

JERROLD'S
GUIDE TO THE EXHIBITION.

HOW TO SEE THE
ART TREASURES EXHIBITION:

A GUIDE,

SYSTEMATICALLY ARRANGED, TO ENABLE VISITORS TO TAKE
A VIEW, AT ONCE RAPID AND COMPLETE, OF THE
ART TREASURES PALACE.

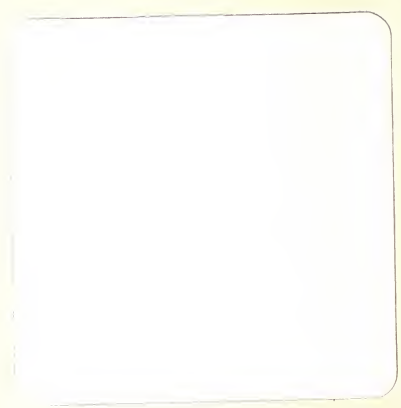
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MANCHESTER

A. IRELAND AND CO., PRINTERS BY STEAM POWER, FALMOUTH.

1857.



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PAINTINGS BY MODERN MASTERS: Saloons D, E, and F, on the North Side of the Building; in the North Side of Clock Gallery, and North Staircase to ditto.

THE CLOCK GALLERY: East End of the Building, near the Grand Entrance.

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GRAND ENTRANCE, at the Eastern End of the Building.



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HOW TO SEE THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION

INTRODUCTORY.

We propose to conduct the visitor through the Art-Treasures Exhibition on a systematic plan,—to point out to him the most striking specimens of the Old Masters in Saloons A, B, and C (on his left as he enters the palace); the Modern Masters assembled in Saloons D, E, and F (on his right); then to take him across the Transept into the Oriental Court; thence through the Water Colours to the Hertford Collection; afterwards through the Gallery of British Historical Portraits, the Photographs, the Sculptures (including busts of eminent men, living and dead), Furniture, Carvings, the wonderful Soulages Collection, the Armoury, the specimens of China, Porcelain, Glass, &c., the Ivory Carvings, the Gold and Silver Work, Bronzes, &c., the Mather Collection of Miniatures and Cameos, the valuable Historical Miniatures, the Engravings on Wood, Copper, and Steel—and, finally, the original Drawings and Sketches by the Old Masters. There is here a splendid history of art from its birth to the present time, told in noble works, and arranged by gentlemen whom special knowledge has qualified for their respective departments. Nor should the visitor enter the building unprepared for a lesson. There are truths in this building which it would be well to treasure up and carry home. The question is not whether there are 44,000 square yards of lining paper, or three quarters of a ton of copper and zinc tacks in the building to which Manchester has invited the cultivated and intellectual men of Europe. It is for the observer to inquire whether or not the managers of the Art-Treasures Exhibition have succeeded in constructing a hall in which the wealth of colour, and design, and form, they have to display, may be fairly studied. The object in view was, not to construct a great building, but to protect and arrange great works for exhibition. Therefore, we hardly care to decide whether the exterior of the building, with its arched galleries, its red and white masonry, and its low wings, is in good or bad taste. The effect as the visitor approaches the entrance from Trafford Bar, is certainly not imposing. Yet, behind these brick walls, all the choicer gems are gathered, upon which the princely aristocracy, the wealthy merchants of England have, for many years past, expended no mean part of their fortunes. As the presence of these gems in England attests the wealth and culture of our race, so their appearance in Manchester is honourable evidence of the regard their professors have for the art-culture of the people.

THE GENERAL EFFECT.

The scene within, when the visitor has fairly cleared the turnstiles, is a wondrous contrast to the building's exterior. One long central gallery or nave, with its deep coloured walls, its bronzed columns, its Greek and Vitruvian ornamentation; its cold blue panelled roof; the long line of sky, tapering like a fairy wand of silver to the distant organ at the further end; the passage, formed by groups of milk-white sculpture; the restless, chattering crowd; the glittering cases of gold and silver work, and sparkling jewels; the martial armour, mounted imposingly upon modelled steeds; and, looking down upon all, the living faces of the great, and brave, and good of England, make up an effect on which we have better reason to pride ourselves—aye—than upon the industrial wonders of the world the year 1851 saw in Hyde Park; for we have here not only matchless pictures and perfect sculpture, but also the history of art and industry told in its choicest works. We have the great story, from the first rude elaboration of iron plates to protect warriors, to the triumph of the engraver's genius; the rude delf ware, and Raffaele and Palissy wares. Here are spread the heirlooms of the twelfth century to the civilised nineteenth; the exquisite Limoges enamels, defying the skill of any living fingers. The show is a glorious one, in truth—a show with a wondrous moral in it. Let us pass at once to take a nearer view.

It is our object to give the visitor a clear notion of the history of art, as shown in this Exhibition; and to this end we shall beg him to follow us straight down the nave to the transept, and there, unmindful for the present of the many objects that may attract his eye, to turn sharply to the left, and through the doorway on his left into

SALOONS A, B, C.

He is here, in Saloon A, in the nursery of Art; and we would beg him to seat himself for a few minutes at this point, while we endeavour to prepare him a little for the journey through the ages he is about to undertake. For, in proceeding to afford our readers a complete review of the contents of the Art-Treasures Exhibition, it should be understood that we address ourselves more particularly to those persons who have never wandered through the gorgeous galleries of the Louvre, who are strangers to the Pitti Palace; who have never pressed the floors of the Venetian Galleries, nor found their way to the Art Collections of the German capitals. For to these there is much in our Exhibition which, left unexplained, must remain wholly incomprehensible. The glorious colours of Rubens, the tender tints of Vandyk, and the patent beauties of the Modern School, appeal to the untutored in art, and charm them—if not precisely as they charm the learned connoisseur. But Giotto, unexplained, is passed by. It is with an effort that the visitor will leave the grove of Sculpture, backed by England's worthies, in which he stands; but the opportunity before him is without precedent, and should not be trifled with. From the turmoil

and the dust of life—from the whirr of wheels ever revolving, and the hiss and heat of steam—from creaking cranks, gently dropping cottons destined to adorn the sable races of the far south—from the cares of pounds and pence, and from the chaffering of the market place—let him for a while remove himself, and, trusting to our guidance, wander to cycles long since gathered to the past, there to note the small and quaint beginnings from which the glorious arts that make this Palace precious, have sprung. We shall find that, as we fondly hold in manhood the poorest efforts of our early spring; as our feet linger, when time has scarred us, upon the fields where we gathered wild flowers, and wove daisy chains—so the modern student turns to the cradle of his art, and lingers over all evidences which mark its infancy. With a knowledge of this infancy, he shall turn with a new zest to the successive stages of Art development.

We are in Saloon A, devoted to the earliest Italian and German painters who flourished before the year 1000. Against the end wall are the samples which the promoters of the Art-Treasures Exhibition have been able to gather together of Art in its cradle. First of all, let the visitor remark the contributions of Mr. Dilke, Sir W. Ridley, and the Earl of Pembroke. Mr. Dilke's contribution is a very interesting section of wall painting, that was taken from a Roman sepulchre. It illustrates, together with the contributions of the Earl of Pembroke, and Sir M. Ridley, Augustan Art. The sample contributed by the Earl of Pembroke is from the temple of Juno, at Rome; and, in immediate proximity, Mr. Scharf has arranged the specimens of the formal, church-ridden Byzantine school, contributed by Prince Albert and others. No. 5, "The Death of the Virgin," supposed to have been painted in the thirteenth century; No. 8, "The Sudarium," surrounded by ten pictures relating to the Legend of King Aligarus, inscribed with Greek characters, and painted probably a century and a half later than the foregoing. "The Nativity" (4), painted, it is presumed, in the 17th century; "The Death of St. Ephraim Syrus" (9), probably of the 11th or 12th century; and the "Monastery of Solowetzsk, on the White Sea" (6), supposed to belong to the 14th century—represent, in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, the Byzantine School. Between this school, the head-quarters of which were Byzantium, or Constantinople, and the Greeks of classic times, there is an absolute void in art. We wander through centuries of darkness from Apelles to the foundation of Modern Art, based upon that of the Persians and the Saracens. On the shores of the Bosphorus, bound down by the strong laws of the Greek church, priests took up the pencil, and continued the singular and quaint figures before which we have conducted the visitor. These figures have only the faintest relation to nature; but then, it has been fairly urged, it was not *human* nature, which their creators sought to embody. They aspired to realise the Divine image, while the Chresmalogia bound them within narrow rules; rules that, to the present moment, bend the religious painters of the Greek church, as the modern Russian triptych of brass, with blue ground, at hand (11a), very clearly demonstrates. As strong a hold does the Greek church still hold over the painter-monks, at this present moment, as when

yonder "Death of the Virgin" was drawn. So fettered, how should it advance? The early Christian church was the relentless enemy of Art, and bore heavily upon it through centuries. The visitor can watch this influence for himself as he passes the specimens here presented of the early Christian Art of Byzantium and Italy. He will especially remark that all the subjects were painted upon a flat gold ground, from which the coloured figures are strangely relieved. It was a high honour for a hero to have his features painted upon a gold shield, and hung in a public place; and this form of honour—this early recognition of the precious metal as best able to afford distinction to the great—was long after retained as a sort of nimbus or shield, faded, from the solid gold plate to the mere ring of gold, and then disappeared altogether. Of the solid nimbus, the visitor may remark many specimens along the west wall. Gold, too, represented the sky, and trees were painted against it; but, by degrees, fresh truth to nature prevailed; gold was confined to the borders of dresses; and then disappeared from painting altogether. Golden tints about sacred heads replaced the solid gold, as may be observed in the paintings of Correggio, Titian, and Tintoretto.

It will be seen that, in these early paintings, light and shade were little attended to. Even Cimabue, who, together with Giotto, has the merit of having cast the fetters of the Greek church from art, began by painting figures without shadow. By slow degrees did art advance in those times; and it was before the beginning of the 15th century that a genius arose, with eyes to see, and the power to render, true masses of shadow. This genius was Masaccio, and to him both Raphael and Michael Angelo were indebted. But before them came the renowned painters of northern Italy, as Perugino and Leonardo da Vinci. Their severe studies of the antique gave them a strength, of which their works bear indisputable evidence. We notice these progresses, that the visitor, as he passes along the southern walls of the gallery, may recognise and examine them in the Italian schools, and subsequently in the German, Flemish, and French schools, with samples of which the northern wall is covered. When the visitor stands at last before the glowing colours of Titian; before the wonders of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Correggio, he will be in the presence of masters, unrivalled, even now, in the realms of art. Then, along the northern walls, he will trace the centuries of art (corresponding to those on the southern wall) as developed in the north of Europe; the Van Eycks, Albert Durer, Quintin Matsys, &c. But we must not advance too rapidly. The great lessons in this long southern gallery are worth more than a passing note or two. We are still before the Byzantine school; and while making every thankful acknowledgment for the specimens afforded to us, must remind the visitor—the untravelled visitor—that these few pictures convey to the mind only the faintest notions of the splendours of this early but glorious dawn of art at Byzantium. The school expressed itself in colossal Mosaic pictures in the old churches of Greece and Ravenna, not simply in small works and illuminated manuscripts. The glow of the school's oriental origin shone in it; and it is in its more ambitious works that we must seek its history of four centuries. The specimens available, however, fairly considered, the visitor will allow that Mr. Scharf has made the most of them.

Let us now pass from the Byzantine to the early Italian school, as founded by Cimabue and Giotto. The specimens of this school, here exhibited, are necessarily poor representatives of it; since, in the time of these authors, art was the slave of the church, and worked exclusively to embellish her sacred edifices. There are, undoubtedly, two Giotto's here (24 and 32), but then they are simply fragments of frescoes, cut from the walls of the Church of the Carnival, at Florence. And then there are "The Last Supper" (30), from the Bisenzio collection; "The Death of the Virgin" (66), where the Apostles kneel about Mary's recumbent figure, with Christ above, and holding the soul of the Virgin, typified by a praying child; and "The Crucifixion" (26), all attributed, except the last, but on doubtful evidence, to Giotto. It will suffice, however, for the visitor to remark in these pictures the progress in art they illustrate, when compared with the Byzantine school. Here, more especially in the two undoubted Giottos, we remark a freedom and a grace, in which the painter-monks of Byzantium were altogether deficient. As further evidence of progress, let the visitor also remark the "Altar-piece," by Taddeo Gaddi (47); the second specimen of Giotto's remarkable pupil (37), Simone Memmi's "Christ returning to his Parents," dated 1342; Cimabue's triptych (7), representing the "Madonna and Child enthroned, attended by Angels;" and the pictures of Duccio da Sienna (11 and 12). These works, while, we repeat, they cannot satisfy the enquiries of the serious student of art,—for Giotto, for instance, cannot be fairly appreciated north of the Alps,—will nevertheless afford to vast masses of people, if earnestly studied, some clue to the great story of the pencil, so gloriously told in the Exhibition.

Let us now point the visitor's attention to various pictures which he should notice in the three saloons, which stretch from the point on which he stands, almost to the eastern extremity of the building.

