like the Old, is this year without any one commanding work. Yet the average merit of the drawings is good, and the Exhibition certainly looks well. The several departments of figure, landscape, architectural, sea and flower painting, are filled by artists already known upon these walls by successes achieved in former seasons. On entering the room, the eye at once recognises the clearly-defined styles of Corbould, Tidey, Haghe, and Jopling among the painters of the figure. And in landscape the works of Rowbotham, E. G. Warren, Vacher, Bennett, and Shalders, give varied attraction to the gallery. Without further preface we will proceed to pass these and other the products of the year under detailed review.

Mr. CORBOULD contributes three pictures, whereof two are in the artist's best manner. 'Launcelot's Departure from the Castle of Astolat' (122), is a work intense in harmony of colour, and highly wrought in execution. The figures are drawn with care, and every form has been moulded into beauty. It is worth while to approach this drawing closely, in order to learn the mode of its manipulation. The hatching is specially worthy of note; seldom have we found lines curved with so much dexterity and precision across the modulated surfaces they articulate and pronounce. This, the special execution of a line engraving, we have never seen carried with so much skill into the art of water-colour painting. 'Christ and the Woman of Samaria at the Well' (227), by the same artist, is a composition of showy effect. The figure and action of the Saviour have theatrical command; the woman of Samaria is cast upon her knees in Magdalen passion. The execution is, of course, masterly, the drawing firm, the draperies are broadly cast, and the surface

of the paper is not, as too often in the works of this artist, loaded with opaque colour. It seems strange that the painter has not thrown into the figures more religious feeling. The work is, in fact, decorative rather than devotional, and has little of the chastened spirit pertaining to Christian art.—Mr. TIDEY, who last year attempted, in the manner of the old religious painters, the composition of a triptych on the theme, "the night of the betrayal," not meeting, we fear, with the encouragement he hoped for, has passed from Christian art to the art of love and courtship. There can be little doubt which of these arts is the best understood and most widely appreciated. Mr. Tidey will not have to wait long for a purchaser, when he illustrates the rapturous lines of Byron—

"He was her own, her ocean treasure, cast
Like a rich wreck—her first love and her last."

Nevertheless, we cannot but mourn over Mr. Tidey's secession from the ranks of high Art; and moreover we think that the artist possessed qualifications for the treatment of sacred and historic subjects which will serve but ill for themes of a naturalistic bent. On the evidence of the drawings which Mr. Tidey this year exhibits, it remains doubtful whether he will acquire the vigour and the truth which at the present time are deemed essential to the treatment of realistic subjects. However, the sentiment in these works is refined, and even takes on sugar sweetness, the colour is delicate, yet fevered in its flush, and sickly in its pallor. Mr. Tidey has sensitive intuitions and poetic aspirations, which, rare among his contemporaries, will preserve to him a speciality exclusively his own. The sphere this painter should strive to occupy is the intermediate territory which lies between the two worlds known as the ideal and the real. Over poetic dreamland he might easily reign undisputed monarch of all he surveys.—Mr. BOUVIER is another artist who evidently has no claims to robust realism; he aims at a pleasing but impossible idealism. He has fallen upon an agreeable mannerism, which suits sufficiently well subjects removed out of the range of actual life. In the drawing, 'Il Bacio' (271), the artist infuses into the two figures, a mother and child, his accustomed Arcadian refinement, and at the same time evinces his habitual contempt for the accepted proportions of the human figure. 'Valeria' (281), a lady gracefully posed on a couch of classic form, is more happily conceived. The work will not bear any rigid test; but the colour is pleasing, and the make up generally agreeable.—What can Mr. WARREN, the president, be thinking of, in that astounding production, 'The Rescued Slave' (76)? Was ever seen such a prodigy as this camel? Camels we have known and ridden in the desert of Cairo, but never did we behold such an animal as this. Why does not Mr. Warren consult the volume recently published by Mr. Elijah Walton, "The Camel: its Anatomy, Proportions, and Paces?"—Mr. WEINER has not got as good a result as we had a right to expect out of a thoroughly telling subject, 'George Fox Preaching in a Tavern at Leicester' (201). We do not accept Mr. Weinert's reading of this man's character—the founder of the sect called Quakers. George Fox is here depicted as a weak fanatic, and the imbecility planted upon his countenance is wholly out of keeping with the strong effect produced by his words upon his hearers. The artist has given to the assembled company varied and appropriate expression, but he fails to carry out the characters he indicates with circumstantial precision and consistency.—Near to the last picture hangs a showy figure, 'Ave Maria' (208), painted by Mrs. ELIZABETH MURRAY. The subject appears to be a Roman model, dressed in costume for the studio. To enact the character required, the model casts her eyes heavenwards. This is a cheap receipt for making a popular picture.—Mr. ANSOLOV has a well-trained eye for composition; he knows precisely the spot whereon to plant his figures, and he tells a simple tale in cheerful accents. The mere number of the pictures which this artist paints, however, must preclude the possibility of bestowing much thought on each. It is fortunate for a man when he can manage to produce even one great work in the year which

may advance his reputation. Fame thus sustained may then be multiplied into as many minor works as there remain in the year days of leisure. The one great effort will raise subordinate products towards its own level. Mr. Absolon has no such great effort, and this must be counted his misfortune. Among the eleven pictures of this artist, each in its way winning, may be noted 'Our Wedding Tour over Lake and Mountain' (319), two pleasing subjects of balanced composition bound together in one frame.—Mr. WIGGALL'S 'Tete-a-tete interrupted' (100), is a commonplace subject, scarcely redeemed by the treatment it receives. This class of picture requires a studied precision, not found either in the drawing of the figures or in the disposition of the details.—Mr. CHARLES CATERMOLLO, on his entrance into the gallery last year, showed cleverness which gave undoubted promise. His defects we then pointed out. The lapse of another year does not find the dangers diminished which then beset the artist. In the drawing, 'A Desperate Defence' (12), Mr. Catermollo manifests, as he did a year ago, ready invention and a happy faculty of composition; he puts his subject together with point and purpose; his figures have action, his incidents are dramatic. But the artist must not stop here, otherwise he will have to be content with a subordinate instead of a first-rate position in his profession. Ere it be too late, he should put himself under severe training. He must master the proportions of the figure, both in action and in repose; he must study drapery, as modulated by the forms which lie beneath it. Mr. Catermollo is really in the possession of so much ability, that it seems a pity he should not give himself the best possible chance.—The six drawings by Mr. JOPLING are unequal; that bearing the title 'Three Friends' (109), though not comparable to 'Fluffy' of last year, is decidedly the best. This work, which is primarily a composition of colour, glows with the intensity of a missal painting. The golden hair of the lady is set beside a lustrous couch, itself a field of gold, against which a green parrot glows as an emerald. The cool purple of the lady's dress serves as a foil. Mr. Jopling, as a colourist, has few, if indeed any, rivals, either in this or the older society.—Mr. C. GREEN, whose drawings we had the pleasure of commending last year, on the artist's first appearance upon these walls, has justified the favourable opinion then expressed. 'Grandfather's Birthday' (33) is a well-studied work. The story is nicely told. The characters, however, are too much made up of the lay figure; it were better that draperies should be supported by bodies endowed with life and motion. The upholstery and cabinet work within the frame are capital, and the drawing altogether is highly to be esteemed.—It were difficult to commend too highly a little study, 'The Bird's Nest' (328), by Miss EMLY FARMER. An innocent little child, simply clad, rejoices over her prize, a bird's nest; such is the unpretending subject, which Miss Farmer has painted to perfection.—Mr. LUSON THOMAS, known as a skilled draughtsman on wood, is likely to prove an acquisition to the Society which has recently elected him Associate. 'Homeward Bound, Boulogne Sands' (59), is a drawing of much truth and character. The women who are seen trudging along under their heavy burden of nets and fishermen's gear, are capital studies wrought into a thoroughly artistic picture.—Another newly-elected Associate who makes a successful debut, is Mr. W. LUCAS. 'Rustic Courtship' (85) is a picture of something more than promise; it is the work of a master who knows well what he is about.

There are landscapes in this room which make a great show. On entering at the door the eye is at once caught by one of Mr. ROWBOTHAM'S rapturous reveries, 'La Cava near Naples' (309), a drawing delicious in harmony of colour, a panorama pitched in the highest key of Italian romance. The poetic, but not eminently truthful, style, to which Mr. Rowbotham surrenders himself, is a little going out of date.—Attention is likewise at once attracted to an equally effective and certainly a more scrupulously exact drawing, 'The Tombs of the Mamelooks' (10), in the desert of Cairo, as sketched by Mr.

CHARLES VACHER. We have ourselves sketched on this very ground, and can from personal knowledge attest the success of Mr. Vacher's delineation. These Saracenic domes and minarets, now ruined, scattered over the arid desert plain, which is canopied by a cloudless sky, and peopled by the picturesque Arab and his attendant camel, constitute one of the most impressive scenes the traveller can visit, or the artist portray. The success of Mr. Vacher's delineation is a little marred by want of accurate drawing in the galleried by the minaret, which rises as a principal object against the light and cloudless sky.—'Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee' (223), rendered by Mr. TELBIN, the well-known scene-painter, brilliant to the last degree, is a landscape which indulges in excess of contrast between the gold in the lights, and the cobalt blue in the shadows.—Mr. AMON PENLEY practises a showy style, which, however, in such careful products as 'Wastwater' (172), he reduces, by studied detail, down to nature's level.—Mr. LEBERT, in his romance at 'Borogetto on the Lago de Garda' (214), also gives way to the seductions of a showy manner. The subject is effective, its putting together has studied balance, and its colour is of a warmth which only wants mitigating greys to render the intensity unobjectionable.—We are not of the number who think Mr. WILLIAM BENNETT has improved his position by the change made from picturesque to poetic landscape. There was about his studies in Windsor Forest a truth and a vigour, which his large and ambitious efforts lack. 'Richmond Hill' (277) is a famed scene, painted in this artist's latest manner. Such a subject, embracing, as it does, a wide expanse of woodland, which stretches far into the distant horizon, is bound to be impressive. This drawing, however, owes more to the scene than to the artist; specially would we point out a deficiency of individual study and character in the trees.—The landscapes of Mr. BEND always possess power; and the scenes he chooses—generally a mountain valley in the midst of a theatre of congregating hills—have a majesty quite imposing. His picture of the year, 'The Conway Valley' (29), is marked by usual qualities; the mountains are roundly modelled and firmly planted; the execution is manly, the colour rich—perhaps, indeed, a little too positive.—Mr. M'KEWAS, in 'The Valley of Desolation' (158), has portrayed the gnarled trunks of old and stricken trees with naturalistic vigour.—The feat and triumph of the Gallery has been achieved by Mr. E. G. WARREN, in a study, the monument of untiring toil. 'The First Notes of the Cuckoo' (70) is a most elaborate performance, and cannot but be accepted with reverence, not unmingled, possibly, with some regret. The labour here expended defies power of estimate. The detail is countless. The number of primroses, blue bells, buttercups, and ferns exceeds calculation. Nevertheless, the freedom of nature's growth unrestrained is missed, the vitality of the vegetable world is wanted. The general effect is, perhaps, less scattered than might have been expected. The flooding light in the sky and on the landscape, and the sparkling colour on the fields, which shine like a tapestry of flowers, bring to the eye exquisite joy.—The drawings of Mr. HINE are pleasant; those by Mr. MOLE careful; Mr. HARRISON WEBB'S studies of birds and animals are accurate; Mr. BOYS' transcript of the well-known apse of 'St. Peter's Church, Caen' (169) is given with effect. Mr. LOUIS HAGHE'S vast drawing, the oft-painted interior of 'St. Peter's, Rome' (251), lacks vigour and grandeur. The best architectural works of the year are contributed by Mr. SKINNER PROUT; and reserving one word for the animal creation, we need scarcely say that sheep flocks are folded and driven to field by Mr. SHALDERS with a truth and a beauty which find no rivals.

We have passed over some Members and Associates in silence. Every society will include a certain number of artists—the fewer the better—who have mercantile interests to make rather than professional honour to bestow. On the whole, we think that the New Society with gathering years grows in wisdom, and that age has enjoyed the privilege of renewed youth.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

The twenty-ninth annual meeting of the subscribers to this institution was held on the 25th of April, at the Adelphi Theatre, for the purpose of receiving the report of the council, for the distribution of prizes, and for presenting to the honorary secretaries, Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., and Mr. Lewis Pocock, F.S.A., the testimonials which have for some time past been preparing for them by public subscription. Mr. Charles Hill occupied the chair at the meeting, in the absence, through illness, of the president of the society, Lord Montagu. Some idea of the effects which the Art-Union of London has had upon Art and artists is obtained from the facts recorded in the last report of the council. Since the foundation of the Society, it has expended £324,000 in the purchase of pictures and the production of works of Art; these latter including 35 large engravings, 15 volumes of illustrative outlines, etchings, and wood-engravings, 16 bronzes, 12 statues and statuettes, besides figures and vases in metal, and medals. No insignificant number of all these various works have been circulated in America and other colonies, and sometimes in European continental states, thus circulating British Art over the civilised world.

The subscriptions for the year 1864-5 amounted to £11,743, a smaller sum than they have reached in the last few years; such fluctuations must necessarily occur in spite of every exertion and every attraction. The amount set apart for the purchase of pictures which the prizeholders may select from the public galleries open at the present time, included 1 work of the value of £200, 2 of £150, 3 of £100, 5 of £75, 5 of £50, 50 of £50, 10 of £40, 8 of £30, 18 of £25, 16 of £20, 20 of £15, and 20 of £20 each. To these were added 100 'Psyche' vases, 100 porcelain busts of the Prince of Wales, from the original by Morton Edwards; 75 statuettes, in porcelain, from J. Durhan's group 'Go to Sleep,' engraved in the *Art-Journal* for December, 1864; 200 chromo-lithographs of 'Young England;' 200 chromo-lithographs of 'Wild Roses,' and 150 volumes of etchings by R. Brandard.

The chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, adverted to the thousands of good works of Art distributed through the agency of this Society in the homes of the people of England; and argued from this that it was almost impossible to over-estimate the benefits that resulted from this fact in improving the taste of the public. Mr. S. C. Hall seconded the motion, and in his remarks contrasted the present love of Art and the larger amount of sale for British pictures now existing in comparison with what was expended thirty years ago.

Professor Bell prefaced the presentation of the testimonials to the honorary secretaries with a few complimentary observations on the services these gentlemen had rendered the society, which unquestionably owes its long-continued success to the zeal and ability they have always shown in advancing its interests. Without such efficient aid as they have given it is very questionable whether the Art-Union of London would not long since have become a thing of the past, instead of being, what it is, a well-rooted and flourishing institution sending forth its branches far and wide. When it is remembered that the first annual subscription list was below the sum of £500, and when this is contrasted with the large aggregate of funds received and disbursed since, it must be quite evident how much time and energy must have been devoted to the working of the society in order to produce such results. The testimonials consisted of a group in silver, executed by Messrs. Elkington, from a design by W. F. Woodington, representing 'Wisdom Encouraging Genius,' with four appropriate tazas.

The fortunate winners of the principal prizes are—W. H. Webb, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, £200; W. S. Macmahon, 2nd Life Guards, and Miss F. Jenkinson, of Blackpool, £150; John Hutton, of Thirsk, George Holdfast, of Dorset Place, Clapham Road, and George Dodd, of Basingstoke, £100.

THE CESTUS OF AGLAIA.

CHAPTER V.

THE work I have to do in this paper ought, rightly, to have been thrown into the form of an appendix to the last chapter; for it is no link of the cestus of Aglaia we have to examine, but one of the crests of canine passion in the cestus of Scylla. Nevertheless, the girdle of the Grace cannot be discerned in the full brightness of it, but by comparing it with the dark torment of that other; and (in what place or form matters little) the work has to be done.

"Rembrandt Van Rhyne"—it is said, in the last edition of a very valuable work* (for which, nevertheless, I could wish that greater lightness in the hand should be obtained by the publication of its information in one volume, and its criticism in another)—was "the most attractive and original of painters." It may be so; but there are attractions, and attractions. The sun attracts the planets—and a candle, night-moths; the one with perhaps somewhat of benefit to the planets;—but with what benefit the other to the moths, one would be glad to learn from those desert flies, of whom, one company having extinguished Mr. Kinglake's candle with their bodies, the remainder, "who had failed in obtaining this martyrdom, became suddenly serious, and clung despondingly to the canvas."

Also, there are originalities, and originalities. To invent a new thing, which is also a precious thing; to be struck by a divinely-guided Rod, and become a sudden fountain of life to thirsty multitudes—this is enviable. But to be distinct of men in an original Sin; elect for the initial letter of a Lie; the first apparent spot of an unknown plague; a Root of bitterness, and the first-born worm of a company, studying an original De-Composition,—this perhaps not so enviable. And if we think of it, most human originality is apt to be of that kind. Goodness is one, and immortal; it may be received and communicated—not originated: but Evil is various and recurrent, and may be misbegotten in endlessly surprising ways.

But, that we may know better in what this originality consists, we find that our author, after expatiating on the vast area of the Pantheon, "illuminated solely by the small circular opening in the dome above," and on other similar conditions of luminous contraction, tells us that "to Rembrandt belongs the glory of having first embodied in Art, and perpetuated, these rare and beautiful effects of nature." Such effects are indeed rare in nature; but they are not rare, absolutely. The sky, with the sun in it, does not usually give the impression of being dimly lighted through a circular hole; but you may observe a very similar effect any day in your coal-cellar. The light is not Rembrandtesque on the current, or banks, of a river; but it is on those of a drain. Colour is not Rembrandtesque, usually, in a clean house; but is presently obtainable of that quality in a dirty one. And without denying the pleasantness of the mode of progression which Mr. Hazlitt, perhaps too enthusiastically, describes as attainable in a background of Rembrandt's—"You stagger from one abyss of obscurity to another"—I cannot feel it an entirely glorious speciality to be dis-

tinguished, as Rembrandt was, from other great painters, chiefly by the liveliness of his darkness, and the dullness of his light. Glorious, or inglorious, the speciality itself is easily and accurately definable. It is the aim of the best painters to paint the noblest things they can see by sunlight. It was the aim of Rembrandt to paint the foulest things he could see—by rushlight.

By rushlight, observe: material and spiritual. As the sun for the outer world; so in the inner world of man, that which "επιπνῆ ῥαπίνα σολῖας"—"the candle of God, searching the inmost parts." If that light within become but a more active kind of darkness;—if, abdicating the measuring reed of modesty for sceptre, and ceasing to measure with it, we dip it in such unctuous and inflammable refuse as we can find, and make our soul's light into a tallow candle, and thenceforward take our guttering, sputtering, ill-smelling illumination about with us, holding it out in fetid fingers—encumbered with its lurid warmth of fungous wick, and drip of stalactitic grease—that we may see, when another man would have seen, or dreamed he saw, the flight of a divine Virgin—only the lamp-light upon the hair of a costermonger's ass;—that, having to paint the good Samaritan, we may see only in distance the back of the good Samaritan, and in nearness the back of the good Samaritan's dog;—that having to paint the Annunciation to the Shepherds, we may turn the announcement of peace to men, into an announcement of mere panic to beasts; and, in an unsightly fire-work of unsightlier angels, see, as we see always, the feet instead of the head, and the shame instead of the honour;—and finally concentrate and rest the sum of our fame, as Titian on the Assumption of a spirit, so we on the dissection of a carcass,—perhaps by such fatuous fire, the less we walk, and by such phosphoric glow, the less we shine, the better it may be for us, and for all who would follow us.

Do not think I deny the greatness of Rembrandt. In mere technical power (none of his eulogists know that power better than I, nor declare it in more distinct terms) he might, if he had been educated in a true school, have taken rank with the Venetians themselves. But that type of distinction between Titian's Assumption, and Rembrandt's Dissection, will represent for you with sufficient significance the manner of choice in all their work; only it should be associated with another characteristic example of the same opposition (which I have dwelt upon elsewhere) between Veronese and Rembrandt, in their conception of domestic life. Rembrandt's picture, at Dresden, of himself, with his wife sitting on his knee, a roasted peacock on the table, and a glass of champagne in his hand, is the best work I know of all he has left; and it marks his speciality with entire decision. It is, of course, a dim candlelight; and the choice of the sensual passions as the things specially and for ever to be described and immortalised out of his own private life and love, is exactly that "painting the foulest thing by rushlight" which I have stated to be the enduring purpose of his mind. And you will find this hold in all minor treatment; and that to the uttermost: for as by your broken rushlight you see little, and only corners and points of things, and those very corners and points ill and distortedly; so, although Rembrandt knows the human face and hand, and never fails in these, when they are ugly, and he chooses to take pains with

them, he knows nothing else: the more pains he takes with even familiar animals, the worse they are (witness the horse in that plate of the good Samaritan), and any attempts to finish the first scribbled energy of his imaginary lions and tigers, end always only in the loss of the fiendish power and rage which were all he could conceive in an animal.

His landscape, and foreground vegetation, I mean afterwards to examine in comparison with Durer's; but the real calibre and nature of the man are best to be understood by comparing the puny, ill-drawn, terrorless, helpless, beggarly skeleton in his 'Youth Surprised by Death,' with the figure behind the tree in Durer's plate (though it is quite one of Durer's feeblest) of the same subject. Absolutely ignorant of all natural phenomena and law; absolutely careless of all lovely living form, or growth, or structure; able only to render with some approach to veracity, what alone he had looked at with some approach to attention,—the pawnbroker's festering heaps of old clothes, and caps, and shoes—Rembrandt's execution is one grand evasion, and his temper the grim contempt of a strong and sullen animal in its defiled den, for the humanity with which it is at war, for the flowers which it tramples, and the light which it fears.

Again, do not let it be thought that when I call his execution evasive, I ignore the difference between his touch, on brow or lip, and a common workman's; but the whole school of etching which he founded, (and of painting, so far as it differs from Venetian work) is inherently loose and experimental. Etching is the very refuge and mask of sentimental uncertainty, and of vigorous ignorance. If you know anything clearly, and have a firm hand, depend upon it, you will draw it clearly; you will not care to hide it among scratches and burrs. And herein is the first grand distinction between etching and engraving—that in the etching needle you have an almost irresistible temptation to a wanton speed. There is, however, no real necessity for such a distinction; an etched line may have been just as steadily drawn, and seriously meant, as an engraved one; and for the moment, waiving consideration of this distinction, and opposing Rembrandt's work, considered merely as work of the black line, to Holbein's and Durer's, as work of the black line, I assert Rembrandt's to be inherently evasive. You cannot unite his manner with theirs;—choice between them is sternly put to you, when first you touch the steel. Suppose, for instance, you have to engrave, or etch, or draw with pen and ink, a single head, and that the head is to be approximately half an inch in height, more or less (there is a reason for assigning this condition respecting size, which we will examine in due time): you have it in your power to do it in one of two ways. You may lay down some twenty or thirty entirely firm and visible lines, of which every one shall be absolutely right, and do the utmost a line can do. By their curvature they shall render contour; by their thickness, shade; by their place and form, every truth of expression, and every condition of design. The head of the soldier drawing his sword, in Durer's 'Cannon,' is about half an inch high, supposing the brow to be seen. The chin is drawn with three lines, the lower lip with two, the upper, including the shadow from the nose, with five. Three separate the cheek from the chin, giving the principal points of character. Six lines draw the cheek, and its incised traces of care; four are given to each of the eyes;

* Wornum's "Epochs of Painting." I have continual occasion to quarrel with my friend on these matters of critical question; but I have deep respect for his earnest and patient research, and we remain friends—on the condition that I am to learn much from him, and he (though it may be questionable whose fault that is) nothing from me.

* Prov. xix. 27.

one, with the outline, to the nose; three to the frown of the forehead. None of these touches could anywhere be altered—none removed, without instantly visible harm; and their result is a head as perfect in character as a portrait by Reynolds.

You may either do this—which, if you can, it will generally be very advisable to do—or, on the other hand, you may cover the face with innumerable scratches, and let your hand play with wanton freedom, until the graceful scumble concentrates itself into shade. You may soften—efface—retouch—rebite—dot, and hatch, and redefine. If you are a great master, you will soon get your character, and probably keep it (Rembrandt often gets it at first, nearly as securely as Durer); but the design of it will be necessarily seen through loose work, and modified by accident (as you think) fortunate. The accidents which occur to a practised hand are always at first pleasing—the details which can be hinted, however falsely, through the gathering mystery, are always seducing. You will find yourself gradually dwelling more and more on little meannesses of form and texture, and lustres of surface: on cracks of skin, and films of fur and plume. You will lose your way, and then see two ways, and then many ways, and try to walk a little distance on all of them in turn, and so, back again. You will find yourself thinking of colours, and vexed because you cannot imitate them; next, struggling to render distances by indelicacy, which you cannot by tone. Presently you will be contending with finished pictures; labouring at the etching, as if it were a painting. You will leave off, after a whole day's work (after many days' work if you choose to give them), still unsatisfied. For final result—if you are as great as Rembrandt—you will have most likely a heavy, black, cloudy stain, with less character in it than the first ten lines had. If you are not as great as Rembrandt, you will have a stain by no means cloudy; but sandy and broken,—instead of a face, a speckled phantom of a face, patched, blotched, discomfited in every texture and form—ugly, assuredly; dull, probably; an unmanageable and manifold failure ill concealed by momentary, accidental, unedifying, ignoble success.

Undelighting; note this especially, for it is the peculiar character of etching that it cannot render beauty. You may hatch and scratch your way to picturesqueness or to deformity—never to beauty. You can etch an old woman, or an ill-conditioned fellow. But you cannot etch a girl—nor, unless in his old age, or with very partial rendering of him, a gentleman.

And thus, as farther belonging to, and partly causative of, their choice of means, there is always a tendency in etchers to fasten on unlovely objects; and the whole scheme of modern rapid work of this kind is connected with a peculiar gloom which results from the confinement of men, partially informed, and wholly untrained, in the midst of foul and vicious cities. A sensitive and imaginative youth, early driven to get his living by his art, has to lodge, we will say, somewhere in the by-streets of Paris, and is left there, tutored, to his own devices. Suppose him also vicious or reckless, and there need be no talk of his work farther; he will certainly do nothing in a Dureresque manner. But suppose him self-denying, virtuous, full of gift and power—what are the elements of living study within his reach? All supreme beauty is confined to the higher salons. There are pretty faces in the streets, but no stateliness nor splendour of humanity;

all pathos and grandeur is in suffering; no purity of nature is accessible, but only a terrible picturesqueness, mixed with ghastly, with ludicrous, with base concomitants. Huge walls and roofs, dark on the sunset sky, but plastered with advertisement bills, monstrous-figured, seen farther than ever Parthenon shaft, or spire of Sainte Chapelle. Interminable lines of massy streets, wearisome with repetition of commonest design, and degraded by their gilded shops, wide-fuming, flaunting, glittering, with apparatus of eating or of dress. Splendour of palace-flank and goodly quay, insulted by floating lumber of barge and bath, trivial, grotesque, indecent, as cleansing vessels in a royal reception room. Solemn avenues of blossomed trees, shading puppet-show and baby-play; glades of wild-wood, long withdrawn, purple with faded shadows of blood; sweet windings and reaches of river far among the brown vines and white orchards, checked here by the Île Notre Dame, to receive their nightly sacrifice, and after playing with it among their eddies, to give it up again, in those quot shapes that lie on the sloped slates of the square built Temple of the Death-Sibyl, who presides here over spray of Seine, as yonder at Tiber over spray of Anio. Sibylline, indeed, in her secrecy, and her sealing of destinies, by the baptism of the quick water-drops which fall on each fading face, unrecognised, nameless in *this* Baptism for ever. Wreathed thus throughout, that Paris town, with beauty, and with unseemly sin, unseemlier death, as a fiend-city with fair eyes; for ever letting fall her silken raiment so far as that one may "behold her bosom and half her side." Under whose whispered teaching, and substitution of "Contes Drolatiques" for the tales of the wood fairy, her children of Imagination will do, what Jérôme and Gustave Doré are doing, and her whole world of lesser Art will sink into shadows of the street and of the boudoir-curtain, wherein the etching point may disport itself with freedom enough.

Nor are we slack in our companionship in these courses. Our imagination is slower

* As I was preparing these sheets for press, I chanced on a passage in a novel of Chamford's, in which one young student is encouraging another in his contest with these and other such evils—the evils are in this passage accepted as necessities; the inevitable deadliness of the element is not seen, as it can hardly be except by those who live out of it. The encouragement, on such view, is good and right; the connection of the young etcher's power with his poverty is curiously illustrative of the statements in the text, and the whole passage, though long, is well worth such space as it will ask here, in our small print.

"Cependant," dit Thomas, "on va des peintres de talent qui étaient peints de Paris après avoir exposé de bons tableaux et qui s'en revenaient classiquement en voyage. C'est donc la faute de l'enseignement de l'Académie."

"Bah!" dit Gérard, "rien n'arrête le développement d'un homme de talent; ni la misère, ni la maladie, ni les faux conseils, ni les mauvais enseignements. Nous sommes environnés d'ennemis, d'imbéciles, de maîtres, de lâches; si nous sommes forts, nous devons nous débarrasser de tous ces ennemis. Si nous n'avons pas le courage, c'est-à-dire une conviction profonde de Paris, nous succomberons, tant pis, il n'y a rien à dire. Nous ne sommes pas des victimes, nous n'étions pas dignes de faire de l'art, et nous sommes entrés par erreur dans ce beau et rude chemin qui mène à la popularité. On est doux, on ne se bat pas."

* Pourtant j'ai connu plus d'un peintre que la misère a paralysé complètement, et qui, avec un peu d'aide, eût produit de belles choses. Au lieu de cela, il est tombé dans les mains des marchands, et s'est livré à de honteuses lithographies.

"C'est qu'il était né pour faire de petites lithographies."

"Mais," dit Thomas, "le pieux d'être obligé de faire du commerce."

"Il fait semblant de pleurer."

"Non, non," dit Thomas.

"Alors il se trompe sur lui-même: puisqu'il comprend l'art, pourquoi ne fait-il pas d'art?"

"Parce qu'il gagne à peu près sa vie en faisant du commerce."

"On dirait que tu ne veux pas me comprendre, toi qui as justement passé par là. Comment faisais-tu quand tu étais compositeur d'une imprimerie?"

"Le soir," dit Thomas, "et le matin en hiver, à partir de quatre heures, je faisais des études à la lampe pendant deux heures, jusqu'au moment où j'allais à l'atelier."

"Et tu ne vivais pas de la peinture?"

"Je ne gagnais pas un sou."

"Bon!" dit Gérard; "tu vois bien que tu faisais du

and clumsier than the French—rarer also, by far, in the average English mind. The only man of power equal to Doré's whom we have had lately among us, was William Blake, whose temper fortunately took another turn. But in the calamity and vulgarity of daily circumstance, in the horror of our streets, in the discordance of our thoughts, in the laborious looseness and ostentatious cleverness of our work, we are alike. And to French faults we add a stupidity of our own; for which, so far as I may in modesty take blame for anything, as resulting from my own teaching, I am more answerable than most men. Having spoken earnestly against painting without thinking, I now find our exhibitions decorated with works of students who think without painting; and our books illustrated by scratched woodcuts, representing very ordinary people, who are presumed to be interesting in the picture, because the text tells a story about them. Of this least lively form of modern sensational work, however, I shall have to speak on other grounds; meantime, I am concerned only with its manner; its incontinence of line and method, associated with the slightness of its real thought, and morbid acuteness of irregular sensation; ungoverned all, and one of the external and slight phases of that beautiful Liberty which we are proclaiming as essence of gospel to all the earth, and shall presently, I suppose, when we have had enough of it here, proclaim also to the stars, with invitation to them out of their courses.

"But you asked us for 'free-heart' outlines, and told us not to be slaves, only thirty days ago."

Inconsistent that I am! so I did. But as there are attractions, and attractions; originalities, and originalities, there are liberties, and liberties. Yonder torrent, crystal-clear, and arrow-swift, with its spray leaping into the air like white troops of fawns, is free, I think. Lost, yonder, amidst bankless, boundless marsh—soaking in slow shallowness, as it will, hither and thither, listless, among the poisonous reeds and unresisting slime—it is free also. You may choose which liberty you will, and the restraint of voiceful rock, or the dumb and edgeless shore of darkened sand. Of that evil liberty, which men are now glorifying, and of its opposite continence—which is the clasp and *χρυσὴν πέδιλον* of Aglaia's cestus—we will try to find out something in next chapter.

commerce en dehors de l'art et que cependant tu étudiais. Quand tu es sorti de l'imprimerie, comment as-tu vécu?"

"Je faisais cinq ou six petites aquelles par jour, que je vendais, sous les arcades de l'Institut, six sous pièce."

"Et tu en vivais; c'est encore du commerce. Tu vois donc que ni l'imprimerie, ni les petits dessins, à cinq sous, ni la privation, ni la misère ne t'ont empêché d'arriver."

"Je ne suis pas arrivé."

"N'importe, tu arriveras certainement. * * * * *

Si tu veux d'autres exemples qui prouvent que la misère et les autres pièges tendus sous nos pas ne doivent rien arrêter, tu te rappelles bien ce pauvre garçon dont vous admiriez les eaux-fortes, que vous mettiez aussi haut que Rembrandt, et qui aurait été loin, distiez-vous, s'il n'avait tant souffert de la faim. Qu'a-t-il fait le jour où il lui est tombé un petit herbage du ciel?"

"Il est vrai," dit Thomas, embarrassé, "qu'il a perdu tout son sentiment."

"Ce n'était pas cependant une de ces grosses fortunes qui tuent un homme, qui le rendent lourd, fier et insolent: il avait juste de quoi vivre, six cents francs de rentes, une fortune pour lui, qui rivalisait avec cinq francs par mois. Il a continué à travailler; mais ses eaux-fortes n'étaient plus supportables; tandis qu'avant, il vivait avec un morceau de pain et des légumes; alors il avait du talent. Cela, Thomas, doit te prouver que ni les mauvais enseignements, ni les influences, ni la misère, ni la faim, ni la maladie, ne peuvent corrompre une nature bien douée. Elle souffrit; mais trouva un grand artiste qui n'était pas souffert. Il n'y a pas un seul homme de génie heureux depuis que l'humanité existe."

"J'ai envie," dit Thomas, "de te faire cadeau d'une jolie cavate."

"Pourquoi?" dit Gérard.

"Et tu ne vivais pas de la peinture?"

"Je ne gagnais pas un sou."

"Bon!" dit Gérard; "tu vois bien que tu faisais du

THE EARLIEST PORCELAIN MANUFACTORY IN ENGLAND,

AND
IMITATION OF THE COLOGNE WARE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

FULHAM.

JOHN DWIGHT, M.A. of Christ Church College, Oxford, was the inventor of porcelain in England; he was secretary to Brian Walton, who died in 1660, and to Henry Ferne and George Hall, successive Bishops of Chester.

Dwight established a manufactory for the production of porcelain at Fulham in 1671.

Having made this assertion, we will, as briefly as possible, review the claims put forward by French writers on this subject.

The first attempt to make porcelain in France was by Louis Poterat, Sieur de St. Etienne, at Rouen, who obtained letters patent in 1673. It appears never to have succeeded, and a very imperfect description only was produced. In the letters patent accorded to the heirs of Chicanneau, at St. Cloud, in 1702 (which was really the first successful attempt in France), reference is made to the previous grant to Louis Poterat in these terms:—"We formerly considered the manufacture of porcelain so advantageous to our kingdom, that we accorded privileges to Sieur St. Etienne, at Rouen; but the said St. Etienne did nothing more than approach the secret, and never brought it to the perfection these petitioners have acquired."

The second attempt in point of date was that of Chicanneau, at St. Cloud, just referred to, said to have been invented about 1695, but patented in 1702.

M. A. Jacquemart ("Histoire de la Porcelaine," Paris, 1862, p. 458) has recently put forth a claim for a certain Claude Révérend as a maker of porcelain. He quotes a decree of the year 1664, granting to Claude Révérend the privilege of making Fayence and imitating Porcelain; the words are, "*De faire la fayence et contrefaire la porcelaine aussi belle et plus que celle qui vient des Indes Orientales*," evidently one and the same process. The document goes on to say that this secret manufacture he had accomplished and brought to perfection in Holland, where the greater portion of his stock still remained, which he wished to transport into France. This is clearly a manufacture of Fayence* in imitation of porcelain. Claude Révérend does not say, "*Qu'il fait une porcelaine véritable, translucide et aussi belle que celle qui vient des Indes*," &c., and not a word is said about its translucence, or any other quality possessed by porcelain.†

Dwight's porcelain was, therefore, made two years before that of Louis Poterat at Rouen, and twenty-four years before it is said to have been invented by Chicanneau, and thirty-one before the date of the letters patent granted to his successors at St. Cloud, in 1702.

Having disposed of the question of pre-

* Fayence is an opaque earthenware, covered with stanniferous enamel glaze of opaque white, forming a ground for painting designs or subjects in other enamel colours. This enamel may be defined as a glass, rendered opaque by the introduction of oxide of tin. Among the specimens of this particular ware may be noted Luca della Robbia, Mayolica, Delft, French Fayence, &c.

† Porcelain is an earthenware possessing these indispensable properties:—It is fine, hard, dense, durable, and sonorous; translucent, a fine close grain, white, approaching the tint of milk, covered with a glaze, clear, white, transparent, and fine, and will sustain considerable alterations of temperature.

cedence as regards porcelain, we will now speak of other discoveries made by John Dwight. His second invention was of even greater importance to the community at large, and the commercial interests of this country: I allude to his successful imitation of the Grès de Cologne.*

Several attempts had been made in previous years to compete with the potters of Cologne, but these endeavours had hitherto been unavailing, the durability, compactness of material, imperviousness of glaze, and consequent cleanliness of the vessels, could not be imitated. All England, therefore, continued to be supplied with German pots. Finding they could not manufacture them, the English potters tried to destroy the monopoly of the Cologne merchants who imported them, but the duty received by the English government on the ware formed too important an item to be abandoned without sufficient cause.

Some years since the writer discovered among the Lansdowne MSS. a curious petition from a person of the name of Simpson, addressed to Queen Elizabeth, as follows:—

"The Sewte of William Simpson, Merchant,—Whereas one Garnet Tynes, a stranger living in Acon (Aix la Chapelle), in the parte beyond the seas, being none of her Maties subjects, doth buy uppe alle the pottes made at Cullon, called *Drinking stone pottes*, and he onelic transporteth them into this realm of England, and sellethe them: It may please your Matie to graunte unto the sayd Simpson full power and onelic license to provide, transporte, and bring into this realm the same or such like drinking pottes; and the said Simpson will putt in good suretie that it shall not be prejudiciall to anie of your Maties subjects, but that he will serve them as plentifulle, and sell them at as reasonable price as the other hath sold them from tyme to tyme.

"Item. He will be bound to double her Maties custome by the year, whenever it hath been at the most.

"Item. He will as in him lieth drawe the making of such like pottes into some decayed towne within this realme, whereby manie a hundred poore men may be sett a work.

"Note. That no Englishman doth transport any pottes into this realm, but onelic the said Garnet Tynes; who also serveth all the Lowe Countries and other places with pottes."

From the following patent, about thirty years later, it appears that Simpson was not successful in his suit. The next application is dated October 24th, 1626, when letters patent were granted, the preamble to which is interesting:—

"Whereas we have been given to understand by our loving subjects, Thomas Rous or Ruis and Abraham Cullyn of the City of London, Merchants, that heretofore and at this present, this our Kingdom of England and other our dominions are and have been served with stone pottes, stone jugges, and stone bottells out of Foreign partes from beyond the seas, and they have likewise shewed unto us, that by their industry and charge, not only the materials but also the Art and manufactory may be found out and performed, never formerly used within this our Kingdom of England by any, which profitable invention they have already attempted and in some good measure proceeded in, and hope to perfect, by which many poore and unprofitable people may be sett on worke, and put to labour and good employment: We therefore grant our Royal Priviledge for the Sole making of the stone pottes, stone jugges, and stone bottelles, for the terme of fourtene years, for

* This description of pottery is called in France *grès cérame*, in Germany *steingut*, in England *stoneware*. It is a very dense, opaque substance, sonorous, and of extraordinary hardness; when struck by iron it emits sparks like stone; it is covered with a silico-alkaline glaze, or common salt cast upon the surface of the ware when the oven is at its greatest heat. The examples are the grès of Germany and Flanders, Chinese crackle, Beauvais, Crouch ware, Wedgwood's hardwares, &c.

a reward for their invencion, and they have voluntarily offered unto us for the same a yearly rent of five pounds towards our revenue, soe long as they have benefitted by this our grant, neyther doe they desiro by vertue of such grant to hinder the importacion of these commodities by others from foreign parts."

This was evidently the first exclusive permission to make stone pots and jugs in England. Judging from their names, they were both foreigners—Rous or Ruis, and Cullyn; the latter, probably, took his name from the city of Cologne.

But to return to John Dwight: it appears that his first discoveries were made at Oxford, and that he had previously established a manufactory in the county for Dr. Plot states that Dwight's great difficulty was in the glazing of his porcelain, which was the only obstacle that had prevented him *setting up a manufactory before*, but that he had eventually overcome it, by which, I think, we may infer such to be the case. That his inventions were well known to, and appreciated by, the scientific men of the time, is evidenced by the following interesting notice by Dr. Plot, in his "*History of Oxfordshire*," published in 1677, which, from its important bearing upon these valuable discoveries, we quote at length:—

"§ 84. Amongst arts that concern *formation of earths*, I shall not mention the making of pots at Marsh Balden and Nuneham Courtney, nor of tobacco-pipes of the *white earth* of Shotover, since those places are now deserted. Nor indeed was there, as I ever heard of, anything extraordinary performed during the working these *earths*, nor is there now of a very good tobacco-pipe clay found in the parish of Horspath, since the first printing of the third chapter of this history. . . . Let it suffice for things of this nature, that the ingenious John Dwight, formerly M.A. of Christ Church College, Oxon, hath discovered the *mystery of the stone or Cologne wares* (such as D'Alva bottles, jugs, noggins), heretofore made only in Germany, and by the Dutch brought over into England in great quantities; and hath set up a manufactory of the same, which (by methods and contrivances of his own, altogether unlike those used by the Germans), in three or four years time, he hath brought it to greater perfection than it has attained where it hath been used for many ages, inasmuch that the Company of Glass-sellers of London, who are the dealers for that commodity, have contracted with the inventor to buy only of his English manufactory, and refuse the foreign."

"§ 85. He hath discovered also the *mystery of the Hessian wares*, and vessels for retaining the penetrating salts and spirits of the chymists, more serviceable than were ever made in England, or imported from Germany itself."

"§ 86. And hath found ways to make an *earth white and transparent as porcellane*, and not distinguishable from it by the eye, or by experiments that have been purposely made to try wherein they disagree. To this earth he hath added the colours that are usual in the coloured china ware, and divers others not seen before. The skill that hath been wanting to set up a manufactory of this *transparent earthenware* in England, like that of china, is the glazing of the white earth, which hath much puzzled the projector, but now that difficulty also is, in great measure, overcome."

"§ 87. He hath also caused to be modelled *statues or figures of the said transparent earth* (a thing not done elsewhere, for China affords us only imperfect mouldings), which he hath diversified with great variety of colours, making them of the colour of iron, copper, brass, and party-colour'd as some Achat-stones. The considerations that induced him to this attempt, were the duration of this hard-burnt earth, much above brass or marble, against all air and weather; and the softness of the matter to be modelled, which makes it capable of more curious work than stones that are wrought with chisels,

or metals that are cast. In short, he has so advanced the *Art Plastic*, that 'tis dubious whether any man since Prometheus have excelled him, not excepting the famous Damophilus and Gorgasus of Phny." (*Nat. Hist.*, lib. 35, c. 12.)

"§ 88. And these arts he employs about materials of English growth, and not much applied to other uses; for instance, he makes the stone bottles of a clay in appearance like to Tobacco-pipe clay, which will not make tobacco-pipes, although the tobacco-pipe clay will make bottles; so that, that which hath lain buried and useless to the owners, may become beneficial to them by reason of this manufacture, and many working hands get good livelihoods, not to speak of the very considerable sums of English Coin annually kept at home by it."—*Dr. Plot's Natural History of Oxfordshire*, Oxford, 1677.

In Aubrey's "Natural History of Wiltshire," written about 1670-1680, whose MSS. were edited by John Britton in 1847, we read:—"In Vernknoll, adjoining the lands of Easton Piers, near the brooke and in it, I bored clay as blew as ultra marine, and incomparably fine, without anything of sand, &c., which perhaps might be proper for Mr. Dwight for his making of porcelain. It is also at other places hereabout, but 'tis rare."

The editor, in a note upon this passage, remarks:—"It is not very clear that 'blew clay,' however fine, could be proper for the 'making of porcelain,' the chief characteristic of which is its transparent whiteness. Apart from this, however, Aubrey's remark is curious, as it intimates that the manufacture of porcelain was attempted in this country at an earlier period than is generally believed. The famous porcelain works at Chelsea were not established till long afterwards, and according to Dr. Plot, whose 'Natural History of Staffordshire' was published in 1686, the only kinds of pottery then made in that county were the coarse yellow, red, black, and mottled wares, and of these the chief sale was to 'poor crate men, who carried them on their backs all over the country.'" Mr. Britton adds, "I have not found any account of the Mr. Dwight mentioned by Aubrey, or of his attempts to improve the Art of Pottery."

It is remarkable that Britton, who has here quoted Dr. Plot's own words in his "History of Staffordshire," should never have looked into the same author's "History of Oxfordshire," published nearly ten years earlier; had he done so, he would have found Dwight's name honourably mentioned. Mr. Britton's doubt about the "blew clay" being fit for porcelain, is easily explained. The blue clay is considered the best for making porcelain, and fetches the highest price; it not only burns very white, but forms a ware of great solidity, and will bear a larger proportion of flint than any other.

From the foregoing accounts it is perfectly clear that an attempt was successfully made to produce porcelain by John Dwight, of Oxford, as early as the year 1671. Dr. Plot says it was of *transparent earth, coloured with metallic colours, like that of china*.

We may, therefore, assume that, having perfected his discoveries, and finding the sale of his newly-invented wares was likely to be of considerable magnitude, he removed his manufactory nearer the metropolis, and proceeded to secure his inventions by patent.

His first patent is dated April 23, 1671, and runs thus:—"John Dwight, gentleman, hath represented unto us, that by his own industry, and at his own proper costs and charges, he hath invented and set up at Fulham, in our County of Middlesex, several new manufactures, &c." "The mystery of transparent earthenware, com-

monly known by the names of porcelain or china, and Persian ware, as alsoe the misterie of the stone ware, vulgarly called Cologno ware; and that he designed to introduce a manufacture of the said wares into our kingdom of England, where they have not hitherto bene wrought or made;" granted "for the tearme of foureteeen years, paying yearly and every yeare during the said terme twentie shillings of lawfull money of England."

That he continued these new manufactures successfully is proved by his obtaining at the expiration of this term of fourteen years a renewal of his patent.

It is dated June 12th, 1684. "Several new manufactures or earthenwares, called by the names of white gorges (pitchers), marbled *porcellane vessels, statues, and figures*, and fine stone gorges and vessels, never before made in England or elsewhere; and alsoe discovered the misterie of *transparent porcellane*, and opacous redd and darke coloured porcellane or china, and Persian wares, and the misterie of the Cologno or stone wares;" granted "for the term of foureteeen years."

Unfortunately, there is not a fragment of porcelain in the *Fulham trouvaile* of Mr. C. W. Reynolds, which we shall presently have occasion to notice. But we must not too hastily conclude that, because none is yet known, there is none in existence. A few years since, if any collector had inquired where any pieces of Moustiers Fayence could be procured, he would have been told that even the name had never been heard of as a pottery; yet now we know that this place was celebrated over Europe in the beginning of the last century, as one of the largest emporiums of the fictile art, and numerous products can now be produced, which had before been attributed to Reuon, St. Cloud, and other places. The same dark cloud hung over the productions of porcelain at Florence, made as early as 1575; the Henri Deux ware of Oirons, near Thouars, of the beginning of the sixteenth century; and other places which modern research has brought to light. Such was also the obscurity of the imitation Cologno ware, so much lauded by Dr. Plot; but now we know that it was extensively made at Fulham, and although it has hitherto been confounded with the German *grès* itself, yet we can now easily distinguish and refer it to its original source. The Company of Glass-sellers of London, who were the dealers in that commodity, having contracted to buy only his stone ware, to the entire exclusion of the foreign, its sale must have been very extensive.

The Fulham stoneware, in imitation of that of Cologno, is frequently seen at the present day in collections. It is of exceedingly hard and close texture, very compact and sonorous with salt glaze, usually of a grey colour, ornamented with a brilliant blue enamel, in bands, leaves, and flowers. The stalks have frequently four or more lines running parallel, as though drawn with a flat notched stick on the moist clay; the flowers, as well as the outlines, are raised, and painted a morous colour, sometimes with small raised ornaments of flowers, and chernbs' heads, and medallions of kings and queens of England in front, with Latin names and titles, and initials of Charles II., William III., William and Mary, Anne, and George I. The forms are mugs, jugs, butter-pots, cylindrical or barrel-shaped, &c.; the jugs are spherical, with straight narrow necks, frequently ornamented in pewter like the German, and raised medallions in front, with the letters C.R. WR. AR. G.R., &c., in the German style of ornamenta-

tion. These were in very common use, and superseded the Bellarmines and longbeards.

We must now direct especial attention to a most interesting collection of the early productions of the Fulham manufactory, in the possession of Mr. C. W. Reynolds. It consists of about twenty-five specimens, which have been preserved by successive members of the Dwight family, where they had remained as heirlooms since the period of their manufacture, and were purchased from the last representative of the family. The statuettes and busts are of *grès* or stoneware, beautifully modelled:—A large bust of Charles II., life-size, wearing the Order of the George and collar; smaller busts of Charles II. and James II., the large wigs, lace ties, &c., being minutely modelled; two female busts, with diadems; full-length figures of Flora, Minerva, Melceager; a sportsman in the costume of Charles II.'s reign; a girl holding flowers, two lambs by her side; a girl with her hands clasped, drapery over her head and round her body, at her feet a skull and plucked fowls—the two last are probably members of Dwight's family; five stoneware statuettes in imitation of bronze, of Juppiter, Neptune, Mars, Melceager, and Saturn. These figures are from seven to thirteen inches high. But the most interesting relic of the manufactory, executed in the hard stoneware, is a beautiful half-length figure of a lifeless female child, lying upon a pillow, with eyes closed, her hands on her breast clasping a bouquet of flowers, and a broad lace band over her forehead, evidently modelled from the child after death. This most touching memento of one of the earliest of England's potters recalls the words of Dr. Plot, that "he had so far advanced the art plastic, that 'tis dubious whether any man since Prometheus ever excelled him," for the child seems almost to breathe again. Fortunately we are not left to conjecture its history; it tells its own tale—for on the back is inscribed in the clay, while yet moist before baking, "*Lydia Dwight, died March 3, 1672*." It was therefore executed the year after he had taken out his first patent. There is a large Fayence plateau, twenty-three inches in diameter, in exact imitation of the early Nevvers ware, covered with a rich *bleu de Perse* enamel, for which that manufacture was celebrated, decorated with white flowers and scrolls, the centre being filled with the royal arms and monogram of Charles II., boldly sketched.

Among the minor productions are a slate-coloured bottle, with marbled hands, and white figures, in relief, of a church, birds, Merry Andrew, and in the centre the busts of William and Mary; another with white figures as the last, and the letter C.; two marbled bottles; a cylindrical mug, with stamped ornaments in relief, and in front Hogarth's "Midnight Conversation;" a butter-boat, the outside formed of leaves, and stalk handle, like the early Chelsea pieces; and two open dishes in the form of leaves.

In looking over this collection, we are astonished at the variety of Dwight's productions, and the great perfection to which he had brought the potter's art, both in the manipulation and the enamel colours employed in decoration. The figures, busts, and groups are exquisitely modelled, and will bear comparison with any contemporary manufactures in Europe; and a careful inspection will convince any unprejudiced mind of the erroneous impression which exists, that, until the time of Wedgwood, the potter's art in England was at a very low ebb, and none but the rudest description of pottery was made, without any attempt to display artistic excellence.

Such is especially the idea on the Continent. A recent French writer (Greslon, "Recherches sur la Céramique") says:—"C'est à Wedgwood que l'Angleterre est redevable de ses plus grands progrès dans l'art du potier; Avant lui, les produits Anglais étaient, sous tous les rapports, à quelques exceptions près, bien inférieures à ceux des autres pays." The same writer, in speaking of the early blue painted china of Worcester, and its similarity to that of St. Cloud, inquires, "A qui l'industrie Anglaise est elle redevable de la connaissance de ce genre de décoration?" and endeavours thus to solve the problem; "Peut-être à un ouvrier transfuge de notre pays, peut être aussi à Martin Lister car on sait que celui-ci lors du voyage qu'il fit en France en 1698 visita St. Cloud, &c."

Here, however, we have examples of English pottery a century before Josiah Wedgwood's time, which would not disgrace the atelier of that distinguished potter himself, and convincing proofs of a knowledge of the art of making and decorating porcelain long before it was made at St. Cloud, so that we are not likely to be indebted to a deserter from that fabric, nor to the knowledge obtained by Dr. Martin Lister, who, curiously enough (being an Englishman), is the only person to bear testimony to the excellence of the St. Cloud porcelain, about which French authors of the time are altogether silent.

The discovery of the two patents granted to John Dwight in 1671, and to Ariens Van Hamme in 1676, now published for the first time in treating on the matter, opens a new field for research in another direction.

In the obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1737, we find the following notice:—"At Fulham, Dr. Dwight, author of several curious treatises on physic; he was the first that found out the secret to colour earthenware like china."

Whether this notice refers to John Dwight or to his brother, Dr. Dwight, who, according to Lysons, was Vicar of Fulham, we cannot satisfactorily decide, but the former must have died about this time, leaving the business to be carried on by his daughter, Margaret Dwight, in partnership with a Mr. Warland. But they were not successful, for in 1746 the *Gazette* informs us that Margaret Dwight and Thomas Warland, of Fulham, potters, were bankrupts. This daughter was subsequently married to Mr. White, who re-established the pottery. Lysons, writing in 1795, says, "The works are still carried on at Fulham by Mr. White, a descendant in the female line of the first proprietor. Mr. White's father, who married one of the Dwight family (a niece of Dr. Dwight, Vicar of Fulham), obtained a premium in 1761 from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c., "for the making of crucibles of British materials."

In 1762, 25th January, William White, of Fulham, potter, took out a patent for his invention of "A new manufacture of crucibles for the melting metals and salts, &c., called by the name of white crucibles or melting pottes, made of British materials, and never before made in England or elsewhere, and which I have lately set up at Fulham. Take Stonbridge clay and Dorsetshire clay, calcined; mix them with Woolwich sand and water; to be trodden with the feet and then burned."

In 1813 the manufactory was in the hands of Mr. White, a son of the above, and the articles then made were chiefly stone jars, pots, jugs, &c. The works are still continued on the old premises at Fulham.

W. CHIFFERS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.]

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

In this, the tenth year of the permanent Art-exhibition of the Crystal Palace, justice must again be done to Mr. Wass' management of this department, by unqualified commendation of the energy and judgment whereby increasing attraction is given to the collections. It is gratifying to learn that the examples set by Mr. David Price and Mr. Bicknell, in confiding for exhibition in these galleries portions of their various collections, are likely to be followed by other eminent patrons of Fine Art; so that each season will afford, as a principal feature, a selection of works not otherwise accessible to the public. These valuable additions will be regarded with a special interest as presenting opportunities of becoming acquainted with pictures many of which have never been exhibited, and of renewing our acquaintance with others we should be unwilling to forget. There are many collections both in and around London, the temporary access to which, by such provisions as those available at the Crystal Palace, would be considered as a boon both by artists and the public.

The catalogue of the present season describes upwards of fifteen hundred pictures and drawings, beginning with Verrio's copies of Raffaele's cartoons, now at South Kensington, and followed by a long list of English and foreign works, of which many are productions of great excellence. In the copies of the old masters alone, by the late Benjamin West, is a profitable field of study for the young painter who purposes visiting the galleries of Italy. Of these there are one hundred and thirty-one, and among them drawings of a selection of the most famous pictures on the Continent. Making copies like these was West's occupation for years, and he acquired such facility and rapidity as to stand alone in this kind of practice. It may be there are not many important pictures painted expressly for this gallery; but when it is stated that the sales of the last year amounted to £7,000, there is no reason why entire collections should not be hung there for the first time, although such an arrangement might prevent the re-exhibition of many works which, although but seen, perhaps, on rare opportunities during one season, have yet been held in cherished remembrance by discriminating lovers of Art. There have been reproduced here at different times since the establishment of this gallery, works by Elty, Stanfield, Roberts, Goodall, Hilton, Creswick, Stothard, Bright, Müller, and of a host of other artists of our school, whose names are a guarantee for the real merit of the pictures to which they attach.

On the walls at the present time are pictures by the late A. L. Egg, R.A., by W. E. Frost, A.R.A., F. Danby, A.R.A., S. Hart, R.A., P. H. Calderon, A.R.A., G. Stanfield, W. D. Kennedy, F. B. Barwell, J. Uwins, R.A., H. Bright, E. Hargitt, E. T. Parris, L. W. Desanges, W. Duffield, J. H. S. Mann, W. Frazer, J. Hayllar, W. E. Bates, E. J. Niemann, S. Bough, W. Müller, F. Stone, A.R.A., and others. Among the pictures of the foreign schools is one that was presented to Garibaldi by the ladies of Milan; it represents the patriot borne wounded down the heights of Aspromonte, surrounded by all the notables of his staff. By the Baron Leys is a marvellous 'Dutch Wedding,' also subjects by the Baron Wappers, Verboeckhoven, Christ and Verboeckhoven, De Bieffe, Van Schendel, Muhr, Witkamp, Schlesinger, Hillemacher, Grellet, Fichel, Pécrus, Edouard Frère, Groenland, &c. The responsibility of the arrangements for this department rests, we believe, with Mr. Wass—the discernment and order of whose dispositions cannot, as already intimated, be too highly praised.

The present notice is necessarily limited to giving the names of the artists, among whom are many of distinction. Foreign schools have always been well represented at the Crystal Palace, so that even there, before seeking acquaintance with the living schools of France, Belgium, and Holland in their native cities, a good conception of their characters may be formed.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.*

JOSHUA REYNOLDS is a name which sounds ever pleasant in our ears. The Art-criticism of Charles Robert Leslie was only less catholic and delicate than his painting; and Tom Taylor, captain, professor, and secretary, dramatist, critic, and biographer, has long ago won his spurs as a sharp and discriminating observer of human life and character. We therefore took up these two long-promised and bulky volumes in the confident expectation that a literary treat of no common excellence was before us, and we have arrived at an opposite conclusion with very great reluctance.

Mr. Taylor's task was no doubt a difficult one. We have no means of ascertaining the exact state in which Mr. Leslie left his manuscript, but, as we are told that it had been his "cherished object for many years" to vindicate the memory of Reynolds from the injurious tone of Allan Cunningham's biography, and as we find his narrative and his criticism extending over every period of Sir Joshua's career—from his birth to his burial—it is probable that the whole work was rough-cast, and wanted little more than the final revision of its author. But at this stage the hand of death intervened, and the manuscript was consigned to Mr. Taylor with an apparent *carte blanche* to do as he liked with it, Mr. Murray no doubt feeling a justifiable confidence that it was perfectly safe in the hands of so skilful a manipulator of other men's ideas.

The style in which Leslie writes is, as usual, simple and pure, and his criticisms on Art are delivered with a modest good sense which comes with a double grace from one so well entitled to speak with authority. Mr. Taylor, too, writes easily and clearly enough, but his style wants the quiet limpid flow of Leslie's, and he dogmatizes on paintings and theories of Art with all the assurance of a Barry or a Haydon. Lord Chatham's happy description of the Rhone and the Saone joining without mingling, affords but a feeble image of the manner in which the joint streams of Leslie and Taylor refuse to combine in the volumes now before us; while, as if to add to the struggling elements, the crude jottings from Sir Joshua's little pocket-books, which are inserted at annual intervals, have been annotated apparently by an independent hand which takes no heed about repeating information already given in text or notes. We have thus, as it were, four writers before us at the same time, Leslie, Reynolds, the annotator, and Taylor, and are involved in all the confusion of a Diatessaron.

To preserve some sort of distinction between the contributions, brackets of the kind employed in the bad-leg-of-mutton edition of Boswell's "Johnson" are resorted to; but, while sometimes, as at vol. ii. p. 128, we have such an important sentence as the following "[at Christchurch, Oxford]" ostentatiously isolated, the brackets are never continued at the top of each page according to Mr. Croker's plan, and are frequently omitted where "internal evidence" tells us very plainly they ought to be inserted. But in a joint-stock association of this description the critic can recognise no condition of Limited Liability. Mr. Taylor had full power to omit where he pleased, and if not to omit, to correct, and he must not complain if he is occasionally blamed for

* LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. With Notices of some of his Contemporaries. Commenced by Charles Robert Leslie, R.A.; continued and concluded by Tom Taylor, M.A. In 2 vols., with Portraits and Illustrations. Published by John Murray, London.

blunders which were not in the first instance his own.

To justify the ambitious and wide-spreading title of LIFE AND TIMES, we are presented at the beginning of each year with a review of the state of Europe, embracing an account of all the "stirring incidents" which our author (vol. i. p. 122) curiously subdivides into "parliamentary, social, and national." Now, considering that Reynolds arrived from Italy in 1752, and died in 1792 in the full possession of his faculties and his fame, and that his career thus extended over forty most important years of our history, Mr. Taylor must be admitted to have had an ample field to expatiate upon, and we are somewhat surprised to find (vol. ii. p. 375) that there is "but one episode in the political history of that half century on which the mind can rest with satisfaction." This episode is declared to be "the too brief second Rockingham administration," which lasted barely three months, so that the remaining thirty-nine years and three-quarters must be regarded in a very piteous light. Mr. Taylor must have forgotten that during this period Lord Chatham had raised England to its very pinnacles of greatness, and that Reynolds was laid in St. Paul's before a cloud had passed over the glory of the statesman's son.

While Mr. Taylor's own views of politics are peculiar, he represents the feelings of Reynolds as still more remarkable. At p. 190 of the second volume, when speaking of one stage of the American war, he is described as "dispirited because the tide of success seemed to be running strong and steadily for the mother country;" and two pages further on we find that he was "destined to another deep mortification in the surrender of his friend Burgoyne." There being, as far as we know, no foundation at all for the former assertion, and no reason to suppose that Reynolds felt any such absorbing interest, or indeed any interest at all, in the shallow and pretentious coxcomb who, after so malignantly criticising the actions of men like Clive, had shown himself so ludicrously unfit to follow in their footsteps.

In selecting the "social stirring incidents" of each year, Mr. Taylor has an eye rather to those which will furnish amusing paragraphs than to such as bear more directly on the career of his hero. Indeed he would appear to consider this quite a secondary consideration, for (vol. i. p. 93) we find him stating that "we have no list of sitters for 1753-4, but the loss is the less to be regretted since the time was a singularly dull one." Now this, if it means anything, can only mean that the progress of Reynolds' art, and the identification of the works which he executed, are of small importance as compared to the amusing little anecdotes which the names of the sitters would suggest, and the imaginary talk which he would thus have been enabled to put into their mouths; for it is one of Mr. Taylor's ideas, that immediately any person became seated in the old leather-covered, brass-knobbed chair (which is so familiar to us in many a noble painting and hardly less noble mezzotint), at once, like the ancient manner, he recognised "the wedding guest" in Sir Joshua :-

"I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me;
To him my tale I teach."

In pursuance of this idea, statesmen, philosophers, unhappy spouses, and papillaceous *traviatus* are all represented as pouring their plans and their sorrows into the confiding ear of Sir Joshua, who, by-

the-bye, must have left off painting to listen to them, as we do not suppose he could have held his ear-trumpet and his maulstick at one and the same time.

In some cases these imaginary confidences are amusingly improbable: as, for instance (vol. i. p. 270), where we learn "that Reynolds *might have heard from that unwearied intriguer, Lord Temple, who was sitting to him in February, his ideas as to the possibility of an accommodation, before the year was out, between the Grenvilles and the Rockinghams.*" Certainly he *might have heard it*, but considering the character of the sitters we can hardly conceive anything more improbable. Mr. Taylor calls him an "unwearied intriguer," and he is always represented as the most haughty and reserved of human beings. There is no trace of any intimacy existing between him and Reynolds; and we believe Temple, from all recorded of him, to have been the very man to look down upon the painter's profession. Sir Joshua's grand portrait of him is the very incarnation of arrogant, ill-conditioned self-importance.

So, too (vol. i. p. 160), "Princes Edward *may have repeated to him, with all the glee of his frank and joyous temperament, how he had kissed the ladies all round at the ball he had given them at St. Helen's;*" and so, too, Benjamin Franklin (vol. ii. p. 99), whom "he must have met" somewhere, may (at this supposititious somewhere), "I doubt not, have often discussed with him the rights and wrongs of the great questions at issue between the mother-country and the colonies." How strange it is that when these mythical confidences with great men are brought so prominently forward, no mention is made of the *fact*, so honourable to Reynolds, that in 1790 Burke submitted to him the manuscript of his "Reflections on the French Revolution," the subsequent publication of which was to produce so prodigious a sensation throughout Europe.

But perhaps the most ingeniously gratuitous instance of this peculiar kind of biographical assumption is at page 327 of the first volume, where some entries of the word "Noverre" are found in one of the pocket-books. It is not a "pigment," nor a "vehicle," nor a sitter. At last it is discovered that a fashionable dancing-master of the period bore that name, and he is at once assumed to be the person intended. The whole matter then becomes perfectly clear to Mr. Taylor, and Joshua Reynolds, *anno ætatis 46*, is assumed to *have been taking dancing lessons* in order that he might be able to take an active part in the gaieties of the time! But this is not all. On the strength of this pile of gratuitous assumptions we are treated to ten mortal columns of small type in the shape of a "contemporary description which will help us to see Vauxhall as Sir Joshua saw it in 1769." The annotator must be in error in stating that this description is *abbreviated*. We do not well see how it could have been longer or more tedious. After this we ought to congratulate ourselves when (vol. i. p. 355) we escape with only two long columns describing the dresses at a masquerade, at which, *perhaps*, Sir Joshua was present!

At last, facts, and presumptive facts, and declared fictions are so completely confounded, that Sir Joshua's own imaginary dialogues between himself and Johnson, and Gibbon and Johnson, are spoken of (vol. i. p. 249) as if he had been merely lumping together into two dialogues what Johnson had uttered in many conversations; whereas the great merit of these very clever papers consists in their display-

ing Reynolds' power to enter into Johnson's mind by expressing himself as Johnson would have done in the imaginary position in which he has placed him. It is probable that Reynolds never heard any one of these ideas proceed from the mouth of Johnson, and, indeed, many of them purposely border on caricature. But Reynolds was writing a playful squib, not an elaborate biography.

Mr. Taylor's plan is so comprehensive, and his manner so discursive, that it is hard to say what topic may not be enlarged upon in his pages, but if there is one to which he has devoted more pains than another, it must be pronounced to be the tracing of the careers of the more celebrated "Anonyms," as they would now be called, whose names are found among the sitters of Sir Joshua. Kitty Fisher, Nelly O'Brien, and Poll Kennedy, are names which become quite familiar to us in the course of these volumes; and so well and pleasantly are they written about, that if a *Biographia Erotica Britannica* ever has to be compiled, we should be at no loss to recommend an editor. It is only just to say that this friendly and familiar footing on which it is evident they stood with Sir Joshua, is more than sufficient to justify the space which is devoted to them, and his high and unspotted character renders unnecessary any protest which the constant use of the names of Phryne, the friend of Praxiteles, in connection with theirs, would otherwise have called for. The affecting story of Miss Kennedy's noble struggle to save the lives of her brothers is so creditable to her woman's heart, and so well told throughout, that we are tempted to forget the small connection it has with the subject in hand, and only to regret that it has been disfigured by one serious blemish of taste.

When an author deliberately strays from his main subject, we feel that in proportion as the work becomes purely voluntary, the more incumbent it is upon him to observe the most scrupulous accuracy in every statement. When, therefore, we discovered in the index that at vol. ii. p. 316, there was to be found a "sketch of the career" of Sir John Macpherson, our first impulse was one of astonishment as to what that worthy had done to entitle his "career" to a place in the "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds;" and this being discovered to consist in the mention of his name in a single letter, our next was to examine what was said of him. We were not prepared for any particular degree of accuracy in this instance, but we were certainly surprised to be told that he achieved a reputation for courage at the "storming of Bangalore," a place which was not attacked till some years after he had finally quitted India: and still more, that his tenure of the Governor Generalship was "marked by bold and able financial and administrative reforms," whereas it is perfectly well known that Warren Hastings denounced him as unscrupulous and corrupt, and that the Marquis Cornwallis characterised his government as "a system of the dirtiest jobbing," and himself as "guilty of degrading his country by his quibbles and his lies," and as "the most contemptible and contemned governor that ever pretended to govern!" After this it will appear a trifling error to represent General Oglethorpe (vol. ii. p. 28) who was born in the year 1698, as "serving as a lad of seventeen under Eugene and Marlborough," which can hardly be the case, as every schoolboy knows, in these days of examinations, that Marlborough was removed from his command in 1711. Oglethorpe did serve under Eugene in his campaigns against the Turks, but not till some years subsequently.

Again, we have a large space taken up with the entrance into life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and his first wife, Eliza Linley, the "beauteous mother of a beauteous race." In the course of this we are told that "her husband, proud of her as he was, would never allow her to sing in public after her marriage;" and, in the preceding page, this marriage is fixed as having taken place in March, 1772; while in the same breath we learn that she "sang at Covent Garden in the Lent of 1773," full a twelvemonth subsequently, with such effect, that Horace Walpole tells us she was "ogled" by no less a person than his Most Sacred Majesty King George III. But the blundering does not end here. Has Mr. Taylor ever read the extraordinary autobiographical letter which Miss Linley herself wrote to her confidential friend, Miss Saunders, and which she meant to be regarded as the *Apologia pro vita sua*, or, at least, for that critical portion of it? Had he done so, he would have learned much of which he seems to be ignorant, and, in particular, would have been at no loss to understand why "even the independent and impulsive Duchess of Devonshire hesitated at first about inviting the interesting young couple to Devonshire House;" and if he had further referred to so common a book as Moore's "Life of Sheridan," he would certainly not have celebrated the story of "Miss Linley's rejection of that sordid old hunk, Richard Walter Long, the Wiltshire miser." He would there have learned that this sordid old hunk proved the reality of his attachment to her in a way which Tom Moore (a judge in such matters) considers "few young lovers would be romantic enough to imitate." He was formally engaged to marry her with something more than the approbation of her parents, but being secretly told by her that she entertained an unhappy passion for a married man of the name of Matthews, and would be miserable as his wife, he "generously took upon himself the whole blame of breaking off the alliance, and even indemnified the father, who was proceeding to bring the transaction into court, by settling £3,000 upon his daughter." Mr. Moore adds that "Mr. Sheridan owed to this liberal conduct not only the possession of the woman he loved, but the means of supporting her during the first years of their marriage." It will be admitted that poor Mr. Long receives scant justice at the hands of Sir Joshua Reynolds' biographers!

Mr. Taylor calls Lady Sarah Lennox the cousin of Charles Fox. She was his *aunt*, the sister of his mother. He calls her first husband, Sir Charles Bunbury, the *brother-in-law* of Captain Horneck. He was nothing of the sort. It was Henry Bunbury, the caricaturist, who married into that family. He calls Lady Sarah's second husband *General* Napier: he never reached a higher grade than colonel. And he states that "George III. would have married her but for the negative put upon it by his council." We have never met with the above fact in the course of our reading, and doubt its truth. If the word "mother" were substituted for "council," it would perhaps be nearer the mark.

When we come to matters more immediately connected with the history of Sir Joshua Reynolds, we find equal reason to be dissatisfied with the want of care to ensure correctness; but before entering into these, it will be proper to devote a few lines to the previous biographers of the great painter.

There can be no doubt that one of Sir Joshua's fondest hopes was that his Life

should be undertaken by Edmund Burke, or failing him, that it should be written by James Boswell, or Edmund Malone. But Burke, bowed down by domestic sorrows, and appalled and absorbed by the spectre of revolutionary anarchy, contented himself with writing that eloquent obituary notice which, brief as it is, presents by far the noblest eulogy which has ever yet been pronounced on the great painter's memory. Mr. Leslie, indeed, tells us that Burke was "no judge of Reynolds' excellence as a painter," and Mr. Taylor makes no remark of dissent; but what can be more felicitously discriminating, as well as more eloquent, than his remark that "his portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history, and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits, he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere."

The duty which was neglected by Burke was hardly to be expected to be performed by Boswell, now broken down by disease, dissipation, and disappointment; and such of his notes regarding Reynolds as had not found a place in the immortal Life of Johnson, were made over to their common friend Malone. But Malone, in his turn, had ceased to be what he was when he had found it a pastime to make himself the perfect master of all the dramatic literature of England, and of everything bearing upon it, however distant. He put off the task from day to day, and at last produced the short biographical sketch which forms the introduction to the ordinary edition of the Discourses. But brief and unsatisfactory though it be, it is to our mind infinitely more valuable than the more ambitious "life" which succeeded it.

James Northcote came from the same part of Devonshire as Reynolds, and being introduced to him by the Mudges, was received as an inmate into his house in Leicester Square, and remained there for some years. There is abundant evidence to show that Northcote looked back upon this period of his life with small satisfaction, and that he regarded the memory of Reynolds with oven less affection than he did the rest of mankind. He was a hard and crabbed painter, with some power of telling a story, but without one other artistic qualification; and if we omit this power of telling a story, the same character may be applied to him as a writer. We only wish his "Life of Reynolds" had by some chance crossed the path of Mr. Carlyle's pen. Its author would then have been immortalised in his proper place, as Dryasdust or Ape of the Dead Sea. But, bad as it was, it answered its turn by keeping the name of Northcote before the world as the pupil and friend of Sir Joshua, and so contributing to swell the accumulation of three per cents., the chink of whose dividends was the one sound in which his sordid soul found pleasure.

Northcote was succeeded by Farington, also a Royal Academician, who, under the gentle sway of West, is said to have usurped the whole power of the president and council. His declared object in writing was to defend his brother members from Malone's assertion that they had *driven* Sir Joshua from the chair of the Academy, and in this we think he has succeeded. The true state of the case was, perhaps, best hit off by Haydon (Taylor's Life, vol. ii. p. 149):—"Reynolds was naturally irritable. His good fortune and success, with the submission he received, kept him amiable; but the first time he was thwarted, he got into a passion and resigned."

In 1829 Allan Cunningham published the

first volume of his "Lives of the British Painters," and of this a considerable space was devoted to a memoir of Reynolds. It is distinguished, like the rest of his sketches, by lively narrative, shrewd common sense, and ready appreciation of genius in all its workings. But it so happened that he had been thrown among men who had imbibed the feeling against Reynolds which was common to two-thirds of the London artists at the end of the last century. According to them he was, to people above him, and to equals who were not artists, as "gentle, complying, and bland," as Goldsmith has described; but beneath this pleasant surface lay a cold and jealous nature, which showed no sympathy for the feelings of those below him, and which led him to employ against "brothers near the throne" all the unworthy arts which Pope has imputed to Addison. To this view of Sir Joshua's character, particularly as regarded his treatment of inferiors, we are inclined to think that Cunningham has attached, at least, as great importance as it deserved. He would have escaped much hostile criticism if he had anticipated Mr. Leslie's plan of accepting as conclusive the evidence (of Northcote, for instance) whenever it is pleasant, and of quietly ignoring or boldly rejecting it when it militates in any way against his hero! When Lord Bolingbroke, in the presence of Voltaire, was appealed to regarding the Duke of Marlborough's avarice, he answered, "He was so great a man that I have forgotten his weaknesses;" and Reynolds is almost great enough to deserve something of the same respect.

We have no space to enter at length upon the merits of the case "Leslie versus Cunningham *in re* Reynolds," and will only notice an amusing conflict of opinion between Leslie and his editor. At vol. i. p. 48, Leslie says, "Allan Cunningham's accusation against Reynolds, that he recommended in his discourses the masters he did *not* study, and said little or nothing of those he *did* study, is wholly groundless." And at vol. i. p. 340, Mr. Taylor writes, "I see in this excessive glorification of the Caracci style, the influence of the taste of the time upon the speaker, rather than the conclusion of his *genuine* judgment, and I appeal from the *Pall-Mall Discourse to the Venetian Notes*," which is precisely what Cunningham had asserted and Leslie so flatly contradicted. Elsewhere (vol. i. p. 409) Mr. Taylor says, "I cannot but think Sir Joshua's discourses among the unsafe of all guides to the student."

We have before said that we regarded the memoir of Malone as of great importance. It is so, because the facts related in it were within the personal knowledge of the author and his friends, and were in many instances communicated to them by Sir Joshua himself. Why, then, are the anecdotes taken from it mixed up with those drawn from inferior authorities, without any reference to the source from which each is derived? As an example of how an incident suffers from such neglect, we will take the story of Sir Joshua's early knowledge of perspective. At vol. i. p. 48 we find the bald statement that, "at eight years old he had made himself sufficiently master of perspective from the Jesuits' treatise, to draw the school-house according to rule—no easy matter, as the upper part is half supported by a range of pillars. 'Now this,' said his father, 'exemplifies what the author asserts in his preface, that by observing the rules laid down in this book, a man may do wonders, for this is wonderful.'" Now why are we not told

that this was related by Sir Joshua himself to James Boswell? And why are the following circumstances omitted? First, that the book was not one procured for the purpose, but formed a portion of his father's little library—"it happened to lie in the window seat of my father's parlour;" and second, that from this studying at eight years old, "I made myself so completely master of it, that I never afterwards had occasion to study any other treatise on the subject." With these omissions the story loses half its weight and all its interest.

We will give yet another example of the same kind of unappreciative carelessness. In the fourteenth discourse, where Reynolds mentions, in speaking of the deathed conversation with Gainsborough, that, "without entering into a detail of what passed at this interview, the impression of it upon my mind was, that his regret at losing life was principally the regret of losing his art; and more especially as he now began, he said, to see what his deficiencies were," the biographer merely adds that "whatever more Sir Joshua might have told of his interview must have been to his own honour." But instead of this speculative conclusion, ought we not rather to have been told the one circumstance which Sir Joshua related to Malone, namely, that the dying painter had many of his unfinished pictures brought to his bedside to show them to his illustrious rival, and to tell him what he intended to do if he were only spared to finish them?

We had certainly expected that particular pains would have been taken to throw light on the intercourse between Reynolds and Gainsborough, a subject on which Mr. Taylor may rest assured the world takes more interest than in the history of a score of "Phrynes;" but, so far is this from being the case, that of the little already known, fully one-half is omitted. All that is here recorded is that "soon after his arrival in London, Sir Joshua called on him, but the visit was not returned, and for several years there was no intercourse between them" (vol. ii. p. 83); and again (vol. ii. p. 379), "on Sunday, the 3rd of November, 1732, and again on Sunday, the 10th, he has appointments with Mr. Gainsborough at ten. This is the nearest *rapprochement* recorded of these illustrious rivals till Sir Joshua was called by the dying Gainsborough to his bedside. The progress of the picture was interrupted by Sir Joshua's illness,—a paralytic attack of sufficient severity to alarm his friends seriously. Probably this attack prevented even the second sitting to Gainsborough." We are thankful to Mr. Taylor for the dates which he has here supplied to us; but why are we not informed of what Sir Joshua himself told Malone on the subject?—that after several years of uncivil neglect on the part of Gainsborough he at last returned his call, and solicited him to sit for his picture—that he sat *once*, but, being soon after affected by a slight paralytic stroke, he was obliged to go to Bath—that on his coming back perfectly recovered, he sent word to Gainsborough that he was returned, to which he only replied he was glad to hear he was well, and never afterwards desired him to sit, or called upon him, or had any intercourse with him till he was dying. The dates of the two appointments for sittings completely confirm Sir Joshua's story, and if Mr. Taylor had met with it, he would not have had to say that *probably* the second sitting did not take place.

After writing of Gainsborough the name of Wilson naturally occurs to us, and here, too, we have to complain of our disappoint-

ment in finding that no mention whatever is made of the familiar intercourse which we know must have existed at one time between him and Reynolds. Both the well-known stories about Wilson's enthusiasm for his art rest on the authority of Sir Joshua, and were related by him as happening in his presence. "Picturesque" Price says, "Sir Joshua Reynolds told me that when he and Wilson were looking at the view from Richmond Terrace," &c., &c., &c.; and in almost the same way "Invalid" Mathews relates the companion anecdote about the Fall of Terni. But most particularly we had hoped for a contradiction of the statement that when Wilson asked permission to hang one of his neglected landscapes in Sir Joshua's gallery, he met with a point-blank refusal.

While perusing these volumes, we marked down *thirty-seven* well-known names which were mis-spelt, in addition to those corrected in the printed *Errata*, and without taking note of the lists of Sir Joshua's sitters; we also remarked that "looks communing with the skies," was printed instead of "looks commencing;" and that Johnson, who was hard enough pressed to explain why Garrick's death could "have eclipsed the gaiety of nations," was made to say that it "eclipsed the gaiety of nature," which would have been still more difficult to clear up. We may mention, too, that at vol. i. p. 280, Mr. Taylor is at a loss to know why Reynolds sends no picture to the exhibition of 1767. Had he studied Burke's letters to Barry, which we plainly see he quotes at second-hand from Northcote, he would have found, under date April 26, 1767, "The exhibition will be opened to-morrow. Reynolds, though he has, I think, some better portraits than he ever before painted, does not think mere heads sufficient, and, having no piece of fancy finished, sends in nothing this time."

In spite, however, of all we have said, and of much more we could have said, we cannot help feeling that we are indebted to Mr. Leslie and to Mr. Taylor for their labours; and if the multifarious employments of the latter gentleman had left him leisure for the thorough revision and condensation of his materials, we rise convinced that he possesses the other qualifications for his task. As it is, however, *the Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds* has yet to be written.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The sale of pictures by auction at this season of the year has become almost as common in Paris as in London. Last month we noticed the dispersion of the Pourtales Gallery; since then the collection of the Duchess de Berri has been submitted to the hammer. The principal pictures were the following, but the prices they realised were considerably less than was generally expected, owing, as it was alleged in the room, to a combination among the dealers to prevent any "rise."—"The Dog of the Regiment," £804; and "The Wounded Trumpeter," £660: these are the two celebrated pictures by Horace Vernet, painted for the Duke de Berri in 1816, and are well known by the engravings from them. "The Unfortunate Family," P. Proudhon, £1,000; "Entry of Henry IV. into Paris," Gérard, £124; "The Theatre of the Ambigu-Comique on a Free Night," Boilly, £138; "Portrait of Madame Pompadour," F. Guerin, £136; "Lady Hamilton as a Sibyl," V. Lebrun, £200; "Portrait of Christina of Savoy," F. Probus, £324.

MUNICH.—A statue of Claude has been executed at the expense of the King of Bavaria for erection in the neighbourhood of this city: it was expected to be placed on the site intended for it during the last month.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

THE ZOUAVE'S STORY.

F. W. Topham, Painter. C. W. Sharpe, Engraver.

ONLY a very few years ago, and the title of this picture would have been totally incomprehensible to nineteen-twentieths of those persons who might have seen it; but political events during the period have made it intelligible, and the word Zouave has been incorporated not only into our own language, but into that of every European nation. France, unlike our own country, has a partiality for distinguishing in a peculiar way the various arms of her military service; and, perhaps, with the large bodies of troops always at command of the government, it may be a necessity; at any rate, *voltigeurs*, *chasseurs*, *gardes-de-corps*, *Zouaves*, and numerous other names, are found in her military vocabulary, as contributing to swell the mighty array of combatants which France can put forth when taking the field against the enemy.

The Zouaves date their origin as a portion of the French army to the occupation, by France, of Algeria. "Rudo, wild soldiers," says Dr. Nolan, in his "History of the Russian War," "by no means particular about their own lives, or about those of friends or foes, they are the *Bashi-Bazouks* of French Africa." Rough, and naturally fierce, the Zouavo is enthusiastically attached to his officer, if he only has confidence in the ability of the latter, and is satisfied of his personal courage; he will then follow his leader anywhere, whatever certainty of destruction might seem to await him. Our own troops in the Crimea had ample evidence of the daring intrepidity of these strange and apparently half-civilised soldiers, when, side by side, they flung themselves against the battalions of Russia in the open plain, or climbed the heights defended by Russian cannon.

And what is the story which Mr. Topham would make us suppose his Zouave is telling to the white-capped girls of Brittany? It is no love-ditty, of that we may be sure; but a tale

"Horribly stuffed with epithets of war;—

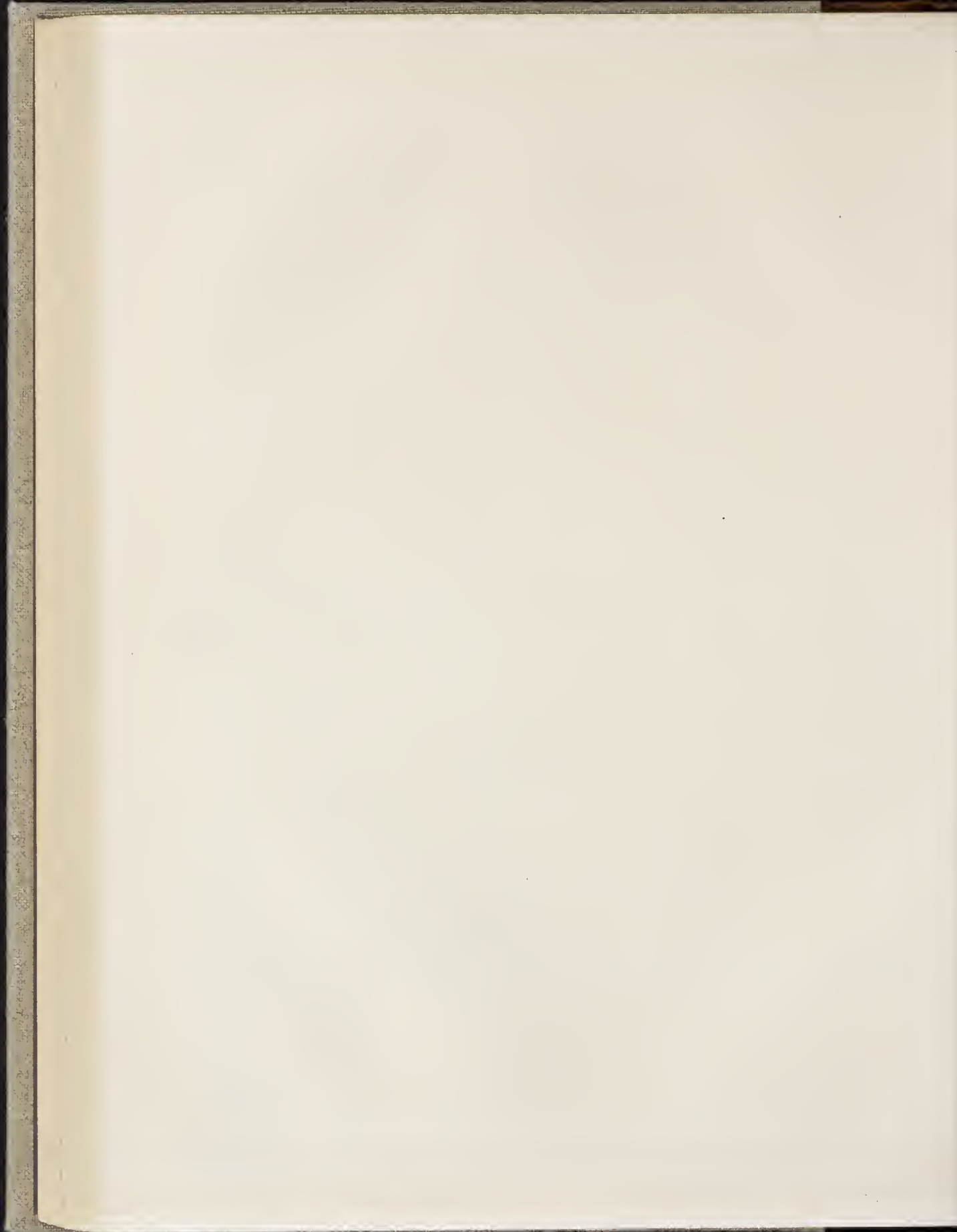
Of most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach."

Perhaps he is pouring into their astonished ears a history of his exploits before the Redan, or at Solferino of later date. Whatever the narrative may be it has their eager attention with that of the old man seated at the table, and even of the children, who have stopped to listen, and look on with wondering eyes, though doubtless unable to comprehend what it is all about. The group is very picturesquely brought together, with an easy and perfectly natural disposition and attitude of the figures; while the equally picturesque yet simple costume of the females, and the fanciful, gaily-coloured uniform of the Zouave, form a striking contrast to each other, and have given the artist an opportunity for the display of some excellent painting. Behind the principal group is another of these African soldiers, in conversation with an elderly *bourgeois*, who evidences considerable astonishment at what he hears. The scene lies at the door of a hostelry, where, as a notice rudely painted informs us, there is "entertainment for man and horse." The picture is a welcome episode in Mr. Topham's usual range of subject.



THE COUVE'S STUNT.

THE COUVE'S STUNT.



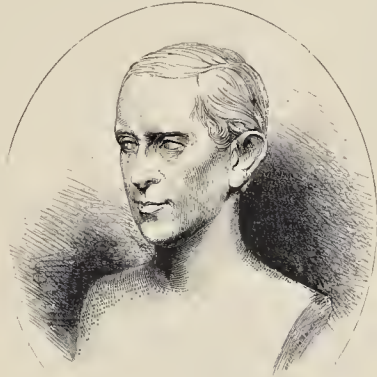
MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE :

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DE. JOHNSON.

THOMAS HOOD.



WHEN I first knew Thomas Hood, his star was but rising; when I saw him last, he was on his death-bed: his forty-six years of life from the cradle to the grave having been passed in so weak a state of health, that day by day there was perpetual dread that at any moment might "the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken." Continued bodily suffering was not the only trial to which this fine spirit was subjected. The world heard no wail from his lips; no appeal for sympathy ever came from his pen; his high heart endured in silence; and, without a murmur of complaint, he died. Yet it is no secret now that for many years he had a fierce struggle with poverty; enjoying

no luxuries and few comforts; his "means" derived from "daily toil for daily bread." A skeleton stood ever beside his bed, mocking his "infinite jest and most excellent fancy;" converting into a succession of sobs those "flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar." At the time when nearly every drawing-room, attic, and kitchen—when every class and order of society—was made merry and happy by the brilliant fancies and genuine humour of Thomas Hood, he was enduring pain of body and anguish of mind. Nearly all his quaint conceits, his playful sallies, and his sparks from words, were given to the printer from the bed on which he wrote—propped up by pillows; continually, continually, it was the same, up to the day that gave him freedom from the flesh.

Yet it was a genial and kindly spirit that dwelt in so frail a tenement of clay. Although

his existence was a long disease rather than a life, he was singularly free from all cumbrance of bitterness and harshness. Feeling strongly for the sufferings of others, he was entirely unselfish; ever gracious, considerate, and kind. Though perpetually dealing with the burlesque, he never indulged in personal satire. We find no passage that could have injured a single living person. Never did his wit verge upon indelicacy; never did his facetious muse treat a solemn or sacred theme with levity or indifference.

In old Brandenburg House there was once a bust of Comus; the pedestal, according to Lysons, bore this inscription: it comes in so aptly when writing of Hood, that I quote it:—

"Come, every muse, without restraint;
Let genius prompt, and fancy paint;
Let wit and mirth, and friendly strife,
Chase the dull gloom that saddens life.
True wit, that runs to virtue's cause,
Respects religion and the laws,
True mirth, that cheerfulness supplies
To modest ears, and decent eyes."

The world has, however, done justice to Thomas Hood; and he is not "deaf to the voice of the charmer." Reason, no less than fancy, will tell us, we plant that we may reap; that the knowledge of good or evil done is retained in a state after life; that death cannot destroy consciousness. We learn from the Divine Word that our works do follow us! Humanity is—and will be as long as men and women can read or hear—the debtor of Thomas Hood!

He was born, "a cockney," on the 23rd of May, 1799, in the Poultry, close to Bow Bells. His father dwelt there as one of the partners in a firm of publishers—Verner, Hood, and Sharpe.* He was articled to his uncle, Mr. Robert Sands, an engraver, and seems to have worked awhile with the burin; but the specimens he has given us, however redolent of humour and rich in fancy, do not supply evidence that he would have excelled as an artist.† It is obvious, indeed, that he did not "take" to the profession, for he deserted it early, and became a man of letters, finding his first employment in 1821, as a sort of sub-editor of the *London Magazine*.

One who knew him in his childhood described him to me as a singular child—silent and retired—with much quiet humour, and apparently delicate health. I knew another friend of his youth, a Mr. Mason, a wood engraver, who told me much of the "earlier ways" of the boy-poet: that, when a mere boy, he was

*Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, & dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
He sang the Song of the Shirt.*

1st June }
1844 }

Thos. Hood

continually making shrewd and pointed remarks upon topics on which he was presumed to know nothing; that while he seemed a heedless listener, out would come some observation which showed he had taken in all that had been said; and that, when a very child, he would often make

some pertinent remark which excited either a smile or a laugh.

He married, on the 5th of May, 1824, the sister of his "friend" Reynolds. It was a happy marriage, although both were poor; and it was "Love" who was "to light a fire in their kitchen." She was his

companion, counsellor, and friend, during the remainder of his troubled life; the

* Mr. Sharpe lived to be an old man, through varied changes of life, and in 1832 was a publisher of the *Egyptian Hall*. He published, among other works, *The Emancipatory*, an annual, edited by Allan Cunningham.

† I form this opinion merely, however, from his published engravings. It is probable that the wood engravers

comforter in whom he trusted: in mutual love and mutual faith, realising, all through their weary pilgrimage, the picture drawn by another poet:—

"As unto the bow the cord is—
So unto the man is woman.
Though she bends him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless one without the other?"

When first I knew them, they resided in chambers, No. 2, Robert Street, Adelphi. While writing for the *London Magazine*, his labours must have been remunerative, for he removed from his "lodgings" in the Adelphi (where a child was born to him, who died in infancy), first to a pleasant cottage (then called "Rose Cottage") at Winchmore Hill (where his daughter Fanny—Mrs. Broderip—was born), and not long afterwards to a really large house at Waustead—"Lake House"—with ample "grounds." He lost a considerable sum in some publishing speculation; and this loss early in his career was the cause of his subsequent embarrassment. At Lake House the younger "Tom" was born. It was originally the Banquet Hall of Waustead House (Wellesley Pole's mansion), and there was a lake between the two (now dwindled to a ditch), so that parties went by water to a feast. Both these dwelling-houses of the poet we have pictured.

His connection with the *London Magazine* led to intimacy with many of the finer spirits of his time, who appreciated the genius and loved the genial nature of the man. Foremost of those who exchanged warm friendship with him was Charles Lamb.

Owing mainly to his ill-health, they went but little into society; so, indeed, it was at all periods of their lives. Comparative solitude was, therefore, the lot of the poet, who was destined to live and triumph for ever. But the sacrifice implied little of self-denial. With wife, children, and friends, he could easily be made content; and, although no doubt fully appreciating praise, he never had much appetite for applause.

His long residence abroad—at Coblenz and Ostend—was, in a degree, compulsory. His publisher was a craving creditor—if, indeed, he ever was really a "creditor" at all, which I have reason to doubt. It was not without difficulty his return to England was effected, in the year 1839.* My intercourse with him was renewed in the small dwelling he occupied at Camberwell. He was there to be near his kind friend, Dr. Elliot (brother of another Dr. Elliot, both of whom dearly loved the poet), "a friend in need and a friend indeed."†

It is in no degree necessary to my purpose to pass under review the works of

did not do him justice. His daughter possesses some drawings in water-colours, some pen-and-ink sketches, and some etchings, that show far higher powers, and seem to indicate that he could have been an artist if he had given his mind to Art.

* There is no doubt that a law-suit, in which he was involved with his publisher, and the worry and anxiety that ensued, induced a state of health that led to his death much earlier than, in the course of nature, it might have been looked for. I know that was the opinion of his physician.

† It is pleasant to record the fact that nearly every literary man or woman with whom I have been acquainted, or whose lives I have looked into, has found a generous and disinterested friend in a Doctor. I could, of my own knowledge, tell many anecdotes of the sacrifices made to mercy by members of the profession of continuous labours without a thought of recompense; of anxious days and nights, by sick or dying beds, without the remotest idea of "fees." I may tell one—of a doctor, now himself gone home; it was related to me by Sir James Eyre, M.D. Unfortunately, I have forgotten the name of the good physician; but there are, no doubt, many to whom the story will apply. Sir James called upon him—one morning when his career was but commencing—and saw his waiting-room through with patients. "Why," said he, "you must be getting on famously." "Well, I suppose I am," was the answer; "but let me tell this fact to you." This morning I have seen eight patients; six of them gave me nothing—the seventh gave me a guinea, which I have just given to the eighth." Such a physician Providence sent to Thomas Hood.

Thomas Hood. They were very varied: novels, poems (serious as well as comic); filling seven volumes (exclusive of the two volumes of "Hood's Own"), collected by his daughter and his son. Nearly the whole of these were written, not only while haunted by pecuniary troubles, but while under the depressing influence of great bodily suffering. So it was with the merriest of his poems, "Miss Kilmansegg," composed during brief intermissions of bodily pain which would have been accepted by almost any other person as sufficient excuse for entire cessation from work; and, perhaps, might have been by him, but that it was absolutely necessary the day's toil should bring the day's food. Yet at this very time, a sum of £50 was transmitted to him, without application, by the Literary Fund. Hood returned it, "hoping to get through his troubles as he had done heretofore." There was then a gleam of brightness in the long-darkened sky. In 1841, Theodore Hook died, and Hood became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. "Just then," as Mrs. Hood writes, "poverty had come very near." Her removal from Camberwell to 17, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood.

He did not long keep his editorship, however; differences having arisen between him and Mr. Colburn, he was induced to start a magazine of his own.

Meanwhile, an accident, totally unanticipated, did that which years of labour had not done—made him famous. In the Christmas number of *Punch*, in 1843, appeared the "Song of a Shirt." It ran through the land like wildfire; was reprinted in every newspaper in the kingdom, although anonymous; and there was intense desire to know who was the author. He had been so long absent from the active exercise of his "calling," that when the poem burst upon the world, there were many to whom the writer's name was "new."

In January, 1844, *Hood's Magazine* was issued. He laboured like a slave to give success to that speculation. It was in a melancholy sense "Hood's own;" there was a "proprietor," but he was without "means;" there was an effort to do without a publisher; printer after printer was changed; the magazine was rarely "up to time;" vexation brought on illness; he "fretted dreadfully;" there was alarm as to the solvency of his co-proprietor, a man



HOOD'S RESIDENCE AT WINCHMORE HILL.

who had "lived too long in the world to be the slave of his conscience." Unhappy authors, who are their own publishers—lords of land in Utopia—will take warning by the fate of Thomas Hood and his "speculation" for his own behoof. It was a failure, and therefore his; had it been a success, no doubt it would have become the property of a publisher.

The number for June—the sixth number of *Hood's Magazine*—contained an announcement, that on the 23rd of May he had been striving to continue a novel he had commenced; that on the 25th, "sitting up in bed, he tried to invent and sketch a few comic designs, but the effort exceeded his strength, and was followed by the wandering delirium of utter nervous exhaustion." Two of the "sick-room fancies" were published with the June number: the one is "Hood's Mag."—a magazine, with a hawk's hood; the other, "The Editor's Apologies," is a drawing of a plate of leeches, a blister, a cup of water-gruel, and three labelled vials; suggesting, according to some writing underneath, the sad thought by what harassing efforts the food of mirth is fur-

nished, and how often the pleasures of the many are obtained by the bitter suffering and monerful endurance of the ONE.

Yet three of the pleasantest letters he ever penned were written soon afterwards to the three children of his dear and constant friend, Dr. Elliott.

He rallied, however, sufficiently to resume work for his magazine, and many valued friends were willing and ready to help him; authors who were amply recompensed by the knowledge that they could thus serve the author of a "Song of a Shirt." "I must die in Harness, like a Hero or a Horse," he writes to Bulwer Lytton on October 30, 1844. Death was drawing nearer and nearer, but before its close approach there came a ray of sunshine to his death-bed—Sir Robert Peel granted to him a pension of £100 a year, or rather to his widow, for she was almost so. It was a small sum—a poor gift from his country in compensation for the work he had done; but it was very welcome, for it was the only boon he had ever received that was not payment for immediate toil—"toil hard and incessant"—to the last. He was dying

when the "glad tidings" came; yet in the middle of November, 1844, he "pumped out a sheet of Christmas fun," and "drew some cuts" for his magazine. He was, as he said, "so near death's door, that he could almost fancy he heard the creaking of the hinges!" His friends were about him with small gifts of love; they came to give him "farewells;" and for all of them he had kind words and thoughts. We have the comfort of knowing that his head was laid on a down pillow we had lent him; on that pillow its throbbings ceased.

On the 3rd of May, 1845, he died, and on the 10th he was buried in the graveyard at Konsal Green.

Some seven years afterwards, subscriptions were raised, chiefly owing to the exertions of a kindred spirit, Eliza Cook (with whom the thought originated), and a monument was erected to his memory, designed and executed by the sculptor, Matthew Noble. On the 18th July, 1854, it was unveiled in the presence of many of the poet's friends, Monkton Milnes (now Lord Houghton) "delivering an oration" over

the grave that covered his remains. To raise that monument, peers and many men of mark contributed; but surely even higher honour was rendered to him—a yet purer and better homage to his memory—by the "poor needlewomen," whose offerings were a few pence, laid in reverence and affection upon the grave of their great advocate—a fellow-worker, whose toil had been as hard, as continuous, and as ill-rewarded, as their own.

In person, Hood was of middle height, slender and sickly-looking, of sallow complexion and plain features, quiet in expression, and very rarely excited, so as to give indication of either the pathos or the humour that must ever have been working in his soul. His was, indeed, a countenance rather of melancholy than of mirth; there was something calm, even to solemnity, in the upper portion of the face, seldom relieved, in society, by the eloquent play of the mouth, or the sparkle of an observant eye. In conversation he was by no means brilliant. When inclined to pun, which was not often, it seemed as if his wit

"A blessing on their merry hearts,
Such renders I would choose;
Because they seldom criticize,
And never write reviews!"

Literature was, as he expresses it, his "solace and comfort through the extremes of worldly trouble and sickness," "maintaining him in a cheerfulness, a perfect sunshine of the mind." Well may he add, "My humble works have flowed from my heart as well as my head, and, whatever their errors, are such as I have been able to contemplate with composure, when more than once the Destroyer assumed almost a visible presence."

Poor fellow! He was longing to be away from earth when I saw him last; struggling to set free the

"Vital spark of heavenly flame!"

lying on his death-bed, watched and tended by his good and loving wife, who survived him only a few brief months:—

"She for a little tried
To live without him—liked it not—and died!"

But he lived long enough to know that a pension had been settled upon her by Sir Robert Peel—a pension subsequently continued to his children, and *which they still enjoy*.^{*} That comfort, that consolation, that blessing, came from his country to his bed of death!

Honoured be the name of Sir Robert Peel! great statesman and good man! It is not often that men such as he sit in highest places. Let Science, Art, and Letters consecrate his memory! It was he who whispered "peace" to Felicia Hemans, dying; bidding her have no care for those she loved and left on earth. It was he who enabled great Wordsworth to woo Nature undisturbed; he who lightened the drudgery of the desk to the Quaker-poet, Bernard Barton; he who upheld the tottering steps, and made tranquillity take the place of terror in the over-taxed brain, of Robert Southey. From him came the sunshine in the shady place that was the home of James Montgomery. It was his hand that opened the sick-room shutters, and let in the light of hope and heaven to the death-bed of Thomas Hood.†

Whether it be or be not true that Addison sent for his step-son, Lord Warwick, to his death-bed, "that he might see how a Christian could die," certain it is that the anecdote is often quoted as an encouragement and an example. We have, in the instance of Thomas Hood, such a case, occurring under our immediate view, closing a life, not of glory and triumph, not of prosperity and reward, but of long suffering in body and mind, of patient endurance, of humble confidence, of sure and certain hope—in the perfectness of holy faith. Ay, he was tried in the furnace of tribulation; and his battle of life ended in according, while receiving, "Peace."

These are the last lines he wrote:—

"Farewell, life! my senses swim;
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night,—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapour chill;
Strang the earthly odour grows,—
I smell the mould above the Rose!"

* It was by the act of Earl Russell the pension was so continued. When that nobleman is removed from earth, the many good and generous acts he did will be better known and appreciated than they can be in his lifetime.

† I refer in this passage only to those who are the subjects of my memories; but to this list may be added the names of Tyler, Forbes, Owen, Sir William Hamilton, Maculoch, the widow and daughters of the artist Shee, the widow of the painter Haydon, the poet-laureate Tennyson, the widow of Sir Charles Bell, the "deserted" daughters of Principal Robertson, the botanist Curtis, the widow of London, and probably others, of whom I have no knowledge. These were, or are, all participants of that state bounty which the country enables a minister to dole out to its worthies.



HOOD'S RESIDENCE AT WANSSTEAD.

was the issue of thought, and not an instinctive produce, such as I have noticed in other men who have thus become famous: who are admirable in crowds; whose animation is like that of the sounding board, which makes a great noise at a small touch, when listeners are many and applause is sure.

We have been so much in the habit of treating Tom Hood as a "joker," that we lose sight of the deep and touching pathos of his more serious poems. All are indeed acquainted with the "Song of a Shirt," and "Take her up tenderly," but throughout his many volumes there are poems of surpassing worth, full of the highest refinement—of sentiment the purest and the most chaste.

In writing a memoir of him in the "Book of Oems," for which, in consequence of his absence from England, I received no suggestions from himself, I took that view, and some time afterwards I received from him a letter strongly expressive of the gratification I had thus afforded him. His nature was, I believe, not to be a punster,

perhaps not to be a wit. The best things I have ever heard Hood say are those which he said when I was with him alone. I have never known him laugh heartily, either in society or in rhyme. The themes he selected for "talk" were usually of a grave and sombre cast; yet his playful fancy dealt with frivolities sometimes, and sometimes his imagination frolicked with nature in a way peculiarly his own. He was, however, generally cheerful, and often merry when in "the bosom of his family," and could, I am told, laugh heartily then; that when in reasonably good health, he was "as full of fun as a school-boy." He loved children with all his heart, loved to gambol with them as if he were a child himself, to chat with them in a way they understood; and to tell them stories, drawn either from old sources, or invented for the occasion—such as they could comprehend and remember.* There was more than mere poetry in his verse—

* The son and daughter have preserved and printed some of these "impromptu" stories.

"Welcome Life! the spirit strives
Strength returns and hope revives;
Clouds fears and shapes forlorn—
Fly like shadows of the moon—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom—
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapours cold—
I smell the Rose above the mould!"

In one of the letters I received about this time from his true and faithful and constant friend, Ward,* he writes me:—"He saw the on-coming of death with great cheerfulness, though without anything approaching to levity; and last night, when his friends Harvey and Rescigh came in, he bade them come up, had wine brought, and made us all drink a glass with him, 'that he might know us for friends, as of old, and not underfakers.' He conversed for about an hour in his old playful way, with now and then a word or two full of deep and tender feeling. When I left, he bade me good-bye, and kissed me, shedding tears, and saying that perhaps we never should meet again."

I have his own copy of the last letter he ever wrote: it is to Sir Robert Peel:—†

"DEAR SIR,—We are not to meet in the flesh. Given over by physicians and by myself, in this extremity I feel a comfort for which I cannot refrain from again thanking you, with all the sincerity of a dying man, at the same time bidding you a respectful farewell.

"Thank God, my mind is composed, and my reason undisturbed; but my race, as an author, is run. My physical debility finds no tonic virtue in a steel pen, otherwise I would have written one more paper—a forewarning against an evil, or the danger of it, arising from a literary movement in which I have had some share; a one-sided humanity, opposite to that Catholic, Shaksperian sympathy which felt with king as well as peasant, duly estimating the mortal temptations of both stations. Certain classes at the poles of society are already too far asunder. It should be the duty of our writers to draw them together by kindly attraction—not to aggravate the existing repulsion, and place a wider moral gulf between rich and poor—hate on the one side, and fear on the other. But I am too weak for this task—the last I had set myself. It is death that stops my pen, you see, and not my pension. God bless you, sir, and prosper all your measures for the benefit of my beloved country!"

Almost his latest act was to obtain some proofs of his portrait, recently engraved, and to send one to each of his most esteemed friends, marked by some line of affectionate reminiscence. The one he sent to us I have engraved at the head of this memory.

His daughter writes me thus of his last hour on earth:—"Those who lectured him on his merry sallies and innocent gaiety, should have been present at his death-bed, to see how the gentlest and most loving heart in the world could die!" "Thinking himself dying, he called us round him—my mother, my little brother, and myself—to receive his last kiss and blessing—tenderly and fondly given; and gently clasping my mother's hand, he said, 'Remember, Jane, I forgive all—all!' He lay for some time calmly and quietly, but breathing painfully and slowly; and my mother, bending over him, heard him murmur faintly, 'O Lord, say, Arise, take up thy cross, and follow Me!'"

He died at Devonshire Lodge, in the New Finchley Road. Of that house we have procured a drawing, and have engraved it.

* F. O. Ward, who, at the age of sixteen, distinguished himself by a work on Osteology; who has invented many useful processes (especially in connection with paper-making); and who, in the *Times*, drew great and active attention to the state of the London sewers, and the state of intramural churchyards. He edited Hood's magazine "for love," during Hood's illness.

† This letter has been printed since Mrs. Broderip gave me the copy. It is so pregnant a sermon that it cannot be too often in print.

Genius is seldom hereditary. There are but few immortal names, the glory of which has been "continued." It is gratifying to know that the seed planted by Thomas Hood and his estimable wife, has borne fruit

in due season. Their son and daughter were but children when both their parents were called away from their guardianship on earth; but surely (as I firmly believe), to a more powerful and effectual guardianship



THE HOUSE IN WHICH HOOD DIED.

over those they loved, and who remained "in the flesh." The daughter (Fanny), wedded a good clergyman in Somersetshire, and the happy mother of children, is the author of many valuable works, the greater number of them being specially designed for the

young. The name of "Fanny Broderip" is honoured in letters. To the son—another "Tom"—it is needless to refer. He has added renown to the venerated name he bears; and has written much that his great father himself might have owned with pride,



THE TOMB OF THOMAS HOOD.

They have had a sacred trust committed to them, and so far have nobly redeemed it.

In this memory of Thomas Hood, I have printed his last letter, and quoted his latest words. They are such as must, in the estimation of all readers, raise him even higher

than he stands. The world owes him much; Humanity is his debtor; and who is there that will not exclaim, borrowing from another poet—

"The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew
Upon thy grave, good creature?"

FACTS ABOUT FINGER-RINGS.

CHAP. III. (continued)—MODERN RINGS.

ALLUSION has already been made to the custom of using rings as receptacles for relics or poisons. The most famed belonged to Caesar Borgia, son of Pope Alexander VI., both adepts in poisoning; a grasp from the hand wearing this ring ensured a very slow, but certain, death; it contained a virulent poison, which found vent through a small spike, pressed out by a spring when the hand was grasped, and which was so slight in its operation as to be scarcely felt, and not usually noticed by the person wounded during the excitement of the hearty friendship so well simulated. When conspiracies against the life of William of Orange were rife under the influence of the court of Spain [circa 1582], the unworthy son of Count Egmont "had himself undertaken to destroy the prince at his own table by means of poison which he kept concealed in a ring. Saint Aldegonde (his friend and counsellor) was to have been taken off in the same way, and a hollow ring filled with poison was said to have been found in Egmont's lodgings."*

Fig. 1 represents a curious Venetian ring, the bezel formed like a box to contain

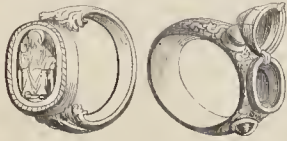


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

relics. The face of the ring (in this instance the cover of the box) has a representation of St. Mark seated, holding his gospel and giving a benediction. The spaces between this figure and the oval border are perforated, so that the interior of the box is visible, and the relic enshrined might be seen. Fig. 2 is another ring of the same construction; it is richly engraved and set with two rubies and a pyramidal diamond; the collet securing the latter stone opens with a spring, and exhibits a somewhat large receptacle for such virulent poisons as were concocted by Italian chemists in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The elaborate character of design adopted at this time for Venetian rings, the highly artistic taste that governed it, as well as the beauty of the stones employed in settings, combined to perfect *bijouterie* that has never been surpassed. Fig. 3 is a ring of very peculiar design. It is set with



Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

three stones in raised bezels; to their bases are affixed, by a swivel, gold pendent ornaments, each set with a garnet; as the hand moves these pendants fall about the finger, the stones glittering in the movement. This fashion was evidently borrowed from the East, where people delight in pendent ornaments, and even affix them to articles of

* Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic."

utility. Fig. 4 is a ring of silver, of East Indian workmanship, discovered in the ruins of one of their most ancient temples; to its centre are affixed bunches of pear-shaped hollow drops of silver, which jingle with a soft low note as the hand moves.

We have already alluded to the old Eastern tale of "The Fish and Ring," invented some thousands of years since. It has survived to our own day, and is still related and believed by the commonalty to the east of London. In the church at Stepley is a tomb to the memory of Lady Rebecca Berry, who died 1696, in whose coat-of-arms a fish and an annulet appear. She has hence been supposed the heroine of a once popular ballad, the scene of which is laid in Yorkshire; it is entitled, "The Cruel Knight, or Fortunate Farmer's Daughter," and narrates how one of knightly rank in passing a village heard the cry of a woman in travail, and was told by a witch that he was pre-deemed to marry that girl on her arrival at womanhood. The knight in deep disgust draws a ring from his finger, and casting it into a rapid river, vows he will never do so unless she can produce that ring. After many years a fish is brought to the farmer's daughter to dress for dinner, and she finds the ring in its stomach, enabling her to win a titled husband, who no longer fights against his fate.

The civic arms of Glasgow exhibit a fish holding a ring in its mouth. This alludes to an incident in the life of St. Kentigern, patron of the see, as related in the "Acta Sanctorum." The queen, who was his penitent, had formed an attachment to a soldier, and had given him a ring she had received from her husband. The king knew his ring, but abided his revenge, until one day discovering the soldier asleep by the banks of the Clyde, he took the ring from his finger and threw it in the stream. He then demanded of his queen a sight of his old love gift, a request she was utterly unable to comply with. In despair, she confessed all to St. Kentigern, vowing a purer life in future. The saint went to the river, caught a salmon, and took from its stomach the missing ring, which restored peace to all parties.

The occurrence of the fish and ring in the arms of Glasgow and in the Stepley monument, is "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ" of the truth of these stories, in the minds of the vulgar, who would regard scepticism in the same light as religious infidelity.

Memorial rings were sometimes made to exhibit a small portrait, and on some occasions to conceal one beneath the stone. Such is the ring, Fig. 5, from the Lodesborough collection, which was made for



Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

some devoted adherent of King Charles I., when such devotion was dangerous. A table-cut diamond is set within an oval

* In the Koran this wild version of the story occurs:—"Solomon entrusted his signet with one of his concubines, which the devil obtained from her, and sat on the throne in Solomon's shape. After forty days the devil departed, and threw the ring into the sea. The signet was swallowed by a fish, which being caught and given to Solomon, the ring was found in its belly, and thus he recovered his kingdom." (Sale's Koran, chap. 38).

ring, acting as a lid to a small case opening by means of a spring, and revealing a portrait of Charles executed in enamel. The face of the ring, its back, and side portions of the shank, are decorated with engraved scroll-work, filled in with black enamel. "Relics" of this kind are consecrated by much higher associations than what the mere crust of time bestows upon them; and even were they not sufficiently old to excite the notice of the antiquary, they are well deserving of attention from their exhibiting "memorials of feelings which must ever command respect and admiration." Horace Walpole had among his very miscellaneous gatherings at Strawberry Hill, "one of the only seven mourning rings given at the burial of Charles I. It has the king's head in miniature behind a death's head; between the letters C. R. the motto, 'Prepared be to follow me.'"

A much more lugubrious memorial is furnished me from the same collection, Fig. 6. Two figures of skeletons surround the finger and support a small sarcophagus. The ring is of gold enamelled, the skeletons being made still more hideous by a covering of white enamel. The lid of the sarcophagus is also enamelled, with a Maltese cross in red, on a black ground studded with gilt hearts. This lid is made to slide off, and display a very minute skeleton lying within.

These doleful decorations first came into favour and fashion at the obsequious court of France when Diana of Poitiers became the mistress of Henry II. At that time she was a widow, and in mourning; so black and white became fashionable colours; jewels were formed like funeral memorials; golden ornaments shaped like coffins, holding enamelled skeletons, hung from the neck; watches made to fit in little silver skulls were attached to the waists of the denizens of a court that alternately indulged in profanity or piety, but who mourned show.

In the Duke of Newcastle's comedy, "The Country Captain," 1649, a lady of title is told that when she resides in the country a great show of finger-rings will not be necessary; "shew your white hand with but one diamond when you carve, and be not ashamed to wear your own wedding ring with the old posie." That many rings were worn by persons of both sexes is clear from another passage in the same play, where a fop is described, "who makes his fingers like jewellers' cards to set rings upon."

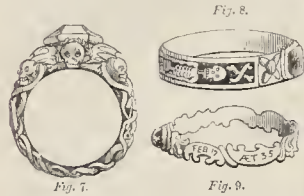
The stock of rings described in the same author's play, "The Varieties," as the treasure of an old country lady, is amusingly indicative of past legacies or memorials, as well as of the tastes of the yeomanry—"a toadstone, two Turkies (Turquoise), six thumb-rings, three alderman's seals, five gemmalls, and four death's head." The enumeration concludes with the uncomplimentary observation, "these are alehouse ornaments."

These death's head rings were very commonly worn by the middle classes in the latter part of the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth centuries; particularly by such as affected a respectable gravity. Luther used to wear a gold ring, with a small death's head in enamel, and these words, "Mori sæpe cogita" (think oft of death); round the setting was engraved, "O mors, ero mors tua" (Death, I will be thy death). This ring is preserved at

* Before we condemn the old courtiers of France, we must remember that it is but a very few years ago since it was the fashion for young men in this country to wear scarf-pins and shirt studs made like skulls, and rings with skulls and cross-bones. This ghastly decoration was adopted from carvings alone; it had not even the excuse of conforming to any taste or necessity.

Dresden. Shakspeare, in his *Love's Labour's Lost* (Act V. scene 2), makes his jesting courtier, Biron, compare the countenance of Holofernes to "a death's face in a ring." We have already adverted to a similar ring worn by one of Shakspeare's fellow townsmen.

In the "Recueil des ouvrages d'Orfèverie," by Gilles l'Egaré, published in the early part of the reign of Louis XIV., is an unusually good design for one of these rings, which we copy, Fig. 7. It is entirely composed of mortuary emblems, on a ground of black enamel. Fig. 8 is an English



memorial ring set with stones; on the circlet is engraved an elongated skeleton, with crossbones above the skull, and a spade and pick-axe at the feet; the ground is black enamel. It has been converted into a memorial by its original purchaser, who caused to be engraved withinside the hoop, "C.R., Jan. 30, 1649, Martyr." It is now in the Londesborough collection, from whence I obtain Fig. 9, a very good specimen of a mourning ring of the early part of the last century, with which I take my leave of this branch of the subject.

The jewellers of the last century do not seem to have bestowed the same attention on design as their predecessors did. Rings appear to have reached their highest excellence in design and execution in the *ateliers* of Venice. We meet with little originality of conception, and certainly great inferiority of execution, in the works then issued. In southern Europe, where jewellery is deemed almost a necessary of life, and the poorest will wear it in profusion, though only made of copper, greater scope was given to invention. Fig. 11 is a Spanish silver ring of the early part of the century. It has a



beart, winged and crowned in its centre; the heart is transfixed by an arrow, but surrounded by flowers. It is possibly a religious emblem. Fig. 10 is another Spanish ring of more modern manufacture, but of very light and elegant design. The flowers are formed of rubies and diamonds, and the effect is extremely pleasing.

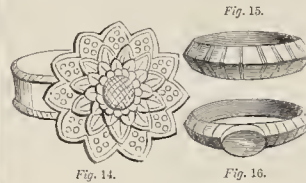
Such works may have originated the "giardinetti" rings, of which a good collection of specimens may be seen in the South Kensington Museum, two being here



copied. They are there described as English works of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and appear to have been used as guards, or "keepers," to the

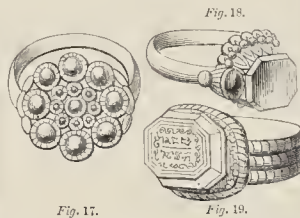
wedding-ring. They are of pleasing floriated design, and of very delicate execution. Much taste may be exhibited in the selection of coloured stones for the flowers of such rings, which are certainly a great ornament to the hand.

Recurring to the eastern nations, in whose eyes jewellery has always found great favour, we find that the Indians prefer rings with large floriated faces, spreading over three fingers like a shield. When made for the wealthy in massive gold, the flower leaves are of cut jewels, but the humbler classes, who equally love display, are content with them in cast silver. Such a ring is engraved Fig. 14, from an



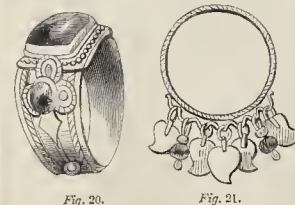
original in the British Museum, from whence we also obtain the two specimens of rings beside it, being such as are worn by the humblest classes. Fig. 15 is of brass, Fig. 16 of silver, the latter boasting a sort of apology for a jewelled centre.

A triplicate of Moorish rings will enable us to understand their peculiarities. Fig. 17 has a large circular face, composed of a



cluster of small bosses, set with five circular turquoise, and four rubies; the centre being a turquoise, with a ruby and turquoise alternating round it. The ring is of silver. It is in the Londesborough Collection, as also is Fig. 18, another silver ring set with an octangular bloodstone, with a circular turquoise on each side. Fig. 19 is a signet ring, bearing the name of its original owner engraved on a cornelian. This also is of silver.

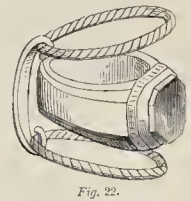
The modern Egyptians indulge greatly in finger rings. The wife of the poorest peasant will cover her hands with them, though they be only cast in pewter, decorated with gems of coloured glass, and not worth a penny each. For ladies of the higher



class very pretty rings are designed. One of them is here engraved (Fig. 21), from an original purchased by the author in Cairo. It is a simple hoop of twisted gold, to which

is appended a series of pendent ornaments, consisting of small beads of coral, and thin plates of gold, cut to represent the leaves of a plant. As the hand moves, these ornaments play about the finger, and a very brilliant effect might be produced if diamonds were used in the pendants. Fig. 20 is the ring commonly worn by the middle class Egyptian men. They are usually of silver, set with mineral stones, and are valued as the manufacture of the silversmiths of Mecca, that sacred city being supposed to exert a holy influence on all the works it originates.

There is also a curious ring, with a double "keeper," worn by Egyptian men, as shown in Fig. 22. It is composed entirely of common cast silver, set with mineral stone. The lowermost keeper of twisted wire is first put on the finger, then follows the ring,



the second keeper is then brought down upon it; the two being held by a brace which passes at the back of the ring, and gives security to the whole.

At the commencement of the present century, "harlequin-rings" were fashionable in England. They were so called because set round with variously-coloured stones, in some way resembling the motley costume of the hero of pantomime. To these succeeded "Regard-rings," the stones selected so that the initial of the name of each spelt altogether the word *regard*, thus:—

- R—Ruby.
- E—Emerald.
- G—Garnet.
- A—Amethyst.
- R—Ruby.
- D—Diamond.

These pleasing and agreeable *gages d'amitie* originated with the French jewellers, and were soon made to spell proper names. Where precious stones could not be obtained with the necessary initial, mineral stones, such as *lapis-lazuli*, and *verde antique*, were pressed into the service. These rings are now occasionally made. The Princess Alexandra of Wales is said to possess one having the familiar name of the Prince, "Bertie," spelt thus upon it.

With two specimens of modern French work we close our selection of designs. The first is a signet ring, the face engraved with



a coat of arms. At the sides two *cupidons* repose amid scroll-work partaking of the taste of the *renaissance*. The same peculiarity influences the design of the second example. Here a central arch of five stones, in separate settings, are held by the heads and outstretched wings of *Chimeras*, whose

breasts are also jewelled. Both are excellent designs.

The last ring we shall bring before the reader's notice is the famous "fisherman's ring" of the Pope. It is a signet ring of steel used for the briefs issued from the Romish Court. "When a brief is written to religious or general important matter, the impression from the fisherman's ring is said to be made upon a gold surface; in some other cases it appears upon lead; and these seals are generally attached by strings of silk. Impressions of this seal are also made in ink direct upon the substance on which the brief is written." Mr. Edwards, of New York, from whose pleasant volume



on finger-rings we copy this cut, calls attention to the classic form of the boat and oar, showing its direct derivation from an antique original. The seal is also made in the fashion of a Roman signet. A now one is made for every pope, and Mr. Edwards thus narrates the ceremonies connected therewith:—"When a pope dies, the Cardinal Chamberlain, or Chancellor, accompanied by a large number of the high dignitaries of the papal court, comes into the room where the body lies, and the principal or great notary makes an attestation of the circumstance. Then the Cardinal Chamberlain calls out the name of the deceased pope three times, striking the body each time with a gold hammer, and as no response comes, the chief notary makes another attestation. After this the Cardinal Chancellor demands the fisherman's ring, and certain ceremonies are performed over it; and then he strikes the ring with a golden hammer, and an officer destroys the figure of Peter by the use of a file. From this moment all the authority and acts of the late Pope pass to the College or Conclave of Cardinals. When a new Pope is consecrated, it is always the Cardinal Chancellor, or Chamberlain, who presents the renewed fisherman's ring, and this presentation is accompanied by imposing ceremonies."

Such, then, are the facts we have gathered about finger rings, scattered over the history of many ages and nations. It will, we think, be conceded that the research displays much that is curious, and is another proof of the interest that may attach to any investigation, however trifling it may appear to those who skim the mere surface of things. The impress of man's mind remains upon his work when the frail hand that fashioned it has long since been consigned to the resting-place, and again mixed with its native elements. The taste, the superstition, the faith of past ages, leave an impress on so trifling a thing as a finger ornament. In the selection of illustrations we have been guided by their historic value as well as their artistic merits, so that they may be referred to as authorities to test the age and country of other works of their class, if brought to them for comparison.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM FREDERICK WITHERINGTON, R.A.

THE death of this veteran landscape-painter, which was briefly announced in our last month's number, occurred on the 10th of April, within a very few weeks of the completion of his eightieth year. In the *Art-Journal* of March, 1859, appeared, under the title of "British Artists," a tolerably long notice of the life and works of Mr. Witherington. This renders it unnecessary for us to do more on the present occasion than refer very briefly to him.

He was born in Goswell Street, London, in 1785, and pursued, when arrived at a proper age, his Art-studies in the schools of the Royal Academy, with the intention, from the first, of becoming a landscape-painter, yet paying due attention to the study of figures, which it will be remembered by all who know the best works of the artist, form very prominent objects in his pictures. Mr. Witherington first appeared as an exhibitor in 1810-11 at the British Institution, and soon after at the Royal Academy. From that time till the year before last his works were rarely absent from each annual exhibition at the latter gallery, and they were very frequently seen in that of the British Institution. In 1830 he was elected Associate of the Academy, and in 1840 Royal Academician.

The works of this artist will never take rank in the highest class of English landscape painting. His compositions are often formal, and their colouring is somewhat cold and hard; but, to quote what we said of him in years gone by, when he was still among us, "Mr. Witherington is a true lover of English ground, and an able illustrator of its thousand sights of loveliness." Unlike very many of our artists, he has not been beguiled by the beauties of continental scenery to quit his native land in search of the picturesque. Here he has found enough and to spare; and when his own sun goes down—long may it be first, though the shadows of his life are rapidly lengthening—he will leave behind very many pleasant and faithful memories of nooks and corners of old England, lighted up by the sunshine, and enriched by the fancy, of his pencil."

MR. H. J. BODDINGTON.

Equally with ourselves will our readers regret the decease of this popular artist, who, in his fifty-fourth year, after a painfully lingering illness, died at Barnes on the 11th of April last.

The public have long been familiar with the numerous and beautiful works his constant industry and love of Art have produced; but for any detailed mention of his subjects or style, want of space unwillingly compels us simply to refer to the notices his pictures have constantly elicited in these pages. His proper name was Williams, and he belonged to a large family distinguished as painters, some of whom exhibit under other names, as he did, to ensure identification.

In the Society of British Artists (essentially composed of landscapists, and of which he was a member), Mr. Boddington held a high position, his contributions always forming an important feature in the annual exhibitions of that body, and were eagerly sought after as examples of English landscape and English effect; and when we refer to his rendering of Devonshire streams, the misty valleys and the gleaming lakes of North Wales, or the more homely transcripts of our own silvery Thames, we shall have suggested how thoroughly his taste and

choice of subject were dictated by a fondness for the scenery of his own land.

In the Suffolk Street Gallery, 1858, he exhibited 'Windings of the Wye,' and we remember Mr. Ruskin in his "Notes" for that year, in speaking of it and similar pictures by other exhibitors, said, "I do not look upon them as done by recipe. There is evidence in all of them that the painters have worked much out of doors, and have faced midges and wet weather many a long day before they could get into those dexterous habits," &c. This was especially true of Boddington, whose feeling for nature constantly led him to lengthened periods of out-door study, the results of which he so successfully embodied in his contributions to the Royal Academy, British Institution, and other exhibitions.

But we would not omit from this brief record of the sad closing of his career, an allusion to the many estimable qualities by which he enjoyed the affectionate regard of a large circle of friends.

MRS. THEODOSIA TROLLOPE.

This lady—a writer whose pen has been occasionally employed in the service of our journal—died in April last at Florence, where she and her husband, Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope, resided. Mrs. Trollope was a contributor, though rarely recognised but by her initials, to other periodical works of literature. The series of letters recording the events of the late Italian revolution, and published afterwards under the title of "Social Aspects of the Italian Revolution," originally appeared in the columns of the *Athenaeum*, to which she was a constant contributor. Some papers on the Italian poets were published in the *Cornhill Magazine*; and last year *All the Year Round* contained a few chapters—reminiscences of her own early days passed in Devonshire. But the work by which she is most favourably known to the literary world, is her translation of Nicolini's "Arnaldo da Brescia." It shows her to have possessed poetical talent far above mediocrity. All her writings, in fact, are distinguished by power of observation, graceful diction, and true womanly gentleness.

MR. G. H. R. YOUNG.

This sculptor, whose death occurred on the 4th of January, at the age of thirty-nine, was a native of Berwick-on-Tweed. In early years he gave proof of true genius. Leaving Berwick he settled at Ulverston, in Lancashire, where he married and resided for ten years, pursuing his avocation with considerable success. His first work that excited public attention, was a bust of Sir John Barrow, the Arctic explorer. About eight years ago, owing to domestic affliction, he left Lancashire, and settled in Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he not only made many friends, but showed by the artistic busts he executed, that his creative powers were gradually expanding, in a manner which augured well for his future professional eminence. He produced characteristic and life-like busts of most of the prominent public men of the North, including Sir John Fife, the late Mr. R. Stephenson, the late Mr. R. Grainger, builder of "modern" Newcastle, the late J. T. Taylor, the eminent mining engineer, &c. We regret to say that, by his premature death, his widow and children are left almost entirely unprovided for, for whom a subscription is now being raised. Any sums sent to Mr. R. Fisher, Elliott Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne, will be acknowledged.

PICTURE SALES.

MESSRS. FOSTER AND SONS sold, on the 29th of March, at their gallery in Pall Mall, the collection of English paintings belonging to the late Mr. Richard G. Reeves, of Birmingham, which was conspicuous for its numerous examples of the works of W. Müller and D. Cox. Among the former may be enumerated 'The Baron's Hall—Francis I. at Fontainebleau,' 101 gs. (Holmes); 'Scene at Gillingham—Twilight,' 125 gs. (Lucas); 'Venice,' 127 gs. (Earl); 'Pont Hoogan, North Wales,' a small canvas, 265 gs. (W. Cox); 'Prayer in the Arabian Desert,' another small work, 310 gs. (Flatou); 'Shipping off Venice—the Fête Day of Santa Maria,' 285 gs. (W. Cox); 'The Slave Market, Cairo,' 1,060 gs. (Agnew); this last picture has always been considered Müller's *chef-d'œuvre*, though he probably did not receive for it one-fourth part of the sum now paid for it. By David Cox were—'Carting Vetches,' 120 gs. (Wallis); 'Bolton Abbey,' 155 gs. (Agnew); 'Peat Gatherers returning,' a scene in Wales, 228 gs. (Agnew); 'Lane Scene in Cheshire,' 135 gs. (Wallis); 'Solitude,' a Welsh scene, 84 gs. (Whitehouse); 'Landscape,' with flock of sheep, cottage, and figures, and 'A Windy Day,' two small cabinet pictures, 130 gs. (Agnew); 'Morecambe Sands,' and 'Bolton Park,' 135 gs. (Flatou); these pictures formed a portion of the works by Cox exhibited in London shortly after his death. The more important of the other paintings in Mr. Reeves's collection were—'Old Mill at Chugford, Devon,' T. Creswick, R.A., 165 gs. (Agnew); 'Thames Embankment, and Entrance to Bristol,' J. B. Pyne, 115 gs. (Pennell); 'An Italian Beauty,' C. Baxter, 85 gs. (Wallis); 'The Opening of Waterloo Bridge,' finished sketch for the large and well-known picture by J. Constable, R.A., 78 gs. (W. Cox); 'The Gentle Student,' J. Sanl, A.R.A., 84 gs. (Wallis); 'Cattle in Canterbury Meadows,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 265 gs. (Agnew); 'West's First Effort in Art,' an early work of E. M. Ward's, R.A., 185 gs. (Lloyd); 'Interior—Meal-time,' J. Phillip, R.A., a small canvas, 455 gs. (Flatou). There were in all seventy-eight pictures, which produced the sum of 46,275.

A considerable number of oil-paintings, both ancient and modern, forming a portion of the same gallery, were sold on the day following, but they demand no special notice.

The collection of Mr. John Knowles, of Manchester, attracted, by its well-known importance, a large number of buyers and amateurs to the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, on the 7th and 8th of April, when it was submitted for sale. Mr. Knowles was a collector of modern engravings as well as of water-colour pictures and oil paintings, and in each of these classes of Art-works were numerous valuable examples. Of the engravings, the large majority of which were after Turner, we need only point out the series of "England and Wales" and the "Picturesque Views of the Southern Coast," fine sets of engravers' proofs, which sold for 150 gs. The principal drawings in water-colours were:—'View on the Sussex Downs,' Copley Fielding, 105 gs. (E. White); 'Grapes and Peaches,' about six inches by nine, W. Hunt, 110 gs. (Tooth); 'Sunset,' G. Barrett, 100 gs. (Perkins); 'The Disobedient Prophet,' J. Linnell, 120 gs. (E. White); 'A Wreck on the Coast,' thirteen inches by eighteen, C. Stanfield, R.A., 253 gs. (Gambart); 'The Village Smithy,' W. Hunt, 149 gs. (Perkins); 'The Young Gondolier,' P. Goodall, R.A., 150 gs. (Agnew); 'Nuremberg,' S. Prout, 310 gs. (Quilter); 'Valeta Harbour, Malta,' about six inches by ten, the engraved drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 230 gs. (E. White); 'Scene from Woodstock,' G. Cattermole, 80 gs. (Graves); 'The King's Trumpets and Kettledrums,' J. Gilbert, 148 gs. (Vokins); 'The Gleaners,' P. F. Poole, R.A., 130 gs. (Perkins); 'The Rialto, Venice,' R. P. Bonington, 75 gs. (Vokins); 'Saltash, Cornwall,' eleven inches by sixteen, engraved in the "England and Wales" series, J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 210 gs. (Vokins); 'Windsor Forest,' ten inches by fifteen, J. Linnell, 245 gs. (Smith); 'The

Last Sleep of Argyle,' a very beautiful drawing about twelve inches by fourteen, by E. M. Ward, R.A., 251 gs. (Agnew).

The oil-paintings included:—'The Cut Finger,' Duverger, 120 gs. (Gambart); 'Coast Scene—a Storm impending,' small, J. Linnell, 126 gs. (Agnew); 'The Sweep,' the cabinet picture by P. D. Hardy, engraved, 260 gs. (Graves); 'Mountains between Pont Aberglaslyn and Festiniog,' Copley Fielding, 140 gs. (Vokins); 'Cattle, Sunset,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 150 gs. (Agnew); 'The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' M. Stone, 150 gs. (Flatou); 'View in Devonshire,' T. Creswick, R.A., 210 gs. (Vokins); 'The Maternal Lesson,' T. Faed, R.A., 300 gs. (Flatou); 'The Piper—a Scene in Brittany,' P. Goodall, R.A., 147 gs. (Wetherall); 'Scene from *Twelfth Night*,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 155 gs. (Flatou); 'The Seven Ages,' a series of seven pictures, G. Smith, 248 gs. (Shaw and others); 'Sheep,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 190 gs. (Perkins); 'Waiting an Answer,' E. Nicol, R.S.A., 86 gs. (Flatou); 'Mother and Child,' Plassan, 145 gs. (Perkins); 'The Maternal Lesson,' C. R. Leslie, R.A., 140 gs. (Wetherall); 'The Slave Market,' W. Müller, 600 gs. (Agnew); 'The Village School,' small, E. Frère, 549 gs. (Wetherall); 'Harwich Castle, Early Morning,' W. Müller, 320 gs. (Edwards); 'La Chute des Feuilles,' Gallait, 580 gs. (Perkins); 'Venice, Riva degli Schiavoni—Fish Boats,' E. W. Cooke, R.A., 380 gs. (Flatou); 'Water-Carriers, Venice,' H. O'Neill, A.R.A., 311 gs. (Agnew); 'Card Players,' W. Collins, R.A., 200 gs. (Agnew); 'Angers, on the Maine et Loire,' small, but very fine, C. Stanfield, R.A., 500 gs. (Hayward); 'Religious Controversy in the Time of Louis XIV.,' A. Elmore, R.A., 1,000 gs. (Agnew); 'The Smile' and 'The Crown,' a miniature of the pair, each about three inches by seven, of the well-known pictures by T. Webster, R.A., 100 gs. (Shaw); 'Pickahack,' P. F. Poole, R.A., 521 gs. (Agnew); 'The Gipsy Toilette,' J. Phillip, R.A., 500 gs. (Agnew); 'The Light of the World,' a small *replica* of the larger painting by W. Holman Hunt, 450 gs. (Gambart); 'The Errand Boy,' in size only fourteen inches by nineteen, Sir D. Wilkie, R.A., 1,050 gs. (Farrer); 'Gate of the Zaccaron, Mosque at Cordova,' D. Roberts, 680 gs. (Wetherall); 'Spanish Muleteers crossing the Pyrenees,' Rosa Bonheur, 2,000 gs. (Graves); 'Escape of Glaucus and Ione, with the Blind Girl, Nydia, from Pompeii,' P. F. Poole, R.A., 855 gs. (Agnew); 'The Hayfield,' J. Linnell, 710 gs. (Vokins); 'Scene from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*,' A. L. Egg, R.A., 665 gs. (Flatou); 'Lear and the Fool in the Storm,' W. Dyce, R.A., 460 gs. (Wetherall); 'The Sleeping Beauty,' D. Macise, R.A., 895 gs. (Agnew); 'View in Kent, Stormy Sky,' J. Linnell, 675 gs. (Agnew). The entire sale produced £21,750.

The sums paid for some of these works illustrate in a remarkable manner an assertion made in our last number, that it was difficult to understand on what principle pictures are sometimes bought in the present day; certainly it is not that of merit alone. The greatest amount of intellectual labour in a picture, combined with unquestionable artistic qualities, does not constitute merit in the opinion of buyers. Here, for example, we find the sum of 2,000 guineas given for a drove of cattle, admirably painted it is true; while Macise's 'Sleeping Beauty,' a grand composition, full of the richest imagination, with a multiplicity of figures, a marvellous scene of romance, does not reach half the amount. Wilkie's small cabinet picture, an 'Errand Boy,'—and nothing more,—is knocked down for 1,050 gs., and Dyce's large and nobly-painted picture, 'Lear,'—albeit the subject is not the most attractive, perhaps,—stops at 460 gs. Again, J. Linnell's 'Hayfield,' undoubtedly a very beautiful little work, sells for 710 guineas, and his 'View in Kent,' a much larger and grander composition, of his earlier time and manner, is sold for considerably less. These are examples of "patronage" which puzzle the uninitiated in those who desire to see painting in this country assuming a higher position and aiming at a more elevated standard than mere wall-ornaments.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

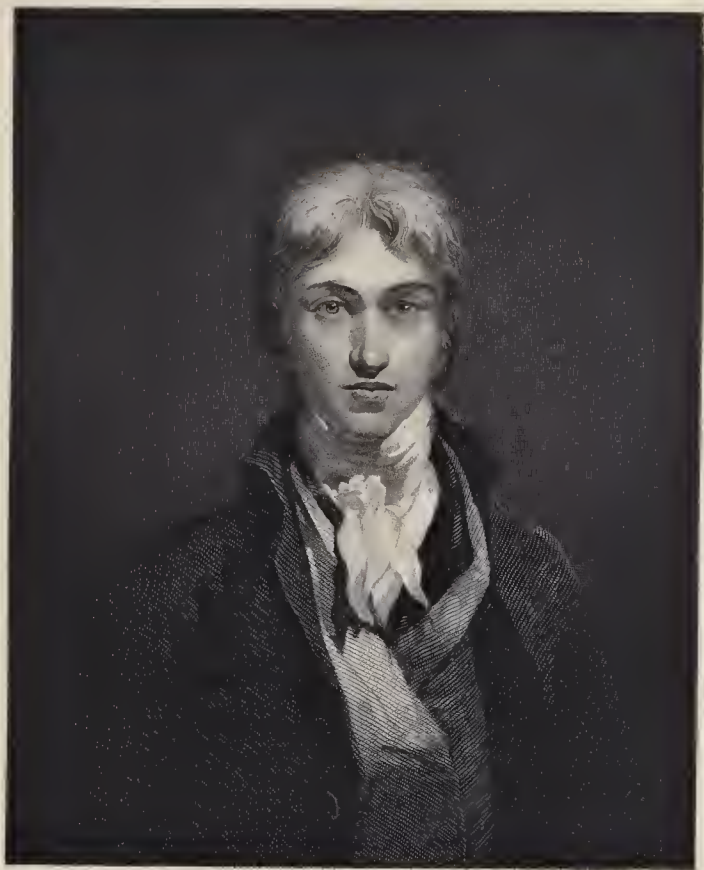
JOSEPH MALLOLD WILLIAM TURNER, R.A.
Engraved by W. Holl.

SOME day, though in all probability not during the present generation, England will erect a Walhalla, as Ludwig of Bavaria has done at Munich, for the reception of statues of her great men, instead of placing them in the public streets, or where they certainly have no right to be, in St. Paul's Cathedral. Christian temples were never intended for such works of Art, and it is to be hoped the time is not very far distant when the statues, which assuredly do not add to the sacred character of the edifice, will have another home assigned to them. When we, or our children, get a British Walhalla, the statue of Turner and its companions, now in St. Paul's, will have a more fitting domicile than that they now occupy, and from which they ought to be removed at the earliest opportunity.

Nearly seven years ago we published an engraving of the statue of Turner, by Bailey, a full-length, representing the great painter as he appeared towards the close of his life. That erected in St. Paul's is by MacDowell, and shows the painter in the vigour of his manhood. The half-length figure we now introduce is from the portrait in the National Gallery, painted by himself when a comparatively young man, about thirty years of age; that is, about 1803, the period of his being elected into the Academy.

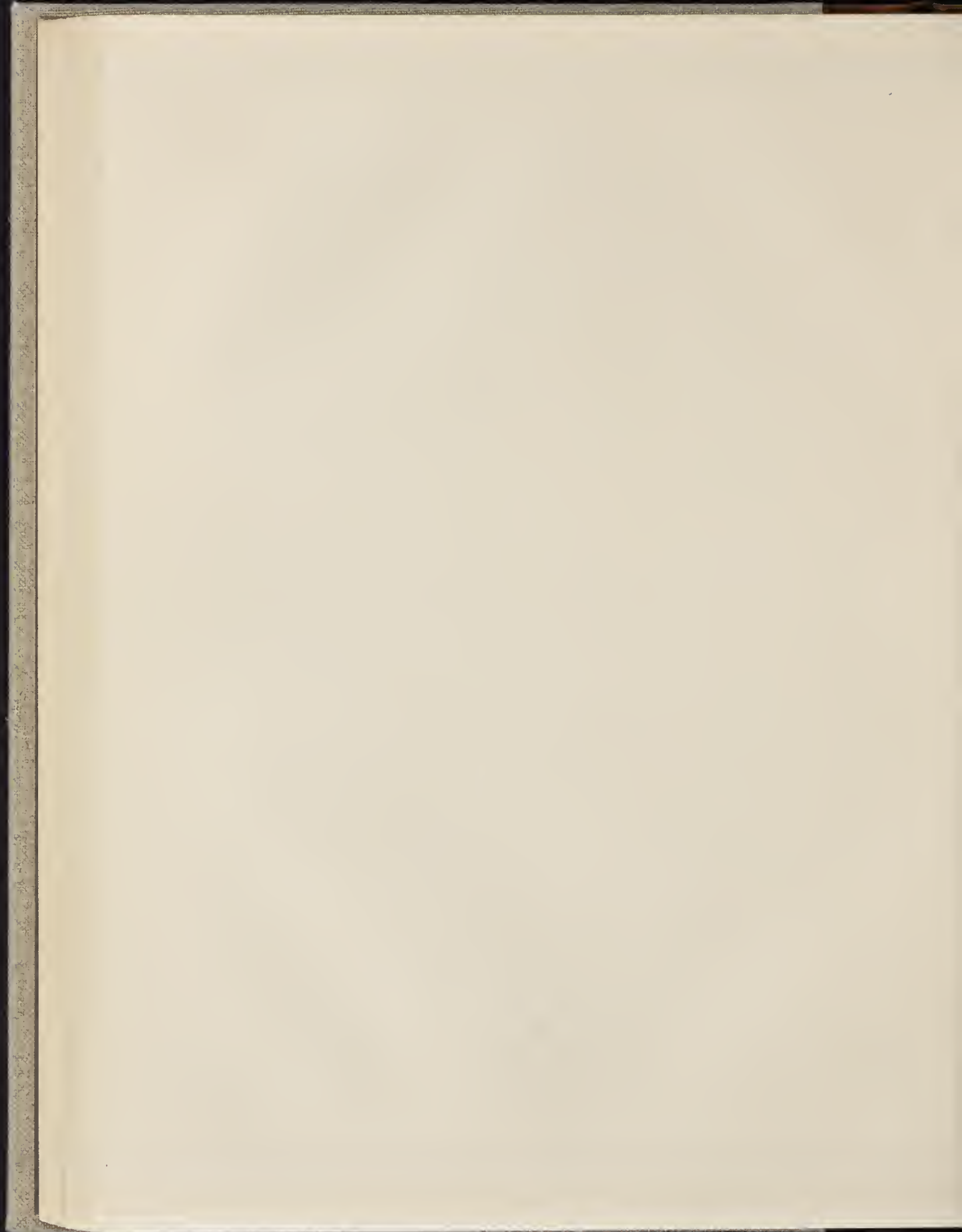
Assuming this portrait to be truthful, Turner could never lay claim to be considered handsome. His features are too large, and are strongly marked, but the face is very expressive and bright, showing strong resolution and determination of purpose. These characteristics he maintained throughout his whole career, but as life advanced, other qualities left their impress on his countenance, and rendered it in every way less attractive. The desire of amassing wealth, whatever might have been its object, his habits of reclusiveness, his independence of public opinion, though he certainly was not impervious to the stings of adverse criticism; the knowledge that he possessed powers which the world at large could neither appreciate nor understand, his professional jealousy, or other motives, that rendered his studio a hermit's cell, or a secret chamber into which no strange foot dare intrude,—all these peculiarities of life, disposition, and conduct, put their stamp on his outward appearance as years increased. No man who withdraws from constant association with his fellow-man, as Turner did almost from his youth, communing with nature only, but must carry about him open and visible signs of alienation from the world, and the absence of sympathy with it. To his love of the beautiful in nature, the labours of his life abundantly testify; of his love of his fellow-creatures, as exemplified in act and deed, the record is not so ample and clear. To say that Turner had no generous thoughts of others, that his hands were ever closed against the appeals of charity or misfortune, would be to hbel him; but, as a rule, he lived to himself and for himself, and he died as he lived—alone.

Men have been slow to recognise his wonderful genius; but the time has come at length when the son of the obscure barber and hair-dresser in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, is elevated to the highest pinnacle of glory in landscape-painting. He hewed out for himself a path to honour which none had ever traced before, and which few, if any, can hope to follow.



W. P. H. 1811

John W. Lewis



THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

TUESDAY, the 9th of May, was "a great day for Ireland." His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales must have been highly gratified by the reception he met with from all classes and orders of the Irish people: the cheers in the streets preceded those he received in the building; they were earnest and emphatic; nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of the proceedings: from the beginning thus far towards the end, the Exhibition has been, as we anticipated it would be, "a grand success."

The ceremonial of the opening took place in "the crystal palace"—the winter garden—which forms so important a part of the structure. The day, although not bright, was not gloomy. The aristocracy of Ireland surrounded the dais, and eight or ten thousand of the higher orders of the people were present. There was no confusion whatever, either within or without; no inconvenient crowding. If the Prince saw "a mob," it was a mob of ladies and gentlemen, fervid with their greetings to the young heir of the British crown; but no intrusive curiosity annoyed him for a moment during his progress along the aisles and through the galleries. All matters were so well arranged, the plans were so thoroughly digested, by Sir Bernard Burke (Ulster) and the executive committee, as to have left no ground for complaint.

The public journals have so fully detailed the proceedings as to render unnecessary any comments on that head. Our description of the Exhibition must be necessarily postponed: first, because of the late period of the month at which we write; and next, because the collection is by no means complete.

The picture galleries are, however, nearly all hung, and we may form a correct idea of what they will ultimately be. The crowd of paintings is immense; the larger proportion being the contributions of foreigners. Among them, however, there are none by leading artists of the Continent; the great masters of France, Germany, and Belgium, are not in the list; those of the second-class are few; those of the third being numerous enough. England has been very chary of loans. Her Majesty, however, sends several: among them 'The Wolf and the Lamb,' by Mulready, and 'The Maid of Saragossa,' by Wilkie; while the National Gallery is a liberal contributor: from the Vernon collection alone there are fifteen modern works.

We regret that Irish artists are not better represented: MacIose is not seen to the best advantage in his picture of 'Noah's Sacrifice;' South Kensington might have sent the 'Hamlet;' while three or four of Mulready's great works could have been well spared to evidence in Ireland the genius of her great countryman. In a word, it is, as we feared it would be, not a collection that satisfactorily represents the painters of England; although, no doubt, we shall be able to show, when we can report more fully, that it is an important and very interesting assemblage of Art-works.

One of the most attractive features of the Exhibition is the Sculpture Court; but Irish sculptors (so many of whom are justly famous) are absentees: as yet neither Foley nor Mac Dowell are here. A very charming statue by Mr. Kirk upholds the fame of Ireland. The best work is a sleeping shepherd, called 'A Sleeping Fawn,' by Miss Hosmer; the next best is, perhaps, the 'Judith' by Storey. But the contributions

in sculpture are numerous and of great merit. We shall notice them hereafter.

Our praise of the Art-manufacture department of the Exhibition must be somewhat qualified. A few of the leading manufacturers of England exhibit: Mr. Alderman Copeland "comes out" in great strength: his contributions uphold the renown he has acquired; Minton's choicest works are shown by Mr. Goodo; the Hill Pottery of Burslem is well represented; some of the finest productions of Worcester are shown. The goldsmiths have given little or no help. We sadly miss the works that Hunt and Roskell, Hancock, Phillips, Elkington, and others, might have sent. The watches and jewellery of Mr. White, of Cockspur Street (many of them of Irish make), are, however, of great excellence; so are those of Amber and Linton, of Regent Street, and those of Benson, of Ludgate Hill; while the Irish productions of Mr. Waterhouse justly command attention. Of glass manufacture there are admirable specimens by Green, Powell, and Copeland; but there is nothing by either Dobson and Pearce, Pellatt, or Ostler. The furniture is chiefly of Irish manufacture, but it is very good. A fine cabinet in ebony is contributed by Messrs. Trollope; while the "imitation" furniture of Messrs. Dyer and Watts, and the very charming "fancy" cabinets, tables, &c., of Messrs. Brunswick, make some amends for the absence of more important manufactures. Birmingham and Sheffield give little help. The only manufacturer of grates, &c., is Mr. Crichley, of Birmingham, who shows well. Blashfield sends an admirable collection of his terra cotta works, and Magnus some beautiful examples of chimney-pieces in enamelled slate.

The foreign aids to this department are not very striking. Stèves "shines," but Franco is otherwise represented chiefly by second-rate bronzes and imitation bronzes; Miroy Brothers being the only contributors of good bronzes. There are shawls, however, of marvellous excellence, contributed by Duché Brothers; and silks and lace of great beauty. Neither Belgium nor Austria has done much; but Italy is a valuable aid.

The collections of Indian works, under the direction of Dr. Forbes Watson and Captain Meadows Taylor—contributed chiefly by her Majesty and the Indian Board—is of the rarest excellence, and might alone form an exhibition; while some of our colonies have rendered important assistance.

A Mediæval Court is in all respects excellent, made up by Hardman, Hart, and Skidmore.

On the whole, the Exhibition affords subject of exceeding satisfaction. If there are defects, they are apparent only to those who miss the absentees; there is ample room for praise, and very little indeed to condemn. The collected "goods" of the World together make a most important "show." It would be unreasonable, as well as unfair, to institute any comparison between it and that of London in 1862. The several committees have done their best; they had to contend against many difficulties—above all, that which the managers in 1862, by gross mal-administration, bequeathed to them—a general distaste among producers to sustain, or even to encourage, exhibitions of Art-manufactures.

Next month we shall be in a position to criticise in detail the contents of the International Exhibition at Dublin in 1865.

Meanwhile, we again express a hope that advantage will be taken of the occasion to visit Ireland, to see this really beautiful building and the many charming works of Art it contains.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

BIRMINGHAM.—The local journals speak encouragingly of the success of the Permanent Art Gallery, which was opened in this populous town in the spring. The contributions have reached nearly 700, and the sales have been many. The object of the projectors of the exhibition is to afford artists a permanent gallery for displaying and selling works which are *bona fide* their own property—no dealer, public or private, being allowed to send. A commission of 7½ per cent. is charged on the picture when sold, and the balance is at once handed over to the artist, who may immediately refill the vacancy caused by the removal of the picture. It is obvious that the plan adopted must prove beneficial to a large class of painters who may not have the opportunity of showing elsewhere their labours to the public. A discretionary power of rejecting pictures not considered eligible is vested in the managers: this is a judicious arrangement, absolutely necessary to prevent the introduction of positive worthlessness.

DARLINGTON.—Mr. Eyre Crowe, one of the government inspectors, examined, in April last, the works of the pupils of the School of Art in this town. The results of the examination, judging from the list of successful competitors, are far more satisfactory than on any previous occasion.

HEREFORD.—The Bath and West of England Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture, Arts, &c. &c., opens its exhibition this month in Hereford. The society is one of the oldest of its kind, having been founded in 1777, and has always enjoyed good local support.

HULL.—The new Townhall is to have a statue of Edward I., of which Mr. T. Earl has finished the model. The king is represented wearing a state cloak, his left hand resting on his sword-hilt, and his right holding out the charter of incorporation granted to the town. The statue, of heroic size, is to be executed in Sicilian marble, and will be placed in a niche of the principal hall of the building, of which Mr. C. Brodriek is the architect.

MANCHESTER is taking measures for erecting a statue of Richard Cobden.

SALISBURY.—A meeting, both numerous and influential, has been held, to promote in this city the establishment of a School of Art. Mr. Buckmaster, from the Department of Science and Art, attended, to explain the system adopted by the Department with reference to these provincial institutions.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The annual distribution of prizes to the successful competitors in the Southampton School of Art, was made on the 26th of April. Colonel Sir Henry James, R.E., F.R.S., occupied the chair, and presented the medals and other prizes, a very large number in the aggregate. The first of these was a "national" medallion, gained by Mr. R. J. King, awarded to him at the national competition last year at South Kensington for a drawing in chalk from a cast. The same student also received an honorary prize of two guineas, given by Mr. Alderman Rose, one of the members for the borough. The Southampton school is now, we hear, free from debt.

WINDSOR.—The "Art-Treasures" Exhibition, opened in this town for a few days only in the month of April, received many valuable contributions from the collections of her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and many of the most distinguished patrons of Art in Windsor and its neighbourhood, as well as from several non-residents. Jewellery and costly objects of *virtu* antique and modern abounded; the valuable wedding-caskets presented by various corporations to the Prince and Princess of Wales, were exhibited; rare books were laid on the tables; and numerous paintings and drawings, some of them by our most noted artists, and some by the "old masters," adorned the walls. For a "provincial" exhibition the display was of an unusually excellent order; but, then, Windsor is the seat of royalty, it must be remembered, and therefore possesses peculiar advantages for such an exhibition.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ANNUAL BANQUET at the Royal Academy was "much as usual:" men of science and letters mingled with artists. The talk concerned Art; but there was no attempt at novelty: no hint that could indicate the future of the Academy, unless, indeed, one was conveyed by the President of the Royal Society that the two institutions were likely to be friendly neighbours. The speech of the evening was made by the Earl of Derby, who, with peculiar delicacy and grace, alluded to his appearance among the authors, his name having been associated with the toast, "the Interests of Literature," which he described as "cruel kindness" on the part of his host; adding that he had "no claim to respond for the literature of the country, any more than any person might have a claim to be admitted to the distinguished honour of belonging to the Academy on the sole pretension of having produced one single copy, however faithful, of one of the great masters."

NATIONAL GALLERY.—Velasquez's picture 'The Dead Warrior,' recently purchased in Paris at the sale of the Pourtales collection at the price of £1,480, is a valuable acquisition to the National Gallery, where it is now placed. The figure, bare-headed and wearing a breastplate, is "laid out" on its back, like some monumental effigy, only at an angle with the plane of the picture, so as to afford the painter an opportunity of exhibiting some admirable foreshortening. It lies under the shadow of a great rock by the seaside, from which protrudes the decayed branch of a tree, and on this hangs a lighted lamp, to keep off evil spirits. White and cold as marble is the dead man's upturned face, yet the flesh looks as if it would yield to the touch, and the expression of the countenance is supremely placid. The colour of the picture is low in tone, but the figure comes out with telling effect against the background.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The jubilee anniversary festival of this society was held on the 6th of May at the Freemasons' Tavern, Lord Houghton in the chair. His lordship was supported by Sir Roderick Murchison, Mr. A. B. Beresford-Hope, Mr. Westmacott, R.A.; Mr. T. Creswick, R.A.; Mr. Weekes, R.A.; Mr. T. Paed, R.A., and several other members of the Royal Academy, with Mr. Hurlstone, Mr. G. Godwin, F.S.A., &c. More than 200 gentlemen connected with or interested in the Fine Arts sat down to dinner. The chairman's appeal on behalf of the institution, whose transactions during the past year were set forth in our Journal of April, was answered by subscriptions to the amount of £1,116 13s., a sum considerably above the average of preceding years.

MADLLE ROSA BONHEUR'S GREAT PICTURE, 'A Family of Deer crossing the Long Rocks in the Forest of Fontainebleau,' now exhibiting at the French Gallery, will bear favourable comparison with anything she has before done. 'The Horse-fair' is a marvellous display of prosaic difficulties overcome, and the descriptions in the 'Breton Oxen' extend into lengthened argument; but in the picture now before the public there is a sentiment which, in tenderness, is far beyond the feeling Madlle. Bonheur has hitherto shown. Five hinds and a fawn are being led by an old and wary stag across the well-known plateau that rises at Fontainebleau some three hundred feet above the level of the Seine. The leader has suddenly stopped, with his head

erect, his ears thrown forward, expanded nostrils, and an expression of alarm in his eye. The attitude of the animal is most expressive, and readily intelligible. The fear of the stag is shared by only one of the hinds—an old one, who knows perfectly the habits of the stag, from having been for years accustomed to follow him—her head is raised, as trying to ascertain the cause of danger. Another of the hinds has her fawn by her side, and all her care is shown for her offspring, which she is caressing, heedless of the apprehensions of the two sours of the family. The youngest hind, unconscious of danger, has stopped to drink at a pool left by the rain. Nothing can exceed the simplicity of the composition, which may be said to consist of only three well-united parts—the group, the ground, and the sky—yet the working out of this arrangement, simple as it is, has cost the artist perhaps, relatively, more labour than any other of her works.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY have had some difference with Mr. E. Gambart, relative to the two pictures, 'The Horse Fair,' by Rosa Bonheur, and 'The Derby Day,' by Frith, both of which belong to the Bell portion of the National collection. These pictures were bequeathed to the nation by Mr. Jacob Bell after he had made a contract with Mr. Gambart, by which the publisher was allowed to engrave them and exhibit them publicly for a certain period. The trustees consider that period has been exceeded. Mr. Gambart affirms that it is not so; and it would appear there are no written documents to establish the fact either way. 'The Horse Fair' is now, we believe, in the hands of the trustees. The delay in delivery is thus accounted for:—Rosa Bonheur painted three pictures of that subject: the first was sold to an American gentleman; the second was purchased for 1000 guineas of Mr. Gambart by Mr. Bell; but the lady not thinking it altogether worthy of our National Gallery, resolved on replacing it by another and better. That she has produced—making the third; but the trustees consider they have no authority to receive it, and require back that which is their own, on which, however, the artist has "worked," so as greatly to improve it. 'The Derby Day' is, it seems, being exhibited in Australia: Mr. Gambart affirming that Mr. Bell knew it was his intention thus to send it on its travels, before he gave it to the nation. It will soon be in its place at South Kensington.

WEST LONDON INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—Another of the exhibitions of "working men" has been held at the Floral Hall, Covent Garden. It has resembled those which have gone before, and will be just like the many that are to follow; consisting of works by men who labour in their several crafts, and such as are the amateur productions of the leisure hours of artisans. The best are, assuredly, those in which men have not wandered out of their particular trades; while those that are most encouraging, are such as show continuous industry when a day's toil is done; such as are, in the truest sense, "home products"—for they are made not in the workshop, but in the parlour, when wife, children, and friends are by. It is this peculiar feature of such institutions that gives to them their main interest: we look upon the walls covered with paintings, drawings, and sketches, not as critics, but to appreciate the enjoyment that each has given to a home circle; and the effect cannot be other than entirely good if their producers will view them only in that light, and not be seduced into an idea of their excellence

because they have been exhibited. In this Hall have been shown the efforts of more than one thousand men and women: a large proportion being mere artisans, who send the fruits of hours that, but for a tendency so to employ them, might, and probably would, be spent in "social" society away from the domestic hearth. We, therefore, wish all prosperity to such undertakings: such labourers as we see here cannot but feel the harmonising and elevating influences of Art—influences that affect for good every parlour of a household in which Art may be cultivated as a sustaining and invigorating luxury.

A PASTORAL STAFF has been recently supplied by Messrs. F. Smith and Co., for the use of the Bishop of Madras. It is a fine specimen of the ecclesiastical silversmith's art—of Koith's manufacture—modelled on a work of the twelfth century. It has not been, however, servilely copied, the details having been subjected to some judicious changes. The crook is composed of silver parcel gilt, the outer curved line of which is crocketed, terminating with a richly-wrought piece of foliage, with a jewelled centre. The staff itself is composed of ebony, ornamented with a central silver knob, engraved and parcel gilt; at the bottom is also a metal finial, treated in the same manner.

MESSRS. CATHERALL AND PRITCHARD, of Chester, have sent us some photographs and stereoscopic slides, the productions of the eminent photographer, Bedford, which we have examined with exceeding pleasure. Those of size represent interiors in Hereford Cathedral; more especially views of the rood-screen and reredos, manufactured by Skidmore, of Coventry, which attracted so much attention at the International Exhibition in 1862. The smaller views are very varied: they represent the more attractive objects to be found at Hereford, Warwick, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Malvern, Coventry, Stratford-on-Avon, Kenilworth, and Chester. The points are in all cases well chosen. They thoroughly exhibit several of the most interesting "historic" cities and towns of England. In execution, the stereoscopic slides are clear, sharp, and of great excellence in all respects. The publishers have our thanks for the instruction and enjoyment they have thus afforded us.

JOHN PARRY'S SKETCHES.—We have been accustomed now for so many years to laugh with Mr. Parry, imitable in his own songs and in his manner of singing them, that we entered Mr. McLean's gallery, in the Haymarket, where his sketches are to be seen, prepared for enjoyment of a kind similar to that which his singing affords us. But Mr. Parry can be as effectively serious as he is irresistibly comic. To instances of the former we shall presently refer, for it is in these that is exemplified a versatility of power whereby he might have acquired a popularity as an artist in no wise inferior to that he enjoys as a singer. Thus we find essays in every material employed in drawing, sketching, and painting; for the difficulties of oil-painting have not stood in the way of Mr. Parry's genius for Art and earnest application. On looking at the beautiful finish of 'The Entombment' (41), after Titian, 'Parmigiano' (45), 'The Temptation' (48), an original chalk sketch for a large picture, and other severe subjects, it is less difficult to ascribe them to the author of "Mrs. Rosleaf," than to assign them to the same hand that produced such overpowering burlesques as "Observations in Omnibuses," and a multitude of other drawings in the same vein. Mr. Parry exacts from us serious criticism. The visi-

tor goes to the exhibition prepared for a laughing festival, and is not disappointed; but the mirth alternates with grave reflection, promoted by thoughts which, if carried out, would take rank in a high order of painting. But we do not find among these drawings Mr. Parry's design for a new national gallery: this is an unpardonable omission. The exhibition is from many obvious reasons one of the most interesting of the season.

THE BAPTISM OF OUR LORD.—This is the subject of a picture painted by Mr. Dowling, and now to be seen at Messrs. Colnaghi & Co., in Pall-Mall. "And John bare record, saying, I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon Him." The act of baptism has been performed: the Saviour is stepping out of the water, and the dove is seen descending amid a flood of light so dazzling, that John holds up his hand to shade his eyes. This is much the best picture Mr. Dowling has yet produced; and it is a most effective rendering of the subject. The only persons present are the Saviour and the Baptist, with the view, undoubtedly, of giving the utmost solemnity to the descent of the Spirit. In considering the relative situations of the figures, they could not have been placed otherwise than they are, with greater advantage. The opposition of the figure of the Saviour to the light may appear an artificial expedient; but we do not conceive that any other arrangement could have been adopted to subserve at once a natural effect and a pictorial exigence. John saw the descent of the Spirit, and he accordingly is looking upwards, overpowered by the heavenly effulgence, and awe-stricken by the words which he hears; and thus for the moment the two figures are most skillfully separated in a manner to leave our Lord even more than the principal impersonation. The time is evening, and hence the landscape is subdued both in its parts and colour. Mr. Dowling's rendering of the subject differs from all other versions we have seen of it, inasmuch as it assumes the baptism to have been effected by immersion. Whether the picture has been painted for any particular denomination of Christians we know not. Be that as it may, the dispositions here enrich the narrative to a degree far beyond that enunciated by the juxtaposition of two figures, with one pouring water from a shell on the head of the other.

THE LAWN AT TATTERSALL'S.—Whether the idea of painting "the lawn" at Tattersall's may have originated with Mr. T. M. Joy, or have been suggested to him, matters little; but it is surprising that a place so famous, with its occasional crowds of celebrities,—all affording such admirable material for what may be considered a sporting picture,—should, as a subject, have remained so long in abeyance. The picture is exhibited in the old subscription room, at Hyde Park Corner. It is in length fifteen feet, and contains about a hundred portraits of subscribers at a meeting, supposed to be held on the Monday before Derby-day. The work was originally intended to be limited to six feet; but so successful were the design and the commencement that it was considered well worthy of being enlarged to the length of fifteen feet: every portrait has, we believe, been painted from the life. The unprivileged world to which Tattersall's is a mystery it may be necessary to disabuse of any poetical association which the name given by courtesy to the place may conjure up. The lawn is a very ordinary circular grass plot in front of the subscription room, a not less commonplace

erection, unassisted by even an apology for embellishment. It is in front of this that are assembled all the famous living patrons of the turf; and the portraits are so faithfully given that the spectator cannot fail to recognise any of those who may be known to him. A few of those well distinguished in this arena are—the Duke of Cleveland, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Payne, the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Ten Broeck, the Marquis of Hastings, Admiral Rous, Lord Chesterfield, Mr. E. Tattersall, Lord Courtenay, Mr. Craven, Mr. Merry, Lord Vivian, Mr. Saville, Sir W. Codrington, Sir P. Johnson, Hon. Spencer Lyttleton, &c.; and the artist has achieved a great success in his description of the whole, as an assemblage of English gentlemen who have met for a purpose more serious than that of mere pleasure. The picture reads as a most interesting chapter in the modern history of the turf.

THE PEAKS AND VALLEYS OF THE ALPS.—There is to be seen at the German Gallery a series of drawings, by Elijah Walton, made with a view of describing certain of the most rugged features of the Alps, with the effects under which they occasionally present themselves. The subjects are not brought forward as landscape studies, but we are led up to the time-worn granite of the mountain side; told to look up, and challenged to deny that the colours we see are those of the morning and evening phenomena of the Alps. In 'Mont Blanc, as seen above Col d'Anterne,' the mist and colour are so remarkable as to look exaggerated; but in all mountainous countries such appearances present themselves, though different in degree according to the height and character of the mountains. To persons who have not seen the hues of an Alpine sunset, the brilliant and tender pink colour here assumed by the snowy peaks may seem fanciful, but it is perfectly true. Among these views are—'The Mer de Glace,' 'Near Courmayeur,' 'The Dent du Midi,' 'The Dent du Midi, Valley of the Rhone,' 'The Viso from the South and East,' &c. Many of the same views have been given by photography, whereby the textures may have been more faithfully rendered, but colour and certain effects cannot be described by such means.

ARTISTS AND AMATEURS' SOCIETY.—The last *conversazione* of the present season took place at Willis's Rooms on the 4th of May. The exhibition of works of Art was, perhaps, less attractive than on some former occasions; still there was much to interest in the display of drawings by Turner, D. Cox, Holland, Sandys—we noticed especially a masterly portrait of an elderly lady by this artist—B. Poster, T. M. Richardson, Cattermole, Dodgson, Jenkins, W. Hull, Davidson, McCallum. Among the oil paintings were conspicuous J. T. Linnell's glorious picture 'The Rainbow,' 'Fisher Boys,' by J. C. Hook, R.A.; 'An Incident in the Early Life of Greuze,' by M. Stone; 'The Bashful Swain,' by J. C. Horsley, R.A.; a small but excellent specimen of J. B. Pyne's pencil, and two or three of F. Dillou's Eastern scenes. Some drawings of cattle by R. Beavis are very clever.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—We are constantly receiving letters and other communications to which direct replies would be given, if the writers afforded us the opportunity of doing so by appending their names and addresses. Every month it is announced in the Journal that this is our plan: we cannot occupy its columns with subjects sent anonymously, and which are too often only of service to the correspondent.

REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF JULIUS CESAR. Vol. I. Published by CASSELL, PETER, AND GALPIN, London.

Rarely, if ever, it may be presumed, has the publication of a book been anticipated with so much curious interest as this history of one imperial potentate from the pen of another. The lives of the two powerful rulers show nothing in common. The one raised himself to a throne by his military genius, the other was elevated to his by the magic power of a name. The one was hurled from his lofty position because the liberties of the people were actually, or were supposed to be, in danger; the other yet maintains his by the most consummate policy, and by a wisdom of government such as, a few years ago, even his warmest friends and admirers would not have given him credit for.

Long before what we are now writing passes into the hands of our readers, the "History of Julius Caesar," by the Emperor Louis Napoleon—whose name, however, does not appear on the title-page—will have been pressed by thousands, and its merits or demerits discussed in every influential journal, in Europe and America. The aim of the work is openly enough avowed in the preface; it is "to prove that, when Providence raises up such men as Caesar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, it is to trace out to peoples the path they ought to follow; to stamp with the seal of their genius a new era; and to accomplish in a few years the labour of many centuries. Happy the peoples who comprehend and follow their will to those who misunderstand and combat them! . . . They are blind and culpable; blind, for they do not see the importance of their efforts to suspend the definitive triumph of good; culpable, for they only retard progress, by impeding its prompt and fruitful application." These are doctrines but ill calculated to find favour in this day, and among nations that are everywhere struggling for freedom of thought and action. It is quite true that the death of Caesar did not prevent Augustus from wearing the purple, nor has the "ostracism of Napoleon by confederated Europe" prevented Louis Napoleon from assuming the reins of empire; but it is not so unequivocally true that the rule of the successors of Augustus was more conducive to the real happiness and welfare of the Romans than when these were governed by men periodically elected by and from themselves; and it must be left to the future to determine whether the resuscitation of the Empire in France will result in "the definitive triumph of good." That a vast amount of good has accompanied, and still does accompany, it, must be acknowledged, and thankfully too, by all who love peace and order.

The argument for which the author contends must not be limited to the three names brought forward to sustain it. If it is good for anything, a wider range must be given it, and it should embrace every notable name that has won for itself empire and power by the edge of the sword. Alexander, Timour, Mahomet, Bajazet, have almost, if not quite, an equal claim with Caesar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon to be ranked with those whose mission was, according to the doctrines here laid down, "to trace out to peoples the path they ought to follow;" nor can we see how the Emperor of France can refuse to recognise their right. There is no denying the fact that the iron rod of despotism, the sword of a military sovereign with a vast army at his command, may keep a nation in pacific obedience to its sovereign, and restrain a revolting spirit; they may even enable a man to sit quietly under his own vine and fig-tree and eat the fruit of his labours; yet too often those who wield the rod or the sword, "make a desert and call it peace." But the subject is not calculated for discussion in a publication like our own, otherwise much might be found to say upon it; the remarks now made are merely hints thrown out to develop a train of thought which the preface to the volume suggests.

This first volume brings the life of Caesar down to the time of his holding the consulship with Bibulus. Whatever view men may take of the opinions enunciated in it, and of the deductions drawn from the acts of Caesar and of

those other great Romans, his contemporaries, all must admit that the book exhibits intimate acquaintance with the history of the times, most industrious research into the works of Roman authors, and that the style in which it is written is eminently attractive. The first of the Roman emperors was, according to his biographer, a man with no other ambition than that which all men of genius possess; if he aspired to sovereign power, it was only because destiny impelled him to it; he did not create events, but took advantage of them, and followed up their leadings; he was an instrument raised up to work out a given end, "to stamp with the seal of his genius a new era;" and having accomplished his mission, he suddenly disappears from the stage on which he had been the greatest actor:—

"Man is immortal till his work is done."

Cæsar lying at the base of Pompey's statue, Napoleon an exile in the little island of St. Helena, point a moral to rulers, whatever construction is put on their lives and actions.

The translation of this book into English was entrusted to Mr. T. Wright, whose name is so familiar to the readers of our Journal. The work could not have been given into better hands, for Mr. Wright is not only a classical scholar, but he is also well acquainted with the French language, both old and modern, as with his own. We have not compared Mr. Wright's translation with the original text, but there can scarcely be a doubt of his work being done with fidelity and judgment: it reads well.

THE CROMLECH ON HOWTH. A Poem by SAMUEL FERGUSON, Q.O., M.R.I.A. With Illustrations from the Books of Kells and of DURROW, and Drawings from Nature by ——— With Notes on Celtic Ornamental Art, revised by G. PETRIE, LL.D. Published by DAY AND SON, London.

We will take in their order respectively each of the four points which this richly-illustrated volume offers for critical notice; and the first is Mr. Ferguson's poem, or funeral ode, supposed to be spoken by Ossian at the obsequies of Aídeán, wife of Ossian's son, who was slain at the battle of Gavra. Aídeán died of grief at the loss of her husband, and was buried on Ben Edar, now the Hill of Howth, the cromlech existing there is presumed to be her sepulchre. Mr. Ferguson's verses are few in number, but they are graceful in description, soft and delicate in poetical expression. Each verse is printed in black letter on a separate page, the capitals commencing the lines are simply coloured, that which begins each stanza being a large illuminated capital. These capitals stand next in order for notes, and are the most attractive feature, to an artist's eye, in the book. They are taken from ancient manuscripts, illuminated copies of the Gospels, said to be the work of St. Columba, and known respectively as the "Book of Kells" and the "Book of Durrow;" both are now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, with some others of a similar kind. The ornamentation of these letters is singularly beautiful, delicate, and unique. Dr. Petrie, the learned Irish antiquarian, in his notes—the third point demanding our consideration—says:—"It is acknowledged by the best writers on the subject that the Irish monks, from the fifth to the end of the eleventh century, brought the art of ornamenting manuscripts to marvellous perfection; and it would appear that the Scotch-Celtic form of this art spread from Ireland through Western Europe, carried by those men whose love and reverence for the sacred writings found expression in the beauty of line and splendour of colour wherewith they delighted to adorn their copies of them. The most remarkable specimen of this art now existing is the 'Book of Kells,' so called from having been preserved in the great abbey-church of Kells, in the diocese of Meath." Dr. Petrie's two chapters upon Scotch-Celtic Art evidence much research into the subject, and knowledge of its characteristics.

There remain for notice the illustrations of the cromlech itself, with the adjoining scenery, seven in number. The anonymous artist is, in all probability, a young—certainly an inex-

perienced—"hand;" he requires much training to enable him to produce a picture, though the views themselves are probably correct enough. These illustrations, which are printed in colours, are the work "point" in a volume otherwise very beautiful and of interest. Messrs. Day have, as is usual with them, spared nothing in the way of getting it up.

THE BLACK BRUNSWICKER. Engraved by T. L. ATKINSON, from the Picture by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. Published by MOORE, McQUEEN, and Co., London.

Mr. Millais's picture is too well known, and has so long passed the ordeal of public criticism, that we have only need to refer to Mr. Atkinson's rendering of it. The subject is not one to call forth any extraordinary powers of the engraver; there is simply a mass of light in close proximity with a mass of dark, and something between these two opposites presented in the wall and door of the room: nothing to test the engraver's skill in the translation of varied colours of costumes, or the diversified tints of flesh and expression of faces. But what he had to do Mr. Atkinson has done well, generally; the lady's dress is as soft and pearly as the finest satin that ever came from the loom, and the Brunswick's sable uniform is solid black. Somewhat more of light upon the upper part of the maiden's face would have given greater delicacy to the tone of the flesh; and if the folds of the arms of the dress had been less strongly marked, or rather not so cut up, they would be more agreeable to the eye. The unnatural twistings of the robe, on the right arm especially, reminding one of the fantastic forms which the roots of some venerable tree take, were not pleasant in Mr. Millais's picture: the engraver has faithfully preserved them, unfortunately. The good, however, far transcends that we consider bad on this point.

THE WEDGWOODS: being a Life of Josiah Wedgwood; with Notices of his Works and their Productions, Memoirs of the Wedgwood and other Families, and a History of the Early Potteries of Staffordshire. By LLEWELLYN JEWITT, F.S.A., &c. &c. With a Portrait and numerous Illustrations. Published by VIRTUE BROTHERS, London.

Half a century ago, if an author had undertaken to produce an elaborate illustrated history concerning English pottery and its makers, he could scarcely have expected to find a hundred readers of his book. But the ceramic arts have within the last few years acquired such a hold on the taste of vast numbers of the wealthier classes, and the productions of the potter, whether ancient or modern, are so eagerly sought after, not so much, perhaps, for use as for ornament, that treatises on the subject, for the better understanding of its peculiarities and value, have become almost a necessity of the times in which we live. Foremost among the manufacturers of fictile wares stands the name of Wedgwood, a family to whom the industrial arts of this country are not lightly indebted, for to the importance and success of one special branch of these arts, the Wedgwoods contributed beyond all others, and they left behind them a reputation which will not soon die out. "Wedgwood" were of the true and best order is a luxury only to be indulged in by the rich; but the taste and skill which the successive owners of the Etruria works brought to bear on their manufactures, have had a powerful influence on the productions of other minds and hands wherever English pottery works exist.

In noticing Mr. Jewitt's volume, it is not necessary for us to say much of the chapters which, from time to time, he has contributed to the pages of the *Art-Journal* on "Wedgwood and Etruria," form the groundwork of his book. He has added largely to his previous writings, as well as to the illustrations; and has, thereby, rendered his history a most worthy tribute to the memory of the "great potter," Josiah Wedgwood, whose name is more especially identified with the establishment of the ceramic Arts in England.

INVENTIVE DRAWING. A Practical Development of Elementary Design. By EDWARD BALL. Published by R. HADWICKE, London.

The object of this work is to teach geometrical drawing, on what is known as the Pestalozzian system, which is, in a few words, to make lines, curves, and angles the basis of drawing. Mr. Ball says he has tested the efficiency of this system in a large public school, where the pupils were taught to draw only as a part of their regular studies, and "many of them," he adds, "are now engaged in professions which would have been closed to them but for the knowledge they had acquired from the lessons given during the few years they remained at school." A result so satisfactory puts the critic out of court, so far as relates to the art of geometrical design. The book is filled with examples of this character—lines, curves, and angles, shaped and combined into innumerable patterns. There is no doubt it will be found a very useful aid to those teachers who employ the black board in large elementary schools, and also that children at home may not only amuse themselves for an hour or two by copying these examples, but at the same time they will be acquiring some idea of form, and exercising their inventive faculties.

CONTEMPORARY SCOTTISH ART: a Series of Pen-and-Ink Pictures, drawn from the Exhibition of 1865. By JAMES B. MANSON. Published by W. P. NIMMO, Edinburgh.

Last year we noticed in very commendable terms, a critical examination of the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition, published under the title of "Pen-and-Ink Sketches," by "Euphanor," who now has cast aside his *sonnet-plume*, and stands revealed in the pamphlet before us as Mr. James B. Manson. Certainly, he need not be ashamed to acknowledge the authorship of what he has written, both at this time and in the past. He is a genial and agreeable writer about pictures, and if he does not dive very deeply into the philosophy of Art,—and for popular criticism, this would only be waste of time and useless expenditure of brain-work,—he knows what is good, can appreciate it, and has the power of rendering his pictorial readings both instructive and intelligent. We meet with an occasional word or expression, however, for which another might be found less suggestive of coarseness. A hint of this kind may be of service to Mr. Manson on a future occasion. When two words of similar meaning are open to a writer's choice, and one of them is vulgar, and the other its contrary, he surely should employ the latter in preference.

JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS. Illuminated by OWEN JONES and HENRY WARREN. Printed in Colours by DAY AND SON, London.

This is a very attractive volume, produced with all the advantages of Messrs. Day's renowned establishment. It consists of twenty-four prints in colours, rich with a lavish expenditure of gold. It is easy to distinguish the work of Henry Warren from that of Owen Jones; both have laboured with good effect in their respective "styles." The most touching and interesting of Bible stories is admirably told, from the bestowal on Joseph of "the coat of many colours" to the burial of Jacob.

ORIGINAL POEMS FOR INFANT MINDS. By several Young Persons. Published by VIRTUE BROTHERS, London.

These simple infantine poems, principally, if not all, by the daughters of the late Mr. J. Taylor, of Ungar, will, we hope, like Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns for Children," and Dr. Watts's garland with the same title, never go out of fashion, and ought never to be permitted to do so. This is a very pretty edition of the Misses Taylor's writings, with some excellent engravings by Messrs. Nieholls after drawings by H. Anelay. The initial letters are little gems of pictures.

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THE CESTUS OF AGLAIA.

CHAPTER VI.

NO quality of Art has been more powerful in its influence on public mind;—none is more frequently the subject of popular praise, or the end of vulgar effort, than what we call "Freedom." It is necessary to determine the justico or unjustico of this popular praise.

I said, a little while ago, that the practical teaching of the masters of Art was summed by the O of Giotto. Yet that cipher may become, if rightly read, an expression of infinity, at least in one direction of teaching. "You may judge my masterhood of craft," Giotto tells us, "by seeing that I can draw a circle unerringly." And we may safely believe him, understanding him to mean that—though more may be necessary to an artist than such a power—at least *this* power is necessary. The qualities of hand and eye needful to do this are the first conditions of artistic craft.

Try to draw a circle yourself with the "free" hand, and with a single line. You cannot do it if your hand trembles, nor if it hesitates, nor if it is unmanageable, nor if it is in the common sense of the word "free." So far from being free, it must be under a control as absolute and accurate as if it were fastened to an inflexible bar of steel. And yet it must move, under this necessary control, with perfect, untroubled serenity of ease.

That is the condition of all good work whatsoever. All freedom is error. Every line you lay down is either right or wrong: it may be timidly and awkwardly wrong, or fearlessly and impudently wrong: the aspect of the impudent wrongness is pleasurable to vulgar persons, and is what is commonly called "free" execution: the timid, tottering, hesitating wrongness is rarely so attractive; yet sometimes, if accompanied with good qualities, and right aims in other directions, it becomes in a manner charming, like the inarticulateness of a child: but, whatever the charm or the manner of the error, there is but one question ultimately and seriously to be asked respecting every line you draw, Is it right or wrong? If right, it most assuredly is not a "free" line, but an intensely continent, restrained, and considered line; and the action of the hand in laying it is just as decisive, and just as "free" as the hand of a first-rate surgeon in a critical incision. A great operator told me that his hand could check itself within about the two-hundredth of an inch, in penetrating a membrane, and this, of course, without the help of sight, by sensation only. With help of sight, and in action on a substance which does not quiver nor yield, a fine artist's line is measurable in its pur-

posed direction to considerably less than the thousandth of an inch.

A wide freedom, truly!

The conditions of popular Art which most foster the common ideas about freedom are merely results of irregularly energetic effort by men imperfectly educated; these conditions being variously mingled with cruder mannerisms resulting from timidity, or actual imperfection of body. Northern hands and eyes are, of course, never so subtle as Southern, and in very cold countries artistic execution is in a manner palsied. The effort to break through this rigidity, or to refine the bluntness, leads, in some of the greatest Northern masters, to a licentious sweep and stormy impetuosity of hand; or in the meanest, to an ostentatious and microscopic minuteness. Every man's manner has relation to his physical powers and modes of thought, but in the greatest work there is no manner visible. It is at first uninteresting from its quietness; the majesty of restrained power only dawns gradually upon us, as we walk towards its horizon.

There is often great delightfulness in the innocent manners of artists who have real power and honesty, and draw, in this way or that, as best they can, under such and such untoward circumstances of life. Thus the execution of Prout was that of a master with great and true sentiment for the paths of ruin, with great and ready power of arrangement of masses, and fine sense of light and shade; but uneducated, and near-sighted. Make a scholar of such an one, and give him good eyes, and it is impossible for him ever to draw in that way again; how he would have drawn, one cannot say; but it would have been wholly and exaltedly otherwise. The execution of Cox is merely a condition of Northern palsy, through which, in a blundering way, a true sense of certain tones of colour, and of the sweetness of certain natural scenes, finds innocent expression.

So even with great old William Hunt: whatever was peculiar in his execution, broken, spotty, or clumsy, is the character of a rustic, partly of a physically feeble hand; the exquisite truth which is seen by the subtle mind gives a charm to the expression, as to a country dialect. But the looseness and flimsiness of modern etching and wood engraving are very different from these manners, and far less pardonable; being more or less affected, and in great part the expression of an inner spirit of license in mind and heart, connected, as I said, with the peculiar folly of this age, its hope of, and trust in, "Liberty." Of which we must reason a little in more general terms.

I believe we can nowhere find a hotter type of a perfectly free creature than in the common house-fly. Nor free only, but brave; and irreverent to a degree which I think no human republican could by any philosophy raise himself to. There is no courtesy in him; he does not care whether it is king or clown whom he teases; and in every step of his swift mechanical march, and in every pause of his resolute observation, there is one and the same expression of perfect egotism, perfect independence and self-confidence, and conviction of the world's having been made for flies. Strike at him with your hand. To him the mechanical fact and external aspect of the matter is, what to you it would be, if an acre of red clay, ten feet thick, tore itself up from the ground in one massive field, hovered over you in the air for a second, and came crashing down with an aim! That is the external aspect of it; the inner aspect, to

his fly's mind, is of a quite natural and unimportant occurrence—one of the momentary conditions of his active life. He steps out of the way of your hand, and alights on the hack of it. You cannot terrify him, nor govern him, nor persuade him, nor convince him. He has his own positive opinion on all matters; not an unwise one, usually, for his own ends; and will ask no advice of yours. He has no work to do—no tyrannical instinct to obey. The earth-worm has his digging and digesting; the hee her gathering and building; the spider her cunning not-work: the ant her treasury and accounts. All these are comparatively slaves, or people of vulgar business. But your fly, free in the air, free in the chamber—a black incarnation of caprice,—wandering, investigating, flitting, flitting, feasting at his will, with rich variety of choice in feast, from the heaped sweets in the grocer's window to those of the butcher's back yard, and from the galled place on your cab-horse's hack, to the brown spot in the road, from which, as the hoof disturbs him, he rises with angry republican buzz—what freedom is like his?

For captivity, again, perhaps your poor watch-dog is as sorrowful a type as you will easily find. Mine certainly is. The day is lovely, but I must write this, and cannot go out with him. He is chained in the yard, because I do not like dogs in rooms, and the gardener does not like dogs in gardens. He has no hooks,—nothing but his own weary thoughts for company, and a group of those free flies, whom he snaps at, with sullen ill success. Such dim hope as he may have that I may yet take him out with me, will be, hour by hour, disappointed, or worse, darkened at once into a leaden despair by an authoritative "No"—too well understood. His fidelity only seals his fate; (if he would not watch for me, he would be sent away, and go hunting with some happier master; but he watches, and is wise, and faithful, and miserable), and his high animal intellect only gives him the wistful power of wonder, and sorrow, and desire, and affection, which embitter his captivity. Yet of the two, would we rather he watch-dog or fly?

Indeed, the first point we have all to determine is not how free we are, but what kind of creatures we are. It is of small importance to any of us whether we get liberty; but of the greatest that we deserve it. Whether we can win it, fate must determine; but that we will be worthy of it, we may ourselves determine; and the sorrowfullest fate, of all that we can suffer, is to have it *without* deserving it.

I have hardly patience to hold my pen and go on writing, as I remember (I would that it were possible for a few consecutive instants to forget) the infinite follies of modern thought in this matter, centred in the notion that liberty is good for a man, irrespectively of the use he is likely to make of it. Folly unfathomable! unspeakable! unendurable to look in the full face of, as the laugh of a cretin. You will send your child, will you, into a room where the table is loaded with sweet wine and fruit—some poisoned, some not?—you will say to him, "Choose freely, my little child! It is so good for you to have freedom of choice: it forms your character—your individuality! If you take the wrong cup, or the wrong berry, you will die before the day is over, but you will have acquired the dignity of a Free child?"

You think that puts the case too sharply? I tell you, lover of liberty, there is no choice offered to you, but it is similarly between life and death. There is no act,

nor option of act, possible, but the wrong deed or option has poison in it which will stay in your veins thereafter for ever. Never more to all eternity can you be as you might have been, had you not done that—chosen that. You have “formed your character,” forsooth! No; if you have chosen ill, you have De-formed it, and that for ever! In some choices, it had been better for you that a red hot iron bar had struck you aside, scarred and helpless, than that you had so chosen. “You will know better next time!” No. Next time will never come. Next time the choice will be in quite another aspect—between quite different things,—you, weaker than you were by the evil into which you have fallen; it, more doubtful than it was, by the increased dimness of your sight. No one ever gets wiser by doing wrong, nor stronger. You will get wiser and stronger only by doing right, whether forced or not; the prime, the one need is to do that, under whatever compulsion, till you can do it without compulsion. And then you are a Man.

“What!” a wayward youth might perhaps answer, incredulously: “no one ever gets wiser by doing wrong? Shall I not know the world best by trying the wrong of it, and repenting? Have I not, even as it is, learned much by many of my errors?” Indeed, the effort by which partially you recovered yourself was precious; that part of your thought by which you discerned the error was precious. What wisdom and strength you kept, and rightly used, are rewarded; and in the pain and the repentance, and in the acquaintance with the aspects of folly and sin, you have learned something; how much less than you would have learned in right paths, can never be told, but that it is less is certain. Your liberty of choice has simply destroyed for you so much life and strength, never regainable. It is true you now know the habits of swine, and the taste of husks: do you think your father could not have taught you to know better habits and pleasanter tastes, if you had stayed in his house; and that the knowledge you have lost would not have been more, as well as sweeter, than that you have gained? But “it so forms my individuality to be free!” Your individuality was given you by God, and in your race; and if you have any to speak of, you will want no liberty. You will want a den to work in, and peace, and light—no more, in absolute need; if more, in anywise, it will still not be liberty, but direction, instruction, reproof, and sympathy. But if you have no individuality, if there is no true character nor true desire in you, then you will indeed want to be free. You will begin early, and as a boy desire to be a man, and, as a man, think yourself as good as every other. You will choose freely to eat, freely to drink, freely to stagger and fall; freely, at last, to curse yourself and die. That is the only and final freedom possible to us; and that is consummate freedom,—permission for every particle in the rotting body to leave its neighbour particle, and shift for itself. You call it “corruption” in the flesh; but before it comes to that, all Liberty is an equal corruption in mind. You ask for freedom of thought; but if you have not sufficient grounds for thought, you have no business to think; and if you have sufficient grounds, you have no business to think wrong. Only one thought is possible to you, if you are wise—your liberty is geometrically proportionate to your folly. “But all this glory and activity of our age! what are they owing to, but to our freedom of thought?” In a measure, they are owing—what good is in them—to the discovery of

many lies, and the escape from the power of evil. Not to liberty, but to the deliverance from an evil or cruel master. Brave men have dared to examine lies which had long been taught, not because they were free-thinkers, but because they were such sturdy and close-thinkers that the lie could no longer escape them. Of course the restriction of thought, or of its expression, by persecution, is merely a form of violence; justifiable or not, as other violence is, according to the character of the persons against whom it is exercised, and the divine and eternal laws which it vindicates, or violates. We must not burn a man alive for saying that the Athanasian creed is ungrammatical, nor stop a bishop's salary because we are getting the worst of an argument with him; neither must we let drunken men howl in the public streets at night. There is much that is true in the part of Mr. Mill's essay on Liberty which treats of freedom of thought; many important truths are there beautifully expressed, but many as important are omitted; and the balance, therefore, cannot be struck. The liberty of expression, with a great nation, would become like that in a well-educated company, in which there is indeed freedom of speech, but not of clamour; or like that in an orderly senate, in which men who deserve to be heard, are heard in due time, and under determined restrictions. The degree of liberty you can rightly grant to a number of men is commonly in the inverse ratio of their desire for it; and a general hush, or call to order, would be often very desirable in this England of ours. For the rest, of any good or evil extant, it is impossible to say what measure is owing to restraint, and what to license, where the right is balanced between them. I was not a little provoked one day, a summer or two since, in Scotland, because the Duke of Athole hindered me from examining the geonessoe junctions in Glen Tilt, at the hour convenient to me; but I saw them at last, and in quietness; and to the very restriction that annoyed me, owed, probably, the fact of their being in existence, instead of being blasted away by a mob-company; while the free paths and inlets of Loch Katrine and the Lake of Geneva are for ever trampled down and destroyed, not by one duke, but by tens of thousands of ignorant tyrants.