We take the pictures chronologically as they are numbered—bearing in mind to draw the attention of the visitor as he proceeds, to the more remarkable specimens of the various old masters. Let him remark, before starting, that the pictures are so arranged as to offer, upon opposite walls, the contemporary works of Italy and Germany. Italian art, for instance, is confined throughout, and most appropriately, to the southern or right-hand wall of the gallery,—German, Flemish, and French art finding its room opposite. We now start on our journey from before Masaccio's own portrait (51), painted by himself. Masaccio, who may be considered the earliest of portrait painters, flourished early in the fifteenth century. The "Study of an undraped figure" (49) is also his. Let the visitor now study (72) the exhibition of a relic containing Portraits of Cosmo de Medici, his son Piero, and his grandsons Lorenzo and Guiliano, by Pesellino, a contemporary of Masaccio; (71) "St. Peter and St. John healing the lame man," by Fra Filippo Lippi (time 1412-1469), and 65, 70, and 71, by the same artist, also his "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian (69); "The Adoration of the Kings" (78), by Sandro Botticelli (date 1447-1515), and (74) by the same master, subject, "The story of Ulysses and the Sirens," said to have originally formed part of a chest given formerly, filled with presents, at weddings; (64) "Virgin and Child surrounded by Angels and Saints," by Sano di Pietro (about the middle

of the 15th century); (68) "The Sacrifice of the Mass," an altar-piece by Cosmo Roselli, of the fifteenth century; (95) by Matteo da Siena, who worked towards the close of the fifteenth century, subject, "Madonna and Child, with the Infant St. John;" (70) Pietro Perugino—"Noli me Tangere," and four following numbers, as also 109 and 110—pictures that "seem to be fatted in the very atmosphere of purity and Christian tenderness." We are reminded here, that even this painter was accused of impiety; and that it was against the art of his time that Savonarola "preached his stern crusade in 1497, and lighted the bonfires in the market-place of Florence, at which many of the most excellent works of Florentine artists, in painting and sculpture, including the busts and portraits of many Florentine women, were committed to the flames." From Pietro Perugino the visitor will advance to the pictures of Leonardo da Vinci, the great painter who flourished at the end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th centuries. The specimens of this master, in the Exhibition, are numbered 104, 135, 143, 144, 183. He should be carefully studied. At once painter, sculptor, architect, engineer, and author, he had the strength to paint in competition with Michael Angelo in the same hall at Florence. He died early in the sixteenth century, in France, whither he had been invited by Francis the First. His masterpiece is "The Last Supper," on the wall of the refectory of S. M. della Grazie, now nearly destroyed. His works here offered to the notice of the visitor are, (143) "Portrait of a Youth, Antonio Beltraffio"; (135) "Madonna, with Infant Christ, and St. John"; (144) "La Vierge aux Rochers," a small study on wood; (104) "St. Jerome in the Desert"; (183) Portrait of "Mona Lisa" (formerly in the possession of the poet Wordsworth). From Leonardo, the visitor passes to Fra Bartolommeo. Let him note the following:—(92) "Madonna, with Infant Christ, and St. John the Baptist;" (157) "Marriage of St. Catherine;" and (147) Raphael and Fra Bartolommeo, "The Legend of the Cintola; the Ascension of the Virgin from the Tomb, and Dropping her Girdle to St. Thomas," formerly in the Cathedral of Pisa. Keeping still to the southern wall, and leaving the northern for subsequent inspection, the visitor passes "The Coronation of the Virgin," and "The Holy Family" (113-56), by Lorenzo di Credi; "Portrait of an Old Man" (182), by Baccio Bandinelli, of the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century; Marcello Venusti's "Scourging of Christ" (186) (a reduced copy of the famous fresco by Sebastiano del Piombo, after the design by Michael Angelo); and (224) a "Silentium," after Michael Angelo; (107) "Holy Family, with Four Angels holding Scrolls," and (184) "Christ and the Woman of Samaria," by Michael Angelo Buonarrotti; "The Story of Francesco da Rimini," a tempera picture of Michael Angelo's period (219); three specimens of Sebastiano del Piombo, marked respectively 161, 241, 249; "Andrew del Sarto's portrait" by himself (174); and, by the same artist (173), "Joseph Discovering himself to his Brethren," "Holy Family" (212); Da Volterra's small "Descent from the Cross" (201), and "The Entombment" (179), Pontormo's "Venus and Cupid" (170). Here let the visitor pause to note the progress of painting in Italy down to this period, viz., 1493-1558. The *Times'* critic thus touches upon it:—

“If real spirituality lingered in any school of art after the youth of Raphael, it must be looked for in that of Bologna, whose great master, Francia, represented here by several fine and important works, in none appears so eminently and characteristically pure and devout as in a small predella picture of the ‘Baptism of Christ’ (132), which many may overlook as one of the series of predella pictures by Perugino, among which it hangs. Small as it is, it is by far the finest example of Francia in the Exhibition. But Francia left no school behind him. His purity and spirituality were not transmitted even to his own son, in whose hands they degenerated into mawkishness. If we wish to estimate how utterly devotion had departed from even the Tuscan and Roman schools, while Raphael still lived as a teacher and guide, we have but to glance at the large works which fill the remainder of the wall of this first saloon—the huge altar-pieces of Innocenzo da Imola (155-159), for example—of which one would surely have been sufficient, or the still more heartless work of Girolamo Marchesi da Cotignola (174), the crowded and elaborate Academicisms of Daniele Da Volterra (201, 179), or the colossal decorative nudities of Pontorno (170). If we would see art still vital we must turn to Venice.”

We must now invite the visitor to pass rapidly forward to where Raphael shines from the walls. In the centre of the wall space, marking the year 1500, is the famous boyish painting by Raphael (123), “The Crucifixion,” now in the possession of Lord Ward, painted before the artist had completed his seventeenth year; next to this is the celebrated Gabrielli Raphael, “The Agony in the Garden” (134); also another picture on the same subject, formerly in the Orleans collection;—it is a small fragment of the predella of Raphael’s “Altar-piece,” executed for the nuns of St. Antonio, at Perugia (137), and is interesting, as having been hung for many years over the writing table of Rogers, the poet. The Raphaels, let the visitor remark, are 121, 123, 126, 128, 131, 133-4, 136-41. The rest of the space on this southern wall of the saloon is given up to works of Giulio Romano (160-163),—“the immediate successors of the great luminaries of the first part of the sixteenth century.” The visitor may now pass rapidly forward—past Sassoferrato’s “Madonna and Child” (357), Zuccherò’s “Don Carlos, when young” (226),—past Crivelli’s “Madonna and Child Enthroned,” and a “Pieta” (191-192), Bellini’s “Portrait of a Young Man,” and “St. Francis in the Desert” (193-194), Giorgione’s “Daughter of Herodias between St. Francis, with the Head of St. John” (199), his “Music Party” (202), “Judgment of Paris” (203), “Cæsar Receiving the Head of Pompey” (205), “Titian’s Mistress” (206), Sebastian del Piombo’s “Holy Family” (213), and, lastly, halt before Titian’s splendid works. Of the Titians here set before the visitors, the *Times* has thus written:—

“Here are no fewer than 27 pictures ascribed to his hand. Of these we may at once dismiss a considerable number as palpable copies—first and foremost the six portraits of the Cæsars (264-269), versions by an inferior hand of a portion of that series of heads which formerly belonged to Charles I., and of which some of the originals are now in the possession of Lady Marian Alford. With equal confidence we may set aside the portrait of ‘Verdizotte’ (255) and the ‘Duke

of Alva' (272). But, this done, there remain works enough to represent Titian here as he deserves to be represented. We have the sketch for the large picture in the Escorial, known as 'La Gloria di Tiziano,' painted by order of Charles V. for the convent of Yuste, to which he retired on his abdication. Whether it was this sketch or the large work which by his own request was held up to his dying eyes we know not. But there is nothing here which more powerfully proclaims the power of the painter in splendid fusion of colour and hardihood of form. Above is the central glory of Paradise, with the Father and the Son, invested with the globe and sceptre of sovereignty, to whom the Virgin meekly ascending looks back, mediately, to earth, while lawgivers and prophets are grouped below, and, ushered by angels into the awful presence, a king kneels reverently, his crown doffed and his sceptre laid by his side. Then—to pass from Heaven to earth—we have from Buckingham Palace, the rich wooded landscape, with a drove of cattle, filling up the hollow way in the foreground, and a sky in which sunbeams dart from behind intercepting cloud—one of those wholes of subdued, yet splendid impressiveness, of which Titian caught the secret in his mountain birthplace at Cadoro. Another sketch, even more remarkable for power, is the 'Rape of Proserpine' (sent by the speaker), where the four black horses of the infernal chariot paw the river into foam, and one of her attendant nymphs catches at the wheel, in vain effort to stay the gloomy king, who is clasping Proserpine in his arms.

“'Titian's daughter, holding up a Casket,' (277) was one of the glories of the Orleans Gallery, under the name of 'La Casette de Titian,' and is now the property of Earl de Grey. There is a better *replica* of this subject in the Berlin Museum where the maiden lifts up a plateau of flowers, instead of the casket.

“Lord Darnley's large picture of the 'Rape of Europa' (259), broad and unfinished as it is, is perhaps the finest example of the painter here exhibited. It belongs to his later period, but glows with a flush of colour, and shows throughout a mastery of even the failing hand of this great master which dirt cannot conceal, and which, fortunately, cleaning has not marred. It is worth the while of the painter to look into this picture, which is fortunately hung near the eye, that he may see by what slight indications of the brush a desired effect may be conveyed when the painter is thoroughly possessed by his intention, and perfect master of his material.

“Of the sacred subjects the best here is the 'Marriage of St. Catherine' (278), from the collection of Lucien Bonaparte, reminding one of, though inferior to, the great composition of the same subject in Vienna. But it is in the two portraits of Ariosto (257) and Alessandro de Medici (256)—the former contributed by Lord Darnley, the latter by Her Majesty, from Hampton Court—that we may best learn the magic of Titian's power, in giving individuality of character, with all the magic of broad and mellow colour. In such works is united, perhaps, the highest conceivable perfection of the conceptional and technical elements of the painter's art.

“Herein consisted, indeed, the crowning achievement of the Venetian school, when it rose above mere splendid decoration. To this, or to portraiture, living

art was henceforth limited. The religious pictures of the Venetians are rather magnificent church decoration than helps to devotion."

From the Titians the visitor may pass onwards to the Tintoretts, and to the performances of Paolo Veronese. Titian's pupils occupy the interval. Let the visitor note, however, Moretto's "Armourer at his Anvil" (255), as a fine specimen of what the great man's pupil could do. It has been said that there is no finer portrait than this, for simple, manly rendering, in the whole of this great gallery. There are about a dozen pictures by Tintoretto, the daring. Only three or four are worthy examples of the master. Take, for instance, the "Sacrifice of Isaac" (258), "Esther before Ahasuerus" (312), "The Temptation" (313), &c. The Venetians said that Tintoretto had three pencils, one of gold, one of silver, and one of brass. The *Times*' critic points out the productions of the three pencils:—

"Every one may have been used in turn in 'the Nine Muses,' magnificent, fully developed, undraped female figures, flung about in a sea of cloud. At first, the colossal scale and the dash of execution rather repel than invite careful examination of the work. But if we get over the first impulse, we shall be repaid by discovering the beauty that is enshrined in their gigantic forms and faces, the grand sweeping line of the composition, and in the centre an altogether original conception of Apollo, the centre of the group. At first, you think the Sun-god absent, only represented by the central orb, which darts its beams on every side, lighting up the edges of rolling clouds, and playing upon the colossal Muses. But as you look you become aware of a godlike face, forming the centre of that splendour, from whose eyes and brow those rays are shooting, the brightest from his brow. No one before Tintoretto had conceived the idea of painting the Sun-god in the sun. In comparison with this piece of magnificent mythology, the 'Leda' and the 'Milky Way' seem uninteresting. Of the portraits, two (296 and 300) give no adequate idea of the painter's power. It is all kept for the third,—Lord Abercorn's picture, a keen man with grizzled brow, overhanging eyes where the fire of youth still burns, and a long white beard flowing down over an ermine-bordered robe of crimson cut-velvet, painted with a splendour of colour, of which no words can give an idea. And yet, gorgeous as the dress is, it is secondary to the face, so full of relentless determination and piercing insight. When we see such a picture as this we are led to think that only with such sitters, so arrayed, was such painting possible."

The visitor now passes to the exhibited specimens of Paolo Veronese. Of these examples the more prominent are the four large allegorical compositions from the Orleans collection. The subjects are "Le Respect" (285), "L'Amour Heureux" (286), "Le Dégout" (288), "L'Infidélité" (287). They are not considered first-rate specimens of this Venetian master.