So a Dean and Chapter may, perhaps, unjustifiably hinder me from seeing a cathedral without paying twopenny; but your free mob pulls spire and all down about my ears, and I can see it no more for ever. And even if I cannot get up to the granite junctions in the glen, the stream comes down from them pure to the Garry; but in Beddington Park I am stopped by the newly-erected fence of a building speculator, and the bright Wandel, divine of waters as Castaly, is filled by the free public with old shoes, obscene crockery, and ashes.

In fine, the arguments for liberty may in general be summed in a few very simple forms, as follows:—

1. Misguiding is mischievous: therefore guiding is.
2. If the blind lead the blind, both fall into the ditch: therefore, nobody should lead anybody.
3. Lambs and fawns should be left free in the fields; much more bears and wolves.
4. If a man's gun and bullets are his own, he may fire in any direction he pleases.
5. A fence across a road is inconvenient; much more one at the side of it.
6. Babes should not be swaddled with their hands bound down to their sides;

therefore they should be thrown out to roll in the kennels, naked.

None of these arguments are good, and the practical issues of them are worse. For the fact is, that there are certain eternal laws for human conduct, which are quite clearly discernible by human reason. So far as they are discovered and obeyed, by whatever machinery or authority the obedience is procured, there follow life and strength. So far as they are disobeyed, by whatever machinery the disobedience is brought about, there follow impotence and dissolution. And the first duty of every man in the world is to find his true master, and submit to him; and to find his true inferior, and conquer him. The punishment is sure, if you either refuse the reverence, or are too cowardly and indolent to enforce the compulsion. A base nation crucifies or poisons its wise men, and lets its fools rave about the streets. A wise nation obeys the one, restrains the other, and disciplines all.

The best examples of the results of wise normal discipline in Art will be found in whatever evidence remains respecting the lives of great Italian painters in eras of progress. But just in proportion to the admirableness and efficiency of the life, will be usually the scantiness of its history. The individualities and liberties which are only causes of destruction may be recorded, but the loyal conditions of its daily breath are never told. Because Leonardo made models of machines, dug canals, built fortifications, and dissipated half his Art-power in capricious ingenuities, we have many anecdotes of him, but no picture of importance on canvas, and only a few withered stains of one upon a wall. But because his pupil, or reputed pupil, Luni, laboured in constant and successful simplicity, we have no anecdotes of him, though hundreds of noble works. Luni is, perhaps, the best central type of the highly-trained Italian painter. He is the only man who entirely unites the religious temper which was the spirit-life of Art, with the physical power which was its bodily life. He joins the purity and passion of Angelico to the strength of Veronese; the two elements, poised in perfect balance, are so calmed and restrained each by the other, that most observers lose the sense of both. The artist does not see his strength, because of the chastened spirit in which it is used, and the religious visionary does not recognise his passion, by reason of the frank human truth with which it is rendered. He is a man ten times greater than Leonardo;—a mighty colourist, while Leonardo was only a fine draughtsman in black, staining the chiaroscuro drawing, like a coloured print. He perceived and rendered the delicatest types of human beauty that have been painted since the days of the Greeks, while Leonardo polluted all his finer instincts by caricature, and remained to the end of his days the slave of an archaic smile; and he is a designer as frank, instinctive, and exhaustless as Titoret, while Leonardo's design is only an agony of science, admired chiefly because it is painful, and capable of analysis in its best accomplishment. Luni has left nothing behind him that is not lovely, or that is accusable in any definite error; but of his life I believe hardly anything is known beyond remnants of tradition which murmur about Lugano and Saronno, and which remain uncleaned. This only is certain, that he was born in the loveliest district of North Italy, where hills and streams and air meet in softest harmonies. Child of the Alps, and of their divinest lake, he is taught, without doubt or dismay, a lofty religious creed, and a sufficient law of life,

and of its mechanical arts. Whether lessoned by Leonardo himself, or merely one of many disciplined in the system of the Milanese school, he learns unerringly to draw, unerringly and enduringly to paint. His tasks are set him without question day by day, by men who are justly satisfied with his work, and who accept it without any harmful praise, or senseless blame. Place, scale, and subject are determined for him on the cloister wall or the church dome; as he is required, for his sufficient daily bread, he paints what he has been taught to design wisely, and has passion to realise gloriously; every touch he lays is eternal, every thought he conceives is beautiful and pure; his hand moves always in radiance of blessing; from day to day his life enlarges in power and peace; it passes away cloudlessly, the starry twilight remaining yet, arched far against the night.

Oppose to such a life as this that of a great painter amidst the elements of modern English liberty. Take the life of Turner, in whom the artistic energy and inherent love of beauty were at least as strong as in Luini; but, amidst the disorder and ghastliness of the lower streets of London, his instincts in early infancy were warped into toleration of evil, or even delight in it. He gathers what he can of instruction by questioning and prying among half-informed masters; spells out some knowledge of classical fable; educates and shapes himself, by an admirable force, to the production of wildly majestic, or pathetically tender and pure pictures, by which he cannot live. There is no one to judge them, or to command him; only some of the English upper classes hire him to paint their houses and parks, and destroy the drawings afterwards by the most wanton neglect. Tired of labouring carefully without either reward or praise, he dashes out into various experimental and popular works—makes himself the servant of the lower public, and is dragged hither and thither at their heels; while yet, helpless and guideless, he indulges his idiosyncrasies till they change into insanities; the nobleness and strength of his soul increasing its sufferings, and giving force to its errors; all the purpose and power of life degenerating into instinct; and the web of his work wrought at last of beauties too subtle to be understood, mixed with vices too singular to be forgiven—all useless, just because the magnificent idiosyncrasy had become one of solitude, or contention, in midst of a reckless populace, instead of submitting itself in loyal harmony to the Art-laws of an understanding nation. And the life passed away in darkness and tears, and its work, in all the best beauty of it, has already perished, only enough remaining to teach us what we have lost.

These are the opposite effects of Law and of Liberty under the highest powers. In the case of inferiors the contrast is still more fatal; under strict law, they become the subordinato workers in great schools, healthily aiding, echoing, or supplying with multitudinous force of hand, the mind of the leading masters: they are the nameless carvers of great architecture—stainers of glass—hammerers of iron—helpful scholars, whose work ranks round, if not with, their master's, and never disgraces it. But the inferiors under a system of license for the most part perish in miserable effort; a few struggle into pernicious eminence—harmful alike to themselves and to all who admire them; many die of starvation; many insane, either in weakness of insolent egotism, like Haydon, or in a conscientious agony of ignorant purpose and warped power, like Blake. There is no probability

of the persistence of a licentious school in any good accidentally discovered by them; there is an approximate certainty of their gathering with acclaim round any shadow of evil, and following it to whatever quarter of destruction it may lead.

It was in the full persuasion of these facts, and of the consequent necessity of some statement of law for our schools, that I began these papers, hoping they might fall chiefly into the form of discussion. That in such a journal as this I should obtain no answer to so simple a question as the first I asked, respecting the proper character and use of the black outline, is itself a fact of some significance. For the present I am tired of writing without help; and having stated, as far as I know them, the higher laws which bear on this elementary question, I leave it to such issue as my good editor and his artist readers care to bring it to, until January, when, if nothing hinder, I will again take it up where they leave it for me.

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The several committees acknowledge their debt to the London Press: in all cases, justice has been accorded to their efforts; a generous sympathy, an earnest desire to "help," and a cordial wish to promote its prosperity, influenced the several writers who have reported the progress of the Exhibition. Judgment has been awarded with reference to what is done, rather than to what is neglected or omitted; and it is not too much to say, that a very grateful sense of assistance received influences those to whom was confided the laborious and onerous task of forming the collection. We are more than disposed to follow so wholesome an example: for we are well aware that the various gentlemen who were the agents of the committee in so many parts of Europe did their best; where they failed, it was from no lack of energy; and if we miss much that might have been in the Exhibition, we can blame only the apathy or hostility of those who could, at little sacrifice, have essentially aided the movement.

As it is, however, the Exhibition is one of deep interest, and cannot but exercise a very beneficial influence on the future of Ireland.

Even now—as we write, towards the middle of June—the Exhibition is by no means complete. It is, perhaps, as much so as other exhibitions have been. There seems to be a tacit understanding that the day advertised for opening has reference merely to the doors. In Ireland they copied the example set by England; the 9th of May meant the 9th of June; and many contributors made their arrangements accordingly. Some weeks must, therefore, pass before we can review the Exhibition as a finished work.

The collection of pictures numbers, perhaps, two thousand: chiefly the contributions of Belgium and Germany. France sends very few; Holland not many; Spain has been a liberal helper; so has Norway. Italy shows fairly; but of the leading artists of the Continent, scarcely any are present. The British School is well represented, although the supply has been principally derived from the National Gallery, the Royal Academy, and her Majesty the Queen. Private collectors have not been generous. The water-colour gallery is but scantily furnished. The contributions of Mr. F. W. Burton (of which there are eight) are, however, sufficient to give great attraction to that department; and the artist to whom has been confided the duty of arranging the drawings, Mr. T. A. Jones, contributes two of his own works that would be honoured in any exhibition. It is probable he will receive many additions, for efforts are still making in this direction.

The noble collection, the Victoria Cross Gallery, has been generously lent by its pro-

prietor, and is exhibited in a separate room, —giving due honour to the admirable artist, Louis Desanges.

In sculpture, the Exhibition is singularly rich—that is to say, in productions by foreign artists: a "court" was set apart for their reception: it is of very graceful proportions and admirably "lit;" the space was utterly insufficient; works are skillfully scattered in all parts of the building, and are still "coming in."

In so far as the Fine Arts are concerned, therefore, there is a very great gathering of good things: many of them will teach as well as please; and the impression thus made in Ireland cannot be other than beneficial.

The nave, aisles, and galleries, are full of interesting objects in Art-manufacture; and they are gradually increasing. Ireland exhibits its choicest specimens of the Arts in which that country has attained excellence: they are neither numerous nor prominent; but in several they are seen to advantage side by side with those of England; and, at all events, give encouraging evidence of progress. The jewellery of Messrs. Topham and White (a long established firm) is of great excellence; so is that of Mr. Waterhouse; while Mr. Bruncker and Messrs. Schriber, in their mixed collections, show some remarkably good efforts of native artisans. This department, however, derives much of its strength from England. Mr. White, of Cockspur Street (the brother of the Irish jeweller) has given valuable aid: the stall is a rare assemblage of beautiful works. Messrs. Aubert and Linton have a case of great value; among their Art-treasures is a set of pink coral, exquisitely carved and of rare beauty; better fitted, however, for a cabinet than for wear, while in the case of Mr. Bruncker there is an enamelled coronal of Irish pearl, relieved by diamonds, that has rarely been surpassed. Mr. Benson, of Ludgate Hill, exhibits his monster clock, and a number of very beautiful watches.

The linens of Belfast, and the hose of Balbriggan, maintain their high character; but they have in no way been subjected to the influence of Art. Not so, however, with the time-honoured "tabinet." Messrs. Fry and Messrs. Pim uphold the renown of their country in this long-famous manufacture of Ireland. Messrs. Fry have given special attention to the ornamentation as well as the material. Their designs are, in all cases, good; and they have largely extended the demand for that beautiful fabric. But Messrs. Fry do not confine their trade to this article: they are also manufacturers of silk tabarets, and damasks, of paper hangings, also, and the general range of "upholstery," in which they compete with the best producers of London.

The Irish lace is justly famous. In that, Mr. Forrest takes the lead, as he did in 1862, while Mr. Allen closely follows him. Both show fine collections of charming works; beautiful in fabric, and, for the most part, faultless in design. Several of the schools in various parts of the country exhibit both crochet and embroidery of rare merit.

The Bog-oak ornaments are, of course, prominent in the Exhibition. Assuredly the best of these are the contributions of Mr. C. Goggin, of Nassau Street. Those of Mr. Samuels, perhaps, rank next; those of another Goggin follow; but the producers of these graceful articles are very numerous, and greet the stranger everywhere. They are charming, in great variety, and generally of much merit in design.

There are other articles of Irish manufacture to which attention should be directed. Some of the marble chimney-pieces are of great excellence. There is a promising collection of earthenware, the issues of a factory on Loch Erne. Some admirably designed and wrought productions in metal by Messrs. Riddell, of Belfast, and a case of exquisitely modelled wax flowers by Mrs. Henry Gorme, attract and deserve universal admiration.

The furniture manufactured by Messrs. Fry we have noticed; although the best, they are by no means the only contributors. Messrs. Strahan maintain the high position they obtained in 1862. Messrs. Jones and Son are valuable aids; so also are Mr. Beakley and Mr. McDowell. Egan of Killarney contributes

several excellent tables, escritoirs, &c., made of the renowned arbutus wood of the district. They are inlaid, and may be accepted as very satisfactory proofs of what can be done by native workmen labouring in a small provincial town. Mr. Egan has an extensive trade at Killarney, and has supplied many tourists with the productions of his manufactory—memorials of the beautiful district in which the wood is grown, and where the furniture is made. The English upholsterers have been liberal contributors to this department. Messrs. Gillow, Jackson and Graham, Trollope, Howard and Sons, and Mr. Sedley, send some good works. The very charming cabinets, chairs, flower-stands, &c., of Messrs. Brunswick Brothers, of Newman Street, attract much attention. They are, for the most part, copies of rare examples in the style Louis Seize, inlaid with great skill, and occasionally decorated with ornaments in ornolu. Messrs. Dyer and Watts have sent several examples of their furniture in stained pine. They are works of much grace and beauty, having all the effect of inlaying, and are produced at a cost singularly small.

Mr. Cichley, of Birmingham, is, we believe, the only manufacturer who exhibits the produce of the capital of iron-work. He has sent a good supply of stove-grates, hall-stands, fenders, fire-irons, &c., of very great excellence, with regard to both design and manufacture. Mr. Peyton contributes iron bedsteads, Messrs. Chubb patent locks and keys, Messrs. Edwards, grates, fenders, and fire-irons, and Messrs. Hood iron fountains and lamp-posts. Sheffield is represented by a small case containing a few articles in cutlery, the contributions of Messrs. Rodgers, Messrs. Thompson and O'Neill of Dublin have done better. They show some excellent works in this department, which we take to be of their make. The only manufacturers of glass who contribute are Mr. James Green, of Thames Street, and Messrs. Powell, of Whitefriars. The works of Mr. Green are of the highest character. The purest metal has been engraved upon with consummate skill. It is difficult to over-praise his extensive collection—one of rare beauty and value. The contributions of Messrs. Powell are also of much excellence. Mr. Alderman Copeland has been an important aid in this way. So, also, are Messrs. Phillips, who show some engravings of very great merit, the work of a young Irish artist in their employ.

Ceramic art is nobly upheld by Mr. Alderman Copeland. His works occupy large space; and, on the whole, perhaps form the most important collection of manufactured articles in the exhibition. They are in immense variety; supplied less with a view to sale than to assert the supremacy of the art in England. Stoves has certainly not sent its best; but the court devoted to the famous factory of France, by no means throws into shade the productions of Stoke-upon-Trent. Mr. Goode exhibits a choice selection of the works of Minton. Those of Worcester are found scattered among several stalls; but the Hill Pottery of Burslem has a case containing a variety of objects of great merit. There are, we believe, no other manufacturers represented here, although some of the dealers of Dublin show the productions of many.

Among the most liberal of all the contributors to the Exhibition is Mr. Blashfield, of Stamford. His works in terra-cotta are known and rightly estimated everywhere. He has filled up two spacious stalls, which contain a large variety of his excellent productions. We trust they will find, as they ought to do, many to appreciate them in Ireland, where gardens and conservatories are the continual luxuries of the wealthy. Those who require graceful and useful articles for "out-of-doors," will certainly examine and covet the productions of Messrs. F. and G. Rosher, in artificial stone; they exhibit several, together with examples of garden-edging, &c.

Mr. Magnus sends several chimney-pieces, table-tops, &c., of highly-decorated slate; they are pure in design, and very beautifully painted. Messrs. Maw & Co., of Broseley, amply uphold the renown they have acquired; their collection of tile pavements and majolica tile wall decorations are of the very highest merit.

A number of very beautifully carved and gilt frames are exhibited by Mr. G. Rowley, of Man-

chester, who has established renown in that way; several are from the designs of Mr. Harry Rogers, made expressly for Mr. Rowley.

The Mediæval Court has been rendered very attractive by the combined efforts of Skidmore, Hart, Hardman, Cox, and Harland and Fisher.

Perhaps the most remarkable, interesting, and instructive department in the Exhibition is that which contains the productions of India, collected and arranged under the direction of Dr. Forbes Watson and Captain Meadows Taylor. They have been selected chiefly from the rich stores of her Majesty the Queen, and from the museum attached to the India House. Lord Gough and Captain Meadows Taylor have also enriched this most brilliant court with articles from their own private collections. The series consists of upwards of twelve hundred objects, and is an exhibition in itself.

Our colonies are fairly represented, but they contribute little in the way of Art. We must except, however, some exceedingly beautiful examples of bookbinding, the productions of Canada.

We must limit ourselves to a word of reference to the rooms devoted to photography. There are upwards of one hundred contributors, and a day may be well spent in this department alone.

The Music Court is another object of great attraction, containing as it does a large assemblage of musical instruments of all kinds. The walls are covered with cartoons, contributions from Germany, of the highest possible interest.

The Foreign Contributions are neither numerous nor good; here and there, however, we obtain evidence of that artistic skill in design which supplies lessons to the British producer. Austria sends little; its rank is sustained principally by the large and well-remembered case, which attracted so much attention in 1862, containing "articles in leather, wood, and bronze," the manufacture of Klein, of Vienna. The furniture of "bent wood" of Thonet Brothers, objects in carton-pierre and stags' horn, clocks and clock-cases, of questionable merit, meerschmump pipes, some wood-carvings and lucifer matches, make up the sum-total of the aid that Austria has rendered.

Much more has not been done by Belgium. Leclercq has sent two good and effective, but by no means first-class, chimney-pieces of marble; of Brussels Lace there are some beautiful examples, and there are a few bronzes of much merit; that is nearly all.

France has been somewhat more liberal in her supply; there are silks and velvets from Paris, Lyons, and Tours; shawls from Paris; lace from Chantilly; bronzes from Barbedienne and Mirou; cast-iron works from Barbezat; and clocks and lamps in great variety, collected and contributed by M.M. Carhain and Corbier.

From several of the German states there are contributions, but few of them are attractive.

Italy has, however, done much for the Exhibition. Among its contributions are some beautiful cabinets in ebony, carved and inlaid, some mosaic tables, several fine examples of terracotta, imitations of Etruscan vases, enamelled tiles, sculptured picture-frames, and various other objects that may be safely placed under the heading of High Art.

In the glance we thus give to the Dublin International Exhibition, we may lead our readers to believe that the collection, if not all that was looked for, and, perhaps, expected, is one of very great interest. As we have intimated, it is even now incomplete; the catalogue (of which a first edition is before us, and as yet there has been no other) is but an imperfect guide. No doubt those who visit Dublin after these remarks are in the hands of readers, will find matters far better than we found them, and will have greater reason to be content.

The London Stereoscopic Company are issuing views of the building and its principal contents. They are produced with the care to excellence that distinguishes all their works, and will undoubtedly convey a good idea of the peculiarities of the structure; already some very fine stereoscopes and photographs of the opening ceremony have been issued.

SELECTED PICTURES.

IN THE COLLECTION OF
W. HILDSWORTH, ESQ., HALIFAX.

WORDS OF COMFORT.

T. Faed, R.A., Painter. R. C. Bell, Engraver.

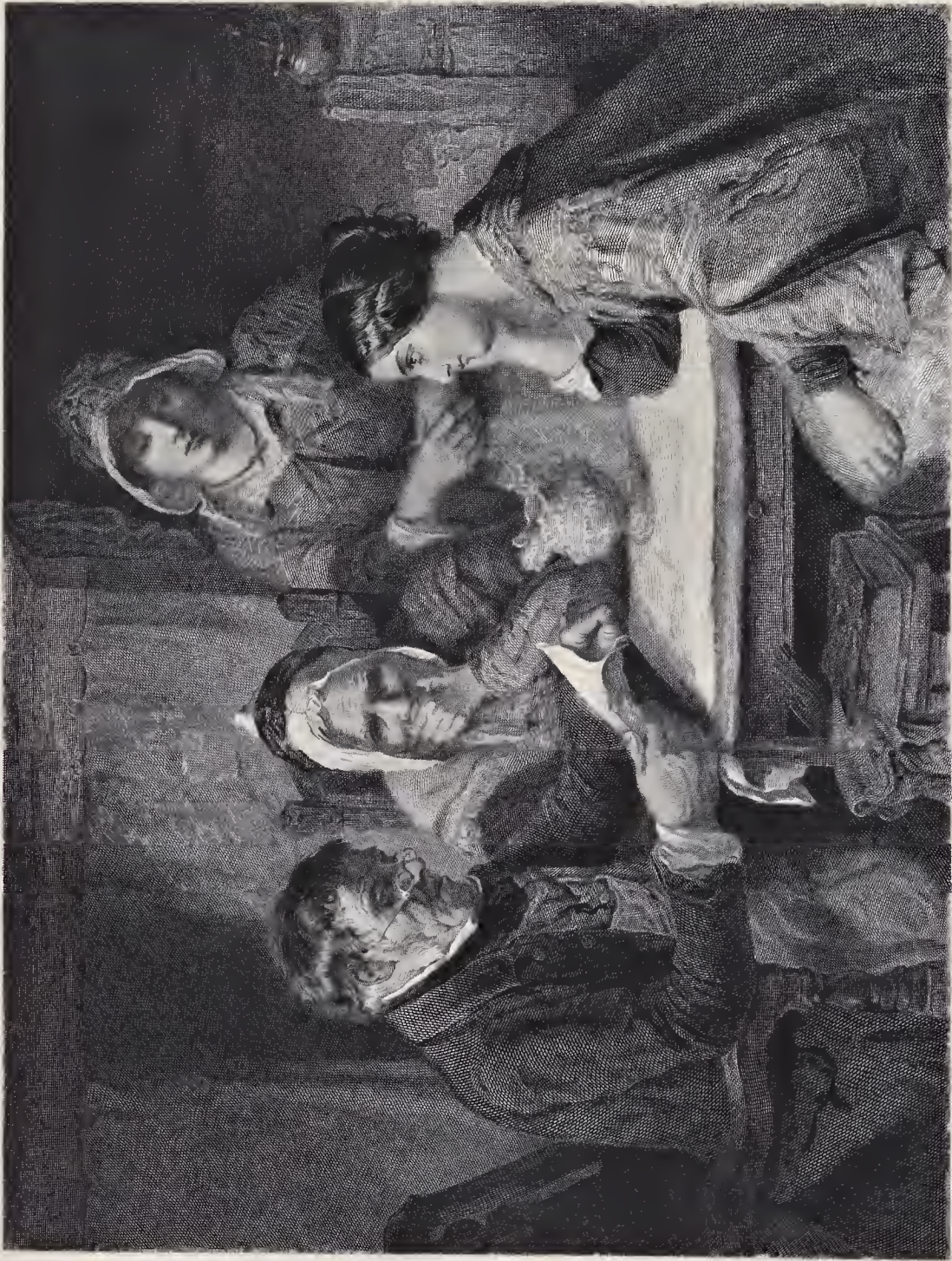
ONE of the earliest pictures exhibited in London by Mr. Faed, in 1851, under the title of 'Cottage Piety.' He had already acquired a reputation in his native country, Scotland, where he was then living, when he sent to the Royal Academy this and two other works of a domestic character, one entitled 'The First Step,' the other an illustration of the popular ballad, "Auld Robb'n Gray." These works gained considerable notice, so much so as to induce the artist to continue his contributions to our chief metropolitan exhibition, and, in the following year, to take up his abode in London: they were, in fact, the advanced guard, so to speak, of a series of pictures of a somewhat similar description, which have placed the artist in the foremost rank of genre painters.

Whether it be true or not that the Scots, as a people, have a higher regard than their Southern neighbours for moral and religious obligations, and are, therefore, more attentive to the duties which such obligations involve, it is certain that both Scottish poets and painters uphold what may be called a popular idea on the affirmative side of the question, by describing and representing scenes in accordance with it. And it is well that, at least, the semblance of good should be made apparent, even if the reality does not exist; it serves as an example worthy of imitation, though it may not be followed; it is sown, at random perhaps, but the grain may take root and bring forth an abundant harvest. Sacred Art—or that which bore such a character—was in olden time the great medium of instruction whereby the people were taught the truths of the Christian faith; the artists of those days were almost, if not quite, as successful spiritual teachers as the surplised priesthood; and though the age of Saints, and Madonnas, and 'Immaculate Conceptions,' and 'Holy Families' has passed away, the painter of a simple devotional subject, like that Mr. Faed has placed on canvas, may effect as much good by compelling some thoughtless mind to reflect, as did Raffaello, La Vinci, Correggio, and other great painters centuries ago, by their grander and more ambitious works.

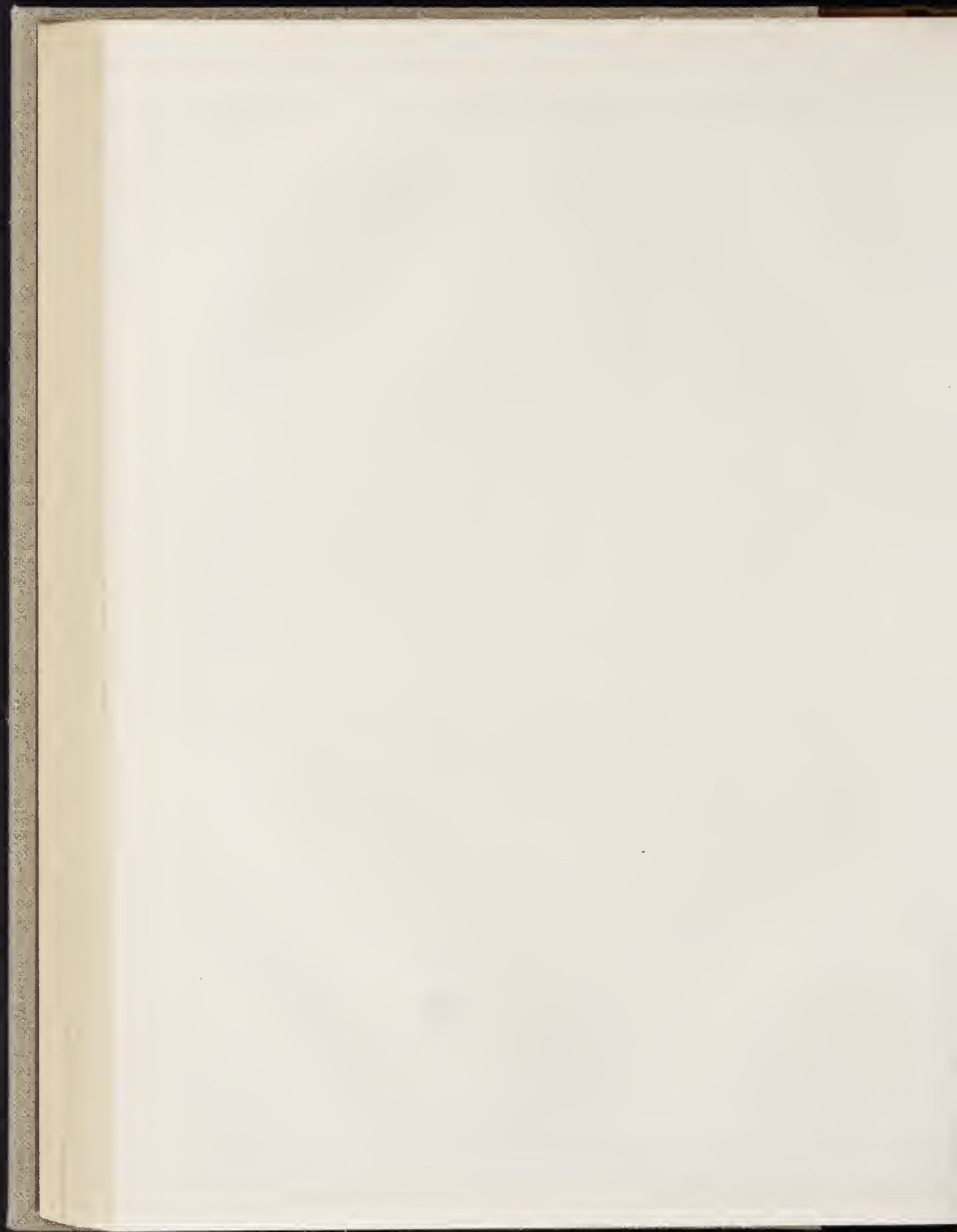
It may or may not be the eye of the Sabbath, as Burns describes that prelude to the day of rest in his "Cotter's Saturday Night;" at any rate, the occupants of the cottage have assembled to hear "Words of Comfort" out of the sacred volume, which the master of the family—a blacksmith, as appears by his apron—reads; he reminds us of a couplet, all we now remember, of a poem learned in childhood:—

"Then the good father, with spectacles nose,
Reads the Bible aloud ere they take their repose."

The head of the old man, with his white hair peeping below a brown scratch-wig, is a capital study, well lighted up, and free from any exaggerated expression; beside him is his wife, listening attentively to the narrative: the two younger females may be their daughters, but there is a refinement in the general character of the nearer girl especially which does not agree with such a supposition; she seems, in fact, to be "out of harmony," in personal appearance, with the other members of the family.



THE PEOPLE OF THE COUNTRY



GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

No. VI.—J. FÜHRICH AND J. E. STEINLE.



WE shall proceed in our next lecture to create God, were the startling words of a German metaphysician. This boast, which is really not so irreverent as it sounds, serves as an index to that transcendental philosophy which has exerted no inconsiderable power over the modern school of German Art. "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" are questions which from age to age have sought solution. Many are the aphorisms which show how the mind of man has again and again striven to possess itself of the divine idea infinite and perfect, how the imagination, the intellect, and the conscience have essayed to fashion the supreme God of the universe. "Each man is himself a miniature of God." "None can feel God who shares not in the Godhead." "No person possesses God, unless he is possessed by God." "Virtue in its consummation reveals a God." "The Deity dwells with all good men." "From the consciousness of the Divine springs the idea of Divinity." "God is the soul of the soul, as the soul is the soul of the body." Such are the axioms of that "philosophy of the absolute" which from the professor's chair have passed into the studio of the painter. The German metaphysician, as we have seen, proceeds to create a crowning climax. Deity he evolves out of consciousness. External and personal divinity is an induction from internal and impersonal intuition. Thus in this system the mind of man is the focus, the centre, the

standing ground, and the starting point, to the entire circuit of an ideal philosophy. Above the soul rises the infinite God, beneath and around the soul extends a vast spreading nature. I think this exposition will in some measure explain what Overbeck and his disciples mean when they assert that all pictures should be soul-pictures. This Art-philosophy, which I believe with some modification is essentially true, stands, I need not say, in direct contravention to the mere materialism propounded by Locke and other English and Scotch metaphysicians. "A soul picture" is an emanation from man's immortality. It is divine because of the indwelling divinity; it manifests the Godhead, because each spirit in its essence is "a miniature of God." Such is a "soul picture" which essays, according to the bold words of the metaphysician, "to create God." Thus, again, when the æsthetic mind, the "pure reason" of the Germans, mirrors forth nature, the forms are after the fashion of the eternal types kept in the mansion of the heavens. Over this spiritual Art reigns unruffled serenity. The accidents which mar creation, the errors which creep into the translation of the essence and spirit into form, the mishaps which show as blots on the face of nature, these are all exorcised and excluded from so-called soul and spirit pictures. Hence in the abiding triad of God, Man, and Nature, intrudes no schism. Rather is there a sustained unity, a diversity of manifestation under one essence, over which the infinite perfection "created" by the metaphysician reigns all in all supreme. It is difficult in a few words to express a meaning which I feel to be of vital importance, not only to all Art creation and criticism, but especially to the right understanding of the transcendental German painters of the modern school. I can now give only a slight sketch of a system which I would gladly work out to further completeness.

In a series of papers devoted to German painters, æsthetic sketches are not out of place. The threefold basis on which Art-philosophy should rest has been already indicated. God, Man,



Drawn by J. W. Allen.]

J. Führich, Paint.
THE ASCENSION.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

"And dost Thou, holy Shepherd, leave
Thy flock in this dark vale alone,
In cheerless solitude to grieve,
While Thou to endless rest art gone?"

"The sheep in Thy protection blest,
Untended wilt Thou leave to mourn?
The lambs once cherished at Thy breast,
Forlorn—oh! whither shall they turn?"—GOSHOA.

Nature, threefold, yet indivisible components, are the elements out of which the fabric of æsthetics must be woven. The system in God gains a theocracy, in the mind of man an aristocracy of genius, and in Nature democratic power of appeal. It is worthy, also, of remark that the first two elements are what the Germans call "subjective;" the third, on the contrary, is "objective." In the union of the "subjective" with the "objective," of the "inward" with the "outward," of the "infinite" with the "finite," does Art-philosophy obtain its totality and completeness.

This consummation, which is indeed the crown of a truly noble structure of æsthetics, finds emphatic expression in the words already quoted—"God is the soul of the soul, as the soul is the soul of the body." Herein God, Man, and Nature, are seen to intermingle in one common and divine life.

Oh, the one life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere.

In words still more express does Coleridge, a Platonist by birth, and a German metaphysician by erudition, proceed to enunciate the transcendental philosophy of nature and of Art, which I have indicated but in outline.

"And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of All?"

German pictures may be used as diagrams, illustrative of the diverse schools of philosophy. In Germany, and indeed throughout Europe, Art now takes that naturalistic phase which has not inaptly been termed democratic. What the mob is in a nation, such is the medley of common nature in Art. Painters in all countries, like the major part of politicians, are tending downwards towards demagogues. They have faith chiefly in savage and unregenerate nature; in materialistic forms they recognise force, and the objects of outward sense are for them the only truths. German Art, forgetful of its noble aspiration, has of late

given itself over to this plebeian nature. The palace has been forsaken for the cottage, the hall of state for the hovel and the back-kitchen, the church for the beer-cellar, the worship of God for the orgies of Bacchus. Thus the once pure school of Dusseldorf is now, alas! tainted with the vulgar life and corruption which were the besetting sins of low Dutch Art. And this falling away in some measure comes of a mistaken view of what nature is, and of the verities which philosophy teaches. Nature, especially human nature, theologians tell us, abides under a curse; the pristine beauty of creation has been marred; sin has entered the world, and with transgression came misery, disease, and deformity of the beauty in the first estate. Now, if Art-philosophy be of any worth, it should show the painter that unmitigated and unredeemed naturalism is like the unwashed democracy, is like a *sans culotte* republicanism, is like a harvest field where the tares choke the good seed, is like unto the net which brought to the shore things fair, and likewise living creatures foul. Such is the calamity wherewith the false study of nature threatens the schools of Germany, and, indeed, of collective Europe.



Drawn by W. J. Zucchi.

J. E. Steinkamp, Engraver.
CHRIST RAISING JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.]

The remedy for this evil has been already indicated. The truly catholic system of aesthetics allies, as we have seen, unto nature, the correlative powers of Man and of God. These more divine agencies uplift nature, and exalt the artist, who is her student. And the bond which unites man to nature, and nature to man, every painter who would impress noble and right-minded thoughts upon the age in which he labours, must strictly observe. That favourite speculation taken up by Goethe in *Faust*, which makes nature the macrocosm, or the great world, and man the microcosm, or the little world, an epitome of the great, contains in few words all that can be said on this subtle problem in metaphysics. The mind of man is a mirror into which is reflected the whole of nature; and again nature presents a series of phenomena which tabulate and express in visible and tangible forms each idea which dwells within the soul. This is the essence of that doctrine of "correspondence" which has been elaborated with over-much nicety by Swedenborg and his disciples. Yet the grand law of "correspondence" between mind and matter,

between the world of spirits and the material creation, lies, in fact, at the very foundation of all Art-expression. Visible forms are, by an eternal fitness, the language and often the very body of invisible truths. The light of the sun in the outward creation is the natural symbol of the light of truth within the mind; and the darkness of night foreshadows the blackness of sin upon the conscience. The limited space at command forbids me to carry out these wide-stretching thoughts to their legitimate conclusions. Enough, however, has been said to show that the naturalism which is now creeping into German Art, finds direct counteraction in the philosophy that exalts spiritual types above material forms. According to the teachings of this supersensuous science, those features in nature are specially low which become allied to man's vices and passions; and for just the opposite reasons, those conformation grow noble which are consonant with the purest attributes of mind. It is scarcely necessary to add that the "soul pictures" of Overbeck, Führich, and others of the school, in obedience to this faith, place the flesh in subjection to the spirit.

I cannot now stop to point out the modifications which the tragic element in Art necessarily involves.

Upon German spiritual Art the stigma has been cast, that it makes nature subservient to the morbid moods of mind. While naturalistic schools start, as we have seen, immediately from nature, spiritual schools, it will be easily understood, commence with spirit. This, the bias and the hane of German high Art, has been at once the source of inspired strength and the snare to incipient infirmity. It is interesting to observe how the faith and the practice of the so-called Christian artist have accorded with the aesthetic system just propounded. In the course of this and preceding papers I have more than once quoted the dogma enunciated by Overbeck and his followers, that all pictures should be "soul pictures." It remains now in few words to point out the metaphysical truth which underlies this dicta. We have seen that the mind of man, as a microcosm, is the mirror and the

epitome of outward nature. And, accordingly, within the chambers of the spirit dwell the primal types of all created forms, the patterns of things on earth, in their original truth, goodness, and beauty. These, as intuitions of a noble mind, too often in the world deadened and disobeyed, are, in fact, the promptings of an artist's good genius. In the silent watches of the night, as from the land of spirits, when the gates are thrown open which separate between life and death, float across the field of imagination forms fashioned in realms of light. This is not a mere theory, or a cobweb swept from the upper stories of a metaphysician's intellect, but an actual fact, substantiated again and again in the Art-history of the world. It was thus that angel forms came as an answer to Fra Angelico's prayers; it was thus that poet-painter Blake in waking vision saw spirits; it is thus that saints of unearthly purity and sanctity are shadowed forth upon the canvas of Overbeck, Führich, and other painters in the German spiritual



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

J. E. Steude. Print.
THE LAST JUDGMENT.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

THE LAST JUDGMENT, AS DESCRIBED BY JOHN HOWE, CHAPLAIN TO CROMWELL.—"The lofty soul hath the image before his eye of the world dissolving, monarchies and kingdoms breaking up, thrones tumbling, crowns and sceptres lying as neglected things. He hath a telescope through which he can behold the glorious appearance of the Supreme Judge; the solemn state of his majestic person; the splendid pomp of his magnificent and vastly numerous retinue; the obsequious throng of glorious celestial creatures doing homage to their Eternal King; the swift flight of his royal guards, sent forth into the four winds to gather the elect, and covering the face of the heavens with their spreading wings; the universal silent attention of all to that loud sounding trumpet that shakes the pillars of the world, pierces the inward caverns of the earth, and resounds from every part of the encircling heavens. The judgment is set, and the books are opened."

school. I think that an attentive examination of the entire products of so-called modern Christian Art indicate this origin. There is in the fabric a bodily frailty which seems in itself to bespeak a spirit-birth. There is a vague generalisation which belongs to the hazy sphere of dreams. There is a mental abstraction and reverie which indicate a far remove from earth. There is the absence of those disturbing accidents, flaws, and fissures which come from rude conflict with stern reality, while at the same time we recognise somewhat of the serene beauty and the unspotted goodness consonant with spirit beings. I think, then, without pushing the evidence too far, these German pictures may be received in testimony of the truth of that ideal philosophy which has laid so firm a hold on the Teutonic mind.

One more step must be taken ere we can reach the elevated platform whereon German Art rests in heights serene. "We

shall proceed in our next lecture to create God," said the metaphysician—a necessary and a final act in any complete system of Art-philosophy. Nature is finite, man also is finite; it is only by bringing God upon the scene that the vista of infinitude is thrown open. We have found that nature cannot satisfy the soul, neither can the soul satisfy itself; all creation longs for the perfection it does not reach. Hence Deity is the inevitable climax, the great keystone which binds and crowns the arch of the universe. Now this consummation, essential to a complete general philosophy, is specially needed in every system of aesthetics, and more than all is it a necessity to that scheme which shall serve as a safe scaffolding to the sky-soaring structure of religious Art. The German artists have always felt that nature alone could not supply their needs; they have even, it has been said, contemned the use of actual models. Resource then was had, as we have seen, to the

inward tuition of the mind; but man is mortal, and his mind is finite. How then shall religious Art enter upon that infinitude which is her region? how shall she converse of that eternity which is her heritage? how can she be fashioned in that perfection, and clothed in those divine lineaments which no eye hath seen, and yet all souls desire? This is the problem which the religious artists in Germany have striven to solve. It were too much to say that a task so arduous has been attended with absolute success. Still, by keeping the spiritual eye in steadfast gaze upon the infinite, finite forms of earth, and finite conceptions of the intellect, have gained extent, gathered beauty, and obtained access to the divine. And although in Art, as in philosophy, it may be difficult to show how the absolute can be brought within the grasp of man, yet without this infinitude, human life and creative genius were denied the one idea which imparts grandeur and vitality. "Idea," do I say, as if this conception were for the artist a mere phantom of the imagination, and not a positive fact. The poet and the painter pant after a divine perfection, and the deity they worship is not a grand hypothesis of the intellect, but an all-present God, who, filling the heavens, is yet upon earth abiding with the artist in the studio, and presiding over the work of imagination. The true religious painter is daily in communion with deity, and thus infinitude flows through the narrow channels of his being, and permeates his pictures. Religious Art were, indeed, a hollow sham, if not upheld by this life-giving inspiration. It is, I think, to be regretted that German artists, often in too slavish subjection to the old Italian masters, have been content to take inspiration at second-hand. It had been better could they always have remembered that Philosophy and Christianity open immediate access to the infinite.

A concise, and, at the same time, a clear exposition of an æsthetic system, which shall reconcile the diverse phenomena of German Art, it were difficult to give. It may be feared that the imperfect attempt here made will share the common fate of such efforts, that of being impracticable and unintelligible. Yet I would beg that the reader may accord to the suggestions thrown out kindly consideration. Nature, Man, God, form the triad whence emanate German religious works, in common with the products of all other schools of high Art. Nature proceeds from God, man also proceeds from God, and things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other. And thus over the trinity of Art reigns unity.

JOSEPH FÜHRICH, historical painter, and a leading representative of High Church Art, was born at Kratzau, in Bohemia, in the year 1800. Fühlich joined in the common pilgrimage to Rome, and in the Villa Massimi, near the Lateran, executed frescoes illustrative of Tasso's Jerusalem. His love for romantic Art, however, soon gave place to his devotion to that religious school wherein Overbeck officiated as the high priest. The life of Fühlich has been crowded by countless works, a bare list of which would make a goodly catalogue. In Vienna he became professor, and of the Munich Academy he was member. German critics discover in the artist's productions profundity, grandeur, beauty, and religious expression. He designs with nobility of thought, he paints in the mystic spirit of the Catholic faith. On the other hand, it is conceded that the designs of Fühlich lack vigour and animation; the passive virtues impart to his characters the graces of resignation, but the active powers are wanting to give individual strength. This, in fact, is nothing but the old tale over again—the repetition, with scarcely a single varying phrase, of the strictures which, with justice, have been passed on every practitioner in the revived school of Christian Art.

'THE ASCENSION,' which we engrave, is a design which fairly represents the manner of Fühlich. The forms throughout are thoughtfully studied: the heads, the hands, and the attitudes, bespeak devotion; the figures combine individual expression with generic type; the draperies are cast in symmetric folds, after the usual manner of the German school; and the general composition, accurately balanced on either side, is brought to a climax in the head of the rising Saviour. Travellers who have visited the scene of the Ascension will at once recognise the spot. The footprints, still objects of veneration, are marked on the crest of the Mount of Olives. Beneath may be seen the trees in the garden of Gethsemane; above rise the platform of the temple and the hills which are round about Jerusalem. As for the disposition of the figures, the painter has adopted a treatment so simple, that little room is given for remark. It will be observed, however, that the Madonna is in the company of the Apostles. Mrs. Jameson tells us that "all the old legends represent her as present on this occasion, saying, as she followed with uplifted eyes the soaring figure of Christ, 'My Son, remember me when Thou comest to Thy kingdom! Leave me not long after Thee, my Son!'" The simplicity of the composition is specially apparent in the unpeopled solitude of the heavens into which the Saviour is soaring. In a well-known picture by Perugino, the sky is literally thronged by cherubs and the angelic choir. The treatment of the German artist is more impressive. Fühlich, in common with many pre-

ceding painters, has improved upon the text—"And a cloud received Him out of their sight." The gates of the everlasting mansions are thrown open for the King of glory: His brow, beaming as the mid-day sun, is radiant with emanating light—"Lo, the heaven its Lord receives, Alleluia!" Lady Eastlake reminds us that "the Ascension is not among the very earliest subjects of Christian Art." But the doctrine incorporated in the oldest known creed was not likely to be long neglected by the religious painter.

Our English artists, who have strangely held aloof from this the crowning glory in the Saviour's life, leave the inspiring theme to the pen of the poets. At the foot of the engraving we have placed two stanzas by the Spanish poet, Gongora, touched with tenderest pathos.

JOHANN EDUARD STEINLE was born in Vienna in the year 1810. He studied Art in that city until 1828, when he went to Rome, and joined company with Overbeck and Veit. On his return to Vienna in 1834, he was filled with the spirit of the new Catholic school, and entered on that sphere of Art-creation which has made his life illustrious. In common with the chiefs of his party, Steinle has designed numerous cartoons, and has practised with success the revived Art of fresco painting. He has also been engaged in the restoration of the tempera pictures of the cathedral at Cologne. In the year 1850 he went to Frankfort as professor of historical painting in the Stadel Institut, where our English artist, Mr. Leighton, was among his pupils. In that city he has executed numerous works. Among these I was specially impressed with the stern and awe-moving spirit in which the 'Sibylla Tiburtina' is clothed: a figure momentous for metaphysical musing, with face and form to haunt and waylay the thoughts. The pencil of Steinle is a magic wand which evokes out of the vast abyss, ideas, mystic and ominous. In a simpler strain is conceived that sweetly sympathetic composition, 'THE RAISING OF JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER,' which we have selected for engraving. There is pathetic loveliness in this child of twelve years, frail and beautiful as a flower that has faded out of life. The girl awakes as from a gentle sleep; the eyes are still drooping, as when the cold wind and the dew of night have closed the petals of a tender plant. The painter has evidently caught the idea "the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth." Decay's effacing fingers have not yet swept away the lines where beauty lingers in the languor of the placid cheek. The ecstatic rapture of surprise in the father and the mother contrasts finely, both with the gentle movement of their child upward rising, and with the calm dignity that presides over the figure of Christ.

"The subject of the Last Judgment," writes Lady Eastlake, "has tested the powers of some of the greatest and most opposite masters both north and south of the Alps." The treatment of this grand theme has become traditional; the situation seized by the artists of all schools is more or less the same; and the distribution of the figures in these imposing scenes is subject to little change. In the conception of Steinle, however, may be noted, if not novelties, at all events accepted ideas, nobly expressed. Christ appears as supreme judge. "Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him." He is seated on a rainbow, the symbols of the four Evangelists serve as a sustaining throne; and above rises the aureole of nebula glory, whereon burn fiery tongues, the emblems of the seven gifts of the Spirit. The heavenly host floating on angel wings gaze in wondering adoration on the beatific vision. Beneath are seated in stately array the patriarchs, prophets, and martyrs, in accordance with the words, "Know ye not that the saints shall judge the world." The Madonna kneels in her accustomed position before her divine Son. On the opposite side in the place usually appropriated to St. John the Baptist, stands the Angel of the Resurrection, ready at the command of the Judge to sound the trumpet which shall awake the sleeping dead. The Baptist, who, as we have said, occupies a new station, seems to be once again proclaiming in mid-sky the mission he preached while on earth: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Around are seated, with open books, the twelve apostles, ready to "judge the twelve tribes of Israel." The scene is laid in the upper heavens, at a point where the spectator catches not a glimpse of earth: the rising dead, therefore, are hidden from view. The drawing from which our engraving is taken was designed for the choir of the cathedral at Cologne. Works of this magnitude and portent are seldom undertaken save in Germany; unfortunately such creations lie beyond the sphere of our painters and the sympathy of our English patrons. The deficiency on the part of our artists has, however, received some compensation in the eloquence of our divines. The sermons of Howe, Jeremy Taylor, and other preachers, contain passages prophetic of the coming doom, indited with a power which no picture can surpass. One of these gorgeous word paintings I have placed as a fitting comment beneath Steinle's composition.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

"LIVERPOOL POTTERY."

A NOTICE OF THE VARIOUS "DELFT WARE" WORKS, AND OF THE INVENTION OF PRINTING ON CHINA AND EARTHENWARE, IN LIVERPOOL.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

It would, perhaps, scarcely be expected that in such a busy, bustling, and gigantic, if I may so say, place of enterprise and commercial activity as Liverpool—in midst of shipping of every description, and surrounded by the most enormous, nay, cyclopean, undertakings of one kind or other—we should successfully look for the full and perfect accomplishment of so quiet, so unostentatious, so peaceful, and so delicate an art as that of the potter. But thus it is; and Liverpool, which counts its docks by tens, its wharves and stores by hundreds, its shipping by thousands, and its wealth by millions—which can boast its 500,000 inhabitants, its overground and underground railways, and every appliance which modern ideas can give or possibly require—which has undertaken the accomplishment of some of the most wonderful and gigantic schemes the world ever knew, and which it has carried out in a spirit of commendable and boundless energy that invariably characterises all its actions—has not been behindhand with its more inland and more modest neighbours in the manufacture of delicate porcelain, and of pottery of the most fragile nature.

As, however, in the wildest and grandest of nature's favourite places, the botanist looks for the simple fern or the most delicate flower, so it has been with Liverpool and its pottery. As in the one case, amidst the most stupendous rocks, the lovely and delicate little flower springs into life, flourishes, and becomes perfect—a wee "thing of beauty," which becomes a greater joy because of its immense surroundings—so, in the other, the quiet, unassuming, and unobtrusive art of the potter has sprung up in the midst of shipping of the largest kind, and of undertakings of the most stupendous character, and has, in consequence of these surroundings, become more lovely and interesting. Let the simile, however, be carried a little further. It must be confessed the pleasure one feels in knowing that this art, which sprung up in Liverpool years ago, and flourished, as everything there ought to flourish, is modified by the fact that it no longer exists within its boundaries, but has been crushed out by the growth of the town, and the successful competition of more favoured localities. Like the small flower which, when saplings were planted around it, still found sustenance enough to feed and flourish upon, yet, as they grew and overshadowed it, gradually sickened, faded away, and died, this manufacture, as the tall chimneys and high masts sprang up around and overtopped it, gradually became a thing of the past, leaving only its remembrance, like dried specimens of the flower in the omnium of the botanist, in the shape of examples stored away in the "cabinets of the curious." And beautiful these examples are, and more varied in their peculiarities, than the productions of any other district, the "Potteries" excepted.

The first of these varieties to which I shall give attention is that of the Delft ware, made at Liverpool for a considerable period, and of excellent quality. In my present chapter I propose, therefore, confining my remarks to "Liverpool Delft ware," and in succeeding ones shall speak

of the finer earthenwares, and the porcelain, and of their makers.

The term "*Delft ware*," it is, perhaps, needless to state here, takes its origin from the town of Delft, in Holland, where this particular kind of ware was made to a large extent, and where it is stated the manufacture was carried on as early as 1310. In the middle of the seventeenth century, according to Chaffers, there were "nearly fifty potteries in operation at Delft, employing more than a fourth part of the entire population, viz., about 7,000 persons, and this was the most flourishing period of its existence. In the middle of the eighteenth century they were reduced to twenty-four, yet making a considerable quantity of pottery. At the present day, of all this number of potteries only one remains, and its productions are of a very inferior character, being of yellowish pipe-clay, devoid of any attempt at ornamentation." Of this great change Von Bleswyck says, that the Delft pottery "was so famous, not only in these provinces, but also in Brabant, Flanders, France, Spain, and in the West and East Indies, that in a few years twenty-eight potteries were established in Delft alone. The number was afterwards increased to thirty; but these, like all similar establishments, had their turn of prosperity; for in 1702 the number had decreased to twenty. In another twenty years six more were given up. In 1808 six only were in existence, and in 1849 we are informed that only two remained. The hard paste wares of Wedgwood were found to be as superior to those of Delft, as those of Delft had been to the soft wares of the preceding epoch. This naturally caused the decline of this celebrated production, which now gave place to the English wares."

For a long period the bulk of pots used in England were imported from Holland; but Dutch workmen coming over and settling here, and English workmen prosecuting their researches and experiments in a successful manner, soon altered this state of affairs, and the home market became stocked with home-made goods. Thus, instead of looking to foreign states for a supply of wares, England so successfully competed with them in their production, as soon to be able to export at a cheaper rate than the Dutch could manufacture. Delft ware, although not generally known to have been produced in England, was, as I have on another occasion shown, undoubtedly made in several localities.

Of these places, besides Bristol, Lowestoft, the metropolitan districts, the "Potteries," and other places, Liverpool produced a large quantity, and that of excellent quality; and there the manufacture continued located until quite a late period in the annals of Delft pottery.

* The peculiarity of Delft ware is, of course, that the body is formed of a soft buffish-coloured clay, and then smeared on its surface, or dipped, with a fine slip of a bluish or greenish-white tint, on which the pattern is painted, and then glazed over. The patterns were usually painted in blue, but other colours were occasionally employed, with good effect. This is well evidenced in the examples of Liverpool Delft that have come under my notice, in which yellow and green are introduced with good effect. The appearance of Delft ware is extremely soft and pleasing, and the higher qualities bear, on the surface, a nearer approach to the brilliancy and softness of Oriental porcelain than most wares do.

But little has, until lately, been known relating to the potteries of Liverpool, and only a few collections contain early examples

of the wares there made. Indeed, I believe it may be said that even yet many collectors are at fault regarding the varieties of wares there made, while others are ignorant even of the town having a claim to be one of the seats of English ficile art. Liverpool has, however, despite this want of recognition, produced its Delft ware of the finest quality, its cream-coloured ware, its porcelain, its terra cotta, its fine white earthenware, and its tortoiseshell ware; and has produced the earliest, and certainly the finest, specimens of transfer printing. If proof were wanting of the truth of my remark—that but little has, until lately, been known of the productions of the Liverpool pot works—it would be found in the notice in the "Catalogue of the Collection of Specimens of British Pottery and Porcelain in the Museum of Practical Geology," a work deserving of great praise, edited by Sir Henry de la Beche and Mr. Reeks, where all that is stated is this—"No detailed information has hitherto been obtained at the museum respecting this earthenware. It is known that potteries were carried on at Liverpool about the middle of the last century, and amongst them was one called the Herculaneum." Thanks, however, to Mr. Mayer, to whom not only Liverpool, but the whole antiquarian world, is so largely indebted for his more than princely encouragement of archaeology, and all that is enlightening in literature and Art. Liverpool has been placed in the proud position it ought to occupy in the annals of ficile art, and the part it has played in that art has been rescued from oblivion. Mr. Mayer, who possesses a marvellously fine collection of pottery, as well as one of the finest and most valuable of private museums in existence, feeling that the history of this important art in his town had been grievously neglected, set himself to the task of collecting together whatever information was available, and the result was the reading of a paper before the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, in which he traced the history of the various pot works and their owners, so far as the scantiness of the material would enable him, and thus filled up the chasm which had been left by the compilers of the catalogue. To my friend Mr. Mayer's labours, then, are collectors indebted for what information they have hitherto possessed, and to those labours I am indebted for much of the material whereon is founded my present article. Through his courtesy, too, I am enabled to give some of the illustrations which accompany it.

It is more than probable that in mediæval times the coarse ware of the period—the pitchers, porringers, dishes, &c.—were made on the banks of the Mersey. The first mention of pottery, however, occurs in 1674, when the following items appear in the list of town dues:—

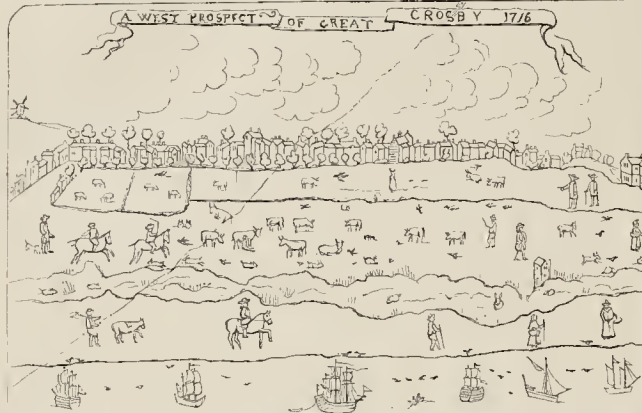
"For every cart-load of muggs (shipped) into foreign ports, 6*d*. For every cart-load of muggs along the coasts, 4*d*. For every crate of cups or pipes into foreign ports, 2*d*. For every crate of cups or pipes along the coast, 1*d*."

The earliest pot-work of which there is any reliable information, appears to have been that of Alderman Shaw, situated at Shaw's Brow, which afterwards became a complete nest of pot-works belonging to different individuals. At these works was most probably made the earliest known dated example of Liverpool Delft ware. This is a large oblong-square plaque, unique in its size and decoration, which is preserved in Mr. Mayer's museum, and is shown on the engraving on the following page.

It is of fine Delft ware, flat in surface, and measures 2 feet 7 inches in length, by 1 foot 8 inches in depth, and is nearly three quarters of an inch in thickness. The body is composed of the ordinary buff-coloured clay, smeared, like what are usually called "Dutch tiles," on the face with a fine white clay, on which the design is drawn in blue, and then glazed. The plaque

represents the village of Great Crosby as seen from the river Mersey, and bears the name and date, "A WEST PROSPECT OF GREAT CROSBY, 1716," on a ribbon at the top. In the foreground is the river Mersey, with ships and brigs, and a sloop and a schooner. The large ship in the centre of the picture has a boat attached to her stern, and another boat containing two

men is seen rowing towards her, while on the water around them are a number of gulls and other sea-birds. On the sandy banks of the river are several figures, consisting of a woman with a basket on her arm, apparently looking across the river; another woman, also with a basket on her arm, walking with a long stick; a man also walking with a stick; a gentleman



men is seen rowing towards her, while on the water around them are a number of gulls and other sea-birds. On the sandy banks of the river are several figures, consisting of a woman with a basket on her arm, apparently looking across the river; another woman, also with a basket on her arm, walking with a long stick; a man also walking with a stick; a gentleman

on horseback; and a man driving an ass before him. Beyond these figures rise the sandbanks, covered with long grass and heather, in which is a rabbit warren. The warren keeper's house is shown, as are also numbers of rabbits. Beyond this again, in the open space, are a number of figures: men on horseback are seen galloping about; women are carrying baskets;



men are walking about, some with dogs, others without; and the intermediate space is pretty well studded with cattle, rabbits, and birds; a milkmaid milking one of the cows. Behind this again, the ground is divided by hedgerows into fields, in which are cattle, people walking to and fro, and a milkmaid carrying a milkpail on her head. In the background is the town of Great

Crosby, including the school-house and numerous other buildings, with long rows of trees and palings, gates, and other objects incidental to the scene. To the left of the spectator is Crosby windmill, still standing; and those who are best acquainted with the aspect of the place, as seen from the river at the present day, say that little alteration has taken place in the village;

that this view, taken a hundred and fifty years ago, might well pass for one just executed.

Another plaque, of the same make, is affixed to the wall of old Crosby Church, and is here engraved. It will be seen to be of a few years later date, 1722, and of a different class of workmanship. It is affixed to the wall over one of the seats, and bears the arms of the Merchant Taylors' Company, viz., argent, a royal tent between two parliament robes, gules, lined ermine; on a chief azure, a lion of England; crest, a Holy Lamb in glory, proper; supporters, two camels, or; motto, "Concordia parua res crescit." Below is the inscription—

THIS SEAT WAS ERECTED BY
JOHN HARRISON AND
HENRY HARRISON, OF
LEVERPOOLE, 1722.

This interesting plaque is of lozenge form, and measures twenty inches from point to point, sixteen inches on each side, and is nearly an inch and a half in thickness. It is of precisely the same kind of ware as the view of Crosby, and was doubtless the production of the same establishment. John and Henry Harrison are said to have been natives of Crosby, the grammar school of which village they erected and endowed, after having made large fortunes as merchants in London, the trust being held by the Company of Merchant Taylors. Mr. Mayer mentions that another of these curious plaques, or slabs, was attached to the front of a house at Newton-cum-Larten. It was circular, and bore the arms of John-son and Anton impaled, with the date 1753. The Mr. Johnson whose armorial bearings it represents, was afterwards Mayor of Liverpool, and formed St. James's Walk. He married Miss Anton, an heiress, and built the house where the slab was affixed, and which is believed to have been made and presented to him for that purpose by his brother alderman, Mr. Shaw, the potter. Another dated example is a mug in Mr. Mayer's possession, shown on the accompanying engraving. It is decorated with



borders in blue and black, and bears on its front the initials and date

P
I · R
1728

There were, it appears, two potters, at least, of the name of Shaw—Samuel Shaw, who died in October, 1775, and Thomas Shaw, who, I believe, was his son. The works were, as I have stated, at a place which, from that circumstance, took the name of Shaw's Brow, a rising piece of ground on the east side of the rivulet that ran at the bottom of Dale Street. Here the early pot-works were established, and here in after years they increased, until the whole "Brow" became one mass of potter's banks, with houses for the workmen on both sides of the street; and so numerous were they

that, according to the census taken in 1790, there were as many as 74 houses, occupied by 374 persons, the whole of whom were connected with the potteries. At these works, Richard Chaffers, to whom so much honour is due for the advances he made in the manufacture of porcelain, was apprenticed to Shaw, and on the Brow he established his own manufactory, as I shall show in my next chapter. In 1754 the following very interesting little notice of these potteries occurs in "The Liverpool Memorandum Book; or Gentleman's, Merchant's, and Tradesman's Daily Pocket Journal for the

year 1754, so arranged as to be useful and convenient for all sorts of people, particularly with regard to their expenses, engagements, and occasional business."—

"The chief manufactures carried on here are blue and white earthenware, which at present almost vie with China. Large quantities are exported for the colonies abroad."

Of about this period are some examples in Mr. Mayer's museum, and in my own collection. Of these, I engrave a few of the most striking and characteristic. In the first engraving is shown a magnificent



punch-bowl, measuring 17½ inches in diameter, and of proportionate depth. It is, of course, of the ordinary Delft ware, the decorations being painted in blue. At the bottom of the bowl, inside, is a fine painting of a three-masted ship, in full sail, with streamer flying at the mast-head, the Union Jack at the jib, and a lion for a figure-head. This fine bowl was "made for Captain Metelie, who commanded the Golden Lion, which was the first vessel that sailed out of Liverpool on the whale fishery and Greenland trade, and was presented to him on his return from his second voyage, by his employers, who were a company composed of the principal merchants of Liverpool, in the year 1753." The size of this bowl, and the excellence of its decorations, as well as its workmanship, shows to what great perfection Shaw had at that time arrived in this manufacture, and in how great estimation his productions must have been held.

Among other articles besides mugs and punch-bowls, were fish-dishes, which probably will be new to my readers. They are, like the rest, of Delft ware, and are usually decorated with fishes around their



outsides. The one here engraved bears the initials I. B. In the next engraving are shown two mugs, of the same body and glaze as the plaques already described. The larger one of these Delft ware mugs is ornamented with flowers, painted in blue,

green, and black, and bears the initials and date T. F. 1757 on the side near the handle. It is a quart mug of plain form. The initials T. F. are those of Thomas Fazackerley, to whom it was presented by its maker, a workman at Shaw's pottery. In the following year, 1758, Mr. Fazackerley



having married, his friend made the smaller of the two mugs—a pint one (which may be construed into implying that the lady was the more abstemious drinker of the two)—represented on the engraving, on which he placed the initials of the lady, Catherine Fazackerley, and the date C. F. 1758 within an oval on its front. This mug is decorated with flowers, painted in green, yellow, and blue. These two interesting mugs, with the account of their origin, came into Mr. Mayer's hands from the son of their owners, Thomas and Catherine Fazackerley.

Two of the most interesting examples of Shaw's manufacture which have come under my notice, are in my own possession; one of them is here shown. They are a pair of cows, 4½ inches in height; the upper half of each lifts off. They are excellently modelled, and are painted in flowers, evidently by the same artist as the Fazac-

kerley mugs, in yellow, blue, and green. The date of these unique examples of Liverpool Art is therefore about 1750—1760. They are the only examples of figures, either human or of animals, of this make which have come under my notice. Fragments of figures were, however, I believe, found in excavating on the site of Shaw's pottery a few years ago.

Another dated example of about this period is a fine Delft ware bowl, on the out-



side of which are painted birds, butterflies, and flowers, and on the inside a man-of-war, painted in blue and colours, with the inscription, "Success to the Monmouth, 1760."

OBITUARY.

CONSTANTINE TROYON.

VISITORS to the French Picture Gallery in Pall Mall are not unacquainted with the name and works of this artist—one of the best landscape and eattio painters of the modern French school—who died on the 20th of March. He was born at Sèvres in 1810, and in early life was engaged on the ornamentation of porcelain in the celebrated manufactory in his native place. Subsequently Troyon studied under Biereux, and commenced exhibiting at the *Salon des Beaux Arts*, Paris, in 1833; the best pictures of his early time are 'A Fête at Sèvres,' and a 'Corner of the Park at St. Cloud.' In 1841 his picture 'A View in Brittany' gained for him much well-deserved praise. In 1838 he received a third-class medal for landscape painting, and in 1840 one of the second class; in 1846, and also in 1848, a first-class medal was awarded him, and in the following year he was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

The gallery of the Luxembourg contains examples of this skilful artist's works; but his most important picture, perhaps, is 'Going to Market,' a flock of sheep driven along the road at early morning. It was exhibited at the *Salon* about five years since. Troyon was a most assiduous painter, and his constant labours at the easel threatened, at one time, to deprive him of sight. A few months only before his death he was overtaken by a more terrible calamity than his former affliction. The loss of reason compelled his friends to place him in confinement; and although he recovered his intellect, his health had become so shattered, that he finally sank.

As a colourist, Troyon must not be placed in the same category with our best landscape painters, but his works are well composed, show careful study of nature, and truth of drawing.

* To be continued.

AUGUSTE HYACINTHE DEBAY.

The French school of Art has lost another of its most distinguished representatives by the death, in the month of April, of this artist, whose father and elder brother have acquired considerable celebrity as sculptors. He was born at Nantes in 1804, studied first as a painter under Gros, gained a third-class medal in 1819, the *Premier Grand Prix de Rome*, for historical painting, in 1823, and a first-class medal in 1831. He then gave up his easel, and studied sculpture under his father, Joseph Debay. Augusto is best known by his group entitled 'The First Cradle,' Eve holding on her knees and encircling in her arms the infants Cain and Abel, who are asleep with their arms entwined lovingly in each other, while the mother bends thoughtfully and lovingly over them, as if anticipating their future fate. "The work," says Mrs. Jameson, "is a group of extraordinary talent and power, both in conception and treatment. The form of Eve has all the amplitude and vigour which ought to characterise the first parent; and thus Michael Angelo has represented her." This group, in marble, was exhibited at the International Exhibition of 1851, where it received much attention. A cast of it is among the sculptures in the Crystal Palace.

To the Paris International Exhibition of 1855, this artist contributed both pictures and sculpture. Among his more prominent works in the latter art were a statue of Perant in the new Louvre, and a monument to the memory of the late Archbishop Affre. In the palace at Versailles are three of his pictures: 'The Meeting on the Field of the Cloth of Gold,' 'The Battle of Dreux,' and 'The Enrolment of the Volunteers of 1792.'

JOHN ANTHONY SCOTT.

In the death of Mr. Scott, announced in our columns not very long ago, the house of Dominic Colnaghi & Co. has suffered a most severe loss. At the time of his decease he was forty-seven years of age, and had been in connection with the firm in Pall Mall as a partner for twenty-six years, having joined it on attaining his majority. He was well known and greatly respected in the circles of Art, as the active manager of the affairs of the firm, the most important enterprises of which he conducted with an energy and ability that always secured success. In respect of rare old prints and etchings (especially those of Rembrandt) his discrimination and knowledge were unsurpassed. The drawings he has bequeathed to the National Collection in Edinburgh are the gatherings of many years. He was a great admirer of Cristall, and possessed not fewer than one hundred and ten drawings and sketches by this artist, which were also sent to Edinburgh.

This noble bequest entitles him to be held in affectionate remembrance by the Art-lovers of the North. Such was the esteem in which he was held in the Art-circles of London, that a public gift as magnificent as even that could scarcely have enhanced the kindly feeling with which he was regarded. He was educated at the Charterhouse, as a preliminary preparation for entering the Church, but his views were changed early in life, when he became connected with the eminent publishing house of which he was the right hand. He was for many years a great sufferer, but despite the depression and exhaustion resulting from his affliction, he resolutely performed his duties, and never lost the sympathy which he had always felt not only with the

progress of Art, but with the advancement of individual artists, many of whom have been indebted to him for well-timed help before reputation made easy their paths in professional life.

SIR JOSEPH PAXTON.

"The late Sir Joseph Paxton." What cause for earnest sorrow is contained in that announcement! No man of the present century has contributed so largely to our enjoyment—not to ours only, but to that of all those who have visited our shores—as "the late Sir Joseph Paxton." Upspringing from the people, the love and the knowledge of all that is beautiful in nature grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength: his quick and sagacious brain was warmed by as true and honest a heart as ever beat in an Englishman's bosom, and the sunshine of his nature refreshed all upon whom it shone. His voice was as kind, his smile as bland, to the peasant as to the peer. Gentle and genial, he was also firm and unflinching, and if he could have been called "sturdy" in anything, it was in his independence.

We might have wondered that a man lifted so suddenly as Sir Joseph Paxton, into the full blaze of popularity, by his master stroke of genius in 1831, should have continued natural and unaffected, and as much at his ease in the stately pageant that opened the "Exhibition" as if born to the highest station in the land. But, fostered and friended as he had been from his boyhood by the late courtly and kindly Duke of Devonshire, he could hardly receive more truly elevating honours than had been lavished upon him at Chatsworth; his education, so to say, had been that of "a court," and elevated without impairing the charming simplicity of his nature.

We were "going to press" when the death-toll of this national loss smote upon our heart, and we have no time to render fitting homage to the memory of a people's friend; we can but briefly record our sorrow. He looked his last—this great, good man—towards the palace that, having its origin at Chatsworth, took the whole world by surprise in Hyde Park, and was reconstructed under his fostering care amid the gentlest of the Surrey hills—a source of perpetual enjoyment.

To die, to "pass away" at sixty-two, was to die young; yet his life was so full of works, that every hour of his existence seems to have done a day's duty! During the Crimean war he organised a "navy" corps, which did excellent road-making service in the Crimea. He was a hard-working director of the Midland Railway, and never refused the influence of his name and support to whatever was worthy of assistance. He was greatly successful as an architect; whatever he undertook, he threw the whole power of his strong yet flexible mind into, —and did well. But his real title to our admiration and gratitude is as the greatest GARDEN ARCHITECT that England has ever produced; the whole world has been able to estimate the admirable manner in which he mingled and dignified all that was beautiful in nature and Art into an harmonious result at the CRYSTAL PALACE—that is the great monument to his memory, but not the only one with which grateful England will glorify his name.

Sir Joseph Paxton had hosts of friends who will grieve for his loss; but there are hundreds of thousands who never saw him who will honour his memory.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES FALLOWS, ESQ., SUNNYBANK, MANCHESTER.

LABOUR.

John Linnell, Painter. J. Cousen, Engraver.

WERE we desirous of showing to a foreigner, ignorant of both, what is the character of English rural scenery, and what is that of our school of landscape painters, we should introduce him to the pictures of John Linnell as best exhibiting the peculiar features of the one, while manifesting the highest qualities of the other. If Turner be regarded as the chief of the idealists, Linnell may be accepted as the head of the naturalists; and yet, strange to say, there are people so devoid of perception that they cannot estimate at their proper value either of these two great artists. The former had laid aside his pencil for ever, and was gone to his rest, almost before the public had learned to appreciate him at his true worth; and it is only within the last few years, comparatively, that the works of the latter came to be understood and eagerly sought after: now they command any price he chooses to ask for them, and must always hold the foremost rank in the productions of our native school.

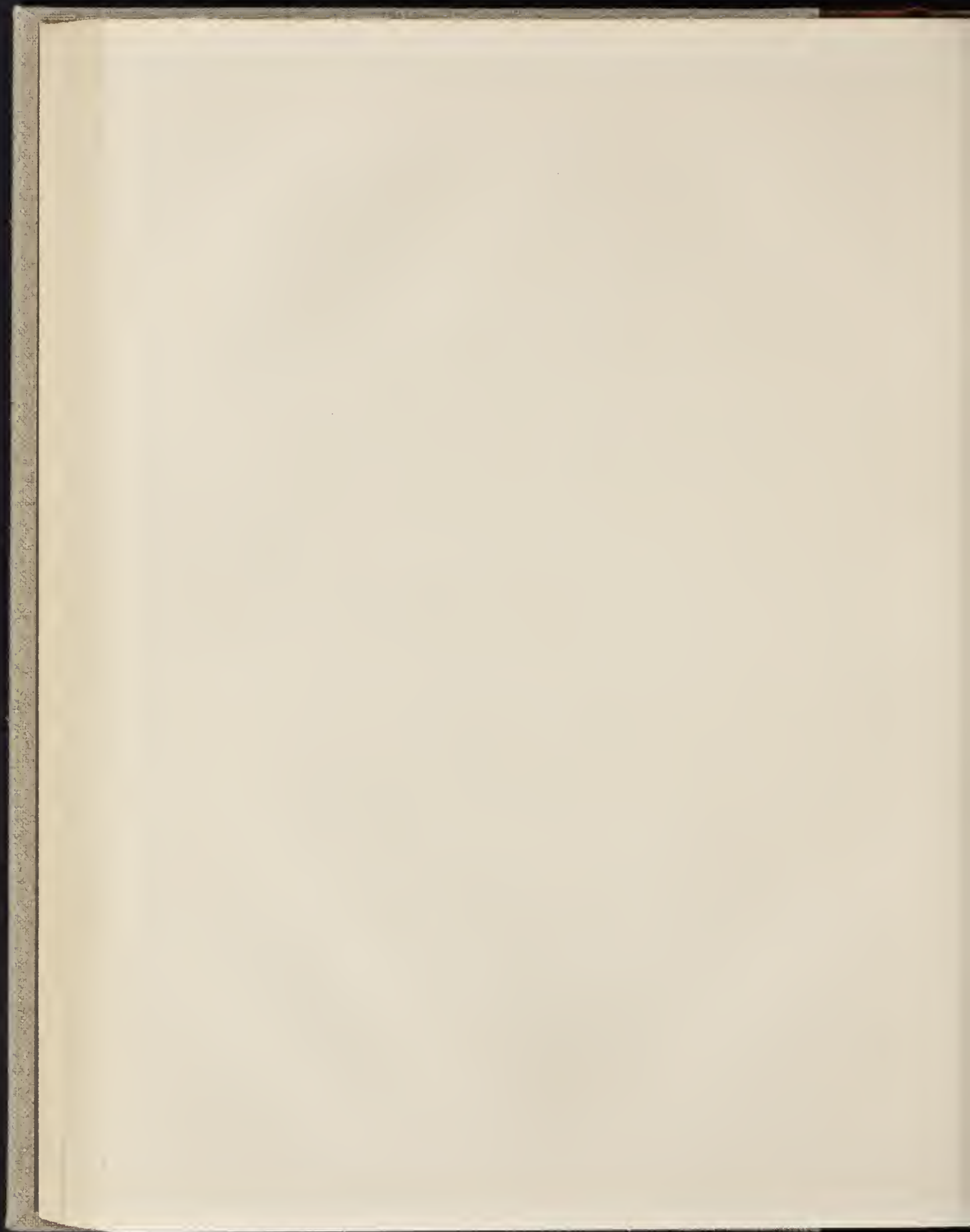
Linnell's style is as original in its way as that of Turner; there is no artist, ancient or modern, with whom he can be compared, not one to whom we can point as his model; he is, as it were, his own master; he looks at nature with his own eyes, not with those of another, and represents her after his own fashion—one as true as it is beautiful. Simple as his subjects almost invariably are, he renders them grand by the boldness of his treatment, the vigour of his execution, and the richness of his colouring; in this latter quality his pictures are absolutely unrivalled, and it is no exaggeration to affirm that an overpowering sense of oppression steals over the spectator who stands before one of his sultry-looking canvases in the crowded apartments of the Royal Academy—such, for example, as the picture here engraved.

The composition is simple enough, a portion of what seems to be an extensive undulating field, showing in its present state little else than stubble, for the husbandmen have almost cleared it to the foreground, and the gleaners have been allowed to enter and gather up the scattered ears of corn, that nothing be lost. The arrangement of the figures and objects in front is very easy and life-like, indicating that the artist has closely studied harvest operations.

At the extremity of the corn-field is a belt of trees, those in the centre of large growth; beyond is a wide expanse of country, other corn-fields interspersed with woods stretch far away right and left, gradually losing all distinguishing forms and character in the deep blue, or rather purple, tints of the distant horizon. The sky is treated in a manner which those acquainted with the works of this artist know to be a favourite method with him: large masses of fleecy clouds, some of them apparently charged with rain-showers, roll majestically onwards as the soft autumn winds move them; the largest mass stands out in bold relief against a background of blue graduated in tone. This portion constitutes a most beautiful part of the picture, and it is managed with great power of manipulation, yet tenderness of feeling, with respect to the delicate tintings which nature gives to her cloud-land.



1844



ART-RAMBLES IN BELGIUM.

CHAPTER I.

OPPOSITE our own coasts, and separated from them by a short sea-passage, the kingdom of Belgium possesses claims on the attention of the lovers of Art and history superior to any other near neighbour. The early history of England is much mixed up with that of the Low Countries; and to the Englishman, whose love of liberty is at once honest and profound, the actions of the brave men who so perseveringly fought against spiritual and regal tyranny when the hope of victory was indeed a forlorn one, must ever be dear. In the marshes of Holland and Belgium liberty made her last grand stand, emerging victorious, and giving to surrounding nations much of her benign influence. The first great blow at feudalism was struck by the brave Flemish burghers; and the basis upon which modern commerce rests had its foundations laid by them also.

The wealthy burghers of the Hans Towns were not mere tradesmen; they loved Art and literature, and patronised both in a most catholic spirit. The taste permeated all ranks; thus the trade-guilds, or fraternities of workmen, instituted their "Chambers of Rhetoric," and concocted dramatic moralisations, often thought worthy to amuse kings and nobles, when *joyeuse entrée* gave these honest workers a chance of testifying their loyalty and respect.

Nowhere can a greater or more sudden change be felt than in the short passage between London and Antwerp. The greater, and the most disagreeable part of the voyage, takes place in the night, when the steambot becomes a floating hotel. The morning is passed in the windings of the Scheldt; mid-day lands us at Antwerp, amid scenes that recall the memories of three hundred years. The past mingles with the present so quaintly and so charmingly, that the student of Art and history may be envied his first visit to Antwerp.

As the mouth of the Scheldt is entered, the town of Flushing gives token of a contrast to our own shores. The river is like an arm of the sea, the town a walled and embattled gathering of quaint old houses in a lonely plain of sand, a solitary home for an amphibious race of hardy fishermen. Terneuse, a small village, with a finely painted church, a high-pitched roof and spire, and an abundance of weathercocks, is the next place passed; then comes Warden, of which we give the characteristic features in our small sketch. Doulo soon succeeds it, a droll, Dutch-looking little place, with very few houses, and its church (a little cathedral, as all the Belgic churches appear to be), with a miniature steeple and spire, transepts, and west porch. Almost immediately afterwards we come in sight of Fort Lillo, which, with its opposite brother, protects this part of the stream, and guards the approach to Antwerp. Nothing can afford a greater contrast than this river and the Thames; the one crowded with vessels, the other dull and lonely, yet fortified so strongly, while our own river, crowded with shipping, and lined with buildings, has a comparatively unprotected look. The Scheldt is a difficult river to navigate, but it once received vessels from all parts of the world; its windings are most tortuous, and it is a very sudden curve that brings Antwerp in sight, its group of spires and towers cutting against the sky in picturesque relief, and holding out fair promise of a pleasant sojourn to the traveller.

The *Place Verte*, on the south side of the cathedral, is the focus of life and gaiety. The tree-shadowed old square is the favourite resort of the idler, and will have strong attraction to the stranger, for it is one of the most picturesque localities in the old city. The entire length of the cathedral forms one of its boundaries; the quaint roof and spires of this building are nowhere seen to greater advantage. In the centre of the place stands Gœff's noble colossal statue of Rubens, and the Englishmen may feel, in looking upon it, that he is in a country where men, mentally great, who devote themselves to the elevation of the higher emotions of life, are honoured and recognised. Rubens is "the

bright particular star" of Antwerp; its inhabitants never tire of honouring his memory; his residence is still shown, his favourite chair is preserved in the Museum, every trifle in the town connected with him is held sacred. The people, are, however, equally attached to the renown of other names that have made their city famous. Quintin Matsys and his history is familiar to every one; so is that of Vandyke. It is not too much to say that, while many great statesmen and warriors are forgotten, the artists of Belgium are familiarly and affectionately remembered by their modern countrymen.



FORT LILLO.

pictures that were painted by *real* "Pre-Raphaelites." We must be content to miss those that preceded the seventeenth century, particularly when we find such glorious works of that period as reward the seeker in every corner of the old city. Nowhere can Rubens be seen to such advantage; in fact, he can fully be comprehended only in the city of his residence; works displaying all his peculiarities of style and character throughout his long, industrious, and honourable life, are here. The "prince of artists" is still a ruler in Antwerp, and it would

The frightful devastations produced by civil and religious wars in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, have robbed the churches of the vast accumulation of early Art-treasures they possessed up to the time of Philip II. of Spain. The cruelty and intolerance of the court of Spain is without a parallel in European history, and after many years of suzerainty was at last met by an ebullition that spared no relic of its dominance. We must, therefore, not look in the churches of Antwerp for antiquities, such mediæval relics as ecclesiologists of the present day delight to descant upon, nor for

be difficult to find another city where an artist is so entirely honoured.

It is not requisite, nor do we propose to descant upon his works here, or narrate their number and titles; that has been long since done in our pages and elsewhere. In taking a rapid survey of Belgium and its Art-works, we may merely point out noticeable pictures, elucidating them by sketches from, or rather dissections of, each picture. Architecture must come in for the due share of notice demanded by that important art, particularly as regards



WARDEN.

the quaint peculiarities that catch the eye of a stranger. All this, and other features of ordinary life in Belgium, must be embodied in our passing glance.

The war between the two great divisions of churchmen, the Papists and the Reformers, was fought as desperately here as anywhere, with the alternations that "the chances of war" bring. Now the religion of Rome seems firmly fixed, and nowhere are the stately services of that faith more strikingly conducted than in Belgium. In Rome they partake too much of the festive, or theatric, in their style, and are

wanting in the grandeur and dignity that give them so impressive a character here. The architecture and fittings of the churches are more in accordance with the solemn pomp of religion; "the glory of regality" seems to invest the national faith; and the gorgeous processions on great festivals, to which all knees bow, show the deep-seated reverence of the people.

The stranger will notice at many street- corners pleasing little groups of the Virgin and Child, before whom lamps are occasionally lighted. Some of these are of considerable antiquity; many possess much native grace. We



FIRST VIEW OF ANTWERP FROM THE RIVER.

give two specimens of these canopied figures; in one instance (p. 210) the simplicity of nature alone has been aimed at; there is a *motive*, however, in the action of the infant Saviour unusual in works of its class; He starts forth from the embrace of the Holy Virgin, holding forth the cross of redemption in the left hand, while the right welcomes the humblest aspirant of the faith. More of quaint, mediæval feeling is exhibited in our second specimen (p. 212). Here the Virgin is crowned and enthroned as Queen; her canopy is surmounted by a flag; a circle of stars adds lustre to her crown; she bears a

sceptre in her right hand, and is really "the Queen of Heaven," as with the Roman faith, rather than the simple "Mother of Jesus," as the Protestants consider her. The Saviour here is a passive figure, playing a very secondary part, as is too often the case in the Church of Rome. That she is "the woman" of the Apocalypse is typified by the serpent beneath her feet; her divine triumph is shown by the cherubim about her.

It is not always that the Virgin is thus shown triumphant. Her woes are often made the visible stimulus for the devotion of the faithful.

"Notre Dame de Sept Douleurs," is occasionally seen with seven poniards in her breast, typical of her spiritual wounds; occasionally with one only, as in the engraving (p. 212) of a statuette in the church of St. Andrew, attached to one of the pillars of the nave.

It is impossible to deny the great devotion of



FAITH: CHURCH OF S. CARLO BORRONEO.

the lower classes to all church ceremonies. The poor repose on the faith and in the hope of a better world, to compensate the misery to them of the present one; hence the high altars of the churches are never without devout plebeian worshippers; and their quaint costumes and simple devotion have abundant elements of the picturesque. The flat lands of Belgium and



Holland necessitate a peculiar head-dress for its peasantry. The strong winds that blow across these plains from the North Sea, would make any "broad-brimmed" head-covering perfectly unmanageable; so a strange bonnet has been invented, that is perched at an angle above the crown, with the narrowest brim possible, acting

as "a sun-shade" for the eyes. The girls manage to make up for the meagreness of the bonnet by the amplitude of the cap, and indulge in lappets of lace, as costly as they can afford. In fine weather the bonnet is dispensed with, and then the cap shines forth in all its glory. The ladies of the middle class wear dark veils, like the Spanish

mantilla; this custom may be traced to the days of Charles V. and the Spanish rule in the Netherlands.

Typical figures of Faith, more or less graceful, abound in the churches. In that of S. Carlo Borromeo—the sumptuous fane of the Jesuits—is a very elegant figure, borne on clouds, supporting



the cross, and elevating the cup of the Eucharist. The Church, under less triumphant influences, is seen in our second example.

No one can examine the Belgic churches without being forcibly struck by the abundance and superiority of the wood-carving with which they are enriched. With the utmost elaboration of hand-labour is combined a high artistic

feeling, and a painter-like freedom of execution that gives these works a very high character. It may be a question whether there be fitness in converting a pulpit into a group of figures and accessories embodying a scriptural story; but the objection does not hold with the elegant adjuncts which the gorgeous ritual of Rome demands. In the Church of the Augustines



THE INCREDULITY OF ST. THOMAS—RUBENS.

are pleasing groups of cherubims and angels bearing floral gifts, that form the decorations of a confessional. Though not absolutely detached from the surface over which they seem fluttering, they are in such bold relief, being so much "undercut," that the finger may be passed behind many parts of them. The wood-carvers

of the Low Countries have always been celebrated for their talent, and their descendants in Belgium still worthily uphold their fame, as the modern works in Antwerp Cathedral abundantly prove.

The treasures possessed by the churches in the paintings which still adorn their walls, and

attract visitors from all parts of the globe, are enormous. Those that chiefly attract attention are the works of Otho Venius (the master of Rubens), Rubens, and Vandyke. Otho Venius, or Van Venne (he Latinised his name in conformity with a fashion among the educated in his era), is sometimes termed "the Flemish

Raphael." His works show much of the sweetness and purity of the great Italian, and are in this way far superior to those of his renowned pupil; but they are often cold and formal, and evidence little appreciation of the graces of colour. Venius was a most diligent painter and designer, imbued with strong religious mysticism, which



THE ECSTASY OF ST. AUGUSTINE—VANDYKE.

shows most in the series of emblematical engravings he published, typifying the world and the spirit. Religious emblems were a book-fashion in those days, and talented men, clerical and lay, racked their brains in endeavouring to make the working of the mind take a bodily

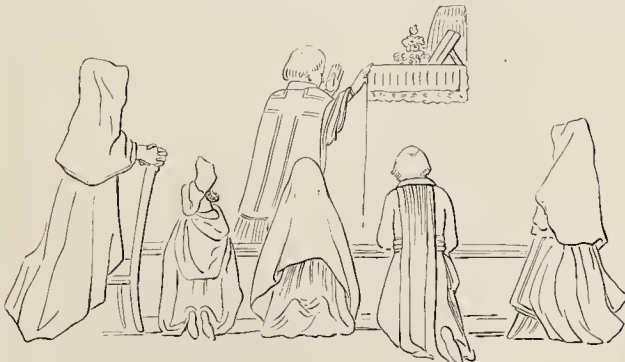
form. How different from the simple truthfulness of Rubens; his greatest picture, "the Incredulity of St. Thomas," is chiefly remarkable for the unpretentious power of its reality. Here all is dignity and repose. The simple action of the Saviour is excellently rendered,



HEAD-DRESSES OF FLEMISH PEASANTRY.

the progress of conviction is admirably traced in the other figures. You feel that the incredulity of St. Thomas is not quite removed, although he scrutinises with an earnest intent, and awestruck gaze, the wound in the hand which is extended towards him; but the features, and

more especially the hand, of the younger disciple say as powerfully as words could do, that he recognises his risen Lord. It is this simple majesty and power of expression that gives a higher character to the works of Rubens than their brilliant colouring or masterly manipula-



GROUP AT THE ALTAR, ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

tion would alone ensure. The head of St. Simon in "The Presentation in the Temple," is magnificent for its dignity and elevation. Vandyke's "Ecstasy of St. Augustine," is the nearest approach to this. The aged saint supported by youthful angels of extreme beauty, is the realisation of saintly humanity. There is here much

grace in the forms, and brilliancy in the colour of the entire composition, which is certainly one of the painter's best works. The beauty of his angels and younger male figures is again well shown in his picture of the dead Christ in the lap of his mother, now in the Antwerp Museum. A more beautiful group than the two angels and

St. John cannot be studied for pathos and depth of feeling. Nor is the Virgin, with her arms extended transversely, a less speaking figure. She seems truly *accablée de douleurs*, raising her imploring eyes toward heaven, as if to seek renewed strength there. The action of the two angels is full of sentiment and dignity—the one gazing on the wounded hand, to which St. John directs his attention with a gesture of affection and pitying sympathy, while the other, unable



ST. SIMON—RUBENS.

to endure the mournful sight, veils his face in his black drapery. In the large Crucifixion by Vandyke (which he gave to the Convent of the Jacobins in return for the care they took of his father during his last illness), there is a striking group at the foot of the cross. The angel is one of his most graceful figures. The action of St. Dominic, with his open arms and tenderly sympathising face, and of St. Catherine of Sienna, with her closed eyes and delicate ex-



A PEASANT'S CAP.

pression of purity, combines the qualities of dignity, grace, and tenderness, in as high a degree as they can be found in the works of this great master.

It was this power of introducing saintly legend into scriptural history that gave the earlier artists so much scope for variety in their compositions, and of which the moderns, for various reasons, cannot avail themselves. When



PRIESTLY COSTUME.

pictures were ordered for churches, it became a necessary duty for the artist thus patronised to introduce the saint to whom the church was dedicated; no feeling of anachronisms committed was ever allowed to interfere with this arrangement of the subject. This is strikingly shown in the portion of the picture here given. The boldest of modern painters would hardly dare to introduce at the foot of the cross saints who are popularly known to have lived many

hundred years after that event, and make them take the place of those (St. John and the Magdalen) who are known to have been there. This license gave variety to a hackneyed subject, but it ultimately led to evil effects. Artists were not satisfied with saintly legend, but emulated

such furniture pictures as the Church was obliged to be content with in the seventeenth century, and which sapped the very foundation of re-

ligious Art. We see the worst examples of this want of pure religious feeling in the French school of the period of Louis Quinzo; but this



"NOTRE DAME DES DOULEURS."

classic mythology, and revelled in groups of angels and geni more fitted for Roman baths (where they originated) than Christian churches. Some of this false feeling displays itself in the group: the winged Cupid—for he is scarcely an angel—seated at the foot of the cross has a reversed torch beside him, the classic emblem

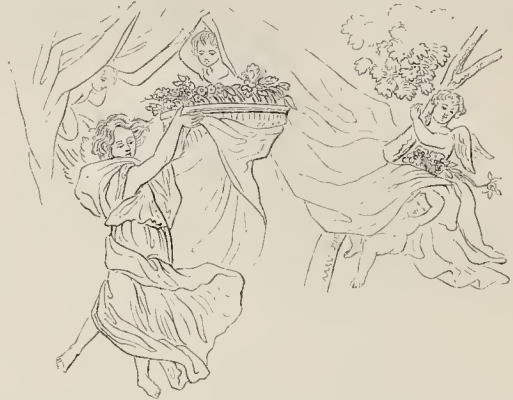


THE MADONNA TRIUMPHANS.

of Death: the lamp and skull carry out the same idea. When Art submits to the adoption of such petty adjuncts, it is a sure sign of innate weakness; the fascination of such liberty is great, and soon resolves itself into license; and when weakness and license combine, we get

bad pre-eminence was partially shared by the schools of Italy; it even pervaded sculpture

under the guidance of Bernini, whose fluttering draperies, emulating pictorial art, deprived



FROM WOOD-CARVING, CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE.



FITTING ANGELS—AFTER VANDYCKE.

sculpture of its innate dignity, and left in place thereof but a miserable exhibition of spasmodic

power. The greatest of all Christian temples is disfigured by monstrosities of this kind; we



FROM THE CRUCIFIXION BY VANDYCKE.

cannot wonder, then, that French sculptors and painters should have been unable to resist the

fascination of following in the fashion patronised at the chief sanctuary of their faith.

PICTURE SALES.

The valuable collection of water-colour drawings, and a few oil paintings, the property of Mr. J. G. Robinson, of Liverpool, and others, were sold by Messrs. Christie & Co. on the 22nd of April. The most important examples of the former were:—'Sunset on the Thames,' B. Foster, 115 gs. (Grindley); 'Bird's Nest and Apple Blossom,' W. Hunt, 135 gs. (Grindley); 'Cottage at Hambleton,' B. Foster, 125 gs. (Grindley); 'Malvolio' and a scene from *Love's Labour Lost*, a pair by J. Gilbert, 160 gs. (E. White); 'Lucrezia Borgia,' A. Elmore, R.A., 165 gs. (Agnew); 'Highland Sports,' F. Taylor, 205 gs. (B. White); 'Carisbrook,' J. Varley, 100 gs. (Robinson); 'Port Madoc,' H. B. Willis, 185 gs. (Westbrook); 'The Silver Trumpeters,' J. Gilbert, 120 gs. (Vokins); 'Tintagel Castle,' about six inches by nine, J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 155 gs. (Agnew); 'Landscape,' with cattle, about nine inches by thirteen, B. Foster, 185 gs. (Williams); 'Death of a fine old English Gentleman,' J. Gilbert, 240 gs. (Morley); 'Coast Scene,' with numerous figures, from the Alnutt Collection, D. Cox, 132 gs. (Williams). Thirty-five exquisite drawings, mostly of a small size, 'the property of a gentleman in the country,' by the same great artist, were sold for 940 gs. to various bidders. The principal oil pictures included:—'Wellat Betwysy-Coed,' D. Cox, 190 gs. (Holmes); 'On the Scheldt,' W. Müller, 200 gs. (Agnew); 'The Drowned Fisherman,' Israels, a small replica of the large picture exhibited at the International Exhibition, 150 gs. (Lucas); 'Morte d'Arthur,' J. Archer, R.S.A., 160 gs. (Wilkie); 'Measuring Heights,' a scene from the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 240 gs. (Vokins); 'The Almoner,' J. Faed, 215 gs. (Agnew); 'Felicco Bullerini reading *Tasso*,' a small replica of the larger picture engraved in the *Art-Journal* for 1863, F. Goodall, R.A., 245 gs. (Westbrook); 'Faults on both Sides,' a small canvas, T. Faed, R.A., 550 gs. (Vokins). The day's sale reached the sum of £7,925.

The sketches, drawings, and a few oil paintings, the works of John Leech, were sold on the 25th of April and two following days, by Messrs. Christie, realising the large sum of £6,500. The majority of the sketches was little more than first ideas of the pictures which for so long a time have delighted the readers of *Punch*, each the work of a few minutes, and yet they sold at prices varying from three and four guineas up to fifteen or sixteen, so eagerly were they sought after. The 'Briggs' series of drawings ranged from 40 guineas to 110 guineas each; in fact, there was not a scrap of paper bearing a few scratches of the pencil of this universally popular and lamented artist that was not valued at many hundred times its weight in gold. And we are delighted to know it, for his own memory's sake and for the sake of his family.

The collection of pictures and drawings formed by the late Mr. John Whittaker, of Ashton-under-Lyne, was sold by Messrs. Christie & Co. on May 6th. Among the drawings we noticed especially, 'Chartres Cathedral—South Porch,' S. Prout, 100 gs. (Agnew); and 'The Pet Lamb,' F. W. Topham, 90 gs. (Agnew). The principal oil paintings were:—'Fertoring for Rabbits,' R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 125 gs. (Hopwood); 'Cheekmate' and 'Matod,' the well-known engraved pictures by F. Stone, A.R.A., 280 gs. (Wilkinson); 'Landscape and Cattle,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., and one of his very finest works, 452 gs. (Colnaghi); 'The Launch,' G. Smith, 100 gs. (Agnew); 'View in Surrey,' F. R. Lee, R.A., 200 gs. (Agnew); 'Loch Katrine,' T. Creswick, R.A., small, 165 gs. (Whitehead); 'Departure of the Britanny Conscripts,' F. Goodall, R.A., one of this artist's most important pictures, 700 gs. (Agnew); 'Alicia Lee, Sir H. Lee, Albert Lee, and the King,' a scene from *Woodstock*, John Faed, 500 gs. (Rippe); 'Castle of Ischia,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 1,270 gs. (Agnew); 'The Dead Shepherd,' R. Ansdell, A.R.A., a large gallery picture, 500 gs. (Agnew). The three following paintings were the property of another gentleman,

who obtained them direct from the respective artists:—'Cottage in Wales,' with two children in the foreground, D. Cox, 140 gs. (Ames); 'Landscape,' with a Cottage, pine trees, and two children, W. Müller, 395 gs. (Hutchinson); 'The Mill-Stream,' the engraved picture by J. Constable, R.A., 660 gs. (Agnew). A painting by the Baron Leys was sold immediately after the above; it was announced as "received from the Continent," and bore the title of 'The Re-establishment of Public Worship in the Church of Our Lady at Antwerp, in 1566.' It was knocked down to Mr. Barker, for the sum of 235 gs.

On the same day and in the same rooms, Messrs. Christie sold the paintings and drawings belonging to Mr. Julius Sichel, of Timperley, Cheshire. The chief examples of the former were:—'Where the Bee sucks,' a beautiful composition of flowers by Miss A. J. Mutrie, 118 gs. (Ames); 'Vallée de la Cluse, near Boulogne,' H. W. B. Davis, 150 gs. (Haylar); 'The Park,' landscape by T. Creswick, R.A., the deer by R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 350 gs. (Agnew); 'Gleaners Returning,' J. Linnell, small, 140 gs. (Cox); 'Abbeville,' D. Roberts, R.A., 210 gs. (Agnew); 'The Eve of the Deluge,' J. Linnell, 210 gs. (Earl); 'Dutch River Scene,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 305 gs. (Agnew); 'A Girl feeding a Lamb,' the figure by J. Phillip, R.A., the lamb by R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 350 gs. (Agnew); 'Sterne and the Grissette,' W. P. Frith, R.A., very small, 100 gs. (Earl). The water-colour drawings included:—'Breton Courtship,' F. Goodall, R.A., 147 gs. (Agnew); 'A Ship in Distress,' E. Duncan, 140 gs. (Vokins); 'Screen in the Church of Dixmude, Belgium,' L. Hagbe, 100 gs. (Neumann); 'Off the Mumbles Light-house,' E. Duncan, 140 gs. (Agnew); 'The Flower-Girl,' the celebrated drawing by W. Hunt, 350 gs. (Agnew); 'Italian Peasant Woman and Child,' seated near a lake, L. Gallait, 176 gs. (Agnew); 'Don Quixote discoursing on Arms and Letters,' J. Gilbert, 260 gs. (Agnew); 'In the Meadows, near Stratford-upon-Avon,' Birket Foster, small, 250 gs. (Agnew). The proceeds of the day's sales amounted to £3,820.

Messrs. Foster and Sons sold at their rooms in Pall Mall, on the 11th and 12th of May, the extensive and valuable collection of water-colour drawings, with a few oil paintings, belonging to Mr. Thomas Greenwood, of Sandfield Lodge. Among the most prominent examples of the former class of works were:—'On the Road—a Family Party,' 'Sisters, Reindeer, and Bird,' and 'A Girl driving a Flock of Sheep,' all by F. Taylor, 250 gs. (Vokins); 'The Temple of the Winds,' and 'Fort Rouge, after a Storm,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 180 gs. (Platon); 'The Baron's Hall,' G. Cattermole, 100 gs. (Vokins); 'Sheep and Cows,' and 'Cattle in a Landscape,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 120 gs. (Earl); 'Apples and Grapes,' W. Hunt, 110 gs. (Earl); 'An Abbey,' and its companion, 'A Market-place,' S. Prout, 160 gs. (White); 'Palace on the Banks of a River,' and 'Fort Rouge,' D. Cox, 100 gs. (Vokins); 'Sheep in Snow,' and 'Cows in the Meadows near Canterbury,' 175 gs. (Earl); 'Cromwell discovering the Escape of Charles I.,' G. Cattermole, 117 gs. (Vokins); 'Macbeth and the Witches,' and 'The Convent Porch,' also by G. Cattermole, 115 gs. (Vokins); 'A Showery Day,' and 'Landscape and Figures,' D. Cox, 125 gs. (Vokins); 'The Kennel,' and 'Highland Cattle,' F. Taylor, 140 gs. (Chester); 'Landscape,' and 'Arundel Park,' Copley Fielding, 125 gs. (Agnew); 'Harvest-Time,' and 'A Road Scene,' D. Cox, 120 gs. (W. Cox); 'Lago Maggiore,' and 'A Sea View,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 365 gs. (Agnew); 'The Evening Gun,' G. Cattermole, 125 gs. (Agnew); 'Devotion,' J. Dyckmans, 140 gs. (Vokins); 'Sidmouth,' and 'Mountain Fort, near Genoa,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 100 gs. (Lloyd). Mr. Greenwood's oil paintings included, 'The Auction,' W. H. Knight, 140 gs. (Tooth); the small finished sketch for the same picture, 84 gs. (Platon); 'Reading the Emigrant's Letter,' T. Webster, R.A., size 6 in. by 6½ in. 55 gs. (Platon); 'Comus,' a sketch for the fresco in the Pavilion at Buckingham Palace, C. Stan-

field, R.A., 170 gs. (White); 'The Post-Office,' F. Goodall, R.A., engraved in the *Art-Journal* of 1862, 625 gs. (Chester). The whole of this collection, which contained upwards of 260 works, realised a sum over £10,250.

The sale of the pictures, drawings, and sketches in oils and water-colours, by the late David Roberts, R.A., was commenced at the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, & Co., on the 13th of May, and continued during five succeeding days, the number of "lots" exceeding one thousand. The drawings and sketches, which may be classed together, though many of the former were finished works, realised prices varying from 10 gs. to about 90 gs. each; but some reached a higher sum than this: such were—'Entrance to the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem,' 121 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Entrance to the Mosque of Sultan Hassan,' 112 gs. (White); 'Luxor,' 205 gs. (Vokins); 'Edinburgh,' 94 gs. (Rutley). Of the oil pictures and sketches in oil, may be pointed out—'Interior of the 'Chaiseau,' 100 gs. (Agnew); 'Greenwich Hospital,' 120 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Temple Bar,' 105 gs. (Earl); 'Houses of Parliament,' 90 gs. (Agnew); 'Interior of a Cathedral,' 97 gs. (Hayward); 'Church of La Spina, Pisa,' 101 gs. (Earl); 'Interior of St. Peter's, Rome, with the Procession of *Corpus Christi*,' 230 gs. (Agnew); 'Interior of St. Jacques, Antwerp,' 390 gs. (Agnew); 'Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey,' 144 gs. (Lloyd); 'Roslyn Chapel,' 90 gs. (Hayward); 'St. Paul's, from Ludgate Hill,' 255 gs. (Baltantine).

Mr. Roberts was in possession of a few paintings and drawings by his brother artists, which were sold at the same time; among them two fine examples of P. Nasmyth: one of these, 'A Cottage among Trees,' with figures, was sold for 236 gs. (Platon); the other, a 'Landscape,' with figures near a pool of water, for 237 gs. (W. Cox). The total proceeds of the sale were £16,425.

The following were among a small but valuable collection of paintings belonging to Mr. Duncan Fletcher, sold by Messrs. Christie and Co., on May 20th:—'Cottage Interior,' with a woman at work and a child in a cradle, small, E. Frère, 220 gs. (Agnew); the companion work, also a 'Cottage Interior,' with a mother and child, E. Frère, 204 gs. (Platon); 'Horses and Cows at Fontainebleau,' Rosa Bonheur, 400 gs. (Agnew); 'Interior,' with a little girl at a cupboard, very small, E. Frère, 96 gs. (Burnett); its companion, also an 'Interior,' with a little boy, E. Frère, 152 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Sheep Washing in Wiltshire,' Sir D. Wilkie, 100 gs. (Agnew); 'Spanish Contrabandists crossing the Pyrenees,' C. Stanfield, 610 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Street in Cairo,' D. Roberts, R.A., 615 gs. (Platon); at the sale of Mr. Bicknell's collection this picture was purchased for 605 gs.; 'Good Night,' T. Webster, R.A., 865 gs. (Vokins), sold at Mr. Bicknell's sale for 1,160 gs.; 'The Prize Calf,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 1,370 gs. (Agnew), also one of Mr. Bicknell's pictures, when it was bought by Mr. Wallis for 1,800 gs.; 'The Palm Offering,' F. Goodall, 1,360 gs. (Vokins); 'English Landscape,' Sir W. Calcott, R.A., with cattle by Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 2,000 gs. (Agnew), who gave the large sum of 2,950 gs. for it when Mr. Bicknell's pictures were sold. We stated then that the extravagant prices paid for many of the leading works could never be maintained; that those who paid such sums must inevitably be losers when the pictures came again into the market; but we scarcely expected our predictions would be so soon realised, and to the extent of so great a reduction as about 30 per cent. It is a lesson picture-buyers ought to profit by, while we are glad to recognise a more healthy and reasonable tone regulating the auction-room.

At the conclusion of the sale of Mr. Fletcher's pictures, two paintings belonging to Mr. A. T. Stewart were disposed of:—'Philip Baptising,' a fine and comparatively early work, J. Linnell, £892 (Agnew), and 'The Britanny Pets,' a large and unexhibited picture by R. Ansdell, A.R.A., £493 (Cooper). Then followed two collections of paintings, of which the owners' names were

not made public; but there were many admirable specimens among them, as the appended list shows:—'Gillingham, on the Midway,' £341 (Ensom); 'Street in Cairo,' £320 (Cooper); 'Haymaking, near Gillingham,' 160 gs. (Cooper); these three are by W. Müller; 'River Scene,' with figures, D. Cox, £117 (Cooper); 'It is the Lark, the Herald of the Morn,' J. Sant, A.R.A., £154 (Young); 'Joan of Arc in Prison,' C. R. Leslie, R.A., £347 (Mann); 'Reading for Honours in the Country,' C. W. Cope, R.A., £152 (Mills); 'The Young Astronomer,' E. Frère, £90 (Burnett); 'Boys Snowballing,' E. Frère, £241 (Agnew); 'Return of the Runaway,' J. Clark, engraved in the *Art-Journal* for 1863, £235 (Chester); 'Wood Gatherers,' E. Frère, £211 (Agnew); 'The Dnenna,' H. Leys, £243 (Newton); 'Regrets,' C. De Groux, £139 (Fores); 'A Letter,' R. Carrick, 320 gs. (Fletcher); 'The Corps de Garde,' H. Leys, 380 gs. (Fletcher); 'The Toilet,' Henrietta Browne, £192 (Agnew); 'Gil Blas métamorphosé en Genthilhomme par un Tripiier,' L. Ruizperez, £199 (Vokins); 'In the Bezestein Bazaar, Cairo,' J. P. Lewis, R.A., £341 (Vokins); 'Milking Time—Early Morning,' W. Linnell, £283 (Willitt).

So fine a collection of water-colour drawings has not for many years been submitted to public auction as that sold by Messrs Christie and Co., in their rooms in King Street, on May 27th. The collection, which consisted of nearly two hundred examples, belonged to a gentleman of Liverpool, who had evidently formed his gallery with great judgment, and by a liberal expenditure. The whole of the works realised very high prices, but we can notice only a few of the specimens:—'Dogberry and the Watch,' J. Gilbert, 146 gs. (Agnew); 'Bottom and the Fairies,' J. Gilbert, 136 gs. (Agnew); 'View near Port Madock,' with cattle, H. B. Willis, 112 gs. (Haines); 'Landscape,' with cattle, H. B. Willis, 120 gs. (Lloyd); 'The Shrine of St. Sibold, Nuremberg,' L. Haghe, 100 gs. (Mayhew); 'A Cornfield,' with effect of rainbow, P. De Wint, 148 gs. (Agnew); 'Spanish Musicians,' F. W. Topham, 240 gs. (Agnew); 'A Well at Cairo,' F. Goodall, R.A., 100 gs. (Gambart); 'Milking Time,' J. Linnell, 112 gs. (Agnew); 'Landscape,' J. Linnell, 236 gs. (Agnew); 'Sheep Shearing,' F. Taylor, 348 gs. (Agnew); 'Return from Hawking,' 450 gs. (Agnew); 'Geneva,' S. Prout, 135 gs. (Grundy, of Manchester); 'Interior,' S. Prout, 128 gs. (Mayhew); 'Interior of Rouen Cathedral,' S. Prout, 135 gs. (Agnew); 'Ulm,' S. Prout, from the Dickson collection, 135 gs. (Agnew); 'Edinburgh,' from Craig Millar Castle, D. Roberts, 120 gs. (Moore); 'Edinburgh,' from St. Anthony's Chapel, Holyrood, D. Roberts, 142 gs. (Moore). The drawings by Birket Foster included 'View at Hambleton,' 106 gs. (Cox); 'The Village Maiden,' 110 gs. (Vokins); 'Rottingdean, near Brighton,' 135 gs. (Moore); 'Landscape,' with cows, 105 gs. (Vokins); 'Haslemere,' 100 gs. (White); 'Bobbing for Eels,' 120 gs. (Vokins); 'The Look,' 137 gs. (Moore); 'Sunset on the Thames,' 144 gs. (Vokins); 'The Hayfield,' 241 gs. (Moore); and 'The Donkey Ride,' 400 gs. (Agnew). With the exception of the last, all the drawings by Mr. Foster were very small, yet the whole, sixteen in number, realised upwards of 2,000 gs.

Of fourteen drawings by W. Hunt, which produced nearly £2,000, the principal were:—'Blowing Bubbles,' 100 gs. (Vokins); 'The Gipsy,' 107 gs. (Agnew); 'Bird's Nest and May Blossom,' 165 gs. (Agnew); 'Female Devotion,' 100 gs. (Agnew); 'Purple and White Grapes,' 160 gs. (Hutchinson); 'Bird's Nest and Apple Blossom,' 158 gs. (White); 'The Ballad Singer,' from the Dickson collection, 195 gs. (Agnew); 'White Grapes and Plums,' 260 gs. (Agnew); 'Bird's Nest and Apple Blossom,' 180 gs. (Agnew); 'Pineapple and other Fruit,' 155 gs. (Mayhew).

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., was represented in the collection by, among others—'View on the South Coast—Sunset,' 101 gs. (Hutchinson); 'Lake Nemi,' 150 gs. (Agnew); 'Rhodes,' engraved, 210 gs. (Agnew); 'Mountain Lake in Switzerland—Evening,' 365 gs. (Hutchinson); 'Sion, Switzerland,' 360 gs. (Agnew); 'Pass of

the Simplon,' 890 gs. (Agnew); 'Pallanza, on the Lago Maggiore,' 490 gs. (Agnew).

A few other drawings worthy of special mention were 'The Old Church at Bettws-y-Coed,' D. Cox, 100 gs. (Grundy, of Manchester); 'Landscape,' with figures, D. Cox, 117 gs. (Agnew); 'View off Staffa,' Copley Fielding, 160 gs. (Vokins); 'Chepstow,' Copley Fielding, 100 gs. (Agnew); 'View near Lowther,' Copley Fielding, 145 gs. (Agnew); 'Guildford,' Copley Fielding, 110 gs. (Hutchinson); and 'Interior of a Turkish Harem,' J. F. Lewis, R.A., 240 gs. (Agnew). The whole collection realised upwards of £16,000.

Messrs. Christie & Co. sold, on the 3rd of June, the collection of water-colour drawings and oil pictures that belonged to the late Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, of Holdenby. Two drawings by Turner were keenly contested: one, 'Lake Albano,' sold for 335 gs. (Grundy); the other, 'Guildford, Surrey,' for 148 gs. (Scott). The oil paintings included—'La Nanna,' F. Leighton, A.R.A., 142 gs. (Agnew); 'Venice,' E. W. Cooke, R.A., 250 gs. (Agnew); 'The Lucky Slipper,' J. E. Millais, R.A., 225 gs. (Agnew); 'Nora Craina,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 155 gs. (Ward); 'Gillingham,' W. Müller, 153 gs. (Broderip); 'The Waitress,' C. Baxter, 95 gs. (Hall); 'Thyl, North Wales,' D. Cox, 145 gs. (Agnew); 'A Trout Stream in North Wales,' T. Creswick, R.A., with figures by J. Philip, R.A., 180 gs. (Hall); 'Landscape,' with cows and sheep, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 150 gs. (Mendoza); 'Landscape,' with farm-servant feeding horses, G. Morland, 150 gs. (Pearce). The collection sold for £4,725.

The "season" may now be considered as nearly closed, although some "sales" yet remain to be reported, and a few others are announced to "come off" before the month of June has ended; probably we shall then be enabled to bring the proceedings of the year, in this way, under review, and exhibit to our readers the general results. It will be observed that a very large majority of the works sold have been purchased by dealers; no doubt in many cases they were commissioned to buy. It will, however, be necessary to bear in mind that these dealers will require large additions to the sums they have actually paid, when finding customers for their acquisitions.

ART IN CORAL.

It is the privilege as it is the attribute of Art, that it is able to ennoble and to impart an almost priceless value to materials that intrinsically are worthless, while, on the other hand, even the most precious and the rarest substances acquire from it a worthiness before unknown by them. Common clay becomes infinitely more valuable than gold under the hands of the ceramic artist, and gold itself is taught by the goldsmith to emulate the preciousness of gems.

Coral is one of those natural substances which in themselves are eminent for exquisite beauty of their own; and it also must be grouped with such productions of prolific nature as are eminently qualified to attain to extraordinary excellence through the agency of Art. On more than one occasion we have directed the attention of our readers to the remarkable collections of coral, coral ornaments, and works of Art in coral, formed by Mr. Phillips, of Cockspur Street; and now, once again, the extent, variety, and truly exquisite beauty of Mr. Phillips's present coral collections claim from us fresh notice and still more emphatic expressions of admiration.

It will be remembered that the coral jewellery exhibited by Mr. Phillips at the International Exhibition of 1862 was not only selected for special commendation by foreign visitors in general, but in the reports of the French commissioners to their own government, these works in coral, exhibited by Mr. Phillips, constituted the only collection of English jewellery upon which decided commendation was bestowed. And such distinction coming from the praise of a quarter needs no comment. That the same of

the French commissioners was not undervalued by the exhibitor himself, is proved by the assiduity, labour, and skill which he has devoted to the sustained improvement of his coral collections; and the result of these efforts, executed by Mr. Phillips in a department of the goldsmith's art that he has made peculiarly his own, is apparent in the decided superiority of the works that may now be seen at his establishment in Cockspur Street, over even the best of the kindred objects he exhibited in the late exhibition structure at Brompton.

Works of Art in coral are not easily described—not easy to be described in such words as will convey an adequate and correct idea of their merit and their beauty. They require to be seen in order to be understood, and consequently to be appreciated. The delicacy and beauty of their tints, the rich gracefulness of their texture, their faculty of forming infinitely varied combinations, the felicity with which they may be grouped with goldsmith's work in the precious metals, and the sharp, yet tender firmness of their carved and sculptured forms—these all are qualities to be estimated by the eye alone. In place, therefore, of any attempts at elaborate description, we prefer to suggest visits to the collections themselves, which will be found to be as varied in their contents as in their capacity as works of the goldsmith's art they are worthy of all praise. It will be understood that every conceivable variety of ornament has been produced in abundance by Mr. Phillips in this beautiful substance; and also that on particular works in coral there has been lavished the concentration of the powers of the most skilful, laborious, and accomplished of artists and artist-workmen. We shall not specify any particular examples; but we advise a personal examination of all—from the simple unwrought fragment of pure coral, in its natural forms, and from the strings of beads, to the most elaborately carved cameos and bunches of flowers and foliage, and the figures that are sculptured so boldly, and finished with such masterly taste.

Whether this coral is in its nature identical with the coral of the great reefs of the Pacific—those wondrous ever-growing sea-walls that rise as if self-reared from out of the depths of ocean—is a matter that it is not our present purpose to discuss. This identity is generally accepted as a matter of course—the coral of the Bay of Naples and of the Sardinian waters of the Mediterranean, and the coral of the open ocean in the furthest West, is all "coral." But there is, nevertheless, more than a slight structural difference between the coral which grows under Mr. Phillips's teaching, into beads, and bracelets, and brooches, and tiaras, and even statuettes, and the reef-growth that advances steadily in the face of the perpetual lashing of ocean-breakers that know no rest. The reef-coral, certainly, is formed by myriads of coral-insects. Did not the Art-coral once sprout as a plant? Mr. Phillips can show more curious and suggestive specimens, that have a strange sectional as well as a decided ramifying resemblance to small bunches of trees or shrubs.

The English collections of works of Art and coral, of which we have now been speaking, are second to none, either in Italy or elsewhere, in extent, excellence, or value. Some idea of the last-named quality of these works in coral may be formed, when we add that the intrinsic value of the finest varieties of Neapolitan gem-coral is more than five times that of pure gold. This general statement may be illustrated by a particular example; we select, as such an example, a necklace that may now be seen at Cockspur Street; it consists of thirty-two coral beads, graduated in size, perfect in form, and of exquisite delicacy in their tint and tone of colour, and its value is one thousand guineas. This enables us to understand how it was that one of the most powerful and wealthy of the nobles of mediæval England, in the curious and instructive inventory (Inventory of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, time of Edward II.) of his property which has come down to us, should have grouped his rosary of coral with the most precious of his personal possessions.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

MUNICH.—The *Claude Lorraine Festival*.—Commemorative festivals in Germany are essentially different from anything of the sort with us. The appliances are often of the simplest sort, but in some or other they are managed so as to be always picturesque; and as to the social festivities which follow, there is never a lack of gaiety, good humour, and good fellowship. As may be supposed, the artists' festivals are the most successful, and none are more so than those which from time to time take place at Munich. King Louis has had a simple monument erected at Harlaching, near Munich, in honour of Claude Lorraine, who there passed some time; and it was to inaugurate this that the artists and their friends went out on the 3rd of June to hold a sort of rural festival. All the artists met near the city at 10 o'clock, and with their banners and music marched in procession to Harlaching. (In Germany, be it known, no ceremony is complete without a procession.) Several choruses of Mendelssohn were sung in front of the monument; the banners were then all lowered, and the covering which before had hidden it fell to the ground. The painter Teichlein made a speech, and this part of the ceremony was over. The monument is very simple—almost like an upright gravestone—standing in a bed of flowers. On it is a portrait of Claude, and the inscription announces that the painter often sojourned here, in remembrance of which King Louis I. of Bavaria had this stone erected. The gay groups then all repaired to a neighbouring grove. At the borders, a park-keeper approaches, and forbidding them to enter, warns them off. Such a proceeding is so unusual in Germany, that all stand speechless, at a loss what to do. Suddenly the Spirit of the Woods appears, surrounded by gnomes, beckons to the keeper to retire, saying that the artists have always free entrance to such haunts, and bids them welcome. But a large wild boar, rushing from the thicket, with a red wood cemon on his back, tries to keep the new comers back. The kinder spirit sends his lance at the monster, and then hurls the figure (of straw) amid the laughing spectators. And now all go on to the middle of the wood, where a circular spot had been marked out, and surrounded as in olden times, when the *Noble Art of Venerie* was in its prime, with hunting nets and trophies. Here, on the magnificent benches, were hung shields, and coats-of-arms, and banners; and among the trees were booths, &c., and a lottery, where the prettiest prizes were won. There was, too, a vast aquarium, whose top reached high above the heads of the spectators; and above its sides large tufts of water plants rose. If you hooked a ticket, as bait (these tickets were all fishes' tails), on to your line, and flung it into the aquarium, you drew out your prize—sometimes a large photograph came up as such, to the no small amusement of those gazing on. But before this was a pretty representation. In a theatre was a village scene; peasants were building up a snow man, near a grotto covered with icicles; and other games gave sign of Winter. Suddenly, Carnival appears, and all dance and rejoice; but Lent arrives, and would fain stop the mirth. He nearly succeeds, when Spring appears in a car decked with flowers, and drawn by four snow-white horses with golden manes. The god was represented by a beautiful young girl, who welcomed the assembly to the woods and glades. All rejoice; the icicles fall from the grotto, and Spring moves on, followed by a mighty train, for all join the throng following his pleasant steps. And they go farther, where are heaps of flowers, and where sit the impersonation of those wild plants used in making the well-known "Mai Wein." And King Louis came, and to him was handed the first glass of the delicious beverage, with wood-ruff and other flowers swimming on the surface. Then there was dancing, and everywhere in the shade and on the grass the pleased groups were resting, or singing, and the whole was as pretty a scene as one could meet with anywhere.

PARIS.—At the sale, in May last, of the collection of pictures belonging to Baron B. de

Grootenst, the following reached the prices attached to them:—'A Public Square,' Van Hyeiden, £2,480; 'Interior,' Paul de Hoogh, £2,000; 'Cattle and Shepherds,' Paul Potter, £1,760; 'A Seaport,' Van der Velde, £1,520; 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' Hals, £1,400; 'Sea View,' Van der Velde, £600; another 'Sea View,' by the same, £1,280; 'Landscape,' Ruysdael, £1,040; 'Portrait of a Man,' Rembrandt, £1,040; 'Interior,' Jan Steen, £880; 'The Watch-dog,' G. Daw, £880.—At the sale of the *Duclé de Morny's* gallery, in the beginning of June, the following pictures were among the principal works disposed of:—'The Organ Player,' Chardin, £284; 'Sea Piece,' Cuypp, £180; 'Portrait of an Old Woman,' Damer, £140; 'The Surgeon,' G. Daw, £320; 'Boy playing with a Cat,' Drouais, £204; 'A Water Mill,' Everdingen, £272; 'A Young Lady Swinging,' Fragonard, £1,208; 'A Child winding a Ball of Cotton,' Greuze, £3,660; 'The Disconsolate Widow,' Greuze, £324; 'The Windmills,' Hobbima, £3,240; 'The Card Party,' P. de Hooze, £508; 'Visit to a Lady,' Metz, £2,000; 'St. Anthony of Padua,' Murillo, £520; 'Landscape,' with Cattle, Omme-ganck, £400; 'A Rustic Fair,' Ostade, £280; 'Rustic Amusements,' Pater, £1,160; 'Innocence,' Prudhon, £272; 'The Torrent,' Ruysdael, £500; 'Landscape,' Salvator Rosa, £160; 'Signing the Marriage Contract,' Jan Steen, £200; 'Interior of a Guard-house,' D. Teniers, £284; 'The Visit,' Torburg, £1,040; 'Congress of Munster,' Torburg, £1,000; 'Portrait of an Infanta of Spain,' Velasquez, £2,040; 'Portrait,' Rembrandt, £6,200; 'Sea Piece,' Van der Velde, £1,400; 'Meeting of Sportsmen,' Watteau, £1,240; 'A Dutch Fair,' Wouvermans, £1,420; 'Landscape,' Wynants, £168; 'The Rising Sun,' Claude, £226; 'Portrait of a Lady,' Greuze, £244; 'Portrait of a Young Girl,' Greuze, £280; 'Maria Theresa of Austria,' Velasquez, £248; 'Conception of the Virgin,' Murillo, £264; 'A Peasant Girl,' Chardin, £332; 'Cupid and Psyche,' Prudhon, £380; 'The Shopkeeper,' Ostade, £348; 'Landscape,' Van der Velde, £400; 'The Wineshop,' P. de Hooze, £400; 'A Scene in Flanders,' Teniers, £400; 'A Country Scene,' Watteau, £600; 'The Church of S. Maria della Salute, Venice,' Guardi, £720; 'The Church of San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice,' Guardi, £800; 'The Doge's Palace, Venice,' Guardi, £800; 'The Rialto, Venice,' Guardi, £1,000; 'St. Mark's, Venice,' Guardi, £204; 'Cupid and the Graces,' Boucher, £760; 'A Cattle Market,' K. Dujardin, £1,000; 'The Stable,' Wouvermans, £1,004; 'Landscape,' Ruysdael, £1,204; 'The Souvenir,' Fragonard, £1,400; 'The Pleasures of the Ball,' Watteau, £1,480; 'A Lady with a Dog,' Metz, £2,300; 'Hercules and Omphale,' Rubens, £140; 'Portrait of a Woman,' Van der Helst, £168; 'Dutch Scene,' Ostade, £180; 'The Sleeping Musician,' Micris, £228; 'A Head,' Greuze, £232; 'Landscape,' with animals, P. Potter, £240; 'Landscape,' with ruins, Ruysdael, £272; 'Lady with a Fan,' Watteau, £306; 'The Promenade,' Boilly, £308; 'Coast Scene,' Van der Velde, £340; 'The Rape of Europa,' Rembrandt, £364; 'A Dutch Town,' Van der Heyden, £408; 'A Vestal,' Greuze, £492; 'Duck-Shooting,' Wouvermans, £560; 'The Pastry-Cook,' Metz, £770. The whole amount realised by the sale, which consisted of 123 pictures, was £67,472.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

LINCOLN.—Judging from the examinations made both this year and last, the pupils of the Lincoln School of Art are greatly distinguishing themselves. At the examination which recently took place, no fewer than twenty-six medals were awarded them—thirty being the largest number allowed at any time to one school—and seven "honourable mentions." Fourteen of the works that gained the higher prize were to be sent to London for the national competition. Nineteen prizes were also obtained for drawings done within a limited time in presence of the inspector, and the works of twenty-eight other

students were marked "good." The result is altogether even more favourable than that of the examination in 1864, which was considered far above the average of the schools of Art.

OXFORD.—Mr. Macdonald, of the South Kensington Museum, has been appointed master of the newly-formed School of Art in this city.

REIGATE.—Among the many indications of the daily increasing tone of Art now evinced in all social ranks, may be instanced the formation of "The Holmesdale Fine Art Club" (under the presidency of Mr. Wilson Saunders), having for its object the diffusion of a taste for Art, and the cultivation of acquaintance between the artists and Art-lovers of the locality: the club consisting of resident and non-resident members, among which latter class are many names of metropolitan repute. Holmesdale, as is well known, is the name of the district of which Reigate is the centre, and where the exhibitions and *soirées* of the club are held, the first of which was given on Thursday, the 11th ult., at the public hall. Profusely decorated with choice flowers and plants, liberally placed at the disposal of the committee by the owners of neighbouring conservatories, a very interesting collection of valuable works (the contributions of members) was presented; and when we say that a grand "Sunset from Leith Hill," by Linnell, a large work by E. W. Cooke, R.A., a recent subject by C. Baxter, specimens of Patrick Nasmyth, and portfolios of drawings by W. Hunt, Robson, Hills, Philip, Davidson, Cattermole, &c., formed but a small part of the productions exhibited, some idea of the character of the display may be formed. How far the project met the appreciative response of the residents may be inferred from the fact that, although the *soirées* were numerous, attended, upwards of 1,100 persons eagerly visited the exhibition the next day, when it was thrown open to public inspection.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Nine medals have been awarded this year to the pupils of the Southampton School of Art—of which two were gained by Miss Louisa Blake—and three of the students received "honourable mention." This result is not so satisfactory as the examination of last year proved.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

The following works have been already selected by the prize-holders:—

From the *Royal Academy*.—'Lochaber no more,' W. J. Paton, 184; 'Mother and Child,' J. Collins, 75; 'Summer,' A. W. Williams, 40; 'River Scene—Sunset,' W. Ascroft, 40; 'The Giddyrs,' from Lynn Gwynn, C. Marshall, 36; '155; Cottage, Old Charlton, Kent, J. Price, 30; 'Armen Hills, from Bute, J. Adams, 25; 'Group of Beeches, Knowle Park, R. Butler, 23; 'Carnfield near the Coast, S. R. Percy, 20.

From the *British Institution*.—'Dysart, Scotland, East Coast, J. Dunlop, 161; 'The Town and Vale of Festiniog, E. J. Niemann, 75; 'Scene on the River Clyde, Stonebrigs, J. Gill, 63; 'Sulennan, H. W. Phillips, 62; 'Ball on the Clyde, Stonebrigs, E. Gill, 23; 'A Culin, C. Dummer, 21; 'Walton Bridges, on the Thames, W. E. Bates, 20; 'Horses and Poultry, J. F. Herring, 20.

From the *Society of British Artists*.—'The Thorn, E. J. Cobbett, 150; 'An Old French Fishing Town, J. J. Wilson, 75; 'Tower in Chepstow Castle, J. Tennant, 60; 'At Chapel Curig, North Wales, J. Henzell, 55; 'Warping out, fresh breeze, J. J. Wilson, 40; 'Thorsgill Brook, Yorkshire, H. J. Bodlington, 40; 'The Princess Elizabeth in Captivity at Harfild, 1558, J. Noble, 40; 'New Warring Lane, Surrey, J. E. Meadows, 40; 'Bickdown, Surrey, G. Smith, 30; 'Near Godalming, Surrey, G. Cole, 31; '108; 'Welsh Peasant Children, T. F. Marshall, 30; 'On the Hills by Moonlight, A. Gilbert, 30; 'Little Smeag Oak Farm, Icklestone, E. L. Meadows, 30; 'Morning, Noon, and Night, W. S. Rose, 30; 'Going to Market, J. Noble, 25; 'An English River Scene, E. L. Meadows, 25; 'An Old Weir on the Thames, H. J. Bodlington, 25; 'Magpie Ash, on the Thames, H. J. Bodlington, 25; 'The Enthusiast, W. Weir (late), 20; 'Woodman's Cottage, J. B. Ludbrooke, 20; 'Battis-y-Coed, J. J. Curmeck, 20; 'On the St. German's, Cornwall, W. Pitt, 20; 'In the Lieder Vale, scene at Gaim, H. J. Bodlington, 20.

From the *Royal Scottish Academy*.—'Morning Light on Benmore, James Docherty, 24.

From the *Water-Colour Society*.—'The See-saw, W. Goodall, 42; 'Ullewater, from near Pooley Bridge, D. Cox, jun., 31; 108.

From the *Institute of Printers in Water Colour*.—'Tombs of the Mamelooks, &c., C. Vaucher, 100; 'Ehshing—Prints remaining from Windmill—Yasels, T. S. Bolden, 55; 'Bridge at Bovey Tracey, S. Devon, H. C. Pidgeon, 25; 'The Strains at Bradgate, J. W. Whymper, 25; 'Ruins at Bradgate, J. W. Whymper, 21; 'The Mountain Hill, D. H. M. Keenan, 17; '175; 'On the Wharfe, Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire, D. H. M. Keenan, 17; 175.

THE COLLECTION OF MINIATURES
AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

At any period this exhibition had been well timed, but at present it is peculiarly grateful to eyes wearied with the utter veracity—the "justice without mercy"—of photography. Here we read the history of an art that has been temporarily superseded by the advance of chemical discovery. The catalogue numbers more than three thousand works, and comprehends examples of every painter who had any reputation for painting "in little."

It is a source of regret to the student that a chronological arrangement could not be effected in the hanging of these miniatures; but it is obvious at a glance that they could not be separated and distributed, having been sent in groups, perhaps subject to the condition that they should not be parted. The collection shows minute portrait painting, from its infancy to the splendours of its prime, on every substance that has ever been employed as a surface for face painting—card, paper, vellum, copper, ivory, wood, porcelain, marble, and perhaps other materials which we may have overlooked. The miniatures in water colour generally up to the time of Charles I., are remarkable for their paleness, a defect that we should at once attribute to the fugitive nature of the colours; and which, to some extent, would be true. But there is another cause for the manner of face-painting which obtained in the sixteenth century, and this was an imitation of the works of one or two foreign artists whose names do not survive in connection with their performances, wherein the shades and markings are insufficient to round the features. It was in a great measure female portraiture that was studied in this way. Holbein was chiefly a painter of men, for he took his own way, and insisted on painting what he saw, and his versions of complexion, bow true soever, were not pleasing to ladies. To Queen Elizabeth has been ascribed the taste (as it was considered) of having originated the pale miniature; but the idea was taken from certain of the flat and feeble oil portraits of her time. On looking for the works of Nicholas Hilliard, Isaac Oliver, Hoskins, Samuel Cooper, and contemporaneously, of Jean Petitot, and their successors, we find the very best examples of their labours, productions which at once account for the high reputation which these men enjoyed. We see, from time to time, collections of precious miniatures, which may convey either exaggerated or imperfect impressions of the powers of the artists, but there has been no occasion like the present which has furnished such ample opportunities of comparing these still famous painters with each other, in relation to the state of their art at the time that they lived. Were the exhibition considered only as a collection of the portraits of eminent persons, no similar assemblage could be made more complete, as there is scarcely a personage of any distinction, from the middle of the sixteenth century to the present day, that is not there signalled. A few of these miniatures we instance, selected for qualities distinguishing particular periods. By Nicholas Hilliard there are in one case two very brilliant portraits (308, 309), one of Queen Elizabeth, and the other of Mrs. Holland, one of her Maids of Honour—clear and bright, without shade, and having the eyes well defined, a method employed by Lawrence in his drawings on vellum. These are grouped with some others—all very beautiful. (313) Francis the First (oil), by Clouet; the Earl of Pembroke, by S. Cooper;

Queen Mary (Tudor), A. More; Nicholas Harbon, N. Hilliard; Henry VIII. (oil), by an unknown hand; Portrait of a Gentleman of the time of Elizabeth (2976); the Duke of Palliano (2855), on a circular copper plaque, very minute; Head of a Monk (2862); The Daughter of Philip the Second (391), on vellum, &c. Of the multitude that date from the middle of the sixteenth century, until the practice of Vandyke began to be felt, the few examples instanced above may be taken as showing every variety and degree of excellence that prevailed during that interval. On a few of the best portraits of Holbein a school might have been formed, but these charming works left no effective impression on English Art; but it is even more surprising that the affectations of Kneller and Lely should have been imitated, and the teaching of Vandyke ignored, at a time when English painting had so much need of good models. Yet, reverting to the miniatures of those artists in whose productions are found the flashes of genius that lighted their followers on the path to that excellence in the Art which never can be surpassed, we find brilliantly represented Mrs. Beale, Ed. Dayes, Cosway, Boyle, Richard Collins, Edridge, Engleheart, Shelley, Forster, Hurter, Grimaldi, Hone, Ozias Humphrey, Andrew Robertson, Zincke, Denning, Bone, &c., and these artists, as to their time and works, may be said to have been the masters of our all but extinct school of miniature art. Cosway, Shelley, and Collins were the artists who towards the end of the last century all but monopolised the patronage of the fashionable society of their time. The miniatures of Cosway abundantly justified his popularity: for the life, movement, delicacy, and expression of his works have never been excelled, and many of those of his contemporaries are lovely. The costume of the middle of the last century and that towards its close, have been called hideous by portraitists of our own time; but it is called picturesque, and adopted accordingly, by some of the most eminent subject-painters of these days; and as they present it to us, we feel it to be so. We contemplate these treasures with conflicting emotions, as they present themselves with associations of history, romance, or simple anecdote; for everybody is here with every shade of reputation, from renown down to notoriety, and even lower. Here are the painters' versions of all that has ever been lovely in woman and noble in man, with some of whom the visitor may be disappointed, as it may seem to him that here and there the artist has been unequal to his subject, or tradition has been too partial. But with all the beauty of even the best works of the last century, there is nothing that matches the fascinating colour, and the surpassing effulgence of the productions of living and lately deceased miniaturists. We cannot particularise where all are so beautiful, but the perfection of the Art is set forth in the paintings of Sir W. Ross, Thorburn, Sir W. Newton, Carrick, Wells, Moura, with a list of others too long to be given here. We see also every "style" of drawing in its utmost perfection—the exquisite vellum studies of Lawrence, the singularly facile sketches of Chalon, the round and earnest drawings of Richmond, R. J. Lane, and of those of a catalogue of works of others who were followers of the stars of their day. This collection, indeed, presents an opportunity unique in the history of Art of perfecting our knowledge of miniature painting which attained from ordinary opportunities is comparatively very limited.

BATTLE ABBEY,

THE SPOT WHERE HAROLD FELL.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Painter. W. B. Cooke, Engraver.

THIS engraving is from a water-colour drawing by Turner; it is one of a series made by him, about the year 1824, to illustrate the scenery of Sussex. The treatment of the subject is of the most simple kind: the picture appears to be a literal transcript of the place as it existed forty years ago, no attempt having been made to give the landscape any of those ideal features in which the poetical imagination of the artist indulged in his later practice. The two fir-trees in the centre might, or might not, have been standing there when he sketched the subject; if they were, nothing could have been more opportune; if they were not, Turner showed a right perception of the picturesque by introducing them. Obsolete that group from the landscape, and it loses half its beauty; for, independent of the truth and gracefulness of form given to the trees, they are the connecting link which brings the two sides of the composition together, and are most valuable auxiliaries to the expression of power; they are, in fact, the *point* of the pictures, to which all else is subordinate.

Through the length and breadth of our island bays there is surely no place which an Englishman can visit more interesting than Battle Abbey, "the spot where Harold fell."

"Long, wild, and bloody was the day,
The moon had shot its purple ray
On Harold's helm of gold;
The moon had seen it red with gore,
At eve it lay on Hastings' shore,
In dust and slaughter rolled."

"Night fell; yet still the trumpet rang,
Still rose the axe and armour's clang,
Still twang'd the British bow;
Still did their bands unbroken keep,
The march by hill and forest deep,
Like lions, stern and slow."

"Beneath the torch and cresset's flame,
Heavy and spent the Norman came
From that scarce conquered field;
And came his heady chivalry,
With weary limb, and drooping eye,
And shatter'd helm and shield."

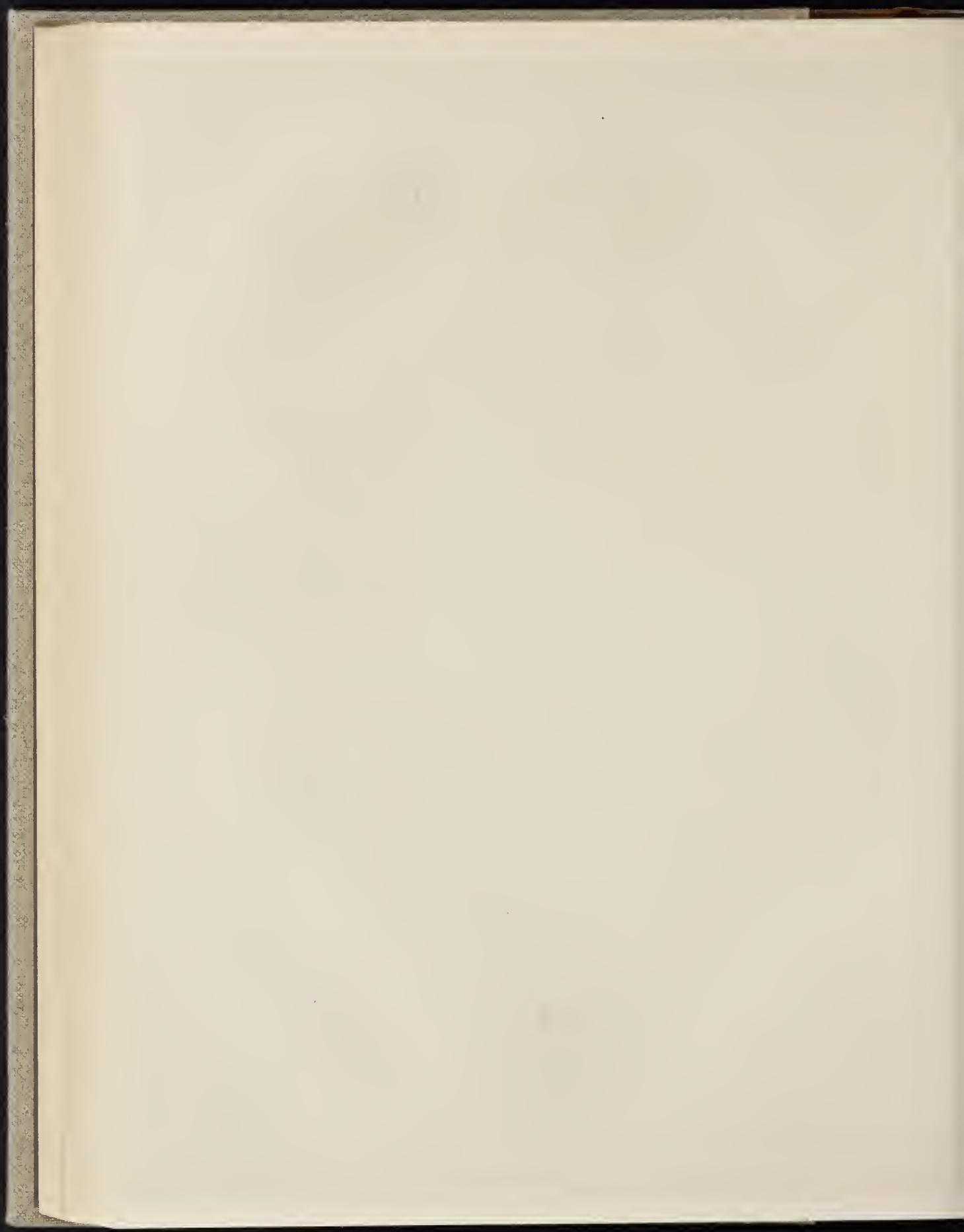
In the year immediately following that in which the engagement was fought, that is, in 1067, the Norman victor commenced to build the abbey, after changing the name of the place from Epsiton to Battle; the high altar of the church is supposed to have stood on the exact spot where Harold was slain. Old chroniclers tell us that when the edifice was completed, William made an offering of his sword and coronation robes at the altar, in which was also deposited the famous "Battle Roll," as it is termed, a document bearing the names of all the principal Normans who accompanied the Conqueror to England. To trace back a descent from this roll has for centuries been the boast of our great aristocratic families, but modern antiquarians are of opinion—one held by Dugdale—that the list was often falsified and altered by the monks, at the instigation of persons whose ambition it was to be considered of Norman blood. In the reign of Edward III., the then abbot obtained leave to fortify the abbey; little, if any, of the original structure now remains, however; for the general style of the existing ruins proves, in the judgment of archaeologists, that the greater part of the edifice must have been rebuilt in the earlier part of the fifteenth century. The ground on which the abbey and the buildings connected with it stood is computed to have been one mile in circuit.



DESIGNED BY ERIC TURNER, R.S.A.

BATTLE ABBEY.
THE SPOT WHERE HARGREAVES

ENGRAVED BY



MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

* History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever.—DR. JOHNSON.

SYDNEY, LADY MORGAN.



IN the year 1822, I first knew Sydney, Lady Morgan. I saw her sitting in "the little red room in Kildare Street, by courtesy called a boudoir;" and although the "Wild Irish Girl" was even then a woman of "a certain age," she had much of that natural vivacity, aptness for repartee, and point in conversation (often better than wit), that made her the oracle and idol of "a set" in the Irish Metropolis, where others—not a few—feared and hated her; for her political bias was strong, and her antipathies, strong also, were seldom withstood or withheld.

She was never handsome, even in youth; small in person, and slightly deformed, there was about her much of ease and self-

possession, but nothing of grace; yet she was remarkable for that peculiar something—for which we have no English word, but which the French express by "*je ne sais quoi*"—which in women often attracts and fascinates more than mere personal beauty.

Although it was said of Lady Morgan that she was a vain woman, had always coveted the distinction of seeing the visiting-cards of lords and titled ladies in her card-stand, and liked when she paid visits to borrow a carriage with a coronet, to receive as many as might be of stars actual at her "evenings," to exhibit on her chimney-piece the gifts of people whom her heritage rather than genius had made great, and was, in short, a woman of the world, she had—like all women of decided character, and energetic temperament—her kindly sympathies and her considerate generosity.

in the selection. According to that authority the diaries from her own hand were "copious," and she kept every letter she had received, from the epistles of field-marshal's to the billets of a washerwoman. In a word, she contemplated and arranged for this memoir, and prepared it accordingly, with as much system and order as she settled her toilet and her drawing-room for a "reception"—to make the best of herself and her belongings; commencing with the day of her birth, when all the wits of Dublin were assembled—of whom she gives a biographical list—and ending with her last drive in a friend's carriage.

During many years she kept a journal. Of its utter barrenness an idea may be formed from those portions of it which her biographer has published, and from the fact that from one whole year's record he has printed but six lines, no doubt the only portion that was worth preserving. Her autohography is indeed—as were her rooms—an assemblage of a mass of things, no one of which was of much value; but which, when taken together, were curious, interesting, and instructive.

"No subtlety of inquiry could entrap Lady Morgan into any admission about her age." The dates of all old letters were carefully erased. "I enter my protest against DATES," she writes. "What has a woman to do with dates? cold, false, erroneous, chronological dates! I mean to have none of them." It is, however, understood that Sydney Owenson was born in 1777; and it is said by one of her biographers, Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick (who does not give his authority), that "her birth occurred on ship-board." She is, at best, but half Irish, for her mother was an Englishwoman. She herself tells us she was born on Christmas Day, in "ancient old Dublin." Her father was Robert Owenson—according to his daughter, "as fine a type of an Irish gentleman as Ireland ever sent forth." He was an actor, and manager of theatres in Dublin. During one of his professional tours in England, he met at Shrewsbury an English lady, Miss Hill (with whom he "ran off"), the daughter of a wealthy gentleman. She was never forgiven. She was not young, but a very serious and sensible woman; unlike her husband in everything. Of that marriage the issue was Sydney, subsequently married to Sir Charles Morgan, and Olivia, her younger sister by many years, who became the wife of another knight, Sir Arthur Clarke. It is not improbable that his little precocious daughter acted occasionally under his auspices in provincial towns. But she never played in Dublin; and it is certain that her father early resolved, as far as possible, to keep his daughters from the stage; yet what an admirable actress Lady Morgan would have been, had that been her destiny!

Early in life, however, she sought independence. She was fond of saying that she had provided for herself from the time she was fourteen years old; and she had so wise and self-preserving a horror of debt, that she either paid ready money for what she wanted, or did without it. Much of her after prosperity can be traced to that resolution—one which it must have required wonderful firmness to have held to, considering her natural love of display, and her always expensive "surroundings." She became a governess, and discharged the duties of that office in two families, until her writings became remunerative. Her father kept "his girls" at an "eminent boarding-school." He did his best for them; and they largely repaid him by affectionate care and duty till he died, in

I very long to see me
when & as soon as you
can & believe me
always
Mores truly & affectionately
your Sydney Morgan

ties, was a very lovable person to those she loved, and a true friend to those in whom she took interest.

* No 35. She put up a portrait, which still marks the house in the now somewhat gloomy and unfashionable street. That house I have engraved.

Her collected letters, interspersed with meagre bits of memoir, were published soon after her death by her literary executor, Hepworth Dixon, and under the editorship of Geraldine Jewsbury. We cannot doubt that judicious discrimination was exercised

May, 1812, having enjoyed the luxury of calling each of his daughters "my lady."

Her younger days were passed amid perplexing, harassing, indeed terrible, trials, under which a loftier nature might have fallen. She touches on them, though rarely, "seeing a father frequently torn to prison, a mother on the point of beggary with her children," and so forth.

From her earliest girlhood, up to the very eve of her marriage, she had her perpetual flirtations; but there her love affairs began and ended. Some of her sage friends opined that she "flirted more than was right," and it is probable she occasionally stood so near the fire as slightly to singe her white garments. Still she was ever "safe:" like her countrywomen generally—I would almost say universally—realising the portrait of the poet Moore, of—

"The wild sweet briary fence
That round the flowers of Erin dwells,
Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels."

The seemingly light and frivolous, and really fascinating girl—fascinating both as girl and woman—escaped the only slander that surely slays. Moreover, she had at no period of her life any sustaining power from that which supports in difficulties and upholds in danger—RELIGION; and she was continually in society, where, without a protector, she might have seemed an easy victim.*

Her literary career began early, yet not so early as she liked to make it appear. Her abilities were gifts of nature. "All," she writes, "that literary counsel, acquirement, and instruction give to literary composition was, in my early career of authorship, utterly denied me."

In 1801, her first book was published in Dublin, and afterwards in London, by Sir Richard Phillips; † thenceforward she continued working for more than half a century, having written and published, from the commencement to the close of her career, upwards of seventy volumes.

In 1812 she married Sir Charles Morgan, M.D. He had received knighthood at the hands of the Duke of Richmond, Lord Lieutenant, by request of the Marquis and Marchioness of Ahercorn, the then friends of Sydney Owenson, who were resolved that their "pet" should have a title. Both events came off at their seat, Baron's Court—there the doctor was knighted; there the two were made one. Contrary to prophecies of friends and to general expectation, they were a happy couple. Sir Charles had personal advantages, and he was a man of strong mind, yet, happily, a devoted believer in his wife, while she had large respect for him—his sound common sense and her erratic nature harmonised. He was a Doctor of Medicine, the friend and correspondent of Jenner. Though younger by five or six years than Miss Owenson, he was not young when he, a widower and an Englishman, born in London in 1783, wooed, and won the Wild Irish Girl. He was tall, handsome, of very gentlemanly address, respectably born and connected, with some independent property, and madly in love with the fascinating "Glorvina." She was not so desperately smitten with him: "A little *diablerie* would make me wild in love with him," she writes. He was too quiet; in a word, too English. Nevertheless, he became a thorough Irishman—

* Writing of herself in 1811, she says, "Inconsiderate and indiscreet: never saved by prudence, but often rescued by pride; often on the verge of error, but never passing the line."

† At that period, and long afterwards, the law of copyright operated in the two islands much as it now does between Great Britain and the United States of America.

"more Irish than the Irish," like the old Anglo-Norman settlers; took the liberal side in politics; and was a sturdy fighter for Catholic emancipation. He was, in all senses of the word, a gentleman—"a man of great erudition, speculative power, and singular observation." In August, 1844, he died. His death was a heavy loss to Lady Morgan; for she loved him, confided in him, and felt for him entire respect. And he was worthy of it; for there had been neither envy of her fame, nor jealousy of the admiration she excited, where a lower nature might have felt both.

In the spring of 1837 Lord Melbourne granted to Lady Morgan a pension of £300 a year, "in acknowledgment of the services rendered by her to the world of letters." She had saved a sum by no means inconsiderable. Sir Charles had an income of his own; and being "independent," she resolved upon leaving Ireland and settling

in England—in a word, to become "an absentee," a class she had unequivocally condemned when she saw little chance of being of it; and although she afterwards wrote a sort of apology for the step—publishing, indeed, a book on the subject, arguing "that English misgovernment and misrule made Ireland uninhabitable;" that it was "the English government and not the natives of the country who were to blame," and so forth—she failed to convince her country or herself of the righteousness of her removal. Probably her attractions "at home" had grown less; many of her old friends had departed, some to England, others to the better land.

It is clear that, so early as 1812, she had wearied of the Irish capital, which she described as "in summer, a desert inhabited only by loathsome beggars." In 1833 she writes, "the Irish destiny is between Bedlam and a jail." "Dear dirty Dublin,"



LADY MORGAN'S RESIDENCE, KILDARE STREET, DUBLIN.

gradually became "odious Dublin." In 1835 she talked of "wretched Dublin, the capital of wretched Ireland." In 1837 she wrote

"Oh, Ireland, to you
I have long bade a last and a painful adieu!"

And so having "freighted a small vessel" with their household gods, Sir Charles and Lady Morgan became permanent residents in London, taking, after a brief "looking about," what she terms a "maisonnette," No. 11, William Street, Knightsbridge, entering into possession on the 17th of January, 1838, and there continuing to her death, never again visiting Ireland. Naturally, perhaps, her popularity had there dwindled to nothing.*

* We once encountered an ultra Irishman, who told us he was going to Lady Morgan's "to blow her up for deserting her country and turning her back on the liberator." He went, and was so fascinated by the ready smile and few words of tenderness she gave to the memory of "dear

In London she aimed to be the centre of a circle—artistic, literary, scientific, aristocratic; giving large parties as well as small; sometimes crowding into two rooms of very limited size a hundred guests—persons of all ranks, patricians and plebeians. Certainly, the arrangement of her rooms was most effective; the lights and shadows were in their right places, the seats were comfortable, the eye was perpetually arrested by something that was either peculiar or interesting. Somebody said it was like a "baby-house;" perhaps it was, but the toys were histories. Her society—often so conflicting, composed of elements

old Dublin"—her inimitable tact of turning disadvantages into advantages, and foes into friends—that he assured us the next day, "the people of Ireland mistook that charming Lady Morgan altogether; that her heart, every morsel of it, was in Ireland; she lived in England only to protect her countrymen and prevent their being imposed on."

that never could socially mingle—she managed with admirable tact, sometimes no easy task, for there were the Russian and the Polo; the “black Orangeman” and the “bitter Papist;” the proud aristocrat and the small fry of letters; in a word, people who were compelled to rub against each other; whose positions, opinions, and interests were not only at variance, but in entire and utter hostility.*

As I have said, she continued to reside in William Street after she became a widow, and during the remainder of her life. At length, however, the foe she most dreaded—old age—gradually drew nearer and nearer. Towards the end of 1852, her letters and diary record the losses of old friends. One after another departed, and she was left almost alone with old memories: they were warnings to set her house in order; but they were not solemn enough to impress her with any feeling akin to continuous grief, or to create dread of the “enemy.” To the last, she was

tonjours gai: new friends came to replace the old; some one “worth seeing” was sure to be at her “reception,” and the bait of an invitation was too tempting to be resisted notwithstanding the sure pressure of a mingled crowd.

The death of her brother-in-law, Sir Arthur Clarke, in 1857, did alarm her; and toward the close of 1858, it became obvious to her friends—suspicious to herself—that her work on earth was done. Her beloved sister, Olivia, Lady Clarke, her oldest friend and earliest companion, with whom she had struggled through a precarious youth, had died some years before (1845). On her birthday, 1858, Lady Morgan had a dinner-party, told stories, and sung a comic song. On the 17th of March, 1859, she had a musical party, at which we were present; a gay and crowded party it was—full of what she ever liked to see, celebrities or notoriety—and on the 16th of April, 1859, she died. She was interred in the Brompton Cemetery, where a tomb, executed by Mr. Sherrard

more than four feet high, with a slightly curved spine, uneven shoulders and eyes, she glided about in a close-cropped wig, bound by a fillet, or solid band of gold; her face all animation, and with a witty word for everybody.” “Notwithstanding her natural defects, she made a picturesque appearance.” Another writer, alluding to the “unevenness” of her eyes, says “they were, however, large, lustrous, and electrical.” Prince Puckler Muskau (who published a tour in Ireland in 1828) describes her as “a little, frivolous, lively woman, neither pretty nor ugly, and with really fine and expressive eyes.”

This is Mrs. Hall’s portrait of Lady Morgan at a later year of her life:—

“Lady Morgan’s person was so well-known to the *habitués* of London—at all events, to the classes that belong to the fashionable and literary—that any description for them may be, as she would have said, ‘*de trop*,’ but thousands have been at one time or other of their lives interested in her works, and the sort of flying reputation she had for saying and doing odd, but clever things, and the marvellous *tact* which comprised so much of her talent, or the talent whose greatest society-power was *tact*. To those who say that Lady Morgan was small and slightly deformed; that her head was large, round, and well-formed; her features full of expression, particularly the expression that accompanies ‘humour,’ dimpling, as it does, round the mouth, and sparkling in the eyes. The natural intonations of her voice in conversation were singularly pleasing—so pleasing as to render her ‘nothings’ pleasant; and whatever affectation hovered about her large green fan, or was seen in the ‘way she had’ of folding her draperies round her, and looking out of them with true Irish *espieglerie*, the tones of that voice were to the last full of feeling.”

Portraits of her were, of course, often painted, more frequently in France than in England. Sir Thomas Lawrence pictured her, but expressed a wish that, if engraved, his name should not go with it (!). David d’Angers sculptured her bust. The portrait that stands at the head of this memory is from a photograph taken not very long before her death; but subsequently “worked upon.” It is engraved from the copy she gave us. In 1824 the poet, Samuel Lover, then a miniature painter in Dublin, painted a portrait of her. It was to have been engraved by Meyer; “but,” says Lady Morgan’s biographer, “between the painter and the engraver, the result was such unmitigated *ugliness*, that Colburn would not let it appear.”

Few writers have aroused more hostility, or have been more thoroughly abused. Her grand enemy was her countryman, John Wilson Croker. It was he who assailed her in the *Quarterly Review*, accusing her, either indirectly or directly, of “licentiousness, profligacy, irreverence, blasphemy, libertinism, disloyalty, and atheism.” She had her revenge—her character of Crawley junior, in “*Florence MacCarthy*,” must have been a bayonet stab in the very vitals of her foe.* He certainly overshot the mark; there can be no doubt that his severity augmented the popularity of Lady Morgan, and increased the number of her friends. She was found to be “an awkward customer”

* Croker, by his earliest work, “*Familiar Epistles*,” is said to have done to death the actor Edwin; at least, it was recorded on Edwin’s tombstone, in St. Werburgh’s churchyard, that “his death was occasioned by an illiberal and cruel attack on his professional reputation from an anonymous assassin.” Croker, among other “names,” called Lady Morgan “a female Methuselah,” knowing that was a barbed arrow that was sure to stick.



LADY MORGAN'S RESIDENCE, WILLIAM STREET, LONDON.

Westmacott, has been erected to her memory by her accomplished niece, Mrs. Inwood Jones.†

The life of Lady Morgan was one of excitement, from its dawn to its close. Even when a governess, “instructor of youth,”† her days were never sad, nor did time hang

heavy on her hands; she was a charming companion at all periods, and was generally regarded in that light rather than as a teacher. Her animal spirits were inexhaustible; if not handsome, she was pretty, and in person attractive; she told Irish stories with inimitable humour, and sung Irish songs with singular *esprit*; she had been familiar with “society” from her childhood, and had been reared in self-dependence: her vanity, her value of herself, made her at ease amid the great as among the small; like the soldier of fortune, she had all to gain and nothing to lose; reckless as regarded foes, but fervent in defence of friends; living in praise as the very breath of her life—flattery, no matter how gross, seemed never to exceed her right. No doubt much of “womanliness” was sacrificed to that perpetual exercise of self-dependence. Self-dependence is not the natural destiny of woman—rarely bringing content, and still more rarely happiness.

A writer who knew her in her prime, thus pictures “Glorvina” at “the Castle.” Hardly

* She told us she had once deplored so earnestly her ignorance of geology to one of its professors, that he offered to read a lecture on the subject (which her ladyship lamented pathetically she had not heard) in her drawing-room! She laughed afterwards at this, as one of the great difficulties of her social life. She added, “I got out of it by regretting that my present audience were unworthy such an honour, but that if he would do so the next night! Well, he was kind enough to promise, but I could not have survived it, and the next day, of course, I was very ill.” She once described to us a visit paid to her by a young and literary American, adding, “I dare say he exchanged his Bible for a peague the moment he landed at Liverpool. You should have seen his ecstasy when presented to a duchess, and how he luxuriated under the shadow of the strawberry leaves.”

† The tomb will be found on the right of the principal walk, entering the gate in the Fulham Road. A large plain slab is supported by six pillars; on a slab underneath is carved an Irish harp, supported by two hooks, “France” and the “Wild Irish Girl.” At the base is a wreath of *immortelles*.

‡ She did not forget this: bequeathing by Will a sum of £200 to the Aged Governesses Benevolent Institution.

whenever she was assailed. She girded on her armour even to the last, and went into battle with no less an adversary than Cardinal Wiseman, who attacked her for having asserted in her hook on Italy, that the sacred chair of St. Peter, when examined, was found to contain this passage in Arabic characters:—"There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" She answered the cardinal in a pamphlet—it was the old war-horse roused to energy by the trumpet-call to battle. Latterly, her sight began to give way, and she was almost blind when she ran a tilt against "His Eminence."

Let us fancy her gay ladyship travelling through France with her little "Irish harp case," that was mistaken for a *petit mort* she had brought over to bury in Père la Chaise; hugging herself "a *chapeau de soleil* with cornflowers stuck in the side of it—twenty francs;" receiving from Lafayette and his household assurances of "the attachment of three generations;" her "Wednesdays" in the gay city, where the highest and the lowest met—princes, dukes, marshals, counts, actors, Maltese knights, small poets, and small wits—in a word, any celebrity or any notoriety, male or female, was welcome to her *salon*. There the finest violin player in France placed her on a raised seat, and declared she was his "inspiration." There Humboldt called and left his card, with the pencilled words, "*toujours malheureux*." Generally, however, she "kept clear of the English;" content with any praise, and greedy only of the admiration that was to be had without the asking; yet ever so pleasant, so full of point, so perfect in the *style parlant*, as she terms it, as really to be what she aimed to be—the queen of society.*

If her triumph was less in London than in the Elysée, it was because her worshippers were more phlegmatic than their light-tongued and light-hearted neighbours. Yet her "evenings at home" were always "successes."

Lady Morgan had an idea that she might be the means of bringing together in fraternal intercourse the aristocracy of rank and the aristocracy of talent on a more extensive scale than was possible in her *maisonette*. Mr. Mackinnon, of Hyde Park Place, had a large house, a suite of rooms capable of "entertaining" many, and in partnership with that estimable gentleman her plan was to be carried out. He was to issue cards to ladies and gentlemen of his order; she, to those who were eminent in literature, science, and Art. The cards were printed accordingly. They expressed that Lady Morgan and Mr. Mackinnon desired to be honoured with the company of so-and-so on the evening of Wednesday, July 16th. It was certainly somewhat startling to read the names thus joined; it was known that the one was a widow, the other a widower, and there was consequently no just cause or impediment why they two should not be joined together. Still it was curious, and "gossip" might have been excused, especially as the card was lithographed in the joint names, that of Lady

* Among her other peculiarities, her gay ladyship describes herself as a freemason: a venerable marquise—"the dear *belle de bonne de Voltaire*"—being *grande maîtresse* of a lodge—proposed it to her, and she became "a free and accepted mason." The *belle de bonne* at the inauguration wore a picture of Voltaire, set in brilliants. There were men masons present, among them the Bishop of Jerusalem, and the actor Talma. "As to *TRUE SECRETS*," she writes, "it shall never pass these lips, in holy silence sealed;" and certainly her ladyship may well wonder how it was that a secret confided to many women, young, and beautiful, and worldly, should never have been revealed. She does not tell us if she wore an apron, but the *belle de bonne* marquise did; and so the *illustre Anglaise* was added to the list of free and accepted masons—received with acclamation and three rounds of applause, and cries of "*Honneur! honneur!*"

Morgan standing first. We received our invitation from her ladyship's own hands, and accepted it. On the evening of the 16th we duly entered the drawing-room at Hyde Park Place. We heard titles of all degrees announced; but hardly a name eminent in literature, Art, or science, greeted our ears. There were present perhaps two hundred people of rank, but, excepting ourselves and three or four others of our "calling," Lady Morgan had no followers to fraternise with those of Mr. Mackinnon. Speculation was idle as to the cause of so appalling an effect. The lady was evidently irate; there was no way of accounting for the humiliating fact, and, as may be supposed, the evening passed off with amazing dullness, for the co-operation of no other lions had been sought. A few days afterwards the mystery was explained. Mr. Mackinnon had agreed to envelope and direct such cards as were to go to his "order," Lady Morgan undertaking the transmission of such as were intended to lure the magnates of her own circle and craft.

The cards, properly prepared and addressed, she handed to Mr. Mackinnon's hutler for the post; but either that important functionary forgot his duty, or grudged the postage, or thought it beneath him and his master to invite so many untitled guests—at all events, they were subsequently found safe in his desk, where they had been in comfortable seclusion from the day when dear Lady Morgan placed them in his hands. It is needless to say, there began and ended the scheme of her ladyship to bring together the aristocracy of rank and the aristocracy of talent!

She had that cordiality of manner which "took" at once, and did not permit you time to inquire if it were sincere. She was, however, entirely free from literary jealousy; she would aid and not depress young authorship; she was often generous with her purse, as well as her pen and tongue; there was nothing mean about her, and flattered as she had been from her youth upwards, is it wonderful that her large organ of self-esteem occasionally assumed



THE MONUMENT TO LADY MORGAN.

a character of arrogance? that when she called herself "Glorvina," it was her weakness to persuade herself how closely she resembled that brilliant creation of her fancy? that she was, in a word, *vain*, although her vanity may have been but the skeleton of pride?

She was essentially *matrielle*. In no one of her letters, in no part of her journal, can there be found the remotest reference to that High Power from which her genius was derived, which protected her wayward and perilous youth, her prosperous womanhood, and her popular (if not honoured) old age. There is no word of prayer or of thanksgiving in any of her written thoughts.

Her tact was portable, applicable, alive, alert, marketable, good-natured, ever ready at call, and consequently often useful; yes, and useful to others as well as to herself, for she was continually "on the watch" to serve a friend and set aside a difficulty. Lady Morgan had no left hand, no deaf ear, "no hind side;" she was life, bright life, from top to toe. Even when her receptions were over, and at her great age, it might be supposed she had gone worried

and languidly to bed, she chatted cheerfully to her maid, and closed her eyes with a jest.

She was created for society, enjoyed and lived in society to the last: nothing annoyed her so much as being invited to a *small party*. She liked the crowded room, the loud announcement, and the celebrity she had earned. Her vanity was charming; it was different from every other vanity; it was so *naïve*; so original, and she admitted it with the frankness of a child. "I know I am vain," she once said to Mrs. Hall, "but I have a right to be so. It is not put off and on, like my *rouge*; it is always with me, it sleeps with me, wakes with me, companions me in my solitude, and arrays itself for publicity whenever I go abroad. I wrote hooks when your mothers worked samplers, and demanded freedom for Ireland when Daniel O'Connell scrambled for gulls' eggs among the wild crags of Derryneane." "I am vain," she said, on another occasion, to Mrs. Hall, "but I have a right to be so: look at the number of books I have written! Did ever woman move in a brighter sphere than I do? My dear, I have three invitations to dinner to-day; one from a

duchess, another from a courtesan, a third from a diplomatist—I will not tell you who—a very naughty man, who, of course, keeps the best society in London. Now what right have I, my father's daughter, to this? What am I? A pensioned scribbler! Yet I am given gifts that queens might covet. Look at that little clock; that stood in Marie Antoinette's dressing-room. When the Louvre was pillaged, Donon took it *bonnet rouge* with it in his hand and took it from him. Donon gave it to me." Then, with a rapid change, she added, "Ah, that is a long time ago! Princes and princesses, celebrities of all kinds, have presented me with the *souvenirs* you see around me, and they would make a wiser woman vain."

If you complimented her on her looking "so much better," she would reply, "Perhaps I am better rouged than usual." Once a lady, not famous for sincerity, said, "Dear Lady Morgan, how lovely your hair is; how do you preserve its colour?" "By dyeing it, my dear; I see you want the receipt." When we were so fortunate as to find her alone, we were charmed by her mingling of acute observation with much that was genial and generous; but our enjoyment would be, at times, suddenly disturbed by a sarcasm—just as when in a delicious sandwich you are stung by an unwieldy drop of mustard.

Devoted as Lady Morgan appeared to be to strangers—to the frivolities of the world, she had sound and rational views of life and its duties as a daughter and a wife. Speaking with Mrs. Hall of some young ladies suddenly bereft of fortune, she said, with an euphatic movement of her dear old green fan—"They do everything that is fashionable—*imperfectly*; their singing, and drawing, and dancing, and languages, amount to nothing. They were educated to marry, and had their heaven time, they might have gone off *with*, and hereafter *from*, husbands. They cannot earn their salt; they do not even know how to dress themselves. I desire to give every girl, no matter her rank, a trade—a profession, if the word pleases better. Cultivate *one thing to perfection*, no matter what it is, for which she has a talent—drawing, music, embroidery, housekeeping even; give her a staff to lay hold of, let her feel 'that will carry me through life without dependence.' I was independent at fourteen, and never went in debt."

Perhaps no writer ever owed less to experience than Lady Morgan. The faults of her youth were the faults of her age. Her mind attained its majority at a very early period. She carried the same views, the same ideas, the same prejudices, the same craving for liberty, the same sympathies, into her more aspiring works on "France" and "Italy," as she did in her novels; the same contradictory love for republicanism and aristocracy, the same vanity—a vanity the most abounding, yet so unlike in its perfect and undisguised honesty, its self-avowing frankness, to all other vanities, that it became absolutely a charm—perhaps one of her greatest charms.

The last time Mrs. Hall saw "the Wild Irish Girl," she was seated on a couch in her bed-room—a picturesque ruin of old-lady womanhood. Her black silk dressing-gown fell round her *petite* form, which seemed so fragile that she feared to see the old lady move. "Why, Lady Morgan!" she said, "you are looking far better than I expected; you are really looking well." "Ah, no, my dear," she said, in reply, "I am not; you should see me in the morning—it's the rouge!"

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

THE thirty-seventh annual exhibition is now open in Dublin. It contains five hundred works of Art, a considerable proportion of which are by native artists; yet we have some complaint to make on that score, for although the Academy consists of forty-three members—Academicians, Honorary and Associates—only twenty-three of them are this year contributors to the exhibition. Of late, the prospects of the Academy are far more encouraging than they used to be; not long ago, "sales" within its walls were rare events; during the past three or four years, however, many pictures have there found purchasers, and we trust this year, when so many visitors from the provinces will be in Dublin, few of the really good works will be returned to their homes. The genius of Ireland should so abundantly produce should be fostered and strengthened; most of its artists are of necessity absentees; they find in England the "patronage" they did not find in Ireland; but there are several excellent painters and sculptors who have preferred dwelling in their own land, and "verily they should be fed." The luxuries of Art are becoming daily more and more necessary in Ireland; we trust that evidence of this fact will be obtained by the members and exhibitors of the Royal Hibernian Academy.

The President, CATHERINE SMITH, exhibits several excellent portraits; one of especial merit, that of the venerable Sir Thomas Staples, the "father of the Irish Bar," who was a member of the old House of Commons, sixty-five years ago, and who very recently passed from earth. A most charming picture is contributed by Mr. EDWARD SUREL—an emigrant-girl, such as, alas! one may often see on the road-side or by the sea-shore; she is looking sadly and lovingly on the country she is about to leave—for ever, perhaps, although her life is in its early spring. 'The Milkmaid' is a genuine copy of a light-hearted lass, whose *locale* is supposed to be Killarney. Mr. G. W. NICCOLLS, the artist, has certainly found his original somewhere, and has faithfully copied what he has seen. 'The Wayside Spring' is another sweet picture of this class, the production of an artist rapidly rising to eminence, Mr. R. A. JONES. It is in landscape, however, we find the greater number of members of the Academy excel. The works of Mr. CHARLES GREY and his three sons demand special notice; the former has long "led" in this department; the youths have been educated in a good school, and already give evidence of the high positions to which they aspire. The sea-pieces of Mr. KENNEDY are of very great merit; he has obviously studied nature, and has striven successfully to copy its most striking and agreeable effects. Some of the views at Killarney—'Glena Bay' in particular, by Mr. B. C. WATKINS—render very happily the scenery of the beautiful district. The works of Mr. J. R. MARQUIS are of great merit; one of them happily pictures 'Herring-boats leaving Ireland's Eye.' By the same hand is an admirable work, 'A Storm on the Great Belt.' A picture, somewhat similar in character, by Mr. EDWIN HAYES, 'Fishing Boats leaving Port,' attracts and merits marked attention. Mr. VINCENT DUFFY is a valuable contributor: he has industry as well as power, and studies nature in her most artistic effects. A production of great ability is entitled 'Golden Moonrise.' Mr. EDWIN GREY has a landscape, 'View on the Tolka,' which is very skillfully rendered, and the scene well chosen. W. DILLON exhibits a view, 'On the Liffey, near Palmerston,' an interesting bit of home scenery. There are other artists whose works, in landscape more especially, might demand praise at our hands.

The Sculpture Room contains several works that manifest the power always put forth by Ireland in this department of Art.

On the whole, the exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy, though not to be considered of the highest class, or, indeed, as evidence of what Irish artists have done and are doing elsewhere, affords subject for satisfaction, certainly for hope, and as certainly for encouragement.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE OLD MASTERS.

ALTHOUGH full of works of rare excellence, the North Room does not this year contain the two or three absorbing pictures that so frequently appear on these walls; but the absence of such treasures is accidental, for they are numerous in private collections. In the Marlborough Rubens, for instance—(52), 'Rubens, his Wife and Child'—the imperfect painting of the head of the lady is a bluish in the picture which a little more care would have made one of the best that Rubens ever painted. Again, the Marquis of Westminster's 'Rubens and his Wife in a Garden of Flowers' always suggests rather Jordans the pupil, than Rubens the master. The Vandykes are numerous and brilliant. Among them are the famous (56) 'King Charles the First, from the Warwick Collection, and 'The Assumption of the Virgin' (16), which must have been painted while Vandyke was yet under the influence of Rubens's manner. The pictures by Teniers are beautiful and well-conditioned—(11) 'Playing at Cards,' (5) 'A Village Festival,' and (31) 'A Man cleaning Armour.' The 'Musical Party,' by Giorgione, is not one of that master's best examples; nor do the two Claudes, (20) 'Landscape, with Christ Journeying to Emmaus,' and (24) 'Landscape, with Christ Tempted,' attributed to Claude, recall to mind the sweetness of that painter's manner; but (28) 'Landscape—Charcoal Burners'—is a production of Ruysdael of the greatest beauty—is deep and rich, without blackness and opacity, and there are others which fix the attention of the connoisseur, as (40) 'Landscape, Hobbema; (33) 'Landscape, with Cattle and Figures, Berghem; (48) 'The Marquis of Montrose, Dobson, equal to Vandyke; (27) 'The Holy Family, with St. John,' Murillo. Among the smaller and minutely-finished pictures there is (3) 'A Still with Fish, Vegetables, &c.,' by Moris, which, although elaborately studied, is somewhat hard; two pictures by Metzger, (6) 'A Lady reading a Letter,' and (8) 'A Gentleman writing a Letter; (10) 'Buildings and Figures,' Vander Heyden; two remarkable pictures by the so-called snake-painter, a 'Study from Nature,' and another, pieces of herbage, shrubbery, and flowers, filling short of the beautiful only in proportion to their want of softness. (41) 'The Diet,' by Gonzales Coques, is a precious study of interior accessory, remarkably clear and deep; and the dignity and harmonious glow of Both's studies are worthily exemplified in (49) 'Landscape and Figures,' (55) 'A River View,' by Cuyt, looks more like composition than anything near Dordrecht, where he always painted. The middle room contains many equally valuable works, as (60) 'Scene on the Ice, J. Ostade; (61) 'Boors at Supper; (66) 'Landscape and Figures,' Both; (62) 'A Man Playing the Hurdy Gurdy,' Boucher; and a group of pictures by Ercole Grandi, L. di Credi, Cosimo Tura, and Mazzolino di Ferrara, with 'The Marriage at Cana, P. Veronese, a replica of a study for the Louvre picture. This room contains also works by Canaletto, Guido, Velasquez, Bassano, Greuze, Cuyt, Backhuysen, S. Rosa, Jan Steen, Claude, Rembrandt, &c., &c. The selection of English pictures is very uniform in its excellence. Those by Reynolds are charming, especially (101) 'Lady Gertrude Fitz-Patrick,' and (147) 'The Earl Cadogan,' &c.; and no less so are those by Gainsborough, Wilson, Sir D. Wilkie, Copley Fielding, Romney, Hogarth, Morland, and prominently (171) 'A Tiger disturbed with its Prey,' by the late James Ward, R.A., a work of surpassing quality, which must have been painted about seventy years ago; it is one of the productions of the British school that give to it enduring fame, and which no other artist of the century has surpassed: it will be classed with the best works that a past generation has bequeathed to the present, and be valued accordingly; with others by P. Nasmyth, Turner, Roberts, Crome, Starke, &c., nearly all distinguished by the very best feeling of their authors. There is consequently much sound and valuable teaching to be obtained at this instructive exhibition.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

ANY one who looks through the series of historical engravings in the first of the two volumes now on our table (the second has none of this description), would naturally inquire—that is, if he has any thought about the matter beyond pictorial attractiveness—“How is it that in almost every book professing to illustrate the Scriptures, and published here, we find the artists of other countries supplying the means? How is it that in the whole range of our school of painters men cannot be found to perform the desired work?” The only reply to the question which can be given is simply, that Christian Art is not a speciality with us as it is elsewhere; that it is not studied and practised by the artists of England, as a rule, because the taste of picture-buyers offers no inducement. We put up no pictures in our churches,—the Protestantism of a reformed creed and ritual is an insuperable, and some people would say, a bigoted and senseless, barrier to such adornments: we hang our rooms and private galleries with “things of the earth,” but almost rigidly exclude the “things of heaven,” so to speak. British Art is essentially *mundane* in its object; it has no sympathy with a world beyond our own, or with what has reference to, or is symbolical of, another state of existence: this seems strange, indeed, in a country where the principles of Christianity are held in the deepest veneration, and its doctrines are universally taught, and almost as universally listened to.

Yet, in writing what we have, we do not forget that Mr. Holman Hunt's ‘Christ in the Temple,’ and ‘The Light of the World,’ find numerous admirers, and that Mr. Millais's ‘The Parables Illustrated’ is a book the success of which is indisputable; but these are exceptional cases, that carry no weight of evidence against what we see year by year exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy and other public galleries.

Thus it is that publishers in need of “Sacred Art” resort, in their extremity, to other lands where it flourishes in abundance—to the old painters of Italy, or to the living schools of Germany; and so it is that Mr. Murray has found among the works of Overbeck the historical designs which set before us the principal events spoken of in the New Testament, and of which he has allowed us to reprint some examples.

Of this great light of modern Art, which has shed its influence, in conjunction with others, over no insignificant portion of the country where it rose, our readers found a record in the pages of our journal a few months ago. Inasmuch as at the revival of painting, Christian Art was in possession of no new methods of expressing its ideas, and, therefore, was compelled to resort to those of pagan Art which had come down to them, so the artists of our own time follow—but each according to his own fancy or judgment—the footsteps of those who took part in the regeneration of Art, and gave to it a living form and a pervading power. Hence, while some painters go back to a period which we are accustomed to associate with its morning, others identify themselves with what is assumed to be its meridian splendour, as exhibited in the works of Raffaele and those other great Italian painters who were coeval with him, or succeeded him at no great distance of time. Overbeck is one of the latter; Raffaele is the divinity he worships; his compositions are of the Raffaelesque type; and he aims—not by any means unsuccessfully—to invest them with the expression and character seen in those of his illustrious predecessor.

The writings of the four Evangelists, which include the first of the two volumes forming this edition of the New Testament, have furnished

nished Overbeck with twenty-one subjects. The three specimens introduced here may be accepted



RACHEL WEEPING.

as average examples of the whole number. It will be obvious to those who are intimately



ECCE HOMO!

acquainted with the works of the old Italian masters how much more closely Overbeck allies



THE ENTOMBMENT.

himself with Raffaele than with any other. This is especially noticeable in the simplicity of

* THE NEW TESTAMENT OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. Illustrated by a Plain Explanatory Comment, and by Authentic Views of Places mentioned in the Sacred Text, from Sketches and Photographs taken on the spot. Edited by Edward Clifton, M.A., Archdeacon of Cleveland, and Prebendary of York; and William Basil Jones, M.A. Prebendary of York and St. David's. 2 vols. Published by John Murray, London.

his arrangement of subject, and the absence of everything like extraneous matter, or of subordinates. The figures are few, even in scenes where numbers would be perfectly legitimate, and even seem to be required, as in the 'Ecce Homo!' where the crowd of infuriated Jews is

scarcely perceptible, and the interest of the picture is strictly confined to the principal personages on the stage. After Raffaele's time artists ignored this simplicity of design, striving for a more dramatic effect, and enriching, as some think, their compositions with a multi-

city of figures; the result too often was a mere "spectacle," an assemblage on the canvas of the entire *corps dramatique*, principals and subordinates, as we see them in the final scene of a modern pantomime. The plain truth of the narrative is lost amid the gorgeous display of



OLIVE TREES IN THE GARDEN OF GETHESEMANE.

accessorial wealth. Christian Art loses its dignity and its spiritual impressiveness when thus presented. Overbeck assuredly feels this and avoids it.

The scenery of Palestine has become tolerably familiar to us in England, by means of the numerous illustrated works which have been

published here of late years, as well as by the paintings and drawings annually exhibited in our public galleries. Most of these, no doubt, have a near approach to truth of locality; but artists generally seek after pictorial effects, and to this end are apt to indulge in licenses which will realise their object better than

would, possibly, an identical reproduction of the actual scene. But photography is no flatterer: it paints the face of nature and the "human face divine" without the least intention of paying a compliment to either; it neither "extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice," but is a sincere, if not a courteous, truth-teller.



JOPPA—TAN YARDS.

And photography is employed here, to a great extent, to delineate many of the most remarkable and interesting localities in the Holy Land; these views were taken by Mr. James Graham. Other engravings of scenery are from sketches by an amateur artist who has the gift of a

skilful pencil, the Rev. S. C. Malan; the names of Mrs. Walker, L. de Laborde, Texier, and the late W. H. Bartlett, are appended to the few remaining cuts as their authorities. The two examples on this page are from Mr. Graham's photographs.

We have remarked that this work has a value beyond that of being a richly illustrated book; it is one which cannot fail to be of great utility to the reader and student of biblical literature. The Rev. E. Churton, who acknowledges his obligations for assistance to the Rev. F. C.

Cook, Canon of Exeter, has added an ample store of textual commentary on the Gospels of the four Evangelists, and the Rev. W. B. Jones has done the same for the remaining books of the New Testament. The former says, partially quoting the words of St. Augustine, "We have tried to deal with you"—the Christian reader—"not as if you could at once, by our feeble help, understand the deep things of God, but to quicken your desire that you may one day understand them." The latter guards himself from any imaginary charge of sectarian bias by the remark that "in the interpretation, as distinguished from the mere translation of the sacred text, he has not consciously spoken in the interest of any school or party. It has been his earnest wish, by God's blessing, and with the aid of all the human means within his reach, to ascertain the meaning of the inspired writers, without regarding the possible differences in relation to any theological position."

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALOYS SENEFFELDER, THE INVENTOR OF LITHOGRAPHY.

Sir,—I am aware that the city of Metz commemorates the invention of printing by a statue of Gutenberg, and also that the successful introduction and practice of the art in England is illustrated by a fine print representing Caxton exhibiting his "First Proof Sheet," in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey; but does his native Munich, or any capital in Europe, contain a public memorial of the worthy and ingenious man whose name and valuable invention are mentioned at the head of this letter? The answer, so far as I am aware, must be in the negative. Perhaps it may be said that not being an Englishman, not having either invented or first practised his art in this country, we are not called upon to honour in that way a foreigner, the advantage of whose labours we only share in common with the civilised world. Besides, is not the best memorial of his genius, the book in which he has described the progress and explained the processes of his art; and the noblest monument of its importance the great establishments in which it has so long been, and is at this day, so extensively practised? In some senses it is, so emphatically so indeed. The memoir—now, however, rarely read—does perpetuate with the name an affecting account of the protracted struggles and final success of the inventor of a process which has become one of so much interest and value alike to the world of Art and the commercial world; and the establishment of the Messrs. Day & Co. does illustrate the importance of the art of lithography. But still, how rarely are we in any way—and perhaps least of all amidst its proudest modern triumphs—reminded even of the name of our benefactor? As the writer of an article printed some years since in *Household Words*, says, "Had poor Aloys Senefelder (dead in Munich yonder, without statue or testimonial) called his invention Senefeldography or the Aloysotype, he might possibly have snatched some modicum of posthumous fame." It is no part of my design in this letter to give any details of the life and labours of the worthy German whose invention was so materially indebted for its earliest success on a large scale to his worthy countryman, the late highly respected Mr. Ackermann; nor do I exactly see in what way British gratitude could most suitably manifest our obligation to Senefelder's genius by some tribute to his memory. I am content to leave the consideration and determination of what should be done to others, but I do venture to think that the highest and most accomplished admirers, as well as the most humble practitioners of an art so beautiful in its capabilities and so profitable in every way, would unite in welcoming almost any form of memorial embodying the name and recording the genius, if not also preserving the likeness, of Aloys Senefelder, the Inventor of Lithography.

J. H.

THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

An industrial exhibition, the first of its kind held in the Potteries, opened at Hanley on the 5th of June. The project of holding the exhibition originated with the Committee of the Potteries Mechanics' Institution at Hanley, by whom, and its energetic and able secretary, Mr. E. Brunt, it was carried to a satisfactory and successful conclusion. This being the first of the kind held in the Pottery District was, of course, purely experimental, and could not for many reasons be expected to be an extensive one. Several of the workmen did not, it appears, clearly understand its nature, and were timid at scolding in their productions; while others, with so little time at their own disposal as the operatives of this district usually have, were unable, in the short time allowed, to prepare any special example of their individual skill. Others, again, it is to be feared, lacked the necessary encouragement from their masters, and were thus held back from exhibiting their powers of design, or manipulative skill. The experiment having, however, been tried, there can be little doubt that the workmen, who will now practically understand the nature and advantages of such an exhibition, will be encouraged, and will, another year, produce such an assemblage of industrial art as shall be a credit to the district, and shall well and thoroughly represent (which the present one does only partially) the industry, the skill, and the taste of the workers in every department of the manufactures of the neighbourhood.

One great result of the present exhibition has been the bringing together an assemblage of working models of newly-invented potter's drying stoves, most, if not all of which, are decided improvements upon the stoves at present in use. Of these, the stoves invented by Messrs. Smith and Greatbach of Etruria, Mr. Watkins of Cobridge, and Mr. Moore of Goldenhill are the most important. The first of these is, and has been for some months, in actual daily use at Messrs. Wedgwood and Sons, and is found to work admirably. The principle of the construction, which is perfectly novel, is that two of the four walls of the square room are formed of framework, with tiers of shelves on each side. These walls are divided down their centre, and each half is made to revolve on its own axis. Thus, when one of the tiers of shelves has been filled by the "runner" with the "green ware," it is made to revolve so that the ware is turned to the inside of the heated stove, while those which have already undergone the process of drying are by the same movement brought out, to be removed and replaced by more "green" ware, as produced by the thrower or moulder. The advantage of this arrangement is that neither the workman nor his "runner" have to be subjected to the dust, and the almost roasting heat of the stove, as is the case in those in general use. The saving of labour, too, is very great; and it has been ascertained that this saving to the little "mould runner" upon forty dozen of soup plates only, Paris shape, is two tons in weight, and the distance carried one mile and a quarter less than at present. The second of these inventions (that by Mr. Watkins) may be described to be on the principle of the most approved drying stoves for laundry use. It consists of a number of framework racks running on rails and wheels, which are drawn out of the stove for filling, and replaced when filled, with the greatest ease. It possesses the same advantage of the workmen's freedom from heat and dust, and of saving of labour from the present system. The third (Mr. Moore's) is similar in principle, the main difference being that it runs on a suspending framework instead of on the floor.

Another important improvement in the potter's art brought forward at the exhibition is a machine invented by Abraham Clarke, of Tunstall, for making cups, jellies, etc., which can be worked either by hand or steam power, and with the greatest ease. A newly-invented bread oven for bakers, by Mr. D. Lea, potter, of Newcastle, is very meritorious, as is also a revolving steam-engine by Mr. Fenton.

In pottery, Mr. Henry Aston, of Hanley, exhibits a fine assemblage of flowers, &c., in parian, and two remarkably good celadon vases, of which latter Mr. Steele also produces examples. Among the more notable exhibitors in decorative and manipulative pottery are the following:—Hamlet Toft, of Hanley, centre-piece and comports of his own design and execution; Matthew Leader, of the same town, a collection of decorated doorplates; J. H. Evans, of Fenton, plates and a Louis XVI. vase of his own painting; Isaac Wild, H. Kane, and Fone, of Longton, superb examples of gilding, in which the intricacy, the delicacy, and the precision of the patterns, and the beauty and evenness of the workmanship, are deserving of the highest praise; James Marsh, of Walsstanton, a number of examples of modelling in earthenware, amongst which his wine-cooler, shown at the Paris Exhibition, his water-bottle, and a large flower vase, are the most conspicuous; Henry Baggaley, a number of his productions, including a Colden memorial jug, a rustic chess or draught-board, a rustic garden seat, and other minor articles, many of them of good design; J. F. Marsh, of Burslem, an adaptation of a mediæval jug and some articles in terracotta; J. Edwards, of Burslem, an exquisitely modelled poppy, closely copied from nature.

Mr. F. J. Emery exhibits specimens of his newly-invented process of crayon-drawing on porcelain—a process, the originality of which it is but fair to all parties to say, is claimed by a Mr. Joseph Thorley. With this dispute, of course, we have nothing to do; all we need say is, that the process consists in having the colours usually used by china painters, mixed up with necessary mediums and formed into crayons. The artist, or amateur—for the process seems to be intended principally for the amusement of the latter class—then makes his drawing in the ordinary way of crayons, on the prepared porcelain, and it is submitted to heat and glazed in the usual manner. Mr. Emery exhibited specimens drawn by W. P. Frith, R.A., Digby Wyatt, and other eminent artists, and also a large unfired tile-piece for decoration of a bathroom, powerfully drawn by Mr. Carter, of the Hanley School of Art. Mr. Emery's process seems best adapted for pictures in monotone. In this same process, Mr. Thorley, to whom we have alluded, exhibits a sea piece drawn by himself.

In paintings in oil the exhibition falls far short of what might naturally be expected in a district so rich in artistic skill; and there is not a single picture in this department which is worthy of separate notice.

Of works in photography, there is a good collection.

In glass-engraving, Mr. Martin's contributions rank high and do him great credit; while Mr. Tunnidill's new invention for the manufacture at a cheap rate of tiles and bricks, for decorative building purposes, also possesses merit.

The adjudication of prizes in connection with the exhibition was left to Mr. Ayshford Wise, M.P.; Mr. Hopworth Dixon; Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, F.S.A.; and Mr. J. B. Waring, B.A., F.R.S.; and these gentlemen met on the 8th for that purpose. Their awards will not be made known until the close of the exhibition.

In connection with the competitive exhibition was one of loans, in which was a marvellously interesting and valuable assemblage of nearly every known make of ancient pottery and porcelain. The principal contributors to this loan collection were the Potteries Mechanics' Institution Museum, the Stoke Athemnum, Mr. Llewellyn-Jewitt, Dr. J. Barnard Davis, E. and C. Jones, W. Haslam Davis, E. M. Bence, H. Heath, L. Stanway, Aaron and Almer Wedgwood, E. Hunt, E. Cherry, Bacon, Banks, Slater, H. P. Daniell, Abington, C. Senior, G. Turner, C. Alfieri, P. Parrish, J. P. Hammsley, Mrs. Palmer, and Mrs. Mort.

We hear that it is intended that this Industrial and Art Exhibition shall become annual, and we doubt not, with careful attention, it will become a large and important affair, and one that will have a marked and beneficial influence on the manufactures of the district.

FOLEY'S STATUE,

OF

SIR CHARLES BARRY, R.A.,
IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

SURELY some evil genius hovers over the public Art-works of our Metropolis. To the blunderings at Hydo Park Corner and Trafalgar Square we have now to add another item, but with this marked contrast, that, whilst in the former instances bad work is thrust into good places, in the present case matters are exactly reversed, and a really fine work is put in a bad place. Hence our feelings of mortification in recording the erection of Mr. Foley's grand statue of Sir Charles Barry on a site and amid conditions totally subversive of its effect—viz., at the foot of the staircase leading to the Commons Committee Rooms, Houses of Parliament.

It is hardly necessary here to state, that to mark their sense of the high skill of the architect of the new palace at Westminster, a number of his professional brethren and friends sought at the time of his lamented decease to place some tribute to his memory within the walls of the temple his genius had raised, and decided that this token of their admiration should assume the form of a statue from the chisel of his brother Academician,—to whom it has been a labour of love. Permission was at length accorded by the Royal Fine Arts Commission, and subsequently confirmed by the Office of Works, to place a memorial statue within the building; but the site granted, though fitting by association, was, in an artistic sense, at once felt by the promoters of the movement to be unsuitable for the reception of a statue. Badly lighted, and that only by stained glass, with no advantageous approach in passing to or from the committee rooms, being placed at the foot of the staircase, and enshrouded in murky gloom, excepting on some few of the brighter days in summer, the site forbids all attempt to estimate the work by the only medium through which sculpture expresses itself—light and shade.

Had the occasion been one of ordinary interest only, or the work one of ordinary merit, it would have passed with a simple regret into the category of official blunders marking our public Art-doings; but a sense of duty prompts our strongest protest against the injustice of consigning this fine work to a place so unfitting its demands as a work of Art. Nowhere but in this country could such a result have occurred in the face of all the suggestions and proposals that must have been urged by those acting in the matter. Why not, for the purpose of a better light at least, substitute the stained glass by a more colourless window, similar to those in the waiting hall close by? But the whole case affords another striking illustration of the evils attendant on incompetence and irresponsibility in those who, under the screen of office, pretend to legislate for what they know nothing about.

But to the statue, which, in our indignation at its fate, we are leaving unnoticed. In this, as in all Mr. Foley's works, a vivid conception of purpose is bappily rendered. The architect of our Legislative Palace should in his memorial, placed therein, be at his work—the crowning aim of his life: he is so, and in earnest too. The figure is seated; extended in the left hand is a drawing board, having thereon a plan of the building, and a sketch of the Victoria Tower: the idea of the latter he may be supposed to have just conceived, and upon which he is studiously intent. The attitude, free from a tinge of conventionality, is unrestrained and easy, and presents an air of vitality and motion in the diversified flow of line in the limbs and drapery, which, whilst essentially modern—being in fact the architect's own usual studio attire—is subordinate to the composition and general effect. The likeness, admirably blending individuality and character, is, in point of resemblance, most felicitous. As a portrait statue it must rank among the best examples of English sculpture, and well maintains the very high position of its author.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The work-houses and the parochial schools at the rear of the National Gallery are to be purchased, and the Gallery is to be enlarged; so much has been told us by Mr. William Cowper, who adds, however, that even then there will not be space sufficient "for the exhibition and classification of all the old masters—certainly not for the works of the British school now at South Kensington!" Surely, there is nothing to prevent the addition of several acres by carrying a structure up to Leicester Square—into it, if need be; and surely a harrack is not now required, neither is it ever likely to be, in the heart of the metropolis.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The arrangement between the Government and the Academy seems to be pretty nearly where it was two years ago. Mr. Cowper informed the House that "a proposal had been made by the Government to the Royal Academy implying that if they pleased to apply for a site at Burlington House, the Government would be prepared to grant it to them. There had not been time as yet to ascertain the intention of the Royal Academy, but a considerable time must necessarily elapse before they could vacate the National Gallery." It would be almost safe to prophesy that the present generation will go out before the Academy goes out.—The Exhibition may now be seen by gaslight: the pictures do not lose any of their power, for the light is ample and good, while thus a number of persons can visit the exhibition who are so circumstanced as to be precluded from that enjoyment in the daytime. It is a benevolent as well as a wise act on the part of the Academy.

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.—It appears that the public must wait for the removal of the portraits until the new gallery in Trafalgar Square is erected. Surely they had better be sent to South Kensington, than remain in their present dark and miserable quarters in Great George Street. The idea seems to have excited the House when it was hinted at there; for Mr. Cowper is reported to have said that "there was a wonderful alarm on the part of some honourable members at the words—South Kensington." Such "alarm" is created far more by the "authorities" than by the place. "Some honourable members" know much more than they are bold enough to say; or, if they do not, we may promise, at no distant period, to enlighten them on the subject.

FRENCH OPINIONS OF ENGLISH ART-INDUSTRY.—M. Michael Chevalier, whose name is highly respected in England, in addressing the French Chamber, made some gratifying comments on British progress in the arts of Design and Industry. We cannot say they were made reluctantly, although the speaker took occasion to urge on France the necessity of greater efforts to maintain the high status it has held so long. "We (the representatives of France at the International Exhibition) were," he said, "impressed and frightened by the marked progress which the English had notably made in works of good taste." He attributes much of the change to the influence of the Museum and the teaching at South Kensington; and there cannot be a doubt of his being right. M. Chevalier is not so well informed as to the other causes that have produced a result so honourable and so profitable to England. South Kensington is on the surface, the "other causes" lie underneath it. The fact, however, none

can question, that within the last twenty years astonishing advances have been made in every department of manufacture that can be in any degree influenced by Art. Twenty years ago we foretold in the *Art-Journal* that so it would be; that "heavily was in reality cheaper than deformity," and that, in time, there would be palpable evidence of the commercial value of the *Fine Arts*. It is not likely that the "authorities" at South Kensington would accord to us our share of the issue; but none know better than Mr. Henry Cole the effects that have been produced by the lengthened labour, earnest thought, continued efforts, and large expenditure (evidenced by upwards of ten thousand engravings of objects of manufactured Art), that have operated in the *Art-Journal* to justify the words of M. Chevalier, when he refers to the "considerable progress that has been made by the English in the art of Design in connection with Art-manufacture."

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, PARIS, 1867.—A list has been issued of the Commissioners appointed by her Majesty to advise her upon the best mode by which the products of Industry and the Fine Arts of the United Kingdom, the British Colonies and Dependencies, may be procured and sent to this exhibition. It is headed by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, immediately followed by Earl Granville. Then succeed the names of about one hundred nobleman and gentlemen, the appointments being, for the most part, honorary. A preliminary meeting has been held, at which the Prince presided, when it was determined by the Commissioners to divide themselves into twelve or more sub-committees, to take charge of the various groups into which the exhibition will be classified. No doubt his Royal Highness will personally interest himself in the proceedings. We trust that Parliament will, in its wisdom, allocate a sum of money in order that England may be liberally as well as royally represented in France. The secretary is Mr. Henry Cole, C.B.; whether as honorary or paid, the report does not state.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST, Mr. Heade, who was long a resident in Brazil, and who has exhibited many admirable landscapes painted in that country, is about to publish a series of twenty chromolithographs of very interesting character. They picture the Brazilian humming-birds; no words can describe their gorgeous plumage, but the painter may. Mr. Heade has done so with marvellous fidelity, but they are only parts, though the primary parts, of his pictures. He introduces, with much judgment and skill, the foliage and flowers among which they live, with backgrounds such as mark the favourite localities of each bird. The paintings are not only original but exceedingly beautiful; finished, necessarily, with great minuteness, yet with broad effects. It is rarely that artists have such opportunities; it is fortunate that so pleasant and useful a task has fallen to one so well fitted for the work. The publication will be issued under the special patronage of the Emperor of Brazil.

PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.—The pictures exhibited by Mr. Mayall illustrate a new and very important phase in the interesting art of photography. In a series of portraits of the fine head of the poet-laureate, Alfred Tennyson, all printed from one negative, and that negative scarcely an inch square, this accomplished photographer demonstrates a complete mastery over a "new solar camera process by which photographs of any dimensions up to the life-size are produced direct with-

out the aid of hand-work," and it may be added, entirely free from exaggeration or distortion. The series consists of one small impression same size as the negative itself, and seven or eight enlarged prints each one larger than its predecessor, until the full life size is attained. Except for the difference as to size, the portraits appear to be identical—the same expression, the same warmth of tone, and the same sharpness of detail. In the very largest there is no loss of definition; it appears, indeed, to have been printed direct from some magnificent negative of the same dimensions. Enlarged photographs have long been common enough, but they have also looked common enough, and no wonder, for the old enlarging process yielded but a dirty impression, of a rough blanket-like texture, which had to be worked to evenness by the brush. Mr. Mayall appears to have reformed this altogether. The series representing the poet-laureate, and a smaller series from a new negative of Captain Grant (the fellow traveller of the lamented Speke), also exhibited by Mr. Mayall, conclusively prove that a new and valuable process of printing and enlarging is perfectly under command and at the service of the public. The process of printing and magnifying small negatives by direct printing through the medium of gigantic reflectors and condensers, is due to Monckhoven, of Belgium; its successful adaptation to portraiture in England is due to Mr. Mayall and his clever sons.

THE BRAYE MONUMENT.—The Countess of Beauchamp, one of the four owners of the Stanford estates, and one of the four co-heirs of the barony of Braye, has recently erected in the church of Stanford-upon-Avon, in Northamptonshire, the mausoleum of the Cave family, a monument to the memory of her mother, the late Baroness Braye. It is a beautiful work of Art, the joint production of Mrs. Thornycroft and of Signor Giovanni Fontana, superintended by the sculptor Gibson. It consists of a life-size portrait recumbent statue in the finest Carrara marble, the feet resting upon a greyhound couchant, by Mrs. Thornycroft. The figure reposes upon an altar-tomb of statuary marble, on which the inscription and the heraldic quarterings of the deceased are carved. The background of the monument is formed by a bas-relief, the work of Fontana. It represents a figure kneeling by a cross near a bed of snowdrops, exquisitely carved, above which float a group of three angel children, designed by Gibson, supposed to be in the act of receiving the spirit of the departed. The bas-relief is enclosed in a moulded Gothic arch of Sicilian marble 10 ft. 8 in. high, supported by two buttresses 12 ft. 8 in. in height, in the style of the architecture of the church. The text, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," is carved in raised white marble letters above the arch, surmounted by a battlemented cornice. The architectural portion of the work was executed by Mr. Underwood, the marble mason of Camden Town. The white marble platform, on which the altar-tomb is placed, is inlaid in mosaic by Mr. Poole, of Westminster, in the style of the *tre cento* period of Italy. The pieces of marble employed are cut from seven hundred fragments of antique marbles collected by the lady to whose memory the monument is erected, at Tusculum and other ancient ruins in Italy. The design for the mosaic was suggested by a mosaic in Westminster Abbey. The platform is approached by a plain white marble step, upon which are placed in relief some religious emblems to illustrate

an illuminated marble scroll with the fifth, sixth, and seventh verses from the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes.

THE GRAPHIC.—The last meeting of the season of the members of this society took place on May 10th, when, for the first time in its history, ladies were admitted, thereby following the example of a kindred society, the "Artists and Amateurs." The rooms were tastefully decorated with flowers, while the display of works of Art was good; it included a clever picture, entitled 'Poland,' by Mme. Jerichau, and others by J. Ward, R.A., J. Linnell, D. Cox, C. Lucy, P. W. Elen, Topham, T. J. Soper, and others.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—At the ordinary meeting of this society, Mr. A. J. B. Hope in the chair, the royal gold medal for 1864 was presented to Mr. James Pennington. Mr. Beresford Hope made some remarks on the Art-exhibition proposed to be held at Alton Towers, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, during the months of July, August, and September, in aid of the funds for the erection of the Wedgwood Memorial Institute, Burslem; and he invited the members of the Architectural Institute to contribute coloured designs and drawings.

A DRINKING FOUNTAIN, surmounted by a statue of a naiad, of Carrara marble, the whole designed by Mr. Munro, the sculptor, will shortly be placed in Berkeley Square, opposite the residence of the Marquis of Lansdowne, at whose cost the work is being executed. The base is of red granite.

THE EAST LONDON INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION will be opened in St. Mary's Schools, Whitechapel, on the 12th of the present month, and will be closed on the 2nd of August. It is under the patronage and guarantee of the Marquis of Westminster, Earls Shaftesbury and Macclesfield, Lord Bury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and other gentlemen of influence.

MR. FOLEY'S STATUE OF BURKE.—The "sketch"—meaning in this case a highly finished statuette, half the size of life—of the statue of Edmund Burke, as proposed for Trinity College, Dublin, has been completed. It is intended as a companion to that of Goldsmith, and we may sincerely—even beforehand—congratulate Trinity College on the possession of two statues that will rank among the finest of modern times. In Mr. Foley's conception of Burke, there is no action, but there is language everywhere, even from the features to the drapery. He makes his subject addressing the House, and he could scarcely have done otherwise. The right hand rests on the side; in the left is placed a scroll; the head is slightly turned to the right; and by the advance of the right foot, a very slight swing is given to the person. The face is strikingly handsome: it has been modelled from Reynolds's portrait, with reference to every other authentic source to which the sculptor had access. In this case, as in all others of modelling from flat portraits only, the difficulty has been the profile; but it cannot be doubted that the artist has rendered this as near the life as the authorities accessible to him would admit. The dress is the coat, flapped waistcoat, and necker continuations of the day; and in dealing with these, as in the case of Goldsmith, Mr. Foley shows that unostentatious simplicity which in Art, as in other things, is always the most difficult quality to attain. The large model has been commenced, but it is only yet in the rough.

THE SACKVILLE GALLERY.—An exhibition under this name has been opened at 196, Piccadilly. It is intended to be permanent, and for the reception only of

water-colour drawings, that will remain on the walls for two months, and will be replaced on the first Monday in every second month with a new collection. Among the contributors are Hablot K. Brown, R. Dowling, W. H. Millais, E. W. Cooke, R.A., Charles Marshall, Vicat Cole, &c. Among the drawings, which number upwards of one hundred, are some of much interest. We shall return to the subject.

MESSRS. MCLEAN AND HAES have issued two most charming photographs of wild mountain rocks on the coast of Cornwall; they are singularly grand, and convey an impressive idea of the wild scenery of the sea-girt shire. An amateur has produced them; it would be difficult to find better examples of the art. He associates the views with passages from the "Idyls" of the Poet-Laureate, and this adds to their interest.

EMERY'S PATENT FOR DESIGNS ON POTTERY.—An extremely beautiful invention for the decoration of pottery has been patented by Mr. Emery, of Cobridge.* The process is drawing with a crayon on a porcelain surface, and rendering the design indelible, like ordinary ceramic embellishment, by submitting it, as enamels are, to the heat of the kiln. The examples we have seen of this invention are as yet only in monochrome, the colour being blue; but we believe a variety of other colours are in course of preparation. The crayon employed is black, and has much the appearance of the common *conté*, and the surface for the reception of the drawing is white, and, of course, unglazed, being prepared with a "tooth." The drawing is black on the porcelain, but in the process of firing it becomes blue. Thus the merit of the invention consists in placing immediately, and by the hand, a design in colour on earthenware or porcelain, so as to resemble at once the ordinary results of drawing and enamelling. Hence, as far as Mr. Emery's patent goes, ceramic decoration will be no longer a special art, for any one who can draw can work on porcelain. It is very modestly proposed as an amusement for ladies and "the children of a family;" but under the hand of a skilful artist it may, like paper, be made the vehicle of an endless variety of suggestions of taste and fancy. It will never, perhaps, attain to the softness of enamel, but we cannot suppose that at present it is more than a first scintillation, to be carried hereafter to a high degree of excellence.

"OLD" EDINBURGH.—Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston, of Edinburgh, have published a *vue-stimile* of the bird's-eye view of the city, taken, in 1647, by Mr. James Gordon, minister of Rothiemay, whose original drawing was engraved on copper in Holland. It is curious to compare the Edinburgh of the present time with Edinburgh two centuries ago.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—The fifty-sixth anniversary of this institution was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 27th of May, Lord Bury presiding. We have often directed attention to the objects and working of this excellent provident society, which limits its aid to artists, their widows and orphans, who have, by subscribing, established a claim on its funds. Her Majesty has for twenty-seven years sent an annual donation to it of 100 gs.

MESSRS. MARION AND SON, of Soho Square, issued the day after "the Derby," a photograph of the Grand Stand, with the multitude of people there seated, at the moment when excitement was at its highest pitch. It is small—about eight inches by

* It will be seen by some observations elsewhere that the merit of the invention is disputed.

six—the human heads being about the size of pins' heads; yet they are so clear and distinct, that a large majority of them may be recognised, and when seen through a magnifying glass, even the eager expression of many of the countenances may be traced. Few photographs have been produced that show more emphatically the power of the art.

ANIMALS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE.—A singularly interesting series of photographs has been published by Mr. McLean. They are of the principal animals in the Zoological Gardens. Elephants, monkeys, lions, tigers, pumas, wolves—in a word, nearly all the occupants of stalls and cells have sat or stood for their portraits to a most patient, persevering, and very skilful artist, Mr. Frank Haes. The result is a collection of rare interest and value; so extensive as to be really a menagerie, the accuracy of which is beyond question. Mr. Haes read at a meeting of the Photographic Society a most interesting paper describing "the troubles and difficulties" he encountered in performing his task. They arose mainly from the natural restlessness of his sitters, who were, in nearly all cases, indisposed to co-operate with the artist. We heartily congratulate him on the success he has achieved. The series is a most important acquisition to the naturalist and the painter—to all, indeed, who appreciate either Nature or Art.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.—The works of the Photographic Society are this year shown in one of the rooms of the Society of Architects in Conduit Street. It is by no means so comprehensive as it has been on former occasions, being limited to what may be called unmixed photography. Thus, as was the case last year in Pall Mall, neither plate nor print is accepted if discovered to have been touched. There are, however, some large coloured portraits in the room, wherein it is difficult to discover the merit that has procured them admission, since by the manner in which they have been coloured they are equally removed from photography and Fine Art. If there be any advance upon the productions of last year, it is in the landscape department, especially in the modelling of foliage, and the tones and gradations of middle and remote distances.

THE FARNLEY HALL TURNERS.—This collection of drawings, which was formed by Mr. Fawkes, of Farnley Hall, Yorkshire, has been photographed by Messrs. Caldesi & Co., and published in one volume by Messrs. Colnaghi & Co. As examples of photography from works of Art, the plates are generally unexceptionable, but without a knowledge of the drawings it is impossible to say with what success they are repeated tone for tone. From the breadth and perfect detail of some it is not difficult to determine that these are from grey drawings; and from the heavy indistinctness in the masses of others, it is obvious that these passages are warm—and for the defective rendering, in such cases, photography has no remedy. The photographs, however, are valuable and beautiful, and are characterised by a quality obtainable from works by no other hand than that of Turner. They are fifty in number: among them are, 'An English Coast Scene,' one of those fascinating compositions that Turner had the gift of making out of nothing, by an effective disposition of lights and darks; 'Windmere,' unmistakable as to its features, but remarkable for space; 'Washbourne and Lindley Bridge,' 'The Stud—Bolton Abbey,' with a downward rush of water more like photography from nature than from a drawing; 'Bonneville, Savoy,' one of the

most beautiful of the set; 'Lausanne,' 'Lac de Brienz.' In a 'Cottage Scene,' are a boy and girl, very like some of those in Wilkie's 'Penny Wedding.' Then there is the 'Ponte di Rialto,' essentially the *pous pictorum*, exhibiting a throng of gala boats, and concealing the stale and inodorous waste of the vegetable market; again, 'Venice from Fusina,' 'The Interior of St. Peter's,' 'Rome from Monte Pincio,' and also from Monte Mario, with others in Switzerland and elsewhere; the whole forming an extremely interesting series. Every admirer of Turner, indeed every lover of Art, will covet this most exquisite collection of his famous works.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The trustees have submitted to the Lords of the Treasury their eighth annual report. It contains little beyond an enumeration of the portraits obtained, by gift or purchase, since the last report was published, in April, 1864. All these acquisitions were noticed in our columns, as they were hung in the gallery, except those which have been added during the present year. These are portraits of James Harris, M.P., author of "Hermes," 1709—1780, painted by Romney after Reynolds, and presented by the Earl of Malmesbury; James Watt, painted by C. de Breda, presented by Mr. M. P. W. Boulton; Professor Wilson, the Marquis of Dalhousie, and T. de Quincey, all painted by Sir J. Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A., and the gifts of the artist's brother, Mr. H. G. Watson, of Edinburgh. The portraits purchased this year are:—Queen Elizabeth, painter unknown, at the price of £84; John Law, notorious as the founder of the Mississippi scheme, painter unknown, £6 10s.; Coleridge and Southey, painted by a Mr. Vandryke, for Mr. Joseph Cottle, of Bristol, 16gs.; and Keats, the poet, painted by W. Hilton, R.A., price £43 3s. 6d. The total number of visitors to the gallery last year was 14,885, being nearly 4,000 in excess of any preceding year except 1862.

Mr. W. CAVE THOMAS has received a commission to execute a series of paintings for the chapel of the Russian embassy. The subjects are the twelve apostles.

MR. CHURCH.—Some paintings by this eminent American artist are exhibiting in the fine and admirably-lit gallery of McLean and Co., 7, Haymarket. The exhibition was opened at too late a period in the month for us to notice it in our present number.

THE WEDGWOOD INSTITUTE.—We received at the end of the month—too late for particular notice—a programme of the exhibition of Art-works to be held, by generous aid of the Earl of Shrewsbury, at Alton Towers, during the months of July, August, and September, and earnestly recommend it to the attention of our readers. The proceeds will go to aid the Wedgwood Institute. Contributions are requested, and application should be made to the Hon. Secretary, W. Woodall, Esq., Longport, Staffordshire, who, with the committee, will be very grateful for "loans."

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS had a very brilliant *conversazione* on the evening of the 14th of June, at South Kensington, between three and four thousand persons being present.

THE CARTOONS.—The whole of the cartoons in the National Gallery are now covered with glass.

THE PICTURE BY ROSA BONHEUR, concerning which the House of Commons was asked to interfere, has been returned by Mr. Gambart to the National Gallery, and is now "hung." The 'Derby Day' will also soon be in its place.

REVIEWS.

THE PRINCIPAL RUINS OF ASIA MINOR, Illustrated and Described. By CHARLES TEXIER, Member of the Institute of France, &c. &c., and R. POPPLEWELL PULLAN, F.R.I.B.A., &c. &c. Published by DAY AND SON, London.

Following up the record of Byzantine architecture, the joint production of Messrs. Texier and Pullan, a work which we brought to the notice of our readers two or three months ago, we have now from the same authors another handsome folio volume relating to the remains of Greek and Græco-Roman architecture on the coasts of Æolia, Ionia, and Caria, in Asia Minor. This, far more than the preceding publication, seems specially for the use of the professional student, and we must, therefore, leave the full consideration of it to journals that can afford greater space to the subject than we can at this busy time of the year, and particularly to those which make architecture their staple material. It is, in truth, nothing more than an English edition, by Mr. Pullan, of a series of illustrations of some of the finest buildings of antiquity, selected from M. Texier's large work on Asia Minor, the price of which precludes its circulation among those to whom it would prove most useful. Mr. Pullan has himself gone over the greater part of the ground where the buildings yet remain, and precedes the illustrations by a short yet interesting narrative of his travels, accompanying it by historical notices compiled and abridged chiefly from the writings of M. Texier, whom he believes to be the only traveller who has visited *all* the sites described. The edifices passed in review are the Temple (Doric) at Assos; the renowned Temple of Apollo Branchida, at Poseidon, of which the architects were Daphnis of Miletus, and Peonius of Ephesus, the latter of whom lived in the reign of Alexander the Great, and was the architect chosen to complete the great Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the Temple of Jupiter, and the Theatre, at Aizani, the date of which is probably about the second century of our era; the Temple of Augustus at Ancyra; the Temple of Venus at Aphrodisias; Theatres at Aspendus and Myra; ruins at Patara, and portions of the Basilica at Pergamos. The number of plates is fifty-one, so that it will be evident some of the edifices occupy several plates. For example, the Temple at Aizani has twelve plates devoted to it, mostly showing details of very beautiful ornament.

In the "Battle of the Styles," Mr. Pullan undoubtedly takes the side of the Classicists. He would not abjure mediæval architecture, but he loves the other more, and considers we are making a mistake in much of what has of late been done or is now doing. We get at this state of his feeling from some preliminary remarks, and are by no means disposed to question their truth. "In the present day," he says, "that important element in architectural beauty—Proportion—is, for the most part, either altogether ignored, or else completely overlooked, in efforts after the picturesque, or in the adaptation of buildings to suit the utilitarian and economical requirements of the age. Our ecclesiastical buildings are frequently but imperfect imitations of ordinary town and village churches, or else so-called original compositions in which stunted columns, top-heavy capitals, and windows absurdly elongated, are introduced by way of novelty, or for the sake of contrasts produced by disproportion; and our civic and other public edifices are often but shapeless masses of stone or brick, all wall or all window, without that relation between pier and aperture so necessary to give the appearance of lightness, and at the same time of stability. In short, we are groping in the dark in search of the true principles of design." Yet he thinks a glimmering of light is visible, for architects are beginning to see that any edifice may be designed and erected according to the eternal rules of proportion, and, at the same time, may preserve the distinctive characteristics of style. Inasmuch as no nation studied and applied to their buildings these rules or laws of proportion to such an extent as did the Greeks, so would he have their

works closely studied by our own architects, that we may practise the same truths of beauty and harmony as are learned from what the ancients have left for our guidance; and among these by no means the most unimportant are the scattered and broken, yet often magnificent, remains on the western shores of Asia Minor.

'THE WELCOME ARRIVAL.'—'NEARING HOME.'
Engraved by W. H. SIMMONS from the
Pictures by J. D. LUARD. Published by
MOORE, McQUEEN, & Co., London.

The death of Mr. Luard, in 1860, at the early age of thirty, was a loss to our school of painting, for he had already given such excellent promise that there could be no doubt of his rising to distinction had his life been preserved. The son of a military officer, and having himself served in the army, which he quitted only to devote his whole energies to Art, the incidents of military life formed the chief subjects of his pencil. Two of these—'The Welcome Arrival' and 'Nearing Home,' exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1857 and 1858 respectively, have been engraved. The former represents a scene—one, doubtless, of frequent occurrence—in the Crimean campaign, in which, by the way, the artist joined as an amateur: three officers are in their hut, that appears in most admirable disorder, mainly caused by the "welcome arrival" of a huge package from England, the contents whereof, consisting of jars, parcels, books, boxes of cigars, &c. &c., are strewn over the floor. But the object that most courts and fixes the attention of the recipient of the package is a portrait of a young lady; this he examines very closely, yet somewhat stealthily, as if to conceal it from the eyes of his brother officer standing almost immediately behind him. The latter, however, is engaged with his cigar, and in earnest conversation with their third companion, also a smoker; and, besides, he is a gentleman, and has no desire to penetrate the secret of that small morocco portrait-case. As an incident of real campaigning life, the picture is most interesting: the materials are well put together, in an easy and unaffected manner quite befitting the subject.

'Nearing Home' is part of the deck of a vessel bound to England, with the sick and wounded, several of whom appear in the picture. The most prominent group is an invalided officer stretched on a mattress and supported by pillows; by his side is his wife, who has been reading to him till interrupted by one of the sailors with the news that land is in sight. But the poor fellow seems scarcely conscious of what he hears, or is indifferent to it, as if he knew he should only reach his country to die in it. The story is too painful to be agreeable; yet it is cleverly told; and both engravings—they constitute a pair—are effectively rendered by Mr. Simmons, who now takes rank with the best of our mezzotint engravers.

A MANUAL OF GOTHIC MOUNDINGS, with Directions for Copying Them and for Determining their Dates. Illustrated by upwards of Six Hundred Examples. By F. A. PALEY, M.A., Author of "A Manual of Gothic Architecture," &c. Third Edition, with numerous Additions and Improvements, by W. M. FAWCETT, M.A. Published by J. VAN VOORST, London.

The utility of this book to the professional and amateur architect has been manifested by the demand for a third edition. Mere moundings would appear to be very insignificant matters, comparatively, in connection with architecture; and yet an accurate knowledge of them is certainly indispensable to any one professing even an amateur's acquaintance with the subject. And when we consider how much they contribute to the ornamental beauty of edifices, especially in doors, windows, and pillars, their relative value can scarcely be over-estimated. Moundings have been called "the very grammar of Art," and Mr. Paley says, "they are by far the most certain, and very frequently the only guides in determining the dates of buildings, or of architectural members. They are just as

essential to a knowledge of architecture, as a map is to the study of geography."

It will be sufficient for us to remark, that the subject is treated in a most comprehensive way by the joint labours of the authors of this manual. The preparing and classifying the immense number of examples which, with very few exceptions indeed, are taken from buildings in this country—their names being appended—could only be the result of most diligent search and great industry.

THE GRAMMAR OF ORNAMENT. By OWEN JONES. Published by DAY AND SON, London.

The idea of re-publishing, in a convenient and less costly form, Mr. Owen Jones's magnificent work on Ornament was judicious; and it has been well carried out. The large folio volume is cumbersome for practical purposes, and is too expensive—even if it could be readily procured, which we believe it cannot be now—for the workshop or the artisan's use at home. In the new and smaller edition the plates are considerably reduced in size, yet are sufficiently large to serve as examples, while in execution they will bear favourable comparison with the earlier plates. It seems, indeed, extraordinary that such fac-similes could be made, when we consider the elaborate character of a vast number of the subjects, and the extreme nicety required in adjusting all to the exigencies of the printing-press. The colours, moreover, are as a whole well maintained; but in a few of the plates, especially where gold is introduced, there is certainly less brilliancy. We cordially recommend this edition of the "Grammar of Ornament" to every one employed in decoration or Art-manufactures: it is within the reach of every respectable establishment and of a large number of Art-workmen.

THE OLD CITY, AND ITS HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS. By ALFRED, Author of "London Scenes and London People." Published by H. W. COLLINGRIDGE, London.

This, like the other volume by the same writer which preceded it, embodies a series of papers originally published in the columns of the *City Press*, a weekly paper conducted with considerable ability, and specially devoted to topics associated with the city and citizens of London exclusively. Alfred, whoever he may be that writes under this *nom de plume*, has got together a large mass of facts concerning the past and present of the famous metropolis, and he has worked them up into several amusing and instructive chapters. It is in every way a very readable book, disfigured, however, by a few wretched woodcuts; for, with two or three exceptions, they deserve no milder epithet. This is a pity, for the volume is excellently printed, and tastefully bound.

THE STUDY OF THE HUMAN FACE. Illustrated by twenty-six Steel Engravings. By THOMAS WOOLNETH, Historical Engraver to the Queen. Published by W. TWEEDIE, London.

Somebody, it is said, having, in the course of conversation, quoted the well-known line—

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

one of the company present expressed his dissent from the poet's opinion by humorously remarking that he considered "the proper study of mankind is woman." Writers such as Lavater, Lebrun, and Mr. Woolneth, who have studied physiognomy, have been pupils in both the male and female schools, and have found in each subjects to meet their requirements, for there is little doubt that the passions which characterise our nature are, as a rule, common to both sexes, though some, perhaps, are developed with greater intensity in one than the other. In the engravings Mr. Woolneth introduces into his pages, he is no respecter of sex; the heads are male and female alternately, "to show that such dispositions are not peculiar to either, but incidental to both" sexes.

Without referring to the philosophy of physiognomical science, which Mr. Woolneth treats with discriminating ability, we may remark

that his book may prove of considerable service to the figure-painter. Artists often fail in delineating a character, because they are ignorant of the facial attributes which indicate the temper, feeling, or disposition they desire to portray. They have not, in fact, studied physiognomy; hence their failure. A careful perusal of what the author has done with pen and graver, may make them more successful in future. But the interest of the volume is by no means limited to a class; there is much in it to amuse, and even to edify, all who care to study character in the human face "divine," or under the influence of the griefs and passions "flesh is heir to."

THE LADY INA, AND OTHER POEMS. By R. F. H. Published by VIRTUE BROTHERS & Co.

This volume is by the author of the charming little *novellette* of "Blythe House." We had doubts as to the probability of a poetic fiction creating and maintaining its interest from the first page to the last, as ably as the prose story had done. We hope our readers will judge for themselves as to the claims of this new muse to take her place among the poets of the present time: we will not, therefore, supply a clue to the tale of "The Lady Ina." Of course, its foundation lies amid the entanglements of the "old, old story," and is sufficiently romantic to entrance those who still cling to what may surely be called the purest poetry of life. Its descriptions would more than satisfy the painter. It carries the reader to the close with only one regret—that so sweet a tale should have so sad an ending.

"The Lady Ina" is immediately followed by a poem of a very different class—rising at once into the heroic—"The Battle of White Horse Down," which we should like to see illustrated by Mr. Desanges. It was suggested by the "Scouring of the White Horse," from which, the author modestly tells us, "it is almost a literal translation into verse." We assure our readers that the "translation" surpasses the original. This is no common achievement, for we all know how inexorably verse fetters an imagination that may run wild in prose.

In a volume containing a number of poems, there must be unequal merit; but though the subjects are very varied, there are none *puerile*, and all bear evidence of genius and cultivation.

UNDER THE WAVES; OR, THE HERMIT CRAB IN SOCIETY. Published by SAMPSON LOW.

This is exactly the sort of book that parents who take their children to the sea-side as a means of health and recreation, will do well to leave in their way. The young people will almost instinctively accompany the hermit crab on his pilgrimages, and imbibe much information from the charming little volume that records his travels, without the sensation of having devoted any portion of their holidays to a "lesson book."

A preface is generally a mistake: the preface to "Under the Waves" is no exception to what we may call a rule. A book that in reading does not explain its object had better not be written; and this preface contains such a list of "authorities," that our young friends might shrink in terror from their magnitude, and imagine they were about to be "tasked" in earnest. There is one hope—that the small people will not read it, but seek their fellow-traveller at once, and make themselves, as we did, part and parcel of his "society."

As we have not seen the author's name before, we suppose Miss Annie Ridley to be a new member of the literary sisterhood. When she has achieved more self-reliance, and ceased to tremble on the threshold of her new realm, she will be an admirable educational assistant. She is evidently patient and conscientious—holding in her imagination a little too tightly with bit and curb; but without an effort either at preaching or teaching—tempering all she sees and says by sweet womanly faith in the wisdom and goodness that hath created nothing in vain.

"Under the Waves" is a right book at the right time.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, AUGUST 1, 1865.

GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

No. VII.—EDWARD BENEDEMANN.



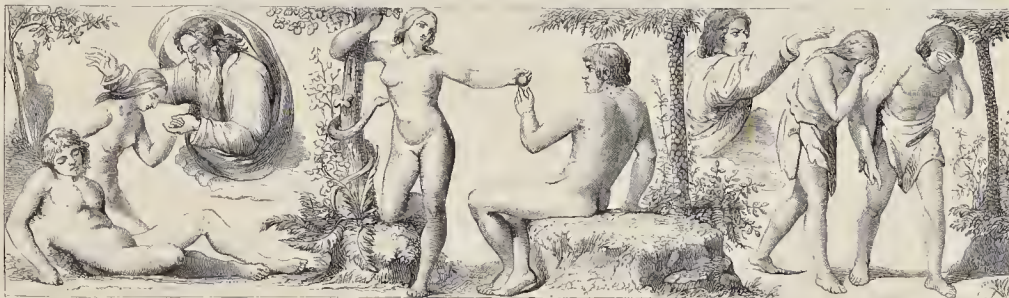
OUR countryman, Mr. John Gibson, in Rome, when in earnest discourse upon Greek art, is accustomed to insist on the exaltation which the teaching of philosophers infused into the works of the Greek sculptors. Coming down to a later day, in like manner we find, that in the revival of the arts in Italy, sculpture, painting, and philosophy went hand in hand. While Michael Angelo in Florence worked in the gardens of the Medici, Platonists were weaving subtle speculations on divine beauty in the villa which, on the heights of Fiesole, overlooks the valley of the Arno. It can scarcely, indeed, be otherwise, but that the grand cycles of thought which sweep across an age, sway the public mind, and shape the literature of a country, should in considerable degree mould the plastic and pictorial arts. And so it happens that, coincident with the revival of painting in Germany—a phenomenon which assumed the hearing of lofty ideas—there has been evolved, by a succession of German metaphysicians, the soaring structure of the ideal philosophy. I do not say that between these contemporaneous manifestations there subsists the precise relation of cause and effect. It might be impossible to prove that the materialistic system of Locke, and the objective school of English art, are consequent the one on the other. And just so it may be difficult to show that the transcendental philosophy propounded since the days of Kant has by any necessary deduction resulted in the products of ideal art. It were, indeed, too much to say that any one picture is an express enshrouding of metaphysical dogmas. That, in truth, is more than, in the

nature of the case, could be looked for. But what we have a right to expect, and what we do really find, is this, that certain dominant thoughts in the mind of the nation have moulded philosophy, poetry, and painting, into cognate forms. What we do meet with is wide-stretching and high-soaring phenomena, which all confess to a common origin—forms in Art, phases in literature, and conditions of the universal intellect, which acknowledge a birth from the same brooding thought, and which point to like fundamental ideas concerning God, man, and nature. I will proceed to expound in brief a few of the theories which appear to preside over these German high Art developments.

It sounds as a truism to assert that an artist's creations must, in some degree, be governed by the views he has formed of nature. It is surely a turning point to determine whether nature, if I may venture on words so bold, shall be regarded as body or soul, whether the painter shall be content to transcribe the mere articulations of the outward skeleton, or strike at the life that moves beneath, whether the student shall only measure and weigh and take possession of a dead carcass, or, on the other hand, approach to nature as an animated existence, and hold converse with the spirit, and comprehend the thoughts which nature enshrines and wishes to express. I need scarcely say that German philosophers and painters are pledged to the latter of these alternatives. There is a remarkable oration on "The Connection between the Plastic Arts and Nature," delivered by the transcendental metaphysician Schelling, wherein are laid down the true foundations of an ideal system of æsthetics.* "The artist," says Schelling, "should indeed, above all, imitate that spirit of nature which, working at the core of things, speaks by form and shape, as if by symbols; and only in so far as he seizes this spirit and vitally imitates it, has he himself created anything of truth." A like lofty strain of thought has been reached by other writers. The Danish philosopher, Oersted, for example, in "The Soul of Nature," enunciates propositions such as the following:—"The laws of Nature are the thoughts of Nature;" "that which the spirit promises Nature performs;" "all Nature, as it is pictured to our senses, is at the poet's command;" "the poet, with perfect justice, creates a supernatural world for himself, in which the imagination has the mastery." We have seen how, under the revival of the arts in Italy, the Platonic philosophy had taken possession of leading intellects, and it is interesting to mark how, from age to age, minds imbued with Platonism have, like a needle set to the pole, pointed, as by the intuition of their being, to the lead-star of Art. The fervid eloquence of John Howe carried him upwards almost unconsciously to those transcendental heights whereon Schelling and Hegel, in a subsequent century, planted the ideal philosophy. There are passages in the sermons of this master divine of the Commonwealth, especially where the preacher expounds the theory of "the heathic vision," which, with little adaptation, might be interwoven into the tissues of an Art-philosophy. That ecstatic state of genius known to poets and artists of imagination all afire, and of nerves strung to the exquisite thrill of harmony,—that condition wherein the eye kindles

to divine beauty, and is flooded with streams of light from the source of truth,—has been painted in refulgent colour by our English Platonic divine. "Weak sight," says John Howe, "would afford but languid joy; but when the whole soul, animated with divine power and life, shall seat itself in the eye, when it shall be, as it were, all eye, and he wholly intent upon vision, apply itself thereto with all its might as its only business, what satisfying joys does it now taste! renewed by every repeated view how doth it now, as it were, prey upon glory, as the eye of the eagle upon the beams of the sun!" Such rapturous outpourings from the fountain of the Platonic philosophy have flooded the whole earth, and fed with fertilising streams the flowery fields of Art.

The light that shone over the groves of Athens, and after eclipse rose again on the gardens of the Tuscan Athens, that infused softening rays of beauty on harsh German lineaments, that glanced as it passed on our northern shores, and thawed the ice that freezes British thought, crosses in its onward course the seas to the western hemisphere, and thus puts a belt well-nigh around the world. Transatlantic and transcendental Emerson bursts into a strain scarcely less intense than that of our English Howe; he throws out germs of thought, moreover, which sparkle with



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

FRIEZE FROM THE ROYAL PALACE, DRESDEN.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

* An English edition of this essay was published twenty years ago by Mr. John Chapman, in a student's library known as "The Catholic Series."

colour, and take typical forms that lie at the centre, and crown the summit of highest art. "A thrill," writes Emerson, in his essay, "The Over-Soul," "passes through all men at the reception of new truth, or at the performance of a great action, which comes out of the heart of nature. Every moment when the individual feels himself invaded by the power of insight is memorable. Always, I believe, by the necessity of our constitution, a certain enthusiasm attends the individual's consciousness of divine presence. There is always a shudder of awe and delight when the individual soul mingles with the universal soul. The nature of these revelations is always the same; they are perceptions of the absolute law. They are solutions of the soul's own questions." Emerson teaches that within the soul dwells essential beauty, that above reigns infinite beauty, and around stretches the beauty of nature, and that these several forms of the beautiful are correlative each to each. Out of propositions such as these is deduced the system of Art philosophy to which this writer, in common with his German forerunners, is pledged. Numerous passages might be adduced from these pages laden with metaphysics cast in popular form, which more or less elucidate our present line of thought. Take, for example, the following:—"The power of the artist depends on the depth of his insight into the object he contemplates. For every

object has its root in central nature, and may, of course, be so exhibited to us as to represent the world." "As far as the spiritual character of the period overpowers the artist, and finds expression in his work, so far it will always retain a certain grandeur, and will represent to future beholders the Unknown, the Inevitable, the Divine." "In our fine Arts, not imitation, but creation is the aim. In landscapes, the painter should give the suggestion of a fairer creation than we know. The details, the prose of nature, he should omit, and give us only the spirit and splendour. He should know that the landscape has beauty for his eye, because it expresses a thought which is to him good; and this, because the same power which sees through his eyes, is seen in that spectacle; and he will come to value the expression of nature, and not nature itself, and so exalt in his copy the features that please him. He will give the gloom of gloom, and the sunshine of sunshine."

I can scarcely expect that ideas so foreign to our English mode of thought will be, to a general public, intelligible, or prove acceptable. Yet it is scarcely too much to say that the reception of this ideal scheme is almost essential as a prelude to the comprehension and fair appreciation of ideal Art. The form of the painter is moulded, as it were, on the thought of the philosopher; the German artist, to apply the dictum of Schelling, "works at the



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

JEREMIAH WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.]

"How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations. Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by? Behold and see it there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger. The elders of the daughter of Zion sit upon the ground, and keep silence: they have cast up dust upon their heads; they have girded themselves with sackcloth; the virgins of Jerusalem hang down their heads to the ground. The tongue of the sucking child cleaveth to the roof of his mouth for thirst. They that did feed delicately are desolate in the streets. The punishment of thine iniquity is accomplished, O daughter of Zion."—*The Lamentations of Jeremiah.*

core of things," and so his shapes become symbols of central and creative thoughts. What spirit promises Art performs, and that after a fashion wherein the details and the prose of nature are made subordinate to generic law and poetic conception. It would wrong this philosophy and practice to say that nature is thereby ignored or violated. Such an assertion could only imply a total misconception of the essential principles involved. As in the highest scientific induction, individual accidents are reduced to wide extending laws, and fragmentary truths fashioned into homogeneous unities, so in the highest Art functions individual forms are made to pass into nobler types, the base materials which inhere to the surface of things are driven off under the heat of imagination, and at last beauty and truth, as pure gold, come forth as out of the refiner's fire. That this is no mere theory may be demonstrated by the great works which, derived from central and eternal verities, have attained consequent immortality. It may be said of the Elgin marbles that they reconcile individual with generic truth; individual nature gives vigour, generic nature imparts grandeur of style. In the classic conceptions of the Goddess of Love, abnormal defects are eliminated, and so the Venus of Milo stands forth in absolute perfections which transcend any one individual model. In the same way, when Raphael painted the Galatea, or when in any other figure he desired to

endow womanhood with unwonted beauty, "he availed himself of a certain idea which suggested itself to his mind," and so his work was raised above the level of common nature. Thus it will, I think, be seen that the ideal method pursued by the modern Germans, has not only a basis in true Art philosophy, but is supported by the practice of Greek sculptors and Italian painters in their unrivalled works. What success may have crowned the high efforts of the German intellect is, of course, altogether another matter. It is sufficient if I have shown that the ideas concerning nature, propounded by philosophers and applied by German painters, are sound.

Schelling, Oersted, and Emerson, we have seen, write dissertations precisely from the point of view whence contemporary German artists paint pictures. Nature, and of course the term includes human nature, may be looked at from diverse positions; and according to the elevation or the depression in the mental horizon of the observer, will the picture be either narrow in sphere and stunted in thought, or, on the contrary, may be found to expand into wider space, and command a larger circuit in the intellectual world. No one, I think, can have taken even the most cursory glance at the productions of the modern German school without perceiving that a penetrating eye has pierced beneath the surface, and held converse with an inner life, that

beyond the immediate foreground of hard fact and individual character, stretches a far distance, where earth and sky meet, and the two worlds of matter and spirit intermingle. These pictorial phenomena are, as I have said, in considerable degree the out-comings of the subjective philosophy of nature. The key-note struck by German metaphysicians seems in accord with the rhythm of thought intoned by our English poet-philosopher, Coleridge:—

"We receive but what we give,
And in our lives alone does nature live."

Nature is mental, and therefore we must bring kindred mind to her study; and with whatever thoughts and emotions we come, we shall find a like response in her. We dwell in nature, and nature in us, and Art is the middle point in which each meets, coalescing in a result which is different from either, because it contains the attributes of both. The right study of nature consists in the analysis and the synthesis of nature's noblest thoughts and highest phases, a process in which things commonplace and worthless are cast out, while the central types and vital essences of nature obtain concentration and embodiment. Thus does the psychological artist actually portray the mind of nature, and reach unto that beauty, law, and order which declare the glory of God. Little minds gossip with nature, and hence trivial pictures are as rare as small-talk in society. Higher minds converse and reason with her; and hence pictures of deep thought and aspiring intent tell of royal spiritual pedigree, and in the words of Schelling, "show forth the inner structure of the entire temple of Art in the light of a high necessity." Thus painting, according to an oft-

repeated aphorism, is dumb poetry, and thus through visible form gushes in silent and translucent streams eloquent thought, moving the responsive mind of the beholder to ardent emotion. I think it may be safely affirmed that at this point the ideal and the real no longer war the one against the other. The ideal becomes so potent and essentially true, and the real is invested with a beauty so far removed from common observation, that each merges in the other, and the two grow one and indivisible. Winckelmann seems in some measure to have pointed to this conclusion, when he said that much in Greek Art which appears to us ideal, was to the Greeks themselves natural. The same great German critic was accustomed to place products of Art on the platform of the infinite, and so the creations of the sculptor and the painter were weighed and measured by the laws which govern the eternal works of nature. It was with this deeply philosophic writer a fundamental axiom that Art should bear upon her front of hearty intellectual expression, and that in her noblest moods she should commune with a nature which is above nature. Somewhat, too, in the same sense is much of the teaching of our own analytical critic, Mr. Ruskin, who, while habitually gravitating towards naturalism, ever and anon soars on wings of rhetoric to the topmost heights of the ideal. The precept so oft repeated by this ideal yet realistic philosopher, that noblest pictures embody noblest thoughts, is, in fact, the very corner-stone of the ideal philosophy—an axiom from whence might be deduced just those transcendental doctrines which I have here sought to inculcate.

The reciprocity between Nature and Art, as propounded by



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

THE HARVEST.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.]

Schelling, involves several important conclusions not irrelevant to our present purpose. Schelling teaches that the soul of things, and the body which clothes that soul, were called into being as at one breath, that conceiving thought begets encircling form, that the creative intelligence invests the world in its own image; and then he proceeds to show that the artist to whom the gods have granted the same creative power, works in like manner; that thus the sculptor and the painter possessed of divine energy are not so much subject to nature as co-operative with her, rearing up the structure of Art on the living and immutable verities wherefrom nature herself springs. Hence nature and Art are vital in the same growth, they are divers yet oftentimes identical manifestations of the same power; they are sisters claiming common parentage, they are handmaidens in that household, the world, which is the outer court to the mansion in the heavens. The Art that bears the seal of this divine birth carries with it a spell,—the force of genius is within its lineaments: its strength at once felt and yet not to be described, asserts over the mind the prerogative of power. The mere copying of the outward forms of nature is a process of dead petrification; the articulations of the bones of nature's skeleton may be thus precisely drawn, but the life and the spirit elude so servile a pencil. The creative artist must enter, as it were, the laboratory of nature, and there conspire with the forces of nature and fashion those crystalline forms of symmetry which develop into essential beauty. Thus does the painter, as the natural philosopher, seek, as we have already seen,

after the primal or the perfect type, the noblest manifestation whereof is the human form. That form, in its original estate, was in the image of God, and that image is in spirit man, and in body nature. High Art, according to the definition of German metaphysicians, starts with nature, then lays hold of human nature, and lastly grasps at deity. "Here already," says Schelling, "soul and body are in perfect harmony; body is the form, and grace the soul; not the soul in itself, but the soul of form, the soul of nature." And when this soul of nature is united in perfect correspondence with the body of Art, then generally is evolved that placid beauty which suffuses itself over the works of German spiritual painters—a hearty serene as twilight, and gently glowing in the warmth of evening skies. And though the storm of passion may dash in tumult across the smooth and silvery face of nature, or of spirit-hegotten Art, yet the spell of hearty moderates excess, and thus an eternal and a god-like calm presides over the works which are religious and divine. This serenity assuredly is the portion of the saintly forms revealed to Overbeck. Thus in fine "the relation between Nature and Art," as taught by Schelling, finds its issue in absolute equipoise, the union of objective nature with subjective spirit, in the product of that placid art which is the concord of body and soul. Lofty national works can alone be born of elevated thought in the mind of a people; the truth which the sage discovers the poet sings and the artist paints. Such is the concerted harmony between the Art, the literature, and the philosophy of Germany.

EDWARD BENDEMANN was born in Berlin in the year 1811. The first instruction he received came from the academy of his native city. In the year 1828 he went to Dusseldorf, where he fell under the tuition of Schadow, with whom, two years later, he travelled in Italy. His talents expanded so early that he acquired with his first picture a reputation. While in Dusseldorf, he seems to have taken the life of the children of Israel, in joy and sorrow, for illustration—a theme around which have been gathered many of the artist's most renowned works, such, for example, as the well-known picture, 'The Captive Israelites mourning by the waters of Babylon.' German critics find in these compositions the qualities of the elegy and the idyl; they pronounce these productions as poems in beauty, purity, and greatness of soul. In the year 1838 Bendemann undertook to execute a series of pictures in the royal residence, Dresden, among which the design we engrave of 'THE CREATION' forms part of a consecutive frieze. The life of the artist has been laden with labours. Bendemann executed a picture in the town-hall of Frankfurt: he also painted in his native city of Berlin an allegorical fresco. In 1838 he was decorated by Louis Philippe with the order of the Legion of Honour, in 1847 he received the Cross of the Saxon order of Knighthood, in 1848 he obtained from the King of Prussia the Order of the Red Eagle, and in 1851 from the King of the Belgians the Order of Leopold. The honours wherewith continental artists are loaded offer striking contrast to the all but total disregard of our own government for the talent which brings glory to the nation. Bendemann we have always understood to have been, by birth at least, a Jew, which fact may account for the prominence he has given to characters who lived under the Jewish dispensation.

Our first illustration is taken, as I have said, from the series of mural paintings which decorate the royal palace in Dresden. The throne-room of the king is fittingly occupied by subjects of stately dignity, more or less intimately associated with the annals of Saxony, or significant of the general sway of justice upon earth. These compositions are not always free from overcrowding and consequent confusion in the figures. The ball-room, naturally more festive in decoration, receives on its walls cheerful scenes from Hellenic life. A frieze, whence is taken our first illustration, ranges above the major compositions of this room. Like other such designs executed as a running border to more weighty materials below, this frieze is occupied by a flowing stream of narrative, a river rippling with incident by the way, which flows onward to that sea where life mingles with eternity. The connecting idea of this frieze is taken from the current of human existence. In innocence man comes into being, then passes through stormy conflict, a chequered state of mingled joy, toil, and woe, which finds rest in the grave and hope in immortality. The style of these compositions, compared with the manner of the Elgin frieze, and that of the Kaubach frieze in Berlin, inclines to the naturalistic, softened here and there with the tender emotion that reigned over mediæval Art in Italy. Out of the series I have selected for engraving the opening scene from Paradise, because therein the figures present lines of singular beauty, and the subject brings an acceptable variety to the prevailing monotony of the modern German school—a school known chiefly to affect Christian Art. The mutual lines of composition, in the centre of the three compartments, maintained between the figures of Adam and Eve, are graceful and well balanced. These qualities, however, it cannot be said pertain pre-eminently to the extended series from which we have naturally sought to select a favourable example.

The grandiose composition, 'JEREMIAH WEeping OVER JERUSALEM,' cannot be more aptly described than by the ominous and denunciatory words of the prophet which we print beneath the engraving. It will be observed that the picture has been composed on the basis of balanced symmetry; the head and shoulders of the old prophet form the apex of a pyramid, the sides and base whereof are filled in by the figures which repeat with accumulative intensity the terror-striking story. Even the very stones cry aloud with anguish.

The subject of our third illustration, 'THE HARVEST,' has received pleasing and popular treatment. The scene, taken from nature, can scarcely escape naturalism: the figures, in keeping with the circumjacent trees and fields, are also essentially naturalistic and individual. Thus the picture appeals to the sympathy, and is brought home to the daily experience, of the beholder. Yet, at the same time, the spectator will not fail to observe that principles pervade the composition which bring rude naturalism within the confines of æsthetic law. The patriarchal figure standing beside and beneath the shadowing tree—a noble type of pastoral life—serves as a fixed axis round which the composition, otherwise scattered, rotates. Here, too, in the towering head of the central object is seen once more, though under free rendering, the application of the pictorial pyramid, a form which, like to the everlasting structure in the desert, stands for all time compact and firm. This principle, as a keystone to a

spanning arch, Bendemann has not infrequently made subservient to ends more than merely structural. In the well-known composition, for example, 'The Captive Jews,' the balance of the lines seems to point to an intention lying beyond the ken of the eye and the grasp of the hand. The statues which govern thought are here obeyed; that outward order which is in itself Heaven's law, seems to proclaim a mental and a moral rectitude which tyranny may have outraged but could not overturn, and appears to stand for the visible type of the repose of the soul on right and justice which no outrage could confound. Herein is present that natural symbolism which, resting on no mere tradition or conjecture, is catholic as the works of God, and vocal in that language through which nature holds converse with the human mind.

Bendemann is one of the many German artists who have used the medium of fresco for the expression of noble thoughts. By him, in common with his brethren tutored in Rome, holding communion with the great works of Michael Angelo and Raphael in the Sistine and the Vatican, fresco painting was deemed pre-eminently a monumental art. It was method of older birth than that of easel painting—an art which, from early days, had been tributary to architecture and co-operative with sculpture—a practice in which the arm that is strong will rejoice, and the mind that is large may glory. This art of fresco painting, like the architecture that is its framework, requires to be simple in treatment, symmetric in proportion, and broad in the distribution of its distinctive members and masses. The themes it chooses, too, should be endowed with the element of greatness; the truths it embodies should be enduring as the tenements they adorn. Thoughts trivial, details small, methods meretricious, must find no place in that high and ancient art which Giotto, Orcagna, Signorelli, Michael Angelo, and Raphael raised to majesty and stamped with essential truth. Such was the style which, by its largeness and by the loftiness of its historic range, the German painters of the modern school strove first to master during their Italian sojourn, and then, on their return to Germany, to naturalise in the Fatherland. These young Germans, as we have seen, were to the last degree enthusiasts, and Cornelius, the forerunner of the company, appears to have inherited, as the representative of Michael Angelo, an actual contempt for the practice of oil painting. Fresco he held to be the natural ally of architecture, and when consulted by our English commissioners on the Fine Arts, he strongly advocated the employment of the process for the decoration of the Palace at Westminster. Fresco, he maintained, is in its very character monumental, and on every account must be deemed fittest clothing to large vacant wall spaces in public buildings. It is indeed the handmaid of architecture, and has proved, in the practice of the greatest of Italian masters, capable of adapting itself to the varied requirements of styles, Gothic and Renaissance. The Arena Chapel, Padua, decorated by Giotto, and the Church of St. Francis, at Assisi, adorned by Cimabue and others, are Gothic; the Campo Santo, covered with frescoes by Orcagna, his contemporaries and successors, is of a style allied to forms Lombardic; while the Vatican and Sistine, painted by Michael Angelo and Raphael, belong to the Italian Renaissance. Fresco painting found no difficulty (and indeed why should it?) in adapting its pictorial forms to the contrasted constructional lines and proportions of these diverse styles. The modern Germans have shown no less versatility than their Italian predecessors. At Munich Hess, in the Allerheiligen Kapelle, conformed to the exigencies of a Byzantine interior, and in St. Boniface to the requirements of a Basilica. Cornelius, Overbeck, and others, have in like manner brought pictorial composition into subjection to the Gothic arch. Cornelius, however, in common with all painters and critics who have mastered the difficulties of this arduous practice, rightly insists that fresco painting, as essentially a monumental art, must abide by severe and symmetric principles of design. The simplest elements of form, and the strictest principles of composition, must by the painter in fresco be maintained. And it is worthy of remark that modern German painters have become so fully imbued with this doctrine, that even when departing from fresco, and taking their pastime in the greater liberty permitted to easel painting, they still, perhaps unconsciously, remain subject to laws of the more stately art. The truth of this observation is enforced even in the landscape of Bendemann, which has been composed after the laws of an absolute symmetry.

Bendemann may be surpassed by some of his contemporaries for play of fancy and fertility of imagination, by others for classic subtlety or beauty in form, by many again for Christian graces and direct spiritual utterance; but to him pertain supremely patriarchal power and presence. A man so gifted might have been painter to the kings of Israel, catching the words of inspiration as they fell from prophetic lips; verily such a man were worthy in his art to serve the God of Jacob in the courts of the Temple in Jerusalem.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

ART IN PARLIAMENT.

THE subject of our national Art-institutions, and other matters of a kindred nature, have, as usual, occupied the attention of the House of Commons this session, as it has during former years; but, so far as one may judge, with no very satisfactory results. Whatsoever is done towards advancing the interests of Art, is done with a niggardly and grudging hand. Although the Chancellor of the Exchequer has a large surplus at his disposal, a fraction of it only can be spared to meet the wants of our National Gallery. The greatest portion must go towards the remission of taxes, for the petitions in favour of the reduction of certain duties which are presumed to press heavily on the commercial and industrial classes have prevailed with Parliament to the almost entire exclusion of other matters. Art, certainly, has had its "supplies" voted, yet for purposes which conduce but little, comparatively, to its highest and best interests. Not until the voice of the public is heard as loudly at the door of the Commons—if ever it is so heard—demanding that the Art-institutions of the country should be placed in the position to which their importance entitles them, will the representatives of the people really concern themselves about the matter. There is but little sympathy with the subject, and less knowledge of it, within, while much indifference prevails outside of the House. It will not serve as a war-cry on the election hustings. There is no political capital to be got out of it by candidates or their partisans, and so we go on year by year, talking, and listening, devising plans and rejecting them, grumbling and procrastinating, till the session closes, and the opportunity of doing good "stands adjourned" to a more convenient season.

The collection of pictures in our National Gallery is, unquestionably, not surpassed in value, though it may be in extent, by any gallery, public or private, in the world; and the highest credit is due to Mr. Wornum for the manner in which this magnificent collection is displayed, considering what limited space he has at his disposal. But let any one walk through the different apartments, and see how the pictures are piled one above another, how they hang in the closest proximity to each other, and how some are placed on screens where the light scarcely reaches them. Glorious paintings by Titian, Turner, and others, elevated so near to the ceiling as to be literally out of sight; while in the case of some of Turner's works, they have actually been taken out of their proper frames, and surrounded with a narrow plain gilt moulding, simply because they could not otherwise have been hung at all. And it is the parsimony or the indifference of the country which allows such a state of things as this,—a nation that boasts of being the wealthiest and the most liberal in its expenditure of all the countries in the world. Why, no private collection in the kingdom is so unworthily hung as are the pictures in our National Gallery. Foreigners, who manage such matters at home in a far different way, may well sneer, as they do, at what they see in Trafalgar Square.

Some promises of amendment have been made by Government during the sitting of Parliament. Mr. Gregory called the attention of the House to the condition of the National Gallery, the British Museum, and the South Kensington Museum, declaring that the collections in these several edifices were in a state of chaos, for which Government was responsible. If ministers had come forward, he intimated, with all their influence, and with a well-arranged plan for the enlargement of the National Gallery, they might have carried the measure. He advocated the removal of Raffaele's cartoons to Trafalgar Square as the most fitting locality for them, as well as the pictures in the National Portrait Gallery, and some of those now at Kensington. Mr. Cowper, in reply, stated that the delay with respect to the National Gallery and the British Museum was occasioned by a difference of opinion as to what should be done. Of course, it is this want of unanimity, or rather, this diversity of ideas, every man having his own crotchety notions regarding what a national

gallery ought to be, and where it should stand, which is the hindrance to all action. Mr. Tite had no doubt but that the House would freely support any comprehensive plan for dealing with this institution; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer threw the onus of the present state of things on the shoulders of the Commons, Government having deferred to their wishes. He hinted, however, that something was to be done in the matter of the British Museum, and when a plan could be laid before members, a vote would be asked for it in the estimates. From what subsequently transpired in the House, it seems that the plan preparing by Government contemplates the removal of the natural history collection of the museum to South Kensington, where a building is to be erected for it on the ground purchased out of the proceeds of the Exhibition of 1851. The announcement met with a reception from the members very far from cordial.

About a week before the House broke up, Mr. Cowper moved, and obtained, a vote for the sum of £20,000 for the enlargement of the National Gallery, or rather for the purchase of some ground at the back of the present edifice, with a view to its extension. In moving the vote, the right honourable gentleman entered into a somewhat elaborate statement of the deficiencies of the Gallery as it now stands, and of its total inadequacy to its purposes, facts which all the world knows and laments. A long discussion followed upon Mr. Cowper's motion, members appearing desirous to elicit from Government whether it was intended to erect a new building altogether, or to patch up, and add to, the present, a plan which was very generally condemned, and which we most unequivocally condemn also:—

"It must not, and it cannot, come to good."

Mr. Cowper, however, would make no definite promises. He said no further proceedings would be taken by the Government except to obtain a site; but at some future time, *perhaps next year*, an estimate for the new site must be brought forward, and that would be the time when the question of the plan and extent would be before the House, and when the Government would state what, in their opinion, the new design ought to be. But next year there will be a new parliament, possibly a new ministry, inclined to adopt a more liberal policy towards our great museum of Art. At any rate, we hope to hear no more of a "patchwork" plan, which even the economical spirit of the age would ignore.

From what has transpired in the House on more than one occasion, it seems now to be ascertained with tolerable certainty that the Royal Academy will be removed to Burlington House.

On the question that the sum of £49,456 be voted for the Houses of Parliament, Mr. F. Powell wished to hear from the First Commissioner of Works, what arrangement had been made between Government and Mr. Herbert, R.A., with respect to the sums which the artist was to receive for his pictures of 'Moses coming down from Mount Sinai,' and the 'Judgment of Daniel.' Mr. Cowper said that since the discussion which took place last year, it has been determined that Mr. Herbert should be paid £5,000 for the former work, and £4,000 for the latter. Mr. Maclise, whose 'Death of Nelson' the right honourable gentleman stated was nearly finished, though not in a state to be thrown open to the public, was to have £5,000 for it. The original sum named was £3,500. This we are bound to say,—and we are sure the public, when the picture is exhibited, will agree with us,—is not one shilling too much. Mr. Cope, R.A., and Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., were each to receive £100 extra for their paintings, and in future each picture was to be the subject of a separate arrangement. In reply to a question put by Mr. Powell, who asked whether the 'Judgment of Daniel' was to be painted in the Peers' Robing-Room,—that is, we presume, as a fresco on the wall,—or on canvas, to be affixed afterwards, Mr. Cowper said the Fine Arts' Commission had selected eight subjects for Mr. Herbert to paint, and that the picture in question was to be on canvas, and fixed to

the wall; a plan approved by the artist, who saw no difficulty in causing such a painting to harmonise with what he had already done on the wall itself.

At the subsequent sitting of the House, Mr. Cowper said, in answer to Mr. C. Bennett, that the Queen, whose property they were, had sanctioned the removal of the cartoons by Raffaele to South Kensington for the purpose of exhibition; but her Majesty had not intimated her pleasure as to their future destiny. The expense of the removal was to be defrayed by the Department of Science and Art. Mr. Walpole stated that since these works had been at Kensington, they were found to be greatly damaged, and he wished to know whether any steps had been taken to prevent their further deterioration and decay. To this Mr. Cowper replied that the cartoons had been submitted to a minute inspection by Mr. Redgrave, R.A., and therefore they were in the hands of a gentleman quite competent to deal with them, and to adopt the best means for their preservation.

The sums of £13,336, and £1,650, were asked for and obtained, for the expenses and purchases of the National Gallery and National Portrait Gallery respectively. Mr. Augustus Smith called attention to the fact that an item of £2,000 appeared for travelling expenses to purchase pictures for the National Gallery, while the cost of the works thus purchased was £3,000. The Chancellor of the Exchequer offered no explanation of the matter in his reply to this and other observations made by the honourable member.

The high price, five shillings, charged for the catalogue of the miniatures recently exhibited at South Kensington, was the subject of a question put by Earl Stanhope in the House of Lords, to which Earl Granville replied that the sum was necessary in order to obtain funds to meet the expenses of the exhibition.

Inquiries were made, as customary for many years past, concerning the completion of the Nelson column, when Mr. Cowper intimated that one of the lions was actually "looming in the distance;" or, in other words, that the model was in the hands of the founder, who would shortly have it cast in bronze. He hoped the others would speedily follow.

The purchase of the Southsies collection was discussed in the House of Commons, Mr. Dillwyn having moved for copies of correspondence and papers relating to it. The matter evoked some not very complimentary remarks by several honourable gentlemen, but the motion was withdrawn when Mr. Bruce had given the House what it considered a satisfactory reply. The sum given for the collection, about £14,000, had been paid by yearly instalments out of the moneys voted by Parliament for the use of the South Kensington Museum.

But certainly no more important matter connected with Art has, during the past session, come before Parliament, than the question of the Museum at South Kensington. This, as the *Times*, which lends its powerful influence to the warm support of things as they are at Brompton, says, is the "great battle-field." A great feud seems to exist on the subject. A vote of £116,841 was demanded for the general management of the Department of Science and Art. Of this sum, considerably more than one half is required for Kensington. Mr. Dillwyn moved the omission of the item of £10,000 for the purchase of specimens, ancient and modern, for the Museum, alleging that he "did not think the House would be justified in granting so large a sum to make up some odds and ends—no one knew what—to form a collection of odd curiosities. The Museum did not appear to him to have any object or purpose which it was not already large enough to fulfil. There was, he said, a great deal of Barnum about it; and it seemed rather a museum to attract visitors than to promote any really useful object. There was a great deal of Palissy ware, Majolica ware, enamelled terra cotta—some of the latter merely hideous rubbish—enough to stock a dozen museums, a great number of snuff-boxes, and among other like matters, several hurdy-gurdies. He wished to know whether the money was to buy more Majolica or hurdy-gurdies, or what.

Almost every member who rose to speak condemned the manner in which the public money was spent at Kensington, and yet the vote was carried by a considerable majority, and so the authorities are left for another year to do as they please. It is an absurdity to call the institution a school, the object for which it was founded. It is, to all intents and purposes, a museum; and doubtless, as such, may boast of being what the *Times* calls it, "one of the prettiest, best managed, and most attractive exhibitions in London," but a place of sound Art-education it certainly is not, never has been, and never will be under its present management.

Credit has been given to this section of the Department for its utility as a training school, which, the journal already referred to says, "has created and kept alive the highest standard of Art-teaching throughout the country, and rescued many schools from ignorant and incompetent hands." But if the teaching which proceeds from Kensington be of such essential benefit to the schools in the provinces, how is it these institutions are in such a prostrate condition? The *Times* attributes it to the little support given to them "by localities in which they are most valuable, and which profit most by their services." But the *Times* knows, or ought to know, for the matter has frequently been discussed in its columns, that these localities almost entirely ignore the existence of the schools as of any real service to them, though the manufacturing classes cannot ordinarily be charged with neglect of their own interests. "The subscriptions raised by the richer inhabitants of the ninety places in which schools receiving aid from Government are established are absolutely contemptible." It is so, and the reason is, that manufacturers have long discovered their inability to them; they know, also, that the masters, however well qualified for the duties they are required to perform, are thwarted in their operations, and restricted in the system they would adopt, by the authorities at head-quarters, as in the case of the new minute. Moreover, the "richer inhabitants" are quite aware that of the large sum annually voted by Parliament for the support of the Department of Art in all its various ramifications, by far the larger proportion goes for purposes with which they have no sympathy, and which are of no use to them. Having given their subscriptions to the schools in the shape of taxes, they see no reason why they should be again called upon for voluntary pecuniary aid, when the compulsory assistance afforded is expended so little to their satisfaction and advantage. This is the real secret of the premature decay of the principal provincial schools. The *Times* looks upon this result with tolerable complacency, and comforts its readers with the fact that if these institutions die out, as it prophesies they will, if they do not receive a larger amount of local aid, we shall still possess the Kensington Museum, which, it is intimated, we shall do well to increase, with, we suppose, such additional objects of sound Art-instruction described by Mr. Dillwyn as snuff-boxes, hurdy-gurdies, and things of a like kind. This, then, is to be the result of the operations which, for more than a quarter of a century, have been at work to create a school of Art-teachers, and to infuse a sound knowledge of Art among the producing classes of the community. The South Kensington Museum, "one of the prettiest exhibitions in London," is to be all the country has to show for the enormous sum lavishly bestowed upon the project of a national school of Art-education. A costly affair, truly!

In discussing the question of our Art-schools, with reference to what took place in Parliament, we have thought fit to answer the arguments of the *Times* rather than bring forward any of our own; because in proportion to the influence of that journal, so are its views likely to be adopted by the majority of its vast array of readers. And inasmuch as these arguments are based on erroneous premises, and lead to false conclusions, we have made it our business to refute them by putting the whole matter in its true light. The subject has too frequently been discussed in our columns to leave the reader ignorant of our views.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE SHEEPSHANKS COLLECTION,
NATIONAL GALLERY.

RUSTIC CIVILITY.

W. Collins, R.A., Painter. C. Cousen, Engraver.

COLLINS, at a comparatively early period of life, when his prospects were not very encouraging, and his purse was very light, remarked that, notwithstanding the unfavourableness of his position, he had still an "unshaken determination to become a great painter." Whether he succeeded in arriving at such a distinction some critics may be inclined to question; yet none can refuse him the award due to an artist whose pictures of English landscape are characterised by true feeling, exquisite taste, and a love of the beautiful in nature. Before his time we cannot call to mind one painter of our school, unless it be Gainsborough, whose pictures are so thoroughly identified with the pastoral life and scenery of England; while his works have a greater variety than the Suffolk artist's—omitting, of course, the portraits of the latter—inasmuch as many of them illustrate the coast scenery and fisher-life of the country. An examination of the works of Collins can scarcely fail to realise in the mind of the spectator the truth of a remark made by an anonymous writer on the identity of Art with nature. "Coleridge," he says, "had a true and profound insight into the character of Art when he defined a picture as an intermediate something between a thought and a thing. The thing and thought stand respectively for the outer world of matter and the inner world of mind. The thing, or object, is received and taken from visible nature into the inner mind of the artist, and there, being elaborated and combined with his individual idiosyncrasy of thought and feeling, comes forth a second time into actual existence, under the new and created form of Art. The primary element—the raw material—is nature; the forming power is mind; and the ultimate product, Art."

What an ardent admirer of the country was Collins! Not so much of the old ancestral mansion, guarded, as it were, by strong-limbed trees, whose years might be counted by centuries, as of the quiet secluded village, and the green lanes deep sunk amid high banks with overhanging oaks, and quivering ash, and thick-leaved elm, and dark green ivy, and prickly brambles; with wild convolvulus and creeping woodbine, and perfumed honeysuckle "forcing sweet life through all;" such a spot, in fact, as we see in this picture, and which are to be found nowhere but in England. The road is not a thoroughfare; it leads, in all probability, to some substantial farmhouse, or, perhaps, to the squire's mansion; there is a group of rustic children, the eldest of whom has laid down a bundle of gathered sticks, and flung open the rustic gate on the approach of a horseman, whose shadow is clearly defined in the sunlight on the foreground. How truthful is the attitude and the action of the children; the eldest, a bright-faced ragged urchin, stands with his back against the gate to keep it open, and his hand to his forehead, in anticipation of the halfpenny as payment for his civility. By his side is a wee child, who would fain conceal itself, through timidity, behind the other; on the other side of the gate is an older girl peering through the bars at the "coming man."

The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1832.

THE "MARMOR HOMERICUM."

THE marvellously beautiful piece of mural decoration to which this name has been given, is now in its place in the cloister of University College, to which it has been presented by the learned Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Grote. The gift does all honour to the taste and discrimination of the donor, not less on account of its real classic charm and technical originality, than that it appears at a time much vexed by discussions, hitherto unprofitable, on wall embellishment. The artist is the Baron de Triqueti, who has already won a reputation in this country by his famous vase and other works, and who is now engaged in enriching the mausoleum of the late Prince Consort. This is the only example of this kind of decoration we have seen thus far completed. From any ordinary description of the primitive means employed, it might be inferred that the powers of the artist were circumscribed within very narrow limits; but it is not so, the finish of the work is singularly original. M. de Triqueti's first essays in this direction were, we believe, two panels sent to the Great Exhibition of 1852, one of which was purchased for South Kensington; but he does not claim the method as his invention, as it was practised by Beccafumi and other Sieneze painters, who selected the floor of the duomo as the field of their labours which are now nearly effaced. In the principal panel of the Marmor Homericum, the great poet is seen at Delos singing the woes of Andromache as from the walls of Troy she sees the body of Hector dragged by the chariot of Achilles. The description is found in the 22nd book of the *Iliad*:—

Ἄνδρα ἐπεὶ πύργῳ τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν ἔξεν σμίλον,
Ἰσση παρῆρσά' ἐπὶ τοίχῃ, &c.

Homer is seated holding a harp in his left hand, and extending his right to his audience, which immediately around him consists of Delian maidens attached to the Temple of Apollo; and on the left is a group that symbolises certain of the elements on which the fame of Greece rests, as consisting of a warrior, a philosopher, and an athlete, who listen in fixed attention; but the women are moved to demonstrations of grief by the story of Andromache's distress. On the left wing of the principal composition is a figure representing the *Iliad* triumphantly suspending the shield of Minerva at the feet of Victory, and on the right is a figure symbolising the *Odyssey* at the moment of shipwreck clinging to a column surmounted by a statue of Neptune, whom she implores to suspend his persecutions. In the upper border is seen the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles, the violence of the latter being restrained by Minerva. There are also present Ulysses, Nestor, Patroclus, and Calchas. The corresponding subject below is Achilles in his tent, mourning with his followers the death of Patroclus, Priam at the same time embracing his knees, and supplicating him to restore the body of Hector. On the right above, Calypso consents to the departure of Ulysses, and below we see the latter slaying the suitors of Penelope. There are besides four supplementary bas-reliefs at the angles, a head of Venus, a head of Minerva, Helena working in embroidery the battles of the Greeks and Trojans, and Penelope undoing at night the work of the day. In order to describe to artist readers the method of the work, it may be said that the figures tell with much brilliancy against the dark marble; all the drawing and markings coming out with the clearness and softness of those of outlined figures printed from copper plates. The shading of the figures is very slight, being principally effected with a tint of red; that of the draperies, seen principally in the shaded passages, is of all colours. In the sculptures at Siena the lines and markings have been filled up with some material softer than the marble, but M. de Triqueti has defined his drawing by a composition as hard as the marble itself, having the appearance of a diversity of shade, so producing lines more or less positive. The slight tinting also is superimposed on the white marble with a material also as permanent as the stone itself.

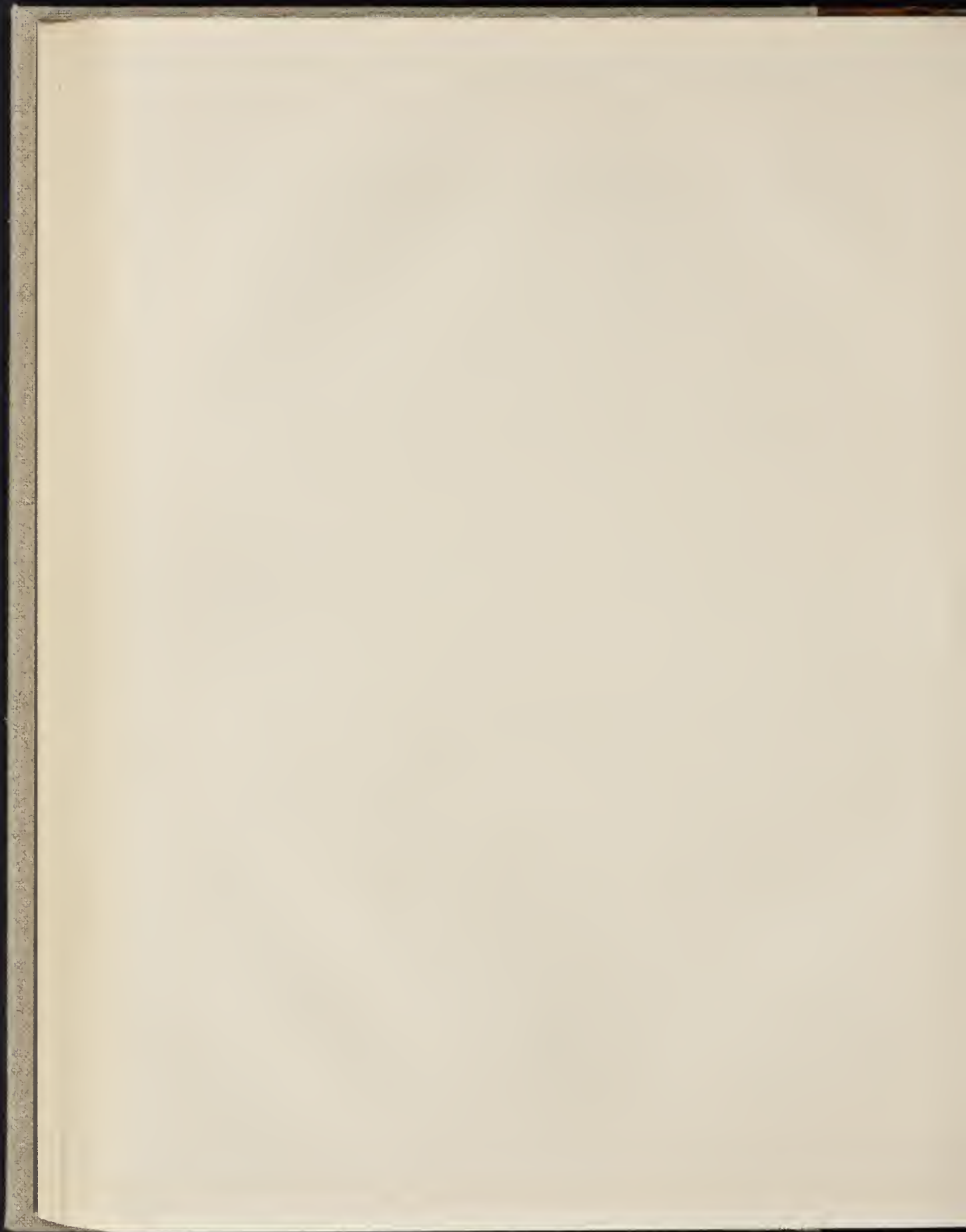


W. COLLIER, ILL. PINX.

RUSTIC CIVILIZATION

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OBITUARY.

WILLIAM DENHOLM KENNEDY.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us the following notice of this artist, whose death occurred about two months ago. "Born," as he himself expressed it, "two years and two days before the battle of Waterloo," he had not, at the time of his sudden and too premature decease, quite completed his fifty-second year. Leaving his native town Dumfries at an early age, he went to Edinburgh, and in the "modern Athens" received, like so many other men eminent in Art and science, an excellent education in that enlightened capital. In 1830 he came to London, and, having made the acquaintance of Etty, remained on terms of the closest intimacy with him till the time of that painter's death; and from him, perhaps, imbibed his great love of colour. In December, 1833, Mr. Kennedy was admitted a student of the Royal Academy, and on the 10th of the same month, in the year 1835, the gold medal of that institution was awarded to him "for the best historical painting." Elected "travelling student," he, in 1840, went abroad with his friend Noble; remained about two years in Italy, and on his return, in 1842, with Mr. Elmore from that country, brought an immense collection of sketches, which have since furnished countless subjects for his facile pencil. It would be impossible to enumerate the many works of this artist, but we may mention among the more remarkable of those exhibited since 1833, when his name first appears in the Royal Academy catalogue, the following:—"The Lay of the Last Minstrel," 1840; the large picture of 'Italy,' with two wings, 1843; 'The Knights Charles and Ubaldo,' &c., from Tasso, and 'The Bandit Mother,' 1845; 'The Italian Goatherd,' 1847; 'The Spectre Huntsman of Onesti's Line' ('Theodore and Honoria'), 1851; and the 'Venus and Adonis,' sent in 1854. In 1858 he exhibited a 'Scene from Gil Blas,' and a landscape. His principal works exhibited more recently are, 'Claude sketching the Tomb of Plautus near Tivoli,' 'The School of Salvator,' 'A Fountain near Nettuno, Coast of Italy,' 'Border Outlaws,' 'Summer Time,' 'La Festa,' 'Waiting for the Ferry-Boat,' 'Italian Landscape, with Cattle,' and his picture of this year, at the Academy, 'The Land of Poetry and Song.' Mr. Kennedy's place in the world of Art will not easily be filled, as "classic landscape" is now almost neglected, and the deceased was thoroughly imbued with fine feeling for composition and colour, especially in that particular department. In private life his manner, "serene, accomplished, cheerful, but not loud," and his real good-nature, have endeared him to all who knew him; although he sometimes affected to be "lofty and sour to them that loved him not." Mr. Kennedy had not been for some years a candidate for academic honours; indeed, having suffered for the last two years from a dangerous disorder—dropsy—he had, from the nature of his complaint, been more indifferent about success than could have been wished, especially as his later works are generally considered his best. It was on the evening of the 1st of June that this artist was last seen alive; he was then visited by an attached friend, who had latterly been accustomed to see him daily, and who left him on that night apparently in his usual state of health, and in his usual cheerful mood; but on the next morning Mr. Kennedy was found dead. An inquest was held on Monday the 5th,

when it was found that the deceased had "died from natural causes." The mortal remains were at once conveyed to Dumfries, and deposited in the family burying place. Mr. Kennedy had been much affected by the death of his only brother, the smiling and gallant Colonel J. D. Kennedy, who expired at his residence, Redcastle, Dalkeith, but a few days before the painter breathed his last. In considering the merit of this artist, it is difficult to say whether he excelled more in landscape or in figures; but in the combination of both he is thought by many to be unrivalled; and there will, we imagine, be no difference of opinion as to the merit of such pictures as 'The Italian Goatherd,' exhibited in 1847. But his great admirers—and he has many—are perhaps less pleased, with his larger canvases than with the numerous small works scattered in many private collections, and which are generally highly estimated by their possessors. He was a good scholar, an admirable judge of etchings and engravings, of which he left a good collection, and so great a lover of music, that at one time he regularly attended the opera for nine years, without omitting a single performance.

ANTHONY WIERTZ.

Beyond his own country the name of this painter, who died at Brussels on the 19th of June, after an illness of a few days only, was scarcely known, and yet he was one of the principal artists of the modern Belgian school. In a noble atelier built for him by the government, he worked long and laboriously on canvases great and small. A man of singular ideas and habits, but of a large mind, a sculptor and a writer as well as a painter, his whole life was passed in his studio; here, and in the gallery attached to it, hung at his death the results of his life's work, except some portraits executed as a means of subsistence. His gallery was open to visitors, but he never exhibited, and would not allow his pictures to be engraved. All these works have now become the property of the government, in compliance with the arrangement made, at the request of the artist, when the studio was erected at the public expense. Among his principal works may be pointed out—"The Triumph of Christ," a large composition with a multitude of figures, 'The Death of Patroclus,' 'Christ in the Tomb,' 'The Guillotine,' in four pictures, 'The Suicide,' 'La Belle Rosine,' 'The Homeric Contest,' 'La Liseurs de Romsus,' 'Anges déchers,' &c. &c.

Wiertz was born at Dinant, in 1806; he studied in the school of Antwerp, where he took Rubens for his favourite model, and the style of this artist pervades all the works of his follower, both in largeness of form and in colour; and yet he was no copyist, for his ideas were entirely his own. But Wiertz was not a popular painter; his manner was but indifferently suited to the taste of the age, which would not tolerate in a modern painter what was considered admirable in his great predecessor. "Wiertz," says a writer in a Belgian journal, when alluding to his death, "was not—we do not fear of being thought too severe for affirming—judged by his contemporaries at his proper value. Largeness, originality, profound ideas, richness, holdness, and vigour of execution, allied with a knowledge of procedure equalled by few painters, should have rendered him an artist fully meriting a large measure of public favour. . . . But Anthony Wiertz died, discouraged by the fact that his genius had to contend

against envy and ignorance, yet a conqueror in the domain of Art and of ideas." He was followed to his grave by a large number of the principal artists and men of literature and science in Brussels and Antwerp. Wiertz was a member of the Antwerp Academy.

FRANCIS DURET.

The death of this sculptor occurred in Paris, of which city he was a native, in the month of June. Duret was a pupil of Bosio, and took the "first great prize of Rome," in 1823, and a first-class medal in 1831. Among his statues are those of Chateaubriand, in marble, at Versailles; a Neapolitan Fisherman dancing the Tarantella, in bronze, the property of the Emperor of the French; and a bronze statue of a Neapolitan Vintager. He also aided in the restoration of the Louvre, and executed the monumental fountain at the Place de St. Michael, Paris. M. Duret was a member of the French Institute, and an officer of the Legion of Honour. He had reached the age of sixty.

FRANÇOIS CLEMENT MOREAU.

This artist, a French sculptor also, and one of great promise, died very suddenly in the same month, at the early age of thirty. His statue of Aristophanes, in the Paris Exhibition this year, attracted universal attention.

THE PETTENKOFER PROCESS.*

THE Royal Commission appointed by King Louis of Bavaria some two years back to make experiments on this process have at length published their final report. It bears date Feb. 23 of the present year, and is printed at length in the current number of the *Kunst und Gewerbeblatt des polytechnischen Vereins für das Königreich Bayern*. Professor Pettenkofer, it will be recollected, discovered that many of the defects noticed in old oil paintings are due to physical and not to chemical causes—to the loss of molecular cohesion, in fact. His method consists simply in exposing the picture to the vapour of alcohol, which causes the separated molecules to reunite, and thus restores the optical effect of the original. It will be observed that the rationale of the improved process and that of the ordinary method in use by picture restorers is the same. The effect in both cases is to replace the cracked and broken surface of the varnish by a continuous one.

The Report is signed by the following:—J. von Schraudolph, Carl Piloty, Eduard Schleich, Dr. von Hefner-Alteneck, and M. Carrière, most of whom are well known in this country, and their opinion as to the artistic value of the process is unmistakable. We quote the concluding paragraphs.

"The Commission have been occupied nearly two years with experiments on the Pettenkofer process, during which time more than fifty pictures belonging to all schools and periods have been operated upon. The objections of members of the Commission, and also those emanating from persons without, have been considered, and a careful examination has shown them to be groundless. They have arrived at the conclusion that it would be unparadoxical to fail to recommend the adoption of the Pettenkofer process, as already carried out by M. Frey, the conservator, as the rational groundwork of the future means of regeneration and conservation of the Bavarian state pictures. Considering that the ravages of time do not proceed regularly, but with accelerated velocity, if a stop be not put to them, the Commission, in the fulfilment of their duty, recommend that all the state pictures, which possess any artistic value,

* See *Art-Journal*, 1864, p. 375; 1865, pp. 22, 61.

and which have already begun to show signs of a loss of molecular cohesion to any great extent, should be regenerated as soon as possible. Professor Pettenkofer has not failed to bring forward documentary evidence in support of this recommendation. A picture by Dominic Quaglio in the new Pinakothek was carefully photographed in 1859. The picture was re-photographed of the same size in 1864, and a careful comparison of the two shows that certain changes in the original had made more rapid progress during the last five years, than could have been the case in the preceding ten years."

To the Report is appended a list, accompanied by explanatory notes, of some of the paintings which have been submitted to the process. We select a few which present points of interest. In No. 41, 'Danaë in the Shower of Gold' (Malbodius), "the blue drapery had suffered from the so-called ultramarine disease (*Ultramarinkrankheit*), an effect hitherto supposed to be due to a chemical change in the pigment." After having been submitted to Professor Pettenkofer's process the colour was restored to its pristine brilliancy. The first picture operated upon was No. 75, 'A Lady playing a Lute' (J. Dörner), which has undergone no sensible change since its partial regeneration in May, 1863.

In many cases the application of the process revealed the work of early restorers, which had hitherto passed for that of the original artist. This was the case with No. 846, 'A Trumpeter' (Mieris), where a curtain has evidently been added by a later hand. A picture by De Necker, 'Flowers in a Glass,' which was brought from the Schleissheim Gallery, was regenerated, and the cracks accurately measured by a micrometer. The measurements were carefully recorded so as to serve for future comparison.

The Commission do not regard the process as a substitute for the picture restorer's art, but merely as a help to it. The advantages of having the picture as nearly as possible in its original state and of its original tone before commencing the restoration need not be insisted upon. The assistance to be derived from its application is shown in the restorations effected by the practised hand of M. Frey, the conservator.

With regard to the permanency of the regenerative effects of the new method, the Commission offer no definite opinion. It is a question which time only can solve. They assume, however, that it will last at the very least as long as the restorative processes hitherto in use.

In previous reports the Commission have called attention to the destruction of oil paintings by the precipitation of atmospheric moisture upon their surfaces. This view has been strikingly corroborated by an examination of the pictures in the new Pinakothek. The walls of this building are not lined with wood, and are, therefore, more liable to absorb moisture from the air. The action of the atmosphere was so strongly marked, that a certain degree of molecular separation was visible in 52 per cent. of the pictures hung in the north rooms; whilst in those having a southern aspect only 16 per cent. were attacked. In the inner rooms only 10 per cent. had suffered. In order to remove all doubts on the subject, an examination was instituted into the state of the pictures by the same master hung in different positions, and it was found that they had suffered more or less according as they had been placed on the north or south side of the building. The new Pinakothek is unprovided with warming apparatus, and it stands entirely isolated on all sides. "Under such circumstances," to use the words of the Report, "the natural atmospheric influences of our climate can act without any disturbing cause, so that, to the scientific observer, these results have all the value of those of a carefully conducted experiment."

Fears have been expressed for the safety of paintings in which megilp, or other vehicle containing resinous varnish has been used. The Report does not contain any direct allusion to this point. It merely states that some degree of caution must be observed in the application of the process. It has been urged that the alcohol would attack and dissolve the mastic contained in the megilp, and thus ruin the painting. It should, however, be borne in mind that alcohol will, to a slight extent, dissolve even oil. Moreover,

Professor Pettenkofer does not restrict himself to the use of spirits of wine. He mentions in the specification of his patent, ether, turpentine, petroleum, benzine, &c., which are all powerful solvents of fixed oils. Professor Pettenkofer is an eminent chemist, and it is not likely that he has overlooked this fact.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

STIRLING.—The work of erecting the National Wallace Monument has come to a dead stop, after the tower has been carried up to a height of 155 feet. The funds are all expended, and as the fame of the hero does not appear able to extract more from the purses of his countrymen, the committee has resolved to suspend operations and dispose of the plant and materials for the purpose of liquidating the obligations still existing. The fact seems scarcely credible.

ABINGDON.—The memorial of the late Prince Albert, designed by Mr. Gibbs, of Oxford, has been erected on a piece of ground now called "Albert Park." It was uncovered a short time since in the presence of the Earl of Abingdon.

BRISTOL.—It is proposed to hold here in the autumn an Industrial Exhibition, to afford an opportunity to the artisan classes residing in this city, in Bath, the West of England, and South Wales, of showing the skill and enterprise in the several branches of Art and industry. An influential committee, with the Mayor of Bristol at its head, has been formed for carrying out the scheme.

DEVONPORT.—A colossal bronze statue of the late Field-Marshal Lord Seaton, is to ornament the government parade of this town. Mr. G. G. Adams is preparing the model.

EROS.—Messrs. O'Connor, of London, have just executed a stained-glass window for St. John's Church, as a memorial of the Prince Consort and other founders of the edifice. It consists of six lights, and occupies the east window of the edifice, facing High Street. The lower part of the compartments of the window, which is about thirty feet high and fourteen feet in width, is devoted to scenes in the Passion of our Lord, wherein St. John is conspicuous, while the upper is occupied by subjects depicting the Resurrection; the decorative tracery at the top of the memorial represents the Saviour receiving the Just, who have risen. The general treatment adopted is founded on that of fourteenth century work. About £500 will cover the cost of the memorial, which will be defrayed by subscriptions.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—The stained-glass window in memory of Dr. Jenner, who was born in this city, has been completed by Messrs. Clayton and Bell for the cathedral. The subjects of the paintings are most appropriate. The window consists of five lights, in each of which are represented three of the miracles of healing performed by our Lord, the centre and chief representation being that of the Raising of Lazarus. The five lower subjects from left to right, are—Healing the Blind, Healing the Woman with the Issue of Blood, Curing the Deaf, Healing the Man sick of the Palsy, and the Impotent Man at the Pool of Bethesda. In the second tier, the objects are—the Raising of Jairus's Daughter, of the Son of the Widow of Nain, and of Lazarus, Healing the Centurion's Servant, and Cure of the Deaf. In the upper row are—Healing the Lunatic in the Tombs, the Leprosy, the Dumb, and the Lame. In the tracery lights are angels bearing crowns, and scrolls with "Alleluia."

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Percy M. Dove, who lately lent for public exhibition a large and valuable collection of engravings, chiefly the works of the principal ancient engravers of Holland and Flanders, has placed at the disposal of the Committee of the Free Public Library, for the same purpose, another valuable assortment of prints, consisting of those executed in France from the time of Thomassin, horn in 1536, down to that of Bervie, who died in 1822.

MANCHESTER has not yet succeeded in collecting sufficient funds for the Prince Consort Memorial; the sum of £500 being still required

to meet the liabilities already incurred. The decorative part of the monument, estimated to cost more than £2,500, has also to be provided for; but double that sum, it is said, might be advantageously spent in a full development of the ornamented details of the design.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mr. W. B. Scott, for many years head-master of the School of Design in this place, and whose pictures we have on more than one occasion spoken of in commendatory terms, was commissioned, before he left Newcastle, by a number of his friends to paint a picture for the town. Mr. Scott chose for his subject 'The Building of the New Castle,' and the work has recently been hung in the place he selected for it, the hall of the Literary and Philosophical Society. The committee of the institution has expressed to the artist its sense of the value of the picture as a work of Art, and also as an appropriate memorial of one who was long associated with the society.

ST. HELEN'S.—A new stained-glass window has been recently set up in this church. The simple circular-headed openings have been filled with a series of smaller and larger medallions of excellent design and execution. The whole has been manufactured at Messrs. Pilkington's works, of St. Helen's, and will take rank among the best specimens of the art in the north of England. The richness of the colour, and depth and lustre of the mosaic, tranquillised by the riband which connects all the subjects, call for special approbation. The border is splendid. To some the medallion form may not recommend the work, but a view of this window vindicates the selection made by the artists, Messrs. Gardner and Moore. The cartoons were supplied by M. Casolani, of London, and the subjects were chosen (so the labour has been appropriately divided) by the Rev. W. Wallace, M.A., curate of the church. The dexter light contains six medallions of incidents in the life of Christ, from his birth to his crucifixion, illustrative of the words, "He manifested forth his glory." The sinister contains six appearances, illustrating the words, "He showed himself alive after his passion." The centre light has three subjects, below, the Burial; above, the Appearance of Angels at the Sepulchre; and, as the main subject, the Ascension. The church, a large square building, with galleries and no chancel, has been dignified and made handsome by this most rich, and yet unobtrusive, addition. The words, "To the glory of God; given by Richard Fildes, of St. Helen's, 1865," are placed at the bottom of the centre light. The work does very great credit to the famous glass-works of St. Helen's, and to Mr. Gardner, their accomplished superintendent, under whose direction it has been produced.

SHEFFIELD.—At the annual meeting of the supporters and students of the School of Art in this town, the prizes were distributed by Mr. Tom Taylor, who, in his preliminary address to the assembly, found occasion to remark that the institution did not receive that encouragement from the inhabitants which might be expected; and that the same indifference to the schools existed at the great centres of manufacturing industry throughout the United Kingdom. The ladies of Sheffield, Mr. Taylor is reported to have said, show their sense of the value of sound education by attending the classes, but the sons of the manufacturers do not enter as students. The manufacturers themselves, he was told, are lukewarm; they do not see any benefit arising out of the school; some will not permit their workpeople to attend it, while others did not scruple to say that they considered it an injury to themselves to educate a class of skilled designers, as it deprived them of the advantages obtained over a competitor by employing the services of one or two skillful designers. It seems scarcely credible that such an argument as this last could be used by any man with a grain of common sense in his head, unless his judgment had become altogether warped by illiberality. An objection to be valid, must be based on other ground than this, and no one who knows anything about the matter need look far to discover the reasons why schools of Art do not flourish where they are most required, and where they ought to be completely successful.

THE ART OF MAKING TEMPORARY BRIDGES.

BY CAPTAIN A. W. DRAYSON, R.A.

WE, who pass our time amid scenes of the highest civilisation and Art, do not often reflect on the immense advantages we derive therefrom. It is true that when we compare a voyage to Ireland fifty years ago with one to the Cape of Good Hope in the present day, we find the journey to the latter place the less irksome. Also, when we hear that three or four days were required to pass from London to York, a distance now accomplished in as many hours, we cannot avoid perceiving how great are our privileges. But in many minor things we often overlook the aid that science has given us.

Any person who may happen to have resided on the wrong side of a stream or river, over which he had frequently to pass, and yet across which was no bridge, will readily appreciate the value of the arch, and comprehend how great a disaster is the destruction of a bridge near a large thoroughfare. Great indeed would be the confusion in the City were some accident to happen to London Bridge, which would prevent, during several days, any transit over it. Other means, such as boats, &c., would entirely fail to supply the demand, and thus an entire stoppage would be put to the human circulation across the Thames at this point.

In war it is often necessary to move troops across rivers with great rapidity, and thus to destroy a portion of a bridge is a very common expedient on the part of an enemy, anxious to retard the advance of an opponent. To repair the damage thus committed is a performance usually falling to the share of the engineer department of an army, and much Art has been shown in the readiness with which a temporary bridge has been erected or a broken arch respanded, a row of houses being suddenly converted into a trestle bridge, the rigging of a ship into a "rope walk" across a chasm, or a simple double rope a means of transit across a foaming torrent for a party of men whose presence in some particular spot has saved an army.

Not only from the peculiar circumstances attending, but also from the skill displayed, and the wild scenes amidst which the events occurred, these temporary bridges are matters of general interest, and we purpose therefore giving a slight description of some of the most peculiar or notable temporary bridges, used at various times and places.

One of the most ancient bridges in the world is that at Alcantara, called "Trajan's bridge." A portion of this was destroyed by the French in order to retard the advance of the allies, and it was therefore necessary to repair it, or to devise some temporary means by which infantry, cavalry, and artillery could be moved across the river. In consequence of the depth of the water below, it was found most convenient to construct a bridge of ropes, which was, when completed, sufficiently strong to answer all purposes. The ropes that made the foundation of the bridge were fastened together so as to form a diamond pattern, like the lattice windows of a rural cottage. On these ropes planking was laid across and lashed at each end; upright posts placed at intervals and fastened firmly together, as well as into the horizontal planks, formed a balustrade; this also strengthened the bridge, which, for all practical purposes, was as strong as before its arches had been blown up. The materials for such a bridge consisted merely of rope and planking, and

could therefore be readily procured in almost any civilised country.

Several bridges have been constructed at various times on nearly the same principle as that at Alcantara, and have always been found to succeed admirably. In South America these ropes are frequently formed of the fibres of the leaves of the maguay.

The leaves are bruised and left to soak in water, after which the fibres can be separated from the vegetable portion. After this process has been gone through, they are twisted by hand into cords. Some of these bridges are forty yards in length, and although only four feet wide, and having a considerable bend or drop in the middle,

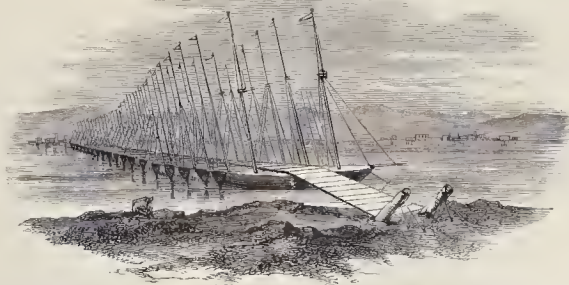


yet mules and cattle are taken over them in safety. The Indians term these bridges *Huascachaca*, from *Huasca*, a suspended cord.

Across the Maypo, a mountain torrent in the Andes, a bridge is made of hide cables, and is eighty yards in length, and is just wide enough to allow a carriage to pass over. A most exciting incident occurred when some troops were passing over this bridge, which, however, served to show the tenacity of the materials whereof it was constructed. Infantry and cavalry had passed over it in safety, and at length it was determined to try the artillery. The limber of the gun was taken off, and drag ropes fastened to the washers of the gun wheels. The bridge, however, swung so much from side to side, that the men who held the trail lost their balance, and the gun upset. The carriage caught in the balustrade, and thus caused the platform of

the bridge to become nearly perpendicular; this obliged all on the bridge to cling to the ropes to prevent being precipitated into the torrent below. It was expected that the bridge would give way, and thus no one dared venture to the assistance of those on the bridge; but at length aid was given, the gun dismounted, and the carriage sent piecemeal across the chasm.

In cases where the river is very broad and deep, but the shores on either side but little elevated, such a bridge as the preceding would be unsuitable. Many parts of the Thames, for example, could not be spanned by a rope bridge. An admirable and efficient bridge was formed across the Adour by our engineers during the Peninsular war. It consisted of a number of boats firmly anchored head and stern, and lashed together. These being connected by ropes and planking, formed a bridge capable of supporting artillery. These boats, in fact,

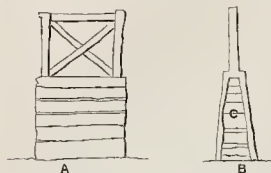


formed a substitute for pontoons, which are so often used in military operations. The principal drawback against a bridge of this description is that the enemy may readily destroy it, either by sending a boat loaded with explosive compounds against it, or, if the stream be a very rapid one, allowing heavy trees, &c., to float down and run against the boats, and thus cause them to break adrift. A cautious engineer,

therefore, endeavours to select a portion of the stream the least liable to such contingencies, and also provides remedies against them.

When a river to be crossed is not very deep but is wide, and considerable traffic is expected, a "trestle" bridge is usually constructed. These trestles consist usually of a sort of wooden-horse form, the legs spreading out so as to form a firm standing

base, and the back being used to rest the planking upon. Another form of trestle, and one that is more suitable for a permanent bridge, is that shown in the annexed sketch, where A represents the front view, B the side view. The portion C is open at top, and is filled in with stones, so as to



give great weight and solidity to the trestle when placed on the bed of the stream. Considerable care is required in the construction of such a bridge, in order to procure the trestles of such a length, that when lowered into the water, they will all be of the proper height out of the water, otherwise the bridge would be very irregular in its gradients, and therefore unsuited for heavy artillery to be drawn over. A very carefully constructed trestle bridge was built across the Agueda, below Ciudad Rodrigo, during our Peninsular campaign, the trestles being constructed in the manner shown in the sketches A and B.

A trestle bridge was constructed by General Elbé, during Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, by which the wreck of his army was enabled to cross the Beresina. The bridge at Borisow having been cut by the Russians, and a large force being there assembled to oppose the French, it was impossible to construct any temporary bridge in that place. The Russians, believing that Napoleon would endeavour to pass the river below Borisow, massed a force there. He, however, at once decided upon attempting a passage near Weselowo, higher up the river than Borisow. In order to effect his purpose, General Elbé caused all his men to carry with them some implement useful for his bridge, while nails were to be gathered from houses, &c., on the way. Early on the 25th the works were commenced, and about 1 p.m. on the 26th, the bridge was sufficiently advanced to allow of infantry and cavalry to the number of 7,000 to pass over it. The depth of the river varied from 5 to 7 feet, and the width was about 100 yards. At about 4 p.m. the bridge was completed for the artillery, and the greater portion passed over.

A very extensive trestle bridge was constructed in 1813 across the Elbe at Dresden. This was for the purpose of repairing the arches of the great bridge. The trestles for this were about 26 feet in vertical height, and were formed of trees.

In the late operations in America, a trestle bridge of vast extent was put together by the "Construction corps" of the Army of the Rappahannock. This was for the purpose of crossing the Potomac Creek, on the line of the Richmond and Potomac railroad. The wood for the trestles was cut in the forest near, and fastened together roughly by spikes and pins. These trestles were placed in three tiers, forming a total height of 80 feet, the length of the bridge being about 400 feet. This bridge was destroyed on the retreat of the army, and when re-constructed, permitted heavy trains to cross it. This bridge was formed under the superintendence of H. Haupt, C.E., superintendent of bridges in the Northern States.

When a narrow chasm has to be crossed by foot passengers only, and is too wide to be spanned by one plank, a very excellent bridge may be constructed by the aid of four long poles, in the following manner:—The poles are lashed together two and two, and by the aid of a cross piece can be kept at a certain distance apart. A pair is then arranged on each side of the chasm, and by the aid of rope tackle lowered so that they rest against each other, as shown in the following sketch. The two pairs are then lashed firmly together at A, and the ends

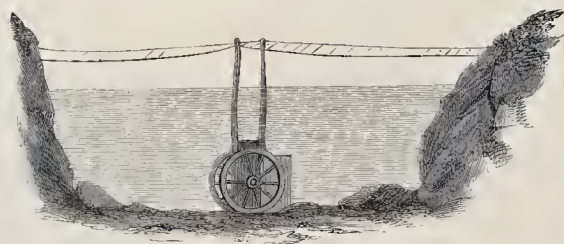
that rest against the rocks made fast; a hand-rope may then be added, and we have a secure foot-bridge. If the poles be very long and slight, extra supports may be added, as at B, which will give an immense amount of additional strength to the bridge. Some of the footways are found in the wildest and most romantic localities, and they in themselves are particularly picturesque, so that the scene is one well suited for the display of the artist's skill. The sketch below represents a bridge across the Coa, near Puente de Pinkel. This,



also, was one of our army bridges during the Peninsular war. The width of this chasm was from 60 to 70 feet, and as no person was upon the opposite side, it was necessary to get some men over, a feat accomplished in the following manner:—Two trees were placed with the large ends in notches cut in the rock; these were made to turn half across the chasm by the aid of ropes, levers, &c. Being thus firmly held, two men crawled out to the end and formed loops, by the aid of which, light poles were

pushed over to the opposite side, and by these the men descended, and thus effected a communication between the two sides.

In the bridge last described, the leverage, and consequent strain on the timber, is very great; and thus, from want of a centre support, the bridge has a weak point at A, and is upheld mainly by the lashings at that point. When possible, therefore, some centre support is invariably made use of, and several materials in daily use will serve the purpose. When the river is not



too deep, a common two-wheeled cart may be dragged into the centre, and the shafts then drawn upright, and lashed; these shafts form the support, and the weight of the cart keeps them near the centre of the stream, and firmly in their place; ropes from the bank of the stream to these shafts serve as the foundation for the superstructure. A bridge of this description is represented above, the cart being supposed under water. By the aid of this cart in the centre, the bridge would bear nearly double the weight that it would if there were no centre sup-

port; it also prevents the bridge from curving too much.

In various parts of India, the "lever" bridge, as it is termed, is very popular. This consists in running out from the bank more than half a plank or series of planks, which is prevented from falling by means of a great weight placed on the ends. Thus, if a plank were thirty feet in length, twenty feet of this might be pushed over a chasm, and stand without support, because the end was so heavily weighted, as to bring the centre of gravity on the bank. This plan being adopted on both sides of a ravine

or chasm, leaves but a small interval to be bridged over, which can be done by planks, and the weight which this bridge will bear

at its centre is dependent upon the weights on the shore ends of the first levers. The illustration below shows a lever bridge,



with the weights on, at each end of the first portion.

When it is merely necessary for a single person, or two or three, to pass a chasm, a stout rope with a "traveller" will serve the purpose. This "traveller" is usually a basket fastened by a rope, which will "run" along the main rope; thus a person in the basket may either drag himself along, or be drawn along by another person on the opposite bank. The Indians and hunters in South America frequently make use of this method of transit, and when a rope is required across a chasm, the following plan is adopted: a very thin but strong thread of the proper length is attached to an arrow, and by its aid thrown across the chasm. A person on the opposite side pulls this thread across, to which is attached a stout piece of string; the string is strong enough to support a small rope, and the small rope drags a stout hawser across, which is then

made fast on either side, and thus communication between the two is effected. Horses and mules even are thus transferred from one side to the other: the animal is supported by some stout canvas passed under the belly, and a "traveller" supports him from the hawser; two or more men, having a rope made fast to the animal, then draw him across and land him. The following sketch shows this kind of bridge, which is also much used in Tibet. The people in the Nepal country use swinging bridges over torrents and chasms, which they term *Jhula*. Some of these are one hundred yards in length, and are composed of fifteen or twenty ropes, these ropes being made from a grass called *Buech*. The ends of these ropes are fastened either to trees or stakes, and the bed of the bridge is formed of split bamboos.

A sliding bridge is a very common expedient in many countries. We find, in the



"Asiatic Researches," an account of a bridge on a branch of the Alacandana, constructed out of three or four strong *Munga* ropes, made of grass; upon these a large cradle traverses by means of hoops, and the passengers seated therein are conveyed on

either side by ropes pulled by men on the shore ends.

This is the method used at Malta to communicate with the island of Gozo. Two ropes, with a cradle suspended between them, traverses from side to side. At the

Isle of Bourbon also there is a hanging bridge, consisting of four masts, supported by iron chains. Near the extremity is a ladder of ropes, by means of which people may ascend from boats and vessels.

A stream or narrow river is very often made passable, when no other means are at hand than is afforded by the trees on the bank. Two large trees are selected, one on each side of the stream, and these are cut down by expert woodmen, so as to fall with the branches up stream, and the two then lock together, the action of the stream serving to retain them more firmly in their respective positions. By their aid it is then easy to convey heavy weights across the stream quite dry. A few ropes made fast to these trees will secure them firmly in their position for any length of time.

Floating and travelling bridges are common in many places. In some the force of the stream is made use of in order to drive the boat across from one side to the other, a rope serving as the guide. This style of "flying bridge," as it is termed, may be seen at many points on the Rhine, whilst various other parts of the Continent have their special style of flying bridge.

The Americans, during their late sanguinary struggles, made use of what they term "blanket boats." These consist of a rectangular frame, covered with a waterproof blanket. The frame is about five feet long, two feet four inches wide, and eighteen inches deep. Over this frame an india-rubber blanket is fixed, and thus either boats, rafts, or bridges may be constructed. The ease with which such boats may be carried adds greatly to their value; the blanket that keeps the man warm by night would carry him over a broad river by day, or any man might carry in front of his saddle a means by which he could cross a sheet of water. These blanket-boats have been found even to support twelve-pounder guns, with horses; for this purpose the boats were placed five wide. If by any means the boats have holes rubbed in them, these are easily stopped by patching up with canvas coated with gum shellac, dissolved in alcohol, while washes of india-rubber cement will remedy more serious defects. Even the common bell-tent used in our service might be rendered waterproof by the same means, and thus an army need not be delayed on the banks of a stream or river, but could cross at once; and it not unfrequently happens that a general is unable to take advantage of a victory, when an enemy is separated from him by a river, because his pontoons have not been at hand, or any other means available for transporting his forces over the water. When india-rubber or the cement cannot be procured, the hides of cattle may be used for the same purpose. These hides will, by the aid of salt, keep fresh for a long time, and by wetting, will remain soft and pliable; they may be propped out in the same manner as the india-rubber blanket.

In order to make canvas waterproof, and suitable for a boat, the Russians use a varnish made of hemp-seed oil, strong loam, gun elastic, soap, wax, and soot, and India rubber. The India rubber is cut into small pieces, and kept for twenty-four hours in a covered vessel of hot water. It is then heated with the oil until dissolved. After this, soap and bees'-wax are added. The flour and soot mixed with hot oil are now added to the solution of the gum elastic. The whole mass is then boiled and stirred for a quarter of an hour, and applied when hot on both sides of the canvas, a common paint brush being used for this purpose. The American method of manufacturing

these pontoons is as follows:—Two thicknesses of strong duck cloth are used, coated on both sides with metallic rubber, the preparation of which consists in placing small pieces of India rubber in revolving cylinders heated by steam to about 150° Fahr.; then 25 lb. of caoutchouc, 10 lb. of white lead, 3 lb. of sulphur. When the rubber becomes well mixed with the other ingredients, it is passed through two sets of cylinders, revolving and heated as before. A thin sheet of rubber is thus formed, and the duck, which is wound on another cylinder, is brought nearly into contact with the first. Then these cylinders being compressed, the

composition is actually forced into the meshes of the duck. Several coats on both sides being thus put on, the material becomes thoroughly waterproof.

For passing baggage or any heavy materials from one side to the other of a sliding bridge, the following ingenious method has been suggested:—

O P represents a chasm, across which it is required frequently to transport materials, &c. At o and p two very strong upright posts are firmly fixed in the ground, and on their summits are two moveable arms, A C, and D F. A rope connects c with D. If it be required to transport the slider from c to



D, the two arms are held in the manner represented. But if from D to c, then the arm D F is pulled down at F, so that the end D is elevated, whilst the arm on the other side is fastened, so that the end c is downwards. Thus the relative up and down of the rope is altered accordingly, as the "traveller" is required to slide from c to D, or from D to c.

When no other means are at the disposal of persons who must cross a river, it becomes necessary to swim. Now, although swimming may be a feat which we can easily accomplish when divested of our clothes, yet to swim and carry weight too is not so simple a proceeding. It is therefore advantageous to know *where* to cross a river so as to reduce as much as possible the distance to be swam. In all running streams there is a certain amount of mud or gravel carried onwards. When the stream ceases to flow rapidly, the heavier portion of the mud is deposited by the action of gravity. This effect going on from year to year at length causes some portions of a river to be shallower, and others deeper. At the bends in the stream these changes are most evident, one side being deep, and the bank steep, while on the other it is shallow, and the bank sloping. Thus, by selecting those parts where the deposit has accumulated, we may often reduce to the shortest distance the space over which we have to swim. When it is absolutely necessary to swim, we should never neglect any artificial means of increasing our floating powers. There are very few bathers who have not at times found that they have overrated their powers of endurance, and have in consequence been nearly drowned. One's strength in the

water varies so much with the state of the health, and other conditions, that no one can actually judge what he is capable of doing when he has not been in the water for some weeks or months. Thus a few corks, a branch from a tree, the wood of which is light, a bladder, or other aid, may enable us to cross a river in comfort, whereas without such assistance we should become much distressed. Wine or beer corks strung upon strings form admirable aids, and are much safer than bladders. By the expert engineer, however, who has at his command even the most scanty materials, a bridge or raft is easily made, and thus, as we have shown by our sketches, a temporary stop is put to the advance of an enemy even by destroying entirely the usual bridges, and leaving him to construct a means of transit for himself.

During the war in China against the rebels, Captain Gooden, R.E., who commanded the Chinese royalist array, adopted a very rapid means of forming bridges. Having possession of large boats, he constructed portions of framework suitable for the flooring of bridges, and placed two of these in each boat, and in a vertical position. When it was required to form a bridge, these boats were brought in line, anchored, and, when at a proper distance, the frameworks were lowered into a horizontal position, and thus afforded a means of transit from boat to boat, and, in fact, from shore to shore. Each boat carrying its materials made up, enabled a bridge to be formed in a very few minutes, and the frameworks being carried vertically, would partly protect the boat's crew from musketry fire.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF B. GIBBONS, ESQ.,
ATIOL HOUSE, EDGBASTON.

THE BROKEN WINDOW.

W. H. Knight, Painter. H. Lemon, Engraver.

ROWLAND HILL, the celebrated and popular Nonconformist divine, wrote a book, which had a most extensive circulation in his time, and yet finds numerous readers. It is called "The Village in an Uproar," and describes the excitement produced among the inhabitants of some half-civilised and utter godless hamlet, by the preaching of one who taught doctrines new and strange to their ears, and very strongly opposed to their habits and course of life. Mr. Knight's picture might not inappropriately bear the same title as the worthy but eccentric minister's book, for, certainly, here the village, or at least the juvenile portion of it, is in an uproar—caused, however, not by the dissemination of the principles of truth, order, and morality, but by an infraction of the peace, an offence against the laws of society, and the boast of Englishmen that every man's house is his castle, and he has a right to be left in quiet possession of it. The circumstance which has created such commotion is nothing less than the breakage of a square of glass in the window of the house where the village shoemaker resides; but whether the offence has been committed inadvertently or with *malice prepense* matters little to the old man, who has rushed out from his workshop, and, as it seems, has incontinently seized the first two urchins he could lay hands on, and asks, "Who broke the window?" Of course, the boy who has just dropped the sling knows nothing about it; and, equally of course, the two rogues endeavouring to hide behind the pump are also ignorant. But there is strong circumstantial evidence against the boy who owns the sling, and corroborative testimony to his guilt in the evidence afforded by the youngster in shirt-sleeves, who distinctly points him out as the culprit.

The outrage and the arrest have caused no little excitement, both among the juveniles and their elders; a group of the former, including the fishmonger's boy and some other tradesmen's small assistants, gathers round the prisoners, listening to the charge and defence; in the background an old woman points out the damaged window to a matron who is endeavouring to make her child "feel its feet;" at the door of the cobbler's house stands his wife, shading the sun from her eyes the better to see the probable result of the arrest; and from the upper windows of the cottages heads are peering forth to ascertain the cause of this sudden commotion. But the interest of the picture lies in the principal group, and especially in the old man—a capital figure, both in attitude and action, and his head an admirable study of firmness and decision, combined, at the present moment, with anger. The elder of his two prisoners is an untruthful, bold "ne'er-do-well;" he may have broken the window accidentally, but he denies altogether the commission of the deed, and holds out his empty hand as evidence of innocence:—"Me! I hav'n't any stone!"—while he drops behind him the sling and the missile: the pretty-faced young girl looks utterly amazed at his effrontery. Capital, too, is the bit of by-play going on behind the pump, where the dog holds at bay the two companions of the actual offender, and threatens to reveal their hiding-place.

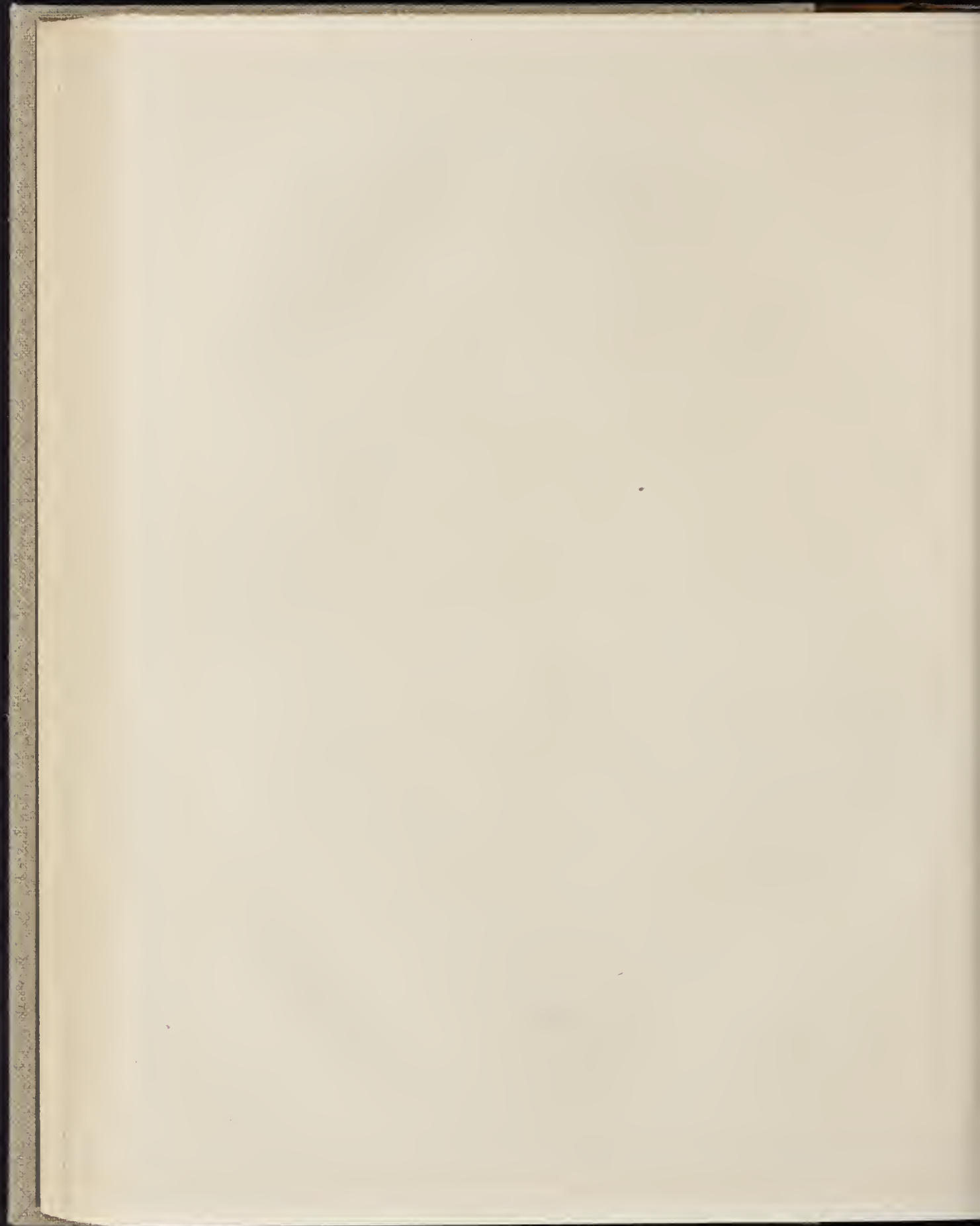


H. LIMON SCULPT.

W. H. KNIGHT, PINX.

THE BROKEN WINDOW.

FROM THE SCULPTURE OF P. GUSTON.



"LIVERPOOL POTTERY."

A NOTICE OF THE VARIOUS "DELFT WARE" WORKS, AND OF THE INVENTION OF PRINTING ON CHINA AND EARTHENWARE, IN LIVERPOOL.

BY LLEWELLYN JEWITT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER II.

A MOST interesting matter in connection with the Delft ware works at Shaw's Brow is



vase thrown and fired. Some of the Delft cups, &c., exhumed at this time are shown in the accompanying engravings, the first of

the fact of a number of broken vessels having a few years ago been discovered on this site. They were brought to light during the excavations necessary for the building of the Liverpool Free Library and Museum, in 1857. On that occasion an old slip-vat was found containing clay, which might probably have been prepared as early as 1680. The clay was of the common coarse kind, the same as the general body of Delft ware. Of this clay so discovered Mr. Mayer had a

which exhibits four different forms of these cups or mugs, with and without handles. These are all of a pinkish white, and have



no painted ornaments. The second shows a small vessel, with a pattern in the usual blue colour, and one of the plain cups.

Another example of Delft ware, said to be of Liverpool make, in Mr. Mayer's collection, is seen in the accompanying en-

I shall hope, in a future paper, to give some particulars which will be interesting



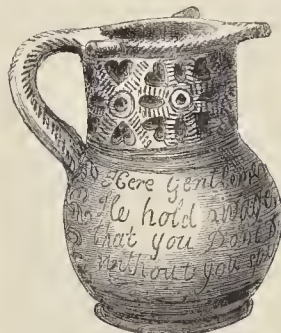
graving. It is one of a pair of flower vases, of good design, with heads at the sides, and elaborately painted in blue. It is marked on the bottom—

W
D A

in blue. Another example, said to be of Liverpool make, is the puzzle jug here shown. It is a good example of these interesting vessels, and bears the very appropriate motto, painted in blue—

"Here, Gentlemen, come try yr skill,
I'll hold a wager, if you will,
That you Don't drink this liquor all
Without you spill or lett some Fall."

Of these interesting and curious vessels



not only to collectors, but to the general reader.

Another maker of Delft ware in Liverpool was ZACHARIAH BARNES, a native of Warrington, and brother to Dr. Barnes, of Manchester. He was born in 1743, and having learned the "art, mystery, and occupation" of throwing, &c., commenced business as a potter in the old Haymarket, at the left hand side in going to Byrom Street. He is said to have first made China, but afterwards turned his attention to Delft ware, and soon became proficient in the art. The principal varieties of goods made by him were jars and pots for druggists, large dishes, octagonal plates, and dishes for dinner services; "Dutch tiles," labels for liquors, potted fish pots, &c., &c. Of the druggist's jars, of which he made considerable quantities, it is said that the labelling in his time underwent no

less than three changes from alterations in the pharmacopœia.

The large round dishes made by Barnes were chiefly sent into Wales, where the simple habits of their forfathers remained unchanged long after their alteration in England; and the master of the house and his guest dipped their spoons into the mess and helped themselves from the dish placed in the middle of the table. Quantities of this ware were sent to the great border fairs, held at Chester, whither the inhabitants of the more remote and inaccessible parts of the mountain districts of Wales assembled to buy their stores for the year. This continued until a very recent time, when, in consequence of the formation of good roads through the districts, and the introduction of railroads, the business of the great fairs held in the border city of the two countries has materially diminished. The quality of this ware was very coarse, without flint, with the usual Delft-like thick tin glaze. But Barnes's principal forte lay in the manufacture of square tiles, then so much in vogue, and the use of which is now reviving. So excellent were they, that I believe there are none now made which can bear comparison with them in squareness and evenness, as well as in the superiority of the body and the durability of the glaze. When these tiles were required to be printed, that part of the work was done by Messrs. Sadler and Green. So large was the sale of this article, that Mr. Barnes has been heard to say he made a profit of £300 per annum by his tiles alone, he having a monopoly of the trade. He also made large quantities of pots for potting char, which were sent to the lakes. The ovens were fired with turf brought from the hogs at Kirkley, and on the night of firing, the men were always allowed potatoes to roast at the kiln fires, and a certain quantity of ale to drink.

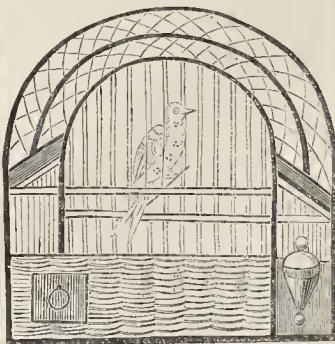
The labels for different kinds of liquors, to which I have just alluded as being largely made by Barnes, were of various sizes, but generally of one uniform shape, as here



shown, the one engraved being five and a half inches in length. Examples in Mr. Mayer's Museum are respectively lettered for Rum, Cyder, Tent, Brandy, Lishon, Peppermint, Wormwood, Aniseed, Geneva, Claret, Spruce, Perry, Orange, Burgundy, Port, Raisin, and other liquors. They are of the usual common clay in body, faced with fine white slip and glazed.

The tiles made by Zachariah Barnes were, as has just been stated, of excellent quality, and were indeed the best and most perfect in shape and in flatness, as well as in body and glaze, of any produced in this country. They were usually made five inches square, and about a quarter of an inch in thickness, and were, as my readers are, of course, fully aware, used for lining fire-places, forming chimney pieces, and other domestic purposes. Originally, the tiles were painted in the ordinary Delft style, with patterns of various kinds—flowers, landscapes, ships, groups, &c.—in blue. Sometimes, however, they were painted in other colours. A plaque of Liverpool Delft, painted in two or three colours, is in the possession of

Mr. Benson Rathbone, and is here shown. It represents a bird in a cage, the perspective of which is more curious than accurate.



The tiles to which I have alluded bring me to a very interesting part of the subject of this chapter. I mean the introduction of printing on earthenware, an invention which has been attributed to, and claimed by, several places, and which will yet require further research to entirely determine. At Worcester it is believed the invention was applied in the year 1756, and it is an undoubted fact that the art was practised there in the following year, a dated example of the year 1757 being, happily, in existence.* At Caughley transfer-printing was, as I have already shown, practised at about the same period. At Battersea, printing on enamels was, it would seem, carried on at about the same date, or probably somewhat earlier. At Liverpool it is certain that the art was known at an earlier period than can with safety be ascribed to Worcester. A fine and exquisitely sharp specimen of transfer printing on enamel, dated 1756, is in Mr. Mayer's possession. It is curious that these two earliest dated exemplars of these two candidates for the honour of the invention of printing on enamels and earthenware, Liverpool and Worcester, should be portraits of the same individual—Frederick the Great of Prussia. But so it is. The Worcester example is a mug, bearing the royal portrait with trophies, &c., and the date 1757; the Liverpool one an oval enamel (and a much finer work of art), with the name, "J. SADDLER, Liverpl. Enam!"

The art is said to have been invented by this John Sadler, of Liverpool, in 1752. In Moss's "Liverpool Guide," published in 1790, it is stated:—"Copper-plate printing upon china and earthenware originated here in 1752, and remained some time a secret with the inventors, Messrs. Sadler and Green, the latter of whom still continues the business in Harrington Street. It appeared unaccountable how uneven surfaces could receive impressions from copper-plates. It could not, however, long remain undiscovered that the impression from the plate is first taken upon paper, and thence communicated to the ware after it is glazed. The manner in which this continues to be done here remains still unrivalled in perfection."

John Sadler, the inventor of this important art, was the son of Adam Sadler, a favourite soldier of the great Duke of Marlborough, and was out with that general in the war in the Low Countries. While there,

he lodged in the house of a printer, and thus obtained an insight into the art of printing. On returning to England, on the accession of George I., he left the army in disgust and retired to Ulverstone, where he married a Miss Bibby, who numbered among her acquaintance the daughters of the Earl of Sefton. Through the influence of these ladies he removed to Melling, and afterwards leased a house at Aintree. In this lease he is styled "Adam Sadler, of Melling, gentleman." The taste he had acquired in the Low Countries abiding with him, he shortly afterwards, however, removed to the New Market, Liverpool, where he printed a great number of books—among which, being himself an excellent musician, one called "The Muses' Delight" was with him an especial favourite. His son, John Sadler, having learned the art of engraving, on the termination of his apprenticeship bought a house from his father, in Harrington Street, for the nominal sum of five shillings, and in that house, in 1748, commenced business on his own account. Here he married a Miss Elizabeth Parker, daughter of Mr. Parker, watchmaker, of Seel Street, and soon afterwards became engaged in litigation. Having got together a good business, his fellow townsmen became jealous of his success, and the corporation attempted to remove him as not being a freeman of Liverpool, and therefore having no right to keep a shop within its boundaries. Disregarding the order of removal, the corporation commenced an action against him, which he successfully defended, and showed that the authorities possessed no power of ejection. This decision was one of great importance to the trading community, and opened the door to numberless people who commenced business in the town.

Mr. John Sadler was, according to Mr. Mayer, the first person who applied the art of printing to the ornamentation of pottery, and the story of his discovery is thus told:—"Sadler had been in the habit of giving waste and spoiled impressions from his engraved plates to little children, and these they frequently stuck upon pieces of broken pot from the potworks at Shaw's Brow, for their own amusement, and for building dolls' houses. This circumstance gave him the idea of ornamenting pottery with printed pictures, and, keeping the idea secret, he experimentalised until he had nearly succeeded, when he mentioned the circumstance to Guy Green, who had then recently succeeded Mr. Adam Sadler in his business. Guy Green was a poor boy, but spent what halfpence he could get in buying ballads at the shop of Adam Sadler; Sadler liking the lad, who was intelligent beyond his age or his companions, took him into his service and encouraged him in all that was honourable. John Sadler having, as I have said, mentioned his discovery to Guy Green, the two "laid their heads together," conducted joint experiments, and having ultimately succeeded, at length entered into partnership. This done, they determined to apply to the king for a patent; which, however, under the advice of friends, was not done.

The art was first of all turned to good account in the decoration of tiles—"Dutch tiles," as they are usually called—and the following highly interesting documents relating to them, which are in the possession of Mr. Mayer, and to whom the antiquarian world is indebted for first making them public, will be read with interest:—

"I, John Sadler, of Liverpool, in the county of Lancaster, printer, and Guy Green, of Liverpool, aforesaid, printer, severally maketh oath that on Tuesday, the 27th day of July instant,

they, these deponents, without the aid or assistance of any other person or persons, did within the space of six hours, to wit, between the hours of nine in the morning and three in the afternoon of the same day, print upwards of twelve hundred Earthenware tiles of different patterns, at Liverpool aforesaid, and which, as these deponents have heard and believe, were more in number and better and neater than one hundred skilful pot-paintors could have painted in the like space of time, in the common and usual way of painting with a pencil; and these deponents say that they have been upwards of seven years in finding out the method of printing tiles, and in making trials and experiments for that purpose, which they have now through great pains and expence brought to perfection.

"JOHN SADLER.
"GUY GREEN.

"Taken and sworn at Liverpool, in the county of Lancaster, the second day of August, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-six, before William Statham, a Master Extraordinary in Chancery."

"We, Alderman Thomas Shaw and Samuel Gilbody, both of Liverpool, in the county of Lancaster, clay potters, whose names are hereto subscribed, do hereby humbly certify that we are well assured that John Sadler and Guy Green did, at Liverpool aforesaid, on Tuesday, the 27th day of July last past, within the space of six hours, print upwards of 1,200 earthenware tiles of different colours and patterns, which is upon a moderate computation more than 100 good workmen could have done of the same patterns in the same space of time by the usual painting with the pencil. That we have since burnt the above tiles, and that they are considerably neater than any we have seen pencilled, and may be sold at little more than half the price. We are also assured the said John Sadler and Guy Green have been several years in bringing the art of printing on earthenware to perfection, and we never heard it was done by any other person or persons but themselves. We are also assured that as the Dutch (who import large quantities of tiles into England, Ireland, &c.) may by this improvement be considerably undersold, it cannot fail to be of great advantage to the nation, and to the town of Liverpool in particular, where the earthenware manufacture is more extensively carried on than in any other town in the kingdom; and for which reasons we hope and do not doubt the above persons will be indulged in their request for a patent, to secure to them the profits that may arise from the above useful and advantageous improvement.

"THOMAS SHAW.
"SAMUEL GILBODY."

Liverpool, August 13th, 1756.

"Sir,

"John Sadler, the bearer, and Guy Green, both of this town, have invented a method of printing potters' earthenware tiles for chimneys with surprising expedition. We have seen several of their printed tiles, and are of opinion that they are superior to any done by the pencil, and that this invention will be highly advantageous to the kingdom in general, and to the town of Liverpool in particular.

"In consequence of which, and for the encouragement of so useful and ingenious an improvement, we desire the favour of your interest in procuring for them his Majesty's letters patent.

"ELLIS CUNCLIFFE,
"SPENCER STEERS,
"CHARLES GOORE.

"Addressed to Charles Pole, Esq., in London."

In Mr. Mayer's magnificent museum are found, among other invaluable treasures, some enamels on copper bearing impressions from copper-plates transferred to them, and having the name of "J. Sadler, Liverpl. Enam!" and other examples of enamels and of earthenware with the names of Sadler, Sculp., or of Green. Messrs.

* This may be seen in the Museum of Practical Geology, London.

Sadler and Green appear to have done a very profitable and excellent business in the printing on pottery. The process was soon found to be as applicable to services and other descriptions of goods as to tiles; and these two enterprising men produced many fine examples of their art, some of which, bearing their names as engravers or enamellers, are still in existence. Josiah Wedgwood, always alive to everything which could tend to improve or render more commercial the productions of his manufactory, although at first opposed to the introduction of this invention, as being, in his opinion, an unsatisfactory and unprofitable substitute for painting, eventually determined to adopt the new style of ornamentation, and arranged with the inventors to decorate such of his Queen's ware as it would be applicable to, by their process. The work was a troublesome one, and in the then state of the roads—for it must be remembered that this was before the time even of canals in the district, much less of of railroads—the communication between Burslem and Liverpool was one of great difficulty. Wedgwood, however, overcame it, and having made the plain body at his works in Staffordshire, packed it in waggons and carts, and even in the panniers of pack-horses, and sent it to Liverpool, where it was printed by Sadler and Green, and returned to him by the same kind of conveyance.

The works of Sadler and Green were in Harrington Street, at the back of Lord Street, Liverpool, and here they not only carried on their engraving and transfer-printing for other potters, but made their own wares, and carried on an extensive business.

It was here that they printed ware for Josiah Wedgwood. Of this connection of Wedgwood with the Liverpool Works, Mr. Mayer thus writes:—

"About this time Josiah Wedgwood was making a complete revolution in the art of pottery; and four years after Messrs. Sadler and Green's invention was announced to the world, Wedgwood brought out his celebrated Queen's ware. Dr. Gagerly seizing upon the new style of ornamentation invented in Liverpool, he immediately made arrangements with the proprietors for decorating his hitherto cream-coloured Queen's ware by their process; and accordingly I find him making the plain body at Burslem, and sending it in that state to Liverpool by waggon, where it was printed, and again returned to him by the same conveyance, except in the case of those orders that must go by sea, fit for the market. This he continued to do until near the time of his death, when we find by invoices in my possession that ware was sent to Liverpool and printed by Mr. Guy Green as late as 1794. A little before this time, his manufactory at Etruria having been made complete in all other branches of the art, and the manufactory at Liverpool being much decayed, he engaged many of the hands formerly employed there; amongst the indentures is the name of John Pennington, son of James Pennington, manufacturer of china, dated 1784, to be taught the art of engraving in aquatint, and thus he was enabled to execute the printing on his own premises in Staffordshire, thereby saving the expence of transport to and fro.

"In proof that Mr. Wedgwood did this, I may quote a few passages from letters to his partner, Mr. Bentley, in London. He says:—

"1776.—We wrote to Mr. Green in consequence of your letter, acquainting that a foreign

gentleman wanted a series of ware printed with different landscapes, but that he would not confirm the order without knowing how many different designs of landscapes we could put upon them.

"Mr. Green's answer is:—

"The patterns for landscapes are for every dish a different landscape view, &c.; about 30 different designs for table, soup, and desert plates, and a great variety for various purposes of tureens, sauce, boats, &c.

"1768.—The cards (address) I intend to have engraved in Liverpool, &c.

"1769.—One crate of printed tea-ware.

"On the other hand I find letters from Mr. Green to Mr. Wedgwood:—

"1776.—Your Mr. Haywood desires the invoice of a box of pattern tiles sent some time ago. As I did not intend to make any charge for them, I have no account of the contents. The prices I sell them for to the shops are as follows:—For black printed tile, 5s. per dozen; green vase tile, 4s. ditto; green ground, 4s. ditto; half tiles for borders, 2s. 9d. ditto; rose or spotted tiles, 3s. 6d. ditto, &c.

"1783.—I have put the tile plate to be engraved as soon as I received your order for doing it; but by the neglect of the engraver it is not yet finished, but expect it will be completed to-morrow.

"1783.—Our enamel kiln being down prevented us sending the goods forward as usual.

"1783.—The plate with cypher was done here, I think it would be best to print the cypher in black, as I am much afraid the brown purple that the pattern was done in would not stand an up and down heat, as it would change in being long in heating.

"1783.—For printing a table and tea-service of 250 pieces (D. G.) for David Garrick, £8 6s. 1½d.

"1783.—Twenty-five dozen half-tiles printing and colouring, £1 5s.

"The last invoice I find from Mr. Green is dated

"1793.—I am sorry I cannot make out the invoice you request of goods forwarded you, April 4, for want of having received your charge of them to me. Only directions for printing these came enclosed in the package.

"1798.—To printing two fruit baskets, 1s.

"This last item, of course, does not imply that Mr. Wedgwood had the chief of his work done here, but no doubt the articles were required to match some service previously sold, of which Mr. Green had possession of the copper plates. In the following year Mr. Green retired from business to enjoy the fruits of his long and successful labours. The following memorandum, in the handwriting of Mr. Sadler (from Mr. Sadler's receipt-book in my possession, dated 1776), will give an idea of the extent of their business:—

"J. Sadler and G. Green would be willing to take a young man about 18 into partnership for a third of their concern, in the printing and enamelling china, earthenware, tile, &c., business, on the following conditions:—1st, That he advances his £200 for the third part of the engravings and other materials necessary for the business (N.B.—The engravings alone have cost above £800). 2nd, That he should give his labour and attendance for twelve months without any share of the profits, in consideration of being instructed completely in the business. 3rd, After the expiration of twelve months, the stock in ware should be valued as low as is common in such cases, and he should immediately enter as a partner into the profits of the whole concern throughout, either paying the value for his third share of such stock, or paying interest for it till it is cleared off. The value of the stock is uncertain, being sometimes £200 more than other time; but reckon it at the least may be about £600. The sole reason of taking a partner is, J. Sadler not choosing to confine himself to business as much as heretofore."

Specimens of these early printed goods, bearing Wedgwood's mark, are rare. The following curious teapot, in the possession of Mr. S. C. Hall, F.S.A., which is highly characteristic and interesting, will serve as an example.

The teapot bears on one side a remarkably well engraved and sharply printed re-



presentation of the quaint subject of the mill to grind old people young again—the kind of curious machine which one collects in our boyish days were taken about from fair to fair by strolling mountebanks—and on the other an oval border of foliage, containing the ballad belonging to the subject, called "The Miller's Maid grinding Old Men Young again." It begins—

"Come, old, decrepit, lame, or blind,
Into my mill to take a grind."

The teapot, which is an excellent specimen of black printing, is marked WEDGWOOD. In the possession of Mr. Beard, of Manchester, is a fine dinner service of the printed "Queen's ware," and other pieces of interest. In the Museum of Practical Geology is an example of this printing, the design on one side of which is a group at tea—a lady pouring out tea for a gentleman, and on the opposite side the verse:—

"Kindly take this gift of mine,
The gift and giver I hope is thine;
And tho' the value is but small,
A loving heart is worth it all."

Examples of Liverpool made pottery printed by Sadler and Green, are also of uncommon occurrence. In Mr. Mayer's Museum the best, and indeed only series worthy the name in existence, is to be found, and to these wares I direct the attention of all who are interested in the subject.

Of TILES printed by John Sadler and Guy Green, many examples are in existence—a large number, some bearing their names, being in Mr. Mayer's museum. Of these I also possess examples, and others again are found in other collections. They are remarkable for the sharpness of the engraving, the wonderful clearness and beauty of the transfers (the ink used being evidently far superior to that usually used at the present day), and excellence of the glazes. They are printed either in black, green, red, or purple, and the devices are extremely varied. It is interesting to add, that the same copper-plates which were used for decorating these Delft ware tiles were used, also, for ornamenting mugs, jugs, &c., of the finer earthenware, of which I shall have to speak in my next chapter. Adam Sadler (it should be added) died on the 7th of October, 1788, aged eighty-three, and his son, John Sadler, the 10th of December, 1789, aged sixty-nine, and they were buried at Salford.

Another Delft ware pottery was situated at the bottom of Duke Street, in a small street which, from that establishment, took the name which it still retains, of "Pot-House Lane." These works were conducted

by Mr. GEORGE DRINKWATER (who was born in the neighbourhood of Preston), brother to Mr. James Drinkwater, who, in the navy, acquired considerable riches and honour, and was ancestor of Sir John Drinkwater. The works were not, however, of very long continuance, and except they can be authenticated by evidence of descent, &c., the productions cannot be distinguished from those of the other potteries of the time. In Mr. Mayer's museum are some authenticated specimens of Drinkwater's make, among which a large plate, twenty-three inches in diameter, is the most interesting.

Another potwork of a similar kind was established by a Mr. THOMAS SPENCER, at the bottom of Richmond Row. These works were, however, carried on only for a few years, when Mr. Spencer removed to the "Moss Pottery," near Prescott, where he continued to make coarse red ware for common use.

Having now spoken of the various manufactories of Delft ware in Liverpool, and of the invention or introduction of the Art of printing on earthenware, I bring my present chapter to a close. I shall, in my next, resume the subject by giving historical and other notices, of Chaffers's china, of the "Herculeanum Works," and of others in the same locality; and shall introduce engravings of the marks, &c., used, and illustrative views of the place itself, and of some of the more notable of its productions.

The position which Liverpool ought to occupy in the fictile annals of this country had not been asserted until my friend, Mr. Mayer, read his excellent paper on the subject, in 1855; and I trust that my present brief history will assist in maintaining that position, and in calling extended attention to the subject of Liverpool pottery and porcelain.

(To be continued.)

LINE ENGRAVING. THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.*

The appearance of this magnificent engraving, one which may, undoubtedly, be looked upon as a national work, naturally compels us to offer a few words upon the condition to which line engraving, the highest branch of the art, has been reduced in this country—a land that gave birth to Strange and W. Sharp, to Woollett and Raimbach, to Heath and Burnet, besides many others whose names are scarcely, if at all, less entitled to honourable mention. Last year, when advertising to the decay of line engraving in France, and the attempts made in that country by the government to revive it, by commissions for some large plates, we made use of the occasion to express our sincere regret—and not our own only, but also the regret of every lover and admirer of true Art—that we should in England be in exactly the same position. The Art is dying out among us; so far, that is, as concerns the production of large and important works. Into the causes which have operated to bring about this result, there is no occasion again to inquire; the fact is too well known, and it might not be amiss if our Government, in its endeavours to encourage the Arts, would, like that of our neighbours across the Channel, give the matter somewhat of its consideration. We have no desire to see the Government turn print-sellers, but something might be done under its authority to revive a drooping cause.

If it be urged as an excuse for the decadence of a noble art that we are without men capable of sustaining it, we might confidently point to Mr. Doo's 'Raising of Lazarus' to refute the

charge; it would almost seem as if he had produced the work for such a purpose: at any rate, it will stand, like Raffaele's painting of 'The Transfiguration,' a lasting monument of the artist's genius, skill, and labour: it is the engraver's apotheosis of his art, in all probability the last great act of his professional career, and not unlikely the last great print—great in subject as well as in execution—which this country will be proud to own, unless a revival should take place. There is certainly no picture in England, and almost as certainly none on the Continent, that has called forth more unqualified praise than Sebastian del Piombo's 'Raising of Lazarus;' Raffaele's picture just mentioned is the single exception. Its history is interesting, and is thus described by the late Mrs. Jameson, in her "Handbook to the Public Galleries of Art in and near London:"—"Michael Angelo, with characteristic haughtiness, disdained to enter into any acknowledged rivalry with Raphael, and put forward Sebastian del Piombo as no unworthy competitor of the great Roman painter. Raphael bowed before Michael Angelo, but he felt too strongly his superiority to Sebastian to yield the palm to him.* To determine this point, the Cardinal Giulio de Medici, afterwards Clement VII., commanded this picture of the 'Raising of Lazarus' from Sebastian, and at the same time commissioned Raphael to paint the 'Transfiguration.' Both were intended by the Cardinal as altar-pieces for his cathedral of Narbonne, he having lately been created Archbishop of Narbonne by Francis I. On this occasion, Michael Angelo, well aware of the deficiencies of his friend Sebastian, furnished him with the design: and, as it is supposed, drew some of the figures himself on the canvas; † but he was so far from doing this secretly, that Raphael heard of it, and is said to have exclaimed—"Michael Angelo has graciously favoured me, in that he has deemed me worthy to compete with him and not with Sebastian!" The two pictures were exhibited together at Rome in 1529, the year of Raphael's death. Cardinal de Medici, unwilling to deprive Rome of both these masterpieces, sent only the 'Raising of Lazarus' to Narbonne; it remained there till the beginning of the last century, when it was purchased by the Regent Duke of Orleans for £960. When the Orleans collection was brought to England in 1798, Mr. Angerstein purchased this picture for 3,500 guineas. It is said that Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill, afterwards offered him £15,000 for it, but Mr. Angerstein insisting on *quinsas*, the negotiation was broken off. Mr. Angerstein was again offered £10,000 for the picture by the French Government, at the period when the 'Transfiguration' was in the Louvre, for the purpose of bringing these two *chefs-d'œuvre* once more into comparison; happily this offer was also refused. The picture was originally painted on panel, but was transferred with great skill to canvas by M. Haquin. The surface of the picture had, however, been in some parts slightly injured, and was retouched by West, who would allow no common restorer to meddle with it. I must add that, in the opinion of Mr. Ottley—"the late well-known Art-critic, and keeper of the prints in the British Museum"—"Michael Angelo painted as well as designed the figure of Lazarus. Fuseli and Landseer—John Landseer, the eminent engraver, father of Sir Edwin and Charles Landseer—agree with him; on the other hand, Dr. Waagen differs from them all on this point."

Such is a brief outline of the story of the picture which, with others that formed the nucleus of our present National Gallery, Mr. Angerstein bequeathed to the country. And it is something to hold in our possession the second, at least, great picture of the world. It

is something, moreover, for us to have from the hand of an Englishman,—Vendramini, an Italian engraver settled in London, executed a fine print from it about forty years ago,—such a reproduction as Mr. Doo, after a long period of labour, has put forth. It seems almost an age since we saw him, mounted on a lofty temporary scaffolding in the gallery, carefully studying and making drawings of the subject in its various details. To describe it minutely is unnecessary, because all know, or have the opportunity of knowing, this grand composition, which, though comparatively simple in itself, is yet full of material suggestive of abundant reflection. It appears as if half the population of Bethany had accompanied the Saviour and the two sisters of Bethany to the grave of the brother of the latter, to witness the miraculous deed that proved Him to be "the Resurrection and the Life," and which was an earnest of his own uprising from the tomb, sealed, though it was, and a watch set over it. And yet amid the multitude looking on there is nothing like confusion, or even terror: curiosity possesses the minds of some, astonishment takes hold of others; but a deep solemnity is the prevailing feeling in all, when, after listening to the wonderful words, "Lazarus, come forth!" they see the dead man seated on a stone of his tomb, endeavouring to divest himself of his grave clothes. It is this comparative composure, noticeable throughout almost the entire assemblage, this absence of exaggerated forms and expressions, that inclines us to think Michael Angelo had but little to do with the general design of the work. The figure of Lazarus is, in all probability, his; so, perhaps, is that of the kneeling old man on the left of the composition, because, as Ottley remarks, Angelo "repeated it many years after in his 'Last Judgment.'" There is little or nothing in the works of this great artist which have come down to us leading to the supposition that he could so have restrained his wondrous inventive faculties, and his proneness to heighten and amplify, even in the representation of a subject so awe-inspiring as this.

"Loose him, and let him go!" This is the key-note by which the picture is to be read; it is the *idea* of the principal group. Christ, with one hand uplifted, and with the other pointing to Lazarus, has uttered the command; and in obedience to it, a swarthy, muscular figure is unbinding the cloths that enwrap the man newly risen to life, a process in which he himself joins, his attitude and the expression of his face indicating, as Mrs. Jameson observes, "wild astonishment, and a sort of unconscious impatience to release himself from the ghastly incumbrances which bound him hand and foot." At the feet of Christ one of the sisters kneels and pours forth her feelings of love, gratitude, and devotion. This figure must be intended for Mary. The other sister stands behind in the midst of the lookers-on, her face turned away from the immediate plane of action, and her hands stretched forward to it, as if she feared to witness the result of Christ's visit to the tomb of him whom He loved, though her faith in the efficacy of the resurrection-command wavered not for an instant.

We will not say that Mr. Doo has lavished all his skill upon the principal group, because the entire work throughout bears the strongest evidence of the utmost care; but, unquestionably, the figures of Christ, of Lazarus, and of Mary, stand out prominently, not only by their position in the picture, but by the exquisite delicacy of the engraving; that of Lazarus is a perfect study in its truth and force of line, and as an example of the most refined "cross-hatching," to give softness yet substance to each muscular development. The faces of all the figures are full of expressive character, delineated with the utmost *finesse*. If we have one fault to find in this remarkable engraving, it is that the background—the buildings, bridge, and water—are somewhat too obtrusive. We should have liked to see them more "kept down." But Mr. Doo may rest assured that in this print he has produced a work which will be regarded as the crowning act of his own career, and an honour to the Arts of his country.

* THE RAISING OF LAZARUS. Engraved by G. T. DOO, R.A., from the Picture by SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO, in the National Gallery. Published by COLNAGHT & CO.

* He did not disdain to learn from him. The glowing colour, sometimes bordering on exaggeration, which Raphael adopted in Rome, is undoubtedly to be attributed to the rivalry of Sebastian del Piombo. The most powerful of Raphael's frescoes, the 'Heliodorus' and the 'Mass of Bolsena,' were painted under this influence. — *Goethe's Theory of Colours.*

† Several of the original drawings by the hand of Michael Angelo, and in particular, the first sketches for the figure of Lazarus, were in the possession of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

By S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.



IN 1837 I received this letter from Ebenezer Elliott:—"I was born at Masbro, in the parish of Kimberworth, a village about five miles from this place (Sheffield), on the 17th March, 1781; but my birth was never registered except in a Bible, my father being a Dissenter and thorough hater of the Church as by law established;" and not long afterwards he gave me some further particulars of his life. There can be no reason why I should not print them, although they were supplied to me as notes, out of which I

was to write a memoir to accompany some selections of his poems in the *Book of Gems*.

"Ebenezer Elliott—not ill-treated, but neglected in his boyhood, on account of his supposed inability to learn anything useful—suffered to go to school, or to stay away, just as he pleased, and employ, at his own sweet will, those years which often leave an impression on the future man that lasts till the grave covers him—listening to the plain, or coarse, and sometimes brutal, but more often instructive and pathetic, conversation of workmen, or wandering in the woods and fields, till he was thirteen years old—is altogether the poet of circumstances. The superiority, mental and bodily, of his elder brother—though Ebe-

and Thomson's 'Seasons' a versifier, in the crisis of his fate, when it was doubtful whether he would become a man or a mill-worm; shortly afterwards, or about which time, the curate of Middlesmoor—a lonely hamlet in Craven—died, and left his father a library of many hundred valuable books, among which were 'Father Herpin's Travels of M. de la Salle in America,' the 'Royal Magazine,' with coloured plates in natural history, Ray's 'Wisdom of God in the Creation,' Derham's 'Physico-Theology,' Hervey's 'Meditations,' and Barrow's 'Sermons,' which latter author was a great favourite with the future rhymist, he being then deeply shadowed over with a religion of horrors, and finding relief in Barrow's *reasoning* from the dreadful declamation which it was his misfortune hourly to hear. To these books, and to the conversation and amateur preaching of his father, an old Cameronian and born rebel, who preached by the hour that God could not damn him, and that hell was hung round with span-long children—to these circumstances, and to the pictures of Israel Putnam, George Washington, Oliver Cromwell, &c., with which the walls of the parlour were covered, followed by the events of the French revolution and awful reign of terror, may be clearly traced the poet's character, literary and political, as it exists at this moment. Blessed or cursed with a hatred of wasted labour, he was never known to read a bad book through, but he has read again and again, and deeply studied, *all* the masterpieces of the mind, original and translated, and the *masterpieces only*; a circumstance to which, more than to any other, he attributes his success such as it is. He does not now know, for he never could learn, grammar, but corrects errors in composition by reflection, and often tells the learned 'that the mouth is older than the alphabet.' There is not, he says, a good thought in his works that has not been suggested by some object actually before his eyes, or by some real occurrence, or by the thoughts of other men; but he adds, 'I can make other men's thoughts breed.' He cannot, he says, like Byron, pour out thoughts from within, for his mind is exterior, 'the mind of his own eyes.' That he is a very ordinary person (who, by the earnest study of the best models, has learned to write a good style in prose and verse) is proved by phonology, his head being shaped like a turnip, and a boy's hat fitting it. 'My genius,' says he, 'if I have any, is a compound of earnest perseverance, restless observation, and instinctive or habitual hatred of oppression.' He is thought by many to be a coarse and careless writer; but that is a mistake. He never printed a careless line. 'Moore himself, with his instinct of elegant versification, could not,' he says, 'improve my roughest Corn Law Rhymes.' Of his political poems, 'They met in Heaven' is the best. The 'Recording Angel,' written on the final departure of Sultan George from the harem, is the best lyric. Of his long poems, 'The Exile' is the most pathetic. 'Withered Wild Flowers' is his favourite; it is a perfect epic in three books, and the idea of telling a story in a funeral sermon is new. But his masterpiece, both as a poem and as a character, is the 'Village Patriarch,' the incarnation of a century of changes and misrule, on which he has stamped his individuality. The critics say he succeeds best in lyric poetry; he thinks he ought to have written a national epic, and if he had time he would yet make the attempt. He thinks also there is merit in his dramatic sketch of 'Kehonah,' par-

I was born at Masbro, in the parish of Kimberworth, on the 17th March 1781.

Ebenezer Elliott

never envied it—cast him into insignificant and comparative idiocy, and could hardly fail to throw a shade of sadness

over a nature dull and slow, but thoughtful and affectionate. Sowerby's 'English Botany' made him a collector of plants,

ticularly in the character of Nidarius, and the dramatic introduction of the supposed executioner of King Charles."

The ancestors of Ebenezer Elliott were "canny Elliots" of the Border, whose "derring deeds" were warning proverbs in the debatable land; border thieves they were, who "lived on the cattle they stole." His father, who, for his eccentricities and ultra "religious" views, was named "Devil Elliott," had been apprenticed to an ironmonger at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, after which he became a clerk in the celebrated cannon foundry of Messrs. Walker, at Masbrough, near Rotherham. He soon left that situation, and went as a servant to the "New Foundry" in the same town; and there the poet was born, and baptised either by his father or by "one Tommy Wright," a Barnsley tinker and brother Bercan. Ebenezer was one of seven children, three sons and four daughters, of a father bearing the same baptismal name. His first book lessons, after those of his mother, were with an Unitarian schoolmaster of the name of Ramsbottom, of whom he has made grateful mention in one of his poems. But he had the anxiety of a curious and ingenious child to see something of the world beyond the foundry and his teacher's garden. "My ninth year," says he, in a letter I copy, "was an era in my life. My father had cast a great gun, weighing some tons, for my uncle at Thurlstone, and I determined to go thither in it, without acquainting my parents with my intention. A truck with assistants having been sent for it, I got into it, about sunset, unperceived, hiding myself beneath some hay which it contained, and we proceeded on our journey. I have not forgotten how much I was excited by the solemnity of the night and its shooting stars, until I arrived at Thurlstone about four in the morning. I had not been there many days before I wished myself at home again, for my heart was with my mother. If I could have found my way back I should certainly have returned, and my inability to do so shows, I think, that I really must have been a dull child. My uncle sent me to Penistone school,* where I made some little progress. When I got home from school I spent my evenings in looking from the back of my uncle's house to Hayland Swaine, for I had discovered that Masbrough lay beyond that village; and ever, when the sun went down, I felt as if some great wrong had been done me. At length, in about a year and a half, my father came for me; and so ended my first irruption into the great world. Is it not strange that a man who from his childhood has dreamed of visiting foreign countries, and yet, at the age of sixty, believes that he shall see the Falls of Niagara, has never been twenty miles out of England, and has yet to see for the first time the beautiful scenery of Cumberland, Wales, and Scotland?"

But school days with Elliott, as with his more or less hopeful companions, came to an end; the iron-casting shop awaited him, and from his sixteenth to his twenty-third year he worked for his father, "bard as any day-labourer, and without wages."

According to his own account, he had been a dull and idle boy, but poetry, instead of nourishing his faults, stimulated him to industry as well as thought. Thus, while his earlier days were spent amid the

* The house is still standing at Thurlstone in which was born, in 1782, the celebrated blind mathematician, Dr. Nicholas Saunderson, who learnt to read by feeling the letters on the gravestones in the churchyard of the adjacent town of Penistone.

disheartening influences of an ascetic home and defective education, nature not only spoke to his senses, but worked within him,—

"His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor!"

In all his sentiments and sympathies, from first to last, he was emphatically one of the people, illustrating his whole life long, by precept and example,

"The nobility of labour, the long pedigree of toil!"

How far, or whether at all, the tastes of the son were influenced in any way favourably by those of the father, who was spoken of under the above ugly appellation, does not appear; but it is worthy of remark that the elder Elliott himself was a rhymester. "In 1792," says Mr. Holland, in his "Poets of Yorkshire," "he published a 'Poetical Paraphrase of the Book of Job,' agreeable to the meaning of the sacred text."

Long afterwards, Ebenezer, in writing of his father, says,— "Under the room where I was born, in a little parlour, like the cabin of a ship, which was yearly painted green, and blessed with a beautiful thoroughfare of light—for there was no window tax in those days—my father used to preach,

every fourth Sunday, to persons who came from distances of twelve to fourteen miles to hear his tremendous doctrines of ultra-Calvinism. On other days, pointing to the aquatint pictures on the walls, he delighted to declaim on the virtues of slandered Cromwell and of Washington the rebel."

It is not unnotable in this brief notice of the "Corn-Law Rhymer," to trace him from his father's foundry, at Masbrough, to his own shop, as a steel-seller, in Sheffield, nor to describe his earliest efforts in verse. His poem of "Love" attracted no attention from readers of any class; while his "Night"—the scene of which is the picturesque spot identified with the legend of "The Dragon of Wantley"—was declared by one reviewer to be "in the very worst style of ultra-German bombast and horror!" But his taste rapidly improved, and that—strange as it may appear—under the stimulus of the intensest Radical politics! There was, in fact, a touch of the morbid in his temperament—a dramatic taste for the horrible in fiction—as witness his own "Bothwell"—with a special dislike of hereditary pride or grandeur. But though almost insane in his denunciation of the aristocracy, and absolutely rabid at



ELLIOTT'S MONUMENT IN THE CORN MARKET.

times, both in his conversation and his writings, there was in his heart an innate love of the graceful and the beautiful in nature; the fiercer passions evaporated in a green lane, and wrath was effectually subdued by the gentle breezes of the hill-side. His strongly-marked countenance bespoke deep and stern thought; his pale grey eyes, restless activity; his every look and motion indicated an enthusiastic temperament; his overhanging brow was stern, perhaps forbidding; but the lower portions of his face betokened mildness and benevolence; and his smile, when not sarcastic, was a most sweet and redeeming grace.

"The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He feared to scorn or hate;
But boasting in a peasant's form
The equal of the great!"

William Howitt describes him as "one of the gentlest and most tender-hearted of men;" yet his mind seemed incapable of reasoning when the higher orders of society were praised; he could not tolerate even the delicate hint of Mr. Howitt, that "among them were some amiable men." He at once "blazed up," exclaiming furiously, "Amiable men!—amiable robbers, thieves, murderers!"

Yes, on that subject he was absolutely insane. The stern, bitter, irrational, and unnatural hatred, was the staple of his poetry—the greater part of it, that is to say; for many of his poems are as tender, loving, and pure, as are those of his fellow-townsmen, gracious James Montgomery.

I have quoted four lines from one of his poems: this passage is from another: he is describing some mountain scenery conspicuous for desolate sterility:—

"I thank ye, billows of a granite sea,
That the bribe's plough, deflected, bids below;
And thanks, majestic barrenness, to thee
For one grim region, in a land of woe,
Where tax-sown wheat and paupers will not grow."

Comparatively little was known of the vast poetical power of Ebenezer Elliott until 1831, when an article in the *New Monthly Magazine* (then under my editorship), from the pen of Sir Bulwer Lytton, directed public attention to his genius.

It was Dr. Bowring who showed to Sir Bulwer Lytton a mean-looking and badly-printed pamphlet called "The Ranter." Bulwer was struck with it, and sent to me a review of the work in a letter addressed to the Poet-Laureate,—directing his attention to the "mechanic" as one of the

"uneducated poets" whom Southey had so often folded under his wings. Its publication gave the Sheffield poet a wider renown than he had previously obtained, but it did no more.

Sir Bulwer Lytton wrongly described him, as others had done, as "a mechanic;" he was not aware that many years previously Elliott had been in correspondence with Southey, who fully appreciated the rough genius of the poet.* Neither did Sir Bulwer Lytton know that Elliott had published several very beautiful poems in certain periodical works—"The Amulet" among others, in which one of the most perfect of his compositions, "The Dying Boy to the Sloe-blossom," appeared in 1830. Afterwards Elliott became a regular contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine*, and for that work he wrote many of his best poems.

His friend, Mr. Searle, describes him personally:—"Instead of being a true son of the forge†—broad-set, strong and muscular as a cyclops—he was the reverse. In stature he was not more than five feet six inches high, of a slender make, and a bilious, nervous temperament; his hair was quite grey, and his eyes, which wore of a greyish blue, were surmounted by thick bushy brows. His forehead was not broad, but

rather narrow; and his head was small. There was great pugnacity in the mouth, especially when he was excited; but in repose, it seemed to smile, more in consciousness of strength, however, than in sunny unconscious beauty. His nostrils were full of scorn, and his eyes—which were the true indices of his soul—literally smote you with fire, or beamed with kindness and affection, according to the mood he was in. In earnest debate, his whole face was lighted up, and became terrible and tragic."

He describes himself, however, as five feet seven inches in height; shily rather than strongly made; eyes dim and pale; mostly kind in their expression, but sometimes wild; his features harsh, but not unpleasant; "on the whole," he says, "he is just the man who, if unknown, would pass unnoticed anywhere."

He is thus graphically sketched by Southey:—"It was a remarkable face, with pale grey eyes, full of fire and meaning, and well suited to a frankness of manner and an apparent simplicity of character such as is rarely found in middle age, and more especially rare in persons engaged in what may be called the warfare of the world."

On the other hand, let it not be imagined that Ebenezer Elliott was made a victim, or made himself a martyr, of the "bread tax," otherwise than in his "rhymes;" he was, in fact, a shrewd, active, and successful man of business; and notwithstanding he tells us, in terms which formed so long and so loudly the burden of his song, that

"Dear sugar, dear tea, and dear corn,
 Cours'd with dear representation
To laugh worth and honour to seven;
And beggar the whole British nation,"

he was fortunate enough to outmatch the "four deans," as he calls them—to give up business—to leave Sheffield for the enjoyment of a country retreat, in a good house of his own at Hargot Hill, in the vicinity of Barnsley. But an insidious complaint was slowly, yet surely, stopping his vital powers. He "departed this life" on the 1st of December, 1849, and is buried in the churchyard of the beautiful little village of Darfield.† The church may be seen from the house in which he died.

It was not by his own desire he was laid in consecrated ground. Not long before his death he pointed out to a friend a tree in one of the pleasant dells that environ black and busy Sheffield, and said, "Under this tree I mean to be buried; I shall sleep well enough here; and who knows but I may feel the daisies growing over my grave, and hear the birds sing to me in my winding sheet?"

He was dying, when his faculties were suddenly roused by a robin singing in the garden underneath his chamber window; he had strength enough to write these lines—they were his last:—

"Thy notes, sweet robin, soft as dew,
Heard soon or late, are dear to me;
To music I could bid adieu,
 But not to thee.
When from my eyes this life full throng
Has pass'd away, no more to be,
Then, autumn's primrose, robin's song,
 Return to me."

His character is thus summed up by his friend, Mr. Searle:—"He was a far-seeing, much-enduring, hard-working, practical man; he had a stern love of truth, and a high and holy comprehension of justice; he appreciated the sufferings of the poor, and if he exaggerated, he thoroughly sympathised with, their wrongs." His life, indeed, seems to have been governed in conformity with one of his own lines:—

"So live that thou may'st smile and no one weep!"

He was a good citizen, and a good member of society; "there was not a blot or flaw upon his character," he was regular at his business; careful of all home duties; a dutiful son, an attached husband, a fond, but a considerate, father,† and it is gratifying to record this, his own,

* The village of Darfield is nearly a mile from its railway station, on the North Midland line. The church, equally plain in its design and architecture, looks pretty at a distance, from its elevated situation, and the group of fine trees with which it is flanked. The tower contains a peal of very musical bells, the ringing of which is duly appreciated by the inhabitants of the valley of the Deane. The grave of the "Corn-Law Rhymer" is unmarked, except by a plain stone, nearly level with the grass, and thus inscribed lengthwise:—"Ebenezer Elliott, died December 1, 1849, aged 68 years." On the other half of the stone, "Fanny Elliott, his wife, died December 4, 1856, aged 75 years." A plain gravestone adjoining bears "Sacred to the memory of John Watkins, late of London, Son of Francis and Christina Watkins, of Whitby, and Son-in-law of Ebenezer Elliott, who died Sept. 22, 1850, aged 40 years." It may be mentioned that in this secluded churchyard there is a conspicuous obelisk, which, as we learn from an inscription on the pedestal, was "Erected to commemorate the Sundhill (Colliery) Explosion of Feb. 8, 1852, in which 192 men and boys lost their lives, of whose bodies 146 are buried near this place."

† He had six sons and two daughters: the younger of them married John Watkins, who published a very interesting volume concerning "The Life, Poetry, and Letters of Elliott." Two of his sons became clergymen of the Established Church; two conducted for a time the old business at Sheffield; these and the others are mostly "well-to-do" in the world.



THE BURIAL-PLACE OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

The one great blemish of Elliott's poetry, in the estimation of general readers, is the frequent introduction of that subject which, with him, was more than a sentiment—an absorbing and over-mastering passion—the direct theme of some of his most spirited lyrics, the topic of his common conversation, no less than the spell of his genius, and in pursuance of which he adopted the significant appellation of the "Corn-Law Rhymer." This subject, it need scarcely be added, while it was the mainspring of his popularity with one party of political economists, including all the working men

* Southey, in one of his letters, laughs over the idea of Sir Bulwer Lytton thus recommending to his notice an uneducated poet whom he had long known and respected, and with whom he had frequently corresponded. Elliott, indeed, said of Southey, "that it was Southey who taught him the art of poetry." They had corresponded so far back as 1811. In 1819 Southey acknowledges the receipt of Elliott's poem "Night," which contains abundant evidence of power, but with defects no less striking in plan and execution. Southey, writing in 1833, says:—"I mean (in the *Quarterly*) to read the Corn-Law Rhymer a lecture, not without some hope (though faint) that, as I taught him the art of poetry, I may teach him something better."

† This mistake was common, and did the poet no harm. That he knew how to use a hammer was true enough; but his townpeople were not a little amused to be told in jest that the house of the "Corn-Law Rhymer" was "surrounded by iron palisades which had been forged on the anvil by his own brawny arm!"

of his day, was, at the same time, still more powerful in exciting the dislike of other classes of the community, and especially all those connected with the agricultural interest. This position of personal as well as poetical hostility towards a large, wealthy, influential, and respectable section of his countrymen, was rendered less enviable by the general bitterness of style and harshness of epithet by which his "rhymes" were but too commonly characterised. But "gentle arguments are not suited for stern work;" while, therefore, it is impossible to read many of his most powerful pieces without a mixture of admiration for the skill of the poet, and of regret for the violence of the partisan, it should not be forgotten that much of the interest of these compositions has passed away—by the signal triumphs of the doctrine which they originally illustrated and enforced. For, whatever may be the opinions entertained at this moment by any person or party in this country, relative to the abolition of the corn laws, there can be no doubt but that the popular and energetic struggle which issued in that event was effectually aided by the genius of Ebenezer Elliott.

testimony to his faith, "having studied the evidence on both sides of the question, I am a Christian from conviction." It will hardly be expected that the religious character of any person which is merely announced in terms similar to those just quoted would find its practical expression in conformity with the creed of any sect or section of the Christian Church. The truth is, the best friends or worst enemies of the poet were never able to reckon among his ostensible virtues or prejudices a regular Sunday attendance at any place of public worship, nor even to report him as a casual hearer of his own exemplary "ranter" preacher, with his favourite text—

"Woe be unto you, Scribes and Pharisees!
Who eat the widows' and the orphans' bread,
And make long prayers to hide your villainies!"

The religious as well as the political opinions of the poet are fully and fairly presented in his two principal works, "The Village Patriarch" and "The Ranter;" the former, a witness and victim of a progressive and culminating "monopoly;" the latter an out-door "preacher of the plundered poor." Whatever may be thought of the special and direct sentiments and design of these compositions, they both contain incidental descriptions of local scenery which may be said to be unsurpassed in truth and beauty of expression.

Though fellow-townsmen, there was little or no personal intercourse between James Montgomery and Ebenezer Elliott. It would be difficult to imagine any two persons more dissimilar: the one soft and pliable as virgin wax; the other hard and unbending as a sheet of cast-iron. The one ever laden with milk and honey for his kind; the other fierce as a fierce north-wester, that spares none—raging sometimes with indiscriminate wrath.

Yet thus writes Montgomery of his "brother":—"I am willing to hazard my critical credit by avowing my persuasion, that in originality, power, and even beauty—when he chose to be beautiful—he might have measured heads beside Byron in tremendous energy—Crahbe in graphic description—and Coleridge in effusions of domestic tenderness; while in intense sympathy with the poor, in whatever he deemed their wrongs or their sufferings, he excelled them all, and perhaps everybody else among his contemporaries in prose or verse."

He was in a transcendental sense "the poet of the poor:" he (the lines are those of Walter Savage Landor):—

"asked the rich
To give laborious hunger daily bread."

According to the testimony of one who knew him well, Elliott's attempts at oratory were failures; and that almost equally, whether he read his composition in the form of a lecture, or spoke *vis-a-vis*. He was not simply impassioned; but on the platform, at least, often violent to a degree which prevented him alike from ordering his thoughts, or choosing his words with effect. Sententious, rugged, sarcastic, and loud, his hearers were more entertained with his excitement, than either instructed by his statements, or convinced by his reasoning. In a word, his oral declamations generally lacked that charm of orderly arrangement and those well-timed, not to say exquisite, graces of styles, which so largely characterise his poetical essays, even when wilfully dashed and marred by vile epithets, or coarse personalities. In his private conversation, when crossed and excited by opposition, these faults would sometimes break out; otherwise he was

mild and amiable, always frank and unselfish: admitting his own faults or those of his partisans as freely as those of his opponents.

I print the following as one of the few of his characteristic letters I have had the good fortune to preserve:—

SHEFFIELD, 9th December, 1836.

I have a great favour to ask of you, a favour which, on my knees, I implore you to grant. If you do not grant it, you will miss an opportunity of honouring the *New Monthly*, by taking an entirely new view of the most important subject that ever agitated the public mind. My request is, that you will publish in your forthcoming number the enclosed article, written and extracted by a friend of the author from the proof-sheets of his unpublished book, entitled "Agricultural Distress, its Causes and Remedy," dedicated to the labouring people of England, and published by Effingham Wilson, London. The author is William Ibbotson, of Sheffield, Merchant, Farmer, and Methodist—one of a sect which, he says, numbers or powerfully influences four millions of human beings in Great Britain. It is seldom that men of business like "the Manchester manufacturer" can be induced to write books on any subject. When they do so, it is important that they be encouraged, because their experience and knowledge almost always enable them to write well. Mr. Ibbotson has demonstrated by facts that the corn laws are the cause of agricultural distress, and that free trade would raise rents, and permanently keep up agricultural prices, and that nothing else can do so. It is desirable that the article appear in the forthcoming number, to give the well-timed book a shove, and prevent the discouraging of an author from whom great things may be expected. You will soon perceive that Mr. Ibbotson is not used to composition; but his book, in my opinion, is the most important ever published on the subject, although the view he takes of it is opposed to mine. I shall be in most painful suspense until you inform me that you will publish the article, or write one from the documents enclosed. Unless you are false to yourself, and deficient for once in good strategy, you cannot, as a friend of the agricultural interest, refuse the favour I request.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

John Holland, the friend of James Montgomery, who knew Elliott intimately, writes, "than whom a truer poet did not breathe the air or enjoy the sunshine among the masses of fermenting intellect in England at this period; but a tone of political bitterness, in the occasional use of the coarsest terms of party vituperation, too often tended to mar the beauty of compositions otherwise rarely surpassed for their truth, for their power, or their tenderness, by the strains of his most richly-gifted contemporaries."

His corn-law rhymes are now probably forgotten, but they did much of the work which the reformers of 1830-35 achieved; they prepared the ground for the harvest; nay, they did more, they planted the seed. These poems were, indeed, what the trumpets were by the walls of Jericho.

Although it was my lot to differ from him upon nearly every subject on which we corresponded or conversed, I honour the name of Ebenezer Elliott as that of an earnest and honest man, and I have greeted with fervid homage the statue of the poet they have erected to his memory—on the site of the old corn-market—in the town of Sheffield.

* Mr. Ibbotson, "the thirteen-childed patriot" as Elliott once called him at a public meeting, was an active politician, and a worthy man. He was a firm and zealous friend of the late James Silk Buckingham, whose return to Parliament, as one of the first representatives of the borough of Sheffield, after the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, was largely due to the personal energy and popular influence of the worthy merchant.

THE DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

THIS—the latest, and by no means the least valuable, of our social boons—continues to make some, if not rapid, progress in the Metropolis. The scheme has been tried, and is found to answer admirably. It is now no vague experiment, the success of which is doubtful, as one that might advantage a few, but could not benefit many. On that head it is sufficient to say that at these fountains (now numbering about 140) 300,000 persons drink daily. To those whom

"Pleasure, ease, and affluence surround,"

a cup of pure water may seem a poor luxury; but to the thirsty wayfarer, the artisan, and the hard-handed labourer, homeward-bound at the close of a day's toil,—nay, to the poor needle-woman and the milliner's apprentice—to the workers of both sexes—the enjoyment thus derived is inconceivable to those whom costlier refreshment awaits at home. We have all read touching statements of the agonies of thirst to which travellers in the desert have been subjected. Until very lately, wanderers in the peopled solitude of a great city found it as hard to satisfy the most natural and the least resistible of all appetites. With "water, water everywhere," there was, literally, "not a drop to drink." The thirsty shrank from the scent and colour of the Thames; here and there a pump furnished a supply, but its source was usually at the side of a graveyard—such as the graveyard was a few years ago. It is notorious—resting on sure authorities—that the water thence derived was perilous to health.* Indeed no relief was ever at hand, except what was supplied at the public-house, where poison, worse than even poisoned water, was furnished—the gratification of a moment thus diminishing household comforts. The public-house was always an excuse—often a necessity—when the tired workman trudged homeward: it was difficult to blame and hardly possible to condemn him. Temperance advocates had no reply to the simple question, "When I am thirsty, where can I get a drink?" The answer is now easy: at all events, there are fountains in one hundred and forty localities where thirst may be quenched, and we need not draw on fancy to describe a very large proportion of the 300,000 drinkers who now pass by the gin and porter palace and take to their families the part of their wages that used to be spent,—often necessarily—on their way home.

Well may we repeat the words that one wayfarer was heard to utter—"God bless the man who put up this fountain!" Nay, surely we can sympathise with the dog who drinks and wags his tail in gratitude, and with the cattle who, jaded through dusty streets, find, here and there, "tanks" for their relief.†

It is impossible to over-rate the value of the boon thus conferred upon the humbler portion of the public. It refreshes the toil-worn wayfarer, it abstracts largely from customers at public-houses, it brings to continual thought the sympathy of the rich for the poor, acting as a perpetual reminder of that sentence—the most powerful

* Dr. Letheby, the medical officer of health for London, has stated that of the thirty-six pumps which were formerly in the city, scarcely one supplied a water suitable for drinking.

† To erect "troughs" for cattle will be costly. It costs very little, however, to place pans underneath fountains at which dogs may drink: we trust no fountain will be erected without according this boon to the often dear friend as well as companion of humanity. To say nothing of comfort bestowed, the surest protection against hydrophobia is thus obtained.

for good to be found in our language—"supported by voluntary contributions."

Something we may say, too, of the "decorative" character thus given to many of the streets and roads of the Metropolis. The fountains—with exceptions certainly—are agreeable and graceful objects, pleasant to the eye of her or him who hears the water trickling into the cup and anticipates a luxury—enjoyed freely. It is to an "Association" we owe this boon of immense magnitude; yet their operations date no further back than the year 1859, when Mr. Samuel Gurney (honoured by the name; it has received homage during three generations of public benefactors) conceived a project, that was at first considered visionary, but which is now shown to be practical and of incalculable value. Mr. Gurney has been aided by other philanthropists, and the latest report of the society records, as we have stated, that there are 140 fountains erected in London and its suburbs, of which 300,000 persons drink daily; that in many of the provincial cities and towns similar boons have been conferred on the people, and that the movement is gradually but surely making such way as to induce belief that, ere long, in no part of England will a thirsty workman or workwoman go without the knowledge where, on the homeward way—or close to the home—thirst may be quenched healthfully and without cost.

The "Association" appeals to the public, rich and poor, for power to extend their ramifications. There are yet two hundred districts in London and its immediate vicinity alone, where fountains are required—eagerly and hopefully asked for—but where public-houses have still their triumphs over natural wants, and where the poor are compelled to do without water, or, at best, with an insufficient supply; for the tax is heavy, and cannot often be paid at all. The facts set forth in the Report of the Association are conclusive on that head.

It is pleasant to know that some of the water companies have met the evil, and are acting with the Association. We have daily experience that mercy is twice blessed, "it blesteth him who gives and him who takes." "The Grand Junction and the Southwark and Vauxhall Water Companies" grant a free supply to all the fountains on their mains, and the Chelsea Water Company supply water at a much reduced rate." The New River Company make no charge, "provided a tap is fixed so as to prevent a continual flow" (a matter, however, very difficult to accomplish), and its directors are liberal subscribers to the funds of the Association. Let these companies be "had in remembrance."

We suggest that MEMORIAL FOUNTAINS might be more desirable monuments to departed friends than memorial windows, now so frequently introduced into churches. They would be far more effective in calling to memory persons passed from earth, who would thus be the means, after "death," of continuing a labour of love to mankind.

Surely the appeal of the Association for help to sustain them in their generous and merciful labours will not be made in vain! There are thousands, nay, tens of thousands, who if they give the subject thought will give it aid. There is no charity of London so true a charity, no charity so wise; none that can so happily bring into continual intercourse the rich and the poor at so little cost, the one contracting and acknowledging a debt, daily, to the other, recording it in the words we have quoted:—

"God bless the man who put up this fountain!"

OLD AND NEW LONDON.

Allons, Messieurs les Artistes, tenez vos crayons. London is now rapidly losing all its old features. Upon the pen and pencil must we soon depend for all knowledge of what the ancient city looked like; it will be impossible to realise the past by a ramble down an old street which, by its lonely insignificance, may have been spared from change. Town land is thrice valuable, and trade is *exigant*. The quietest lanes are invaded, and where lonely old houses had slept in the sunshine for centuries, vast and busy offices and warehouses roar their giant heads. The transformation of Paris in a few years is complete; all its historic sites, with very few exceptions, are gone, and its interest to all but the *flâneur* is gone with them; London has lately imitated its Gallic sister, and at fabulous cost, has destroyed old buildings and created new, with a rapidity that has outstripped the record of either pen or pencil, and many curious topographical features are gone for ever. The few that do remain should be portrayed at once: not by photography, which bears in itself the elements of decay, but by honest, faithful drawing, such as gives value to the works of that most industrious antiquary and admirable etcher, John Thomas Smith, whose labours will increase in value as time adds years to their age; or to those of still more minute truthfulness, which came from the *atelier* of the elder Cooke, and with which no photograph can compare for clearness and beauty.

Washington Irving once rambled about Eastcheap as he did at Stratford-upon-Avon, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," but producing reminiscences that gave vitality to all he touched upon. It would be difficult now to conjure up any picture of the past in any historic locality of London; all speaks of busy to-day, or busier to-morrow; in the fever-haste to get rich none spare a thought for the past, few reverence what it has confided to our care. Historic associations meet with little sympathy. When the great conqueror of antiquity destroyed cities recklessly, he spared the humble house of Pindar in the midst of the Thebes he had so cruelly doomed; for even the stern heart of Alexander felt the influence of gazing on the home of one who had done so much to elevate the mind. It may be doubted if such a relic would be spared in the English or French metropolis by any merchant-prince or railway contractor.

Leigh Hunt rambled through "the Town" of his boyhood, and has made himself our companion, as he will be the still more valued companion of our latest posterity; by the charming information he imparts so pleasantly on the history of the old streets and their former inhabitants. No writer on London as it was is so agreeable to read; we listen to his words as to those of an unpretentious but well-informed old friend, and as we pass over the pages of his book, almost feel that we are walking the ancient highways in his company. Walter Thornbury, the most recent of our topographic guides, has happily termed our Metropolis "haunted London;" it is indeed haunted by the memories of the great, or the remarkable; so that every street and every old house becomes an illustrated chapter of history; what that history is may be best traced in the voluminous pages of that most industrious and original compilation—Cunningham's "Handbook of London;" here, indeed, we may revel in the rich literary anecdote which makes sacred many a street

or house in the mind's eye of the student, who, book in hand, may re-create the past glories of various now dingy localities once festive with wit and hilarity. Let the plodding worshipper of Mammon think how small a share of attention he or his brother millionaires will ever attain in comparison with the rich in intellect. A man of enormous wealth died lately, but what interest can he raise in comparison with the poor boy-poet Chatterton?

Take, then, some good writer on London, study him well, and go over the locality he speaks of while that locality remains. It is an intellectual pleasure we may not long possess. Everywhere, "improvements," real or fancied—"necessary changes" sometimes equally visionary—are clearing away all the historic landmarks left to us. It is but two years ago, since the writer of these lines contributed to Chambers's "Book of Days" an essay on such localities as time has spared us of London before the great fire; and in that paper quoted Winchester Street, Moorfields, as a fair, and almost unique example of an old street. Now it is nearly all gone, to be replaced by modern warehouses of gigantic proportion. Twenty years ago, many similar streets remained; now we have not one.

Occasionally the deep digging, necessitated by modern works, lays bare ancient foundations of much interest. Such has been the case with the great railway works crossing Thames Street to Cannon Street. Here, the workmen came across the foundation walls of Roman buildings of vast size and strength. As if to put to shame our modern bricklaying, the Roman brick or stone could not be dislodged from its mortar, and resisted disservice even by the pickaxe; gunpowder was ultimately used to split to pieces what it became necessary to remove. These foundations were laid bare soon after the terrible fire in 1666, and were seen and described by the great architect Wren; portions were again laid bare about twenty years ago, when large business premises were being erected on the spot; it will be long ere they are again seen, as they are now beneath the foundations of the railway works. This short portion of line between the Thames and Cannon Street has displaced many interesting features of old London life: the Steelyard, a warehouse for the use of the merchantmen of the Low Countries, its gate being surmounted with the arms of Henry VIII. quaintly carved; and many good old houses of the time of Charles II. and William III., with warehouses attached, telling of days when citizens, however rich, resided at their places of business. In Mark Lane there still remains one such old mansion, with an entrance hall of panelled oak, staircase thickly balustraded with twisted columns, and a passage to the garden, where a leaden cupid still spouts water as a fountain amid old fig-trees.

Opposite Mark Lane, on the other side of Leadenhall Street, stands the church of St. Andrew Undershaft, celebrated among city churches for containing the monument of the great antiquary, John Stow. Opposite the church was a range of old houses, quite Elizabethan in character, which were only removed at the close of last year. St. Mary-Axe and the neighbouring St. Helen's, recently abounded with fine specimens of residences, such as may never again be erected within the precincts of the City. It is now a vast warehouse, or mart; yet people living remember when Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate, was chiefly the residence of merchants who dwelt near to their places of business, as did the elder branches

of the Rothschild family to the unifying Judengasse, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Until the end of the last century, after passing Houndsditch, "fresh fields and pastures new" awaited at no great distance such as were tired of being "in populous city pent." Moorfields, literally, was a place of fields, with shady walks under trees, and all beyond the Artillery Ground and Bunhill Fields was pretty open country, across which paths led to pleasant villages, where "cakes and ale" awaited London visitors. Let any one who wishes to breathe—in imagination—the "fresh air" of the northern side of London, forget for the present the dense mass of streets and houses that crowd over and far beyond Islington, and remember only that fifteen years ago the "archers' marks" still remained in the fields between the City Road, the canal, and Islington; marks which, put up in the middle of the seventeenth century, succeeded such as had been there from the old time when the practice of archery was enforced by law, and considered most proper and wholesome for city apprentices; being to the young men of the Elizabethan era what the Volunteer movement is to our own.

It seems scarcely possible that so few years ago Canonbury Tower should have faced the open country; yet people ascended its "proud eminence" only thirty years since, to mark how the fields between it and London were succumbing to "the march of bricks and mortar." Then, a large pond was in front of its principal entrance; and it was a country walk beside the New River to the old sluice-house; and considered quite an expedition to get as far as Hornsey Wood, where an old-fashioned country inn received visitors exhausted by the long journey from town. They need not have gone so far for country inns and open field-walks: these began at White Conduit House, which was celebrated for its tea-garden and its little white loaves. It was the delight of the small tradesman and his wife to stroll thus far from the busy streets and look towards the Cockney Alps of Highgate and Hampstead; far away places, only visited by such persons "now and then," by means of a lumbering stage coach, built in humble imitation of the "long stages" and "mails." Readers of "Pickwick" will remember old Weller's contemptuous allusion to a brother of the whip who was "only a Camberwell man." To all these suburban places such vehicles went twice daily, consequently people did not travel much; to get out of sight of St. Paul's was no easy matter, and we may understand the bewilderment of the City Lady, described by Tom Hood, who once lost sight of that familiar load-star.

Hackney-carriages crawled about the streets then as lugubriously and about as quickly as hearses. They were dear in their charges—only patronised by the "well-to-do," or those necessitated specially to use them. Shoreditch, consequently, knew nothing of Pall-Mall; society was distinct and divided; to the east and the west of London had inhabitants who looked on each other as different tribes. The author well remembers in his boyhood an old tradesman in Tottenham Court Road, who died at the ripe age of 72, and had never seen the Monument.

The northern side of the metropolis was the latest to change; many comparatively young persons can remember Rhodes's dairy and extensive pasture for cows where now the Euston Station stands amid a labyrinth of streets. Fifty years ago and there were fields where Torrington and Gordon Squares

are now erected. It had little altered since the days of Elizabeth, but was all market garden or pasture land. Those who have a curiosity to know how profoundly rural this part of Middlesex was, should look at Ben Jonson's play, *A Tale of a Tub*, composed in 1633. The scene is laid between Pancras, Tottenham, and Mary-le-bone; as far as any notion of the near proximity of London may be formed from the characters and action of the drama, it might be laid in Sussex. The great people of the play are Squire and Lady Tub, of Totten Court; Justice Bramble, of Maribone; and Canon Ingh, the Vicar of Pancras. We have also "the High Constable of Kentish Town" to carry out these great people's behests; their inferiors are as clownish and ignorant as if they lived in some outlandish locality. They talk a broad country dialect, and use the *z* for *s*, as the Somersetshire folk do now; thus one of them on being asked if he is "close enough" to keep a secret, answers "Ich'am no zive" (I am no sieve). Indeed, it is all this clownishness and simple ignorance that make the humour of the comedy. There is a sense of fresh air in the long field-walks these people are supposed to take to Hampstead; and of danger in the robberies at St. John's Wood "by a sort of country fellows." Indeed, this district continued unsafe until a comparatively recent period; and to walk after dark between St. Pancras Church and Gray's-Inn was to run the chance of highway robbery.

What, then, is there to regret in the loss of all this rude life? Nothing but the green fields and picturesque character of the past. That we may surely regret, the latter more in city than in suburban life. It is much to be regretted that as trade has enriched us, it has not given us a perception of the beautiful—that we have, in fact, deteriorated in public taste. Take any old street in any old town, Shrewsbury, Chester, or Tewkesbury, as an example. Observe the variety of form, the picturesque disposition, the beauty of carved detail in some of these old houses, and contrast it with our modern streets of dirty, monotonous brick. We have become hideous in our utilitarianism. Contrast Ford's Hospital at Coventry, enriched by the most exquisite wood carving, with a modern hospital, destitute of all attempt at aught beyond plain walls perforated by doors and windows. The late architect, Pugin, once gave mortal offence to the members of his own profession by publishing a pictured series of architectural parallels, in which he thus contrasted an old work with a new one. It exasperated, but it helped to cure, a very self-sufficient body of gentlemen. We have no longer Strawberry Hill Gothic, or Wyattville Gothic, such as disfigures our noblest royal house, Windsor Castle. When Nash commenced "improvements" by the formation of Regent Street, that class of architecture was sufficiently debased. It was said of the Roman emperor that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble; so it has been asked for Nash—

"And is not our Nash, too, a very great master?
Who found London brick, and left it all plaster!"

It is this sham architecture which is so peculiarly offensive; it has not the honesty, and consequently it never has the satisfactory effect, of the simplest timber house of the sixteenth century. Fortunately this fact has obtruded itself so long that at last our tradesmen are ashamed of it. City warehouses are now built in Germanised Gothic, a cross style between a monastery and a storeroom. We have yet to learn architectural fitness, but we must wait, be

thankful for present progress, and spend hundreds of thousands of pounds in public and private buildings, buying that experience which is already cheaply at hand in elementary books, if those who order our buildings would read them. We are now in danger of streets of most heterogeneous character, made up of palatial offices and warehouses of all designs, like the mixed prints in a cheap portfolio. A minister of public works prevents much of this abroad, but the English love of liberty allows of any amount of eccentricity at home.

Before all is gone that time has left to us of old London, to be succeeded by something so very different, let us once more look upon the old localities, endeared to the historic student by so very many associations, and think over the great men of the past whose presence made these houses famous. Places that we looked upon but two years since are gone without the record of a sketch. The workman's pickaxe knocks down as rapidly as the auctioneer's hammer, and while we look around us, that which was "going"—is "gone."

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

THE VALE OF ASHBURNHAM.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Paint. W. B. Cooke, Sculpt.

THIS engraving is, like that introduced into our last number, from a drawing executed by Turner in a comparatively early period of his practice, and forms one of a series sketched in the same locality. Ashburnham, once a town of some importance, is now only a small village; it stands about five miles from Battle, and was formerly celebrated for its iron-works, for the county of Sussex abounds with ironstone, and its smelting-works were then the most flourishing in the kingdom. But as the ore was smelted with charcoal, the manufacturers could not long sustain competition with that in which coal was employed, and in, or about, 1727, the last furnace in the county was blown out at Ashburnham. No one who travels now through this highly-cultivated and thoroughly rural district would suppose that at any time it bore the slightest resemblance to some of our great manufacturing localities.

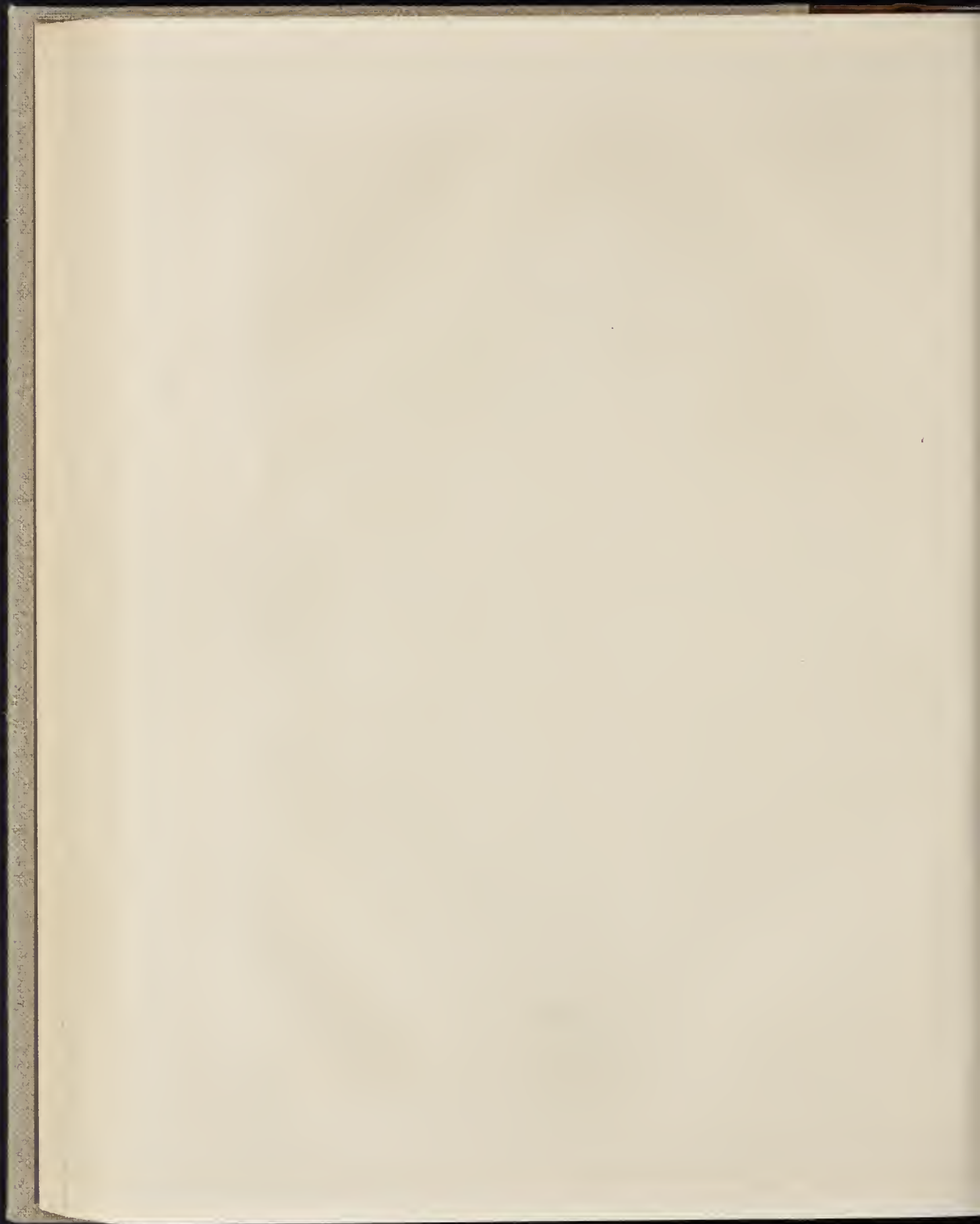
We are not sufficiently acquainted with the neighbourhood to determine where the artist stood to take his sketch, but his eye must have travelled over a magnificent range of landscape—cornfields and pastures, and sloping woods, and, in the distance, a wide extent of flat downs, flanked by Martello towers, beyond which is the sea; to the extreme right the view is bounded by a stretch of elevated ground, terminating towards the ocean in bold cliffs. As a picture, the scene does not "compose" well; the undulations of the principal lines are not graceful, neither do they come well together; but it is wonderfully rich in foliage, and its very inelegances of outline are proofs that Turner took little or no liberty with his subject. The foreground, which he doubtless treated as he pleased, is bold and striking; all who know Sussex will not be surprised to see the waggon drawn by oxen, that county being one of few which still employ these animals in agricultural operations; and very picturesque they are for the purpose of the artist. The mansion in the centre of the composition is Ashburnham Place, the seat of the Earl of Ashburnham.