"Here, too," we are reminded, "is the large sketch from Mr. Rogers's collection of 'The Magdalene Anointing the Saviour's Feet' (306)—the study for the great picture in the Durazzo Palace at Genoa, 'The Rebecca at the Well' (304), and 'The Marriage of St. Catherine' (280), the former exhibited at the

British Institution in 1856 by Lord Yarborough, both genuine works of the painter, with enough of his gem-like colour preserved from the hands of the cleaner to give us an imperfect conception of what their splendour may once have been. A raw and recent-looking half-length female portrait, with hair of that warm auburn which we should call 'carotty'—attributed to Paris Bordone (A.D. 1500-1570), and a weak treatment of the 'Baptism of Christ' (193), by Baptista Franco (A.D. 1458-1561)—a painter who made a feeble attempt to combine the style and colour of the Venetian and Roman schools, with three unimportant examples of Bassano (291, 276, 284), complete the series of Venetian painters whose original power—after stooping from the high region in which moved the Bellinis, Giorgione, Titian, and Tintoretto to the ignoble subjects and unidealized rendering of still life and low life of the Bassano family—degenerated into vicious and destructive mannerism by the close of the 16th century. Zuccherò carried some reflex of the magic of Venetian colour with him to England, where he became one of the favourite painters of Elizabeth. We should have noticed in its place a fine portrait by Pordenone (171), the contemporary and rival of Titian, of a young Venetian gentleman, full of thoughtful and refined beauty."

Hence the visitor passes to the large collection of works from the school of Bologna, at the head of which stand the Caracci; of this school little notice need be taken. The visitor should remark, however, a "Madonna and Child adored by Saints" (325), by Ludovico Caracci, for it has strength and dignity in its treatment. Then there are the works of Annibale Carracci, including the well known "Three Marys" (310), described as the first work of the school to which its author belonged. But see how rapidly the painter could descend from something like sublimity of conception to the details of a "Butcher's Shop," containing portraits of the Caracci Family (342). The visitor will now turn to the sweet and tender canvasses of Guido Reni, who carries us nearly to the middle of the 17th century. The Guidos are, "Cleopatra and the Asp" (344), "Assumption of the Virgin" (311), "The Assumption" (362), "Europa and the Bull" "Venus attended by Cupid" (362), Half-length figure of "St. Sebastian" (343), "Salome receiving the head of St. John the Baptist" (361), "Infant Christ sleeping on the Cross" (319). We now beg to conduct the visitor with rapidity through the remaining specimens of the more modern Italian school; for it is a gradual, but unmistakeable descent. He will pass four Albanis, viz.: "The Expulsion," "A Riposo," "The Judgment of Paris," and "Cupids with Torches" (344-347); specimens of Domenichino, including his "David and Goliath" (248), "St. John the Evangelist" (341), "Grand Landscape" (337), specimens of Guercino (reaching to the middle of the 17th century) including "The Magdalen" (332), "Christina of Sweden" (353), "Lot and his daughters" (365), "The Martyrdom of St. Lawrence" (370), "Portrait of a Cardinal" (363); specimens of Correggio, with whom we return to the beginning of the 16th century. These specimens are not, it is true, so numerous as the admirers of this great painter could have wished, but they will suffice to give the visitor some sense of his power. For

other specimens he may at a future time turn to our national gallery. "They include," however, to quote the *Times'* critic yet once more, "works of high and peculiar interest, particularly the colossal angels' heads (166, 167), in fresco, from Lord Ward's collection. These heads undoubtedly formed part of the celebrated decorations of the apse of the Church of San Giovanni at Parma, removed in the last century for the purpose of enlarging the choir. They are deserving of careful study as exhibiting the breadth which the painter put into work intended to be seen from a distance, and as examples of masterly skill in indication of form by the simplest and largest means. Here, too, is the celebrated 'Reading Madonna,' the repetition of that still more famous one of the Dresden Gallery. This picture is little, if at all, inferior in serene expression, melting sweetness of colour, and perfection of modelling, to the Dresden picture. The background is much fuller than the Dresden picture of detail, due probably, in great measure, to the Roman painter Vallati, who recently restored the picture at Rome. Its history is curious. When it was originally purchased by the person from whom Lord Ward obtained it, it had another picture in distemper painted entirely over it. Probably, the first purchaser had detected traces of the underpainting when he bought the picture. Be this as it may, he had the upper picture removed, and the Correggio was revealed. But on this beautiful work coming to light, the seller laid claim to a restitution of the picture, as not being that which he had sold for we forget what small amount of scudi. The cause was in litigation for several years, and ultimately, if we remember aright, the purchaser's full right over the picture was confirmed. But the Pope forbade its removal from his dominions, and it was only by the personal influence of Lord Ward that the embargo was at length taken off, and the picture given up to him in exchange for his English guineas. Beyond doubt the picture is masterly, and, after close examination of it, with the recollections of the Dresden picture present to us, we cannot detect any marks of inferiority to that celebrated work in Lord Ward's repetition. The sweet little head of 'The Virgin Kissing the Child' (168), from Lord Carlisle's collection, is full of the peculiar tenderness and grace of the master, visible even on the infinitesimal scale of this diminutive oval; the fine portrait of the Sculptor, 'Baccio Bandinelli' (182), from Hampton Court, is no doubt familiar to most of our readers."

From Correggio the visitor may turn to Salvator Rosa's powerful classic landscapes, marked 772, 805, 770, 873, 775-777; and then, with a glance at the two specimens of Spagnoletto (803), leave behind him the Italian school. There are still Italian painters of altar-pieces living, but the soul is gone, and the hand is feeble.

Turn we now to the northern wall of the gallery, where we shall find

THE NORTHERN SCHOOLS.

The specimens of the early Cologne school will probably not greatly interest the ordinary visitor. They are indeed chiefly remarkable in contrast with the con-

temporary productions of Italy, hung opposite. We should recommend the visitor to pass them rapidly in review, noticing the following:—"St. Catherine of Alexandria, and St. Matthew and St. John the Evangelists" (380), by Meister Stephan, painted about the middle of the 15th century; "St. Peter and Dorothea" (441), by Meister Cristoph, date 1471; "The Infant Saviour Learning to Walk," by Martin Schaffner (427), painted in the early part of the sixteenth century; "Pilate Washing his Hands," by Michael Wohlgemuth, date 1434-1519; "An Altar-piece" (386), by Grünewald Asschaffenberg, date 1450-1510; and "The Elector of Saxony, Luther and the Reformers" (463), by Lucas Cranach, date 1470-1553. It should be remarked that towards the close of the fourteenth century, Meister Wilhelm was the chief of the Cologne school, but he is said to have been surpassed by his pupil, Meister Stephan. There is delicacy in the colour of these pictures, and grace of form, let the visitor observe, as well as a peculiarly placid and pure expression in the heads, which, as well as the draperies, are quite free from that contortion and ugliness to which the Flemish and Nuremberg schools showed so overpowering a tendency. We have already called the visitor's attention to the Van Eycks in this collection; and, more especially, to the masterpiece of the two brothers, "and the greatest picture in the Flemish school"—"The Mystic Lamb" (375)—of which the Exhibition contains the only perfect copy. These works should be attentively studied, as a product of the early part of the fifteenth century; and then we must beg the visitor to pass rapidly onward to the pictures of Hans Holbein. The two portraits of "Francis the First" (461-499), and his "Henry the Eighth" (471), are fair specimens of his power. Their wondrous minuteness, and their wondrous truth to life, must at once strike the spectator. Hereabouts, too, is Albert Dürer's Portrait of his Father (462), date 1471-1528. We are now before the works of John Van Eyck's pupil, Roger Van der Weyden. The *Times*' critic thus notices this master:—

"His 'Ecce Homo' (388) and his 'Mater Dolorosa' (389), with all their strong expression of suffering, and their forcible presentation of the incidents of torture,—the eyes red with weeping, the thorns of the cross actually piercing the skin, or shown in the blue swelling under it, and the profuse tears produce an effect rather repulsive than affecting. The suffering and sorrow are too material and commonplace. We are most impressed neither by the divine resignation of the Saviour, nor the maternal agony of the Virgin, but by the mere expression of physical pain in both. In the painter's more crowded compositions, as 'The Descent from the Cross' (412), or 'The Adoration of the Kings' (415), the mind is distracted from its contemplation of the expression of the heads, and the dramatic proprieties of the action, by the multifarious details of elaborate ornament, the play of contorted and highly coloured drapery, or the intrusion of some grotesque form or face in an attendant or bystander. There is a deficiency in the power of subordinating parts to the whole, and a want of grandeur and repose in all the lines of the composition. Taken individually, many of the faces have profound expression, and many of the movements and attitudes are truthful and appropriate. But the sense of this comes

last instead of first. There are several pictures here ascribed to an imaginary 'Roger Van der Weyden the younger' (387, 407, 414), of whose existence there is no satisfactory proof. The name seems simply a convenience for classing works of the school of Van der Weyden which are clearly unworthy of the hand of the master himself."

From Van der Weyden, we advance to the works of his great pupil, Hans Memling, the ornament of the School of Bruges. He is described as one of the most interesting and mysterious figures in the history of Flemish art. His most remarkable works, it appears, are in the Hospital of St. John, at Bruges. He died in 1489. His works here exhibited are nine in number, one of which is a portrait of the artist. From Memling, we advance to that wondrous picture by Quentin Matsys, date 1450-1529, known as "The Misers" (445). The story of the blacksmith of Antwerp is widely known. It is well for us—seeing the fresh and powerful picture before us, that he left the anvil for love, and seized a brush. It has been fairly said of this picture, that it makes a decided advance in art. It is held to be as fine in chiaroscuro, and as forcible in modelling, as any work of Titian's. The character of the two old burghers is intensely true. The public is indebted to the Queen for the loan of this masterpiece.

We now approach Dutch art, with Lucas Van Leyden, the wondrous boy who, at nine years of age, published copper-plates of his own designing and engraving. His "Card Party" (422) is considered his best exhibited work. His contemporary, Mabuse, is represented in this gallery by his masterpiece—held by some to be, indeed, "the masterpiece of Teutonic painting." This is 'The Adoration of the Kings' (436), upon which the artist is said to have spent seven years' labour. Its wondrous elaboration supports the story. From Mabuse, we advance to the works of an old English painter of the sixteenth century, viz: Sir Antonio More. They are—(503) "Queen Mary I.," (523) "Philip II. of Spain," (512) the "Artist's own Portrait," (513) "Sir Francis Drake," (526) "Queen Mary. And now the way is clear to the space that glows with Rubens' wealth of colour. We leave the visitor to contemplate his works—assured that we can add nothing to his pleasure by remark or criticism. The list of his exhibited pictures is, happily, a long one. The Portrait of "Ignatius Loyola (547); the Landscapes, "David with the Elders of Israel"(575); the six "Sketches from the Life of Achilles" (558-563), "His own Daughter" (578), "Rubens and his Wife carrying Fruit and Game" (548), "Prometheus" (534), "The Boar Hunt," by Rubens and Snyders (565), "Triumphal Procession of Henry IV., after the Battle of Ivry" (538), "The Return of the Holy Family from Egypt," "Portrait of His First Wife" (551), "The Tribute Money" (536), "Sketch for the Elevation of the Cross" (566), "The Woman taken in Adultery" (592), "Sketch for Whitehall Ceiling," "His own Portrait" (550). From Rubens we pass to Vandyk, of the seventeenth century, whose chief works, however, will be found in the Portrait Gallery presently. Here, however, are his "Rinaldo, Armida, and Siren" (653), "Cupid and Sleeping Nymph" (599), "Dædalus and Icarus" (603), "St. Jerome" (606), a "Pieta" (610), "Portrait of Snyders" (662), "Madonna

and Child" (589), "Achilles Discovered among the Daughters of Lycomedes" (929), "John, Duke of Nassau, Wife and Children" (615), "Margaret, Princess of Lorraine and Duchess of Orleans," "Mrs. Margaret Leman" mistress of the painter (586), "The Magdalen" (595), "Descent from the Cross" (596). Hereabouts, too, let the visitor remark some pictures by Jacob Jordaens, viz: (608) "Girl with Parrot" and (610) "Wisdom and Folly." The next remarkable master, before whose works the visitor will pause, is the well-known and popular David Teniers, date 1582-1649. The specimens of this painter in the gallery are fifteen in number. The first, viz: (1021) "Four Boors at Table," is one of the painter's more characteristic subjects. Then there are "Three Persons at a Fire-place" (1030), "Village Festival" (1031), "The Triumphs of Neptune" "The Death of Leander" (896), "A Guard Room" (533), "A Drinking Party" (1068), "Christ Crowned with Thorns" (1022), "Nine-pin Players" (1018), "His own Chateau, with Portraits of himself and his three Children" (532), "Neptune and Amphitrite" (841). Near Teniers are the well-known groups of game—the Boar Hunts, etc., of famous Franz Snyders, date 1579-1657. And now we approach grave and stately Rembrandt. His works need some introduction, which the *Times'* critic once more affords us:—

"If Rubens may be called the embodiment of pictorial profuseness, Rembrandt is the type of pictorial concentration. An obscurity hangs about the life of the man not unlike the mysterious gloom which shrouds his pictures; and, as the touch of light in his compositions often falls on some hideous or mis-shapen thing, so the few reliable facts in his history are most of them sad ones. Rembrandt, of the Rhine, is so called from his birth (1606) on the banks of that river, between Leydendorp and Koukerk, in the house belonging to his father's mill. They still show a mill, with his name in gold letters over the door, but it is not the mill which Rembrandt etched, and which is usually thought to have been his father's. His parents had means to send their son to Leyden for the study of the law, but his bent to painting was declared, and he was allowed to follow it. We know the names of his masters, Zwaanenburg, a mere *nominis umbra*, without a biography or a known work; Lastman and Pinas, third-rate members of that large family of Dutch artists who haunted the studios of Elzheimer, Poelemburg, Sandraert, and their contemporaries at Rome, for Holland and Flanders seem to have supplied the bulk of the painters at the end of the 16th century, both to Italy and the North. In 1627 an accident revealed to Rembrandt, then at the Hague, the market value of his pictures. In 1628 he set up a studio in Amsterdam. In 1645 he married. In 1656 he was insolvent. In 1665 the small balance of his property was paid over to his only son Titus. How he was brought to ruin, when he died, where he is buried, are things at which his biographers have guessed, but as to which nothing is positively known. There is no record of his death or burial in any of the Amsterdam registers down to 1674, 10 years after the latest recorded date of a picture by him. One story makes him die in Stockholm in 1670, another in Hull, another in Yarmouth. *Quien sabe?* The painter lived as he painted, in shadow. His insolvency is the high light of the picture; thanks to the Dutch

law, which has preserved in the Court register of Amsterdam the inventory of his effects. This inventory is the best guide we have to the way of life, tastes, and habits of the painter. The furniture of eight rooms is enumerated in it, including antechambers and entrance-hall."