ENGRAVED BY W.B. ASHBOURN

THE VALLEY OF ASHER

DRAWN BY J.M. THORNTON R. 6



ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

ARACCO.—The monument raised in this town to the memory of Napoleon Bonaparte and his family, of which we made mention in the *Art-Journal* about a year ago, has been inaugurated with due ceremony, by Prince Napoleon. It consists of an equestrian statue, ten feet high, of the Emperor, who is surrounded by his four brothers, whose statues are about seven feet in height. All the statues are cast in bronze furnished from cannon taken in the late Italian campaigns; but two winged figures of Victory, placed in the basement, are of marble. The pedestal is raised more than twelve feet above the ground level, and the entire monument is about one hundred feet in length by twenty-five in height. The general arrangements were made by M. Viollet le Duc, and the sculptures are the work respectively of M.M. Barye, sen., Thomas, J. Petit, Maillat, and Dubray.

BELGIUM.—Several important commissions for large pictures are in the hands of some of the leading artists of this country. M. de Keyser, President of the Antwerp Academy of Arts, is engaged on a series for the vestibule of that institution; Baron Housy Lays is decorating one of the apartments of the Hotel de Ville, Antwerp; and M. Slingover is at work on a series for a public edifice in Brussels. A recent visit to the studios of these artists has afforded us an opportunity of seeing some of these great paintings, concerning which we shall have more to say hereafter.

BENEX.—The Norwegian International Exhibition will be opened on the 7th of the present month, in this city, by Prince Oscar in person.

FLORENCE.—The inauguration of the monument raised in Florence in honour of Dante, the great poet of Italy, took place on the 14th of May, with great ceremony, in the presence of the King Victor Emmanuel. There was a grand procession, which occupied more than two hours in passing. First marched the representatives of the press, Italian and foreign; next came those of the Italian drama; then a long file of persons deputed from every province, town, academy, society, and important institution in the kingdom. Seven hundred banners floated in the air. The *cortège* was closed by the colleges, and the national guard of Florence, in the ranks of which marched the Count Serego Aligheri, descendant of the poet. The king was received with immense acclamations; upon his Majesty's arrival the Gonfaloniere of Florence pronounced a short address, after which Padre Jean Baptiste Guikini delivered a discourse on Dante and his works, at the conclusion of which the bell which until then had covered the monument fell to the ground. This act of national pride and fervour does honour to the capital of united Italy.

PAUS.—The Cross of the Legion of Honour has been bestowed on Mlle. Rosa Bonheur by the Empress of the French; the favour conferred was one of the last acts of her Majesty's regency. There is a story in circulation that the Empress called on the distinguished *artiste*, and decorated her with her own hand.—M. Yvon, who has obtained considerable reputation in his own country as a battle-painter, is engaged to execute, for the municipal hall of the *Hotel de Ville*, four large pictures representing memorable events in the history of Paris. The subjects chosen are—The Entry of Clovis into the City; Philip Augustus placing his Children under the Protection of the Municipal Body ere starting for the Holy Land; Francis I. laying the Foundation-stone of the *Hotel de Ville*; and The Emperor Napoleon signing the Decree which annexed the Suburban Communes to Paris.—M. Benedict Masson has completed the first portion of a series of mural paintings round the principal court of the *Invalides*. The subject of these pictures is taken from the early history of France, and the works now finished embrace a period from the time of the Druids to the invasion of France by the Normans. Such a series opens up a great field for the genius of an artist.

PICTURE SALES.

We have to record the following sales by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, since our last report:—

On the 9th of June a collection, a portion of which belonged to Sir W. Call. It included—'Landscape, with a Cow and Sheep,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., £120 (Millar); 'Cottages,' with two figures and a white horse on a road, P. Nasmyth, 100 gs. (Crofts); 'Sir W. Raleigh in Durham House,' H. Wallis, 140 gs. (Bennett); 'Interior of a Highland Cottage,' J. Phillip, R.A., £162 (Bennett); 'The Babes in the Wood,' D. Maclise, R.A., £241 (Skeat); 'Bridge at the Junction of the Greta and the Tees,' T. Creswick, R.A., £115 (Millar); 'The Princes in the Tower,' Mrs. E. M. Ward, £141 (Bennett); 'The Conscript's Departure,' F. Goodall, R.A., 120 gs. (Millar); 'View near Newport, Isle of Wight,' P. Nasmyth, £97 (Skeat); 'Landscape,' J. Linnell, £99 (Skeat); 'A Warrior's Cradle,' D. Maclise, R.A., 200 gs. (Elatow); 'Devonshire Scenery,' P. R. Lee, R.A., £120 (Fitzpatrick); 'The Mouth of the Thames,' an early work of J. M. W. Turner, R.A., £307 (Colnaghi); 'The Noonday Meal,' W. Müller, £682 (Holmes); 'A Scene on the French Coast,' C. Stanfield, R.A., £473 (Vokins); 'A Lagger off the French Coast,' C. Stanfield, R.A., £514 (Gambart); 'Good Evening,' an autumnal scene, T. Creswick, R.A., £357 (Gambart); 'The Rugged Path,' P. F. Poole, R.A., £152 (King); 'Dutch Coast Scene,' E. W. Cooke, R.A., £294 (Holmes); 'Road Scene,' P. Nasmyth, £200 (Vokins); 'Re-establishment of Public Worship at Notre Dame, Antwerp,' Baron Leys, £183 (Pappelandamer); 'The Cornice Road,' C. Stanfield, R.A., £493 (Vokins).

On the following day the collection of water-colour drawings formed by the late Mr. J. R. Williams, of Liverpool, was sold. Among the pictures were—'Duck Shooting—Twilight,' J. Linnell, £50 (Agnew); 'Queen Elizabeth when Princess,' J. E. Millais, R.A., £35 (Newman); 'Apples, Black Grapes, and Raspberry,' W. Hunt, £45 (Vokins); 'Wolf's Hope,' from *Guy Rannering*, J. M. W. Turner, R.A., £138 (Gibbs); 'Interior of the Cathedral, Bruges,' L. Haghe, £44 (Bullock); 'Peach, Green and Purple Grapes,' W. Hunt, £75 (Poirmain); 'Lochmaben Castle,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., £68 (Agnew); 'Landscape,' with cattle, J. B. Willis, £43 (Agnew); 'Nectarine, Purple and White Grapes,' W. Hunt, £79 (Newman); 'View on the Meuse,' C. Stanfield, R.A., £115 (Agnew); 'Scotch Cattle,' a sketch in sepia by Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, 60 gs. (Agnew); 'Autumn Leaves—Brochure,' F. Warren, £41 (Newman); 'Christ Preaching Humility,' G. Cattermole, £73 (Cox); 'A Woman seated in a Chair,' W. Hunt, £90 (Agnew); 'A Fête Champêtre,' F. Goodall, R.A., £234 (Agnew); 'Collecting Sheep after a Storm,' F. Taylor, £157 (Vokins); 'Milan Cathedral,' L. Haghe, £136 (Agnew); 'Miss Elite,' from *Black House*, J. Gilbert, £204 (Agnew); 'Interior of St. Mark's, Venice,' L. Haghe, £252 (Gambart).

Messrs. Christie & Co. sold on the 30th of June and the day following a considerable number of pictures and drawings taken from different collections. Among the latter were, 'Troopers on the March,' F. Taylor, £68 (Vokins); 'Hawking in the Olden Time,' F. Taylor, £75 (Vokins); 'Heidelberg Castle,' D. Roberts, R.A., £82 (White); 'Dover,' D. Cox, £50 (McLean); 'Cows and Sheep,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., £68 (Graves); 'Fishing-Boats returning to Port on the Zuyder Zee,' E. W. Cooke, R.A., 110 gs. (Wardell); 'Rydal Lake,' J. B. Pyne, £86 (Hartley); 'Canterbury Meadows,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 100 gs. (Ludlow); 'Days of Peace,' J. Warley, £72 (Wright).

On the 10th of July Messrs. Christie sold the drawings, sketches, and pictures, in the possession of the late Mr. W. D. Kennedy at the time of his death; among the oil paintings were his 'Border Outlaws,' 'The Bandit Mother,' and 'Italy,' &c. &c. The whole sold well.

HENRI DEUX WARE.

CERAMIC Art has no more curious history than that connected with the ware distinguished by the name of Henri II. of France. It is at once most artistic and varied in design, fine in fabric, and unique in manipulation. Its variety is excessive, proving that it must always have been *poterie de luxe*; the arms or monograms upon it are of royal or noble houses; while, as no two pieces are alike, and all of elaborate design, it is self-evident that the highest ability was brought to bear upon them. The utmost research has only succeeded in proving the existence of fifty-two pieces; of these twenty-five are in France, twenty-six in England, and one in Russia.

The mystery that enveloped the history of this manufacture seemed, till lately, impenetrable; nothing was known of the place where, or the persons by whom, it was constructed. M. André Potier, of Ronen, in 1839, was the first to call it Henri II. ware, from the emblems found upon it, but he considered it to be the work of Florentine artists. M.M. Thoré and Tainturier attributed it to Ascanio, a pupil of Benvenuto Cellini; another, because a G was found repeated on the ewer belonging to Mr. Magniac, assigned to it a still more remote period—namely, Girolamo Della Robbia. After many years of research, French writers on Ceramic Art came to the conclusion that it was made in the neighbourhood of Tours, as the larger number of pieces came directly from this town. It was also conjectured that the pottery must have originated with some artist unconnected with the ordinary trade, save one probably who had worked in metal, for its mode of ornamentation resembled the inlaying of goldsmith's work. As the badges and monograms of Francis I. and Henry II. most frequently appeared upon it, it was thought to have been like fine Sévres, constructed for royal use, a luxurious experiment in fictile Art.

Suddenly and unexpectedly, the clouds which hid this chapter of history from our view were cleared by a provincial antiquary, M. Benjamin Pillon, of Poitiers, who while prosecuting his researches among ancient family documents, was enabled to prove from among them the facts so long desired. This pottery was manufactured at Oiron, near Thouars (Deux Sévres), the district already presumed from other causes; and it was made to please a wealthy lady, Helene de Hangest-Genlis (who died 1537), widow of Artus Gouffier, and mother of Claude Gouffier, Grand Ecuycr de France, a man celebrated for his tastes in Art. Their secretary and librarian was Jean Bernard, who furnished designs for ornamental bindings; and it is not a little curious that long before this was known, it was stated that metal stamps similar to those used by bookbinders must have been employed in decorating these works, for the great peculiarity of the coloured ornamentation consists in its not having been painted, but inlaid with coloured clays, cut to fit stamped spaces made in the surface for its reception. A potter named Francois Charpentier, assisted in the work. Many of the ciphers, therefore, must now connect themselves with the family of Gouffier, the arms of William Gouffier being the central ornament of a salver in the South Kensington Museum; and his initials being placed round the ewer in the possession of H. Magniac, Esq., the finest and most important work in existence of this manufacture. It will be at once felt that this curious

discovery completely accounts for all the peculiarities of this unique ware, and singularly corroborates the shrewd conjectures of the students in ceramic history.

It may be interesting to some of our readers to know the history of the twenty-six pieces of this ware now in England; what they have cost at the various sales, showing the increased prices they have attained; from whence obtained, and to whom they belong. With the exception of the candlestick recently purchased for the South Kensington Museum, and Mr. Malcolm's exquisite biberon, all the following pieces were exhibited at the Loan Exhibition in 1862.

OWNER.	OBJECT.	WHENCE OBTAINED.
H. Maguire, Esq.	Ewer	Oliot Col. 1812, 496.
Sir A. Rothschild	Ewer	Strawberry Hill, 1842, £20.
Ditto	Ewer	De Monville Sale, £140.
Ditto	Candlestick.	Préaux Col. 1850, £295.
Ditto	Hamp.	De Bruce Col. 1849, £20.
Ditto	Tazza	Préaux Col. 1850, £44.
Ditto	Bonquetière.	Bought at Tours for £48, about 20 years since.
Ditto	Cup cover	Unknown.
A. Fontaine, Esq.	Candlestick.	These three pieces were bought in France by Sir A. Fontaine, about 120 years since.
Ditto	Salt-cellar	Bought of Madame De launay, price unknown.
Baron L. de Rothschild	Biberon	Strawberry Hill, 1842, £21.
Ditto	Salt-cellar	Préaux Col. 1850, £20.
Duke of Hamilton	Tazza	Rattier Col. 1859, £250.
Ditto	Salt-cellar	Rattier's Sale, 1859, £80.
H. T. Hope, Esq.	Ewer (no foot)	De Bruce Col. 1849, £16.
Ditto	Ewer	De Bruce Col. 1849, £20.
M. T. Smith, Esq.	Ewer	Bought as Palissy in 1850, £10.
South Kensington Museum	Dish	Exposit. Sale, 1857, £140.
Ditto	Tazza	Bought at Poitiers for 50s.; cost Museum £100.
Ditto	Candlestick.	Purchased in 1864, £750.
Ditto	{ Tazza and cover	Préaux Sale, 1850, £60.
Ditto	{ Salt-cellar	Soldikoff Sale, 1861, £450.
Ditto	{ Salt-cellar	Soldikoff Sale, 1861, £265.
S. Addington, Esq.	Salt-cellar	Rattier's Sale, 1859, £150.
G. Field, Esq.	Salt-cellar	Unknown.
J. Malcolm, Esq.	Biberon	Pourtales Sale, Paris, £1,100.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

A COLLECTION of valuable and extremely interesting drawings is now to be seen at the Crystal Palace, consisting of works by deceased and living artists, that have been lent for exhibition by the different proprietors—W. Leaf, Esq.; W. Quilter, Esq.; F. Fuller, Esq.; and H. W. Phillips, Esq.—and containing precious examples of the best times of Robson, David Cox, Dewint, Prout, George Cattermole, J. D. Harding, R. P. Bonnington, W. Hunt; and of those still with us—of Frederick Taylor, E. W. Cooke, R.A.; J. Lewis, R.A.; C. Stanfield, R.A.; F. W. Topham, Joseph Nash, &c., &c. If Mr. Wass can secure a succession of such exhibitions at the Crystal Palace, he will merit the best thanks of all admirers of water-colour pictures. The drawings by Robson are 'Ely Cathedral' (27), 'Nant Frangon' (28), and 'Durham Cathedral,' they take us back forty or fifty years, and strongly exemplify that of which the founders of the school were ambitious. There is much grandeur in 'Nant Frangon'; but it is too much cut up. By Dewint are 'At Lincoln' (74), 'Still Life' (75), 'Bridge with Cattle' (76), and 'Old Mill at Arundel' (12)—the last the most important. The buildings here are relieved by dense foliage, marvellous for its individuality and roundness, but poor in colour from the masses having been washed out and left. 'Lindeman Ashore' (26), by Prout, is glowing with the golden hues that this painter employed with such effect; it is certainly much more carefully worked out than his later drawings that became so pre-emptory in manner. Those admirers of

David Cox who may have seen only the sublimity of his latter summer, will be enchanted with some of the small studies in this collection, as 'Bolton Abbey—Evening' (50), 'Hayfield' (54), 'Horse Fair at Birmingham' (57), 'Rocks—North Wales' (55), 'Fort Rouge, Galais' (52); and let those who insist that Cox was nothing if not material, look at 'Palace on the Banks of a River' (58), and say if there was ever anything sweeter in ideal art. He loved the realities of Bettes more than the ideal; but this drawing testifies to the quality of the romance that was in him. Here are also some of Cattermole's most remarkable drawings. Who that has seen them can forget 'The Darnley Conspirators' (66), 'The Assassins of David Rizzio' (72), 'Trying the Sword' (65), 'The Escape' (70), 'The Baron's Hall' (71), and 'Shakespeare reciting his first Birthday Ode to Sir Thomas Lucy' (92)? Of this artist's drawings there are not fewer than fifteen. Louis Haghe is represented by 'The Oath of Vargas' (17), a large drawing, executed in 1811, with more power and substance, but less of elegant finish, than his works of later date. Topham's principal drawing is 'Goldsmith when at Trinity College, Dublin, hearing one of his own Ballads sung, and giving away his last Farthing' (93); with this are two others. John Gilbert's drawings are 'Scene from Richard the Third' (82), and 'The King's Kettle-drums and Trumpets' (83)—two memorable examples. Those by F. Taylor are 'Moss Troopers' (88), 'Girl with Fowl' (39). By J. F. Lewis, 'Caged Doves'—a brilliant study of a Harum Girl. A small and simple study by Bonnington is 'On the French Coast' (18); but from one drawing the singular versatility of this artist cannot be understood. Of John Varley there is a memento, 'London from Greenwich' (40); of J. D. Harding two, 'Frascati' (40), with another; and of Turner, one, 'Leatherhead' (87). Of C. Stanfield, R.A., one, 'Bridge over the Dovoria' (86). To name a few more of this really valuable collection, there are—'The Campaign of Rome' (23), Newton; 'On the Locky' (29), T. M. Richardson; 'Hart o' Corrie, Skye,' Collingwood Smith; 'Hastings' (59), E. W. Cooke, R.A.; 'On the Welsh Mountains,' E. Duncan; 'Aldringham Churchyard' (84), W. Hunt, and by the same a charming study of fruit; 'Tomb of Edward the Black Prince at Canterbury' (103), by Joseph Nash; with an ample catalogue of others that we cannot even name—how deserving, soever, all may be of high commendation.

The thanks of the public are eminently due to the gentlemen who, on this and former occasions, have so unselfishly lent the treasures of their homes for the enjoyment and instruction of others.

ART-EXHIBITION AT ALTON TOWERS.

THE COMMITTEE of the "Wedgwood Memorial Institute"—the foundation of which admirable institution was, it will be recollected, laid by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, in the autumn of 1863—very wisely determined a few months ago upon organising an Art-exhibition for the purpose of aiding the funds for raising the noble building which is being erected at Burslem, in the very centre of the Potteries. This scheme has been brought to a most successful issue, and the exhibition was opened with considerable *clat* on the 10th of July. The project, as soon as broached, was received with favour by all parties, and offers of assistance by way of loan flowed in on all sides. Application was made to the Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot for permission to hold the exhibition in the grounds of his fine mansion, Alton Towers, to which he gave a cordial assent. The authorities at South Kensington, too, were communicated with, and they promised to aid the project by loan of a large number of examples from the Museum. The Committee of Council on Education, in approving the scheme, expressed an opinion "that this exhibition may be made the inauguration

of a series of county exhibitions, to take place annually, at which many valuable works of Art may be usefully brought to light for the benefit of Art-instruction," and the Committee agreed to furnish a series of examples, free of expense, to the exhibition. This loan forms a conspicuous and highly-interesting feature in the collection brought together at Alton, where the objects are intermixed with loans from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lords Lyttelton, Lichfield, and Clifton, the Earl of Harrowly, the Duke of Leeds, the Earl of Dartmouth, Mr. D. C. Marjoribanks, Mr. Mayer, Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, Mrs. Marsh Cauldwell, Sir William Fitzherbert; Mr. Phillips, Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, Mr. Rowbottom, Mr. Agnew, Mr. Beresford-Hope, Mr. Melley, and others.

The exhibition was publicly inaugurated by the Right Hon. Earl Granville, President of the Council, and was a most successful and brilliant affair. His lordship arrived at Alton Towers shortly after one o'clock, accompanied by the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot and other distinguished personages, and escorted by a detachment of the Staffordshire Yeomanry Cavalry. The ceremony took place in the drawing-room and drawing-room gallery, which were filled with a brilliant assemblage of visitors, among whom were the Duke of Manchester, the Marquis of Waterford, Viscount Ingestre, the Marquis of Ailesbury, Lord Lyvedon, Lord Sherburne, the Right Hon. C. H. Adderley, Mr. E. Buller, Mr. Beresford-Hope, Mr. Grenfell, &c., &c.

The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, having taken the chair, opened the proceedings in a brief speech, in which he bid the committee and guests welcome to his mansion, and assured them of the pleasure he had in throwing it open to so good a cause as that of doing honour to the memory of such a man as Josiah Wedgwood. Earl Granville then delivered an admirable inaugural address, in which he spoke of the efforts that have of late been made to atone for the neglect of Wedgwood, of his high and noble character, and of the benefits which his abilities, his skill, and his enterprise had conferred on his native county, and on the kingdom at large. Having also spoken at length on the advantages which must arise from the establishment of such an institution as the "Wedgwood Memorial Institute" at Burslem, and of the educational value of such exhibitions as the present, his lordship concluded his address amid loud cheering from all parts of the room. A vote of thanks to Earl Granville, proposed by Viscount Ingestre, and seconded by Mr. Beresford-Hope, was carried by acclamation, and his lordship returned thanks. The Earl of Shrewsbury having vacated the chair, it was taken by the Right Hon. C. H. Adderley, when Mr. Buller proposed, and Mr. Grenfell seconded, a vote of thanks to the noble earl for giving the executive the use of his mansion for the purposes of the exhibition, and for having presided on that occasion. The Earl of Shrewsbury having responded, presented the key of the entrance door of the exhibition to Earl Granville; and their lordships, with Mr. Adderley and the guests, immediately proceeded to open the exhibition, by passing through the various rooms and galleries appropriated to that purpose. After this, an elegant luncheon was served, at which all the noble and distinguished guests were present.

The exhibition itself is contained in "the Armoury," "the Picture Gallery," "the Octagon Room," and "the Tabot Gallery," a continuous suite of rooms, extending about 450 feet in length. The collection consists of oil paintings, water-colour drawings, armour, photographs, examples of carving, &c., &c., as well as a fine collection of old Wedgwood wares, and a choice assemblage of ceramic productions of different makers, ages, and styles, and a number of articles of *vertu*, from the collections of Mr. Beresford-Hope and others.

The exhibition is intended to remain open until September, and we shall report fully upon some of its treasures, with especial reference to those bearing upon Wedgwood and his productions, in our next number. We wish the exhibition the most noble success, and shall recur to it with pleasure.

ART-RAMBLES IN BELGIUM.

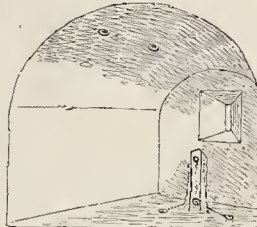
CHAPTER II.

ANTWERP still preserves many buildings public and private that existed in that stormy period of the city's history—the era of Spanish rule under the cruel Duke of Alva. Motley, in his remarkable history of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," has remarked with truth, that no "historic doubter" can possibly take his defence in hand, though they have done that of a Robespierre or a Marat. "Human invention is incapable of outstripping the truth upon this subject. His own letters, and the official records of the Spanish court, are more than enough to prove himself and his master, Philip II., monsters of cold-hearted ferocity." This "most Christian" king, simply because his Protestant subjects objected to the external paraphernalia of his faith, and the introduction of the Spanish Inquisition, devoted a whole country to torture and death. His actions and those of his general "seem almost like a caricature; as a creation of fiction they would seem grotesque;" yet they fill the pages of sober history, compiled from official documents of icy coldness. Indiscriminate massacre or slow torture destroyed hundreds of thousands of Belgic people. When his Majesty heard that many had, spite of all torture, declared their faith at the stake, and rejoiced on their road to death, he ordered that they should be gagged, and ultimately that they should be secretly destroyed in the dungeons of their prisons. The king, who was never seen to smile or be gay, except for a few days, after he received the news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, provided fitting dungeons for his fatal purpose. Follow

feet of the unfortunate prisoner. This has a window a few inches wide, but many are without, and in suffocating darkness, like the third, which is fitted for the worst purposes, the dark hole in the floor opening down into a pit beneath the prisons, whence the tortured bodies disappeared for ever. The central cell of our triplicate of horrors is the cell of examination; the post and chains to which the questioned were affixed, remain. The holes in the arched

roof will be noticed, through which the voice of the tortured ascended to an upper chamber, where the secretary of "the holy office," with official *sang froid*, took down what was said. It is with a sigh of relief we again reach the fresh air of the open street, after a visit to such an unwholesome monument of religious hate and cruelty.

Externally this building is not without the picturesque character never unassociated with

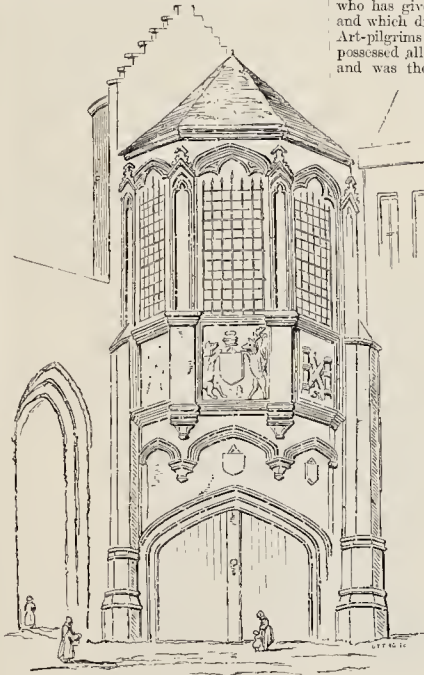


DUNGEONS OF THE INQUISITION, ANTWERP.

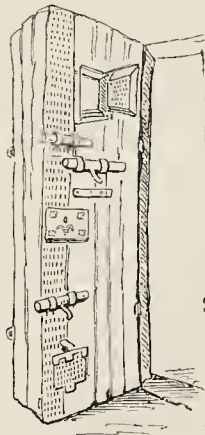
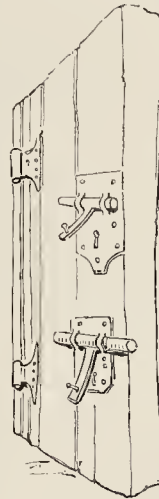
medieval architecture. Numberless quaint houses and picturesque "bits" reward the pedestrian in Antwerp. "La vicille Boncherie" is in this category, its quaint character obtaining an additional charm from the irregularity of its position. It is one of the oldest buildings in the town.

We must turn from old buildings, however fascinating, and study the works of the artist who has given Antwerp an immortal renown, and which draw towards them the footsteps of Art-pilgrims from all civilised countries. Rubens possessed all a Fleming's love for pagantry, and was the proper artist for princes. The wealth of colour and richness of imagination exhibited in his allegorical and historic designs, and some few of his religious pictures,—as 'The Adoration of the Magi,'—evinced a tendency to

gold plate and jewellery, satin, brocade, and velvet. Yet at the proper time he knew how to be tender, even to the tenderness of simple domesticity; witness his 'St. Anne teaching the Virgin to Read,' a picture remarkable for beauty: the group of angels hovering above them is as bright and fresh as the bunch of roses they hold in their hands. This tenderness is still more visible in an episode in that noble picture, 'The Elevation of the Cross,' the first great public work executed by Rubens after his return from Italy. Here, amid the groups of terrified and horror-stricken women, stand the Virgin and St. John, their hands locked together as if seeking comfort from mutual sympathy. St. John fixes his mournful gaze on his dying Lord; the Virgin casts a side glance of anguish in that direction—a look full of woe and desolation—as if she could not bear to take in the full sight of the agony which that spectacle



PRISON OF THE INQUISITION.



THE PRISON DOOR.

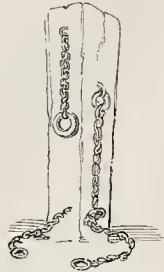
your guide through the tortuous streets of old Antwerp, and the gloomy prison may yet be seen. Its outer doors of solid oak, strengthened by iron plates, and secured by numerous bolts, lead to cells in which imagination sickens. Three are here represented. The first, of the most usual order, is about seven feet high and six feet wide, and is furnished with a post and chains, with rings to secure the neck, hands, and

presents. These two figures in their sad-coloured and grave drapery give solemn power, artistically, to the whole group. In the picture of 'The Dead Christ bewailed by the Virgin' there is still greater passion: the head of the Saviour is terribly faithful as a transcript of death by suffering; the Virgin averts her head in painful consciousness, with the deep anguish of a mother; the Magdalen weeps with clenched

hands, but her sorrow is without the maternal poignancy. Such pictures may never be painted again: they belong to a past race, like the cathedrals that enshrine them, and which we can now scarcely imitate. There is a deep-seated reflective sorrow in the face of the good centurion as he gazes on his dying Saviour upon the cross; he leans forward upon his horse, abstracted from all other worldly thought, with

an attentive sorrowful gaze. The sorrow of the Magdalen is more poignant: her extended hands stretched imploringly towards the brutal soldier who is piercing the Saviour's side, as if to prevent this last outrage, is one of those touches of nature which go home to the heart.

Rubens is often, and sometimes justly, accused



IN THE PRISON, ANTWERP.

of coarseness in his pictures of martyrdoms. In the gallery at Brussels is a terrible example, in which a saint's tongue is torn from the living mouth. That he could feel more properly is proved by his treatment of the 'Martyrdom of St. John,' now in the cathedral at Malines. We



ST. ANNE—RUBENS.

copy the figure of the saint: the face full of the expression of faith and confidence, looking upward, and upward only, for he casts no thought towards the boiling caldron in which the executioners are placing him. Irrespective of its touching "motive," there is great grace in the



THE VIRGIN AND ST. JOHN—RUBENS.

pose of this figure. In his 'Peste d'Alost,' there is much of the same quiet grace, as may be seen in the figure we select therefrom. The trustful hope and resignation of this man as he gazes on the saint is very tender.

His great pupil, Vandyke, is second only to

his master. In the same cathedral is his version of 'The Crucifixion,' from which we select the figures of the two thieves. They are as powerfully contrasted as those painted by Rubens in his more celebrated work. The one on the right of the cross, with distorted features and distended chest, is hopelessly dying in sin; but the other, over whose cramped and tortured limbs the lassitude of approaching death seems already creeping (so beautifully tokened by

the drooping hand which hangs helpless and relaxed over the cross), bears an expression of pleased resignation and humble hope.

The dead Christ in the arms of his mother, surrounded by weeping angels, is copied from a sketch by Vandyke, formerly in the Van Schamps collection at Ghent. It is remarkable for tenderness, pathos, and grace.

Malines is happy in the possession of one of the greatest of Rubens' works, 'The Mira-



THE DEAD CHRIST—RUBENS.

culon. Draught of Fishes.' It is one of the brightest, richest, and most brilliant pictures that perhaps ever issued even from his hand. It is full of life and expression, combined with great grace. Witness the two disciples who are lifting the net, the younger beckoning to his partners in the other vessel, and the elder intent on the haul; the pose of both is admirably con-

ceived; but the idea of the original is wanted to fully comprehend its artistic power. The subordinate parts of this noble picture, the brilliant colours of the various fish, the waves with their foam blowing off in the wind, the sandy beach with its shells, and the bird fluttering over all, are faithful to nature and beautiful as examples of such Art-realizations.



"LA VIEILLE BOUCHERIE."

The rich store of artistic wealth in these sacred edifices of Belgium is astonishing to many money-loving travellers, for they represent large sums, and the fraternities who own them are not always among the richest; but they have an innate love of Art, and a pride in the possession of works that can attract men of all countries and creeds toward them. This feeling is not yet fully understood in England, nor

the pride with which a Belgian regards the painters of his native land; it is as if he shared in the honours the world has awarded them, saying, "I too am a Belgian," as the enthusiastic master of the olden time exclaimed, "I too am an artist." It bears the nearest resemblance to the zeal of the old Italians, who honoured and loved artists more than they did warriors, statesmen, or princes.

There is still much in these cathedrals and churches, despite the fearful havoc once made in them, to remind the spectator of the days of old. The Romish ritual prides itself on its unchanging nature; in this country all the appointments of the church conform to the mediæval standard; and while the Italian church, with its light operatic music, its theatrical decoration, and its undignified costume, leaves very few solemn impressions on the



THE GOOD CENTURION.

mind, the great festivals of the Belgian cathedrals possess an innate dignity and grandeur which cannot fail to affect even those who may not adhere to the faith that has called them into existence. There is a regal dignity surrounding these great celebrations, nor is there anything trifling in the conduct of them. The late architect Pugin, than whom no one could be more devoted to his Church, was as honestly



ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

unsparing of his sarcasms on the weakness and want of dignity visible in its modern ceremonies and costumes as he was on modern architectural abortions at home and abroad. He has shown, in his admirable "Glossary of Ecclesiastical Costume," how the priestly guise has degenerated from the grandeur of the middle ages. In Belgium we may still see costumes as grand as the priestly dresses in the pictures of Titian, or the noble figure of Loyola, now one

of the greatest pictorial treasures of Warwick Castle.

Those who are conversant with early paint-

ings, or the so-called "illuminated" manuscripts of the same era, and which are often very valuable exponents of the manners and



THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. JOHN.

customs of past ages (as has been abundantly shown in our pages by Messrs. Wright and

as a sample of the whole; it is a funeral bier, covered with the cross-embroidered pall, and surrounded by tall wax tapers. It is a sketch of to-day, but in no degree differs from one that might have been made in the fourteenth century, so completely identical is every feature of the modern with the ancient style.



Fairholt), will at once detect the unchanged character of much they will see in this interesting country. We give a small instance merely

The Roman Catholic Church preserved this rigid adherence to good old forms until the court of Rome became in itself corrupt and care-



less. The reign of the Borgias was as fatal to manners as to morals. Even in its most

solemn, and, we may add, its most cruel ceremonies, the taste of the theatre predominated

over that of the church. Witness the memento of sanguinary old times preserved in the church of St. Saviour at Bruges. This faded and tim-

stained relic is the banner once triumphantly carried before the victims of the Inquisition. The figure of St. Dominic that once surmounted

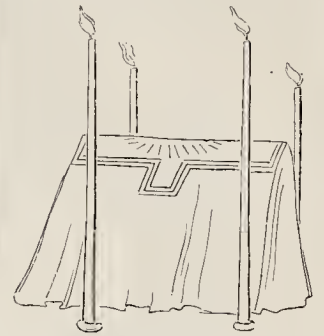
his mind as a proof of the benignity of the Creator. With some such feeling let us look upon the mental works of the great masters in Art, unchanging in a world of change, or even improving as teachers, as time grows older, and the greed of wealth covers us as with a fog-cloud.

In one of the Antwerp churches is a relic of



it has decayed by age, and gives place to the crozier, pastoral-staff, and mitre of the archbishop. The central painting represents the adoration of the Virgin and Child by saints and angels; it is mounted on crimson satin, and edged with

gold fringe; but it is impossible to look on its faded hues, with the remembrance of its original use, without a shudder, and a grateful feeling that the spread of intelligence among the laity, and the establishment of the printing-press, has,



A FUNERAL BIER.

the great painter Rubens, more "personal" in its character than any other the city has to show, if we except the painting-chair which he constantly used in his studio, now preserved in the picture gallery of the town. The church of St. Jacques required for its altar a new railing, and the rich townsmen each gave something towards a handsome one of bronze. The contribution appears to have amounted to a



Petrus RUBEENS
J.C. A. 1626

we hope for ever, banished such unchristian cruelty from any church purporting to be founded on the words of Him who came to save rather than condemn, and who has taught us that "God is love."

In the holier thoughts inspired by these old

buildings, in the purer feelings evinced in the works of these old artists, let us walk through the happy and prosperous kingdom of Belgium, with the calm placidity of a philosophic mind. Pictures are to our walls what parterres are to our flower-gardens. To those who look



THE BANNER OF THE INQUISITION.



FROM A SKETCH BY VANDYCKE.

not below the surface, a flower may be a pretty trifle to pluck, to smell, or look at, and cast aside to die; but to a properly constituted mind, like that of our great poet Wordsworth, "a

yellow primrose" is infinitely more than so simple a thing as it appears to the unreflective. It was to him "a thing of beauty" in its exquisite colour and form; a "joy for ever" to

halustrade each; that given by Rubens is inscribed with his name, and the date of the gift; his coat of arms is also placed in its centre, which we have engraved beside it, on a larger scale. The opposite coat is that of one of his fellow-contributors, and will remind the reader of the "merchants' marks" often seen in our own churches and on mediæval tombs.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.

NEVER since the establishment of this institution has it been our pleasing task to speak of it in terms so satisfactory as at the present time, and this not only from the success of the pupils themselves, but also from the solid foundation on which the school now rests. The annual meeting and distribution of medals and prizes took place, on the 24th of June, at the Museum of Geology, Jernyn Street, when we learned from the report read at the meeting that the number of pupils had increased from eighty-nine last year to one hundred and seventeen on the books of this year. In the month of March, no fewer than one hundred and five drawings and paintings were sent to South Kensington to compete for local medals: of these twenty-five were awarded, and three drawings received "honourable mention." Eleven of the works which gained medals were selected for national competition, and to these by Miss M. E. Juiyan, Miss S. Macgregor, and Miss L. Dixon, respectively, were awarded national medallions. Later in the same month the government inspector visited the school, when the examination for the second grade was held. Forty-nine pupils presented themselves for examination in free-hand, geometrical, perspective, and model drawing, when twenty-one students obtained cards for having passed, and sixteen obtained prizes for having in addition the word "excellent" marked on their drawings by the inspector. One student, Miss E. Wilkinson, passed in all four subjects, with the mark of "excellent" to each, and Miss H. Pyne and Miss M. Gardner respectively obtained the same mark to three of their works. Fifteen students competed for the third grade examination held at South Kensington.

But while we congratulate Miss Gann, lady-superintendent of the school, on the success which has followed her able instructions in the class-room, we are still more gratified to know that her indefatigable labours to obtain suitable accommodation for her pupils promise at length to accomplish the object. For the last four or five years Miss Gann, assisted by the committee of the school and by others, has been endeavouring to raise a fund for rebuilding the house in Queen's Square where the pupils have long assembled: it has long been found too small and altogether inconvenient for the purpose. The bazaar, held in the summer of 1864, at South Kensington, under the patronage of the Queen, and presided over by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, produced a sum—above £2,400—which enabled the committee of the Female School to commence the task of reconstruction. A portion of the money was set apart to complete the final purchase of the premises, and the balance goes to the payment of the builder's contract, the works being now in progress. The committee has endeavoured, with the strictest regard to economy, to provide for the thorough and efficient working of the school, as well as for the personal comfort of the pupils. The principal class-room is to be forty-seven feet long by twenty-seven feet wide, and of a corresponding height. The other apartments will be such as to afford accommodation for the reception of two hundred students, with all the requisite conveniences and appliances to render the institution a most efficient place of instruction, and at the same time self-supporting. We may add that Her Majesty had graciously responded to the application which had been made in aid of the school, and has promised to contribute annually the sum of £10 towards the establishment of a "Queen's scholarship." The committee very properly attributed the satisfactory condition of the institution to the judicious superintendence and management of Miss Gann, and the valuable aid rendered by her assistants, Miss Wilson, Miss De la Bclmaye, and Miss M. A. Williams.

Mr. Bruce, Vice-President of the Board of Education, presided at the meeting and distributed the prizes. Mr. Westmacott, R.A., and the Rev. E. Bayley, Rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, addressed the students and their friends, congratulating the former on the progress they had made, and urging upon them renewed efforts.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.—The Earl of Derby has suggested to the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education the expediency of holding an exhibition of portraits—oil pictures—similar to the miniature collection recently opened to the public. His lordship says, "I have long thought that such an exhibition, chronologically arranged, might not only possess great historical interest by bringing together portraits of all the most eminent contemporaries of their respective eras, but might also serve to illustrate the process and condition, at various periods, of British Art. My idea, therefore, would be to admit either portraits of eminent men, though by inferior or unknown artists; or portraits by eminent artists, though of obscure or unknown individuals. I have, of course, no means of knowing or estimating the number of such portraits which may exist in the country; but I am persuaded that, exclusive of the large collections in many great houses, there are very many scattered about by ones, and twos, and threes in private families, the owners of which, though they could not be persuaded to part with them, would willingly spare them for a few months for a public object." The Lords of the Committee consider the noble earl's suggestions very valuable, and will carry into effect, next year, an exhibition in accordance with them generally. They propose to constitute a committee of advice, and to invite the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery to be members of it. Mr. S. Redgrave is to be requested to undertake the special charge of carrying this minute into effect. In dealing with Lord Derby's excellent proposition, the Committee will have to take into consideration two objects differing in a great measure from each other; whether the exhibition is to be one of mere Art-work only, a chronological display of the state of portrait-painting at different epochs; or whether it is to be one of eminent individuals: if the former, portraits of anybody, known or unknown, will be admissible, so long as they are the work of artists of distinction; if the latter, the exhibition must be limited to portraits having historical interest; and this, we believe, will be the better and more popular plan.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The "Garvagh" Raffaele, which is known to have been purchased for the National Collection, is now hung on a screen in the Italian room, between a picture by Perugino and the Madonna by his famous pupil. The picture was known as the "Aldebrandini" Raffaele, and was brought to this country many years ago by Mr. Day. We do not know at what cost Lord Garvagh obtained it, but it is said that the price asked by Mr. Day was only seventeen hundred pounds or guineas, between which and the nine thousand that have now been paid for it, the difference is accounted for by the fact that emperors and kings are now the competitors when the finest examples of Art come into the market. The picture is reported to have been deposited at Coutts's, and the price first asked was more than that for which it was sold. It is one of the most lovely of Raffaele's small pictures, and quite fit to hang side by side of the "Madonna della Seggiola" in the Pitti, which it so far resembles that it presents a group of the Virgin, the infant Saviour, and St. John. The background is composed of a pier and two arches, through which are seen landscape and buildings; every por-

tion of these, together with the figures, is minutely finished, constituting it one of the most precious of the master's easel works. The other recent additions to the gallery are a landscape with ruins by Ruysdael, a portrait of a lawyer by Moroni, a portrait of Philip IV. by Velasquez, and a study of a dead warrior attributed to Velasquez; three of these are unsurpassed in the different classes to which they belong. The Ruysdael is a small picture, containing as principal objects a ruin and a group of trees, beyond which, on the left, there is a glimpse of distance. The near ground, which is most beautifully manipulated, is a piece of rough bottom containing a pool of water. The picture is dated 1673, and has been intended for a speciality. It contains more light and life than the Oppenheim picture on the other side of the room. The portrait by Moroni must rank as one of the finest head studies of the Venetian school. That of the "tailor" by the same painter will not bear comparison with it: the head has been most judiciously lighted and admirably worked out. The portrait of Philip IV. by Velasquez, simply a head and shoulders, is a gem, and in it we see what Wilkie means when he says that the principle of our best portraitists and that of Velasquez are identical; that wherever Velasquez is admired, English Art must be appreciated. The mask of the dead warrior attributed to Velasquez, is so extremely hard and dry as to look unfinished. Some of the works of this great painter would perhaps have gained by glazing, but the purity and essential beauty of the portrait of Philip IV. would have been destroyed by being richly glazed. Whether the dead warrior is by Velasquez or not, the picture wants a glaze.

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—The Exhibition may now be considered complete; but we are not yet in a condition to report its existing state. Jurors have, we understand, been selected. Their names, however, have not been announced, and we are in ignorance as to their fitness for the important duties they will have to discharge. Visitors continue to flow into Ireland, tempted not only by the Exhibition, but by the fine weather, and the attractions of the grand and beautiful scenery of that interesting country.

By Mr. F. E. Church, the painter of 'The Heart of the Andes,' there are to be seen at McLean's gallery, in the Haymarket, 'Cotopaxi,' 'Chimborazo,' and a representation of the Aurora Borealis as it appears in the arctic regions. Cotopaxi, which is the most remarkable of the South American volcanoes, rises amid the eastern chain of the Andes—the apex of the cone standing at an altitude of 18,838 feet above the level of the ocean; but the seeming plateau from which the cone rises is 9,000 feet above the sea. The real height, therefore, as presented from Mr. Church's point of view, does not appear; still, although seen at the distance of fifty miles, it is of great height. The time is sunrise, but the sun is obscured by the smoke that spreads from the black column shot forth from the summit, even to the distance of fifty miles from the mountain. The scene impresses the mind as one of those rocky solitudes that have maintained their present aspect since the last disruption of the surface, when the world was many thousands of years younger than it now is. The view of Chimborazo has been taken from the banks of the River Guayaquil, near the city of that name, and at the distance of a hundred miles from the mountain itself, which is

situated in Ecuador, and rises more than 21,000 feet above the sea level, and consequently some thousands of feet above the snow line which, near the equator, marks a height of upwards of 15,000 feet. Giving the artist all credit for faithful transcription, the mountain,—though here painted as at the distance of a hundred miles,—seems to hang in the upper air a vast mass separated from the earth by the dense mists that settle beyond the Cordilleras, the line of which traversing the picture, limits the lower parts of the composition. This is a more cheerful picture than that of 'Cotopaxi'; it may be that the painter has intended them to contrast. Thus we have in the nearest section a glimpse of the clear and tranquil waters of the Guayaquil, a mirror framed, as it were, in a luxuriance of vegetation, not to be surpassed in any clime, and which is described minutely that a naturalist could easily define the botanical varieties. The 'Aurora Borealis' transports us to another region, the nearest land to the North Pole that has yet been reached by explorers. Considering the perfect truth of Mr. Church's versions of natural phenomena, the accuracy of this cannot be questioned; and, therefore, it is a picture that should be seen by meteorologists. 'Cotopaxi' and 'Chimborazo' are intended as pendants to 'The Heart of the Andes,' and they are well worthy of such companionship. To paint such pictures, Mr. Church must have travelled far and laboured assiduously—neither the scenery of his own, nor that of any other country, has ever been rendered with more of poetic truth, and in thus worthily celebrating his native land, we know not whether to admire most his genius or his patriotism.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The portrait of Campbell, the poet, which has been added to this collection, is that by Sir Thomas Lawrence—well known by the engraving—a knowledge of which causes some disappointment on seeing the picture, as, really, the latter is in many essential points the less happy production of the two. Campbell, perhaps, was not a very good subject; but more might have been made of the head than appears on this canvas. Again, there is near it another of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits—that of Sir James Mackintosh, in comparison with which the "Campbell" picture suffers in every way. There is also a head of Father Mathew, very well painted by Leahy; and a portrait of Queen Mary, the wife of William the Third, attributed to some unknown member of the school of Wissing. Although of the size of life, the latter looks small, reminding the observer of miniature-painting; and, like so many of the works of the time, the shade from the nose falls on what should be the lighted side of the face. The growing interest excited by this collection has induced the trustees to open the rooms three days in the week, and from 10 in the morning instead of 12, as heretofore. Thus, in future the rooms will be open in July and August, from 10 till 6; during September, from 10 till 5; from the 1st of October to the 1st of April, from 10 till 4; and during May and June, from 10 till 5. The visiting days hitherto have been Wednesday and Saturday; the additional day is Monday.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY TURNERS.—A selection of the National Gallery Turners has been produced in photography and published by Marion and Sons, of Soho Square. They are the work of Mr. Thurston Thompson, an artist who is unsurpassed in the power to multiply pictures by the art of which he is an eminent professor.

In this case he has had all possible facilities for securing accuracy; he has chosen only such works as could be rendered, passing over those of which it would be difficult to obtain copies—such as are "dashing" and undefined—and the result is a collection very striking in effects and very perfect as to all minor details; a faithful and instructive series of leading works by the great master. Generally, they are plain, but some of them are accurately coloured from the pictures. In either case they are valuable acquisitions, either for the portfolio or for framing.

DRAWINGS OF THE HOUSES OF LORDS AND COMMONS.—The drawings of the House of Lords, by Mr. Nash, of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, now to be seen at Messrs. Croxford's, 17, Regent Street, will amply satisfy the most fastidious lover of ornamentative detail. The particular occasion is the opening by her Majesty of the first session of the late Parliament. The view is taken from the extremity of the House, immediately opposite to the throne, and on each side are rows of peers and peeresses. But the arrangement and the painting of the figures, numerous as they are, cannot have taxed so much the patience of the artist as the complexity of decoration with which every available space is covered. In the picture there is more light than in the House itself; in the way of space, certainly nothing is lost; and the colours of the ladies' dresses and of the peers' robes are most skilfully broken and harmonised. The House of Commons has more of an every-day character. The view is taken, as in the other drawing, from the extreme centre, and, correspondingly, in front of the Speaker's chair, near which stands Lord Palmerston addressing the House. The rows of black coats present an aspect somewhat sombre in comparison with the bright and many-coloured array in the upper House. It may perhaps be said of these two drawings that they are too matter-of-fact; but we conceive they are intended to be so, as affording very minutely detailed pictures uncompromised by that arbitrary license which the majority of artists would consider indispensable to the subjects.

There is also at Messrs. Croxford's, 17, Regent Street, a portrait of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, painted by Mr. Reuben Sayers. It is of the size of life, and is what is called a three-quarter length figure, showing Mr. Gladstone standing with the left hand resting on a chair, and the right thrust within the breast of his coat, which is buttoned. The head is turned slightly to the left, with very much of that kind of expression which is habitual to the Chancellor when he is gathering up his thoughts in the course of an address; the likeness strikes the observer at once. The portrait will be engraved, and in the interests of both engraving and portrait-painting it may be observed that, though public portraits of our eminent men are now comparatively rare—a fact explained by the temporary popularity of photography—it cannot be supposed that such a state of things will continue; and the first sign of the revival is the subsidence of photographic portraiture to that level which it should properly occupy.

'AN EPISODE IN THE TIME OF THE TEST ACT' is the title given to a picture, painted by J. B. Macdonald, A.R.S.A., though more immediately one of the memorable scenes from "Old Mortality;" that wherein, in presence of the dragoon serjeant, the momentary dispute occurs between Milnwood and Ahe as to "punds Scots," or

"punds sterling," in reference to the douceur paid with the view of purchasing some consideration for the captive nephew. The characters are well conceived; but the picture, generally, is too low in tone; the principal impersonations might well have been brought more forward, and the others should have been more decidedly relieved. The picture is at Mr. Stuart's, 68, Fleet Street.

VISITORS TO THE ENGLISH LAKES will thank us for informing them that there is, at the head of the magnificent and beautiful district—at Keswick—an accomplished photographer, who has taken views of all the prominent, attractive, and famous points and objects in the locality, including, of course, the houses and burial-places of Southey, Wordsworth, and others, who have given to the Lakes a renown even greater than that they derive from Nature. Mr. A. Pettitt has built a somewhat large and very elegant gallery, one of the best adornments of the picturesque town. It contains an exhibition of pictures, chiefly the productions of himself and his brothers; for he is one of a family of excellent and popular artists. Here will be found many important paintings of neighbouring scenes, of which those who covet works more imposing than photographs may become possessors. The gallery is, indeed, a very great acquisition to the district, and is destined to furnish a large number of tourists with valuable memories.

THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY has issued a series of stereoscopic slides from subjects taken in the Dublin International Exhibition. They include exterior and interior views, but are especially interesting as copies of the leading works in sculpture, in which the exhibition is very rich. The collection is produced with the usual skill of the managers and operators of this company. They are of great interest and merit, and will be regarded as agreeable and useful records of the time and the place.

THE SOCIETY OF NOVIOMAGUS selected as the place of their annual excursion, this year, the city of Canterbury. They examined very minutely the "time-honoured" cathedral, under the guidance of George Godwin, Esq., F.R.S., and F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A., and were afterwards conducted by the Very Rev. the Dean into parts of the ancient structure not shown to casual visitors. Other ancient remains of the city were also inspected, and the visit yielded ample enjoyment as well as instruction to the members of the society and their invited friends.

MR. B. S. COHEN, the eminent pencil manufacturer, has invented and patented a very ingenious mode of preserving the pencil points from breaking. A light metal tube, easily moved up and down, covers the point, and effectually protects it while in the pocket. A very simple process is therefore all that is required when the pencil is for use. It is, to our thought, far preferable to the "ever-pointed," which too frequently infers never-pointed.

MR. JOUBERT'S "HELIOPLATINE" PICTURES.—It may be remembered that some time ago Mr. Joubert invented and patented a method of transferring photographs to glass, or, more properly, of printing them on glass in a manner similar to that whereby photographic printing is effected on paper. The glass intended to receive the picture may be crown or flatted, but it must be selected with the same care that a photographer would employ in choosing his plates for negatives. It is coated with a solution of ammonia mixed with honey

and albumen, then dried by means of a gas stove, after which, being placed in a pressuro frame, it will receive the picture in the ordinary way. The subject to be transferred to the prepared surface must be a positive on glass, or on transparent paper, whence, of course, a negative is printed, which, by a subsequent treatment, is made into a positive print. But as this process yielded prints which were seen only as transparencies, it became a desideratum with Mr. Joubert so far to improve his invention that they should be seen by direct or reflected light. With this view he caused plates of a semi-opaque material to be made, to which the name of opaline has been given, and on this substance the prints are seen either as prints on paper, or by transmitted light as transparencies. By the addition of colour these prints become pictures, and it will at once strike the artist that where the photographic means end, a process similar to that of enamelling must begin; and so it is, the colours and the subject are fixed upon the glass in the kiln. As to the commercial value of the patent, there is everything in favour of its being extensively popular; the price is extremely moderate, and the quality of the art may be of the highest and rarest. The subjects shown by Mr. Joubert are of all kinds—figure, landscape, sculptural, and arabesque; and as perfect and beautiful as is the subject, equally so is the transfer.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—The Annual Conversation of this Society has been held at their rooms, 9, Conduit Street, by invitation of the President, Mr. A. J. B. Beresford-Hope, and the Council. A variety of interesting objects and works of Art was exhibited as usual, among which were chiefly noticeable a selection from the magnificent series of coloured drawings, copies of ancient stained glass, by the late Mr. C. Winston, lent for the occasion by the South Kensington Museum, and a number of architectural drawings intended for the Art-exhibition at Alton Towers. In addition to the above, the galleries of the Architectural and Photographic Exhibitions were thrown open.

PRIZES FOR ART-WORKMANSHIP.—The Guild of Plasterers, acting on the suggestion of the Society of Arts, offers a prize of £10 for the best floriated bracket or truss in the Italian Renaissance style, to be designed and modelled by the competitor; or the designer and modeller may co-operate in the production, when, if successful, the prize will be equally divided between them. A sum of £5 will be given for the next best model, or the half of it to the modeller and designer. The competition is strictly limited to artisans, their apprentices, and to students, and the awards are subject to the general conditions of the Society of Arts.

LAY FIGURES.—Our artist-readers, especially those who do not come into the category of landscape painters, will thank us for directing their attention to some new lay figures invented by a French artist, M. Gallibert, and which may be seen at Messrs. Lechertier, Barbe & Co., Regent Street. These mechanical representations—both male and female—of the human frame are composed of a series of strong yet light pieces of wood fitting into each other, which turn and revolve in every direction. The entire suppression of interior frame-work has allowed the inventor to obtain perfect flexibility and grace in every movement; the former quality is so great that if the figure should happen to fall, it will assume the position which the human body would take under a similar

mishap; while it can be readily placed in any attitude that may be required. Each one of the movements is made secure by means of screws, and the figure being of several pieces, each limb may be "amputated" at the pleasure of the person using the figure without deranging the other parts. In addition to its utility, its comparative cheapness is not its least recommendation. M. Gallibert's invention is modelled after nature, and has received the approval of the *Section des Beaux Arts* of Paris.

THE ALHAMBRA.—A model of this remarkable relic of Moorish architecture, said to be the only perfect copy ever made of it, has been brought to this country for exhibition by the proprietor, Don Francisco Martin, who has been six years occupied in its construction. The materials employed are wood, stucco, and paper, of which we are told in the whole there are not less than five millions of pieces. On the side next the spectator, the galleries are not continued, in order the better to admit of inspection of the courts and interior of the galleries. It is on this side that the palace of Charles V. stands. Conspicuous in the centre of the Court of Lions is the famous fountain, surrounded by parterres of blooming flowers. No detail, however minute, in the embellishment of these open passages is wanting. Even the ornamentation of the ceiling, which does not appear under ordinary inspection, is most faithfully imitated. Round the other enclosed area, the Tank Court, the enrichments are not so profuse. On the left angle of the building is the tower in which the queens of Spain dressed; and at the opposite extremity rises the tower containing the apartment in which they were perfumed. In the centre is the Belvedere, which commands an extensive view round the city of Grenada. The model is to be seen at No. 16, Bloomsbury Square.

PAINTED GLASS.—Messrs. Trollope and Sons, of Halkin Street West, have completed what may be called a richly-designed partition of painted glass for the mansion of the Hon. R. J. Jeejeebhoy, at or near Bombay. For the sake of the best effect of light, the principal designs occupy the upper part of the screen in spandrels, of which there are five. The centre piece contains the Jeejeebhoy arms. The motto is "Industry and Liberality," symbolised in the shield by three bees and the sun on a field consisting of the mountains and plains of India: the crest is a peacock. The other four spaces are filled with figures and objects typifying the quarters of the globe. The figures representing Europe are a principal and two secondaries describing this quarter as at once the most agricultural, scientific, and commercial of the whole. Asia is personified by a woman holding an ear of Indian corn, and supported on the left by a Hindoo and on the right by a Chinese, associated with appropriate emblems. Africa is a man seated, holding in his left hand an ancient harp, and having on his right an Egyptian hunter, and on his left a native of Algeria, as the most advanced of the native populations. America is represented by a young woman, supported on her right by one of the early Spanish settlers or conquerors, and on her left by a native Indian hunter, with examples of the vegetable products, and a background allusive to the character of the different regions of which the continents are composed. Besides these principal compartments there are ample spaces devoted to renaissance arabesque, with numerous small figures impersonating the arts and sciences. The drawing and execution throughout are unexceptionable.

REVIEWS.

SOME ACCOUNT OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE IN SPAIN. By GEORGE EDMUND STREET, F.R.S.A., author of "Brick and Marble Architecture in Italy." Published by J. MURRAY, London.

There are few, if any, men in the profession to which Mr. Street belongs who work more diligently and zealously in its cause than he does himself. He is an earnest, enthusiastic, laborious architect; and to disseminate a knowledge of his art and to foster the love of it in others is evidently the grand business of his life. To effect this object the pen seems to be as frequently in his hand as the pencil; or, at least, whatever time is not actually occupied in preparing designs and superintending the operations of the builder appears to be given to the writing of books, and of essays, and lectures for public reading: he is a "workman" in the true sense of the term.

All who are acquainted with Mr. Street's writings and edifices know that he is an advocate of the Gothic style; and to study the examples to be found in Spain, he has made three journeys into that country: the result of his travels he gives to the public in the handsome volume now before us. The extreme south of Spain, which includes such places as Grenada, Seville, Cordova, and others full of interesting relics of Moorish architecture, he did not visit, because, as he says, they "have already been treated almost to surfeit;" and his object was to see how the Christians, and not the Moors, built in Spain in the middle ages; he, consequently, avoided those parts of the country which, during the best period of mediæval Art, were not free from Moorish influence. Hence, we have a narrative which, though it does not altogether exclude places made tolerably familiar by preceding writers and artists, such as Madrid, Salamanca, Toledo, &c., yet is chiefly occupied by that which must be considered as comparatively unknown matter.

And what the general reader will find as not the least attractive character of the book is that, though the subjects are treated from a professional point of view, and the style and peculiarities of Spanish Gothic edifices are fully discussed in all their details, the volume reads less like a learned treatise on architecture than as the comments of an enlightened traveller well skilled in the science, and with a mind able to appreciate and point out its beauties as well as to observe and notify what is defective. Mr. Street writes about his journeys from place to place, and describes, though briefly, the country he passes through, so as to allow of his book being used as a sort of "guide." Its plan, to adopt his own words, is, "first, Artistic and Archaeological; secondly, Historical; and lastly, Personal. I have first of all, therefore, arranged the notes of my several journeys in the form of one continuous tour; and then, in the concluding chapters, I have attempted a general *Resumé* of the history of architecture in Spain; and, finally, a short history of the men who, as architects or builders, have given me the materials for my work."

The word "Gothic" as applied to architecture, has a very comprehensive meaning: it includes edifices having one common origin, yet differing not only in detail, but in general features. Thus we find a wide distinction between German and Spanish Gothic, and between these and English. The influence of Moorish or Arabian examples may be traced in many of the ecclesiastical and domestic buildings erected in Spain during the middle ages. And this is accounted for by what is recorded in history, that when the Christians vanquished the Moors who had settled in the country, they usually allowed them to build somewhat in their own fashion; moreover, as Mr. Street intimates, the Moors were a refined race, and well-skilled in many sciences; while the Christians of the period were warlike, and had little time to devote to the pursuits of Art; so that "when they had established their supremacy, they wisely allowed the Moors to remain under their rule when they would, and employed them to some extent on the works in

which they could not fail to see that they excelled."

The appearance of such a book as this at the present time is most opportune. The erection of new churches is one of the "signs" of the age; and the architect whose services are required for this purpose may have recourse to Mr. Street's history, and gather from it some ideas which he might turn to good account, not alone as regards the structure itself, but also as to what may be called its fittings: as, for example, lecterns, halls, screens, reredoses, &c., of which specimens are given. The volume is, in fact, enriched with a large number of well-executed engravings, supplying designs that would constitute a most welcome variety to the sameness now too prevalent in the churches everywhere springing up around us—mere repetitions of each other.

JERUSALEM, BETHLEHEM, AND THE HOLY PLACES.

By CARL WERNER. With descriptive Letterpress by the Rev. G. R. GLEIG, M.A., F.R.G.S. Chromolithographed by M. and N. HANHART. Published by MOORE, McQUEEN AND CO., London.

Many of our readers remember, it may be presumed, the collection of drawings of the Holy Land, by Carl Werner, exhibited in the early part of last year at the Gallery of the Institute of Water Colour Painters, and which received due notice from us at the time. These drawings were made with the view of being reproduced in chromo-lithography, and the first installment of the prints has made its appearance. The three subjects forming this part are, the "General View of Jerusalem," "View of Bethlehem," and the interior of the chapel known as "Christ's Birthplace." So far as any mere mechanical process can imitate the truth and delicacy of the artist's original work, especially as regards colour, Messrs. Hanhart have succeeded in their object; and more particularly in their rendering of the last-named subject, which, from its peculiar treatment—a scene lighted by lamps, and, consequently, requiring the most skilful management of *chiar-oscuro*—must have been found exceedingly difficult to copy with any approach to fidelity.

Carl Werner's work is so entirely different from the publication which the late David Roberts carried out so magnificently, that it must not be looked upon as a rival, but rather as a supplement to the latter, and right worthy of it. Roberts—through his able coadjutor, Mr. Louis Haghe, gave to the public *fac-similes* of his pencil-work; valuable and beautiful, indeed, these are as highly-finished sketches; but the chromo-lithographs of Werner will, perhaps, find greater favour with those to whom colour is a great, if not the chief, recommendation of a picture. The prints appear to be as large as the original drawings, so far as our recollection of the latter serves us.

The descriptive text which accompanies them is sufficiently explanatory of the subjects.

TRAVELS AND DISCOVERIES IN THE LEVANT. By C. T. NEWTON, M.A., Keeper of the Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum. With numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. Published by DAY AND SOX, London.

The isles of Greece have unquestionable charms for travellers. The scholar, the archaeologist, the painter, the architect, and the poet, with that more multifarious class whose sole object is to gratify a love of the beautiful, are drawn thither by the powerful attractions of sunlit regions, whose ancient glory it was to be the abodes of the gods—ecstasies being, yet having eyes for the picturesque paradises of earth, and who, like the monks of old, were discerning enough to "pitch their tents in all pleasant places." Mr. Newton was not a temporary sojourner in that part of the world, but having been appointed, in 1852, vice-consul at Mytlenae, and being at the same time instructed to use such opportunities as presented themselves to procure antiquities for the British Museum, he was authorised to extend his researches beyond the limits of his office, and consequently

visited several other islands during a seven years' residence in the Levant. Where he travelled, and what he saw and did, he records in the first of the two volumes now published: the second is a "popular account" of discoveries in Asia Minor, abridged from his larger work, entitled "A History of Discoveries at Halicarnassus, Cnidus, and Branchidum," published in 1862.

The contents of the first volume are presented in the form of a series of letters, written at the places from which they are dated, and at the time when they were originally transcribed. But we are told that much new matter has been added, and this also takes the form of letters. With the author's well-known archaeological tastes and acquirements, it might naturally be assumed that his book would have a largely preponderating weight of such matters; but this is not the case: these topics have only a due share of Mr. Newton's attention; the manners, customs, social and political life of the modern Greek islanders, their towns, villages, and rural scenery, form the staple of his writing, on which the antiquarian remarks are grafted. And inasmuch as the subject discussed is not a worn-out one, like that of most writers of European continental travel, and it is treated in an easy, unpretentious style, it will be found both pleasant and instructive reading, especially when perused by the light of the numerous illustrations that accompany the text.

The second volume is more archaeological; yet even the antiquarianism is so little of the Dr. Dryasdust school, that it will scare no one from the pages. Mr. Newton has succeeded in his object of rendering his account "popular;" or, in other words, of making it "readable." There are many excellent photographs of ancient sculptures, &c., besides engravings of particular localities, in this volume.

SUSANNAH AT THE BATH. Engraved by J. C. THEVENIN from the Picture by CORRIGGIO. Published by D. COLNAGHT & CO.

This subject is frequently found among the works of the old masters; but in no one instance that we can call to mind is it handled with so much delicacy of feeling and sentiment as in Correggio's famous picture. There is nothing whatever in the treatment which can offend the most fastidious. Susannah, a beautiful female figure, is seated, partially draped, on the edge of the bath; before her stand two attendants bearing richly-embroidered robes, with which they are about to clothe their mistress. The "elders" are at a distance behind her. The attitude and modelling of the principal lady are unexceptionable, and the group which the trio compose is one of great excellence. Correggio's manner of painting flesh, giving it the most exquisite tenderness of appearance, is pre-eminent in the figure of Susannah. M. Thevenin has most successfully realised this in his engraving, and has also managed the *chiar-oscuro* of the picture with great skill: the result is an engraving which throughout combines softness of expression with effective power.

THE ARTISTIC ANATOMY OF THE HORSE. By W. WATERHOUSE HAWKINS, F.L.S., F.G.S., Author of "Popular Comparative Anatomy," &c. &c. With Illustrations drawn on wood by the Author, and engraved by I. OBRIN SMITH. Published by WINSOR AND NEWTON, London.

We have only to look at some of the pictures of our landscape painters, in which animals are introduced to enliven the scene, to be satisfied of the necessity there is for the artist to possess some knowledge, at least, of the anatomy of the creature he represents. Even in the works of the professed animal painter, mistakes are frequently made which would be avoided if the artist had a scientific acquaintance with his subject. Hence, as the sailor is often a severe critic of the works of the marine painter, so have we heard those of the horse or cattle painter subjected to similar "handling" by men who are ignorant of Art, but who know something about the form and external develop-

ment of what constitutes the pride of the farm-yard, the race-course, or the hunting-field. Mr. Hawkins's little manual we can highly recommend for its condensed but lucid descriptions, the value of which is much enhanced by a number of well-drawn illustrations. The name of this gentleman is widely known in connection with natural history, especially in the section of *Mammalia*; and any one who has heard him lecture on the subject, as we have had the pleasure of doing, and who has seen him use the chalk on the "black board," must be assured of the skill and accuracy with which he delineates what he desires to represent. That he is an accomplished draughtsman on the wood, these anatomical "studies," so delicately executed, abundantly show.

THE SECRETS OF ANGLING. By A. S. MOFFAT, Author of "Reminiscences of Otter-Hunting," &c. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

It is a positive act of cruelty for Mr. Moffat, or his publishers, to send us a book like this; and we feel sorely tempted to command them to the serious notice of the Society whose functions are the legal suppression of such inhumanity. To set before an enthusiastic lover of angling,—whose rod is now only the reviewer's pen, and into whose fly-book the moths have penetrated and devoured everything but the books,—pictures of fishing-scenery, and stories of enormous "takes" of salmon and trout, and how and where the reader, if he can only get away, will follow the rules laid down by the author, may have the same good fortune, is much too tantalising to be endured with an equable temper: it almost provokes us to close the book without further comment. And, as if to add insult to injury, he reminds us in this way of our unhappy condition: "Woe to you who dwell in pent-up cities! A chaos of bricks and smoke, and fumes of every unsavoury odour, constitute your dreary world." Is it possible that Mr. Moffat can expect generous treatment at the hands of his critics after such a taunt?

We will repay him with such kindness as lies in our power. Though he has written nothing but what every experienced fly-fisher and bottom-fisher knows about taking salmon and trout—for these are the only fish he treats of—his book may be consulted and studied by the tyros of the craft. He is doubtless a ripe scholar in its mysteries, and writes more like an angler than a penman, as it is proper he should. His observations, however, are strictly limited to angling in the border counties and Scotland: he knows nothing, or at least says nothing, about the fishing in the southern counties of England.

THE COUNTY OF SURREY: its History, Antiquities, and Topography. With an Itinerary for the Tourist. Published by CASSELL, PETER, AND GALPIN, London.

There are few English counties that can boast of more truly picturesque localities than Surrey, considering its comparatively limited size: not scenes of romantic grandeur, perhaps, but lovely panoramas of hill and dale, woods and pastures, perfumed heaths and breezy downs, with stately mansions, pleasant villages, and nestling churches. Take a survey from the top of Leith Hill, Box Hill, St. Anne's Hill, or Richmond Hill, and you will scarcely find in any part of England a richer and more luxuriant tract of country stretched out before you. Such a county, replete, too, as it is with most interesting historical associations, cannot but possess great attractions, especially to Londoners in search of a day's pleasure combined with the enjoyment of pure air. Almost less than an hour's ride by railway takes the traveller into localities which will gladden his eye, refresh his spirits, and recruit his health, if this last be necessary. The little guide-book on our table will tell him where he ought to go for "choice of scenery." The information it contains is brief, but to the point on all the topics to which the compiler has turned his attention.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1865.

GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

No. VIII.—KARL FRIEDRICH LESSING.



THE lives of Overbeck, Veit, Fürich, and others, have set forth the fervour of the Catholic faith, in contrast, the mission of the artist who now falls under our notice has been to enforce Protestant verities. It is sometimes questioned how far the Protestant phase of Christianity, which starts with negation in creed, and is content with a thin whitewash of ritual, can give to the Arts a sphere, or vouchsafe an inspiration. The testimony of history is certainly little in favour of Protestant claims. The grand churches known to Christendom, the cathedrals of Amiens, Rouen, Rheims, and the Abbey of Westminster, owe little, or rather nothing, to Protestant munificence. The matchless paintings of Italy, the works of Angelico, Perugino, Bartolomeo, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, were executed under a faith as yet unreformed. And then, turning to what Protestantism

has actually accomplished for the Arts, are there not centuries and wide territories of space which, under Protestant sway, have been conspicuous only for sterility? What has Protestant England done for the Arts, at least until recent days, when Anglicanism was guilty of Romish proclivities? What boon did Knox in Scotland confer on architecture? What favour did the soldiers of Cromwell show to our cathedrals? And even in Germany, under the immediate sway of Luther and Calvin, it must be admitted that the works of Albert Durer and Lucas Cranach were hard, cold, and earthbound, in comparison with the ardent and imaginative creations of their heaven-wrapt Italian contemporaries. This line of argument, indeed, has proved to some minds so cogent, that artists, it is well known, both in this country and in Germany, have seen fit to forsake the Protestant worship in order to breathe an atmosphere and to live in a spirit which to the Arts might prove more vital. We have already, in preceding papers, seen how Overbeck, and others of his school, in blind devotion to so-called Christian Art, espoused a church said to be founded on a rock, but which shakes as if built upon the sands. We have also witnessed in the series of illustrations published in these pages, how the major portion of the subjects treated are committed to the Romish branch of the Church Universal. The writer of these papers, though he happens to hold to Protestantism as a system of religious independence and intellectual progression, wishes, in his function of Art-critic, to preserve strict impartiality. And thus, though anti-Romanist, he is bound to admit that sundry bastard forms of Protestantism have been as a blight and a bane upon the Arts. Hence it becomes an interesting question how far Lessing, sometimes accepted as the champion of Protestantism, has been able to obtain from that form of religion the spirit of inspiration.

In Germany, as in France and England, writers have alternately exalted the Art-capabilities of the two hostile creeds, of which Overbeck confessedly, and Lessing designedly or by accident, are the respective representatives. Ultramontane Montalembert, for example, is the eloquent champion of the mediæval and monastic Arts which the school of Overbeck has attempted to revive. Rio, again, expends no less ardour in his advocacy of a cause which seldom fails to enlist dilettante sympathies; this author is ever prostrate in the presence of Fra Angelico and Perugino, and in



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

PEASANT PREACHING.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

every page he burns incense before pictures of the saints and Madonnas, which he worships as immaculate and divine. These two writers, Montalembert and Rio, ready on all occasions to rush into extremes, no sooner bestow benediction on the heads of artist devotees of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, than they launch anathemas into the midst of all times

and schools that come after. In somewhat the same strain also Mr. Ruskin, in the celebrated lectures delivered at Edinburgh, announced the startling fact that all painters prior to Raphael confessed Christ, and that all subsequent artists have denied Christ. Mr. Pugin, too, in vehemence tainted by virulence, ever and anon denounced as with righteous indignation all works

that were not the offspring of "the one true and apostolic Church," to which he himself had become a convert and devout bigot. So much then for the cause espoused by Overbeck. On the other hand, the side to which Lessing is, at least by his practice, committed, has not failed of defenders. Lady Morgan, as a prelude to the life and times of Salvator Rosa—one of the most masterly biographies with which we are acquainted—indulges in vituperation against so-called Catholic Art, and the uses, or rather the abuses, whereunto it has been put. In like manner a French author, M. Coquerel Fils, in a volume entitled "Des Beaux Arts en Italie au point de vue religieux," submits the religious Arts and æsthetic rituals to the cold scrutiny of Protestant incredulity. M. Coquerel found in the gorgeous church ceremonies perpetrated in the Eternal City a religion false and an Art degraded; and he saw in this imposing pomp little in common with Gospel simplicity, little consonant with Jesus of Nazareth, the Man of sorrows, who had not where to lay His head. In Catholicism official, architectural, and pictorial, according to M. Coquerel, the essence of Christianity was absent. "Christian sentiment," continues this uncompromising critic, "Christian life, love, and duty, the dictates of strict conscience, and the emotions of a fervent heart, have no place in this official theology and dramatic worship. There is in these empty pageants nothing individual or sincere; all is vain show, coming from without, not emanating from within. Thus the heavens and the earth are

nothing more than a magnificent theatre, on the stage whereof the artist sets forth God and the Church." I shall not attempt to reconcile the conflicting claims and hostile strictures of these Protestant and Romish critics. But it may be safe, at all events, to assert that at least partial right and reason are alike on either side, and that, as usual, truth lies in the happy mean between the two extremes. At any rate, it is well that we should all hold to the blessed persuasion that beauty must stand in indissoluble union with truth and goodness, and that thus the phase of Christianity which is most true, and just, and lovely, is the one best adapted to noble Art-developments. For myself, I feel that under Roman Catholicism the Arts have suffered somewhat from superstition. And, on the other hand, I am equally convinced that Art has been chilled and stunted under a Protestantism which too often is unimaginative and unemotional. Thus the two several schools in which Overbeck and Lessing are victors or victims, sustain loss. It remains to be seen whether, in the approaching future, there shall not be evolved a religion at once natural and supernatural, the outpouring of, and the response to, imagination, affection, and reason, wherefrom a nobler Art shall spring than any the world has yet witnessed.

Lessing lived and laboured in the spirit of revolt. Born at Wurtemberg in the year 1808, he became, at the age of nineteen, a student in the Academy of Dusseldorf, then under the direction of Schadow. The school of Dusseldorf, as organised by Cornelius



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

HUSS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

and disciplined by Schadow, was in those days, if not precisely priest-ridden, at any rate given over to a sacerdotal and monastic Art. Its disciples walked obediently in the steps of the old masters, and the pictures which issued forth from its studios were expressly after prescriptive mediæval types. In the previous papers of the present series I have confessed to sympathies inclining towards the high Art which has thus been educed out of the master works of the middle ages. Yet it were absurd to suppose that the creative powers of the mind can be for ever circumscribed by narrow precedents set in ages of darkness and superstition; that the freedom of genius shall be for all time fettered by a Church against which some of the best intellects have rebelled; or that artists on whom the light of science and the liberty wrested by bold Biblical criticism have descended, shall be manacled in fetters which were grievous even to those who believed that in servitude they did God service. It was at this crisis, when things modern were ready for revolt against modes mediæval, that Lessing rose into power. Endowed with talents which could scarcely fail, under any circumstances, to win prominent position, possessed of energy and courage that promised to crown warfare in victory, he entered on a strife which had for its end the enfranchisement of the Arts. Opposition, of course, met him at the outset; it was not to be expected that the party in power would surrender without a struggle. The charges usually made in such cases were,

almost as a matter of routine, directed against Lessing and his coadjutors. It was easy to say that these men were infidels; that they were bound under a socialistic pact. The answer to such imputation is fortunately ready;—"by their fruits shall ye know them." The pictures which Lessing has bestowed upon the world are not the works of an irreligious scoffer; they are not indited in the spirit of levity; they do not set at nought things honourable and of good report. Such compositions as 'Huss Preaching,' 'Huss before the Council of Constance,' and 'Huss at the Funeral Pyre,' whatever umbrage they may give to certain powers that be, are, beyond doubt, of a purpose solemn, earnest, and sincere. Such works, indeed, when rightly considered, can scarcely be received as less religious than the paintings of Madonnas and saints, which too often have usurped, to the prejudice of pictures equally worthy, the privileged name of "Christian Art."

Lessing, as we have seen, has enlarged the frontiers of the once narrow and exclusive school of Dusseldorf. That school, which when he entered was Romish, when he left had become, in the best sense of the word, Catholic. Hence Lessing has been rightly deemed in his art among the chiefest of reformers. It was his fortune, as we have seen, to come upon the stage just at the situation when a bold stroke would probably bring upon the enemies of progress confusion and overthrow. Like other innovators, he was in advance of his time; yet was he made for his

time, and the time had been prepared for his coming. Kindred minds were ripe for revolt; the fuel was laid, the torch only waited to be lighted. Lessing rushed in among the withered and dead leaves of autumn, bearing in his hand a firebrand. He breathed revolution, and proclaimed the doctrines of an insurgent. His principles and his policy, in fact, are sufficiently manifest on the face of his pictures. The themes on which he habitually descanted were the Reformation, of which Huss was the apostle and the martyr, the contests waged between emperors and popes, those conflicts which throughout history have been maintained between the Church and the State as champions respectively of the civil and the sacerdotal powers. It has thus been the privilege of Lessing to proclaim liberty to the captive, to assert the rights of conscience, and maintain freedom for the human intellect. That the Arts had from Roman Catholicism received culture and obtained high development, no one can possibly call in question. But under the continued progress and the changed aspect of civilisation, and especially under the enfranchisement of the

human mind, won by science, and by strength of intellect using for an instrument a free press, it became inevitable that the Arts should take on commensurate and advanced manifestations. History never repeats herself, nature never travels backwards; and so no art that is vital can stand still, or move only in retrogression. Lessing and his compeers saw this; the time for action which should be, in fact, a reaction and a regeneration, had come. The fignments of an artificial theology had to be swept away, and it remained to be proved whether in the truths of nature, and in the depths of the human soul ever illumined by beauty, there might not be found compensation and resonance. I can never believe that error, however veiled or adorned, that untruth, however specious, that fallacies in Church, in State, or in the realms of intellect, can tend to the real or lasting welfare of any art which is worthy of man's regard. Therefore all honour to Lessing and those men, wherever found, who have boldness to break loose from traditions worse than dead, who possess that rational faith which can lay hold on the immutable principles which preceded



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

DEATH OF FREDERICK II.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

every historic church and creed—principles which, firm in essential truth, God Himself fixed as sure foundations.

I have chosen for illustration two pictures taken from the eventful and tragic history of Huss, the brave reformer of Bohemia. Huss, preceding Luther by more than a century, caught the first sparks of reformation from the fire which Wycliffe had kindled in England. In the pulpit, and even by the wayside, this bold protestor against the errors of Rome stood forth as the champion of liberty. Our first illustration exhibits the fiery Reformer in the very act of inciting his countrymen to rebellion against papal usurpation. Holding forth the cup of communion, he offers to the pilgrim, to the warrior, and the age-stricken, this sacrament of the blood shed for the solace of suffering and the remission of sins. The court of Rome naturally grew alarmed, and then began to gather the storm which, as a thunderbolt, before long fell on the head of its victim. The Archbishop of Prague commences hostile proceedings. Huss is cited into the presence of the pope, and the

summons he disdains to obey. At length approaches the final issue, which Lessing has chosen for his famous picture here engraved. The Council of Constance, one of the most important assemblies in the whole range of Church history, meets in the year 1414, and Huss is arraigned before it to answer for his schismatic conduct. We may now turn to the picture of Lessing in elucidation of the scene which ensued. Huss stands in the council chamber in the midst of assembled cardinals, bishops, and church dignitaries, one hand placed on his breast in asseveration of his faith, the other resting on an open volume, whereunto he appeals as to the law and the testimony. That voice and those persuasive truths which had incited the common people in the capital of Bohemia, have evidently taken cogent hold upon the judges seated in court of appeal. As we look at these reverend fathers, their heads swayed by weight of argument, we are reminded of that other judgment-seat before which the apostle of the Gentiles was summoned to answer for his life and

doctrine; "And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled." The Council of Constance, however, like Agrippa, refused to be persuaded. Huss was condemned as a heretic, was publicly degraded from the priestly office, then consigned to the civil magistrate, and finally, by the order of the emperor, was burnt. The martyr died with a fortitude which commanded the admiration even of his enemies. The closing act in this direful tragedy, Lessing has made the subject of a well-known picture, 'Huss at the Funeral Pyre.' The bold nonconformist spirit of the painter is set forth by the tempo of the scenes, into which he has thrown all the manly vigour of his mind. Lessing found in Huss a hero after his own heart. He has done well not to dissipate his powers, but to elaborate, as it were, a monograph on the noble theme of the Bohemian Reformation. Master works, such as 'Huss Preaching,' 'Huss before the Council of Constance,' and 'Huss at the Funeral Pyre,' leave a solemn impress on the age, and serve to consecrate the truths for which the martyr died.

The eventful reign of Frederick II., Emperor of Germany, is fertile in themes cognate with the genius of Lessing. Few of the monarchs who held a sceptre within the eras of Charlemagne and Napoleon, have made a more decisive mark on the page of history. Early in the thirteenth century—in that century which has been called the seedplot of European civilisation—Frederick was crowned Emperor of Germany at Aix-la-Chapelle. But an evil star rose on the destiny of Frederick; the Emperor fell under the displeasure of the Pope, was excommunicated, and his dominions were placed under interdict. This constitutes just that sort of catastrophe which Lessing loves to celebrate. Frederick, notwithstanding the curse that lay upon him, pushed forward the conquest of Palestine; he entered Jerusalem victor, yet had he to put the crown upon his own head, because no priest dared even to read mass. At length Innocent IV. pronounced against the emperor the most dreadful of anathemas: Frederick, deprived of all his honours and dignities, was denounced as a heretic, a perjurer, a peace-breaker, a robber of churches, and a profaner of sanctuaries; his subjects were released from their oath of allegiance, and whose should remain faithful to the king was to fall under hopeless malediction. In this state death came upon the great Frederick, even as Lessing has depicted. There is grandeur and calm resignation of soul in the king, whom, at the age of fifty-six, the angel of death overtook in surprise. There seems to be a conflict of authority as to the manner of the great monarch's exit. Blind bigots of the Church write, "He died wretchedly, and went down to hell an excommunicated man." Dean Milnau, however, in "The History of Latin Christianity," and Mr. Kington, in his faithful "Life of Frederick II., Emperor of the Romans," justify the reading which Lessing, in the picture we engrave, has adopted. Milnau pronounces the excommunication to have been unjust; and Kington describes the monarch's deathbed as that of a man beloved, sustained by heaven, and honoured by earth's nobles. "A crowd of illustrious subjects," writes Kington, "stood around the Emperor's deathbed: first in rank was the Archbishop of Palermo," from whom Frederick received absolution. It is related that when the great king died an earthquake was felt in distant countries.

A painter vigorous, truth-seeking, and naturalistic as Lessing, might reasonably be supposed to find delight in nature's ways. Lessing, indeed, has been deemed by some persons greater as the painter of landscape than of history. His manner is that of the Dusseldorf school, which has seldom obtained favour in this country. The execution of that school is often heavy and clumsy, the colour is apt to be violent and even discordant, and the composition, when treating the fords of Norway or the mountain lakes of Switzerland, is a little too grandiose for our simple English tastes. Lessing, however, is a man far too independent for servility to any mannerism, and accordingly his landscapes are distinguished by a method of their own. In the Gallery of Dusseldorf is a composition marked by the artist's usual decision of purpose. An invading army has set fire to a distant village, and soldiers are seen in advance through a neighbouring cornfield. The foreground scene is laid in a churchyard, where troops have already entrenched themselves. The sky is black and lowering, for a storm rages in the heavens as well as on the earth. When I visited the studio of Lessing some few years since, in Dusseldorf, I was interested in seeing the studies from which his landscapes were composed and elaborated. The walls were hung with detailed sketches of rocks and other foreground materials, and upon an easel stood a canvas on which the artist had systematically mapped out in outline the hills, the valleys, and the torrents, which were to act the parts of *dramatis persone* on the stage of the painter's feigned nature. All the landscapes I have seen by Lessing have been accentuated with predetermined purpose. The fixed and the forcible intent manifest in the artist's historic compositions speaks out scarcely less decisively and intelligibly in his portraiture of

inanimate nature, which thus becomes, as it were, vocal under his touch. Lessing endows his landscapes with a certain architectural symmetry and proportion; he throws together his masses with a sense of their weight; he metes out his materials with a hand that can adjust equilibrium; his rocks stand firmly, as if resting on the earth's deep foundations; and yet his clouds roll with motion grandly, and tell of the strife of restless elements. And herein we gladly recognise those supreme mental qualities which give to the old landscape painters of Italy their sway over the imagination. Gaspar Poussin, Claude, and Salvator Rosa, made nature move responsive to human sympathies; the storm-wind that raged through the forest spake of the passion which had rent the heart, and the placid sky of sunset Claude was like a vesper hymn softly soothing to benediction. Even a landscape-painter, when he happens to have an intellect, will find ways to make that intellect felt; each detail, as in the pictures of Lessing, will tell its own story, and especially will the general effect strike some deep chord which vibrates to thought and emotion. There is a philosophy in landscape-painting of which the German intellect is cognizant; there is a poetry in landscape art wherein a mind such as that of Goethe, which, at a glance, saw at once by imagination and reason, is able to dilate; there is for the landscape-painter, scarcely less than for the painter of humanity, a subjective and inner system of metaphysics, which teaches that nature is thought projected into form, an idea clothed in colour and thrown into relief by light and shade. Lack of space prevents me from enlarging further on a line of speculation which, when curtly enunciated, must, I fear, seem incomprehensible, and sound as simply absurd. It is fortunate that the pictures of Lessing require no elaborate theory for their exposition or defence. They speak for themselves; they make appeal to the universal consciousness, and the public applauds, not caring to inquire the reason why.

The pictures of Lessing, among which we engrave three of the most characteristic, suggest general reflections which may serve us for conclusion. Two of these, elucidating the life of Huss, are, as we have said, expressly Protestant. Accordingly therein we may read the canons of Protestant faith, and discern the motives which the preacher of Scripture truths aroused in the breast of his hearers. We are sorry to say that Huss, when addressing the common people, comports himself as a fierce fanatic; we might have wished that Lessing could, compatibly with historic truth, have thrown into his hero Christian graces to adorn stern religious virtues. The hold reformer, however, when brought into the presence of his superiors assembled in council, carries himself decorously as becometh a gentleman. The point, however, on which I wish specially to insist is, that Lessing makes himself so completely part of his subject, that the life and spirit of Protestantism breathe from his vital canvases. The right of private judgment seems graven on every brow; conscience has set her seal on every heart; manly independence holds up a head which will bow to no authority save that of reason and of truth; earnest will has given fixed purpose to action; and thus the man, whoever he may be, whether Huss, or Frederick, as the champion for the rights which inhere to humanity, becomes thoroughly equipped in the warfare of life, and stands forth bravely to do his duty. Lessing, it will be seen, is a keen observer of character, an accurate student of physiognomy. He delineates human nature with a breadth which pertains to the species, and in a detail that distinguishes the individual. We recollect to have seen paraded in advertisements a book bearing the ultra-Protestant title, "The Individuality of the Individual." This individuality, sharply defined in outline, so separate in insular standing from its neighbour individuality, that the spectator can walk clear round it and view it on all sides, this "individuality of the individual," Lessing portrays. The artist's pictures thus conceived and elaborated. We accept for master-works of the human understanding, as defined and circumscribed in the philosophy of Locke,—keen, shrewd, and penetrating, supremely knowing in the wisdom of this world, yet not specially gifted with that wisdom which is from above. The conceptions of Lessing, in short, forcibly illustrate the distinction which German metaphysicians are fond of drawing between "the understanding" and "the pure reason." They are not like the creations of the early spiritual painters of Italy, outpourings of a Divine presence; they are not the outcroppings of spiritual union; they have more positive knowledge than intuition, more fact than imagination, more vigour than sensibility, more wise sagacity of the intellect than fine subtlety of soul. And this it is that gives to the works of Lessing their pre-eminent reality; this it is that endows them with strong power of appeal, and brings them in close correspondence with the pronounced and positive spirit of the age. Lessing's pictures are no unsubstantial visions, no feverish dreams, or ecstatic swoonings; they are real as life, true as nature, and manly as the grand historic characters they seek to honour.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

MR. CHURCH'S PICTURES.

COTOPAXI, CHIMBORAZO, AND THE AURORA BOREALIS.

CONSIDERED ALSO WITH REFERENCE TO ENGLISH ART.

THE remembrance of the pictures Mr. Church formerly sent to us for exhibition, gives no ordinary interest to the arrival of anything new by him; his subjects having hitherto been of the utmost novelty and magnificence, the choice of them singularly daring, and the treatment, of highly-wrought truthfulness, beauty, and splendour. The 'Heart of the Andes,' and the 'Iceberg' (the 'Niagara' we never saw), were comprehensive representations each of an entire class of noble scenery in nature, additionally valuable as being of subjects the most remote from us, and not merely extending our knowledge of the world we live in, but furnishing a delightful stimulus to the imagination, in the new forms of astonishing grandeur and loveliness with which they abound. The painter who displays so much talent and adventurous spirit in adding these subjects to his art, and then sends the results so far for our judgment, has, surely, particular claims on our attention; especially if, as we believe, they have peculiar merits which ought to put our own landscape painters very much on their mettle. Indeed, for our own part, we are haunted by the somewhat humiliating impression, that from the utmost excellence landscape art ever attained among us, this American alone is, in the highest qualities, continuous and progressive, whilst we, with regard to them, are forgetful, and have declined.

The three new pictures—briefly referred to in our last number—are of the same high and comprehensive kind as the former ones; two of them, 'Cotopaxi,' and 'Chimborazo,' being painted as pendants to the 'Heart of the Andes;' and a magnificent landscape triptic would they form together: the 'Chimborazo' hung on the left, for its expression of the tropical witchery of landscape, the Andean beauty; and the 'Cotopaxi' on the right, as especially representing the Andean grandeur and energy. For decision and magnificence of effect, this last picture is the most striking of the three. In contemplating it, you look down over a plain, of which the abrupt horizon stretching across the picture, not far beneath the peaks of mountains, creates the impression immediately of a great height above the sea. Far above all other crests, against the fair cool brightness of the morning, the volcanic cone ascends, itself pale with snow, and therefore in aspect of a spirit-like, mystical faintness; but not the less a most energetic fountain of dark smoke, which shoots up elatly in forms of strange fantasy, till it grows light enough for the wind to spread it on one side all over the heavens in huge mountainous volumes, behind which the burning disc of the sun appears, new risen, glaring around with a lurid fiery light. The cone of the volcano seems to stand between day and night with a sublime abruptness. It is a grand and most daring conception. The partial influence of this glare—ruddily firing the smoke, dimly suffusing the distant heights, flashing across a lonely lake with a sulphurous intensity, and touching preciously into ruby the pale crumpled cliffs close at hand—contrasted with the green and golden inequalities of the Paramo, or plain, left more to the serener light of morning, results in splendid oppositions and varieties of colour; to understand whose natural co-existence, and avoid

accusation of a want of atmospheric unity, it may be as well to bear in mind that there are here two opposite sources of tone, the lurid sun-fired pall of the volcano, and the serene morning, whose spray of silver dappled clouds you see shooting up behind its ruddy, loosely-hanging films, with marvellous beauty. Immediately at your feet yawns a chasm, filled with the fierce youth of some river, which, born in a cataract from the high-seated lake, boils up its smoke of spray with something of the spirit of the fumes of the great Cotopaxi. From its ghostly depths, it floats up into the light of a rosy loveliness, and even hints of the sunbows which perhaps would glitter out keenly ere long, did you tremendous fuming cease.

It is a scene of strange solemn magnificence; with, obviously, beyond compare, more deep and delicate truth in it than those dull, commonplace works which alone pass muster with dull, commonplace folk who never understand that Nature's mysteries and splendours are as much facts as the most prosaic every-day objects, as the very chairs they sit on. And in these vapours of various kinds, there are magical feats of the pencil, such as we cannot remember seeing equalled of late by our own painters, who, active as they also are in seeking out the more magnificent effects of nature, are apt to be dry, hard, and opaque, comparatively. We cannot recall in them anything of the kind so finely done as this transparency, or transpiousness rather, looking through veils of smoke inflamed by the sun, upon the silvery eruptions of the dappled morning; or the pale mist and sultry haze lying before those huge heaps of earth-born darkness which the painter has rendered with no less aerial delicacy than grandeur. We here perceive that in the painting of aerial mystery, a chief element of beauty and sublimity in representing nature, Mr. Church has rare excellence. It is a most un-Pre-Raphaelite quality, which the comparatively crude opaque colouring characteristic of our painters fails to express. The execution of the foreground of this picture of Cotopaxi does not altogether please us. We think it somewhat commonplace, wanting in style; and the prismatic hues of the torrent-mist below seem too violent. Would not an austere paleness in that chasm have been grander? But all the distance is admirable, quite wonderful; and in the next picture the foreground is so excellent, as to prove that the defect in the 'Cotopaxi' is but temporary and partial, and therefore does not warrant any absolute judgment against the artist.

For his view of Chimborazo, the painter descends from the high Paramo, where the vegetation is almost treeless, to another chinato, low on the banks of the river Guayaquil, amidst all the luxuriance of the tropical forest. Here are trees, gigantic, yet of a light grace, garlanded to the top with drooping parasites; old aristocrats of the woods overrun and borne down by a whole democracy of climbing plants: an infinite entanglement and confused embracement of sylvan greatness and loveliness, with undergrowth of wide-embowering grasses, and "the kings among grasses," beautiful bamboos, and tall, slender, patriarchal palms:—the palm, an undergrowth; for above luxuriate vigorously trees, which, though far higher than our monarchs of the wood, bear magnificent clusters of flowers. The painter hesitated much whether the chief of these, which, as we heard, blooms in violet and gold alternately, should flower on the present occasion, and decided (judi-

ciously, we think) that it should not. He feared to cloy us with splendour. It is a scene of wild, weird, Indian loveliness. The river flows by, all fresh and lively with mountain floods and rains, playing filmy with the reflections of these astonishing growths; a further winding being visible through a low wide arch in them. Yet we should scarcely like to remain there long; for all looks humid and hot, as if the place would, very likely, soon sweetly insinuate an ague, or marsh fever. A spur of the Cordilleras, immediately above, shines forth, one low long ridge of golden light too splendid for this moist air below; but around it is a wide diffusion of transparent vapour, within which some higher peaks, flushed with rose tints, appear, or lose themselves in a delicate mystery of aerial colours of surpassing loveliness. One white cloud is stirring in the midst; a few tufts from it floating up, like a fairy pinnacle on the airy sea, or like some dove-winged messenger of peace coming once more, perhaps—who knows? for the last time. But where is Chimborazo? Oh, it is far above, islanded in the soft blue of the upper heavens, above an expanse of thin sky-like vapour, like a dome of tender sunny cloud, a thing entirely pertaining to heaven, and having nothing whatever to do with earth, but to present it with an image of heavenly peace, an object to inspire heavenly fancies, and yearnings.

At length, here is the very painter Humboldt so longs for in his writings; the artist who, studying, not in our little hot-houses, but in Nature's great hot-house bounded by the tropics, with labour and large-thoughted particularity parallel to his own, should add a new and more magnificent kingdom of Nature to Art, and to our distincter knowledge. It is, indeed, a most lovely, enchanting landscape. And what a privilege to enjoy it, *in town*, seated unanxiously, exempt from the unhealthy influences apparent in the humid tone, the monstrous entomology, and all the other perils and privations of tropical misadventure; not parboiled in our own clothes, not invaded by the continual dropping into our hammocks of strange enormous insects of unknown powers, not mosquito-fevered. Looking around the usually empty room, we pitied the heedless unappreciative Londoners, who, indeed, neglect few things pleasant or beautiful which Fashion graciously points out to them, but else will not readily be moved, and so lose the mental refreshment, and the ventilation of fancy, that come from this.

To criticise is hardly necessary, wherever the delight itself already implies the existence of the artistic merits; for crudeness and want of truth are, of course, incompatible with such enjoyment on the part of any one experienced in the excellence of Nature and of Art; and we may, perhaps, be permitted to say that we have seen far too much of both, ever to be able to dream before bad painting, however beautiful the subject misrepresented. Nevertheless, for those who need criticism, it may be added that the composition is beautiful, the colouring glowing yet delicate, artistically subordinated to a limited point of supreme splendour, and the drawing playfully truthful to a most rare degree. One of our grounds for classing Mr. Church high amongst painters lies in his boundless resources in rendering the most multitudinous and varied details. His creative mind fertilises his external impressions; for mere imitation can give but a few cut-and-dried specimens of such things. The infinites of foliage, especially, he has literally at his fingers' ends, drawing it with

most lively and graceful precision. He has, surely, the finest *morning leafy hand*, the most un-Pro-Raphaelite. His fancy is not stifled by these countless parasites, but overruns them all, with the agility of a little monkey. Here his manipulation seems improved: none of our deftest hands could have touched off those palm-trees with more refinement of pencilling.*

The third picture, the last painted, the 'Aurora Borealis,' at first strikes the mind as but a mild Aurora. We once saw, in Portland Place, one not far less bright, so bright that at the moment we thought it fireworks at Chalk Farm; but it *was* a genuine Arctic coruscation. In the present picture, through a dim, clouded sky, over a promontory of North Labrador, which has been named after this painter, and over an ice-cumbered sea, in whose vast solitude the little barque seems locked, and the adventurous voyager and his dog-drawn sledge appear so small as almost to elude the eye, the soft rosy ray flits up quite gently, before the pale dying light of day. Disappointment in respect of brilliancy, however, is soon succeeded by appreciation of the more subdued and solemn treatment of the subject, which leads us to think, without much hesitation, that a *pensive* feeling is intended. These boreal flushings look, rather, like lonely aspirations, with more of tenderness than hope—a rosy *linguishment* in solitude, remote from climes of warmth, and tenderness, and social joys, accompanied by palpitations of pale doubt and sadness; for so fancy, naturally enough, may interpret the colder, fainter rays, that shoot up beside the one warm, full-hearted gush of sanguinous brightness. These beautifully strange aerial phenomena are rendered with wonderful vividness and delicacy of feeling; the bluff masses of the wild lone promontory, too, are finely rounded; and, from the simplicity of the subject, and absence of hard-to-be-managed details, it is perhaps, *as a whole*, the most perfectly harmonious production of the three. Especially, it marks Mr. Church as an admirable colourist, in that high criterion, the refinement of his subdued and neutral tints, which are never monotonous and lifeless, but infinitely varied with beautiful gleamings and undertones, and often of exquisite quality. And in the more brilliant works, vigorous and splendid as is the colour, it is finely subordinated by gradations up to the one or two supreme flashes, with a variety and harmony, which prove unusually great resources in this element of his art.

So here are three graphic poems, awakening three different kinds of emotion; one

* Nevertheless, we have been told that some of our admired artists condemn the manner of these details, pronouncing the minute precision of the forms untrue. Looking at their own works, we are no way surprised at the opinion. Nature is multifarious and many-sided; and looking at her with different eyes, we see in her different things, each observer discovering what he looks for, according to the bias of his own mind, and ignoring qualities diverse in character. Our present painters, having little perception of beauty of form, but more observance of general effects of light and shadow, probably see nothing but obscure intricacy, where an eye like Mr. Church's would trace out distinct and orderly shapes of loveliness, and systems of lines. Not, however, that we mean his minute details are perfect everywhere. Those not quite in the foreground are perhaps in parts too distinctly spotted, or too precise a lifelessness; but the forms are always well understood, and easy and graceful in composition; and the object thus defined is itself interesting, and adds to our knowledge of tropical nature. Nor should it be forgotten that this painter's purpose is not merely to satisfy the abstract requirements of Art, but to add to our knowledge of a particular kind of landscape nature. The writer in the *Times* made a great mistake, and unfortunately ignored the poetry of this picture, in saying that Mr. Church's minuteness approaches *homeliness*, when his grace and beauty merit the contrary of that epithet. Minuteness has no necessary connection with it. We do not call the lesser parts of flowers and radiant insects *homely*.

ardently sublime, the second of the very fullness of beauty, and this, the third, pensively tender, pathetic. We would not disparage our own landscapers. Clever, industrious workers are countless among them; and many are endued with a gentleness and picturesqueness of feeling worthy of our sweet minor poets. Some colour vigorously, but make little of form; multitudes can imitate vividly separate objects, without combining them into an harmonious whole, far less into a result that touches the heights of feeling and imagination. The sense of beauty, the comprehensive creative energy of mind, are now wanting among us to effect anything parallel to the works of the higher order of poets, or of painters, and fulfil the conditions of the "grand heroic style of landscape painting," dwelt upon by the scientific philosopher, Humboldt, as the end to be desired. But here, we affirm, is a visit from one, who, to say the least, approaches far nearer to the fulfilment of those conditions. Here is one who can draw, can colour, can *air-tone*, can imitate, can compose, and (oh, infinitely beyond all these *can's*!) can *conceive*, so nobly and comprehensively, that the result is, in some important respects, a further advancement of the epic style of landscape painting. Here is the only landscape painter who, *in the large sense*, can be said to have taken up the pencil of our great Raphael of Landscape, Turner—the only one who has similar perceptions of beauty, and similar creative powers, to raise him to the same high principles of Art. Nay, more, he is carrying on Turner's work where he left off, adding to the beauty and magnificence of the whole, greater precision and completeness of detail; so that, in place of the slurring of form, and numerous eyesores, the dreamy consciousness, with which we must content ourselves in contemplating Turner's foremost and most comprehensive works, the great picture here is made up of an infinity of little pictures, on which the eye can rest with a separate delight, each interwoven with the others; and, certainly, never did we see such completeness of detail, both in colour and form, in immense quantity and variety, united with a splendid, aerial, and poetical general effect.

There was much ridicule of Turner in his lifetime; but now we are humble enough, though not so much before his excellence as before his eloquent fame; yet with so little discrimination, that the prismatic manifestations of his dotage fetch preposterous prices, to the vexation of his intelligent admirers, who regret that others should be sophisticated as to his real merits by *having* to admire them. Meanwhile, comes from afar the work of his only true successor; and, with regret be it spoken, it receives so little attention, that they who have incurred the trouble and cost of doing that which might enrich us with a most valuable incentive in landscape art, and with a delightful enlargement of our impressions of nature, begin to consider it as, of necessity, their last attempt of the kind. Such would be a most poor conclusion. At least it was a handsome challenge. But the probabilities seem to be, that this excellence, of the very kind of which we fall short, will return so slightly honoured that we shall see its face no more; and the general admiration it wins in its own country will have some natural thoughts on our indifference. Thus may we lose an admirable and most well-timed lesson, and be left alone with our mediocrity.

Individuals of high repute for intelligence have, we know, been thoroughly de-

lighted with these works; but artists ingrained in principles of a different kind, and the guides of public opinion, have been curiously inattentive to them; our public, generally, being so pre-occupied as to have little leisure for the discovery of merit which has not already the *outré*. Moreover, perception of beauty, that indispensable great ground of artistic judgment, without which cold dry intellect, and science herself, lead but darkly astray, has, in consequence of our rigid matter-of-factness and dry utilitarianism, become wonderfully rare among us English. For the present, our very idealism seems to be ugliness; and when we quit the *commonplace*, it is for the *fantastical*. The heroines of our fancy are now-a-days neither of earth nor heaven, but rather mere phantasms of the limbo of vanity, there expiating heartless follies and vices. Witness the walls of our Academy. In our cold carelessness, and death of natural artistic perceptions, we have been much left to be sophisticated by phraseological critics, who would put us all in rhetorical go-carts, and wheel us where they please. They have descriptive powers, write charmingly, and tickle our sense of profundity with high-sounding dogmas and moral theories, which seem, indeed, plausible enough; but on comparing the description with the work described, we find, not unfrequently, that the eloquent and dainty phraseologist could not distinguish between ugly and handsome, valueless fact and vital truth, archeology and imagination, good painting and bad; and when we meditate on the moral basis of his æsthetic theories, we find them, in all likelihood, something one-sided, ungenial, contracted, ascetic; their evil influence being indeed traceable in the falsely cramped and rigid lines of the pencils led by them. In thus making the objects of painting the mere symbols and ministers of a morbid, dainty, and fantastical morality, imagination, and ideal beauty have been sorely and sadly discountenanced by much dreary superficiality about truth, which has led to a mindless, servile imitation, in straitened bondage to the "letter" which ever kills. From our higher class of critics—pre-occupied profoundly in their own æsthetic circle, much attention to foreign works of an excellence scarcely in harmony with their previous teachings, is hardly to be expected. With regard to the writers of the daily press, their miscellaneous functions, and the little time they can reasonably be expected to devote to such a subject, prevent the hope of much instruction from that source; but on this occasion, their criticisms have turned out of the mould singularly ill. The *Daily News*, the foremost friend of the North during the late war, being of wide repute and influence on the other side the Atlantic, it was something specially unfortunate that its critique should be of the indiscriminating, and indeed absolutely *unseeing* sort. The writer announces that there is scarcely any expression of mystery in these paintings—nothing "allusive;" and then follows a strange puzzled objection that there is no *foreground*; as if the *forewater* in the Chimborazo, for instance, did not answer the purpose quite as well. In this paper there are some qualifying praises worthy of clever scene-painting; but the *Daily Telegraph* was absolutely contemptuous, naively condemning the Chimborazo for looking as if it had been painted in a hothouse, heedless of the simple fact that it *was* so prepared and studied—that is to say, in a tropical hothouse of a thousand leagues in extent, bounded by vast mountains and rivers.

The *Times*, as usual, gave a charming descriptive account of these pictures, obviously desiring to commend them liberally and amiably; but even here nothing was said to lead to the anticipation of their rare refinement and poetical beauty. On the contrary, the minuteness in them, as remarked already, was wrongly associated with *homeliness*; and they were finally characterised as such works as might be expected from an American. Yet we scarcely think Americans can, for the present, be reasonably expected to paint landscapes more refined, more remarkable for the sense of beauty, than any of the works of our living landscapists. Generally speaking, these pictures have been praised by our critics in good average terms, yet treated as a sort of curiosities, creditable, very, for an American, but scarcely within the pale of legitimate Art. That is the opinion we especially desire to deny and confute. We have no doubt whatever that they are works of thoroughly legitimate, refined, classical Art, not perfect, it may be, but combining more of the elements of great landscape painting than anything we have of late ourselves produced; great in conception, brilliant in execution, and with a finer perception of the beautiful, a more tender and elevated poetical feeling, than have been displayed in this branch of the art since Turner.

W. P. BAXLEY.

LOWTHER CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

BORDERING the most delicious scenery of England, commanding views of its loftiest mountains and the most charming of its lakes, stands Lowther Castle, one of the seats of the Earl of Lonsdale. It is less, however, to the grandeur of its position, in picturesque Westmoreland, than to the contents of its Galleries, we direct the attention of our readers, although something must be said of the situation it occupies, for few of the Baronial Mansions of the Kingdom are so auspiciously located. From any of the terrace-walks, gracefully adorned by vases and statues, are seen the several mountain ranges of Westmoreland and Cumberland—Helvellyn, Skiddaw, Saddleback, Crossfell, "High Street" * (on the heights of which runs the old Roman road, clearly discernible)—hiding among them, except where occasional passes afford glimpses, the romantic lakes of Ulleswater, Haweswater, Derwentwater, Windermere, Rydal Water, and a score of minor sources of the numerous rivers, full of trout, that run in all directions through the highly-cultivated lands. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to conceive a view at once so grand and so beautiful as that which the eye takes in from any of the more elevated points surrounding the Castle; while its interest will be largely enhanced by occasional sights of Druidic, Roman, and Danish remains—bearing the familiar names of "the Giant's Cave," "Long Meg and her Daughters," "Arthur's Round Table," and others—abounding

* The High Street is a mountain of considerable bulk, which lies between Ulleswater and Windermere, and forms a conspicuous object from some parts of the high road between these two lakes. It takes its name from the ancient Roman road, or street, which passes right over the top of it, an elevation of about 2,000 feet, on its way from Ambleside, the Roman *Alona*, towards Penrith. Seen from a distance, the road forms a great streak of green up the side of the mountain, which produces a very singular effect. There is an annual festival held here by the peasantry, who on this occasion retreat it, and thus keep it in the condition which so distinctly separates the road from the rest of the surface of the mountain.

among these border mountains; of Norman castles, some in ruins, others yet inhabited by lords of pure descent; of old "Peel towers," and many other interesting objects.

The grounds that surround the Castle are duly cared for, the deer-parks of great extent, the lawns and gardens are richly planted; but there is one rare peculiarity—an avenue of venerable yew-trees, older even than the Lowthers, which, probably, furnished weapons for the fight at Hastings, but which certainly supplied them to those who

"Drew their sounding bows at Azincour."

The Castle is not old, having been completed, from the designs of Sir Robert Smirke, early in the present century. It is, in truth, as Wordsworth styles it, "majestic," rising upon one of the hill slopes, and, as we have intimated, commanding on all sides views of the surrounding country, a very large proportion of which is the hereditary lordship of the Earl. Though by no means the "monarch of all he surveys"—for he can see lands some fifty miles from his threshold—he looks upon mountain, moor, and fell, upon lakes, and rivers, and rich pasture lands, upon farms, homesteads, and churches that are his—by no claim of conquest, or "forfeiture," or as results of "speculations," but by justly-gained and equitably-upheld rights, undisputed and indisputable at any period of the Shire's history.

The Castle was over famous for hospitality: among its frequent guests have been the great men of many epochs. Statesmen, philosophers, artists, men of letters and science, have here enjoyed brief intervals of rest from labour—among them, Scott, Rogers, Wilson, Southey, and Wordsworth. Southey commemorates not only its stately walls, pinnacles, and "embattled brow," but its "hospitable halls." From any point about it may be seen the mountains that look down on "Greta Hall," where Southey lived so long and wrote imperishable works, and on the calm graveyard at Crosthwaite, where his mortal part is buried; the home of Wordsworth, Rydal Mount, in Grasmere valley, and the venerable church of Grasmere, beside which he was laid to rest; Elleray, the place in which Professor Wilson passed so many of his early and happy days; the house in which Arnold dwelt; that in which Mrs. Trollope lived, and that which is still the dwelling of Harriett Martineau. The list of those who have lived near and shared the hospitality of Lowther will be best understood, however, by the list we shall presently supply of Westmoreland Worthies; those of its fair neighbour, Cumberland, being also a host. The present earl has been renowned in public life. As Lord Lowther he filled some of the higher offices of state: from 1828 to 1830, he was chief of the Woods and Forests; from 1834 to 1835, President of the Board of Trade; from 1841 to 1845, Postmaster-General; and he has also held the high office of President of the Council. He has, however, resigned all public employment—devoting his time to agricultural and engineering pursuits—converting barren moors into arable land, and turning idle wastes into profitable farms: setting, indeed, an example of a good landlord at home—an example which, happily, many follow.

The Earl has, however, given much of his leisure to Art; and it is to this subject our notes on Lowther will, mainly, have reference, for when wealth and rank combine to collect and preserve the Art-products of

many eras, it is a pleasant duty to make known the results that may teach and gratify—that have taught and gratified—hundreds of thousands.

Passing through a wide and lofty hall, containing many effigies of knights in armour—armour that has been tested in many a *melee*—and banners of various countries and epochs, we turn into the Library, full of rare and curious books—the more valuable of these appertain to the histories of the two shires. On the walls hang the "family portraits" from that of Sir John Lowther, painted in 1637, to that of the present earl in early life; * then, passing along a corridor—the sides whereof are lined with busts and portraits—we reach the gallery of "Westmoreland Worthies," a somewhat original, and certainly a wise, idea; for, in time, we shall here see the outward semblances of those who have conferred honour on their native county from a very early period down to our own time. At present the Gallery contains thirty portraits.

The collection cannot fail to excite deep interest, not only in those who are natives of the county, but as a record of so many who are renowned in the history of England. We print the list:—

- KATELYN PARR. The mouldering ruins of Kendal Castle mark the birthplace of this lady, wife of Henry VIII., and first Protestant Queen of England.
- CHRISTOPHER BAYNBRIE. Cardinal of St. Praxed, Legate to the court of Rome, Archbishop of York, Master of the Rolls, &c. 1460-1514.
- GEORGE CLIFFORD, Earl of Cumberland.
- SIR GERARD LOWTHER, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, Ireland.
- MARQUIS OF WHARTON.
- RIGHT HON. JOSEPH ADDISON.
- JOHN, FIRST VISCOUNT LONSDALE.
- HON. JUSTICE WILSON.
- SIR ALAN CHAMBERE.
- DOCTOR BURN, LL.D., the historian of Westmoreland and Cumberland, the author of the "Justice of the Peace," a work on ecclesiastical law.
- LORD LANGDALE.
- ALDERMAN THOMPSON, Lord Mayor of London.
- SIR GEORGE FLEMING, Bishop of Carlisle.
- GIBSON, Bishop of London.
- JOHN BELL, the celebrated Chancery barrister.
- RICHARD BRATHWAITE, author of the "English Gentleman," &c.
- DEAN ADDISON.
- DOCTOR SHAW.
- WATGIL, Bishop of Carlisle.
- DUKE OF WHARTON.
- ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES RICHARDSON.
- JOHN LANGHORNE, D.D.
- WATSON, Bishop of Llandaff.
- BERNARD GILPIN.
- GENERAL BOWSER.
- JOHN ROBINSON, Esq., Surveyor-General of Woods and Forests. In his hand he holds a "Report of Acorns planted in and about Windsor Great Park," &c. Total, 11,225,000, between the years 1718 and 1801.
- ADMIRAL PEARSON, whose memorable combat with Paul Jones is recorded in Atkinson's "Worthies of Westmoreland."
- THOMAS BARLOW.
- COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE. Sir Jos. Williamson wrote to this extraordinary woman to induce her to return a *covert* candidate for the borough of Appleby, and received the following answer:—"Sir, I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shan't stand."
- DOCTOR FOTHERGILL.
- A portrait of Hogarth hangs in the collection.

* For the information of Mr. Peter Cunningham we should state that two of the portraits are from the pencil of Sir Peter Lely; they are not mentioned in his list of the paintings by that master; but Mr. Cunningham expresses a desire to obtain knowledge concerning those of the existence of which he is not aware.

his ancestors having been natives of Westmoreland.*

Passing through the suite of rooms—the drawing-rooms, breakfast-room, billiard-room, &c. &c.—we occupy much time, for the walls hold a very large number of the very finest works of the old masters. Four of the best productions of Teniers are here; here are admirable specimens of Rubens and Vandyck, three by Ostade, four by Wouvermans, three by Gerard Douw, one by Jan Steen, one by Frank Hals, one by Bonafaccio, one by Leonardo da Vinci, two by Murillo, several by Salvator Rosa, several by Brueghel; landscapes by Ruysdael, Gasper Poussin, Paul Brill, Zucarelli, Swaneveldt, &c.; a large collection of the works of William Van de Velde, and some good specimens of Backhuysen; 'St. Francis,' by Guido; 'The Palmist,' and 'Soldiers throwing Dice,' Pietro da Vecchia; 'Magdalen in the Desert,' Tintoretto, and two fine pictures by Bassano. The collection includes also works by Holbein, Cartona, Valentino, Borgognone, Fyft, Bronzino, Giorgione, Cuyt, &c. &c., as well as modern portraits by Lawrence, Opie, Jackson, Beechey, Hoynor, &c.

But to give a complete list of the paintings in the Castle would far exceed our limits. The earl is huddling—has, indeed, nearly completed—a new gallery, which is destined to receive "gatherings" from his other mansions. Some large pictures by Snyders, belonging to the Lowther family, will then be added to the collection, with magnificent works by Titian, Claude, Guido, &c., and a few modern pictures of note by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Turner, &c.

In this Gallery will also be hung no fewer than seventeen of the works of Hogarth, collected by the Earl with great industry; and chosen not only for their intrinsic worth, but in homage to the memory of the painter, whose father was a native of Westmoreland, and who is therefore, as we have said, included among the Worthies of Westmoreland.

But the great attraction of Lowther Castle is even less in its collection of paintings than in its examples of ancient sculpture, contained in two spacious and admirably-constructed galleries. Passing a room devoted to Roman antiquities, many of which were found in the neighbourhood—at Kirkby Thore, at old Penrith, and at the famous Roman wall—we enter THE EAST GALLERY. It is impossible to enumerate the whole of its contents; a few of the works, of more surpassing merit, we may, however, mention:—

1. A statue of Hygeia, from the Besborough Collection. A very beautiful work of pure Art, originally from the Capitol.

2. Venus, from the Stowe Collection. An exquisite Torso (unhappily restored), undoubtedly an example of the purest Greek, of an age "when Art was a religion." It has been attributed, and with reason, to Praxiteles; and it is believed to have stood in the Temple of Onidas; that it is the work alluded to by Lucian and Pliny as one of the triumphs of Greek Art; a belief which obtains force with all Art-lovers by whom it has been seen.

3. A statue of Diana, of exceeding grace and beauty.

4. A statue of Julius Cesar, half life-size, having the easily-recognised type of the "foremost man of all this world."

* There are no doubt persons who possess portraits of other Worthies of Westmoreland, who will gladly aid the Earl in his desire to render this singularly interesting gallery complete. Of two interesting personages connected with the County of Westmoreland no trace of a likeness can be found, viz., Sir Hugh de Lowther, Attorney General to Edward I., and Pilkington, Speaker of the House of Commons in the time of Richard II.

5. A fragment, or rather, the upper half of a sitting female figure, draped, imported into England by Lord Guildford, and the only specimen brought home by him. It is a fine work, certainly a production of the best era of Greece; and although but a portion of a majestic yet tender creation of the sculptor's fancy, it is of great worth.

6. Statue of Agrippina, from the Stowe Collection. A production of rare excellence.

7. Torso of a Venus, from the Collection of the Marquis of Hertford. A work of refined delicacy, yet exhibiting intense power.

8. A statue of Bacchus, a relic of great worth. Besides these, there are busts of Marcus Aurelius, Augustus, Galba, Pompeius, Diana, Seneca, Julius Cesar, Sylla, Agrippina, Nero, and others, undoubtedly the productions of the several periods to which they refer. There are also in this gallery two Corinthian pillars, "formerly in Westminster Abbey," and two sarcophagi, one of which is exquisitely carved with high reliefs, representing cupids hunting wild animals.

THE WEST GALLERY,—generally known as the "Gallery of the Casars," containing some excellent busts, particularly that of Vespasian, which adorned the library of Edmund Burke,—although not so rich as the East, being chiefly occupied with Roman busts, contains two or three sculptures of great beauty and value. Foremost among these are statues of Cyhelle and Paris. Here, however, is an unique and very curious work, the "Olympian Meta." An inscription informs us that "this rare relic of ancient Greek Art was brought from Greece by the Emperor Nero, and placed in the circus at Rome. It was purchased by the Marquis of Hertford, and was formerly in his collection." In the vestibule leading to this gallery is a mosaic bearing the following inscription:—"This mosaic, containing 20,000 siliceous pebbles, is the work of Sosus Pergami, who flourished 320 years before Christ, and is mentioned in the writings of the elder Pliny. Discovered in the ruins of the Palace of Pope Leo the 12th, at Villa Chichignola. Presented by Pope Gregory the 16th to Sir Edward Thomason, in the year 1832." This singular work, which represents fishes, is not in size above two feet by eighteen inches.

It is scarcely necessary to say that, although we have directed attention to many of the Art-treasures in Lowther Castle, there are a vast number we cannot name: to enumerate and describe all would, indeed, be to fill pages, and not columns, of the *Art-Journal*.

We have shown that in one of the noblest of the many "stately homes of England," standing among its own "ancestral trees," wealth and taste have combined to accord to Art its due reverence, and to artists ample honour. It has been a rare treat to visit such a house; and it is a privilege, as well as a duty, to express gratitude for enjoyment thus received: we received it as one of "the public"—for the public are freely admitted to all parts of the castle and grounds. There may not be many visitors who can so thoroughly, as we can, appreciate the value of this boon; but the locality is of advanced intelligence, and there are thousands of Tourists who annually visit the English Lakes. This open house of Art may add immensely to the enjoyment derivable from the lavish wealth with which Nature has endowed the all-beautiful district.

The Earl of Lonsdale may be able to form some estimate of the numbers to whom his liberality thus gives pleasure. It would be more difficult to calculate to how many he conveys instruction; and who shall say how far his Art-galleries may lay the foundation of that Art-power which shall hereafter supply additions to his Gallery of Worthies of Westmoreland?

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ARTIST.

THE DEATH OF COLUMBUS.

Baron Wappers, Painter. D. Devachez, Engraver.

WASHINGTON IRVING, in his admirably-written life of the great trans-Atlantic discoverer, has said nothing in support of the treatment we find in this picture; but his remarks on the closing scene of Columbus's life are so finely and truly expressed, that we cannot do better than introduce them here:—"In the meantime, the cares and troubles of Columbus were drawing to a close. The momentary fire which had recently re-animating him soon expired, quenched by his accumulating infirmities. Immediately after the departure of the *adventuro*"—the brother of Columbus who held that title—"his illness increased in violence. His last voyage had shattered beyond repair a frame already worn and wasted by a life of hardship; and, since his return, a series of anxieties had robbed him of that sweet repose so necessary to recruit the weariness and debility of age. The cold ingratitude of his sovereign had chilled his heart. The continued suspension of his honours, and the enmity and defamation he experienced at every turn, seemed to have thrown a deep shadow over that glory which had been the great object of his ambition. This shadow, it is true, could be but of transient duration; but it is difficult for the most illustrious man to look beyond the present cloud, which may obscure his fame, and anticipate its permanent lustre in the admiration of posterity. . . . Having thus scrupulously attended to all the claims of affection, loyalty, and justice upon earth, Columbus turned his thoughts to heaven; and having received the holy sacrament, and performed all the pious offices of a devout Christian, he expired, with great resignation, on the day of the Ascension, the 20th of May, 1506, being about seventy years of age. His last words were:—'*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.*'"

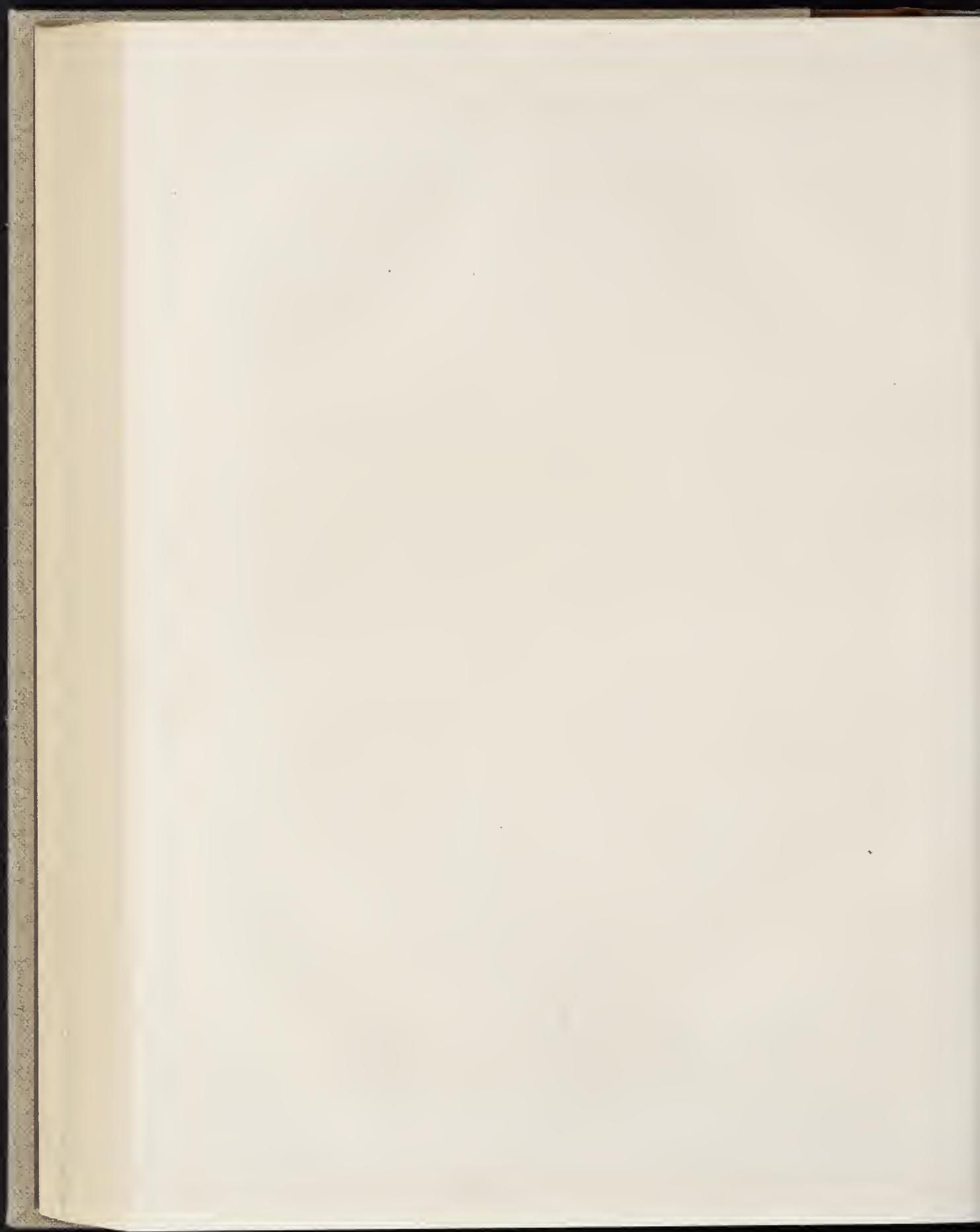
As the biographers of Columbus are tolerably numerous, it is probable the painter has found in some one of their writings such a record of the last moments of this great man as justifies the scene here depicted. By the bed-side of the death-stricken veteran, whom hardships and perils by land and sea, grief and wrongs, had done more to lay low than the infirmities usually accompanying advanced years, sits a much younger man, possibly his son Diego, to whom Irving says, in the chapter describing the death of Columbus, "he gave much advice as to the conduct of his affairs." In front of the former is a large chest, from which a strong chain has been partially drawn out. This may be assumed to have formed a portion of the fetters with which his king, Ferdinand, had ordered him to be bound six years before, when he was arrested in Hispaniola, and carried captive to Spain. The officers who had him in charge would have released him from this degradation, but Columbus proudly said, "I will wear them till the king orders otherwise, and will preserve them as memorials of his gratitude." They were afterwards kept in his cabinet, and he requested they should be buried in his grave. After all, those iron links may form the key-stone on which Baron Wappers intended his treatment of the subject should rest, and he could not have invented one more strikingly touching and beautiful.



L. LESVAREZ SCULP.

THE DEATH OF COLUMBUS

1600 WALTER FINE



"LIVERPOOL, POTTERY AND CHINA."

A NOTICE OF RICHARD CHAFFERS AND HIS CHINA; THE PENNINGTONS; THE MERCULANEUM WORKS, ETC. ETC.

BY LLEWELLYN JEWITT, F.S.A.

ONE of the most noted men connected with the ceramic art in Liverpool was Richard Chaffers, who made great advances in that art, and to whom his native town owed the introduction of the manufacture of china. He was a man of energetic character, a good chemist, possessed of sound taste, and highly accomplished. His family, who were shipwrights, had been settled in Liverpool, I believe, for several generations, and were people of some note in that business.

Richard Chaffers, the son of a shipwright of considerable eminence and means, was born in Morsey Street, Liverpool, in the year 1731, one year only after the birth of Josiah Wedgwood, and was apprenticed to Mr. Alderman Shaw, the Delft ware potter, of whom I have spoken in my last chapter. About the year 1732 he commenced business on his own account, for which purpose he took, or erected, some small works on the north side, and nearly at the bottom of, Shaw's Brow, where he began making the ordinary kind of Delft ware of the period, the same as he had learned to manufacture during his apprenticeship. These productions he, as well as the other makers in Liverpool, in great measure exported to

what were then our American colonies, now the United States of America. In the manufacture of this ordinary blue and white ware—the staple of the trade as it then existed—Chaffers continued for some years actively employed. From the Delft ware Chaffers passed on to the manufacture of fine white earthenware, and produced an excellent body, and an almost faultless glaze. The rapid strides which Wedgwood was making in the art served as a strong incentive to Richard Chaffers, and he determined to go on improving until his productions should equal those of his great rival. In this, of course, he did not succeed, but he *did* succeed in making the pottery of Liverpool better than that of most localities. A dated, though not very early, example of Chaffers's make, is fortunately in the possession of Mr. Mayer, and



is here engraved. It is, as will be seen, "a pepper-box of the hour-glass shape," painted in blue on a white ground, with a chequered border at top and bottom, and the name,

Richard Chaffers 1769

round the waist. "So well known was the ware of Mr. Chaffers in the American colonies," says Mr. Mayer, "that it was a common saying of a person that was angry, that 'Ho's as hot as Dick's pepper-box,' alluding to those made by Mr. Chaffers, who exported a very large portion of his manufacture to the then English colonies." But for this authority, I should have been disposed to call this interesting object a pounce-box or pounce-pot, and to suggest that it had been made and painted with his name and date so prominently, for use on his own desk. Be this as it may, the piece is one of exceeding interest, as being an undoubted early specimen of Chaffers's work, and as bearing the date of its manufacture. This box, or pot has, it is well to note, remained in the family of its maker until the last few years, when it was presented to Mr. Mayer by the grandson of Richard Chaffers, Mr. John Rosson.

In 1754 or 1755 William Cookworthy, of Plymouth, as I have already shown in my account of those works, discovered the "moor stone, or growan stone, and growan clay"—two important materials in the manufacture of china—in Cornwall, and in 1768 he took out his patent for the manufacture of porcelain from those materials. Chaffers having determined upon prosecuting researches into the nature of china ware, and of endeavouring to produce it at Liverpool, entered into a series of experiments, but finding that the "soap-stone" was essential for his purpose, and that the district where it was found was held by lease for its production, so as to keep the monopoly of its use to Cookworthy and those whom he might supply with it, he determined to try and seek the stone in a fresh locality. About this time a Mr. Podmore, who had

for some years been employed by Josiah Wedgwood, and who was a good practical potter, and a man of sound judgment, left Wedgwood's employment, intending to emigrate to America, and establish himself as a potter in that country. To this end he went to Liverpool, intending thence to embark for the colony. On reaching Liverpool, he called upon Mr. Chaffers, who was then the leading man in the trade at that place, and the result of their meeting was, that Mr. Chaffers finding Podmore to be a man of "so much intelligence and practical knowledge, induced him, by a most liberal offer, to forego his American project, and enter into his service." This Podmore entirely confirmed the views of his new master as to the importance of getting a supply of the Cornish materials, and the two practical men together soon effected improvements in the then manufacture of earthenware, and laid their plans for future operations. Of the manner in which Chaffers set about his search, and the successful results at which he arrived, Mr. Mayer gives the following graphic account:

"Mr. Chaffers's object now was to come into the field with Staffordshire *pari materia*, if I may be allowed that play upon words. He therefore determined to set out for Cornwall upon the forlorn hope of discovering a vein of soap-rock. The operations would be most expensive and laborious, somewhat akin to the process of boring for coal in our country. But where was he to begin? On whose estate was it to be found? What description of men was he to employ? He was, however, in the prime of manhood, of untiring energy, of fine address, and, what was then necessary, an excellent horseman. He obtained letters of introduction from the Earl of Derby, Lord

Strange, his eldest son, and other men of consequence in our county, to some of the leading landowners in Cornwall, then attending their duties in Parliament.

"In those days there were no mail-coaches and railways to aid the weary traveller. A stout horse was the only means of conveyance for a man of the higher class. Imagine Mr. Chaffers, having taken leave of his wife, and his numerous family and friends, mounted with a pair of saddle-bags under him, containing a supply of linen, &c., a thousand guineas—the first instalment to pay the wages of the miners—a brace of pistols in his holsters, pursuing his journey to London. He had made considerable progress in practical geology, though the science was then but little cultivated. Having, during his stay in London, obtained permission to bore for soap-rock from more than one of the principal proprietors of mountain land he judged most likely to yield it, he proceeded to Cornwall, and commenced operations. His first efforts were not successful. He moved to another quarter with no better result; in a word, he expended large sums of money without finding the wished for vein. Somewhat disheartened but not subdued, he determined to return home, where his presence was much wanted. He did not, however, intend to abandon, but only suspend, his operations. He accordingly assembled all the miners in his employ, and announced to them, to their great regret, his determination. Previously to his departure, he scrupulously paid every man his wages. One of them was missing; he was told the man in question was gone up the mountain to try another place. He then left that man's wages in the hands of the 'captain of the gang,' and, mounting his horse with a heavy heart, took leave of the men, to whom his animated and conciliatory manners had greatly endeared him.

"The road to the nearest town, the name of which I never could learn, was precipitous and rugged. A traveller on horseback made so little progress, that a mountaineer on foot, by taking a short cut over the rocky crags, could easily come within ear-shot of him. After journeying for some time, he thought he heard a faint cry in the distance; he dismounted, and, ascending a hill, plainly saw the signal of discovery flying from a lofty peak. It appeared that the man who had separated from his fellow-miners, and pursued his researches alone, had discovered a vein, and finding Mr. Chaffers had left them, he hoisted the preconcerted signal, and pursued him across the mountain with the pleasing intelligence, shouting at times to attract the somewhat dispirited traveller's attention. Mr. Chaffers immediately returned, took the whole gang into permanent employment, and obtained an ample supply of the long-sought-for clay, which was conveyed to the nearest port, and shipped thence to Liverpool. On its arrival the vessel entered with its precious freight into the Old Dock, dressed in colours, amidst the cheers of the assembled spectators.

"During his absence, Mr. Chaffers had regularly corresponded with his wife, but on his arrival in London, on his return home, the continued fatigue he had endured, together with anxiety of mind, brought on a dangerous fever, under which he laboured for several weeks. He was unknown at the inn where he stayed; but the landlord, seeing that his guest—a very handsome man—had the dress and demeanour of a gentleman, called in an eminent physician, who sedulously and skillfully attended his patient. The doctor examined his saddle-

bags, and having ascertained his name and address from the letters and papers therein, communicated to his anxious wife all the particulars of his illness, and concluded with the consoling intelligence that 'he could that day pronounce him out of danger.' As soon as he could travel, he delighted his family and friends with his presence in Liverpool.

"No sooner had Mr. Chaffers arrived at home, than he set to work with his new materials, and soon produced articles that gained him much reputation, as was frankly acknowledged by the great Wedgwood, to whom Mr. Chaffers presented a tea-set of his china-ware, and who, on looking at one of the cups, admiring the body and examining the colours used in decoration, exclaimed, 'This puts an end to the battle. Mr. Chaffers beats us all in his colours and with his knowledge; he can make colours for two guineas, which I cannot produce so good for five!'"

William Cookworthy, as I have said, discovered the Cornish stone about the year 1734 or 1755, and Richard Chaffers must soon afterwards have prosecuted his researches in the same direction, for in December, 1756, we find him making his "porcelain or china ware" in considerable quantities, both for home sale and for exportation. This is shown by the evidence of *Williamson's Liverpool Advertiser and Mercantile Register* for the 10th of December, 1756, in which the following advertisement, discovered by Mr. Mayer, occurs:—

"Chaffers and Co., China Manufactory.—The porcelain or china ware made by Messrs. Richard Chaffers & Co., is sold nowhere in the town, but at the manufactory on Shaw's Brow. Considerable abatement for exportation, and to all wholesale dealers. N.B.—All the ware is proved with boiling water before it is exposed for sale."

Liverpool may therefore boast of producing its china in 1756, if not in 1755, which is an early date in the annals of English porcelain manufacture. Not only, however, in this year did Richard Chaffers and Co. make china-ware, but another firm, that of William Reid & Co., held at the same time, as I shall presently show, the "Liverpool China Manufactory," where they produced blue and white ware in considerable quantities.

Of the "china ware" made by Richard Chaffers, Mr. Mayer possesses some excellent examples. They are unmarked, but have remained in the possession of the family until of late years, when they passed from Chaffers's descendant to their present owner. They are, therefore, well authenticated. One of these is the cup here engraved. It is, of course, of "hard



paste," and is of remarkably compact and excellent texture. It is painted, after the Indian style, with figure and landscape of good and rich colours, and is faultless in

manipulation and in its glaze. Examples of Chaffers's china are of exceeding rarity, but Mr. Mayer is fortunate in possessing among other specimens ascribed to him, a fine jug, bearing in front a portrait of Frederick the Great, with trophies of war on either side. This jug has the peculiarity of being painted inside as well as out. At the bottom, inside, is the Prussian Eagle in a border; in the spout is a trophy, and all around the inside of the vessel roses and other flowers are spangled about.

Chaffers carried on his works for some years, making both earthenware and china—the former largely, the latter but to a limited extent—but was suddenly cut off in the midst of his usefulness, and at an early age. It appears that Podmore, his foreman, being seized with a malignant fever, and beyond hope of recovery, sent a message to Chaffers, expressing "his wish to see his dear master once more before their final separation." With this request Mr. Chaffers, who was a man of full and sanguine habit, most kindly but unfortunately complied, and at once visited the sufferer. The consequence was he took the fever, and soon afterwards died, and master and servant were interred near to each other in St. Nicholas's churchyard. "This unfortunate event, by taking away both master and principal assistant, put an end to the prosecution of the trade, and was the commencement of the breaking up of that branch of the art which Mr. Chaffers had mainly brought to such a high state of perfection. A great number of the potters ultimately emigrated to America, whilst many of the best hands transferred themselves to the service of Mr. Wedgwood, or were hired by other Staffordshire manufacturers."

About the year 1753 or 1754, I believe, works were established in Liverpool by a Mr. WILLIAM REID, who afterwards took a partner and conducted his business under the style of Reid & Co. These works, in 1756, were called "the Liverpool China Manufactory." In that year Messrs. Reid and Co. opened a warehouse in Castle Street, as is shown by the following announcement in *Williamson's Liverpool Advertiser* of November 19, 1756:—

"Liverpool China Manufactory.—Messrs. Reid & Co., proprietors of the China Manufactory, have opened their warehouse in Castle Street, and sell all kinds of blue and white china ware, not inferior to any make in England, both wholesale and retail. Samples sent to any gentlemen or ladies in the country who will pay carriage. Good allowance for shopkeepers and exporters."

In 1758, Messrs. Reid & Co. removed their warehouse to the top of Castle Hey, where, having largely increased their business, they occupied much more extensive premises. In the same year they were found advertising for apprentices for the painters in the china manufactory. In 1760, again, the works appear to have considerably increased, and "several apprentices for the china work" were advertised for, as well as "a sober, careful man, who understands sorting and packing of ware and merchants' accounts." Messrs. Reid & Co. continued in business many years, and produced, besides their "china ware," a considerable quantity of the ordinary blue and white earthenware, most of which was exported.

Another of the principal manufacturers of Liverpool pottery was SETH PENNINGTON, of whose works, as well as those of his two brothers, a few words may well be here introduced. Of the Penningtons, three brothers were potters, and each had separate works. Their names were James,

John, and Seth, and they were sons of John Pennington, a maltster, by his wife, formerly a Mrs. Johnson, of Everton. JAMES PENNINGTON, the eldest, had his works on Copperas Hill, but produced only the common varieties of ware, and being dissipated, and having done his youngest brother a serious injury by divulging a secret in the mixing of colour, he removed to Worcester, where he obtained employment, and where, at a later period, one of his sons painted a fine dinner service for the Duke of York.

JOHN PENNINGTON, the second son, had his pot-works at Upper Islington, which he carried on for some time. Ultimately he sold the concern to a Mr. Wolf, "who being a scientific man, made great improvements in the ware, but ultimately finding it did not answer, as the Staffordshire potters were making such rapid strides towards monopolising the whole trade, he gave up the manufacture, and the works were closed, never to be resumed."

SETH PENNINGTON, the youngest of the three brothers, it appears, had his pot-works in that nest of potters, Shaw's Brow. His factories were very large, extending as far as Clayton Street, and were conducted with much spirit. At these works, Seth Pennington, besides the ordinary classes of earthenware then in use, and which he produced in large quantities both for home consumption and for exportation, made a remarkably fine kind of ware that successfully competed for vases and beakers, with the oriental, both in its colour, its glaze, and its decoration. He also produced many remarkably large and fine punch-bowls both in Delft ware, in fine earthenware, and, latterly, in china. The largest size bowl I have met with was made by Pennington, at these works, and is here shown. This fine bowl, which is 20½ inches



in diameter and 9 inches in height, is painted in blue on the usual white ground. Outside it is decorated with a landscape with two bridges in the foreground, on which men are standing to fish, trees, houses, church, &c. &c. Inside the upper part of the bowl is decorated with a series of six trophies, composed of flags, swords, cannon, drums, trumpets, spears, &c. divided from each other by different kinds of shot, viz., chain, crescent, arrow or triangle shell with

fusee hurning, cross or bar, and grape. In the centre, and filling up the inside of the bowl, with the exception of the border, is a group of ships and boats on the water, with the inscription beneath it—

Success to the Africa Trade,
George Dickinson.

This howl was painted probably about the year 1760—70 by John Robinson, who was apprenticed, and afterwards employed, at Pennington's works. Robinson subsequently removed into Staffordshire, and ultimately presented the bowl to the Potteries Mechanics' Institution at Hanley, where it is now carefully preserved along with his note—"John Robinson, a pot painter, served his time at Pennington's, in Shaw's Brow, and there painted this punch-bowl." Several other howls of Pennington's make are in Mr. Mayer's, and other collections.

Of those, two of the finest are dated. One bears on its outside a design of trees, birds, and butterflies, painted in yellow and green, and on its inside a ship in full sail, with the words, "Success to the Monmouth, 1760." The other has on the outside a soldier and a sailor, one of whom is seated on the stock of an anchor, and holding in one hand a sword, and in the other a punch-bowl; and the other sitting, Bacchus-like, astride a harrel. Between them is a chest, hearing the words "Spanish gold;" while inside the howl is a painting of a ship in full sail, with the words, "1779. Success to the Isabella." Of the fine earthenware vases and beakers to which I have just alluded, some remarkably fine examples are preserved in Mr. Mayer's museum; others are in the Bateman museum, and other collections. Of these I give the following illustrations. They form part of a

blue—Pennington had succeeded in beating all his competitors, and it is said that a Staffordshire manufacturer offered him a thousand guineas for his recipe. This he refused, "as it was a source of great profit to him, being kept so secret that none ever mixed the colours but himself." His brother James, however, whom I have spoken of as being a dissipated man, persuaded him to tell him his secret, and soon afterwards, in one of his drunken bouts, told it to a pot-companion, who at once sold it to the Staffordshire house, and thus did Pennington a grievous injury. Seth Pennington took into partnership a Mr. Port, but the connection was not of long duration. Having turned his attention to the manufacture of china, he produced some excellent services and other pieces in that material. In china* he also produced punch-bowls, as well as services. Pennington is said to have used the following marks—

P P

A view of a part of Pennington's works is given in Herdman's "Ancient Liverpool," and is also shown on the vignette in the following page.

PHILIP CHRISTIAN was another of the famous Liverpool potters, and had his works also on Shaw's Brow, but higher up than those of Pennington. They were on the site of what is now known as Islington Terrace. His house was at the corner of Christian Street, which was called after his name. At these works he produced octagonal and other shaped plates of tortoiseshell ware, as well as howls and other pieces of the same material. He also made the ordinary earthenware of the time. Here, later on, he manufactured china † to a considerable extent, and, after the death of Richard Chaffers, is said to have become the leading potter in the place. Mr. Christian is said to have produced in china ware some remarkably good dinner, tea, and coffee services, as well as a number of vases and other ornaments. It is, however, impossible at present to authenticate his productions, so similar are they to those of other makers of the same time and place.

In 1760 the firm of THOMAS DEARE & Co. took the old Delft ware pottery at Patrick's Hill, known as the "Patrick's Hill Pot-house," where they manufactured "all sorts of the best blue and white earthenware."

About the same time a Mr. OKELL carried on "the Flint Pot Works," which were situated at the upper end of Park Lane, near the Pitch House. Here he made blue and white earthenware, and afterwards the more fashionable cream-coloured ware. Mr. Okell died in 1773—74, and the works were then taken by Messrs. RIGG AND PEACOCK, who immediately advertised their intention of "making all kinds of cream-coloured earthenware, &c." Mr. Rigg was, I have reason to believe, from Newcastle-under-Lyme, and a descendant of the celebrated Charles Rigg, the pipe-maker of that town. In the same year there was also a pot-house, called the "Mould Works," carried on by Messrs. Woods & Co., near the infirmary, but where nothing of a finer description than jars, sugar-moulds (for sugar refiners), crucibles, chimney-pots,

* The following were the proportions of the ingredients used by Pennington:—"Pennington's body, March 18, 1769—Bone ashes, 60 lb.; Lyme sand, 40 lb.; flint, 35 frit. To every 60 of the above 20 lbs. of clay."

† "Christian's china body (January 1769). To 100 parts rock: flint, 24 parts; best flint glass, 6 parts; small glass, 6 parts; crown glass, 6 parts. To every 20 lbs. of the above put 1 lb. of salts. Glass—4 china body (foreign): 16 flint glass; 3 white lead; 12 oz. of pearl ashes.



set of chimney ornaments, purchased by Mr. Mayer from the only and aged daughter of Seth Pennington, by whom they had been treasured as examples of her father's



manufacture. The next group exhibits some other varieties of Pennington's vases, the designs on which are painted in blue. In the making of this colour—a fine rich

melting-pots, black mugs, and the like, were made.

In 1761 Liverpool was the scene of one of those strongly contested elections for which it was then, and is now, if we may judge by what has recently taken place, so notorious. The contest was between three rival candidates, viz., Sir William Meredith, Bart., Sir Ellis Cuncliffe, Bart., and Charles Pole, Esq., and the election was carried by the potters, one hundred

and two of whom gave plumpers for Sir William. This is proved by the poll and squib book, which was published by John Sadler, the inventor of transfer printing on earthenware, of whom I have spoken in my last chapter, and I allude to the circumstance here for the purpose of introducing an engraving of one of the drinking mugs made specially for the occasion by the "jolly potters" of Liverpool. This curious and highly interesting mug is of common white



PART OF PENNINGTON'S WORKS.

earthenware, and has a rude border, with the words,

Ser William
a
Plumper,

scratched in, in blue, in the soft clay before firing. It is here shown.



In connection with this election, a song written especially for the potters, and no doubt sung while this very mug was filled with strong ale, and passed round from mouth to mouth, is worth reprinting:—

THE POTTER'S SONG.

To the tune of "Ye mortals whom fancy," &c.
ADDRESSED TO THE PLUMPING POTTERS.
Ye true-hearted fellows, free plumpers and men,
Independent in Britain, how great is your claim!
Not power without candour can soothe with a smile,
Or forms of vain grandeur e'er fancy begin.

CHORUS.

And thus sings the parent of liberty's cause,
If my son you would be,
Like Britons undaunted, like Britons be free.
Tranquillity, heightened by friendship's supply,
Degraded may ensure, with malice stalk by!
Ambitiously reigning, those plumpers, they say,
Unluckily curvy the spoils of each day.

And thus, &c.
Regardless of great ones, we live uncontrolled,
We're potters and plumpers, we're not to be sold,
No purchase but merit can cheapen such souls,
Thus circled in friendship we live by our bowls.

And thus, &c.
Regrate, now preserve the true blessing of choice,
And strike at the wretch that would blast a free voice;
Thus rich in possession of what is our own,
Sir William's our member, Squire Charley may moan.
And thus, &c.

THE HERCULANEUM POTTERY, the largest earthenware manufactory ever established in Liverpool, was founded in the year 1796, on the site of some old copper works on the south shore of the river Mersey at Toxteth Park. The pottery had originally been established about the year 1793-4, by RICHARD ABBEY, who took into partnership a Scotchman named Graham. Richard Abbey was born at Aintree, and was apprenticed to John Sadler, in Harrington Street, as an engraver, where he produced many very effective groups for mugs, jugs, tiles, &c. Of these, one of his best productions was a large group of the Farmer's Arms, which is to be seen on jugs, &c., in different collections. After leaving Sadler's employment, Abbey removed to Glasgow, where he was an engraver at the pot-works, and afterwards served in a similar capacity in France, before he began his pot-works at Liverpool. Messrs. Abbey and Graham were successful in their factory at Toxteth Park, but Abbey growing tired of the business, they sold it to Messrs. Worthington, Humble, and Holland, and Mr. Abbey retired to his native village, where he died in 1801, "at the age of eighty-one, after breaking a blood-vessel whilst singing in Melling Church, where, being a good musician, he used to lead the choir on a Sunday. He was buried at Walton."

In Mr. Mayer's Museum is preserved a teapot of Richard Abbey's making. It is of cream-coloured ware, with black printing. On one side is "The Farmer's Arms," of large size, with supporters, well and boldly engraved. The arms are quarterly; 1st, a sheaf of corn; 2nd, two scythes in saltier, across them in fess two flails, knitted together by a sickle; 3rd, a hay rake and hay fork in saltier, with a three pronged fork, prongs upwards, in pale; 4th, a riddle and a busbel measure; crest, a plough; supporters, a dairymaid with a churn, and a mower with a scythe; motto, "In God is our trust." On the other side is the appropriate verse:—

May the mighty and great
Roll in splendour and state;
I envy them not, I declare it:
I eat my own Lamb,
My Chicken and Ham,
I shear my own sheep, and I wear it.

I have Lawns, I have Bowers,
I have Fruits, I have Flowers,
The Lark is my morning alarm;
So you jolly Dogs now,
Here's "God bless the Plow,"
Long Life and content to the Farmer.

On taking to these works, Messrs. Worthington, Humble, and Holland, engaged as their foreman and manager, Mr. Ralph Mansfield, of Burslem. This person served them for some years, and afterwards commenced a small pottery on his own account at Bevington Bush, where he made only the commoner kinds of earthenware. These works ceased at his death. Besides Mansfield the foreman, the new company engaged about forty "hands," men, women, and children, in Staffordshire, and brought them to Liverpool to work in different branches of their art. As Wedgwood had chosen to call his new colony, "Etruria," the enterprising company determined on christening their colony "Herculaneum," which name they at once adopted, and stamped it on their wares. The buildings acquired from Richard Abbey were considerably enlarged, the arrangements were remodelled, new ovens and workshops were erected, and houses for the workmen built. This being done, the workpeople were brought from Staffordshire, and operations at once commenced. The story of the removal of this band of artisans is so pleasantly and so graphically told by my friend Mr. Mayer, that I here give it in his own words. He says:—"After enlarging and remodelling the works, and the little group of emigrants, who were chiefly from Staffordshire, being ready to start, their employers gave them a dinner at the Legs of Man public house at Burslem, to which a few of their friends were invited. There they spent the parting night in jollity and mirth; and at a late hour, in conformity with an old Mercian custom, still prevalent in some parts of Staffordshire, the parting cup was called for, and each pledged the other to a loving remembrance when absent, and a safe journey and a hearty goodwill. Next morning at an early hour they started on their journey, headed by a band of music, and flags bearing appropriate inscriptions, amongst which was one, 'Success to the Jolly Potters,' a motto still met with on the signs of the public houses in the Staffordshire pot districts. When reaching the Grand Trunk Canal, which runs near to the town of Burslem, after bidding farewell to all their relatives and friends, they got into the boats prepared for them, and were towed away amid the shouts of hundreds of spectators. Now, however, came the time for thought. They had left their old homes, the hearths of their forefathers, and were going to a strange place. Still the hopes of bettering themselves were strongest in their thoughts, and they arrived in Runcorn in good spirits, having amused themselves in various ways during their canal passage, by singing their peculiar local songs, which, as 'craft songs, perhaps stand unrivalled in any employment, for richness of material, elegance of thought, and expression of passion and sentiment, and it is to be regretted that many of them are daily becoming lost. Amongst other amusements was one that created much merriment—drawing lots for the bouses they were to live in, which had been built for them by their employers; and as they had not seen them, nor knew anything about them, the only preference to be striven for was whether it should be No. 1, 2, 3, &c.

"At Runcorn they stayed all night, as the weather was bad and the river very rough, after one of those storm-days frequent in the Mersey, when the waters are lashed by the

wind into such fury, that few boats dare venture out, and many who had never seen salt water before, were afraid to trust themselves upon it in a flat. Next morning, November 11, 1796, the wind had subsided. They embarked on board the flat, and at once, with a fair wind, got into the middle of the Mersey, where it becomes more like an inland sea surrounded by lofty mountain ranges. This much surprised the voyagers, alike by its picturesque beauty and the vast extent of water. They had a pleasant voyage down the river, and arriving at their destination, were met on their landing by a band of music, and marched into the works amidst the cheers of a large crowd of people, who had assembled to greet them. Thus commenced the peopling of the little colony called *HERCULANEUM*, where a few years ago, on visiting the old nurse of my father, who had accompanied her son there, I heard the same peculiar dialect of language as is spoken in their mother district in Staffordshire, which to those not brought up in that locality, is almost unintelligible."

From this it will be seen that the little colony was peopled in the middle of November, 1796. The works were opened on the 8th of December, on which occasion an

entertainment was given to the workpeople, as will be seen from the following interesting paragraph from *Gore's General Advertiser* of December 13th, 1796:—

"On Saturday last, the new pottery (formerly the copper works)* near this town was opened, and a plentiful entertainment given by Mr. Worthington, the proprietor, to upwards of sixty persons employed in the manufactory, who were preceded by a military band, from the works along the docks and through Castle Street. Two colours were displayed on the occasion, one representing a distant view of the manufactory. We have the pleasure to say, that these works are very likely to succeed, from their extent and situation, and will be of infinite advantage to the merchants of Liverpool."

The first productions of the *HERCULANEUM* works were confined to blue printed ware, in which dinner, toilet, tea, and coffee services, punch-bowls, mugs, and jugs, were the principal articles made, and cream-coloured ware, which was then so fashionable. At a later date, terra-cotta vases and other articles were produced, as were also biscuit vases, figures, &c.

Of the cream-coloured ware, or Queen's ware, the examples which have come under

my notice are of remarkably fine quality, and are as well and carefully potted as those of any other manufactory, scarcely even excepting Wedgwood's own. In colour they are of a somewhat darker shade than Wedgwood's, and Mayer's, and not of so yellow a cast as the Leeds ware. The glaze is good, and the decorations are careful and well designed. In the possession of Mr. Benson Rathbone and myself, are parts of a dinner service, each piece of which is decorated with a border of grapes, vine leaves, and tendrils, carefully painted in sepia, and the initials M. H. II. in writing capitals, within a headed oval, surmounted by the crest of a stag's head cahoshed. This design of crest and initials is engraved, and is an excellent specimen of transfer printing in sepia. The border of vine leaves, grapes, &c., is precisely the same as is found on some of Wedgwood's Queen's ware, and pieces of other makes, in my own collection. It should be added that some of the pieces of this service are marked with the name

HERCULANEUM

in small capitals, impressed on their under side. The collector will also find some good examples of this ware in Mr. Mayer's Museum at Liverpool, which will serve for



HERCULANEUM POTTERY.

comparison with other makes. The *HERCULANEUM* works also produced some remarkably good jugs with bas-relief figures, foliage, &c., of extremely fine and hard body. These pieces, which rival Turner's celebrated jugs, are marked with the name *HERCULANEUM* in small capitals, impressed. In the possession of Mr. Davis, Leeds, is a scarce example of *HERCULANEUM* make. It is a plate of pure white, with a broad puce-coloured border, with well painted leaves and flowers. It is marked with the impressed name of *HERCULANEUM*.

In terra-cotta vases of good design, as well as other pieces, were produced. In the possession of Mr. Board is a remarkably fine pair of covered vases, with holdy-modelled heads of satyrs for handles, and festoons on the sides. The vases are black, and the heads and festoons gilt. This fine pair is marked *HERCULANEUM*. In Mr. Rathbone's collection is a wine cooler of vine leaves and grapes, of similar design, and of the same reddish colour as some of Wedgwood's terra-cotta coolers. It is marked *HERCULANEUM*, impressed on the bottom.

In Blue Printing the *HERCULANEUM* Works produced many remarkably good patterns,

and the earthenware bearing those patterns was of a fine hard and compact body, of excellent glaze, and the potting remarkably good and skilful. One service, of which specimens may be seen in Mr. Mayer's museum and in my own collection, had openwork basket rims, of similar design to those produced by Davenport. On this service were views of the principal towns in England, the names of which were printed in blue on the bottoms of each



piece, which mostly bear the impressed mark of *HERCULANEUM* in large capitals. This, and other services which I have examined, are in the ordinary process of transfer printing, but **hath printing** was

* Many of the early productions of these works have a peculiar green tinge about them. This was the effect of the copper, which for some time tainted the manufactory.

also practised, and of these several examples are in Mr. Mayer's possession.

In 1800 the manufactory was considerably increased, and again in 1806 it received many additions. At this time, in order to augment the working capital, the number of proprietors was increased. Early in the present century china was made at these works, and continued to be produced, though not to a large extent, to the time of the close of the works. Of the china produced several examples may be seen in the Mayer museum. In 1822 it was ordered by proprietors at a meeting held in that year, that "to give publicity and identity to the china and earthenware manufactured by the *HERCULANEUM* Pottery Company, the words '*HERCULANEUM* Pottery' be stamped or marked on some conspicuous part of all china and earthenware made and manufactured at the manufactory." In 1833 the company was dissolved, and the property sold for £25,000 to Mr. Ambrose Luce, who leased the premises to Thomas Case and James Mori, who are said to have carried on the business for about three years only. By these gentlemen, it is said, the mark of the "*Liver*," of which I shall speak presently,

was introduced. About 1836 the firm of Case, Mort, & Co. was succeeded by that of Mort and Simpson, who continued the manufactory until its close in 1841.

During the time the works were carried on by Case, Mort, & Co., a fine dinner-service, of which a portion is in Mr. Mayer's museum, was made for the corporation of Liverpool. It was blue-printed, and had on each piece the arms of Liverpool carefully engraved, and emblazoned. In the same collection is part of another service of somewhat similar description, but with the earlier mark of HERCULANEUM impressed.

The marks used at the Herculanæum Works at different periods appear to have been, so far as my present knowledge goes, the following; and as they have never before been engraved, they will, doubtless, be found of much service to the collector, in enabling him correctly to appropriate specimens in his possession. They are as follows:—

The word

HERCULANEUM impressed in large capitals. The same in small capitals, also impressed,

HERCULANEUM.

These have generally a number attached, which, of course, is simply the mark of the workman or of the pattern. The same name also occasionally occurs in blue-printing.



A crown, with the word Herculanæum in a curve, above it. This mark is impressed.



A crown within a garter, bearing the word Herculanæum, impressed. The words

HERCULANEUM POTTERY

in capitals, impressed.

The crest of the borough of Liverpool, a bird called the *Liver*, or *Lever*, with wings expanded, and bearing in its beak a sprig of the plant liverwort. Of this mark of the



crest there are three varieties, here shown, and which are all impressed in the ware.

An anchor, with the word Liverpool in a



curve, above it. This is likewise an impressed mark.

Before closing this chapter, it may be well to note, that among the men of eminence who, at one time or other, were connected with the potteries of Liverpool, besides those named, were William Roscoe, the eminent Art-critic and biographer, Peter Pever Burdett, the engraver, who also worked for Wedgwood, and who intro-

duced the process of transferring aquatints to pottery and porcelain; Paul Sandby, who assisted other manufactories, and many other artists of note.

It may also be well to say a word or two on those pieces which more than others are considered to be "Liverpool pottery," and which, indeed, I believe are thought by many collectors to be the only kind ever made there. I allude to the mugs, plates, &c., of cream-coloured ware which are decorated with ships or with flags of different merchants, and signals. These were principally made at the works of Guy Green, in Harrington Street, of whom I have spoken in my last chapter. Of these, several varieties have come under my notice, but it will be sufficient for my present purpose to note one or two. Some pieces have the engraving of the lighthouse and flags, with the name, "An east view of Liverpool Light House and Signals on Bidston Hill, 1788." The flags are all numbered, and beneath are references, with the owners' names, to forty-three different flags. Another piece with the same date has forty-four flags and owners' names, showing the addition of a new merchant in that year. Others again, without date, show fifty and seventy-five flags, and are therefore interesting as showing the rapid extension of the port. These pieces are very sharply engraved and printed in black, and the flags on some of the pieces are coloured.

I have purposely avoided in these chapters on Liverpool pottery and china alluding to the manufactories at Seacombe or St. Helen's, as these will, on another occasion, form the subject of a short notice.

Having now brought my notice of the Liverpool pot-works to a conclusion, it only remains to add that I shall resume my series of papers in the next number with a history of Leeds pottery, about which but little is at present known.

ART-EXHIBITION AT ALTON TOWERS.

THE Art-Treasures' Exhibition at Alton Towers, of the inauguration of which an account was given in the last number of the *Art-Journal*, consists principally of oil paintings, water-colour drawings, architectural drawings and sketches, Wedgwood ware, pottery and porcelain of various makes and periods, carvings in wood and ivory, enamels, &c. &c. Among the contributors of oil pictures are the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, the Earl of Dartmouth, the Earl of Lichfield, the Duke of Sutherland, Viscount Clifden, Lord Leigh, Lord Lyttelton, Lady Cotton Shepherd, the South Kensington Museum, Sir William Fitzherbert, Mrs. Marsh Caldwell, Mr. Francis Wedgwood, Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, Mr. Joseph Mayer, Dr. Davis, Messrs. Fenton, Bateman, Twigg, Alcock, Hill, Sleight, Wood, Smith, Gaunt, Edge, Sneyd, Warren, Buller, Clement, and many other well-known amateurs. The collection thus brought together is one of extensive interest and beauty. The paintings are hung in the Armoury and Picture Gallery, and are between two and three hundred in number, including examples of Rembrandt, Murillo, Titian, Van Huysum, Guido, Rubens, Vandeyck, Loucherbourg, Reynolds, Lawrence, Kneller, Morland, Westall, Wilkie, Cook, Collins, Redgrave, Etty, Clint, Mulready, Leslie, Cope, Grant, Wright of Derby, Jackson, Stubbs, and others.

The water-colour drawings and sketches

include examples by Flaxman, Prout, Turner, Hunt, David Cox, E. M. Ward, Cattermole, Redgrave, Copley Fielding, Sandby, Gastineau, Holland, Webster, Cope, Dyce, Nash, Landseer, &c.;—lent by Mr. Beresford-Hope, Mr. Philips, the South Kensington Museum, Mr. Rathbone, Mr. Woodall, Mr. Taylor, Dr. Davis, Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Alcock, Mr. Clement, Miss Rowbotham, and others.

The architectural drawings consist of fifty large framed drawings of ecclesiastical, public, and domestic buildings, contributed to the exhibition through the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Another striking feature in the exhibition is a fine series of five hundred and fifty framed drawings, sent in for national competition from the schools of Art throughout the kingdom, which are contributed by the Lords of the Privy Council for Education, from the South Kensington Museum.

Miniatures are contributed by Viscount Ingestre (painted by Miss Dixon), and by Mr. L. S. Davis.

Among the carvings, her Majesty the Queen most kindly contributes the exquisitely-carved boxwood cradle by Mr. Rogers, from Windsor Castle; Miss Burdett Coutts also sends some examples of Mr. Rogers's work, and Mr. Beresford-Hope, M.P., a fine piece of French carving of a squirrel, while devouring a young bird in a nest, being attacked by the old bird. This gentleman also contributes a fine plateau of stag's horn, carved with hunting subjects and Diana and Actæon, dated 1671-3, a ewer of stag's horn elaborately carved, and a Venetian shrine or devotional tablet.

In enamels, the principal contributor is Mr. Buller, M.P., who lends a few remarkably fine examples of Limoges, &c. Some antique bronzes have been contributed by Dr. Holland and others, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer lends a magnificent crystal ewer, set with precious stones.

In pottery and porcelain, besides the collection of Wedgwood ware to be spoken of hereafter, are many highly interesting examples of various makes and periods, contributed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who sends some fine majolicae, capo de Montis, and specimens of old German porcelain, &c.; Mr. Jewitt, who sends rare examples of early Staffordshire, and of Plymouth, Bristol, Liverpool Delft, Chelsea-Derby, Derby, New Hall, Worcester, Lowestoft, and other makes; Mr. Melley, who sends specimens of French porcelain; Mr. Edwards, examples of majolica; Lord Leigh, a breakfast service, made to his order for her Majesty's use when visiting at Stoneleigh Abbey; Mr. Ratcliffe, a collection of Etruscan pottery; Sir William Fitzherbert, Bart., some interesting pieces of ware; Messrs. Wedgwood, Messrs. Minton, and Messrs. Copeland, selections of their productions of the present day; Mr. Campbell, Mr. Rathbone, and others.

The object of the exhibition being to aid that noble scheme, the establishment in the Potteries of the "Wedgwood Memorial Institute," it will be right in this notice to direct attention more especially to whatever relates to Wedgwood or his productions, which it contains. The speciality of the loan collection should be *Wedgwood*, and to this end the present notice will be confined to him and his works, as exemplified in the treasures temporarily brought together at Alton Towers. And first as to *Pictures*.

In the centre of the west wall of the picture gallery is a group of six paintings brought together from different localities, and belonging each one to a different owner, which possesses more interest than

any other group in the whole collection. In the centre is the fine large family picture (97), by Stubbs, the celebrated animal painter, in which the great potter, Josiah Wedgwood, and his wife and family, are represented in a part of the grounds of his mansion at Etruria; Wolstanton Church, &c., is shown in the distance. In this interesting picture, which belongs to Francis Wedgwood, by whom it has been kindly lent from his mansion at Barlaston, Josiah Wedgwood and his amiable wife are represented in the characteristic costume of the period, seated beneath a large tree in the garden. The lady is holding out her hand to her little daughter, Catherine, who is drawing a child's carriage, containing the two younger members of the family, Sarah and Mary-Anne. The eldest daughter, Susannah, afterwards wife of Dr. Darwin, of Shrewsbury, is represented on horseback, as are her three brothers, John, Josiah, and Thomas.*

Immediately below this painting is hung Reynolds's fine and well-known portrait of Josiah Wedgwood (99), which has been lent by its possessor, the present Josiah Wedgwood, of Gnuvillo. This portrait has been engraved both in mezzotint and line, and will be familiar to most readers of the *Art-Journal*.† It forms a conspicuous feature in the present collection. This portrait is supported right and left by those of the man who owed so much to Wedgwood's early patronage, and to whom in his turn Wedgwood was indebted for the beauty of many of his designs—John Flaxman. Of these charming portraits of Flaxman, No. 103, by Jackson, R.A., is contributed by Viscount Clifden; and No. 101, by Derby, is lent by Mr. Rowbotham.

Above the family picture are portraits of Dr. Darwin and of Thomas Bentley. Dr. Erasmus Darwin, of Derby, the author of the "Botanic Garden," &c. &c., was an intimate terms of friendship with Josiah Wedgwood, and his son, Dr. Darwin, of Shrewsbury, married Susannah, his eldest daughter, who is shown on horseback in the family painting just described. This portrait, which is after Wright of Derby, was also produced as a medallion by Wedgwood. It is lent by Miss Darwin. The portrait of Thomas Bentley, the friend and partner of Josiah Wedgwood, is by Wright of Derby, and is lent by Mrs. Marsh Caldwell. It is a remarkably fine example of Wright's admirable style of painting. While speaking of Bentley it will be well to note that in the same gallery, at this exhibition, are three small paintings (Nos. 196, 198, 200), by Wright of Derby, of Mr. and Mrs. James Caldwell and Miss Stamford, relatives of Bentley, through his second wife. These paintings are contributed by Mrs. Marsh Caldwell. There is also (No. 117) a portrait of George Stubbs, the painter of the family portrait just described—"that excellent artist, Mr. Stubbs," as Wedgwood writes, "whose exquisite enamels upon them,† after nature, which have been repeatedly exhibited in the Royal Academy, are evidences of the species and value of the enamel painting that may be produced upon these tablets." This portrait of Stubbs, which is probably painted by himself, is contributed by Mr. Joseph Mayer, F.S.A.

Another highly interesting portrait is that of Richard Wedgwood, of Spen Green (No. 60), the father of Sarah Wedgwood, wife of the great potter; it is contributed to the collection by Mr. E. T. W. Wood. The portrait, which exhibits Richard Wedgwood when somewhat advanced in life, shows him to have possessed that quiet, thoughtful, and benevolent expression of countenance so characteristic of the family.

In the same gallery will be seen a fine portrait of Richard Chaffers, the Liverpool potter (No. 157), of whom a notice appears in the present number of the *Art-Journal*, painted by Chubbard, of Liverpool, and contributed by Mr. J. Mayer, F.S.A. Chaffers was the contemporary and friend of Wedgwood, and, following in the wake of Cookworthy, sought for, and found, a fresh vein of "soap rock" in Cornwall, and through its use introduced the art of making china into Liverpool.

Another interesting picture in this gallery (No. 155) is one of Etruria works and village in 1838, with Burslem in the distance, painted by S. Williamson, and contributed by Mr. Mayer.

In the Talbot Gallery will be found some of Flaxman's sketches, viz., 'Ajax and Cassandra' (No. 356), lent by Miss Rowbotham, and a scene from the *Inferno*,—'Dante and Virgil contemplating the Souls in Paradise,' lent by Mr. A. J. Beresford-Hope, M.P. In the same gallery are Mr. Wigginton's 'Perspective Design for the Wedgwood Institute,' Mr. L. De Ville's 'Premiated Ceramic Design for the Wedgwood Memorial,' and Mr. G. B. Nichols's 'Wedgwood Memorial, Original Design,' which are all worthy of examination; as is also Mr. Brandon's large perspective view of Alton Towers, where the exhibition is being held, showing proposed alterations in that fine and highly-picturesque building.

In the ceramic department, which is principally comprised in the octagon room, Wedgwood ware, as undoubtedly ought to be the case, forms the most prominent feature. Here is the fine marble bust of Josiah Wedgwood, by Fontana, presented to the Memorial Institute by Mr. Mayer, F.S.A., and which is conspicuously placed on the top of the central case, looking down the picture gallery.

In jasper-ware the collection is especially rich, and contains many choice examples of various periods, including specimens of both solid jasper and jasper-dip. Among the principal contributors are:—Mr. Mayer, who sends a large number of plaques, cameos, medallions, &c., as well as some choice vases and a fine wine-cooler (No. 232) of circular form, with four supports with terminal female heads in blue, decorated with white bead necklaces, from each of which hangs a small cameo, blue ground, with white head; this fine piece is decorated with figures and classic foliage. The Earl of Harrowby has sent a pair of sumptuous jasper-dip vases and covers. Mr. D. C. Majoribanks, M.P., contributes, besides a series of fourteen original models in wax, by Flaxman, for Wedgwood's bas-reliefs, and several fine plaques, &c., a pair of flower vases, with Flaxman's cupids beneath festoons of drapery and skins suspended from the handles of vases standing on pillars; a remarkably fine open-work basket of the nautilus form, in blue jasper, with white jasper borders, edges, and foliage (this is a very unusual example, open-work baskets being generally made in the bamboo or cane-coloured ware); and a white marble chimney-piece, inlaid with medallions and plaques in sage-

green jasper. Mr. J. E. Taylor sends a collection of vases, pedestals, lamps, portions of tea equipages, déjeuner services, plaques, cameos, &c. Messrs. Wedgwood, who lend a cruciform vase with circular base, tobacco pots, pedestals, flower vases, cameos, &c. Messrs. Agnew and Sons contribute some charming pedestals, inkstands, tea equipages, vases, &c. &c. Lord Leigh sends a set of three exquisitely foliated vases, a pair of tripod lamps supported on dolphins, inkstands, lamps, &c. The Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer sends the simple, but chaste and elegant déjeuner service to which he so poetically alluded in his speech at Burslem on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the Wedgwood Institute, and which is engraved in the *Art-Journal* for October, 1864, and in Mr. Jewitt's "Life of Josiah Wedgwood," p. 325; and other examples. Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt sends some medallions, some double cameos for setting in bracelets, and examples of double seals for mounting as "swivels." Mr. Bagshawe contributes a remarkably fine plaque of large size, and of unusually fine execution.

In red ware, Mr. Gladstone contributes a "root pot" and saucer, exquisitely ornamented with a wreath of flowers in relief in black; and Mr. Taylor exhibits an Egyptian vase, and a pair of remarkably good vases, decorated with foliage, borders, and a series of classic figures in black relief.

In "basaltes, or Egyptian black" ware, the principal contributors are—Mr. Taylor, who sends among other examples three pair of magnificent sphinxes, two pair of which are arranged as candelabra, some highly interesting figures, paper weights, &c.; Mrs. Marsh Caldwell, who sends some good vases, lamps, &c.; Mr. Gladstone contributes a coffee-pot and cover, decorated with Flaxman's groups of boys; and Messrs. Agnew, who send a pair of vases, an inkstand, and portions of tea and coffee equipages. There are also exhibited a marvellously fine and large figure of Mercury, a large bust, and a pair of the celebrated "wine" and "water" ewers.

In "encaustic" or "Etruscan" ware the Earl of Dartmouth exhibits a wonderfully fine assemblage of vases, of large size, and of remarkably good character.

In "Queen's ware," Messrs. Agnew and Sons exhibit the fine centrepiece engraved in the *Art-Journal* for May, 1864, the teapot engraved in the same number, and a vase. Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt contributes a fine round dish, painted with vine leaf and grape border in sepia, a saucer with painted border, and some plates, &c.

In imitation porphyry, agate, &c., Mr. Jewitt and others contribute some remarkably fine examples.

In Wedgwood china, Mr. Mayer sends some good specimens; and of printed wares he and Mr. Jewitt also contribute examples.

The exhibition, though not so extensive as could have been wished, and not so rich in illustrations of Wedgwood and his productions as might naturally have been expected, is, nevertheless, highly creditable, and one which will tend to attract additional interest to the ceramic arts, so long and so successfully practised in the district.

As the collection is not yet entirely arranged, but fresh objects for exhibition are constantly arriving, we here close our notice for the present, to supplement it in our next number by a few words on the recent additions, and on the bas-reliefs and cameos, &c., to which only a brief allusion has been made.

* Richard, the other son, had died previous to the execution of this painting.

† A fine steel engraving of this painting, by John Taylor Wedgwood, appears as the frontispiece to the "Life of Josiah Wedgwood," by Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A. London, Virtue Brothers, 1865.

‡ Tablets of Wedgwood's making in earthenware.

DOMESTICATED ANIMALS.*

PREBENDARY JACKSON is one of those who have done good service to the cause of humanity both by word and deed: he has advocated the claims

of the domestic animal on the kind consideration of its owner and its employer.

In furtherance of this most laudable object the reverend gentleman has put forth an excellent little book, filled with a large variety of well-authenticated anecdotes concerning dogs, horses,



donkeys, and cats, with some of which creatures almost everybody has something or other to do. He says, "the work, it is hoped, will be occa-

sionally used in primary, secondary, and other schools; and offered as a reward to peasant boys and girls distinguished for their gentleness to-



wards the lower creation." But the book merits a much wider circulation than it would have as a

* OUR DUMB COMPANIONS: OR, CONVERSATIONS OF A FATHER WITH HIS CHILDREN, ABOUT DOGS, HORSES, DONKEYS, AND CATS. By THOMAS JACKSON, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Rector of Stoke Newington. Published by S. W. Partridge, London.

"prize;" it should find its way into every household, high or low, where a domestic animal is kept, as a most entertaining teacher of kindness to our dumb companions. It is presented in a most attractive but simple form, with copious illustrations, excellently drawn and engraved, of which two specimens appear on this page.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF D. PRICE, ESQ.,
REGENT'S PARK.

A PASSING CLOUD.

J. C. Hook, R.A., Painter. R. Wallis, Engraver.

A CATALOGUE of Mr. Hook's pictures would show, perhaps, as great a variety of subject as we should find in the works of any living painter. His earliest productions are of an historical character, or were suggested by passages in the writings of our poets. From these he turned to the legends and annals of Venice, lingering for a long time on the blue waters of the Adriatic as they reflected the bright image of the beautiful city, and the glittering throngs that issued from her palaces in days of old. He exhibited her people, her high-horn ladies, cavaliers, and her gondolas, in all the pomp and circumstance of mediæval grandeur. At a subsequent date, his pictures were principally representations of home scenery, with rustic figures, similar to that engraved here; these, however, were occasionally interspersed with historical subjects. Within the last four or five years his pencil has chiefly delineated fishermen, engaged in their avocations, either at sea or on shore, and these he has rendered with a fidelity and truth scarcely surpassed by artists who have been all their life long marine painters. To this latest class of works he has given what may be called almost a new reading, for their charm lies not so much in the painting of the sea, or the vessel, or the rocky coast—all of which, however, is excellent—as in the manner in which the figures are brought forward, and the life-like, salt-water expression (we can find no other term to signify our meaning) given to them. One of the earliest of these pictures, 'A Signal on the Horizon,' elicited the following remarks from Mr. Ruskin, in his "Notes on the Royal Academy Exhibition" in 1857:—"It seems to me that this is the sweetest and most pathetic picture of an English hay that has been painted in modern times; and as for the thought, and choice of scene, and rendering of expression throughout the picture, they are all so true, so touching, and so lovely, that I do not choose to speak many words about them, lest I should do the reader harm instead of good by some discordant expression; it would need a little finished idyl of Tennyson to express them rightly."

The 'Passing Cloud' was exhibited at the Academy the year before the picture just mentioned. The title, it is evident, has no reference to a cloud overshadowing the landscape, which is bright as a summer's day can make it, but to one which has come across the path of the two young rustic lovers, who have had a slight quarrel, and have turned away from each other, the youth hiding his face on a high green bank, and the girl sitting mute at its base, and idly pulling to pieces the flowers in her lap. Her countenance is not indicative of much trouble; she is undoubtedly coquetting with her swain, and, feeling she has him firmly in her grasp, quietly waits her time for the cloud above them to pass away.

There is considerable awkwardness in the arrangement of a portion, and that the most prominent, of the composition. The outer line of the bank runs in the same direction as the cottage, of which it seems almost a continuation, so that at a first glance the hoy appears to be resting on the latter. But the subject is worked out with extreme care and minuteness of detail, especially in the whole of the landscape.



B. WAUGHAN

A. P. C. O. V. E. R. T. A. N. T.

10. 18.

ART-RAMBLES IN BELGIUM.

CHAPTER III.

BRUSSELS is so happy a combination of the best features of Paris and London, that it has always been a favourite place of residence with the English, who at one time formed a no very inconsiderable portion of its population. Of course the casual visitor goes to Waterloo, though the locality is now much altered since the great day of battle. The continual visits of travellers, making a residence here a means of profit, have so much increased the population of Waterloo and Mont St. Jean, that whereas there used to be a full mile of distance between the two places, the long straggling village of Mont St. Jean is now quite united to Waterloo. We give a sketch of the latter place in its original condition; the pyramidal mound surmounted by the Belgic lion, commemorating the native soldiery, is three miles off.

Belgium has not many monuments to show connected with its own great civil wars. Out-



VAN EYCK'S VIRGIN.

side the gate of Ghent, on the road to Antwerp, are the remains of the tremendous fortress erected by the Emperor Charles V., to check the over-turbulent inhabitants of the old city. Here were imprisoned the Counts Egmont and Horn, and here the celebrated Prince of Orange led the assault of 1570, when the citizens succeeded in obtaining possession of it, and soon afterwards levelled it with the ground; the people working as willingly as did the Parisians when they razed the Bastille; and, like them, being assisted by their wives and children. Within its boundary is the octagonal chapel of St. Macaire. It is enclosed by the heavy ivy-covered walls of the central keep. The cloister of the Gothic chapel of St. Bavon, which also stood within the citadel, has much more picturesque features. It is in the Romanesque style, and was once the centre of the ancient quarter of St. Bavon, whence eight hundred houses were removed to make way for this formidable fortress.

Allusion has already been made to the fine



specimens of old domestic architecture to be seen in Belgium; they abound in infinite variety. Malines possesses some picturesque examples, of which we engrave one specimen. Louvain is equally rich, and among them is the remarkable brick-building, with geometric tracery over the entire front, also engraved in our pages. At Ghent and at Bruges are equally good, though varied, specimens of the ability of the old Flemish builders.

Many amusing details will attract an observant eye in these old cities. Quaint signs, with their necessary names in broad Flemish, greet passers by. Of these we give four specimens. It will be conceded that we use the term "necessary" advisably, for the "red hound" (of a bright scarlet tint) and "the wild cat" require their proper designations to render them recognisable.

The Flemings have always delighted in the grotesque, and in startling popular pageantry. Every city had, and has still, its appointed day of jubilee, generally in honour of its patron

saint, when the trade guild parade the streets in fanciful dresses, accompanied by the civic giants, enormous figures of animals, real and imaginary, whales, ships fully rigged and manned, with heathen gods, classic heroes, and heterogenous characters to marshal the whole. No great city was without its giant, and on great occasions they all assembled to do honour to the advent of some great personage. The

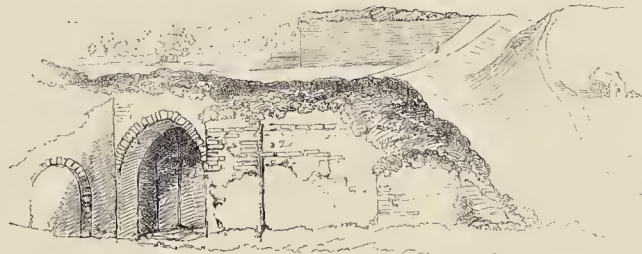
only giant who has never travelled beyond the walls of his own city, is he of Antwerp, and for the most sufficient reason: there is no gate of the old city tall enough for him to pass under. This enormous figure was constructed in the reign of the Emperor Charles V. Within the body is a spiral staircase, leading to a platform on a level with the neck, where a man stands to direct a windlass to turn the head from side to



WATERLOO.

side when he is drawn on his car through the streets. He is provided with a wife of equally gigantic proportion, and a brood of young giants, about ten feet high, who walk after them. Their bodies are of wicker-work, and conceal strong men, who give what vitality they can to the monsters. They are the delight of the populace, who speak with warm affection of "notre bon père Antigon," "sa belle Dame,"

and "nos amiables petits Géants;" yet the history of the "bon père" would seem to call for no mark of esteem.* According to popular legend he was a cruel giant, who inhabited a castle on the Scheldt where Antwerp now stands, and exacted heavy toll from all boats that passed; if the men did not pay, he cut off their hands. Braban, one of Julius Caesar's generals, ultimately conquered him, founded the seignory



THE OLD CITADEL, GHENT.

named Brabant after him, and built Antwerp, giving it that name in memory of the hands cut off (*hand t'worpen*) by the giant, which hands still appear in the city arms, as may be seen in the shield borne by the giant's wife. In spite, however, of so clear and vivacious a narrative, sober topographers are more inclined to trace the name of the city from its position, "an t'werf"

(on the wharf), that led to its great commercial prosperity.

But we must bid adieu to civic legends, and take a last glance of the treasures of pictorial Art the old towns enshrine. To begin at the beginning, one of the earliest and most renowned of paintings is still the great feature of the cathedral of St. Bavon, at Ghent. It is the



CHAPEL IN THE CITADEL, GHENT.

work of the brothers Hubert and John van Eyck, and possesses all their beauties, as well as their faults. The wonderfully sound and brilliant condition of the picture is a testimony to their careful and conscientious work. The principal subject (for it is in many compartments) is "The Adoration of the Holy Lamb," into which design is crowded more than 300 figures all finished with the most scrupulous minuteness; that, however, is a qualification

less remarkable than the great degree of character they possess, and the vigour and correctness of their drawing. Larger groups, or single figures, surround this subject. One of the most striking is that of the glorified Madonna. Her costume is regal, as also is that of the Saviour,

* In the *Art-Journal* for 1860 is an engraving from a picture by Baron Wappers, in the collection of her Majesty, representing the procession of this famous Giant, under the title of "The Ommegeank at Antwerp."

who wears the tiara and the golden robes of a worldly sovereign, clasped with jewels across the breast, as shown in our cut.

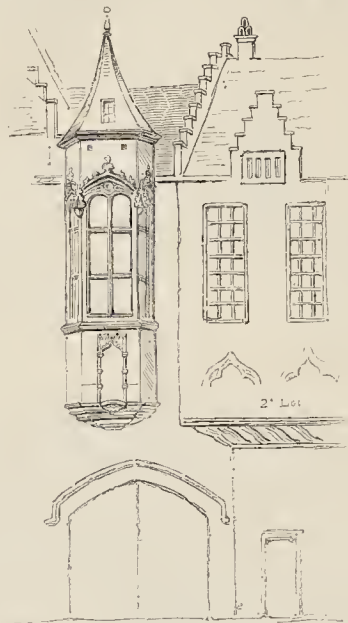
In the same cathedral are two pictures by an artist very little known, but of great ability—Michael Coxie. There is a series of designs (thirty-three in number) illustrating Apuleus's

tale of "Cupid and Psyche," which Vasari says are by him, but which are most usually assigned to Raphael. Coxie is not the only Fleming whose pure love of Italian Art would lead connoisseurs to ascribe their works to Italian artists. Otto Venius, the master of Rubens, is often termed by his countrymen the

fifteenth century it may be said to be unrivalled.

Wood-sculpture has always been much patronised in the Low Countries; hence it has assumed a higher character than it generally exhibits elsewhere. We engrave a group from the cathedral, and a graceful figure of the Madonna, from a street corner. We have already alluded to these groups intended to attract the pious feelings of pedestrians, and have given some few specimens from Antwerp; but this group is the most elegant we have met with.

Near the hospital stands the church of Notre-Dame, a perfect museum of Art. Nowhere can be seen finer examples of the wood-carving which has made Belgium famous. The tombs of the



OLD MANSION AT MALINES.

Flemish Raphael, from the character of his designs. The pictures by Coxie in this church represent 'Christ bearing His Cross' and 'The Crucifixion'; from the latter we copy the figure of the Magdalen.

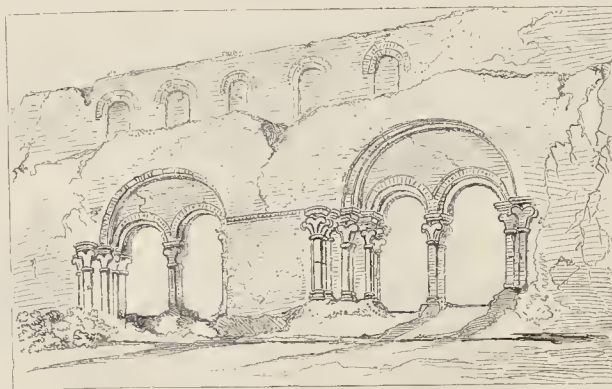
Bruges abounds in objects of interest, and its old streets and houses are very picturesque;

it is, however, so near the sea-coast and the great landing-place, Ostend, that most English travellers, with eharacteristic impatience, hurry past it. It will well reward examination, as it contains in its churches and public buildings some of the finest Art-works in Belgium. The cathedral (or St. Saviour, as it is sometimes



renowned Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and his daughter Mary, wife of the Emperor Maximilian, are marvels of design and execution. A foundation of marble is overlaid with foliations and figures in gilt metal-work, and further enriched by coats-of-arms in brilliant enamel colours. Funeral pomp could be carried no farther than this, nor is the Art-workmanship of the Burgundian era better exhibited than upon these sumptuous mementoes.

The great Art-feature of this church, and undoubtedly the finest piece of sculpture in Belgium, is the group of the Virgin and Child in one of the side chapels. It is popularly ascribed to Michael Angelo, but the fact of its being his work cannot be proved. There is nothing



CLOISTER OF THE OLD MONASTERY OF ST. BAVON, GHENT.

termed) has a fine picture by an early artist, Hans Hemling, worthy of Van Eyck; but the great work of this artist is in the Hospital of St. John, whither he had resorted for cure, after being severely wounded in the battle of Nancy, 1477. The picture was painted in grateful memory of the attention he had received at the hands of the

good sisters. Here, also, is the chief glory of his pencil—the famous "Chasse," painted with the legend of St. Ursula and the Virgin-martyrs. The brilliancy and beauty of this work, and its marvellous freshness after four hundred years, astonish all who see it for the first time. As a pure specimen of the Art of



COLUMNS AT ST. BAVON.

unworthy of the greatest master in its composition and treatment, and it is certainly too good for the best Flemish sculptor, Du Quesnoy. Our concluding sketch is of this group; it conveys but a faint idea of its leading lines. Never was the charm of simplicity more visible than in this work. The dignity of the seated figure greatly adds to the grace of the infant Saviour, the playful and wavy lines of whose position contrast charmingly with the tranquillity and solidity of that given to the Virgin-Mother. Seldom does a sculptured work assert its high place in Art more unmistakably than this, the pride of the people of Bruges.

In thus rapidly reviewing the Art-labours of a country that has earned for itself so important a position as Belgium, it will be conceded to us

that the difficulties are great, to make all comprehensible in a few pages, and by the simplest anatomy of the subjects treated of, embracing, as they do, architecture, sculpture, and painting. Our task has been lightened by the very truthful sketches—the work of a lady artist—which have helped to make our descriptions clearer, and very often drawn our own attention to peculiar and valuable incidents in a picture. Like the *naïve* remark that gives piquancy to a narrative, a slight incident in a picture may

give it a greater value by an appeal at once to those strong innate feelings implanted in all, and through which “one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.” The painter, equally with the poet, has this power; occasionally the painter has the advantage in a more direct and positive form of communicating his ideas. It is the nature, even more than the art, of the painters of the Low Countries, that gives them their position as an original naturalistic school, in opposition to the pure idealists



GOTHIC HOUSE AT LUYKAL.

of the Italian school. They have kept their position, and are likely to keep it as long as truthfulness be valued. They cannot take the high rank that by right belongs to the greater artists of the southern schools; but they do not pretend to dispute that fact, and are content to rest on their own merits. Sometimes we admire only their wonderful imitative power, or perfect mastery of the technicalities of Art; but we are often called on to note high flights of thought and genuine touches of feeling.

Where, indeed, should we look for them, if not in the men who fought the great fight of liberty and religious freedom in the marshes of Holland and the plains of Belgium? taught in the severest school of cruelty and wrong, persecuted for opinion past human endurance, and quite past modern relief. Keen and deep must have been the feeling and thought of the Belgians of past times—the noble men to whom the whole world owes a debt of gratitude for crushing the tyranny of Spain at a time when



THE ANTWERP GIANTS.

that power was vigorously directed to stamp out with a bloody heel the last hope of Protestantism.

As a mercantile nation we are also indebted to our Belgian brethren; they were the first to organise trade regulations and establish commerce on a proper basis. No one but the student of mediæval history can form an idea of the absurd restrictions and the dangers that then surrounded commerce. Protective laws of the narrowest scope crippled home trade; dangers

by land and water almost destroyed export trade. Cities exacted taxes, so did nobles, over whose territories merchants passed. If they trusted their property down rivers like the Danube or the Rhine, they were liable to the most monstrous exaction, or sometimes utter confiscation, from the robber-knights who lived in the castles on their banks, and stopped all passers-by for the black-mail that formed their principal, and sometimes their only, income. Honest traders were sometimes incarcerated in

dungeons until death set them free, or were tortured for money and robbed of their merchandise. At last the great towns leagued together, promising to aid and defend each other with money and soldiers of their own raising, thus establishing a confederation that soon taught the world the wisdom of commercial laws. The Hansa Towns became most im-



FLEMISH SIGN—"THE RED HOUND."

portant cities; the Hanseatic League was found to be of as much, or more value, than royal concessions and chartered promises, often made to be broken. The local government of these towns was another striking feature, and the magnificent *hotels-de-ville* erected in all of them testify to the regal spirit exhibited by the merchants of the middle ages. Indeed, their pride



"THE WILD CAT."

was sometimes carried far, as when a deputation waited on Charles V., and used their valuable velvet coats, trimmed with costly furs and gold, to sit upon, as the benches were of wood; the audience over, they rose to depart, and had reached the door, when an attendant came running to remind them of their coats left on the seats behind. "We are not accustomed to carry our



"THE GOOD COW."

cushions away with us," proudly remarked the last of the throng as he passed out of the palace. This pride was doomed to a severe lesson when Alva and his myrmidons came among them; it was subdued, but never extinguished: subdued in consequence of deep trial, and purer thought, the result thereof; but living still, as



FLEMISH SIGN—"THE CARP."

we hope it ever will, in the hearts of the brave and free nations of Belgium and Holland.

Our own relations with both countries were at one time most intimate; readers of Shakespeare will remember "old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," an English prince born in the old citadel of Ghent, which stands in the centre of that city. By marriage and inheritance our nobility had interests in the country; by commerce we had much more, and

our great merchantmen were as familiar with the Antwerp Bourse as with the Royal Exchange. In the days of the great Gresham they had their warehouses abroad as well as at home, and the houses of the old traders are shown at Brussels, Antwerp, and other great mercantile towns. But as Venice fell by an

alteration in the route of traffic from the East, Antwerp and Belgium generally suffered from the same cause, accelerated there, however, by internal warfare. The greater equalisation of commerce in the present day has changed the exclusiveness that would have become objectionable or dangerous to the various nations;

Englishman will find the habits of the people more in accordance with his own than those of our more volatile nearer neighbours of France. They possess in a large degree the English love of liberty and home. They have the same tendency to home comforts and enjoyments. Their business habits are distinguished by the steady regularity that has made the English trader



IN THE CATHEDRAL, BRUGES.

and trade is in general hands instead of a few, resting on its own power rather than on restrictive or protective laws.

In taking our leave of this interesting country, we cannot but recur with much pleasure to the wanderings we have indulged in among the

old cities, though we may have felt higher elevation in their picture galleries. Every city has its history, every old house seems to tell an old tale. The wanderer in Ghent or Bruges may often meet with an antique street, which seems not to belong to the present time, as if



THE MAGDALEN, BY MICHAEL COXIE.

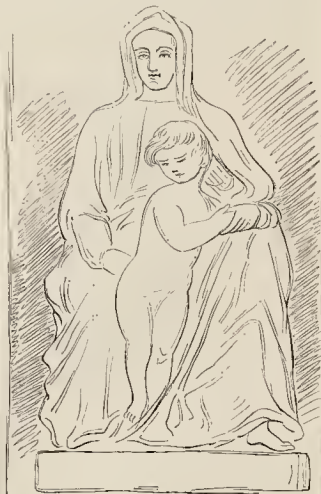
its inhabitants must be only such persons as we see in the marvellous mediæval scenes depicted by their native painter, Leys, of Antwerp. The picture galleries, glorious with the works of the greatest men, possess a rich store, awaiting visitors who will studiously search among them. Art-rambles can be indulged in here

second to few in interest, and historic places of matchless renown visited; the days pass quickly and pleasantly during a holiday taken in Belgium; how easily that holiday may be secured by a short transit over the narrow seas that separate her shores from our own, we have shown in the first of this series of papers. The



THE MADONNA AT BRUGES.

famous; but this may well be the characteristic of a nation that first raised trading to any eminence, and taught the world this great way to wealth. History, even our own, connects itself with every town, Art with every church or public building; "dull must he be of soul" who can ramble in these old cities without deeply feeling the mental advantage he thereby enjoys. It is indeed a privilege to walk where the great



GROUP ATTRIBUTED TO MICHAEL ANGELO.

men of history, the great men in Art, have walked before us; to realise past history by present things; to re-people the old streets, in imagination, with their old inhabitants, when the noble Rubens and the courtly Vandyke gave to the old city of Antwerp a dignity and a glory, which its modern inhabitants, to their great honour, are still proud to acknowledge.

RIVAL MUSEUMS.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

"New lamps for old ones," was the attractive cry of Aladdin's pretended uncle when he so cunningly deprived him of his mystic treasure. If we find there suddenly starts up "a new light," purporting to be far superior to the old ones, which have been steadily useful to us very long, may we not reasonably question its claims, and before we quite put our old lamp out, test the real value of the new one, without being at once dazzled by its polished brass?

There must be very few persons who have not felt some pleasurable gratification, or obtained some useful knowledge, from visits to the British Museum. It appeals to all tastes, and can instruct all students by its vast and varied contents. This can only be tested by experience. The general visitor in walking through its galleries may leave them with a somewhat confused idea of a great gathering of rare and curious objects. It is only when the student goes beyond the surface, and finds how complete this great gathering is in all its most minute requirements, that he feels proud of the National collection, and grateful for its possession.

But a rival, under a specious pretence of being something else, has been gradually increasing in importance, year by year, until the public is called upon to pay the heavy expenses of two collections, and is assured that the old collection is comparatively deserted by the public, while the new one enjoys a much larger share of its patronage. It has been said that anything may be proved by figures, and this assertion is no denial of the apothegm. The rules and usages of the two establishments are widely different. The British Museum is only open three days in the week, and never in the evening, when the labouring classes have most time to visit it. Children are rigidly excluded, which keeps the working classes often away. In the winter it is dreary and dismal enough. South Kensington is accessible every day, and is open till ten at night; well lighted and decorated rooms await all comers, and so anxious were its rulers to obtain them, that originally no one was hindered from passing the turu-tables that so unerringly counted visitors; children of six or eight years of age were allowed to drag in others younger, until their presence became a positive nuisance; but squalid as they often were, they had all the value here of voters at an election, and very good use has been made of the sum total obtained by such means.

There must also be remembered another, and probably the greatest source of attraction, and that is the picture galleries, which are always most crowded. Here the rivalry ceases, for even the stuffed monkeys of the British Museum cannot compete with them. The ruling powers at South Kensington (as they have christened their locality, which was, and is, Brompton Park, and Brompton only) know this full well, and a system of clever "conveyancing" has given them pictures from the National collection that ought never to have been removed, and even the Cartoons from a gallery built expressly for them at Hampton Court.

There can be little doubt that the British Museum suffers by the natural tendency of all old institutions to be eternally ruled by its old laws, and to be impatient of all new ones. It is under very peculiar management, and to argue with the directors is about as likely to convince them and pro-

duce reform, as it is to argue with the papacy in Rome. Its higher class officers too, who formerly worked out the behests of the great invisible powers, were often obstructive, and strongly opposed to all modern improvements. When it was proposed to open the collections on great holidays, the principal antagonist to the measure was found in the person of the chief director, who conjured up visions of rifled cases, smashed vases, and broken-nosed marbles, as the certain result of admitting holiday visitors. The collection might be opened in the morning perfect, to be closed in the afternoon a mass of fragmentary ruin! It was, however, thus opened; the result was, a most enormous crowd of visitors, all certainly from the working and lower classes; a day of great fear and trembling for the old director and the few who thought with him; and a large accumulation of dust on the cases and statues from the thousands of visitors, who left no worse record of their visit behind them. Not a work was injured, not a square of glass broken; and London has had a wholesome holiday sight for its visitors and inhabitants ever since.

In many other instances, the ruling powers in Great Russell Street have been obstructive rather than progressive. Hence they have given foot-hold and ultimate power to a formidable rival at South Kensington. As the public have to pay for all, and we have recently had a House of Commons utterly regardless of public expenditure, it becomes necessary that the general public should begin to think for themselves, and not be hoodwinked by any pretensions, however plausible, that dip hands so deeply into the treasury. As we have already established a National Museum, which, however unfortunately ruled by effete routine, is at least honest in its pretension, and has done its work well for ourselves and our fathers before us, we may inquire why we are to create and pay for an unnecessary rival, that has originated under different pretences?

When it was proposed that a museum should be attached to the Schools of Design, the object then clearly intended was that something like the Ceramic Museum at Sévres should be formed, and that the collection should be simply one of *reference for the workman*. Now, we ask any one to walk through the collection, and judge for himself how far this has been carried out. On entering from the road we pass through a long gallery, where only these legitimate works are to be found; but so very ill-selected and incomplete, and thrown together in such wild confusion, that it is evidently looked upon as a lumber-store, and despised by those who have used it as a shoeing-horn to other matters. The interests of the genuine workmen have been neglected in the formation of the Museum, that a gorgeous display might be made of expensive and showy china, enamels, bronzes, &c., that attract other classes, and secure the votes of *dilettante* members of the House of Commons. We have nothing to say against the works of manufacture from Sévres, Dresden, and elsewhere, that fill the cases in the principal saloon; they are all beautiful, and really useful to the student in ceramic Art. This is the true and legitimate mode of forming such a museum. But what shall we say when twenty times the price of any one of these works is given for some mere curiosity prized at a fancy value, and utterly useless as a work of study or reference? We will take the most glaring instance, the small collection of Henri II. ware. There

we find the following, with their prices attached:—

Circular plateau	£140
Small tazza	180
Tazza and cover	450
Small saltcellar	300
Candlestick	750

£1,820

This large sum has been spent in the purchase of five small earthenware objects, that might be all comfortably packed in a hat-box! But it is not this we should object to, if it could be shown that so serious a sum was well spent in what would be useful. These, however, are mere ceramic curiosities *teaching nothing*, and the large sum of money they have cost might be obviously spent upon much better and more useful objects. This is not a mere assertion, but is a truth supported and enforced by the Brompton managers themselves. Look to the prices attached to the finest works of modern ceramics, and then it will be seen that a large number of admirable specimens, enough to fill many cases with really useful *reference* works, might have been purchased for the cost of these five pieces of old ware, whose *proper locality is the British Museum*.

The same may be said of the so-called "Raffaello ware"—plates and dishes. What possible use could any manufacturer make of them? would any student who was about to enter a potter's workshop ever think of wasting his time over them? They are curious and rare, and the modern rage for collecting ceramics has given them a fictitious value; but they are crude and offensive in colour, and works to be avoided rather than imitated. These again should be sent as proper additions to the mediæval department of antiquities in the British Museum, where the public already possess some fifty specimens. That being the case, we may surely ask, why they were bought for this new museum at all, particularly at the "fancy prices" which some fawmoneyed collectors have artificially raised? To make our statement more clear, we will quote the plate purchased at the Bernal sale (No. 1848 of that collection), sold but a few years before at the Stowe sale for £4, and bought by Mr. Bernal for £5. For this £120 was actually given by the Kensington, or Brompton, directors. It is certainly curious as representing an artist painting one of these plates, but it is otherwise perfectly simple in form, void of all ornament, and without any claim whatever to admission in a museum purporting to be established *solely for the working student*.

When we examine the cases holding the bronze works and enamels, we shall see little else but reckless and useless expenditure. What use to the practical workmen of the present day is the reliquary purchased recently at the sale of Prince Soltykoff's collection in Paris for the enormous sum of £2,142? It is never likely to be reproduced, nor to aid in the reproduction of any new work. The managers here seem to revel in "venerable" relics of an utterly useless order. We have from the same collection an enamelled crozier, at the price of £413; an altar cross, price £350; and a "retable," or folding altar picture, price £342! We will here for once put aside the question of the real value of these things, and allow that they are fully worth what they have cost, yet we shall continue to argue that *this is not the place for them*. Old spoons at £8 each may be also seriously objected to; so may a spoon and fork which cost us £42 at the Pourtales sale; but perhaps the

most absurd purchase of all is a gold coin of Philip of Valois at the price of £12. Surely such things are utterly useless here.

Among the cups we find one, formed from a cocoa-nut mounted in silver, that has been purchased for the large sum of £40 10s.; another, with still less to recommend it, cost £50; but the most absurd purchase of all is a silver dish with the story of Androcles and the Lion embossed on its surface, most miserably bad in design and execution, and surrounded by a border of hideous foliage. This work can only be dated as "early eighteenth century," and has cost us £42. The purchase is utterly indefensible; it can *teach* nothing, except *what to avoid*, and should be consigned to "the chamber of horrors" once established in this building for the reception of articles of "terrible" had manufacture.

Let us again call to mind that this is a museum existing only on the plea of being a collection for the use of students in Art-manufacture. Of what use to them can those hideous Spanish terra-cottas be, that represent the Saviour and various saints in the most repulsive style? The Saviour is upon the cross, covered with blood and bruises; His knees are hard of flesh, which is blackened round the bones. Is such a figure here to be studied for reproduction? Is it not rather an eye-sore and an offence to a rightly-constituted mind? Less disgusting, but more absurd and useless, is another figure of the Saviour bearing His cross, in a magnificent flowered dress of green and gold, a work of modern date, for which we have had to pay £31 11s. 6d. In close vicinity are some small figures of mounted negroes, dressed in silks like children's dolls, bought for £14 each; and near them is the renowned "hurdy-gurdy" which attracted the notice of the House of Commons when more money for such trash was asked for last session; this little addition to our stock cost £8. Considering other prices, it is lucky for us it was not £80.

We object to the purchase of many of these "curiosities" as utterly useless or totally out of place here, and hitherto nothing more than this has been done; but in a museum of such a nature the principle might be carried farther. Of what use was the purchase of Donatello's small mirror-case at the price of £600, when casts in bronze are to be obtained at £3 and £4 each, particularly as the latter serve every useful purpose, and are more pleasant to the eye than the original.

It would only weary the reader to point out "the Wardour Street branch" of the establishment, the galleries of old furniture and old iron, and pick out all the real curiosities to be found there. We will merely point to one, a kite-shaped shield made for some Florentine tournament, with nothing on it but a grim griffin, which we have obtained at a cost of £40. Such are "the hargains" to be found in every corner by any who may search. We tire over it.

How much of all this gathering properly belongs here, how much would be more properly placed in the British Museum, and how large a part is an improper purchase altogether, let any candid visitor judge. We would gladly hail the formation of a good Museum of Decorative and Manufacturing Art, but it is evident that this museum is rapidly forgetting its origin and use, and is becoming a serious tax upon the country for the purchase of very expensive curiosities which have no right to a resting-place under its roof.

Let us now turn to the British Museum,

and see what that establishment does for us in the way of profitable instruction. A glance on the surface of this collection will show its value; but it requires a deeper and more critical examination to fully understand its true worth. The contrast, in appearance, is great between such collections and the national collections at the Louvre, and elsewhere abroad, where they more fully understand the good effect produced by proper display. In our Museum we may find hundreds of specimens of minor antiquities—Egyptian particularly—cramped, one upon the other, in common cases, giving an impression to ordinary visitors that the whole is not worth £5, looking as it does on a par with the stock of a cheap curiosity shop. Were the contents of such a case sent to the Louvre, each article would be mounted on its satin-wood pedestal, arranged with a few others in an ornamental group, and placed on a velvet-covered shelf, in an ebony brass-bound cabinet. Everything there is arranged to give a sense of its value; while in the British Museum it seems to be a determined persistence to detract from the apparent value of every article exhibited as much as possible. Want of space is the excuse for all this; but considering how much there is stowed away in drawers, and never seen by the public, it might be an advantage to stow away a little more, and let us see what we do see properly. Perhaps in no other country than England could so monstrous an excrescence have been affixed to a public building as the glazed sheds that flock the portico. It is as if we desired to proclaim to all the world our utter disregard of correct taste, or proper appreciation of Fine Art.

The Art-history of the whole world is as perfectly represented in the great gatherings of our Museum, as in any other existing. Beginning with ancient Egypt, it includes Assyrian and early Eastern Art; then we have the earliest, as well as the finest, works of Greece and Rome. We fail, certainly, in mediæval specimens; here the collection is weak; it is, unfortunately, only recently that attention is paid to this necessary branch of a great national collection. And the rise of the Kensington collection has diverted public money into a new channel—bringing there what should more properly have gone to Great Russell Street.

The student who wants genuine and fine specimens of ornamental Art, will procure an abundance at the British Museum. Nowhere is there a more perfect and exquisite collection of Greek vases; they have been selected with the utmost care; not only are they beautiful in contour and decoration, but of historic or literary interest from the subjects painted on their surfaces. The elegant thought and free-hand drawing in these designs is sometimes marvellous in its perfection. That noble bequest, known as "The Temple Collection," shows that the most fastidious taste has been employed in its formation. All things in it are the best of their kind. The bronzes of Siris are also unrivalled. Payne Knight secured some admirable statuettes, to which additions have lately been made at the Pourtales sale, in Paris.

It is unnecessary to do more than allude to the bassi-relievi and statuary here. The sculptures from the Parthenon are of higher artistic value than any marbles in the vast collection of the Vatican. It will scarcely be credited that it was once seriously proposed that a selection of the best of these and other works in the National collection, should be made, in

order to be carried from thence to South Kensington. So monstrous a proposition, made in the full intoxication of fancied power, shows the great public danger of supporting rival establishments.

It cannot be denied that the British Museum labours under the difficulty of an antique mismanagement. Its ruling power is centered in a Board of Trustees, and the constitution of that board is an obstruction to progress. They are all, doubtless, very excellent gentlemen in their way; they are simply misplaced, and help to nullify the best work of their own subordinate officers. The composition of this board is a curiosity in itself. Let us examine it. The members amount to the large number of 47; but of these one half (23) are members by virtue of certain offices they hold, not by any fitness, natural or acquired, for their places. To them we must add equally inefficient persons, nine in number, who merely sit as trustees for the Sloane, Cotton, and other families, supposed to still require a representative among them. This reduces the elected members to 15, and as their election depends upon the rest, the nature of their claims is often exceedingly visionary. The *ex-officio* trustees exhibit as curious a mixture as the cattle in Noah's ark. Here we have the Archbishop of Canterbury and the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Bishop of London and the President of the College of Physicians, mixed up with "family trustees" and "elected trustees" of the most opposite tastes and acquirements. Is it to be wondered at that mismanagement ensues? It has with truth been said, it is no discredit to the prelates, noblemen, and gentlemen who figure in this list, that they have no taste or feeling for certain branches of art, or archaeology, brought before their notice. They are all more or less eminent in some way or other; are men of high positions; but we fail to understand what are the qualifications which have induced the Government to appoint to a trust of so responsible a nature, persons not only not adapted to discharge its duties, by education, by taste, or by scientific or antiquarian knowledge, but positively disqualified by the important offices they hold, or by other engagements. What mischief these gentlemen have done, and may do again, is best illustrated by their conduct in 1854, when the collection of Anglo-Saxon antiquities, known as "The Faussett Collection," was offered to them for the ridiculously low price of £500. It was a collection unique in its nature, particularly desirable in a British Museum that was singularly wanting in *British* examples, and one which its officers were particularly anxious to secure. It was refused by the trustees. The Society of Antiquaries, the various archaeological societies, and the best known antiquaries, combined to enlighten these gentlemen by explaining its value in a petition, and appending their signatures. The trustees were irate—they were "not to be dictated to"—refused all further negotiations; and the best opportunity that ever happened, or can happen, of filling the now empty shelves of native antiquities was culpably lost for ever. So great a public disgrace, so great a proof of incapacity, has never attached to any similar body.

The Kensington rulers are "wiser in their generation." They have courted popularity, and improved upon what they have obtained, by offering a luxurious lounge to idlers in rooms richly-decorated, and saloons resplendent with painting and gilding. In fact, the collection in its best part is almost secondary to its gaudy sur-

roundings. Here, again, is a great and unnecessary waste of public money, which might be much better bestowed on ordinary specimens of mechanical Art more useful to the students who belong to this establishment, and for whose benefit alone this museum is supposed to be founded and kept up.

The remedy for all this is simple and practical; but being so, it is almost certain not to be adopted. Let the Kensington Museum take its due and proper position as a Museum of Industrial Art; such a collection as our workmen may refer to for imitation or avoidance; or to study what other nations are doing in the mechanical arts that make their chief trade. Let us have, for instance, the varieties of clays, and the variety of works made from them by different nations, for we should not forget that the wealth of a country depends upon its useful, rather than its luxurious, works. The rough pottery of Holland supplied the whole world with "Delft-ware," and greatly enriched the country of its manufacture; but the Staffordshire potters, with Wedgwood at their head, gave the death-blow to this coarse and profitable trade by producing pottery as cheap for ordinary use, and much superior. It was by the study of clays, and the chemistry of the potter's art, that all this was done; but we find no materials for such study here. The expensive curiosities and antiques brought together are useless for that purpose. Byzantine reliquaries at £2,000 cost, and earthenware candlesticks at £750, are utterly worthless here. All these things should be at once sent to the British Museum, where they are really wanted to perfect the National collection—miserably meagre in this department; and in future the Kensington purchases should be restricted to "ORNAMENTAL ART IN CONNECTION WITH MANUFACTURES," upon which only it finds its claim to existence. There could be no difficulty in making it very instructive to the manufacturer and the artisan, by gathering specimens of works made, and tools used, by the different nations, in the production of the various objects of use and ornament which give them celebrity: in fact, such a "dissection" of each manufacture as we find in the Chemistry of Food Department of this very building, or the series of models and objects in the Educational Department. It would be only a work of time to collect marbles, woods, and clays, used by all nations in their Art-manufactures, and it would be time well spent. We should possess means of large comparison and improvement by such gatherings, and very many objects not a little curious for the general public to examine, and be instructed thereby. We would desire to rival the Ceramic Museum at Sévres, by the variety of pottery of all ages and times gathered here; and in collecting, we would not despise the humblest specimen of what may be a large and profitable national trade. We would have clays, glazes, and all details of each manufacture represented by absolute example. Much of this would be attended with very small expenditure, and many objects would be gladly given by manufacturers for general study. Abundance of room might be found by sending to our great National collection the contents of the "curiosity" cases. But before any liberality of this kind be shown to the British Museum, a revision of its laws, and some change in its rulers, are absolutely necessary. It must conform more to the wants of the age, and be governed by a larger philanthropy than at present characterises it. With the public, then, or rather with the

House of Commons, the question now rests; if they do not cause it to be clearly and definitely arranged, we shall go on gradually starving and debasing our great National collection, to glorify a gaudier rival; rendering ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of Europe, and taxing ourselves with two expensive establishments, whose officers must always be costly and antagonistic.

FRENCH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1867.

This undertaking is beginning to assume a definite form, so far as relates to preliminary arrangements. An opinion has prevailed that some one of the existing buildings recently erected in Paris, as the *Palais de l'Industrie*, or the Crystal Palace, might, by certain processes of modification and extension, be made to serve the purposes of the forthcoming exhibition; but this idea has been completely laid to rest by a decree lately issued by the Imperial Commission, with the approval of the Emperor, which states that a temporary building is to be erected in the *Champ de Mars*; it will be surrounded by a park, intended for living animals and plants, as well as objects too large or unfit for exhibition in the interior of the edifice. Some of the regulations announced require special notice; for example, a committee will at once be appointed to make the exhibition, its objects, and official rules, thoroughly known throughout the provinces of the empire; to furnish, by the end of the month of October in the present year, a list of the principal artists, agriculturists, and manufacturers, whose aid would serve the exhibition; to induce preliminary local exhibitions of agricultural products in each department; to form a commission consisting of scientific men, agriculturists, manufacturers, foremen, and other persons, to study these exhibitions, and report on the use which may be made of the information thus obtained; to arrange for the collection of funds for aiding the working classes in visiting the exhibition; and for the publication of the reports mentioned above. It is thus evident that no pains will be spared to make the display of 1867 one of universal interest and utility.

The classification of works and objects contributed differs considerably from that of former exhibitions; it is divided into ten groups and ninety-five classes. The first group comprises the *Fine Arts*. The second group consists of the materials and applications of the liberal arts, including printing, stationery, industrial art, photography, music, medical, mathematical, and surgical instruments, maps, geographical and educational apparatus. The third group includes furniture, linen, paper-hangings, plaster and other ornaments, glass, porcelain, carpets, cutlery, goldsmith's work, bronzes, cloaks, and watches, perfumery, small wares, &c. The fourth group comprises all objects of personal wear and decoration, together with arms, travelling equipments, and toys. The fifth group includes mining and mineralogy, and whatever productions are associated with, or arise out of, the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. The sixth group is to consist of instruments and processes of ordinary art, machinery, tools, and carriages of all kinds, saddlery, railway and telegraphic plants, maritime matters, &c. &c. In group the seventh will be found elementary substances and liquids of every description. Group the eighth comprises living products, the materials of agriculture, useful insects, fish, &c. The ninth group is assigned to horticultural products and materials; and the tenth is to include all objects having special reference to the material and moral welfare of the great mass of the population. This is a mere outline of the proposed scheme of classification, in which the Commissioners are willing, after due consideration, to make any alterations that may be suggested to them. With regard to the first section, or group, artists must bear in mind that no work of Art will be admissible if produced prior to the 1st of January, 1865.

There are several matters of detail, important to intending exhibitors, that are referred to in the decree of the Imperial Commission, but which it is unnecessary for us to point out, at least in the present stage of the proceedings; and it is probable that before this number of our Journal is in the hands of the public, further announcements will be made by the authorities which will yet more fully develop their plans for the guidance of exhibitors both native and foreign.

So far as our own country is concerned, we have every reason to know, from the various communications which have reached us, that England will not be behind in this great peaceful international struggle for pre-eminence. Our manufacturers, we confidently believe, are making, or will make, strenuous efforts to maintain the high rank they have taken in past displays of this nature, and to show that the good opinions extorted from their foreign rivals have only stimulated them to renewed exertion after still greater success.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

GLASGOW.—The Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts held its annual meeting on the 22nd of July. The report stated that during the year which had just closed, 1,547 new subscribers had been enrolled. The total number of members was 4,582, showing an increase over the previous year of 373. The committee has purchased from the recent exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, at a cost of £1,783 19s., thirty-one paintings, nine water-colour drawings, and one marble bust; and in addition to these paintings and other works, the committee had commissioned for distribution among the subscribers for the year just ended fifty statuettes in statuary porcelain, by Copeland, of the marble statuette after Steal's colossal statue of Sir Walter Scott. Eight engravings in illustration of Scott's "Waverley" are to be circulated among all the subscribers for the present year.

DUBLIN.—The returns, up to the date of August 1, show that 300,000 persons have visited the International Exhibition. The building, its contents, and gardens, are now not only fully completed, but are yet seen in all their freshness and beauty. Visitors are daily treated with musical entertainments of the highest order, including the bands of the different regiments now stationed in the garrison of the town, and also by the performances of some of the most distinguished organists of the day from the cathedrals at home and on the continent. The grounds attached to the Exhibition are beautifully laid out and studded with fountains, cascades, &c., which, with the tasteful arrangement of the flower-beds, give a pleasant appearance to the entrance from Harcourt Street, situated on the south side. Every country of the globe not only is represented by its exhibitions, but by the number of tourists who are daily pouring into the capital of Ireland; and from the excellent arrangements made by the executive committee to meet every exigency, the greatest satisfaction is expressed. The collection of modern sculpture, unrivalled in any former exhibition in this or any other country, has been lately further enriched by the addition of some very attractive works, including the "Drawing Girl," by Magni. It is with gratification we find that the public wants of every part of the United Kingdom have been liberally responded to by both railway and steamboat companies in the shape of cheap excursions from almost every town and village.

TRINITY.—The "Welsh Memorial" of the late Prince Consort was unveiled last month in the presence of Prince Arthur, as representing the Queen. It consists of a colossal statue of the late Prince, by Mr. J. E. Thomas, standing on a pedestal eighteen feet high. The statue is placed in an elevated position on the Castle Hill, Tenby.

ANGLO-FRENCH "SKILLED WORK" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE desire to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of peace between France and England having suggested to some members of our working classes an International Exhibition of skilled labour, as a signal and appropriate demonstration to mark the accomplishment of such a period, a deputation of English workmen proceeded to Paris to invite the co-operation of the working classes of Paris. The deputation was received with much enthusiasm, and an influential committee was at once formed to give effect to the proposal. The project was taken up by the public journals both of England and France; and the authorities of the Society of Arts and South Kensington promised their countenance and aid, and there is a highly respectable list of guarantors, who are responsible for a sum amounting to more than eight hundred pounds. Thus every circumstance considered, such an exhibition ought to be a success. The gallery was opened to the public on the 7th of August, but there was as yet a conspicuous absence of French articles, and this is perhaps not without reason, for most of the skilled workmen in France are engrossed by the Great Exhibition of 1867, and among ourselves there are at this time many circumstances adverse to such a project; but as it was proposed to solicit articles on loan for exhibition, this resource might supply a most attractive feature to the collection in default of a deficiency of recent productions. The local exhibitions of skilled work that have recently risen into notice cannot fail to militate against a movement of this kind, as there are hundreds of cunning hands at work on objects of beauty and curiosity, which the producers prefer to reserve for their own district gathering. In what may be called an International Exhibition, the reception, however, of many of the classes of contributions that are admitted into local exhibitions is especially to be deprecated.

The term "skilled work" should be interpreted with a discrimination equally jealous of what it is, and of what it is not. The authorities of the Crystal Palace have conceded an ample space for this exhibition, and it would be popular and successful not less with a considerable proportion of works lent, than with a catalogue of productions entirely new, should it be found that similar recent occasions have temporarily exhausted the articles which workmen have had opportunities of executing on their own account. Loan exhibitions have been deservedly successful, and there are in the possession of private individuals innumerable objects which would give great and varied interest to such an assemblage. The space that has been allowed is an extensive portion of the gallery, in a line with, but beyond, the Picture Gallery; and of the classes of products received, the useful articles outnumber the beauties of the collection. We have remarked that the French contributions are not numerous, although, perhaps, a large assortment of what our neighbours themselves call *articles de Paris* might have been expected; but in order that these should be interesting they should be *novelties*; it is presumed, however, that these are reserved for the great occasion of 1867. The announcement of the plan must have been industriously and extensively circulated, for every imaginable human want in the direction of domestic usefulness and luxury can here be found.

Considering the auspices under which this exhibition has been originated and matured, we are justified in expecting a display beyond those of ordinary occasions. But the means and opportunities of workmen are so limited, that if the exhibition was to be strictly a show of the products of the craftsmen themselves, it could not be supposed that the scale of their labours would equal that of their employers. There are, however, distributed throughout the gallery numerous examples of laborious ingenuity not to be surpassed in their respective classes. Some of the foreign carved work possesses rare merit; there are two tanks for flowers in a carved framework of walnut wood, of which the designs, all

in high relief, consist of birds, branches of trees, and foliage. In the same category are two cheval glasses supported between pillars of drawers, whereon are carved, wherever space for panels occurs, groups of nude Albano-like children, some occupied as hunters, others as bird catchers, &c. A carved gun-case (312), with two side figures, by Messrs. Ribacellier and Co., is a work of much artistic taste. The figure and relief carving in walnut is as highly finished as any work in that material can be. There is also a Gothic cabinet of extraordinary richness, exhibited by the same firm; an oak library chair (284), of beautiful design, by John Allen; a flower-stand (297), Victor and Edward Wirth; a tea-caddy, in white wood, by Baylis; and in the same department of enriched furniture, cabinets, writing-desks, liqueur cases, wardrobes, book-cases, billiard tables, &c., all of excellent construction. There is a small show of sculptural works, among which is conspicuous a marble bust of the Virgin, in alto-relievo, of much beauty (475), by James Forsyth; and near this are examples of photo-sculpture, or busts, worked out from photographs—but these are very hard in execution—besides groups and figures after ancient and modern sculptors. The lamps of Madame Moreau are distinguished by beauty of design and elegance of ornamentation. Some of the models of engines will be much admired;—one of these, by Messrs. Maudslay's workmen, is valued at £2,000—with many other engines of various make, by different engineers, and these are works wherein English artisans surpass all others. The examples generally are remarkable for some excellence of embellishment or construction, and this even is carried into articles of every-day utility in cutlery, tools, leather-work, iron-work, embossing, chasing, jewellery, porcelain, glass, &c. The stained imitations of satin and other woods, executed by the Belgrave Furniture Company, are more successful than any grain-painting we have ever seen; and there are also painted enrichments of oak and other panelling by Lovegrove, much in advance of what is commonly practised in this department. As a labour of love Mr. Phillips' Golden Eagle is one of the most remarkable imitations of animated nature that has ever been produced. It is here, and although already known to the public its construction can never be considered without admiration, every feather in the living bird having been exactly copied in brass or copper with a lightness so extraordinary that the whole resembles natural plumage. Much attention will be drawn to a beautiful model of the *Alexandra*, the "clipper steamer," which was built to run the American blockade, but was purchased by our Government, to prevent further complication between the two countries. The vessel is now plying between London and Gravesend, the first instalment, it is said, of a class of river-boats in all things superior to those that have been hitherto employed in the navigation of the Thames. The models of shipping are, as usual in such exhibitions, numerous; and there are some minutely finished field and ship guns, of which a new pattern breech-loader, by a maker named Gardner, will doubtless interest a certain section of visitors. Some of the jewellery designs of J. B. Louis Laine are extremely chaste; others will meet the eccentric taste of our mercurial neighbours—one especially, a brooch in which are embodied the attributes of the turf, a horse's fore-leg entwined with a whip, a jockey-cap, and a pair of stirrups. If these designs are shown in execution there will be bracelets, brooches, stomachers—classic, renaissance, and rococo—of great value, in diamonds, rubies, pearls, and emeralds. The list of the Paris Committee would lead us to augur a brilliant contribution of French products, as it presents the names of twenty influential persons, among whom are the editors of the *Siècle*, *Le Temps*, *L'Association*, *L'Avenir National*, and *L'Economiste Français*, besides efficient representatives of engineering, engraving, bronzing, cabinet making, metal casting, &c. Under such auspices, and with conditions so favourable, the collection ought to be attractive, and this we hope to be able to say of it when it is fittingly displayed.

PEVENSEY BAY,

FROM CROWHURST PARK.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Painter. W. B. Cooke, Engraver.

AMONG the numerous examples of pleasant landscape scenery in Sussex, it would be difficult to find one more inviting than this view from Crowhurst Park, between Battle and Hastings. The mansion stands, as the engraving shows it, on ground of very considerable elevation, looking down on a wide extent of richly-cultivated and well-timbered country, more or less undulating, and interspersed with picturesque villages, beyond which is Pevensey Bay, backed by the lofty Downs whereof Beachy Head is the extreme point, at a distance of about fourteen miles "as the crow flies." No engraving, even from a picture painted by Turner, can convey an adequate idea of the beauty of the scenery; and from the simple fact that it possesses no striking object, or series of objects, to arrest the eye; whatever it has in this way is lost in the distance, or swallowed up, so to speak, by its surroundings. All beyond the brow of the hill which forms the foreground, is a vast chequered mass of woods and fields, and patches of homely dwellings guarded, as it were, by the village church. And yet Turner, with the skill that was habitual to him, has given great pictorial interest to his work, by the manner in which the accessories are introduced, especially the group of light, feathery trees, in the middle distance, which fill up what otherwise would have been a comparatively blank space, while they help to throw back the whole tract of country beyond. The sky, too, is finely rendered in the variety of forms given to the clouds, and in gradation of colour, some silvery gray, others of deeper tone.

No one who now looks upon this extent of landscape scenery, characterised by all the attributes of peaceful civilisation, would suppose that it was once a thriving commercial locality, and of sufficient importance to attract the feet of invading armies. Pevensey, now an insignificant village, was, in the earlier part of the history of our country, one of the chief ports for communication with France and Flanders. Earl Godwin, with his son Harold, then in rebellion against their king, Edward the Confessor, attacked Pevensey in 1043, taking and destroying many ships. Sweyn, eldest son of Godwin, entered the port with eight vessels, on his return to England, after being compelled to fly the country after his abduction of the Abbess of Leominster; and it was in Pevensey Bay that William of Normandy landed with his army, and then marched to Hastings to fight the battle which gave him the crown of England. Down to the time of Henry III. the port was still open to vessels, but from that period it rapidly fell into disuse, in consequence of the withdrawal of the sea.

Pevensey, in its flourishing days, was defended by a castle of great strength, which existed as a fortress even so late as the reign of Elizabeth. Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, took refuge here, when the garrison withstood a siege by the army of William Rufus, and capitulated only when supplies of provisions failed. Stephen attacked it in person, but met with so gallant a reception from Gilbert, Earl of Clare, that he abandoned the attempt to take it. In 1265, Simon Montfort, son of the celebrated Earl of Leicester, vainly endeavoured to get possession of the fortress; and in 1399 Lady Jane Pelham, wife of Sir John Pelham, successfully defended it for the Duke of Lancaster against the partisans of the deposed king, Richard II.



ENGRAVED BY W. E.

PERYER & CO. N. Y.

DESIGNED BY J. M. W. TURNER. R. A.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE :

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

AMELIA OPIE.



AMELIA OPIE lived to be eighty-four years old. I saw her but a short time before her death, sitting in an easy chair—she was then very lame—in her drawing-room at Norwich; and the ruling passion was still alive, for she was neatly and gracefully dressed, and moved as if she would rise from her seat to welcome me. She had preserved other of the attributes of her youth, and in her "the beauty of age" was a charming picture. She was the only child of James Alderson, M.D., and was born on the 12th of November, 1769, in the parish of St. George, Norwich, and in that city she died on the 2nd of December, 1853, having passed there nearly the whole of her life; for when she became a widow she returned to it, and, with few brief intermissions, it was ever afterwards her home. Although she had written somewhat at an earlier age, she did not become an author

until after her marriage. That event took place in 1798. Late in the previous year she wrote to one of her friends, "Mr. Opie (but mum) is my declared lover." She hints, however, that her heart was engaged, and that she "ingenuously" told him so. He persisted, nevertheless. At that time, she adds, "Mr. Holcroft also had a mind to me," but he "had no chance." She was "ambitious of being a wife and mother," and "willing to wed a man whose genius had raised him from obscurity into fame and comparative affluence." Her future husband she first saw at an evening party, entering (as her friend and biographer, Lucy Brightwell, states) bright and smiling, dressed in a robe of blue, her neck and arms bare, and on her head a small bonnet, placed in somewhat coquettish style, sideways, and surmounted by a plume of three white feathers." The somewhat venerable painter, John Opie, was "smitten" at first sight. He was a widower (or rather, he had divorced his wife), aged thirty-six—she, "sweet eighteen." He was rugged and unpolished; she had the grace and lightness of a sylph. He (according to

pangs, the rewards, and the penalties of authorship."

"Gaiety" was her natural bent; not so that of her husband; yet she did her duty by him from first to last; and as, no doubt, she expected little of romance, giving her husband more respect than love, her married life passed in easy contentment, until his death, on the 9th of April, 1807, and his burial in St. Paul's, in a grave beside that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. She bears testimony to the "general worth and natural kindness" of her husband; yet he was undoubtedly a coarse man, as one who knew him well writes, "rugged and unpolished, to say the least," although, as Haydon describes him, "of strong understanding, manly, and straightforward."

She is described, at that period, as exceedingly beautiful, intellectual, refined, graceful, and altogether lovely. She sung sweetly, painted skillfully, and was remarkably brilliant in conversation; and it must have astonished many to find the lovely, fascinating, and accomplished girl, preferring Opie to the host of lovers that gathered in her wake.

From that far away time, she was a widow, as she mournfully writes in after years, "a lone woman through life, an only child, a childless widow," yet ever as maid, wife, and widow, enjoying society, for some time the gayest of the gay, but always without spot or blemish, slander never having touched her fame. Yes, she was all her life long "true and lovely, and of good report."

She did not join the Society of "Friends" until the year 1825, although she attended their meetings much earlier. In 1814 she writes, "I left the Unitarians," but it does not appear that she was ever in actual connection with that body, although she had frequent intercourse with them, and held "unsettled opinions" concerning the Christian faith.

In 1825 her father died. He, too, had "accepted Christianity," was "a believer in the atoning work of the Saviour," and, if not a Quaker, was, notwithstanding, interred in the Friends' burying ground at Norwich, in a grave in which his daughter was laid more than a quarter of a century afterwards.

No doubt it was her intimacy with the family of the Gurneys (honoured be the name, for it has long been, and is, that of many good women and good men) that led to her joining the Society of Friends. It is said, indeed, that she had an early attachment to one of them, Joseph John Gurney. He had known her when "a gay and lively girl," when she was a beautiful and young widow, and when she was sedate and aged; and perhaps, as far as we can think and see, it is to be lamented that she did not become his wife, for that they had devoted friendship each for the other, there can be no doubt.

It was soon after she had become a Quaker we first knew her. As a trait of character, I may mention that about this time, I had occasion to write and ask her to furnish a story for a work I was then conducting, "The Amulet." In reply, she stated it was opposed to her principles to write a story, but she would send me an anecdote. She did so, and the distinction made no difference, for a very touching and pathetic story, called "an anecdote," I received.

Not long afterwards, we made her acquaintance. She was then verging upon fifty, but looked much younger. Her personal appearance then might be described by the single word "sonsy." Her full bust,

Dear friend, allow me to assure
 thee in plain prose of my most
 earnest wishes for thy happiness
 5th Mo 16th 1832
 Amelia Opie

Allan Cunningham) looked like an inspired peasant; she, if her admirers are to be credited, had the form and mind of an angel. Yet they were married, in Marylebone Church, on the 8th May, 1798; and the young bride preserved a record of her trousseau—"blue bonnet, eight blue feathers,

twelve other feathers, two blue Scotch caps, four scollop'd edged caps à la Marie Stuart, a bead cap, a tiara, two spencers with lace frills, et cetera, et cetera."

Opie was not rich; "great economy and self-denial were necessary," and so she became "a candidate for the pleasures, the

upright form, and stately carriage, were indicative of that rare privilege of age :

"Life to the last enjoyed."

Despite somewhat of severity in her quick blue eye, her manner and appearance were extremely prepossessing. There was a pleasant mixture of simplicity and coquetry in the folds of the pure white kerchief scrupulously arranged over a grey silk dress of the richest fabric, though plainly made and entirely without ornament. One of her Quaker friends describes her cap as "of beautiful lawn, and fastened beneath her chin with whimpers, which had small crimped frills." Her hair, of a singular colour, between flaxen and grey, was worn in waving folds, in front. It had a natural wave, but, of course, was never curled. Her carriage was erect, her step firm and rapid, her manner decided, her voice low and sweet in tone, her smile perfect sunshine. She "flirted" a fan with the ease and grace of a Spanish donna; and if her bright, inquiring, and restless eyes made one rather nervous at a first interview, the charm of her smile, and the winning grace of her nature, placed one at ease after a few minutes' conversation. Still, the incessant sparkling of those quick blue eyes told

"that even in the tranquillest climes,
Light breezes might ruffle the flowers sometimes."

When we met in after years, the restless manner was much calmed. As the face became less beautiful it grew more soft, less commanding, but more loveable.

Miss Brightwell thus pictures her:—"She was about the standard height of woman, her hair was worn in waving folds in front, and behind it was seen through the cap, gathered into a braid. Its colour was peculiar—between flaxen and grey; it was unusually fine and delicate, and had a natural bend or wave. . . . Her eyes were especially charming: there was in them an ardour mingled with gentleness, that bespoke her true nature." She was aged when Miss Brightwell wrote this, but she pictures her also in youth—no doubt from hearsay. "Her countenance was animated, bright, and beaming; her eyes soft and expressive, yet full of ardour; her hair abundant and beautiful, of auburn hue; her figure well formed, her carriage fine, her hands, arms, and feet well shaped; and all around and about her was the spirit of youth, and joy, and love."

Yet, although a member of the Society of Friends, and bound by duty to be sedate, the old heaven clung to her through life—innocently and harmlessly; and there was no sin in her occasional murmurs of self-proof—"Shall I ever cease to enjoy the pleasures of the world? I fear not!"

In truth, she never did. And so her Diary oddly mingles gaieties with gravities, May meetings with brilliant evenings, labours of love and works of charity with half-idolatrous hero-worship; and if there occur records of worldly sensations, at which an Elder among the Friends might shake his head and sigh, there are many such passages as these:—"Went to the jail—have hopes of one woman."—"Called to see that poor wretched girl at the work-house; mean to get the prayer-book I gave her out of pawn."

Mrs. Opie was brought up as "ultra-liberal." Her sympathies were with the people. They were often exercised, at the close of the past, and the beginning of the present, century, when advocacy of freedom was a crime, and there was peril even in free interchange of thought. But though a liberal in politics, her heart had room enough for all humankind: her bounty

was large, and her charities were incessant. Among other merciful projects, in conjunction with Mrs. Fry—another of the earth's excellents—she conceived the idea of reforming the internal management of hospitals and infirmaries. In 1829 a project had been actually "set on foot—an institution for the purpose of educating a better class of persons as nurses for the poor," a project much encouraged by Southey, who considered that "nothing in the system need be adopted at variance with the feelings of a Protestant country."

Mrs. Fry did actually establish a society of "nursing sisters," and I believe it is in existence still.

It was in reference to his belief in the peculiar fitness of Amelia Opie to carry out this work of wisdom and mercy, that Southey thus wrote of her in his "Colloquies:—"

"One who has been the liveliest of the lively, the gayest of the gay; admired for her talents by those who knew her only in her writings, and esteemed for her worth by those who were acquainted with her in

the relations of private life; one, who having grown up in the laxest sect of semi-Christians, felt the necessity of vital religion, while attending upon her father during the long and painful infirmities of his old age, and who has now joined the lively faith for which her soul thirsted; not losing, in the change, her warmth of heart and cheerfulness of spirit, nor gaining by it any increase of sincerity and frankness; for with these Nature had endowed her, and society, even that of the great, had not corrupted them."

So far back as the year 1818, Mrs. Hall was acquainted with Mrs. Fry, of whom it may be emphatically said, "her works do follow her;" and Mrs. Hall supplies me with this "memory" of that estimable woman:—

"It was my privilege to accompany her more than once to Newgate, some years, however, after she had commenced her Herculean and most merciful task of reforming that prison. I first met her at the house of William Wilberforce—to whom humanity still owes a large debt, although it has been, in part, paid by the abolition



THE DWELLING OF AMELIA OPIE AT NORWICHE.

of negro slavery in all lands where the Anglo-Saxon tongue is spoken. The great philanthropist was then living at Brompton, and after a lapse of so many years, I recall my sensations of intense happiness when, in my dawn of youth, conversing with that venerable man.

"Newgate, when first visited by Elizabeth Fry, was a positive Acedama. The women were all in rags; no care of any kind having been given to their clothing, and almost as little to their food. They slept without bedding on the floor of their prison, the boards raised in parts to furnish a sort of pillow. With the proceeds of their noisy heggery from occasional visitors they purchased spirits—at a tap-room within the jail; and the ear was constantly outraged by frightfully revolting language. Though military sentinels were placed at intervals, even the governor entered their part of the prison with misgiving and reluctance.

"Things had, however, changed for the better when I accompanied Mrs. Fry to Newgate. She had been at her work—and not in vain—during five years. My com-

panion was the Rev. Robert Walsh, one of the most dear and valued friends of my girlhood—of my womanhood also. His children and his grandchildren are of my best and most beloved friends to-day.†

"But of Elizabeth Fry. I do not remember how it came about; yet I can see myself now clasping her hand between mine, and entreating to be taken with her—once, only once; and I can recall the light and beauty that illumined her features—the gentle smile and look of kindness—as she moved back the hair from my moist eyes, and said, 'Thy mother will trust thee with me and thy friend the doctor. Her heart is urged to this for good; do not check the natural impulse of thy child, friend, addressing my dear mother; 'better for thy

† In another of his letters Southey says of Amelia Opie:—"I like her in spite of her Quakerism, nay, perhaps the better for it; for it must be always remembered in what sect she was bred up, among what persons she had lived, and that religion was never presented to her in a serious form until she saw it in drag."

† Dr. Walsh was, during many years, Chaplain to the Embassies at Constantinople and at Rio, and his works on Turkey and Brazil retained places in all libraries. He died Rector of Englas, near Dublin, honoured and beloved.

future in her, to hear her pleading to visit those with whom the Lord is dealing in His mercy, than for thy sanction to visit scenes of pleasure, where there can be gathered no fruit for hereafter.' I felt the words as a reproof; for only the night before, I had seen the elder Kean play Macbeth. It was the first time I had been at a Theatre, and the consequent excitement had kept me awake all night. Her words made me thoughtful. I remember removing the rosetto from my bonnet, and putting on my gravest coloured dress, to accompany Elizabeth Fry to Newgate.

"Hannah More, speaking of this heroic 'Friend,' pictured her well:—'I thought of her as of some grand woman out of the Old Testament—as Deborah judging Israel under the palm-tree.'

"When in repose, there was an almost unapproachable dignity in Mrs. Fry. Her tall figure; the lofty manner in which her head was placed on its womanly pedestal; her regal form, and the calmness of her firm, yet sweet voice, without an effort on her part, commanded attention. You felt her

power the moment you entered her presence; but when she read and expounded the Scripture, and above all, when she prayed, the grandeur of the woman became the fervour of the saint. In person she was not unlike Amelia Opie, though obviously of a 'stronger' nature, and, though by no means unfeminine, more masculine in form.

"When I passed with her and Dr. Walsh, and a lady whose name I have forgotten, into the dreaded prison, and heard the loud gratings of the rattling keys in the locks, and the withdrawing and drawing of the bolts, and felt the gloom and damp of the walls, and heard my friends speak with bated breath, and then saw the door open, and a number of women—marked by 'the trail of the serpent'—I should have been glad to have been anywhere but where I was. 'Wilt thou go back, young friend?' whispered a kind voice. I looked up to her sweet face, and laying my hand in hers, felt strengthened in her strength. A Bible was on the table, and a chair and hassock were beside it; but before she read

so fervent, that few were there whose moistened eyes did not bear testimony to its influence. She seemed to know and feel every individual case, to share every individual sorrow, and to have a ready balm for every separate wound. I can see the radiance of her face through the long lapse of years, and recall the 'winningness' of her voice, so clear and penetrating, yet so tender. When she paused—remaining silent awhile—and then rose to withdraw, the women did not crowd towards her, as on her first entrance, but continued hushed, and gathered together; indeed, several were too overpowered for words, but gazed on her as if she were an angel, and—was she not?

"It was my privilege to repeat my visit. The second was but a repetition of the first—a few new faces, and some of the old ones gone! among them the girl whose child Mrs. Fry had taken under her own care. The mother had been sent over seas—for a crime that would now be atoned for by a few weeks' incarceration.

"Amid the admirably performed duties of domestic life, followed, as years advanced, by trials that the world calls 'bitter,' that holy woman never wavered from her holy Mission; removing with marvellous patience the chains of mind as well as of body, that weighed so heavily upon the human race, and teaching the liberty that only the Christian appreciates, values, or enjoys."

Our most interesting intercourse with Amelia Opie occurred in Paris, in February, 1831, not long after the so-called "three glorious days." We had met and chatted with her at the receptions of the Baron Cuvier, where, among the philosophers, she was staid and stately.

And the Baron Cuvier is a rare memory. His thick and somewhat stubbed form; his massive head containing the largest quantity of brain ever allotted to a single human being; his broad and high forehead; his features far more German than French; his manner sedate almost to severity: such is the picture I recall of the marvellous man, the parent of many great men who have opened to us the portals of New Worlds.*

But one memorable evening we had the honour of passing in the Saloon of General Lafayette—the venerable soldier whose singular career of glory was then drawing to a close. The occasion was eventful: there were present many young Poles. The fatal struggle was then commencing in Poland; they were on the eve of departure, and had come to bid the aged hero adieu, and receive his blessing. It was touching in the extreme to see the old man kissing the cheek of each young soldier as he advanced, place a hand upon his head, and give the blessing that was asked for.

Suddenly we were somewhat startled by a buzz and an audible whisper; we could only make out the words *Sœur de Charité*, and walking with formal state up the room, we saw Amelia Opie, leaning on the arm of a somewhat celebrated Irishman (O'Gorman Mahon), six feet high, and large in proportion, with peculiarities of dress that enhanced the contrast between him and his companion. She was habited as usual in her plain grey silk, and Quaker cap "fas-

* These lines, descriptive of Cuvier, were written by Mrs. Opie, after his death:—

"'Twas sweet that voice of melody to hear,
Distinct, sonorous, stealing on the ear;
And watch, to mark some sudden gesture throw
The hair aside, that veiled that wondrous brow,—
That brow, the throne of genius and of thought,
And mind, which all the depths of science sought."



AMELIA OPIE'S SITTING-ROOM AT NORWICH.

or prayed, Mrs. Fry went to each individually. Not one word of reproof fell from her to any, though several were loud in their complaints against one particular woman, who really looked like a fiend. She took that woman apart, reasoned with her, soothed her, laid her hand on her shoulder, and the hard, stubborn, cruel (for I learned afterwards how *cruel* she had been) nature relented, and tears coursed each other down her cheeks. 'She promises to behave better,' she said, 'and thou wilt not taunt her, but help her to be good. And Ho will help her who bears with us all!' She had an almost miraculous gift of reading the *inner* nature of all with whom she came in contact. She seemed to show a peculiar interest in each; while each felt as if the mission was specially to her. I shall never forget the wild scream of delight of a young creature, who fell at her feet, to whom she had said, 'I have seen thy child.' One of the women told the girl that if she was not quiet, she could not remain for the prayer. I remember even now how she clenched her

hands on her bosom, to still its heavings, and how she kept in her sobs, while her bright glittering eyes followed every movement of Mrs. Fry, when she added, 'Thy child is well, and has cut two teeth, and thy mother seems so fond of her!'

"This preparation for prayer and teaching occupied fifteen or twenty minutes, and eager and even noisy as some of those poor women had previously been, when Mrs. Fry sat down and opened THE BIBLE, the only sound that was heard was the suppressed sobs of the girl to whom Mrs. Fry had spoken of her child. There was something very appalling in the instantaneous silence of these dangerous women, subdued in a moment into the stillness which so frequently precedes a thunderstorm. The calm and silvery tones of the reader's earnest voice fell like oil on troubled waters. Gradually the expressions of the various faces changed into what may well be called *reverential* attention. Her prayer I remember thinking very short, but comprehensive; its entreaties were so earnest, so anxious,

toned beneath her chin with whimpers which had small crimped frills." No wonder such a vision of simplicity and purity should have startled gay Parisian dames, few or none of whom had the least idea of the nature of the costume; but the good old General selected her from a host of worshippers, and seemed jealous lest a rival should steal the fascinating Quaker from his side.

To Lafayette and his family, Mrs. Opie was greatly attached. She described him as "a delightful, loveable man," "a handsome, blooming man of seventy," "humble, simple, and blushing at his own praises;" and in allusion to her appearance at one of his "receptions," she writes:—"I sighed when I looked at my simple Quaker dress, considered whether I had any business there, and slunk into a corner." But that was when the general "received" in state at the *Etat Major* of the *Garde Nationale*, and not when she was "at home," with him and his family at "the Grange."

It was at this time she sate to the sculptor David for the medal I have engraved. David was a small, undignified man, much peck-marked. He was to the last a fierce republican; as fierce, though not as ruthless, as his relative and namesake, the painter. I saw much of him during several after visits to Paris.

Mrs. Opie occupied an entresol in the Hotel de la Paix, and a servant, with something of the appearance of a sobered-down soldier in dress and deportment, waited in the anteroom of the Quaker dame to announce her visitors. Singularly enough, Mrs. Opie was never more at home than in Paris, where her dress in the streets, as well as at the various *reunions*, attracted much attention and curiosity, the Parisians believing she belonged to some religious order akin to the Sisters of Charity.

The last time Mrs. Opie visited London was to see the Great Exhibition in 1851. There she was wheeled about in a garden chair. She retained much of her original freshness of form and mind, and was cheerful and "chatty." In the brief conversation I had with her, surrounded as she was by friends who loved, and strangers who venerated, her, she recalled our pleasant intercourse in Paris, murmuring more than once, "How many of them have gone before!"

In the autumn of that year I chanced to be in Norwich, and there my last visit to her was paid at her residence in the Castle Meadow. The house exists no longer, but a picture of it has been preserved by her friend, Lucy Brightwell, and I have engraved it; plain house though it was, and fitly so, its memory is hallowed.

The room was hung with portraits, principally of her own drawing; flowers she was never without. She was delighted with its cheerful outlook, and described it as a "pleasant cradle for reposing age." From her windows she saw "noble trees, the castle turrets," and "the woods and rising grounds of Thorpe." She was thankful that "the lines had fallen to her in pleasant places." There, venerated and loved, she dwelt from 1848 to her death.

She was at that time very lame, yet the courtesy of her nature was manifested in an effort to rise and give me a cordial welcome, chatting pleasantly and cheerfully of gone-by people and times.

She described her dwelling in a letter

* "It was her custom, from a very early period, to take profile likenesses, in pencil, of those who visited her; several hundreds of these sketches were preserved in books and folios."

written to Mrs. Hall, dated 8th Month, 4, 1851:—

"I am glad Mr. Hall liked my residence. I had long wished for it. The view is a constant delight to me. My rooms are rather too small, but my sitting-rooms and chamber being *en suite*, they suit a lame body as I now am; and below I have three parlours, two kitchens, and a pretty little garden—for a town. I have a second floor and an attic which commands Norwich and the adjacent country; but this is thrown away on me—I have seen it, and that is enough. The noble trees, flowery shrubs, and fine acacias, round the castle keep, into which I am daily looking, have to me an unending charm. The road runs under my window; and I have seen many groups of *le Viers etat* hastening along, evidently to the Monday cheap train to London. It is a pleasant sight. The wind is rather high, and the trees I have told thee of are waving and bending their light branches so gracefully and invitingly before me, that I could almost fancy they were bowing to me, and got up to return the compliment however *quichely*. After this extraordinary

flight of fancy, it is necessary that I should pause awhile to recover it—so farewell! Thy loving friend,
"AMELIA OPIE."

It was obvious, however, that the time of her removal was drawing on. The death of her dear friend, Joseph John Gurney, one of "the excellent of the earth," in 1847—of Dr. Chalmers soon afterwards—and of other beloved friends and relatives—affected her much, though she bore her losses resignedly, if not cheerfully, hewing in submission to the Divine Will, remembering her favourite text,—“Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?”

Age and infirmities had been creeping on; the comforting influence of the good Bishop Stanley was continually with her: numerous friends thronged around her: she still manifested interest in all they said and did. But, in 1849, Bishop Stanley died. She loved that good man very dearly, and his death was accepted as a warning that her own was near at hand. Writing to Mrs.



THE BURIAL-PLACE OF AMELIA OPIE.

Hall, in 1851, she says,—speaking of the good man's grave,—“It is covered by a large black marble slab, with a deep border round of variegated marble, the colours black and grey. He lies in the middle of the great aisle of the cathedral, and when the painted glass window, as a memorial to his memory, is finished, and placed over the great western gates of entrance, it is thought that the rays of the setting sun, on which he loved to gaze, will shine upon the stone that covers his ‘dear remains.’”

She suffered much, yet was cheerful, buoyant, and happy to the last; and at midnight on the 2nd of December, 1853, she breathed her last, murmuring “all is peace!—all is mercy!” And so she joined the good and holy spirits—her friends in life and after life,—who had been waiting to give her welcome.

The good works she did on earth she considered and has characterised thus:—

* Another of her friends was Archdeacon Wrangham. I knew him well: he was a tall, slight man, of exceedingly gentle and attractive manners; with the ease and grace and persuasive eloquence of a Christian gentleman. He had a proneness to translate favourite poems into Latin verse, and usually had a copy or two in his pocket to present as a memorial, where he had reason to think the gift would be acceptable.

“They are good only as the evidence of Faith.”

She was interred in the Friends' hurrying ground, at the Gildenscroft,—in the same grave with her father, and in association with so many of her beloved friends. At the extreme left side of the ground, beneath an elm tree that overshadows the wall, is a small slab bearing the names of James Alderson and Amelia Opie, with the dates of their births and deaths.*

Dear Amelia Opie—her nature was essentially feminine in its gifts, its graces, its goodness, its weakness, and its vanities; truthful, generous, and considerate ever: pure of heart and upright in walk and conversation, her memory is without a blot; her precepts are those of Virtue; and her example was their illustration and their comment:—

* “Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust!”

* These are the words of her affectionate biographer, Lucy Brightwell, in a little memoir published by the Religious Tract Society:—“Should any wanderer, at some future day, desire to visit the grave of Amelia Opie, he will find at the extreme left of the ground, beneath an elm tree that overhangs the wall, a small slab, bearing the names of James Alderson and Amelia Opie, with their ages and the dates of their deaths.”

ART-UNION OF LONDON:

EXHIBITION OF PRIZES.

The prize pictures of the Art-Union are this year exhibited in the gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours; a change advantageous for more reasons than one—although, perhaps, the principal cause of the removal was the difficulty of transporting the marble group 'The Wood Nymph,' to which, it may be remembered, was awarded the prize on the occasion of the competition held at Kensington: in the conveyance of a sculptural composition presenting so many points of delicate carving, a few stairs less to be ascended would be a material consideration. Moreover, in the large room of the Society of British Artists the pictures always looked sparse; whereas in the smaller gallery in Pall Mall, they appear more compact.

The amount of subscriptions for the year was £11,743; that is, £726 less than last year. Indeed, the subscription for 1865 falls short of those of the two preceding years; but from the commencement fluctuation has in a remarkable degree characterised the receipts of the Society, and this is a feature entirely beyond the control of the management. The sum set apart for prize paintings, drawings, and sculpture, was £3,785, so divided as to purchase one hundred and sixteen works, of which the highest prize, 'The Defence of Lathom House, 1644,' by G. D. Leslie, is valued at £200. The particular incident described is the "fishing" of the royal standard on the battlements, after the flagstaff had been injured by the shot of the besiegers. The other principal prizes are two of £150 each, three of £100 each, and five of £75 each. 'Innocence' (£150), by J. J. Hill, is a life-sized group of a mother and child, extremely bright in colour and agreeable in character, with more earnestness and solidity than we have before remarked in Mr. Hill's works. 'The Thorn' (£150), by E. J. Cobbett, is a company of rustic figures, with an open background; 'Lochaber no more' (£100), by W. H. Paton, is a Highland landscape closed by lofty mountains, wherein the sentiment of the verse is fittingly sustained. Another prize of £100 is 'Eastern Life,' by W. Gale, a small picture showing a woman and a boy habited in accordance with the title, very conscientiously worked out, and remarkable for force of colour. The third selection made as a prize of £100 is a drawing by C. Vacher, called 'Tombs of the Mamlookes, with the Pyramids of Memphis in the distance,' and describing a portion of the Desert south of Cairo. Of this view it may be said that it has more of local reality than some of the recent drawings of Mr. Vacher, which impress us as exaggerated in colour. The five prizes of the value of £75 are—'Town and Vale of Feasting,' North Wales, E. J. Niemann; 'Grace before Meat,' W. Hensley, a picture much larger than this artist habitually paints; 'An Old French Fishing Town,' J. J. Wilson; 'Dysart, Scotland—East Coast,' J. Danby, a view of the old tower and landing-place, with a charming effect of sunshine; and a large drawing by P. J. Naffel, called 'Sunset after a Storm, Grande Roque, Guernsey.' It is observable that from the catalogued prices of some of the works selected, great reductions have been made by the artists; as, for instance, 'Eastern Life,' the price of which was £168, was purchased for £100; 'Mother and Child,' J. Collinson, priced at £75, was purchased for £25; 'At Havre—a Boulogne Trawler running in,' J. J. Wilson, £90, became a prize of £60; and others, descending the scale until the differences become unimportant.

The Society has this year made an experiment which we believe has answered its best expectations, and which will, if continued and improved upon, materially advance the interests of good Art. In order to secure creditable works, and assist the judgment of prizeholders, half a dozen pictures were at once purchased by the Society and offered to prizeholders optionally, and without the slightest desire to limit their selection, but only with the view of securing more meritorious prizes. The system even in a first experiment has, we

believe, been so far successful as to justify its continuance; and it is to be regretted that something of this kind has not been done before; for every year, since the establishment of the Society, selections so ill-advised have been made by prizeholders, as to give positive pain to all judges of Fine Art, and, certainly, to none more than the directors of the Art-Union.

The pictures purchased by the Society are—'A Calm,' C. Dommerson, £20; 'Morning, Noon, and Night,' H. S. Rose, £25; 'Horses and Poultry,' J. F. Herring, £20; 'Reaping,' G. Cole, £60; 'The Brook,' G. A. Williams, £15; and 'Old Mills—Dordrecht,' R. H. Wood, £15—a selection which has met the approbation of prizeholders in so far as at once to have been accepted by them. Hence, it is to be hoped that a more extensive purchase will be made next season.

In addition to the pictures, there were distributed also as prizes 100 'Psyche' vases, 100 busts in porcelain of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, from the original by Morton Edwards; 75 statuettes in porcelain, 'Go to Sleep,' from the original by Joseph Durban; 200 chromo-lithographs, 'Young England'; 200 chromo-lithographs, 'Wild Roses'; and 150 volumes of etchings by R. Brandard—making, with the Parian busts presented to those who have subscribed for ten years without gaining a prize, 1,491 prizes, in addition to the engravings received by every member.

One of the two pieces of plate presented by the Society to the honorary secretaries, Mr. Godwin and Mr. Pocock, is conspicuously, and deservedly so, the centre-piece of the exhibition. It consists of a small group, in oxidised silver, of 'Wisdom encouraging Genius,' mounted on a round ebony pedestal, whence are thrown out four solid branches, also of ebony, each supporting a silver tazza. The group was designed by Mr. Woodington—a sufficient guarantee for its grace and beauty. In continuation of the series of medals commemorative of artists, the council has determined on the production of one in honour of the late David Roberts, R.A. Those already issued are now fifteen in number, and they commemorate five painters, four sculptors, five architects, and one medallist. Among the other branches to which the council is extending its patronage is *reproduit* work; the example in this case has been copied by means of the electrolyte process—the original being the production of Mr. Barkentin, by whom, we believe, the reproductions are worked upon after removal from the mould. The most attractive feature of the exhibition is Maclise's 'Story of the Norman Conquest,' consisting of forty-two plates; to a copy of which every subscriber of one guinea will be entitled at the next distribution, in addition to the chance of another prize. We know not the cost at which this great work has thus been brought forward, but it would be cheap at even six times the small sum for which it will become the property of subscribers. In looking through these plates we are once more reminded of the unwearied research with which Mr. Maclise enters upon every historical theme that he undertakes. His principal resource here seems to have been the Bayeux tapestry, as is acknowledged by several passages—perhaps none more striking than the mounted figure of Harold holding his hawk on his wrist. The subjects are not so full of accessory as are some of the artist's earlier pictures, such as 'Alfred in the Danish Camp,' the banquet scene in *Macbeth*, 'The Marriage of Eva and Strongbow,' and others; and although he may have been obliged to coerce his exuberant fancy where he was left without authority, there is enough to prove a learning equal to the realisation of these engravings as grand pictures. At this distance of time, we can look back on the events forming the subject of the work through the leaven of the dramatic by which they are in some degree characterised, and without which not a little of the charm they possess would be absent. They are so much the better that they are not made out with that rigid precision of drawing with which we all know the artist could have rendered them. The story begins with 'Harold, departing on a visit to William of Normandy, takes leave of Edward the Confessor,' and terminates with 'The discovery of the body of Harold by Edith after the

disastrous Battle of Hastings.' This we think the most important work the Art-Union has yet offered to the public; and it is much to be regretted that such compositions should not be executed as mural paintings. That the issue of this publication by the Society ought largely to increase the number of its subscribers no one will deny; that it will confer credit on the Council for selecting so noble a work for public circulation is self-evident.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

BERLIN.—It is expected that Kaulbach will shortly complete the series of frescoes in the "new" museum of this city, on which he has been engaged very many years.—A new National Museum is to be erected in the rear of that just spoken of.

MUNICH.—Statues of the deceased architects, Von Gärtner and Von Klenze, are to be erected in this city, at the cost of the ex-king Ludwig. The sculptor of the former is Brugger, and of the latter, Professor Widmann.—A mausoleum for the body of the late monarch, Maximilian, is entrusted for execution to the architect Ridel. It is to be placed in the church of the Theatiner.

PARIS.—The bronze manufacturers of this city appear determined to maintain the supremacy of their works over those of all other countries. To this end they have announced a competition among the artists and artisans in their employ: the successful candidates are to receive prizes in the form of medals, money, and "honourable mentions." Sculptors and ornamental modellers will be entitled to money prizes of 800 francs each; chasers, 1,600 francs; designers, 500 francs; founders, 600 francs; turners, 400 francs; and mounters, 300 francs.—A most interesting discovery has been made in that part of the Place du Carrousel which is cut off by railings to form the Court of Honour of the Tuileries, and where excavations have been made with a view to the construction of new works. In the course of their operations the workmen met with a construction in brick that turned out to be a potter's oven, and which has been declared to be that of Bernard Palissy, by M. Berty, who is engaged on a work entitled "The Historical Topography of Old Paris," of which the first volume is about to appear. M. Berty prevailed on M. Lefuel, the architect of the palace, to have the excavations continued in such a manner as to make the most of the discovery. The result was that they found large pieces of moulds of figures and of various objects and plants, evidently modelled on the natural substances. A great variety of moulds were found which are supposed to be those of the Termes that Palissy executed for the grotto he constructed for Catherine de Medicis about 1570. A dozen large moulds have been found, together with many fragments, and several pieces of enamelled earthenware, which alone, had further evidence been wanting, would have proved that Palissy (who by his contemporaries was called Master Bernard of the Tuileries) had been there at work.

ROME.—The foundations of a temple of Jupiter have, it is reported, been discovered in the garden of the Caffarelli Palace.—The Sciarra Palace has been partially destroyed by fire; fortunately, the picture gallery, of which an account appeared in the *Art-Journal* for 1861, was saved. It contains, among other fine works, Titian's 'La Bella Donna,' Raffaele's 'Lute Player,' Caravaggio's 'Gamblers,' Leonardo da Vinci's 'Modesty and Vanity,' &c.

VENICE.—The official journal of this city has published a statement to the effect that an original painting by Raffaele, known as the 'Madonna di Loreto,' and which has long been missing, was recently discovered in a broker's shop at Mantua, by M. Torella, of Verona. The picture measures three feet by four feet, and, when found, was covered with a thick coat of dirt, apparently put on designedly. This has been removed, and competent judges have pronounced the work to be by Raffaele, and in his best manner.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The season was closed, as usual, with a very brilliant "evening;" the attendance was large, and the result seemed to produce general satisfaction. The monetary produce of the exhibition this year has much exceeded that of any previous year, amounting on the whole to £13,000; while the sale of pictures (so far as they can be ascertained) has been larger than heretofore. These are, indeed, the palmy days of British artists.

PICTURE ROBBERY.—Mr. E. M. Ward's portrait of Mr. Dallas, exhibited this year at the Academy under the title of 'A Philosopher,' has been stolen by a man to whom the painter had, unfortunately, given an order for its delivery at the close of the exhibition, presuming that the thief was sent by the person usually employed by Mr. Ward to remove his pictures. No tidings had been heard of it at the time of our going to press. The fact ought to be a warning to artists.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.—In the month of July the prizes were distributed in the lecture-room of the Crystal Palace; the president of the society, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, having been unable to attend, the chair was taken by Mr. G. R. Ward. The report was, on the whole, satisfactory, although the number of subscribers fell somewhat short of two thousand—a fact easily accounted for, the progress of the society having been for awhile arrested by the lamented death of its founder, Mr. T. Baitan, and the general election having occupied the public mind during the months when the harvest of subscribers is expected to be gathered in. Next year, we have no doubt, members will have doubled in amount; for, besides the very admirable works now for distribution, others are in preparation of great merit. As one of the speakers at the meeting observed, there need not be much sympathy for those who failed to obtain prizes, inasmuch as they had already received the full value of the guineas they subscribed. That is strangely true. A subscriber, at the time of entering his name, has about a dozen articles in ceramic Art to select from, any one of which is honestly worth a guinea, and a few years ago could not have been obtained for less than two guineas. In addition, he has the chance of a prize, and some of the prizes are of considerable "money worth." Indeed, every object issued by the society is of very great excellence, and cannot fail to do much to advance a pure taste in Art.

A STATUE of the late Sir Joseph Paxton is to be erected in the grounds of the Crystal Palace. The memorial is a right and suitable one, but Paxton's noblest monument was raised by himself, when he called into existence the palace at Sydenham: here might he inscribed what one reads on Wren's tomb in St. Paul's:—"St. quæris monumentum, circumspecte." Mr. B. Spence, of Rome, is spoken of as the sculptor of the statue.

THE LATE WIMBLEDON MEETING.—Many of the most interesting scenes connected with the recent volunteer matches at Wimbledon have been photographed by Mr. Vernon Heath. All the plates of the series are successful, and many of them highly so, considering the great difficulty of arranging groups and masses of men with a hope that each individual will remain perfectly still. The heath and gorse that constitute such a beautiful feature in these

photographs greatly assist the composition in many instances. Nothing can be richer in picturesque vegetation than the view called 'Glen Albyn,' a wild passage of the common so called by the Loudon Scottish. A few of the lions of the meeting are signalled, as in Plate 25, Private Sharman, the winner of the Queen's prize; he is in the act of shooting. Again, Plate 16, 'The Horatio Ross Firing Point,' contains portraits of Mr. Peterkin, Lord Aberdeen, the Hon. James Gordon, and Mr. Wilkie; and No. 24, in 'The Running Deer,' Mr. Peterkin again appears, as if about to fire at the deer passing at a distance. In this are also portraits of Mr. Thompson (Cambridge University), Mr. Malcolm, and Mr. McPherson, of Cluny. Plate No. 3 is 'A Group of the London Scottish,' very full of figures, closed by tents, and showing the well-known windmill on the right. In No. 2 there is another group of the London Scottish, one of the most successful of the series. In 'Pool, five hundred yards—the danger flag,' the wind has blurred the gorse bushes, and the foreground vegetation, reducing the flags to a dark blot; but all the figures—guardsmen, volunteers, and police—are most perfectly given. In Plate 13 are shown the lines F and G close by the windmill; and in No. 22 a magnificent extent of broken foreground, with a distant view of the tents of the London Rifle Brigade, the London Scottish, and the 1st Surrey. 'The Camp from the Flagstaff,' 'The Camp of the Queen's Westminster,' and other plates, will all be particularly interesting to those whom they immediately concern; but independently of this, such a series must be popular wherever rifle shooting is practised. These plates are the first photographs we have seen of the great Wimbledon gathering, and when all the difficulties which must naturally attend the practice of the art under such circumstances are taken into account, it is matter of surprise these pictures are so successful.

CAMEOS.—The art of cutting and engraving cameos is but little practised in this country, chiefly, it may be presumed, from the prevailing idea that we have here no artists who can be put in competition with those of Rome; certain, however, it is that there exists a fashionable—and, it may be added, almost a foolish—prejudice in favour of the foreigner, for we have seen a few specimens by a young English artist, Mr. Ronca, which, for delicacy and truth of execution, sharpness and boldness of relief, could scarcely be surpassed out of the country. He exhibited three admirable examples at the Royal Academy this year, a bust of the late Prince Consort, a remarkably beautiful head of a young girl, and the helmeted head of Geraint, from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." Among others shown to us we may point out one after Mr. F. M. Miller's bas-relief of Titania, and the profile portrait of a gentleman, the latter a gem of its kind. Mr. Ronca has executed two portrait busts of the Prince Consort for her Majesty, who has expressed her entire satisfaction with his work; and he has more recently completed a portrait of General Sir James Chatterton, K.H. We feel assured the artist has only to be widely known to find ample employment in his beautiful art.

MUCKROSS ABBEY AND LAKE is the title given to a large chromo-lithograph, by Messrs. Hanhart, from a drawing by Mr. J. C. Reed, and recently published by Messrs. Shaw and Sons, of Nottingham. It is a passage of noble landscape; the Torc and other mountains rise boldly up, in varied forms and elevations, from the sur-

face of the lake, stretching themselves out into the far distance. The foreground is an expanse of park-like scenery, in which stands a mansion—Muckross House, the residence of—Herbert, Esq.—backed by an extent of low wooded ground, in the form of a promontory shooting itself forwards into the water. But the abbey is not visible; the title of the print is therefore a misnomer. As a picture, however, it may not be less valued, for it is a beautiful subject cleverly rendered, the sky and mountains especially so.

A "CITY EXHIBITION" of pictures and drawings has been opened at No. 10, Fenchurch Street, under the direction of Messrs. Moore, McQueen, & Co., and consisting entirely of works recently painted. As in all similar collections, a considerable proportion is familiar to us; but there are also very many which we here see for the first time. In order to afford an idea of what the exhibition consists, it is enough to say there are distributed through the room pictures and drawings by E. M. Ward, R.A.; D. MacIse, R.A.; F. Goodall, R.A.; J. Gilbert, Geo. Smith, R. Ansdell, A.R.A.; Holman Hunt, W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A.; H. O'Neil, A.R.A.; T. S. Cooper, A.R.A.; P. H. Calderon, A.R.A.; T. Creswick, R.A.; J. D. Luard, G. Stanfield, J. B. Pyne, W. Linnell, J. H. S. Maun, Müller, Hering, Jutsum, &c. Among the foreign artists represented are:—Verboeckhoeven, Grönland, T. Frère, Lambinet, Trayer, Troyon, &c.; these foreign pictures generally are small, having been worked out with that assiduity which never halts until the utmost superficial finish has been achieved, a result to which small paintings owe in a great measure their popularity. Mr. Ward's picture is a reduced replica of 'The Execution of Montrose,' one of the frescoes in the corridor of the House of Commons, which has been described more than once in these columns. That by Holman Hunt is a small study of 'The Light of the World;' the two by Santaropendants, 'Tragedy' and 'Comedy,' those by MacIse are 'The Scotch Lovers' and 'The Ballad Singer;' H. O'Neil, 'The Two Extremes;' Ansdell, 'Seville,' being a distant view of the city, with near groups of figures and animals. 'The Mill Stream,' by Creswick, would afford a text for a chapter on the works of this painter, differing so materially as it does from everything that he has produced of late years. The subject is unpretending, but it is rendered with an exaltation of feeling equal to that of Claude. Two pictures by Linnell, sen., called Italian Landscapes, also differ in aspiration from the recent works of this painter. They present mountainous scenery, with wild, Salvator-like figures; one is especially rich in colour; the recurrence of red is perhaps too frequent. Two drawings by Carl Werner, 'The Cave of Jeremiah' and 'Jacob's Well,' are very attractive. There are also 'Return from Church,' by Redgrave; 'A Glimpse of the Sea,' James T. Linnell; 'The Cottage Door,' F. Goodall, R.A.; 'The Shipwreck,' T. Brooks; 'Capri,' J. B. Pyne; 'Wood Scene,' Müller; 'Lake of Genoa,' E. W. Cooke, R.A.; 'As fresh water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country,' Geo. Smith; 'Town' and 'Country,' J. H. S. Mann; 'Landscape,' G. E. Hering, &c.; and a variety of water-colour drawings by G. Gilbert, H. Tidy, F. W. Topham, Geo. Chambers, Birket Foster, W. Hunt, J. E. Millais, Carl Werner, D. Hardy, E. Goodall, &c.

SOUTH KENSINGTON.—A cast of the famous marble pulpit in the Baptistery at

Pisa, by Nicolo Pisano, is now being erected at South Kensington. It is hexagonal, supported on eight columns, the subjects on the panels being 'The Nativity,' 'The Adoration of the Magi,' 'The Presentation,' 'The Crucifixion,' and 'The Last Judgment.' The sixth side will be occupied by the door, approached by a small flight of stairs, the enrichments of which correspond with the carvings of the pulpit, but casts of the staircase have not yet been procured. The portions of the circular pulpit, by Giovanni Pisano, located in the museum some time ago, have been already described by us. It is intended to procure the portions of this great work necessary to its completion, and place it opposite, and as a pendant, to the other. The circular pulpit was reported to have been destroyed in the fire that occurred in October, 1590, but it was discovered afterwards in the vaults of the cathedral. In the great court of the museum, the upper panels are being gradually filled with ideal portraits of painters; there still remain eight unappropriated. Giorgione is one of the last impersonations placed, but the artist has fallen into the error of painting the figure on a scale so low, that against the gold background the detail is entirely lost; thus, from the floor of the hall the figure appears holding something in his left hand, but it cannot be determined what it is. In reference to others of these figures we have had occasion to make the like remark; but in order to show that the observation is not unreasonable, examples could be instances that are charming in colour, brilliant in effect, and perfect in detail. The figure of N. Pisano has been completed by Salviati in mosaic, the only one in this material.—'The Horse Fair,' by Rosa Bonheur, about the absence of which from the collection so much has been said, is now in the gallery.—By the permission of Sir R. N. C. Hamilton there has been recently placed in the Indian Court a collection of Indian jewellery, consisting of ear-rings, too-rings, armlets, anklets, necklaces, finger-rings, many of massive gold and richly ornamented, but generally coarse in workmanship, and many having the appearance of having been transmitted as heir-looms for centuries.

MRS. TREADWIN, of Exeter, has long established a high reputation as a maker of "Honiton lace;" it is so called, although Honiton is by no means the only place in Devonshire where it is produced. The engravings of this fabric we gave, in 1862, supplied ample evidence of the improvement it has undergone, in so far, that is to say, as Art is concerned; and we presume we may attribute some part of such improvement to the influence of the government school, which flourishes in Exeter better than elsewhere. Of the engravings referred to, several were those of Mrs. Treadwin; she has very recently produced a work that surpasses, not only in delicacy and beauty, but also in design, any that has hitherto issued from her establishment. It is a "corporal," to cover the sacramental bread and wine. Amid a border of vine leaves and wheat ears are introduced the sacred emblems—the lamb, the dove, the pelican, the trefoil, the crown of thorns, the monogram, the cross, &c. It is impossible to describe, and by no means easy to do justice to, this very graceful and beautiful example of refined workmanship.

A MODEL OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE has been presented by Mr. Tite, M.P., architect of the building, to University College, for the use of the students in the architectural classes.

REVIEWS.

POPULAR ROMANCES OF THE WEST OF ENGLAND; or, the Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall. Collected and edited by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S. 2 vols. Published by J. C. HOTTEN, London.

From the fields of philosophical inquiry and the domains of scientific investigation we find, in these volumes, Mr. Hunt wandering in a region whose laws, if laws it has, altogether defy philosophy, science, and reason. "Folk-lore," as it is called, has not yet entirely passed away from much of the rural life of England, though it is gradually leaving even the most remote districts of the country where it had taken deeper and more abiding root. "Those wild dreams which swayed with irresistible force the skin-clad Briton of the Cornish hills, have not yet entirely lost their power where even the National and the British Schools are busy with the people, and Mechanics' Institutions are diffusing the truths of Science. In the infancy of the race, terror was the ruling power; in the maturity of the people, the dark shadow still sometimes rises like a spectre, partially eclipsing the mild radiance of that Christian truth which shines upon the land." And it is not alone among the half-taught or wholly uneducated that popular traditions and strange superstitions find credence: they have believers in some who haunt the crowded city and are learned in the world's wisdom. It is not every one who can apply to himself the lines of Crabbe:—

"But lost, for ever lost, to me, these joys
Which reason scatters and which time destroys!
No more the midnight fairy tribe I view
All in the merry moonshine tipping dew;
Even the last lingering fiction of the brain—
The churchyard ghost—is now at rest again."

And this determined tenacity of the mind to hold to its credulity can only, we think, be satisfactorily accounted for on Mr. Hunt's theory. He says, "those things which make a strong impression on the mind of the child are rarely obliterated by the education through which he advances to maturity, and they exert their influences upon the man in advanced age. A tale of terror, related by an ignorant nurse, rivets the attention of an infant mind, and its details are engraven on the memory. The 'bogles,' or 'bogie,' with which the child is terrified into quiet by some thoughtless servant, remains a dim and unpleasant reality to shake the nerves of a philosopher. Things like these, —seeing that existence is surrounded by clouds of mystery,—become a Power which will, ever and anon through life, exert considerable influence over our actions."

Mr. Hunt is, we believe, a Cornish man; or if not a native of the county, the days of his boyhood and youth, with many years of later life, were passed there; and he dates this collection of Popular Romances from his early childhood, when the legends he read and heard related fixed themselves on his memory. Many years back, a short residence on the borders of Dartmoor placed him in the centre of a circle of persons who believed "there were giants on the earth in those days" to which the "old people" belonged; and who were convinced that to turn a coat-sleeve, or a stocking, prevented the *pixies* from misleading man or woman. This circumstance caused a renewal of his acquaintance with the wild tales of Cornwall which had either terrified or amused him when a child; and, being at leisure, he determined to make a journey into the weird land for the purpose of gathering up every existing story of its ancient people. Several months were thus occupied, during which a large number of the romances and superstitions which he now publishes were collected. Subsequent opportunities arose in after-life for gaining additional information on the subject—opportunities afforded by his residence in Cornwall; and by his frequent visits there, in his official capacity of Keeper of the Mining Records of the Geological Museum in Jernyn Street. "Seated," he says, "on a three-legged stool, or in a 'timbered settle,' near the blazing hearth-fire on the hearth, have I elicited the old stories of which the people

were beginning to be ashamed. Resting in a level, after the toil of climbing from the depths of a mine, in close companionship with the homely miner, his superstitions and the tales he had heard from his grandfather have been confided to me." It is evident, therefore, that from childhood to mature years, Mr. Hunt has had constant and unusual opportunities of making himself thoroughly acquainted with the legendary history of the westernmost part of our island.

We can do little more than point out the plan on which his materials are arranged. The first volume, or series, as he terms it, includes tales of the giants, the fairies, the mermaids, rocks, lost cities, fire-worship, demons, and spectres, &c. The second records stories and legends of the saints, holy wells, King Arthur, sorcery and witchcraft, the miners, fishermen and sailors, death superstitions, old usages, popular superstitions, and miscellaneous stories. By adopting this arrangement, all such tales as seem to belong to the most ancient inhabitants of these islands are brought into the first series. "It is true that many of them, as they are now told, assume a mediæval, or even a modern, character. This is the natural result of the passage of a tradition from one generation to another. The customs of the age in which the story is told are interpolated—for the purpose of rendering them intelligible to the listeners—and thus they are constantly changing their exterior form." Mr. Hunt is "disposed to believe that the spirit of all the romances included in this series shows them to have originated before the Christian era; while the romances recorded in the second volume belong certainly to the historic period, though the dates of many of them are exceedingly problematical."

Our readers should make the acquaintance of these curious and most entertaining volumes, from which, had we space, many amusing fragments might be gathered into our columns. It is well that such writers as Campbell in his "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," Mrs. Bray in her "Traditions, Legends, and Superstitions of Devonshire," Hugh Miller in his "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," Mr. J. O. Halliwell in his "Wanderings in the Footsteps of the Giants," Crofton Croker in his "Fairy Legends of Ireland," and Mr. Hunt in the volumes now before us,—as well as other authors, whose names and works might be associated with these,—have preserved some waifs and strays of story that are almost lost in the darkness of ages, and which were rapidly dying out with those who told them. The "touch of intellect" has for the most part scattered, if not entirely driven away, the belief in these old-world tales, many of them beautiful and of "good report;" yet the evidences by which they were supported remain with us to this day amid the boulders and frowning heights of gigantic rocks, the wild and desolate moor, and the moss-covered fountain in the valley, half-hidden among prickly bramble, and creeping woodbine.

LAST WINTER IN ROME. By CHARLES RICHARD WELD. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

A book of very pleasant gossip about Rome in its social character, rather than in any other, though the antiquities and Art-works of the city have not been altogether forgotten. Mr. Weld is fortunate enough to meet with comfortable quarters—not free, however—in the mansion of a Roman noble and an officer of the Guardia Nobile, through whose introduction he has opportunities of seeing and hearing much which would be closed against the majority of visitors; and as he appears to have kept eyes and ears both well open, and is gifted with a light and agreeable manner of describing his "experiences," his story of modern Rome is highly amusing as well as instructive, while he takes a liberal and unprejudiced view of what goes on around him. "Nothing extenuating nor setting down ought in malice." Speaking of hunting in the Roman Campagna, he says it is the great day amusement of the English during winter, "not that many follow the hounds on horseback, but

the meet is always numerously attended. And very pretty is the sight on a bright day in winter, when the Alban hills, crested with snow, stand out against the deep blue sky, and the air is delightfully bracing—to see the gathering of healthy English faces, the girls with nature's roses on their cheeks, at a meet in the Campagna. The distance from Rome is generally sufficiently near to enable pedestrians to be present, and several visitors attend in carriages."

"A well-known figure at the Roman hunt is that of Miss Hosmer, the clever American sculptor, who rides so well that it is a pity the Campagna has no stiff fences to try her prowess. Gibson, who is a great friend of Miss Hosmer, is reported to have said to her, 'You will never excel in your profession if you hunt so much.' 'Mr. Gibson,' was her reply, 'if you could ride as well as I do, you would hunt too.' I am not at all sure that the great sculptor would be tempted, rode he ever so well, to turn Nimrod now, or to leave his studio for the fairest scene in the Campagna; but, notwithstanding his remark to Miss Hosmer, most persons will agree that she is quite right to hunt, and that her skill—as a sculptor we presume the author means—is not at all likely to suffer by this wholesome exercise."

With this little bit of artistic gossip—selected as especially appropriate to our pages—we take leave of Mr. Weld's book, which, by the way, may be recommended for its useful information to any who intend visiting Rome, while it will afford a few hours' agreeable reading to those of us who stay at home.

THE LIFE OF JOHN CLARE. By FREDERICK MARTIN. Published by MACMILLAN AND Co., London and Cambridge.

It is well for some literary men of a past age that they are followed by others able to appreciate their genius, and unwilling to allow it to fade from public memory. Were it not so, the new lights would extinguish the old, and the world would know little or nothing of the stars that once shone in the firmament. There is a great tendency in our day to overlook or forget what was done before it, and men who were "of mark," caressed, flattered, and patronised by their contemporaries, are too apt to be "pushed from their stools" of fame by the generation which comes after them. But then comes an admirer, like Mr. Martin in the case of Clare, the "Northamptonshire Poet," to recall the dead man to life in a biographical record.

And, notwithstanding the episodes that sadden Clare's history, and, above all, its melancholy termination, a very interesting memoir has Mr. Martin written from the materials at his command. The ploughman and lime-burner of Helpston hewed out for himself a name among the sons of genius, but it was done through much vicissitude, many disappointments, and great infirmity. Clare acquired the cognomen of the "English Burns." "There was no limit," we are told, "to the applause bestowed upon him. Rossini set his verses to music; Madame Vestris recited them before crowded audiences; William Gifford sang his praises in the *Quarterly Review*; and all the critical journals, reviews, and magazines of the day were unanimous in their admiration of poetical genius coming before them in the humble garb of a farm labourer."

Yet what did all this result in? Neglect, poverty, suffering, and—death in a lunatic asylum. It is a very old tale, no doubt, the remark of his biographer, but which may bear being told once more, brimful as it is of human interest; and, he might have added, of warning also.

Such stories are far more useful—or ought to be—than those told by the novelist; they are facts. The *dramatis personæ* are not the representatives of others, their words and deeds are their own; the scenery is the actual world, and when the curtain drops on the last act of life's play—which, in Clare's case, proved a sad tragedy—we know that we have been in the company of others than the creatures of a writer's imagination. Keats, and Chatterton, and John Clare, dissimilar as were their intellectual powers, form a bright triumvirate who perished at the shrine of poetical genius.

THE HISTORY OF PLAYING CARDS; with Anecdotes of their use in Conjuring, Fortunetelling, and Card-sharping. Edited by the late E. S. TAYLOR, B.A. Published by J. C. HOTTEN, London.

Perhaps few card-players imagine that ponderous volumes have been compiled by learned authors on the history of their favourite game. Many of them are perfectly unreadable by the heavy amount of labour too visible on their surface. Such are the treatises of Breikopf, the German, and our own Singer; both must be read as solemn and severe tasks. It is well, then, to get a little volume that shall contain the gist of their erudite researches, combined with anecdote and descriptions of card-players, and card-playing, ancient and modern; as well as expositions of tricks used in conjuring and card-sharping. The author is inclined to ascribe the introduction into Europe of cards to the gipsy tribe, in the fourteenth century. It is certain that their origin, like that of the gipsies themselves, is involved in an obscurity which no research has hitherto been able to dispel. Their rapid spread, and the great variety of forms they assumed, and of games in which they formed a part, is matter of more certain history, and has been well told by the author of this volume, which is abundantly illustrated by very many engravings of cards of all ages and countries. Some of them are exceedingly curious, and card-players who adhere to old favourites will be amused with the variety and curiosity of many engraved and described. Some were used not only to teach geography and heraldry, but to mark popular events and temporary political excitement. The anecdotes of play and playets at home and abroad are also very abundant and curious; indeed, the book merits warm commendation.

ELSIE; FLIGHTS TO FAIRYLAND, &c. By J. CRAWFORD WILSON, Author of "Jonathan Oldaker," "Gitanilla," &c. Published by E. MOXON & Co., London.

In spite of ours being, as most men aver, a prosaic age, there are people who write poetry, and publish it too; it is, therefore, only fair to presume there are also people who read poetry, or we should not find so many books of this sort of composition in print. But it requires a genius far above the level to bring a poet into anything like popular notice, and if Mr. Wilson's "Elsie" and other poems do not mark him as in the possession of this exalted gift, they prove him to be a writer of refined taste and no inconsiderable powers. "Elsie" is a sad story, told with much pathos, and in verse that reads smoothly and pleasantly. Mary, the "outcast," who finds and befriends her, is a well-drawn character, and, we believe, not entirely without its type in the streets of London, improbable as it may seem. "Flights to Fairyland" are of a different order, light and occasionally humorous, abounding with many pretty descriptions. These appeared a few years ago in the *Dublin University Magazine*. Among the shorter pieces are several which are most creditable to Mr. Wilson's muse.

FRANÇOIS SPIRA, AND OTHER POEMS. By the Author of "The Gentle Life." Published by E. MOXON, London.

These poems are evidence of matured taste and of refined judgment. They may not be popular, for they deal, for the most part, with themes that are not "taking;" but they will receive the approval of "the few" to whom they are obviously addressed, and whose "applause" is ever worth striving for. The style is sound and healthy, manifesting intimacy with the great "makers" of old times; full of fancy too; and by no means without proof of the inventive faculty. The principal poem is in blank verse, entitled "Hewn Stones;" it deals with the common things of life, and is far more sad than cheerful; yet it leads to that fountain of life at which all who drink live. In the minor compositions, however (although even they are somewhat low in tone and sombre of hue), the writer has had more freedom; rambling more at ease in the garden where he gathers flowers.

The author, be he who he may, manifests considerable power, and takes worthy rank among the high souls whose works have for more than a quarter of a century issued from the house of his publishers.

RICHARD COBDEN, THE APOSTLE OF FREE TRADE: HIS POLITICAL CAREER AND PUBLIC SERVICES. A Biography. By JOHN MCGILCHRIST. Published by LOCKWOOD AND Co., London.

In noticing this biographical sketch of one of the most remarkable men of our age, we are not called upon to pronounce an opinion of his public life and policy. In the page of recent history—not merely that of our own country only, for the whole civilised world has been affected by his words and deeds—the name of Richard Cobden must always occupy a prominent position. The chief events of his life are given by Mr. McGilchrist at sufficient length, the "Corn Law" agitation and its results filling no inconsiderable portion of the small volume, as they formed, in conjunction with Free Trade generally, the leading idea of Cobden's mind, and the great incentive to almost the whole of his career. He has found an ardent admirer and warm partisan in his biographer, whose book, however, is little more than a *résumé* of what has appeared in the various public journals advocating Free Trade principles during the last quarter of a century.

HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF UTTOXETER; with Notices of Places in its neighbourhood. By FRANCIS REDFERN. Published by J. RUSSELL SMITH, London.

The old town of Uttoxeter might, it may reasonably be presumed, have found a writer to do more justice to it than Mr. Redfern has done. He apologises, however, for its defects by speaking of himself as a person who is neither "devoted to a literary calling, or living in worldly ease. Being employed, as I am, at a mechanical trade, I have been able to devote but very little time to its compilation, except at nights, after the suspension of labour." But if men so circumstanced will "rush into print"—and we would not, as a rule, cast blame upon them for so doing, when they have anything worth writing about, and are capable of saying it—they should, at least, submit their proof-sheets to some one capable of correcting their errors. This book is full of them: on one page alone (218), we find a French ship called "A Raisable," Belleisle is printed Belleiste, and Marshal de Conflans appears as de Covfians. Such mistakes as these render any work absolutely valueless, whatever else appears in it of a commendable character.

DIEPPE: the Route by Newhaven. Published by L. BOOTH, London; H. and C. TREACHER, Brighton; A. MARAIS, Dieppe.

Not only as an agreeable and salubrious watering-place, but also as a "rest by the way" for travellers to Paris and other continental cities, Dieppe has of late years been much frequented by our countrymen, as well as by others from most parts of the world during the "season." Though this little "guide" has come into our hands at the time of year when, it may be presumed, the majority of those who are permitted to enjoy a little sea-side recreation have started on their journey, still it may not be too late to recommend it to some. It has evidently been compiled for the especial use of us English, for it contains a concise description of the town, its suburbs, and most interesting historic sites, together with much suitable advice to travellers, and—for those who are unacquainted with the French language—a vocabulary of such phrases and words as would be most requisite for a stranger to know when temporarily sojourning there. It is a short and pleasant trip across the Channel from Brighton, or rather Newhaven, to Dieppe; and when there the traveller will find much to amuse and interest him in the town and its vicinity, all of which are clearly set forth in the pages of this unpretending guide-book; while many of the most prominent objects appear in the form of illustrations.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1865.

ECCLESIASTICAL
ART-MANUFACTURES.

I. ECCLESIASTICAL SCULPTURE.

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.



SINCE that Architecture is one of the most important of the Fine Arts, and that the revival of the mediæval style of the Art has been one of the most remarkable phenomena of the last quarter of a century, it may have appeared strange to some of our readers that the *Art-Journal* has seemed to ignore it. This has not arisen from any want of interest in the subject, or reluctance to acknowledge its importance, but from the fact that Architecture having periodicals of its own, through which its interests are more amply represented than they could be in a journal which devotes itself to the sister Arts besides, we do it no injustice by excluding it from our columns, while we leave ourselves more room to deal with the Arts of Painting and Sculpture, and with the application of all the Arts to the uses of common life. These are the reasons why Gothic architecture, by which our old churches are being restored to their ancient beauty, and which is dotting the country over with hundreds of new ones rivalling the old in excellence, has been allowed to remain unnoticed in these pages.

The spirit which has thus restored our old churches and built new ones, and in so doing gradually raised the revived Gothic architecture to its present high point of excellence, is proceeding to adorn the buildings and to supply them with the requisite furniture, and in so doing is creating new schools of Gothic sculpture and painting, and has called into existence new branches of ecclesiastical Art-manufacture. During the last few years these branches of Art-design have made remarkable progress in the originality and beauty of their design, and the excellence of their workmanship; while some individual works which have been lately produced are on a scale of sumptuous grandeur, and of a degree of excellence as works of Art, that make them worthy to be compared with the finest mediæval works which have come down to us. Such works as these fall directly within the scope of the *Art-Journal*, and demand from us a careful attention; and we propose therefore to devote several papers to a general survey of the various branches of ecclesiastical work of which we have been speaking. In the present paper we shall deal with the subject of Ecclesiastical Sculpture.

First of all, it requires some consideration how far the highest type of sculpture is applicable to Gothic architecture. Some years ago, indeed, there was a lively discussion in the columns of one of the journals devoted to architecture, as to the relations between sculpture and Gothic architecture. A gentleman, who is himself an enthusiastic admirer of Gothic architecture, and at the same time one of our best sculptors, maintained that the highest type of sculpture was not compatible with the Gothic style of architecture. This assertion, of course, called forth a warm denial on the part of the Gothic revivalists, jealous of the honour of their art. It was easy for them to point out that, as a matter of fact, in ancient Gothic architecture, sculpture was very largely employed—in the shape of mouldings to every constructional line of the building; in the enrichment of the capitals and bosses, and other emphatic points in the construction; in sculptured tympana, and screens, and recedoses, and shrines, and tombs. That there was hardly any limit to the extent to which it might be applied; as in the covering of whole façades with single statues or scriptural subjects, as in the west fronts of Exeter and Wells Cathedrals. It was easy, too, to show that some of the examples of Gothic sculpture, as the capitals and angle posts of the Doge's palace, the south door of Lincoln, and the west front of Wells, had received the highest testimony to their artistic excellence.

Still, we are disposed to think that there was some truth in the assertion that Gothic architecture is incompatible with the highest style of sculpture; that is, we should at once feel the incongruity if the finest existing statuary were placed in the finest of our Gothic churches. The whole spirit of the piece of sculpture would be felt to be inharmonious with the Gothic architecture.

But we believe that, although this is a truth, it is not the whole truth, and that we need to look a little more deeply into the question. All the finest existing statuary is Greek, or of the Greek school. Now Greek sculpture is the expression of a particular tone of mind which we call the "classical;" mediæval Gothic architecture is the expression of a different state of mind, which we call the "romantic." The classical and the romantic are two opposite poles, between which the human mind seems to oscillate. No wonder that, when we put together the highest expression of one state of mind, and the highest expression of the opposite state, we find that they do not harmonise with one another. How is it that men of high intellect and cultivated taste now take delight—it would seem equal delight—in both of them? It appears to us that it is because our minds have sympathies with both. If we may quote from words of our own which have been uttered elsewhere,—“We of this generation are in a peculiar transition phase of mind. We stand between the classical spirit in which we were brought up, in whose literature our youthful minds were thoroughly steeped, and the romantic spirit which is reviving in such strength that it seems destined to take full possession of the age. Thus we have strong affinities with both, and can heartily admire a Gothic cathedral one day, and Phidias's marbles the next. They are incongruous one with the other. One is the expression of the Greek mind of the fifth century before Christ, and the other of the thirteenth century after Christ, no wonder they are incongruous one with the other. But what is more important is, that they are both incongru-

ous with us at this moment. For we take leave to assert that Gothic architecture is not in harmony with the mind of the present age, is not adapted to our present knowledge and tastes and habits. It is not possible that it should be. An Englishman of the nineteenth century is a very different man from an Englishman of the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries. We do not say that he is better, or that he is worse; perhaps he is better in some respects, and worse in others; all we say is, that he is very different. If, then, the Gothic architecture was the genuine outcome of the mind of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the embodiment of their tastes and satisfaction of their needs, the shell which the mankind of that age had secreted out of the necessities of its organisation and habits for itself to live in, it is not probable that the mankind of this age can creep into it, and find that it equally fits our very different developments, and is equally adapted to our very different habits, and wants, and tastes. Again, we venture to assert that the classical sculpture is not in harmony with the mind of the present age. It was the genuine expression of the mind of the gay, subtle, sensuous, earthly, idolatrous Greek, and it is impossible that it should be in harmony with the nature of the grave, practical, moral Englishman. There are elements in each with which we sympathise; with the natural simplicity and human truthfulness of classical sculpture, and with the religious feeling and vague aspiration of Gothic architecture. Therefore it is that we admire both; but neither of them can satisfy our whole nature. We shall, perhaps, make clearer what we mean if we say that we modern Englishmen are more like the practical, unæsthetic, conquering, ruling, cosmopolitan Romans, than like either sensuous Greeks or chivalric Goths. The only thoroughly original and characteristic works which we have executed in this age are our great engineering works, in which no one fails to recognise the resemblance to the great works of imperial Rome. And any Art which is the real outcome of the age must give expression to these elements of scientific knowledge and massive energy. But we are also a highly civilised, wealthy, refined, and luxurious people, familiar with every choice gift of nature, and every valuable production of man, in every climate of the world. And the Art which is really to satisfy our mind and heart and soul must be something much more than the result of the hold conception, and scientific plan, and durable workmanship of the civil engineer. Gothic and classical Art, we say, are not only inharmonious with each other, but they are inharmonious with ourselves. But what the modern Gothic architects of the most advanced school are trying to do is, to take the old Gothic merely as a basis, and to try to develop it into a style which shall satisfy all our wants and tastes. And so of the modern sculptor we should say that he is trying to add to the beautiful, truthful, graceful forms of Greek Art, something of our modern thought, and feeling, and religion, if we did not find so many of our high-class sculptors still engaged on conventional Venuses, and nymphs, and allegories. The real question as between the three sister Arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting, is this: if out of the Gothic basis which they have adopted, our Gothic artists shall succeed at length in their attempt to develop a new style of architecture which shall be really an expression of the mind of the present day; and if the sculptors, out of the Greek basis from which they take their departure, shall succeed in developing a

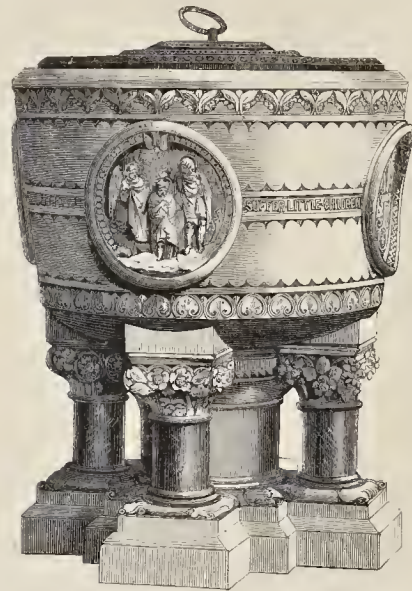
new style of sculpture, which shall equally be an expression of the mind of this generation; and if the painter, starting from the Pre-Raphaelite basis, shall succeed in giving us a new style of painting, which shall also embody the spirit of the age; will it be found at last that there is any incongruity among the results produced by the sister Arts? We venture to say there will not. There is only one Art, though it may take various modes of embodiment—prose or poetry, painting, sculpture, or architecture. It is only where a race of men have lost the living Art tradition, and have fallen upon a period of antiquarianism and eclecticism, and the artists who practise one form of Art borrow from one source, and they who practise another form of Art from another source, that there is any incongruity between contemporary Arts. If we could sweep all the monuments of ancient Art out of existence, and erase from our own minds all the impressions which they have produced there, and begin anew with nothing but nature, and our own instincts and tastes, to guide us, then the artists would all be in harmony, and we should have no doubt about the speedy rise among a people like ourselves of a great school of Art. But we cannot destroy the monuments of mankind from the Pyramids downwards, and we can never divest our own minds of the results of their education. All that we can do is, to endeavour to extract sound principles of Art from all past phases of Art; to avoid prejudice and copyism; to study nature above all; and having cultivated our minds and souls with true and high feelings, and healthful tastes, then to be not afraid to follow our own instincts."

Without further preface we proceed to introduce and to describe some of the works which we have selected as examples of what a young and rising school of sculptors is doing to bring their art more in harmony with the most advanced forms of the revived Gothic architecture, and in harmony with the demands of our own wants and tastes. Fig. 1 is a good example of a design for a font, in which, while the conventional forms of Gothic are preserved in the general contour, there is a considerable amount of originality in the details, and a high degree of artistic skill has been employed upon the work. The font is one which was executed for Bombay Cathedral; the general design is by an amateur and a clergyman, the Rev. C. Bontell; the sculpture is by Mr. Forsyth. It will be seen that the general form is a bold circular bowl, carried on a central pier and four detached shafts, which stand upon a cruciform base. Four medallions containing appropriate Scripture subjects, sculptured in bas-relief, are introduced upon the sides of the bowl; the upper and lower margins are enriched with elegant patterns, and an enriched band round the middle carries the text—"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME, AND FORBID THEM NOT, FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN." The capitals of the four supporting columns are carved with foliage and flowers; the shafts are of coloured marble. The breadth of the general design, the elegance of the enrichment, and the excellence of the sculpture, combine to make this font a very satisfactory example of modern design.

We have before us a photograph of another font designed for Dunkeld, in which the same general elements of form are treated with details of fourteenth century character, with successful result. The circular bowl has simple mouldings at its upper and lower edges, and the whole space between is occupied by four large ogee quatrefoils touching the upper and lower mouldings

and each other. The outer moulding of the quatrefoils is enriched with ball-flower, and the spandrel spaces between the quatrefoils are occupied by well-designed foliage. The quatrefoils contain subjects from the life of our Lord, sculptured in bas-relief,

of considerable merit, by Mr. Forsyth. The base consists of a central column and four shafts, as in the Bombay font, but the central column is larger in proportion, and the four shafts are attached, and the whole is of the same stone as the bowl.



FONT OF BOMBAY CATHEDRAL.

The capitals of the shafts have elegant sculptured foliage of conventional Gothic character; the base mouldings run continuously round the central column and its attached shafts, and bind them into one.

We give an engraving of another font of

still more elaborate character, designed by Mr. Slater, and executed by Mr. Forsyth for Lichfield Cathedral. The general design is a square bowl with its angles cut off, so as to form an irregular octagon, supported on a central pier and angle



FONT OF LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

shafts of coloured marbles. The sides of the bowl are divided into panels, enriched with marble shafts. In the four angle faces are four saintly figures; on the sides are four historical sculptures in bas-relief, of great excellence of design and

execution. The subjects are Noah and his Family entering into the Ark, the Passage of the Red Sea, the Baptism and the Resurrection of our Lord. The engraving serves to represent the general design of the font, and to save us a longer description,

but does not do justice to the excellence of the sculpture, or to the rich effect of the white marble bowl and the variously coloured shafts.

Another class of fonts depends not so much upon sculpture for its beauty as upon the effect produced by the skilful use of different coloured stones and marbles. We shall probably have occasion hereafter to notice that this use of coloured marbles, the consequence of the study which has lately been given so largely to Italian Gothic, is rapidly increasing, and promises to be one important cause of a great modification in the modern practice of the Gothic school of design. One of the earliest remarkable examples of this style is Mr. Butterfield's font, in All Saints', Margaret Street, which is a successful example of originality of form and harmony of colour,



FONT OF WHITLEY CHURCH, CHESHIRE.

but is a little defective in the quality of the small amount of sculptured decoration introduced in it. We should have been tempted to give a representation of it, but that a large and excellent woodcut by Mr. Jewitt has already been published in the *Building News*.

Lastly, there are some fonts in whose design the conventional forms of Gothic Art have no place. Thorwaldsen's famous font, which consists of a kneeling angel holding a shell, is one that has been lately popularised among us by a small model in "Parian," and by a rather coarse copy adapted to the purpose of a fountain at the corner of the churchyard of St. Clement Danes.

We give in the accompanying woodcut a representation of another very charming

design for a font, which was executed for Whitley Church, Cheshire. The church is Renaissance in character, and the artist very properly concluded that a conventional Gothic font would be out of keeping with the building in which it was to be placed; and to this circumstance we are indebted for a design which, if we mistake not, is of a very high degree of excellence. The model of it was exhibited in the International Exhibition of 1862. It hardly needs much description. Four kneeling angels support a large circular marble bowl, whose exterior is very elegantly enriched with bands of ornament in low relief. It is quite true that the whole design has nothing of conventional Gothic about it, but it is equally free from the earthiness of Renaissance; and, with some modification perhaps in the ornamental pattern with which the bowl is enriched, we do not see why such a font should not be placed in any Gothic church, ancient or modern. The cover of the font is another work of Art, very elegant in itself, and probably forming the connecting link between the style of the font and that of the work with which it was to be surrounded. If the font were to be introduced into a Gothic church, the cover would perhaps require remodelling, and the artist has given ample proof in other works, some of them mentioned and illustrated in this paper, that he possesses the Gothic feeling, and could as successfully design a Gothic cover which would carry his beautiful font up into harmony with Gothic surroundings as this carries it down towards the features of a Renaissance church. There can surely be no question that a work like that at Lichfield, with compartments of historical sculpture, or like the poetical and graceful design at Whitley, possesses an interest which does not attach to a mere conventional Gothic design, however excellent, or a mere pattern of colour, however choice the material or successful the combination may be.

Another part of the church into which sculpture of a high class is being rather largely introduced, is in the reredos or ornamental screen on the east wall of the church behind the altar. It has always been usual to adopt some such means of giving an artistic importance to this which is ritually the highest point of the building. During the prevalence of the Renaissance taste, it was usual to panel the east end, and sometimes to return the panelling along the side walls of the *sacrum*, that is, the space within the altar rails. Many of our London and town churches still possess reredoses of elaborate character, with Corinthian columns and cornices, cherubim and festoons of fruit and flowers, carved in wood; and some of them have considerable merit in point of execution. It was not unusual also to put a large painting of some appropriate subject in the centre, which went by the conventional name of an "altar-piece;" and sometimes the side panels also contained paintings, Moses and Aaron being favourite subjects. With the revival of Gothic came a fashion for stone reredoses; which at first consisted of Gothic panelling or tabernacle work, with rows of empty canopied niches. When a piece of sculpture was first introduced in the centre panel of one of these reredoses, people were disposed to take alarm at the novelty. But that has all gone by. We have had so many novelties, that our unreasoning conservatism has been thoroughly broken down. We no longer suspect anything merely because it is new. Things which were first introduced by a particular

school within the Church, and were therefore at first looked upon as party badges, have long since been adopted by all parties; and we are all prepared now to judge things on their merits.

Out of the many sculptured reredoses which have been executed during the last few years, we can only mention a few of superior merit with which we happen to have some acquaintance, omitting others which probably are of equal excellence. The reredos of the restored church of Sherborne Minster is one which deserves mention. In general form it consists of a moulded base and ornamented plinth, which rises just above the altar-table. Upon this stand two square panelled piers, with a triple projecting canopy between them to protect the sculpture beneath. The canopy does not run up into spires, but is finished off with the piers, at the height of the sill of the east window, with a rich horizontal cornice. The space between the piers and beneath the canopy is divided horizontally into two unequal spaces. The lower space, which is the lesser in height, is formed into a subordinate screen of three elaborately cusped and ornamented ogee arches, beneath which, and behind the shafts which carry them, is a bas-relief of the Last Supper. The upper space is undivided, and is occupied by a large bas-relief of the Ascension. The general architectural design is by Mr. Slater, the sculpture is by Mr. Forsyth, and is of very superior character.

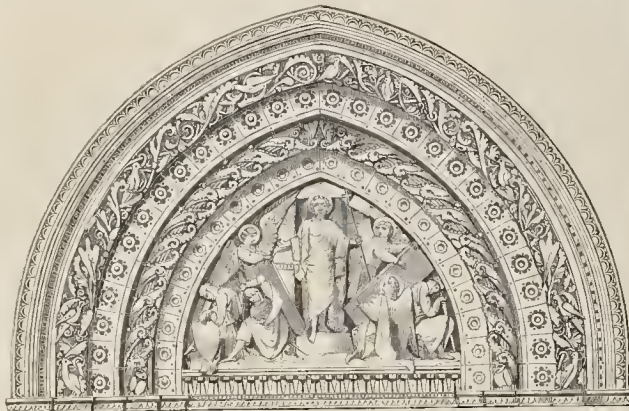
Another reredos, from Hereford Cathedral, we have seen by an accident prevented from engraving as an illustration of this class of works. It stands under the Norman arch which opens out of the sacrum into the Lady Chapel beyond. The screen occupies the lower part of the arch; over it the eye ranges among the elegant pillars and arches of the early English Lady Chapel; the nearest of these pillars stands in the middle behind the screen, and presents a flat spandrel space to the spectator, which has been crusted over with sculpture. The whole is contained by the severe Norman arch as in a frame, and the effect is remarkably picturesque. The reredos itself is divided horizontally into two stages. The lower stage consists of five large elaborately cusped quatrefoil panels, carved in white marble, the foils being inlaid with coloured marbles. The upper stage consists of a solid screen, backing a series of five gabled arches of Geometrical Gothic style. The arches are moulded, the gables pierced and crocketed, the capitals carved in the most sumptuous manner; the short shafts which carry the arches are of coloured marble, and above them is another series of short shafts of similar material carried on carved brackets, whose capitals, which rise above the horizontal cornice of the solid screen, serve as pedestals for a series of statuettes. Beneath the series of arches are introduced five bas-reliefs of scriptural subjects; beginning from the north they are—the Agony, Bearing the Cross, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, and the Raising of Lazarus. On the whole, it is a large and fine work, and one of the most important of its class. It will not be forgotten by our readers that this cathedral possesses also the magnificent metal-work rood-screen which attracted so much attention at the recent International Exhibition, and which is undoubtedly the finest piece of metal-work which has been executed in England in modern times.

Lastly, we present to the reader an engraving of the doorway of the Digby Chapel of Sherborne Minster, as one of the best and most characteristic examples with which

we have met, of the two parts of the subject of modern Gothic sculpture. First, in the mouldings of the doorway, we have an example of the sumptuousness and growing originality of the style of ornamentation which are characteristic of the most advanced works of the modern Gothic school. This portion of the work is from the design of Mr. Slater; in general effect it resembles the famous *Portail Occidental* of Rouen Cathedral, though there is so much of difference between them as to leave it very doubtful whether the one was consciously suggested by the other. The richness of the arch-mouldings is thoroughly carried out in the piers and columns which support them, and the effect of richness is increased by the introduction of marbles of different colours in the shafts of the columns. The execution of the details, which can be only indicated in a sketch on the scale of our illustration, is of the highest excellence.

The tympanum affords us one of the best efforts we have yet seen of the modern Gothic school of sculpture. It is the work of a young artist, Mr. Redfern, from whom we may expect still greater things. Some remarks with which we have been favoured by the artist, in explanation of his own conception, cannot but be interesting to

those who really desire to appreciate a work of Art. "I have endeavoured to keep prominent more particularly three of the elements of true Gothic: rigidity, so essential to architectural sculpture and the dignity of the subject in hand; profuseness, so characteristic of the ornamental details of the doorway; and changefulness or motion, which the word 'resurrection' suggests. For the sake of the last I have introduced three angels and two stones, without, I hope, running counter to Christian Iconography. The heaving of the two stones apart conveys a better and grander idea of the opening up of the tomb, and leads one more easily in subtle thought to the second resurrection, when the graves shall yawn and give up the hidden dead, than the representation of a single stone. The three angels, lending as much to profuseness as to changefulness or motion, supply what has purposely been lost in the figure of our Lord, and in the sleeping soldiers, in order to gain dignity and repose. Dignity, I hope, has been attained by making our Lord stepping erect and firm from the mouth of the tomb, with all action reduced to a forward movement of the right foot, and a gentle outspreading of the arms, as if to receive to His wounded breast redeemed mankind, the right hand



DOORWAY OF THE DIGNY CHAPEL, SHERBORNE MINSTER.

raised in blessing, and the left bearing the banner of the resurrection. This treatment, I hope, is better than suspending the figure in the air, which, for the simple reason of its being so unsculpturesque, ought sparingly to be resorted to, but which is too often seen in modern ecclesiastical sculpture. Repose, too, so essential to all sculpture, I trust I have made felt in the posing of the sleeping soldiers and the disposition of the draperies, which proceed to the rigid in the perpendicular lines of the doorway of the tomb, in the background, and in the lines of the stones, and in the placing of all the figures. I have ignored perspective as much as possible in this as in all my reliefs, because the best examples of sculpture have taught me to do so, and in the subject of the 'Agony in the Garden' [referring to the sculptures on the Westropp monument in Limerick Cathedral, which we may have to describe hereafter], where I have been compelled into the use of it, I have endeavoured to give it a treatment that does not aim at betraying us into the belief that we are looking at a picture. I have also desired to attain something of the flatness of treatment which the Elgin marbles possess, and

teach us to be so necessary in bas-relief for the spreading of broad lights which drive the shadows into the background, and make the definition of the figures plain when at a distance from the eye. It is this flatness which makes reliefs which possess it so different from those which seem to have figures in the round, half buried in the background, and even from those in alto with the round treatment, which must always appear at a disadvantage when removed from the eye. Most Gothic architects seem to be blind to this; nay, I know some who purposely shut their eyes to it because the best lessons on it come from a classical source. But all early Gothic sculptures have it in no small degree, and also contain many more of the elements of true sculpture than later work. While working my sculptures honestly, I dispense with sand-paper finish as much as possible. So fond are some of our Gothic sculptors and architects of this rasp and sand-paper smoothness—needed perhaps to meet the demand of the modern English mind for perfect execution—that we very often see not a knob or knot left to bang a shred of Gothic feeling on."

SELECTED PICTURES.

IN THE COLLECTION OF JAMES DUGDALE, ESQ., WROXALL ABBEY, WARWICKSHIRE.

THE LIFE OF BUCKINGHAM.

A. L. Egg, R.A., Painter. W. Greatbach, Engraver.

CONSIDERING the restraint under which England lived during the government of Cromwell and the Puritans, it is scarcely a matter of surprise that a violent reaction should have taken place as soon as the controlling power was removed. From a kind of morbid sensitiveness upon points of morality, and from something closely approaching to a rigid and sometimes, it may be alleged, a pharisaical observance of religious duties, a large portion of the people rushed into the opposite extreme by indulging in every kind of folly and excess. A generation had sprung up to whom pleasure, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, was a novelty, and because it was so, and because it was sweet to the taste, men indulged in it to the full. The monarch who ascended the throne set the example, and he surrounded himself with courtiers, most of them only too ready to uphold him and participate in his vices. Among these aiders and abettors of royal extravagance and depravity, not one more signally distinguished himself than George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, second son of the Duke whom John Felton staked in a house of Portsmouth. Both noblemen were great favourites of Charles II., and though history is not too complimentary to the morality of either father or son, the two men are not to be compared, for the conduct, or rather misconduct, of the latter, has always given to his name an unenviable notoriety in the annals of licentiousness. It has been truly said, that "in his habits Buckingham was utterly profligate."

This is the man represented here in one of his midnight orgies; his companions are the "merry monarch" Charles; the Earl of Rochester, almost Buckingham's equal in wit, and quite his equal in profligacy; three or four other men of the same stamp; with some of those personages of the opposite sex whose beauty the pencil of Sir Peter Lely has left on record, but of whose virtue the moralist is impelled to silence; the Duchess of Portsmouth, Lady Castlemaine, Mrs. Waters, Miss Davies, the actress, and poor "Nelly Gwyn," perhaps. One of the company stands on a chair to propose Buckingham's health, who seems to be the host of the evening, and one of the fair but frail ladies is placing a flower in his long flowing hair: the King, decorated with the star of the Order of the Garter, stands by his side, smiling on his favourite while he honours the toast. Repulsive as the subject is, the picture is exceedingly clever in treatment and delineation of character; but it may well be asked, whether an artist could not find a more worthy theme for illustration than a group of male and female bacchanals in the height of their saturnalia, though they are clad in costly raiment and have a King in their midst. One lesson, however, it teaches; and that is a lesson of thankfulness that we live in times when the bright example of moral rectitude is reflected from the palace of the monarch into the cottage of the peasant.

The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855. By its side, included in the same outer frame, was another, illustrating the death of this favourite of royalty, of which an engraving appears further on.



A. LEGG F. R. S. PINXIT

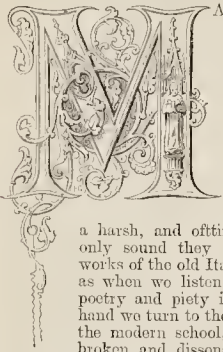
W. GRENIBACH SCULPT.

THE LIFE OF BUCKINGHAM

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES H. HARRISON, ESQ. NEW YORK

GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

No. IX.—KARL PILLOTY, THE REALIST.



MADAME DE STAËL has said that German artists are more happy in conception than in execution. In theory and in thought they are imposing; but too often in practical appliances they are all but impotent. Thoughts, it would seem, come crowding upon the mind of these German painters; mysteries cast deep shadows upon the background of their mental vision, and then just when their lips seem ready for high discourse,

a harsh, and oftentimes unintelligible, guttural is the only sound they utter. While we contemplate the works of the old Italian painters, emotions are aroused as when we listen to the chant of psalms wherein poetry and piety intermingle. While on the other hand we turn to the works of the German painters of the modern school, it is as if the harp strings were broken and dissonant—as if the psalmist, who sat down at eventide, found that the right hand of melody

had forgot her cunning. It may be feared, indeed, that Overbeck and other painters of the so-called spiritual school, in aspiring to be more than human, have been so far less than human, and, consequently, all the less divine. The poet and the truly poetic

painter should be human even to excess; he must, in the words of Tennyson, "be dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love;" the poet's mind flows as a crystal river, "light as light, and clear as wind," yet will the fountain in its dash and spray murmur in "low melodious thunder." The great painter, as the true poet, must, I repeat, have a large humanity: he should be the representative or the all-sided man; he ought to be as a circular mirror set up in the midst of wide-stretching nature to receive and to reflect all the beauty and the majesty of the world. He should be endowed, let me specially add, not only with this capacity to receive, but with this co-ordinate power to reflect and give forth, not only with fertility of conception, but with facility of utterance, otherwise the poet will remain inaudible, and the painter rest to the end of time in dreams to the world invisible, or, at least, inappreciable. "The poet," says Emerson, "is sovereign of the universe, and stands in its centre as 'the sayer,' 'the namer,' and the representative of beauty." And so likewise of the artist. The painter is expressly stationed on his high outlook in order that he may see, and what he sees proclaim; and unless his speech be articulate and clear, how shall the people, waiting in the lowlands beneath, know of the light that has dawned upon the summit, or of the truth which has on the mount been revealed? And to come more directly to the point, there cannot be a question but that the greater part of the German zealots of high Art have in this very respect shown defect and fallen into grievous error. The failing, in fact, which Madame de Staël discovered in her day, has since been further aggravated, so that at length want of technical knowledge and manipulative skill, instead of meeting with regret, has been actually held up as a positive merit. But even in the world of Art there is a providence which in the end sets matters straight, and in the possible



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

NERO AMID THE RUINS OF ROME.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

"Nero spared neither the people nor the city. Somebody in conversation saying, 'When thou art dead let fire devour the world,' Nero replied, 'Nay, let that be whilst I am living.' And he acted accordingly, for he set the city on fire so openly that his attendants were caught with burning torches in their hands. During six days and seven nights this terrible devastation continued, and the people were obliged to fly to the tombs and the temples for lodging and shelter. Nero went forth from his golden house to view the city's overthrow."—ST. CROIX.

default of deep-searching reason, there generally comes a plain and practical common sense which rules in the long run right. And so it has been in the evolutions of the modern German school. One-sided action has been negated by the opposite-sided reaction, and thus a just balance is at length struck. In the

previous papers of this series we have seen sometimes one scale heavily weighed down, sometimes another. In the present article we cast Karl Piloty as a counteracting weight against the overwhelming incubus of Overbeck.

Karl Piloty was born in the year 1820. On the death of his

brother-in-law Schorn, the painter of the huge picture of 'The Deluge,' now in the new Pinakothek, Munich, he was appointed professor in the academy of that city. Piloty has since acquired European fame by two great works which, of their kind, are almost without rivals: the one, 'The Death of Wallenstein,' which for some years has attracted the eye of every visitor to the new Pinakothek; the other, 'Nero walking among the Ruins of Rome,' which, in the International Exhibition, astounded all comers by its intense realism. Piloty, in Munich, is a leader in the new school of Realists, the characteristics of which I shall proceed to describe.

The history of Art presents a succession of movements, in which general progression seems secured by alternate oscillations, forwards and backwards, first towards action and then to counteraction. To whatever portion of the world of painting we turn, the operation of the same law is discovered. Hardly had the first generation of disciples in the new-born Spiritual School died out, when the freshly-opened paths were trodden into hackneyed ways, re-

cently revived truths, learnt and practised by rote, fell under the bane of conventionalism, and reanimated life sank once more into death. And so it happens that minds realistic and naturalistic rebelled, and thus once more the time arrived for yet another reaction. The scholastic forms of the Carracci were effete; the cold classical designs of French David were out of date; the pictures of Raphael, Mengs, and of Angelica Kauffmann, still to be seen in German galleries, had faded out of life; and, lastly, even the honoured saints, to which Overbeck had given resurrection, stricken with decay and stiffened in charnel cements, are ready to sink a second time into the grave. What hope, then, remained for Art thus threatened with wide-sweeping and repeated overthrow? One line still was left, one road yet was open—a path worn by pilgrims in all times and countries—the broad yet often narrow way that leads to nature. This was the course, as we have seen in our preceding article, which truth-seeking Lessing entered upon, in Dusseldorf; and this is the career which Piloty the painter, who this month comes under our notice,



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

THE NURSE

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

pursues in Munich. Thus to schools eclectic, classic, and ecclesiastic, succeeds, under the law of reaction, a style of stalwart naturalism.

But what is Nature—what is natural—what is naturalism? Mr. Lewes, in the *Fortnightly Review*, answers as follows:—"The pots and pans of Teniers and Van Meier are natural; the passions and humours of Shakspeare and Moliere are natural; the angels of Fra Angelico and Luini are natural; the Sleeping Faun and the Fates of Phidias are natural; the cows and the misty marshes of Cuyp, and the vacillations of Hamlet, are equally natural." Criticism would, therefore, seem to require a more definite line of demarcation—a more solid basis of classification. For since, in a certain sense, Carlo Borromeo by Overbeck, and Nero by Piloty, are alike natural, we require to know wherefore the two works are so contrary the one to the other, and why the two painters stand at the opposing poles of the world's Art. The explanation is not so difficult to arrive at as might at the first view appear.

Nature, he it remembered, is rather a wide domain, containing many kingdoms, a multiplicity of tenements, and a diversity of dwellers. Nature, in her infinity, cannot be got within a canvas, neither can she be comprehended in her integrity by any one observant mind, however catholic in scope, or sympathetic in spirit. She must be taken piecemeal; her truths must be held up one by one for successive view; her beauties must be indited, each in a separate sonnet or song. The hymn and the erotic poem shall be kept apart; the picture of the saint shall hold no communion with the design of the satyr. In the kingdom of Nature are many mansions, and in her service are ministrants differing widely in worldly wisdom and spiritual gifts. It were, indeed, an error to suppose that in this commonwealth, or community, there is equality in rank or office. As in the same human body the varied members differ each from each in honour, so in the framework of nature are the forms and functions dissimilar. And students and workers, whoever they may be, whether men of

science, sculptors, or painters, are no less cast in widely differing lots. Some one may find himself in Nature's household standing in an outer court—he may, perchance, be taken to perform menial offices; or possibly he has been admitted to the very shrine, there to assist in high function, and to enjoy immediate communion with truth. Servants and worshippers wait alike upon Nature, yet in dignity they are diverse. And so it is with painters, who all claim admission into Nature's great temple: all are numbered by the goddess when she takes count of her followers—some as menials, others as priests; some as sweepers of the floor, others as attendants at the altar; some as keepers of the vestments, purveyors of meats and drinks for the body; others as aspirants, who, in spirit, seek to be clothed in

white raiment, and to be fed by the heavenly manna. In Germany we have men of each sort, and we honour them according to their work. The scholars of Overbeck approach Nature with the white lily of purity in their hand, and the star which shone in Bethlehem is on their forehead; others there are who worship the great Pan, bearing garlands of vine and wreaths of bay.

The position of Piloty in the contemporary history of painting requires to be yet more accurately defined. We have seen that "naturalism" is so widely generic as to need subdivision. In the strict sense of the term, all schools are naturalistic which take nature as their model. But there is to the word yet a narrower, and, indeed, more accustomed meaning, that will serve to show with some approach to precision the attitude which Piloty and others of



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN—SENI, THE ASTROLOGER, CONTEMPLATES THE MURDERED DUKE.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

"Is he dead?
He sleeps! O murder not the holy sleep!
No, he shall die awake.

Seni. O bloody, frightful deed!
Wühli, the duke has murdered!
O house of death and horrors!"—SCHILLER.

his party assume. If for "naturalism" we substitute "realism," or "materialism," the perplexity in which we have been involved disappears. Piloty, as I have said, belongs to the realistic school. This school has little in common with the ideal philosophy which teaches that Nature is Spirit visible, and that Spirit is invisible Nature. It is allied more closely to the *Philosophie Positive* of Auguste Comte, that philosophy which is founded on the observation of facts, that "inductive method" indeed, whereon, since the days of Bacon, all physical science is built. This, perhaps, is the only system which gives to the Arts and the sciences the promise of progression. Intuition or intuitive knowledge is not only something purely inward, but it is moreover strictly individual; it cannot well be passed from hand to hand, it cannot be taught or

transferred from intellect to intellect, but ends as it begins, with the conceiving mind that gave it birth. Positive knowledge, on the other hand, may be weighed and measured, and, when of worth, is accumulated, laid up in storehouses, transmitted from father to son, and instilled by a master into his pupil. Thus the acquisition made by one generation, becomes an inheritance to all after ages; it is the common property of mankind, so that the general intellect grows in resource and gains in aggregate power. This line of argument will, I think, in some measure account for the fact that there is a finality in Arts and sciences so long as they are the outcomings of mere intuition. It will, I conceive, in good degree show why Overbeck and other masters of the spiritual school have done little else than reproduce the forms

transmitted from past ages, and why they have thus proved themselves to be unproductive and uncreative. On the other hand, this same reasoning gives to the opposing school of realists and materialists assurance of strength and renovated vitality. It shows, moreover, how Art may be yoked to the car of science, how she can move onwards with civilisation, how she shall receive fresh light according to the accession of new truths, and gain additional power through the progress of the human intellect.

The realism and the materialism of Piloty and his school, being the reverse of abstract idealisms, obtain practical issues which I shall now proceed to point out one by one. In the first place, pictures which are the record of facts and the offspring of induction, are generally strongly pronounced in individual character. Dreamy and vague generalities they are usually delivered from by a broad and bold portraiture which seizes salient points, which, by incised lines, and possibly by here and there a decisive shadow, hits off the personal peculiarity of each man to the life. This Art, just as it departs from ideal forms, just as it cares little for absolute beauty, so does it lay stress on individual idiosyncrasies, hold up to view the aberrations from the central type, and even exaggerate any line or angle which strikes the eye, because it is abnormal. This tendency towards what is singular, exceptional, and even fantastic, is a trait that distinguishes the German mind when left to its own devices.

Let me point to the illustrations to the present paper in proof of the position that on entering the studio of Piloty we bid adieu to dreamland, we say good-bye to mediæval Italy, we turn our backs upon classic Greece, we ignore the gods of Olympus and the poets of Parnassus. In one of these illustrations a wet-nurse kneels by a cradle, and an old crone scrubs a frying-pan! In another Nero, bloated, sensual, and sotted in debauch, stands pronounced as the personal embodiment of crime, individual, actual, and realistic. In the remaining picture Seni, the astrologer, is marked by that close and detailed diagnosis of character which pertains, as we have seen, to schools material and realistic.

I wish, in the second place, to point out how realistic treatment tends towards dramatic action, striking situation, and deliberate plot or climax. Spiritual schools are naturally, if not of necessity, contemplative. Saints are sedentary, martyrs are apt to be meditative, and angels being seldom athletes, expend the little physical force given to them in rhapsody upon the harp. The case is wholly different with painters who enter on a stormy world and enlist in the battle of life. Again, there are artists who, not expressly religious or sacerdotal, are yet addicted to philosophic musings or to ideal abstractions; and such painters seldom commit themselves to dramatic situations. In Munich a project was started for the decoration of a Royal Athenæum, and artists there were who proposed to execute on the walls a grand picture-cycle, which should expound a complete system of philosophic ideas. Piloty and others of the realistic school promulgated an opposition plan. They too had principles to enforce; but their precepts they wished to teach through living examples. They believed that an abstract truth is most potent when put in a concrete form. Philosophy is best taught by history. Noble ideas stand in boldest relief when enacted by noble men. Thus Piloty, Hildebrandt, Rethel, Adolphe Schrödter, and other artists, pledged to realism, have been accustomed to select as the themes for their pictures some clearly defined character, some leading event which stands as a landmark in their country's annals, some heroic act in which man has fought a good fight and left his mark on the page of history. And herein this hand of German painters is brought in close relationship with contemporary artists in neighbouring nations—with Gallait in Belgium, and with a still greater man, the late Paul Delaroche of Paris—artists who have been the realists of history, painters whose pictures are as brilliant as the pages of Macaulay, as graphic as the word-paintings of Carlyle.

The dramatic action which Piloty and his fellow-workers delight in, is an element that has been comparatively late development in the history of Art. Repose was the supreme sentiment of Greek sculpture. Eternal rest seems the heritage of the figures which Byzantine artists wrought in mosaic on the apses of churches, and a like unruffled serenity dwells in the faces of saints depicted by the early Italian painters. Action appears first to have crept into Christian Art by smallest of incidents, as when Raphael, in a well-known picture, makes pretty play for the infant Jesus and John by the introduction of a goldfinch. In 'The Murder of the Innocents,' by the same artist, drama becomes intense. And descending to modern works, tragedy thickens apace, as seen, for example, in 'The Death of Queen Elizabeth,' 'The Execution of Lady Jane Gray,' 'The Children in the Tower,' 'The Trial of King Charles,' by Delaroche, 'The Execution of Counts Egmont and Horn,' by Gallait, 'The Children in the Tower,' by Hildebrandt, and 'Huss on the Funeral Pyre,' by Lessing. These works all partake of that realistic and dramatic

treatment of history whereof 'The Death of Wallenstein,' by Piloty, is a late and illustrious example. Nero, stalking as the genius of evil and destruction among the ashes and over the ruins of Rome, is a theme no less terrible in disaster. It must, however, be admitted that compositions thus highly wrought verge closely upon the sensation drama, are tainted even with the spasmodic passions, which have been rightly deemed omens of evil and symptoms of disease in the face and complexion of our modern Art. Passing through this purgatory of pain, it is a relief to enter on the placid regions where Angelico the blessed, Ary Scheffer the heroic, and Overbeck the saintly, reign in unruffled rest. The profit, not to speak of the enjoyment, brought to the mind by the mere transition from one style to its opposite, should at least teach the critic toleration. Unhappy indeed would it be for us were it in our power to extinguish any one manifestation of the beautiful which, through the diversity of genius, has been made to shine upon the world for good.

Thirdly, I will show how the realistic treatment of history obtains strength through the accumulative force of objective materials. The ideal method as practised by Raphael and taught by our own Sir Joshua Reynolds, in its strife to lay hold of mind, to depict humanity, and to reach towards divinity itself, readily ignored every subordinate accessory. Drapery was drawn in generic form, it was broadly massed in folds, but the texture of linen, silk, or wool none of the great Italian masters would condescend to indicate. The same superiority to trifling circumstance, the like disdain of mean detail, the same instinctive repulsion for the uses and appliances of common life, invariably mark the purest times of Italian Art. In these latter days, however, a complete change has come upon our practice, and Piloty and others of his school are herein subject to reproach. Mr. Edward Wilberforce, in his volume on 'Social Life in Munich,' institutes a contrast between Schiller's poem and Piloty's picture. "A comparison," writes Mr. Wilberforce, "of Schiller's description of the death of Wallenstein with the version of Piloty, should warn every painter against attempting the summit of tragedy with clogs of silk and satin upon him." Mr. Lewes, in the article already quoted, is still more severe. "In Piloty's much-admired picture of 'The Death of Wallenstein,' the truth with which the carpet, the velvet, and all other accessories are painted, is certainly remarkable; but the falsehood of giving prominence to such details in a picture representing the death of Wallenstein, as if they were the objects which could possibly arrest our attention and excite our sympathies in such a spectacle, is a falsehood of the realistic school. If a man means to paint upholstery, by all means let him paint it so as to delight and deceive an upholsterer; but if he means to paint a human tragedy, the upholsterer must be subordinate, and velvet must not draw our eyes away from faces."

Lastly, one word I must say on the technical excellencies which are seldom wanting in the realistic school. Ideal painters are apt, as we have seen, to rest content with the idea they have conceived, and not unfrequently show themselves indifferent to the means or the instruments whereby the conception is to be made visible, to minds standing outside the sphere of intuition. On the other hand, I need scarcely remark that realistic painters would be wholly untrue to the name they bear, did they not give to each object put upon canvas something more literal and substantial than vague suggestion. The silks that hang from the shoulders of a countess, the robes which deck the person of a prince, even the rags that cover but in part the nakedness of the beggar, must be transcribed literally thread by thread. In this art, whatever be its worth, Piloty is a master—what a *baton* is to the conductor of an orchestra, what a bow is to the leader of violins, such is the brush in the hands of this painter. Manipulation so dextrous, and for detail so minute, does not stop with the delineation of form; it goes on even to the illusive imitation of surface. Texture is got by loaded, solid paint, transparency by thin liquid wash. As an example of the former method, look at the crumbling and calcined ruins of Nero's Golden House. Gaze, too, when next in Munich, on the glitter of that diamond ring which dazzles on the hand of Wallenstein.

In Art, as in Philosophy, the opposing schools of idealists and realists have existed from all time, and will continue to endure while the world lasts. That the two systems will ever be entirely reconciled, or completely merged the one in the other, is scarcely probable, or, indeed, taken for all in all, desirable. Once or twice perhaps in the history of Art this fusion has been on the point of accomplishment. The statues of Phidias and the pictures of Raphael are both real and ideal. To the works of other men—to the pictures of Piloty for example—this universality has been denied. Genius, however, which is less discursive, often in compensation gains proportionately greater concentration within its narrower sphere. In the realism of history, at all events, Piloty has not been surpassed.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

RECENT SCIENTIFIC AIDS TO ART.

PART III.

COAL-TAR COLOURS DERIVED FROM CARBOLIC ACID.

ALTHOUGH I am afraid to fatigue the attention of the readers of this Journal by constantly referring to the colours obtained from coal-tar, still from the variety and the brilliancy of the shades they give rise to, and the important part they now play in the arts of calico-printing, dyeing, paper-staining, and other branches of trade, I feel confident that I shall be considered as only discharging my duty in continuing to give a general outline of the various colours thus derived. Having in the first two articles referred specially to the remarkable dyes obtained principally from aniline and naphthaline, I shall proceed to make some observations upon a substance also obtained from coal-tar, and which is interesting not only as being susceptible of producing, as I shall show, some remarkable colours, but also from its extraordinary medicinal and therapeutic properties, a subject which is attracting a considerable amount of public attention at the present time. The substance I refer to is carbolic acid, which is calculated to render great service to society, especially if a scourge like cholera visited our country, for this acid is certainly the most powerful antiseptic substance known to chemists, as it destroys the germs of putrefaction, and prevents thereby the spread of infectious diseases. The value of this recently discovered substance cannot be overrated. To enable the reader to appreciate the correctness of the above statement, it will be sufficient to state that this substance—which was only known to scientific men in 1860—has drawn so much attention, and its employment is becoming so general, that it is now manufactured in quantities of several tons a week. The commercial production of this substance is an instance among many which could be brought forward at the present day, where we find a substance to be a scientific curiosity one day, and become an important commercial product the next.

To extract the small per-centage of this interesting substance from coal-tar, the black, sticky, noisome substance called coal-tar, is to introduce it in a large still, and submit it to distillation. A pitchy matter remains behind, which is now extensively used in connection with hard materials for making private and public foot-paths. All recent visitors to Paris must have observed that not only is pitch used for the purpose above named, but also for the roadway for carriages; and although it may offer some inconveniences for horses, still it does away with the nuisance arising from the large traffic existing in metropolitan towns, as it prevents the noise, dust, and dirt arising either from the use of common pavement or Macadamised road; and no doubt many of my readers are also aware of the application it has received of late years in the hands of the architect as a building material, by employing it as a substitute for mortar or cement in all places where damp or wet is to be excluded.

I may also be allowed in a Journal dedicated to Art to refer to some interesting applications which this substance has received within the last two years, at the hands of an eminent scientific and practical chemist of Lille, Mr. Frederick Kuhlmann. He takes various works of Art made of plaster of Paris and other porous substances, and dips them into melted pitch, when it

penetrates into the mass, and gives them not only great solidity, but renders them capable of taking a high polish; in fact, slabs of plaster so prepared are susceptible of being substituted for black marble. This gentleman has also made the curious observation, viz., that if some of the hardest, and to all appearance the most compact, minerals with which we are acquainted are dipped in melted pitch, it will penetrate through the mass and discolour them. Thus he has succeeded in converting perfectly white rock-crystal into the smoky variety. He has also succeeded in penetrating several gems, such as amethysts and corundum, and there is no doubt that when these scientific researches of Mr. Kuhlmann become popularised, and placed thereby in the hands of practical men, some useful and valuable applications of his discoveries will be the result to society.

To come back to carbolic acid: it is found in the products which distil when tar is submitted, as above stated, to the action of heat, and to extract it the hydrocarbons which distil at a temperature of 300° to 400° are employed. They are mixed with a solution of caustic alkali, that dissolves the carbolic acid and other similar organic compounds, leaving as insoluble substances neutral hydrocarbons. The alkaline solution containing the carbolic acid is removed from the oily and neutral hydrocarbons, and mixed with sulphuric acid, which liberates the carbolic acid. The oil requires further chemical treatment to bring it to the state of a white crystallised substance, having a fusing point of 94°, and a boiling point of 370°. It is soluble in twenty parts of water, and freely soluble in alcohol, ether, acetic acid, and glycerine. The presence of it is easily detected by a chemist, owing to the two following characteristic reactions which it presents. If a piece of pine wood is dipped in this substance and then into hydro-chloric acid, and the wood so prepared is exposed to the action of the atmosphere, it assumes a beautiful blue colour. Further, carbolic acid, when mixed with ammonia and a little bleaching powder, or chloride of lime, yields a beautiful blue colour.

We shall now trace the chemical modifications that substance undergoes, to become the intermediate compound for producing the various colours which are now employed by printers and dyers in their daily operations.

In the early part of this century several eminent chemists, Wetter, Prout, and my learned master, Mr. S. Chevreul, discovered that several of the organic substances, and especially indigo, would yield, when treated by nitric acid, a very bitter yellow substance, which received successively the names of Wetter's bitter, carbonzotic by Chevreul, and is now generally known under the name of picric acid. It is chiefly obtained by the action of nitric acid on carbolic acid; and it is easy to understand why carbolic acid should be preferred for its preparation to any other substance known at the present day, for it only requires to substitute three of the equivalents of hydrogen for three equivalents of hyponitric acid to convert carbolic acid into picric. When once this chemical action has ensued, it is only necessary to treat the mass resulting from the reaction by hot water to dissolve from it the picric acid it contains; and allowing the aqueous solution to cool, the picric acid crystallises, and is ready for use. It presents itself in beautiful yellow crystals, having a most intensely bitter taste; it is freely soluble in water, and imparts a most beautiful and

pure yellow dye to animal fibres, such as silk and wool. In fact, to impart to those materials the yellow dye (as was first proved, in 1851, by Mr. Marnas), it is simply necessary to dip the silk or wool in a cold solution, and after a few hours the materials will be found dyed, and only require to be washed to be ready for use.

I cannot here refrain from calling the attention of the reader to a most curious and unique physiological property which this picric acid presents. If taken internally by man, it is found to be a most powerful febrifuge, as proved by the researches of Dr. Alfred Aspland, in the military hospital at Dukinfield, who has cured hundreds of cases of intermediate fever in soldiers who had returned from India and China with this disease so chronically settled that it had passed the stage where it could be cured any longer by quinine, and still the disease had yielded to the administration of picric acid. The singular fact is, that the skin of the persons taking picric acid becomes yellow dyed, and that colour only appears when the therapeutic action is effective; and further, that the skin reassumes its natural colour if the use of the medicine is discontinued for a few days.

Allow me now to call attention to another brilliant colour obtained from carbolic acid, called rosolic acid, first discovered, in 1834, by Runge, in connection with another colour of a brown hue, called brunalic acid. These acids Runge discovered in examining the refuse products resulting from the oxidation of carbolic acid, and he succeeded in separating them by adding lime to their alcoholic solution, when the rosolate of lime was formed, by which rosolic acid was liberated by adding to it acetic acid. Müller, following up the researches of Runge, succeeded in obtaining rosolic acid as a dark red substance, with a green lustre of cantharides, insoluble in water, soluble in alcohol, and communicating a most magnificent crimson colour to alkaline solutions. Dr. Angus Smith has thrown much light on the transformation which carbolic acid undergoes to become converted into rosolic acid. He has shown that such conversion is effected by the addition simply of two equivalents of oxygen to one of carbolic acid; and that to convert carbolic acid into rosolic acid, it is simply necessary to pass the vapour of carbolic acid over a heated mixture of caustic soda and peroxide of manganese, when the peroxide of manganese would yield to the oxygen necessary for the conversion of the carbolic acid into rosolic. But the most interesting method for producing this rosolic acid, now used as a dye under the name of yellow coraline, or urine, has been published by Messrs. Gaimon, Marnas, Bennett and Co. It consists in heating slowly a mixture of sulphuric, carbolic, and oxalic acids. Under the influence of the oxalic, the greater part of the carbolic is converted into yellow coraline, which only requires to be well washed with water to render it fit to be used as a dye. But as it is insoluble in water, it is necessary to dissolve it in methylated spirit, and to add the solution into hot water. Then working either silk or wool in the dye-beck, the animal fibres will assume a brilliant orange colour.

As to its employment in calico printing, or paper staining, we shall describe the method in our next article.

It is with sincere pleasure that I have again to bring forward the name of Mr. Marnas; and still it is but to render justice to whom justice is due, for he has

made several most important discoveries in connection with the production of tar colours. This gentleman has succeeded in producing with rosolic acid the most brilliant red colour, which is immovable by the action of alkalies and acids. The substance he calls peonine, or red coraline. He has attained this important result by a most ingenious process, and one which will ultimately prove extremely valuable in the art of manufacturing artificial colours; for he has contrived to convert the red loose colour of rosolic acid into a fast red colour, by fixing on rosolic acid some of the elements of ammonia, and he has effected this by heating rosolic acid in contact with ammonia under pressure. What renders this reaction still more interesting is, that by the introduction of nitrogen to the colour itself, it imparts the property of fixation to fabrics which do not contain that element, such as cotton, flax, &c., and thus places these fabrics more nearly on a par in this respect with those which, as is well known, owe their power of receiving dyes to the presence of nitrogen in their composition, such as wool, silk, alpaca, &c.

Le Société d'Industrie de Mulhouse has lately called the attention of printers and dyers to the production of a very fine maroon and ruby colour, discovered by M. Jules Roth, and obtained by the action of nitro-sulphuric acid, or a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids upon impure carbonic acid. The oxidation of that which is employed for obtaining picric acid. The brown colouring matter thus produced must be thoroughly deprived of any trace of acid by being washed with water, to render it fit for use; and, singularly enough, this result is obtained by washing the substance with boiling water instead of cold, owing to the circumstance that it is insoluble in the former, thus being contrary to the general property of matter. It is very soluble in water, ether, alcohol, and vinegar, and also in alkalies, such as potash and soda. To dye with it, it is necessary to dissolve it in methylated spirit, and to add to that solution in water, so as to render it in a fit state to enable the animal fibres to fix it. It has been used with success by the printers of Mulhouse, and they speak very highly of the fine fawn colours they are able to obtain. By passing the prints on which is this colouring substance, which bears the name of *Phénicienne*, through a solution of bichromate of potash, fine ruby tints are obtained. I am not aware that this colour has yet been employed to any extent in England.

Very similar shades of colour can also be obtained by acting upon picric acid with sulphuretted hydrogen in presence of ammonia, when a complicated chemical action ensues, and an acid called picromic acid is produced, which is susceptible of being used as a substitute for *Phénicienne*. Messrs. Carey, Lea, and Hlasiwetz have succeeded in converting picric acid into the most interesting substance, which, had it been discovered ten years sooner, or before the commercial manufacture of tar colours, would have made their fortune. The readers of this Journal will no doubt remember an elaborate and able article published in it (vol. vii., p. 114) from the pen of Mr. Robert Hunt, on *Murexide*, or Tyrian purple, wherein the author showed that chemists have succeeded in obtaining from guano a brilliant crimson colour, which has received the name of Tyrian purple, in consequence of its similitude in shade to what is supposed to have been the colour extracted from *buccinum*, or *purpura*—shell-fish, common to the

Mediterranean Sea, belonging to the genus *Murex*—by the Phœnicians, and called by them Tyrian purple, and also used by the Romans under the name of Roman purple. But the production of murexide by the action of nitric acid on uric acid, which represents nearly entirely the excrement of birds and serpents, or the remains of these substances in the best qualities of guano, rendered the manufacture of the colour expensive, and limited, to a certain extent, its employment. Yet the artificial production of this colour from picric acid, as above stated, by Messrs. Carey, Lea, and Hlasiwetz, would have enabled manufacturers to obtain it at a comparatively small expense; and as it may prove interesting to some readers to know how these gentlemen effected their purpose, I may state that they added one part of picric acid, dissolved in nine parts of boiling water, to a rather concentrated solution of cyanide of potassium, heated to a temperature of 140°; ammonia and prussic acid are evolved, and on allowing the liquor to cool, an abandoned crystalline mass is produced; the whole is thrown on a filter, and the solid substance washed with a little cold water; it is then dissolved in boiling water, from which well-defined crystals of isopurpurate of potash are deposited, that have a red brown appearance with transmitted light, and a grey metallic colour with reflected light. By substituting ammonia for potash, a perfect isomeric substance to murexide or Tyrian purple is produced. The artificial production of this colour gives rise to the curious remark, that the colour murexide should at first have been produced from uric acid, which is found in human urine, and, as stated above, presenting, if not entirely, at all events nearly so, the excrement of serpents and of birds, and should then have been manufactured from the remains of these substances in guano, and, lastly, from a derivative product obtained from coal-tar. This shows the progress which chemistry has made of late years, and how it has succeeded in producing from substances apparently dissimilar, a unique substance called murexide or Tyrian purple.

F. CRACE CALVERT.

EXHIBITION OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES FOR NORTH-EASTERN LONDON.

An exhibition of manufactures produced within a given district of north-eastern London has been held in the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The ceremony of the opening, which took place in August, was conducted in such a manner as to render it very impressive—the trustees having invited the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Mayor, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Archdeacon of London, and other personages, to preside and assist at the inauguration. In the several addresses, in which the utility and prospects of such gatherings were dwelt upon, great hopes were expressed that the object of the exhibition would prove a success, that object being the formation of a Museum in relation with, and as a branch of, that of South Kensington, in favour of which scheme it is argued that the latter is at so great a distance from the north-eastern district, that it was practically out of the reach of a working-man in that region. It would take two days and a half of a working-man's time to examine South Kensington Museum; for it would necessitate four visits of three hours each to see that valuable and instructive collection, and that would be too great a sacrifice, save as an exception.

The north-eastern district of our huge metro-

polis is a hive of skilled labour, and it is well that it should have an opportunity of showing what it can do for itself. The population of the area whence it was appointed to receive contributions, must far exceed a quarter of a million of souls, though looking at the Catalogue it appears that articles of utility and taste have been received from quarters beyond the prescribed limits, an exercise of discretion on the part of the council, against which, in the present instance, nothing can be fairly urged. Indeed in considering some of the articles registered as sent by producers living out of the north-eastern district, we find there is something to connect them with Clerkenwell, or St. Luke's, or some other division within the circle. The specialities of the district are horological and scientific manufactures, but within an area peopled by such a multitude, it is not too much to say there is no application of human ingenuity that is not there in full activity. An ample list of guarantors are responsible for the sum of £2,100, an amount not large when compared with the ventures we daily hear of in connection with public enterprises, but sufficient, if it be necessary to call upon the guarantors, to initiate a museum on the limited proportions which it must first assume, supposing exhibitors willing to represent themselves by acceptable presentations. Thus the purpose of the exhibition is a desirable one, even were it carried no farther than as a local museum for the display of the productions of the district, the peculiarities of which supply certain of the great wants of civilised life.

It will be understood that this exhibition is in everything distinct from that held in the Agricultural Hall last year, the latter having originated in the laudable desire of showing the products of individual handicraftsmen, whereas the present occasion sets forth the results of the combined labour of many skilled workmen; and but for such combinations the excellence never could have been arrived at whereby so many of these manufactures are distinguished. The scheme includes a Fine Art department, but we submit that the dignity of the enterprise is in nowise served by the works contributed on such occasions. In favour, however, of sculpture now exhibited there must be recorded an honourable exception, as some of the statues and busts are of the highest character, but as they are already in great part known to the public, the mention of a few of them is sufficient. In the gallery are a few sculptures in marble, but those which grace the hall are casts;—of the admirable statue of Goldsmith, by Foley; 'The Captive' and 'The Fugitive,' two recent works by Lawlor; a case of medallions, by G. G. Adams; 'Winter,' Papworth; the statue of Lord Falkland, and 'Circassia,' J. Bell; 'The Love Test,' Birch; 'St. John,' Davis; 'May Queen,' Nichols, &c. The attractions to the exhibition are enhanced by a small collection of beautiful works lent from South Kensington, wherein is seen the perfection of ornamental Art, and it is in this direction that it is especially desirable to see a marked advance in our own productions. In contemplating at South Kensington the superb and luxurious enrichments that every where importune the eye, we are stirred by emotions of wonder and admiration, but it must not be forgotten that were the objects not a special selection of such as are either rich or rare, it would as an exhibition be worthless; and again it must be remembered that each of these beautiful examples may be one of a thousand, that for one success there have been hundreds of failures.

The horological and scientific productions of Clerkenwell and its neighbourhood are infinitely superior to the great mass of continental works of the same class, and nowhere are they surpassed. A good English watch will continue to do satisfactory service for sixty or even a hundred years, and some exemplification of the inventions and improvements which have led to this superiority are not unworthy of public record,—of being signalled in a museum. In a stand belonging to Mr. Bennett are some clocks of elegant design, of which the works connect them with the district; but the ornaments of the cases seem to be French—small figures in the taste of which Pradier was the creator. It is at once clear that the modeller of these figures is

an industrious and highly educated artist, whose sole occupation is perhaps the modelling of small figures. There are in the same case two Jewish figures, parcel gilt; both are personally too thin in the figure, unless intended for brackets, and the polish of the faces is an unpardonable error in the finishing. It is in this department of Art that we are in arrears of our neighbours; their artists who devote themselves to this kind of ornamentation are sculptors as accomplished as the best of their school. Near these is a show of communion plate, by Keith; two large trays of medals of the kings of France, by W. Peters; regalia, by Kenning; and trays full of the movements of watches, by E. D. Johnson, showing an eight-day duplex, a three-quarter plate lever, half plate chronometer, and others; dials, Twaites Brothers; a magnificent skeleton clock, Smith and Sons; the smallest chronometer ever made, McLennan; and by Marriott and Langton, the microscopic curiosities of watch-making in springs, wheels, screws, &c.; railway clocks, by Webster; a striking turret clock, samples of English clock-work, models of lever escapements, &c., by Thomas Leonard; electrotyping, parcel gilding, and oxidising exemplified, in salvers, urns, &c., by Thoms; an interesting collection of jewellery, by Ford; with excellent specimens of engraving on metal, chasing, embossing, niello-work, &c., by various exhibitors. The scientific instruments are the very best examples of the manufacture, notably the telescopes, microscopes, lenses, &c., by Ross, and also those by Dallmeyer, whose lenses are held in high estimation among photographers. The class of photographic apparatus comprehends all the newest and most useful inventions; there are in the same department night compasses, by Barker; compasses and sundials, Groves; barometers, thermometers, &c., by Cetti, &c. The manufacture of jewellery is extensively carried on in the district, but it will be understood that in this class great value may be represented in a small compass; it is not therefore probable that manufacturers would deposit here any very valuable portion of their stock, although the collection contains some interesting specimens of productions in the precious metals, and also ingenious imitations. Besides the classes mentioned, there are also musical instruments, architectural decorations, machinery and tools, stationary and printing, animal and vegetable substances, furniture, &c. In the centre of a dense population, a Museum exemplifying the special branches of manufacture by which the locality is signalised, would be a boon to those who seek to improve themselves in such manufactures, as commending to their imitation the very best specimens of production. The comparatively minute size of many of the objects, added to their great value, may at first limit the display, but supported by South Kensington, and sustained by the earnestness shown in the getting up of this exhibition, there is every reasonable prospect of success.

We trust the result will prove it to be so, for there is something which places it beyond the pale of recent metropolitan Industrial exhibitions: it is, in the main, of a thoroughly practical character; the contributions are, chiefly, the special produce of an important manufacturing locality, and form no insignificant item in British commerce.

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.

This Arundel Society has attained a pecuniary position, and secured a general prosperity, which constitute power. The present income of £4,000 represents a wide field of useful operations. The annual publications for the last and the present year cost rather more than a quarter of that sum, and the "Supernummary" and the "Occasional" issues absorb another quarter. The drawings from Italian frescoes have cost "the Copying Fund" not more than £250; but the outlay for management and working expenses is little short of £1,000. This, considering the society is under the conduct of amateurs, and obtains the gratuitous services of Mr. Franks, Mr. Hofman Hunt, Mr. Layard, Mr. Norton

and Mr. Oldfield, cannot but be deemed a heavy charge. In the statement of the receipts and expenditure, however, indications are not wanting that the council are wise in their generation. It appears, for example, that the "rent of the rooms," which is set down at £130, has been covered by the profit on "the sale of frames and portfolios." The above items are worked out for the purpose of showing that the financial position of the Arundel Society is sound—a proposition sometimes called in question, but which seems to be, in good degree, substantiated by a balance at the bankers of £500, short of but one shilling. The income of the society, in fact, appears circumscribed by nothing else than the actual limits to the mechanical powers of reproduction. It is found that when lithographic stones have given off some fifteen hundred impressions, that the quality of the copies produced begins to be materially impaired. Hence it has become essential in order to maintain a high and uniform excellence in the publications issued, that the number of the members shall not be so indefinitely multiplied as to overtax the constitutional stamina of stones, or the endurance of somewhat frail lithographic drawings. Perhaps no better tribute can be paid to the wisdom of the management, and the popularity of the Society, than in the facts that candidates for admission to membership have to await their turn for election in the probationary state of Associates; that the publications of previous years are at a premium; and that the five chromolithographs from the triptych of Memling, which have recently been issued in return for one guinea subscription, are now sold to the public for £3 10s.

The campaign upon which the society enters widens in its area year by year. The operations, which formerly were confined to Italy, have lately extended to Belgium. M. Schultz was sent two years ago to Bruges to copy "a beautiful triptych by Memling, in the Hospital of St. John." The same artist has since put his drawing, then made, upon stone, and the successful results are before the world in the fine chromolithographs, the market value whereof has risen three hundredfold of the original price. Mr. Weal, who supplies a carefully compiled monograph on the life and works of the Flemish master, pronounces this triptych to be "Memling's masterpiece as far as colour is concerned. None of his works are more vigorous in *chiaroscuro*, none more harmonious in tone." The quality of M. Schultz's chromolithograph will be hereafter noticed. Encouraged by the success of this new line of undertaking—for, be it observed, Belgium is not yet a country hitherto untrod by the Arundel Society, but oil painting is a process which the artists in the Society's employ had not previously essayed to reproduce or approximate—encouraged, I say, in their novel enterprise the Council proposes to push the success achieved yet further. We are told that M. Schultz "will shortly proceed to Ghent, to copy the celebrated picture of 'the Adoration of the Lamb,' forming the centre of the great altar-piece painted by the brothers Van Eyck for the cathedral of St. Bavon. Whether it may be expedient hereafter to obtain drawings of other parts of the original, which are now at Berlin, and whether and how to publish so elaborate and expensive a work, must be reserved for future decision." The Council of the Arundel Society has long expunged the word "impossible" from the office copy of their English dictionary. So we cannot but hope they will go bravely to work in an undertaking that must confer signal benefit on the Arts, and in its successful issue will not fail still further to extend the repute which the Arundel Society has already earned throughout Europe.

In Italy the sanctuaries entered by the Society are sacred, and the Art-centres upon which it has concentrated its forces are especially rich in spoils. Some few blunders have been, and are now in course of being committed, upon which we shall animadvert. But for the most part the enterprises of the Society are wisely chosen. All lovers of the early epochs in the history of Christian painting will be glad to know that an opening attack has been made upon the church of St. Francis, at Assisi, a

peaceful and Art-loving proceeding that is specially timely in the immediate prospect of the widely-differing onslaught which the so-called liberal party proposes to make upon the churches and monasteries of Italy. It is possible that the paintings at Assisi are rather too archaic to fall within any but inveterate antiquarian and "Anglican" sympathies; therefore it is to be hoped that the Society, in the exercise of greater discretion than was shown in the Giotto Chapel, may step short of driving a good idea to the death. A judicious selection of a few representative works at Assisi is all that the interest of Art demands, not to say the utmost which the patience of the members will bear. The want of this wholesome restraint upon mere antiquarian tastes, which are often of all desires the most insatiable, and yet still that other want, the exercise of aesthetic love for beauty, has led, it cannot but be feared, to an error much to be deplored, the copying of the Last Supper by Ghirlandajo. This, of the four large renderings of the subject in or near Florence, is perhaps the least worthy of reproduction; in fact, there is but one "Last Supper" in the world, and all inferior renderings, of which there are not a few, must suffer in comparison with the divine picture in Milan. But a still more serious objection remains, that this fresco by Ghirlandajo in the refectory of the Omisanzi is second to the artist's other works in the neighbouring church of Santa Maria Novella. These *chef-d'œuvre*, which are indeed worthy of all admiration, the Society very properly proposes to publish. Ghirlandajo will be by them sufficiently represented. For reasons analogous to those already adduced, it must be regretted that two inferior works by Bartolomeo, an 'Annunciation' and the 'Noli me tangere,' have likewise been copied; frescoes which will not bear one moment's comparison with the oil paintings by the same artist in the Pitti Palace, the Church of Lucea, and the Belvedere Gallery of Vienna. The Arundel Society runs the risk of lowering the reputation of the great artists to whom it stands before the English public in the relation of trustee.

It is a comfort to know that the dust of dry antiquarianism has not blinded the eyes of the council to beauty. I have examined with infinite delight drawings from such exquisite paintings as the far-famed 'Ecstasy of St. Catherine' by Kuzi; the well-known 'Sibyls,' and the allegorical figures of 'Theology' and 'Poetry,' by Raphael. These two circular compositions, set in lovely arabesque borders, show the greatest painter in the Roman school as a colourist and a decorative artist. Among the chromoliths shortly to be issued, 'The Delivery of St. Peter from Prison,' after Raphael, and 'The Nativity,' after Luini, are likely to prove effective and popular works.

Before bringing this notice to a conclusion, some remark is called for on the principles on which copies should be made, and the modes in which chromo-lithographs may be executed. Signor Mariannucci received in times past well-earned praises for his pleasing drawings. Then came the day when certain critics pretended to discover inaccuracies in transcript, and especially superfluities of pretence, intended to disguise the blemishes wherewith age had disfigured the face of the originals. Thereupon the services of another artist were enlisted, M. Schultz, who pledged himself to daguerreotype the minutest crack upon plaster. The not over-pleasing merits of this process may be viewed in the drawing—a marvel after its kind—which M. Schultz has made from the famed "Crucifixion" of Fra Angelico. For myself, I incline to the opinion that what is most to be desired is a style which shall lie as a happy mean between the opposite extremes into which the two artists in the employ of the Society have fallen. On the one hand for a copyist to intrude his own conjectures and inventions is an impertinence which takes from his pretended transcript authority and value. On the other, a painter who shall sit down and dot out in detail mere accidental injuries, which simply disfigure the surface of a fresco, is not unlikely to fall in more momentous matters which lie near to the spirit and vitality of the grand original. Again, after further trial, it may be found that the method suited to one

school or master is not fitted to the opposite. For example, M. Schultz has certainly rendered with success the picture by Mencling, and he will probably be equally fortunate in his attempt to translate the kindred works of Van Eyck. But a German in Italy does not always find himself at home. Signor Mariannucci, on the contrary, possesses a largeness of manner, a freedom of execution, and an eye for beauty which put him at once *en rapport* with the work, which may, in fact, be the offspring of one of his own ancestors. The instructions, however, which Signor Mariannucci has received from the council cannot but be deemed wise and timely: he is told, "In copying the subjects from Ghirlandajo, to avoid all restoration of parts injured or destroyed, and to aim rather at rendering the existing than the supposed original tone of colour."

Let me add a word on the lithographic process. Since the comparatively early days when Mr. Vincent Brooks was responsible for the saddest of parodies on Italian frescoes, the "chromos," published by the Arundel Society, have been, for the most part, good examples of the art. The colours are softly blended, the inevitable repetition of the same tone is put under disguise, and the clumsiness of execution consequent upon the inaccurate working of the registers, has been as far as practicable mitigated. I shall not stop to indicate minor differences in the quality of the diverse reproductions issued of late years, but will at once strike at a broad distinction in manipulation which two master-works have, for the first time, made manifest. Certain chromo draughtsmen on stone, such as Kellerhoven, show beneath the colour lines and shadows of black, giving to the work, when complete, the aspect of a coloured engraving. Now M. Schultz has reproduced the Memling triptych after this fashion. And when we take into account the minute demarcations in the original panel picture, when we recollect that the colour does not hide the drawing, nor overload the shading and the modelling, we shall at once recognise a happy correspondence between the original work and its *replika*. But the like verisimilitude would not be found, were this execution applied to an Italian fresco. There is in a fresco a certain opacity which imparts, strange to say, transparency, a degree of chalkiness that gives atmosphere; and these qualities have been most happily rendered by Starch and Kramer, in one of the most successful and lovely chromo-lithographs ever executed, 'The Coronation of the Virgin,' after Fra Angelico. Yet let it not be supposed that it is impossible to have too much of this opacity and chalkiness. Specially out of place is such gross lying on of pigments in the illuminated letters recently published by the Society. The Council certainly will do well to keep a sharp look-out, so as not to be blind to improvements and novelties which may at no distant day, in hostile hands, place there our publications at a discount. I think I am correct when I say that under the title, "Chefs-d'œuvre des Grands Mitres reproduits en couleur," F. Kellerhoven has given to the world, especially in that marvellous reproduction of 'L'Adoration des Rois Mages,' works which surpass the "Arundel chromos." Again, in the recently published volumes "Histoire des Arts Industriels au Moyen Age, par Jules Labarte," a brilliancy of colour and an accuracy and minuteness of detail have been gained, which in no other publication has been approached. These lovely effects in some degree are due to the "Poitevin process" of photography, which we beg to commend to the best consideration of the Arundel Council.

Such strictures do not invalidate the eulogies here bestowed. For the most part the Arundel Society has done a good work nobly and well. It has educated the tastes of the English people upon models high in form and pure in spirit. It has, at a comparatively small cost, brought the grand frescoes of Italy within our homes, so that Ghirlandajo's 'Death of St. Francis,' and Fra Angelico's 'Coronation of the Virgin,' have been transferred from Florence, and may be now seen hanging in the Parsonage of a country clergyman, or in the mansion of a city merchant.

J. B. A.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

RECENT exhibitions in photography do not show any advance in the process. The improvement which would be most acceptable in ordinary practice, would be the certain production of prints independently of those capricious conditions which beset every step of the manipulative procedure from beginning to end. Difficult, however, as the process is to the fastidious operator, it has been practised with various degrees of success; and satisfactorily, of course or less, to all classes of the public, with, of course, a scale of prices proportionate to the pretensions of each party to the contract. The realisation of an issue, good or bad, by the mere mechanical practice of photography would certainly tempt into the arena hundreds of speculators, whose dishonesty would rise in proportion to their ignorance. The kind of enterprise of which the public has the most reason to complain, is that of advertising copyists, who procure, on receipt of a card portrait and thirty postage stamps, to return twenty, fifteen, or twelve copies, according to the terms advertised. The grievance in such cases is not so much that the copies are extremely coarse and faulty, as that, generally, an inordinate length of time has elapsed before the cards are forthcoming, and that in many instances they have not been received at all. The nuisance has been carried to such an extent as to become the subject of complaint in the newspapers; and the public thus warned against the imposition, it has ceased to be so recklessly practised.

When the Photographic Society declined to exhibit "touched" prints,—the rule comprehended all portraiture tinted, and painted on a photographic base,—the society was loyal not only to photography, but also to legitimate Art. It was to be expected that the lower walks of miniature painting would suffer from the popularity of a method of producing resemblances, for which one sitting of a few seconds only was required; but we were not prepared to find the demand for high-class miniatures relax inasmuch as to leave some of our most accomplished artists without a commission. Not many years ago, the yearly collection of miniatures at the Royal Academy was always a feature of unflinching interest and attraction; but now, miniatures are exceptional there, and those artists whose works were the admired of all beholders, are either dead, or have betaken themselves to oil-painting, or even, it may be, to photography. Everybody has sat down before the magic lens, whether it be for a likeness, framed or encaused, for threepence, or worked out in water-colours, or oil, at prices rising up to sixty guineas; but the best examples of the chemical process can never reach the graces of the painter's Art. It was expected that Herr Wothly's improvements would have given precision and delicacy of degree to the shaded passages of portraiture; but the examples we have seen do not fulfil the promise of the early essays; and the Wothlytype ceased to interest photographers, as soon as it was known that silver was indispensable. In the examples we have seen of this method of printing are gradations in the shades which suggest that ordinary methods of printing are extremely defective, inasmuch as the shades and markings of the best specimens are frequently opaque and blotched. Thus, there is still much left for miniature painting to accomplish before the *beau idéal* of the sitter be attained. The construction, sentiment, and brilliancy of a first-class ivory miniature can never be equalled by any photographic portrait, how skilful soever it may be supplemented with colour. In the race for popularity in portraiture, chemistry has for the present temporarily beaten painting. The triumph will not be long lived, though that which, in this respect, is true of water-colour, is not less so of oil, as is shown by the fact that there are portrait painters, who, for twenty years, have had more sitters than they could satisfy; yet some of these artists have now been for years without a commission. But there are signs of reaction—for nothing based upon photography can ever approach the beauties of a study from the life by an accomplished hand.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES DUGDALE, ESQ., WROXALL ABBEY, WARWICKSHIRE.

THE DEATH OF BUCKINGHAM.

A. L. Egg, R.A., Painter. W. Greatbach, Engraver.

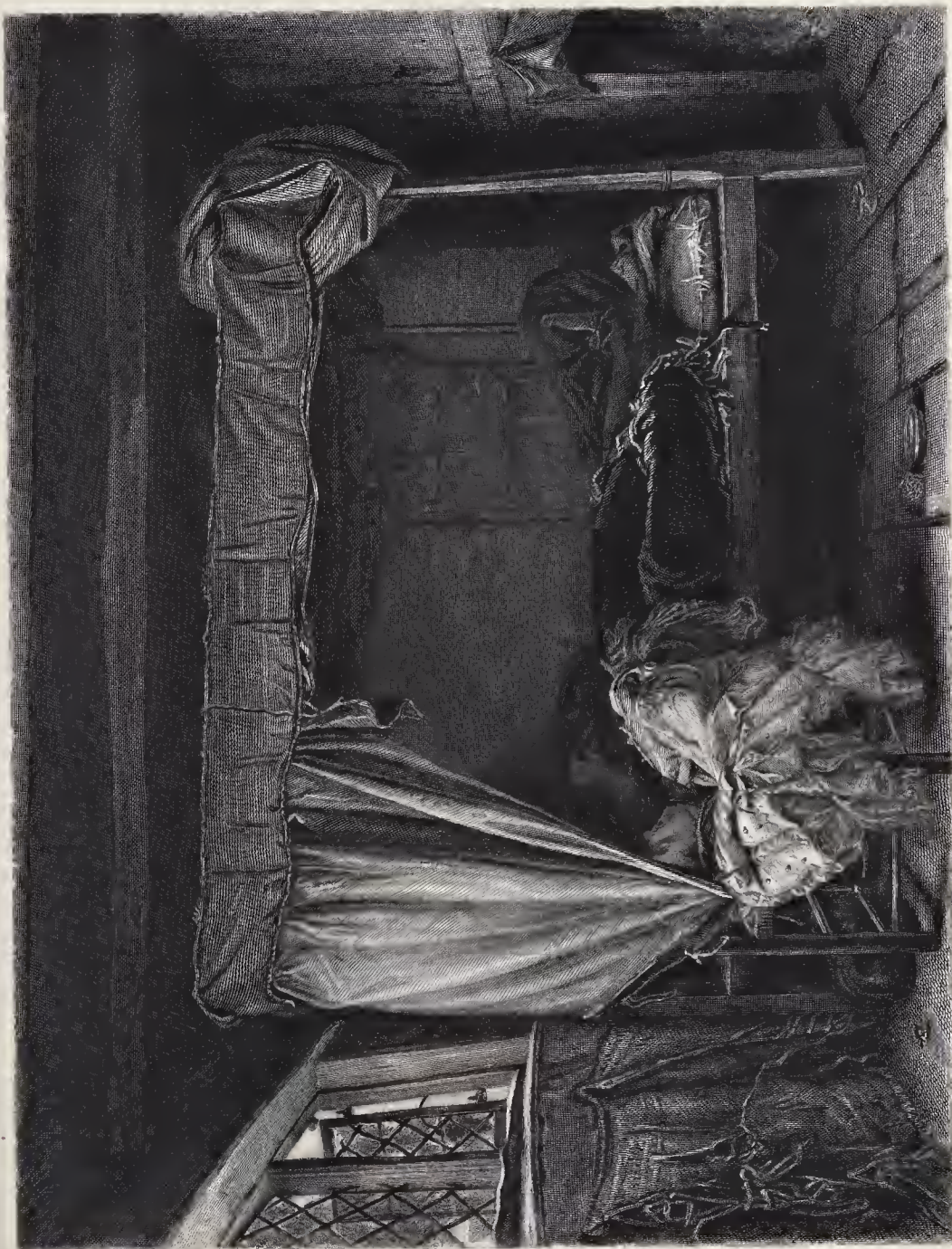
THE pendent picture to that of which an engraving appears elsewhere: both present a strange but instructive contrast in the meridian power and the final end of the courtly, witty, and licentious noble. Pope, in his "Moral Essays," assumes that Buckingham was at length reduced to absolute destitution, and that he died "in the worst inn's worst room;" but the statement is known to be greatly exaggerated. This favourite of a monarch as profligate as himself, finding his health ruined by a long career of dissipation and vice, his fortune diminished by boundless extravagance, and conscious, also, that in Charles the Second's successor he had no hope of repairing his diminished income or regaining any of his lost influence in society, retired to his country mansion, at Helmsley, in Yorkshire, and devoted himself to field sports. It was from the effects of this latter indulgence that he lost his life, his death occurring at the age of forty-one, at the house of a tenant, at Kirby-Moorside, in 1688, from fever produced by sitting on the damp ground after a long run with the hounds. The painter of the picture may have accepted either Pope's version of the event, or the true one; for the room in which the duke has breathed his last may be either one of a common country inn or of a small farm-house: the furniture is poor and scanty, the mattress on which he lies is stuffed with straw, and the whole appearance of the apartment is altogether comfortless. It would seem, too, that he died, without a friend or one sympathising individual near him. In the agony of the death-throe he has thrown himself partially off the bed, and his head rests on the chair beside it, with the curtain puckered up, its folds blending with those of his laced cloak.

Dryden, in his "Absalom and Achitophel," in which Buckingham is represented as Zimri, has sketched his character, political and moral, with a most severe yet just pencil:—

"Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand.
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,
Was everything by turn, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon!
Then, all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Best madman! who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes;
So over-violent or over-bill,
That every man with him was God or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could never be chief;
For spite of him the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel.*
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left."

For the sake of identifying Buckingham, it may be supposed, with his once elevated position, the artist has presented him, in the picture before us, as habited in the costume of his prosperous days, and not in that which he would probably have worn at the hour of his death, whether this took place in the "worst inn" or in the room of his tenant: but both painters and poets are permitted to indulge in license.

* The Duke of Monmouth and the Earl of Shaftesbury.



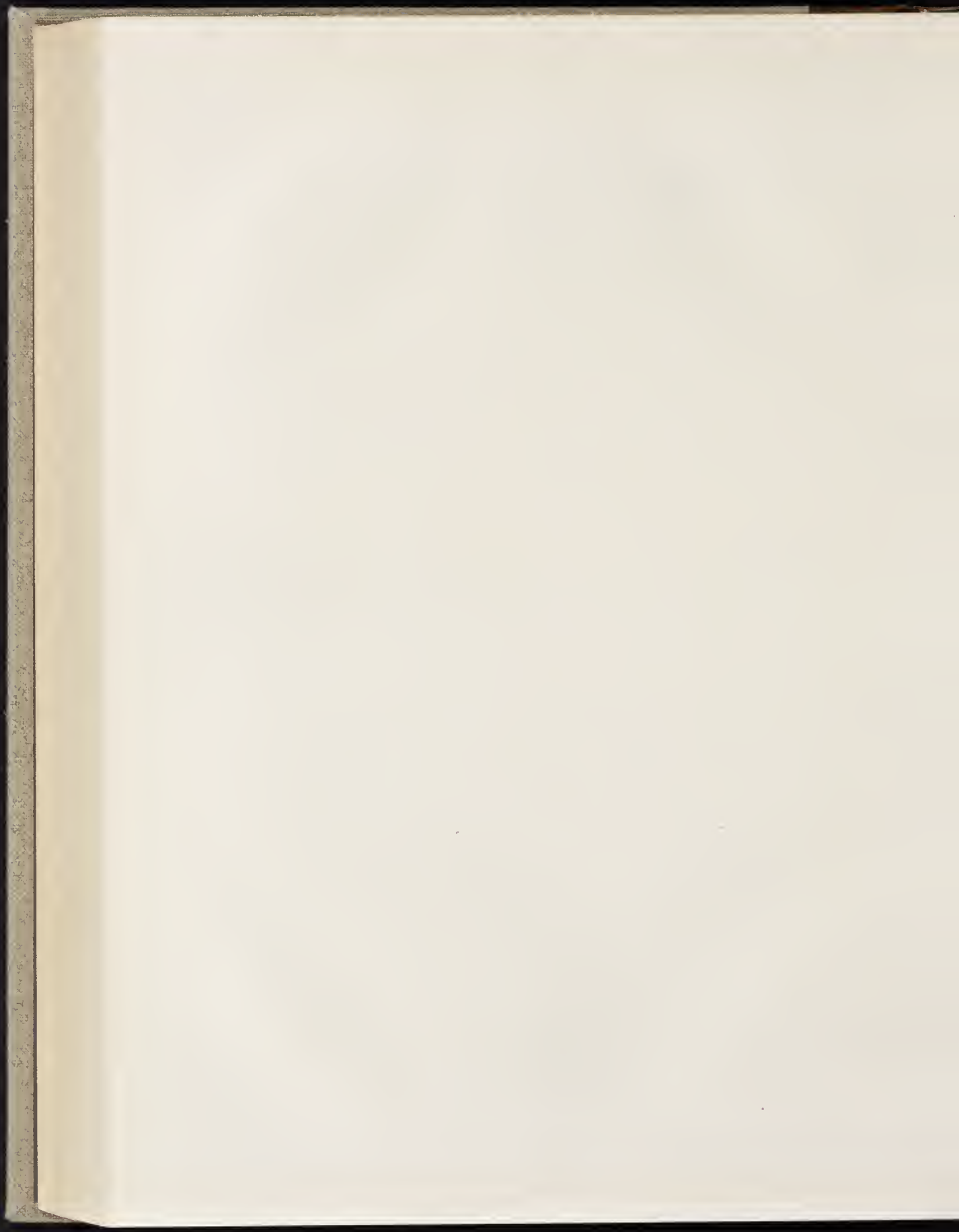
W. GREATBATCH, SCUL.

A. L. F. G. R. A. PINXT.

THE DEATH OF BUCKINGHAM.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF JAMES DUGDALE, ESQ., WROXAL, ABBEY, WARWICKSHIRE.

LONDON, VUZEY &



LEEDS POTTERY.

A HISTORY OF
THE EARTHENWARE WORKS AT LEEDS,
WITH NOTICES OF THEIR PRODUCTIONS, ETC.

BY LLEWELLYN JEWITT, F.S.A.

THE town of Leeds, so universally and justly famed "all the world o'er" for its woollen manufactures, and which at the present time is one of the busiest hives of industry in the kingdom—producing all manner of objects, from the finest and most delicate fabrics to the most gigantic and ponderous locomotives—has produced some of the most exquisite examples of the ceramic art which are to be found in the cabinets of the collector. Leeds woollen cloth manufacture, Leeds flax works, Leeds tobacco, Leeds glass, and Leeds engineering and iron making establishments, famous and well known as they are in every corner of the globe at the present day, are not more famous now than the Leeds pottery was in the last century and the beginning of the present. However much was known, years ago, about the productions of this manufactory, nearly all knowledge, even of its very existence, has been lost, and scarcely one collector in a dozen at the present day knows of what its specialities consisted. The character of the productions of the works has so thoroughly changed, both in body, in variety of goods, and in decoration, as well as in manipulative skill, that "Leeds pottery" of the olden time and that of the present are as opposite as any two varieties of earthenware well can be. My aim will be in the present article—the first which has been written on these interesting works—to draw attention to some points of their history, and to give such particulars of their productions as will enable collectors to distinguish them from those of other manufactories, and so correctly to appropriate such specimens as may come into their possession.

There is no doubt that pottery has been made at Leeds, or in its immediate neighbourhood, from the earliest times of our British history. Celtic and Romano-British relics have, from time to time, been found in the neighbourhood, which were, without doubt, made at the place; and the village of Potters Newton, evidently takes its name from a colony of potters having settled there in early times. That it *was* so in days of yore is evidenced by the fact of the name appearing in deeds of the thirteenth century. In later times coarse brown earthenware was made in Leeds, as were also tobacco-pipes, in the reign of Charles II. These were made from clays found at Wortley; the same bed of clay which was worked for the old Leeds pottery, and is still used for making yellow ware and saggars at the present day. The manufacture of tobacco-pipes at Leeds was established in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and was carried on somewhat extensively for several years. Ralph Thoresby, in his "Ducatus Leodiensis," published in 1714, in his account of Wortley Hundred says, "Here is a good vein of fine clay, that will retain its whiteness after it is burnt (when others turn red), and therefore used for the making of tobacco-pipes, a manufacture but lately begun at Leeds." Probably to the existence of this bed of fine clay is to be attributed the establishment of the pot works at Leeds, to which I am now about to direct attention. But first let me remark that at

Castleford (another pottery of which I shall have occasion to speak), which was a Roman station, there is a probability of wares having been made during the Romano-British period.

Of the date of the first establishment of the Leeds pot works nothing definite is known. It is, however, certain that they were in existence about the middle of last century, and that they were then producing wares of no ordinary degree of excellence. Before this time a kind of Delft ware was made, and I have seen some very creditable copies of Oriental patterns, with salt glaze, also produced at these works. Delft ware, however, was only made to a small extent, and was soon succeeded by the manufacture of that fine cream-coloured earthenware which made the works so famous, and enabled them, in that particular branch, to compete so successfully with Wedgwood and other makers. As early as 1770 considerable progress had been made in the ornamental productions of these works, and I have seen dated examples of open and embossed basket-work ware of a few years later (1777 and 1779), which are as fine as anything produced at the time.

The first proprietors of whom I have been able to find any record were Messrs. Hartley, Greens, and Company, and they had so far advanced in their work, and were so firmly established and well known in 1783, as to justify them in issuing a book of "designs" of some of the articles they were then producing.

A copy of this almost unique book is in my own possession, and it is of the utmost possible importance in authenticating the productions of the Leeds works. The volume bears the title, "Designs of sundry Articles of Queen's, or Cream-colour'd Earthenware, manufactured by Hartley, Greens, & Co., at Leeds Pottery, with a great variety of other articles. The same Enamell'd, Printed, or Ornamented with Gold to any Pattern; also with Coats of Arms, Cyphers, Landscapes, &c. &c. Leeds, 1783." The list and title-page occupy eight pages, as do also each of two others—translated into German and French—which accompany it, and which bear the following titles:—"Abrisse von verschiednenen Artickeln von Königinen oder Gelben Steingute, welches Hartley, Greens, und Comp. in ihrer Fabrick in Leeds verteffigen; nebst vielen andern Artickeln: auch dieselben gemahlt, gedruckt oder mit Gold gezieret zu jedem Muster, ebenfalls mit Wapen, eingegrabene, Namen, Landschaften, &c. &c. Leeds, 1783." "Desseins de divers Articles de Poteries de la Reine en Couleur de Crème, Fabriqués à la Poterie de Hartley, Greens, & Co. à Leeds: avec une Quantité d'autres Articles; les mêmes emailés, imprimés ou ornés d'Or à chaque Patron, aussi avec des Armes, des Chiffres, des Paysages, &c. &c. Leeds, 1783."*

The plates, forty-four in number, are very effectively engraved on copper, and exhibit a wonderful, and certainly exquisite, variety of designs for almost all articles in use, both plain, ornamented, perforated, and basket-work, including services, vases, candlesticks, flowerstands, inkstands, baskets, spoons, &c. &c.

The partners at this time (1783-4) composing the firm of Hartley, Greens, & Co., were William Hartley, Joshua Green, John Green, Henry Ackroyd, John Barwick,

Samuel Wainwright, Thomas Wainwright, George Hanson, and Saville Green. The business was, it appears, divided into six shares, of which William Hartley, Joshua and John Green, and Henry Ackroyd, had each one; John Barwick and the two Wainwrights half of one each; and George Hanson and Saville Green a quarter share each, the latter acting as "book-keeper" to the firm. The proprietors were extremely systematic and particular in their mode of keeping accounts and in their dealings with each other. They held regular meetings, and appointed independent and disinterested persons as valuers in each department; for instance, one to value the stock of finished goods in the ware rooms, another the unfinished ware, another the copper plates, another the buildings, others the moulds and models, the windmill, the horses, the waggons and carts, the raw materials, the woodwork, and every imaginable thing. The reports of these various valuers, whose names and awards for many years I have carefully examined, were submitted to a meeting of the partners, when a balance was struck, to which the names of each one were attached.

In 1785, and again in 1786, fresh editions of the catalogue and book of plates were issued, without change either in the number of articles enumerated or in their variety or form. The works at this time had been considerably increased in size, and the wares made were exported in large quantities to Germany, Holland, France, Spain, and Russia. So great had the concern become five years later (1791), that the yearly balance then struck amounted to over £51,500; and it is worth recording that in that year the value of the copper-plates from which the transfer printing was effected was £204, while at the present time they represent about £1,000. These copper-plates consisted of teapot borders, landscapes, Nankin borders, and others. The general stock in this year (1791) was valued at about £6,000, and the windmill at about £1,200. The house of the partners, entered as "Hartley, Green, & Co.'s House" was at Thorpe Arch, near Tadcaster and Wetherby. At Thorpe Arch, too, were the grinding mills. These mills were ten miles from the works at Leeds, and a team of four horses was kept constantly at work carrying the ground flint and stone. They, with the men who worked them, stayed six days, going and coming, between the two places, and then six at Thorpe Arch, alternately. The raw material was taken from Leeds to the mills at Thorpe Arch, where the horses who had brought it worked the mill to grind it, and returned with it, when prepared, to Leeds for use. This continued until 1814, when the windmill on the Leeds premises, which had been used as a corn mill, was converted into a flint mill, and an engine, made by the builders of the first successful locomotive, Fenton, Murray, & Co., put up. This mill is still used for the same purpose.

In 1794 another edition of the catalogue and pattern-book was issued. It was precisely the same in contents as the previous editions, both in the plates and letter-press, and contained the catalogue, or list, in English, French, and German. Fresh designs appear to have been continually added, and, the connections of the company increasing, a translation of the catalogue into the Spanish language was in a few years issued. This interesting work, of which a copy is in the possession of Mr. E. Hailstone, F.S.A., and which also contains the English catalogue, without date, bears the following

* A copy of this most interesting pattern-book is in the Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn Street, London, which has the English list, 1786; German, 1783; and French, 1783.

title,—“Dibuxos de varios Reaglonos de Loza Inglesa de Regna, de Color de Crema, Fabricados en la Manufatura y Lozeria de Hartley, Greens, y Comp^a en Leeds: en este mismo ramo fabriam de dicha loza, hay piezas esmaltadas impresas y adornadas conoro, como tambien, Hermoseadas con escudos, armas, cifras, payeses, &c. &c. Leeds.” Instead of 152 general articles, as enumerated in the previous editions, 221 appear in this; and instead of 32 in tea-ware, 48 appear. In 1814, too, another edition was issued, a copy of which is in my own possession; it contains 71 plates of patterns, exhibiting 221 general articles, and 48 patterns of tea, coffee, and chocolate services. In this edition the whole of the plates, both those from the other copies and those newly engraved, have the words “Leeds Pottery” engraved upon them.

In the middle of the last century an important event in connection with the Leeds pottery took place. This was the establishment of the tramway from the Collieries of Mr. Charles Brandling, at Middleton, to the town of Leeds. This tramway passed through the Leeds pot works, to the proprietors of which a nominal rental of 47 a year was paid, and to whom, as a further consideration for the right of passage, an advantage in the price of coals was allowed.* While speaking of the formation of this early line it is interesting to note that upon it was set to work the first locomotive commercially successful on any railway. Mr. John Blenkinsop, who was manager of the Middleton Collieries, took out a patent, in 1811, for a locomotive steam engine, and placed his designs for execution in the hands of Messrs. Fenton, Murray, & Co., at that time eminent engineers of Leeds. This was the first locomotive engine in which two cylinders were employed, and in that respect was a great improvement upon those of Trevithick and others. The cylinders were placed vertically, and were immersed for more than half their length in the steam space of the boiler. The progress was effected by a cog wheel working into a rack on the side of one of the rails. Mr. Blenkinsop's engine began running on the railway extending from the Middleton Collieries to the town of Leeds, a distance of about three miles and a half, on the 12th of August, 1812, two years before George Stephenson started his first locomotive.† Mr. Blenkinsop was for many years principal agent to the Brandling family, and his invention was, as is seen, first brought to bear in bringing coals from those pits to Leeds—a matter of immense importance to the town and its manufactures.

In the year 1800 two fresh partners, Ebenezer Green and E. Parsons, had joined the concern, the firm at this time consisting

of William Hartley, Joshua Green, John Green, Ebenezer Green, E. Parsons, Mrs. Ackroyd and her daughter Mary (widow and daughter of Henry Ackroyd, deceased), John Barwick, Thomas Wainwright, George Hanson, Saville Green, and Samuel Wainwright. On the death of Mr. Hartley the business was carried on—still under the title of Hartley, Greens, & Co.—by the remaining partners; and a Mr. Ruperti, a Russian, became, I believe, a partner in the firm. The trade at this time was, as I have already stated, principally with Russia, and with Spain and Portugal, and hence, I presume, Mr. Ruperti's connection with it. Other changes in the proprietary followed in succession, one of which was, that a minister, the Rev. W. Parsons, married Miss Ackroyd, and thus became a partner; and for a time the style of the firm was changed from “Hartley, Greens, & Co.” to “Greens, Hartley, and Co.” These repeated changes, and the unpleasantness and disputes that arose in consequence, appear to have been detrimental to the concern, which was ultimately thrown into Chancery, and a large portion of the stock sold off. Some idea of the extent of the business done about this time may be formed from the fact, which I have gathered from a personal reference to the accounts, that the annual sales amounted, in round numbers, to about £30,000; that about £8,000 was paid in wages, and more than £2,000 for coals, even with the decided advantage of reduction in price by the arrangement already spoken of.

In 1825, by an advantageous arrangement effected through the good offices of his friend Mr. Hardy, the then recorder of Leeds, I am informed, the affair was got out of Chancery, and passed, by purchase, into the hands of Mr. Samuel Wainwright, one of the partners. The concern was at this time, I believe, carried on in the name of Samuel Wainwright and Company, and was conducted with great spirit. Mr. Wainwright engaged as his confidential cashier Stephen Chappell, who up to that time was employed as a book-keeper in one of the Leeds cloth manufactories. At Wainwright's death (of cholera), in 1832, the trustees carried on the business under the style of the “Leeds Pottery Company,” and employed Stephen Chappell as their sole manager. This arrangement continued until the year 1840, when the trustees transferred the whole concern to Chappell, who took it at his own valuation. Shortly after this time his brother James became a partner in the concern, the firm then consisting simply of Stephen and James Chappell, who continued the works until 1847, when they became bankrupt. The pottery was then carried on for about three years, for the benefit of the creditors, by the assignees, under the management of Mr. Richard Britton, who had for some time held a confidential position with Mr. Chappell. In 1850 the concern passed, by purchase, into the hands of Mr. Samuel Warburton and this same Mr. Richard Britton, and was by them carried on under the style of “Warburton and Britton,” until 1863, when, on the death of Mr. Warburton, Mr. Richard Britton became sole proprietor of the works, and they are carried on by him, with considerable spirit, at the present day.

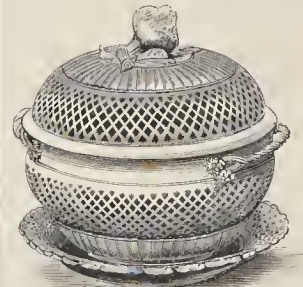
The Leeds Pot Works are situated in Jack Lane, and occupy an area of considerably more than seven acres of ground, and at the present time give employment to about two hundred and fifty persons. The premises are intersected for a considerable portion of

their length by the Brandling's Railway (on which I learn it is again intended to start locomotives), and is also crossed in a cutting by the main line of the Midland Railway. The works are very extensive, and, with but some trifling alterations, now stand as they did in the time of Hartley, Greens, & Co. Closely adjoining them is the Leathley Lane Pottery, of which a few words will be said later on.

The wares manufactured at different periods at these interesting works consist of the coarse brown earthenware, made on its first establishment; Delft ware, produced only in small quantities, and for a short period; hard and highly vitrified stone ware, with a strong salt glaze; cream-coloured, or Queen's ware; Egyptian black ware; Rockingham ware; white earthenware; yellow ware; &c. &c. The great speciality of the works was the perforated “Queen's or cream-coloured earthenware,” for which they became universally famed, and more than competed with Wedgwood. It is this kind of ware which among collectors has acquired the name of “Leeds Ware.” To this it will be necessary to direct careful attention, and to point out both the peculiarities of pattern and of ornamentation, which they exhibit.

In colour the Leeds ware—*i.e.* the cream-coloured earthenware—is of a particularly clear rich tint, usually rather deeper in tone than Wedgwood's Queen's ware, and of a slightly yellowish cast. The body is particularly fine and hard, and the glaze of extremely good quality. This glaze was produced with arsenic, and its use was so deleterious to the workmen, that they usually became hopelessly crippled after four or five years' exposure to its effects. It is not now used.

The perforated pieces, as well as those of open basket-work, exhibit an unusual degree of skill and an elaborateness of design, that is quite unequalled. The first example, which I give in the accom-

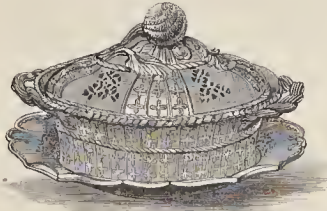


panying engraving, is a chestnut basket and stand, of the finest and most elaborate description. Of this exact pattern I only know of two examples, one of which is in my own collection, and the other in that of Mr. Manning. They were purchased together, and are identical in every respect. In form these pieces are faultless, as they are also in moulding, and there is considerable elegance in the general outline. The upper part of the cover, and the lower portion of the bowl, are fluted, and the handles, which are double twisted, terminate in flowers and foliage. Both bowl and cover are elaborately perforated; and here it may be well to note, for the information of collectors, that the perforations of this description were produced by punches, by which the soft clay was pierced by hand.

* The Act of Parliament for the formation of this line of railway was passed in January, 1798, and it is therein stated that Charles Brandling, the owner of the collieries, had made agreements with the owners of the lands through which it was intended to pass, “to pay yearly rent or other considerations” for the privilege. The Leeds pot works must, therefore, have been established some length of time previous to the year 1798. It may be interesting to add that by this act Mr. Brandling bound himself for a term of sixty years to bring from his collieries at Middleton, to a repository at “Casson Close, near the Great Bridge at Leeds,” “20,000 dozens, or 240,000 corfs of coals,” each corf containing in weight about 210 lbs., and in measure 7850 cubical inches, and there sell the same to the public at the price of 4½d. a corf. As the town increased in size, and its manufactures spread, fresh acts of parliament were applied for and obtained in 1799, 1799 (two), and 1803, by which first the quantity of coal undertaken to be supplied was increased to 1820 corfs per day, and the price raised to 8d. per corf.