The specimens of this master exhibited are numerous. Here is his own Portrait at the age of 36, sent from Buckingham Palace by Her Majesty (685), this, and the "Young Man in the Turkish Costume" (678), are esteemed fine works of Rembrandt's earlier manner. Lord Overstone's "Old Woman" (677) is wondrously life-like. The power of the painter has given an indescribable charm to the worn house-wife, whom we should scarcely care to contemplate in the life. Then there is the portrait of the aged "Duchess of Lorraine," where the master's power over details rivals that of the camera. Let the visitor notice, too, the following works by this mysterious master: "The Entrance to the Sepulchre" (842), large "Landscape" (698), "Samuel and Eli," "Jacob Kats and the Prince of Orange," "A Plain traversed by a River" (844), "Portrait of a Standard Bearer" (680), "Virgin and St. Joseph reading, the Infant in a cradle" (1043), "Daniel before Nebuchadnezzar" (691), "The Preaching of St. John in the Wilderness," unfinished (675), "Jacob's Dream" (687), "Belshazzar's Feast" (695).

We pass from Rembrandt to his pupils, De Koninck, F. Bol, Gerard Dow, and Nicholas Maas. There are four Dow's in the gallery, viz:—"A Young Woman cleaning a Saucepan," known as "La Managère" (1075), "Rembrandt's Wife as a Jewish Bride," "Girl at a Window" (1045), "A Goat lying down, etc." (1039). De Koninck is represented by three Landscapes, viz:—Nos. 691-2-3. Of F. Bol there is a single specimen, viz: "Man and his Wife" (690). Whereas, of Nicholas Maas, date 1632-1693, there are six specimens, including "The Listener" (1079), "Lace Maker at Work, etc." (1050), and "St. Anne teaching the Virgin to read."

The visitor must now pass rapidly various painters of the Dutch school, to Gabriel Metz's "Intruder" (1059), and Franz Van Mieris's exquisite "Pedestrian with a Flask" (1078). We see here perhaps "prosaic art," but let us note also that in command over material these old Dutch painters defied the rivalry of any school. Let the visitor notice the Ostades, Adrian being represented by five and Isaac by three pictures. Paul Potter's wonderful animals, ranged from 996 to 998; Jan Steen's domestic bits, all wondrously worked out, from 932 to 936; Philip Wouverman's canvasses, from 783 to 793 Nicholas Berchem's landscapes, peasants, etc. marked from 802 to 809; Albert Cuyp's cattle (813 to 822); and Jacob Ruysdael's powerful landscapes, ranged from 832 to 851. We have now reached the works of Mindert Hobbema, who painted in the middle of the seventeenth century, and is ranked by critics as the first of Dutch landscape painters. His scenes belong chiefly to the timbered land about Haarlem. The gallery is particularly rich in Hobbemas. The two Van de Veldes are also well represented: Adrian by his landscapes, and William by nine sea-pieces. Nor should the visitor fail to notice Jan Van Huysum's fresh flowers (943 and two others). Especially beautiful, too, hereabouts is that picture of

an old woman with bed-clothes on her arm calling to a child standing at a glass door (945) by Pieter de Hooge. And now the visitor approaches a well-known name, that of Sir Godfrey Kneller, who flourished in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and to whom we shall find ourselves largely indebted when we wander presently into the Historical Portrait Gallery. Here, there are only two specimens of this well-known portrait painter, viz: "Peter the Great" (729), and a sketch of "Louis the Fourteenth." [Many of the paintings by the Flemish masters, originally placed in Saloon C, are now hung in Saloon H, alongside the Hertford Collection.]

We now pass some old German pictures, and reach some masters of the French school. Jeannet is represented by three or four pictures. Remark "Marguerite de Valois" (510), "Francis II. as a Boy," and "Jean d'Albret, King of Navarre, and Father of Henry IV. of France" (480). These pictures lead the visitor to Nicholas Poussin, date 1594-1665. His pictures are well known to all frequenters of art galleries. There are no less than sixteen specimens of his power in this gallery. Remark "View of the Campagna" (601), "Jupiter and Antiope" (931), "Rinaldo and Armida" (587), "The Woman of Megara" (607), "The Arts enquiring of Rome why they do not flourish in modern times" (619), "The Preservation of the Infant Pyrrhus" (582), "Venus and Cupid" (616), "Spring" (939), "Holy Family" (602), and "The Triumph of Bacchus" (598). Here, too, are four Landscapes by Gaspar Poussin. Hence, the visitor advances to gaze upon the sunny canvasses of Claude Lorraine (date 1600-1682). No less than sixteen of his pictures are in the gallery. They speak for themselves, and we would recommend the visitor to study them attentively, as he will be presently challenged to decide between them and the fine water colours and oil paintings of our own Turner. From Claude the visitor should turn to Pierre Mignard (date 1610-1695), and Charles Lebrun (date 1619-1690), two conspicuous painters of the French school. Remark by Mignard, "Julie d'Angennes. Duchess de Montansier" (752), and "Our Saviour at the Well" (707), by Lebrun; "Perseus and Andromeda" (592), "Centaur and Lapithæ" (580). Then there are others, less celebrated illustrators of the French school, as, Philippe de Champagne (584), Watteau, with his elegant rural figures (993) and Greuze, with his sweet soft faces (959-961). And now let us turn the visitor's attention to some fine specimens of the Spanish school. First, there are eight religious works by Zurbaran. Then there are the Murillos.* Remark "St. Anthony of Padua, and Madonna, etc., " Infant Christ Sleeping in the arms of Joseph" (638), "The Madonna and Saviour with St. John" (637), "Woman Drinking" (629), his own Portraits (632-640), "St. Anthony on his knees, etc." (634), "Sposalizio" (900), "Miracle of Feeding the Five Thousand," "St. Augustine and the Infant Saviour" (622), "St. Francis, kneeling," "Landscape" (633), "Abraham Entertaining the Angels" (631), and "St. Giles standing in a transport of religious ecstasy before Pope

*The Murillos are arranged in Vestibule II., between Saloons B and C.

Gregory IX." (620). From Murillo we turn to Morales (508-801), and to Velasquez, the quaint and powerful painter, of whom Spain may be justly proud. There are no less than twenty-four paintings by him amid these art-treasures. Let the visitor remark the "Duke Olivarez on Horseback" (789), "Henry de Halmale on Horseback" (782), "A Cardinal" (1069), "Philip IV. in Shooting Dress" (779), "The Cardinal Infant Don Ferdinand of Austria in Shooting Dress" (785), "The Infant Don Balthazar Carlos" (1072), "Queen Mariana of Austria" (1074), "A Miracle by St. Anthony of Padua" (1075), "Philip IV. of Spain" (728), "The Queen of Philip IV." (1077), "Venus" (1079), "St. John" (795). Having noticed two pictures by Bellini, viz:—"Dominican Monk" (76), also a "Virgin and Child," by Innocenza da Inola (213), the visitor may take leave for the present of the ancient masters. He has travelled rapidly through the art of the dead centuries to the genius of the present time. [Many of the paintings originally placed in Saloon C, are now arranged in the south side of the Clock Gallery, in the South Staircase to ditto, and in the Railway Gallery; including specimens of the works of Claude Lorraine, Canaletto, Guido, the Flemish School, &c.]

PAINTINGS BY MODERN MASTERS.

SALOONS D, E, and F.

The visitor should leave the gallery of the ancient masters by its most eastern exit, cross the nave, past the clock; the hours of which are marked by the letters of the words "Art-Treasures," and enter the southern gallery by its most eastern opening. He is now in the Gallery D, devoted to the earlier masters of the Modern English School.

The visitor should here deliberately begin from the beginning, noticing the earlier, if obscure, works by English painters. This systematic examination will enable him to form an estimate of the advances our living artists have achieved. He should resolutely take his place in Saloon D, and begin with Michael Dahl's Portrait of "Miss Margaret Cavendish Harley" (1). The *Athenæum* has thus touched upon the early English Artists:—

"We pass to the great collection of modern pictures, commencing nominally with a few works of Dahl, Wootton, &c.; but really with the productions of Hogarth, that sturdy, satirical, dogged, blunt, thoroughly English painter. He is very well represented here, not in his novel pictures, but in portraits and miscellanea,—among which break out like suns, 'The March to Finchley' and his 'Bartholomew Fair,'—the latter sadly dealt with by time, who seems to have owed it a spite, since the painting of the little man of Leicester Square was always solid, and never tricky or experimental. His clear bright paint stood always thick and fresh, and wears as well as your wainscot or your mantel-piece. O that inimitable and most ridiculous march!—the caricature of which made King George so very angry. Here it is, with the pitiless drummer whose tongue is

in his cheek, heedless of child and mistress. Here, too, are the soldier embarrassed with a brace of wives,—the prize-fighters at the Adam and Eve in Tottenham Court Road, naked and bleeding,—watching the struggling milkwoman, the thief who catches in his cocked hat the white flood from her cans, to the infinite amusement of Tiddy Doll, the droll pieman. Above fly the red and blue colours, and away straggle the drunken, thievish file, who are to shed their scurvy blood breast to breast with hairy Cameron men, on the dark heath of Culloden. Pray observe, too, the frightful child swung at the suttler's back, which poor dear Lamb, who was not on very firm ground when he came to pictures, says Hogarth introduced to throw quietness and contrast into the mob. Most unlovely childhood is that; but mark the spies talking, and the fat woman with her eyes and hands thrown up, and the strutting drummer-boy to the left."

The *Saturday Review* has also passed the early English school in review; and offered the public a fair estimate of the claims of dead English artists upon our attention. We entreat the visitor to give his attention to the following rapid summary:—

"It is customary to assign to Sir Joshua Reynolds the honour of being, as it were, the founder of the modern English school. But this is scarcely true in the sense which these words would bear in Flanders or Italy. His great rival and contemporary, Gainsborough, has nearly as much right as Sir Joshua to stand at the head of the native succession. Before their time the outbursts of native genius were but partial and irregular. The England of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries never produced an indigenous school of painting, though it liberally patronised a succession of foreign artists of great eminence, especially in portraiture. It is sufficient to name Holbein, Horebout, Vandyck, Rubens himself, Antonio More, Honthorst, Mytens, Van Somer, Hollar the engraver, Kneller and Lely, most of whom settled and died in London. From some of the latter of these it is probable that a direct descent could be traced for the native English artists of the eighteenth century—Sir Godfrey Kneller not having died till 1723, the very year in which Reynolds was born. But we have yet to desiderate a thorough handbook of English painters, from Hilliard and Oliver, in the reign of Elizabeth, through Walker and Dobson, to Haies, Richardson, and Thornhill. Specimens of several early English artists, such as these last-mentioned, are to be seen at Manchester, not indeed in the Saloons of Modern Art, but in the British Portrait Gallery, where their historical interest wholly subordinates their artistic importance; but Richardson, as the master of Hudson, who was in turn the master of Reynolds, is a name of some mark in the annals of English painting. Of other early names, such as Dance, Gandy, Hoppner, or Liotard, we find no examples at Manchester. The last two were of foreign origin, as also were Van Loo and Vanaaken;—the latter immortalised in Hogarth's caricature as the dauber of draperies and attitudes to Hudson and other fashionable portrait painters of the time. On the other hand, the Exhibition catalogue leads off with works by the little-known names of Dahl, Aikman, Kent, and Jervas—all portraits, and none of them very remarkable. A piece of Luke Cradeck's 'Poultry' (5), is spirited and able; and two views by S. Scott,

representing 'Westminster Bridge in progress' (6), and 'Old London Bridge' (7), are almost worthy of Canaletto. Vanderbank's 'Portrait of Gay' (10) should be looked at. Hayman's 'Garrick as Richard III.' (11) follows next in order—it is a work of small merit. Hayman's own Portrait, by Sir J. Reynolds (28), hangs near. Next we come to a far more interesting array of works by Hogarth—one of our greatest original painters, but wholly unsuccessful in the higher works of art, and as inferior to the Dutch school in finish and technical skill as he is superior in moral purpose and genuine humour. All his styles can be studied in the present collection. The half-length of his wife (16), who was Sir James Thornhill's daughter, is interesting; but 'Captain Thomas Coram' (30), the philanthropist—whose likeness has just been translated into stone from this picture for the Foundling Hospital—is wooden in expression and displeasing in colour. There is much more character and power in the Hon. E. Phipps' 'Portrait of an Old Woman' (20). Mr. Anderdon's 'Sigismunda' is theatrical and pretentious; and the 'Garrick as Richard III.' (22)—so well known by engravings—is a monstrosity of disagreeable action. But this was probably the player's own fault. On the other hand, two 'Scenes from the *Beggar's Opera*' (17 and 25), are in Hogarth's more characteristic style; and, 'The March of the Guards to Finchley' (26), and 'Southwark Fair' (31), are among the most famous of his mocking, but earnest caricatures. Hogarth, as he had no predecessor in English art, so he founded no school. His fame rests on his prolific invention of details, his minute delineation of character, and his trenchant satire on the manners and vices of the time. His technical method was always defective; and his attempted religious painting, as seen conspicuously in those large scriptural subjects which used to hang in the Redcliff Church, at Bristol, was pitiable in the extreme."