† For this information I am indebted to my friend, Mr. John Manning, the principal of the firm of Manning, Wardle, & Co., the eminent engineers of Leeds, whose locomotives of the present day are in such high repute, who read a paper and exhibited a model of Blenkinsop's engine at the Leeds Philosophical Society, in 1863.

I name this more particularly because I have heard an opinion expressed that this description of open-work was produced in the mould. The fact of each of the perforations being produced separately by the hand of the workman, adds materially to the interest attached to the piece, and to its value. It may also be remarked that the wholesale price of this piece (eleven inches in diameter), the pattern for which was probably produced about 1782-83, was, in 1794, 8s. 6d.—a price which collectors at the present time would gladly triple and even quadruple.



The next example is an oval butter-tub and stand, of peculiarly elegant design, belonging to Mr. Manning. It is well covered with embossed work, and has both cover and stand very nicely perforated, the perforations being produced in the same manner as the one just described, by punches. The handles are ribbed and double twisted, with foliated terminations.

The next illustration shows one of the



"pierced fruit baskets" for which these works were very famous, and I have chosen it because it shows the combination of the pierced work with painting. These, and the



asparagus shell, also from my own collection, which I engrave to show how the peculiar art of these works was applied to the simplest things, will be sufficient to illustrate this variety of pottery.

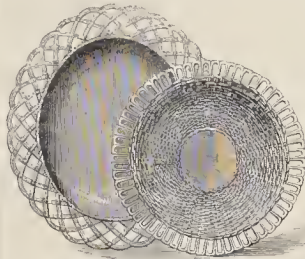
The next variety is that of twig baskets, of which the accompanying is a very good



and characteristic example. In these pieces, which were produced in different varieties of wicker-work, the "twigs," or "withies," are really composed of clay in long or short "strips," as occasion required, and then twisted and formed into shape. The process was one which required considerable care and nicety in manipulation, and was well calculated to exhibit the skill of the workman. Baskets of this kind were made by various makers, as well as at Leeds, and all on much the same model, so that without an intimate knowledge of the body and glaze of the Leeds ware, it is difficult to distinguish them from others. One of these

baskets on its oval stand or dish (the wholesale price in 1794 ranging from 1s. 4d. to 3s. 6d., according to size) is engraved in the book of patterns of which I have spoken, and those who are fortunate enough to possess, or to be able to refer to that extremely scarce work, "Wedgwood's engraved Pattern Book" (18 plates, 4to.), will there find one engraved on plate 13, fig. 851. The same baskets were produced at Castleford and Don, and by Staffordshire houses.

Another characteristic variety of Leeds work was the combination in basket-work, &c., of embossed patterns with perforations. Of these I give an excellent example in



the accompanying engraving, in which the rim of the dish is embossed and pierced in basket-work. The way in which this was produced was this. The plate, dish, basket, or other piece, was formed in the mould so that the pattern stood out in relief above the parts intended to be incised. These were then cut out by hand, with a pen-knife, leaving the pattern entirely in open-work. The dish here engraved is one of the simplest kind, but is an extremely early specimen, having probably been made about 1779, and is therefore a good illustration of this class of work. It is marked in small capital letters LEEDS POTTERY. I have by me the mould of a covered basket, and some other varieties of this kind of open-work, of elaborate design, which show that considerable skill and a large amount of patient labour were expended over the production of this, as of other varieties of work.



In this same ware—the Queen's or cream-coloured earthenware—the Leeds works

produced services of various kinds, as well as the usual vessels for domestic use, and works of Art in the shape of vases, candleabra, centres, &c. &c. Of the services, which, as a rule, were of remarkably elegant forms, and produced with extreme skill in workmanship, it will not be necessary to give illustrations. Of the more decorative pieces, however, I give the accompanying engravings, because it is well to show collectors to what degree of perfection in design these almost forgotten works had arrived. The first example which I engrave is a magnificent centre, or "grand platt menage," of four tiers, formerly belonging to Mr. Lyndon Smith, but now in the possession of Mr. Nunneley, of Leeds. It is composed of five separate pieces. The base is rock, and each tier is composed of shells after the fashion of the Plymouth designs. The shells are supported on elegant brackets, and the whole piece is surmounted by a well modelled female figure. In Mr. Hailstone's collection—a collection which stands almost unrivalled in some of its departments—is a centre of similar design, but of three tiers only. It is also surmounted by a figure.

The next illustration shows a *jardiniere* of very elegant and effective design, in my



own possession. It is of cornucopia form, with a head of Flora, crowned with flowers, in front, and festoons above held by a ram's and an eagle's head. This piece is a remarkably fine and choice example of Leeds manufacture.

The next illustration exhibits a "grand



platt menage," similar to that engraved on plate 26 (fig. 106) of the "Book of Patterns."

It formerly belonged to Mr. Lyndon Smith, but is now in the possession of Mr. J. J. Bagshawe. In the plate to which I have referred this elegant piece has a base for crusts added, and is somewhat different in some of its details, but it is much the same in general design. Around the centre of the base, it will be noticed, is a series of rams' heads with large bent horns, hooked at the end, and the foliage beneath the pine-apple at the top is also deeply bent downwards, and the point of each leaf hooked up at the end. On these—the horns and leaves—it was intended to hang small earthenware wicker-work baskets, and on the engraving to which I have alluded, these are all shown *in situ*.

It is interesting to note that in Mr. Hailstone's collection is a precisely similar piece, but with the addition of a circular base, which is of Wedgwood's Queen's ware, and is marked WEDGWOOD in the usual manner. This circumstance shows that the design was common to both manufactories, and the natural inference to be drawn is that Messrs. Hartley, Greens, & Co., in this instance as in others, copied and reproduced Wedgwood's designs; while in other instances it is equally possible Wedgwood copied from them. It is curious in going through the pattern-books of Hartley, Greens, & Co. of 1783, and downwards to 1814, Wedgwood's of 1815, and the "Don," to note the similarity of designs exhibited, some of which are so nearly identical, as to appear almost to have been produced from the same moulds.

The vases, scent jars, cockle pots, and *potpourris* produced at Leeds, were many of them of very elaborate and elegant designs, and of large size, and were decorated with raised figures, medallions, flowers, festoons, shells, &c., and with perforated work. They were also frequently painted, or enamelled, in various colours, blue, green, and red being the prevailing ones. One "cockle pot," 22 inches in height, has a square stand, highly decorated with shells, &c., in relief, and with perforations, standing on four feet. At each corner is a raised seated figure. From the centre rises the stem, supporting a solid globe, on which rests the bowl, supported by mermaids. The bowl is decorated with festoons of shells, flowers, and sea-weeds in high relief. The cover is also ornamented with raised groups of shells and sea-weed, and is perforated in an elaborate and somewhat intricate pattern. It is surmounted by a spirited figure of Neptune with his trident and horses.

Candlesticks were made in great variety, and were highly decorated. Some were in the form of vases, and in this variety vases were produced in the same manner as Wedgwood's jasper ware, with reversible tops, so as to serve either as ornaments only, or as candlesticks. Others have dolphins; others again Corinthian and other pillars; others have massive bases perforated and embossed, while the candlestick itself rose from griffins; and others again are vases with branches for two or more candles springing out from their tops. These are now of great rarity, as, indeed, are many of the productions of the Leeds works.

Single figures, and groups of figures, were also produced, principally in the plain cream-coloured ware, but sometimes painted. It is also said that some minute works of Art, small cameos, were made at Leeds. A pair of these, said to be authenticated as Leeds manufacture, are in the possession of Mr. Ferns, who is also the owner of many excellent specimens of perforated ware.

In Mr. Hailstone's possession is a remarkably fine fountain of large size. It has a dolphin spout, shell terminations, mermaids and shells for handles, and has figures and ornaments in relief in front.

In tea, coffee, and chocolate services, a large variety of patterns were produced, both plain, engined, fluted, pierced, and otherwise decorated. Many of these are of similar form to Wedgwood's, to whom their manipulation would, indeed, have been no discredit. The great peculiarity of the tea and coffee pots, &c., is their double twisted handles, with flowers and leaves for terminations. Many of these are extremely beautiful, both in design and in execution. These services were made either in plain cream-colour, or painted with horders and sprigs of flowers in various colours. The chocolate cups are usually two-handled, or without handles. The stands are, in many instances, highly ornamented with perforations, or take the form of melon or other leaves, and have ornamental-sockets for the cups attached. Several patterns appear in the engravings of which I have spoken. Tea-kettles and milk-pails with covers were also made, and in the possession of Mr. Lucas is a fine example of a tea-kettle with double twisted handle, with foliated terminations.

In the early part of the present century, a white earthenware was made at these works. It was a fine, hard, compact body, and had, like the cream-coloured, a remarkably good glaze. In this ware services, especially dinner and tea, were produced, and were decorated with transfer printing, painting, lustre, and tinsel. "Tinselling," it must be understood, is the peculiar process by which a part of the pattern is made to assume a metallic appearance by being washed here and there over the transfer or drawing. Examples of Leeds ware of this kind are in the possession of Mr. Manning and of Mr. Davis.

An excellent example of the white earthenware of Leeds is the puzzle jug here engraved. This is one of the most elaborate



in design, and careful in execution, which has come under my notice. The upper part is ornamented with "punched" perforations, and the centre of the jug is open throughout, having an open flower on either side, between which is a swan standing clear in

* These examples are plates, and cup and saucer. They are marked with the curved mark to be hereafter described. The plates, too, bear a small blue-pencilled letter C; and impressed flower of seven lobes, and kind of cross pattée. These are of course workmen's marks. The cup and saucer in Mr. Davis's possession have flowers and rude landscape in colours and copper-coloured "tinsel."

the inside. The jug is painted with borders and sprigs of flowers, and is marked with the usual impressed mark of LEEDS POTTERY. A curious example of the white earthenware is in the possession of Mr. Hailstone. It is a large jug, having on one side a spirited engraving of "the Vicar and Moses" in black transfer printing, and coloured, and on the other side the old ballad of "the Vicar and Moses," engraved in two columns, and surrounded by a border. In front of the jug, pendent from the spout, is painted the arms of the borough of Leeds, the golden fleece, commonly called the "tup in trouble." On each side of this are the initials J. B. and S. B., and beneath are the words—"Success to Leeds Manufactory."

Transfer printing was introduced at Leeds, probably, about 1780, but this is very uncertain. In the title-page of the "Book of Patterns in 1783," it is said, "the same enamel'd, Printed or Ornamented with Gold to any pattern; also with Coats of Arms, Cyphers, Landscapes, &c.;" and in 1791, the copper-plates then in use were valued at £204. The patterns were principally willow pattern, Nankin pattern, borders, groups of flowers, landscapes, and ruins.

Lustre, both gold and silver, was used occasionally in the decorations at Leeds, and excellent examples of "lustre ware" were also produced. These, like the other early productions of the works, are scarce.

About the year 1800, black ware was introduced at Leeds. This was of the same character as the Egyptian black, then so largely made in Staffordshire by Wedgwood, by Mayer, by Neale, and others. The body is extremely compact, firm, and hard, but had a more decided bluish cast than is usual in other makes. In this ware, tea and coffee pots, the latter both with spouts and with snips, cream ewers, and other articles were made. I believe there are but few collectors cognizant of the fact that this Egyptian black ware was made at Leeds at all; but I have been fortunate enough, by careful examination, to ascertain that up to 1812—13 probably from ninety to a hundred distinct patterns and sizes of teapots alone were produced in black at these works. This is an interesting fact to note, and is one which will call attention for the first time to this particular branch of Leeds manufacture. The patterns of the teapots were very varied, both in form, in style of ornamentation, and in size. In form were round, oval, octagonal, and other shapes, including some of twelve sides. In ornamentation some were engined-turned in a variety of patterns, while others were chequered or fluted. Others again were formed in moulds elaborately ornamented in relief with flowers, fruits, borders, festoons, &c. &c.; while others still had groups of figures, trophies, and medallions in relief on their sides. The "knobs" of the lids were seated figures, lions, swans, flowers, &c. &c. The lids were made of every variety, both inward and outward fitting, sliding, and attached with hinges. In speaking of engine-turning, it may be well to note that "engined" mugs, jugs, &c., were made at these works as early as 1782, if not at an earlier date. And here, in connection with the black ware, let me note too, that pot-works were established at Swinton, by some of the family of the Greens, of Leeds (the firm at Swinton was "John and William Green & Co., Earthenware Manufacturers"); and that here, too, black ware teapots were made, which were known as "Swinton pattern." Of these I shall have more to

say in my account of the Swinton works, in a future number.

The marks used at Leeds are not numerous, and are easily distinguished. Collectors, however, need to be told that very few indeed of the productions of this manufactory were marked. The great bulk of the pottery, whether in Queen's ware or otherwise, was made for foreign markets—Russia, Holland, Spain, Germany, Portugal, France, &c.—and as a rule the goods were sent off unmarked. It is worthy of note, too, that the finest examples of Leeds' make, both in the perforated and other varieties, now known, have been recovered from the Continent. To illustrate this remark, it will be only necessary to point to the chestnut basket just described and engraved, which was purchased and brought from Holland a few years ago. The marks, so far as I have been able to ascertain, which were used at the Leeds works, and of each of which examples are in my own collection, are the following—

LEEDS POTTERY.

In large capitals, with a terminal asterisk impressed. This mark occurs on a large-sized "Melon Terino" in my own possession, the same as that engraved in the pattern-book of 1783, figure 68, plate 16. On the same piece are a large capital letter S impressed, and the number 12 incised. These are of course workmen's or pattern marks.

LEEDS POTTERY

In small capital letters.

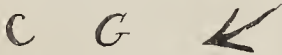
HARTLEY GREENS & CO
LEEDS POTTERY

In small capital letters.



In small capital letters, in two curved or horse-shoe lines.

The marks usually ascribed to Leeds are the following:—



but there is no proof that any of these were ever used at the works. In my own possession is a dessert service with the "sponged" border (which was used at Leeds), and a series of extremely fine and thoroughly artistic figures, cupids, &c., engraved in stipple, and printed in a warm pinkish brown colour, which bears the first of these three marks; but although it is ascribed to Leeds, I have grave doubts as to the correctness of the appropriation, and shall have more to say upon the point hereafter.

Mr. Chaffers, in his work on marks and monograms on pottery and porcelain, says: "The mark of C. G. has been attributed to C. G. Charles Green, of Leeds; that in the margin is on a cup and saucer of W. white English china, with paintings of landscapes and the raised wicker border, common to this manufactory." I quote this for the purpose of showing how little reliance can be placed on the information hitherto given with respect to these works. So far as my researches go, I do not find there was a Charles Green connected with the Leeds works; and that china was never made there I am fully convinced.

The Leeds Pottery is, as I have said, at the present time carried on, as it has been for some years, by Mr. Richard Britton,

who employs more than two hundred hands. The wares produced are the ordinary descriptions of earthenware for domestic use, consisting of dinner, tea and coffee, toilet, and other services, jugs and mugs, screw jugs, bowls and basins, and, indeed, all articles in general use. The white earthenware is of the same quality as the ordinary run of Staffordshire ware, and has a good glaze. It is produced in the usual styles of blue printing, painting and edging. In this, the principal branch of his manufactory, Mr. Britton successfully competes with some of the Staffordshire houses.

In Rockingham ware, tea and coffee pots and other articles are still made at these works in considerable quantities, as they are also in Egyptian black glazed ware. Yellow earthenware made from native clays procured from Wortley, and pearl white of good quality, both plain and decorated, are also manufactured. Thus it will be seen that the Leeds potteries of the present day—of the very existence of which but few persons are aware—are of considerable size and importance, and are doing a large business—a business which, unlike that of the olden times, is principally confined to the supplying of the home markets, where, not being marked, the ware usually passes for that of Staffordshire.

Closely adjoining the works I have been noticing is another small pottery, called the LEAHLEY LANE POTTERY, of whose history a few words may be said. They were established in the early part of the present century, by, I believe, a Mr. North, for the manufacture of black ware, but were afterwards used by the same person for the making of the ordinary white earthenware. From Mr. North the works passed into the hands of a Mr. Hepworth, who made the ordinary brown salt-glazed ware. It was next worked by Mr. Dawson, one of the trustees of the Leeds pottery, who took into partnership Mr. Chappell, of whom I have spoken as, for a period, proprietor of the Leeds pottery; and it was for some time carried on by Dawson and Chappell, afterwards by Chappell alone, and then by Shackleton, Taylor, and Co. This partnership was dissolved in 1851, and the works were then continued by two of the former proprietors, Messrs. Taylor and Gibson. Since 1859, the factory has been continued to the present time by Messrs. Gibson & Co. The premises are small, and produce only the commoner and inferior kinds of earthenware for domestic purposes. These are white ware of the commonest kind, yellow ware made from the Wortley clays, and Rockingham ware.

Having now brought my notice of the Leeds pot-works to a close, it remains only for me to add my earnest hope that the notes I have thrown together, and which have been collected with no inconsiderable amount of labour, and with much patient investigation, may be found to contain information useful to the collector, and will tend not only to remove many existing misapprehensions as to the productions of these works, but to call attention to them in many quarters where their existence has been hitherto unknown. My next paper will be devoted to a notice of the Rockingham works, and other works in the same locality, and their productions, in which I hope to give much information that will be new to my readers. The locality, the Valley of the Don, in which the works I shall then notice are situated, is full of interest, historical and otherwise, and has long been a successful seat of pottery manufacture.

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S
"HERODIAS."

THE works of Leonardo da Vinci are so rare, that we regard with extraordinary interest any picture even associated with his great name. Strong evidence is offered in favour of one of 'Herodias,' assumed to be by him, and now in the possession of an American gentleman named Kellogg. In the Tribune at Florence is a well-known 'Herodias,' now admitted, we believe, to be a copy by Luini of a picture by Leonardo. This picture was removed to Paris in the reign of the first Napoleon, and was there engraved as a work by Da Vinci. After its restoration to the Tuscan government, it was attributed to Luini, but many years after its replacement, it was described in the catalogues of the collection of the Palazzo Vecchio as "*Erodiate e l'ancella che riccirno la testa di S. Giovanni Batista, di Leonardo da Vinci.*" The persons represented are three: Salome, who receives the head which is about to be placed in the charger by the executioner, and on her right the third, a woman, said by some critics to be Herodias, but by others, among whom are the Florentine authorities, to be an attendant. The types of the features are identical with those of the picture in the National Gallery, 'Christ disputing with the Doctors,' as if they had been printed from the same models, or worked out under similar impressions. The precise passage rendered in the picture is—"And (the executioner) brought his head in a charger, and gave it to the damsel; and the damsel gave it to her mother;" but it cannot be thought that the woman on the right of Salome is such a person as would have attracted the attention of Herod; still the damsel turns to her, and seems as if about to present her with the head of the Baptist.

The history of the picture is not known beyond the early part of the present century. It was one of the collection at Mariahalden, near Zurich, and belonged to the proprietor of that estate, Count Bentzel-Sternau, who in 1847 disposed of the contents of his gallery; some time after which the 'Herodias,' with another from the same source, became the property of Mr. Kellogg. The latter, by Raffiello, is known as 'La Belle Jardinière,' and is now in the collection of Lord Ashburton. This picture is said to be original, while that in the Louvre known by the same title is doubted by connoisseurs of the "divine master." Under the head "Vinci" in the *Allgemeines Künstlerlexicon* (Zurich, 1819), there is, by F. R. Füssli, a description of this 'Herodias,' concluding with these words, "We cannot cast the least doubt on Count Bentzel's picture;" but this writer describes the person who receives the head from the executioner as Herodias, and not Salome, whereas the entire configuration is much too youthful for Herodias; yet this interpretation coincides with the somewhat loose description given in the Florentine catalogue, though it is not a rendering of the sacred text. Round the upper border of the dress of the principal figure appears the inscription, "Leonardo da Vinci, 1494." On the Florentine picture there is no signature, and between that and the work in question there are remarkable differences. In the latter the dress of the prominent figure is red, with a flower pattern, but in the Tribune copy it is brown, and the flower on the dress is omitted, as is also the ornamental chasing on the vase. For these discrepancies probable reasons might be assigned, but no satisfactory conclusion could be arrived at. The antecedents of the picture are not known farther back than the year 1810, when the Count Bentzel Sternau purchased it from Mr. Lamy, a publisher of works of Art at Zurich. It was sent to Paris to be transferred to canvas, and was there pledged to Baron Persi, who, on its being redeemed, offered Mr. Lamy 20,000 livres for it. It was at the same time known to have been valued at 40,000 livres. The abiding places of all the productions of Da Vinci are known; and, as his works are few, an authentic addition to their number would be a matter of much interest to admirers of the masters of the Italian schools. The painting in question is at No. 18, Ludbroke Square.

HOMES WITHOUT HANDS.*

The architecture of animal life is infinitely more marvellous, and oftentimes more beautiful, than the most gorgeous edifices reared by the hand of man. We look with astonishment—if we think while we look—on the temples and palaces, and gigantic constructions of every kind, which his skill, his intelligence, and his industry have raised; on the wide-swelling dome, be it of stone or glass; on the graceful, tapering spire, boldly shooting upwards into the sky; on clustered columns; on ponderous arches, whose shoulders might sustain a mountain; we see stone compactly and symmetrically fitted to stone, each of its appointed size and in its appointed place, while the chisel of the sculptor enriches them with cunning workmanship, and transforms the shapeless blocks into elegant proportions, and puts on them the undying impress of beauty; weaving out of stone and marble garlands of flowers and types of all things lovely, such as those with which the Deity Himself has adorned the great temple of nature—the visible world of His own creation. All these are the works of reasoning, educated man, who builds according to rules and laws which science teaches. But if we pass from them to the structures of the lower creation—the “homes” made “without hands”—we see far more reason for wonder in what instinct alone has taught the bee and the ant, the reptile and the bird, to form, each for its own purposes of safety and domestic comfort.

“But most of all it wins my admiration
To view the structure of this little work,
A bird's nest. Mark it well within, without:
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all,
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another?”

“The bee observe;
He too an artist is, and laughs at man;
Who calls on rules the sightly hexagon
Will truth to form; a cunning architect,
Who at the roof begins her golden work,
And builds without foundation?”

So wrote Hurdis, in his “Village Curate,” towards the end of the last century: his poems are not so well known as they deserve to be, for his pastoral descriptions are as truthful as they are simple, and full of beauty. Hurdis was the friend of Cowper—with whom he may not unfitly be compared—and of Hayley, and was Professor of Poetry at Oxford. It is, too, on such topics that Mr. Wood discourses in the most entertaining and instructive volume, aptly entitled “Homes without Hands;” and his former publications on Natural History show him to be eminently qualified to treat of them,—in a way, moreover, to commend the subject to every class of reader. Beginning with the simplest and most natural form of animal habitation, a burrow in the ground, he proceeds to notice the “homes” of those creatures that suspend them in the air; next, those of real builders, that form their domiciles of mud, stones, sticks, and similar materials; the fourth class consists of those which make their habitations beneath the surface of the water, whether salt or fresh; the fifth, of those that live socially in communities; the next, those which are parasitic upon animals or plants; then, those which build on branches; and lastly, those that must be classed under the head of miscellaneous, or those whose habitations could not be well placed in either of the foregoing groups.

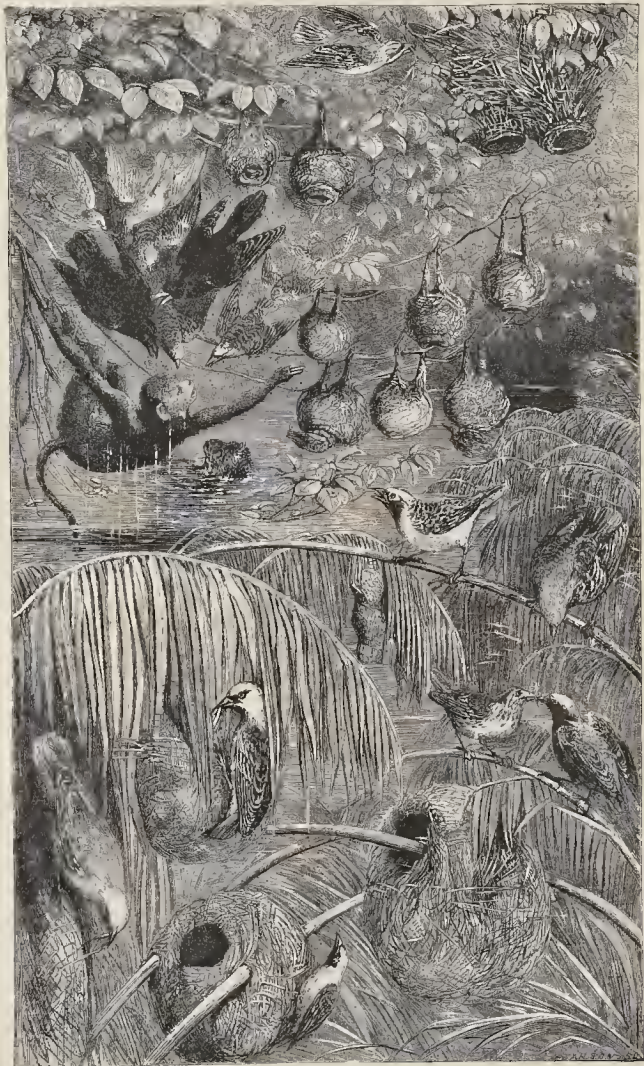
But this classification, clear and definite as it must seem to all who are not well acquainted with the subject, admits of another division or arrangement. Thus, in treating of the “Burrowers,” the mammalia have precedence; these include man, the mole, the fox, the weasel, &c. Burrowing birds come next in order;

* HOMES WITHOUT HANDS. Being a Description of the Habitations of Animals, classed according to their Principle of Construction. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S., &c. Author of “Illustrated Natural History,” “Common Objects of the Seashore and Country.” With New Designs by W. E. Keble & E. Smith. Engraved by Messrs. Pearson. Published by Longmans, Green, and Co., London.

those which burrow in the earth, and those that burrow, or make holes for their homes, in trees. Burrowing reptiles are followed by burrowing invertebrates, and so on; and thus the whole subject is brought forward in its natural order, and in a way that renders it perfectly explicable.

It is only the diligent student of nature who can entertain the least idea of the skill and ingenuity possessed by the majority of these “cunning” architects, and of the means they

employ in the construction of their homes to render them safe and adequate to their necessities. The illustrations with which Mr. Wood has copiously enriched his book will do much to enlighten the reader on this matter, and we are favoured with the means of introducing some examples. The first is a group of WEAVER BIRDS, natives of the tropical regions of Africa and Asia. These birds suspend their nests in the most extraordinary way to the ends of twigs, small branches, drooping parasites, palm



AFRICAN WEAVERS.

leaves, and reeds; many species of them hang their nests over water, and at no very great height above its surface. The object of this curious locality is evidently that the eggs and young should be preserved from the depredations of the innumerable monkeys which swarm in the forests, and whose filching propensities would rob many a nest of its young brood. The weight of the smallest monkey is too great for the stem or leaf from which the nest is suspended or to which it is attached; and it there-

fore happens generally that in the attempt to grasp his prize he pays the penalty of his misdoings by being immersed in the water, which, for a time at least, puts a stop to his depredations, if he does not lose his life. The nests of all “pensile” birds, says the author, are remarkable for eccentricity of shape and design, although they agree in one point, namely, that they dangle at the end of twigs, and dance about merrily in the breeze. Some are very long, some very short; some have their en-

trance at the side, others from below, and others again from near the top. Some are hung, like a hammock, from one twig to another; others are suspended to the extremity of the twig itself; and others fasten their nests to the extremities of palm leaves. Another peculiarity is the difference of "make" and materials, some birds using fibres, others the coarsest



SIREN.

effected in the following manner:—With the long and powerful ovipositor the mother insect introduces her eggs into the tree, and there leaves them to be hatched. As soon as the young grub has burst from the egg, it begins to burrow into the tree, and to traverse it in all directions, feeding upon the substance of the wood, and drilling holes of a tolerably regular

form. Towards the end of its larval existence, it works its way to the exterior of the trunk, and there awaits its final change; so that, when it assumes its perfect form, it has only to push itself out of the hole, and find itself in the wide world.

Very curious are the nests of the two birds seen in our next illustration, those of the FAIRY



FAIRY MARTIN.

PIED GRALLINA.

MARTIN and the PIED GRALLINA, both natives of Australia. These nests are formed of mud and clay, with which are interwoven sticks, grasses, feathers, and stems of plants; these serve to bind the clay together, in the same way as does cow's hair in the plaster used by bricklayers.

"Homes without Hands" is a book of absorb-

ing interest. To those who live in the country, and whose tastes lead to the observation of the animal life that surrounds them, it must prove especially welcome; and it can scarcely be less so to those who, dwelling in towns and cities, have little or no opportunity of studying natural history in any of its multitudinous and most instructive forms.

WAKEFIELD EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRIAL AND FINE ART.

THE 30th of August was a "red-letter" day in the annals of Wakefield. Situated, as the town is, in the midst of a large agricultural population, it is yet fully alive to the importance of encouraging the works of the artist and the artisan. The exhibition had its origin in a very humble beginning. It was primarily projected to encourage the industry, and usefully to employ the winter evenings, of the children connected with the parochial schools. Then the parents of the children were desirous of exhibiting the results of their own industry; and subsequently others expressed a wish to contribute. As the report of the project circulated through that part of Yorkshire, applications to participate in it were made from Leeds, Sheffield, Bradford, Saltah, Pontefract, and half a score other places, and the result was a display of various kinds of works, to which, including the Fine Arts department and that of the juveniles, the names of nearly two thousand contributors were appended.

The exhibition was held in six rooms, or halls, the "Tammy Cloth Hall" forming a portion, to which was added a large temporary structure of wood and glass. It was opened with considerable ceremony, the day being observed as a public holiday. Among the distinguished individuals who were present were the Archbishop of York, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Milton, Lord Houghton, president of the exhibition, the Right Hon. C. B. Adderley, M.P., Mr. Leatham, M.P., and a large number of the local gentry, affording a gratifying instance of the interest they felt in this spontaneous display of the industry of their poorer neighbours. After the most reverend prelate had offered up a dedicatory prayer, the assembled company was addressed at considerable length by Lord Houghton, the Archbishop, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Leatham.

Among other works placed in the large central hall, to which the visitor was first admitted, is an important specimen of paper-staining and ornamental painting, representing 'The Garden of Eden,' in the production of which six thousand blocks were employed. Beneath it were—we are writing in the past tense, as probably the exhibition will be closed before our sheets are in the hands of our subscribers—an interesting collection of finely carved ancient furniture. On the walls hang specimens of the various kinds of woollen stuffs manufactured in the West Riding. In the entrance hall were contributions of pottery. What is called the "Tammy Cloth Hall" consists of two long but very narrow rooms, one above the other; in the lower rooms were specimens of machinery in motion, and in the upper a large collection of objects too numerous to particularise, but consisting of chemical products and manufactures, and mineral substances, scientific works, and of the diverse productions that generally come under the title of "Industrial Art," all properly classified; very many of these objects are of great excellence. The section "Scholars' and Children's Works," included articles contributed by twenty-four schools, male and female, in Wakefield and its immediate vicinity.

Right and left of the entrance hall were two excellent picture galleries, one devoted to oil paintings, the other to water-colour drawings, photographs, &c. These formed, as might be expected, attractive features in the exhibition, and deservedly so, for they contained some excellent examples of the works of the British school of painters. The oil pictures, numbering more than three hundred, included specimens of Reynolds, Romney, Hoppner, Etty, Hogarth, Constable, Gainsborough, R. Wilson, Morland, Lawrence, Leslie, E. M. Ward, C. Stanfield, T. S. Cooper, J. B. Pyne, H. O'Neil, E. V. Ripplingille, J. Severn, Boddington, and many others. The pictures in water-colours numbered about two hundred; among them were works by Turner, W. Hunt, D. Roberts, S. Prout, B. Foster, J. Nash, Linnell, J. Gilbert, C. Werner, D. Francis, and many more.

Among some pertinent and judicious observations made by Lord Houghton, the following appears in the report of his speech, when alluding to the advantages such exhibitions afford to the artisan:—"It is a great thing for the working man—the common hard-working mechanic—to see the results of his daily labour, and to perceive that his work is in itself an art. When I see men engaged in long mechanical labour, it always seems to me that there are two ideas I should wish to see spread broadcast over the community. One is, that such men should have something in their minds besides their mere labour, which should occupy their minds during the performance of their labour. The other is, that they should have some other employment—some power of doing something else besides the mechanical labour in which they are engaged. It is a new and interesting feature of these exhibitions, that they afford to the artisan class the opportunity of exhibiting any works which they may have produced, and which are not peculiar to their trades. It is a great thing for a man to feel that he is not a mere machine, or part of a machine; but that besides being part of the great machine of the world, as we all are who perform any industrious part, there is something divine in him which gives him the power of understanding and appreciating other things besides his mechanical work, and which thus places him in conjunction and sympathy with minds higher than his own."

Such gatherings as appeared at the inauguration of the Wakefield Exhibition form a strong link of union between the upper and lower classes. They show a community of interests between the two, and the remarks made by more than one speaker clearly pointed out that each is dependent upon the other for no small portion of his comfort and personal enjoyment, for the wealth of the rich man could do little to promote either without the skill and labour of the artisan, who must look to the other to appreciate the work of his hand by becoming its possessor.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

ABERDEEN.—Mr. A. Brodie is progressing with his statue of the Queen, which is intended to stand at the corner of St. Nicholas Street, in this city.

EDINBURGH.—Mr. John Steell, R.S.A., has recently completed a statue of the late Right Hon. James Wilson, for transmission to India, where he held the appointment of Finance Minister. It will be placed in a prominent position in Calcutta, and a *replica* of the work in bronze—the original is in marble—will, probably, be erected in Hawick, Mr. Wilson's native town, a subscription for the purpose having been already announced. A bust of the deceased statesman was some time since executed by Mr. Steell, from life, and is now in the Scottish National Gallery.—A portion of the new Museum of Science and Art, which has been in course of construction for about the last four years, is so far completed as to allow of the collections being removed into it, and the work of transference has been in progress for some weeks past. The halls and galleries are lighted with gas, on the same system as that adopted in the South Kensington Museum.

FETTERCAIRN.—A Gothic arch, in memory of the late Prince Consort, has been erected, from the designs of Mr. John Milne, of St. Andrew's, at Fettercairn. It consists of two massive octagonal towers, each about seven feet in diameter, and supported by buttresses; the towers are about sixty feet high, and are surmounted by gilded metal finials. The arch itself is semicircular, rather more than eighteen feet in the span, and upwards of sixteen feet in height, to the keystone. Above the arch there appears on a scroll the inscription, "Visit of Victoria and Albert," in raised letters of old English character; and above the cornice, on each side, and under the cope of the arch, is a crown, in relief; while the top of the arch is

coped with embrasures, and in the centre is a semi-turret with gilt metallic finials. The memorial, as the inscription indicates, has reference to a royal visit to Fettercairn. It was after this visit that a subscription was raised for a memorial of the event; but it was not till the death of the Prince occurred that much progress was made in carrying out the object, and it has now taken the form just described.

BIRMINGHAM.—An exhibition, entitled "The Working Men's Industrial Exhibition," was opened with considerable ceremony in this busy town on the 29th of August. The catalogue contains a long list of useful and ornamental objects, as well as numerous literary contributions, in very many of which the women seem to share the credit of production equally with the men. We trust that when the exhibition closes it will be found to have proved more pecuniarily remunerative than some recent similar displays in London.

BUGHROX.—The exhibition of the Brighton Art-Society opened, on the 4th of last month, with a collection of 230 oil paintings, 195 drawings in water-colours, and five examples of sculpture. Of the whole number of works exhibited, 76 are the productions of local artists. Among the leading subjects the following may be mentioned:—"Tired," F. S. Cary; "Beatrice," E. Kennedy; "Imogen," J. B. Bedford; "After sunset merrily," F. Smallfield; "The Favourite," and "The Fisherman's Daughter," J. Noble; "Dutch Shipping," H. K. Taylor; "Amager Girl," and "Danish Nurse with a Parrot," Mme. Jerichau; "Sunday," J. J. Wilson; "Vanity," S. B. Halle; "Fowey Harbour," and others, by W. Linton; "Bilberry Gatherers," J. Bouvier; "The Fortune-teller," D. Hardy; "Culais Sands," and "Fishing Boats," both by W. R. Beverley; "Asouan, Upper Egypt," and "Moorish Ladies," C. Vacher; "Dar Thuria," H. Tiley; "A Grave Hint," "Come into the Garden, Maud," and others, Hablot K. Browne; "A Swollen Stream," J. Fahey. The catalogue contains also works by many other artists whose names are well known:—E. W. Cooke, R.A., Bennett, Holland, G. Smith, J. B. Pyne, W. Leader, J. Horlor, Niemann, S. Prout, J. Callow, W. Hunt, T. Joy, S. P. Jackson, G. D. Paris, Honorary Secretary of the Society, Gastman, R. B. Scanlan, P. S. Robins, Miss Rayner, Mrs. W. Oliver, and Mrs. H. Criddle. Some of the pictures by these artists have been contributed by their present owners.

CANTERBURY.—Mr. Fyffers, the sculptor, is engaged on a series of statues, sixty-seven in number, for the south porch of the cathedral in this city, in pursuance of a scheme which has been laid down by Dr. Alford, Dean of Canterbury. They are, chiefly, the gifts of individuals.

COVENTRY.—A statue of the late Sir Joseph Paxton is to be erected, by public subscription, in the vicinity of this city, which he represented in parliament during a term of ten years. The site selected is the cemetery, in all respects a very suitable one, for it was designed by him, and laid out under his superintendence.

READING is having its industrial exhibition, to which the Queen has contributed many valuable and interesting works from Windsor Castle. The Provost and Fellows of Eton College, Lord Overstone, Colonel Lloyd Lindsay, M.P., Sir C. Russell, M.P., Mr. Benyon, M.P., and others of the county gentry, are contributors of pictures, sculptures, and other works of art. The exhibition was opened about the middle of last month.

SHEFFIELD.—The Council of the School of Art in this town is making an effort to remove the debt on the building, which amounts to £2,000, and also to increase the subscription list for the support of the institution by £200 a year. The withdrawal of Government aid has rendered these movements imperative to keep the doors of the school open.

WINCHESTER.—Eight small statues for the upper portion of the City Cross are completed, and have arrived at their place of destination. They represent respectively St. Lawrence, St. Bartholomew, St. Thomas, the Virgin Mary, St. John, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Maurice. The three large statues for the lower niches will be those of King Alfred, William of Wykeham, and Florence de Lunn, first mayor of Winchester.

BRIGHTLING OBSERVATORY. (FROM ROSEHILL PARK.)

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Painter. W. B. Cooke, Engraver.

MR. THORBURN, the biographer of Turner, says: "I go to few places in England but I seem to meet Turner. I find him on the Derbyshire Hills, and among the ruins of Yorkshire abbeys. I meet his ghost on the banks of the Wharfe, and on the seashore at Dover. I come across him in the green hop-fields of Kent, and in the marshes of the Thames. I see his short, stalwart spirit pacing about the Scotch moors, and around the pebbly marshes of Scotch lakes. I never go on the Thames, and look at St. Paul's, but I seem to see him bout past me, and steer on to that old loved Chelsea. In Wales, at Oxford, in Sussex, in Wiltshire, I still cannot drive away the remembrance of him. He haunts Fonthill, Petworth, and Tisbury; he meets me at every old castle and abbey in England; he has been on every river, and in every county. He did much to spread the fame of the beauty of our country."

No painter ever did so much: the number of engravings executed from his sketches of scenery in Great Britain amounts to several hundreds, and a very large portion of them belong to a comparatively early period of his career. Turner's drawings have elicited as much praise from his admirers as the noblest of his oil paintings.

One has but to look at the female figure forming so conspicuous an object in the foreground of the accompanying engraving of 'Brightling Observatory' to be convinced that the drawing from which it was taken must have been made very many years ago; for certainly her dress is of a type to which the living generation, except those of us who may be getting into the sear and yellow leaf, knows nothing except in pictures. The view itself has, in all probability, undergone great changes since Turner sketched it, and, we believe, the Observatory no longer exists; the hill on which it stood rises to a height of 616 feet above the level of the sea. Brightling is a small village about three or four miles north of Battle, a locality which has beauties almost peculiar to itself, and Turner was always on the search after variety in the picturesque. Here we have a wide sweep of downs, with their rich covering of short and delicate turf, fragrant with wild thyme, whereon large flocks of sheep feed—the celebrated "South-downs," whose flesh is esteemed a delicacy even on the table of the epicure. The scene is finely broken into hill and dale, with noble patches of forest trees here and there to relieve the eye of all monotony both of form and surface, and permitting the artist to display his powers of regulating the light and shade of his picture in the most effective manner. Turner's management of *chiar-oscuro* is always notable, and he often made it depend less upon the composition itself—that is, upon the objects or materials of which it was made up—than of those which did not appear in it. The chief, and indeed almost the only way of doing this, is by invoking the aid of clouds, and causing those which are *out of the picture* to throw their reflections on certain portions of the landscape. Almost the whole of the foreground in the drawing of 'Brightling Observatory' is treated in this manner; there is no other way in which the long line of shadow passing across the composition, and gradually merging into the light on the left can be accounted for; and how effective is the result!



DAVID BURNETT'S ENGRAVING

THE RURAL LANDSCAPE

HISTORIC DEVICES AND BADGES.

BY MRS. DUBY PALLISER.

"To describe the emblazon'd shields
Impresses quaint."—MILTON."Here's now mystery and hierarchy life."
BEN JONSON, *The Alchemist*.

PART I.

DEVICES and badges form a branch of heraldic study the importance of which has not been sufficiently appreciated. It is of the greatest value to the archæologist, in helping him to ascertain the origin and fix the date of an infinity of works of Art. The knight bore his device upon various parts of his dress; it was embroidered upon his surcoat and the caparisons of his horse; was engraved upon his armour and his arms, inscribed upon his objects of daily use, his books, his plate, his bed, and his household furniture. On Majorica we see painted the impress of the dukes of Urbino, and those of the Medici popes appear in the Loggia of the Vatican.

The badge and the device, though often confounded, are essentially distinct in character.

The badge or cognisance (from the Norman term *capouissance*, a mark, or token, by which a thing is known) was a figure selected either from some part of the family coat, or chosen by the owner as alluding to his name, office, or estate, or to some family exploit; and sometimes it was granted by the sovereign as a token of his favour. It was worn by the retainers of princes and powerful barons, to declare visibly the liege lord to whose service they were attached. It glittered on the standard, and was embroidered upon the sleeve, breast, back, or other parts of the dress; in later times, stamped or engraved on metal, and attached to the sleeve, as the badge of the waterman or ferryman of the present day—the only remnant, perhaps, now existing of this once important mark of fealty and vassalage.

Badges were greatly in favour in England from Edward I. to the time of Queen Elizabeth. In the reign of Edward III.* they were used in profusion, and the principal houses, in imitation of the royal family, had a distinctive mark for their retainers, which secondary token of family distinction was no doubt, at the time, better known by their dependants than the personal arms or crest of the liege lord to whom they belonged. "Might I not know thee by thy household badge?" says Shakspeare. Badges were hereditary in families, and to deprive a nobleman of his badge was a punishment of the deepest degradation.†

How many of the most interesting associations of feudal history are connected with the badge! The "Broom branch" of the Plantagenets; the "Roses" of the rival

houses, "the Sun of York," the "Bristled Bear" of King Richard, the "Rampant Bear chained to the ragged staff" of Warwick, are all familiar, and identified with history itself.

There are few now of our nobility who retain this ancient appendage. The Stafford Knot and the Pelham Buckle are among the rare exceptions; but we still find the cognisance of many an illustrious family preserved in the sign of an inn.

The White Hart of Richard II., the Antelope of Henry IV., the Beacon of Henry V., the Feathers of Henry VI., the Star of the Lords of Oxford, whose brilliancy decided the fate of the battle of Barnet, the Lion of Norfolk, which shone conspicuous on Bosworth Field, and many others too numerous to mention, may yet be seen as signboards to village inns contiguous to the former estates of families whose possessions have passed into other hands.

Again, turn to the Salamander of Angoulême, the Porcupine of Orleans, the Ermine of Bretagne, hereditary badges of France's sovereigns; the Plane and the Knotted Staff of Burgundy and Orleans, the Wallet of the Gneux, the "Biscia" of Milan,—to periods fraught with what stirring historic recollections do they all carry us back!

The object of the badge was publicity; not so the device or impress, which, with its accompanying legend or motto, was assumed for the purpose of mystification—an ingenious expression of some particular conceit of the wearer, containing a hidden meaning.

Devices became general in the fourteenth century, but it was during the French wars in Italy that they attained their full development, and the ingenuity of the learned was called forth to invent devices expressing the dominant feeling of the wearer, in love, war, arts, or politics.

Giovio, Rusecchi, Paradin, and a host of *litterati*, were enlisted in the cause; and sovereigns did not disdain to compose their own devices.

Mary Stuart solaced the hours of her captivity by inventing devices which she executed in embroidery; and she appeals to her astute uncle, Cardinal Lorraine, to compose a device for a mirror,† as to one well versed in the art.

In England they were never very popular, but on the Continent to such an extent was the fashion carried, that devices departed from their original character, and degenerated into senseless and puerile subtleties.

The device required certain conditions. It was composed of two parts, the picture and the motto—the "*corpo*" and "*animo*," as they were styled by the Italians. No device was perfect without the two. There should be a just proportion between the *corpo* and *animo*. The *corpo*, or painted metaphor, should not represent the human form, and should be pleasing in appearance; the *animo* should be short, and in a foreign language, the object of the two being that they should not be so plain as to be understood by all, or so obscure as to require a sphinx to interpret.‡

In the middle of the sixteenth century, books of devices formed a distinct class of literature, and the number published would form a library of themselves. Art was inexhaustible in the variety of devices and

symbolic images by which it sought to typify moral truths and doctrines.

But it is of devices adopted by persons of eminence either in art, arms, literature, or station, that we propose to treat,—devices strictly historic, the study of which alone can lead to any useful result. Our first paper shall be devoted to the

DEVICES AND BADGES OF THE KINGS OF FRANCE.

St. Louis took for his device the Daisy and the *fleur-de-lis*, out of compliment to his wife, Marguerite de Provence, and in allusion to his own armorial bearings. He caused a ring to be made, round which was a wreath of daisies and *fleurs-de-lis*, enamelled in relief, and on a sapphire the two flowers were engraved, with this inscription:—"Hors cest anel, point n'ay amour;" implying that all his thoughts and affections were centred in his wife and his country.

On the occasion of his marriage, in 1234, St. Louis instituted the order of the "Cosse de Genest," and, as an emblem of his humility, selected for his badge the broom flower, with a suitable motto, *Exaltat humiles*, "He exalteth the humble." The collar of the order was composed of broom flowers, enamelled white and green, intermixed with *fleurs-de-lis* (Fig. 1).



Fig. 1.

This order appears to have been long held in estimation, for, as late as the reign of Charles VI., we find a charge in the accounts of the "Argentier du Roi," for four collars of the Cosse de Genest, sent to England as presents to King Richard II. and his uncles, the dukes of Lancaster, Gloucester, and, as he is styled, the "Duc d'Yhorst." Again, the order occurs in the royal accounts, 1393: "Deux cosses de genestes pendan en chacun d'iceulx cottiers l'une esmaillee de blanc et l'autre de vert."—*Comptes Royaux*: 1395: "Deux cosses pendans au bout de couronnes, l'une esmaillee de blanc et l'autre de vert."—*Ibid*.

JOHN "Le Bon," the prisoner of Poitiers, had two swans for supporters,* and took, as his device, a star crowned with the motto, *Monstrant regibus astra viam*, "Stars show the way to Kings," in allusion to the star that led the three kings to Bethlehem (Fig. 2). After the example of Edward III., who had instituted the Order of the Garter, John established that of the Star. The knights wore no collar, but on their mantle was embroidered a blue star, cantoned with the

* "This age did exceedingly abound with impresses, mottoes, and devices, and particularly King Edward III. was so excessively given up to them, that his apparel, plate, bed, household furniture, shields, and even the harness of his horses, and the like, were not without them."—ASHMOLE, *History of the Order of the Garter*.

† "For the thirde offence . . . you shall openly make recital of all his offences, and take away from him his livery, or at least his badge."—*Some rules and orders for the government of the House of an Earle, set down by R. Breathonite*. Temp. James I.

‡ Family decorations, called *White Collars*, were sometimes formed of the badges of a house, with one of the most important as a pendant, such as—

The collar of Broom pods, with the White Hart pendant, in the portrait of Richard II., at Wilton.
The collar of SS, with the Swan of the De Bohuns appendant, round the neck of the poet Gower, in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, and the constantly recurring collar of Suns and Roses; badges of the House of York, with the pendant of the White Boat of Richard III.; the Black Bull of the Duke of Clarence, and the White Lion of March.

* There were no fewer than thirty impresses embroidered on a bed by Mary and her ladies when at Tutbury.

† "I pray you to have made for me a beautiful golden mirror to suspend from my cradle, . . . with some appropriate device, which the Cardinal, my uncle, can compose."—LABAN OFF, *Recueil de Lettres*.

‡ "Gravely and majesty must be in it. It must be somewhat refined from the capacity of the vulgar."—SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

* Louis IX. had two dragons for supporters. Of his predecessors, Philip Augustus took two lions, and Louis VIII. two wild boars. Of the successors of St. Louis, Philip III., Le Hardi, had two eagles; Philip V., Le Long, two lions; and, for Navarre, eight escarbuncles. Charles IV., Le Bel, bore two lions leopardés, and the escarbuncles for Navarre. Philip VI., de Valois, had two greyhounds. He also took a single lion, and sometimes a single angel.—M. BEY, *Jusques de la Monarchie Française*.

letters M.R.A.V., the initials of the king's motto. They also wore a ring, with a star enamelled upon it.*

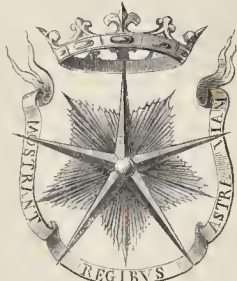


Fig. 2.

CHARLES V., "Le Sage." First dauphin of France, by virtue of the bequest of Humbert, Count of Viennois.

The motto of Charles V. was *Recti et fortiter*, "Rightly and bravely;" his supporters, two greyhounds azure, and afterwards two dolphins.

CHARLES VI., "Le Bien Servi," took for device a flying stag, with a collar of gold round its neck, and the motto, *Cæsar hoc mihi donavit*, "This Cæsar gave to me." Juvenal des Ursins relates that the king, when hunting in the forest of Senlis, found a stag wearing a chain of copper gilt round its neck. The stag was taken alive, and on the collar was the above inscription. From that time the king adopted the flying stag, and bore two of them as supporters to his arms, having previously used two angels.

Froissart gives a different account of the origin of this device.

"It happened," he relates, "that during the residence of the young king Charles at Senlis, as he was sleeping in his bed, a vision appeared to him. He thought he was in the city of Arras, where, until then, he had never been, attended by all the flower of his kingdom; that the Earl of Flanders came there to him, and placed on his wrist a most beautiful and elegant pilgrim-falcon, saying, 'My lord, in God's name I give this falcon to you, for the best that was ever seen, the most indefatigable hunter, and the most excellent striker of birds.' The king was much pleased with the present, and said, 'Fair cousin, I give you my thanks.' He then turned to the Constable of France,† who was near him, and said, 'Sir Oliver, let you and I go to the plains, and try this elegant falcon which my cousin of Flanders has given me.' When the constable answered, 'Well, let us go.' Then each mounted their horses, and went into the fields, taking the falcon with them, where they found plenty of herons to fly him them at. The king said, 'Constable, cast off the falcon, and we shall see how he will hunt.' The constable let him fly, and the falcon mounted so high in the air they could scarcely see him. He took the direction towards Flanders. 'Let us ride after my bird,' said the king to the constable, 'for I will not lose him.' The constable assented, and they rode on, as it appeared to the king, through a large marsh, when they came to a wood, on which the king

cried out, 'Dismount, dismount, we cannot pass this wood on horseback.' They then dismounted, when some servants came and took their horses. The king and constable entered the wood with much difficulty, and watched on until they came to an extensive heath, where they saw the falcon chasing herons, and striking them down; but they resisted, and there was a battle between them. It seemed to the king that his falcon performed gallantly, and drove the birds before him so far that he lost sight of him. This much vexed the king, as well as the impossibility of following him; and he said to the constable, 'I shall lose my falcon, which I shall very much regret; for I have neither lure nor anything else to call him back.' Whilst the king was in this anxiety, he thought a beautiful hart, with two wings, appeared to issue out of the wood, and came to this heath, and bend himself down before the king, who said to the constable, as he regarded this wonder with delight, 'Constable, do you remain here, and I will mount this hart that offers itself to me, and follow my bird.' The constable agreed to it, and the young king joyfully mounted the hart, and went seeking the falcon. The hart, like one well tutored to obey the king's pleasure, carried him over the tops of the highest trees, when he saw his falcon striking down such numbers of birds that he marvelled how he could do it. It seemed to the king that when the falcon had sufficiently flown, and struck down enough of the herons; he called him back, and instantly, as if well taught, he perched on the king's wrist; when it seemed to him that after he had taken the falcon by its lure, and given him his reward, the hart flew back again over the wood, and replaced the king on the same heath whence he had carried him, and where the constable was waiting, who was much rejoiced at his return. On his arrival, he dismounted, the hart returned to the wood, and was no more seen. The king then, as he imagined, related to the constable how well the hart had carried him; that he had never rode so easy before in his life; and also the goodness of his falcon, who had struck him down such numbers of birds; to all which the constable willingly listened. The servants then seemed to come after them with their horses, which, having mounted, they followed a magnifi-

was so imprinted on his memory, that he told it to some of his attendants who were waiting in his chamber. The figure of this hart was so agreeable to him, that he could not put it out of his imagination; and this was the cause why, on his expedition to Flanders against the Flemings, he took a flying hart for his device" (Fig. 3).

The sun also appears to have been one of the devices of Charles VI. Froissart, in describing the tournament given on the occasion of Queen Isabella's entry into Paris, states that "a brilliant sun dispersing its way through the heavens" was the king's device. There were thirty knights, including the king, who styled themselves Knights of the Golden Sun, all sumptuously apparelled, and each had on his shield a splendid sun.

CHARLES VII., "Le Victorieux," used the flying stags of his father, but had as his emblem, a thorny rosebush. At his entry into Rouen he bore golden suns.†

LOUIS XI. had the flying stags for supporters, and afterwards two eagles. Finally, he adopted the image of St. Michael as his special emblem. His father, Charles VII., had borne the image of this saint on his standard, when he took the field, in consequence, it is said, of the appearance of St. Michael on the bridge of Orleans, defending the city against an assault of the English. In obedience to the testamentary directions of his father, Louis XI. instituted, at Amboise, in 1469, the Order of St. Michael.‡

CHARLES VIII.—His motto was *Si Deus pro vobis, quis contra nos?* "If God be with us, who shall be against us?"

The letter K, surmounted by a crown, was embroidered upon the surcoats of the archers of the guard, and upon his standards.§ He used as supporters, the winged stags, two crosses of Jerusalem, and also two unicorns.

LOUIS XII., "Père du Peuple."—In 1397, his grandfather, Louis, Duke of Orleans, instituted the Order of the Porcupine, and on the occasion of the baptism of his son Charles, he took this animal as his emblem, with the motto, *Comius et cæsius*, "Near and afar," alluding to the vulgar error that the porcupine is able, not only to defend itself from close attack, but can throw its quills against more distant assailants;|| Duke Louis meaning thereby to convey that he could defend himself with his own weapons, and that he could attack his enemy, John, Duke of Burgundy, as



Fig. 3.

cent road that brought them back to Arras. The king, at this part, awakened, much astonished at the vision he had seen, which

* Froissart, Book II., chap. civ. John's Translation. His uncle, Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, made use of this vision to urge Charles to march against the revolted Flemings, declaring it a presage of success, as was realised by the gain of the battle of Rosbec, in which Philip von Arteveld was slain.

† Lancelot, one of the knaves in playing-cards, bears a sun upon his coat of arms, a proof, among others, of the antiquity of the game.

‡ Louis XI. coined "Ecus de soleil," to which Massingier alludes—

"Present your bag
Cranmed with crowns of the Sun."

§ Charles VI. reduced the *heurs-de-lis* in the royal escutcheon to three.

|| The collar was composed of escallop shells, interlaced with double knots, and from it hung a medallion representing St. Michael and the dragon. The motto of the order was *Immensi tremor Oceani*, "The trembling of the immeasurable ocean."

1488. "A collar of cockshells contained xxiii. shells of gold."—*Inventary of Jewels of James III.* The Royal Wardrobe and Jewel House, 1488—1496. Edinburgh.

1539. "The capture of France of the Cock and Saint Michael."—*Inventary of James I.* Ibid.

§ 1498. "Une couverture à chariot branlant, de velours cramoisy, semée de cordelières et de lettres de K et A de drap d'air raz et plat."—*Inventaire de la Roynie Anne de Bretagne.*

|| Wlars de Honecourt, a writer of the thirteenth century, in his album, preserved in the Imperial Library at Paris, gives a picture of the porcupine, with this legend underneath—"Vestit L. porcup. c'est une bestete qui lance ce soie grant elle corceit."

* "Et porteront continuellement un Amiel en tour la verge d'ungel sera escript leur non et surmont, auquel amiel auer un Escual plus vermeil, en l'esmail une estole blanche, au milieu de l'Estole une rondour d'azur, un petit Soleil d'or."—*Cretear letter of John II. to the nobles upon whom he intended conferring the order.* Chambre des Comptes, Paris.

† Officier de Clisson. He led the vanguard at Rosbec.

well at a distance as near. Perhaps, too, he may have referred to his distant goal of inheriting from his brother (Charles VI.) the crown of France.

Louis XII. abolished the order after his accession, but retained the hereditary badge of his family (Fig. 4), and took two



Fig. 4.

porcupines for his supporters. His cannon were marked with the porcupine, and his golden "écus au porc épic" were much sought after by the curious.*

In his expedition against the Genoese, Louis XII. is described by Montfaucon as arrayed, as well as his horse, in white vestments, covered with hives and bees of gold, with the motto, *Non ulitur aculeo rex*. "The king does not use a sting."†

ANNE OF BRETAGNE, Queen of Charles VIII., and afterwards of Louis XII., adopted the ermine (Fig. 5), the ancient

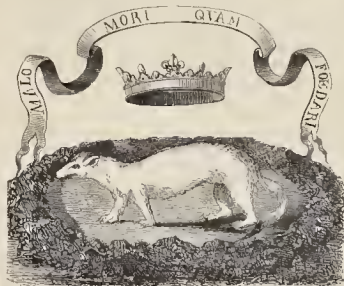


Fig. 5.

hereditary device of her duchy, with the motto, *Malo mori quam ferri*, "Better to die than be sullied," or as the French render it, "Plutôt mourir que souiller."

Anne appears, however, more frequently to have used the motto of the Breton order of the ermine, "A ma vie." We find the ermine with this last legend in her celebrated "Livre d'heures." It was placed on the "herse," erected at Nantes, after her death, to receive her heart;‡ and on a

* 1596. "C'est le compte de la nef de Porcupine faite par France Croist osévre, valet de chambre de M.S. le Duc d'Orléans."—*Inventory des Ducs de Bourgogne*.

† In the inventory of the jewels and artillery in the Castle of Edinburgh, in 1578, are—
"Ane cannon of the fonte markit with the porcupik."
"Ane uthir moyane of the fonte markit with the porcupik." &c.

‡ "Whether the king of Bees alone hath no sting, and is armed only with majesty? or whether nature hath bestowed a sting upon him, and denied him only the use thereof? For certain it is, that this great commander over the rest doth nothing with his sting, and yet a wonder it is to see how they all readily obey him."—PLINY, Book xi., ch. xvii., *Holland's Translation*.
† Montfaucon, "Mons. de la Monarchie Française."

fountain in the market-place of Tours may still be seen, on one side, the porcupine of Louis XII., and on the other the ermine of Queen Anne, with the motto, "A ma vie."*

After the death of Charles VIII., who had compelled her, sword in hand, to marry him, that he might unite the rich inheritance of the "fière Bretonne" to the crown, Anne attired herself in black, departing from the customary usage of wearing white mourning, which had acquired in France, for queens—dowager, the appellation of "reines blanches." She encircled her arms with the *cordelière*, or cord of St. Francis, which she afterwards converted into an order for widow ladies,† and declared she would follow her husband to the grave. Nine months afterwards the "Reine Duchesse" accepted the hand of his successor. The *cordelière*, however, still encircled her arms, and on her death, the black hangings of the chamber in which she lay are described as enriched with "des cordelières de sa devise."

MARY TUDOR, second wife of Louis XII., afterwards married to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Her motto, which was placed upon her herse, was, "La volonté de Dieu me sniffit."

FRANCIS I.—His well-known device was the salamander, surrounded by flames, with the motto, *Nutrisco et extinguo*, "I nourish and extinguish" (Fig. 6), alluding



Fig. 6.

to the belief current in the middle ages that the salamander had the faculty of living in fire; and also, according to Pliny, of extinguishing it. He says—"He is of so cold a complexion, that if hee doe but touch the fire, hee will quench it as presently as if yee were put into it."§

This motto appears to be a somewhat obscure rendering of one on a medal of Francis, when Comte d'Angoulême, dated

* Sylvanus Morgan says:—"The ermine is a creature of so pure a nature, that it will choose rather to be taken than defile its skin."—*Sphere of Geography*. It is said, the hunters surround it with a wall of mud, which it will not attempt to cross, and therefore becomes an easy prey. Hence the ermine is the emblem of purity, and of honour without stain. The robes of royal and noble persons are lined with ermine to signify the internal purity that should regulate their conduct. Ferdinand, King of Naples, instituted the Order of the Ermine. The legend of Anne of Bretagne was the usual motto, but *Amiquon*, "Never," was also used.
† The Chevaliers de la Cordelière were instituted in 1495. Anne adopted this name in honour of St. Francis, the patron saint of her father. The badge, a silver cord of true lovers' knots, with large knots between, was placed round their arms. It was given only to ladies of nobility, and of irreproachable conduct. The motto, a rebuts, "J'ai le corps delié"—cordelière.
‡ "In the maritime war between England and France, in 1512, Anne armed a fleet at Brez, and the principal ship, which she built at her own expense, and which carried, it is said, 100 guns and 1200 men, was called *La Cordelière*. In an engagement with the English, the ship took fire; its commander, a Breton, named Pringnot, directed it towards that of the English Admiral, and both blew up together."—DARU, *Histoire de Bretagne*.
§ Book x., ch. lxxvii.

1512*—"Nutrisco el buono, stengo el reo," meaning that a good prince protects the good and expels the bad. Some insist that it was the motto of his father; while Mezray tells us that it was his tutor, Boisy, who, seeing the violent and ungovernable spirit of his pupil, not unmixed with good and useful impulses, selected the salamander for his device, with its appropriate motto. This device appears on all the palaces of Francis I. At Fontainebleau and the Châteaux of the Loire, it is every where to be seen; at Chambord there are nearly four thousand. On the Chateau d'Azay (Department of the Indre et Loire) the salamander is accompanied by the motto, *Un seul desir*; at the "Maison de Francois I.," at Orleans, built for the Demoiselle d'Heillie, afterwards Duchesse d'Etampes, we find it intermixed with I's and II's.

At the meeting of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the king's guard at the tournaments was clothed in blue and yellow, with the salamander embroidered thereon.† In the already quoted inventory of the Castle of Edinburgh is—

"Ane moyane of fonte markit with the sallimandrie;"
"Ane little galley cannon of fonte markit with sallimandrie;"

with many others.

CLAUDE DE FRANCE, first wife of Francis I., daughter of Louis XII. and Anne of Bretagne, was styled by her subjects, "la bonne reine." She took for her device a full moon, with the motto, *Candida candidis*, "White to the white," meaning that as the moon, deriving its light from the sun, can add no brilliancy to that luminary, so she could not add to the fame and renown of her husband. According to Ménestrier, this motto implied that she professed to be sincere towards those who were so with her.

Queen Claude also took the swan transfixed by a dart, which is to be seen repeated with the salamander of Francis I., in the coffered ceiling of the staircase in the Chateau of Blois.

ELEANOR OF AUSTRIA, second wife of Francis I., by virtue of the disgraceful Treaty of Cambray, had a phoenix, with the motto, *Non est similis illi*, "There is none like her," meaning that the sister of Charles V. and the wife of so great a king as Francis I. had no equal in happiness and good fortune.

Eleanor also used the same impresa of the phoenix, but changed her motto to *Unica semper avis*,‡ "Always a solitary bird," other showing how much she was neglected, or else to express her determination to remain single.§

Eleanor also took a tree with the sun shining upon it; motto, *His suffulta*.

She had a custom of giving a pair of Spanish gloves to whomsoever brought her news that she should see the king that day, for her affection for her indifferent consort continued unabated. On a certain occasion, Francis having ordered one of his gentlemen to carry his message, another outstripped him and received from the queen the customary reward. When the messenger to whom the king had given the

* In the Mint at Paris.

† Like Charles VI. and Louis XII., Francis used his impresa for supporters. From Charles VI. to Louis XII. the stags were the customary supporters of the French arms.

‡ "Et vivax phoenix, unica semper avis."—OVID.

§ "At the meeting between Charles V. and Francis I., at Loches, the archway of the gate of the town was decorated with various heraldic devices, the most conspicuous of which was the salamander of the king, with his motto, and a phoenix, the badge of Eleanor, with her motto, 'Unica semper avis.' When the princes met, the salamander began to vomit flames, and the phoenix blazed gradually away."—PARADISE, *Histoire de Notre Temps*.

message arrived, and told Eleanor that she might expect his Majesty, the queen replied—"Je le sçavois bien, vous n'en aurez pas les gants," an expression which afterwards passed into a proverb.

HENRY II. had for supporters two angels, and subsequently two greyhounds. When Dauphin, he adopted the special device by which he was distinguished—a crescent, with the motto, *Donec totum impleat orbem*, "Until it fill the whole world" (Fig. 7),



Fig. 7.

implying either that until he inherited the crown, he could not display his full glory, or else, that as the moon gradually increases until it fills the whole circumference, so he would not stop in his career until he filled the world with his renown. Henry bore the crescent variously disposed, sometimes three interlaced, sometimes one only, placed under his escutcheon. It was generally accompanied by bows, quivers, and other attributes of the chase, in allusion to Diane de Poitiers, and their initials (a, b, c).



He ordered the cloth of silver mantle of the knights of St. Michael to be embroidered with his "device," i. e. the three crescents interspersed with bows and quivers, and semé of tongues and flames of fire. The double cipher (a), which is to be seen in the Louvre, on the gateway of the Château of Anet,* and many other buildings, answers equally for Diane as for his queen, Catherine. Henry always wore Diana's colours, black and white, and was attired in them at the fatal tournament which terminated his life. His reign began and ended in a duel; Henry's death from the hand of Gabriel de L'Orge, Comte de Montgomery, accomplishing, among many others,† the prophecy of Nostradamus, that "L'orge étouffera le bon hêc."

The poet Bellay, on seeing him dead, gave him this epitaph—*Hic jacet Henricus qui fuit orbis amator*, "Cy gist Henri qui fut l'Amour du monde."[‡]

* "Il voit (l'Amour) les murs d'Anet bâtir au bord de l'Eure,
Lui-même en ordonna la superbe structure.
Par ses adroites mains avec art enlascés;
Les chiffres de Diane y sont encore placés."
VOLTAIRE, *Henriade*.

† Another predicted that—
"Le lion jeune le vieil samontera
En champ hollie par singulier duelle
Dans cage d'or [his golden helmet] les yeux lui crevera."

A third, Lucas Gauric, had foretold that Henry would die from a wound in the eye received in a duel.

‡ It was a current saying among the Huguenots that—
"Par l'oreille, l'Espagne, et par l'œil,
Dieu a mis trois rois en cercueil."

meaning Henry II., who was pierced in the eye by Montgomery, Captain of the Scottish Guard, 1569.

Francis II. died of a gathering in the ear, at Orleans, 1560. Antoine de Bourbon, King of Navarre, died from a wound in the shoulder received at the siege of Rouen, 1562.

To Henry is also given as device a full moon, with the motto, *Cum plena est emula solis* (Fig. 8), "When full it rivals the sun,"

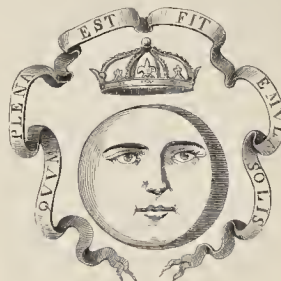


Fig. 8.

alluding to the rising suns of Charles V. and of Philip II.; against both of these princes Henry made war to repair his father's losses. It does not, however, appear that he ever made use of this device.

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS, Queen of Henry II., three times Regent of France. She bore as her device, when young and living with her father, and continued it after her marriage, the rainbow, or Iris, from the association of its name with the Florentine lily. The motto was both in Greek and Latin— $\phi\omega\varsigma \phi\epsilon\rho\omega\iota \delta\alpha\epsilon \tau\alpha\lambda\alpha\eta\eta\eta\varsigma$, *Lucem ferat & serenitatem*, "May the light bring peace" (Fig. 9).



Fig. 9.

After the death of Henry, she took for her device a heap of burning ashes with drops of water falling upon it, emblematic of her tears. The motto, *Ardores extincta testatur vivere flamma*, "Extinct flames prove that heat survives" (Fig. 10).

Catherine also adopted the device of a comet crowned, with the motto, *Fato prudentia major*, "Prudence is greater than fate."

A hen with her chickens; *Servatque fovetque*; "She preserves and fosters," was also among the devices of this queen.*

An astrologer had predicted that Catherine should die in St. Germain, in consequence of which she superstitiously avoided all churches of that name. She went no more to St. Germain-en-Laye; and because her new palace of the Tuileries was in the parish of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, she deserted it, and caused the palace of Soissons to be built near St. Eustache. When it was known that Laurent de Saint Germain, Bishop of Nazareth, had attended her

in her last moments, the astrologers declared the prophecy to have been accomplished.



Fig. 10.

Catherine caused a medal to be struck in reference to the fatal tournament, a shivered

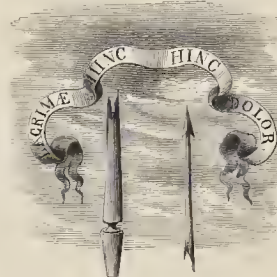


Fig. 11.

lance, with the motto, *Hinc dolor, hinc lacrymae*, "Hence grief, hence tears" (Fig. 11).

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "ART-JOURNAL."

SIR,—As a mis-statement has appeared in your edition for this month, respecting Mr. Ward's picture, I should feel obliged by your allowing me to give the following explanation. A few days previous to the closing of the Royal Academy, Mr. Ward was waited upon in the way of business, to know if he had any of his works he might wish to be sent to either of the provincial exhibitions. The servant delivered the message, and the reply was,—“No, you can remove the small picture from the Royal Academy, and wait instructions,”—which was done, Mr. Ward not knowing to whom he gave the order. I saw the statement in the papers on the 15th August. I immediately waited upon Mr. Ward respecting it, and the picture was returned to him a few hours after, for which I have an acknowledgment, thus showing the picture was not stolen. I trust you will give me space for this letter, otherwise it is likely to do me serious injury.

I am, &c.,
GEORGE FOGG,
for JOSEPH GREEN.

14, Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital,
September 1, 1865.

[The report of Mr. Ward's picture having been stolen was stated in the newspapers and literary journals before it appeared in our own columns, and was supported by an advertisement which appeared in the *Times*, once or twice, offering a reward for its recovery. We are glad to hear the picture has been restored to its rightful owner, though we are somewhat surprised that this fact has not been communicated, so far as we have seen, to the papers which first gave currency to the statement.—Ed. A. J.]

* On a medal.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

LEIGH HUNT.



LEIGH HUNT was the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, and was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, Oct. 19, 1784. Like Coleridge and Lamb, he was educated at Christ's Hospital, and chiefly under the same grammar-master, and, like Lamb, he was prevented from going to the University (which, on the Christ's Hospital foundation, is understood to imply going into the Church), by an impediment in his speech, which, however, he had the better luck to outgrow. At school, as afterwards, he was remarkable for exuberance of animal spirits, and for passionate attachment to his friends, but did not evince any great regard for his studies, except when the exercises were in verse. His prose themes were so bad, that the master used to crumple them up in his hand, and throw them to the boys for their amusement. Animal spirits, a

power of receiving delight from the commonest every-day objects, as well as remote ones, and a sort of luxurious natural piety, if we may so speak, are the prevailing influences of Mr. Hunt's writings. His friend Hazlitt used to say of him, in allusion to his spirits, and to his family stock (which is from the West Indies), that he had "tropical blood in his veins." . . . "He has been an ardent politician in his time, and has suffered in almost every possible way for opinions, which, whether right or wrong, he has lived to see, in a great measure, triumph. Time and suffering, without altering them, we understand, have blunted his exertions as a partisan, by showing him the excuses common and necessary to all men, but the zeal which he has lost as a partisan, he no less evinces for the advancement of mankind."

The passages printed above are contained in a letter addressed to me by Leigh Hunt in 1838, and were notes for a biography I wrote of him in the "Book of Gems." His ancestors, who originally "hailed" from

*The eagle wrote & vanished. The next night
It came again with a great indolent light,
And shined the same whom love of God had blest
And he! Ben. Johnson's rumble led all the rest.*

Leigh Hunt.

Devonshire, were, on the father's side, Tories and cavaliers who fled from the tyranny of Cromwell, and settled in Barbadoes. His grandfather was "an O'Brien, and very proud of her descent from Irish kings." At the outbreak of the American revolution, his father, for the zeal he displayed in his speeches and writings on the royalist side, became obnoxious to the popular party. He was dragged out of his

house, and after having narrowly escaped being tarred and feathered, was carried to prison, but was enabled to escape by a heavy bribe to one of the sentinels who guarded him, and getting on board a ship in the Delaware, made his way to Barbadoes, and thence to England. By his loyalty, a very considerable landed estate was lost to his family. He ultimately, however, became a republican and an "Universalist, a

sect that believed all mankind, and even the demons, would be eventually saved." After some time practising as a lawyer in Philadelphia, he "emigrated" to England, and entered the Church, having wedded a lady of Pennsylvania, against the consent of her father, "a stern merchant." "She had Quaker breeding," and although of a proverbially "fierce race"—the Showells—she was meek, kindly, and Christian, and from her, no doubt, the poet derived much of the gentle urbanity and generous sympathy that were essential features in his character. To her, also, he traces a "constitutional timidity," that "often perplexed him through life;" it is not so much seen in his books as it was in his conversation and conduct. This characteristic was noticed by many, who wondered that so "mild" a person should have embarked on the stormy sea of politics, and have become a fierce partisan of the pen.

Not long after he made his home in England, his father, having taken orders, became tutor to the nephew of the Duke of Chandos, whose name was Leigh, after whom he called his latest-born;* who was nine years younger than the youngest of his brothers, of whom there were several. His father had the spiritual cure of Southgate; and there, Leigh Hunt writes, "I first saw the light." Southgate was then "lying out of the way of innovation," with a pure sweet air of antiquity about it, on the border of Enfield Chase, and in the parish of Edmonton. The house is yet standing, and I have engraved it. The neighbourhood retains much of its peculiar character; it has still "an air of antiquity;" of old houses and ancient trees many yet remain; the forest is indeed gone, but modern "improvements" have but little spoiled the locality.

In 1792 he entered Christ's Hospital; for eight years he toiled there, bare-headed all that time, save now and then when "he covered a few inches of pericranium with a cap no bigger than a crumplet." Here, however, he obtained a scholarship, under the iron rule of the hard taskmaster of whom something has been said in the "Memory" of Coleridge. No doubt much of the after tone of his mind was derived from his long residence in the heart of a great city, and to it may be traced not only his love of streets, but his love of flowers—his luxuries at every period of his life. He was grateful to the Hospital for having "bred him up in old cloisters," for the friendships he formed there, and for the introductions it gave him to Homer and to Ovid. In 1802 his father published a volume of his verses under the title of "Juvénilla," of which the poet in his maturity grew ashamed. For some time he was "in the law-office of his brother Stephen." Gradually he drew in, and gave out, knowledge. He next obtained a clerkship in the War-office, which he relinquished when he became a political writer,—first in a weekly paper called *The News*, and afterwards in the *Examiner*. He was, by profession, a Man of Letters, working with his pen for his daily bread, and becoming, all at once, a critic of authors, actors, and artists.

In 1808, the two brothers, John and Leigh, "set up" "the *Examiner*," the main objects of which were (as Leigh states in his autobiography) to assist in producing reform in Parliament, liberality of opinion in general (especially freedom from super-

* His names were James Henry Leigh Hunt; so they stand in the baptismal registry, although he is known only as Leigh Hunt.

stition), and a fusion of literary taste into all subjects whatsoever."

They soon made it popular, but had to pay a penalty for the freedom of speech that was then, even in its mildest tones, a crime in England. They were tried and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and a fine of one thousand pounds,* for a libel on the Prince of Wales, and they remained in different prisons until the 3rd of February, 1815, John at Coldbath Fields, and Leigh in Surrey Jail, where, however, he was allowed to have his wife (he had married in 1809) and his children with him, and in various other ways his incarceration was made comparatively light; for here he had many admiring and sympathizing visitors, among them Byron, Moore,† Maria Edgeworth, Haydon, and Wilkie.

It has been too generally thought that in the case of this libel, the punishment greatly exceeded the offence; making due allowance for the difference between "now and then," it would not seem so; for perhaps no libel more bitter was ever printed. If the Prince had been a grazier, he would have obtained the protection he claimed from a jury of his countrymen; and if the author had written of the grazier in terms such as he wrote of the Prince, he must have accepted the issue. Here is the marrow of it—there can be no harm in reprinting, to condemn, it, half a century and more since it was written. Hunt was commenting upon an article of gross adulation of the Prince in the *Morning Post*: "Who would have imagined that this 'Adonis of loveliness' was a corpulent gentleman of fifty; in short, that this delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honourable, virtuous, true, and immortal prince, was a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in debt and disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity?"‡

The visit of Leigh Hunt to Lord Byron, and its result in the publication of "The Liberal: Verse and Prose from the South," forms part of the literary history of the epoch. In May, 1822, at Byron's request, Hunt left England for Leghorn, where, in July, he found his attached friend Shelley,§

* Some influential friends offered to raise a subscription to pay the fine; but that was declined by the brothers. To this and the heavy expenses incurred in subsequent government prosecutions (some of which failed, however, in obtaining verdicts against them), may be attributed the pecuniary difficulties which John and Leigh Hunt laboured under during the whole of their lives.

† In Moore's "Twopenny Post-lug," in the midst of political triflings, we come upon these earnest lines on the separation and imprisonment of the two brothers:—

"Go to your prisons—though the air of spring
No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring;
Though summer flowers shall pass unseen away,
And all your portion of the glorious day
May be some solitary beam that falls
At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—
Some beam that enters, trembling as it aw'd,
To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad!
Yet go—for thoughts, as blessed as the air
Of spring or summer flowers, await you there;
Thoughts, such as He, who feasts his courtly crew
In rich conservatories, never knew.
Pure self-esteem—the smiles that light within—
The zeal, whose circling chariots begin
With the few lov'd ones Heaven has plac'd it near,
Nor cease, till all mankind are in its sphere.—
The pride that suffers without want or plea,
And the fresh spirit that can wridle free,
Through prison bars, its hymn of liberty!"

‡ It was contained in the *Examiner*, No. 221, published on Sunday, 22nd March, 1812. In one of his letters to Mrs. Tull, Leigh Hunt writes:—"The libel would not have been so savage had I not been warmed into it by my indignation at the Regent's breaking his promises to the Irish." "It originated in my sympathies with the sufferers of the people of Ireland." When Leigh Hunt met O'Connell some years afterwards, the latter told him how much the article delighted him, but that he felt certain of the penalties it would draw down upon its author.

§ I find this description of Shelley in one of my letters from Leigh Hunt:—"Shelley was tall and slight of figure,

a very few days before the terrible death of that greatly gifted man of genius. The sad event changed the after destiny of Leigh Hunt; Byron seems to have liked him but little; their elements could no more have mingled than fire and oil; their intercourse did not last long; one of the consequences much impaired the reputation of Leigh Hunt—the volume "Byron and his Contemporaries" was a fatal error; Leigh Hunt could no more comprehend Byron than Byron could understand and appreciate Leigh Hunt.*

On his return from the "Sunny South," Hunt went to live at Highgate. The sylvan scenery of the London suburb refreshed him; he luxuriated in the natural wealth of the open heath, the adjacent meadows, and the neighbouring woods. The walk across the fields from Highgate to Hampstead, with ponds on one side and Caen Wood on the other, used to be "one of the prettiest in England," and he says of the fairest scenes in Italy, "I would quit them all for a walk over the fields from Hampstead." He had, indeed, long loved the locality—before he left England he had dwelt in a pretty cottage at Hampstead;

it is still standing, and but little altered. The accompanying engraving will show that it remains—in dwelling for a poet, as indeed it still is, for a poet now inhabits the place, which is hallowed to him by a memory of his predecessor. Shelley went often to visit Leigh Hunt there, delighting in the natural broken ground, and in the fresh air of the place, which "used to give him an intoxication of animal spirits." Here he swam his paper boats in the pond, and played with children; and to that house Shelley brought at midnight a poor woman, a forlorn sister, whom he had found in a fit on the heath, and whom he thus saved from death.

Leigh Hunt, when I knew most of him, was living at Edwardes Square, Kensington, in a small house, on restricted means. All his life long his means were limited; it is, indeed, notorious that he was put to many "shifts," to keep the wolf from the door. "His whole life," says his son, "was one of pecuniary difficulty." No doubt he had that lack of prudence which is so often one of the heavy drawbacks of genius—one of the penalties that Nature exacts as a set-off against the largest and



THE BIRTHPLACE OF LEIGH HUNT.

holiest of her gifts. It may not, and perhaps ought not, to be admitted as an excuse, in bar of judgment; the world is not bound to make allowances for those struggles of the mind, heart, and soul with poverty, which not unfrequently seem to have discreditable issues, and usually bear dead-sea fruit. There have been many

with a singular union of general delicacy of organisation and muscular strength. His hair was brown, prematurely touched with grey; his complexion fair and glowing; his eyes grey and extremely vivid; his face small and delicately featured, especially about the lower part, and he had an expression of countenance, when he was talking in his usual earnest fashion, giving you the idea of something "seraphical." Hazlitt said "he looked like a spirit." In the same letter occurs this sketch of his friend Keats:—"Keats was under the middle size, and somewhat large above, in proportion to his lower limbs, which, however, were neatly formed; and he had anything in his dress and general demeanour but that appearance of lechery which has been strangely attributed to him in a late publication. In fact, he had so much of the reverse, though in no undue degree, that he might be supposed to maintain a certain jealous care of the appearance and bearing of a gentleman, in the consciousness of his genius, and perhaps not without some sense of his origin. His face was handsome and sensitive, with a look in the eyes at once earnest and tender; and his hair grew in delicate brown ringlets, of remarkable beauty."

* Southey, writing in November, 1822, says,—"He (Byron) and Leigh Hunt, no doubt, will quarrel, and their separation break up the concern"—i.e. "The Liberal."

men of genius who would suffer the extreme of penury rather than horror—such, for example, as I have elsewhere shown, was Thomas Moore, to whom the purses of wealthy and high-born friends were as sacred as the crown jewels; but men of letters are for the most part less scrupulous; to some it seems venial, to others little else than a practical illustration of the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and a belief that God makes almoners of those He enriches with overabundance. Such ideas, however, are opposed to the views of society; undoubtedly they lower the intellectual standard, and debase the mind; self-respect can rarely exist without independence; yet, to quote the words of a kindred spirit—unhappy Will Kennedy—"if pecuniary embarrassments be a crime, then are the records of genius a Newgate Calendar!"*

* I knew intimately, between the years 1826 and 1830, the author I have quoted—William Kennedy. He was undoubtedly a man of genius, but wayward and reckless. I lost sight of him many years before his death—his intellectual death, that is to say, for his latter years were passed in a lunatic asylum, where he died. My introduction to him was singular. I reviewed in the *Eclectic Review*—so

I do not mean the reader to infer that either privately or publicly there is aught dishonourable to lay to the charge of Leigh Hunt. "Who art thou that judgest another?" But it is certain that his applications to friends for pecuniary aids were frequent, and may have been wearisome. Of such friends he had many. Among the most generous of them was that good man, Horace Smith.*

Surely the lines of Cowley apply with emphatic force to Hunt:—

"Business—the frivolous pretence
Of human lusts to cast off innocu-ous;
Business—the thing that I of all things hate!
Business—the contradiction of my fate!"

The truth is that, like many men of his order, he never knew the value of money. He was very generous, and certainly thoughtless, in giving. No reckless extravagance is laid to his charge; his habits were the very opposite to those of a spendthrift; he was utterly indifferent to what are called "the luxuries of life." Simple in his "ways," temperate almost to the extreme: his "feasts" were with the poets, his predecessors, and the table was

always well furnished that was covered with books.

I have treated this subject with some hesitation, and perhaps should have abstained from it altogether, but that I find the son of the poet writing thus:—"The plan of working, the varied and precarious nature of the employments, an inborn dullness of sense as to the lapse of time, conspired to produce a life in which the receipt of handsome earnings alternated with long periods that yielded no income at all. In these intervals credit went a long way, but not far enough. There were gaps of total destitution in which every available source had been absolutely exhausted." "At this juncture," he continues, "appeals were made for assistance, sometimes with and sometimes without the knowledge of Leigh Hunt, and they were largely successful." †

In 1844 Sir Percy Shelley, the son of the poet, succeeded to the title and estates of his grandfather, and one of his earliest acts (under the suggestion of his mother, Mary Wolstonecraft Shelley) was to settle on Leigh Hunt and on his wife, in the event of her surviving him, an annuity of £120;

character of Leigh Hunt, all who knew him admitted: foremost among them was his love of Truth. In one of his letters to me he writes:—"I would rather be considered a hearty loving nature than anything else in the world, and if I love truth, as I do, it is because I love an apple to be thought an apple, and a hand a hand, and the whole beauty and hopefulness of God's creation a truth instead of a lie." He was justified in saying of himself that he had "two good qualities to set off against many defects," that he was "not vindictive and spoke the truth," although it may have been with him, as he says it was with his friend Hazlitt, "however genuine was his love of truth, his passions may have sometimes led him to mistake it."

Charles Lamb, who dearly loved him, describes his "mild dogmatism" and his "boyish sportiveness;" and Hazlitt writes of him thus:—"In conversation he is all life and animation, combining the vivacity of the schoolboy with the resources of the wit and the taste of the scholar." Of him Haydon the painter said this:—"You would have been burnt at the stake for a principle, and you would have feared to put your foot in the mud." Even Byron, who "hated him without a cause," and whose hatred seemed the birth of self reproach, proclaimed him to be "a good man."

But to my thinking the best testimony to the character of Leigh Hunt is that which was borne to it by Sir Bulwer Lytton (an author who has perhaps had more power to circulate bitter things, and shoot poisoned arrows at his brethren of the pen than most men, yet who, I believe, has said of them more generous and "helping" things and fewer bitter things than any man living). This character occurs in a review of Leigh Hunt's poetry in the *New Monthly*, 1833. It is anonymous, but I can do no wrong in stating that Sir Bulwer Lytton was the writer:—"None have excelled him in the kindly sympathies with which, in judging of others, he has softened down the asperities and resisted the caprices common to the exercise of power. In him the young poet has ever found a generous encourager no less than a faithful guide. None of the jealousy or the rancour ascribed to literary men, and almost natural to such literary men as the world has wronged, have gained access to his true heart, or embittered his generous sympathies. Struggling against no light misfortunes, and no common foes, he has not helped to retaliate upon rising authors, the difficulty and the depreciation which have burthened his own career. He has kept undimmed and unbroken, through all reverses, that first requisite of a good critic—a good heart."

I knew but little of Leigh Hunt when he was in his prime. I had met him, however, more than once, soon after his return from Italy, when he recommenced a career of letters which he had been induced to abandon, trusting to visionary hopes in the aid he was to derive from familiar intercourse with Byron. He was tall, but slightly formed, quiet and contemplative in gait and manner, yet apparently affected by momentary impulse; his countenance brisk and animated, receiving its expression chiefly from dark and brilliant eyes, but supplying unequivocal evidence of that mixed blood which he derived from the parent stock, to which his friend Hazlitt referred when he used to say of him, in allusion to his flow of animal spirits as well as to his descent, that "he had tropical blood in his veins." His son, Thornton (*Cornhill Magazine*), describes him "as in



LEIGH HUNT'S COTTAGE AT HAMSTEAD.

and in 1847 he was placed on the Pension list, and received "in consideration of his distinguished literary talents," a pension of £200 a year. Lord John Russell, in conveying this boon to him, adds, "The severe treatment you received, in times of unjust persecution of liberal writers, enhances the satisfaction with which I make this announcement." Thus in his old age the comforter came to his home, and the "po-

ecuniary difficulties" that had haunted his whole life were no longer felt,—should not have been so, perhaps I ought to say, for I believe pecuniary difficulties were never "entirely removed" from him until he was in his shroud.

That there were fine points in the cha-

far back as 1825—a small book he had published, either in Glasgow or Paisley, and received from him a letter of acknowledgement. It led to my inviting him to London as my guest, and by my influence he obtained a situation as my reporter on the *Morning Journal*, a newspaper with which I was myself connected, and of which I was subsequently, for a time, the editor. Kennedy was an Irishman, a native of Belfast. His youth had been "swallowing" a struggling player in Scotland, where he had probably acquired habits that led to the early close of a life which might have been most honorable and prosperous, for his abilities had attracted attention, and he obtained the appointment of Consul (I think) at Venezuela.

* In one of Shelley's letters to Leigh Hunt in allusion to a sum of money Shelley desired to send to Hunt to defray his journey to Italy, he says:—"I suppose that I shall at last make up an impudent face, and ask Horace Smith to add to the many obligations he has conferred on me. I know I need only ask."

† His friend Mr. Reynell tells me (and he is a safe and sure authority) that in his later days, Mr. Hunt often said to him his great wish was that when he died he should not owe to any one a halfpenny. He had borrowed from the good Duke of Devonshire a sum of £200, and returned it to him, the duke remarking that it was the only instance, save one, in which money thus lent had been proffered back: he declined to accept it. Hunt was indebted to Mr. Reynell—a debt incurred by Mr. Reynell becoming surety for him, in 1832, when the fortunes of the poet were at their lowest ebb. Twenty years afterwards he repaid that sum—on receiving the first instalment of Shelley's legacy—as he had promised he would do. No doubt other similar cases might be recorded.

‡ In a letter he addressed to me when, in 1835, I was writing a brief memoir of him for the "Book of Gems," he says, "You will not hesitate to add what objections you are compelled by impartiality to intertain against me;" and in a subsequent letter he writes, "Had you said that sixths of my writings were worth nothing, I should have agreed with you, for I think so, and I would use stronger terms, if there might not be vanity itself in so doing. My only excuse is (and it is, luckily, a good one, so far) that I have been forced to write for bread, and so put forth a good deal of unwelcome nothingness."

height about five feet ten inches, remarkably straight and upright in his carriage, with a firm step and a cheerful, almost dashing, approach." He had straight black hair, which he wore parted in the centre, a dark, but not pale complexion; black eyebrows, firmly marking the edge of a brow over which was a singularly upright, flat, white forehead, and under which beamed a pair of eyes, dark, brilliant, reflecting, gay, and kind, with a certain look of observant humour. "He had a head larger than most men's; Byron, Shelley, and Keats wore hats which he could not put on."

In 1838 I saw him often, and saw enough of him to have earnest respect and sincere regard for the man whom I had long admired as the poet. He gave me many valuable hints for my guidance while I was compiling "The Book of Gems of British Poets and British Artists." All his "notes" concerning his contemporaries (I have some of them still) were genial, cordial, and laudatory, affording no evidence of envy, no taint of depreciation. His mind was indeed like his poetry, a sort of buoyant outbreak of joyousness, and when a tone of sadness pervades it, it is so gentle, confiding, and hoping as to be far nearer allied to resignation than to repining, although his life was subjected to many heavy trials, and especially had he to complain of the ingratitude of political "friends"—for whom he had fought heartily—when victory was only for the strong and triumph for the swift. Perhaps there is no poet who so entirely pictures himself in all he writes; yet it is a pure and natural egotism, and contrasts happily with the gloomy and misanthropic moods which some have laboured first to acquire and then to portray. "Quick in perception, generous of impulse, he saw little evil destitute of good."

In conversation Leigh Hunt was always more than pleasing; he was "ever a special lover of books," as well as a devout worshipper of Nature, and his "talk" mingled, often very sweetly, the simplicity of a child with the acquirements of a man of the world—somewhat as we find them mingled in his "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla." It did, indeed, according to the laudatory view of one of his poetic school, often "combine the vivacity of the schoolboy with the resources of the wit and the taste of the scholar."

This generosity of thought and heart is conspicuous in all his writings. His autobiography is full of liberal and generous sentiments—rarely any other—evidence of the charity that "suffereth long and is kind, vaunteth not itself, is not easily puffed up, thinketh no evil." He who might have said so many bitter things, utters scarcely one; he who might have galled his enemies to the quick, does not stab even in thought.

He has written much prose and many poems, and although marred, perhaps, by frequent affectations, his poetry is of the true metal; tender, graceful, and affectionate, loving nature in all its exterior graces, but more especially in man. It is, and ever will be, popular among those whose warmer and dearer sympathies are with humanity. Charles Lamb, in his memorable defence of Hunt against an insinuation of Southey, that Hunt had no religion, thus writes of him:—"He is one of the most cordial minded men I ever knew—a matchless fireside companion." Southey regretted, and justly, that Leigh Hunt had "no religion." He had indeed a kind of scholastic theology, that he considered might stand in the stead of it; he

himself calls it in a letter to me, "a sort of natural piety," but in none of his letters—nor in his Diary—is there the slightest allusion to its consolations, no evidence of trust in a superintending Providence, and but little intimation of belief or hope in the Hereafter. Who will not lament this as they read his writings; knowing how closely combined is love of man with love of God; how much stronger is virtue for the general good when it is based on Christianity? His religion (which he styles in the letter to me I have quoted "a sort of luxurious natural piety") was cheerful, hopeful, sympathising, universal in its benevolence, and entirely comprehensive in charity, but it was not the religion of the Christian, it was not even that of the Unitarian. He recognised Christ, indeed, but classes Him only among those—not even foremost of them—who were lights in dark ages; "great lights," as he styles them, "of rational piety and benignant intercourse"—Confucius, Socrates, Epicurus, Antoninus, Jesus was their "martyred brother," nothing more.

His published book entitled "The Religion of the Heart" (1853, John Chapman, Strand), is but little known; I hope it will never be reprinted. Had Southey read it, he would not have been content with the mild rebuke to Leigh Hunt which excited the ire of one of the gentlest and most loving of the friends of both, Charles Lamb, who in his memorable letter to the Laureate—a letter indignant, irrational, and unjust—bitterly condemned the one for a very mild castigation of the other.* His theory of religion may, perhaps, be indicated by the following lines, which were certainly among his own favourites. I copy them from Mrs. Hall's Album, in which he wrote them:—

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making a list, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold,
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision rais'd its head,
And with a look, made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Repliest the angel. Abou spake more low,



THE HOUSE IN WHICH LEIGH HUNT DIED.

But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great, wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

Leigh Hunt lived to see political asperities softened down, the distinctions between Whig and Tory gradually dimmish, and party bitterness become almost extinguished. He lived, indeed, "through a storm of obloquy, to be honoured and loved by men who had been his most vigorous antagonists." No doubt, as a politician, he "flourished" some years too soon; he was a reformer much too early. Both of his successors, as editors of the *Examiner*, Albany Poulblanque and John Forster, were rewarded in the way that Liberal govern-

* A notable instance of this was the altered conduct of Professor Wilson towards his old opponent. He not only wrote a very kindly review of his "Legend of Florence" in *Blackwood*, but lamented the bitter things which had been written in its early numbers, and used to send Leigh Hunt the magazine regularly as long as he lived.

ments—more wise in their generation than Tory governments—reward their partisans of the Press. But Leigh Hunt "guided the pen" at a period when little was to be gained by it, except annoyance and persecution—at least, in advocating "the old cause." "Hazlitt used to say, that after Leigh Hunt and himself and their like had done the rough work of the battle for Liberal opinions, the gentlemen of the Whig party 'put on their kid gloves' to

* I by no means, however, mean to convey an idea that Leigh Hunt was "irreligious" in the ordinary sense of the term. I am quite sure he was not so. The New Testament was a book of his continual study, but it was read in a spirit that brought none of the light it has, happily, brought to other men. If he was a "free thinker," he rendered a profound respect to the Divine Author of the Christian faith, and therefore never sneered at those who accept it as a means of salvation, and never wrote with any view to sap or to weaken belief. If we may not class him among the advocates of Christianity, it would be injustice to place him among its opponents. Some one who wrote a touching and very eloquent tribute to his memory in the *Examiner* soon after his death, says, "He had a child-like sympathy of his own in the Father to whom he is gone, of which those who diverged from his path can only say that, ignorant of the direct line to the eternal sea, he took the sure and pleasant path beside the river."

finish the business and carry off the honours."

Leigh Hunt was "a journalist (I again quote from the *Examiner*) when courage and independence were the highest and perhaps the rarest qualities a journalist could show." He wrote when party-spirit ran high, when language was seldom measured by responsibility, when vituperation was a weapon in common use.

In the year 1837 his wife had died. His sons, such as were left to him, had gone forth to fight the battle of life; his mind and his heart were "shaken." In that year he writes, sadly foreboding,—“I am alone in the world;” troubled fancies haunted him. In one of his letters to his attached and faithful friend, John Forster, he murmurs:—“I have been long fancying that most people, some old friends included, had begun not to care what I said or thought about them—whether anything or nothing;” and in another letter he writes,—“Strange to say, it was *joy* at finding the bookseller offer me more money than I had expected for some copyrights that was the immediate cause of my illness.” He met old age with homage, and death with fortitude. Almost the last sentence in his autobiography is this:—“I now seemed—and it has become a consolation to me—to belong as much to the next world as to this; . . . the approach of my night-time is even yet adorned with a break in the clouds, and a parting smile of the sunset.”

Alas! He refers not to the hope of the Christian, but to a far dimmer, less rational, and infinitely less consoling faith—“may we all meet in one of Plato’s vast cycles of re-existence.”

Just two months before completing his seventy-fifth year, “he quietly sank to rest.” The oil was exhausted, the light had burned gradually down.*

When I saw him last, he was yielding to the universal conqueror. His loose and straggling white hair thinly scattered over a brow of manly intelligence; his eyes dimmed somewhat, but retaining that peculiar gentleness yet brilliancy which in his youth were likened to those of a gazelle; his earnest heart and vigorous mind out-speaking yet, in sentences eloquent and impressive; his form partially bent, but energetic and self-dependent, although by fits and starts—Leigh Hunt gave me the idea of a sturdy ruin, that “wears the mossy vest of time,” but which, in assuming the graces that belong of right to age, was not oblivious of the power, and worth, and triumph enjoyed in manhood and in youth.†

He died at the house of one of the oldest, closest, and most valued of his friends, Mr. C. W. Reynell, in High Street, Putney. I have pictured the dwelling. It had a good garden, where the poet loved to ramble to admire the flowers, of which he was “a special lover.” Immediately in front is the old gabled, quaint-looking Fairfax House, in which, it is said, Iretton lived, and where that general and Lambert often met.

It is pleasant to know that the death-bed of the aged man was surrounded by loving friends, and that all which care and skill could do to preserve his life was done.‡

There was no trouble, nothing of gloom, about him at the last; the full volume of his life was closed; his work on earth was done. Will it seem “far fetched” if we

* His last work, only a few days before his death, was an article in the *Spectator*, in defence of his beloved friend, Shelley, against the aspersions of Hoag in a then recently published collection of Shelley’s Letters.

† “Those who knew him best will picture him to themselves clothed in a dressing-gown, and bending his head over a book or over the desk.”—THORNTON HUNT.

describe him, away from earth, continuing to labour, under the influence of that Redeemer I am sure he has now learned to love, realising the picture for which in the Book I have referred to he drew on his fancy—and finding it fact?

This it is:—“Surely there are myriads of beings everywhere inhabiting their respective spheres, both visible and invisible, all, perhaps, inspired with the same task of trying how far they can extend happiness. Some may have realised their heaven, and are resting. Some may be helping ourselves, just as we help the bee or the wounded bird; spirits, perhaps, of dear friends, who still pity our tears, who rejoice in our smiles, and whisper in our hearts a belief that they are present.”

“Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.”

Leigh Hunt was almost the only one then remaining of that glorious galaxy of genius which, early in the present century, shone upon the intellectual world; he survived them all, and with a memory of each. Some of them were his friends, and most of them his acquaintances. He had seen star after star decline, but might exclaim, and did exclaim, with one of his eloquent contemporaries,—

“Nor sink those stars in empty night; They hide themselves in Heaven’s own light.”

He was buried at Kensal Green, but, unhappily, there is, as yet, no monument to record his name and preserve his memory; that is a reproach to all who knew him, and to all who have read, admired, and loved his many works—a generation that reaps the harvest of his labours. His works will, indeed, do both—they will be his monument—more enduring than any of “piled up stones”—and they will preserve his name for ever among the foremost men of his age and country. But it is not right that the crowded “graveyard” which contains sculptured tablets of so many illustrious authors, artists, and men of science, should be without one to this great writer, and I appeal to the thousands by whom he is estimated to remove from England the reproach. It will gratify me much if I can obtain contributions for that purpose, in addition to my own. A large sum is by no means requisite. Such a monument as Leigh Hunt would desire should be unassuming and unpretending as was his career in letters; and if I am so happy as to receive responses to this invitation, I will set about the work.

MR. MORBY’S PICTURE GALLERY.

It is in such collections as that of Mr. Morby, at 24, Cornhill, we look for unexhibited pictures: for it is not to be supposed that we see the labours of the year in the few and special works which each artist sends to the Academy or elsewhere. In his gallery are two of the most recent essays of Mr. Linnell: one, ‘Contemplation;’ the other, ‘The Thunder-cloud.’ The former is a pastoral romance, skilful in construction, and, as usual, most impressive in colour. The other reminds us of ‘The Windmill;’ but with the enrichments of twenty years’ additional study. In ‘Salome dancing before Herod,’ by F. Leighton, A.R.A., the subject, *more Gallio*, is rendered by a single figure, into which is thrown an abandon explicable according to the precepts of the classic Terpsichore. We were gratified here also by an opportunity of examining at leisure ‘In the Boy’s Garden,’ by J. Lewis, A.R.A., in which how successful soever the painter may be in concealing his art, according to the grand precept, the marvellous labour of his small pictures is still discoverable.

In ‘A Royalist Family unfriended,’ by F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., is the subject exhibited this season at the Academy. The episode is altogether touchingly set forth, and it forms one of this painter’s best productions. ‘The Death of Adonis,’ by Frost, A.R.A., is here, and being a small picture, there is ample opportunity of justly estimating the fastidiously careful labour whereby it is worked out. Mr. Frost is a most careful painter, but the grace and elegance of his results compensate him for the time he bestows on his pictures. He is one of the few who are proud of having sat at the feet of the masters of the Art, and it is not intelligible that he should still be on the lower steps of the ladder of prosperity. ‘A Cloudy Day in the Highlands’ by T. Creswick, R.A., is a large picture, low in tone, and successful as a description of the scenery of the north. ‘The Monastery of the Madonna del Sasso,’ by G. E. Hering, is, in bright daylight effect, a contrast to the preceding; the view is on the Lake Lugano; it was painted for the late Duke of Hamilton. By J. Sant, A.R.A., there is ‘Preparing for the Bath,’—a study, charming on account of its modest simplicity, and the graceful motive of the figure, of which only the head and bust are seen. ‘The Fern Case,’ by W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A., were it not so well painted, would be very like Murillo. ‘The Cottar’s Saturday Night,’ by Alexander Johnston—intended, we believe, to represent Burns’s family circle—is, perhaps, the best grouped picture Mr. Johnston ever painted. ‘The Text,’ J. Phillip, R.A., is one of those free sketches whereby this painter at times shows the cunning of his hand. ‘Black Eyes and Blue Eyes,’ by W. P. Firth, R.A., presents two small figures—girls posed together—a kind of material very different from that with which he has lately been dealing. J. Calderon’s (A.R.A.) subject from the verse of Tennyson—

“Something it is that thou hast lost,” &c.—as seen here, looks the best piece of concentration he has ever achieved. There is a small coast view by C. Stanfield, R.A., wonderfully bright and breezy—the property, we believe, of Mr. Gassiot; and an admirable Venetian subject by E. W. Cooke, R.A. To these we may add ‘The Mountain Mail,’ by P. F. Poole, R.A.—a girl filling her jug at a hill-side rill; ‘The Slothful Wife,’ and ‘The Industrious Wife,’ C. W. Cope, R.A.—two painted domestic lessons; ‘Ferretting Rabbits;’ also ‘The Shooting Pony,’ by Ansdell, R.A.; ‘The Cornfield,’ J. W. Oakes—a view in the Isle of Angelsea; ‘The Lady’s Tailor, Marks;’ ‘The Priest and the Bible,’ J. Pettie; ‘The Blind Beggar,’ Gale; ‘In the Sanctum,’ G. Smith; with others by F. Goodall, R.A., F. Wyburd, Cooper, A.R.A., J. C. Hook, R.A., &c. Although we have seen some of these works before, they are all of such a degree of merit as renders a renewal of acquaintance with them an agreeable refreshment.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

Cologne.—The ceremony of unveiling the memorial statue of the late Prince Consort in this quiet, but picturesque little German town, took place with much ceremony on the 27th of August, the anniversary of his birthday, in the presence of the Queen, and the chief personages of the royal houses of England and Saxo-Coburg, with others. The statue, cast in bronze at Nuremberg, is by Mr. Theod., and stands on a pedestal of polished granite, which bears in front of it the words, “PRINZ GEMAL VON GROSS-BRITANNIEN UND IRLAND,” with the dates of his birth and death; and at the back, the date of the erection of the monument, with the verse from the book of Psalms,—“DAS GEDACHNISS DER GERECHTEN BLEIBT IN SEGEN” (The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance). The memorial is erected at the sole cost of her Majesty, and stands—in a spot selected by the Queen, in the centre of the town—a tribute of her undying affection for him who was so suddenly taken from her.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—The deficiency of light in the Houses of Parliament will be the more felt in proportion as the ornamental details are carried out. Thus it has been found necessary to assist, as much as possible, the relief of Foley's admirable statue of Sir Charles Barry, by carving and gilding the panel behind it in rose diaper. The gilding also of the blank window panels has been refreshed, but these are feeble aids in the absence of direct light. The statue, be it remembered, is placed at the foot of the staircase leading to the committee rooms, on a landing of which are the unfortunate frescoes, on the premature decay whereof so much has been said and written. In the way of restoration, nothing has been done to these works save by Mr. Herbert, who has repainted the head of France—the figure behind Cordelia—which is probably an experiment in a direction different from that taken in the first working of the picture. If it be so, its value will soon be seen. There are other portions that require repainting, as, for instance, the head of Goneril, which is blistered, discoloured, and damaged, as essentially as was that of Franco; but it may be desirable to ascertain how far the restored head may be permanent before more be done. The painting of Mr. Machise's magnificent work, 'The Death of Nelson,' is completed, with the exception of the application of the water-glass.

ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.—The Council of this institution offers a first prize of £20, a second prize of £5, and a third prize of £2, for the most successful carvings in stone of a subject from Flaxman's illustrations of Dante, entitled 'The Triumph of Christ.' A first prize of £15 for the best, and a second prize of £5 for the next best rendering in wood of a poppyhead not less than 10 in. high and carved on both sides. A first prize of £15 for the best, and a second prize of £5 for the next best reproduction of the head of the Statue of Germanicus in *repoussé* or bossed up silver. A prize of £10, given conjointly by the Eccelesiological Society of London and Mr. Beresford-Hope, is offered for the reproduction in translucent enamels, on a flat "plaque" or plate of silver, of the figure of St. Barbara, ascribed to Nino Pisano, and marked 7,431 in the Statue or Sculpture Collection at the South Kensington Museum. A prize of £10, given by Mr. Ruskin, is offered for the reproduction of the same figure in opaque enamels on copper, similar to those of the chesse No. 2,332, and the two plaques Nos. 2,191 and 2,192, at South Kensington. A first prize of £10 is offered for the best, and a second prize of £5 for the next best panel filled with marble mosaic work, without figures or animal life, suited to architectural decoration. In addition to the above prizes, certificates of merit will be given in deserving cases, and the Council of the Architectural Museum may, at their discretion, award the sum of £1 ls. or upwards, or a book, for objects showing merit, although not sufficient to secure a prize. These competitions are open to all *bonâ fide* Art-workmen, whether members of the Architectural Museum or not.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—The embellishment of the interior of St. Paul's has been now suspended for about twelve months, in consequence of the deficiency of funds. There is, therefore, but one of the spandrels over the arches as yet filled, and a very large arrear of gilding has yet to be accom-

plished; this, it is probable, will remain for some time incomplete, as the first work intended to be carried out is the organ case, the expense of which will be at least £2,000. The instrument will be supported on eight marble columns; the design of the case is Renaissance, to harmonise with the cathedral. It is to be regretted that for want of means the modest embellishments of the cathedral of the richest city in the world should be suspended. Some of the recent provincial restorations have cost a larger sum than that now required for St. Paul's. A contemporary journal says that Mr. Watts has undertaken to make designs for mosaics to represent the four Evangelists in as many pendentives of the church, exclusive of one, by the same artist, which had already been made. Also that Mr. Stevens is engaged to furnish designs for mosaics of three prophets of the Old Testament, in addition to that of Ezekiel, which is now in its place.

PICTURE BUYING.—In the recent exhibition, at the British Institution, of the works of ancient and deceased masters, hung a large painting attributed, in the catalogue, to Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A., and now the property of Mr. W. Fuller Maitland, one of the Life Governors of the Institution, and a distinguished collector. This picture is claimed by Mr. W. R. Earl, of Shooter's Hill, as the work of his own hand—an original composition, and not a copy of Callcott, or any other master. Mr. Earl informs us he painted the picture, with another, about thirty years ago, for a Captain Barrett, who was then living at or near Leamington, and certainly the evidence submitted to us by the artist is conclusive to our mind of the truth of his statement, even were we disposed to doubt his ability to produce a work of such undoubted excellence as this. It is simply called in the catalogue 'Sea-shore—Unloading a Stranded Vessel,' but it is actually a view of the harbour, or coast, of Aberystwith, on the shore of which a large brig lies "high and dry," and men with carts and horses are busy all around it. The original sketch, in pencil, has been shown us by the painter, on one sheet of paper, and on several other pieces all the details—what artists sometimes call "short-hand notes"—of the figures, animals, &c., just as they appear on the canvas; all of these he had, fortunately for his own reputation, retained in possession. The picture was, as we understand, purchased by Mr. Maitland—who has been advised of the actual painter's claim—of a well-known dealer, for a very large sum; and at the time, as the report has reached us, it was a debatable point whether it was the work of Turner or Callcott, but was at length assigned to the latter. Mr. Earl is taking measures to trace its ownership since it left his easel, and has advertised in the *Times* for information concerning Captain Barrett, or his executors in the event of his death. At the present time we merely give currency to the fact; what we may hear hereafter will, probably, furnish us with materials for comment.

THE GALLERY OF FINE ARTS in the Vauxhall Road, near Vauxhall Bridge, contains a picture called 'S. Antonio di Padova,' and certified as by Murillo. It was in the Gallery of the Museum of Milan, and became afterwards the property of the Emperor Napoleon I., and was by him presented to the Cardinal Oppizzani, on the occasion of his election as Bishop of Bologna. After the death of the Cardinal it was sold by his heirs. The work is said to be authenticated by documents in the archives of the

bishopric of Bologna. The saint appears in the picture as kneeling, and taking the foot of the infant Saviour, who stands before him on a cloud, attended by angel children, who offer him crowns and garlands, emblematic of his future ministry and passion. Supported by two of these on the right is a book, allusive, it may be supposed, to the New Testament. It is altogether a slight picture, and is distinguished by great sweetness of colour. There is in the same gallery another picture, authenticated as by Guido, according to documents existing at Bologna, and known as 'La Vergine al Cardellino.' It shows the Virgin with the infant Saviour, the latter holds by a string a flying goldfinch. In addition to these is a large modern picture of much merit, said to have been painted by Ademallo for the King of Italy. The subject is 'The Battle of Varese;' Garibaldi is introduced as the conspicuous personage of the composition. He is mounted, and accompanied by one of his staff, his attention being, for the moment, engaged by the death of the last of seven brothers, all of whom had died under his command. It is a large picture, simple, but very effective in arrangement.

THE WEST LONDON INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION is stated to be a pecuniary failure; the deficiency, which the guarantors will have to meet, is reported to be about £1,200. We are in no degree surprised at the result, for these undertakings have of late become too common to interest the general public;—the persons, that is to say, whose payments for admission would alone defray the expenses. Even London cannot be expected to support three or four such exhibitions during the year, however worthy of patronage, and people are becoming satiated with them.

THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE, on the occasion of the grand *fête* in the month of August, honoured the art of Photography in the person of Mr. Claudet, F.R.S., by conferring on this eminent practitioner the order of *Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur*.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the Liverpool Academy and Art-Institute, and of the Manchester Royal Institute, opened last month; but no report of either gallery, nor even a catalogue of its contents, has reached us. We hear, however, that the chief attraction at Manchester is the room that contains a small, but very valuable, collection of pictures lent for exhibition.

THE CHAPEL ROYAL in the Savoy, destroyed by fire last year, is now rebuilt, under the direction of Mr. Sydney Smirke, R.A., and will shortly be opened. The restoration has been carried out in a style very similar to that of the old edifice.

MESSRS. DEFRIES AND SONS, the eminent chandelier manufacturers and contractors for lighting, showed in a significant manner, at the recent visit of the French Fleet to Portsmouth, the resources of their vast establishment, as well as their taste and ingenuity in developing those resources. When the Admiralty forwarded to the firm instructions for illuminating the principal buildings and promenades in the town, the time in which the work was to be accomplished was very limited, but a staff of five hundred efficient persons was immediately mustered, sent down, and commenced operations; and by the appointed evening Portsmouth was brilliant with lights from more than 300,000 lamps, disposed in an infinite variety of elegant devices, besides Chinese lanterns, gas jets, burners, &c. The effect of the whole display is described to have been most splendid.

REVIEWS.

THE NATURAL HISTORY, ANCIENT AND MODERN, OF PRECIOUS STONES AND GEMS, AND OF THE PRECIOUS METALS. By C. W. KING, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Author of "Antique Gems," and "The Gnostics and their Remains." Published by BELL AND DALRY, London.

The volumes previously put forth by Mr. King are sufficient evidence of his fitness to discourse upon such a subject as he has here undertaken, both from a learned and a popular point of view. His respective treatises upon ancient gems and the Gnostics—the latter book noticed at some length in our Journal in the early part of the present year—our well followed up by the volume now before us. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the philosophy" of most men; and precious stones and gems have a history unknown but to few, and a value, real or fictitious, far beyond that put on them by the lapidary, or those whose brows are encircled by a coronet of the costliest jewellery. From the time when Moses was commanded to make a breastplate for the use of the high priest of the Hebrew nation, and to adorn it with twelve of the rarest stones then known, significant of the tribes of Israel, down to the present time, these precious productions of the mineral kingdom have been eagerly sought after, and as eagerly coveted by all ranks and conditions of mankind in a position to acquire them. Gold, in comparison, is but as dross; a ship-load of the yellow metal is far outweighed, in monetary value, by a single pearl, if we are to credit the well-known story of Pliny, that, at a banquet given to Marc Antony by Cleopatra, the queen threw one of two worn in her ears—each valued at about a million of money—into a goblet, in order to dissolve it, that her lover might see with what disregard of wealth she could entertain him. The whole story is, possibly, only a fiction; or, perhaps, has so much of truth in it as relates to the act, and not to the value of the pearl; yet, who would venture to say what sum the "Koh-i-noor," or the "Great Mogul," with others, would realise, if offered for public sale! It seems not improbable that the whole history of Europe for the last seventy years was influenced by a diamond; for, after the 18th Brumaire, in the early part of the French Revolution, Bonaparte pledged the celebrated stone, known as the "Regent of France"—from its having been bought by the Regent Orleans, who gave £150,000 for it—to the Dutch government, and thus procured funds which enabled him to consolidate his power.

It is a natural consequence of the estimation in which these valuable objects are held, that they should at various epochs in the world's history engage the attention of writers, both directly and incidentally. Pliny quotes by name numerous mineralogists, chiefly Greeks, from whom, in a great measure, he drew the materials for his own remarks in his work on natural history. Among those to whom reference is made are the Archelaus, of whom we read in Josephus as "reigning in Cappadocia," and the Numidian king, Juba II., contemporary with the Emperor Augustus. But nothing of these earlier times have come down to us, except a short treatise by Theophrastus, written about 300 B.C., which Pliny has incorporated with his book, and a poem ascribed to Orpheus, whom Mr. King appears to think in this case is identical with the Mayian Zoaroastres. Of this poem, which is entitled "On Stones," he has given in his volume an elegant translation, though he regards it, from a scientific point of view, as almost valueless; still, beyond its own merits as a poetical composition, it is the sole, and perhaps the most ancient, representative left of the mystic lore of Chaldea, "that *magorum infanda vinitas* which, ridiculed by the philosophers of the age, but fondly and fully believed in by their contemporaries of every rank, and augmented as time went on with yet more monstrous fables, remained the established faith down to the days of our own great-grandfathers."

The hierarchy of the early Christian church found in these valuable specimens of mineralogy subjects for their pens, even if they had no desire to possess them. About the fourth century, Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis, in Cyprus, wrote a small treatise on "The Twelve Stones of the High Priest's Breastplate," a work praised by St. Jerome. In the seventh century, Isidorus, Bishop of Seville, speaks of stones and minerals in his "Origines," a work, says Mr. King, "which has a certain value as containing quotations from many authors now lost." Some four centuries after Isidorus, Marbodius, or Marbeuf, Bishop of Remes, published a "Lapidarium," purporting to be an abridgment of the bulky volume composed by Evax, King of Arabia, and presented to Tiberius Caesar; while about a century later, i.e. towards the close of the twelfth century, appeared Mohammed Ben Mansur, "who may justly claim the honour of being the first to compose a really scientific and systematic treatise on the subject, in his 'Book on Precious Stones,' dedicated to the Abbasid Sultan of Persia, Abu Naser Beharderdchan. In this work he treats of each stone under three heads, viz., 'Properties, Varieties, and Places producing it.' The knowledge of the characters of minerals displayed throughout this treatise is absolutely miraculous, considering the age that produced it. He actually anticipates by many centuries the founders of the modern science in Europe—Hauy, Mohl, and others—in several points, such as in defining the different species of the Corundum, and in basing his distinctions upon the specific gravity and the hardness of the several kinds."

We mention these writers, all more or less very far distant from us in time, only to show how much attention has been given to the subject. There are many more who might find a place among them, and of whom Mr. King speaks. Of later writers, the principal is, undoubtedly, De Boet, or Boethius, as he is frequently called, a native of Antwerp, and physician to Rudolph II., Emperor of Germany. He published, in 1609, his book, "De Gemmis et Lapidibus," which was reprinted about forty years after, with good notes by Tollins.

It has already been remarked that gems have been presumed to possess a value beyond their rarity and beauty; and it is to this point that most of the ancient writers address themselves. The "Lapidarium" of Marbodius is the last work professing to treat, however imperfectly, of the natural history of stones. Orpheus, Parthenius (a Roman of the time of Nero), Isidorus, Marbodius, and others, refer principally to their magical or medicinal qualities; while the numerous Lapidaria extant in MS., some as old as the thirteenth century, "bid farewell not only to science, but to common sense. They treat not so much upon the natural qualities of gems, whether 'in medicina potabile,' or set as jewels, upon the health of the wearer, as upon their supernatural powers in baffling the influence of demons, and the various evils due to the malice of such beings—plagues, murrains, and tempests." This phrase of the subject, as it appears in engraved gems and talismans, has received due attention from our author in his previous work on the Gnostics. And it is both curious and amusing to note what marvellous virtues have been ascribed to precious stones of almost every kind. Pliny, for example, speaking of the amethyst, says:—"The Holy Magi promise that these gems are an antidote to drunkenness, and take their name"—which the Greeks interpreted to mean "wineless"—"from this property. Moreover, that if the name of the Moon or Sun be engraved upon them, and they be thus hung about the neck from the hair of the babbler, or the feathers of a swallow, they are a charm against witchcraft. They are also serviceable to persons having petitions to make to princes: they keep off hailstorms and flights of locusts with the assistance of a spell which they teach." But these absurdities are small in comparison with the beliefs of later times, and especially as to the medicinal virtues of costly minerals.

The plan of Mr. King's excellent treatise is simple and perspicuous. Under the head of each stone or mineral—and all are arranged alphabetically—we have its natural history, its

chemical composition, origin, place or places producing it, its varieties, distinctive characters, counterfeits of it, and its ancient and present value. To these is added, as we have just intimated, the consideration of gems as magical and medicinal agents, perhaps the most important of their characteristics in later antiquity, as it certainly was throughout the whole course of the mediæval ages, when the heauty or rarity of a stone counted for infinitely less in the estimation of its value—the *Betrachides*, or touchstone, for example—than for its reputed virtue in the Pharmacopœia. Among many other virtues possessed by this stone was that of its being an antidote to poison; and it was usual to swallow it as a kind of "dinner-pill," to counteract the effect of any noxious ingredients put into the dish or wine-cup.

Gold and silver lead the author to make some valuable remarks on these metals as matters of currency, and on the question of recent legislation in this country concerning them. Then there is a long and interesting chapter on mediæval decorated plate, another on antique glass, or *pastes*, and one on the jewellery of the ancients; so that nothing which bears on the subject in hand, however seemingly remote, is left undiscovered. Mr. King appears to have exhausted it. He has certainly produced a volume that will well serve the purpose either of reference or of study. It instructs while it entertains.

LEHRBUCH DER PERSPECTIVE FÜR BILDENDE KÜNSTLER. VON OTTO GEMNERICH. Published by BROCKHAUS, Leipzig.

A new treatise on perspective may be considered a superfluous; and it is so for those who require nothing beyond a few of the linear principles. To the student of painting, not less than the architect, is a knowledge of perspective indispensable; yet rarely do we enter an exhibition room without observing the most obvious outrages on both aerial and linear perspective. One of the best reputed serious attempts to disembarass the study of its mathematical encumbrances was Lambert's "Perspective Afranchie de l'Embaras du plan Geometral," published about the middle of the last century; and the work under notice proposes the improvement of Lambert's idea. The small treatises that have been written on perspective are legion, and any of these are to students generally the more acceptable in proportion as they eschew philosophy and mathematics. Certainly one of the most experienced and observant teachers that our school has ever produced was the late J. D. Harding, but he could rarely induce any of his pupils to address themselves seriously to the acquisition of a sound knowledge of perspective, as their great object was to master by some royal method the legerdemain of his execution and the elegance of his design. By, however, a playfully seductive system of lines, which he insisted upon as inseparable from drawing, he contrived to impart to his pupils a *modicum* of perspective equal in extent to that usually regarded as ample, even by very many artists, for pictorial composition.

Of Herr Gemnerich's work, it is enough to say that every difficulty in the drawing of any formal body is solved with as few correlative lines as possible. There are many methods of disposing of points and lines; but architectural drawing is an exact process, and nothing can supply the deficiency of a knowledge of the tendency of lines and the disposition of points as determined by absolute rule. The first two chapters of the work treat of aerial perspective, with which we submit it may be better not to have troubled the student until he had advanced in linear perspective. Such subjects as the force, reflection, refraction, colour, diffusion, and polarisation of light, would to a person desirous of learning only enough of perspective for the sake of composition, appear of doubtful utility—how necessary soever a familiarity with the subjects may be to the accomplished artist. But although from this, or any other comprehensive treatise, a smattering is obtainable, it is not to superficial readers that the book is addressed. The linear perspective commences with perpendicular and horizontal lines, horizontal and

perpendicular planes, &c.; proceeding, in these sections, according to a well-digested plan, to treat of the point of sight in relation with the field of construction, the point of distance under the like conditions, the perspective of curved lines, and of bodies the outlines of which are curved, oblique lines and planes, planes oblique to other oblique planes, &c. But among the most useful chapters in the book to painters are those treating of the force, breadth, and projection of shadows, the sun in the horizon—in the zenith, behind the plane of the picture, or before it; the truth of which relations is continually, even by painters otherwise conscientious, made to yield to expediency. In Turner's picture, for instance, of "The Temeraire," in the position of the setting sun, the shadow cast on the right bow by the stern could not possibly be so strong as it is given. The work is amply illustrated by plates, and it is on the whole the most perfect treatise on perspective that has appeared for many years.

THE NEW PATH: a Monthly Art-Journal. Published by J. MILLEU, New York.

Four recent numbers—from May to August inclusive—of this Trans-Atlantic Art-Journal are on our table. It is a small publication of sixteen pages, containing some cleverly-written but pungent articles, chiefly on American Art, our own coming in for an occasional page or two of comment. The character of its reviews is undoubtedly "pugnacious," as one of its own countrymen says of it; but then, he adds,— "Certainly the American public, with its very small quantity of artistic knowledge, and very great capacity for admiration, needs a smart castigation at least monthly for its foolish ways. We have not yet, as a country, got over a childish pride in American performances, not for what is good in them, but because they are American; and a still more foolish jealousy of foreign criticism and foreign attainment." Perhaps we should give offence by asserting this to be a truth; but whether it be so or not, the editor of the *New Path* is, without doubt, keenly sensible to any strictures made upon what appears in his publication; for in the number for August he makes some remarks which were printed in our contemporary the *Builder* a text for a most angry discourse on the conduct of this country during the late unhappy civil war in America. Politics in a journal whose speciality is presumed to be the discussion of questions concerning the Fine Arts, are utterly and entirely out of place; and a publication that gives its aid to the fomenting of national discussions cannot expect to find a welcome beyond the country that produces it. The editor of the *New Path* has evidently made a "mistake" in admitting such a violent diatribe into his columns. "Perhaps," he says, "we betray an unbecoming heat; but the wound which wicked English words have made in American minds ranks deep. We are great enough to forgive, but it would be more than human if we could forget what we have had to endure." Would it not have been greater in him to have left the subject altogether in the hands of the political journals of his country, instead of adding fuel to whatever flame may have been kindled in either land by designating the *Builder* "impudent" because it charges the *New Path* with having "attempted," in a previous paper, "to foster unkind feelings between two kindred nations." For ourselves, we much regret to see our American brother treading such a "path" as this. It cannot lead to a termination honourable to himself, or satisfactory, it is to be hoped, to the majority of his readers.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF POSTAGE-STAMPS FOR THE USE OF COLLECTORS. By DR. JOHN EDWARD GRAY, F.R.S., F.L.S., V.P.Z.S., &c. Published by E. MARLBOROUGH AND CO., London.

When the system of postage-stamps first came into operation, there were few, indeed, if any, of us who expected to see these tiny bits of printed paper as eagerly sought after as gems and coins, and rare prints, and Wedgwood, &c. &c., are; and that many of them bear a high price in the

market—indicating the estimation in which they are held. "The fashion has been ridiculed," says Dr. Gray, "as all fashions will be; but if postage-stamps are properly studied, collected, and arranged, there is no reason why they may not be quite as instructive and entertaining as the collection of birds, butterflies, shells, books, engravings, coins, or other objects. . . . A collection of postage stamps may be considered, like a collection of coins, an epitome of the history of Europe and America for the last quarter of a century; and as they exhibit much variation in design and execution, they may also be regarded as a collection of works of art on a small scale, showing the style of art of the countries that issue them." &c. &c. Such, with others, are the arguments employed by Dr. Gray, in the introduction to his book, in support of stamp-collecting.

But it is necessary for those who indulge in this luxury to be on their guard against deception; for there are unprincipled dealers in these objects as there are among those who trade in pictures, antiques, curiosities, &c.; the counterfeit is substituted for the reality, forgeries are perpetrated, marks or dates are altered, colours changed by chemical processes; in short, rozenry has been, and is, at work to make the thing which is not appear as that which ought to be; and thus the collecting of stamps is not to be thought of without a due knowledge of the subject, acquired by much previous study. We confess to not a little doubt whether the knowledge, when gained, will repay the trouble of learning.

Dr. Gray began to collect postage stamps shortly after the system was established, and before it had become a rage, as he took a great interest in their use and extension; and he believes he was "the first who proposed, in 1834, the system of a *small uniform rate of postage to be prepaid by stamps.*" These circumstances, combined with others well known to those who have taken any interest in the matter, render him as great an authority on this subject as he is acknowledged to be on that of natural history. His catalogue of stamps contains full descriptions of—we presume—all the varieties which have been in use since their first introduction; while of very many of them he has given engravings. China, we believe, has stamps, but they are not mentioned; we have heard they are never allowed to leave the country; certainly we have never seen them. The Mormon territory has its stamp, bearing the head of that worthy specimen of humanity, Brigham Young!

We cordially recommend Dr. Gray's catalogue to all whom it may concern.

OUR DOMESTIC FIRE-PLACES. A Treatise on the Economical Use of Fuel, and the Prevention of Smoke. With Observations on the Patent Laws. By FREDERICK EDWARDS, Jun. Published by R. HARDWICK, London.

An Englishman's house is said to be his castle, and his greatest social enjoyment in the castle is that which is felt to be associated with his domestic hearth. It is a matter of concern with him, therefore, that this sacred spot should be rendered as comfortable in every respect, as free from annoyances of all kinds, as skill and ingenuity, without excessive expenditure, can make it. Fuel, even in this land of coal, forms a heavy item in the housekeeper's book of accounts, especially in London, and in localities far away from the "black" regions; and to show how it may be economised, and how the fire-grate should be constructed to send forth its genial warmth most advantageously to the consumer's purse, and beneficially to his person, Mr. Edwards writes a valuable treatise, derived from a thorough practical knowledge of the subject in all its bearings. It is a book which should be not only in the hands of architects and builders, but also in those of every one who is blessed with a comfortable habitation. For a scientific work, it is remarkably free from technicalities, and the whole subject is discussed in a clear, impartial, and instructive manner. The waste in this country of that most precious mineral—coal, is something enormous; and though there is little probability that either we

or our children may live to see the supply exhausted, the diminishing process goes on so rapidly, that the time may not be, after all, so very distant, when those who succeed us will have cause to wish we had husbanded our resources more than we are doing, and as Mr. Edwards shows we might do, and yet add to our comforts.

THE AUTOGRAPHIC MIRROR. Lithographed by VINCENT BROOKS. Vol. II. Published at 13, Burleigh Street, London.

We noticed, on its completion last year, the first volume of this most entertaining serial. The second has recently come into our hands. It contains about three hundred *fac-simile* letters, or communications, of notable men and women of all countries who have lived within the last three centuries—kings and queens, princes and nobles, warriors and statesmen, authors, actors, and painters. Not a few of the letters are in themselves of great interest, others are literary, and very many calligraphic curiosities, almost as difficult to decipher, except by an "expert," as an old Chaldean manuscript. Translations into English are given of the correspondence of foreigners, and a short biographical sketch of the writer is appended in all instances. The idea of this work is excellent, and it is carried out with much judgment and spirit. The third volume has been entered upon, and we notice, from two or three Parts which have come before us, that the editor is adopting a smaller and somewhat more convenient form of publication than the preceding volumes, yet without altering the character of the pages.

THE STUDENT'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY, ETYMOLOGICAL, PRONOUNCING, AND EXPLANATORY. By JOHN OGILVIE, LL.D., Editor of "The Imperial," and of "The Comprehensive," Dictionaries. The Pronunciation adapted to the best Modern Usage, by RICHARD CULL, F.S.A. Illustrated by about Three Hundred Engravings on Wood. Published by BLACKIE AND SON, London.

Dr. Ogilvie has evidently made the compilation of English dictionaries his speciality; and, to judge from this specimen, he proves himself perfectly qualified for such undertakings. The "Student's Dictionary" is a really valuable work, the result of a thorough knowledge of the etymologies of language. In it the words are traced to their ultimate sources, the root, or primary meaning is given, and the other meanings are expressed according to their best usage. The "pronunciations" appear to us remarkably explicit and intelligible, as well as correct—a desideratum of the utmost importance. The only fault we have to find with the work is the smallness of the type in which it is printed; still, it is clear. But our eyes are somewhat older than the majority of those for whom the book is more especially intended, and it would have considerably increased its size, no less than its cost, to use larger type. This is certainly the best "school dictionary" we know. Its utility is increased by the introduction of numerous woodcuts, illustrating words whose meaning might not otherwise be perfectly understood.

CASSELL'S HANDY GUIDE TO THE SEA-SIDE. Illustrated. A description of all the Principal Sea Watering-Places, with their Relative Advantages to the Tourist and Resident. Published by CASSELL, PETER, AND GALPIN, London.

Any recommendation of ours that would cause this little book to be consulted by those meditating a sea-side trip is scarcely of use this year, for the wanderers on sands and coast are now flocking homewards, as the days shorten and the evenings become dark and chilly. It may, however, serve as reference for future excursions; and as the compiler gives almost as much information concerning every watering-place in England and the Channel Islands as the hometraveller cares to know before starting, this "guide" may help him to determine satisfactorily to which quarter he will turn his steps when the summer months come round again.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1865.

HISTORIC DEVICES AND BADGES.

By MRS. BURY PALLISER.

PART II.



Continuation of the historic devices and badges of the Kings of France, the next for consideration are those used by—

FRANCIS II., "Prince sans tache and sans vice—L'Innocent," who bore for supporters two lions of Scotland, as sovereign of that kingdom.

His ordinary device was a burning column, encircled by a scroll, upon which was inscribed, *Lumen rectis*, "A light to the upright" (Fig. 12), in allusion to the column of fire which guided the



Fig. 12.

Israelites by night, and meaning that the Almighty always grants His light as a guide to those who seek Him.

At St. Denis is to be seen the monument erected by Charles IX. to contain the heart of his brother, Francis II. It is a beautiful work by Germain Pilon, and consists of a marble Corinthian column, with flames issuing from the top, and the motto, *Lumen rectis*, inscribed on its side.

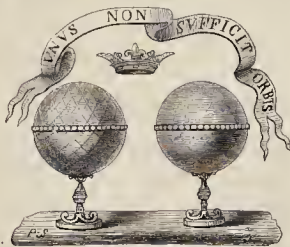


Fig. 13.

Francis had also two globes, the one celestial and the other terrestrial (Fig. 13), as appear on his medals. Motto, *Unus non*

sufficit orbis, "One world suffices not,"—a sentiment of piety, not of ambition.†

A hand issuing from a cloud, holding a coin of gold upon a touchstone, with the motto, *Sic spectanda fides*, "So is faith to be tried" (Fig. 14).

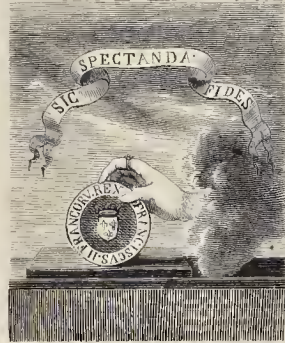


Fig. 14.

Francis had also tokens (*jetons*) struck, upon which was represented a cup; motto, *Inter eclipsis exorior*, "Among eclipses I arise" (Fig. 15), because, says Menestrier, the constellation of the cup is above the horizon at the time of the occurrence of eclipses, and Francis was not only born in troublous times, but in the year of his birth four eclipses took place.‡

He had likewise for device a dolphin with the terrestrial globe, encircled by the diamond ring of the Medici, and the crescent of Henry II. In the midst issue branches of the palm and olive, emblems of victory



Fig. 15.

and peace. Motto, *Regum patris virtutibus orbem*, "I will rule the world with my father's virtues," i.e. those I have inherited from him. Francis thus united the devices of his father and mother, signifying by the diamond the unconquerable virtue and constancy with which he would rule the world.

MARY STUART, Queen of Scotland and France.—Mary Stuart was six years old when she arrived in France; at fifteen she married

Francis, then only fourteen years of age. They were styled the Roy Dauphin and the Reine Dauphine; and Queen Mary of England dying soon after, King Henry II. required that the Dauphin should assume, with the arms of France, Dauphiné, and Scotland, those of England and Ireland, and affix them publicly in several places in Paris by his herald "Dauphiné," styling themselves François and Marie, by the grace of God, King and Queen of Scotland, England, and Ireland, Dauphin and Dauphine of Viennois. These designations, though merely recalling the eventual rights of Mary, called forth remonstrance on the part of the English ambassador, and were productive of disastrous consequences.

Mary's devices were numerous. On the death of Francis II. she took the liquorice plant, the root only of which is sweet, and all above ground bitter. The motto, *Dulce meum terra tegit*, "The earth hides my sweetness."

Again, a vine, intended to represent the kingdom of Scotland, with two branches, one of which is leafless; a hand issuing from the clouds, and holding a pruning-bill, cuts off the withered branch, emblematic of rebels and heretics, in order that the green branch (her Catholic subjects) may flourish and bear forth more grapes. The motto was *Virescit vulnere virtus*. This impress is upon a hand-bell formerly belonging to Queen Mary, and now the property of Mr. Robert Bruce, of Kennet. It likewise appears upon one of Mary's *jetons*. Miss Strickland also mentions the device, ascribing to it a different signification. "Mary," she writes, "sent Norfolk a cushion embroidered by herself, with the royal arms of Scotland, beneath which there was a hand with a knife in it pruning a vine, and the motto, *Virescit vulnere virtus*. Lesley knew enough of the metaphorical and poetic tone of Mary's mind to be able to explain that the mysterious design embroidered on the cushion was an impress devised by herself to convey a moral sentiment applicable to her own case, signifying that the vine was improved by the discipline to which it was subjected, as, in the language of Scripture, 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend.'"§

The fullest account of the *impresses* of Queen Mary is given by Drummond of Hawthornden, in a letter dated 1st July, 1653, addressed to Ben Jonson. "I have been curious," writes Drummond, "to find out for you the impresses and emblems on a bed of state, wrought and embroidered all with gold and silk by the late Queen Mary, mother to our sacred sovereign, which will embellish greatly some pages of your book, and is worthy of your remembrance. The first is the Loadstone turning towards the Pole; the word, her Majesty's name turned into an anagram, *Marie Stuart*, 'Sa vertu m'attire,' which is not inferior to *Veritas armata*, 'armed truth,' which is likewise meant as an anagram on Marie Stuart. This hath reference to a crucifix, before which, with all her royal ornaments, she is humbled on her knees most lively, with the word *Undique*, 'on every side,' which would signify that through the cross she is armed at all points."

Drummond next gives the *impress* of Mary of Lorraine, her mother—a Phoenix in flames; the word, *En ma fin gît mon commencement*. This same motto attracted the attention of Elizabeth's emissaries, when Mary was at Tutbury, in 1569. Nicholas Whyte writes to Cecil, "In looking upon

* "Unus Pellicae juveni non sufficit orbis."—JUVENAL.

† 1578. "Ane bed of black velvet enriched with armes and spleries, with borders of broderie work of cloath of gold."

—Inventory of Jewelles and artillerie within the Castell of Edinburgh pertaining to our Sovereane Lord and his hienes dearest mother.

‡ A total eclipse of the sun occurred January 24, 1544, four days after he was born, and in the same month there were partial eclipses of the moon. The other two eclipses of the same luminary were visible in July and November.

* Exhibited at Edinburgh in 1862.

§ "Queens of Scotland," vol. vii.

her cloth of estate, I notice this sentence embroidered, *En ma fin est mon commencement*, which is a riddle I understood not." Miss Strickland observes, "This motto, it may be remembered, had previously puzzled Randolph, and other English spy-reporters, when they saw it wrought upon her throne at Holyrood; not comprehending that the young blooming sovereign, in her nineteenth year, undazzled by the glories of her earthly state, testified thereby her hope of a better inheritance when the mortal shall have put on immortality. Chosen for her warning in the days of her prosperity, she adopted it in the season of adversity as her consolation."* These impresas show that a strain of melancholy moralising occupied the mind, and pervaded even the needlework, of this accomplished and ill-fated princess.

Another device, wrought on this elaborated specimen of her taste and industry, was an apple-tree growing on a thorn; the motto, *Per viculum crescit*, implying thereby that her cause was increased by her captivity.

Another of these allegories was Mercury charming Argus with his hundred eyes, exposed by his *caduceus*, two flutes, and a peacock; the motto, *Eloquium tot luminu clausit*, "Eloquence has closed so many eyes." Others are:—

Two women upon the wheel of fortune, the one holding a lance, emblematic of war, the other a *cornucopiæ*, emblem of peace, which impressa evidently typified Queen Elizabeth and herself; the motto, *Fortuna comites*, implying that whomsoever fortune favoured would prevail.

A ship, with its masts shivered, still resisting the huffeting of the ocean; *Naufragium nisi rectum*, "Never till righted," or "Never unless erect," descriptive of her invincible constancy—though assailed on every side by her Protestant subjects—to remain firm in the Catholic faith.

Her maternal pride is expressed in the device of a lioness, with her whelp beside her, and the words *Unam quibsem sed leonem*, "One only, but that one a lion."

Her bitter sense of the insolence of her inferiors is intimated by the emblem of a lion taken in a net, and hares wantonly passing over him, with the words, *Et lepores devicto insultant leoni*, "The very hares trample on the fallen lion."

As an antithesis, she describes the improving uses of adversity by camomile in a garden, and the motto, *Fructus calada dui amplis*, "Trampled upon, she emiteth greater fragrance."

Again, she typifies herself in the character of the palm-tree, with the motto, *Ponderibus virtus lauta resistit*, "Innate virtue resisteth oppression."

Also, as a bird in a cage, with a hawk hovering above; the motto, *Il mal me preme e me spaventa peggio*, "It is ill with me now, and I fear worse betides me."

A triangle, with a sun in the middle of a circle; the word, *Trium non convenit orbis*.

A porcupine amongst sea-rocks; the word, *Ne volutetur*.

The panoply of war, helmets, lances, pikes, muskets, cannon, and the word *Dabit Deus his quoque pacem*, "God can put an end to these things also."

A tree planted in a churchyard, environed with dead men's bones; the word, *Pictus recedat ab Orco*.

Eclipses of the sun and the moon; the word, *Ipsa sibi lumen quod incidet auferit*, "She taketh from herself the light she denieth to the earth," glancing, as may ap-

pear, at Queen Elizabeth, figured as the eclipsing moon.

Scarcely less pathetically applicable to her own sad case are Brennus's balance, a sword cast in the scale to weigh gold; the motto, *Quid nisi victis dolor?* "What remaineth for the vanquished but misery?"

A vine tree watered with wine, which, instead of making it spring and grow, maketh it fade; the word, *Mel et canthi prosunt*.

In allusion to her great reverse, a wheel rolled from the mountain into the sea; the motto, *Piena di dolor voda de speranza*, "Full of griefs, empty of hope."

A heap of wings and feathers dispersed; the motto, *Magnatum vicinitas*, implying that she had too powerful a neighbour, who rent her plumes and rifled her nest.

A trophy upon a tree, with mitres, crowns, hats, masks, swords, boots, and a woman with a veil about her eyes, or muffled, pointing to some one about her, with this motto, *Ut casus detertit*.

One of the most beautiful of these allegories, describing the source from which Mary derived consolation under the pressure of her calamities, is the device of three crowns, two opposite, and one above in the sky, the motto *Alioquin moratur*, "And awaits another;" implying that the rightful Queen of France and Scotland awaits a crown celestial in the heavens. The last device is an eclipse, with the motto, *Mellio occidit die*, "Darkened at noonday."

In addition to these devices, the impressa and mottoes of Francis I., Henry II., Godfrey of Bouillon, the Cardinal Lorraine, together with the Tudor portcullis, and the Order of the Annunciation of Savoy, were all embroidered upon this bed by Queen Mary and her ladies. The workmanship, concludes Drummond, "is curiously done, and truly it may be said of it, the execution surpassed the material."

On Mary's banner in Peterborough Cathedral was the Scottish unicorn and three thistles; motto, "In my defence."

It would appear, from a despatch of Dickenson, that Queen Elizabeth directed she should use her motto:—"Her Majesty's most royal daughter is to use her godmother's impress, *Semper eadem*, 'Full of princely courage,' and therefore, as well for that as her other admirable and royally shining virtues, justly honoured even by the enemies of her cause."

The practice of making anagrams, invented long before the Christian era,† was first revived by Francis I. In addition to the two mentioned by Drummond, a third was made on Queen Mary; *Maria Stevaria, Sctorum Regina*, was turned into *Trova vi reguis, morte amara cado*, "Thrust by force from my kingdom, I fall by a bitter death."

In the reign of Francis I., writes Mene-trier, the fashion began of employing Greek letters for the name, and the Greek Phi, Φ (ϕ), was used in several places for the king's initial, because he had re-established letters and the Greek language.

François, Duke de Guise, caused his horses to be branded with the Phi. Catherine de Medicis used the double K (ϵ), and she adopted, with many of her contemporaries, Greek mottoes for her impressa.

Queen Mary followed the fashion of the times, and took the Φ and the Λ for the monogram of King Francis and herself.

* Lansdown MS. 574.

† By the Greek poet, Lycophron, who flourished B.C. 380, at the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

* "Queens of Scotland," vol. vi.

Fig. *f* is copied from the above-mentioned hand-hell, and it is also inscribed on Mary's signet-ring, now preserved in the British Museum,* the M resembles that of the Constable Anne de Montmorency, in a monogram (Fig. *g*) on the plate of a loek in the Musée de Cluny, at Paris.

Mary's grand-daughter, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, used two Epsilons intersecting each other, and her ill-fated husband, Froderic, took two Phi's intersected, as we find noticed in an entry of her jewels.†

Henry III. continued the fashion, and introduced the Lambda for his queen, Louisa of Lorraine, interlaced with his H (h), in the collar of the Order of the Holy Ghost.

Queen Louisa always used the double Lambda, either large (Λ) or small λ (λ), and the same letter (λ) was continued by Louis XIII.



and Louis XIV. as their initial, on the binding of their books and their works of Art.

Henry IV. does not appear to have used any Greek initials, but he introduced the punning S "trait" (an S with a stroke through it), Fig. *m*, for Gabrielle d'Estree, united with his own, as we see described in the inventory of her effects made after her death.‡

CHARLES IX.—To this youthful monarch the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, with letter intentions than foresight, gave the motto, *Pietate et justitia*, "With piety and justice," with two columns interlaced (Fig. 16),



Fig. 16.

showing that these two virtues are the support of government. Charles IX, was godson to Charles V., who assumed the columns of Hercules, and it was probably in imitation of the device of his godfather that Charles IX. selected for his impressa the two twisted pillars of the temple of Jerusalem, called Jakin and Boaz.

* The Φ also appears on some plates in the possession of A. Fontaine, Esq., of Norfolk Hall, as the signature of the celebrated painter of majolica, Orazio Fontana, the Φ forming both the initials of his name.

† "Ane picture box of gold grin is contained in the on syll the king of Boheme his portrait, the cover of is sete with diamonds effie this forme, Φ Φ , containing two J deciphered within two o's, resembling two great Trees (lettres) Φ for Frederick the king his name." The writer of the inventory mistook the intersection of the two Φ for an O.

‡ 1597. "Une bonette de peinture, esmaillee de gris, sur laquelle y a des diamans où est le chiffre du Roy et à costé d'iceluy quatre S (barres) et aux quatre petites triangles de diamans, prisee cinqu'es escus."—*Inventaire de Gabrielle d'Estrees*, Bibliothèque Impériale, Paris.

* "Une robe de tulle d'argent . . . les grandes manches à l'espagnole. . . Doubliée de satin incarnadine, et brodée en broderie d'argent où sont les chiffres du Roy et de la defunte dame."—*Ibid.*

ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA, wife of Charles IX., took for her device a temple, before the door of which she is standing, looking up to the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove, with the motto, *In Deo spes mea*, "My hope is in God," which was also the favourite motto of her brother-in-law, Henry III.

Also, Fortune on a globe buffeted by the winds. Motto, *Volente*, "Being willing."

HENRY III.—His supporters were two eagles for Poland. His device three crowns, with the motto, *Manet ultima celo*, "The last remains to heaven" (Fig. 17).

The Leaguers, to turn the device into ridicule, placed the scissors instead of the third crown, and substituted "*claustrum*" for "*celo*," threatening to shut him up in a monastery. Cardinal Guise (he who was assassinated, with his brother, at Blois) used to say he would never be content until he had the head of the king between his knees, to give him a monk's crown; and his sister, the Duchess of Mont-



Fig. 17.

pensier, kept a pair of seissors always attached to her girdle, as she said, for the same purpose.

When Henry III. published, in 1577, an edict, reducing the value of the crown to sixty sols, it was hoped that this act would help, as it did, to reform the currency. Tokens (*jetons*) were struck, upon which was represented Plutus seated upon a cube, his wings folded back, his eyes bandaged, and bound with chains of gold; the motto, from the sixth book of the *Æneid*, *Sedit sternumque sceleris*, "He sits and will sit eternal."

Henry III. instituted the order of St. Esprit, choosing this name for his order, because he was elected King of Poland on Whitsunday, and he succeeded to the crown of France on the same festival of the following year. The Order of St. Michael had become so debased from its indiscriminate use by the sons of Henry II., as to be styled the "*Collier à toutes Bêtes*," this principally led Henry III. to institute his new order; but the Knights of the Holy Ghost were required, before their institution, to receive the Order of St. Michael; hence the Knights of the Holy Ghost are called "*Chevaliers des ordres du roy*."

LOUISE DE VAUDEMONT, the neglected wife of Henry III., took for her device the sun-dial (sun-dials, with quaint devices, being much in vogue in the seventeenth century), with the motto, *Aspice ut aspicias*, "Look upon me, that I may be looked upon" (Fig. 18). As the dial only shows the hours of the day when shone upon by the sun, so she entreats the king to look upon her, that she may be held in esteem by others.

After the assassination of Henry III., Louise took possession of the Château of Chenoneaux, left to her by Catherine de Medicis. All her rooms were hung with black, and she wore white (the mourning of queens) until her death. Her bed was covered with black velvet fringed with black and white, and her *per-dieu* chair was covered with black. In an adjoining

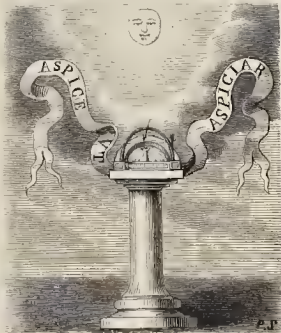


Fig. 18.

room hung a large portrait of Henry III., underneath which was the portion of a line from the *Æneid* (Book xii.)—*Servi monumenta doloris*, "The memorials of grievous suffering." Here she passed her days, praying for the soul of her worthless husband. Another of her devices was,—

The Box-tree. Motto—*Nostra res in tumulo*, "Ours or in the tomb."

HENRY IV., "Le merveille des rois et le roi des merveilles," who succeeded as nearest to the crown on the extinction of the house of Valois, was related to Henry III. only in the twenty-third degree.

Two cows, the arms of Béarn (Fig. 19), and a club, with the motto, *In via virtuti nulla est via*, "No path is impassable to valour," the club of Hercules being emble-

matic of the labours he had undergone, and the hydra of rebellion he had overcome.

Two sceptres in *salire*, traversed by a naked sword to represent peace and war,

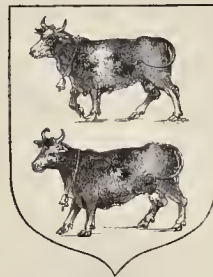


Fig. 19.

and the two kingdoms of France and Navarre, with the motto, *Duo protegit unus*, "One protects two," to signify that his



Fig. 20.

sword had henceforth in view only the defence and protection of his two kingdoms (Fig. 20).



Fig. 21.

The ingenious discovered a curious combination of the number 14, in the name and life of Henry IV.; fourteen letters in "*Henri de Bourbon*." He was born 14 centuries, 14 decades, and 14 years after our

Saviour, A.D. 1554; born on the 14th of December, died on the 14th of March, and lived four times 14 years, and four times 14 days, and 14 weeks.

MARGUERITE DE FRANCE, Queen of

Navarre, daughter of Henry II., first wife of Henry IV., and the last of the Valois, 1615, best known as "Reine Margot," of whose marriage, the forerunner of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, it was said that "la livrée des noces serait vermeille."

Margaret was also styled "La Lune," because she eclipsed the stars.

In her youth she bore a palm-tree overshadowing an altar, with the motto, *Pros altissima surgit in usus*. "By exercise one rises to the highest things."

Her second device was the mystic pentagon,† the symbol of health, with the word *Salus* inscribed at its angles (Fig. 22).



Fig. 22.

After her divorce, Margaret took the pearl, in Latin, "unio," with the motto, *Unio cuncta disjunct.*"

MARY DE MEDICIS, second wife of Henry IV., when declared regent to her son, caused to be embroidered on the *hocquetons* of her archers an eagle crowned, covering its little ones; motto, *Tegit virtute miras.*

On the occasion of the marriage of Louis XIII., she changed the device to a pacific eagle, carrying an olive branch; *Nec fulmina desud.*‡

A stork§ feeding its young and rearing them with care; *Pia mater voria pello*. "A pious mother, I expel hurtful things." The heliotrope; *Solem sola sequor*, "I follow the sun alone."

The sun among clouds; *Major in adversis*, "Greater in adversity." A fire blown by the four winds; *Crescit ab adversis*, "It grows from adversity." *Les oppositions le font croître.*¶ This she had embroidered on the *casques* of her guards.

A star; *Cara na lontana*, "Dear, though afar."

LOUIS XIII.—Two Hercules, or sometimes the club of Hercules only, with the motto, *Erit hoc quoque cogita monstris*. "The monsters (*i. e.* heresy and rebellion) shall make acquaintance with this."

When Louis XIII. was born, there had not been a dauphin since Francis II.—eighty-four years. The province of Dauphiné sent a deputation to Fontainebleau, headed by the Archbishop of Vienne, to recognise the infant as their sovereign, and made him a present of an entire service of richly chased plate, with various figures of dolphins, estimated at 12,000 crowns.

LOUIS XIV. had, from his birth, as his personal device, the sun in its splendour (Fig. 23); and later, among many other mottoes, he chose *Nec pluribus impar*, "Not unequal to many," meaning that the genius of the king sufficed, or would suffice, to govern many kingdoms.

§ Paraclin.

† A star of five points, composed of five A's interlaced, was formerly made by physicians the symbol of health, under the name of Pentaphia.—MÉNESTRIER.

‡ Mercure François. 1615.

§ Renouard Devises Royales MS., Bib. Imp. Ménestrier.

Although Francis II., Charles IX., Henry III., Henry IV., and Louis XIII. had special supporters of their arms, yet



Fig. 23.

they did not exclude the two angels of Charles VI., which were considered as the ordinary supporters of the arms of the kingdom. Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. never used any others (Fig. 21,* shown on the preceding page).

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN FREDERICK HERRING

THIS artist, known through a long course of years as a most successful animal painter, died, at his residence, Meopham Park, near Tunbridge, on the 23rd of September, in the seventy-first year of his age.

Though we call Mr. Herring an "animal painter," the term takes in a wider signification than his works have generally shown, for he made horses his speciality more than the stock which frequent the pastures and the farmer's straw-yard; yet these, accompanied by the stragglers from the poultry-yard and dove-cot, are to be seen associated in some of his pictures. Like another veteran artist of the same kind, Mr. Abraham Cooper, R.A., Herring was self-taught, and traced back his love of the horse, and the desire to become its "portrait-painter," to the fact of the "professional" engagement with the animal in his early life. It is now nearly half a century ago since he left the metropolis—he was born in the county of Surrey—for Yorkshire, without any other special object in view, we believe, than to see the "St. Leger" run for at Doncaster, and seek employment as a "whip." For several years after this he drove a stage-coach between Wakefield and Lincoln, and finished his career on the box as driver of the London and York "Highflyer," a celebrated coach in its day. When not occupied on the road he was engaged in painting the portraits of favourite horses for their owners, and also races and racing scenes. During thirty years in succession, the winners of the "St. Leger" "stood" to him for their portraits, and when he had entirely relinquished the coach-box, Mr. Herring devoted himself solely to that branch of Art in which he subsequently became distinguished.

Among the works by which this artist is distinguished—and so many of them have been engraved on a large scale, and have had a wide circulation, that they are well known both here and in America—are:—'The Baron's Charger,' 'Members of the

* This device was first suggested by Cardinal Mazarin to Monsieur POUVRIER, an antiquary.—VOLTAIRE.

Temperance Society,' 'Feeding Time,' 'The Farmer's Pet,' 'Duncan's Horses,' 'Pharaoh's Chariot Horses,' four agricultural scenes, entitled respectively 'Spring,' 'Summer,' 'Autumn,' and 'Winter,' 'The Country Bait,' 'Quietude,' 'Returning from Epsom,' 'Market Day,' 'The Derby Day,' 'The Horse Fair,' &c. &c. He also painted the portraits of several favourite horses belonging to her Majesty; one of these works was engraved in the *Art-Journal* for 1856, as a portion of our "Royal Gallery."

Mr. Herring was an old and valuable member of the Society of British Artists.

MR. ROBERT H. GRUNDY.

Among those whose taste and enterprise contributed, within the last quarter of a century, to the encouragement of Art by the wealthy inhabitants of Liverpool and other large towns in Lancashire, was Mr. Robert Hudmarsh Grundy, whose death occurred, at Liverpool, on the 18th of September, the anniversary of his forty-ninth birthday.

Not a few of the best works both of our own school of painting, and of that of France, which have found their way into the locality referred to, Mr. Grundy was the medium of acquiring and circulating. But he made drawings in water-colours the speciality of his business; and this branch of Art was widely developed through his instrumentality, collectors placing entire faith in his judgment and honest dealing. Many of our most eminent water-colour painters of the present day are indebted to him for bringing their works prominently into notice. Collections of this kind were comparatively limited in Lancashire till he encouraged a desire for such acquisitions; now they have in some great measure superseded oil-pictures. Mr. Grundy carried on an extensive business as a print-publisher; one of the engravings brought out by him is Landseer's 'There's Life in the Old Dog yet.'

MR. GEORGE RICHARDS ELKINGTON.

Associated as our journal has long been with the Art-manufactures of the country, some notice is justly due to the memory of this gentleman, who died at his residence, Pool Park, North Wales, at the end of September, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He was the founder and head of the eminent firm of Elkington and Co., whose productions have a reputation wherever the commerce of England extends—a reputation arising out of the enterprise, taste, and knowledge, which he brought to bear upon his business. His judgment and discernment attracted to the extensive establishment at Birmingham the most skilful artists and workmen, both native and foreign, who could be procured; while his suavity of manners, just dealing, and liberal treatment, retained them in his service, and procured for him the respect and esteem of those he employed. The works of Messrs Elkington and Co.—from the colossal bronze statue to the smallest cup or salt-cellar—unquestionably form an epoch in the metallic industries of the country, and at the International Exhibitions which have taken place both here and in Paris, they have always received the highest encomiums.

It is gratifying to know that in his sons he has left behind those who are capable of maintaining the high credit of this well-known firm.

ECCLESIASTICAL
ART-MANUFACTURES.

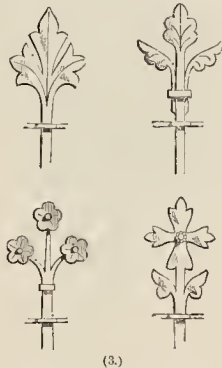
II. METAL-WORK.

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.

It is not many years since that the words "Gothic metal-work" would probably have suggested to the reader nothing but a vision of cast-iron scroll work on a church door, which the architect intended for Gothic hinges. Now, the same words suggest to the mind at once a great crowd of works in different metals—viz., iron and brass, gold and silver; variously treated, viz., wrought and cast, engraved, enamelled, and jewelled; works of all kinds, from the simplest articles of domestic use up to the Lichfield and Hereford chancel screens; works in which rival manufacturers vie with one another in the beautiful character of the design and the excellence of the production. That is to say, in the brief interval between the day of cast-iron Gothic sham hinges and the present day, a school of design, both in the common metals and in goldsmiths' work, has arisen, and attained a very high degree of excellence, and has already produced works which rival those of the old metal-workers, which used to be our admiration and despair. The great feature of the new school is, that it has revived the use of wrought metal. Nearly all the ornamental metal-work of the previous period, whether of iron or brass, was cast. But as soon as the revived Gothic taste led people to examine the details of old work, they found a great amount of mediæval metal-work of a character very different from the modern, and possessing characteristics worthy of admiration. The first feature that excited admiration was the wonderful dexterity with which the old smiths manipulated the intractable material, curved it

the old mechanical casting. Another feature of the old work that called forth admiration, was the beauty and elegance of design exhibited in these works of common use executed in base metal. A pair of door hinges was sometimes a study of elegant design; a lock afforded scope enough for a playful fancy, such as is exhibited in the accompanying designs (Nos. 1 and 2); a ring plate became the subject of a clever grotesque; elegant taste was shown in the little artistic touches given to the commonest things, such as the little terminations to the common iron stanchions of a window (No. 3); while a great work like a screen rose to the dignity of a real work of Art.

That first experiment in Gothic metal-work which we have already mentioned,



(3)

the cast-iron hinges, was very instructive. The designs were not so bad in themselves; very likely they were taken from some good old wrought-iron examples; but when they came to be cast it was seen at once that they were somehow thoroughly unsatisfactory. On the other hand, it was apparent that a pair of wrought hinges, of much less pretentious design, honestly shaped and hammered out by the village blacksmith, had something about them which, though rude, was not unsatisfactory. And so the clever blacksmiths were picked out by the rising Gothic architects, and they worked out the problem together. The smith, by practice in finer work, which called out his ingenuity and skill, got daily more skilful in his handicraft; and the artist, standing by the anvil, and watching the smith curving and beating out, and welding together the glowing bars, got to understand better what fire and hammer, and human labour, could fairly do with hard iron and brass. And so the school of Art in metal grew and improved, and the public appreciated and purchased, until at length, among us, we have introduced artistic designs and honest workmanship into every branch of metal manufacture, and have besides produced some *chefs-d'œuvre* of which we have a right to feel proud.

And here, before we commence another paragraph, let us pause to say that the pretty woodcuts which we have used above, in illustration of our story, are not, as the reader might think, copies of old works; they are designs for modern works taken from the Illustrated Catalogue of Messrs. Hart and Son, because the drawings happened to be under our eye, and the wood blocks obligingly placed at our disposal. But we introduced them advisedly as illustrations of the way in which our modern

artists of metal have imbibed the spirit and acquired the skill of the old designers; giving artistic touches to the commonest things, and finding scope enough in a lock face or a door plate for the exercise of a playful fancy.

The branch of metal work which first gave scope to the skill of our designers, was found in the provision for the lighting of our churches; for here there was not merely need for artistic taste in designing pleasing forms, but there was required original invention in adapting the modern method of lighting by gas, and harmonising it with Gothic architecture and accessories. The designers had not much to guide them. The mediæval metal-work had almost entirely disappeared. The best type of ecclesiastical chandelier we had was the great seventeenth century thing with a globe of brass in the centre, from which radiated a number of thin curved branches, each carrying a plain socket for a candle, with a shallow brass saucer beneath to catch the falling wax. As it hung by its chain from the church roof it looked so very like a great spider dangling at the end of his thread, that it received the name of the "spider" chandelier. Detach one of its curved legs and fix it by a little socket to the wall, and it gave the wall-branch of the period. A little later the manufacturers cast chandeliers and wall branches, some for candles and some with a central urn for oil, of more pretentious design, and got up with bright and dead relievings, and lacquered like gold; but not so quaint and picturesque as the old "spiders." The first attempts to introduce gas were amusing. Gas seems to have been looked upon as unecclesiastical at least, if not absolutely vulgar; fit only to be used in street lamps and kitchens, and town shops, or at best, in music halls and theatres. But it was so cheap and convenient, and brilliant, and therefore so much superior to any other method of lighting a large public building, that its introduction was inevitable into our churches. But the artists being ashamed of its use, set to work to design "Gothic" branches and chandeliers which should hide the fact that they were vulgar "gas-fittings." If the gas was to be used with a bat's-wing burner, they carried the pipe through a piece of pottery which cleverly imitated a half-burnt candle. If an Argand burner was to be used, they put an empty vase above it, to make believe that it was an oil-lamp. At the same time the Gothic taste exhibited itself in design and ornament by introducing architectural forms taken from carvings and tracery in wood and stone. The Gothic outcry against "shams" soon, however, carried us through this transition stage. When people began to think for themselves about the treatment of gas in the lighting of a Gothic church, they soon came to see it had two characteristics which ought to be made available, and might be used so as to introduce novel and beautiful effects. The first was, that the light did not require to be manufactured on the spot out of a stick of wax or a vase of oil, so that nothing more was needed than a slender and flexible tube to convey the gas to its burner. The second was that the light might, with great facility and actual economy, be subdivided into any number of small jets: this at once afforded the power of arranging the lights in clusters so as to produce very beautiful effects. This branch of design fell into the hands of some clever artists, who appreciated these novel characteristics; they went to the old mediæval *coronæ* and standards for models for their design of the fittings; and

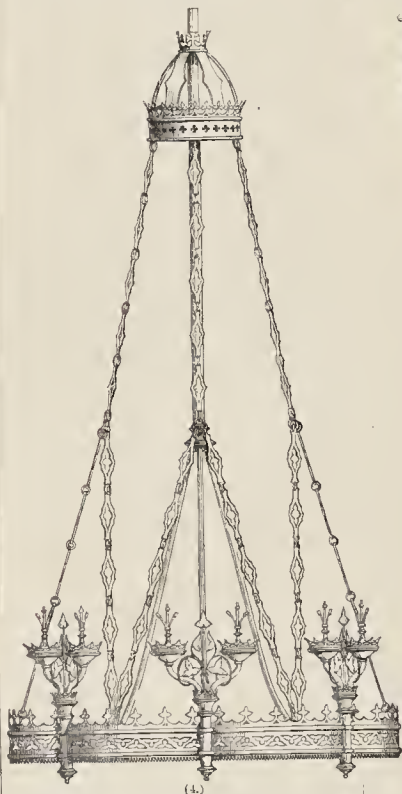


(1)

(2)

into scrolls, and hammered it into foliage, and introduced flowers, and birds, and beasts, with wonderful skill. It was also seen at a glance that the sharpness and crispness of the wrought work were qualities which could not be imitated in castings; and that the twisted and hammered metal had a life and vigour, and impress of the maker's hand, which were wanting in

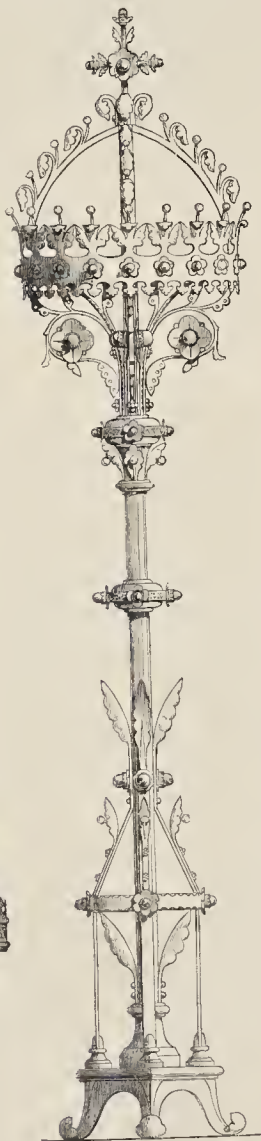
the result has been that the modern school of design has achieved a more bold and complete success in this than perhaps in any other branch of ecclesiastical Art-manufacture. The works of Mr. Skidmore (now the Skidmore Company), of Coventry, of Messrs. Hardman & Co., of Birmingham, and of Messrs. Hart and Son, of London, and of half-a-dozen other firms, are illustrations of what we have said. We give here one or two examples selected from Messrs. Hart's catalogue. The first is a *corona* (No. 4), whose general form is of mediæval type; the gas-burners are boldly shown, each burner being divided into a triplet, spread out so that the three flames fall like the three leaflets of a vine. These triplets are grouped in pairs, and there are six pairs, which form an artistic crown of



(4.)

light. The standard, which is now generally used instead of the wall branch, is a slender shaft of metal, usually plain in the lower half, and twisted above, from whose capital spring three branches, each of which bears a woodcut of a great standard light (No. 5), such as is often placed on each side of the *sacrorium*. The ordinary standard is usually attached to a bench, and is supported by it, but these great *sacrorium* lights stand alone, and need the spreading base which is here given to it. The head of it is fashioned into a crown imperial, gemmed with jets of light. We have chosen this example especially because it enables us to illustrate a fashion which has of late years come in

of ornamenting metal-work with red and white knobs of crystal. The same taste is observable in the fashion for ornamenting stone-work with bosses of coloured marble. A row of these crystals will be seen round the rim of the crown of the standard, and others round the bandings of the shafts; no doubt they catch and reflect the light

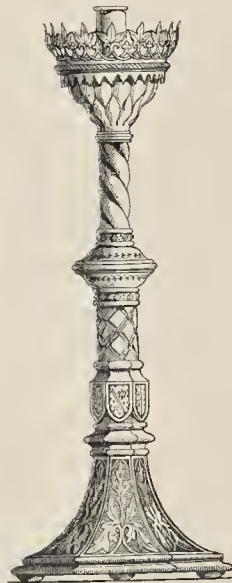


(5.)

with striking effect. But though we adopt the manufacturer's phraseology and call them "crystals," they are in truth nothing more than pieces of glass; it is, therefore, a very cheap stylo of ornament, and if not carefully restrained by good taste, may easily degenerate into vulgarity. We introduce a single candlestick (No. 6)

to represent a rather large and varied class of designs, which are used not only for altar candlesticks, but are rather largely adopted in place of the old-fashioned silver-plated candlesticks for domestic use.

One notable result of the success of our revived metal-work is, that we now introduce metal where we had been accustomed to use other material, for the sake of indulging in the beautiful design which the designers in metal are prepared to give us. For example, in altar-rails. This article of church furniture was only introduced, as our readers will remember, in the time of Charles I., and in all the old examples it consists of a sill at bottom and a hand-rail at top, with a series of balluster-shaped standards, closely set, connecting them. When the Gothic taste first came in, the altar-rails of some of our earlier churches had wooden arcaeing and Gothic tracery, substituted for the balusters. But of late years the whole design has been modified. The upper rail is still retained as a convenience to the kneeling communi-



(6.)

cants; but usually it is supported now by four or more metal standards, set at wide intervals, and merely let into the stone step of the *sacrorium*. These standards are of various degrees of elaboration. Sometimes a very simple design of iron, with a couple of scrolls under the rail; sometimes the iron is painted, and the leaves of the scroll are of hammered brass; sometimes the standards are of brass, and of elaborate character, the uprights being wrought into shafts with moulded bands and capitals, and the curved brackets having well-wrought passion-flowers, or vine leaves and clusters, for foliage. In some of the later examples, the crystal knobs described in the gas standards are also introduced. The example which we give (No. 7) is one of the simpler kind, but will serve very well as a typical example of the class.

Here, again, in the woodcut No. 8, is another example. Had we wanted a bell-cot to cover a little bell for a village

church or school, we should naturally have sent for the carpenter or the wood-carver to make it; but the metal-worker steps in with a pretty fanciful design like this, and we are at once tempted to indulge ourselves and other people with the elegant novelty.

Another example of still greater sumptuousness is presented in the canopy by Messrs. Hardman & Co., of Birmingham (No. 9). It is a canopy intended to hold a

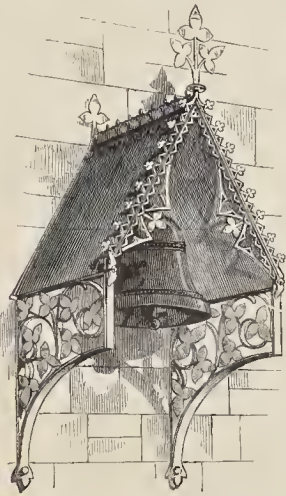
fences enclosing a monument, and the *parclose* to a chapel or choir. This class affords very wide scope for design, and extends from the mere protection of an opening of a couple of feet square, up to a western choir-screen of the grandest conception. We had, perhaps, more ancient examples of this class than of almost any other remaining in England, from the simple grating of some "low side window," up to the

a specimen of the kind of grille which may be used for a *parclose* screen. It is comparatively simple in design, and of architectural



(7.)

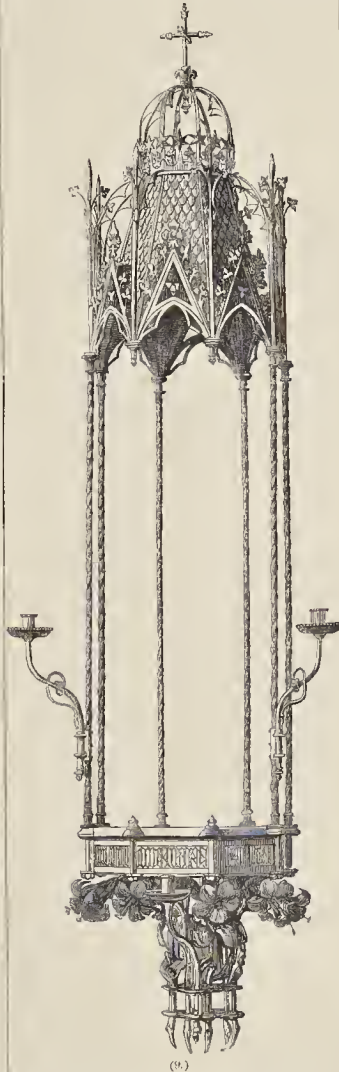
statue. Here it is the sculptor who has succumbed to the superior attraction offered by his brother artist in metal. It would have been natural to make a little bracket of sculptured stone or marble for the figure to stand upon, and to project a piece of stone tabernacle work overhead for protection and honour. Few persons, we imagine, would regret the substitution of this delicate, elegant, and original piece of workmanship. The cluster of lilies which support the bracket; the slender twisted shafts which carry the light canopy; the scaled



(8.)

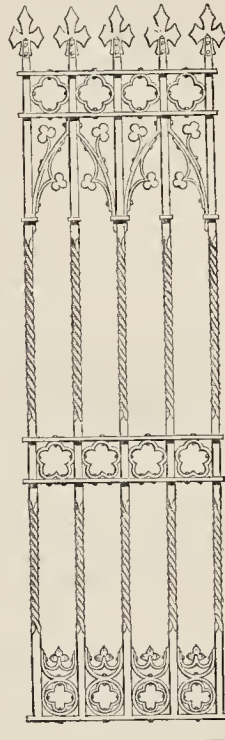
sides of the truncated spirelet; the flying buttresses which form a bower round it; the stary crown, with its terminal cross,—all demand careful examination for the beauty of their detail; while the outline and proportions of the whole design are pleasing and satisfactory to the eye.

Another extensive use of metal-work is for *grilles*; under which word we may include the gratings which protect open spaces left for sound or ventilation, and



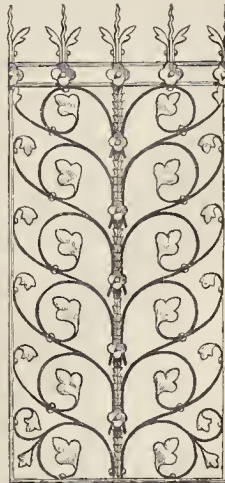
(9.)

grand screen which surrounds the tomb of Edward IV., in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor. And of this class our modern metal-workers also afford us abundant examples of every kind, and size, and degree of grandeur. We should overcrowd our columns if we gave a title of the illustrations which lie before us. We pass over the smaller examples—though they offer some very tempting specimens of design—and choose as our first illustration (No. 10)



(10.)

character in its outlines, though perfectly free from the fault into which some early



(11.)

designs fell, of imitating in wrought-iron forms only appropriate to wood or stone. The next example (No. 11) is of a freer

character, which is not the less "Gothic"—as we have slowly learnt to understand—because there is nothing of what is specially called "Gothic tracery" in it.

A grille of still more elaborate character, and still greater merit as a work of Art, is given in the iron grating of a doorway (No. 12). It is the better for our purpose of exhibiting the progress of this branch of our Art-manufactures, that the mind will at once contrast it with the contrivances for the same purpose, with which we used to be quite satisfied, and with which we are still familiar. The work, it will be seen, is simply the grating with which a doorway may be closed against intrusion, while the door itself is left open for ventilation. We still commonly see—and we used to be content

to see—a rude lattice-work of laths used for such a purpose, and to think a plain substantial grille of iron bars rather a sumptuous provision for the need. With these remembrances, we shall the better appreciate the progress of the art of design in metal-work which supplies us with such door-gratings as the one here represented. And we shall appreciate, too, the desire that exists, and is increasing, to apply the noblest Art to the adornment of every detail of the furniture of God's House, when we see there are men willing to give such a work as this to such a purpose. We say that this feeling of desire to apply the noblest Art to every part of the building which is erected to God's honour is increasing, and will increase more and



(12.)

more, and make itself seen in similar works. In the last generation we were occupied in building the churches themselves, in order to afford room, sorely needed, for the worshippers of God. The churches once built—though many more need to be built elsewhere—the same spirit finds its natural, and needed, expression in furnishing and adorning the buildings wherein we worship. We are, therefore, we conclude, only at the beginning of the development of ecclesiastical Art-manufacture.

In directing the reader to a study of the details of the last work we have placed before him, we are compelled, in justice to

the metal-workers, Messrs. Hardman and Co., to explain that the engraver has not quite succeeded in interpreting the photograph of the subject which was placed before him. The upper part of the design should have been rendered in the same way as the lower part, or rather, perhaps, the whole design should have been represented in light drawing upon a dark background. It was difficult, too, on such a scale, to represent the fine detail of the workmanship, and all its little artistic niceties. But the engraving will serve as a diagram to show the general form and character of the design, and for that we holdly challenge admiration.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE T. E. PLINT, ESQ., LEEDS.

OPHELIA.

A. Hughes, Painter. C. Cousens, Engraver.

MR. RUSKIN, in his "Notes on some of the Principal Pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy" in 1858, speaks inferentially of this artist as one of the "leaders" of the Pre-Raphaelite school, and reproaches the absence of the rest from the gallery. Mr. Hughes, though certainly less known than some who have attained notoriety in the style of Art which the eloquent author of "Modern Painters" takes under his especial protection, is certainly entitled to assume the rank in which he has been placed. While deprecating the injudicious encomiums which have too often been lavished by writers and amateurs on the pictures of this school, it must fairly be acknowledged that Pre-Raphaelitism has led painters to earnest, serious thought, and to diligent, painstaking execution. "In learning to work carefully from nature, everybody has been obliged to paint what will stay to be painted, and the best of nature will not wait."

That this style, in its least extravagant form, should acquire popularity, is not extraordinary: the great mass of those who visit our picture galleries can better understand what is purely naturalistic in Art than what is purely ideal, especially in landscape painting; they are charmed with a bank of moss, or a bunch of wild flowers, or the texture of a garment which rivals the actual material. "This natural Art speaks to all men; around it daily the circles of sympathy will enlarge;" but the ill-drawn, thin, attenuated figure, having no form of comeliness nor personal beauty, excites only the surprise or ridicule of the many, whatever meaning the artist intends it to convey.

The painter of 'Ophelia' is not one who carries his predilections to the extreme; he preserves—better than most of his compeers—the *juste milieu* between the two opposites of Pro-Raphaelitism natural and Pro-Raphaelitism unnatural; or, in other words, he shows us that the Art to which this title has been given may be made attractive, just as others have seemed to labour only for the purpose of showing its repulsiveness. The picture in question is an example. Here, every blade of grass, every leaf and flower, are given with the most exquisite delicacy and the most scrupulous fidelity, and yet there appears no overstrained elaboration, while the colour of all is very rich and brilliant, both in the gradations of green verdure, and in the twilight sky, now deepening in the horizon into the intensest purple. On the trunk of a tree sits the distraught maiden:—

"There is a willow grows aslant the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples."

A sweet, child-like face is Ophelia's, its look of vacancy scarcely dimming its beauty; the absence of reason developing itself rather in her actions, as she drops the white blossoms into the slowly-flowing stream, and watches them quietly floating away, than in her countenance. The whole figure, as it appears in the picture, suggests the idea of an exquisite cameo in a setting of rich enamels. The composition is, undoubtedly, that of an artist whose mind has thoroughly felt his subject, and given to it a truly poetical rendering.



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DYCE'S FRESCOS

IN THE QUEEN'S ROBING-ROOM OF THE WESTMINSTER PALACE.

It is probable that the memory of the late Mr. Dyce had not been cleared, in the mind of some, from those imputations of neglect in the execution of the series of frescoes in the Westminster palace cast upon the painter, both in and out of Parliament;—imputations which, upon the authority of a letter to the Fine Arts Commissioners from the artist's widow, are said to have aggravated a chronic illness, and contributed to hurry one of Britain's most variously-gifted sours into an untimely grave. Before confining our attention to the works Dyce has left at Westminster, let us, therefore, fairly state the facts of the case.

In the summer, then, of 1848, Dyce undertook to paint, in the Queen's Robing Room, seven frescoes, in compartments of the walls, and others for the frieze, the whole to be completed in six or seven years. At the beginning of 1864 the artist died, leaving two of the smaller compartments and the frieze unpainted. The preparatory designs for these had, however, been executed long before. From the fifteen years (exclusive) which have thus to be accounted for, four have to be deducted—two for the painting of the frescoes in All Saints' Church, Margaret Street, executed with the implied consent of the Fine Arts Commissioners, one on account of ill-health, and one for having served as a jury of the Great Exhibition during the summer of 1851. In regard especially to this last interruption, and also generally, it is important to bear in mind that Dyce believed fresco could only be executed in this climate, with any chance of perfect and permanent crystallisation, during about four summer months of the year. Eleven years remain, after all deductions, and if—calculating the time according to the average occupied for the finished work—to these we add two, or at most three, years for painting the untouched compartments and the frieze (which only consists of very small escutcheons placed at intervals and to contain half-length portraits of the English kings and queens) we shall have exactly double the time originally stipulated. That the painter should have made so great a miscalculation is much to be regretted, and seems at first inexplicable; although it has been far exceeded in the case of Mr. Herbert. Dyce himself attributed the miscalculation chiefly to his not apprehending the wide difference between the subjects chosen for this series and that of the fresco in the House of Lords, upon which the estimate of time was based. The illustrations of the "Mort d'Arthur" were found to involve the unforeseen necessity of representing a vast number of "details of chain-mail, swords, and accoutrements, trappings of horses, and the like, that not only entailed difficulty of execution, which he had not previously encountered, but, in consequence of the great number of joinings the plaster required, and the small size of the pieces which could be executed in a single day, his progress was greatly retarded." Besides this, not only were subjects from the "Mort d'Arthur" known to be little congenial to Dyce's taste, but there was considerable delay in the final approval by the Commissioners of those selected. Dyce prepared—although this fact is not generally known—a very elaborately coloured design (which we have seen) of the "Departure for the Quest of the St. Greal," for the largest compartment; but which, at the instance of the late Prince Consort, was set aside for the existing subject. Other exculpatory considerations will be readily imagined by the charitably disposed.

Doubtless Dyce's case was much prejudiced by the circumstance of his having received payment for the whole series of paintings, viz., £5,600 by the end of the first seven years, as agreed. But we must bear in mind not merely that he offered shortly before his death to repay into the Exchequer the sum he had not (according to the contract) earned; but that it is admitted on all hands the whole sum he received proved very inadequate payment even for the works actually completed. For our part, look-

ing at the enormous amount of care, thought, and labour lavished in every way on the finished paintings, we have arrived at the conclusion that no one had so much reason to regret the contract as the painter himself.

The Arthurian romances were selected to supply the subjects of these works, for reasons similar to those which have led German painters to illustrate their *Nioblungen Lied*. But we need not dwell upon the appropriateness of scenes of royal and knightly chivalry, derived from what, in its elementary form, is our earliest native literature, for the decoration of a chamber in a Gothic national palace, specially set apart for use on occasions of regal and aristocratic ceremonial.

Mr. Dyce took as his authority Sir Thomas Malory's well-known compilation, the "Mort d'Arthur," using the edition of Southey. We have preferred to adopt the more modernised orthography of the later edition, by Mr. Wright. For precedent in matters of costume, architecture, and so forth, the painter proposed to select his material from the age of the first crusade, to which period the romances, in their completed form, belong. Many will think, however—and that, too, after making allowance for anachronisms impossible from the nature of the story to avoid—that much of the armour is too modern; for it is after the fashion of the fifteenth century, and even later. Moreover, the shape of some of the arms and armour could never be correct. On the whole, however, the artist's scholarly intelligence and antiquarian research are conspicuous in the general treatment, as well as in the choice of accessories. The Queen's Robing Room has not yet been opened to the public, and the great works therein remain comparatively little known. We will, therefore, offer our readers a concise—though almost unavoidably, to some extent, a detailed—description of them.

The largest fresco occupies a compartment of the north wall measuring twenty-two feet in breadth, by ten feet six inches in height, i.e., the dimensions of Mr. Herbert's water-glass picture of "Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law." The subject is, the "Admission of Sir Tristram to the Fellowship of the Round Table," and it is intended as an illustration of "Hospitality." The scene is the great hall of King Arthur's palace at Camelot. The king, in robes of state, stands on a dais, looking enthusiastically towards the assembled court, knights, and spectators. With one hand he points towards the Round Table, beside which he stands, and with the other he holds aloft the magic sword, Excalibur, with which he is about to strike Sir Tristram with the flat of the blade, and thus confer upon him the knightly accolade. Sir Tristram, whose prowess was only equalled by that of Sir Lancelot du Lake, and the fame of whose exploits had long made Arthur very desirous of securing so powerful an auxiliary to his Order of the Round Table, stands on the steps of the dais, clad in chain-mail hauberk and coif; the former covered with surcoat and cape. He wears sword and dagger. His head is bowed reverentially, and with his eyes fixed on the Round Table, he spreads forth his hands deprecatorily. The Round Table, the mystic symbol, according to Merlin, of the great rounded plain of the earth, and which gave its name to that order that was instituted to assemble the best knights of the world, is placed to the spectator's right, and is represented as a massive sculptured object of Purbeck marble. A plate of apples on it seems to be an allusion to the "Fortunate Island of Apples," the mediæval Garden of the Hesperides. Around it are some of the officers of Arthur's court, probably Sir Key, the king's foster-brother and seneschal, on the near side, and on the farther side old Sir Ulfius, the chamberlain, Sir Lucas, the butler, Sir Bawdewine of Britain, constable, and the young Sir Modred, afterwards the arch-traitor. In the immediate foreground, before the dais, are two boy acolytes chanting, and a grim greybeard, with a coronal of oak leaves round his hoary head, seated, playing a harp with a kind of sardonic joy—a figure so weird in aspect, as naturally to suggest that it was designed for the great magician Merlin. As well as

can be understood from the very confused chronology of the "Mort d'Arthur," it would, however, appear that Merlin had become, some time before the incident represented, a victim to the wiles of the fairy Viviani, and that this must therefore be a bard succeeding him at Arthur's court.

In the centre of the body of the hall stands the fair but faithless Queen Guinevere, wearing a regal mantle over her surcoat, and with one hand emphatically raised: a gesture repeated on all sides, and indicating the almost unanimous acclamations of "welcome" with which Sir Tristram was received. She is attended by several lovely maids of honour; and beyond there are spectators of various degrees. A group of knights mounted and on foot (the mass thus formed being somewhat detrimental to the balance of the composition) occupies the large remaining space to the left. Most prominent among the mounted knights, seated on one of his favourite white chargers, is the noble and chivalrous Sir Launcelot, with whom Sir Tristram had just fought at the *Perron*. Behind him, also mounted, are the brothers Sir Gawaine and Sir Gaheris, who went in search of Sir Tristram. Immediately in the foreground are four knights in converse, the most conspicuous being Sir Dagonet, King Arthur's fool, in his motley hose, with cap and bells, bearing his maul. He appears to be making a bantering gibe at the expense of one of his listeners, who is covertly pointing in the direction of Sir Tristram with a gesture of disparagement. Another of the group seems, by his swarthy complexion, to be intended for one of the "Saracens" who were attracted to Arthur's court. This is, however, not the Saracen Sir Palomides, seeing that Sir Tristram's rival and most inveterate enemy was then in prison.

The fresco next in size (but about one-third smaller than the preceding) occupies the central compartment of the west wall. It is entitled "The Vision of Sir Galahad and his Company," and is designed to exemplify "Piety or Faith." The subject is derived from that mysterious, ancient, semi-bardic, and semi-Christian romance of the "Mort d'Arthur," which narrates the "Quest of the St. Greal." It will suffice to remind the reader that the grand *spiritual* object of the institution of the Order of the Round Table was to "achieve" or discover the St. Greal, i.e., the cup from which it was pretended our Lord drank and gave to his disciples at the last supper; in which also Joseph of Arimathea collected the blood that flowed from our Saviour's wounds—which vessel had found its way to some unknown place in Britain. The fresco represents an adventure of the Quest, in which the saintly—the "maiden" or "virgin" knights of the Round Table, or a vision of Christ, attended by the symbols of the Evangelists, similar to that known from Raphael's design as the "Vision of Ezekiel." Instead, however, of introducing the four beasts or cherubim of the Apocalypse alone, Dyce has represented the evangelists, with their symbols. The scene of the adventure is the interior of a hermitage chapel, where, in the window aperture, over a low Norman altar, at the "secrets" of mass, a vision of our Lord, enthroned "in majesty," spreading forth his wounded hands, suddenly appears. A large circular gold-coloured glory, or *avrola*, surrounds the throne, and has a very fine effect against the azure sky. Amid the clouds which sustain the throne, and rise on either side, are partly revealed the Evangelists in adoration; St. Matthew and St. Luke, with a small head of a man or "angel," and a winged ox, on the left; St. John and St. Mark, with an eagle and a winged lion, on the right. In the lower part of the fresco are, besides an aged and young priest officiating at the altar, the knights of the Quest, with Sir Percival's sister. Sir Galahad, of course, wears the sword miraculously descended to him from King David, and he leans on the shield with the red cross, made thereon with his own blood by "that good knight, Joseph of Arimathea." As being the most saintly of all knights, and destined to achieve the St. Greal, Sir Galahad is represented as throwing himself fearlessly towards the beatific vision. His companion, Sir Percival, seems, on the other hand, trans-

fixed with rapture and scarcely able to support his swooning sister. The third knight, Sir Bors, stands still more deeply impressed with awe, and a little apart, as if conscious of that one stain of sinful intent upon his otherwise unspotted purity. This fresco seems to our judgment the finest of the series. It would be difficult to praise too highly the intensity of the expressions, the architectonic symmetry of the composition, the mellow splendour of the colouring.

On each side of the preceding is a smaller fresco. In that to the left, Sir Tristram (who is the subject of the old legends before Sir Launcelot is heard of) is again the hero. The title is 'Sir Tristram harping to La Belle Isoude.' A subject illustrating at once the power of minstrelsy and love, was well adapted for a series of chivalric designs, but "Courtesy" is the virtue specially illustrated. It is so, because skill in music and other social accomplishments, as well as the virtues of mercy and generosity, belong to the mediæval notion of Courtesy. Sir Tristram's harping is represented as having been a novelty in Ireland, whither he had repaired to be healed of the poisoned wound received in fighting for his uncle, King Marke of Cornwall, from the champion of the King of Ireland. And the young hero's skill in playing procured his being placed under the care of that "noble surgeon," La Belle Isoude, the king's daughter. In such hands he could not fail to recover quickly; and in return the convalescent taught his fair physician to play the harp. Further consequences are easily foreseen; but unhappily the attachment of this couple—continuing after La Belle Isoude was married to King Marke—formed a scandal of the Mort d'Arthur second only to that of the *liaison* between Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere. In the fresco the pair stand under an arch of a terrace arcade of the royal palace, Sir Tristram accompanying a lay of love on his harp, and glancing with furtive passionateness towards his pupil; La Belle Isoude listening bashfully, with downcast eyes. The latter is a figure of exquisite loveliness, resembling somewhat that of the Virgin in Christian Art, and particularly in Raphael's 'Sposalizio.' A youth in the background, with a hawk on his hand, conversing with a huntsman, alludes, no doubt, to Sir Tristram's great fame as a sportsman.

On the right side of the 'Vision' is the corresponding fresco, 'King Arthur unhorsed by the corresponding fresco, 'King Arthur unhorsed by his Adversary, illustrative of "Generosity." The well-known incident occurs in King Arthur's siege of Sir Launcelot's stronghold, Joyous-Gard. The king, in gilded chainmail, lies semi-recumbent, expecting the *coup-de-grace*. His sword Excalibur is under him; but we miss the dragon from the helmet, the emblem of the "great pen-dragonship," and other characteristics of Arthur's equipment, as described in Geoffrey of Monmouth's Chronicle. Sir Bors, striding over the prostrate form, is unsheathing his sword to despatch the king; but he is arrested by Sir Launcelot, who rides up to the rescue on his white charger, and who, although King Arthur was then his mortal foe, had long besieged his castle, and had repeatedly sought his life during this particular day, yet exclaimed that he would not "see that most noble king that made him knight either slain or shamed." Sir Lionel, Launcelot's brother, rides on the farther side, and beyond are the towers of Joyous-Gard.

The fifth and last fresco is to the right of the largest, and is entitled 'Sir Gawaine swearing to be Merciful, and never be against Ladies,' and is an illustration of "Mercy." Sir Gawaine, in one of his adventures, refused quarter to a vanquished adversary, "wherethrough, by misadventure, a lady was villainously slain." For this crime against all knighthood, he was tried by a court of ladies, over which Queen Guinevere presided; and he was adjudged to swear on the four Evangelists the oath, the substance of which forms the title. In the fresco, the disgraced knight is kneeling and taking the prescribed oath, with his hand on the Testament held down to him by one of the ladies. The queen, having just passed sentence, rises from her throne. Other ladies hold the sword and spurs which have been forfeited, but are about

to be restored. The homage to women here illustrated, as well as the duty of showing mercy, was, perhaps, the most remarkable characteristic of that French chivalry which gave the final colouring to the Mort d'Arthur, and may be traced to our own time, for still a similar abstract reverence for all of womankind is essential to the character of gentleman. This work is unhappily already much decayed; and incipient decay is discovering itself in all but the last-painted, largest fresco—thus affording another proof that even the true or "bon fresco," as hitherto practised amongst us, is not calculated to withstand the effects of an English climate.

The compartments at the sides of the throne in the Robing Room were to contain the following subjects, namely, 'Courage: the Combat between King Arthur, Sir Kay, Sir Gawaine, and Sir Griflet, with Five Northern Kings,' and 'Fidelity: Sir Launcelot's Rescue of Queen Guinevere from Sir Meliagraunce.'

We have left ourselves scant space to do justice to the artistic merits of the finished frescoes. It must suffice to say, generally, that in chastened richness of composition, in figure draughtsmanship, in glowing harmony of colour, in finish and completeness, they are alike admirable. Those who only know Dyce as a painter in oil, often cold and dry, will be surprised to find him an admirable colourist in that material with the technicalities of which he was the first in this country to show an intimate acquaintance. The knowledge of architecture and ornament revealed in these works is almost wholly a novelty in the English school of historical painting. In the management and representation of drapery, another branch of artistic education much neglected among our painters and even in our academy, Dyce stands unquestionably *facile princeps*. But what we wish to direct particular attention to—especially now that mural painting, by the more permanent method of water-glass, promises to become widely practised in this country—is the perfect keeping between the pictures and the room they decorate. A largeness, simplicity, and dignity throughout, a clearness and distinctness of outline and effect, a substantiality of relief, a breadth of colour, as well as of light and shade, combine to make these paintings appear as necessary and integral parts of the room. In short, they have been executed by one who had informed himself of those principles which regulated the great monumental painters of Italy in the sixteenth, and of Franco and Germany in the nineteenth centuries. They give no evidence of the gigantic power and marvellous facility of Maclise; they do not aim at those atmospheric effects of Herbert, which are so greatly enhanced by the advantage of a top-light; but we say, without hesitation, that as models of those qualities in perfection, that as models of those qualities in perfect balance which should distinguish paintings designed to combine with architecture, they are the most unexceptional works hitherto produced by a British painter, and as such deserving very attentive consideration from all artists and lovers of Art.