Hereabouts, too, the visitor may notice, as a matter of curiosity, De Louthembourg's Naval Battles, and a "Landscape" (94); some Portraits by Romney, "Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante" (83); "Lord Stanley and his Sister" (125); Wright of Derby's "Siege of Gibraltar" (81), and "Rousseau" (84a). But the visitor need not linger long among the minor British artists of the eighteenth century. He has still a long journey before him—through the brilliant rooms, glowing with the fine colours of Turner, Eddy, and others. He has not yet reached our immortal water-colours, nor wandered, as in a dream, past the great historic men who look down from their canvasses in the great Nave. And in that Nave are the Armour of the middle-age warriors, the wondrous works of Cellini, the Bernal and Soulages Collections, and a glorious grove of marble figures.

In the gallery of the English school, let the visitor again remember, there is a complete history of English painting. It is a history that he should study carefully, since it is more than probable that the living generation will not enjoy a like opportunity again. We have samples here even of Dahl, Wm. Aikman, Kent, Jervas, Luke Cradock, Ramsey, Wootton, and Hayman. But were these the founders of the British school? Poor enough would it be, if fed only from their inspirations. But no; last century saw the men arise who were

destined not only to create a British school of painting, but also to found a national academy. Of art in England, before Hogarth's time, very little need be said. The curious visitor may notice Sir Antonio More's skill in the Portrait Gallery. The Miniatures, too, afford some notion of pictorial art in this country centuries back. Still, there was nothing like an English school in existence when Rubens arrived in England. Holbein, who had worked so industriously here in the previous century, had failed to arouse any latent genius worthy to be ranked with him. Rubens contributed to produce Vandyke, to say nothing of the Scotch Vandyke, Geo. Jamesone. But no school arose. The artist's brush was almost exclusively given up to portrait painting. The result is a noble gallery of English worthies and unworthies, it is true, but the chief performances are due to foreign genius. There was something cold and uncongenial to art in the social state of England up to the eighteenth century. Charles the First made an attempt to establish a gallery; there was the dawn of bright promise, but it quickly disappeared in the dust and blood of civil war. And were the Puritans likely to encourage art? or was Charles the Second likely to do more than satisfy his personal vanity? No; art in England had made good only the smallest claim to be regarded as a school before Hogarth and Reynolds lived.

And here we have evidence of the power and the wondrous originality of both masters. In the first place, here is "Southwark Fair" (81). The revelling, drunken crowd is inimitably thrown together. The falling booth, the crowded windows, the dense mass of people in the street, belong to Hogarth, and to Hogarth alone. Just as the wondrously-varied figures in the "March to Finchley" (26)—the women parting with the soldiers, the *enceinte* lady in the foreground, the prize-fighters, the thief catching the milk in his triangular hat—all are cast together with wondrous life, till you almost catch the excitement and the noise of the rollicking fellows bound for the field of Culloden. The painting, apart from the composition, charms you with its strength—its freedom from every trick. It is solid, honest paint. Let the visitor note all the pictures by this true English master—this man of inexhaustible humour—this sterling moralist. "The Harlot's Progress" (13, 14), of which series of eight pictures, painted by the artist, only two escaped the fire at Fonthill, in 1755, is surely a moral drama. There is a lesson in every touch of the pencil; just as in the "Rake's Progress," in the National Gallery, from the death of the miser till the climax of the drama, there are innumerable touches full of suggestion. Then the visitor may see both Mr. and Mrs. Hogarth (16, 17). Here the painter is represented painting the comic muse. There are in the gallery two subjects from the "Beggar's Opera," by Hogarth (17, 25), in both of which Miss Fenton (afterwards Duchess of Bolton) figures as "Polly." The first was painted for John Rich, the harlequin; the second for Sir Archibald Grant, of Momnymusk. They are remarkable not only as paintings, but as revelations of the stage a hundred years ago. The visitor will not fail to notice notable people seated upon the stage. In the same way the "View of Rosamond's Pond," in St. James's Park (filled up in 1770), marked 19, is a welcome revelation of the

times gone by. At hand, too, by the same fertile master, is "Garrick as Richard the Third," painted in 1746, and for which the artist received £200, "which was more," says the exulting Hogarth, "than any English artist ever received for a single portrait." The above selection from Hogarth's works very fairly exhibits his excellencies. They will prove that none of his imitators have reached his level—that the humour which has since been put upon canvass cannot claim to rank for variety and for point with his. In every square inch of his painting there is a new idea. He will never, probably, be understood by our neighbours, just as they fail to understand all the genius of young Gustave Doré (who, by the way, deserves to be known as the living Hogarth of France). But we have reason to be proud of the man who painted the "Rake's Progress," and who drew the story of the "Harlot" with the pencil of a profound moralist. His line of beauty, his theory of the beautiful, is beyond the province of a book like the present. We touch upon his works simply, and we direct the attention of Englishmen to them, that they may acknowledge his genius, and be thankful for the possession of his name. His "Garrick" is finely tragic—the crime and the dread of its punishment are there; and, by way of contrast, take the blunt Captain Coram, or the solid Martin Folkes. You see at once how various and how strong was little Hogarth.

We pass Jervas rapidly; nor do we care much for Wootton, nor Hayman, nor the pleasant mediocrity of Scott—although we are pleased to get an idea of Westminster bridge, as it appeared in his days. But whom have we here? Claude? No; Richard Wilson. A very proper landscape painter. His trees are heavily massed,—for in this way Poussin massed them; his clouds never condescend to flutter in silver flakes—they roll, very daintily edged with silver. The people who inhabit these scenes are not ordinary people, but Apollos, if you please. There is power here, undoubtedly; but it is chiefly the strength of education, not the native fire. The greenish yellow light reminds one of Claude. The trees are all the most regular of trees—never descending to the slovenliness of dead branches, ragged suckers, or an environment of fern and briars. Trees, it would appear, have degenerated since the time of Wilson. Yet of this proper landscape (we have referred particularly to the "Niobe," 32,) no less than five samples are in existence. The original was painted and exhibited in 1760, and was bought by the Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden. The visitor will find in the gallery, by the same master, "Rome, with St. Peter's" (34); "Cicero's Villa" (36); "View of the Thames, near Marble Hill" (37); "Vale of Llangollen" (38); "View on the Arno" (39); "Landscape" (40, 41). From Wilson we turn to Sir Joshua Reynolds. The change is most welcome. For how many lovely faces has he not bequeathed to us, in his broad, rich, flowing colours? Alas! will they live much longer? Let us pass this sad inquiry, and be glad in the glorious show just before us. Here, children of wondrous beauty; there female grace idealised under the painter's pencil; and there, again, solid, manly heads are before us. You know at once that all these people lived, and spoke, and fought. The blood courses in their veins—their eyes talk to you. You would hardly be surprised if a voice came from one of those rosy mouths.

And then there is a charm about the story of these pictures. We remember that sturdy old Johnson probably knit his brows before them when they were upon the easel. Round-headed Goldsmith intrudes himself upon our thoughts, but only to warm them, and make us pass a kindly verdict, even when we see positive defects. But were angelic faces ever better conceived than in those "Heads" (46)? The "Girl Sketching" (56), too, is an especial favourite of ours. There, opposite, is "Puck"—a very fairy, with much of the devil in him. He appears to be very naturally seated upon the mushroom; he is native to the woods, and has no more to do with the nursery, and the perambulator, than the swallows have. It is worth the 980 guineas Lord Fitzwilliam gave for it at Rogers's sale, in 1856. For female beauty, as rendered by Sir Joshua, turn we to "Viscountess Althorp" (47), and "Mrs. Tollemach, as Miranda" (44). Smiles are breaking about the mouth of the lovely and stately countess, and soft and sweet is the entire figure; and Miranda beams upon us, till we can hardly summon the philosophy to declare, once and for all,—that she is paint, simply paint. For masculine dignity we turn to "Sir W. Chambers," the architect (53),—a very stiff personage. Here, too, is "Sir Joshua" himself, in his robes, as doctor of civil law (48),—his drapery solidly and broadly painted. Remark, too, heavy-looking "Foote," the actor (68); the Duke of Portland" (51); the "Braddyl Family" (52), with the young gentleman in top boots, elaborately dressed; the "Rev. J. Reynolds" (54); "Sir Richd. Worsley" (65); "Guiseppe Marchi," painter (67); Geo. John, Viscount Althorp" (71); "Archbishop Markham" (42). Nor should the rest of Sir Joshua's ladies be passed by. They are all beautiful women. Whether the artist added "perfume to the violet"—whether his success lay in a capacity "to paint the lily"—it is impossible for us to determine. We may envy him the privilege he enjoyed in being permitted to study so many female countenances; but we must do him the justice to allow that he succeeded admirably in an endeavour to make his sitters immortal. He is accused of having utterly neglected his back grounds; to have contented himself, having painted the head and figure, with a jumble of colour for the rest of the picture. This fault belonged to his time. It is a grievous one, undoubtedly; but it is greatly palliated by the genius thrown into the heads. It is almost impossible to take the eye from Sir Joshua's faces, and quietly examine the dark distance that throws them up. They will live, and be admired, as long as art is cultivated. We shall glory still in his genius, let a supreme master arise to-morrow in the midst of us. Nor is he alone. If art was obscure in England, through centuries, when the Italian, Flemish, and Spanish schools flourished, it rose, a vigorous child, in the 18th century. Hogarth and Reynolds were great men, of genius peculiar to their country. No sordid imitators, born to perpetuate an old idea; but new observers of nature, with strength to take something fresh from her. It is very satisfactory to see both masters strongly represented in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, that foreigners, who may visit us during the summer, may learn that there was sterling stuff in the British school a century ago.

We pause before Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," Master Buttall (156). The

picture is in every respect a remarkable one, showing not only the versatility of the artist, but also that Sir Joshua was wrong when he declared that a good effect in a picture was incompatible with a predominance of blue. The problem is solved—completely solved; but then how masterly is the proof! How sweet and various the gradations of colour; how fine and flowing the folds! Here is all the force of Vandyke, shown by the homely painter of yonder “Market Cart” (153), or yonder “Cottage Door” (161)! The gallery is rich in Gainsboroughs. His force and truth are here triumphantly displayed. Not that we care so much for his landscape, as for rural nature painted by Constable; still, whenever Gainsborough put pencil to canvass, sweet colour flowed from it. The daintiest of roses lay upon the whitest of pearls, when he approached female beauty—see “Mrs. Graham, Lord Lynedoch’s wife” (157). His rustic children, too, are glowing with life. His white horse is finely managed, against the broad shadows—not too liquid, by the way—of the trees, tugging the cart to market. But his landscapes have no new passages in them—nothing fresh from nature, shown to us for the first time. They are sweet in colour, but they have a tendency to weakness. Let the reader note the following specimens of this master: “Portrait” (50), “Landscape” (70), “Mrs. Siddons” (74), “Landscape” (76), small “Landscape” (90), “Two Boys and Fighting Dogs” (92), “Landscape” (95), “Coast Scene, with Cattle” (150), “The Cottage Door” (161); and then, between Saloons D and E, “Children with Donkey” (1), “Beggar Boys” (26).