T. J. GULLICK.

[Since this article was in type (matters of more pressing interest having delayed its publication) Mr. Gullick has published "A Descriptive Handbook for the National Pictures in the Westminster Palace;" but although a critical examination of the works of Dyce forms, necessarily, a part of that book, it is so limited in extent that we have considered it right to leave Mr. Gullick free to treat the subject as he has done, *in extenso*, in the *Art-Journal*. The "Handbook" deals with the whole of the Art-decorations of the Palace at Westminster. The writer is historical and explanatory, rather than critical; but he has manifested a sound judgment and a right spirit in considering the various and varied subjects concerning which he was called upon to pronounce opinions. The pamphlet cannot fail to be a valuable companion to all who visit the "Two Houses." The writer's descriptions and historical remarks will be found of great service as a guide to the right understanding of the important historical, or quasi-historical, pictures that decorate this magnificent edifice.]

THE CASSEL PICTURE-GALLERY.

Cassel itself is a large, uninteresting, uncomfortable town of above 35,000 inhabitants, among whom are hosts of gay soldiers, and, by way of contrast, miserably poor peasants, market people, and dirty children. It contains little to attract the stranger. But the neighbourhood is beautiful, and thousands of persons go to the town every summer to visit the celebrated Wilhelmshöhe, the hills, the park, the woods, and, above all, the cascades, in true, old-fashioned, Versailles style.

Of these thousands some few remain an hour or two longer in Cassel itself to visit the gallery of paintings, not, indeed, so well known to the multitude, but, by report at least, an object of interest to all artists, connoisseurs, and lovers of Art. This gallery is in the old Bellevue Schloss, now unoccupied. In the town the other day, the annual fair was attracting to its own quarter all residents and guests, and the Schloss, always lonely, looked quite neglected and desolate. A solitary soldier stood in his sentry-box, sheltering himself from the rain; under an archway three little boys were amusing themselves over a heap of rubbish and stones. "Can I enter the Schloss?"—"Yes certainly," said one of the boys. "You want to see the pictures?"—"Yes."—"You must go to that door."—"No," said another of the boys, "you must go to that door," pointing to the opposite corner of a large court.—"Yes, that is true," said the first; "there lives the *castellan*, and you must first seek him." Going to the door as directed, I knocked, and a servant-maid, washing up plates and dishes in an adjoining kitchen, ushered me into a parlour opposite. I waited for about a quarter of an hour. They dine early in Cassel, and the *castellan*, no doubt, had a quiet nap after dinner. Meantime, in that pleasant, still room, looking over to trees and hills, I had time for reflections which I cannot now speak of, but the tenor thereof may be guessed when I mention the name of Friedrich of Cassel, who, between the years 1776 and 1784, took 22,000,000 thalers from the English, and in return sent 12,000 of his soldiers to America. It is a little better now—a-days; but the question yet is, whether the people are to find a master in a king, and to be driven as slaves from their home, or is the king to find his master in the people? Many folks are discussing the matter in our time; but a picture-gallery must be a scene of peace, and to that I hasten.

The *castellan* made his appearance, an old, grave man. With cautious, slow steps he led the way across the court to the other door pointed out by the first boy. The door being unlocked, we ascended a flight of steps, and my guide said, quite solemnly, "You are aware that you are about to see one of the finest collections of paintings in the world."—"That it is a fine gallery I know," was the reply, "or I certainly should not have stayed in Cassel and come across so many streets in this horrible weather to see it; but why is it not open to the public as other collections are? Think of Dresden, Munich, Frankfurt." He slightly shrugged his shoulders. "As it is, so it is," he said.—"Does the collection belong to the Elector?"—"To the Electoral family," he said.

We arrived now at a second door, and it was solemnly unlocked and opened by my grave conductor. I asked for a catalogue, wishing to be left alone. It was something at least to find that a catalogue existed, though printed on very shabby Electoral paper. It cost 10 *groshen*; admission fee 20 *groshen*. I paid therefore, altogether a *thaler* for my pleasure, and was for a moment to be grudged, yet the Dresden and other galleries are free. The catalogue gave me no liberty, for the *castellan* accompanied me like a shadow. Let me do him the justice, however, to say that he was an intelligent old gentleman, and knew every picture by name, and large, good or bad, he was acquainted with them all—artists' names, subject, date, style, criticisms thereon by passing artists, and prices affixed by eager dealers.

It is by no means my intention here to give a description of a gallery known to all lovers of

Art; but it is known mostly by report; casual travellers often neglect it, and the English very seldom go to see it. I was alone in the gallery for two hours, and the *castellan* told me I was the only visitor that day, and in general it was but moderately attended. The entrance fee keeps some back, but no one should delay on that account to go. Then, in large towns, as Dresden, Munich, and even Hanover, every one in any street can tell you where the museum or gallery is, but if you forget in Cassel to ask for Bellevue Schloss, few know anything of the gallery, and as to the Schloss, they suppose you wish to find one of those now occupied by the reigning family. Once found, the gallery rewards you. It is true the pictures are often hung in bad lights, and arranged almost at random; that the *castellan* follows you about; that you cannot sit down for a few minutes to enjoy a favourite picture, there being neither benches nor chairs; but these are all secondary things if you have some enthusiasm.

Not far from the entrance hangs Rembrandt's famous picture, 'Jacob blessing the two Sons of Joseph.' Do not criticise, and do not think too much of lines, and form, and such things, but first enjoy, and that picture alone will pay you for much of your vacation and trouble. The Rembrandts in the gallery are altogether twenty-nine in number, and among these one or two landscapes and portraits beyond all criticism and all praise. The Dutch and Flemish schools are well represented. Rubens, Vandyc, J. Jordans, lead the way, and a host of secondary stars follow. In the larger saloons you can find nothing that you would eliminate as rubbish, and the pieces of the lesser masters are also excellent in their way. The Italian school is not particularly well represented, but a 'Cleopatra,' by Titian, is there; and by the same master a portrait of the Marquis de Guasto, which, while one waits and looks at it, comes out magnificently. But, as with many old paintings, you must watch it carefully, or it will not speak.

This account will be as irregular as the arrangement of the gallery, and from Titian I pass to Caravaggio. A 'Leirman' of his hangs in a bad light. Two pearls of Sassoferrato, a master of the times of the decline of Italian Art, but having something of the halo of the old masters, are not to be forgotten. As a curious rarity, is a painting by Mabuse; and as interesting works seldom seen, are one or two good paintings by Holbein.

Pausing now and then, I looked out at a window of the old Schloss, and said thus:—'*Castellan*, it is well named Bellevue, for you have a fine landscape here. What hills are those, and in what direction do we look?'—'There below is the Au; and the Fulda flows by, though you cannot see it for the trees. There, yonder, is the Fulda Thal. Those are our Hessian hills, and far away in the distance is the Meissner, the highest mountain, more than 2,000 feet above the sea-level. In that direction,' pointing south, 'is the Thürig Wald.'

A beautiful country. One would think the people themselves must be artists; but they are not nor do they care much for Art. The peasantry are very poor, and, as in most other towns, the people work hard for their daily bread. What is over goes to keep up the military system of the country. All the youths in turn must be soldiers for a time, and, in fact, soldiers swarm wherever you go. I suppose these happy people at least have found their master. They have certainly little time and less money for picture galleries. Well, take care of this, old *castellan*, if only to keep the pictures safe and in good repair for other generations. Now and then a visitor may see those old masters, but our generation will not, and consequently cannot learn from them. It may be brighter days will come; Art may be set free. Other generations will have other ideas, and these glorious old works, now stowed away under lock and key, and almost unknown, may be abundantly visited, and produce in after times effects of which we have as yet but little foreboding. J. G.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OIL FRESCO.

To the Editor of the "ART-JOURNAL."

Sir,—In compliance with the wishes of several Art-friends, I send you a few facts respecting the use of a mineral white pigment in place of the ever darkening lead, or its weaker, yet durable rival, zinc, for oil-painting.

The power of painting with fresco materials in oil has long been sought for by artists, not only because of the known durability of such substance, but also for the light-reflecting properties that belong to all mineral pigments as compared with existing substances, prepared by our colour grinders from metals, and vegetable substances; and we have only to look to the hieroglyphic art of the Pyramids, the frescoes of Pompeii and the Alhambra, as illustrations of the durability of such materials over those of the modern house-painter, and the artists of that school of material of which the works of Rubens, Vandyc (when in England), and Hogarth, down to Turner, abound, as warning examples of the reverse.

The impossibility, however, of using such substances with oil, except by methods known hitherto by the early painters of the Van Eyck schools, compelled our modern painters to content themselves with fresco, and this search after aerial brightness ultimately called into life our English water-colour schools.

Transparent washes over light ground, however, demands so much practice or trick, and is so contrary to the known manner by which Nature gets out her effects—*i.e.* by putting on the lights and leaving the shadows—that body-colour was next resorted to; and so far, when "siso" is out of consequence, this last addition to the old water-colour practice almost rivals oil. Still, the freedom of the latter vehicle and its security from damp made this advance with body-colour only comparative: the painter, *per excellence*, must at last resort to oil,—which, like the construction of the violin, has never allowed of any alteration since its alleged discovery by Van Eyck, or in his time. So thus I found Art-work in 1852, when, at the suggestion of the late Mrs. Jameson, I first commenced exhibiting what I knew of Art at the British Institution and Royal Academy.

Turner's works had then begun to be the "hat-peg" of our commercial critics and dealers. But looking to the soiled condition in which I found them, as well as those of our R.A.'s, and others, compared with their first appearance, I went down to the "back wood settlements" of North Wales to study, resolving to give up the practice of oil-painting altogether, unless I could find a mineral white that would be as durable, effective, and practical as the lapis lazuli and ochres, that are minerals also; for I found that only those substances would give me the "air" and lightness of the nature I sought to copy.

I had previously heard of all manner of substitutes for lead and zinc, viz., oyster-shells, pounded tobacco-pipes, old casts ground, and even egg-shells, were suggested. But in vain: no white in oil with any of these; being all transparent, and of use only (as J. B. Pyne employed them) on that account) as a medium to give a dead, but unfortunately chalky, effect, to pictures executed in the usual manner with lead, &c. Still, in absence of any other means, Pyne's medium was a gain to Art, particularly for landscape and out-of-door effects. Still a white, *per se*, was wanting, and to this end I set my stock of Art-chemistry to work on every substance I could think of, putting each pigment to every possible test, by which I quickly reduced the usual palette of forty tints to eight, with nothing now but zinc-oxide for my white that would at all answer to the durability of my really permanent scale.

With this palette still bright I made a few studies and large pictures, but always with the same result—want of body and power in the lights, just as *tempera* (most powerful in the latter) wants force in the darks. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to "go in" for a true white, or else in pigmentary disgust throw up oil-painting art altogether. At last, how-

ever, by constantly keeping the object in view (instead of manufacturing pictures in the usual manner, and making Art "pay," like others), I found at last a means of making *any white earth* available in oil, with superior power and body to lead, resulting in a fresco white pigment, with which I have made every study and picture since (two early results exhibited in British Institution 1853, and Royal Academy 1855, I send herewith), referring your readers to Desanges's portrait of the Princess of Wales (Royal Academy of this year) as the last result; his 'Battle of Inkermann' being his first attempt.

Knowing, however, the prejudice in England to everything new (notwithstanding that novelty is sought after and imported at any cost!), I did not exhibit any of my pictures as a speciality until last year, when, in consequence of the exhibition of Mr. Desanges's picture, to whom I gave this white, and the employment of the material in a house of Judge Manning (who had purchased an original work executed with these fresco materials in 1853), I painted a picture, five feet by three, with these eight simple earths and poppy oil only, the white being china clay. This was advertised in the *Times* as a novelty, and exhibited in the Crystal Palace Gallery, where, in spite of being executed with a necessarily unground pigment, it "told" among the brightest pictures there, whether of our R.A.'s, or the works of Verbeeckhoven, Roeloff, and Rosa Bonheur.

Its use for Decorative and Fine Art purposes having thus become a fact, it was thought I might venture to see if I could get some remuneration for the time, &c., spent in its acquisition, and the Society of Arts was mentioned as the proper quarter to apply to; but, like the colourmen, the Society of Arts "had never heard of such a white," yet, with a complete illustration by Desanges before them, even the pigment itself at the disposal of their chemist, they could not recognise the gain to Art, or affected to do so with such evasiveness that I felt that "How not to do it" was the motive here. Possibly, like the colourmen, vested interests in lead fostered their supineness, and I could not afford to educate them any further.

But "Why not try the Department of Science and Art?" they are the paid people for all such matters." So I took my palette and a written statement of the material to Mr. Redgrave. But again only to find all I had heard of the uselessness of such a Department justified; for, though Mr. Redgrave had also never met with any other white pigment than zinc, or lead, for oil-painting, and was obliged to admit its advantages, he could only express himself glad to see a practical result. But "the Department did not enter into such questions," and he feared the *laissez faire* of artists would not allow of their adoption of any new thing. "Only the head drawing-master" (whom I always thought to be Mr. Redgrave) "might consider and recommend it to his pupils." However, not being a colourman commercially engaged in such matters, I could not do his work for him, and so waited for the next illustration of general inquiry and partisan apathy. I had not long to wait; for, on a statement being made in the *Times* by some of the "association" to the effect that there was no means of painting with fresco materials in oil or on walls, I replied that slate was used by many of the "old masters," and that they also had employed fresco materials with oil, and that this good—lost to their successors—was reproduced by myself at last. With this letter I forwarded a practical "guarantee of good faith" to the editor, a study from nature of the South Coast, painted exclusively with fresco materials on a fine ground, the white used being a portion of the chalk of Beecher Head! But no notice was taken by the editor of either letter or study.

Thus it remains for the true department of science and Art—the *Art-Journal*—to introduce the subject further.

For myself, embittered with home, social wrong undeserved (the loss of all, save honour, that life holds dear), I have little reason or spirit to do more than thus allude to the fact that there is now a white pigment in place of zinc, lead, or barytes, that has the light-giving properties of water-colour, or a fresco with the freedom and

power of oil; that this substance is white in its natural state; that it is without any pernicious properties either to health or Art, and is as durable as the lapis lazuli, which it resembles in character; that I have painted exclusively with this white and fresco materials only for the last ten years; and that the portrait alluded to above, and the 'Battle of Inkerman,' both by Desanges, were painted with this white, the cost of which is less than that of lead or zinc. But for any means of procuring the substance, save in an unground state, the Art-public will have to wait till some one of capital and honesty will make or grind it for them in quality such as I make and employ myself. I however, use the materials unground, and at present can only give to others the means of making earth whites available for oil-painting.* At present it has necessarily all the imperfection of an unground pigment, that is yet, however, more durable and satisfactory than any other mineral white or substance known to or heard of by your correspondent,

W. NOY WILKINS,

Author of "Art Impressions of Dresden,"
"Letters on Connoisseurship," &c., &c.

September 4, 1865.

THE FRENCH LOAN EXHIBITION.

THE collection of ancient works of Industrial Art, contributed by their owners to the exhibition that was opened in the *Champs Elysées*, in August last, is reported to be of the highest class. Italian Art, in all its various branches, is well represented, especially in the numerous examples of Majolica ware, by Maestra Georgio, of Gubbio; and in the bronzes of Florence, Venice, and Ferrara. Specimens of the enamelled earthenware of Lucca della Robbia and his school are but few. Some works in terra cotta claim attention, particularly a group of the 'Entombment,' apparently German, and bearing the date 1437, and a small statuette of a lady reading a letter. The carvings in ivory, both German and Italian, are in considerable number and of rare beauty. Among the works in glass are some remarkably fine Arabian lamps, supposed to have been used in the chief mosque at Cairo. A room, devoted to furniture of the time of Louis XV., contains, with other rich specimens, some sets of chairs and sofas, covered with the tapestry of Beauvais, looking as fresh as when it left the loom. There are other fine specimens of the tapestry of Beauvais, as well as of the Gobelins, and of Flanders, contributed to the exhibition, some of it belonging to the imperial palaces. In a room set apart for the collection of Prince Czartoryski are many rare objects, especially plate and jewellery, the productions of Germany and Asiatic Turkey, belonging to the crown of Poland; and some fine specimens of stuffs made at Aleppo and Broussa.

* The frescoes of Maclise in the Houses of Parliament are a notable illustration of the visual aspect of nature when given with water on lime or earth ground. Here we have much of the brightness of the scenic painter and power of oil. But its permanence is conditional and durable. Besides this, only the ground is earth, and light-giving. The rest is the work of oxide of zinc with water, rendered only comparatively permanent by a solution of the silicates of potash. This medium, or varnish rather (highly alkaline, called water-glass), is used only as a covering to protect the dry zinc underneath, and so long as it does so, this modification of the oil fresco is an advance in Art. But, unfortunately, the slightest abrasion on the surface, or crack in the wall of plaster, from damp, &c., removes this, and an eating away, or soil, in the material is the result. This, I understand, has already taken place, and with the known defects of *metallique* over mineral white, I cannot regard this fresco painting as otherwise than a choice of evils. Could, however, the "water-glass" be used as a medium in place of oil, either with zinc or earth, the merit would be greatest. For oil, absorbing the light, is only valuable for its freedom and power of resisting damps.

A work painted without oil, and to resemble a scene painting in surface, with the hardness of a piece of slate, would be the perfection of Art-material; and because the use of a mineral white colour in oil has these last advantages. I consider and maintain oil so used to be superior to this mode of water-glass painting of Westminster, Belgium, or Berlin.

MR. W. CAVE THOMAS'S ALTAR-PICTURES.

SOME time since we announced that Mr. Cave Thomas was engaged on a large picture for Christchurch, Marylebone; but the work was then in its earliest stage. It is now, however, so far advanced as to show the purposes of the artist, and his powers in the entertainment of sacred subject-matter. In the treatment of his theme he has been bound by an immutable condition, that of the form of the space to be filled—a thin segment of a circle; and the difficulty has been the selection of a subject which should not show any coercion in its adaptation to the form. It is 'The diffusion of good gifts' that Mr. Thomas has undertaken to set forth; and he shows in his enterprise an elevation of conception, and an ingenuity of composition, which place him very high in the list of painters who profess the Fine Art decoration of public buildings. In the centre of the picture the Saviour from his heavenly throne, and with extended arms, sends forth to the world beneath winged messengers that are represented as radiating from that source "from whom all good gifts do proceed." On each side of our Lord the good gifts are represented by angelic impersonations in the act of descending to the earth. On the right are Faith, or Self-conquest, Wisdom, Justice, and Honour; and on the left, and corresponding materially with these, are Victory, Wealth, Beauty, and Plenty. Thus Faith has its material complement in Victory, or worldly success, Wisdom in Wealth, moral Justice in physical Beauty, or the balance of external Nature, and the fulness of Honour in that of Plenty. At present the three principal figures alone are finished; but when it is stated that the picture is thirty-five feet in length, and that the figures are in stature eight feet, it will be understood a considerable time must be occupied in completing a painting of such magnitude in the careful manner in which this artist works. Together with the figures mentioned, the whole of the heads may be said to be finished, each having been most carefully studied according to the sentiment which it is intended to support. The second picture, which will have a place beneath the larger, represents the Saviour dead and lying on the cross, with infant angels looking at the wounds and covering them with flowers: this work is only yet a sketch.

In addition to these pictures Mr. Thomas is engaged in painting the heads of the twelve apostles for the new Greek church of the Russian embassy which has just been completed by Mr. Thomson. Ten of these heads are finished; they are painted in circular panels, and relieved by a gilt background, the principal field being roughened by an underlay of sand, while the *nimbus* has a flat and smooth surface, whereby, through reflection, it is distinguished from the surrounding rough surface. These, as also the larger pictures, are painted in a medium which settles down to a surface as flat as water-colour, and is as entirely free from reflection; it is, we believe, an invention of Mr. Paris, and as to permanence, every confidence is expressed in its stability. It is probable that Mr. Thomas, when an opportunity offers, will be employed to assist in the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, where in future, according to present views, nothing but the water-glass method will be employed. Even Dyce's frescoes are beginning to fade; and with such a fact on record, fresco can never again be resorted to in the Palace of Westminster, for perhaps of all the artists who were employed there Mr. Dyce was the most accomplished painter in fresco. Mr. Cave Thomas was one of the earliest competitors at the exhibition of cartoons at Westminster; and then, even at that time, his contributions showed a power of drawing and a skill in composition equal to the production of great works. Since those successes he has had to enter the arena of *genre* painting, the result of which is that he returns to loftier subjects after an experience sufficiently lengthened and profitable to constitute him a master in his art.

SELECTED PICTURES.

THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF
F. BENXOCH, ESQ., BLACKHEATH.

SUSPENSE.

A. Johnston, Painter. H. Bourne, Engraver.

CUSTOM has assigned the title of "fancy portraits" to a class of pictures that are assumed to be purely imaginative, but which are generally portraits in reality, indited with any expression the artist thinks proper to give them. One peculiarity noticeable in such works is, that they are almost invariably limited to the female figure; why, we cannot tell, unless it be that the passions, or feelings, are more strongly developed in the face of woman than of man, and therefore the artist finds in her features the most expressive model. "Women," says Savill, "have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws, and more power by their tears than we have by our arguments." Modern sculptors, even more often than painters, adopt this symbolical kind of representation, employing the entire calendar of moral virtues and Christian graces to signify their works. Thus, our sculpture galleries show us examples of "Purity," "Innocence," "Fortitude," "Resignation," "Love," "Charity," with many others. It is not an uncommon occurrence for an author to write a book, and leave the determination of the title till the work is completed. Artists frequently adopt the same plan: they paint a picture, and then give it the most suitable name they can find; so that the work is not so much the expression of their idea of a given subject, as the result of a fancy which is afterwards associated, by name, with a definite spirituality, as a kind of tangible identification.

"Suspense," "the toothache of the mind," is a mental feeling to which it is not easy to give an unequivocal expression in a picture, unless there is also on the canvas that which serves to explain it. Represented in the person of a single figure, as in Mr. Johnston's portrait, the character of the face is open to many constructions, according to the pleasure, taste, or idea of the spectator, who may not widely misinterpret what the artist has done, though very far from what he intended to do. The "Suspense" may be of anticipated joy, or it may be of expected grief. In each case the expression must be distinct from the other, and in either it would be difficult to determine without some clue to the circumstances which called it into being. In the picture here engraved a certain degree of anxiety is apparent in the countenance, but it is not of the kind that gnaws and cankers into the heart, or of that terrible mental agony one feels when witness of a scene where life and death are struggling for mastery: no evidence here of "the racking thoughts that crowd upon the mind, and make the heart beat violently, and the breath come thick, by the force of the images they conjure up before it." And unquestionably the "Suspense" is not that of anticipated pleasure, for there is a strong shadow of disquietude thrown over the features to cloud its serenity. Without determining, therefore, whether or no the picture has received the title most appropriate to it, we may without controversy affirm that Mr. Johnston has produced a fine portrait of an exceedingly handsome female; her face showing unmistakable signs of deep, earnest solicitude.



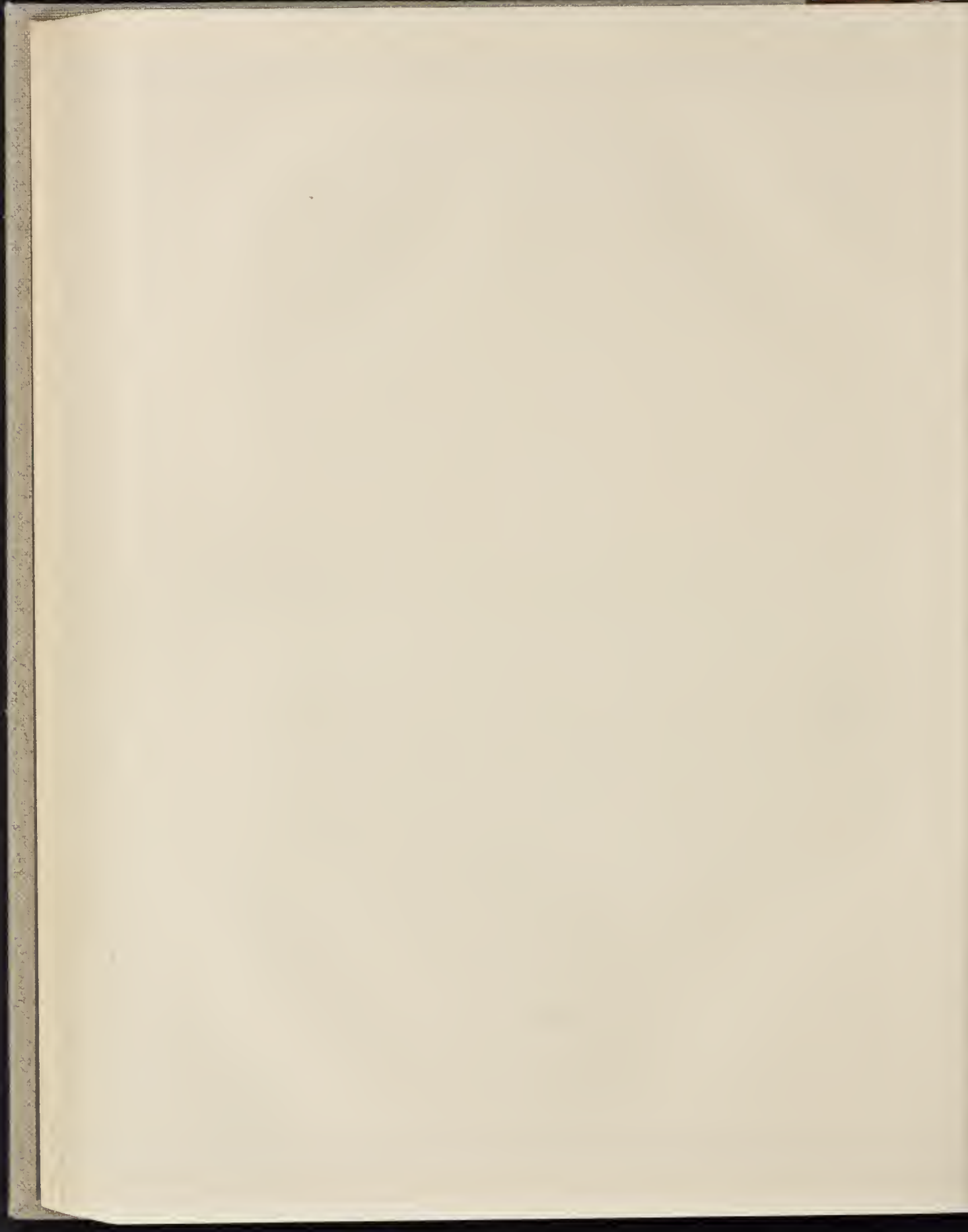
A. JOHN. DEL. J. H. B. SCULPT.

SCULPT. BY J. H. B.

THE PRINCESS

FROM THE PRINCESS IN THE HISTORY OF THE PRINCESS OF ANNE

SCULPTED BY J. H. B.



GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

No. X.—ALFRED RETHEL.



MELANCHOLY interest shadows the life, the death, and the works of Alfred Rethel. Here once more we have the sad story symbolised by metaphors of the keen sword cutting through the scabbard, of the eye blinded by excess of light, of eclipse coming upon noonday, of genius hurrying itself out at the socket, of the runner in a race cast down ere the goal is reached. Bright and lurid lights play across the picture of this painter's life, but "the stage was darkened ere the curtain fell."

Alfred Rethel was born, in the year 1816, at Aix la Chapelle, and the spirit of the great Charlemagne, who lies buried in the cathedral of the city, rose as a star over the artist's cradle. Rethel, from his earliest youth, delighted in battles; the sound of arms aroused his imagination; the crash of empires, the fall of dynasties, the march of an army to victory, kindled his ardour and wrought within him the intent to design grand historic works, which pledged his coming manhood to the cause of monumental Art. The liberation of the Greeks, that fired the poet Byron, moved deeply the sympathetic mind of Rethel. In the artist's childhood a trivial, though well-nigh fatal accident—a fall under the wheels of a passing waggon—seems to have brought momentous consequences. The injury then sustained may have been indeed the remote cause of the mental overthrow which darkened and tormented the painter's later years, and the imprisonment within bed and home consequent thereupon was certainly the immediate occasion of calling into action latent pictorial faculties. We find that at the age of thirteen, Rethel executed a design which, being sent to Dusseldorf, obtained him admission to the

academy of the city. That this youth of precocious promise turned to account the advantages placed at his command, is testified by the fact that a figure of St. Boniface, the climax of three years' study, excited the wonder of the artist world. Rethel, in accordance with the prevailing spirit of the times, gave himself up to poetic and romantic themes, to Rhineland legends and mediæval lore, to the exploits of knight-errants, to the hardihood of burgher warriors, and to the prowess of castle barons and of city battalions. In his drawings, however, may be noted this peculiarity, that unlike the vague and conjectural creations found in the pictures of contemporaries, veritable men and women people his pictures, and actual knights, squires, and ladies play their several parts upon his canvas just as when they sported and warred in the olden world. Rethel was, in fact, a conscientious student of history; he painted not the fair scenes which his fancy feigned, but the hard facts that his intellect had established. Yet was he not of the section in the Dusseldorf school which became devoted to trivial detail; he knew how to seize upon a signal historic act in its integrity and greatness; the grand drama of humanity was to him of more import than the arms of the warrior or the trappings of the war-horse. Above all, independence, boldness, and originality were the characteristics of the artist and his works. During the years which Rethel tarried at Dusseldorf, dissensions—semi-political and semi-artistic—divided the school. On the one side were ranged Schadow and the partisans he had gathered around him, men pledged to Prussia and the Rhineland; on the other were banded in hostility a young party who had become identified in interest with the provinces of western and southern Germany, youths who looked towards Munich with affection, and were ready to break off allegiance with the Rhine town, and join ranks for open secession to Frankfort or other more remote cities in the fatherland. Rethel, ever independent in hearing, stood separate from either clique. Dusseldorf however, without prince or royal patron, could offer to the aspiring painter, now pledged to the service of monumental Art, no adequate sphere of action. Accordingly Rethel, in common with other men who have cast a lustre upon the school which brought



Drawn by J. W. Allen.]

THE MASSACRE OF SAINT BONIFACE.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

Saint Boniface, the apostle of Germany, having in the year 719 received his mission from the pope, penetrated into the wilds of the country, everywhere converting and civilising the people. One day, when he had summoned a body of neophytes to receive the rite of confirmation, he stood in expectation of their arrival. But behold! instead of friends a band of enraged persons, with weapons in hand, advanced across the plains, sworn to avenge their injured deities. The servants of St. Boniface drew their swords in his defence, but he held forth his hand to restrain their zeal. Fifty-two Christians were shot by the bow, or cut down by the sword, and St. Boniface himself fell in their midst.

training to their nascent talents, migrated to neighbouring states, and made the passage of the Alps for descent upon the fields of Italy to gather the flowers and the fruits which there he scattered in perennial beauty.

Rethel at the age of twenty took up his residence at Frankfort,

I am indebted for these biographical details chiefly to a life of Alfred Rethel written by Wolfgang Müller von Königswinter. I wish here also to acknowledge my obligations to Messrs. Williams and Norgate for the generosity with which they have placed at my disposal a series of photographs taken from the original designs of the artist. The illustrations to the present article—St. Boniface and The Swiss before the Battle of Sempach—are reductions from these compositions.

and there fell within the sphere of the painter Veit, who then reigned over the Städel Institute. Yet in the known works of the nascent artist do we fail to trace the lineaments or the inner life of that new-born school of Christian Art wherein Veit was a conspicuous leader. Rethel's mind indeed was probably too discursive to take any exclusive bias, or to submit to fetters that would circumscribe the wide sphere of its activity. The impetuous artist in entering on his professional career seems to have rushed into the midst of works singularly diversified in theme and distracted in interest. As a good sign, however, it may be noted that

Rethel, from the first, made himself famous for historic portraits. In the Imperial Hall of Rome he executed figures of illustrious men, which gave proof of his insight into character, and of his power to cast into pictorial form the images which loom out of the dim distance of tradition. The artist, as a disciple of monumental schools, had a predilection for fresco; year by year we find him diligent in the drawing of cartoons which his ready hand transferred to the walls of palace or council chamber. Yet with the noble process of mural painting did Rethel alternate oil manipulation. We learn that the first decade of his manhood is busily occupied in the execution of easel works, dedicated to historic incidents. The same period also finds him earnest in the production of monochrome designs in elucidation of the Old Testament record. Nothing, in short, came amiss to the readiness of his resource, no labour could exhaust the fertility of his fancy, no disappointment quench the ardour of his spirit, for as yet the cankerworm was not preying upon heart or brain.

The star of Rethel's good fortune shone on his four-and-twentieth year, and, strange to say, the place of its rising lay in the direction of his native city of Aix. There was a scheme for restoring the council house of the ancient capital of the Char-

lovingian empire. Proposals were sent out to divers artists, of whom Rethel was one, for the furnishing of designs illustrative of the career of Charlemagne, to be executed in fresco on the walls of the council chamber. Here was a grand sphere for the development and display of that historic and monumental Art to which the ambitious painter desired to dedicate his talents. The designs were sent in, and the award was pronounced in favour of Rethel, who seldom failed where the careful and detailed study of history could come to his aid. In the carrying out of the plan, however, considerable delay and consequent disappointment ensued. Disputes arose as to the method of restoration, in which the advantages of painted windows over mural decoration came under consideration, and for years kept the commission in abeyance. In the meantime the pencil of the prolific painter did not remain idle. Rethel occupied his leisure in the illustration of historic and topographic books. His drawings were always recommended by their verisimilitude to the countries and the peoples whereof the writer in the letterpress had treated. He seized the physiognomical traits and the organic conformation of the varied races of mankind; in his portfolio Greeks were Greeks, and Romans none other than Romans, so that the painter reconciled Art with the



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

THE SWISS IN PRAYER BEFORE THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

The Swiss patriots, on the 9th day of July, 1386, gained in the neighbourhood of Sempach a complete victory over their Austrian oppressors. The army of the confederacy drew up on an eminence, and, according to ancient custom, the warriors knelt down and implored a blessing from on high. The sun stood high, and the day was sultry. The Swiss, after their devotion, ran full speed to meet the enemy, encamped in the plain beneath. At evening's close, 800 nobles and 2,000 subalterns of the House of Hapsburg lay dead upon the field. "God," says the Helvetic annals, "upon that day sat in judgment on the wanton arrogance of the usurpers!"

strict demands of science, and anticipated and realised, even in those days, the requirements of the ethnologist. In the year 1842 Rethel began the series of compositions whereby his name is associated with yet another of the world's heroes—designs in elucidation of Hannibal's great military feat, the passage of the Alps by the Carthaginians. In these compositions may be noticed, for the first time, the incoming of that weird spirit and ghostly presence which loom as forebodings of mental overthrow. In 1844 Rethel went to Rome, enjoyed himself after the manner of travellers, studied, moreover, in quality of painter, and executed, among other works, an altarpiece for a church in the fatherland. At length the altercations which had impeded the progress of the work that was to prove the signal achievement of the painter's life had been set to rest. In 1846 Rethel came to Aix, and set to labour in earnest upon the frescoes which were to stand in his native town as the monument to his genius. It is sad to relate that the artist, in this his arduous undertaking, had to complain of the lack of sympathy; in fact, he had to endure not only indifference, but worry and vexation. In the prosecution of his work he suffered interruption; people with no better excuse than mere idle curiosity were permitted to intrude

upon his privacy. From a light-hearted man Rethel became a misanthrope. Yet it must be admitted that the cause of this disquiet lay within himself rather than in the outer world. It became difficult, indeed, for any one to do the thing that seemed to Rethel right. One day Paul Delaroche entered the hall where the painter was at work, and, out of mere delicacy, said nothing. Rethel, hearing of the visit, was in heart lacerated under the feeling of fancied neglect. Fortunately friends were ready to set matters right; the two artists met in reconciliation, and Delaroche was able to pour into the wounds of his brother the healing oil of enology. Rethel, it cannot be doubted, had grown painfully sensitive; his impending malady tortured him under the forms of fears, jealousies, and suspicions. Rivalries with his fellow artists tormented him. Yet that these perturbations were mere phantoms born within his own brain, everybody, save the poor sufferer himself, might see plainly. Nothing, for instance, could have been more hearty than the reception which Schnorr, Rietschel, Beudemaun, Hübner, and Reimick gave to the artist on his visit to Dresden. Nevertheless the nightmare of diseased imagination was, to all intents and purposes, for the victim himself, a desperate reality. The burden weighed him down heavily, and could not

be cast off. In finishing the last picture to which he put his hand in Aix, Rethel said, "My power is extinguished, my labour must be relinquished; when I have worked I have won but a pittance, and now I must cease wholly, for no more strength is left to me."

The closing scenes of life's fitful fever were now gathering into tragedy. The fields of reason were about to be invaded by wild, weird fantasy, akin to frenzy; into the tissues of the once sober thoughts were soon to be interwoven threads flushed in hectic colour, and the torrent of the artist's remaining years swelled with passion and moaned in agony. About this time Rethel executed a design, 'Death the Avenger,' a draped skeleton in the act of scraping two bare bones, as would a dainty player on

violin; a figure intended as a symbol of the demon Cholera, on its first entrance into Paris, at a masked ball. Rethel showed this drawing to a company of artists, whose sleep was thenceforth haunted by the fearful spectre. 'DEATH COMING AS A FRIEND,' which is chosen as one of our illustrations, the painter executed in expiation of his first terror-striking work. A third drawing, completing the series, was found among the papers which the painter left. In the same spirit, also, were conceived six designs which may be taken as a new reading of 'The Dance of Death.' The thoughts here embodied were suggested by the tumults that, in the year 1848, under the banner of liberty, threatened Europe with unbridled license. Rethel saw ruthlessly torn asunder the



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

DEATH COMING AS A FRIEND.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooyer.

THE OLD SEXTON
 INSCRIBED TO ALFRED RETHEL BY W. ALLISCHAM.

'Twas nigh the hour of evening prayer,
 The sexton climbed the turret stair
 Wearily, being very old.
 He seats himself in a stony niche:
 A bell rope sways within his reach:

All the townfolk wait to hear
 The voice they know this many a year.
 It is past the ringing hour,
 There is silence in the tower,
 Save that on a pinnacle
 A robin sits and sings full well.
 Hush! at length for prayer they toll:
 God receive the parting soul!

unity and brotherhood of Germany, which were for him the most sacred of political ideals; and he sought by his pencil to upbraid the follies of the people, and to guide his countrymen back into the ways of law and order. All this while, too, the artist's indefatigable hand was plied as usual to the prolific production of historic and miscellaneous designs. In the year 1850 Rethel had become engaged to Marie, the daughter of Professor Grahl, an artist residing in Dresden. For his fiancée he executed an illustrated calendar, containing fourteen drawings, the personifications of the varied months and changing seasons. His wife, soon after marriage, fell into an alarming illness, which brought upon her husband painful anxiety. On her recovery Rethel, in gratitude,

designed an apposite allegory, after the manner of classic bas-reliefs. We also find mention of other drawings, which took as their text Luther's well-known hymn, "Ein feste Burg." But the time now comes apace when the mind, strong in genius, was to collapse utterly; when the artist, who had the promise of immortality dawning in the near horizon, was himself to lie prostrate, disabled in body and palsy-stricken in spirit, leaving incompleteness written on his works, and disorganisation as a discord thrust into the midst of his creations. The sequel is melancholy in the extreme. Designs from the life of Alfred the Great gave monition of the approaching catastrophe. Likewise the cartoon for the picture 'The Baptism of Wittkind,' the fourth in the series of

frescoes at Aix, came as further warning of the impending doom. Rethel was in fact a wreck. Picture him in his youth and look at him now. Twenty years before he might be seen walking beneath the acacia avenues of Dusseldorf, a man of quiet mien but proud bearing, his face an index of noble character; the nose boldly curved, the mouth small but eloquent, the eyes blue and piercing, it was said, with the ken of the eagle and the falcon; above rose a towering forehead crowned with abundant hair. See him now once more at Dusseldorf, shattered in frame, shaken in intellect, every nerve trembling to the passing breath, each thought dagger-wounded by spectral fears. All artistic power was gone; the faculty of discrimination had fled; things bad and good were to him alike. He took pencil in hand to retouch a cartoon, and forthwith marred the head of Hannibal! His mother died, and he gave no sign of sorrow. His speech became inarticulate, and at last grew wholly unintelligible. Utterly prostrate in strength, on the first day of December, 1859, death entered the artist's chamber "as a Friend," and Rethel breathed forth his troubled spirit in childlike calm, bearing even a smile upon his lips.

"Vox not his ghost: O let him pass! He hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer."

On the 5th of December, when the snow lay thick upon the ground, and ice hung from roof and window, the body of Alfred Rethel, followed by the chief artists of Dusseldorf and a numerous train of admirers, was carried to its last resting-place. On the grave friends placed a laurel crown.

I will now proceed to a more critical estimate of Rethel's position as an artist. Only to the Greeks and middle-age Italians was it given to attain through intuition access into the immediate presence of the Beautiful; to them only was granted a revelation of the mysterious triad of Truth, Goodness, and Beauty, brought visibly before the world by the noblest of Art's creations. The Teutonic nations, seeking to escape from their ice-bound and snow-buried fatherland, have from generation to generation migrated southwards, "resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel," drinking nectar and hathing in the fountain of *Ægeria*. Yet, not to the climate born or to the manner bred, the northern mental stamina sinks for the most part debilitate, contracts the malaria distemper of the soil, and in the end breeds little better than a hybrid offspring. This has been, with scarcely a single exception, the saddening experience whenever northern Art, dissatisfied with her northern nationality, has migrated to southern latitudes. The painters of Germany, Flanders, and Holland, who, in the generations which followed upon the times of Van Eyck, Durer, and Holbein, fell under Italian sway, lost their own native style, and gained in exchange a mongrel manner. A century or two later we come down to other migrations, each attended by results doubtful, if not indeed disastrous. Winkleman and Mengs contracted classical modes of thought and of form, Overbeck and Cornelius, Christian; and the common fatality which befalls hybrid races threatened with extinction, even from the first, the progeny thus begotten. These, then, are reasons why I hail with satisfaction any master, school, or system of study, which, instead of being Italian-German, or Greek-German, is radically and exclusively Germanic and Teutonic. The manner of Alfred Rethel had the merit of being true to his nationality. Beauty he seldom sought for its own sake: typical or ideal forms gave place to pronounced and individual characters; grace was frequently violated for vigour; uniformity and symmetry of design were surrendered to accident, and gave way to the actual exigency of the facts. Rethel was, indeed, little indebted to masters or times foreign to his own country: his sojourn in Italy had cost him nothing of originality; such as he was in himself, so were the products of his imagination, uncontaminated and unadulterated. Hence, as I have said, the German phase of his genius was permitted to remain more than commonly intact. The pictorial aspects, in fact, which in Holbein, Albert Durer, and Martin Schön, have pronounced German Art with a singular and eccentric idiosyncrasy, found in the works of Rethel revival. In looking over the designs of this modern painter, we cannot but recall that "tendency to the singular" and "the fantastic," that angularity of form and "strangeness in attitude," which the German critic Kügler admitted as peculiarities, and perhaps defects, in the school of Albert Durer. The pursuit of a course thus eccentric, the indulgence of a temperament wayward and abnormal, betrayed Rethel, in common with his predecessors, into forms of the grotesque sometimes little short of ignoble. This is the snare into which painters of such antecedents and predilections are specially prone to fall. 'The Dance of Death,' 'Death as a Friend,' 'Death as an Avenger,' and the design 'King Wenzel the Sluggard,' are examples of the varying phases of the grotesque humour which ever enters as a strange anomaly into German Art, from the early sculptures in Gothic cathedrals down to death's devilry by Rethel, and the designs to "Reineke Fuchs" by Kaul-

bach. The poet Beddoes, the author of "Death's Jest Book," seemed to have contracted during his residence in Germany a like weird and wild fantasy. The Frenchman, Gustave Doré, likewise, in his illustrations to *Les Contes Drolatiques*, *Don Quixote*, and *Dante*, gives free rein to the same lawless revelry. Rethel, however, had manifold moods; he was a many-sided man; like all true dramatists, he could be grave and gay by turns; he shed tears sometimes in laughter, but often in woe. His works show his mind to have been thorough, direct, and earnest. I should suppose that he seldom took a thought second-hand; he was not a man to borrow spectacles of his neighbour, he preferred to look straight at nature with his own eyes. Walking with fearless foot in untrodden ways, he came perchance on things startling and new. Figures which at once strike the spectator as independent creations, and attitudes altogether novel, are in his designs scattered, not with scant penury, but in rich profusion. That Rethel was manly and strong, that he was fitted for the high walks of historic and monumental Art, whereunto, as we have seen, he aspired, the noble composition here engraved, 'THE SWISS IN PRAYER BEFORE THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH,' is sufficient indication. Into the onslaught of battle, too, the painter could throw motion and fury. That the bounds of moderation should be now and then overstepped, is nothing more than might be reasonably anticipated. Men who soar high cannot be incumbered with heavy ballast; a car that rushes full speed, perhaps, too, on a rough road, cannot be safe of the ditch. Thus Rethel, doubtless, fell into pictorial mishaps which imperilled his good reputation. For example, the artist's personation of Moses, whatever be its merit in force, fury, and fire, is assuredly melodramatic in excess. Then again in another design, 'The Death of St. Stephen,' we have to deplore the intrusion of a savage brutality wholly unpermissible in the region of sacred Art. Raphael in the treatment of the same subject, as also the Greeks when touching on the tragic doom of a Niobe or a Laocoon, were able to approach to truth and yet escape from horror. Those who are acquainted with Durer's designs of 'The Passion of Our Lord,' will understand what is the excess I wish in certain German works to condemn.

The genius of Rethel was of the mien which is proverbially allied to madness, a genius that coloured all the painter wrought, especially during his later years, with hectic, not to say dis-tempered hues. How far states of mind which are in themselves of the nature of infirmities may actually favour the creation of Art-products recommended by a certain brilliancy of complexion, is a question which has peculiar cogency in the career of this painter. There is ever a wizard spell, a charm of fascination, in feats of wayward fancy; a thrill passes through the mind of the beholder when the intellect plays, if I may so say, sleight of hand; the imagination stands in awe before an artist who wields the witchery of the evil eye, who as a necromancer can draw from deep wells beneath draughts of demon inspiration. We all admit that serene and heaven-born Art may receive benediction from God's good angels; but I scarcely like to confess how far works of vehemence, rebellion, and desperation, may be the outcoming of wholly opposite powers. In the kingdom of Art, however, as in the sphere of God's providence, evil is overruled for good, so that it becomes true, especially in the province of the drama, that "the wrath of man shall praise God," while "the remainder of wrath shall be restrained." And hence it comes to pass that so long as madness can maintain method, so long as excess is reined in by some measure of moderation, the work gains a proportionate talismanic power. This is the vehemence which in Art is known by the profane name of "devil"—a devilry which, it must be confessed, is very near to our humanity, a madness which some have been ready even to worship, as having about it aspects of the divine, so mysteriously in this life do intermingle things fair and foul, so closely does heaven border on the confines of hell. These reflections do not seem to me out of place when I look at the class of subjects wherein Rethel and other German artists take what appears to me all but an unhallowed delight:—'Dances of Death,' and such like, works which laugh and jeer with thoughts that lie "too deep for tears"—creations which teem with the outcasts of pandemonium. That Rethel, however, knew how to redeem themes which in other hands had been tainted with profanity, that he could throw over the death-robed skeleton solemnity, that he knew how to give to life's exit pathos and repose, is manifest to all who will but gaze on the design we here publish—Death come at eventide to toll the knell of the old sexton in the tower. Let us pray that death thus came for Alfred Rethel, having lost its sting, and the grave its victory. To him is granted, as a recompense for life's torments, the reward of immortality. His works testify to a resolute, though a restless, spirit; to a high, though inconstant, aspiration. We find the light of the mind darkened in its zenith, yet know that the fire which burns itself out will kindle into life beyond life.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE :

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

CHARLES LAMB.



CHARLES LAMB was born on the 18th February, 1775, in Crown Office Row, Inner Temple, his father being in the employ of one of the Benchers as his "clerk, servant, friend, flapper, guide, stop-watch, auditor, and treasurer." On the 9th of October, 1782, the boy was placed in the school of Christ's Hospital, as the "son of John Lamb, scrivener, and Elizabeth, his wife." He is described as, then, of small stature, delicate frame, and constitutionally nervous and timid; of mild countenance, complexion clear brown, eyes of different colours, with "a walk slow and peculiar," and a "difficulty of utterance" that was something

more than an impediment in his speech. At Christ's Hospital was formed his friendship with his schoolfellow, Coleridge—a friendship that continued without interruption until the philosopher was laid in his grave at Highgate. They were, as Lamb writes, "fifty year friends without an interruption."

In 1789 he quitted Christ's Hospital, and obtained a situation at the India House, where he remained during thirty-six years, rarely taking a holiday. In 1825 he "retired from the drudgery of the desk" with a pension sufficient for all the moderate needs and luxuries of life.

No doubt such drudgery may have been to some extent irksome to a man of letters, who loved to use the pen for a higher purpose than that of dull entries in heavy ledgers; but it had its "set off" in the

soner to the desk; I have been chained to that galley thirty years; I have almost grown to the wood." And again,—“What a weight of wearisome prison hours have I to look back and forward to, as quite cut out of life!” Yet he tenders this counsel to the Quaker poet, who had contemplated resigning his post, “trusting to the booksellers” for bread:—“Throw yourself from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap dash, headlong upon iron spikes,” rather than become the slave of the booksellers; and he blesses his star “that Providence, not seeing good to make him independent, had seen it next good to settle him down upon the stable foundation of Leadenhall Street;” while he sympathised with, and mourned over, the “corroding, torturing, tormenting thoughts that disturb the brain of the unlucky wight who must draw upon it for daily sustenance.” “There is corn in Egypt,” he writes, “while there is cash in Leadenhall.” He was therefore content with his lot, although “every half hour’s absence from office duties was set down in a book;” yet when ultimately released from the oar, he “could scarcely comprehend the magnitude of his deliverance;” and was grateful for it.

But, in truth, it was no punishment to Charles Lamb to be “in populous city pent.” In the streets and alleys of the Metropolis he found themes as fertile as his contemporaries had sought and obtained among the hills and valleys of Westmoreland; where great men had trodden was to him “hallowed ground;” and many a dingy building of unseemly brick was to him holy—as the birthplace, the death-place, or the intellectual laboratory of some mighty luminary of the past.

He once paid a visit to Coleridge at Keswick, and though he conceded the grandeur and the glory of old Skiddaw, and admitted that he might live a year or so among such scenes, he should “mope and pine away if he had no prospect of again seeing Fleet Street.” Writing to the high priest of nature, Wordsworth, he says, “I do not now care if I never see a mountain in my life; I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature.” And Talfourd records he has heard him declare that his “love for natural scenery would be abundantly satisfied by the patches of long waving grass, and the stunted trees that blacken in the old churchyard nooks which you may yet find bordering on Thames Street.” The Strand and Fleet Street were to him “better places to live in, for good and all, than underneath old Skiddaw;” and Covent Garden was “dearer to him than any garden of Alcinous.” So late as 1829, when he had been some years free to wander at his own sweet will, he writes to Wordsworth,—“O let no Londoner imagine that health, and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet, and recreative study, can make the country anything better than altogether odious and detestable.”

Lamb is not the only Londoner to whom the huge city is a refreshing luxury. James Smith used to say that “London was the best place in summer, and the only place in winter.” It was Jekyll who proposed to make country lanes tolerable by having them paved. Dr. Johnson grew angry when people abused London, saying, “Sir, the man who is tired of London is tired of existence.” While I had a residence among the healthful commons and thick woods of West Surrey, a distinguished author of this class was my guest, and was

*I had sense in dreams of a Beauty rare,
Whom fate had spell-bound and rooted here,
Tossing, like some enchanted theme,
Over the marge of that crystal stream
Where the flowing Greek, to Echo blind,
With self-love fond had to waters pinned.*

Chas Lamb.

security from pecuniary perils that too frequently cago the spirit and cramp the energies of men of lofty intellect and aspiring souls. On many occasions Lamb expressed his thankfulness that he was not, as so many are—as so many of his friends

were—compelled to learn from terrible experience—

“How salt the savour is of others’ bread.”

In 1822 he writes to Bernard Barton, a banker’s clerk,—“I am, like you, a pri-

located in a pretty little lodge sheltered among tall trees, where nightingales were singing. In the morning he complained they had kept him awake all night. "Well," I said, "surely it is not much of a misery to be kept awake by 'the bird most musical.'" "Nay," he replied, "if I am kept from sleep, I do not see much difference between nightingales and cats!"

The love of Lamb for London was, in fact, an absolute passion; Hazlitt says of him, "The streets of London are his fairy land, teeming with wonder, with life and interest, to his retrospective glance, as it did to the eager eye of childhood. He has contrived to weave its truest traditions into a bright and endless romance."

Although Lamb had thus ample scope for continual enjoyment, and was saved from the necessities that so often beset the paths of men of genius, there was a skeleton in his house, and pleasure was ever associated with a terror more appalling than Death. His beloved sister—his dear companion and cherished friend—was subject to periodical fits of insanity, during one of which, with her own hand, she killed her beloved brother. There is nothing in human history more entirely sad than the records of the walks these two made together, when, thereafter, as the cloud came over her mind, and she saw the evil hour coming, they paced along the road and across fields, weeping bitterly both—she to be left at the lunatic asylum until time and regimen restored reason, and he to return to his mournful and lonely home.

The fatal death of the mother took place on the 22nd September, 1796. There was, of course, a coroner's inquest, and a verdict—"Lunacy." The daughter was confined in Bedlam; after a time she was given up to "her friends," and her brother became thenceforward her "guardian." The word is far too weak to convey an idea of the never-ceasing, never-ending care and thought for her consolation and comparative comfort. It is, indeed, a sad task to picture him: with a perpetual dread of insanity haunting him; loving one, whom he addresses as "the fair-haired maid" (of whom nothing further is known), but sacrificing that, and all else, to solemn and mournful Duty. It was, however, duty lightened by love; for intense affection linked these two together from the earliest to the latest hours of their lives. "The two lived as one in double singleness together." On her side affectionate and earnest watching; on his a charming deference, "pleasant evasions," little touches of gratitude, perpetual care-anxious and troubled care.

In one of her letters to her brother during her temporary confinement, she writes:—"The spirit of my mother seems to descend and smile upon me, and hid me live to enjoy the life and reason the Almighty has given me." And she did live to enjoy both—in calm and sorrowful content—to a very old age—surviving her brother many years—dying on the 20th of May, 1847. She was placed in the grave by his side,—

"In death they were not divided."

His life is truly described as a "life of ungenial toil, diversified with frequent sorrow." Unhappily, he sought relief where the remedy is worse than the disease, in

* The sad story is told by himself in a letter to Coleridge:—"My poor dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand time enough only to snatch the knife out of her grasp. My poor father was slightly wounded."

† There was a tendency to insanity in the family; and Charles himself was for a time "under restraint." In one of his letters to Coleridge he refers to the "six months he was in a mad-house at Hoxton."

the full potatoes that induced self-reproach, in the deep draughts that frightfully augmented the evils they were taken to diminish or to cure! Talfourd gently refers to his only blot—his "one single frailty"—"the eagerness with which he would quaff exciting liquors," which he attributes to "a physical peculiarity of constitution." It was "a kind of corporeal need," augmented, if not induced, by the heavy, irksome labours of his dull office, and still more by "the sorrows that environed him, and which tempted him to snatch a fearful joy." Lamb himself refers to his excessive love of tobacco, and his vain attempts to subdue or to control it, and describes "how from illuminating it came to darken, from a quick solace it turned to a negative relief, thence to a restlessness and dissatisfaction, thence to a positive misery."

Yet, although with many drawbacks, the life of Charles Lamb was by no means without its enjoyments. He had many attached friends: the earliest and the latest, as I have said, was his school-mate Coleridge. This tribute is from his pen:—

"My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined,
And hungered after nature many a year,
In the great city pent; winning thy way
With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain,
And strange calamity!"



LAMB'S RESIDENCE AT ENFIELD.

from good and tender Talfourd. His loving and eloquent biographer describes with singular felicity Lamb's "suppers" in the Middle Temple. In 1800, he was living at No. 16, Mitre Court Buildings; in 1817, he had removed to lodgings in Russell Street, Covent Garden, the corner house, "delightfully situated between the two great theatres." Afterwards he was again a resident in the Temple. Later in life, his residence was at Enfield, in an "odd-looking, gamgogish coloured house," from which, in 1833, he removed to Church Street, Edmonton. In 1834, in the sixtieth year of his age, he died.

"Bay Cottage," as it is now called—and I believe was so called when Lamb inhabited it—is a poor dwelling: mournful-looking enough; it could never have been calculated to dissipate the gloom that must have here perpetually saddened the heart and mind of the poet.

Lamb and his sister were hut lodgers there; the house was kept by a woman named Redford, who—I learned from a person still residing there, and who well remembers both the afflicted inmates—lived by taking charge of insane patients,

And this is the tribute of Robert Southey:—

"Charles Lamb, to those who know thee justly dear
For rarest genius and for sterling worth,
Unchanging friendship, warmth of heart sincere
And wit that never gave an ill-thought birth,
Nor even in its sport, infused a sting."

It was said of him that "he had the faculty of turning even casual acquaintances into friends," and he thus touchingly records the departure of many of them:—

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces,
Some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me, all are departed,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

He was a most delightful companion, and a firm and true and never-changing friend. Of the latter, there is the evidence of his memorable letter to Southey, whom he considered to have wrongfully assailed Leigh Hunt; * of the former we have the testimony of so many, that it is needless to quote them. Among his more frequent companions and intimate friends were Hazlitt, Godwin, Thelwall, Basil Montagu and his estimable lady, Proctor, Barnes, Haydon, Henry Crabb Robinson (who is, happily, still with us, in honoured old age, having survived so many of his great friends of the epoch), Carey, Knowles, Moxon, Hood, and Hone: while, later in life, he was often cheered by the light that emanated

and was by no means worthy of such a trust, for she had habits that probably did not receive any check from the interesting patients of whom she had the care. The person I refer to recollects Miss Lamb cutting up her feather-bed, and scattering the feathers to the winds out of her window; and tells me, what I am loath to believe, that whenever Lamb or his sister "misbehaved" themselves, Redford was in the habit of thrusting them into a miserable closet of the room, where they were confined sometimes for hours together until it pleased the harpy to give them freedom.

Lamb did not die in that humiliating house: his friends—according to the authority I have quoted—having discovered the manner in which he was treated, removed him from the woman's custody, a few weeks before his death, to Enfield, and it was at Enfield he died.

* Lamb's bitter letter to Southey—whose only offence was, that in an article in the *Quarterly Review* he had spoken of Hunt as the author of a "book that wants only a sounder religious feeling to be as delightful as it is original"—he repented of, and atoned for; his guardian angel, he said (meaning his sister), was absent when he wrote it. They met, and were again friends; and in a letter to Southey, written long afterwards, he thus wrote:—"Look on me as a dog who went once temporarily insane and bit you."

To none of these facts does Talfourd make any reference; but it is announced that a "Life of Charles Lamb" will be ere long published by Mr. Procter, the "Barry Coruwall" of our younger days. Lamb will be sure to receive ample justice at the hands of that estimable gentleman and delightful author—a kindred spirit, who was the friend of nearly all the great men and women of his age, and who can in no way better close a long life of honourable intellectual labour, than by a biography of one he knew so well and loved so much.

Lamb had many peculiarities; all of them were, to say the least, harmless. He playfully alludes to some of them: "I never could seal a letter without dropping the wax on one side, besides scalding my fingers." "My letters are generally charged double at the post-office, from their inveterate clumsiness of foldure."

The first time I saw and spoke with Charles Lamb was when he was most at home, in Fleet Street. He was of diminutive and even ungraceful appearance,

thin and wiry, clumsily clad, and with a shuffling gait, more than awkward; though covered, it was easy to perceive that the head was of no common order, for the bat fell hack as if it fitted better there, than over a large intellectual forehead, which overhung a countenance somewhat expressive of anxiety and even pain; yet, as it was afterwards described to me by one of his nearest friends—Leigh Hunt—"deeply marked, and full of noble lines, with traces of sensibility, imagination, and much thought." His wit was in his eye—luminous, quick, and restless; and the smile that played about his mouth was cordial and good-humoured. His person and his mind were happily characterised by his contemporary, "As his frame, so his genius; as fit for thought as can be, and equally as unfit for action." In one of his playful moods he thus described himself: "Below the middle stature, cast of face slightly Jewish, stammers abominably." Leigh Hunt recollected him, when young, coming to see the boys at Christ's Hospital, "with

unable to recall to memory a single sentence that was said. I only know the impression left upon me was that of envy of the one and pity for the other; envy of the philosopher who reasoned so cheerfully and hopefully, and pity for the essayist whose despondency seemed rather of the heart than of the mind. Unhappily I did not turn to account the opportunities I had of seeing and knowing more of Lamb. I might surely have done so, but little thought had I then, or for a long time afterwards, that it would ever be my task to write a memory of the man.

"His poems were admirable, and often contained as deep things as the wisdom of some who have greater names;" that is the statement of one who knew him intimately. "No one," writes Hazlitt, "ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things in half-a-dozen half sentences."

I copy these lines from Mrs. Hall's album; I believe they have not been heretofore in print:—

"I had sense in dreams of a Beauty rare,
Whom fate had spell-bound and rooted there,
Stooping, like some enchanted theme,
Over the marge of that crystal stream
Where the blooming Greek, to echo blind,
With self-love fond, had to waters pinned.
Ages had waked, and ages slept,
And that bending posture still she kept;
For her eyes she may not turn away,
Till a fairer object shall pass that way;
Till an image more beautiful this world can show,
Than her own which she sees in the mirror below.
Fore on, fair creature, for ever pure,
Nor dream to be disenchantured more;
For vain is expectation, and wish is vain,
Till a new Narcissus can come again."—C. LAMB.

It is said of Lamb, that being applied to for a memoir of himself, he made answer that "it would go into an epigram." His life was indeed of "mingled yam, good and ill together," but the latter was in the larger proportion. "He had strange phases of calamity," living in continual terror. He described himself as once "writing a playful essay with tears trickling down his cheeks." Yet in none of his writings is there any taint of the gloom that brings discontent; if he had unhappily too little trust in Providence, he did not murmur at a dispensation terribly calamitous. If seldom cheerful, he was often merry; and in none of his writings is there evidence of ill-nature, jealousy, or envy. He wrote for periodicals of opposite opinions; he was the friend of Southey and he was the friend of Hazlitt; he aroused no animosities, and enemies he had none.

There must have been much in the genial and loveable nature of the man to attract to him—in a comparatively humble position, and with restricted, rather than liberal, means—so many attached friends who are renowned in the literary history of the epoch.

He was not young, but not old, when called from earth. "He sank into death as placidly as into sleep," writes his loved and loving friend Talfourd; he was laid in Edmonton churchyard, "in a spot which, a short time before, he had pointed out to the sexton as the place of his choice for a final home;" and a line from Wordsworth's monody to his memory, will fitly close a brief record of his life:—

"Oh, he was good, it ever good man liv'd."

On the tombstone is the following inscription:—

TO THE MEMORY
OF
CHARLES LAMB,
DIED 27th DECEMBER, 1834. AGED 59.
"Farewell, dear friend, that smile, that harmless mirth,
No more shall gladden our domestic hearth;
That rising tear, with pain forbid to flow,
Better than words no more assuage our woe:
That hand outstretched from small but well-earned store,
Yield succour to the destitute no more.



THE GRAVE OF CHARLES LAMB.

a pensive, brown, handsome, and kindly face, and a gait advancing with a motion from side to side, between involuntary consciousness and attempted ease," and he says of him in after life, "He had a head worthy of Aristotle, with as pure a heart as ever heat in human bosom, and limbs very fragile to sustain it. His features are strongly yet delicately cut; he has a fine eye as well as forehead, and no face carries in it greater marks of thought and feeling." But the most finished picture of the man is that which his friend Talfourd draws: "A light frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression the most noble and sweet. His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose slightly curved, and delicately carved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on the shoulders,

and gave importance and even dignity to a diminutive and shadowy stem." Thus writes Hazlitt of Lamb: "There is a primitive simplicity and self-denial about his manners, and a Quakerism in his personal appearance, which is, however, relieved by a fine Titian bead, full of dumb eloquence." And this is the picture drawn of him by the American, N. P. Willis:—"Enter, a gentleman in black small-clothes and gaiters, short and very slight in his person, his head set on his shoulders with a thoughtful forward bent, his hair just sprinkled with grey, a beautiful deep-set eye, aquiline nose, and a very indescribable mouth."

Some time in 1827 or 1828, I met Lamb twice or thrice at the house of Coleridge, and one evening in particular I recall with peculiar pleasure; there were not many present, none I can remember, except Mr. and Mrs. Gillman. The poet-philosopher engaged in a contest of words with his friend upon that topic concerning which Coleridge was ever eloquent—the power to reconcile Fate with Free-will. Alas, I am

Yet art thou not all lost; thro' many an age,
With sterling sense and humour, shall thy page
Win many an English bosom pleased to see
That old and happier vein revived in thee;
This for our earth. And if with friends we share
Our joys in Heaven, we hope to meet thee there."

ALSO MARY ANNE LAMB,

SISTER OF THE ABOVE,

BORN 3RD DECEMBER, 1757. DIED 20TH MAY, 1847.*

The grave of Charles Lamb is situated in the western part of Edmonton churchyard, in the midst of a multitude of graves, some having quaint old headstones, but mostly of a modern character. A venerable yew tree still lives beside a tower of remote date; and a number of almshouses for aged men and women skirts one of the sides of the cemetery—pleasant objects for the poet to have thought over when selecting his last resting-place here.

SAMUEL LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Ths "Memory" may aptly follow that of Charles Lamb, not only because they knew and loved each other—although the star of the one was but rising when that of the other was in its decline—but because in many ways the one resembled the other. More naturally, however, the name of Laman Blanchard is associated with that of Lætitia Elizabeth Landon, for he wrote her "Life," and did ample justice to her memory. He first met the young poetess at our house; and a friendship was commenced which did not terminate with her death. Foreseeing what "might be," she had laid a duty on him before her departure for Africa, and the pledge he gave was faithfully kept. With a copy of the volumes, Blanchard wrote us this note:—

"For two reasons you will try to like the long-looked for. The first and strongest refers to the glorious creature who is gone; and the second to one whom you know to have striven hard to vindicate her name, and to keep her memory as a pleasant odour in the world. If I have failed, it is because there were difficulties in the way that I cannot explain; and if some of her enemies escape, it was because I was fearful of injuring her."

Blanchard was born at Great Yarmouth on the 15th of May, 1803. His father removed to London in 1805, and followed the calling of a painter and glazier in Southwark. Laman was educated at the neighbouring school of St. Olave, where he soon became a prominent scholar, gaining prizes when he was under ten years old. He had been doomed to drudgery in a Proctor's office, but early formed acquaintance with Buckstone, and acquired a taste for the stage. He tried, indeed, his "prentice han" at the Margate theatre, but recoiled with the natural delicacy of a sensitive and highly refined organisation from the humiliations of a strolling player's life. For a time he was assistant secretary to the Zoological Society, of which his brother-in-law, Vigers, was the chief founder and secretary. At the early age of twenty, he fell in love, and married Miss Ann Gates. He soon became a "writer," editing or sub-editing the *Monthly Magazine*, *La Belle Assemblée*, afterwards the *True Sun*, and ultimately the *Courier*, the once famous paper being then in a dying state, having, moreover, gone over from the Tories to the

* I cannot say by whom these lines were written. Talfourd, in his "Memorials of Charles Lamb," takes no notice of them. Perhaps they are the production of Lamb's dear and cherished friend, the publisher Moxon: a man who had the singular fortune of being beloved by many of the great men whose works he published, and who was himself a poet of no mean order.

ultra-Liberals. None of these employments were remunerative; he worked hard, and in many ways, to keep the wolf, Poverty, from the door.

He published but one book—"Lyric Offerings"—a collection of most sweet poems. His writings were all "anonymous;" few but his friends knew the true value of the author, fewer still the great worth of the man.

His name is not largely known; for he died while yet but midway up "the steep" that leads to "Fame's eternal temple." Not long after the death of his friend L. E. L., he himself proved the sad truth of the lines, that

"Wit to madness nearly is allied,
And thin partitions do the bounds divide."

I knew him when he commenced his career as a man of letters by profession. Scott has well said, "Literature is a good staff, but a bad crutch,"—to depend on it altogether is but a sadly precarious trust. He was of all men the readiest and most versatile. His ever prompt and eloquent pen could indite a sonnet, point an epigram, tell a story, or give interest to an essay, while slower spirits were pondering and wondering what they had to write about. His wit was genial and not caustic: it brightened everything it played about, and was checked only by a sensitive desire to avoid giving pain:

"His wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade!"

His was the ardent temperament of a genuine child of song, yet dedicated to the direst and hardest duty-work. His vocation was that of a writer for the press; and multitudinous were his "leaders," "criticisms," "reviews," "reports," and "opinions," upon every conceivable subject, which the public strongly relished, while entirely ignorant of their source,—

"The sunny temper, bright where all is strife;
The simple heart that mocks at worldly wiles;
Light wit that plays along the calm of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles."

In person he was small; his countenance was at once expressive of his heart and mind—sensitive, graceful, and affectionate; his eyes, those unerring indications of genius, were peculiarly tender, yet sparkling like two burning coals. Earnest, true, fervent, sympathising, the man was made to be loved.

While yet in the prime of life, and in the vigour of intellect, a domestic sorrow—the death of his wife, whom he had married when little more than a boy—struck his energies at the root. Rest, perfect rest, was absolutely needed to his body and his mind; but how was the day-labourer for bread to obtain it, with several children looking to him for food? It is a common thing for thoughtless friends to say to such a man so circumstanced, "You must not overwork yourself!" Ah! they do not see under the gay draperies that society folds around the form—they do not see the chains that bind us to the galley in which we are slaves. A terror of the future—a spectral dread of want—took hold of my poor friend; seized him by the brain through the heart. It was half real, half imaginary, yet it did its work. Hope went, and life followed. The eloquent and tender poet; the brave advocate of natural rights; the brinful and active, but generous, wit; the sterling and steadfast essayist; the searching, yet indulgent, critic—for he was all these and more—died in a moment of madness induced by despair; and died in harness, which, if one ready hand had unbuckled for a time, he might have worn, after brief repose, with

honour to himself and advantage to all mankind.*

The reader will, I trust, permit me to print two or three extracts from his letters: they show the fervid and affectionate nature of the man,—how prone he was to exaggerate small favours conferred; while they serve, in a degree, to account for the terrible ending of his laborious and energetic life:—

"Your letter, dear Mrs. Hall, contained as much sound wisdom as true kindness. More I cannot say. It gratified us much; but gratified is a wretched word; it moved and delighted us more than any letter I ever received in my life. As few living could have so written, so no one, I almost think, could have so written. It will be treasured as something more precious than the ordinary tokens of interest and friendship. As something more to be prized than the tokens which the early dreams of Fame look forward to, for a better fame it is to enjoy the sympathy and regard of those to whom she is a familiar guest, than to have a flying visit from her oneself. You have brightened my present by giving me such a glimpse of a future; and that future, whatever it may turn out, must be gladdened by the recollection of this moment—the feelings crowded into, of the resolves I build upon it. The only thanks I give you are conveyed in the adoption of your advice, in the prompt and earnest acting upon that which you have so feelingly and beautifully expressed. Most sure we are that this will be felt by you as the truest gratitude, and that all return else would be idle."

"I am scarcely out of the house once a month, the condition of my wife being so precarious, her faculties so impaired, and the mental irritation so continual. I am nearly worn out with anxieties and miseries, though not easily cast down. Her bodily strength may admit of her being removed shortly; that may give a chance for her shaken brain and restless nerves."

"The alarm occasioned by my excessive illness is past, and the frightful nervous derangement and palpitations are abating, so as to give the assurance that my system, which had been insensibly sinking for many weeks, has been spared the worst blow. To a total want of rest, calm promises to succeed, and I am already, though pitifully distressed in health, considerably relieved. In the deepest of this affliction I have been conscious of the presence of a spirit of mercy. And the extreme kindness of many friends—dear to me always is yours and Mr. Hall's—not only endears life to me, but also enables me to live. God bless you and yours, dear Mrs. Hall, prays, with his truest gratitude,
"Your faithful friend,
"SAMUEL LAMAN BLANCHARD."

It was, indeed, a melancholy morning when thirty or forty of his friends assembled at his dwelling, somewhere in Lambeth, to accompany his remains to the grave, in the cemetery at Norwood, where not long afterwards a monument was erected to his memory.

Prominent among the group that filled his small parlour, was his constant friend and familiar associate, Douglas Jerrold. The ceremony was one of peculiar gloom; and the sobs that every now and then came from some corner of that mournful room, manifested deep and desponding grief, that a life so active and so useful should have been closed by so sad a death, just when the future seemed to promise a reward other than "rest from labour."

* In fact hands were ready to do the work of mercy. Sir Bulwer Lytton and John Forster, two of his most esteemed and estimable friends, knowing his circumstances and particular needs, had met and devised a plan to free him of all unhealthy incumbrances. They were, I have been told, actually together, devising the best mode of working for his emancipation from pecuniary obligations when they received intelligence of his death.

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1865.

THE Exhibition in the metropolis of our sister island has nearly run its course. The juries have made their awards, and with the end of October the Exposition will have closed, leaving behind it, however, something more than a memory,—a fine building, catching every gleam of sunshine, within which, in the long, cold, rainy days of winter, one may pass many an hour of recreation and instruction; and charming pleasure-grounds wherein to wander in the bright, dry, frosty noons. But better than all this, there will remain something as substantial, let us hope, though perhaps, as yet, not as palpably visible,—permanent results in the advancement of Art, the progress of manufactures, the improvement of machinery, and the development into a higher state of all those blessings, physical, social, and intellectual, which may be summed up in the word "civilisation."

Many opportune circumstances have concurred to favour this exhibition. A continuous period, from its opening, of fine weather, with scarcely a shower to damp the ardour, or a breeze to shake the resolution of visitors from other lands, who, in consequence, have come to Dublin in large numbers; and above all, as was well observed by Earl Russell on the occasion of the declaration of the awards, profound peace, international and domestic. These we have enjoyed, and still enjoy despite that silly playing at treason called Fenianism—agitations, which, as Mr. Parker happily remarked, "were but ripples on the surface, and only tended to make loyalty more true and treason more impotent." Without the former no international exhibition could be attempted, without the latter it would be a failure. It is not enough that there should be the freest intercommunication between nations, but they who devote themselves to industrial pursuits, to science, and to Art, should possess themselves in peace, and should feel secure that the fruits of their labours will not be wrested from them.

Such then being the conditions under which this Irish Exposition has been held, let us now consider what have been the results. Were we to take the evidence of those who gave their testimony on the evening when the great Concert Hall was thronged with a brilliant and enthusiastic auditory, and glittering in the blaze of gaslight, we should be justified in saying that the Exhibition has been a complete success. "Of that complete success," said a noble Secretary of State, "I believe there is but one unanimous voice, not only throughout Ireland, but on the part of every person from foreign countries who has had the pleasure of visiting this Exhibition." We are not, however, disposed to accept so unqualified a statement, especially when it is post-prandial and made at a moment when even the most phlegmatic would be excited. We prefer to consult the calm and deliberate judgments of the jurors, and the excellent reports which some (we regret to say not all) of those bodies have appended to their awards; and having done so, we are prepared to say that, with certain shortcomings and failures, the success has been large and creditable, and though it may not compare with some of its predecessors in the vastness of the contributions, it may bear favourable comparison with the best of them for the variety and value of its industrial and artistic displays.

The true object of all international exhibitions is to bring together, and place, as it were, in juxtaposition, the products of all nations, whether natural or artificial—whether of mind or of matter, of science or of Art; and, when so congregated, to subject them to the inspection of all peoples, that each may thus compare himself, his country, and the productions of each, with those of every other people and land; and so learn from the excellence of others his own imperfections, from their strength his own weakness, each imparting new knowledge, each stimulating to a generous rivalry which sharpens the intellect and pushes forward civilisation.

With such a standard as the measure of utility, we can form a tolerably fair estimate of

the results of this great undertaking. Before we discuss the objects brought together for inspection, let us premise that the condition of an adequate amount of inspectors was very sufficiently fulfilled; that visitors from every part of Europe, and from countries more distant still, were found in the halls and show-rooms of the Exhibition, to derive from collation and comparison all the knowledge and the benefit which such inspection could afford. The excellent organisation for the selection of the various juries from lists forwarded by the British and foreign committees, to which we alluded in a former article, has secured the best possible investigation and judgment upon everything brought into competition; and, though it would not be within the range of possibility to attain to infallibility in judgment or to give satisfaction to every exhibitor, yet we have the concurrent testimony of every one who has spoken on the subject, that the decisions of the juries have been distinguished by entire impartiality, and soundness, and knowledge.

The whole contents of the Exhibition have been arranged under thirty classes, each having its own jury. To enter into even a brief consideration of each of these classes would transcend the functions of our Journal, and exceed the limit of space at our command; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with noticing some that peculiarly solicit our attention.

In mining and mineral productions the display was, upon the whole, creditable, though we do not think that the United Kingdom has done herself full justice. But we notice with pleasure that a medal has been awarded to the Mining Company of Ireland for the ores produced by them, and their skill in the processes of extraction and manufacture. Whoever has examined the case of specimens exhibited by this Company, will affirm the award of the jury. The auriferous quartz of Nova Scotia and Victoria have also deservedly obtained medals, and are highly instructive. Two Irish slate companies have been equally successful, and, judging by the size and excellence of the slates and the character of their cleavage, we do not see why Ireland should not be able to supply herself at home with these articles, especially as the quarries are situated in a central part of the kingdom, and command inexpensive water carriage.

In the chemical section, though there is not much to note in the way of novelty since the last exhibition in London, there is a good deal interesting and highly instructive. For instance, the fine case of platinum stills, siphons, and other apparatus, exhibited by Messrs. Johnson, Matthey, & Co., for the concentration of sulphuric acid, raises the question of the comparative eligibility of platinum and glass for these purposes. To manufacturers of sulphuric acid this is a subject of great importance. The subject was discussed upon the spot by the advocates of each, and the result arrived at seems to be that the price of fuel will regulate the choice. Thus, on the Continent, the dearth of fuel makes the use of platinum the more economical; while in England, where platinum had been used to some extent, the manufacturers are now returning to glass.

The candle and soap-making trades are well represented; and in these the British and Irish exhibitors have a marked superiority over the foreign and colonial. In this department there are objects of great interest: the mannite, or sugar of mushrooms, for instance, exhibited by Professor De Luca, of Naples, which is procured from the olive-tree.

In the section of substances used for food, the collection is large and varied, so that the produce of every variety of climate and soil is exemplified. One cannot over-estimate the value or interest of such a display as bearing on the prosperity and social comforts of nations. In this view the seeds of Victoria demand special consideration. The specimens are very numerous and varied—the wheat, especially, stands comparison with the best of other countries, and will probably one day become a favourite with the British miller and public, being of very fine quality and particularly rich in gluten.

Not less important is the "mess meat," from

the same colony, which is well preserved, excellently flavoured, and tender,—very superior to the jerked beef brought from South America. No doubt, if it can be imported at a moderate price, it will form a very valuable auxiliary to our home productions—a matter at the present moment of deep importance. While the Continent furnishes very creditable displays in this section, it must be admitted that the food substances of the British Isles are not adequately represented.

The advantages of such exhibitions as this are well illustrated in the section for agricultural and horticultural machines and implements. On the occasion of the Royal Dublin Society's Exhibition of 1864, we adverted to the great benefit which was likely to result to Ireland from the opportunity there afforded to inspect the machinery exhibited by English factories. Our anticipations have been realised; and we find the Irish machinists fully equal to hold their own with the best manufacturing firms of agricultural implements elsewhere.

We have in a former article noticed the excellent specimens of glass and ceramic manufactures contributed by the leading firms, especially those of Minton, Copeland, and Chance Brothers. Ireland, too, comes out very creditably. The Imperial Manufactory of Sevres presents some marvellous specimens of ceramic Art of the highest merit; but it is to be regretted that neither Dresden, Berlin, nor St. Petersburg has been adequately represented in this section.

We must, however, pass over many subjects less intimately connected with Art—though there are very few from which Art can be altogether excluded—and come to those specially within our own province. In Photography, upon the whole, the display is successful; but it does not realise our anticipations, as many eminent photographers in England, France, Germany, and America, have not contributed; but some new processes, invented since the International Exhibition of 1862, are to be seen here, and give to the Dublin Exhibition a character and an interest that go far to compensate for its deficiencies. These processes are, the Wothlytype; the developing by formic acid; the Sympsonotype, the casket portraits, photo-sculpture, and carbon processes. Mr. Simpson's very interesting discovery will be found detailed in the publications of the Photographic Society, and we have noticed the photo-sculpture in a recent number of this Journal.

The casket portrait—by the way, not a very appropriate name—the invention of Mr. Swan—is an ingenious, original, and scientific contrivance. Without being conscious of it, the observer has before his eyes, as in the ordinary stereoscope, a picture composed of two different photographs superposed, each one separately visible to one eye and invisible to the other. These two pictures, placed at right angles on the two sides of two rectangular prisms, with their hypotenuses in contact forming a quadrangular block of glass, are conveyed to the eye, one from the back surface by refraction, and the other from its hypotenuse by reflection, after having been refracted upon it by the other prism. By the optical law of the angle of incidence and reflection the reflected image is seen only by one eye, the axis of which coincides with the reflected ray, and is invisible to the other eye; and by the law of refraction the other image is seen only by the eye, the axis of which coincides with the refracted ray, and is invisible to the other. So that when the observer is placed exactly in the position from which each eye has the exclusive perception of the image, whose perspective belongs thereto, the two images coalesce on the two retinae, and the stereoscopic perception is brought out in all its beauty and force. The only defect of the apparatus is, that the observer is obliged to find the exact position from which the phenomenon takes place exclusively, and if he lose that position, by the slightest movement of the head, he sees only one or the other image, and there is no illusion of relief, the picture having the flatness of the single photograph which represents it. Notwithstanding that imperfection Mr. Swan has succeeded in contriving a most ingenious instrument, which elegantly illustrates a very extraordinary phenomenon of optics.

The exhibitions of photography in 1862 and now in 1865, go far to support its claims to be ranked among the Fine Arts; and we think the observations of the reports of the jury on this question well worthy of being quoted. In alluding to Bedford, Maxwell, Lyte, Mudd, England, Heath, and others, they say, "When we examine the specimens exhibited by such artists we cannot but acknowledge their excellence; that they do the greatest honour to photography, and are capable of elevating it to the rank of Fine Art."

Landscapes, mountain and sea views, architectural subjects, ancient and modern, all these are a field which cannot be worked out except by those who understand the beautiful. The mere choice of the subjects, the moment at which it is to be represented, when the effects of light are the most favourable, require the eyes and feeling of artists. In their hands photography is only the means of catching the picture they have selected, to represent nature in some point of beauty. For this, they must, of course, make use of perfect instruments, and manipulate well; but the principal merit of their works is due to the selection of the subject, and to the treatment of its reproduction.

In concluding our remarks on this subject, we may observe that the Dublin Exhibition affords a very interesting and manifest proof of all the advantages and merits of photography, and shows that the new art has become the indispensable auxiliary of both Art and Manufactures in furnishing the illustrations of all their productions. There is hardly a department of the Exhibition in which the exhibitors have not availed themselves of photography to represent the articles they exhibit, or the instruments by which they are made. But it is particularly in the department of machinery that photography has rendered eminent services in showing the mode of their productions and their various applications. A remarkable example of such illustrations is seen in the Prussian department, showing the machines under their various aspects, and the extensive works in which they have been manufactured, with the appliances used in their construction.

We have already spoken at length of the sculpture and paintings, and have little to add to those remarks. The former is, in every respect, fine; some of the works are of the very highest order. No one can look on the 'Sleeping Fawn' of Miss Hosmer without feeling that the artist was penetrated with the very spirit of the antique; that she has produced a work which, were it dug out of the ruins of the Forum Romanum, might be held in public estimation as a fit companion for the Apollo Belvedere. Of the paintings, we think some of those by the Spanish masters are a remarkable feature in the Exhibition. One of these, 'The Funeral of St. Lorenzo,' by Vera, is a masterly production, and has been pronounced by a great artist as one of the finest historical paintings he had seen.

From this necessarily brief survey, we think we are justified in saying that the Dublin Exhibition has, upon the whole, been a success; that it will yield results permanent and beneficial. Many of the objects of the Fine Arts will remain in the country. The 'Sleeping Fawn' has been purchased by Benjamin Lee Guinness, Esq., M.P.; the colossal statue of the Pope for the Marlborough Street Roman Catholic Church; and some twenty more, including Story's 'Saul,' while about threescore pictures have also been sold. This is a good result for the encouragement of Art, and the promotion of a taste for it. Ireland needs every assistance which can be rendered to place the masses of her people on a level with those of her sister countries, in the appreciation of Art, and to benefit by its elevating influences; the nobles and gentry of the land have it in their power to effect much good of this kind.

In fine, we may augur that much has been done for the cause of civilisation and of material prosperity; that the comparison of the Industries of the various nations who have met in this friendly competition, exhibiting their arts, manufactures, products, and inventions, will stimulate each to new exertions, and thus further the ever onward march of humanity.

THE VALE OF HEATHFIELD.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Painter. W. B. Cooke, Engraver.

It occupied a longer period than the duration of Turner's life, though this was extended beyond the threescore years and ten allotted to man, to make the world comprehend and appreciate his marvellous genius. Only by slow degrees did its light shine into the dark understandings of a generation who regarded him—or, at least, the vast majority did so—as a kind of artistic madman, a strange being having no eyes for nature such as others have, and setting at defiance all the rules and dogmas of schools, past and present. At length the scales fell from their eyes, and both his own countrymen and foreigners joined in an almost universal chorus of admiration of the man whose pencil had wrought out such wonderful creations, and compelled the homage they could no longer refrain from paying to it. The American writer Emerson, in his 'English Traits,' says:—"There was lately a cross-grained miser, odd and ugly, resembling in countenance the portrait of Punch, with the laugh left out; rich by his own industry; sulking in a lonely bouse; who never gave a dinner to any man, and disdained any courtesies; yet as true a worshipper of beauty in form and colour as ever existed; and profusely pouring over the cold mind of his countrymen creations of grace and truth, removing the reproach of sterility from English Art, catching from their savage climate every fine hint, and importing into their galleries every tint and trait of sunnier cities and skies, making an era in painting; and when he saw the splendour of one of his pictures in the Exhibition dimmed his rival's that hung next it, secretly took a brush and blackened his own."

His picture of 'The Vale of Heathfield' is another of those Sussex scenes that have appeared in our Journal during the last few months. Heathfield Park, which occupies so large a portion of the composition, is within a comparatively short distance of Brighton, engraved in our last number. It requires no pen to describe the beauty of the scenery; the richly-wooded park, enclosing, but not concealing, one of those "stately homes" whereof England has so many to show. Rising above the thick screen of trees at the farther extremity of the domain is just visible the spire of Heathfield church; beyond is an extensive "outstretch" of level country, that seems to lose itself in the line of blue sea, where the old Martello towers mark the division of land and water. Turner, with his keen eye for picturesque composition, selected an excellent spot from which to sketch the subject, so as to take in all the most attractive points, and at the same time to preserve a well-adjusted balance of the parts, and a graceful arrangement of lines. He has focused the light in the centre of the picture, and encircled it with a belt of shadow more or less intense, according to distance, beginning at the rising ground on the right, and carrying it, by means of the noble trees that flank the outskirts of the park all round till it meets the point from which it started. From the wild and rugged character of the foreground, it seems not improbable that this locality was once a heath, whence its name. The word "field," derived from the old Saxon *feld*, occurs frequently in the towns and villages of Sussex, as in Uckfield, Maresfield, Mayfield, Hartfield, Rotherfield, Netherfield, Ninfield, Lindfield, &c. &c.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

BIRMINGHAM.—The catalogue of the Exhibition of the Birmingham Society of Artists reached us too late to enable us to avail ourselves of it last month. Judging from what we know of many of the pictures from seeing them elsewhere, the exhibition is far above the average, and does credit to the energy of the council and secretary in procuring so large a number of excellent works. Foremost, in point of size and glowing colour, among those which have been exhibited in London, is 'La Gloria—a Spanish Wake,' by J. Phillip, R.A., the property of Mr. Pender, M.P.; near it is E. Armistead's 'Ahab and Jezebel,' Millais's 'Carpenter's Shop' and 'The Black Brunswick,' both belonging to A. Grant, Esq., M.P. Other conspicuous contributions are 'A Jealous Eye,' by J. C. Horsley, R.A.; Holman Hunt's 'Hirching Shepherd,' Brett's 'The Hedger,' Dawson's 'London, from Vauxhall Bridge,' Prinsep's 'Bianca Capello,' Dobson's 'The Good Shepherd,' Dyce's 'Lear and the Fool,' Lucey's 'Royal Captives of Carisbrook,' A. Johnston's 'Reverie,' 'Raising a Church Rate,' J. Morgan, 'The Tombs of the Sultans, near Cairo,' E. Walton, 'The Jaunting Car,' W. H. Hopkins, 'The Gulf Islands,' J. B. Pyne, 'The Romans leaving Britain,' J. E. Millais, R.A.; 'Roman Catholics rescued by a Puritan Family from the Mob during the Great Fire in London,' W. H. Fisk; 'Signal Lights,' T. F. Marshall; 'The Secret Discovered,' T. Brooks; 'Negroes waiting for Sale,' E. Crowe; 'The Fugitive—after Waterloo,' T. J. Barker; 'Sir Launcelot looks upon Queen Guinevere dead,' by J. Archer, R.N.A.; 'The Harvest Field,' F. R. Lee, R.A.; 'The Arrest,' C. Rossiter. The local artists are large contributors, and among their productions are not a few excellent pictures. F. H. Henshaw sends five, 'Loch Lomond' being the most important; C. T. Burt's 'Port Madoc, North Wales,' and 'Beeston Castle,' are most attractive works; so also are W. Hall's 'Departing Day,' and 'Near Llangollen.' The names of W. and F. Underhill, C. W. Radclyffe, H. H. Horsley, C. R. Aston, J. Steeple, A. Everitt, and many more, appear frequently in the catalogue as contributors to the gallery, which contains about 680 paintings and drawings, and three examples of sculpture.

Bristol.—The annual meeting of the Bristol School of Art was held in the month of September. The report, read by the honorary secretary, Mr. J. B. Atkinson, stated that although serious difficulties have been encountered during the past year, the school is now found in a satisfactory condition, notwithstanding that it, in common with all the schools throughout, had been placed in jeopardy by the new "Art-Minutes," which, even as now ameliorated, will press heavily upon the future of the school. The report is evidently drawn up in the hope of making the best of a bad bargain, yet from the spirit of the document it is just as evident that most strenuous efforts must be made to keep the institution afloat.—An Industrial Exhibition was opened on the 19th of September with every prospect of its having a successful result.

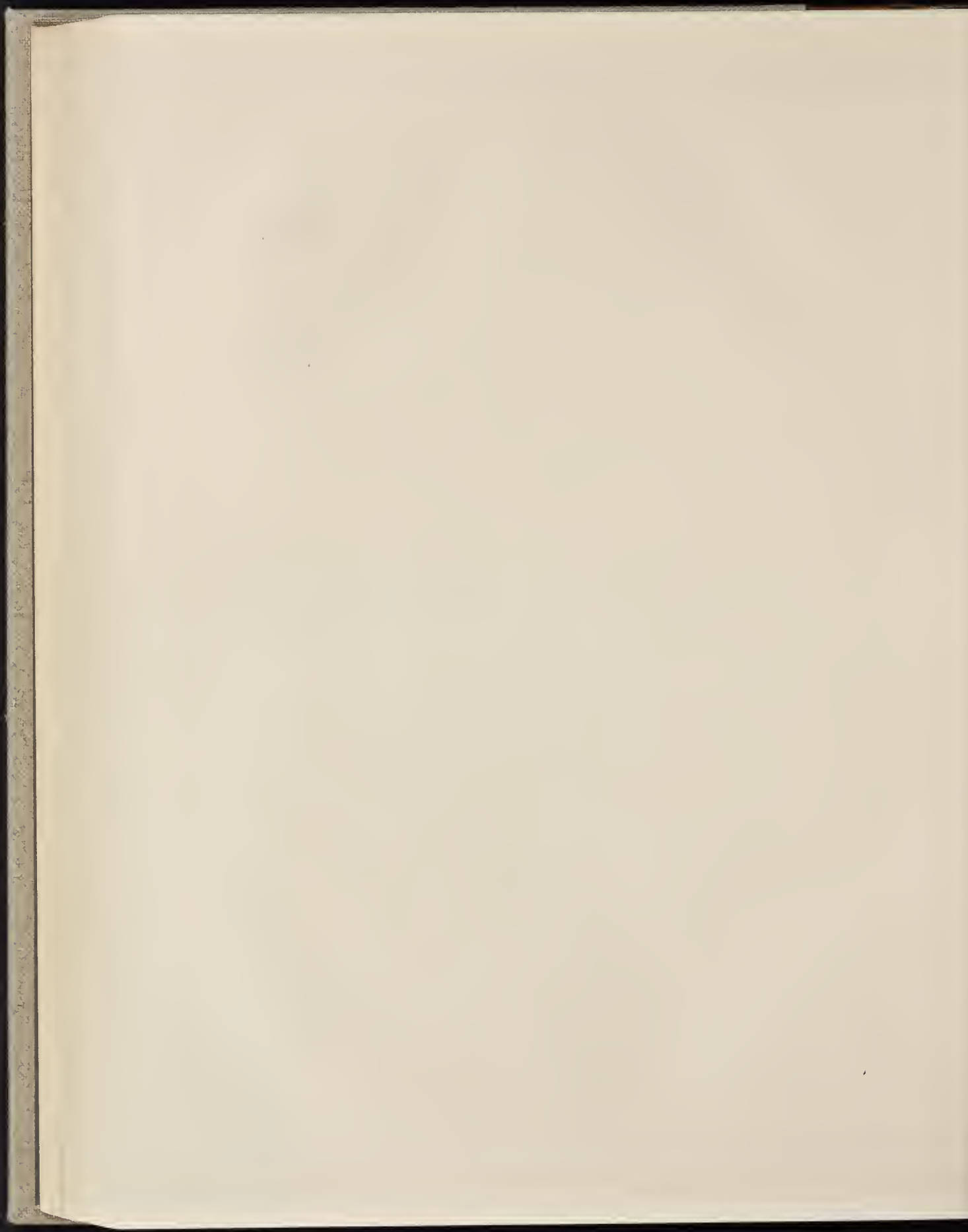
MANCHESTER.—The Committee of the Cobden Memorial has come to the decision of placing the commission for the statue in the hands of Mr. Marshall Wood, a native of Manchester. The subscriptions for the work have reached considerably beyond £4,000.—The distribution of prizes to the successful competitors in the School of Art, was made by Mr. T. Bazley, M.P., on the evening of the 22nd of September. Two hundred and four drawings were forwarded to London last March for competition, and thirty-five medals were awarded, being the largest number ever given, and five more than could be received by any one school. The examiners, however, in consideration of their merit, recommended that the whole number of prizes should be awarded. In the national competition recently ended, the Manchester school took eight prizes, the highest number hitherto obtained by it. Mr. Mückley, headmaster, reported favourably of the condition of the institution, and remarked that the system



W. P. ...

J. M. W. THOMAS, R. S. ...

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he introduced some time ago of enforcing the practice of drawing flowers and foliage from nature had proved most beneficial.—A prospectus has been issued by the Committee of the Manchester District Art-Workers' Association, announcing the intention to hold an Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures next year.

NOVICWIC.—During the recent meeting of the "Church Congress" in this city, there was an interesting exhibition, in the Masonic Hall, of ecclesiastical vestments actually in use in the Church of England. Many of these are exceedingly rich, and are only worn by those clergy who entertain what are called "High Church" principles. Among other objects in the collection were a beautifully finished elm coffin, a finely carved oaken processional cross, ancient communion services, altar-cloths, embroidery, pictures in oil of sacred subjects, with photographs, engravings, and chromo-lithographs, published by the Arundel Society, all relating to Church matters.

NOTTINGHAM.—An exhibition, entitled "The Nottingham and Midland Counties' Working Classes' Art and Industrial Exhibition" was opened in September in this town. The exhibition is reported to have been "very good of its kind," but Lord Belper, who delivered the inaugural address, expressed his regret at not seeing "some working men present." The absence of this class of individuals from an exhibition of their own was certainly strange.

PLYMPTON.—An appeal is being made by the parochial authorities and others resident in the ancient borough of Plympton, the birthplace of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to aid in the restoration of the parish church, which at present is in a very dilapidated condition. The population of the place is small, and consists principally of miners and agricultural labourers, so that without some extraneous help there is but little chance of the work being accomplished, at least in the way which is desired. The Committee is not without some hope that the funds now sought may leave a sufficient surplus to justify the carrying out of a long-cherished design for the erection of a memorial window in the church to Reynolds, in whose honour nothing appears at Plympton, though the late Mr. William Cotton placed a simple tablet in the church to the memory of Sir Joshua's father. In the Grammar School, close to the church, Reynolds, Haydon, Northcote, Sir C. L. Eastlake, and other artists of note, were educated: so far Art has proved herself the *genius loci*, and therefore Plympton may confidently appeal to the lovers of Art for assistance. Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Rev. Percy Nicolas, Rectorial Curate; and Mr. H. Graves, Pall Mall, will also receive and forward any donations for the above purposes which may be left with him.

PRESTON.—An Industrial Exhibition, in aid of the funds of the Preston Institution for the Diffusion of Knowledge, and of the Central Working Men's Club, was opened in the Corn Exchange of this town in September. In the large room of the building were collected many creditable examples of industrial and ornamental works.

SALFORD.—An Industrial Exhibition was opened in this town in the month of September. Its chief contributors were the artisans of the place, some of whose works evidenced taste and ingenuity.

WHITBY, famous for its jet, has had another annual exhibition—the third—of ornamental works,—brooches, bracelets, necklaces, &c., executed in this material. By way of stimulus, prizes are awarded for the most commendable designs and workmanship. The number of competitors increases each year, and there is also a corresponding improvement in their productions.

WINDSOR.—We hear that several of the cartoons by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, from which the mosaic pictures of the Sovereigns of England are to be executed, by Signor Salvati, for the Albert Memorial Chapel, Windsor Castle, have been forwarded to Venice. One panel, that which represents Henry VIII., has already been completed, and placed in the chapel.

YARMOUTH.—The prizes awarded to the pupils of the various parochial and other schools

connected with the Yarmouth School of Art were presented to them in the month of September, at the Town Hall. The mayor presided, and the occasion drew together a large number of visitors and others interested in the proceedings.

YORK.—At the annual meeting of the York School of Art for the distribution of prizes, held on the 20th of September, an able essay on "Art-Education" was read by Mr. Tom Taylor. The pupils of this school have had awarded to them this year twenty-six local medals, and one "honourable mention" at the local examination, and at the national examination four medallions and three "honourable mentions." The committee of this institution—Mr. J. C. Swallow is the head-master—aims at including in the course of instruction not only every study calculated to correct the eye and refine the mind, but also such a measure of technical and scientific knowledge as shall, combined with a true appreciation of Art, enable its possessor both to construct and fitly adorn those objects of utility which surround us on all sides.—The Council of this city has passed a resolution permitting the picture of Paul pleading before Agrippa, by Richard Mander, to be removed from the Guildhall to the School of Art.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The French Academy of Fine Arts has awarded the "Lambert" prize to Madame Moreau, widow of the sculptor whose statue of Aristophanes lately called forth so much admiration.—An exhibition of water-colour drawings was opened in the month of September at the gallery on the *Boulevard des Italiens*. M. E. Hildebrandt, a German artist, who enjoys a high reputation on the Continent, and who has travelled over the greater part of the world in pursuit of his Art, exhibits no fewer than three hundred water-colour drawings. The differences which exist amongst the methods employed by English and foreign artists in the treatment of water-colours, apart from the ability of the artist in question, render this exhibition especially worthy of the attention of artists and amateurs of all countries.

BOTLOGNE.—A statue of Dr. Jenner, to whom the world owes so much as the introducer of vaccination, has been erected in this town: an honour to which this distinguished English physician is pre-eminently entitled. The statue is by Eugène Paul.

ESTRAGEL, near Perpignan, and the birthplace of Arago, has erected a statue in memory of the distinguished astronomer: it was inaugurated about two months since in the presence of a large concourse of persons, including many distinguished men of science, and other notabilities. The proceedings of the day concluded, somewhat after English fashion, with a grand banquet.

OPORTO.—The Portuguese International Exhibition was opened in the early part of the month of September. The King, Queen, and royal Princes, with a brilliant suite, were present at the ceremony. The exhibition was held in a "palace of glass," erected for the purpose on the Torre de Marca, near the city. Our own countrymen are said to have been the best, if not the largest, contributors among the foreigners who exhibit.

ROME.—After the erroneous statements which have been lately published respecting discoveries made at Pompeii, one naturally feels cautious what to believe. The fact is, that during the past six months no excavations of importance have been undertaken, owing to want of funds; and, with the exception I am about to mention, nothing has been discovered since the admirable statuette of Narcissus, one of the very loveliest small bronze works among the collection of the Naples gallery. Four months ago there was found an equestrian statue in bronze, pronounced to be a representation of the Emperor Nero. It is now in the Naples Museum, not being as yet visible to the public, but is shut up in a wooden box, one end of which is on

hinges, forming a door, through which one can see the fore-quarters of the horse, while the rider sits shrouded in gloom upon his back. This cover is a protection to the statue while a new room is being fitted up around it. The group is of bronze, a little over life-size. The emperor is represented sitting his horse without saddle or stirrups, and his right arm is extended at full length, as if he were engaged in making a gesture to some person in front of the animal. In fact, the face of the figure, and the action of the right arm, are precisely those of the famous statue of Marcus Aurelius on the Capitol of Rome; but the horse of Nero is slender, and, as I remarked before, the group is not colossal. The orbits of the eyes are hollow, like a mask. It is interesting to observe that the attitude of Marcus Aurelius has been anticipated by the designer of this group, which probably was made some one hundred years previously to the statue which has played so important a part in the history of Rome, and which has so long reigned as the unique large equestrian bronze statue left us by the ancients. I was indebted to the courtesy of Signor Fiorelli, the director of the Museo Reale, for permission to see this, the last reward of the excavators of the buried city of Pompeii.—J. T.

Tenerani's monument to the memory of Pius VIII. is now nearly completed; and the colossal group, consisting of figures of the Saviour, the two chief apostles, with the pope kneeling in front, will shortly be placed above the door, in the church of St. Peter's, leading from one of the aisles to the sacristy. Another example of sculpture lately erected in St. Peter's, is a colossal statue of St. Angela Merico, founder of the Ursuline nuns; a dignified figure clad in monastic costume, whose venerable form and appearance offer a contrast to a young girl standing before her. This group is by Galli.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.

In accordance with a suggestion made some months ago by the Earl of Derby to the Science and Art Department, it is determined to have a National Portrait Exhibition, which will be opened in April, 1866, in the portion of the building at South Kensington that was used for the refreshment rooms of the International Exhibition of 1862. The exhibition is specially designed to illustrate English history, and the progress of Art in England. It may be divided into two or three sections, representing distinct historic periods exhibited in successive years, depending upon the number of the portraits received and the space available for their proper exhibition. It will comprise the portraits of persons of every class who have in any way attained eminence or distinction in England, from the date of the earliest authentic portraits to the present time; but will not include the portraits of living persons, or portraits of a miniature character. In regard to Art, the works of inferior painters representing distinguished persons will be admitted; while the acknowledged works of eminent artists will be received, though the portrait is unknown or does not represent a distinguished person. The portraits of foreigners who have attained eminence or distinction in England will also be included, with portraits by foreign artists which represent persons so distinguished. The portraits, for the purpose of proper arranging and cataloguing, will be received not later than the second week in February; and will be returned at the end of August at the latest; but though the exhibition will continue open till that time, any owner who requires the return of his contributions at the end of July will have them forwarded to him at once. All correspondence relating to the subject should be endorsed "National Portrait Exhibition" on the cover, and addressed to the Secretary of the Science and Art Department, South Kensington Museum. The list of the Committee for carrying out the object includes a long array of noblemen and gentlemen interested in Art, with Lord Derby as their president.

ROCKINGHAM CHINA
AND THE YORKSHIRE POTTERIES.

THE SWINTON AND ROCKINGHAM WORKS,
THE DON POTTERY, THE MEXBOROUGH POTTERY,
AND OTHERS IN THE VALLEY OF THE DON.

BY LLEWELLYN JEWITT, F.S.A.

OF all the many places in Yorkshire where the plastic Art has been followed, the district forming a part of the lovely and fertile valley of the Don, and comprising the now rapidly rising and important villages of Swinton, Mexborough, and other outlying places, has been the most successful. Situated in the midst of beautiful scenery—hills and dales, wood and water—these places, now growing rapidly into repute, and into importance among the busy hives of industry in the Riding, have, in their day, been famous as producing some of the best earthenware, and certainly some of the finest and purest porcelain which has been made in any locality. Several places in Yorkshire have produced fine earthenware and chinaware, but few have competed so successfully with other localities as has the one little district to which I am about to direct attention. Leeds, of which I have written in my last paper,* Castleford, and Ferry-bridge, as well as Kilnhurst, Mexborough, Swinton, and many other places, have been famous for their ceramic productions, but to collectors they are almost unknown, even by name. It will be my province in the present notice to try to exhume the memory of those of Swinton and Mexborough, and in another to do the same good office for the Don, Castleford, &c. I have said that these places are almost unknown, even by name, to collectors, and as a proof of that, I need only say that in Marryatt only the Rockingham Works (Swinton) are named out of all the places I have enumerated, and in Chaffers only two additional ones appear.

I purpose now to confine myself to a notice of the works, and their productions, which lie in the small area comprising Swinton and the places closely adjacent to it. These are the "Swinton Pottery" which afterwards became the "Royal Rockingham China Works," the "Don Pottery," the "Rock Pottery," now the "Mexborough Pottery," the "Kilnhurst Pottery," and the "Denaby Pottery," &c., and then to take a glance at those of Castleford and Ferry-bridge.

Swinton, the centre of this old pot-making district, it may be well to premise, has a station on the main line of the Midland Railway, on its way from Derby to Leeds, York, and the North. It is a place of considerable antiquity, and many interesting historical associations are connected with it. With these, however, I have nothing, in the present paper, to do; my object is with pottery alone. When this Art was first practised in the district, it is, of course, impossible to say, but I have reason to believe that as early, at all events (if not at a much earlier period), as quite the beginning of last century, a hard brown ware, of much the same quality as that made at Nottingham and Chesterfield, of which I shall yet have to give some interesting notices, was produced at Swinton Common, where clays, useful for various purposes, were abundantly found. In the middle of the century, in 1745, it appears that a Mr. Edward Butler, seeing the advantage offered by the locality through its clays, which consisted of a "common yellow clay used for the purposes of mak-

ing bricks, tiles, and coarse earthenware; a finer white clay for making pottery of a better quality; an excellent clay for making fire-bricks; and also a white clay usually called pipe-clay;" established a tile-yard and pot-works for common earthenware, on a part of the estate of Charles, Marquis of Rockingham, which lay closely contiguous to Swinton Common, where these clays existed. The memory of this old potter, the founder of the works which afterwards, as I shall show, became so famous as the "Royal Rockingham China Works," is, it is pleasant to observe, at the present day preserved in the name of a field near the now ruined factory, called "Butler's Park." Butler at these works produced the ordinary classes of goods then in use, but principally the hard brown ware to which I have just alluded. An interesting example of this period is in the possession of



Dr. Brameld, and is here engraved. It is a "posset-pot" of the usual form of those which, at that period, were in such general use in Derbyshire and Yorkshire; it bears the date of 1759. This interesting example has a fragment of a label, written at "Swinton Pottery," which authenticates it as having been made by, or for, John Brameld.

In 1765 the works were taken by William Malpass, who held another small pot-works at Kilnhurst, in the same neighbourhood, and he continued them for some years. With him were associated in partnership, I believe, John Brameld, and subsequently his son, William Brameld, of whom I shall have more to say presently. Mr. Malpass continued to manufacture the same varieties of ware as his predecessor, and held the works, or rather was a partner in them, at all events as late as 1786.

In 1778 Mr. Thomas Bingley became a principal proprietor of the Swinton works, and had for partners, among others, John and William Brameld, and a person named Sharpe. Mr. Bingley was a member of a family of that name which had been resident at Swinton for more than four hundred years, and is now worthily represented in the person of Mr. Thomas Bingley, who still resides there. The firm at this time was carried on under the style of Thomas Bingley and Co., and, being thriving, indeed opulent, people, the works were greatly enlarged, and conducted with much spirit. An extensive trade was at this time carried on, and besides the ordinary brown and yellow wares, blue and white dinner, tea, coffee, and other services were made, as also a white earthenware of remarkably fine and compact body, and other wares of good quality.

A highly interesting example of this period, 1788, is shown on the accompanying engraving, which exhibits a two-handled drinking-cup, with the name of one of the proprietors, "William Brameld," on one side, and the date "1788" on the other. This curious cup, which is five and a quarter inches in height, is of fine white earthen-

ware with a bluish coloured glaze. The upper part, both inside and out, two narrow borders round the centre, the handles, and the base, are ornamented with blue transfer-



printing. The rest of the vessel is black, the name, date, and ornaments upon it being gilt. The borders of blue printing are much the same as those around "willow pattern" plates, and from this it may be inferred that the "willow pattern" was at that period produced in Swinton.

From about the year 1790 down to 1800, the firm traded under the style of "Greens, Bingley, and Co." This was consequent on some of the Greens—Mr. John Green was one partner in the "Leeds Pottery," of which I have already given a lengthy notice—having become partners, and taken an active part in the Swinton manufactory, with Mr. Bingley, Mr. Brameld, and those who were connected with him in those works. Of these Greens, Mr. John Green became acting manager of the Swinton works, and afterwards, as I am informed, founded the "Don Pottery." The partnership with John Green existed in 1788, and from some letters, which I have examined, from himself to John Brameld, it is evident that a full partnership with Hartley and the other members of the Leeds proprietary was in contemplation, and the deeds drawn up.

Late in the last century, about the time of which I am now writing, a peculiar kind of ware was first made at these works, and took the name of "BROWN CHINA," and afterwards that which it has ever since maintained where attempted to be made, of "ROCKINGHAM WARE." This ware, which is of a fine reddish brown, or chocolate colour, is one of the smoothest and most beautiful wares that has ever been produced at any place. The body is of fine hard and compact white earthenware, and the brown glaze, by which the peculiar shaded and streaky effect of this class of goods was produced, is as fine as it is possible to conceive, and required to be "dipped" and passed through the firing no fewer than three times before it could be considered perfect. In this exquisite ware, tea, coffee, and chocolate services, jugs, drinking cups, &c., were produced, and continued to be made to the close of the works in 1842. Since that time "Rockingham ware"—in every instance falling far short of the original in beauty and in excellence—has been made by almost every manufacturer in the kingdom, and has always, especially for tea and coffee pots, met a ready and extensive sale. One special article produced in this ware was the curious coffee pot, formed on purely scientific principles, which is usually known to collectors as the "Cadogan pot." This curious piece was formed on the model of an example of green Indian ware, said to have been brought from abroad by the Marquis and Mar-

* *Art-Journal* for October, 1865.

† Vessels of this construction, of early Japanese make, are in existence.

chioness of Rockingham, or the Hon. Mrs. Cadogan, and preserved fifty or sixty years at Wentworth before it was thought of being copied. It has a small opening in the bottom to admit the coffee, but none at the top, and no lid. From the hole in the bottom a tube, slightly spiral, was made to pass up inside the vessel to within half an inch of the top, so that after filling, on the "pot" being turned over into its proper position for table use, the coffee was kept in without chance of spilling or escape.

It is worthy of remark that tea and "Cadogan" coffee pots of genuine Rockingham ware, the first of which was made for the Marchioness of Rockingham, have the reputation of being by far the best of any, and are said, I know not upon what principle, to produce a better and purer flavour than any others.* I have been told it as a fact, that George IV., who was as great a connoisseur in tea as he was in many far less harmless matters, invariably, for a long time, used one of the then fashionable Rockingham ware pots. I have it from undeniable authority that the royal *penchant* for this kind of ware thus arose. When he, while Prince Regent, visited Wentworth House, the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam, these teapots were in use, and were much admired. On the return of the prince and suite to London, inquiries were made for them at John Mortlock's, in Oxford Street, who supplied the palace. He at once saw that they would come into considerable repute, ordered largely, contracted to have his own name stamped upon them, and enjoyed the questionable reputation of being their inventor. Mr. Mortlock, I believe, ordered as much as £900 worth of this ware in one season alone.

In 1796, the firm was, as before, "Greens, Bingley, & Co.;" and from a list of prices and goods now in my possession, it appears that a large variety of articles were produced. The list is thus headed:—

"Greens, Bingley, and Co., Swinton Pottery, make, sell, and export wholesale, all sorts of Earthen Ware, viz., Cream-coloured, or Queen's, Nankeen Blue, Tortoise Shell, Fine Egyptian Black, Brown China, &c. Also the above sorts enameled, printed or ornamented with gold or silver."

Among the articles in cream ware, enumerated in this list, are all the separate items for services in Paris, Bath, concave, royal, queen's, feather, and shell-edge patterns, which were produced "printed or enamelled with coats of arms, crests, cyphers, landscapes, &c.;" also blue printed Nankeen patterns;" dishes, covers, compotiers, tureens, plates, butter-tubs, baking-dishes, nappies, glass trays, fruit plates, fruit-baskets pierced and plain, tea-trays, garden-pots and stands, shaving spoons, salts, castors, cruets, egg-cups, spoons plain and pierced, ice-cellars, candlesticks, inkstands, wafer and sand boxes, fountain inkstands, bidets, &c., furnished castors, tureen ladles, chocolate stands, quintal flower horns, radish dishes, crosses with holy water cup, ice pails, broad mugs, bowls, ewers, basins, &c., milk ewers, tea and coffee pots, tea canisters, chocolate cups and saucers, &c. &c.

In 1806, the firm of "Greens, Bingley, and Co.," was dissolved. At this time, as appears from a memorandum of resolutions passed at a meeting held on January 22nd, 1806, preparatory to the dissolution, that the partners (present) were—"William Hartley for himself and others (this was

William Hartley, principal proprietor in the Leeds Pottery), Ebenezer Green for himself and others (this was another of the partners in the Leeds Pottery), George Harrison, Thomas Bingley, John Brameld, and William Brameld." By these resolutions it was ordered that the collieries and quarries at Wathwood be closed, and the movables brought to the pottery; that the crops, &c., on the farm be disposed of; "that as many men be immediately discharged from the manufactory as can be conveniently done, retaining for the present only as many as may be necessary to complete the orders already taken, and make a few things that may be needful to assort the stock on hand;" that schedules be prepared, and that these resolutions be carried out by C. Prince. At the dissolution of the partnership, the whole concern fell into the hands of two of the partners, Messrs. John and William Brameld, who, with other partners, continued the works with considerable spirit under the style of "Brameld & Co.," until their death. They were joined in partnership by the younger branches of the family, who eventually, as I shall show, became proprietors of the manufactory. By Messrs. John and William Brameld additional buildings were erected, and great improvements made in the ware. About this time cream-coloured ware was made very extensively, and a remarkably fine white earthenware—the "chalk-body," as it was technically called—was successfully produced, but, owing to its costliness through loss in firing, was made only to a small extent, and is now of great rarity.

About the year 1813, the sons of the old proprietors, on the death of Mr. William Brameld, succeeded to the concern. These were Thomas Brameld, George Frederick Brameld, and John Wager Brameld, and to them the great after-success of the works was due. These gentlemen considerably enlarged the works, made many improvements in the wares produced, and erected a flint mill on the premises, which is still, at the present day, worked by their descendants.

Mr. Thomas Brameld, the eldest of the partners, was a man of the most exquisite taste, and he laboured hard to raise the character of the productions of the Swinton Works to a high standard of excellence. In this he succeeded to an eminent degree. In 1820 he turned his attention to the production of china ware, and made many experiments in bodies and glazes. Having expended large sums of money in the production of this, his favourite project, and in making Art-advances in his manufactory, the firm became, as is too frequently the case with those who study the beautiful instead of the strictly commercial in the management of their works, slightly embarrassed. This was considerably increased by the great loss, both in earthenware and money, which the firm sustained consequent on the war. In 1825, which it will be remembered was a year of great commercial difficulties, Messrs. Brameld succumbed to the embarrassments that had for some time affected them, and a meeting of themselves, their creditors, &c., was held at Rotherham. At this meeting, Mr. Thomas Brameld produced some remarkable examples of his china ware, the result of long and patient labour on his part, and these being highly approved by all who were present, and appearing likely to succeed, Earl Fitzwilliam, the owner of the property at Swinton, in the most laudable and kindly manner agreed to assist in the prosecution of the work by the advance of capital, and by taking an active part in the scheme.

This being done, Mr. Brameld set himself to his task with renewed spirit, and with a determination to make his porcelain at least equal to any which could then be produced, and in this he certainly succeeded. The works were altered and enlarged; modellers and painters, the most skilful who could be procured, were employed; and every means taken to insure that success, artistically and manipulatively, which quickly followed. In this ware, dinner, dessert, breakfast, and tea-services, vases, groups of figures and flowers, and numberless articles, both of utility and ornament, were produced, and were all characterised by pure taste, and an excellence of design and workmanship which told much for the skill and judgment of the mind that governed the whole of the manufactory.

Mr. George Frederick Brameld, the second of the partners, devoted himself to the strictly commercial part of the business on the Continent. He for some time resided at St. Petersburg, a large trade with Russia being carried on by the firm.

Mr. John Wager Brameld, like his brother, was a man of pure taste. He was an excellent artist, and some truly exquisite paintings on porcelain by him have come under my notice. He was a clever painter of flowers, and of figures, and landscapes. In flowers Mr. Brameld went to nature herself, collecting specimens wherever he went, and reproducing their beauties on the choice wares of the works. At Lowestoft I remember seeing a set of three vases painted in flowers, which, it is said, Mr. Brameld gathered, on the Dene, at that place, on one of his visits, and which vases he presented to the father of their present owner.* In the same hands is an elegant snuff-box, bearing an exquisite painting of "The Politician," with groups of flowers, and bearing the words, "Brameld, Rockingham Works, near Rotherham," "The Politician, J. W. Brameld." This being a signed piece of John Wager Brameld's, is particularly interesting. Mr. Brameld's time was chiefly devoted, however, to travelling for the firm in the United Kingdom, and to the management of the London house, so that his artistic productions did not make a feature in the goods generally made at the works.

Mr. Thomas Brameld, who resided at Swinton House, Swinton, a delightful residence overlooking the valley of the Don (to whose taste Swinton is deeply indebted for the preservation from destruction of two fine old Norman archways from the destroyed chapel), died in 1850. He is worthily represented by his sons, the Rev. John Thomas Brameld, the Rev. George William Brameld, the Rev. Arthur James Brameld, and Dr. Harry E. Brameld, to each and all of whom—especially the two last named—I am indebted for assistance in the preparation of this notice. Mr. John Wager Brameld died in 1851, leaving an only son, who was accidentally drowned while bathing near Swinton. The last of the partners, Mr. George Frederick Brameld, died unmarried in 1853.

Earthenware of various kinds—Rockingham ware, green glazed ware, biscuit figures and ornaments, hard fine white stoneware, cream-coloured ware, and other varieties of goods were also still made; and the works, which, at this time—the time when china began regularly to be made (1826)—with the assistance of the Earl

* These teapots were of high and somewhat peculiar make, like what are now usually sold as coffee-pots, and were universally known as "Rockingham Teapots." This high form was said to be the reason of the tea being produced of a better quality than in the ordinary shaped ones.

* Mr. Allen, of Lowestoft, at one time was in the habit of purchasing white wares from the Rockingham Works; which he painted and burnt in an enamel kiln, erected at the back of his shop.

Fitzwilliam, assumed the name of the "ROCKINGHAM WORKS," began to use the crest of the Fitzwilliam family as the mark of the firm.

In 1832, the Rockingham Works received an order for a splendid dessert service for King William IV., which was executed in the highest style of the art, and gave intense satisfaction. Of this I shall have yet to speak. At this time the works assumed the name of "Royal Rockingham Works." In 1838, the manufacture of china and earthenware bed-posts, cornices, &c.—a somewhat novel feature in the art—was added to the other productions of the Rockingham Works. In that year a patent was taken out in the name of William Dale, for "certain improvements in constructing columns, pillars, bed-posts, and other such like articles;" "consisting of several ornamental pieces or compound parts of china or earthenware," "united, strengthened and supported by a shaft or rod passing through the whole length of the same, and furnished with screw-nuts or other description of fastenings, and collars," &c. These bed-posts and other similar things were made at the Rockingham Works, though never to any extent. They are now of very great rarity, but examples are in my own possession. The body is white, the prevailing colour being *Rose-du-Barry*, with yellow flowers, &c. Another of these interesting examples is white with an effective chintz pattern in colours; while others have small groups and sprigs of flowers, the outline in transfer printing, and filled in with colour. In my possession, too, are several of the original designs for beds, window cornices, lamps, candelabra, &c.

Although the Rockingham Works were eminently successful in an artistic point of view, they were not so commercially, and in 1842 were closed, after involving not only their noble owner, but the absolute proprietors in a loss of very many thousands of pounds. Only sixteen years had elapsed since the introduction of the china manufacture to the works, but those had been sixteen years of beauty, and of artistic and manipulative success. No man better understood his art than Mr. Thomas Brameld, no man laboured harder and more disinterestedly in the ennobling of that art than he did, and few men, either before his time or since, succeeded in accomplishing greater or more honourable things. As I said before, he looked to Art instead of commerce, and the result was embarrassment and loss.

At the close of the Rockingham Works in 1842, the stock, &c., was sold off and dispersed, and the manufactory which had produced so large a quantity of elegant services, &c., was entirely discontinued. A small portion of the building was taken by an old and experienced workman, Isaac Baguley (formerly employed at the famous Derby China Works), who was one of Messrs. Brameld's best painters and gilders. Here he commenced business in a small way on his own account, and continued to do some little business until his death a few years ago. Mr. Baguley did not manufacture the wares himself, but purchased what he required in the biscuit and white state, from other makers, and then painted, gilt, and otherwise ornamented them for sale. At his death, his son, Alfred Baguley, succeeded him, and still carries on this decorative branch of the business on the old premises. At the present day Mr. Baguley decorates, with commendable taste, earthenware and porcelain, and produces some extremely good and effective designs in modelling, and clever patterns in decoration.

One of his specialities is the old Rockingham ware, which he produces of a far purer and better quality than any other house, so far as my knowledge goes. To this branch he has paid particular attention, and now produces what is calculated to become a favourite with persons of taste, the Rockingham chocolate or brown glaze on a china body. In this Rockingham china, breakfast and tea services, tea and coffee-pots of the good old designs, drinking horns, jugs, &c., are made, and being gilt in the same manner as the old Rockingham ware, have a remarkably pleasing appearance, while in touch they are all that can be desired. Mr. Baguley also still makes the famous old "Bishopthorpe" and "Wentworth" jugs. In 1852, a small portion of the works was tenanted by some earthenware manufacturers, who traded as P. Hobson and Son, but their occupation was of only short duration.

The Rockingham Works—a view of which in their palmiest days is on a dish made by Twigg, in my own collection—when in full operation, gave employment to a considerable number of bands, and occupied a large area of ground. At the present time the place is a sad and desolate-looking wilderness. The buildings have many of them been removed, and others, at the time of my recent visit, were being taken down. The whole place is in ruin, and in the area, where but a few years ago all was life, activity, and bustle in the execution of a royal order, "weeds and briars grow;" while in the centre of the wreck stands a building bearing the almost defaced words, "This way to the China Room," where no china, save broken fragments scattered about on the "shard rucks," is to be seen.

Of some of the wares made at these works, I have already spoken, but these and others still require a passing notice.

Of the "brown china" or "Rockingham ware" services, Cadogan pots, &c., I have given notices. It will be sufficient to add that although all which was made at these works was not marked, they usually bear the impressed marks of "ROCKINGHAM," "BRAMELD," or "BRAMELD & Co.," or the name of "MORTLOCK." An interesting little jug of this same body, but of a pinkish stone-coloured glaze, is in Mr. Lucas's possession.

In fine hard "white stoneware," and in fine cane-coloured ware, jugs of remarkably good design were made, and were decorated with groups in relief in the same manner; indeed, strongly resembling, both in body and in design, those of Turner, which are so well known to collectors. In Mr. Davis's and in Mr. Lucas's possession, are remarkably good jugs of this kind, decorated with raised groups of figures in blue, and bearing the embossed mark to be hereafter spoken of. The handles of these jugs are formed of the leg and tail of a horse.

In "green-glazed earthenware," dessert services, flower vases, garden seats, and all the usual varieties of articles were made. The green, as a rule, was a somewhat lighter colour and not so good in quality as Wedgwood's. The pieces were generally marked with the usual impressed mark.

In fine "earthenware," services of every kind were produced, both white, blue-printed, painted, and gilt. The glaze on the earlier pieces, it should be remarked, is of a decided blue tint, and somewhat inferior in quality.

Some of the dessert-services produced in the early part of the present century are particularly interesting. On each piece is painted some flower as large as life, and

coloured true to nature in every particular. The name of the plant represented is in each case pencilled at the back of the piece. In my own, in Mr. Manning's, and in other collections, are fine examples of this particular variety of Swinton manufacture, of which I give an example in the accom-



panying engraving. The plants represented on these two are respectively marked as "*Althea Fruter*" and "*Virgilia helioides*." In Dr. Brameld's possession is a service of this same kind, in which the flowers are beautifully painted. The painter of these pieces was Collinson, the best flower painter employed at the Swinton Works, and they were made between the years 1810–15. The ware is particularly light, and has a remarkably pleasant feel in bandling. I have been somewhat particular in speaking of this variety of goods, because similar services were produced far more extensively at the Don Works, at Swansea, and at other places, and some of them might also easily be taken to be the production of "Absolon, of Yarmouth."

Of works of Art, in earthenware, the Swinton Pottery produced many vases and other objects of a high degree of excellence, both in design, manipulation, and in decoration, and were, indeed, far in advance of most of their competitors. The annexed engraving represents one of a pair of re-



markably fine *pot-pourris*, which were thrown at the Swinton Works by Mr. Thomas Brameld the year he was out of his apprenticeship, in 1806, and are now in possession of his son, Dr. Brameld. They are 18 inches high, and have lions' heads for handles, while on the top of the lid is a lion-couchant, the family crest, gilt. The jars are beautifully painted in Chinese subjects.

The next engraving shows one of the specialities of the Swinton pottery, a "lotus vase," from an example in Mr. Manning's possession. It is formed of leaves, &c., and has butterflies, &c., raised, as if resting upon the leaves. The whole is carefully enamelled, and altogether forms a flower vase of surpassing beauty. It is pleasant

* Of this Yarmouth potter, or rather decorator, I shall have yet to speak, and shall then show that he procured his white ware not only from Staffordshire, but, I believe, from Swinton also.

to add that at the close of the Rockingham Works, the moulds for the production of these "lotus vases," as well as others, including the model of the keep of Conisborough Castle,* which, by the way, was



another of the specialities of the Swinton Works—passed into the hands of Mr. John Reed, of the "Mexborough Pottery," of which I shall have a few words to say later on. By Mr. Reed these "lotus vases" are still made, from the original Swinton moulds, both in the fine old green-glazed style, and enamelled.

In "Queen's ware," or "cream-coloured ware," services were formerly made at Swinton. It was of a very similar quality to that made at Leeds and at Castleford, and, being unmarked, is generally ascribed to one or other of those works. In Dr. Brameld's possession is a teapot of this material, which is said to have been made in the latter part of last century by his grand-



father. It is here shown. It is of deep buff, or cream colour, with beaded edges, and bears the name and date—

AMELIA HALLAM,
1773.

In Mr. Reed's possession, too, is a double-handled drinking cup of elegant form, with the name JOHN ALSEBROOK, and the date 1795, within an enamelled border of roses and foliage, and having on the other side a Chinese figure subject, also enamelled.

That this kind of ware was not made extensively at Swinton until after the dissolution of partnership with Hartley, Greens, & Co., is perhaps to be easily accounted for in the fact that these proprietors of the Leeds Pottery, where it was manufactured so extensively and so well, being also

partners here, the cream ware would be made principally at Leeds, while at the Swinton Works was produced what had not been made at the other place. From the time the works fell entirely into the hands of the Bramelds, however, this kind of ware became the staple production of the manufactory, and an immense trade was carried on in it in the Baltic and elsewhere. Not being marked, it probably often passes for Leeds ware in the eyes of collectors. In this material beautiful open-work baskets, and many other elegant articles, were made.

Transfer printing was introduced at Swinton, at all events, as early, as I have shown, as 1788, and was continued to the close of the works. In the later years, some extremely tasteful groups of flowers, butterflies, &c., were engraved and transferred in outline, and then painted in the usual manner. In dinner, tea, toilet, and other services, the designs were extremely good, and one of them, the Don Quixote pattern, became very popular.

Engine-turned tea and coffee pots, plates, &c., were also manufactured, and in manipulation equal to any produced in ordinary earthenware. Groups of flowers, figures,



Mr. Manning's possession, and among others in my own collection is a small ring-basket, in *Rose-du-Barry*, which is very exquisite in the dead andurnished gilding. In Mr. Lucas's collection is a cup and saucer, beautifully embossed in basket-work, and painted with flowers.

In vases, some of the finest which had ever been produced were made at these works. At Wentworth House, the magnificent seat of Earl Fitzwilliam, among other fine examples of Swinton Art, is one which is of surpassing beauty. It was the largest china vase produced at that time in a single piece in this country. It stands three feet nine inches in height, and is three feet one inch in circumference. The base, which is of tripod form, has a blue ground, with flowers in compartments, and is massively gilt. From it rises the vase, supported on three lion's paws in white and gold. From between the feet on each side spring branches of oak, solidly gilt, which entwine their leaves around the paws, and form an elegant border to each of the large painted subjects on the sides. The neck of the vase is in honeycomb open-work, with raised bees upon it; and the handles are of massive coral in white and gold. On each of the three sides of the vase is a large subject from Don Quixote, exquisitely painted in enamel colours. The cover has a blue ground, on which are flowers and trophies in tablets, surrounded by oak leaves and acorns in gold. It is surmounted by a large and powerfully-modelled rhinoceros, gilt. The under side of the cover, quite out of sight except when lifted off the vase, is painted in a series of small landscapes, alternating with subjects taken from Bewick's celebrated tail-pieces. Inside the cover is the mark of the crest, and the

trophies, borders, &c., in relief, were also introduced.

In "china," the earliest examples are two trial pieces by Mr. Thomas Brameld, now in possession of Dr. Brameld. These are a pair of small leaves, the body of which is of good quality, painted of a salmon colour with gold veins. These are probably of the date 1820-2, and but few trials were made from that time until 1825. In 1826 china ware began to be made largely, and from that time (in this year it will be remembered that the works changed their name from "Swinton" to "Rockingham") to 1842 was one series of successes in all but profit. Tea, coffee, dinner, dessert, toilet, and other services, were made in every variety of style, from the ordinary blue printed, or white with raised blue ornaments, to the most elaborately painted and gilt varieties. Vases, and numberless ornamental articles for the drawing-room and the toilet were also made, and were generally distinguished by good taste in design, and skill in decoration. To show how Art was, by the taste of the Bramelds, made subservient to the production of things of every-day use, I give the accompanying engraving of three examples in

words, "Rockingham Works, Brameld," and the date 1826. This splendid vase was painted by John Wager Brameld. At Wentworth House, too, the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam have, along with a large number of choice examples of Chelsea, Chelsea-Derby, and other rare makes of China (which I have lately examined), several other notable pieces of Rockingham china. Among these are a set of three "Canova-shape" vases, painted with groups of flowers; a dessert service of white and gold "sea-weed" pattern, each piece bearing the crest and the date 1838; three of the pattern plates submitted to William IV. in competition for the royal service; a number of example-plates of different designs; a breakfast service painted in flowers, each flower named; an elegant tray with raised flowers and a view of Arundel Castle; a pair of "monkey" beakers, nineteen inches high; and a pair of fine hiscutt scent bottles, sixteen inches high, decorated with exquisite raised flowers.

In the possession of Dr. Brameld, who has, among other things, a remarkably beautiful ice pail and other pieces of note, is the fine vase here engraved, and which is known as the "Dragon Vase," and occasionally by the not very euphonious name of the "Infernal Vase." It is 3 feet 4 1/2 inches in height, and has dragons for handles, and also a dragon on the top of the cover. Another of these "Dragon" vases is in the possession of Mr. Henry Barker. In Mr. Bagshaw's collection is a set of three vases, green and gold, with swans for handles, on which are beautifully painted "named" views of "Bellagio, Lago di Como," "Verona," and "Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore." In my own collection, among

* Conisborough Castle is in the neighbourhood of these works, being only four or five miles distant from Swinton. It is one of the finest Norman keeps in existence.

others, is a fine card tray, with an exquisitely-painted view of Wentworth House, the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam, the owner of the Rockingham Works. In Mr. Norman's



possession is a fine tray, with a splendid painted view of Woolaton Hall. Mr. Reed has pieces bearing views of Newstead Abbey, &c., and Mr. Lucas a view of Ponthill Abbey, while in Mr. Hobson's possession are fine vases, with views of Chatsworth and other places. I name these few examples to show that views of mansions, &c., constituted a favourite style of decoration at these works.

The *chef d'œuvre* of the Rockingham China Works was, however, the truly gorgeous dessert service made for William IV. in 1832-3, and which is now preserved with the most scrupulous care at Buckingham Palace, and is, we are credibly informed, justly prized by her Majesty as among her more precious ceramic treasures. This service, which cost no less a sum than £5,000, consists of one hundred and forty-four plates, and fifty-six large pieces, and is one of the finest produced in this or any other country. The plates have raised oak borders in dead and burnished gold running over a raised laced pattern, also in gold, and the centres are splendidly painted with the royal arms, &c. The comports, which were all designed by Mr. Thomas Brameld, are emblematical of the use to which each piece has to be put. For instance, the comports for biscuits are supported by ears of wheat; the fruit pieces have central open-work baskets of fruit; the ice pails are supported by holly berries and leaves; and in each case the landscapes are also in unison with the uses of the pieces, which are of exquisite design, and have also oak leaf and lace decorations, so massively gilt in dead and burnished gold as to have the appearance of *ornolu* laid on the porcelain, and each piece is decorated with views of different seats, the sketches for which were taken expressly for the purpose, and by groups of figures, &c. This service is, as I have said, at Buckingham Palace. In Dr. Brameld's possession is the specimen plate which was submitted to, and approved by, the king, and some portions of the comports, &c., and in Mrs. Barker's hands is one of the comports (with views of "Langthwait Bridge," and "Kentmore Hall," and a group of bird-catchers), which, for its extreme beauty and rarity, is an almost priceless treasure.

She also possesses a cup and saucer of the breakfast service prepared for her Majesty. In Mr. Reed's possession is a unique example, being one of the specimen plates submitted for royal approval in a competition with the principal china manufacturers of the kingdom for the royal order. In this competition, twelve plates of different patterns were specially prepared and submitted by the Rockingham Works. Of these plates, the examples in Mr. Reed's, Dr. Brameld's, the Earl Fitzwilliam's, Mr. Hobson's, and other hands, form a part. In the centre are the royal arms, and the rim is decorated with oak leaves and acorns. Another unique pattern-plate belongs to Dr. Brameld, and is of the most delicate and exquisitely beautiful character. In the centre are the royal arms, and on the rim are three compartments, two of which contain groups of flowers, and the third a view, while between these the "garter" is repeated. The cost at which in the estimate it was calculated these plates could be produced, was twelve guineas each.*

The dessert service made for William IV., to which I have alluded, was first used on occasion of the coronation of our beloved Queen, and has only, I am informed, on very special state occasions, been used from that time to the present. Although so large a sum of money was paid for it, the cost of its production was so great, that the actual outlay was, I am told by those who are in the best position to know, considerably more than was charged. This royal service—the finest work of Art which had then been produced—had some little, I believe, to do with the embarrassments that caused the final stoppage of the works.†

In "biscuit," figures, busts, and groups, as well as vases, of which splendid examples belong to Earl Fitzwilliam, were produced. Among other specimens that have come under my notice are a Swiss boy and girl, a fine bust of Earl Fitzwilliam, Chantrey's sleeping child, Chantrey's full-length statue of Lady Russell.

Among the artists employed at the Rockingham works it will only be necessary to name a few. These were Collinson, who painted flowers; Llandig, who was a charming fruit and flower painter; Bailey, who was the principal butterfly painter, and who also painted landscapes and crests; Speight (father and son), the latter of whom painted many of the finest subjects, both landscapes and figures, on the royal service, and who also painted the heraldic decorations on the same; Brentnall, who was a clever flower-painter; Cordon, who executed landscapes and figures; Tilbury, who painted landscapes and figures; Mansfield, who was the principal embosser and chaser in gold; Aston, who was clever as a modeller of flowers; and Cowen, who was an artist of much repute, and for many years enjoyed the patronage of the Fitzwilliam family. William Eley, too, was employed as modeller, and executed

* This truly exquisite plate, which is a perfect *chef d'œuvre* of ceramic art-decoration, was designed by Mr. Thomas Brameld, after the death of King William IV., and submitted to her present Majesty, Mr. Brameld proposing to substitute it for the plates made for his late Majesty. The Queen, however, did not give her consent to the alteration. The cost of the substitution would, it is stated, have been £1,700.

† Services were also made for the King of Hanover, the King of the Belgians, the Dukes of Sussex, Cambridge, &c., for the Duke of Sutherland, and for many others of the nobility.

‡ Butterflies were more frequently introduced into the decorations at these works than at any others, and were beautifully painted from nature. They were also introduced as "knobs" to mufflers, sauce tureens, &c., and were for that, and other decorative purposes, charmingly modelled. In Mr. Manning's and my own collections are examples of this kind of decoration.

some admirable works, including a fine bust of Earl Fitzwilliam.

The MARKS used at the Swinton Works are not many, but have the advantage of being particularly clear and easily recognised. They are, so far as I have been able to ascertain, the following.

It should be premised that no mark was placed on the early productions of these works, and they are, therefore, only to be ascertained by a knowledge of the body, the glaze, and the style of ornamentation used.

The following are the marks which have come under my notice:—

Rockingham

This mark, the earliest used by these works, occurs on one of the famous "Brown China" high-shaped teapots of which I have spoken. It is here engraved from an example in my own collection, and is a mark of great rarity. It is impressed in the bottom of the piece.

ROCKINGHAM

in large capital letters, impressed into the body of the ware. The same in small capital letters. These occur on early examples of "Rockingham ware," &c. The name MORTLOCK also occurs on examples of this ware.

BRAMELD ✠ ✠

in capital letters, impressed. This occurs on green glazed ware, &c.

BRAMELD & CO.

also in small capital letters, impressed.

BRAMELD • •

impressed as in the others, in small capital letters.



An embossed mark, in an oval, stuck on the ware, from which it generally differs in colour, being usually in blue.

ROYAL
ROCKINGHAM
WORKS
BRAMELD

in small capitals, in four lines, impressed. This mark occurs in biscuit figures, &c.



This mark is the crest of the Earl Fitzwilliam, and was adopted in 1825-6 on the commencement of the manufacture of china, under the assistance of that nobleman, who was owner of the works. It is usually printed in red.

Rockingham Works
(Same
crest.)
Brameld

in writing letters. This mark occurs, with

the date 1826, on the Rhinoceros Vase at Wentworth House.

(Same crest.)

Rockingham Works
Brameld

Manufacturers to the King

in writing letters in purple.

(Same crest.)

Royal Rockingham Works
Brameld

in writing letters same as the others.

These marks were adopted after receiving the patronage of the king, and are usually printed in purple or pink.

(Same Crest.)

ROYAL ROCKINGHAM
BRAMELD

(Same Crest.)

BRAMELD
ROYAL ROCKINGHAM WORKS

in capital letters. Sometimes in gold.

(Same crest.)

Rockingham Works
Brameld

Manufacturer to the King
Queen and Royal Family.

surrounded by a wreath of roses, &c. Printed in purple.

It is only necessary to add to this account of the Swinton Pottery that collectors will find some good examples of Rockingham china, for reference, in the Jormyn Street Museum.

Having alluded to the Mexborough Pottery as possessing many of the original moulds from Swinton, it may be well to give my readers a few words on that establishment before proceeding to speak of the Don Pottery, and others in the same neighbourhood.

THE MEXBOROUGH POTTERY, which, unlike the one a sketch of whose history I have been attempting to give, is now in active operation, was first established late in the last century. It is situated at Mexborough, a rising and rapidly improving little town which adjoins Swinton, and has its station on the South Yorkshire, as well as on the Midland, line of railway, and gives employment to a large number of hands. The works, which at first were very small, were, I believe, established for the manufacture of brown and yellow wares, and for common red garden-pots, by a person named Bevers, who, with a partner named Ford—trading as Bevers and Ford—carried on the business for some years. The workrooms at this time were built close up to the rock, which, indeed, formed the back wall of the manufactory; and from this circumstance the place was called the "Rock Pottery," a name by which it is still occasionally known at the present day. The goods were at this time, and in the succeeding period of the proprietorship of Ford, Simpson, and Bevers, made entirely from native clays, and were confined to "cane," or "yellow ware," dishes, jugs, &c., for household use, garden and root pots of red ware, and pitchers, &c., of a brown ware.

The works next passed into the hands of Messrs. Reed and Taylor, who also owned the works at Ferrybridge, of which I shall have to speak in my next paper, and by them were considerably enlarged. The manufacture of finer kinds of earthenware was also introduced by them, and carried on with great success. In 1839 the pottery passed entirely into the hands of Mr. James

Reed, who carried it on until 1849, when he was succeeded by his son, Mr. John Reed, by whom the manufactory is still conducted. During the time of Mr. Reed's proprietorship, and that of his father, considerable alterations and additions were made to the works, and new kilns erected. The character of the productions was also much improved, and several new varieties of wares introduced. The works now, under the energetic management of Mr. John Reed, successfully compete in several classes of goods with any in the locality, and with many of the Staffordshire houses. The principal varieties of goods made at the Mexborough Pottery are the following:—

In ordinary white earthenware all the most marketable varieties of painted, printed, enamelled, and gilt services of different kinds, many of which are of good design, are manufactured chiefly for the home market. In toilet services, especially, some remarkably good patterns, well enamelled and gilt, are produced. In dinner services, too, Mr. Reed supplies enamelled and gilt patterns of really good quality. In stillton cheese stands and covers some good designs have been introduced. In Rockingham ware all the usual kinds of vessels are made.

In "terra-cotta," which is of a good colour, and of a fine and durable quality, Mr. Reed manufactures large-sized flower-vases for gardens and other decorative purposes; pendant flower-vases for conservatories, entrance halls, &c.; root-pots of tasteful design, butter coolers, &c. &c.

In green glazed earthenware, dessert services, in which the plates, centres, comports, &c., are embossed with leaves, flowers, and other patterns, are made, many of them from the original moulds of the Swinton Works; and others of equally elegant design from moulds expressly belonging to Mexborough. In this ware, too, Mr. Reed makes garden seats, both plain and foliated, of the same designs as those produced in the old days of the Rockingham Works; and also root-pots and flower-vases. Of these the "lotus vase," of which I have already given an engraving, is one of the most elegant and attractive, and is, I believe, made only at the Mexborough Pottery, as is also the model of the keep of Conisburgh Castle.

The mark used at the Mexborough Pottery, but which is only occasionally introduced, is simply the name of the proprietor,
* REED *

in large capitals, impressed in the ware.

At Mexborough was formerly another pot-work, known as the "Mexborough Old Pottery." This was established at the end of the last century by Messrs. Sowter and Bromley, who held the works until 1804, when they came into the possession of Mr. Peter Barker. Peter Barker was the son of Joseph Barker, who came out of Staffordshire as manager of the Swinton Pottery. He became partner with Mr. Wainwright at the pot-works at Rawmarsh (afterwards Hawley's), and ultimately took to the works at Mexborough. These were continued by the Barkers until 1834, when they acquired the Don Pottery. The Mexborough Old Pottery was then discontinued, and is now converted into ironworks for the manufacture of wheels for locomotives. At these works the commoner descriptions of earthenware, including blue printing, were produced.

(To be continued.)

* Of Mr. Bromley, and his connection with these and the Whittington works, I shall have some interesting particulars to bring forward hereafter.

READING INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

So distinctly, and so recently, have we expressed our estimate of the elevating influences of all such movements, *under judicious management*, that our readers will require of us no reiterated assurance of our interest therein, or our conviction of the multiform advantages accruing therefrom. But, familiar as the public have of late become with industrial exhibitions, the recent gathering at Reading is, perhaps, of all others yet held, most notable by the richness and extent of its loan collection.

Her Majesty the Queen graciously accorded to the Committee permission to select for this exhibition, from the Art-treasures at Windsor Castle, works of such artistic beauty and historic value, as would almost constitute an exhibition in themselves. From the Royal Collection is Benvenuto Cellini's famous shield, the present of Francis I. to Henry VIII., on their meeting on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. From the same source, in addition to this and other works in precious metals, was a variety of specimens of Eastern workmanship and manufacture, articles from the tent of Tipoo Saib, exquisite mosaics, Wedgwood ware, and other objects of interest and beauty.

Amidst the *embarras des richesses* exhibited, and our present limited space, we can only call attention to some of the principal works, though a glance at the list of contributors will show how thoroughly the promoters of the project assisted in its realisation. It may be stated that with Mr. F. J. Blandy originated the idea of the movement, which, on being publicly broached, at once enlisted the support and co-operation of all classes; the rooms being crowded with a great variety of skilled artisan-work, paintings and drawings, ceramic ware, cabinets, miniatures, caskets, ivory-carvings, filigree-work, bronzes and vases, in rivalry with which modern industry, exercised on the costliest materials, vies with the productions of former periods and foreign hands.

The exhibition was held in the Town Hall and adjoining rooms, the ground floor being devoted to the larger models and machinery. Ranged through the upper rooms were many works by the old masters, whilst among modern names the water-colour painters were most prominent. Of the latter a valuable collection had been lent by the Rev. E. Coleridge, of Mapledurham, including works by Turner, E. W. Cooke, F. Taylor, Duncan, G. Richmond, Danby, Cattermole, Harding, &c.; also seven choice specimens of the late W. Hunt, lent by Miss Sheepshanks. The Earl of Abingdon, Lord Lieutenant of the county, was a large contributor, sending portraits and miniatures of high artistic merit, and other objects of historic interest. In the same list must also be mentioned the contributions of Viscount Eversley, Lord Overstone, and Captain Loyd Lindsay. Mr. C. Morrison sent "The Tinted Veins," by Gibson, and Tidemand's "Administration of the Sacrament in a Norwegian Cottage," exhibited in the "International," 1862. The contributions of Mr. Benyon, including some fine examples of old metal work and bronzes, proved of great interest, as also those sent by the Messrs. Blandy. Fine specimens of illuminating, dating from Henry VIII. to Charles I., were seen in the Charters of the Borough of Reading, exhibited by the corporation of this town. The Provost and Fellows of Eton College sent a "Portrait of Jane Shore"—this work has been at Eton since 1477. They also contributed portraits of collegiate celebrities, and, among many other curiosities, a double-handed tankard, their oldest piece of plate, and known as "The Stranger's Mug." A number of meritorious drawings by the pupils of the Reading and Hanley Schools of Art were here shown, which, with the lace work of Messrs. Ivey, the glass manufacture of Messrs. Chapman, the exquisite bookbinding of Messrs. Holloway, and the inlaid silver work of Messrs. Phillips, must close our notice of this interesting display.

Money prizes to artisans were offered by the Committee, and a guarantee fund has been formed to insure against all contingencies.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.—There are this year to be two: one Mr. Gambart announces as the thirteenth Winter Exhibition, to be held, as heretofore, at his gallery in Pall Mall. This will contain only pictures received directly from the artists, and contributed by them; to consist exclusively of British works. The other is announced by Mr. Henry Wallis as "the eleventh Winter Exhibition," and is to take place at the rooms in Suffolk Street. The spaces are so large that Mr. Wallis is making more than usual efforts to fill them. It is said that "one room will be occupied by the productions of lady artists;" this is neither wise nor just. There is already a Ladies' Exhibition, that has had a hard struggle for life, and might do all that is desirable in that direction. Moreover, it is absurd to separate the productions of ladies from those of the other sex under the same roof, and under circumstances that seem imperatively to forbid their being "put asunder."

A WINTER EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS is announced to open in November by Messrs. McLean, in the Haymarket:

HAMPTON COURT.—Several pictures by Holbein, which for some years past have been hanging in the Queen's Gallery, are now placed in the rooms occupied until recently by Raffaele's Cartoons. The removal of a quantity of gauze material has exposed to view some valuable ancient tapestry, which covered the walls where the pictures hung. This tapestry is still in excellent preservation, and is fitted to the panels of the room, as if made expressly for it. The subjects are supposed to represent some of the battles of Alexander the Great, but nothing, as yet definite, seems to be known of the date and manufacture of the tapestry, nor when it was hung where it now is.

CANADIAN BOOKBINDING.—Among the contributions to the Dublin International Exhibition, we especially noticed some elaborate and beautiful specimens of book-binding, by Mr. G. E. Desbarats, of Quebec, which would do credit to any of the most eminent binders in London or Paris. One volume in particular attracted our observation, not more on account of the book itself than because there appears to have been expended upon its cover all the taste of the designer and the skill of the workman. The volume in question was the two Illustrated Catalogues published by us in 1851 and 1852, bound together, the cover being inlaid with various colours on a ground of Russian leather, presenting a remarkably rich and gorgeous effect. The inside of the cover is also most elaborately ornamented.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—A very striking "bust" portrait of the right honourable gentleman has recently been published by Mr. I. L. Fairless, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is admirably engraved by Mr. J. H. Baker, from a drawing—in crayons, we presume—by Mr. Lowes Dickinson, both of whom have most faithfully preserved the expressive lineaments of this eminent statesman's face, marked as it is with the deep furrows which thought and the turmoil and restlessness of political life have graven upon it.

"ONCE A WEEK."—This well-conducted illustrated serial is now edited by the Rev. Edward Walford, M.A., who for a long time assisted Mr. Lucas in managing it. We note the fact because it is currently reported that when Mr. Lucas left to take

the" direction of another periodical, Mr. Walford accompanied him.

PRESERVATION OF OIL-PAINTINGS.—At the recent meeting of the British Association, a paper was read by Dr. D. S. Price, "On the Action of Light upon Sulphide of Lead, and its bearing upon the Preservation of Paintings in Picture Galleries." Having noticed the rapidity with which sulphuret of lead oxidises when exposed to sunlight, the author recommends the possessors of oil-pictures to expose them now and then to sunlight, so as to whiten the lights. Dr. Price illustrated his paper by a striking experiment on a painting.

A STATUE of the late Sir James McGregor, Bart., Director-General of the Army Medical Department from about the date of the Battle of Waterloo to 1851, has recently been placed in front of the new military barracks at Chelsea. It is the work of Mr. Noble, who has also nearly completed a statue of the distinguished Arctic explorer, the late Sir John Franklin. This is a commission from Government, and is intended for the garden behind the Athenæum Club in Pall Mall, where it will face the western side of the United Service Club. Another work on which the same sculptor is engaged is a monumental memorial, in marble, of the late Sir James Outram, destined for Westminster Abbey. It consists of a bust, with a tablet beneath, representing the meeting of Outram and Lord Clyde at Lucknow. On each side of the principal subjects are two seated figures, chieftains respectively of the Scinde and Bhile tribes.

MESSRS. ELLIOTT AND FRY have produced a profile photograph of the Poet-Laureate that has not been surpassed, if it has been equalled, by any example of the Art. It is indeed difficult to believe that it is actually "from the life;" the features are strongly marked, yet entirely free from any rugged harshness; while the hair of the beard, and of the large intellectual head, is copied with a fidelity absolutely marvellous. The eye is full of fire: unhappily the mouth is hidden by a huge moustache; we can only guess at what it may be from what it ought to be, but the most important part of the poet's face is thus lost. It is a grand head, and the artist has been fortunate who circulates so valuable a copy. A photograph, equal in merit, of Thomas Carlyle has also been issued by the same photographers. We may not say these specimens will never be excelled; but we may certainly affirm that they have not been.

THE WORCESTER ROYAL PORCELAIN WORKS.—It is known that these long famous works are now conducted by a Company (limited). It is pleasant to record its entire success as a commercial speculation, while its high repute has been honourably upheld; in some respects its present productions exceed in excellence those of its past. The works have the great advantage of an Art-manager, who is unsurpassed in knowledge, taste, judgment, and experience; and although, no doubt, he is much "hindered" by trade requirements, the company are wise enough to know that objects of "high Art," even when they do not directly pay, do pay indirectly by obtaining that "fame" which operates favourably upon all the issues of an establishment. To the city of Worcester these Works are of great value, not only because they keep alive a most important source of commerce, and give employment to a large number of its population, and thus augment the prosperity of the city, but because they uphold one of the most important branches of British manufacture, a manufacture that

has of late years obtained increased renown in all the countries of Europe, being, indeed, now-a-days, imported into places that, not very long ago, scouted the porcelain while it accepted the earthenware of England. We rejoice, therefore, to know that the Worcester Porcelain Company is prospering, that its "Report" is more than encouraging, and that plans for extending the Works are projected.

MR. EUGENE RIMMEL has delivered, at the Royal Horticultural Society, a lecture "On the Commercial Use of Flowers;" so at least it is called, but in reality it is a very learned discourse on the manufacture of perfumes, treating it in all its branches, and completely exhausting the subject, historically and practically. No wonder that Mr. Rimmel should have so extended his trade as to have introduced the products of his manufactory into every city and town of the civilised world—for he has brought rare intelligence and exceeding skill to aid the advantages he derives from commercial intercourse with all the varied sources whence the raw material is obtained.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON has recently shown his hostility to ecclesiastical decoration in a manner that seems incomprehensible in a prelate who has the reputation of holding liberal ideas upon most subjects. At the consecration of St. Michael's Church, Shoreditch, his lordship refused to proceed with the ceremony till some of the clergy present, who were habited in vestments presumed to be the badge of the "High Church" party, had disrobed themselves of their adornments; and, on the bishop's remonstrance, certain flowers that had been placed in several parts of the sacred structure were also removed. On this part of Dr. Tait's conduct we offer no remark, for the matter does not come strictly within our province. But on his subsequent proceeding we have a word to say. On a panel above the altar, or communion-table—the latter, it may be presumed, is the more fitting designation in the bishop's estimation—appeared a rough sketch in charcoal of the 'Crucifixion,' which at some future time was to take the form of a piece of sculpture. The sketch was an offence against his lordship's idea of Church of England propriety; and, it is reported, he ordered the architect to fetch a bucket of water and efface the obnoxious design. This gentleman had the independence to decline obedience to the mandate; but it was not till he and the churchwarden had given a written guarantee to obliterate the sketch after the service that the bishop commenced the ceremony of consecration. Now, assuming—for we hear of nothing to the contrary—that the design in question was only what it is represented to be, simply one of the 'Crucifixion,'—and not a *crucifix*—we are utterly at a loss to understand the objection made to it, unless on the ground that it was to be replaced by a piece of sculpture, the one art supplying a reason which in another would doubtless have no force; for, presuming that the same subject appeared in a stained-glass window in the chancel, or on canvas as an altar-piece, it cannot be supposed Dr. Tait would have interfered as he did. Pictures, though not absolutely forbidden in our churches, are, unfortunately for the sacred Art of our school of painters, very rare; but they do exist, and gladly would we see them multiplied, and yet have no fear of their turning the minds of Protestant worshippers from the pure and simple truths of Christianity. These are days when strenuous efforts are made—and rightly, too—to render the church, that is, the

building itself, attractive, and especially amid such populations as that wherein St. Michael's is situated. A bishop ought to be the last member of the ecclesiastical body to oppose his influence to what thousands of good and earnest men consider almost, if not quite, a necessity; and in the name of Art, as well as of common sense and liberal religious sentiments, we enter our protest against Dr. Tait's injudicious and untimely interference.

THE SOCIETY OF WOOD CARVERS has voted the sum of £10 for the purchase of any works that may be contributed to the Society of Arts' Exhibition of Art-Workmanship, to be held in December next; such purchase is to be placed among the works in the rooms of the Wood-carvers' Society.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.—The artist by whom the series of statues has been executed, which adorn Canterbury cathedral, is Mr. THEODORE PHIFFERS, of Grosvenor Row, Piccadilly. His name was erroneously spelt in our notice of his works; and he is entitled to correct it, for his productions not only there, but elsewhere, are of very great merit, and have been valuable accessories to many public edifices in England.

THE OLD "TALBOT" INN, Southwark, immortalised by Chaucer, and by Stothard in his picture of 'The Pilgrimage to Canterbury,' is about to be pulled down; but an appeal has been made for its purchase and preservation as a memorial of the poet. The inn is a quaint and picturesque building enough—one of the few such relics of long bygone times still remaining to us, but it is scarcely a question whether Chaucer's eyes ever rested on a fragment of the present structure.

MOSAIC.—On the evening of Thursday, the 12th instant, a lecture on "Ancient and Modern Mosaics" was delivered to a large and attentive audience by Mr. G. H. Stevens, at the South-Western Literary Institute. The lecturer was introduced by Mr. P. M. Hart, F.R.G.S., the honorary secretary, who said that the subject possessed for the residents of that locality the merit of novelty, and could not fail to prove instructive and interesting. The lecturer treated his subject with knowledge and ability that could only be gained from practical experience. Mr. Stevens divided it into the following heads:—The Antiquity of the Art; the Mosaics of Pompeii; the Mosaic Portraits of our Lord; Decadence of the Art; Glass Tessellation on Geometrical Mosaics; Tomb of Henry the Third in Westminster Abbey; Revival of the Art in Italy; St. Peter's at Rome; Method of Working; Reproduction by Mr. Pother in conjunction with Mr. Singer, of the Vauxhall Pottery; Salvati's Venetian Mosaics; Messrs. Rust & Co.'s Enamel Mosaics, &c. The lecture was well illustrated by drawings and prints, and especially by several handsome specimens of enamelled mosaic, which had been lent by Messrs. Rust, of the Lameth Glass Works; also by a selection of Indian mosaics from the East India Museum. The address was extremely suggestive; and if such "teachings" be continued a new stimulus and interest will be given to the Art. To Messrs. Rust, of the Lameth Glass Works, much credit is due for the efforts which they are making to popularise the Art which, for mural decoration, is suited to our climate infinitely better than fresco. We have already described some of the public works that have been executed in this manner.

REVIEWS.

THE ROMANCE OF LONDON: Strange Stories, Scenes, and Remarkable Persons of the Great Town. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. Published by R. BENTLEY, London.

Legends of old London, tales about its old houses, anecdotes of their remarkable inhabitants, all combine to make these volumes attractive. The author, a man of large experience in such work, has the tact to give his book great variety by a proper selection of story or anecdote, and he is sensible enough to be brief; hence he is never tedious, and the volumes are mines of information, which occasion no labour to read; they may be taken up for half an hour, or less, and some story heard, or fact gained, well worth knowing. Each narration is complete in itself, varying in length from one to half-a-dozen pages, seldom more, so that the volumes are excellent for a drawing-room or waiting-room table, where books are used to divert short intervals of time. The author's labours are, however, of such a character as will ensure his volumes permanent resting-places in the library.

Mr. Timbs must have felt embarrassed by the riches of his subject when he set about his task; his material in quantity and quality was overwhelming. It takes in the chief chapters of English history, and the principal characters who have figured in it, as well as the topography of a vast capital, and tales of its remarkable inhabitants, its manners, and its amusement. Our author has divided his work into sections: historic sketches occupy the larger portion of the first volume, and are succeeded by tales of notorious highwaymen; rogues, crimes, and punishments; tales of love and marriage; supernatural stories; accounts of sights, shows, and public amusements; strange adventures and catastrophes, and histories of remarkable persons. There is, indeed, variety enough, and it is impossible to open a volume without finding something for all tastes. We only regret that they have evidently been hurried through the press, and have many mis-spelt names and typographical errors that sometimes destroy the author's meaning. There is also occasionally a little too much of the "paste and scissors" visible, the tales sometimes not being fully told in consequence.

To the general reader, many of these stories will be new. They are all, without exception, curious, and embrace a vast variety of remarkable facts regarding our ancestors, and their manners and customs, which we hardly need observe give a very disagreeable impression of what has been called "the good old times"—times singularly difficult to live in, abounding in bad laws and general insecurity. The stories of highwaymen, and crime in general, afford a sad picture of dangers incurred by all who had the slightest claim to respectability. The state of the metropolis, until the latter part of the last century, was a disgrace to a civilised country. Our author assures us that "even so late as 1799, it was necessary to order a party of light horse to patrol every night from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington." George IV. and the late Duke of York, when very young, were stopped one night in a Hackney coach, and robbed on Hay Hill, Berkeley Square. "At Kensington, within the memory of man, on Sunday evenings, a bell used to be rung at intervals, to muster the people returning to town. As soon as a band was assembled sufficiently numerous to ensure mutual protection, it set off; and so on till all had passed." This was a common plan for security adopted at most of the outskirts of London, and has not ceased fifty years.

The fate of the genuine Cockney for strange sights was a fable that made him amenable to satire centuries ago. Shakspeare makes Trinculo declare, "when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian," and the gullibility of country folks is shown in the success that attends the sale of Autolyces's ballads. It would scarcely be credited, was it not matter of history, that in the middle of the last century (January 10, 1749) the Haymarket Theatre could be crammed with the nobility and gentry, as well as "the

general mob," to see a performer who promised to "get into a tavern bottle, without equivocation, and while there, sing several songs, and suffer any spectator to handle the bottle." Of course, this was a mere experiment on public credulity, but it succeeded well. It was a fertile source of jest for the satirists; and one wickedly insinuated that the conjuror was still ready to perform his promise, only he could not get a tavern quart bottle large enough to hold an honest quart!

The tales of strange adventure will interest many young readers, and some older ones may learn useful lessons from the anecdotes of remarkable persons which conclude this work. In the miserable fears of the millionaire Rothschild may be seen the inutility of mere wealth to procure happiness; in the opium-eating of Coleridge, the destruction of a brilliant and vigorous intellect through a physical remedy being converted into a baneful habit; in the foolish eccentricities of Lord Byron, how a great genius may, by absurd pretences, become ridiculous. We are apt to think that odd characters have passed away with past times, and that we are now all at a more monotonous level. That this is not quite the case is shown in these volumes by modern instances, and particularly that of Mr. George Blamire, who shut himself in his house, No. 1, Adam Street, Adelphi, living for twenty years in a state of seclusion, no person, under any pretence whatever, being allowed to enter the three rooms in his occupation. His meals, and all he wanted, were left at the door. He had no bed or bedding, and was found dead in the chair that supplied their place, as recently as September, 1863.

In going over so large a field of research as Mr. Timbs has chosen for his labours, it cannot be denied that he has shown much tact in the selection of his anecdotes; it may safely be said none are dull and tedious. The variety throughout the volumes is very great, so that even when his tales are classified together they are without monotony. Every reader may find something to his taste; for ourselves we casually found a remark by Canova, when speaking of the neglect Flaxman's works met with in his own country, and which remark we wish to repeat for general benefit,—"You English see with your ears;" that is, they are led to appreciate or purchase a work of Art from the way it is talked about, not from judgment of its innate merit. To how many wealthy connoisseurs and patrons will not this remark apply! Some collectors even buy books entirely for their rarity, condition, or binding, at high prices, without a thought of ever reading them. They are "curiosities" merely. So, in one sense, are Mr. Timbs's volumes, but we advise that they should be read for the amusement and instruction they abound in.

ALBUM PHOTOGRAPHIQUE DES OBJETS D'ART ET RELIGIEUX DU MOYEN AGE ET DE LA RENAISSANCE. Text descriptif par W. H. JAMES WEALE. Published by J. MAZES, Brussels.

This is a very valuable work: valuable to many classes—to the manufacturer especially, for it will supply him with the best designs of several epochs; and as the selection has been judiciously made, he will find much to learn from, and little to avoid in, the collection of "authorities." The volume consists of fifty-eight "plates," containing 120 objects—of sculptures in ivory, chandeliers, crosses, reliquaries, &c. &c.—of all matters, indeed, that appertain to the service of the Roman Catholic Church, many of which (perhaps too many) have of late years been taken back, for use, into the Church of England.

The objects were selected, exclusively, from the assemblage of Art-treasures exhibited at Malines in 1861. All the churches of the Low Countries contributed from their stores: the result was a gathering together of renowned Art-productions of great rarity and worth, such as are never likely to be again exposed to the multitude; but which have, no doubt, acted as important teachers, and may continue to do so, for all that is instructive in them has been preserved for universal use in the very handsome

volume under review. Of the fifty-eight "plates," there is not one that will not supply a lesson.

The photographs are admirably executed; but that may be expected from the high repute of the renowned establishment of M. Maes, at Brussels. The several objects are rendered with a clearness, sharpness, and fidelity that has rarely been surpassed. A table of contents gives us the names of the various churches and private collections whence the works have been taken.

The letter-press has been furnished by an Englishman—Mr. Weale: it is not long, but sufficiently minute, and so written as materially to aid the student, the antiquary, and the historian; while giving valuable hints to the producer, whose best ideas must be chiefly borrowed from predecessors.

We trust the work will find its way to England, where it may be of very considerable benefit.

JERUSALEM, BETHLEHEM, AND THE HOLY PLACES. By CARL WERNER. Part II. Published by MOORE, McQUEEN, AND CO., London.

The three prints, in chromo-lithography, which form the second part of Carl Werner's work, are certainly of no less interest than those which have preceded them. The first subject is called 'The Manger,' but the 'lowly stable of Bethlehem' has undergone a wonderful transformation since its glorious occupation nearly nineteen centuries ago. It appears as a cavern irregular in shape, and hewn out of the solid rock. A mass of silk draperies and curtains hides it from profane observation, and gorgeous lamps with wax tapers in massive candelabra light up the place ascribed by tradition to the great event of Christ's birth. The next plate represents 'The Grotto del Latte,' at Bethlehem, to which, according to the testimony of the Latin Church, some remarkable properties are attached. In the picture, the solitary gloominess of the cavern, with its heavy pillars cut out of the natural rock to support the roof, is relieved by a pleasing group of an Armenian woman and her two young children. As a work of Art, the third plate, 'Bethany and the Dead Sea,' is less satisfactory than the others. It is, as a whole, wanting in effect. The shadows are hard, the character of the ground undefined—especially so in the distant hills of Moab—while the middle distance, which includes the Dead Sea and the rugged ground on its near banks, almost overpowers the rest of the picture. The landscape has, in fact, no atmosphere, a quality which, it seems, chromo-lithography is rarely able to attain to.

TALES FOR THE MARINES. By WALTER THORNBURY. Published by S. Low, London.

Mr. Thornbury has given so much thought and work to subjects connected with Art, that we expected these volumes of Tales would add to the pleasure he has in that way afforded us. Not so, however: there is not one of them that in any degree touches Art: although in his various and varied travels he must have encountered much material that would have furnished him with aids more productive of interest and instruction than those of which he has here availed himself. The stories are pleasant stories, such as may wile away an unemployed hour or two—nothing more: they will not add to the well-earned reputation of their author.

A CENTURY OF POTTERY IN THE CITY OF WORCESTER: being the History of the Royal Porcelain Works, from 1751 to 1851. By R. W. BINNS, F.S.A. Published by BERNARD QUARITCH, London.

Mr. Binns has added a very valuable contribution to the works that have of late years thrown light on the history of porcelain manufacture in England. His attention was naturally directed to the productions of the works at Worcester, of which he has been the able Art-director since the year 1852; and to these he has confined his inquiries. He is, however, so

placed as to be enabled to do that which probably no other person could have done; all that can be known of this renowned establishment and its productions is now known: the volume is a collection of facts, and assumes to be nothing more. The details, therefore, are dry and somewhat uninviting to the general reader; but they are of very considerable value as clearing up all that was doubtful and uncertain in the history of one of the most important of the manufactures of Great Britain.

In the works at Worcester, there is a very curious and interesting collection of productions of various artists of all the periods that have passed since the foundation of the establishment—more than a century ago: these have supplied Mr. Binns with dates and proofs; some of them he has engraved, illustrating his book also by examples from private sources. The value of early examples of Worcester porcelain has of late years largely increased; from the uncertainty of the "marks," there was frequent doubt as to their authenticity. Mr. Binns has enabled the collector to ascertain with certainty the reality of examples they may possess. His book is, therefore, indispensable to all persons who make ceramic Art either their enjoyment or their study.

So many of our columns have been, during the past two or three years, occupied with this subject, that we may be excused from devoting to this volume the space to which it is entitled. It will suffice to say that Mr. Binns has, by its production, done good service to the Art, and upheld his own reputation as a gentleman of great intelligence, refined taste, and large experience.

MEN OF THE TIME: A Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Living Characters of both Sexes. A New Edition, thoroughly Revised, and brought down to the Present Time, with the addition of a Classified Index. Published by G. ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, London.

This new edition of a most useful and really valuable work is a manifest improvement upon its predecessors, excellent as these were. The biographical sketches have been thoroughly revised, they are more correct in minor details, and are freer from comments which ought not to find expression in writings that we expect to find dealing with facts, and not controversial or critical. Opinions will naturally differ as to those who should, or should not, be placed on the roll of "men of the time;" but the editor has allowed himself—and perhaps rightly—a wide margin, including in it about two thousand five hundred names of all ranks and conditions, both here and in other lands. The duty of selection must of necessity be an invidious one, yet he has performed it with considerable discretion and judgment; though inserting some names which cannot legitimately claim a place here, and omitting some—especially we notice the omission of many great foreign artists—which should not have been forgotten. The compilation is, nevertheless, a work of much industrious research, and a careful collection of authenticated contemporaneous biographies. As a book of reference, it ought to be in the hands of every educated person.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS INTO SEVERAL REMOTE REGIONS OF THE WORLD. By DEAN SWIFT. A New Edition, with Explanatory Notes, and a Life of the Author, by J. F. WALLER, LL.D., Vice-President of the Royal Irish Academy. Illustrated by T. MORTEN, Published by CASSELL, PETER, AND GALPIN, London.

Having noticed this work on its first appearance as a serial publication, little remains for us to do, but to record its completion in a manner quite as satisfactory as that in which it was commenced. Mr. Morten's illustrations throughout are excellent, capably drawn, and most humorous; his pencil is remarkably free and vigorous, and his conceptions are full of pleasant fancies. Dr. Waller prefaces the stories with a short but characteristic memoir of their

author, whose brilliant genius and attractive personal appearance were snares to one who, when he entered the Church, mistook his calling. Had Swift never donned canonical robes he might have worn the cinnabar of a noble, or carried the *baton* of a field-marshal. This well-printed and profusely-illustrated edition of the friend of our boyhood, Gulliver,—we have read his travels with no less interest in their present attractive form—must command a large sale. The explanatory notes, showing the political allusions in the tales, are necessary to the right understanding of Swift's object in writing them: they are ample and to the purpose.

ART APPLIED TO INDUSTRY. A Series of Lectures by W. BURGES, F.R.S. B.A. Published by J. H. and J. PARKER, London and Oxford.

The lectures delivered last year by Mr. Burges before the Society of Art, as a portion of the "Cantor" series, and two papers read respectively at the Architectural Association, and at the South Kensington Museum, are here collected and placed in the hands of the public. The subjects specially discussed in the former,—the first of which is an introductory lecture on the general condition of manufacturing Art among us,—are Glass, Pottery, Brass and Iron, Gold and Silver, Furniture, and Textile Fabrics: in the two latter, "External Architectural Decoration," and the "Modern Development of Medieval Art." There will be found in these pages much judicious treatment of the various topics brought under notice; and observations made that both producers and consumers of the industrial Arts would do well to ponder over.

CASELL'S POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY. Illustrated. Vol. II. Published by CASSELL, PETER, AND GALPIN, London.

The first volume of this publication—as we learn from the preface to that now before us, for we have not seen the former—describes a certain portion of the *Mammalia* classes of animals; the subject is continued in the second volume. The book is entertaining and instructive;—neither in matter, nor in the quality of its numerous illustrations, equal to Wood's "Natural History"—but still a remarkable work considering its price, and one that well deserves to have its title "popular" justified by its circulation. An attempt has been made to give additional pictorial value to some of the larger woodcuts by colouring them; this is a mistake; the colouring is partial and altogether ineffective, and gives a hybrid appearance to the whole picture, while it hides some good specimens of the engraver's handy-work. A handsome cover of green and gold will not prove among the least recommendations to those for whom this history is more especially intended.

THE BOY'S OWN VOLUME OF FACT, FICTION, HISTORY, AND ADVENTURE. Midsummer, 1865. Edited by the Publisher, S. O. BEECH, London.

The contents of this volume are of a varied description; stories gathered from history, the adventures of travellers by land and sea, deeds of heroism performed by our soldiers and sailors, tales of fiction, &c., interspersed with scientific subjects, chapters on natural history and "puzzle pages." Captain Drayson contributes, under the title of "Ingonyama, the Caffro Chief," an instructive story of Southern Africa; Mr. F. Davenant, a well-written tale of the days of Richard II., with the title of "Hubert Ellis;" and an amusing fiction, called "Silas the Conjuror," appears from the pen of an anonymous writer. The natural history department is well sustained by the Rev. J. G. Wood, a name which, with Captain Drayson's, must be familiar to our readers. The book is extensively illustrated with woodcuts, not of the highest class, certainly, but sufficient for their purpose. There are few "hoys" who will not find something or other in it to fill an hour or two of leisure time.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, DECEMBER 1, 1865.



We have completed the TWENTY-SEVENTH Annual Volume of the ART-JOURNAL—the FOURTH of a NEW SERIES; and, in compliance with a now old custom, issue a brief address to our Subscribers.

The ART-JOURNAL is the only Journal in Europe that aims to represent the Arts—the Fine Arts and the Arts Industrial—either or both. Various attempts have been made to obtain such popularity for works of that class as might justify their publication; but they have not succeeded. Yet it is notorious that the number of inquirers concerning Art—of amateurs, collectors, critics—have increased tenfold since this work was, twenty-eight years ago, first issued. Every other kind of publication has multiplied, but to represent Art there is only the ART-JOURNAL.

It will be obvious that to the great cost requisite to produce such a work is mainly attributable the paucity of periodical Art-literature; and that the age, so fertile of matter on this all-important topic, is not indifferent to a leading source of gratification and intelligence. But be the cause what it may, we have laboured, and shall continue to labour, with earnestness and zeal, to retain the place we hold in public favour; hesitating at no expenditure that may supply such means of information as can be obtained by the co-operation of accomplished writers and able artists.

We humbly, yet with some degree of confidence, refer to our past efforts as evidence that we may be relied on for future exertions in the conduct of this Journal. During the coming year we are enabled to calculate on the aid of several new contributors, and on the power to introduce many novelties in Art and Art-manufacture.

Our aim has been, and will continue to be, to minister to the utmost of our power, and by all available resources, to the requirements of the Artist, the Amateur, the Manufacturer, and the Artisan.

We desire that the ART-JOURNAL shall be regarded not only as an illustrated work which may be an elegant luxury of the drawing-room, but an auxiliary in the studio, and a "helper" in the manufactory and in the workshop. We have reason to believe that hitherto in this aim we have been successful; and it is certain that the services we have endeavoured to render to the several classes who profess Art have been earnestly acknowledged.

While we are grateful for past favours to those whose interests we represent, and to those whose wants we minister, we trust we may anticipate an increased support—commensurate with the increased appreciation of Art by which the present age is distinguished.

ECCLESIASTICAL
ART-MANUFACTURES.

III. EMBROIDERY.

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.

THE revived love of mediæval Art has not only created new schools of Art-manufacture in sculpture and wood-carving, and metal-work, but it has also revived the peculiarly feminine art of embroidery, which is rapidly assuming an importance as a branch of Art-manufacture that entitles it to a place in these columns.

There was a time when England seems to have excelled the continental nations of Europe in the excellence of its works of embroidery; a fact which is illustrated by the naïve story told by Matthew Paris, of Pope Innocent IV. (A.D. 1246), who, observing that the copes and chasubles of some English ecclesiastics who had come to the Roman Court were of unusual beauty, inquired where they were made; and being informed that they were made in England, he exclaimed, "Truly England is our garden of delight, a well inexhaustible; and where there is great abundance, thence much may be drawn." So he sent to the abbots of the Cistercian houses in England, and urged them to procure him—for love if they could, and if not, for money—a set of copes for his choir. The amount of embroidery work which existed in England in the middle ages must have been enormous. Every cathedral and monastic church had hundreds of vestments in its vestry. Catalogues of some of these, as of York Minster, St. Paul's, and Peterborough, taken at the time of the dissolution of the religious houses, have been preserved; and even the brief notices in these dry catalogues are enough to show that many of them were embroidered with needlework, and some of them further enriched with gems. Every parish church, too, had not only one set, but frequently several sets of vestments, and every chantry altar in the church had its own vestments besides. Every nobleman and country gentleman, too, then had

a domestic chapel handsomely fitted and furnished with every necessary for divine worship, and among them with sets of vestments, on which very often the armorial insignia of the owners were embroidered. Then every church had hangings, at least about the altar; and palls, not only one for use at funerals, but several for laying on tombs at obits and "month's-minds." Besides, the ordinary costume of the wealthier classes gave abundant scope for the art. Lords and ladies, knights and dames, wore robes of costly material, with armorial or ornamental devices embroidered upon them. In domestic furniture, too, the needle was commonly employed to enrich the hangings of hall and chamber, the "bankers" and "dorsors"—that is, the cloths spread on the seats and backs of the rude benches and couches of the time—and the testers and coverlets of the beds. The sumptuousness of some of these works of Art may be gathered from some notes published by the late Mr. Hartsborne, in a paper in the *Archæological Journal*,* from the royal account rolls, of the actual cost of several robes, both ecclesiastical and civil, there recorded; for example, Henry III. (1211) paid to Adam de Basinges £24 1s. 6d. for a cope of red silk given to the Bishop of Hereford; also to the same person, £17 18s. 10d. for two diapered, and one precious cloth of gold, for a tunic and dalmatic, entirely ornamented with gold fringe, and £17 and one mark for two embroidered chasubles for the royal chapel. Edward III. gave £140 to Thomas Chemier for a vest of velvet embroidered with divers work for his own chaplain. If we accept the usually received estimate, that we must multiply the money of those times by about fifteen to reduce it to modern currency, then the Bishop of Hereford's silk cope was worth about £360, and Edward III.'s chaplain wore a vest (yy. vestment) worth more than £2,000.

A few relics of ancient work still exist. One or two copes remain in the vestries of cathedrals where they continue to be used under the canon of 1602. More are kept as curiosities by collectors. Two of the city of London companies still possess their palls; and the altar cushions and pulpit



(1.)

cushions sometimes bear evidence that they have been made out of the old vestments of the church. Some of these old robes are enough not only to show us completely the ancient *modus operandi*, but to prove that the old work was often designed by very competent artists.

It may be desirable that we should briefly describe the material and mode of working, in order that our readers may distinctly understand what the ancient art of embroidery was, of whose modern revival we have to speak. The material of the robe was usually silk or velvet; but the design, or pattern, was not worked upon

the robe itself, but on canvas, or coarse cambrie, which was afterwards attached to the ground. The design was first sketched out on the canvas, then those parts which needed to be thrown into relief were raised by tacking a length of cord, or a little padding of wool; then the device was embroidered with different coloured silks, or gold thread. When the device was finished, it was stitched upon the robe of silk, or velvet, an edging of gold tambour was tacked on to hide the joining, and very usually rays or tendrils of gold tambour were carried

* Vol. I., p. 321.

from the body of the device, and tacked upon the robe itself, in order to take off the stiffness of effect which would have been produced by the method of *appliqué* we have described.

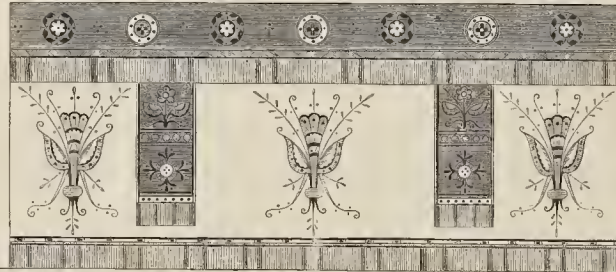
This, then, is the art which has been very successfully revived of late years, and is rapidly growing into very extensive use. A society of ladies was long since estab-

lished for the cultivation of the art, and has done good service. A good deal of this work is now done by the sisterhoods. Several architects have acquired a reputation for knowledge and taste in design in this necessary branch of their profession; and professional embroiderers are also employed in the trade which has grown up, and is rapidly extending. The principal scope

also able to give an illustration. The accompanying woodcut (No. 2) represents an altar-covering designed by that gentleman, with a pair of stoles to match, which are disposed in the way we have described. The conventional ornament thrice repeated upon the frontal itself, is admirably designed in the spirit of much of the ancient work; it has the lightness which is appropriate in needlework; and the spreading sprays and tendrils bind the body of the embroidery to the ground, and carry it over a wide extent of the field.

The beautiful woodcut (No. 3) which we give next is from the central cross of the altar-cloth just completed for the gorgeously-restored chapel of St. Stephen, in the crypt of the Houses of Parliament. It is difficult to describe completely the colours of such an elaborate work, and we must content ourselves with pointing them out sufficiently to give some general idea of the way in which the design is worked out. The central circle is of crimson velvet; the cross is of gold cord, stitched across at short intervals with red silk, with a marginal line of white; the sacred monogram is worked in low relief in pure gold cord; the rim from which the rays spring is of white silk with black quarterfoils, the rays are of gold stitched with red, on a blue ground; the broad outer rim is of cloth of gold, with white and red circles upon it. The foliage of the floriated terminations of the cross is shaded in silks red, green, and white; the work is further enriched by the introduction of crystals in the centre, and artificial pearls round the rim of the four arms, of the cross. The crown also over the monogram is similarly worked, and enriched with a row of pearls. On the whole the work is very rich and harmonious, and deserving of high praise. Some of our readers will, perhaps, question the perfect taste of the artificial—that is to say sham—crystals and pearls; but the truth is, that the whole decoration of this chapel is so gorgeous, that in order to make the altar, as it ought to be, the climax of the whole system of decoration, it was necessary to take strong measures, and perhaps nothing else would give the same amount of emphasis as this jewelling. Another criticism which we venture to make is that the monogram is stiff in form, and does not combine with the rest of the design; it looks as if the letters had been cut out of metal, and fastened on the original design as an afterthought.

The three remaining woodcuts (Nos. 4, 5, 6) are parts of one work, viz., the altar-cloth for the chapel of the Radcliffe Infirmary at Oxford; the band of ornament (No. 6) is one of the stoles which divide the frontal into three compartments; and the cross (No. 4) occupies the centre. The designs, which are by Mr. Blomfield, the architect, are of very great merit. The work is finely executed, and the effect of these rich embroideries on a ground of red velvet is very sumptuous. We should mention that the engravings represent the pieces of embroidery before they are placed upon the ground, and consequently without the stamens of gold thread, with gold spangles for stigmata, which give a wonderful lightness and finish to the flower, and without the rays of gold thread, that are thrown off from the extremities of the arms of the cross, and the intermediate points of the circle, which have very much influence upon the general effect of the design. Here, again, the design is worked out in coloured silks and gold, crystals being in-



(2.)

afforded to the art by our present ecclesiastical usages is in the fabrication of altar cloths. We are enabled, by the courtesy of Messrs. Frank Smith and Co., of Southampton Street, Strand, to present engravings of some of the most important and successful of the works of this kind that have as yet been executed.

The first example (No. 1) we are able to

exhibit will have an additional interest to our readers, as an evidence that the taste for this kind of work is to be found among our brother Churchmen across the Atlantic. It is a drawing of an altar-cloth for the Church of Grace, in Brooklyn, New York, designed by Mr. Brangwyn, and executed in London under the direction of Messrs. Frank Smith and Co. The central cross



(3.)

and the vertical bands of the frontal are executed in coloured silks and gold *passing*—i.e. thick gold thread—and enriched with artificial crystals and pearls. The two vertical bands which we have just mentioned are technically called the stoles, and we are told that they derive the name from the fact that it was sometimes the practice to lay upon the altar the stoles

which the clergy usually wear over the neck, in such a way as to make their handsome embroidered ends an addition to the ornaments of the altar.

In a picture in our National Gallery there is a representation of an ecclesiastical sub-official thus arranging the stoles. Mr. Brangwyn has seized the idea, and made use of it in another design, of which we are

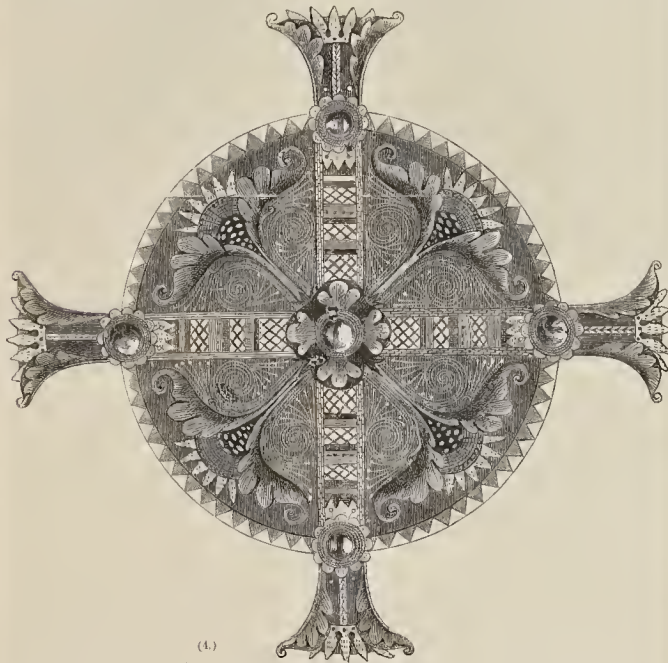
produced in the extremities and centre of the cross, and the effect produced is very rich and handsome.

We have also been favoured by Messrs.

Frank Smith and Co. with a view of some figure subjects, worked in embroidery, of a very high degree of excellence. The drawing is good, the execution of the

the ancient work; and we have rising artists who do not scorn to turn their attention to these branches of Art-manufacture, and who are learning to supply the skilful fingers of our executants with designs worthy of all their skill.

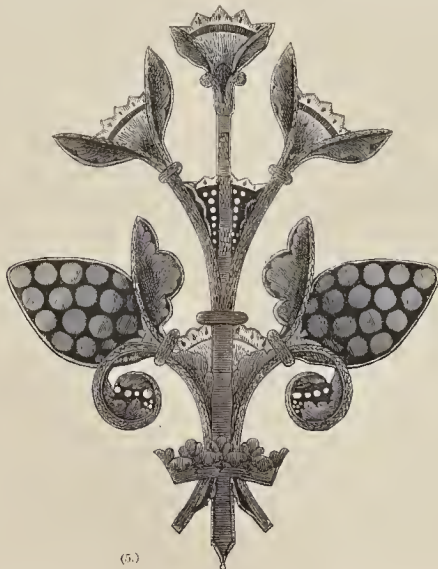
Another direction in which the embroiderer's art is beginning to find employment, is in the revival of the ancient ecclesiastical vestments that forms the most striking phenomenon of the present phase of the Gothic revival. Many of our readers may remember that modern specimens of some of the vestments were exhibited at the International Exhibition. Many of us saw such things then for the first time; looked at them with curious interest; rather admired their beautiful material and work-



(4.)

drapery is bold and effective, and the faces are wonderfully well wrought out by a few true and effective lines. Some

examples, in which the ground colour of the draperies was supplied by a piece of silk appliqué on the ground, and shaded with



(5.)

embroidery silk, instead of being entirely wrought out in embroidery, are very effective; they are more cheaply executed than in whole embroidery, and yet are honest

and durable work. Indeed, it seems to us that in the execution of embroidery we have nothing more to learn to enable us to produce work as fine and durable as



(6.)

manship; and perhaps wondered why Messrs. Jones and Willis had incurred the expense of producing works for which they were so unlikely to find customers. But the exhibition of modern copes, chasubles, dalmatics, albes, and stoles at the Norwich Congress, brought out the fact that many more of these vestments have been made, and are actually in use, than most of us were at all aware of.

It becomes a question of interest to the embroiderer, among others, whether this revival will or will not maintain its ground, and so cause a new and extensive demand for the productions of his art. It is a question we do not undertake to answer. On one hand there is no doubt that the vestments are not forbidden by

the letter of the law, as established by recent decisions; on the other hand it is said that an attempt will be made in the approaching session of parliament to get the law altered on this point. Probably it will be found that as such an attempt would touch the very large and difficult question of a revision of the Prayer Book—a question which is not yet ripe for settlement—the attempt to alter the rubric will fail, and the question will be left to be settled by the public opinion of the Church. How will public opinion decide it? We are not so sure as some people are that the answer will be in the negative. At present these vestments are looked upon as the badge of a party, and there is a great outcry against them. But many of these revivals began with a party, and were loudly exclaimed against, and then were taken up by men of all parties, and are now universally adopted by the Church. We already hear many men who are not of any party discussing these vestments in an unprejudiced tone; there is evidently a wide-spread distaste for the old-fashioned bald, meagre, slovenly style of service, and a growing desire to see the divine worship of the Church invested with greater beauty, and dignity, and solemnity. The same spirit which has restored our old churches from damp, and dirt, and neglect, and which is adorning them with painted windows, and putting in beautiful fonts, and pulpits, and lecterns, and reredoses, is now moving men to be dissatisfied with the way in which divine service is usually performed in our churches. The majority do not know much about Gregorians or Anglicans, and cannot tell one from the other when they hear them. They are not learned in albes, and dalmatics, and copes, and chasubles, do not care about their symbolical meaning, or which of them are appropriate to the different orders of the clergy, or should be worn at the different offices of the Church, or what colours are correct on particular festivals. They are a little afraid lest any new doctrine should creep in under new customs. But once assured that nothing more is intended than to make the public worship of Almighty God more beautiful, and solemn, and attractive, and we believe that a large majority of Church people would not object to a service, at least partially choral, or to a surpliced choir, or to their entering and leaving church in decent order, singing a hymn, or to the clergy wearing some dress more rich and handsome than a singing boy's surplice.

The attempt to introduce vestments of the fashion of the time immediately preceding the Reformation, would, probably, hinder their general adoption. The popular mind could hardly see a clergyman officiating in a vestment of that kind without associating the sight with the sacrifice of the Mass, and being scandalised. The earlier forms of the ecclesiastical vestments would afford us better models for imitation, if we choose to have them at all. The original form of the chasuble was a circle about four to five feet in radius, with a hole in the middle, through which the head was put, while the garment fell in full folds round the person. If made of white silk, it would look very like a silk surplice, and might be used instead of the surplice, or over a scanty surplice (i.e. an albe), without exciting any undesirable associations. The cope was a semicircle of rich material, with a border of embroidery along its chord, and is put on like a cloak. Whether the popular taste would accept it as a substitute for the orthodox but ugly black gown, is more than we venture to determine.

There is another field in which the embroiderer is perhaps more likely, before long, to find scope, viz., in the appropriate adorning of palls. A general dissatisfaction with our funereal customs prevails, which is preparing the public mind for a revolt against the undertaker and his lugubrious adornments. Already other fashions are beginning to be introduced, and one of them is that of a coloured pall. The use of a black pall is a comparatively modern innovation. In earlier times the mourners were clad in the livery of woe, but the dead was veiled from their sight by a covering of brilliant colours, symbolical of the hope in which we commit our dead to the earth. In the fourteenth century illuminations we find the bier cloth often composed of alternate stripes of red, blue, green, &c.; sometimes of one colour covered with a pattern of embroidery, or flowered with a *fleur-de-lis* or device. The Fishmongers' Company of London still possess the old pall of the guild, which has historical subjects embroidered on a gold ground. The Sadlers' Company possess theirs, which is of crimson velvet, richly embroidered. In 1572, John Cawood left to the Stationers' Company a pall, which is described in his will as "a herse-cloth of cloth of gold borderyd with bleu velvet, and horder'd about with black velvet, embroidered and stoynd with bleu, yellow, red, and green." Similar palls were commonly used, and there are indications that such are likely to be used again.

Another, and by no means unimportant, aspect of the question is, that a general revival of the taste for embroidery would afford a profitable branch of woman's work very suitable for those numerous females of the middle class who are compelled, or who choose, to maintain themselves by their own labour. It is work which, in its simplest operations, requires more neatness and delicacy of touch and intelligence than any merely mechanical needlework; and it affords scope to many gradations of taste and skill, from that which is most simple to those of the greatest elaboration.

Some of our readers may be glad to know where they can obtain further information on the subject which we have thus briefly dealt with. There are two little works on the subject; one on "Church Needlework," with practical remarks on its arrangement and preparation, by Miss Lambert, published by Masters in 1844. It contains a good deal of antiquarian information, with two engravings of the old pall of the Fishmongers' Company, which we have mentioned; and also some suggestions for modern designs for embroidery, which would, no doubt, be replaced, if the book had to be brought out now, by others in the better knowledge and taste which we now possess on such matters. The other is a little 12mo. work, on "English Medieval Embroidery," published by Parker in 1848. This book describes some of the finest existing examples of old embroidery, and gives elaborate practical directions. It contains numerous engravings from the fine ancient examples, and thus supplies valuable suggestions both to the designer and worker.

We should not do justice to Messrs. Frank Smith and Co., if we neglected to say that we are indebted to them for all the illustrations to this paper. This firm is paying great attention to the subject of embroidery; many of the finest modern examples have been executed under their direction. They are also quite willing to supply designs, and material, and information to ladies who desire to execute their own embroidery.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF S. GURNEY, ESQ.,
M.P., PRINCE'S GATE.

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

FRITH, R.A., CRESWICK, R.A., and ANSDALL, A.R.A., Painters.
J. COUSEN, Engraver.

THREE artists combined their strength to produce this picture; Mr. Frith contributed the figure, Mr. Creswick the landscape, and Mr. Ansdall "put in" the dog; and a very charming result has followed their united action. Scarcely less happy, too, is the title given to the work, one which is most suggestive. The question, "What's in a name?" a query very often asked to express a matter of indifference, finds here a most significant answer. "A Dream of the Future" suggests, in all probability, as many thoughts in the mind of the person looking at the picture as it does in that of the maiden who is the subject of it. A commonplace title, such as 'The First Visit to London,' or 'Leaving Home,' would have left comparatively little for the imagination to fill up, but 'A Dream of the Future' affords abundant material for speculation. The costume of the girl carries us back a full century; with her scanty wardrobe compressed into a package whose size and weight are not beyond her powers, she has left the home of her youth to take service, or try her fortune, in the great metropolis, seen in the distance. Her pathway, hitherto, seems to have been through a wood, and she halts at the stile on the outskirts, where a view is obtained of the city lying not many miles beyond. And now begins the waking dream of what the future may be: the attitude of the figure, and the expression of the face, are not incompatible with a feeling of doubt; she may have heard, possibly may have read, of the crimes and temptations of the town, and these may, perchance, mingle with those other tales which have reached her, of streets paved with gold; of young girls, though poor, marrying rich men; or, at least, of the enjoyments of a town life, with its scenes of gaiety open to all conditions, contrasting vividly with the quiet pleasures of the country. All these things may cause her to linger on the threshold, as it were, of her journey, and ponder over its probable results. Who can say how many recollections of the past are mixed up with the uncertain anticipations of the future in the musings of that fair young creature? for fair she is, though a cottager's daughter; and hence her peril as a denizen of a city where vice and virtue walk side by side through the length and breadth of its crowded streets.

This picture, for permission to engrave which we are indebted to the courtesy of the owner, S. Gurney, Esq., M.P., was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1856. The canvas is small, but the merits of the work are very great; the figure is painted with great delicacy and richness of colour, and Mr. Creswick has introduced a charming "bit" of landscape, the pencilling of the trees, and their forms, showing equal truth and picturesque character. The introduction of the dog is a feature in itself most striking; the animal had been tied up, but he has broken away, as the piece of cord hanging from his neck tells us, and has followed, perhaps unseen till now, his master's child. He stands gazing up into her face, as if he would turn her back again to their home by his earnest though silent appeal to their mutual attachment and the memories of the past.

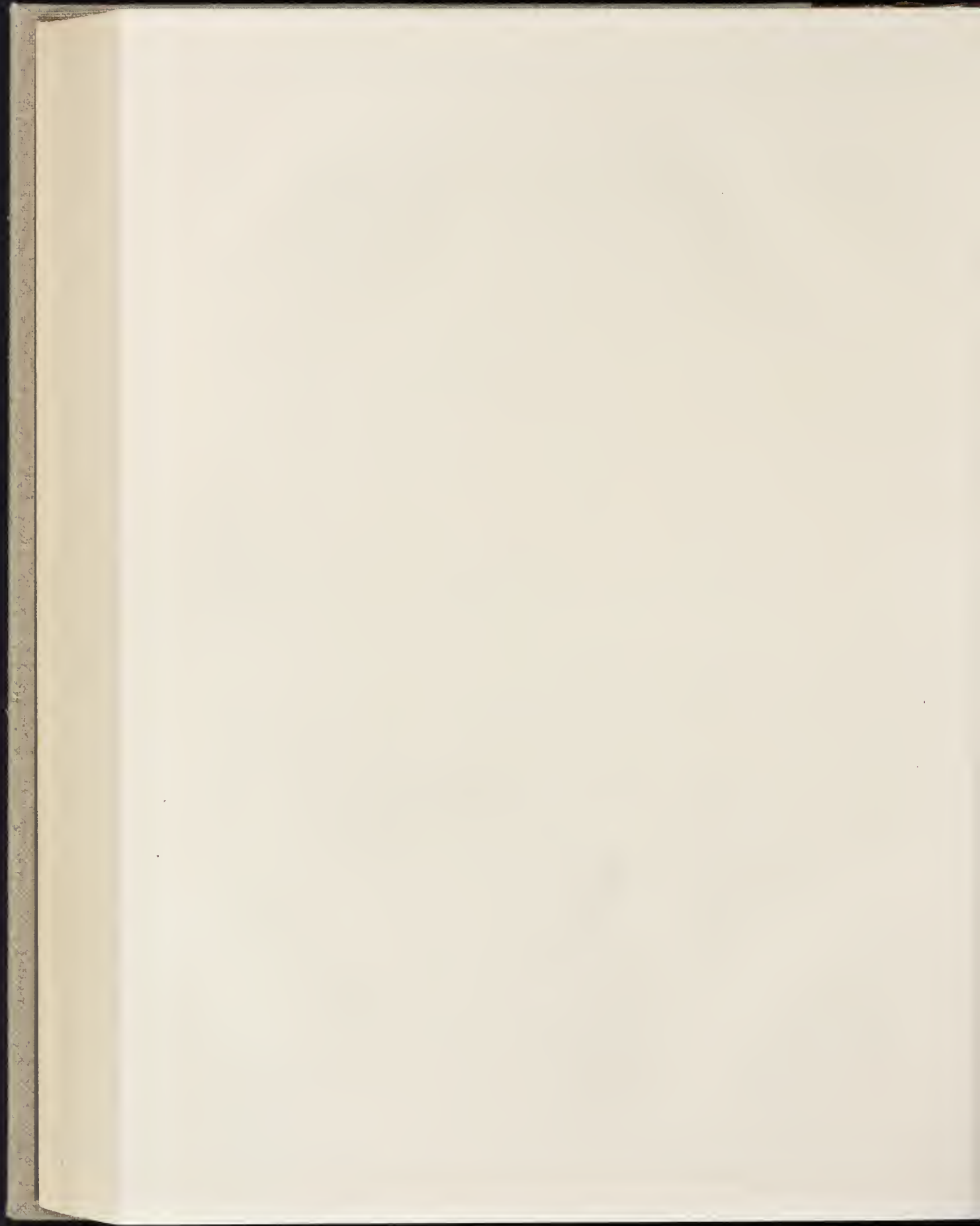


F. CHESWICK AND ANSELL, PINX.

W. G. & CO. ENGRAVERS

DREAM OF THE FUTURE

FROM THE POEM OF S. GURNEY, ESQ., M. D. 1810



THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

REPORTS OF THE JURIES.

THE Exhibition has closed. Without being a large financial success, we understand it has been by no means a commercial failure.* Indeed, it is understood, and we hope correctly, there will be a "surplus." That it has done good is certain: it has induced many strangers to visit Ireland. As we have said often, "for every new visitor Ireland obtains a new friend." Any inducement is a benefaction that leads Tourists to that most interesting country. They are sure to return with prejudices removed, and esteem, confidence, and hope strengthened. Viewed in that light, the late Exhibition must be regarded as a boon of magnitude; and our grateful thanks are due to those who conceived and carried out a project, out of which, in many ways, great good must have arisen. That good would have been much greater, but that in the month of all months, when visitors to Ireland were expected to be most numerous, "a madness" (we can scarcely give it a harsher term) possessed a small and obscure section of its people, naturally creating alarm sufficient, at least, to change the plans of many persons who had arranged a tour to Ireland. The exchequer of the International Exhibition thus lost much; and probably the evil may continue its influence for years to come.

The Reports of the Juries have been printed. It is a thin volume, for the awards are seldom accompanied by any remarks. The "Reports," therefore, are meagre; but we are supplied with the names of all the exhibitors, British and foreign, who received medals, or who were noticed by "honourable mention."

The jurors consisted of a very large number of noblemen and gentlemen who are eminent in science, or in social position. Of artists there were but one or two, and of men of letters none. Several manufacturers and respected persons in trade are of the list; and we have no doubt the Executive Committee made the best selection it could. Four-fifths of the jury are, as may be supposed, residents in Dublin. There are a few foreigners, but, we regret to say, still fewer Englishmen. That is not well: the Dublin Committee owe very little to English aid. Professedly, great efforts were made here, and large expectations were held out of extensive and beneficial help when the scheme was promulgated, and the "sanction" of the Society of Arts was secured for its promotion. Upon that source of power, we believe, much reliance was placed; too much, for it was soon found the Society had in reality little influence—too little; and that neither artists nor Art-manufacturers were disposed to listen to its appeal. The few leading manufacturers who did contribute were not induced to do so by either the persuasion or the pressure of the Society of Arts. It recommended, indeed—and the recommendation was acted on—two gentlemen as managers or superintendents; but as it does not fall within our sphere to comment on the results of these appointments,—to inquire whether the Executive Committee was satisfied or dissatisfied with them, we shall find it more agreeable to pass over the matter in silence.

Again we express our regret, and we do so with some degree of shame, that England gave so little help to Ireland, on an occasion that offered a "glorious" opportunity of testifying the regard the one country has for the other, and of discharging a duty always incumbent on the stronger to aid the weaker.

While the "missionaries" to England did so much less than was anticipated, those who represented the Exhibition in foreign countries do not appear to have been more fortunate. They were poor collections—at least of Art-manufacturers—those that were gathered from France, Belgium, Austria, Prussia, and other European states. We believe many will think with us if

we say the Exhibition would have been but little more made if nothing whatever had been contributed by these nations. Although high sounding names of "Commissioners," from that kingdom and this, appear on the list of jurors, and although the Executive Committee "engaged" gentlemen of position to visit each of them—the result was disproportionate to the trouble that was taken, and the zeal that was manifested.

We have seen no financial report; but we imagine the charges incident to the employment of English secretaries and managers, and the expenses incurred by "missionaries" to various parts of Europe—north, south, and east—will form so important an item, as to surprise, if it do not terrify, the Dublin Exhibition Palace and Winter Garden Company (Limited).*

We have, however, to consider the "Reports of the Juries." Passing over those that appertain to "Raw Materials" (signed C. R. C. Trehborne), "Substances used as Food" (signed C. A. Cameron, M.D., reporter), "Vegetable and Animal Substances, chiefly used in manufactures as implements, or for ornament" (signed W. K. Sullivan, Corr. Vandermaeren, P. L. Simmonds, reporter, and C. M. Moore), "Machinery" (the jury for which numbered thirty-six persons), "The Textile Fabrics," "Manufactures from Flax and Hemp" (a department in which Ireland did sadly too little), "Saddlery and Harness;" "Leather, Skins, Furs, Feathers, and Hair;" "Paper, Stationery, Printing, and Book-binding;" we arrive at those "classes" in which we are more immediately concerned.

For "Tapestry and Carpets," we find medals awarded to Treloar for his very meritorious and now famous "carpets" of cocoa-nut fibre; to Messrs. Haro, of Bristol, for their "carpets" of oil cloth; to the Cork Carpet Company for Cork carpeting; to Messrs. Taylor and Co. for "Kamptulic;" to the well-known firms of Watson and Dantor, Lapworth, Tomperton, Brinton and Lewis, and a few others. For lace and embroidery, medals were awarded to Allen, Forrest, and Cochrane, of Dublin, "for superior workmanship in point lace," and also to the Industrial Repository of Dublin, and the Countess of Erne. The works exhibited in this department were of rare excellence, and of great beauty both in design and execution.

In "Metallic, Vitreous, and Ceramic Manufactures," medals were awarded to Messrs. Chubb, W. Crichtley (of Birmingham), for improvements in stove-grates, &c. (his exhibits being of very high merit, those that are useful and those that are ornamental); Messrs. Edwards, of London, for grates, &c.; Messrs. Peyton, for iron bedsteads; Messrs. Hodges, of Dublin, and Messrs. Riddell, of Belfast—both of these for excellence in iron and brass mediæval work; also to Mr. Barkentin for vases in oxidised silver, and to Mr. Johnson, of Dublin, for a carved bog-oak casket mounted in gold, a production of very great value; also to Messrs. Chance for their renowned glass; to Mr. J. Green for his most beautiful collection (a leading attraction of the Exhibition) of cut and engraved glass; to Mr. Powell for similar excellence; to Messrs. Phillips, for their fine "show" of varied glass; and to Messrs. Lavers and Barrard for a stained-glass window. Mr. Alderman Copeland (to whose efforts the Exhibition owed so much), was "precluded from receiving the award," inasmuch as his son, Mr. Alfred Copeland, was one of the jurors. On the same principle, he was deprived of the medal that would surely have been given to him for his collection of works in ceramic art. The "report," however, is very complimentary, and rightly so, to that eminent manufacturer, whose "collection forms an exhibition of a most comprehensive character, consisting of a series of works in all the leading branches of the manufacture, especially flower and landscape painting, upon shapes and forms of great purity and originality, and ceramic statuary as exemplified by reproduction from the models of the most noted sculptors of the age." So say the committee; and their opinion will be endorsed by

all persons who examined Mr. Copeland's extensive and amply furnished stalls. Awards of medals in ceramic art were made to the Worcester Royal Porcelain Company, to the Hill Pottery Company; to Mr. Blashfield, for his marvellously fine show of works in terra cotta; to McBerny and Armstrong, of Belleek, County Fermanagh, for productions that give good promise of future excellence, under the influence of encouragement, and to Messrs. Cliff for stone ware. Exhibitors who are not manufacturers were properly excluded from competition in this department; but the contributions of Messrs. Goode and Messrs. Phillips, both of whom largely aided the Exhibition, are acknowledged with gratitude.

"The Miscellaneous Manufactures" include "furniture"—strangely enough. Like Mr. Copeland, Mr. Peter Grabam was excluded from competition, being one of the jurors in that class. Medals were awarded to Messrs. Dyor and Wats for their contributions in stained wood—productions in which they are unrivalled, combining good workmanship with much grace and taste, and at prices that bring them within the reach of most "furnishers;" to Messrs. Gilroy, Grace, and Trollope, of course; to Messrs. Howard and Sons, and to Messrs. Fry and Messrs. Strahan—admirable furniture manufacturers of Dublin, who were by no means "put to shame" by the efforts of the great London houses. Messrs. Brunswick Brothers obtained a medal also for their cabinet flower-stands, &c., in bull and fancy woods—a medal justly earned and rightly awarded. Medals were also awarded to Messrs. Woollams for paper-hangings; Messrs. Bottridge for papier-maché articles; Messrs. Heywood, of Dublin, for paper-hangings; and to Messrs. Skidmore, Hart and Son, and Cox and Son, for mediæval metal-work, carved oak lectern, &c. &c.

In another section of this class medals were awarded to Mrs. Gonno for a very beautiful collection of wax flowers; to Mrs. Hopkins for flowers made of paper, and to Miss Hogan for wax flowers; also to Mr. McCormick, of Belfast, Mr. J. Moore, and Mr. J. Goggin, "for design and execution of bog-oak ornaments." We confess to surprise that so few honours were obtained by producers of this class of goods. Messrs. Smith, of Manchester, obtained a medal for their tartan works in wood.

In photography, medals were awarded to the London Stereoscopic Company, Mr. Ross of Edinburgh, Mr. Rejlander, Messrs. Mawson and Swan, of Newentle-on-Tyne, Messrs. Lock and Whitfield, Mr. Robinson, Leamington; the Cashel Portrait Company, the Viscountess Jocelyn, the Amateur Photographic Association, the Earl of Calthness, Mr. Vernon Heath, Dr. Hemphill (Clonmel), Dr. Madox, Mr. Bedford, Mr. England, Mr. J. Mudd (Manchester), Mr. Thurston Thompson, Messrs. Breze (Birmingham), Mr. Joubert, Major Russell, Mr. Bourne, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Rough, and Mr. Mayall. Mr. Claudet was excluded, as he was one of the jurors—who has written, indeed, the somewhat elaborate and very learned and interesting "Report."*

Under the head of "Stationery," we find medals awarded to Mr. Cohen for his pencils; to Messrs. Rowney, for "artists' materials;" to Messrs. Cassell and Co. for "educational works;" to Messrs. Hanhart and Mr. V. Brooks for chromo-lithographs, and to several others for "superior excellence." For musical instruments, medals were awarded to Messrs. Hopkinson, Chappell, Kirkman, and others.

For Horological Instruments, honours were obtained by Mr. White (of Cockspur Street), Mr. Benson, Messrs. Boddam, and Messrs. Schreiber and Sons, of Dublin.

Of course, opinions will vary as to the justice of these awards; and exhibitors who failed to obtain them will no doubt be dissatisfied. On the whole, however, we believe that honours were rendered where honours were obviously due; and although a few more might have given general satisfaction, there are not many out of the list who are entitled to be there.

* A volume is announced for publication, "containing all the official documents," &c., for which the moderate sum of one guinea is to be charged. Where the value will be we can by no means guess.

* * The Exhibition Palace and Winter Garden Company, "have now opened the building for concerts and other public entertainments. It is admirably fitted for that purpose, being just such a structure as was needed in Dublin.

* We elsewhere allude to some of the works exhibited under this head.

A VISIT TO THE STUDIOS
OF SOME
AMERICAN PAINTERS.

THERE are now exhibiting in the Haymarket, London, some glorious pictures, painted by the admirable American artist, Church. I am aware that the *furor* for modern Art runs high—if you will, it is the fashion—and the high price given for even inferior pictures is marvellous; whereas very fine works of ancient masters pass from sale-room to sale-room without the value of the canvas and frames being offered for them. These pictures by Church, though not large, are grand pictures—far too grand to be neglected by the lovers of Art, far too beautiful to be passed over even by those who love to look at noble paintings, even without the requisite taste or knowledge of Art justly to appreciate the real merits of that on which they look. I name this, inasmuch as while there are ten persons who really understand or appreciate what they look on, there are thousands and ten thousands who would spend hours in admiring a well-known scene at home or in Europe, but would pass by, whatever its merits, a painting of Cotopaxi or Chimborazo.

I write on this subject in simple words, but it is with pride I own to being an enthusiastic lover of Art, whether that Art be the work of the painter's or the sculptor's hand, or whether it arise from the noble institutions of Sévres, Dresden, Capo de Monte, Bueno Retiro, the never-dying graceful genius of Wedgwood, or the more recent art of Minton. Be it what it may, if it bears the stamp of genius combined with beauty, it is a taste conveying to the mind wealth, pleasure, and refined pursuits,—indeed, far higher virtues; for I fully believe that he who possesses this taste, and pursues it, will soon turn his back on what may be termed the grosser pleasures and frivolities of life, not seldom made attractive for mere pastime. I believe it was the gifted and Christian gentleman, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, who gracefully and truthfully remarked, "That the higher order of Art was the constant handmaid of religion, and that those great masterpieces which still adorn the collections of Europe, seem to have been the offspring of piety, and were, indeed, are still, powerful aids to reverence and devotion." Altered circumstances have perhaps, in later days, somewhat changed the direction in which the current of genius used to flow, but still Art has, and ever will have, a high and noble mission to fulfil.

That man is, I think, little to be envied who can look on works of Art and go forth without being, in some sense, a hotter and a happier man—if at least it be that we feel ourselves the better and the happier when our hearts are enlarged as we sympathise with the joys and sorrows of our fellow-men.

During a visit of a few months to the United States of America, it was my good fortune to know—indeed, I hope to form friendship—with some of the leading artists at New York, and to visit with untold gratification their studios, watching for hours together the hand of Art following the counsels of the brain.

A visit through the studios of that noble city is indeed a treat; and such liberal encouragement has of recent years been accorded to Art, that artists have felt impelled to extraordinary efforts, and the results developed in the studios cannot but prove most gratifying to all interested in the

rapid advance of Art, whether at home or abroad.

Mr. Church—and I place him at once at the head of all American landscape painters, without in the slightest degree desiring uncourtously or unkindly to detract from the great talents or merits of many of his colleagues—is, or ought to be ere this, well and deservedly appreciated throughout Europe by his celebrated picture the 'Heart of the Andes,'* from which a splendid engraving has been secured in England. This engraving, with many others, has been produced under the auspices of Mr. John McClure, son of the well-known Mr. McClure of Glasgow; and only in justice to this gentleman be it said, that he has done much for American Art—as for the lovers of Art throughout Europe—by bringing to England, at great expense, the works of Church, unrivalled in their peculiar character, and causing them to be engraved. In fact, no one has done so much to diffuse an agreeable and general acquaintance with the masterpieces of the best American painters as Mr. McClure: for years it has been to him a labour indeed, but a labour of love, prosecuted often under great discouragements, with heavy losses at times, but at last, I would truly hope, to be crowned with promising prospects of success. Already he has published, from Mr. Church's paintings, chromo lithographs of the great 'Falls of Niagara,' 'Under Niagara,' and 'The Icebergs,' all remarkably true in colour and effect to the great originals. Also two companion chromos from Mr. G. H. Hall's 'Uvas de Sevilla,' or the grapes: remarkably fine and pure line engravings from Church's 'Heart of the Andes,' 'Mercy's Dream,' by Huntington; and 'The Home of Washington after the War of Independence.'

His forthcoming publications comprise 'The Aurora,' by Church, to be executed in colour as a companion to 'The Icebergs,' an exquisite gem in line engraving of the great 'Falls of Niagara,' now all but completed, upon which the engraver has been engaged for two years; a line engraving in the style of Millais's 'Huguenot,' from Broughton's delightful picture, 'Passing into the Shade,' so much admired in New York; also a series of line engravings embracing 'Cotopaxi' and 'Chimborazo,' as companions to the 'Heart of the Andes,' 'Rainy Season in the Tropics,' 'The Twilight,' to serve as a companion to Turner's 'Old Téméraire,' three companions, being 'The Rising Sun,' 'The Rising Moon,' and a picture finished some years since, now at Baltimore, entitled 'Twilight in the Cordilleras,' all being from paintings by Mr. Church.

This artist, after disposing of his superb picture of 'Cotopaxi,' I believe for £2,000, commenced that of 'Chimborazo,' the view being taken from the Guayaquil river, approaching the Cordilleras. In the foreground and middle distance is displayed the richest vegetation of the tropics, twining lianas, groups of hamboos, bananas, and clusters of palms; a distant city peeping through an arch of foliage; a broad, cool expanse of water, enlivened by passing canoes, or the strange rafts with native huts upon them; and gardens of brilliant flowers, which serve as the *lures* and *penates* for so many families in those inter-tropical regions; and over and above all, in the clear blue heavens, hangs the snowy

* Her gracious Majesty was pleased to express her admiration of this great picture; while the late amiable and noble Marquis of Lansdowne, on beholding it, observed—that he cared little who was the artist, it was one of the finest pictures the eye of man ever rested on.

dome of Chimborazo, a hundred miles distant, yet seeming almost like a cloud. This picture, so replete with sunny beauty and rare delicacy of execution, has found an appreciated home in England.

Mr. Church next commenced, on a somewhat larger canvas, 'The Rainy Season in the Tropics,' to me, I humbly admit, one of the finest works of this celebrated artist. The scenery here embodied is of grander nature: vast mountains with broken ridges, a broad plateau with green fields, a tranquil lake, whose waters escape in the foreground in tumultuous cascade—all these visible here and there through passing showers, now illumined by sunlight breaking through a rifted cloud, again shadowed by sweeping vapours and heavy tropical rains; while over the entire foreground, from mountain to mountain, its left resting on a church perched upon the crags, its right sinking into a group of palms, springs the bow of promise, tremulous in prismatic colours, spanning the heavens with a truthfulness to nature's own handiwork such as rarely, if ever, has been depicted on canvas.

All the accessories of the picture are in strict accordance with the scene portrayed—the rivulets leaping down the mountain gorges in showers of spray, the fresh green tints upon the grass banks, the roaring cataract in the immediate foreground, the cool clearness of the air as the showers pass away, the indescribable charm thrown into the general effect of a view seen so dimly through falling rain, and the exquisite beauty of the sunlight resting on a distant snow-crowned summit standing out against the clear blue sky.

We next find Mr. Church passing from the luxuriance of tropical vales to dare the frigid north, as he opens to our vision the glories of the "Aurora" flashing through the long Arctic night. Here is a literal view of the farthest north land yet discovered—masses of inhospitable cliffs wreathed in driving snow-drifts. Cold, oh how cold, in its every expression! the broad sea in the foreground fast locked in ice; the little schooner, the *United States*, with Dr. Hayes' expedition in winter quarters, showing one single gleam of home warmth from an open port; and a solitary voyager upon a sledge, drawn by a team of dogs, hastening towards the vessel, giving the only touches of human sympathy to the grim desolation of the scene; and overhead, stretching in a great arch through the heavens, the weird convolutions of the northern hammers stream forth, glittering in endless imitations of unearthly splendour, while keeping watch and ward along the icy portals to an undiscovered realm.

The 'Aurora' must take a very high rank in artistic excellence, it is something so original. Think of giving the effect of electric light, its strange convolutions, its exquisite delicacy of tints; yet here it is, flashing from the sky, and reflected from snowy cliffs upon the rough hosom of an icebound sea. You feel the sublime solitude of the gloomy Arctic night; the deadly cold, the utter absence of life, the perfect helplessness of human effort in the presence of that monarch of the north, whose throne is terror, and whose breath is the extinction of life.

As a contrast to the above-named beautiful work, Mr. Church recently painted a picture entitled 'A New England Twilight.' Here a summer's evening steals over the landscape in charming repose and beauty—not a ripple upon the sea, not a murmur from the trees—all is tranquillity;

the distance falls into indistinct shadows, shrouding the hills, and gathering over the waters: it is an evening such as we have all seen and felt—a perfect peace reigning over nature. The sun has gone down in glorious beauty, which the clouds catch, reflect, and seem to love to prolong—a rich dash of crimson in the far west, delicate fringes of light on the darker masses, and overhead azure and gold. Just such an evening as gathered in softer beauty over a newly-created world, when God rested from His labours, and saw that it was good.

Space will not permit me to linger in Church's studio, and yet how many other pictures of great merit has he painted! So let me pass to Mr. Hayes, another American artist of brilliant talent. He has lately been working mostly at cabinet pictures—groups of deer in the forest, or on the prairie—some for American connoisseurs, some for the King of Italy. These cabinet pictures have been, and are justly prized, and Mr. Hayes has been remarkably successful in his treatment of them. There is no animal painter in America, and few in England, more thoroughly conscientious in his fidelity to nature. The secluded forest or the broad plain, with the graceful grouping of their denizens, under his magic pencil, produces a charm impressing alike the cultivated in Art and the hunter from the forest. This artist richly deserves the increasing popularity which his ability has secured, and some of his works, scarcely, if at all, inferior to those of Landseer, Ansdell, or Horlor, will create a sensation in all Art-circles of a lasting and brilliant character.

Mr. Haselime is another American artist whom no one can fail to appreciate. The freedom with which he treats the bold scenery of the American coast, with the grand roll of the sea breaking upon the everlasting rocks, is marvellous.

One picture, only recently finished, embracing a view of 'Castle Rock,' near Nahant, is remarkably happy in treatment, from the grand mass of cliffs in shadow in the foreground, the delicate tints upon the sea as its crested surges roll in before a freshening breeze, and the rare transparency of the sky. This gentleman is, I believe, now at Naples or Capri, a *localité* that presents unusual artistic advantages in the boldness of its cliffs, ranging from twelve to fourteen hundred feet high, the brilliant colouring of the water, and the wonderful effects of the sky. Ere long, then, we may reasonably expect paintings from his easel equal to some of his finest pictures gleaned from his summer associations.

Mr. Nehlig has just completed his 'Artist's Dream,' a subject tried before, it is true, and with great success; but the pencil of this painter has created new features of beauty, originality of design, and shown exceeding poetical treatment. He is now, I understand, engaged upon a large picture of the 'Battle of Gettysburg,' which gives promise of great force and action, while its associations must command a wide-spread interest.

Mr. Robins, now on the Continent, a pupil, I believe, and friend of Mr. Church, also shows promise of a high rank in his profession; while Mr. Bierstadt, of whom more hereafter, has been developing his rocky mountain experiences with great effect.

But I cannot close this paper without referring to Mr. Daryl, the talented illustrator of 'Marguerite,' the 'Sleepy Hollow,' and various other works of Washington Irving and Dickens, and the designer of some admirable illustrations of the late war. In his peculiar line of art he stands unrivalled in America, if not in Europe. Pos-

sessing much of the humour of Cruikshank in his best day, combined with the power of grouping, so as to cast over the inanimate characters traced by his unerring hand and rapid pencil a sense of feeling and life-like expression, telling their own tale with striking effect.

And when I add that as yet neither Mr. Daryl nor Mr. Church have ever been in Europe, that they have never visited the rich galleries of the Continent, nor dwelt on the realities of life, save as depicted in the States, it is marvellous the high degree of Art they have attained, and the spirit which appears to have grafted itself, I may say, on their imaginations, making them to bring before the world life-like portraits of scenes rarely actually beheld. And I must in all candour declare, that among the number of artists who permitted me to look on their noble works, and watch their daily labours, there reigned an unconscious modesty in reference to their own great merits, which the world does not usually ascribe to Americans.

Another artist of most distinguished talent is Mr. Bierstadt, just mentioned. He has, I believe, travelled in Europe; but, generally speaking, he confines himself to American scenery. Though possibly possessing less poetic taste and imagination, Mr. Bierstadt has a bolder hand even than Church, and his 'Rocky Mountains,' if sent to the old country, would, or I greatly err, find abundant favour with those who love to look on modern excellence in Art. A quotation of a few lines, written on the subject of this grand picture, will in some measure illustrate its merits, or at least describe the nature of the scene it presents.

"The vales are green and narrow, and the rivers swift and deep,
Which lie between these stately hills, where nature's glories sleep,
Unbroken by the white man's tread, the white man's rifle sound,
And echoing but the Indian's whoop, the panther's deadly bound.
The red man's slender birch canoe upon each stream is seen,
The red man's wandering tent of skins is spread on every green;
But his nation's strength and glory like morning's mist must fade
Before the march of enterprise, led by the sword and spade."

The few names I have mentioned as successful American artists of the modern school are quite sufficient to show the love and rise of Art in the United States. In a brief article like this, it would be in vain to give any readable description of the numerous other artists unknown in England. In the selection I have made, however, I disclaim most emphatically the idea that, in so far offering my humble tribute of praise and amateur opinion of Art, I have the slightest desire to detract in the most remote degree the great talent of numerous others. Meanwhile, it is my firm belief that the school of American painters, by the taste and love for Art and of Art, in all its phases already so forcibly evinced, bids fair to place itself on as high a pedestal as that of any contemporary nation, if it has not already attained it.

The principal picture galleries in New York are those of—

W. H. ASPINALL	Old Masters.
AUGUSTE BELMONT	French and Belgian.
JOHN JOHNSTON	American (owns Church's 'Niagara').
ROBERT STUART	Principally American.
MARSHALL ROBERTS	Principally American.
W. OLIPHANT	Mostly American.
JOHN WOLFE	French and Belgian.
W. P. WRIGHT	Various pictures, including Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair.'
GEORGE BLODGET	Various (many of Church's).

This latter gentleman is the fortunate possessor of the 'Heart of the Andes,' and other pictures of Church's, as also the beautiful pictures of the Uvas de Sevilla, by Hall.
H. B. H.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

CAPE TOWN.—In connection with an institution for the intellectual improvement of young men, founded about three years ago under the auspices of the Lord Bishop of Cape Town, it was determined to establish a school of Art on the plan of the schools in connection with the Department of Science and Art in England. The promoters accordingly sought for a trained teacher from England, and secured the services of Mr. T. M. Lindsay, an assistant master of the Liverpool School of Art, who arrived at the Cape in May, 1864. Arrangements were at once made for opening the school, and there are now in full work six evening and five morning classes, four of which are attended by ladies. It has naturally been found difficult in a colony with scarcely any manufacturing class to create an impression of the practical value of Art-training; but, by dint of steady exertion, the institution is making its way, and has already brought out some students of more than average ability. After just one year's labour, the first exhibition, consisting entirely of students' works, was held in July last, and opened by his Excellency the Governor, Sir Philip Wodehouse, who has proved himself a liberal patron of the school. During the three days the exhibition continued open, it was visited by between two and three thousand persons. In the various classes there are now about one hundred students; and, considering the colonial difficulties of such an undertaking, it may be described as a remarkable success. A considerable number of prizes were awarded to students, both male and female, who had distinguished themselves by their drawings in competition. We may remark that the object which, at the outset, the managers of the school seek after, is the promotion of outline and practical drawing, rather than highly-finished work or pictures. A petition to the local parliament for a grant of money in aid of the school was to be presented.

PARIS.—The *Académie des Beaux-Arts*, as trustee of the funds bequeathed by M. Bordin, has offered a prize—a gold medal valued at £116—for an essay on the following subject:—"To examine and demonstrate the amount of influence exercised on Art by circumstances, national, political, moral, religious, philosophic, and scientific. To show to what extent the most eminent artists have shown themselves independent of, or affected by, such influence." The essays are to be sent in to the Secretary of the Institute on or before the 15th of June, 1867. The subject has a special interest viewed in relation to the forthcoming International Exhibition; but we do not know whether the competition is also "international," or limited to France.—M. Olivia, a French sculptor, is engaged on a bust of Richard Cobden, to be placed, by command of the Emperor, in the gallery at Versailles.—M. Guichard, President of the Exhibition of Works of Art, has conceived the project of establishing a school of Art in the Faubourg St. Antoine, a quarter of the city in which so many of the artisans of Paris reside. Separate workshops for the various kinds of artistic productions are to be created in connection with the school, and the best French artists will deliver lectures on the subject to the amount of £12,500 have already been received towards carrying out the project, and a piece of ground for the necessary buildings has been purchased on the Boulevard Philippe Auguste.

PESHU.—The Esterhazy gallery of paintings, which includes some fine examples of Murillo, has been removed from Vienna to the museum of this city, where it is intended to form, according to the desire of its owner, the nucleus of a picture-gallery.

THE PARIS
UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION, 1867.

It appears, from a notice issued by the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, that the 28th February, 1866, has been fixed upon as "*the last day for receiving demands for space.*" Although, to our minds, it will be difficult for contributors to ascertain their wants so long in advance; and although, to us, it seems needless to call upon them for absolute resolves thirteen months before the Exhibition will open, it is quite clear that ordinary exhibitors, artists, manufacturers, &c., must obey the mandate.

The Exhibition will probably be the last that will be witnessed by those that were in their prime in 1851: for, undoubtedly, many years will pass before—either in England or in France—there will be another. We know that the leading producers of Art-works in Great Britain are determined upon great efforts to be represented worthily. They will enter into the competition with far more confidence than they did in 1857, when Paris, following the example of England, invited contributions from all parts of the world. Then, English manufacturers distrusted their own powers; they anticipated not triumph, but defeat. It is otherwise now: in Great Britain there has been a marvellous advance; while in France there has been little, if any. France in 1862, did not, as she did in 1851, throw all competitors into the shade: she gave us "fair play" in 1857, and we are quite sure will do so again in 1867.

We believe, therefore, our Art-producers are acting wisely in resolving generally to respond to the call that France has made upon them in common with the other countries of the world.

It may be well, even at this early period, to state that the Paris Universal Exhibition we shall *report fully*; illustrating it, perhaps, as extensively as we did the International Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, having due regard, and giving proper prominence, to such works as are *instructive*. There can be no doubt that the wealth of Nations will be there gathered—in meritorious competition; and it will be again our duty—probably, as we have intimated, for the last time—to preserve a worthy and useful record (for the practical teaching, by example) of the productions of every people and country of the globe.*

On this subject we shall necessarily have much to say hereafter: for the present, it will suffice thus to notice our intention.

Those who require information for their guidance—intending to exhibit works in Paris, in 1867—may obtain copies of the printed "regulations" by applying for them at the Museum, South Kensington. It is a very clear, circumstantial, and satisfactory document; we learn thence that "the Universal Exhibition" (that name seems to have been adopted in preference to "International") will be held in a temporary building in the Champ de Mars; and that it will open on the 1st of April, 1867, to be kept open until the 31st of

* It may be right to state, that a provision is made similar to that which was made in London in 1852.

* No work of Art, or object, exhibited in the Exhibition building or in the Park may be drawn, copied, or reproduced in any manner whatever, without the authority of the exhibitor who is the author of it. The Imperial Commission reserves to itself the right to authorise the taking of general views of the Exhibition.

We respectfully yet earnestly hope the Imperial Commission will take warning by the results of the miserable attempt to make a little money (even in that right a failure), in 1862, by the production of what was called "AN OFFICIAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE."

October following. It is placed under the direction of an Imperial Commission, whose duty it will be:—

To make known throughout the whole extent of the department the measures relative to the organisation of the Exhibition, and to distribute the forms of *demands for space* and other documents issued by the Imperial Commission.

To point out, *before the 31st October, 1865*, the principal artists, agriculturists, and manufacturers, whose productions would seem specially calculated to contribute to the success of the Exhibition.

To appoint a Commission of learned men, agriculturists, manufacturers, overseers, and other persons with special knowledge, to make a careful study of the Exhibition, and to publish a report upon the means of applying in the department the lessons which the Exhibition may have taught.

Artists, &c., will be sufficiently informed when they have read the following:—

Works by French and foreign artists, executed since the 1st January, 1855, will be received for exhibition.

The following will not be received:—

Copies, including those which reproduce a work in a manner different to that of the original.

Oil-paintings, miniatures, water-colour paintings, pastels, designs, and cartoons for stained-glass frescoes—without frames.

Sculpture in unbaked clay.

The number and nature of the rewards that may be given in respect of Art, as well as the constitution of the international jury who will be called upon to act as judges, will be decided hereafter.

Before the 15th August, 1866, the Imperial Commission will notify to the Foreign Commissions the amount of space allotted to each of them for the display of the productions of their respective exhibitors.

All expenses, such as the employment of workmen in the building, the reception and opening of packages, the removal and charge of packing cases, the construction of counters, stages, glass and other cases, &c., the placing of goods in the Exhibition building and in the Park, the decoration of the stalls, and the return of the goods, are to be borne by the exhibitors, French as well as foreign.

The various stalls and fittings may be erected in the Exhibition as fast as the buildings are completed; they must be commenced at latest on the 1st December, 1866, and must be ready for the reception of goods *before the 15th January, 1867*.

From the 11th to the 28th March, 1867, the goods already unpacked and placed in the stalls, are to be arranged and displayed for exhibition. A review of the whole Exhibition will take place on the 31st March.

The name of the producer will be affixed to the goods exhibited. The name of the retailer who usually acts as his agent may be added with the producer's consent.

The Imperial Commission will, when required, make arrangements for the exhibition of goods under the name of the retailer, when not sent for exhibition by the producer.

Exhibitors are requested to insert after their own names, or the names of their firms, the names of those persons who have contributed in a special manner to the merit of the products exhibited, either as inventors or designers, or by some process of manufacture, or by some remarkable skill in the workmanship.

The cash price of the objects exhibited and the place where they may be purchased may be stated.

A ticket will be delivered to each exhibitor, which will give him free admission.

These rules and regulations it is essential for every intended exhibitor to study; but, as we have intimated, a comprehensive programme may be easily obtained.

We trust that the *entente cordiale* which now so thoroughly unites France and England, will be not only unbroken, but strengthened, by time.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF T. BIRCHALL, ESQ.,
RIBBLETON HALL, PRESTON.

THE GIPSY QUEEN.

P. F. Poole, R.A., Painter. F. Joubert, Engraver.

WHETHER the title accorded to this picture is the most appropriate that could be found for it may reasonably be questioned; the figure is, we apprehend, only one of those numerous fancy portraits painted by the artist, and introduced as gleaners, fishermen's daughters, girls at a spring, &c. &c.; charming portraits, they are, too: bright, vivacious, and life-like in character—allowing some margin for artistic licence—vigorous in execution, and brilliant in colouring. The walls of our annual exhibitions supply abundant evidence of the great popularity of this kind of works; figure-painters of every grade of excellence practise it more or less, with a tolerable certainty of finding purchasers, because the subjects are so attractive as to recommend themselves to a public which is pleased and satisfied with whatever has in it the embodiment of simple nature, clothed though it may be in the garb of imagination. Yet an artist will never elevate himself to great eminence by confining his labours to such pictures, and Mr. Poole would never have risen to the rank he now holds had he done nothing more; but the painter of 'Solomon Eagle during the great Plague of London,' of 'The Goths in Italy,' of 'The Messenger announcing the evil tidings to Job,' and others of like character, can well afford to employ a small portion of his time upon the *belles* of the village or fishing-town, without fear of losing caste among his professional brethren, or reputation with the public.

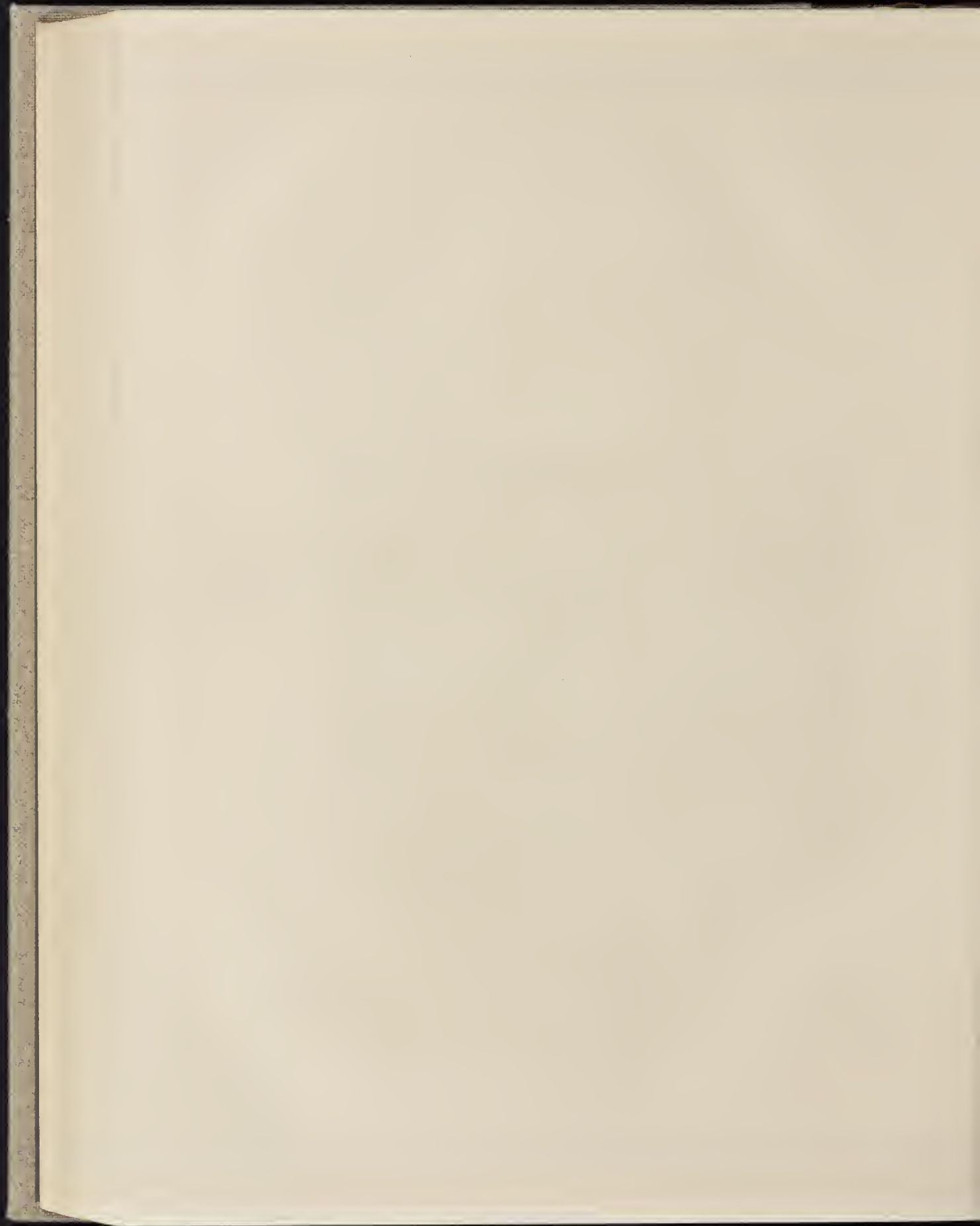
We have intimated that the title and the subject of this little picture do not appear quite in harmony, and yet we know not what other, of a definite signification, could be given to it. Certainly the locality, so far as the bit of landscape introduced can determine it, may be the resort of gipsy tribes, and the face of the girl, with her large, black, full eyes, and arch expression, is not incompatible with the features of the race. But here identity seems to stop, and we look elsewhere in vain for any assimilation to the descendants of Ishmael, the free denizens of the wild heath and shadowy lanes—a nation without a country, a people without a home. In her picturesque but most indescribable hat she has gracefully placed a drooping feather, and her bodice, somewhat closely fitting, displays a bust of which the queen of an empire might be proud. As she leans against, and rests her well-rounded arm on, the green bank, in spite of the long bramble sprays springing from it, the coquettish attitude of the figure, no less than the expression of the countenance, indicates that she is not insensible of her pretensions to be a "gipsy queen;" and as in olden time ladies of high birth possessed their favourite falcons, which they petted and made companions of, so Mr. Poole has given to his royal maiden not a regal bird, but a fine magpie, which, perched on her finger, appears to be chattering his delight at the position he occupies. The introduction of this "accessory" into the composition is a happy idea, filling up a vacant space on the canvas with a pleasing object, while it serves to balance the outline of the figure on the opposite side.



W. HOLE & A. S. D.

THE GYPSY QUEEN.

FRANCIS & TAYLOR, 11, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON. W. HOLE & A. S. D., ENGRAVERS.



GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

No. XI.—WILHELM VON KAULBACH.



KAULBACH comes as a crowning climax to the long and illustrious series of German painters of the modern school. He is the consummation of the great revival, the history of which through the past fifty years I now, with the present paper, bring to a close. If born in ancient Greece, he had been a Phidias; if in middle-age Italy, a Raphael; if in modern France, a Delacroix; but a native of Waldeck, in west Germany, his genius has taken on the guise which is better in keeping with his time and country. The pictorial phenomena presented by his paintings are not a little complex. His compositions are as a go-between and a compromise of many styles. His manner is architectonic, yet florid and free; sculptural, yet wanting in the qualities which distinguish a picture from a bas-relief. And hence it is that the creations of Kaulbach fail to bring entire satisfaction to either the architect, the sculptor, or the painter. Nevertheless, taken

for all in all, Wilhelm von Kaulbach, I think, merits the position usually assigned to him, that of the first among the living artists of Europe.

Wilhelm von Kaulbach was born in the small town of Arolsen, in Westphalia, in the year 1805. His father, a goldsmith by trade, proposing to make of Wilhelm an artist, took the youth, when seventeen years old, to Dusseldorf, and placed him as a student in the Academy, then under the direction of Cornelius. At the age of twenty-one, Kaulbach followed his master to Munich, and commenced the works which first brought him into notice. Among his earliest productions were six allegorical frescoes, executed in the arcade of the Hofgarten. About this same period, while yet the artist fell short of his five-and-twentieth year, we hear of several productions, such as a wall-painting of 'Apollo and the Muses,' in the Odéon, and the celebrated design, entitled 'The Madhouse,' the materials for which had been collected some years previously from a lunatic asylum in Dusseldorf. Then followed a series of sixteen wall-pictures in the palace of the Duke Maximilian, illustrations of the oft-painted myth, the loves of Cupid and Psyche. Further years were devoted to the decoration, conjointly with Schwanthaler, the sculptor, and Schnorr, the painter, of King Ludwig's new palace. Kaulbach's share of the work was the illustration of Klopstock, Wieland, and Goethe. Character and truth, fertility, facility, and fancy, were qualities conspicuous even in these comparatively pretence compositions. The frescoes which, at a later period, Kaulbach placarded on the external walls



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

FLIGHT OF THE CHRISTIANS.
AN EPISODE FROM 'THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.'

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

of the New Pinakothek, grotesque and hideous designs, that have sometimes been likened to the advertisement pictures placed in front of itinerant menageries at country fairs, are, by common consent, wholly unworthy of the artist's renown. In the year

1837, was completed for Count Raczyński, the design since executed in "water-glass," in the New Museum of Berlin, Kaulbach's masterpiece, 'The Battle of the Huns.' The cartoon for another chief work, 'The Destruction of Jerusalem,'

was also completed in the years 1837 and 1838. The oil-picture elaborated therefrom eight years later, King Ludwig purchased, and placed in the New Pinakothek: a "water-glass" replica covers one of the compartments of the Berlin Museum. In the year 1846 was published a series of designs, scarcely less esteemed in England than in Germany, elucidations of Göthe's "Reynard the Fox." Here the artist's subtlety as a humorist and power as a satirist are seen in the full fling of revelry. Kaulbach, ever fertile in fancy and fluent in hand, has been copious in the illustration of books. In this walk, a folio edition of the Gospels, and the Shakspeare Gallery, may be mentioned among the best known products of his pencil. The last ten or fifteen years of the painter's life have been devoted to the great mural pictures which decorate the "Treppehaus" of the New Museum, Berlin.

Kaulbach, as we have seen, was in his early years allied to the school of Dusseldorf; in his maturer manhood he became identified with Munich; and now in the advance of life he is leaving

his mark on the city of Berlin. His connection with Dusseldorf, the town which, above all others, acknowledged the sway of Overbeck, the spiritualist, did not enrol Kaulbach as a disciple of Fra Angelico, or Perugino; neither did his residence in Munich, a city which, for long years, lay subject to the dominion of Cornelius, make him a follower of Michael Angelo. Between Cornelius the master and Kaulbach the pupil there has, indeed, always been a wide interval. Cornelius is metaphysical, material, and musical. His creations are historical, erudite, and incomprehensible. That Kaulbach was indebted to the great master for grandeur of form, and wide sweep of discursive thought, there may be little doubt. Yet to what he borrowed he added more; not, indeed, that the materials he supplemented were always his own; rather let me say that Kaulbach obliterated his obligations to Cornelius by putting the artists of all times and countries under contribution; that he made good his independence of any one among his contemporaries by drawing wealth from the accumulative stores



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

THE BATTLE OF THE HUNS.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

of every Greek and Italian who has left to the world works which cannot die. Yet even the most cursory examination of the products educed, prove that these diverse materials become fused in the furnace of the painter's studio; and the flux which makes even dissonant matter flow into one homogeneous mass is in the nature of an æsthetic essence. A sense of beauty is the one faculty which Cornelius lacked; a love of what is lovely for its own sake is, in fact, a state of mind all but unknown to the German school. Kaulbach, however, as a rare anomaly in a race of the northern hemisphere, came into the world pre-eminently gifted with the æsthetic sense. Unlike his forerunner, Cornelius, he is more of an artist than of a historian, more of an Epicurean than of a philosopher; and differing from Overbeck, he is rather the painter than the divine. As with Raphael and Praxiteles, so with Kaulbach, Art as Art became the supreme aim and end,—an art identical with essential beauty. Hence, in good degree, the popularity which pertains to the creations and compilations of Kaulbach. They appeal to a

universal sense implanted in every breast, they strike those chords of intuition which vibrate with exquisite pleasure; they fall upon the eye as music upon the ear in soft seductive cadence.

To say that in Kaulbach the æsthetic sense is supreme were, after all, to leave the analysis of his creations incomplete. Kaulbach's love for the beautiful is not so much abstract, ideal, or absolute, as a direct induction from classic master works. Alone in Europe Kaulbach stands as the representative of the antique style draped in modern garbs. Some artists among his contemporaries, as we have seen, are naturalistic; others, again, are spiritualistic, but to him it is given to follow in the footsteps of the masters of the Italian *Renaissance*, and so it has been his delight to reanimate, and to adapt to every-day ends, the forms which Phidias in the Elgin friezes had fashioned, and the figures that Greek painters had on vases delineated. Possibly Kaulbach had been greater, or, at least, more original, had he borrowed less and created more. Yet in the history of Art, as in the progress

of science, nothing is better established than that great men are dependent on their antecedents and surroundings, and that the grandest works have been compiled out of anterior products rather than created absolutely out of nothing. This were true even of the genius and achievements of Raphael and Michael Angelo. If, then, a man must date back somewhere, I would, with Kaulbach, say that it is impossible to go to a source more copious or puro

than that which flowed out of the midst of ancient Greece. Whether Greek Art, as served up by Kaulbach, is not a little spoilt in the redressing, may possibly be questioned. A Venus in modern German guise is a coquette, a figure of Pudicitia becomes the courtesan. The goddess dies, the woman only lives. Again, it may be feared whether classic modes do not intrude into the works of Kaulbach when least wanted and welcome, whether the



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

THE GENIUS OF PAINTING.

{Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

spirit which was dominant in the Italian Renaissance to the corruption of a purer Art, does not faint creations which ought to shine solely in the light of Christian graces. It must, at least, be admitted that the offspring of Kaulbach's imagination is hybrid. The pedigree which he traces from Parnassus and Olympus is not pure. The flesh and the spirit intermingle in a manner lawless and illegitimate. His angels are Psyches, his

cherubs are Cupids, his virtues Venuses, his Christs Apollos, his Madonnas Junos, his Jehovahs Jupiters.

The style of the Italian renaissance, which is tyrannous in Kaulbach, obtains an incontestable triumph in the friezes designed as borders to the grand compositions that decorate the Berlin Museum. Taken for all in all, I consider these creations the most successful arabesques the world has seen. For sportive

fantasy they are unsurpassed, for the facile and felicitous transformation of human figures into inanimate forms, for growth of the lithesome limbs of children into stems, and leaves, and budding flowers, they stand beyond all known examples; for geometric balance and interlacing of curves that in sequence of lines become melody and music, these compositions are not surpassed by the arabesques in the baths of Titus, or the friezes and pilasters of Raphael in the loggia of the Vatican. In these sportive feats of the fancy a prominent part is played by a charming little fellow to whom a story attaches. Kaulbach, it is said, desired to have a child such as his imagination had conceived and his hand created. Accordingly, it is recorded, that in due time his wife presented him with a little boy, modelled from top to toe after the manner of his painted geni. Certain it is that Kaulbach has a faculty for the making of children who shall live and rejoice in the world of Art. Correggio was not more ready at the creation of cherubs than Kaulbach in the calling into being of cupids, sportive as butterflies over flowers. In these friezes precocious little urchins as the heralds of civilisation are made to enact various stages in the progress of the arts and sciences. Here are little philosophers looking through telescopes, children-artists painting pictures, modelling statuettes, small musicians, Pan-like, playing on pipes, presumptuous heroes contending with Jove's eagle. The exquisite fooling of this infant play must be seen to be appreciated. The artist himself seems to have become once more a little child, so thoroughly is he at home in this game of innocence.

The same faculty for the faceties, the same exuberance of fun and jollity—that facility for bringing into unexpected contact things similar and discordant which has sometimes been deemed the true essence of wit—is found in still more startling manifestation in Kaulbach's far-famed illustrations to Göthe's poem of "Roineke Fuchs." The metamorphosis, which in the friezes just described carries human form into vegetative growth, obtains in these bold designs a still more startling transmutation of species. Men and animals seem here to lose all distinctive difference; the brute creation assumes the functions and high prerogatives of humanity. The lion does not simply roar, but thunders forth orations; the dog does not so much bark as talk; the donkey is not a simple ass, but an absolute fool; the fox is not a knave, but rather the cunning sage. Animals here assemble as gods in council. The lion and the lioness are enthroned; the lion is sick, and the queen lioness dissolves in tears: the owl looks on doubly grave, and the cat hides her face in her kerchief. The mock gravity wherewith the whole joke is sustained, makes the absurdity triumphant and irresistible.

That the German grotesque, which from century to century has cropped out in the sculptures of Gothic churches, obtains rampant manifestation in the conceits of which Kaulbach is guilty, it were superfluous to observe. More novelty may be found in the remark that a semblance subsists between the humour of our English Hogarth and the keen, sly wit of the German satirist. Comedy is unknown to the earnest phases of Italian Art. Broadest farce, however, makes itself at home even in the midst of the most serious German thought. And certainly our own people, who glory in the discords of the Shakspeare drama, can scarcely be shocked at the pictorial discrepancies which Kaulbach delights to encounter and overcome. That the great artist wholly escapes vulgarity in such figures as Alaric in 'The Battle of the Huns,' and Belus in 'The Tower of Babel,' none of his admirers will venture to assert. The truly great genius is able to strip off the robes of state and ceremony, and still to maintain nobility. We had a right to expect that Kaulbach would act the hero even to his valet.

When I first made the acquaintance of the grand mural paintings of Kaulbach in Berlin, the new and experimental process of water-glass was unknown in this country. I submitted the pictures then in course of execution to careful examination. The surface of the composition prepared for the reception of the artist's designs, had the appearance of a large grained freestone, and was as sharp to the touch as sand-paper. A like surface I have subsequently found prepared for the water-glass pictures of Mr. Maclise, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Cope in our own Houses of Parliament. A close inspection of the pictures in Berlin revealed the loading on of colours in the lights, and a transparency of tone and a hatching in the shadows which showed that the process called forth the full resources of the artist's manipulation. The scumbling of opaque, and the glazing over of transparent pigments were methods evidently as admissible in the new material as in the older medium of oil. Nevertheless, the granulated texture of the original surface appeared through the picture's overspread veil, and thus was preserved that power of giving off light which has usually been deemed a vital attribute in fresco. I also noted that the colours did not penetrate into the texture of the composition, but on the contrary lay merely as a thin covering over the outer face. The general and final effect on close approach is rather woolly; at a distance, however, there is a pleasant softness

in the blended outlines and suffused colours. By some persons this new process of water-glass, adopted by Kaulbach in Berlin, and sanctioned by the Fine Arts Commission of England, is deemed one of the signal discoveries of the age. That the method promises peculiar facilities of execution, that so far it offers tempting advantages over fresco, may readily be admitted. But, on the other hand, that this much lauded process is as yet experimental, not to say empirical, and that the whole practice of mural painting has, by a series of failures, been put in jeopardy and disrepute, must no less be conceded.

'THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM,' of which we publish that charming episode, the flight of Christians for safety from the city's devouring flames, ranks with the greatest works of modern times. The *chef-d'œuvre* of Overbeck, 'The Influence of Religion on the Arts,' the celebrated picture of Veit, 'The Introduction of Christianity into Germany,' the grand picture of Delacroche, 'The Hemicycle,' in the *Académie des Beaux Arts*, and the majestic frieze of Flandrin, in the Church of *St. Vincent de Paul*—works which record the triumphs of modern European schools—serve to show Kaulbach in supremacy and isolation. This, the greatest among living artists, manifests in such pictures as the 'Destruction of Jerusalem' and 'The Battle of the Huns,' a power wanting to Overbeck, a versatility not found in Veit, a readiness and copiousness of utterance never granted even to French artists the most masterly, such as Delacroche, Scheffer, and Flandrin. Kaulbach, by these works, proves himself an epic painter. His subjects have grandeur, and his treatment is endowed with dignity. He treads across the historic fields of space and time with stately step; the march of his heroes makes a spectacle for men and angels. That the world for him is one vast stage, and that the men and women are but players, is perhaps a misfortune and a fault. It must be deemed a pity that his genius has not the charm of being unconscious of its cleverness; it is to be regretted that the left hand of his talent is not unknowing of what the right hand doeth; that the virtues and the graces which he practises and adorns are not unmindful of the praise of men. Homer and Phidias, Dante and Raphael, Chancer and Shakspeare, are simple, severe, and all but unadorned: men conscious of power are not ever busy to proclaim it; they move not in ostentation, they pray not at the corners of the streets, nor sound a trumpet as they pass through a city. Some of the noblest deeds history records, exquisite poems, too, on which the tongue lingers, lovely paintings that the world treasures, are so simple in their mode of birth, that their bringing forth scarcely attracts the public eye. The truly great man preserves an even tenor on his way; the really great work has passion but no spasms. I have extolled Kaulbach in no stinted terms, yet I know that his mortality is betrayed even through his robes of state. His limits are confessed when he rushes towards the illimitable; his finality is felt when in boldest flight he steals fire from heaven. Kaulbach has many virtues, but moderation is not of their company.

Nevertheless, let me in fine recapitulate the claims which Kaulbach lays upon the remembrance of posterity. His subjects, his styles, and his materials, which are many, are alike worthy of note. His themes, we have seen, are wide in range and lofty in aspiration. History in epochs which are landmarks in the world's civilisation; philosophy that teaches through example; poetry as manifested in the creations of Shakspeare and Göthe; life in its light and shade, in the climax of its joy and the depth of its sorrow—such are the subjects which in their diversity and import measure the genius and circumscribe the labours of Kaulbach. In style, too, as in subject, this painter displays the same versatility; by turns he is grave and gay. Like dramatists and actors of first quality, he is great at once in comedy and in tragedy; his impersonations, in short, are close upon the models of Phidias and Raphael, of Durer and Hogarth. The name of Kaulbach will also be identified with the most successful efforts to free Art from the tyranny of the Church, to ennoble secular subjects by lofty thought and elevated treatment, and to raise the practice of monumental painting to an equality with the sister arts of sculpture and architecture. Such are the services which Kaulbach has conferred upon his age and country. He enters upon his sixtieth year, and wears a crown as chief among living painters.

The somewhat arduous attempt to bring to the knowledge of English readers the great masters and works of the modern German revival of painting is with the present paper complete. In the prosecution of this task I have met with no assistance, and, as might be expected when preaching to an unappreciating public, have found little sympathy. It is, however, some consolation to know that the principles which have for the last fifty years obtained favour in Germany, do not stand in need of further sanction; and the labour of love, now brought to a close, finds sufficient recompense in the persuasion that the truths inculcated will endure so long as high Art is revered, and must prevail even in our own land so soon as low Art has ceased to be the vogue.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION.

THIRTEENTH: 129, Pall Mall.

THIS collection amounts in number to upwards of a hundred pictures, among which are many presenting the best characteristics of the painters whose productions they are; yet, as these exhibitions are but introductory to what we may call the Art-season, the great efforts of the profession are reserved for the full tide of that time. There are, however, on these walls two things that must strike the experienced observer; an absence of that preponderance of domestic subjects which usually now forms a striking feature of every exhibition; and a disposition so marked in the way of deferential retrospect towards the "old masters," as to look like the beginning of a transition in that direction. We are well content to be reminded, by free translations, now of Titian, now of Giorgione, and anon of that admirable Andrea, unknown out of Florence. There is more honour in sitting at the feet of such men than in attempting to deal with the so-called inspirations of the infancy of painting.

We have seen in this room in Pall Mall some of the most genuine essays of Pro-Rafaellism, but these are now comparatively rare. One of the works on which the eye instantly rests is 'Dr. Johnson's first Interview with John Wilkes,' by E. M. Ward, R.A. The scene is found in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and its point turns on Wilkes pressing Johnson to take another slice of roast veal,—for they had met at dinner,—but Johnson is proof against the winning smile and suave manner of Wilkes. He has had enough, and has asked for a glass of ale. The learning and skill shown in this work leave nothing to be desired, either in the narrative or the composition. Johnson declines positively to be again helped, and Wilkes's manner is essentially according to Boswell's description. Next to the perspicuity of the story is the mastery knowledge shown in the prominence given to, or withheld from, the objects introduced. The subject is one which might have been so easily vulgarised, that it is a high merit to have thus elevated it. 'Iver House in the time of Charles I,' F. Goodall, R.A., showing children feeding swans in the moat, recalls 'An Episode in the happier Days of Charles I,' exhibited by this artist some years since; yet the former is purely original as to idea, and in every way independent of the latter. In contrast so striking to this is (15) 'The Well near Cairo,' that if the matter were doubtful, it is bright and difficult to believe both were the work of the same hand. By L. W. Desanges is a portrait of the Princess of Wales, somewhat younger, it would seem, than the royal lady herself, and, we submit, wanting force from the light flat background. 'The Curt Reply' (40), G. F. Follingsby, is a version of the story of the writing on the window by Raleigh, "Fain would I climb," &c. Queen Elizabeth is in the act of writing the line that completes the couplet. She is attended by one of her ladies, and Raleigh is seen retiring; it is bright and well drawn. There is another scene in which a queen plays a principal part, (14) 'Attempted escape of Mary, Queen of Scots, from Lochleven Castle,' by P. Calderon, A.R.A., but it presents a humble contrast to the courtly style of the other, showing Queen Mary equipped as a handmaid, with a bundle of linen on her head, and thus waiting a favourable opportunity for escape. It is so simple and unpretentious throughout, that it would scarcely be attributed to a painter so ambitious as Mr. Calderon.

'The Eve of the Deluge' (96), by W. B. Scott, is as remarkable for the diligent research exercised in determining the properties of the subject as for the conscientious elaboration with which it is worked out. The suggestion occurs in the 24th chapter of St. Matthew:—"They were eating and drinking, and giving in marriage," &c. Thus we see Noah and his family entering the ark in the presence of a jeering company, heedless of the sign which is already rising in the sky. According to the authorities we now possess, these people with their surroundings are set forth more accurately than

in any similar picture that has come under our notice. 'Little Red Riding Hood' (76), and 'Attention Diverted' (77), are the contributions of J. E. Millais, R.A. The former is a little girl in profile, in the accustomed dress, and the other shows a lady seated at a piano: it is a sketch. 'Taking an Opportunity' (33), by T. Faed, R.A., contains one figure, that of a servant maid, having a pile of tea-chests before her, on which she leans while writing a letter. The picture is thin, and according to the richness of Mr. Faed's works generally, looks incomplete. 'The Guardian' (31), and 'She gae me a glance wi' her bonny blue e'e,' are by Alfred Elmore, R.A. The former is an old story, that of a watchful old uncle or father, and a niece or daughter, who looks much chagrined that no opportunity occurs of despatching to her lover a letter, which she conceals with her muff. The incident and character are extremely well rendered, and the picture is brilliant and effective. 'Rosy Morn' (43), W. C. Frost, A.R.A., a nymph and an amorino—nothing new in the idea—but brought forward with a sweetness savouring of the verse of Milton, even worthily embodying Homer's "rosy-fingered morn." There is no other member of our school enthusiastic enough to paint classic poetry, when the public taste rises little beyond domestic anecdote. By G. F. Watts are four contributions, one of which is (106) 'Portrait of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone,' another, (107) 'Portrait of Mr. Hanbury,' the third, (108) 'A Study with the Peacock's Feathers,' and the fourth, (109) 'Portrait of a Lady.' The second (107) is really a fine study, and if complexion be nothing in portraiture, perhaps very like; but that of Mr. Gladstone is unintelligible as a portrait. It is not difficult to paint in this way, but it is extremely difficult to make a picture of a head wherein are seen qualities other than picturesqueness. It is not every subject that can be made to refer to some famous remnant of the fathers of Art.

'A Lady with Azaleas' (65), P. Leighton, A.R.A., is like all the productions of its author, a work of thought and study. The lady holds up before her a vase containing the flowers, and wears a mantle of white satin richly embroidered, but underneath the mass of drapery there is not a sufficient indication of form. The head-dress, also, might have been less heavy, yet it is an original and an admirable picture, although the head attire be somewhat too Cenci-like.

F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., has interpreted Tennyson's lines,—

"The sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers."

in a very happy version of a youth and maiden, the former reaching below the bank on which he is seated to pluck the flowers, and present them to his mistress. The subjects recently painted by Mr. Pickersgill are much more perspicuous in their personal narrative than those culled from Italian poetry and history. 'Preparing a Cudgel' (112), J. D. Watson, is a spirited study of a man in the hood and hose of the fifteenth century; he is trimming a stick. E. W. Cooke, R.A., contributes a most extraordinary study of shingle and boulders in 'The Breakwater at Porlock Weir' (20), and in 'The Dutch Coast at Kawijk' (18), one of the best of his fishing-boat scenes. In 'Arnie's Dessert' (6), G. Baxter, a child holding a salver of fruit, this artist sustains his character for tender and bright colour. In 'Die Heu Magd,' W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A., the colour of the child's face is too monotonously red. She is carrying at her back a basket of grass. The work is otherwise very characteristic. 'The Boulogne Fish Market' (49), J. Hayllar, is one of the best of his works. 'The Fast Flowing Tide' (55), J. C. Hoops, R.A., shows the difficulty of a couple of Breton peasants with their load of sea-weed sinking into the sand with a rising tide—a load too heavy for the two miserable little cows that are urged to extricate it by merciless beating. The description is pointed and circumstantial. 'The Ardour Hills from Ballaculish' (51), and 'The Black Valley, County Kerry' (52), Edward Hargett, are distinguished by much freshness of feeling. 'The Dogano and San Saluto' (86), George C. Stanfield, is painted in a much higher key, and with more sweetness of colour,

than antecedent works—a graceful advance on what he has hitherto done. 'The Winepress' (98), R. S. Stanhope, is an essay in what may be called the genuine spirit of Pre-Rafaellite art. There are in addition to those mentioned other works of merit, as 'The Haunt of the Crocodile' (25), F. Dillon; 'His Likeness' (41), W. P. Frith, R.A.; 'Alpen Glühen' (38), Mrs. Follingsby; 'Earnest Prayer' (75), Charles Martin; 'Lily' (85), James Sant; 'The Widow's Consolation' (95), Kate Swift; and others by W. D. Wynfield, W. F. Yeames, A. Hughes, C. Rossiter, &c., and what must not be forgotten, a series of subjects for the decoration of a dining-room by Yeames, Hodgson, Leslie, Storey, Wynfield, and Marks. Interspersed in the collection are many productions of inferior merit, showing on the part of the management a desire to assist aspirants, as yet feeble, by exhibition at least of their crude efforts.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION.

ELEVENTH: SUFFOLK STREET.

THERE were last season two winter exhibitions, both in Pall Mall; there are now two open, one in Pall Mall, a second in Suffolk Street; and it remains to be seen whether there will or will not be a third. Year by year we hear of new and extraordinary speculations in Art which bespeak the unprecedented prosperity of the profession; but, more than all, the increase of "winter exhibitions" has a marked significance, the more especially when consisting of such a gathering as that now in the rooms of the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street. Considered as a gathering of modern cabinet pictures, it is the most comprehensive we have ever seen, and one of the most interesting.

Although the catalogue numbers upwards of six hundred works, there are but few that could with justice be denied a place in any exhibition. All the available space is covered, and one room is filled with foreign productions of great excellence. The great value of the collection may be understood when it is known that it contains pictures or drawings by Roberts, Stanfield, E. M. Ward, Frith, Poole, Ansdell, Faed, Sant, Dobson, J. Lewis, E. W. Cooke, F. Goodall, Harding, Westall, Haghe, J. Gilbert, B. Foster, Giffin, Robson, Cox, Duncan, Hart, Fielding, Chausers, F. Taylor, Rosa Bonheur, Verboeckhoven, Bougereau, Trayer, Koekkoek, Thom, &c. As to poetry and history, we have little to say of the one, and nothing of the other;—a most curious anomaly—when our school could not draw, its subjects were poetical and historical; now that it can draw, both sources are ignored. English history, therefore, remains to be painted; and it is well it should be so, for there are yet many changes to come in our Art. The subject painted by E. M. Ward, R.A., is 'Jeannie Deans' First Visit to the Duke of Argyll,' from the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," which, it may be supposed, would be readily disposed of by the hand that has so felicitously dealt with the most exciting scenes of the French Revolution, and many memorable passages in our own annals. Mr. Ward communicates to his characters the expression of profound emotion, and not infrequently of excitement, interpretable by personal action; but here is a scene in which the painter has resolved that nothing should move, in order that we might the better hear the beating of poor Jeannie's heart, who sits in rapt attention, with eyes fixed on the features of the duke, while he reads the declaration of Edie's innocence. Although brought thus into conjunction these two impersonations are in such relative opposition that the purpose of the interview is at once obvious, and we read the result in the interest given by the duke to the poor girl's prayer. It is an admirable picture, showing throughout neither sign of weakness nor impatience.

'Christopher Sly,' by W. Q. Orchardson, is one of the most successful readings of the humour of Shakspeare that has ever been exhibited. The maudlin stare of the drunken and bewildered cobbler, when beset by the butler and

his troop of lacqueys, is in perfect harmony with such a petition as "For God's sake, a pot of small ale!"—uttered by Sly as he sprawls out of bed; and the conceptions and attitudes of the serving men respond most perfectly to the respectful "Will't please your honour," &c.—prefacing the invitations to drink sack or eat conserves. We remember 'The Challenge,' painted by this artist, and we cannot bestow higher praise on 'Christopher Sly' than by saying that it is in everything equal to the former. In two pictures by E. Long, 'Corpus Christi in Cordova' (361) and 'Matting Making in Grenada' (293), there is a varied display of Spanish character. The former especially, that of a religious procession passing through narrow and crowded streets, is a masterpiece of diligence and profitable study. Of 'The Gentle Student' (425) and 'The Walk from School' (439), both by J. Sant, A.R.A., it is something to say that they are two of the most charming figures ever exhibited by Mr. Sant. In his studies of children he realises the simplicity of Reynolds better than any one who has ever essayed it. The observer is entranced by the inexpressible sweetness of these two heads. There is much originality in 'The Knight's Mirror' (221), P. R. Morris, a group of a knight armed *cap-a-pie*, and his lady, whose face is reflected in his breastplate; but between the figures there is too great a disparity of stature, as he looks like a giant; the background is darkly monotonous; in other respects the labour and care bestowed on the subject tell their own story. It is somewhat far to travel, to go to the "Last Days of Pompeii" for a subject; we have, nevertheless, 'Glancus and Ione in the Cave of the Witch of Veauvius' (385), W. Maw Egley, worked out very assiduously with two effects, those of firelight and moonlight, and with a degree of elaboration always commanding a satisfactory result. 'At Bay' (346) is the title given to a picture of an Egyptian or Jewish woman, who seems, with her two children, to have, as it may be assumed, taken refuge, during some reign of terror, in a stable, or a vault. It may allude to the Massacre of the Innocents; but that which might have been richly descriptive, becomes obscure by reason of the title. There is, however, an earnestness about the picture capable of much better things. 'A Spanish Improvisatore' (482), J. B. Burgess, is a Spanish street scene, wherein the improvisatore, a fellow of infinite wit, humour, and gallantry, sits on a stone, surrounded by an enraptured audience, who vehemently applaud the compliments he is paying to a lady tending her flowers at a window above,—by no means inferior, though with a different feeling, to the picture exhibited under this name at the Academy last season. In 'The Doubtful Move' (266), R. Hillingford, we see two young people, perhaps lovers, engaged in a game of chess. The lady hesitates, and seems by her look to appeal to an aged cavalier—her father it may be—who is seated by her side. The party occupy a room sumptuously furnished in the taste of the seventeenth century. The subject is by no means new; but careful study, with a certain amount of power, will always produce an agreeable picture even of a common-place subject.

A large picture, by the late D. Roberts, R.A., occupies a conspicuous place at the end of the principal room: it is 'The Surprise of the Caravan—Baalbeck.' And near that, and a contrast in dimensions, is 'Comus' (320), by C. Stanfield, R.A., lighted on one side by the moon, and on the other by the fiery glare of the revels in the neighbouring wood. If in 'The Virgin Mary and the Infant Saviour on their flight into Egypt' (334), R. Redgrave, R.A., we arrange the presentation of the Virgin with Saxon features, we must challenge a wide circle of similar discrepancies even among the fathers of the Art; and yet such rigorous principles would the precisians of the profession enforce. It has, however, many beauties, being a work of well-matured study. 'Will he dare?' (330), J. B. Bedford, is the question a young lady asks herself in the presence of her bashful lover. The situation is sufficiently described by the point of the relations of the figures. 'Searching for the Will' (338), George Smith, with all its merits, does not rise to the power

and sweetness of those smaller works whereby he won a reputation. A forcible and very characteristic picture, by J. Pettie, called 'The Bible and the Monk' (364), takes us back to those times in Scotland when the Bible was prohibited. The subject has probably been suggested by 'The Monastery.' 'Never Again' (412), E. C. Barnes, is the title borne by a richly-coloured composition, in which appears a gentleman of the Elizabethan period, with his little son by his side, contemplating the portrait of the wife and mother lately deceased. In 'The Free Seats' (432), J. Morgan, we find, as may be gathered from the title, an assemblage of poor people, diverse in character, but all devout and attentive. The figures are well painted, but the background is too light. 'Highland Mary' (380), T. Faed, R.A., is one of those single rustic figures of which Mr. Faed has painted many, and to which he succeeds in communicating so much interest. 'Patience' (417), H. Le Jeune, A.R.A., presents two children sitting on a bank, one of whom is angling in a pond. By the same artist are, 'Spring—collecting Forget-me-nots,' and others, all distinguished by much sweetness. 'Rebecca' (440), W. C. T. Dobson, A., is a study of an Oriental figure in drapery remarkable for richness and harmony of colour. It is small, but it would make a very impressive life-sized picture. 'Stonehenge—Evening' (371), and 'St. Paul's, from below Bridge' (372), G. F. Tenniswood: are two essays of so much merit, that the artist is unjust to himself not to have set forth especially the latter subject on a large scale. F. Goodall, R.A., has contributed in a manner to remind us of his extraordinary command of childish character: there are 'The Young Gleaners' (214), 'The Swing' (256), a *replica*, and others, in water-colour as well as in oil. Other interesting works are 'Ben Venne, from Loch Achray' (337), E. Haggitt, and 'Loch Ness, Inverness-shire,' by the same; 'The Romance,' J. A. Fitzgerald; 'Dutch Fishing on the Y, off Ransdorf' (248), E. W. Cooke, R.A.; 'The Signal' (253), J. D. Watson, also by the same; 'Resting' (268). By R. Ansdell, A.R.A., two pictures (275) and 276, each respectively entitled 'Setter' and 'Partridge.' 'On the Banks of the Nile' (257), Holyoake, is a study of a native girl in a red dress. 'A Dream of the Golden Age' (404), W. Maw Egley, represents a statuesque figure standing by a fountain, and in association with classic surroundings: the relations with the golden age, however, obscure. But the figure is well drawn, though with a certain hardness which may be subdued by time. Many of the landscapes remind us of the best periods of the painters, as—'Near Dilworth, Leicestershire' (265), H. Dawson; 'Dividing the Flock—Sunset' (271), J. Linnell, sen., apparently a small study for a larger picture; 'The Brooklet in Spring' (258), 'Valley behind Moore's Cottage' (249), and 'A Country Lane,' T. Creswick, R.A.; 'Cornish Coast' (428), G. E. Hering; 'The Glen at Eve' (429), H. M. Anthony; 'Shipley Mill' (392), 'Victor' (251), and 'Pandy Mill' (257), by J. D. Harding; 'A Sunny Afternoon on the River Conway' (264), B. W. Leader; 'Cutting Vetches' (281), David Cox; 'Our Footbridge, Millwater Ockham' (307), and 'Bramshot, Hants' (321), F. W. Hulme; 'The Fletschhorn from Fee, Valley of Saas,' F. Dillon; and others by Nicmann, Oakes, A. W. Williams, &c.

Of the two rooms at the farther extremity of the large room, the south-west has been set apart for the paintings of lady artists; but we think the distinction in this case not flattering to these contributors, for the works they exhibit are well worthy to mingle with those of the other sex. The famous picture by Rosa Bonheur, 'Labourage Nivernais,' is here. Mrs. E. M. Ward has sent her picture, 'The Tower, ay, the Tower' (565), and 'A Christmas Party' (536), an assemblage of happy faces round the dinner table. There are three portraits by Madame Henriette Brown; and an exquisite drawing of a group of sheep, by Rosa Bonheur; 'Hermione' (561), and 'Bess' (584), by Mrs. Robinson; 'A Revelation' (570), M. E. Edwards; 'Young Blackberry Gatherers' (590), Eliza Goodall; 'Goat and Kids' (593), Peyrol

Bonheur; 'Millstream at Pangbourne' (596), A. Blunden; 'Roses' (537), M. D. Mutrie; 'Elaine' (586), M. E. Osborne; 'Tobias restoring the Eyesight of Tobit'; and figure studies by Mrs. J. E. Benham Hay, &c.

Of the water-colour drawings, occupying two rooms, no terms of eulogy would be too favourable, as among them we find examples of that time when the careful study of natural phenomena was esteemed beyond all the craft of manual dexterity. Thus the drawings of Turner, G. E. Robson, Girtin, Copley Fielding, Barrett, De Wint, Bonington, W. Müller, and others, lead us back, we may say, to the generation last past; and those students who have known how strong these men were in the virtues of their art, will not be surprised that their works tell so powerfully among those of the present day. It is impossible to do justice to the many wondrous drawings hung on these walls, save by a detailed description of each. All, therefore, that can be done in the present case, is simply to give the names of some of the artists; thus, besides those named, there are also represented F. W. Topham, David Cox, J. D. Harding, G. Catermole, J. B. Pyne, E. Duncan, Birket Foster, D. Roberts, R.A., J. Gilbert, H. B. Willis, E. W. Cooke, R.A., E. Taylor, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., W. L. Leitch, J. Lewis, R.A., C. Stanfield, R.A., C. Smith, C. Davidson, L. Haghe, F. Smallfield, Henry Warren, W. Goodall, H. Moore, A. J. Sturk, J. Nash, G. E. Hering, Rayner, Cole, Bentley, &c. Many of the examples associated with these names will never be surpassed. Among the foreign contributors are also artists of high reputation, as Gerome, Bach, Duvergier, Thom, Kockkoek, Verbeekhoven, Bongeraen, G. Schmidt, E. Frère, Trayer, Schlessinger, Le Poittevin, Peerns, Chavet, Ten Kate, Auguste Bonheur, Portais, with many others of scarcely less merit. If the water-colour drawings of this collection were exhibited alone, they would justly constitute a subject of great attraction.

MR. McLEAN'S GALLERY

OR

WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

An exhibition exclusively of drawings has been opened by Mr. McLean, at No. 7, Haymarket. The room in which they are placed is sufficiently lighted, and consequently well adapted for the inspection of delicate works. The subjects are those generally entertained in this department of painting; and although light and often trivial, are by no means easy of realisation according to the principles which influence the labours of our living school. This is confirmed *passim* in the best works of the men of mark; for instance, we find, by Birket Foster, 'Beehives near Witley,' 'The Young Shepherdess,' &c., charmingly coloured, and worked out more as if with a *brush* than a pencil. There are also two or three plums by the late W. Hunt, elaborated into a picture as brilliant and powerful in colour as anything he has ever done,—trifles in nature but wonders in Art. The drawings are not all of recent date, but those of a late date are not the less interesting on that account; as instance several compositions by Cattermole. 'Hunting in the Olden Time' is one of those bright and genial sketches which have won a high reputation for their author, F. Taylor; and a 'Storm coming on,' by Duncan, is a superb instance of singular power in describing the grandeur of a tempestuous sea. 'Interior of a Cathedral, Antwerp,' and 'The Spy,' by L. Haghe, exemplify capabilities alike for figure and architectural subjects. 'Lancelot Gohb and his Father' are two figures by J. Gilbert, who has a richer conception of picturesque nags than even the most dissipated of the ancient Dutchmen; this is a highly-finished drawing.

'Venice,' Holland, is a bright daylight view of the buildings from the mouth of the Grand Canal, looking towards the palace. 'Haddon Hall,' G. Dodgson, is treated with much of the elegance that characterises the composi-

tions of this artist. 'Fishing Boats,' D. Cox, is extremely simple, but the sea is so truly rendered that it seems to heave under the eye: there are seven drawings by this artist, all of his best time. 'A Composition,' Barrett; 'Loch Lomond' and 'Sussex Downs,' Copley Fielding; and 'An Interior,' S. Prout. 'Bab-el-Katareen,' Carl Haag, are noteworthy drawings. 'The Fern Gatherer,' by F. Topham, is a figure larger than those he usually exhibits; it is a study of a girl wading through a shallow stream with a load of fern at her back. 'A Scene from Gil Blas,' J. Gilbert, seems to be the interview with Gil Perez and his housekeeper, preparatory to entering the service of that learned and excellent personage. 'Turkish Figure,' John Lewis, is an admirable and characteristic sketch, which has been many a doubt some time. 'Leaving Port,' J. W. Carmichael; the vessels in this drawing are rigged and placed on the water with a knowledge of marine-drawing superior to most of his contemporaries. 'The Slide,' M. Tonkate, shows a company of boys amusing themselves on the ice; very Dutch in feeling, but very honest in execution. 'Our Saviour and His Disciples' is the only sacred subject we remember to have seen treated by Cattermole; it does not therefore admit of the essential point which constitutes the great interest of this artist's composition. 'Study of a Head,' F. Smallfield, has extraordinary force and life, described with remarkable facility. 'In the Forest,' H. Clifford; a piece of sylvan scenery, with rich masses of foliage, but all too intensely green.

There are some attractive studies by Sir E. Landseer—'A Hindoo Girl,' 'A Spanish Girl,' and others. 'A Sailor's Widow of Dieppe,' Miss M. Gillies, is a touching passage, sufficiently described by the accompanying legend, 'Tronc pour la sculpture des Noyés.' Remarkable for various and remarkable qualities are 'From our Mutual Friend,' Marcus Stone; 'Interior of the Cathedral of Spalatra, Dalmatia,' Carl Werner; and by the same, 'Garibaldi's First Landing in Sicily, near Marsala,' &c.

As already stated, there are in this exhibition drawings we have seen before, but they are generally select, and of excellence sufficient to be always pleasing. The majority consists, as will be understood from this notice, of the productions of rising artists, and others long established in public favour.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

LIVERPOOL.—The Liverpool Exhibition of Pictures this year is, we regret to say, below mediocrity. It contains upwards of one thousand works, but the quality bears no proportion to the quantity. There are, indeed, but two pictures that are likely to excite attention—the 'Esther,' by Aritaage, and 'Treading out the Corn,' by Ansdell. The 'loans' are very few, and of foreign contributions there are none of much value. Why there should be this deplorable falling off we cannot say; for, during the last four or five years, the exhibition at Liverpool has been the best of the provincial exhibitions; and we had been led to expect a still further improvement when the society was removed from Bold Street to larger premises in Post-Office Place—the gallery of the old academy, which not long ago was amalgamated with the new. There must be something wrong somewhere, for 'the Liverpool Academy and Art Institute,' instead of offering a more intellectual treat than did its predecessors, falls very far below them. We are by no means over-anxious to see in our exhibitions a large preponderance of foreign works. Possibly, Liverpool had too many in past times; but who will see without sorrow their places supplied, as they now are, by nonentities that can add neither grace nor dignity to any mansion in which they may be placed, and which any true Art-lover will hope may never find purchasers? These remarks are not pleasant, but they are necessary. Liverpool, with its daily increasing wealth and intelligence, might do much for Art—has, indeed,

done much for Art. Its citizens have, moreover, thought it to be wise, and felt it to be liberal, to supply themselves, year after year, with selections from the walls of their own exhibition. This year there is no inducement, but its opposite, to do anything of the kind; and if there be but one other annual exhibition so bad, we may fear that any harvest to be gathered there will fall to the lot only of third-rate British artists. The society consists of fifteen lay and fifteen artist members. May we know who is really responsible for this lamentable result? Certainly, the junction from which we anticipated much good, has been lamentable in its consequences; for, of the two societies that did exist some two years ago, either exhibited a better collection than that which is shown by the two combined.—The annual presentation of prizes to successful students in the South Liverpool School of Art was made by Lord Houghton, on the 23rd of October. After the head-master, Mr. Finnie, had read the report on the present condition of the school, his lordship addressed the meeting, and especially the students, in a very able speech, giving to the latter portion of his auditors some excellent advice as to the proper use of the faculties with which they were endowed, reminding them that in every way it would be to their advantage to become good and skilful designers, instead of indifferent artists. The number of scholars in the central school of Liverpool is about 230, of whom thirty-six alone competed for prizes: of these eleven were successful, and four more gained "honourable mention."

MANCHESTER.—The gallery of the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts, opened in the autumn, contained nearly 750 works of all kinds, including some contributions from the studios of continental painters. But the room that attracted chiefly was that wherein hung a small, but choice, collection of pictures, lent by their owners, gentlemen resident in the city, or its neighbourhood. Here were examples of Lehmann, Dyce, Decamps, F. Goodall, Ansdell, Eby, Frith, Macdonald, Von Müller, Ary Scheffer, Millais, T. S. Cooper, Stanfield, J. Linnell, Milneady, Danby, T. Fied, J. T. Linnell, Creswick, J. Phillip, Sir E. Landseer, Wilkie, E. M. Ward, Delacroix, A. Bonheur, Collins, R.A., Elmore, Webster, Pyne, H. Wallis, F. Stone, and others;—pictures that have more than once come under our notice. Of those contributed by the painters themselves, we may notice 'Half a Loaf is better than no Bread,' by E. Hughes; 'Reindeer Hunters in the Highlands of Norway,' and 'The Hundredth Birthday,' by G. Saal; 'He went up into a Mountain to Pray,' W. Gale; 'Spring Flowers' and 'Home once more,' W. J. Muckleby; 'Harry Esmond's Welcome at Walcote,' R. Solomon; 'Castle of Isehia,' A. W. Williams; 'An English Pastoral,' F. W. Hulme; 'Striving for Mastery,' J. T. Peckle; 'Morgan le Fay stealing the Scabbard of Excalibur,' J. B. Bedford; 'The Conscript's Departure,' Miss E. Brownlow; 'Judith in the Tent of Holofernes,' J. R. Powell; 'A Rainy Day in Lapland,' G. Saal; 'Treading out the Corn,' (Gihon, Jerusalem); 'W. J. Webb; 'Bad News on the Threshold,' T. Brooks; 'One of the Old Nooks and Corners of Old England,' F. B. Lee, R.A.; 'Bernard Palissy, the Potter,' J. Hoaghy; 'Sunset, Beach at Hastings,' L. R. Mignot; 'The Romance,' J. Archer, R.S.A.; 'Harvest Scene,' J. W. Ehringer; 'A new Bride for the Sea,' T. Danby; 'Boy Playing Marbles,' C. A. Du Val; 'Foss Hill, Mulgrave,' H. Moore; 'Danish Nursery Girl,' and 'Danish Cowkeeper Girl,' Madame Jerichau. The water-colour room contained drawings by many well-known artists.—T. Dalziel, J. Callow, Chas. Fahey, Smallfield, E. Hayes, E. G. Dalziel, S. Rayner, T. F. Marshall, E. H. Wehnert, J. Absolon, W. R. Beverley, E. P. Brandard, with others. Want of space prevents any detailed notice of the various works exhibited.

AYR.—Mr. M. Noble's statue of the Earl of Eglinton, in the uniform of lord-lieutenant, was inaugurated on the 23rd of October: it stands twelve feet high, and is placed upon a pedestal about sixteen feet in height. The work is of bronze, and was cast at Messrs. Robinson and Cottam's foundry, London.

ALTON TOWERS.—The Art-exhibition held here in the summer and autumn months was so successful, that, it is reported, a sufficient sum has been realised, in conjunction with the bazaar held in Burslem, which realised nearly £400, to justify the committee of the Wedgwood Institute in proceeding with the building to its completion.

BATH.—A meeting for the distribution of prizes to those pupils of the Bath School of Art, who at the last examination had proved successful in the competition, was held on the 30th of October, in the Council Chamber, the mayor presiding. The school has not been founded more than two years, and though many hindrances have beset its path, especially in the matter of funds, it progresses favourably under the direction of Mr. Puckett, head-master, and has already branches at Frome and Chippenham, where the master attends weekly. The receipts from payments made by students in the principal school rose from about £67 in the first year to about £97 in nine months of the second year. This is a good augury for the future.

CHESTER.—The equestrian statue of the late Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere was publicly unveiled on the 24th of October. It is the work of Baron Marochetti, A.R.A., and stands opposite the gate of Chester Castle, contiguous to the monument of Matthew Henry, the well-known scriptural commentator.

EXETER.—At a banquet, held in this city after the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Albert Memorial Museum, on the 30th October, Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., spoke at considerable length on the importance of the cultivation of Science and Art among all classes. He said, "It had been felt of late that they had a great battle to fight with their rivals in other countries; that, whereas some fifty years ago England had the advantage over those foreign nations of a greater accumulation of capital and a better system of machinery, and possessed, moreover, certain exclusive privileges from which other nations were shut out, it had been felt that for many years other nations had been gaining on them: they were accumulating capital, and would soon be a match for England. . . . The pressure of foreign competition was being more and more felt; and if Englishmen were to maintain their position at the head of the manufacturing nations of the world, it must be by the study of those laws of nature and of Art to which he had made allusion, and the application of which must always be felt to be of the greatest importance in connection with their commerce and their manufacturing industry."

IPSWICH.—The last report, recently issued, of the Committee of the Ipswich School of Art, speaks favourably of the condition and prospects of the institution, though there is a small pecuniary balance against it, arising from a larger sum than usual having been expended in the purchase of models.

READING.—The closing ceremony of the Industrial Exhibition lately held here took place on the 30th of October, when the Earl of Carnarvon, who presided, enlarged upon the benefits arising out of such exhibitions, and congratulated the promoters of that at Reading on the success of the undertaking. Mr. Blandy, one of the secretaries, read the report, which stated that since the opening of the rooms, on the 13th of September, the number of admissions had exceeded 70,000; the amount of money taken at the doors was over 41,800; and that although the expenses had necessarily been heavy, the balance-sheet would present a very handsome surplus.

SALISBURY.—The School of Art in this city, the formation of which was announced some months ago in our columns, was "inaugurated" at the end of October last. Mr. Thurlow Short is named as the head-master.

WAKEFIELD.—The Industrial Exhibition in this town, which was closed towards the end of the month of October, has proved most successful. During the six weeks it remained open, it was visited by nearly 136,000 persons; the money taken for admission reaching the amount of £3,420. It is expected that a considerable surplus will remain after all expenses are defrayed.

POEMS AND PICTURES.*

It seems but the other day when the first of the "gift-books" for the present year came before us, and now we have received the first

instalment of those for the next year; and an elegant little volume it is, a well-chosen selection of minor poems by the best modern writers chiefly, with a host of illustrations of all kinds from the pencils of artists favourably known in this especial department of Art. The



compiler divides "Our Life" into a quaternion of epochs—Childhood, Youth, Manhood, Old Age; and the poems have reference to each period of life. The character of the society



under whose auspices the work is published is a sufficient guarantee for the high moral and religious tone of the writings selected. Of the

* OUR LIFE ILLUSTRATED BY PEN AND PENCIL. The Designs by Noel Humphreys, J. D. Watson, C. H. Silous, Du Maurier, Barnes, Wimperis, Green, Piuwell, Sulman, Lee, and others. Engraved by Butterworth and Heath. Published by the Religious Tract Society, London.

engravings we give two excellent specimens: the first, an elegant little marine view by Mr. Wimperis, the second, a domestic scene, very gracefully composed by Mr. Selous. Messrs. Butterworth and Heath have done full justice to the numerous drawings and designs entrusted to them for engraving.

EVANGELINE.

FROM THE STATUE BY S. F. LYNN.

THE sculptor of this pleasing statue is a native of Ireland, and was early engaged in the study of architecture at Belfast, under his brother, Mr. W. H. Lynn, while at the same time he attended the classes in the Belfast School of Design. In this way a taste for modelling was fostered, which led him to think the profession of a sculptor would prove more congenial than that of an architect; an idea which received encouragement from the fact of his winning prizes offered by two of the patrons of the school, Lord Dufferin and Sir Hugh Cairns, M.P. He therefore abandoned the study of architecture, and, in 1854, came to London, entered the Royal Academy as a student in the following year, and made such progress that shortly afterwards he obtained the silver medal for a model from the antique. In 1857 a silver medal was awarded to him for the best model from the "Life;" and in 1859 he won the Academy gold medal for the best historical composition—the subject given being Achilles and Lycaon.

We find Mr. Lynn exhibiting at the Academy in 1857, a life-size statue called 'Reflection,' and in the following year the figure which we have engraved, together with a group of a mother and child, entitled 'Grief;' the latter was sent, in 1859, to the Liverpool Institution for exhibition, and was there sold. His next exhibited works at the Academy were, in 1860, a monumental relievo, and the group for which the gold medal was awarded; and, in 1861, statuettes of Ariel and Psyche. In this year he was elected as member of the Institute of Sculptors. Since then he has been engaged in the execution of various commissioned works of decorative sculpture; among these are a pediment group for the new Provincial Bank in Dublin, and figures for the interior; two large subjects in relief, representing respectively 'Life Insurance' and 'Fire Insurance,' the former of which is now placed "in position" in the interior of the new Lancashire Insurance Office, Manchester. During the last two years Mr. Lynn has been assisting his countryman, Mr. J. H. Foley, R.A., in the studio of the latter.

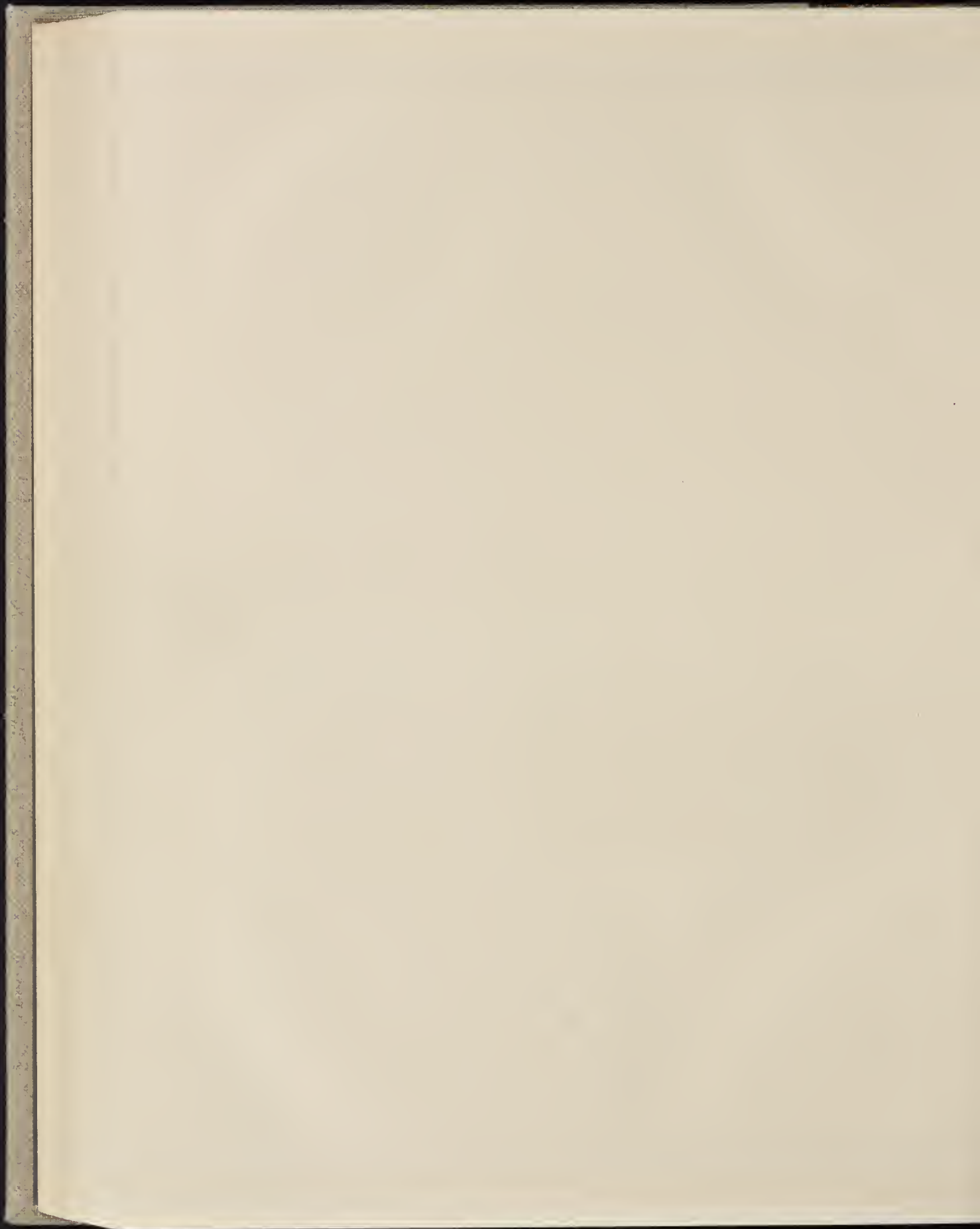
The heroine of Longfellow's poem, "Evangeline," is, both in her days of maiden happiness and when grief had driven reason from its throne, lovely enough to be embodied in the sculptor's marble. It is in the latter condition we see her in Mr. Lynn's representation:—

"Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps
In its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him."

Seated on a dwarf footstone, she appears sadly contemplating some "nameless grave," her hands loosely clasped, the head bowed down, her whole attitude motionless, as if already transformed into stone; her dress hanging carelessly, and yet not ungracefully, about the figure. The sculptor has not misapprehended his subject, and has displayed considerable taste and feeling in the treatment of it: the modelling of the figure, so far as this can be traced through the folds of the drapery—which, by the way, is arranged in a light, easy, and unaffected manner, shows careful study from the life. The statue is not yet produced in marble.



EVANGELINE. BY MISS F. B. WOOD. IN



MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

By S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND Mrs. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—Dr. JOHNSON.

GEORGE CRABBE.



RABBE was born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, in a small and rude cottage, now removed; the "portraiture" of which has been preserved by the painter Stanfield. His father was a man of humble means and position. He gave, however, to his eldest son the best teaching he could; but George was "in a great measure self-educated;" yet the ground must have been well laid, for in later days he was no mean scholar. He was born on the Christmas Eve of the year 1754; and when little more than a child, had made essays in verse. He was apprenticed to a village surgeon; but learned little and knew little. When "out of his time," he "set up for himself" at Aldborough. Of this unengaging and ill-rewarded employment he soon wearied; and in 1780,— "with the best verses he could write," and a bor-

rowed three pounds in money,—he set forth to seek his fortune in London.

Thus writes the Laureate Southey, in reference to a case somewhat analogous:—

"Woe be to the youthful poet who sets out upon his pilgrimage to the Temple of Fame with nothing but Hope for his viaticum! There is the Slough of Despond, and the Hill of Difficulty, and the Valley of the Shadow of Death upon the way!"

Partly from the statements of his son, and partly from a journal kept by himself, we learn much of the terrible struggle that followed the advent of Crabbe in the Metropolis. His "wealth" gradually diminished; went down to shillings, and then to pence; nay, once on taking stock, he found "sixpence farthing" in his purse, and reduced it to fourpence-halfpenny, by expending seven farthings in the purchase of a pint of porter. The pawnbroker gave temporary relief. At length he had accumulated a debt of seven pounds; and the gates of a jail were about to open to the heir of Parnassus. Here, there, and everywhere, he had sought a publisher in vain: as futile were his efforts to find a patron! Lord North was deaf; Lord

hack without a blush upon the progress of the fight when its end had been Victory.

Who will say that his prayers, and those of his "Sarah," were not heard and answered, when an inspired thought suggested an application to Edmund Burke? I copy a touching passage from "The Life of the Rev. George Crabbe," by his son—a volume of rare interest, that renders full justice to an illustrious memory, but claims for it nothing that the present and the future will not readily give:—

"He went into Mr. Burke's room a poor young adventurer, spurned by the opulent and rejected by the publishers, his last shilling gone, and all but his last hope with it; he came out, virtually secure of almost all the good fortune that by successive steps afterwards fell to his lot; his genius acknowledged by one whose verdict could not be questioned; his character and manners appreciated and approved by a noble and capacious heart, whose benevolence knew no limits but its power."

Ay, the dark and turbulent river was crossed; and the celestial city was in sight. The sad and solitary wanderer no longer walked London streets in hopeless misery; no more was the spirit to be subdued by the sickness of hope deferred; and who will grudge him the natural triumph with which he once again entered his native town,—his genius acknowledged; his position secured; his lofty imagings converted into palpable realities; the companion and the friend of many great men, whose renown had reached even the poor village of Aldborough?

It was by the advice of Burke, responding to his own thought, that he became a clergyman; and by that good man's influence he was ordained on the 21st December, 1781: his first curacy being in his native village; and, no doubt, among those who heard his first sermon was the "Sarah" who had helioved in him, when neighbours considered him a "lubber" and a "fool," or at best, a hair-brained youth, who "would never come to good." In 1783 they were married, and went to reside at Belyoir Castle, the Duke of Rutland having made Crabbe his domestic chaplain.

He who had borne poverty with heroism was able to bear "straitened circumstances," which he had to endure for several after years. There was a sweet seraph ever by his side; and "trust in God" had been strengthened by imparting "trust" to others.

In 1815 he was inducted into the living of Trowbridge; and on the 5th of June, he preached his first sermon there. Here he lived and worked till he died—discharging his duty until within a week of his removal: having been so richly gifted with health and strength that he had not omitted the duty on a Sabbath once for forty years—

"The children's favourite and the grandsire's friend,
Tried, trusted, and beloved!"

In the autumn of 1830, the world was closing over him. "Age had sadly bent his once tall stature, and his hand trembled;" and on February 3, 1832, he "died;" almost his last words to his children being, "God bless you! Do good, and come to me!"

Crabbe seldom visited London during the later years of his long life, and I saw him only in a crowd, where, of a surety, he was not "at home." He was then aged, over threescore and ten: it was impossible, however, not to be impressed by the ex-



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Shellurne silent; Lord Chancellor Thurlow had "no leisure to read verses;" a poetical appeal to Prince William Henry—then a young sailor, afterwards King William IV.—produced no response.

Here he was, in the "peopled solitude," without a friend, without a shilling, without a hope,—nay, not so, for trust in God never left him! And there was a dearly-loved girl (afterwards his loving and devoted wife) praying for him in the humble home he had left. But his sufferings of mind and body were intense: once when he had wandered away to Hornsey Wood (the locality he most frequented), and found it too late to return to his lodging, he passed the night under a hayrick—having no money to pay for a casual bed. What was he to do? The natural holiness

of his nature kept him from following the example of that "marvellous boy," who, but a few months gone, had "perished in his pride," in the wretched attic of Shoe Lane. What was he to do, as he wandered about, hungry and hopeless, with high aspirations and much self-dependence,—a full consciousness of the fount within, that was striving to send its streams of living water to mankind,—yet without a hand to beckon him across the slough of despond, or a glimpse of light to guide him through the valley of the shadow of death?

His lot has been the lot of many to whom "letters" is a sole "profession;" but of few may the story he told so succinctly and emphatically as of Crabbe; for but few so thoroughly or so suddenly triumphed over the enemy, or could look

terior of the poet whom a high contemporary authority characterised as "Nature's sternest painter, yet her best."

Half a century had passed between the period when the raw country youth sought and obtained the friendship of Edmund Burke, and the time when I saw him, the "observed of all observers," receiving the homage of intellectual listeners.

My visit was paid to him at Hampstead, where he was the guest of his friends, "the Hoares." It was in the year 1825 or 1826, I do not recollect which. There were many persons present: of the party I can recall but one; that one, however, is a memory—Joanna Baillie. I remember her as singularly impressive in look and manner, with the "queenly" air we associate with ideas of high birth and lofty rank. Her face was long, narrow, dark, and solemn, and her speech deliberate and considerate, the very antipodes of "chatter." Tall in person, and habited according to the "mode" of an olden time, her picture, as it is now present to me, is that of a very venerable dame, dressed in coif and kirtle, stepping out, as it were, from a frame in which she had been placed by the painter Vandyke. Her popularity is derived from her "Plays of the Passions," only one of which was ever acted—*De Montford*—in which John Kemble, and afterwards Edmund Kean, performed the leading part. Her father, Dr. Baillie, must have been a stern, ungenial man, for it is said by Lucy Aikin (on the authority of her sister) that he had never given his daughter a kiss, and Joanna herself had spoken of her "yearning to be caressed when a child." We have but little to sustain—yet nothing to ignore—the portrait Miss Aikin draws of the author of "Plays of the Passions:"—"If there were ever a human creature 'pure in the last recesses of the soul,' it was surely this meek, this pious, this noble-minded, and nobly-gifted woman, who, after attaining her ninetieth year, carried with her to the grave the love, the reverence, the regrets of all who had ever enjoyed the privilege of her society."

In the appearance of Crabbe there was little of the poet, but even less of the stern critic of mankind, who looked at nature askance, and ever contemplated beauty, animate or inanimate,—

"The simple loves and simple joys,"—

"through a glass darkly." On the contrary, he seemed to my eyes the representative of the class of rarely-troubled, and seldom-thinking English farmers. A clear grey eye, a ruddy complexion, as if he loved exercise and wood mountain breezes, were the leading characteristics of his countenance. It is a picture of age, "frosty but kindly"—that of a tall and stalwart man gradually grown old, to whom age was rather an ornament than a blemish. He was one of those instances of men plain, perhaps, in youth, and homely of countenance in manhood, who become absolutely handsome when white hairs have become a crown of glory, and indulgence in excesses or perilous passions have left no lines that speak of remorse, or even of errors unatoned.

This is the portrait that Lockhart draws of Crabbe:—"His noble forehead, his bright heaving eye, without anything of old age about it—though he was then above seventy—his sweet and, I would say, innocent smile, and the calm, mellow tones of his voice, all are reproduced the moment I open any page of his poetry."

Certain it is that the Crabbe who wrote "The Village," and "Tales of the Hall,"

who seemed to have neither eye nor ear for the pure and graceful, whose spring wore the garb of autumn, to whom even the breeze was unmusical, and the zephyr harsh, whose hill, and stream, and valley

were barren, muddy, and unprofitable,—was only misanthropic in verse.* In his life and practice he was amiable, benevolent, and conciliatory. We have other authority besides that of his son and bio-



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grapher for believing that "to him it was recommendation enough to be poor and miserable," that as a country clergyman—

"To relieve the wretched was his care!"

This is a tribute to his memory from his friend, the poet Moore:—"The *nusa severior*

which he worships has had no influence whatever on the kindly dispositions of his heart; but while with the eye of a sage and a poet he looks into the darker region of human nature, he stands in the most genial sunshine himself."

This is the inscription on the monument



THE MONUMENT TO GEORGE CRABBE.

to his memory in the church at Trowbridge, of which he was so long the rector:—

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
THE REV. G. CRABBE, LL.B.

Who died on the 3rd of February, 1832, in the 73rd year of his Age, and the 13th of his services as Rector of this Parish.

Born in humble life, he made himself what he was; Breaking through the obscurity of his birth by the force of his genius.

Yet he never ceased to feel for the less fortunate; Entering, as his works can testify, into the sorrows and wants of the poorest of his parishioners, And so discharging the duties of a pastor and a magistrate as to endear himself to all around him.

As a writer he cannot be better described than in the words of a great poet, his contemporary,—

"Tho' Nature's sternest painter, yet her best."

This monument was erected by some of his affectionate friends and parishioners.

[Mrs. Moore, the widow of the poet, has died since I wrote a memory of her illustrious husband, barely twelve months ago. We have hopes, at no distant time, to offer our tribute of respect and affection also to the memory of one of the most admirable women it has ever been our destiny to know. We allude to the subject here, chiefly to mention that among a few other interesting requests to us, she left us an inkstand that was long the cherished companion of the poet Crabbe. It was presented to Moore by the sons of Crabbe soon after his death.]

* "His poems have a gloom which is not in nature; not the shade of a heavy day, of mist, or of clouds, but the dark and overcharged shadows of one who paints by lamp-light, whose very lights have a gloominess."—SOUTHEY. Some one has written that "Crabbe was Pope in worsted stockings."

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

BOWLES, "of an ancient family in the county of Wilts," was born in the village of King's Sutton, in Northamptonshire, of which his father, William Thomas Bowles, was vicar. The day of his birth was the 24th of September, 1762. At least, I presume it to be so, for it is so given in a

letter I received from him, though he had struck his pen through the date after it was written. "His father," he continues, "was the only son of the Rev. Dr. Bowles, of Brackley, who married Elizabeth Lisle, a descendant of the ancient family of the Lisles of Northumberland; the son (William Thomas) marrying, 1760, Bridget, eldest daughter of the well-known Dr. Richard Grey, Chaplain to Nathaniel Crew, Bishop

published (in 1793), and sold well—first an edition of one hundred copies, then another of five hundred copies, and then another of seven hundred and fifty copies.

There came a young man into the printer's shop who "spoke in high commendation" of that volume. Forty years afterwards, Bowles discovered that the young man was Robert Southey; and therefore, in 1837, another edition of the sonnets was dedicated to Robert Southey, "who has exhibited in his prose works, as in his life, the purity and virtues of Addison and Locke, and in his poetry, the imagination and soul of Spenser." For more than sixty years he was continually writing, and has left poems which, if they do not place him among the highest of the poets, give to him rank more than respectable.

At the outset of life's journey he was cheered by the voice of a generous and sympathising "brother." Coleridge speaks of himself as having been withdrawn from several perilous errors "by the genial influence of a style of poetry, so tender and yet so manly, so natural and real, and yet so dignified and harmonious," as the sonnets of Bowles, and thus tenders his thanks:—

"My heart has thanked thee, Bowles, for these soft strains,
Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring
Of wild bees in the sunny showers of spring."

De Quincey states that so powerfully did the sonnets of Bowles impress the poetic sensibility of Coleridge, that he made forty transcripts of them with his own pen by way of presents to youthful friends. Coleridge considered Bowles as one of the first of our English poets "who combined natural thoughts with natural diction—the first who reconciled the heart with the head."

In one of Lamb's letters to Coleridge, he thus expresses himself:—

"Coleridge, I love you for dedicating your poetry to Bowles, genius of the sacred fountain of tears. It was he who led you gently by the hand through all this valley of weeping, showed you the dark green yew trees and the mellow shades, where, by the fall of waters, you might indulge an uncomplaining melancholy, a delicious regret for the past, or weave fine visions of that awful future,

"When all the vanities of life's brief day
Oblivion's hurrying hand hath swept away;
And all its sorrows, at the awful blast
Of the archangel's trump, are but as shadows past."

This is no slight praise from two such men. We may add to it that of Southey, who says in reference to one of the poems of Bowles—"St. John in Patmos,"—"I should have known it to have been yours by the sweet and unsophisticated style, upon which I endeavoured, now almost forty years ago, to form my own."

Bowles never sought rude popularity—satisfied with inculcating lessons of sound morality in "dignified and harmonious verse," and to lead the heart to virtue as the chiefest duty of the muse.

His poetical works are many, but he did not despise prose. His "Life of Ken" ranks high; but he is in this way chiefly remembered by his contest with Byron, Campbell, and others, relative to the claims of Pope to be considered a poet of the first order. Byron's line is familiar to all:—

"And Pope, whom Bowles says is no poet."

He thus refers to this subject in one of his letters to me, dated October 28, 1837. "I never said 'Pope was no poet.' I never thought so. I put the epistle to Abelard before all poems of the kind, ancient or modern. The Rape of the Lock, the most ingenious, and imaginative, and exquisite; but the Ariel is inferior, how inferior! to Shakspeare, because the subject would not admit a being employed 'in adding fur-



THE VICARAGE AT BREMHILL.

of Durham. The Rev. William Lisle Bowles was the eldest son of that marriage. He was educated at Winchester, and removed to Oxford, where he gained a prize for Latin verse, having been entered a scholar of Trinity. He took his degree in 1792, entered into holy orders, became a curate in Wiltshire, and obtained, in 1804, a prebend's stall, and, in 1805, the living

of Bremhill, Wiltshire," where he resided until he resigned it in 1845, after forty years' faithful service, during which long period he had watched zealously over the spiritual and worldly interests of his flock. His memory is venerated there to this day. He retired from Bremhill to Salisbury, and died there on the 6th of April, 1850, being a Canon Residentiary of that Cathedral.



THE CHURCH AT BREMHILL.

He had then reached the patriarchal age of fourscore and eight years—a good man, and a good clergyman!

In a note to one of his poems, he acknowledges his debt to the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury for "preferment in a cathedral, where I might close my days to what I, through life, most loved, cathedral harmony."

In early youth, he was innocent enough to apply to a printer at Bath, to know if "he would give anything for fourteen sonnets," to be published "with or without a name." The purchase was declined; so the simple man, who fancied he might thus pay the largest debt he ever owed, seventy pounds, "thought no more of getting rich by poetry." Yet they were afterwards

belows' to a lady's mantle to be as *poetical*, as an aerial being singing—

"Where the bee sucks,"

and raising the storm. The *question* was wilfully *bothered* by blockheads, and *no* otherwise was the question evaded. But the principles are eternal."

When I personally knew Bowles, in London in 1835, he was a halo, hearty old man. He seemed to me a happy blending of the country farmer with the country clergyman of old times, and recalled the portraits of "parsons" of the days of Fielding and Smollett. He rarely quitted Bremhill. Now and then he visited the metropolis, where he seemed as much out of place as a "daisy in a conservatory"—that was his own simile during one of my conversations with this eccentric, but benevolent clergyman. Some idea may be formed of his loneliness amid the peopled solitude of London, by an anecdote related to me by the wife of the poet Moore. Bowles was in the habit of daily riding through a country turnpike gate, and one day he presented as usual his twopenny to the gate-keeper. "What is that for, sir?" he asked. "For my horse, of course." "But, sir, you have no horse." "Dear me!" exclaimed the astonished poet; "am I walking?" Mrs. Moore also told me that Bowles gave her a Bible as a birthday present. She asked him to write her name in it; he did so, inscribing it to her as a gift—from the Author.

"I never," said he, "had but one watch, and I lost it the very first day I wore it." Mrs. Bowles whispered to me, "and if he got another to-day he would lose it as quickly."

This constitutional peculiarity must have been natural to him, for when a very child—just seven years old—"the child is father to the man"), while accompanying his parents through Bristol, he was "lost." He had strayed away. There was a hunt for him in all directions, with the eager questioning of his frightened mother. "Have you seen a little boy in blue jacket and hoots?" He had been attracted by the sound of the bells of Redchiff Church; and was found tranquilly seated on the ancient steps of the churchyard, careless of the crowd around, listening in delight and wonder to the peal from the old tower. To this event he alludes in one of his after poems, when

"The mournful magic of their mingled chime,
First woke my wandering childhood into tears."

Another peculiarity of his was an inveterate tendency to give away his chattels to those who happened casually to admire them. Mrs. Bowles was compelled, in consequence, to keep a watchful eye at all times upon his proceedings in that way, and is said to have controlled his simple-minded irregularities as well as his indiscriminate liberality.

Of his eccentricities many anecdotes are told in the neighbourhood where he resided for nearly half a century. All of them, however, are simple, harmless, and exhibit generous sympathy. He was loved by the poor, and by many friends. One of the most acceptable guests at Sloperton was the poet Bowles; and Moore says of him, "What with his genius, his blunders, his absences, he is the most delightful of all existing persons or poets." And again, "What an odd fellow it is, and how marvellously by being a genius he has escaped being a fool!" And thus Southey writes of him:—"His oddity, his untidiness, his simplicity, his benevolence, his fears, and his good nature, make him one of the most

entertaining and extraordinary characters I ever met with."

I copy this extract from the registry in Bremhill Church:—

"The Rev. W. L. Bowles, Canon of Salisbury Cathedral, died April 6th, 1850, and was buried in the Cathedral of Salisbury, April 13th, 1850. He was instituted to the living of Bremhill in the year of grace 1803, and resigned it when unable any longer to fulfil the duties thereof, in January, 1843, having held it forty years. He was a man of no ordinary mind, and has bequeathed a memorial of himself to posterity in various printed sermons, as well as in his volumes of poems and local histories (whereof the best is his 'History of Bremhill'), and casually in his 'Life of Bishop Ken.' I imagine that his prose will survive his verses; but many greatly admired his sonnets.

"His controversy with Lord Byron on the merits of Pope, which once drew great attention, is already almost forgotten. The churchyard of the parish abounds with epitaphs which he wrote and set up for many of his poor parishioners. The fragrance of his name is still pleasant and grateful to the people here; they loved him for his Christian simplicity, kindness, and truthfulness. I preached a funeral sermon, on the day after his burial, as the last tribute that could be paid him in his own parish.

"April, 1850."

A true lover of nature, he took the greatest delight in ornamenting the beautifully-situated vicarage gardens. And a very pleasing taste it was, altogether pic-

turesque, replete with quaint surprises and fancies, and yet entirely devoid of old-fashioned formality. It afforded him high gratification to entertain his friends in these grounds, and lead them along its labyrinthine paths—here to a sylvan altar dedicated to friendship, there to some temple, grotto, or sun-dial. Thus he speaks of one of these garden treats in the "Little Villager's Verse Book"—a small volume of very sweet hymns, which are, I believe, well known in many village school-rooms, and cannot be too well known. "A root-house fronts us, with dark houghs branching over it. Sit down in that old carved chair: if I cannot welcome illustrious visitors in such consummate verse as Pope, I may, I hope, not without blameless pride, tell you, reader, that in this chair have sat, among other visitors, Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir George Beaumont, Sir Humphrey Davy—poets as well as philosophers—Madame de Staël, Rogers, Moore, Crabbe, Southey, &c."

Having discovered a huge ancient stone cross lying neglected half-buried in the churchyard, he had it placed there, so as to be visible from the vicinage of the root-house, the moral of which he indicated by inscribing on the latter this couplet:—

"Dost thou lament the dead and mourn the loss
Of many friends? Oh! think upon the cross!"

The steps leading to this root-house, and the entrance to where it stood, are depicted in the subjoined illustration; hut, unfor-



IN THE VICARAGE GARDEN, BREMHILL.

tunately, neither root-house nor chair remain to give point to deeply interesting memories connected with the spot.*

From some lines that—according to the work I have quoted—were inscribed in another part of the very charming grounds of the vicarage, it would appear as though Mr. Bowles had once intended to be buried at Bremhill, instead of Salisbury Cathedral.

"There rest the village dead, and there, too, I
(When yonder dial points the hour) must lie;
Look round, the distant prospect is displayed
Like life's fair landscape, marked with light and shade:
Stranger, in peace pursue thine onward road,
And ne'er forget thy lone and last abode,
Yet keep the Christian's hope before thine eye,
And seek the bright reversion of the sky."

Also, bearing on the same point, in a sermon entitled "The English Village Church,"

* "The garden is ornamented with a jet fountain, something like a hermitage, an obelisk, a cross, and some inscriptions. Two swans, who answer to the names of Snowdrop and Lely, have a pond to themselves."—Southey *Visiting Bowles in November, 1838.*

preached by him at Bremhill, April 20, 1834, are to be found these words:—"In the course of nature, it will not be long before my grey hairs, who have lived among you for so many years, will be brought down, I hope and pray, in peace. My last abode will be in this chancel, where all the young are now assembled, and who will remember me. I would not wish a better epitaph than the expression of a poor child, on the departure of a man of genius, a conscientious clergyman, and a friend."

In a note, Crabbe is mentioned as the friend, and the words of the child were, "He with the white head will go up in pulpit no more!"

Bowles appears to have loved Bremhill and its neighbourhood heartily; he wrote about it genially, and did his best to render the village attractive by commemorating its antiquities and associations.

THE YORKSHIRE POTTERIES:

BEING A NOTICE OF THE "DON,"
THE "CASTLEFORD," THE "FERRY-BRIDGE,"
AND OTHER POTTERIES, AND THEIR PRODUCTIONS,
AND THE CONNECTION OF THE LATTER
WITH THE WEDGWOODS.

BY LLEWELLYN JEWITT, F.S.A. &c., &c.

HAVING in my last articles treated of some of the more famous of the potteries of Yorkshire, I purpose, in the present chapter, continuing my subject by giving such notices as I trust will be useful and interesting to my readers, of the Don Pottery, the Castleford Pottery, the Ferrybridge Pottery, and others in the same locality. These, with the places whose histories I have already attempted to trace, and others in the neighbourhood of Masborough, &c., comprise what may be considered the "Yorkshire Potteries"—a district rich in industrial occupation of almost every kind—and in which, perhaps, as a Yorkshireman, I may be pardoned for taking more than a passing interest.

The DON POTTERY is situated at Swinton, closely adjoining the canal, on which it has a wharf. It was established in the year 1800, by John Green, of Newhill. He was one of the Greens of Leeds, of the same family as the proprietors of the Leeds Pottery, and a proprietor in the Swinton Pottery. He is, in fact, stated to have been the manager of the Leeds and the Swinton potteries, and is said to have sustained considerable losses on the breaking out of the French war. He, about the time I am speaking of,—1800, or a little later,—purchased a plot of almost waste and swampy land at Swinton, and, with the aid of partners, set about the erection of the works. At this time a person named Newton, father to the more than octogenarian from whom I have picked up many scraps of the information I record, had an enamel kiln at the back of his house at Swinton, where he used to burn such wares as he decorated. To this man, for the first twelve months, Green, of the Don Pottery, brought his pattern pieces as he prepared them, to be fired. In 1807 there were other members of the family united with John Green, who also had partners named Clarke. The firm then traded as "Greens, Clarke, & Co."

From this time until 1834 the Don Pottery remained in the hands of the Greens and their partners, and in that year passed by purchase to Mr. Samuel Barker, of the Mexborough Old Pottery.* The latter works were continued until 1844, when they were closed, and Mr. Barker confined his operations entirely to the Don manufactory. The old potworks are now carried on by the sons of Mr. Samuel Barker as a manufactory for wheels for locomotives. In 1851 the firm became "Samuel Barker and Son," under which style it is still continued, the present proprietors being Mr. Henry Barker, and the other members of the family of Samuel Barker, now deceased, who are tenants in common; Mr. Henry Barker being the acting partner.

Of the wares made and the goods produced—many of which are of extreme rarity, and much sought after by the few collectors who are cognizant of their having

been produced—it will be necessary to speak at more length. From a list of goods prepared by the firm in 1808, it appears that a considerable variety was produced at that time. This list, which is now before me, is thus headed:—

"Greens, Clarke, & Co., Don Pottery, near Doncaster, Make, Sell, and Export Wholesale all the various kinds of Earthenware, viz., Cream-colour, Brown, Blue, and Green Shell, Nankin Blue, Printed, Painted, and Enamelled, Egyptian Black, Brown, China, &c. &c. Also Services executed in Borders, Landscapes, Coats of Arms, &c., and ornamented with Gold or Silver."

Of the ordinary fine earthenware made soon after the opening of the works, some specimens, whose actual date can be satisfactorily ascertained, have come under my notice, and show to what perfection in body and glaze, in manipulation, and in decoration, the manufacture had already arrived. The most remarkable of these early specimens is a jug, commonly called the "Jumper Jug," which is of great rarity, but is occasionally to be seen in the cabinets of collectors. In the possession of my friend, Mr. Jackson, of Sheffield, are a pair of these jugs, holding two quarts each, which are the finest I have seen. On either side is the figure of a very uncouth, coarse, and slovenly-looking man, in red coat, pink waistcoat, striped green and white under-waistcoat, orange neckerchief, orange breeches, above which his shirt is seen, top boots, and spurs. In his hand he holds his hat, orange, with red ribands, on which is a card bearing the words "Milton for ever." Beneath the spout, on a scroll, is the following curious verse:—

"The Figure there is no mistaking,
It is the famous Man for—*Brooking*,
Oh! that instead of Horse and Mare
He had but broken Crockery-ware,
Each grateful Potter in a bumper
Might drink the health of
Orange Jumper."

This man, who was known all the country round as "Orange Jumper," was a very eccentric character, and a great mover in the political "stirs" of his county. He was a horse breaker at Wentworth, and many extraordinary stories are remembered in connection with him. One of these, as connected with the story of this jug, is worth repeating. In the great Yorkshire election of 1807—the most costly and the most strongly contested election on record—when the candidates who were so mercilessly pitted against each other were Lord Milton, Wilberforce, and Lascelles, "Orange Jumper" was employed to carry despatches regularly backwards and forwards from York to Wentworth House, the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam, the father of Lord Milton, who eventually won the election, and was returned as the colleague of Wilberforce. Orange was the Fitzwilliam colour, and blue that of Lascelles (son of the Earl of Harewood), his opponent, and on one occasion "Jumper" was seen entering York decked out as usual in orange, but riding on an ass gaily covered with bright blue ribands. On being jeered at for this apparent inconsistency in wearing both colours, he replied that he wore the right colour, orange, and that his ass was only like other asses, for they were all doukeys that wore blue! The election was gained by the party he espoused, and in commemoration these jugs, with his portrait and verse, were made. They are marked

Don. Pottery.

pencilled in red on the bottom.

* On the quart jugs the figure appeared on one side, and the verse on the other.

In this fine earthenware, and in cream-coloured ware, the Don Pottery produced every article required either for ordinary use or for ornament.

An engraved pattern-book was issued by the firm, in the same style, and of the same size, as that of Hartley, Greens, & Co., of the Leeds Pottery, which I have already described. A careful comparison of the two books reveals the fact, that whereas in the latest edition of that of Leeds 269 patterns are engraved, in that of the Don Pottery 292 are given. It also reveals the important fact that many of the Don patterns are identical with those of Leeds, the engraver of the former having evidently traced from those of the latter (Leeds) in preparing his plates. Many of the remaining patterns are slightly altered from Leeds, while others do not appear in the book of those works at all. As two of the many examples in which the patterns are closely copied from Leeds, I may refer to the chestnut tureen and the asparagus holder, engraved in my account of the Leeds works.

Open-work baskets, tureens, &c., twig baskets, in which the "withies" were of precisely the same form as those of Leeds and Wedgwood, &c., perforated plates, dishes, tureens, spoons, ladles, and other articles, ice-pails, salt-cellars, flower-vases, cruet stands, inkstands, seals, bird fountains, smelling-bottles, and, indeed, every variety of articles, as well as services of all descriptions, and ornamental vases of several designs, were made in these wares, and such as were adapted for the colour, were made in green glazed ware. Upon each plate of the book the words "Don Pottery" are engraved. Of teapots, many patterns, with raised groups, trophies, &c., and others for loose metal "kettle-handles" are also engraved.

In the cream-coloured ware, and also in the fine white earthenware, excellent dessert and other services were made, and were painted with a truth to nature which has seldom been equalled. I have in my own possession a part of a remarkably fine dessert service, consisting of plates and compartments of various forms, in which each piece is painted with some special flowering plant—no two pieces being alike—the name of which is written at the back of the piece. This service was painted by two different artists, with the respective initials of B. and H., which are marked on each piece. The edges are gilt.

In my own collection are some remarkable plates of small size of fine earthenware. In these the bottom of the plate is left white, while the whole of the rest is tinted of a deep buff. The edge, and a line on the inner side of the rim, is black, and in the centre of each plate is a landscape, which has all the beauty and effect of a well-executed Indian ink drawing. The artistic execution of these drawings—which are different on each plate—is remarkably free, touchy, and artistic.

About 1810-12, *china* of an excellent quality was, to a very small extent indeed, made at the Don Pottery, and examples of this are of extreme rarity. In Mr. Manning's possession is a coffee mug of excellent body, and of remarkably good soft glaze, well painted with Chinese subjects, which is marked "Don Pottery" in very small letters, pencilled in red. This almost unique and most interesting specimen is the only marked one which has come under my notice, and is particularly curious and valuable.

In my own collection are some specimens of this very rare china ware, which are equally curious and interesting with the one

* More than sixty years ago, the uncle of Mr. Samuel Barker, Peter Barker, carried on business at the Brummarsh Pottery, in the same neighbourhood, under the style of "Barker and Wainwright." Peter Barker afterwards joined his brother Jesse (father to Samuel Barker) in partnership, and they carried on the Mexborough Old Pottery for many years, when they were succeeded by Samuel Barker, who continued them until he purchased the Don Pottery as here stated.

I have just spoken of. Two of these are shown in the accompanying engraving. One is a jug which will hold rather more than a pint, and has a curious story attached to it. The china body was mixed by Godfrey Speight and Ward Booth, both of whom were originally from Staffordshire; the latter, it is said, was brought from that county "with a whole regiment of hands" to work at the new Don Pottery, of which he became the manager. The jug was painted by his son, Taylor Booth, who was brought up with Enoch Wood, of Burslem, and afterwards was at the old Derby



century. It appears that a party of the Don and Swinton potters, who had been to Sheffield for a carousel, and had stayed there till the small hours of the morning, were, when not sober, returning over the moor, when, on passing the gibbet on which the gaunt skeleton of the malefactor still hung, as it had for years, in chains, one of them, saying, "Let's ha' a rap at him," picked up a stone and threw it, knocking off the bones of two of the fingers. These were picked up, and carefully carried home as trophies of the exploit, and some time afterwards, when trials in the manufacture of china were being made, they were brought out, calcined, and mixed with some of the body. Of this body a seal was made, "with a gibbet on it," and the jug which I have just described, and which is now in my collection. This story I have from the lips of one of the party of potters, a man now fast nearing "fourscore years and ten" in age. The horrible and brutal taste displayed by the potters has, it must be admitted, its use in authenticating the example, and in giving it, at all events, an approximate date.

The other of these examples is a counterpart of the same form, and indeed made from the same mould as those of the botanical service I have just described. It is of remarkably fine body and excellent glaze, and has a plant of the tiger-lily exquisitely painted of natural size, occupying the whole of its inside.

In fine cane-coloured ware, tea-services, jugs, &c., were made, and were ornamented with figures, borders, and other designs in relief. Of this kind of ware the accompanying engraving of a sugar-hox, in Mr.



Norman's possession, will serve as an example. It is of remarkably good workmanship, and is ornamented with figures, trophies, &c., in relief in black. It is marked "Green's Don Pottery."

China Works, and given to Speight, from whose aged son's hands it has passed into my own. It is beautifully ornamented with groups of roses and other flowers on either side, and has a sprig of jasmine beneath the spout, and has a broad gold line round the top. The curious part of the story connected with this jug is, that in the body of which it is composed, by one of those strange and unaccountable freaks to which potters as well as other people are liable, are two of the fingers of a noted malefactor, Spencer Broughton, who was gibbeted on Attercliffe Common at the close of the last



In green glazed ware flower-vases of large size, root-pots, dessert and other services; in red ware, scent jars of bold and good design, large-sized mignonette vases, and many other articles; and in "Egyptian black," teapots, cream-ewers, jugs, &c., were made.

The "brown china" spoken of in the list of goods was the "Rockingham Ware," which was attempted to be made at the Don Pottery, and is still made of the usual marketable quality.

A considerable trade was carried on with Russia, with France and Belgium, and with South America, to which markets the greater part of the goods produced were consigned.

At the "Don Pottery" at the present day, under the able management of Messrs. Barker, the energetic proprietors of the works, all the usual varieties of earthenware are manufactured to a large extent, the works giving employment to between two and three hundred hands. In services of different kinds many admirable and excellent patterns are produced, and they successfully vie with many of the Staffordshire houses. Some of the toilet services which I have seen, enamelled, gilt, and lustred, are especially good. They also produce dinner, tea, dessert, and other services, as well as all the usual varieties of goods for home and foreign consumption, including in "Egyptian black," teapots, cream-ewers, &c., Rockingham ware, and "cane," or yellow ware.

The marks adopted by these works have been but few, and these only very occasionally used. They are, so far as I have been able to ascertain, as follows:—

Don Pottery

pencilled in red on the bottom of the vessel.

DON POTTERY

impressed on the bottom of the pieces.

GREEN

DON POTTERY

also an impressed mark.



The first of these was impressed, the second was printed and transferred on the ware. It was the first mark used by Samuel Barker,

and was adopted by him on purchasing the Don Pottery on its discontinuance by the Greens.



The first of these marks, also in transfer printing, an eagle displayed rising from out a ducal coronet, was adopted by the firm when it became Samuel Barker and Sons, at which time the old mark was discontinued. The mark of the eagle displayed is not now used, the firm having adopted the old mark of the demi-lion rampant holding in his paws the pennon, and enclosed within a garter, hence which are the initials of the firm, "S. B. & S."

In the same neighbourhood is the DENABY POTTERY, carried on by Messrs. Wilkinson and Wardle. These works were, until a few years ago, confined to the production of fire-bricks, &c., but were then taken by Mr. John Wardle from Messrs. Alocks, of Burslem, who has recently been joined in partnership by Mr. Charles W. Wilkinson. The factory is conveniently placed near the railway, from which there is a siding direct into the premises, which are compact, well arranged, and light. The goods produced are the general ordinary classes of printed earthenware, pearl body, cream ware, &c., which are made of good ordinary quality. In these all the more popular and favourite patterns are produced, and the works being of recent establishment, the copper plates are new, and are consequently sharp and fresh in appearance. Dinner, tea, coffee, toilet, and other services are produced, as well as jugs and other articles, some of which are of really good and effective design. Yellow, or cane-coloured ware, is also made, as are tiles for external decorative purposes. These are made from clay found at Conishorough, where branch works are being established. The mark adopted by the firm, for what reason it is difficult to divine, unless it be that the wares are intended to pass for, and take the place of (which they do), Staffordshire ware, is the Staffordshire knot, with the words "Wilkinson and Wardle Denaby Potteries."

At Kilnhurst, a place which one would naturally say took its name from pot-works, is a manufactory of earthenware, known as the KILNHURST OLD POTTERY. This was established about the middle of last century, soon after the Act for the navigation of the river Don was obtained. It was erected on the estate of the Shore family, and was held some sixty years ago by a potter named Hawley, who had also a pottery at Rawmarsh. From him it passed into the hands of George Green (one of the family of the Greens at Leeds), who was succeeded, in 1839, by Messrs. Twigg Brothers. It is now carried on by the surviving partner, Mr. John Twigg, who produces the usual varieties of earthenware, and has made some unsuccessful trials in china.

There also have been, or are, pot-works at New Biggin, held by George Taylor, at one time a manager at the Don Pottery; at Rotherham, held by persons of the names of Beatson and Yates; at Swinton Bridge,

worked only for a few years by Messrs. Hampshire and Newton; at West Melton, worked by Twigg; and at other places in the neighbourhood.

CASTLEFORD, which has its stations on the "North-Eastern" and on the "Lancashire and Yorkshire" railways, lies about twelve miles from Leeds. It is a rapidly rising and important little town, and is in a great measure supported by its glass-houses, its chemical works, and its potteries, which are still in full operation. Common brown ware had, I believe, been made for a considerable period, on the spot, the goods produced, of course, being pancheons and the ordinary classes of coarse vessels. The CASTLEFORD POTTERY was established, towards the close of the last century, by David Dunderdale, for the manufacture of the finer kinds of earthenware, more especially Queen's or cream-coloured ware, which was then so fashionable, and which was at that time being made so largely at Leeds and other places, as well as in Staffordshire. Mr. Dunderdale took into partnership a Mr. Plowes, and in 1803, the firm of D. Dunderdale & Co., which appears stamped on the goods, consisted, I believe, solely of these two persons. The partnership was not, it seems, of very long duration, and after considerable dissension, was dissolved, Mr. Plowes removing to Ferrybridge, where he joined the proprietors of the pot-works there, his son removing to London, and Mr. Dunderdale continuing the Castleford Works alone. The next partner, I believe, was Mr. Thomas Edward Upton, a relative of Mr. Dunderdale's, and these two shortly afterwards took into partnership John Bramley (or Bramler) and Thomas Russell, who was not a practical potter, but was an hotel proprietor at Harrogate. At this time the proprietary was thus divided:—Dunderdale one half of the concern, Russell a fourth, and Upton and Bramley an eighth each. Considerable additions were made to the works at this time, and the change in the proprietary was commemorated by a grand feast, and by bonfires, and all kinds of extravagant rejoicings.

In 1820 the manufactory was closed, and in 1821 a part of the works was taken by some of the workmen—George Asquith, William and Daniel Byford, Richard Gill, James Sharp, and David Hingham. They were succeeded by Taylor, Harrison, & Co., Harrison having been an apprentice of David Dunderdale's, and the place is still carried on by the latter and the son of the former, under the style of Taylor and Harrison. At these works, an offshoot, as I have shown, of the old pottery, the commoner descriptions of goods only are made.

At the close of the year 1825, I believe, the old works were taken by Asquith, Wood, and Co. They were joined in partnership by Thomas Nicholson, who had served his apprenticeship with Hartley, Greens, & Co., of the Leeds Pottery, and carried on the business as Asquith, Wood, and Nicholson, and afterwards as Wood and Nicholson alone. In 1854, another change took place, by which Mr. Nicholson, one of the old firm, retained the works, and took into partnership Thomas Hartley, the style of the firm being Thomas Nicholson & Co. A few years ago Mr. Nicholson retired from the concern, and it is now carried on by Thomas Hartley alone under the old name of Nicholson & Co.

The Castleford Works, under David Dunderdale & Co., did a large trade with Spain, the Baltic, and other "foreign parts," principally in cream-coloured ware,

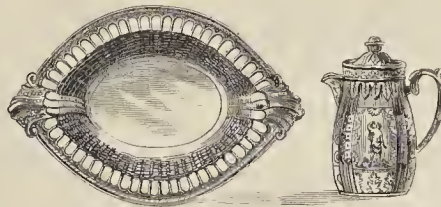
and it is said that during the war the losses were so great, both in earthenware and in specie, as to cripple the works, and lead to their being closed. So great was the export trade of the firm, that they owned vessels of heavy burthen, which were kept trading with the Spanish and other ports. It is related that just before the peace of Amiens, one of Dunderdale's ships was closely and hotly chased, but succeeded in outstripping her would-be captors. This was celebrated at Castleford, and the circumstance was remembered as "Dunkirk Races," and is still talked of with pride by one or two of the old people with whom I have conversed.

As I have said, the staple production of



central covered dishes in my own possession and that of Mr. Manning, which are painted in sepia with a border of vine leaves, grapes, and tendrils, of precisely the same design as appears on examples of Wedgwood's make, of that of Herculeanum, and of other places. This set of dishes, when placed together for use, forms a circle of twenty-two inches in diameter. The sauce-boat is a part of the same service. The small oval sauce turcen and ladle which I engrave for the purpose especially of showing that double-twisted handles were made at Castleford as well as at Leeds, at Swinton, and at other places, belongs to Mr. Pullaine. In Mr. Manning's and Dr. Bramley's collections are some very characteristic and excellent examples of this manufactory.

Open-work baskets, stands, plates, dishes, &c., were produced in great variety, and of designs in many instances closely resembling those of Leeds and other places. The accompanying engraving exhibits one of



Black or Egyptian ware of fine quality was made at Castleford in its palmy days, and is now of some degree of rarity. In my old friend C. Roach Smith's possession is a part of a service of this material, in which the hot-milk jug is of precisely the same pattern as the one engraved above. In fine white earthenware a large variety of goods was made by Dunderdale & Co., who produced a remarkably hard and compact body, and a glaze of considerable merit. In Mr. Pullaine's possession, among other examples, is an oval fruit-dish, painted inside with a broad, bold, but not elegant, border in red, and in the centre, in an oval, a landscape, with water, buildings, trees, figures, &c., in the same colour on a red-tinted ground.

the Castleford Pottery in Dunderdale's time was the "Queen's" or "cream-coloured ware," which was made of an excellent quality, and of a good colour. In appearance it assimilated pretty closely to the cream ware made at the Herculeanum Works, and was not so fine or so perfect in glaze as that made at Leeds. In this ware dinner, dessert, and other services, as well as open-work baskets, vases, candlesticks, and a large variety of other articles, were made, both plain and painted, or enamelled, and decorated with transfer printing. In the accompanying engraving I show some examples from my own collection, and that of my friend, the Rev. Robert Pullaine. In this group is seen one of a set of four

the designs of Castleford from a marked example in my own collection.

In what would now be called Parian, the Castleford Works in their early days produced some remarkably good and effective pieces. One of these, a hot-milk jug with its cover, is shown in the above engraving. It belongs to my friend, the Rev. Robert Pullaine, whose collection, which I have before named, contains many choice examples of ceramic Art. It is beautifully decorated with foliated and other borders, and with groups of figures in relief. In the same collection is a large mug of the same material, the lower part of which is fluted, the upper with a raised foliated border, and dark brown band, and the central part with a continuous subject of figures, goat, and trees, of good design and of high relief. In my own possession is a jug of very similar character, with a continuous hunting subject. Examples of this kind of ware may be seen in the Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn Street.

The marks used at these works appear to have been very few, and are easily recognised. They are—

D D & C^o*

CASTLEFORD

impressed in the bottom of the goods.

D·D & CO

CASTLEFORD

POTTERY

also impressed in the ware. The mark at the present time is a circular garter, surmounted by a crown. On the ribbon are the initials of the firm—"T. N & Co."—and in the centre the name of the pattern.

At the present day the Castleford Pottery, as carried on by Mr. Thomas Hartley

under the style of "T. Nicholson & Co.," manufactures all the more ordinary kinds of earthenware, including white, printed, sponged, and the very commonest kinds of painted varieties. The old glory of the works has, however, long departed, and nothing artistic or beautiful is now to be seen in the place where once so many choice articles might be found.

In Castleford several other potteries, the offshoots of this one, now exist. The principal of these is the Eagle Pottery, established in 1854 by a company of workmen, and taken by Pratt & Co., who sold the concern to a Mr. McDowell, who carries it on under the style of John Roberts & Co.

The FERRYBRIDGE POTTERY is situated at Ferrybridge, by Knottingley, and only a short distance from that famous seat of the growth of liquorice, Pontefract, whose "Pomfret cakes" are so well and, indeed, universally known. The potworks at Ferrybridge are among the largest, if they are not the very largest, in Yorkshire, and have the reputation of being well arranged and convenient. They were established in 1792, by Mr. William Tomlinson, who had for partners Mr. Seaton, an eminent banker of Pontefract; Mr. Foster, a wealthy shipowner, of Selby; Mr. Timothy Smith, a coal proprietor; and Mr. Thompson, an independent gentleman, residing at Selby. The firm was styled "William Tomlinson and Co.," until about the year 1796, when the proprietors took into partnership Ralph Wedgwood, of Burslem, when the style was changed to that of "Tomlinson, Foster, Wedgwood, & Co."

Ralph Wedgwood was the eldest son of Thomas Wedgwood, of Etruria, the cousin and partner of Josiah Wedgwood, and was brought up at that place under his uncle and father. He was brother to John Taylor Wedgwood, the eminent line engraver, whose works are so justly in repute.

In my "Life of Josiah Wedgwood," I have given for the first time, as the result of considerable research, a notice of this remarkable man, Ralph Wedgwood, and of his inventions, and his family* and connections, and to this I must refer my readers for many particulars concerning this remarkable man.

After the dissolution of the partnership at Ferrybridge, which took place, I believe, about 1800 or 1801, when Wedgwood ceased to have any connection with the concern, the firm was carried on under the style of Wm. Tomlinson & Co. until 1804, when it was changed to "Tomlinson, Plowes, & Co.," Mr. Plowes, of the Castleford Works, having joined the proprietary.

In 1804, the name of the manufactory, which, up to that period, had been called the *Knottingley Pottery*, was changed to that of the *Ferrybridge Pottery*. This change was made for the convenience of foreign correspondence—a large foreign trade being carried on—Ferrybridge being at that time a post-town of some note, and the works being situated nearer to it than to Knottingley.

Mr. Tomlinson was succeeded by his son Mr. Edward Tomlinson, who continued the works, under the firm of Edward Tomlinson & Co., until the year 1826, when he finally retired from the concern. A part of the premises were then worked for a short time by Messrs. Wigglesworth and Ingham; when the whole place was taken by Messrs. Reed, Taylor, and Kelsall, who continued the manufactory until the retirement of

Mr. Kelsall; after which the works were continued by the surviving partners, Messrs. James Reed and Benjamin Taylor. Mr. Reed, who was father of Mr. John Reed, of the "Mexborough Pottery," of whose works I gave a notice in my last chapter,* was a man of enlarged experience, of matured judgment, and of great practical skill; and in his time many improvements in the ware were made, and the manufacture of china introduced. He, in conjunction with his partner, took the Mexborough Pottery, and for some time carried on the two establishments conjointly. Ultimately Mr. Reed gave up the Ferrybridge works, and confined himself to those at Mexborough, while Mr. Taylor carried on the Ferrybridge factory alone. He was succeeded by Messrs. Shaw and Poulson, by whom the works were carried on for a very short time.

In 1851, Mr. Lewis Woolf, the present head of the firm, became tenant, and in 1856 purchased the property, and commenced manufacturing in his own name, and has continued from that time until the present day. In 1857, a large additional pottery was built closely adjoining, and, indeed, connected with the "Ferrybridge Pottery," by the sons of Mr. Lewis Woolf. This new manufactory was called the "Australian Pottery," and is still in full work. The proprietors of the joint works, "the Ferrybridge and Australian Potteries," as they are named, now are Lewis, Sydney,† and Henry Woolf.

These works, besides a very large local and coasting trade, had extensive transactions with several foreign ports. From their first establishment to the time of issuing the Berlin decree by Napoleon, Tomlinson & Co. had carried on a very extensive and lucrative trade with Russia, for which country the finer and more expensive kinds of goods were made, both pressed, printed, enamelled, and gilt. The decree cut short the trade with the Continent; but shortly after this commercial blow, which was severely felt by the Yorkshire potters, the River Plate was opened by Sir Home Popham, a circumstance that was taken immediate advantage of by the Ferrybridge firm. "One of the partners immediately proceeded there, and succeeded in establishing a good market until the royal family emigrated to Brazil, when the same partner moved up to Rio de Janeiro, to which port a large business was for many years carried on."

The wares principally made were the following:—cream and cane-coloured ware, in which services and most articles in general use were manufactured, either plain, pressed (*i.e.* with raised patterns), painted, or printed; green glazed ware; Egyptian black ware; and fine white earthenware. Artists of considerable ability were employed at the works, and I have seen examples which are of thoroughly good character, and will vie with some of the best contemporary productions of the Staffordshire potteries.

In the time of Messrs. Reed and Taylor china of a very fine quality was made, but the manufacture was not of long duration. Tea and coffee services, dessert services, scent bottles, and a variety of articles, were made of this body, and were remarkably good in form and in style of decoration. Examples of Ferrybridge china are now of extreme rarity.

Cameos, medallions, and other ornamental things in the time of Ralph Wedgwood's connection with the works, were

made in imitation of those of Josiah Wedgwood, to which they were, however, very inferior both in body and finish. A good collection of these is in possession of Mr. Tomlinson.

The "Ferrybridge and Australian Potteries" now give employment to about five hundred hands, and do one of the largest trades to Australia and to other foreign markets of any house in the district. In white earthenware, in which every class of goods is made, every style of ornament adapted to the different foreign markets is adopted. This is the staple trade of the works, and the ornamentation consists of almost every conceivable pattern in transfer printing (twenty-two printers, we are told, being employed) in common painting, in lustre or "tinsell," and in sponged patterns. Enamelled and gilt goods, too, are made, and of qualities to suit the different markets for which they are intended. For the Egyptian markets, to which large quantities of goods are sent, lustrated or tinselled patterns are produced very extensively.

In jet ware, the manufacture of which was commenced at Ferrybridge about three years ago, dessert services, candlesticks, toilet trays, and other articles are made. The quality of this ware is extremely good, the colour and glaze faultless, and the gilding, in some instances, carefully executed. In this ware, I believe I am right in saying that a large number of services have been made especially for the Chinese market.

In Egyptian black the ordinary varieties of articles are made, as they are also in Rockingham ware.

In "blue jasper" ware, *i.e.*, a blue glazed ware, richly gilt and otherwise decorated, many useful and ornamental articles are made, as they are also in a variety of other bodies.

The MARKS used at the Ferrybridge Pottery have been but few. So far as my knowledge goes, those which will be of interest to the collector are the following:—

TOMLINSON & CO.

impressed in the bottom of the ware;

WEDGWOOD & CO.

used for a short time, during the period when Ralph Wedgwood was a partner, when it was impressed with the imitations of Josiah Wedgwood's cameos, &c., which were, at that time, to some extent, made at Ferrybridge;

FERRYBRIDGE

also impressed, and one variety of which mark is peculiar from having the letter D reversed thus—

FERRYBRIDGE

P

A shield, with the words—"Opaque Granite China" in three lines, supported by a lion and unicorn, and surmounted by a crown. This mark is also impressed, and occurs on green-glazed ware, as does the one just spoken of.

The mark at the present time is that of the lion and unicorn with the shield and crown, and the words, "Ferrybridge and Australian Potteries," sometimes impressed, and at others printed on the goods, with the names of the bodies, as "granite," "stone china," &c., added.

Having now completed my notice of this interesting knot of Yorkshire potteries, I must, for a time, take my leave of the subject, which I trust, ere long, to resume with notices of the works at Swansay, at Bow, at Pinxton, at Nantgarw, and several other places.

* Jewitt's "Life of Wedgwood." London: Virtue Brothers, p. 177, *et seq.*

† *Art-Journal* for November, 1855.
Mr. Sydney Woolf was a candidate for the representation of Pontefract, in 1858.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The reply of the Royal Academy to the "ultimatum" of Government relative to conditions on which they are to receive ground for building on the present site of Burlington House, has been sent in. It will, of course, "lie over" until the assembling of Parliament. The Academy meet the proposals of Government in a spirit of conciliation, yet adhere with firmness to their own expressed views. They declare their willingness to adopt "reforms," or perhaps we ought to say "changes," more extensive than even those suggested, but they reject the counsel to largely augment the number of their body, and decline altogether the introduction of the lay element (we believe, however, the Government does not press that obstructive matter), and they avoid certain topics as bringing them too directly under Government influence and control. In short, they are willing to go a long way, but not all the way they are asked to go, to change the constitution of the body. One proposal is to do away altogether with the Associate class; but if that be done, it would not seem that the full members are therefore to be greatly augmented—not, certainly, to the extent the public expects and Parliament demands. At present, however, all is in confusion. The Academy cannot know what to do, because they anticipate a considerable reduction in the amount of sacrifice now required from them. Probably there will be "a give and a take" on both sides; but if we are rightly impressed, the Academy will do much to prevent the necessity of purchasing ground out of their own funds, while Government is strongly desirous not to act so as to make the Academy a private body over which the country will have no jurisdiction.

SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE.—We regret to learn that the accomplished President of the Royal Academy remains at Milan in a state of health that gives little hope of his return to the arduous duties of his office. It is not at all likely he will be able to resume them. The misfortune is especially embarrassing at this particular time, when the Government and the Academy are arranging a treaty, upon which the future of the latter will greatly depend. Much of the result must necessarily have depended on the enlightened mind, large experience, and personal influence of the President, and of these, unhappily, the members are for the present deprived.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE School of Art, Literature, and Science, has opened upon its sixth annual session. During the last term nearly two hundred ladies joined the classes of the school.

PHOTOGRAPHY ON COPPER.—A photographic copper plate has been submitted to us, with *impressions* from it, so clear and beautiful as to be really a substitute for engraving; and it is said two hundred "prints" can be taken from it in an hour. On this subject we shall soon have much to say.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY was re-opened on the 6th of November, after having been closed for some weeks according to annual custom. There has been added to the collection a small picture assumed to be by Memling; it presents two figures, each in a separate compartment, as if they had formed the wings of a larger central piece. In the left is St. John the Baptist holding a lamb on his left arm, to which he points with his right hand; he wears an under garment of sackcloth, over which hangs

a dark purple mantle. The other is St. Lawrence, wearing over a white robe a red ceremonial vesture enriched with gold. Each head is relieved by a coloured marble column, with a gilt capital, and beyond is a glimpse of a garden-like landscape distance.

KING'S COLLEGE.—The authorities of this institution have arranged that the students attending the drawing classes shall, during the present winter, have the benefit of two hours' instruction instead of one, in the evenings, when the classes are open; for this no additional fee is required.

LEWIS POCOCK, Esq.—This gentleman is, we believe, about to resign his post as one of the honorary secretaries of the Art-Union of London, having joined as a partner the firm of Dominic Colnaghi & Co., publishers of engravings, &c. &c. The public owes a very large debt to Mr. Pocock, for gratuitous and very valuable services during nearly thirty years, and when he retires from the office he has held so long, he will carry with him the esteem and regard of all with whom he has been, at any period, brought into contact. The firm he joins is respected, not only in England, but throughout Europe. It has been established above half a century. The estimable chief may, no doubt, desire to relax somewhat the labour incident to his position, and in obtaining the co-operation of Mr. Pocock he will obtain that of a gentleman who will suffer in no way to depreciate the high and honourable fame of the house. We trust, that under the new influence, there will be a great enlargement of its issues as a publishing firm. A publisher of engravings who shall be honourable, just, and courteous, and at the same time judicious, liberal, and enterprising, is greatly needed in England.

THE LADIES' EXHIBITION.—This exhibition will open, as usual, early in the spring at the gallery in Conduit Street. It has had a hard struggle for life: it has certainly done some service to Art, and may do much more, and we earnestly hope the weaker sisters will receive the aid of those who are strong, whose help would be of great value, and who can accord it without any sacrifice of dignity, for their motives cannot be misjudged.

MR. JAMES ROSS, of Edinburgh, a photographer who has obtained large renown in Scotland, has submitted to us a few of the specimens of his art that justified the award of a medal at the Dublin International Exhibition. The award was made "for artistic feeling in the pose, particularly of children." It would be difficult to overrate the merit of these most charming works, not only those that are specially noticed for approval, but of groups from nature, that are arranged as skillfully as they could have been if fancy, skill, and artistic experience had been the dictators. One of a party gazing at *Punch* would sufficiently justify the praise we accord, but there are "family parties" that are admirable. The children, however—from the infant newly born to the boy and girl who joy in life's early morning—are the attractions in these examples of the art. We do not know and do not care who they are; they are lovely pictures, many of them of most beautiful little beings whom one could love with a whole heart:—

"No thought have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day."

Those we have seen are probably selections, but they induce faith and hope in the future of their country. It is to the merit of these works—as works of Art—however, that we have to direct attention; they

are exquisite specimens of artistic skill. It would seem as if the little restless rebels had given no more trouble to the manipulator than so many lay figures, so perfectly natural, easy, and graceful is the "pose" in each instance chosen; yet we may imagine the thought and patience that were required to obtain it. We thank Mr. Ross for a very pleasant Art-treat.

PHOTOGRAPHY: CARBON PROCESS.—A medal was awarded, in Dublin, to Messrs. Mawson and Swan, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, for specimens of photography by their "carbon printing process." Some examples have been submitted to us; they are of great beauty, singularly brilliant in tone and "colour," the artistic arrangements being very near perfection, and the manipulation clear and sharp. The inventors claim that by this process the pictures produced are of unquestionable permanence, the colouring matter forming the picture being carbon, either alone or modified by admixture with other water-colour pigments, such as indigo and lake. As a basis for colouring upon, these carbon prints have, it is affirmed, a very great advantage over "silver prints," inasmuch as the colours forming the carbon print are known to be durable when in contact with the pigments usually employed in water-colour painting. We can but judge by results as they meet the eye, and these are entirely satisfactory; but we have no doubt that Messrs. Mawson and Swan have secured that most essential advantage—the *durability* of the picture when it is printed. We should add, that in the specimens before us, the photograph is not printed upon a piece of paper separate from the mounting board, as is usual with ordinary photographs, but that the print and mount are "one and indivisible." The value of this improvement is too self-evident to require any comment by us.

MR. J. F. HERRING.—In our notice last month of the death of this artist, it was stated that he was entirely self-taught. This is not quite the fact; for we are informed by Mr. A. Cooper, R.A., that Herring, when a youth, was in his studio for a period of six months, being placed there by the father of the young man.

MR. HIMMEL'S ALMANAC for the ensuing year, sweetly odoriferous as usual, is embellished with four very pretty female heads, symbolising the seasons; each "faire lady" is set in a framework of gay flowers appropriate to the period.

MR. MORING, the heraldic artist and engraver, of Holborn, has invited our attention to some monumental engraven plates, which justly claim from us the expression of our cordial approval. These plates are of brass, and their surfaces, upon which the inscriptions, arms, and other devices and designs are engraven, are richly gilt, and a very durable preparation is used to colour the letters, armorial insignia, &c. This surface-gilding is productive of an excellent effect, and it also serves to protect the plates themselves, and to preserve their original freshness. It is the intention of the designer that these plates should be attached to solid pieces of wood, which, in their turn, would be fixed to the walls of churches. This is a form of memorial it would be very desirable to see in general use.

THE MISSES BERTOLACCI.—We state with much pleasure that the photographic works of these accomplished ladies are now in the hands of Messrs. Marion, of Soho Square, who will be their future publishers. Hitherto in that respect they have been most unfortunate; inasmuch that, although

perhaps no publications of the class have been so generally lauded, they are as yet very insufficiently known to collectors and amateurs. They comprise photographs of the highest possible merit from the works of Turner—a series of the "England and Wales," one of the "Richmondshire," one of the "Ports and Harbours of England," and one of the "River Scenery."

THE GENERAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS will take place, as last year, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, and be opened on the 5th of February. All contributions must be sent to the hon. secretaries on or before the 11th January.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES LAMB.—We perceive in the *Reader* some remarks as to the condition of Lamb's grave in the churchyard at Edmonton. On visiting the place some two months ago, we found it in a sadly neglected state; the stone was loose, and the "green sod" a mass of nettles. We arranged, however, with the sexton that, at our expense, it should be "renovated," and will see that it is done. The inscription on the tombstone was written by the Rev. Mr. Cary, the translator of "Dante."

PROPOSED MONUMENT TO LEIGH HUNT.—We have received the names of between thirty and forty subscribers—of each a guinea or half a guinea—to a fund for placing a simple yet worthy monument over the grave of Leigh Hunt at Kensall Green, at present without any mark to indicate where the kindly and genial author lies. The sum is not yet sufficient for the purpose, but no doubt it will soon become so. Among the subscribers are his old friends Procter, Sir Bulwer Lytton, Macready, Forster, Dickens, Sir Rowland Hill, Sir John Bowring, &c. &c. A list will be published in due course.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.—The annual exhibition of copies of the old masters made by students in the School of Painting was opened on the 15th of last month, too late to allow of a notice in the present number.

PICTURE SALE.—We are desirous to call the attention of our readers who are interested in such matters to a notice in our advertising sheet of the sale of a valuable collection of paintings at Brussels, early in the present month. The pictures include examples of most of the old Flemish and Dutch masters, and form the gallery of Mr. F. J. Chapuis.

MR. THEED'S STATUE of the late Prince Consort has been reproduced in terra-cotta, by Mr. J. M. Blashfield, of Stamford, for a hospital in Hampshire. The material of which it is made was obtained from the estate of the Marquis of Exeter, at Wakerley, Northamptonshire.

THE NEW CHARING CROSS, within the enclosure of the London terminus of the South-Eastern Railway, is complete, and a very beautiful structure it is. It was a happy idea to mark this Charing-Cross Railway terminus with such a cross as once stood at Charing, between London and Westminster; and Mr. Barry, in that he has just erected, gives evidence he could have designed and built its predecessor. It will be understood that the new cross does not occupy the precise site of the old one, nor does it pretend to be a reproduction of the original "Queen Eleanor's Cross" in fac-simile; it stands, however, sufficiently near to the old spot to be strictly "Charing Cross;" and, while an original design, it is in close conformity, as well in detail as in style and general character, with the nine crosses that were built between the years 1291 and 1294. The tapering pyramidal form of Mr. Barry's work has been very ably carried out, and

its effect is at once eminently graceful and suggestive of solidity and endurance; nor does the lavish richness of the external decoration either impair this good effect, or excite any suspicion of excessive ornamentation. The several parts of the structure are judiciously adjusted to one another, and all the decorative members and accessories are evidently constructive portions of the cross itself; hence the whole work is thoroughly effective through the consistent effectiveness of its component parts. What the new cross wants is elevation of plinth. As a matter of course, space could not have been spared for any widely-spreading flights of steps leading up to the cross itself; still, the actual plinth might easily have been made to rest upon a basement or substructure of plinthiform character, which would have given to the main structure an elevation that it decidedly wants. Considering also the facts of the case, that this beautiful cross is neither a model of the old Charing Cross, nor itself strictly a memorial of the first consort of the great Edward, we are of opinion that Mr. Barry might have marked the era of his own work by a statue of the Royal Lady now happily reigning over us, and by placing the shield of arms of her Majesty Queen Victoria with the shields of England, Castile and Leon, and Ponthieu. The eight statues of Queen Eleanor, with their varied symbols, that encircle the cross, form a beautiful group; but the beauty of the group would have been enhanced by the presence of one Victoria amongst the seven Eleanors; and, besides, thus the cross would have recorded its own history, and have declared itself to be a reminiscence of the memorial of a Queen consort of the olden time, erected in the days of a Queen regnant, her remote, yet direct, descendant. Mr. Barry must be congratulated upon the excellence of workmanship which distinguishes this cross. A true Gothic feeling pervades the whole, the result of a harmonious sympathy between the architect and the sculptors and masons—a sympathy, also, in which they all evidently shared alike, with the work upon which they all were engaged.

AMONG AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS, none rank higher than Dr. Hemphill, of Clonmel, who last year received the first prize at the Amateur Photographic Association, and this year has been awarded a medal at the Dublin International Exhibition. The work that was most prominent of the many of great excellence contributed by him, is the interior of a drawing-room, at Newton Armer, the seat of R. B. Osborne, Esq. It is a production of surpassing skill, filled by a variety of graceful objects, each one of which comes out distinctly. As a triumph over more than the usual difficulties, it is perhaps the most remarkable effort of the Art.

THE LIST OF PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS issued by Messrs. John and Charles Watkins, is really a remarkable "document;" it contains the names of several hundred of the foremost "celebrities" of the age and country, including one hundred and thirty British artists, sixty of whom are, or have been, members of the Royal Academy. Of men and women of letters there are about the same number, while of the more prominent members of the Houses of Peers and Commons, judges, bishops, and eminent clergymen, there are, perhaps, a thousand names. What a huge mass of pleasure and knowledge may be hence obtained! It is impossible to overrate the value of such a collection to the present and the future. To estimate it rightly, let us imagine what

a treasure would such a series be that supplied us with sure likenesses of the great men and women of the past, who are famous "for all time." Messrs. Watkins must have greatly exerted themselves, and their influence also, to obtain so "glorious a gathering." No doubt much of the issue results from the admirable manner in which their photographs are produced. There are none better, few so good; excellent as copies of the originals, and singularly clear and "emphatic" in manipulation.

MESSRS. DE LA RUE have issued their annual diaries, pocket-books, &c., for the year 1866. As they have always been, they are by far the best productions of their class—thoroughly accurate and comprehensive as to varied information, printed and "got up" with considerable taste, and bound strongly, though with much grace. They supply a want that everybody feels, and it is impossible to supply it better. They also this year issue several new designs, of much elegance, in playing cards; productions in which they surpass all competitors, not only as regards appearance, but in the more essential quality of excellent manufacture.

ASSOCIATED ARTS INSTITUTE.—The first meeting of the season, 1865-6, took place at 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, on the evening of Saturday, October 21. There was a very full attendance of members and visitors. The chair was taken by Richard Westmacott, Esq., R.A., F.R.S., and an introductory paper, "On the special importance of General Mental Culture to the Artist," was read by Mr. A. H. Wall, one of the officers of the Society. In the course of his remarks Mr. Wall pointed out that although "to think clearly and reason accurately must be advantageous to all classes of the community, yet it was more especially so to those whose pursuits were intellectual." He thought as artists they "should be less slavishly devoted to the mechanical and technical, and more warmly and actively appreciative of the intellectual and æsthetic; should be governed not only by rules and laws, but by a subtle knowledge of principles. Just as the education of the artist's eye is as essential as that of the hand, so the education of his mind, which gives the eye its power, special as well as general, is also not less essential. Mind, eye, and hand should be alike trained and exercised—the first to conceive, the second to recognise, and the last to realise. Above the duty which an artist owed to himself individually, was the duty he owed to his art. He would be unfaithful to the trust reposed in him if he refrained from doing his best to increase its power and elevation. This duty was one with that which they owed to society, and as no knightly lover should be deaf to the plea of a mistress who bids him do honour to her cause and prove himself worthy of her favours, so no artist should neglect in idleness, mock in vulgar selfishness, or shrink from in cowardice, the duty he owes to his beloved art." The scope and objects of this young society are so admirable in their nature that we are glad to find it making headway in popularity and repute. Composed mainly of young men—poets, painters, sculptors, architects, decorators, and "certificated" Art-masters—its meetings are devoted to the promotion of social intercourse among the members, to the readings and discussions on the *Fine Arts*, and to the exhibition of sketches. The society originated in January, 1863, with a little body of the students at the Royal Academy and the South Kensington Museum.

REVIEWS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ARCHITECTURE AND ORNAMENT. Drawn and Etched on Copper by J. B. WARING. Published by DAY AND SON, London.

It is easy to form an opinion of this volume, and very pleasant to express it. In the single page of his preface, the author sets forth an admirable motive in worthy language; and the work itself, consisting of seventy plates, with nineteen pages of concise (perhaps too concise) letter-press, shows with what conscientious earnestness the author devoted himself to the realisation of his own aspirations. Mr. Waring has selected subjects that are thoroughly good in themselves, and at the same time are exactly suited for etching; and he has etched them with masterly skill and true artistic feeling. These plates, indeed, are distinguished no less by breadth of treatment and richness of tone, than by that peculiar delicacy, sharpness, and exactness of outline, which render the etching-needle of such pre-eminent value to the architectural artist.

The "illustrations" themselves, which, the author tells us, are treated "in a pictorial more than in an architectural manner," comprehend an abundant variety of objects, and they also range over a wide space of both time and region. France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands, have each contributed to produce this collection, and each country may be content to consider itself fairly and honourably represented. The first plate contains a group of subjects from the Abbey Church of St. Gilles, in the South of France, which was dedicated by Urban II. in the year 1096; while plates 38 and 59 date severally in the years 1510 and about 1640, and their contents are the noble bronze monument to Archbishop Ernest von Magdeburg, the work of Peter Vischer, in Magdeburg Cathedral, and the splendid silver drinking-horn of the Municipality of Amsterdam, which is represented in Van der Helst's fine picture, "The Commemoration of the Peace of Munster," painted in 1648.

For the subjects of Mr. Waring's other plates, we refer our readers to his beautiful book; but when we do so, we desire at the same time to point out that their "pictorial" treatment by no means implies any deficiency in "architectural" truth and accuracy. Mr. Waring desired his etchings to be suggestive of original thought, and not working drawings in miniature. He did not intend them to be copied, but he did intend them to be useful in showing to living artists in what way the artists of earlier days did their work. And this is exactly what is so much needed. The days of reproduction, or, in plain English, of copying, ought to be passing away; and, at such a period, men want to become familiarised with the works of great artists, that thus they may be the better empowered to become great artists themselves. It is from his happy rendering of choice examples of various works, both strictly architectural and simply decorative, in such a manner as to leave the impression that they are "illustrations," and not copies, that this book possesses a high intrinsic value, and will surely maintain its position as a standard work of decided authority.

Ten plates at the end of the volume are entirely occupied with specimens of plants suitable for ornament. Here, as in the other plates, the suggestive intention of the author is apparent in almost every leaf. Everything has lessons for the designer, but for the copyist there is not an example ready to his hand. These are fine characteristic studies of Nature's glorious forms, and they are set forth with that loving appreciation which ensures for the etchings a truly characteristic fidelity.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES. HUNTING: INCIDENTS OF "THE NOBLE SCIENCE." By JOHN LEECH. Published by AGNEW AND SONS, London, Manchester, and Liverpool.

To pass, at this lapse of time, any eulogium on the pencil of Leech, would be something like the process of "gilding refined gold." The world, year by year, pronounced its verdict on

his works, and those who come after us will ratify it, though unable so well as we are to realise all the truth and piquancy of his lifelike sketches. There are, in all probability, many among us who will prefer these as they appeared in the pages of *Punch*—a few lines and touches only, produced with wonderful vigour and expressive character, serving for a complete picture—to the larger and more important form in which, with the aid of colour, he worked out some of his ideas, and which have been reproduced by chromo-lithography, or some other process of printing. A few of the subjects, such, for example, as 'The Mermaids' Haunt,' 'A Cavalier,' 'The Fair Tosaphides,' 'Not a Bad Idea for Warm Weather,' 'No Consequence,' 'Where there's a Will there's a Way,' and one or two others, that now make their appearance on a large scale, do not suffer by the alteration; but it may, perhaps, be fairly questioned whether the rest do not—chiefly because the subject matter does not admit of effective enlargement even with the assistance of the palette. We felt this when the pictures were exhibited prior to their sale, soon after the death of the lamented artist. Leech was not a painter—not a colourist; but a wonderful designer, an inventor, in whose hands a bit of chalk or a lead pencil was an instrument of great power to catch and retain the humours, the follies, and the amusements of the age. The mantle of his genius has fallen upon no shoulders worthy of possessing it; and this "large edition" of certain of his sports, pastimes, and hunting scenes, will, with almost everything else that came from his prolific and most pleasant pencil, long be treasured up as sources of unqualified enjoyment by ourselves and our children.

A ROUND OF DAYS. Described in Original Poems by some of our most Celebrated Poets, and in Pictures by Eminent Artists. Engraved by the BROTHERS DALZIEL. Published by G. ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, London.

It is not an easy task in these days of multitudinous publications to find a title for a book of miscellaneous character which has not been already forestalled. Messrs. Dalziel have evidently encountered the difficulty, and if they have not quite succeeded in overcoming it satisfactorily, that selected is not very wide of the subject. The reason given for its adoption is that "As Life consists of 'a round of days,' this title has been chosen to designate a collection of Poems and Pictures representing every-day scenes, occurrences, and incidents in various phases of existence;" and a very attractive collection of both we find in this handsome volume. Among those we select "for choice," are F. Walker's "Broken Victuals," consumed by an old and poor man at a cotter's fire-side, where he is regarded with pitious face by a little girl. Mr. Tom Taylor's descriptive verses are prettily plaintive. Miss Rosette's sketch in rhyme of an Italian *belle* in an English drawing-room we prefer to Mr. Houghton's picture of the scene. Mr. Hain Friswell writes a short yet sparkling poem to illustrate two charming little views by W. P. Burton and T. Dalziel respectively. Mr. Houghton's drawing, "Wed Last Spring," is held and gracefully composed. Tom Hood's accompanying lines are sweet and appropriate to the picture. Mr. Hood's "Eventide," descriptive of two little "gems" of engravings from the pencil of T. Dalziel, breathes a low, plaintive wail that is very touching. F. Walker contributes four clever designs illustrative of the Seasons. Of these "Spring Days" is unquestionably the best. Dora Greenwell supplies a pleasant rhythmic comment on each. "One Mouth More," by the same artist, is a striking picture of character; the intercessory petition, which is the form used, by Mr. Tom Taylor, in describing it, is perfectly natural and well put. We like E. Dalziel's two designs of "The Silent Pool," and also Mr. F. Locker's short lyric that accompanies them. Mr. Houghton is the designer of several clever subjects—not all however, of equal interest,—illustrating "Life in a Year," and "Life in a Day," to which Dora Greenwell contributes short poems. Two subjects, entitled "The Old Shepherd," by J. W.

North, are capital. "Fated to Meet," and "The Noon of Love," the former by T. Morten, the latter by P. Gray, with verses by Tom Hood, may be instanced as among the best compositions in the volume; and in the same category may be classed E. Dalziel's "Beaten," which the author of "The Gentle Life" explains in a few lines of the deepest pathos; and G. J. Pinwell's two drawings, "Kyrie Eleison," to which the Hon. Mrs. Norton has written a short poem of considerable power.

We have not the least doubt but that Messrs. Dalziel's "Round of Days"—for they are not only the engravers of the designs, but the book is printed at their press, and got up under their superintendence,—will be one of the favourite "gifts" of the season.

WHAT THE MOON SAW, AND OTHER TALES. By HANS C. ANDERSEN. Translated by W. H. DULCKEN, Ph.D. With Eighty Illustrations by A. W. BAYES. Engraved by the BROTHERS DALZIEL. Published by ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, London.

A work by the admirable Dame is sure to find admirers and purchasers: it is here produced in a very tempting form, full of excellent engravings, for the artist has caught the spirit of the author, and it is needless to say his drawings have received justice at the hands of Messrs. Dalziel. The beautiful book is full of them. It consists of a large number of stories, historic sketches, romantic legends, vernacular and curious traditions, and tales that are in the highest degree romantic—very exciting, yet very instructive to read; for Andersen is a Christian philosopher as well as a lively and attractive tale-teller.

THE YEAR, ITS LEAVES AND BLOSSOMS. Illustrated by HERMAN STILKE, with Verses from Eminent Poets. Published by GRIFFITH AND FARRAN, London.

This is a charming gift-book: one of the brightest and the happiest, and not the least instructive, of the season's products. A series of twelve chromo-lithographic prints commemorate "the months"—the artist and the poet combining to their honour. Flowers and landscapes, peculiar to the period, are beautifully arranged and grouped. Fancy has been active in aiding Fact: the flowers and fruits are drawn with great accuracy, and they have been treated with consummate artistic skill. The volume is most attractive, gracefully bound, admirably printed, entirely satisfactory to the Art-lover, while it is sure to be heartily welcomed by the refined "public," for whom it is intended.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By CHARLES LAMB. Published by ROUTLEDGE AND SONS.

This is a new edition of a work that has kept its place in public favour for more than half a century: it was "designed" by its authors, Charles and Mary Lamb, "for the use of young persons," but the old—even those who know Shakspeare by heart—may read it with delight. The illustrations are by John Gilbert, coloured: they are of much excellence, not highly wrought, but sufficient as accompaniments to the text.

THE SEARCH FOR A PUBLISHER; or, Counsels for a Young Author. Published by A. W. BENNETT, London.

In recommending Mr. Bennett's "Counsels," we by no means advise young writers to "rush into print" incontinently; but if they are so determined, then let them consult this book. It is certainly, and principally, an advertisement of the publisher's own business; a setting forth of the manner in which he sends out books entrusted to him for publication. Still, the type in authorship may select from it the sort of type in which he may desire to appear, the size of his page, and may also learn how to correct proofs and leave his sheets for the press. It is something to know how to do this rightly, and so as to save unnecessary trouble both to the writer and the compositor.

JUVENILE
ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE
FOR 1866.

It is curious to note the almost imperceptible changes that take place around us; yet every period has its decided fashion; whether the fashion be old or new, it is all the same imperative and imperious. When we were children, our mental food consisted of "Tom Thumb," and "Mother Hubbard," and "Red Riding Hood," with, at a more advanced period, the immortal stories of Maria Edgeworth, and a series of books we used to hate heartily, called "Joyce's Scientific Dialogues." Mrs. Holland's "Son of a Genius" was a great favourite in those days, and from a French book, "L'Ami des Enfants," we learned more French than from grammar or spelling-book; but as time passed, the "fashion" of these earlier books also passed. We should have been hooted by all "thinking parents" if we had put "Jack the Giant Killer" or "Red Riding Hood" into the hands of our little ones; these were condemned by educationists as teaching the young idea to shoot round a corner; and so, children's books became grave and sententious. Any one who talked of cultivating the imagination would have been considered as almost immoral. Children scorned fairy tales, and only tolerated the history and "sciences," with occasionally a work of "improving fiction." In short, they were simply dwarfed men and women; a natural child was a *vera avis*. This "cramping" babies with strong meat was found, we presume, not to altogether answer, for the juvenile literature for the present year, as for years past, is pretty much of the same literary calibre as that we ourselves enjoyed in the "long ago," when we were young, only "got up" in infinitely better taste. Indeed the illustrations of all the books published by GRIFFITH AND FARRAN are admirable lessons in drawing and perspective. We take one up at random.

TROTTE'S STORY BOOK, with eight illustrations by Harrison Weir. The tales, or rather anecdotes, are told in "short words and large type," and relate what children always take an interest in, all manner of things about animals. The illustrations are of first-rate excellence. 'The Dog and the Times,' 'The Bull and the Pump,' 'The Dog who did not touch his Food,' and above all, 'The Ass and the Pigs,' could not be surpassed by any delineator of the eccentricities of the animal kingdom.

THE EARLY DAYS OF ENGLISH PRINCES (Griffith and Farran) is a new edition of Mrs. Russell Gray's short biographies of the most interesting of our princes, some of whom, alas! have been made interesting by their misfortunes. The illustrations to these histories are by John Franklin, who has not of late been as much before the public as we could wish. Whatever he does is well done.

"FATHERLAND" is another of the charmingly "got up" books, with illustrations, by F. W. Koyl, which the "old shop at the old corner" offers to the juvenile public. Mr. Penn has not only created imaginary conversations between the feathered tribes, but he makes them do the most comical, clever impossibilities. And we note this book as one of the steps towards the class that delighted our childhood; there is no fear of the "young ones" expecting a swallow to come down and pick a thorn out of a dog's nose, even if the dog (according to the evidence of Cock Robin) is quite "safe."

We believe all our young friends remember

a very amusing book, by Mrs. Margaret Norris, called "A Week by Themselves," and they will be pleased to discover WHAT BECAME OF TOMMY. We do not intend to divulge the secret; let them find it out. Messrs. Griffith and Farran confided the illustrations of this interesting story to Mr. Absolon, and we know how charmingly he groups children and invests them with life-like interest. This is an exceedingly pretty gift-book for boy or girl.

OUR FAVOURITE NURSERY RHYMES, with upwards of one hundred illustrations by A. W. Bayes, T. Dalziel, and J. B. Zwecker, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel, and published by F. WARNE & Co., Bedford Street, Covent Garden, is a *réchauffé* of all the jingles, stories, and rhymes, that those who have graduated in nursery literature are familiar with. It is a stride back to our own earliest days, a positive revival of nursery nonsense, rendered most attractive by excellent paper, print, and pretty illustrations, a capital present to a large nursery, and what is no small advantage in such a neighbourhood—much more strongly bound than the generality of children's books. We quite believe that our young blooms were too much forced by the large doses of wisdom of all kinds which it was, until very lately, the practice to administer to them. But we should regret to see them given over to utter nonsense, despite the excellence of the illustrations. Is there no one who can mingle both so as to excite, *in moderation*, both the imagination and the reason of the rising generation? Many of those old rhymes that Mr. Warne has so tastefully revived, had a political tendency, which is now forgotten, and others a local interest, which has sunk into the oblivion of the "long ago," and are remembered only as "nursery rhymes."

Mr. Warne has also ushered in Christmas by a number of gay-coloured books—about the size of copy-books—with coloured illustrations, that will delight many a little one just starting from babyhood into childhood. These are called AUNT LOUISA'S LONDON TOY BOOKS.

There is THE RAILWAY A B C, a very clever collection of rhymes explanatory of railway movements. Indeed, we have gone over it twice ourselves.

Then there is another, for which we are indebted to "Aunt Louisa," and in which small boys will especially delight, THE GENERAL'S PROGRESS; and yet another, which ought, we think, to have been PLUM-PUDDING, but which is only APPLE-PIE!

Aunt Louisa's Nursery Rhymes are very nicely illustrated—indeed, the illustration to TOM THE PIPER'S SON is worth the price of the book.

AUNT LOUISA has also provided some "Sunday Books" for her young friends, which are very desirable in every family; but we do not think that the beautiful story of JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN is as happily rendered as THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON. In the latter, the Proverb is given, and some few words illustrate and apply the passage very happily; but the history of Joseph, as given in the Bible, is so full of beauty and pathos, that to touch it is to tarnish—it is best as it is in Sacred Writ.

Mr. Warne has also published a number of PICTURE TOY BOOKS. These are so varied that there is abundant scope for choice; whilst mamma's will be still more pleased with a very pretty PRIMER. We venture to suggest that it ought to be bound in linen.

PATIENT HENRY: a Book for Boys. With illustrations. (FREDERIC WARNE & Co.) "Patient Henry" is a story that will interest boys and girls, either or both. The hero's patience

under suffering is described with tenderness and simplicity, such as may give more pleasure, perhaps, to girls than to boys. The book cannot fail to be a favourite in every household where it may find shelter. We must say, however, that the story deserves to be better illustrated.

ELLEN MONTGOMERY'S BOOKSHELF. (GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & Sons.) It is sufficient to say that this tale is by the author of "The Wide Wide World" to insure its popularity. Miss Wetherell has long been an established favourite. Never was a volume more closely filled than "Ellen Montgomery's Bookshelf." Its interest may not be so varied as that of the "Wide Wide World," and there is much repetition in some of the dialogues; but that does not interfere with the interest of the principal incidents. The book will not be the "least" in the affections of many a fair girl who will find a prominent position for it on her bookshelf.

BALDESCOURT; OR, HOLIDAY TIMES. By the Rev. H. C. Adams. (GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & Sons.) "Baldescourt," we are told, was, or is, a large rambling pile of building, the chief part of which was Elizabethan in style; the deep bay windows, ponderous pillars, and multitudinous galleries, gave it a very picturesque appearance from without, and its long galleries and passages afforded the children a famous playground in cold or wet weather. In this fine old residence a number of children, while spending their Christmas holidays, prevailed on the master of the household to tell them some stories; these are ten in number, and very varied and pleasant they are. There is nothing new in the plan of threading tales in this manner, and yet it is one of the surest ways of making a thoroughly enjoyable book for the young. The variety is sure to draw forth their different tastes, and elicit a diversity of opinions; reasons are given why this tale is preferred to the other; and if one likes this best, another prefers that; and so the volume becomes a favourite for some one or more reasons with the household.

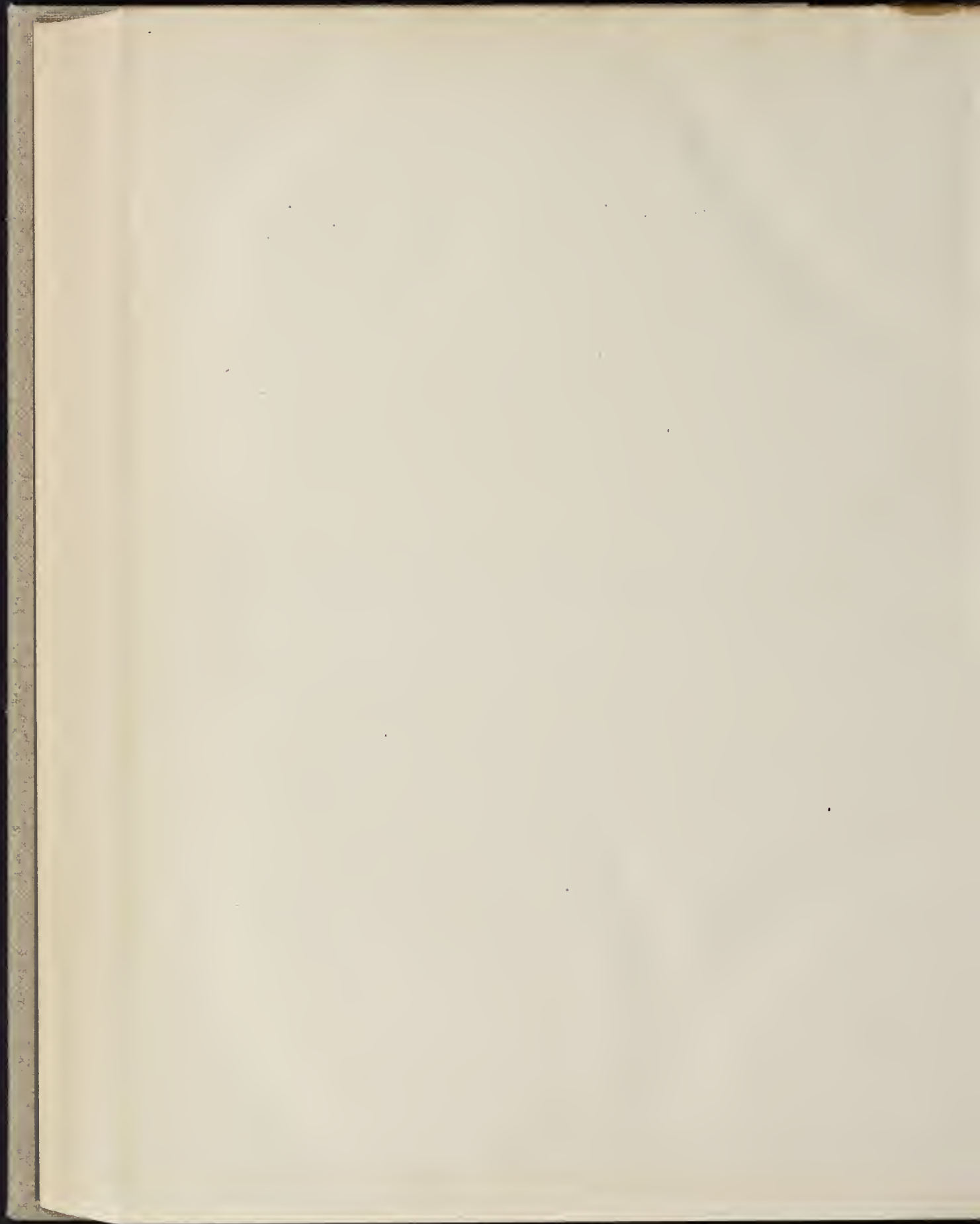
RONALD'S REASON; OR, THE LITTLE CRIPPLE. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Published by PARTRIDGE, Paternoster Row. This is one of good Mr. Smith's books for the young. It is a cheap little volume, very charmingly illustrated. The wood engravings are so good as really to make one wonder how it can be produced for a shilling.

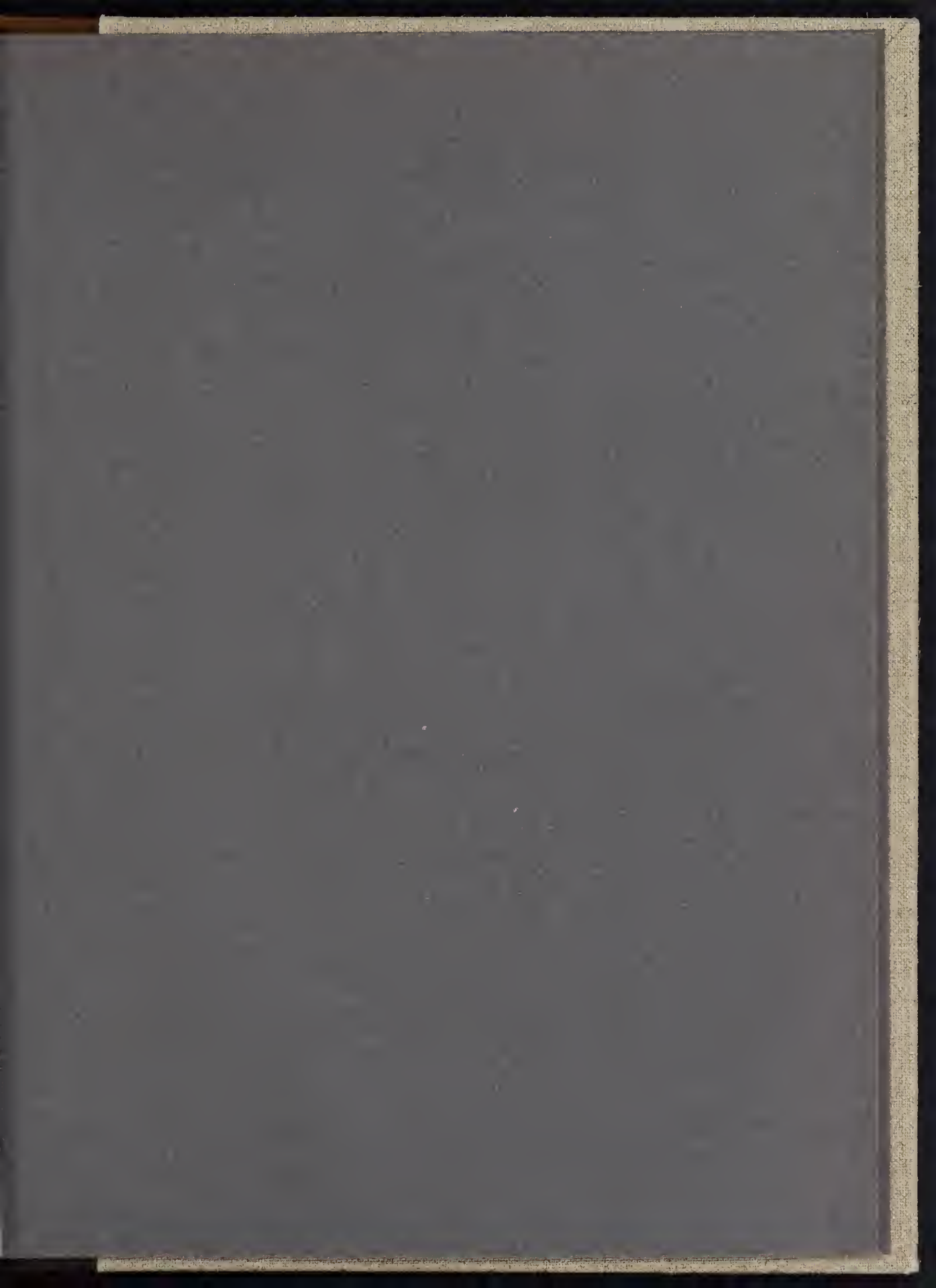
There are two "Annuals:" one, published by ROUTLEDGE, is entitled "EVERY BOY'S ANNUAL." It is a pretty, pleasant, and attractive book. The title will sufficiently convey an idea of the contents. Good artists have co-operated with good authors, and both have been judiciously directed. There is a sensible blending of the amusing and instructive; even "dry" matters, when they are treated, are made seductive; and the tales and incidents are often interesting lessons. The book, therefore, cannot fail to be a welcome gift to all boys at Christmas.

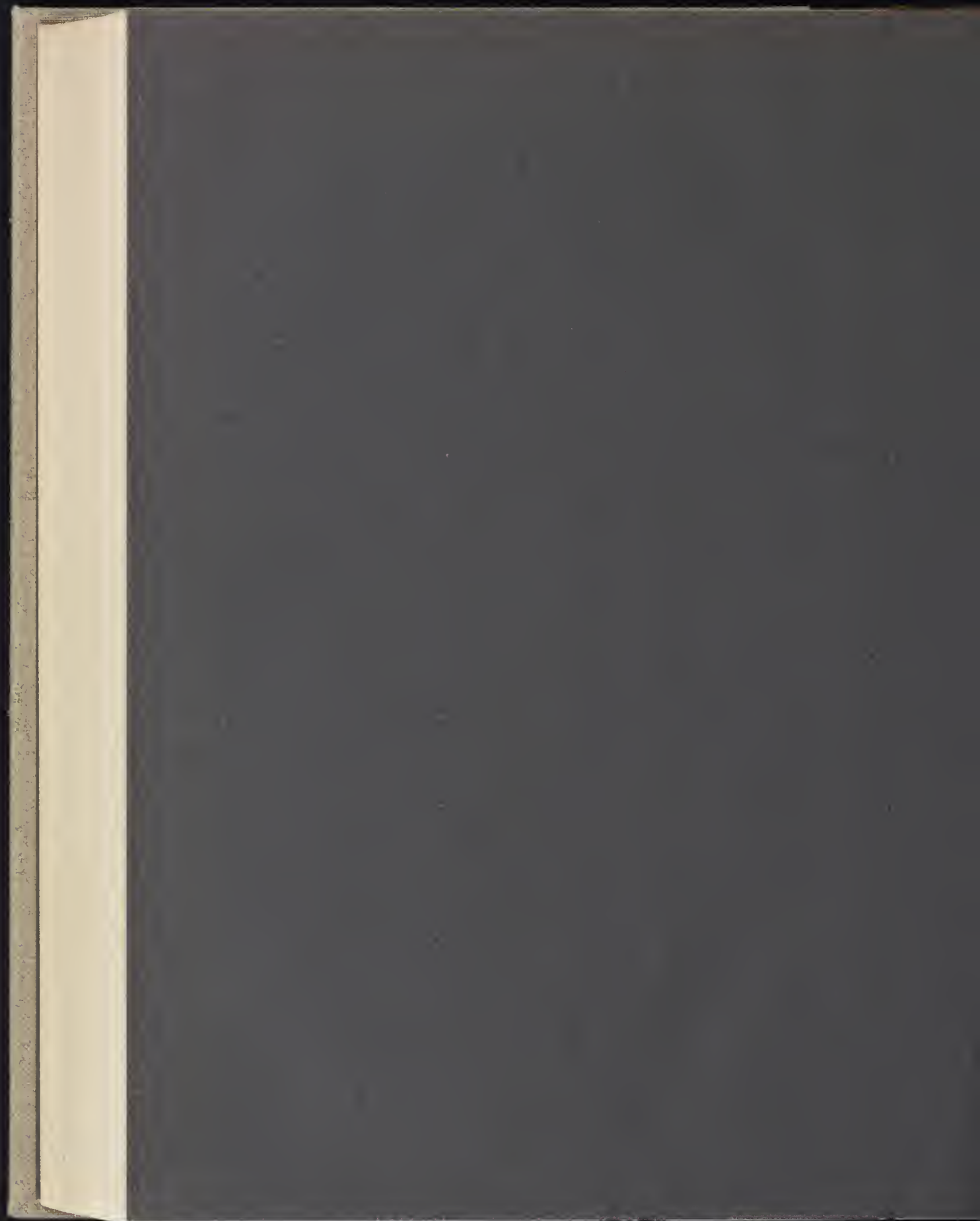
The other is "BEFORE'S ANNUAL," published by WARNE & Co. This also is a very attractive volume. Here, however, we have coloured prints as well as woodcuts, and certainly a more brilliant host of artists and authors. The volume consists of stories mainly, if not exclusively; but the subjects are so selected as to convey information, and that in a manner which cannot fail to have effect; for of a surety every one of them will be thoroughly read by the young people for whom they are intended.

FINIS.









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