We now turn to Opie’s “Age and Infancy” (124). It is the strong, coarse, hard work of an uncompromising man. And hereabouts are poor Morland’s swine, and doorways, and his white horse. A sad story is about these canvasses—of genius cast away—of life misspent and degraded. Alas! the contrast between the promise and the realisation is strong and broad. We know that we had here a painter who might have added much to the renown of our national fine arts, but who fell away to alehouse tipping, and let his head grow wild and his hand unsteady. Let us turn away, and mark as we pass, George Romney’s “Lady Broughton” (77), Angelica Kauffman’s “Jane Maxwell, Duchess of Gordon” (73); “The Siege of Gibraltar,” by Wright, of Derby (81); “Lady Hamilton, as Bacchante,” by Romney (83); Weatley’s “Children and Birds,” &c. (85-86); “A Lion and Lioness,” by George Stubbs (89); “Horses in a Storm,” by Sawrey Gilpin, R.A. (91); Zoffany’s Scene from “Love in a Village” (93); a “Coast Scene,” by the pupil of Richard Wilson, James Farrington, R.A. (96); Garrick, in the “Farmer’s Return,” also by Zoffany (101); and “Mrs. Siddons, as Zara,” by William Hamilton, R.A. (106). And here we pause awhile, for we approach Fuseli, and West, and Reinagle, and Ward. It is, however, curious to note the R.A.’s to whom academic honours have been of no avail against the verdict of the world. How they have passed away, and left no mark behind them! Nor is this fact without its significance. The Royal Academy, to maintain a place in popular esteem, must include in its ranks all the really promising men of a period; for the next generation, if the Academy fail to do this, comes and declares that the R.A. is no guarantee whatever of artistic excellence. It points to the men who have worn the distinction, and who have

failed to earn it. It hints at jobbery. It is not well for art where such taunts can be fairly thrown out; but the impartial observer of the lists of the Royal Academicians, from the date of its foundation down to the present time, might show, we fear, that such taunts might with fearful justice be brought against the governors of this national institution. How many, even educated men, remember aught of the genius of William Hodges, R.A.?

But we turn to more pleasant topics. We are before Reinagle and Fuseli (ill-represented), and West. Fuseli's works in the Exhibition are, "Hotspur and Glendower" (102), and "Thor battering the Serpent of Midgard in the Boat of Hymen, the Giant Edda of Somundus" (104). Reinagle is represented by his "Eagle and Vulture disputing with a Hyæna" (120); West by "Christ blessing Little Children" (103); the "Departure of Regulus" (113); "Cupid and Psyche" (114); the "Death of General Wolfe" (115); the "Battle of the Boyne" (116); the "Battle of La Hogue" (109). West, who had a firm, but not over-sagacious friend in Geo. III., shines, not in Scripture, but in the life and confusion of the battle-field. He has filled these pictures with happy illustrative groups. He has given air and breadth to the scene. The genius was not commanding that presided over these canvasses, but there was a strong and a conscientious mind here. Englishmen must love to linger hereabouts, for there is some suggestive anecdote belonging to every picture. What if he stand between Sir J. Reynolds and hapless Angelica Kauffman? There is a story between them, now almost buried in gloom, but that is said to live on the stage—aggravated, let us hope, to strengthen the dramatic interest—in Sir Edward Lytton's "Lady of Lyons." Was the villain who betrayed "Pauline" fine old Sir Joshua? We would fain believe that it was not so: that he who could so well see the gentleman in his sitters, and who could so completely seize the essence of gentility, and make it flow from his pencil, was a man himself touched by the keen honour that is the chief ingredient of the true gentleman. But the cypress hangs above both villain and victim, and we pass forward charitably in the hope that our great master did not wrong Angelica. We must pass other stories that linger about these rooms with an equal charity; for we hold that one of the most important lessons the world may learn here, in this Art-Treasures Exhibition, is to see two distinct men, compact and moving, in one individual. The cynic may see, in Wilson's landscapes, only so much foaming beer; in Morland, so many tap-room scores paid up; just as he "sips the foam" of Goldsmith's life, and calls the man a good-natured fool and fop. It is told of Jas. Barry, that he regaled great Edmund Burke in gloomy, dirty, Soho, on a steak which the orator turned for himself, whilst the painter fetched the beer. Let us grant the impeachment. And what then? Do we esteem Burke the less? Have we less to say of Barry? Ay, in certain circles, where silver forks make more effect than silvery voices—where the gold of sunset pales before the produce of Australian diggings, lips will be curled, and the men who illustrate and glorify their period will be set down as Bohemians—gipsies, to receive the crumbs of great banquets in return for their learned antics. But must we not advance from circles so constituted? Shall we never learn that in the simplicity of artist and literary life,

but especially in artist life, there is a dignity that is worth something? Shall the lessons, before us in this gallery go for nothing? Why, the creatures painted by the plebeian hands of Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Lawrence, have passed away, and the memory of most of them in no way interests us, but the genius that set down and glorified their faces, lives, and is our pride. Even Barry's humble banquet to Burke is more celebrated than many of the pretentious orgies given by their contemporaries.

The moral of the story lies deep, and should be a comfort to the working world about us. It points to simple habits and modest ways. It argues for that respect which we owe to intellectual force, through all its infinite developments; it points through the coat to the man behind it; and we need the teaching now-a-days, for we have reached a time when wealth threatens to master every worship, and be supreme.

We are before the works of Lawrence, the tavern keeper's son! There was not the faintest tint of blue in his blood; yet, how graceful is his genius! Is there, in the history of painting, a man, with a long list of ancestors to his back, who understood the qualities of gentility better than he? Look at the "Countess of Derby," Miss Farren, be it remembered (15, between Saloons D and E); and "Lady Leicester, as Hope" (202); and "Sir Sidney Smith" (6, Saloon E); and the "Countess of Wilton" (10). These are fine pictures, without a touch of coarseness or awkwardness in them. The tavern keeper's son was evidently at home in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair. It is this lesson which we seek to impress upon visitors to the Art-Treasures Exhibition. They have a sacred duty to perform towards the artist who is dead, through the artist who still lives. Jewels are dazzling; gold lace has a certain magic in it, but there are men, without a single riband, who are worth higher honour than the most starry of men. And is not the Art-Treasures Exhibition proof of this? Millions of money have been spent upon this collection—to buy what? Why, that which the possessors of those millions had not in themselves. Yet they almost despised the men with whom they dealt, because the dealers were in manners simple as children—in their possessions of worldly goods almost paupers. And shall this disregard of the high nobility of the artist and the author be a characteristic of Englishmen? Shall it be said that, in the social scale, intellect has no distinct place assigned to it? We trust not. We trust that the citizens of Manchester will make good the reputation they are gaining as lovers of art, by proving, in the course of the summer, the honour in which they hold the artist.

The visitor is now fairly in Saloon E; having passed De Louthembourg, and some Lawrences, Ward's Bull, &c., in the space between this and Saloon D.

The visitor is now in the midst of Callcotts, Ettys, Turners, Collinses, Constables, Wilkies, Friths, Grants, Sir E. Landseers, Websters, Copes, Leslies, Eastlakes, Mulready's, Stanfields, Creswicks, Danbys, &c., &c. The glories of the British School are here, and will claim his honest admiration.

"We note an average Constable," says the *Saturday Review*, "'The Rustic Bridge' (195), and the same artist's far more poetical view of 'Salisbury Cathedral' (243), with the magical spire standing out in relief against a black storm sky

arched by a rainbow. Another of his 'Landscapes' (277) is highly noticeable. Sir A. Callcott suffers grievously from unfortunate juxtaposition. An ordinary 'Landscape' of his (270), belonging to Lord Durham, is positively extinguished by the adjacent Turners; and his sea-piece of the 'Scheldt, near Antwerp' (207), belonging to the Duke of Bedford, is scarcely more happily placed in contrast to the 'Wreck of the Minotaur.'

The supreme men in this room however are, undoubtedly, Etty and Turner. "Etty," says the *Athenæum*, "whom Manchester may be said to have discovered, and which had the honour of fostering his genius, makes a splendid stand here. His women, with their voluptuous bosoms, raven hair, killing eyes, spaced out with driving blue skies, and scarlet draperies, and fruit and jewels, shine out here like lamps amid the quieter works of lower-toned men. His 'Satyrs and Nymphs' is gorgeous in its contrasts of brown and white skin. His 'Cleopatra on the Cydnus' is a prodigal eastern galaxy of colour, with its adoring slaves and the diving girls; of thought not much, but a prodigality of artful contrasts and composition;—the flying Cupids spoil it and turn it into mere allegory. Then there is the 'Storm,' a sort of Tom Moore fancy, and the 'Idle Lake,' two people swimming in an oyster shell, and the 'Sirens,' a fine imagination. Who can match his carnations—he, the pink of painters? Wilkie is not so well represented. There is, however, his 'Ratcatchers,' 'Distraint for Rent,' 'The Jew's Harp,' 'Guess my Name,' and 'Blind Man's Buff.' 'The Ratcatchers' is a small diploma picture, painted small because it was a gift. 'The Distraint for Rent' is beautiful in its expression of the varieties of grief, from petulant scolding to the sleepy torpor of despair. The touch, fairy-like and silvery, super-delicate often, but always true, precise, cool, and sure.—A few interesting pictures preserve the memory of Turner. 'Saltash,' a deep-toned wonderful piece of work, and a 'Sunrise on the Coast,' with a white burning sea and a blue film of haze, as delicious as if it had been distilled from the salvia blossom. To Turner a single pearl was a universe of colour.—Phillips has a portrait of Lord Thurlow, and Duncan the 'Entry of the Pretender into Edinburgh,' ghastly and almost putrid, as Scotch colour generally is since Wilkie's day, but brim full of character,—the barber frightened by the rush of the Lochaber axe man, the old Lord cheering, the pretty and hooded girls, are all excellent.

"Among the living artists, Mr. Frost, with his statuesque flesh and high finish, stands well; his syrens, nymphs, and scene of 'Una and the Satyrs,' show him quite at his best, before he turned so much to clay and stone. Two specimens of Mr. Rippingale are interesting as studies of character,—'Banditti,' and 'The Country Post Office,' the colour wooden and monotonous, but the faces varied and true. The second picture is an amusing collection of the heads of a village, fat and pompous, thin and prying, with a touch here and there of pathos. Constable's dewy, speckled, shiny impasto, is well seen in a picture of his here, with a dull coloured rainbow and an earthly look about the grass. Mr. Mulready's pleasant Goldsmith feeling is shown in his 'Barber's Shop,' a heavy black picture, almost a caricature; his 'Forgotten Word,'

which, below Etty's 'Joan of Arc,' and his 'Mercy interceding for the Vanquished,' perhaps the finest thing the York man ever did, are as refreshing as spring blue sky after winter rain. It is a pity Mr. Mulready's boys should all wear cinnamon-coloured jackets, though it may be good for colour. His 'Travelling Druggist' is a good example of his larger style; the subject is good, and the sick boy's face excellent, though we wish he had been younger; but Mr. Mulready generally paints boys about fourteen. Here, too, we see his 'Haymaking,' that is, just a bit of one of Tennyson's Idylls."

But we must note, for the guidance of the visitor, the numbers of the more remarkable pictures. Turner's pictures are marked 224-228-229; Etty's "Homeric Dance" is marked 281; his "Combat" (360), and Sir E. Landseer's "There's Life in the Old Dog yet" (331), his "Dignity and Impudence" (337), and "Alexander and Diogenes" (336), should also be noticed. But introduction hereabouts is all but useless. Engraving has made the more remarkable of the pictures in the two remaining saloons familiar to the English public. Wilkie's "Blind Man's Buff" is marked 258, and his "Card Players" 275. The *Athenæum* has thus noticed the Landseers and Herberts:—

"Of Sir E. Landseer we have a splendid specimen—'There's Life in the Old Dog yet,' a low-toned picture, but such a picture, such a block of a man's life and mind in it. The poor dog with a glazing eye and feeble gaze, the dead deer, the momentariness of the shock, the depth of the chasm, the grey slabs of table rock, the eager and business-like look of the gillie, raise this picture to the highest rank. The visitor would do well, too, to compare Sir E. Landseer's 'Ratcatching' with Wilkie's, and observe the difference of style. The 'Bloodhound' is like a line from an epic, it is so robust in its painting. Close by is Mr. Hart's 'Cellini,' and not far off his fine head of an Italian architect, thinking out some Duomo. Mr. Herbert, with his ascetic and severe style, has many works in the Exhibition. The 'Choice of Cordelia,' the 'Brides of Venice,' 'St. John the Baptist reproving Herod,' are pure and elaborate, every vandyke and jewel given, with a full daylight effect, and much vigour and fullness of imagination."

The Pre-Raphaelite pictures will undoubtedly claim attention. The effect which they have produced upon art in England cannot be denied; and the visitor who examines the specimens here exhibited conscientiously, will be able to see cause for this undoubted effect. "The Strayed Sheep" of Mr. Holman Hunt (488), for instance, is a picture that may be advantageously contrasted with other landscapes in Saloon E. It is not like any of them: it looks even strange beside them; but examine it conscientiously, and the visitor shall perceive wonderful touches of nature, and fresh touches, too, in it. "The Awakened Conscience" (550), is by the same artist; and so is the "Claudio and Isabella" (565),—the latter a most masterly picture of expression. Let the visitor remark the eyes of Isabella! "Autumn Leaves" (543), by Millais, is a fair sample of the master—it needs no explanation; just as the "Death of Chatterton," by Wallis (371), tells its own sad story. And now the visitor must

pass onward towards Saloon F; passing by the way Frith's "Trial of a Witch" (394); Cooke's "Salute at Venice" (324); Poole's "Song of the Troubadours," (326); Creswick's "Rocky Lake" (321); Webster's "Slide" (350), a Leech in oil colours; Leslie's "Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman" (369); Egg's "Peter the Great and Catherine's First Interview" (398); Mulready's "Train up a Child" (356), and "Wolf and Lamb" (361); and Cooper's "Battle of Bosworth," (399).

There is a Vestibule between Saloons E and F, in which the visitor may remark some pictures by Liverseege and others—his "Captain Macheath" and "Cobbett's Register" (412-13), for instance. Here, too, are Sir W. Allan's "Death of the Regent Murray;" "The Mock Election," by the unfortunate B. R. Haydon; "The Fall of Babylon," by Martin; David Roberts's "Rome;" and some Flowers by Miss Mutrie.

The visitor should now enter Saloon F, where he will find more specimens of English masters, including:—"The Battle of Roveredo" (483), by Stanfield; Elmore's "Novice" (500); Ward's "Charlotte Corday led to Execution" (464); Elmore's "Origin of the Stocking Loom" (501); Maclise's "Ghost Scene in Macbeth" (522); Linnell's "Morning in Autumn" (556); Horsley's "Madrigal" (549); Cope's "Martyrdom of Saunders" (560); Linton's "Return of a Greek Armament" (524); Gordon's "William Fairbairn" (570), especially interesting in the Art-Treasures Exhibition; "Moses setting out to the Fair," and "Return" therefrom, by Maclise (579-85); Ward's "Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette in the Temple" (597), in which the figure of the king is wonderfully drawn and expressive. In this Saloon will be found a large number of admirable specimens of our living artists, all worthy of most careful inspection. Before proceeding to the Oriental Court, the visitor should spend some time in the north side of the Clock Gallery, and Staircase to ditto, where he will find an interesting collection of Paintings by Modern Masters, both Foreign and English, including works by Ary Scheffer, Delaroche, Rosa Bonheur, Tideman, Wilkie, Maclise, Linnell, &c.

THE ORIENTAL COURT.

The glowing colours here obtruded upon the eye; the ivory carvings; the curious mats, and rugs, and carpets against the Northern Wall, showing the Indian uses for cotton; the silk carpet manufactured at Wurrangul, in the centre of the East Wall; the shawl-patterned wool carpet, from Herat, on the Southern Wall; the embroidered floor coverings from Cashmere, on the South Wall; the specimens of calico printing, for which India was long famous, on the West Wall, together with the splendid specimens of printing in gold from Madras; specimens of Indian weaving, embroidery, and printing, in the two long cases which reach from west to east, at the northern side of the court; silk goods worn by the natives; paintings by native artists, including architectural drawings of some of the tombs, mosques, and palaces of

the north-west of India; and small paintings on the Eastern Wall, representing a native family of rank with their attendants witnessing a Natcht, a native dance; specimens of Indian jewellery, nose-rings, toe-rings, filigree-work, in a case; a collection of Oriental arms, contributed by the Queen and the Prince Consort; carvings in black wood, sandal wood, ebony, horn, etc.; the tent in the centre of the Saloon, filled with gorgeous Indian embroidery, emblems of royalty, fly-flappers, etc.; silks, carvings, and porcelain from China; jewellery from Burma; and a complete suit of armour in lacquered ware from Japan—all make up a room full of Oriental treasures that must keenly interest the untravelled visitor.

Passing out from this court by its western opening, the visitor at once reaches the

WATER-COLOUR GALLERY,

which stretches across the western extremity of the Palace. This brilliant, lively Gallery is the glory of the British School. Here, at least, English artists reign supreme. The *Athenæum* has offered its readers the following rapid summary of the claims of the water-colour artists here represented to the attention of visitors:—

“While the corners of the Modern Gallery display so many foreign names, as Canaletto, Dahl, Lely, Kneller, and our portrait collection has its Holbein, Mabuse, Vandyck, &c., the Water-colour Gallery, at the west end of this building, boasts of none but the pure English names of Absolon, Branwhite, Collins, Callow, Chambers, Corbould, Cattermole, Cox, Duncan, Dodgson, Edridge, Fahey, Evans, Copley Fielding, Fripp, Gilbert, and Goodall. This collection is contained in three rooms, at the west end of the Exhibition. The chief one is 200 feet long, and is entered through the Oriental Court and the Hertford Gallery,—the lesser rooms, one devoted to Turner’s works, and another to the works of dead men, open like side chapels out of this, and are each 52 feet long. The collection, chronological and historical, numbers 1,000 drawings, all carefully selected for peculiar interest or for their value as instructions. The living men are arranged alphabetically, so jealousy is impossible, and the dead men, who no longer know what jealousy means, according to their dates. Messrs. Smith and Colnaghi have been of much service to Mr. Holmes, as Messrs. Agnew have in other ways. The Queen and Dowager-Countess of Ellesmere are also liberal contributors.

“To show how water-colour began as by mere accident, Mr. Holmes shows sketches by Rembrandt (1), Ostade (2), Van Huysum (11-22), and others; and by themselves stand some chalk studies of great men: Raphael’s ‘Entombment,’ and ‘Madonna’ in red chalk, and Mulready’s ‘Life Studies’ (618-624), finished like enamels, with all the care, love, and labour of the wise old man, who still considers himself a student in the life school, and is still a patient child at nature’s knee. Then come studies by the old masters, washed in with bistre, sepia, or low-toned colour, and edged and heightened with chalk. Under this head are

some 'Children,' by Reynolds, done as a tamed giant would do them; some 'Cupids,' by Cipriani (38-41); and 'A Lady,' by Gainsborough (46), graceful and free. To this succeed the works of Sandby (23-37), the real founder and fore-seer of the art. Born in Nottingham, an unlikely place, in 1725, he visited France, and probably studied with Watteau, whose opera graces and quaint elegance he not inaptly caught. His style is simple, and he shows a wish for atmospheric effect—a prerogative of English art—born under a dull but picturesque and fitful sky. Then comes Hearne (99-104), with his heavy dark-lined abbeys; and countless works of Cozens (48-57), rocks and skies good, Wheatley (60), Rowlandson (63-65), Williams, Leitch, and others,—some caricatures, some conventional dark landscapes.

"More truth and air came with Girtin (66-82), and a new epoch began. Of his broad, sombre manner there are some excellent specimens here. Then we have seas by Chambers (181-184), and wrecks by Bentley (381-387), and dull Westalls (171-173), and graceful Stothards (150-167), and Rosses, and Ibbotsons, and Edridges, and Robsons, and Clennels (175-177), and glowing Varleys (202-212), and vigorous Glovers (256-258), Müller (231-243) can be judged by his bold, strong-coloured Turks and palm-trees, with the broad blues and reds, and Haydon (247) by a sketch for his own 'Judgment of Solomon,' decidedly his best work, and better in conception than many a Domenichino or Sasso Ferrato. Some Nesfields (276-280), Reinagles, Barrets, and Inglefields make up the list. About them all there is less lightness, animal spirits, distance, and atmospheric effect than we now obtain, since Turner taught us better. Of Wilkie (185-192), there is a 'Grace before Meat,' the painter gave it to Lady Blessington. Of John Martin (416-420), there is a landscape entitled, 'Diogenes and the Rustic,'—the cynic is casting away his gourd when he sees the peasant drink out of his hand. Trees and palaces fill the scene: the figures are mere puppets. These early water-colours before Turner came are dull and heavy, though often ambitious. No painter seems to have learnt the full power of his materials. Prout is here with the 'Venice,' which is his own; Cattermole (445-474) with his knights and monks, and Copley Fielding with the seas and coasts he rules (388-408). There is a drawing by Mr. Stanfield of the wreck, with gulls screaming over a Mazeppa seaman bound, not to a horse, but a mast (834-850). Dadd (281-283), now insane, has some sketches of dead camels and caravan halts, a Nubian cave, and a vale of rocks. All our living artists are represented here. Mr. Jenkins (655-661), with his pretty sentiment in 'Hopes and Fears,' Mr. Lewis, with his 'Englishman in the Desert,' and his 'Pilgrims in Rome,' the most elaborate of his careful and singular works. Mr. Collingwood has a 'Girl Weeping,' Mr. Oakley an 'Italian Boy' and some 'Ladies Singing.' Mr. Corbould comes out quite as a king, with his great scene from the 'Prophets,' and his 'Godiva,' the Coventry lady's flesh being as pulpy and sunny as woman's flesh can well be; the tone the mellow gold of the parted nectarine. Mr. J. B. Pyne has some broad bits of Italy, Mr. Naish some old English mansions, with a scene from Athens, Mr. Fahey a scene in a hop-garden, and Mr. Bennett some rare works. Messrs. Hart, Pickersgill, and Herbert all send studies of well-known pic-

tures. Mr. Harding has some clean and yet bold landscapes, one of a Viaduct, with broad shadows, very full of daylight. Mr. Bartholomew contributes some capital flowers, rich in colour, tall swaying hollyhocks, with black red cups, and a blue sky above. Better than most men's summer scenes is (601-606) Mr. Branwhite's 'Ferry in the Frost,' the sun fiery red, the snow purpled, and the ice here and there refractive. Mr. William Hunt (518-547) has an excellent show of gems,—brown stable boys, grinning of course, odd drudges of the Topsy class, curling farmer's children ready for the *soirée*, Indian girls, maidens praying, and, above all, Fruit of melting gold. Humour, colour, all Hunt's qualities, may be seen here, epitomized in a dozen works. M. Haag sends some Flemish Interiors, full of men with trunk hose, and well-arranged cavaliers that you cannot tell apart except by their blues and reds. M. Louis Haag appears in Monks and Italian Shepherds, and especially in his great pictures of the doings at Balmoral—Going to and Returning from the Chase. Mr. Lance has some glorious Fruit, and Mr. Gilbert, the hundred-fingered, his 'Eastern Bazaar,' and a 'Musician,' clever enough. Old David Cox (480-496) could not be seen better than by his wet sands, rainy blowy moors, and rank country churchyards, while Mr. Cattermole (445-474) has swarms of red and brown monks, Macbeths, and battling cavaliers, produced with great talent, but too much of the fatal facility of the ephemeral book illustrator. Mr. Burton's 'Moldavian Peasants' are, as usual, beautiful and smoothly picturesque. Mr. Absolon has a perfect flower garden of fresh daylight sketches, apparently too swiftly and skimingly executed, yet always cheery and pleasing, and pretty, and light-hearted, always full of April blood, and the dash and freshness of a gentleman's light-hearted youth. His 'Sleeping Nun,' his 'Village Dance,' his 'Church Porch,' are all in this vein; so is his 'Tambourine Player' and his 'Stage Rustic Lovers.' He always delights, and to instruct he does not care. What a Watteau of a scene painter he would make! and for ballets he would be worth a stage box crammed full of guineas. Mr. Fripp's bridge, trees and water are admirable, and so are his rocks with the water spilling over them. Mr. Warren shows us the Magi in an Eastern twilight not unlit with stars. Mr. Vacher has a clear-headed view of the blues and yellows of Italian scenes. Mr. Tayler catches the spirit of the Squire Western days, of the tie wig and long boots, and gives us pretty horsewomen and bowing cavaliers. Mr. L. Price has a glimpse of the painter's city, Venice, and Mr. Duncan a loch weltering with moonlight. Nor are Jackson, Whichelo, Wyld, and Wright by any means to be forgotten. Mr. Riviere has some cockney Irish, and Mr. Goodall some pretty children and effective decorous countrymen.

"Mr. Topham comes out well with his picturesque share of beauty and pleasing colours. His Spanish and Irish peasants are equally national and good. Mr. David Roberts (734-770), contributes some of his Holy Land sketches, and and his bull-fight in the grand square of Seville."

We now entreat the visitor to pass into

THE TURNER ROOM,

one of the small rooms, to the west of this long and brilliant Gallery, which is devoted to the exhibition of eighty-five drawings by Joseph Mallard William Turner, whom the country lost three years ago. A strange, gloomy man—not social—a solitary dreamer. He spent a long life, as this series of his water-colour drawings will amply testify, in a noble devotion to his art. The dates on the first and last of the drawings are the two extremes of the long years that came and went, and still found him at his easel. So far back as 1782, Turner, with the figure of whom we are all familiar, produced a picture, the excellence of which the English public has now an opportunity of examining. It is marked 296, "Ruins of Tynemouth Abbey." We have ample promise of the glorious fruit in store for us. Who, like Turner, could toss up a foaming sea; make ships wildly dance upon its bosom; awe with his storms, and enchant with his sunlight? There is no effect of sky or water, no shadow of a passing cloud, no reflected light, no sunset glory, no chilly morning, no tangled brushwood, no solid massive foliage, no parching heat, beyond the control of that magic pencil. Now he lifts the proud points of a cathedral into the air, as with the wave of a magician's wand—now his brush throws a solemn gloom over the ruins of an abbey—now it casts crimson boats upon an emerald sea—and now, athwart a dripping landscape, traces the glory and the promise of the rainbow. Stanfield trims his ships with precise knowledge of their sailing qualities, but Turner governs them with the force of a giant. He scorns petty details, and casts them upon his turbulent waters with the courage of genius. And he is, let it be noted, truer to nature than the sailor-artist, because he saw more, and had a large store of knowledge to select from. See how his waves thunder against pier-heads; watch them leaping like pleased hounds about Eddy-stone. Why, you look on in wonder at the daring which was necessary to produce these effects. That sense of power, which we have already noticed as the charm of a sketch, is that which all Turner's pictures convey. They appear to be almost too powerful. You have an idea that you are in the presence of a giant who has never found a work to perform that has taxed the full extent of his force. No two works are similar; here wondrous sunlight, and there profoundest gloom. Comparing him with Martin, and allowing for the majesty of Martin's one idea, see how he dwarfs him with his inexhaustible fund of ideas. From the most unpromising subjects—from the least picturesque of objects—Turner could extract a living and an immortal beauty. Claude, and Rousseau, and Creswick, and Lee—all fade before him, shrivelled to the proportions of children. He is an answer to boastful France, who defies all the world to produce pictures like hers,—who glorifies her capital as the cradle of art. Théopile Gauthrie may cry out before the English school "*masquin!*" but in this little room, where there are masterpieces no bigger than the "Mother and Daughter," by Meissannier, he will be compelled to recognise the lesson Turner teaches to

his countrymen, viz. : that grandeur may be achieved—that the highest art may be realised—upon a surface no larger than the palm of the hand. To Turner water-colour artists owe an infinite debt of gratitude. It was he showed them the strength and all the brilliant qualities of their material. It was he who cast heavy metallic colours aside, and proved, in the transparent tints we have before us, the superiority of his own well-chosen palette.

Let the visitor particularly examine the "Bamborough Castle," (331), "Durham" (335), "Carew Castle" (339), "The Mewstone" (325), "Llanberris Lake" (334), "The Bass Rock" (357), "Lofty Launceston" (340), and that wondrous scene of snowy sail and bright blue sea, "Plymouth" (329). He will see in these various effects the fertile genius of the artist, that gave to every scene he represented his own unmistakable mark. These scenes are, in one sense, photographic. They have a truth to nature which the cultivated eye alone recognises. Here is the study of all nature brought to bear upon a narrow scene—elevating, idealising it. No cloud ever swam above Turner's head—no wave ever rolled to his feet—without bearing with it a lesson to him. Does he set about painting "The First Steamer on the Thames" (307). He gives so peculiar a tone to his picture—he so sifts the subject—that you know, at once, there is a deep meaning in the scene. Then see the blue rocks in his "Harborough Lands" lie as in fairy land; and his "Mont Blanc from Aosta" (311). There is not a picture that should be passed by: "Nymphs Bathing" (298); "Christ Church, Oxford" (300); "Beech Trees, Norbury Park" (302); "Windmill and Dyke in Holland" (304); "Bridge at Abergavenny" (308); "Tivoli" (309); "View of Leeds" (312); "Eton" (315); "Temple of Minerva, Cape Colonna" (316); "Vesuvius in Eruption and in Repose" (319-320); "Edinburgh" (323); "Bridport" (327); "Wreckers" (330); "Holy Land" (338); "Hampton Court" (344); "Pendennis Castle" (349); "Dover, from the Sea" (356); "Florence" (359); "Colosseum at Verona" (362); "Yarmouth Fishing Boats" (374); "Marathon" (376); and lastly, "An Alpine Pass" (388): his last drawing! The variety of effect is absolutely startling. And then, notice his sketches—wild, but most skilful dashes of colour—for Scott and Milton illustrations, happily made familiar to us all by the engraver. No wonder that he was the engraver's idol.

Many readers will remember Turner's "Heidelberg," engraved by Prior; a lovely effect of light and shade, so filled up and tossed about that the gaze is confounded by its wild majesty. This engraving has a peculiar interest belonging to it—if the story of its production, current in London, be true. It is said that Prior, when almost unknown, aspired to the honour of engraving one of Turner's pictures; and that he saved his money steadily till he had amassed sufficient to give the master a commission. Turner, so the story runs, painted his Heidelberg for Prior,—and Prior was worthy of the honour to which he aspired, for which he so nobly laboured.

In the presence of Turner—so often misunderstood—so savagely reviled by men whose sight could not grasp the profundity of his knowledge of nature—it is necessary to add to a passing notice of his works arranged in this room, some

few words of warning. He is not to be thoroughly understood, unless approached reverently. There are blue hills and red clouds, trees of strange tints, coats of dazzling colours in his pictures. They have a strange appearance, beside the studies of other artists. He stands alone, based, it has been asserted, upon Claude, yet, taking nothing whatever from his master. His request that he might figure next to him challenges comparison. Turner was a man of strange mind, whom our grandchildren will probably understand better than we understand him. As in photography, you must remove the camera to a certain distance to focus the sitter, without distorting his features; so in viewing—in painting a man's life and character you must have distance if you want truth. He was eminently jealous of his fame; but shall we blame him for this—we who have inherited all the wealth he garnered about him? And as we accept his life for the present as a curious puzzle to be unravelled presently, so let the visitor who can claim no special knowledge of art, and whose opinion is rather the offspring of prevalent prejudices than the result of study, enter the room devoted to the Turner drawings, and reverently examine them from beginning to end. Let him be assured that many of the startling effects he will see, are true to nature. Let him remember how long and how sedulously the artist studied—how he penetrated into the deep retreats of his darling mistress—and how he spent a long life in arranging his discoveries. For these works are discoveries in nature, as clearly as any made by Newton or Galileo. They are the revelations of a man who, having studied nature phenomena, ordered and arranged them to his own design; and wrought from them images of beauty to live for ever. He erred in judgment often; he grew weak, perhaps, as he grew old. The brave hand shook; the bright eye became dull. It is the human lot. Turner, in his prime—in the vigour of manhood and of intellect—is the man to contemplate. And in this little room he may be seen—various, rich, and true—the supreme master of landscape in this present century. Besides his canvas, all other interpretations of nature become tame, and sharp, and matter-of-fact. You see *all* in these at a glance. But, before Turner your imagination goes on a vagabond expedition. Your eye wanders hither and thither, catching upon every square inch of the picture some new meaning, or fresh beauty. Master of gloom and sunlight, of wave and rivulet, of rock or teeming corn, of fowls, as of all that is grand in life,—nature never had a dearer student, nor a more poetic interpreter. He lived a hermit's life,—with art, and only art, for his mistress. The bounties of the world—the ease and joys of wealth—had no power over him. He died, and left the rich harvest of a long life to the country that honoured him, and that will boast the possession of his name more haughtily, as the people become more educated and better able to appreciate the difficulties and the results of the profession to which he belonged.

The visitor's way now lies to the southern extremity of the long Water-colour Gallery, where, on his left, he will find an opening into Saloon H, where is arranged

THE HERTFORD COLLECTION.

The visitor will notice some noble pictures in this room. Here are five Murillos, viz.: "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (1); "St. Thomas" (2); "Joseph being carried by his Brethren to the Mouth of the Well" (3); "Assumption of the Virgin" (4); and a "Holy Family" (5). There are also, in this room, four Portraits by Vandyck (6 to 9); four Figures by Velasquez (10 to 13); four Rembrandts (14 to 17); Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Strawberry Girl" (18); his "Nelly O'Brien" (19); and his "Miss Bowles caressing a Dog" (20); Rubens' famous "Rainbow Landscape" (21); and three more pictures by the same master (22 to 24); two Holbeins (23, 24); a Salvator Rosa (25); an Andrea del Sarto (26); one of Watteau's "Fetes Champetres" (27); two Greuzes (32, 33)—the former being the Portrait of Cardinal Fesch; a Nicholas Poussin (35); a "Landscape," by Gaspar Poussin (36); "Mother and Child," by Paul Delaroche (40); a Gainsborough (42); an "Exterior," by Decamps, so famous for his white walls and Turkish children (43); "Camp Scene," by Horace Vernet (44).

The visitor's way is now eastward, into the Great Transept, and so down the Nave, passing along the southern side of it.

Against this wall, at back of Saloon A, he will commit himself to the guidance of Mr. Peter Cunningham, who has arranged here a splendid

BRITISH PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Let us now calmly pass the figures in review, as they stand in their frames. First then, and number 1, is "Henry IV.;" then (2, 3) comes "Henry VI.;" then "King Edward IV." (5); then "Jane Shore" (6); then "Richard III." (7); then two Portraits of "Anne Boleyn" (10, 11); then "Lord Darnley, the ill-fated Husband of beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, with his Brother" (13); then "Mary Tudor, Daughter of Henry the Seventh" (14); then "Richard the Second" (15); then we come to Holbein's wondrous work. His pictures include "Queen Katherine Parr" (16), "Earl of Surrey, the Poet" (attributed to Holbein by Walpole), "Sir Nicholas Carew" (26), "Sir Walter Raleigh" and "Lady Raleigh" (27-28), "The Earl of Southampton (Shakspeare's patron), with the Cat, his companion in the Tower" (31); his Wife (32), and "William Camden" (34). Hereabouts, too, at the back of Saloon A, the visitor may remark "Queen Elizabeth standing on the Map of England," and "The Earl of Essex," both by Zuccherò, (18,19); "Sir Christopher Hatton, the Lord Chancellor of Queen Bess"—observe that he holds Her Majesty's Portrait—(20); and "Mary Queen of Scots" (25). We now advance to the back of Saloons B and C. We must pass rapidly forward. The more interesting portraits upon this southern wall are—Zuccherò's "Queen Elizabeth in a Fancy Costume" (35), and the same artist's "James I." (36); "Henry Prince of Wales, James the First's

eldest Son," in robes, and in pink suit (38, 38a); "George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham," by Jansen (44); "Charles the First, Queen Henrietta Maria, and Sir Jeffery Hudson," by Mytens (45); Holbein's "Henry the Eighth" (48), and the same painter's "Cardinal Wolsey" (49), "Queen Jane Seymour" (50), "Lady Grey, Grandmother to Lady Jane Grey" (53), "Lady Jane Grey" (53a), "King Edward the Sixth" (54, 55, 55a, 56); Mabuse's "Three Children of Henry the Seventh" (57), and his "Queen Mary I. and Philip II." (58); more "Queen Elizabeths" (62, 63, 64, 65); the "Queen Elizabeth when Princess," by Holbein (67); Holbein's "Sir Thomas Gresham" (67a); "Sir Henry Lee, Champion to Queen Elizabeth," by Mark Garrard (72); also, by the same artist, "Lord Treasurer Burleigh" (73); "Elizabeth" (77), "Lord Burleigh seated in the Court of Wards" (78), and "King James I." (80); Vandyck's "Sir John Suckling holding a volume of Shakspeare" (83). "THE CHANDOS SHAKSPEARE!" Here the visitor cannot fail to pause awhile. It is the present to the nation of the late Lord Ellesmere. About it are grouped Shakspeare's actors and contemporaries. Remark "Richard Burbage" (87), "Nat Field, the Actor" (88), "John Lowen," one of Shakspeare's fellow-actors (89); then come "Ben Jonson" (86), "John Fletcher, the Dramatist" (86a), "James Shirley, the Dramatic Author" (90), etc. We now approach Vandyck once more. Remark "William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury" (94), "Inigo Jones" (a copy by Hogarth) (95), "Charles I." (96), "Earl of Pembroke" (99), "Sir William Killigrew" (105), "Queen Henrietta and Sir Jeffrey Hudson" (108), "The Earl of Strafford" (110), "The Daughter of Charles I., and Wife of the Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV." (111), "Princes Maurice and Rupert, Nephews of Charles I." (114, 115), "Charles I., Wife, and Family" (116), "Countess of Southampton" (119), "The Duke of Newcastle" (121), "Earl of Bedford" (123), "Earl of Northumberland" (124). Hereabouts, too, are "Sir Christopher and Lady Nevill," by Jansen (100, 101), together with his "Sir Hugh Myddleton," who brought the New River to London (104); Rubens's "Earl of Arundel" (107). And now we pause before "Oliver Cromwell," in armour, with a truncheon in his strong right hand, painted by Walker (130); in the neighbourhood of "Hampden" (131), "Sir John Eliot" (132), and "John Pym" (133). We may pass from the stern Roundheads to the interesting Portraits of "Abraham Cowley, the Poet," when young (143). From Cowley we skip to "Richard Lovelace, the Poet," in armour (146); the famous "Duchess of Richmond" (147); "John Selden" (149); "Jane Cavendish," who kept garrison for her father at Welbeck against the Parliament army (150); "Admiral Blake" (151); quaint "Sir Thomas Browne" (152); "Edmund Waller, the Poet," by Lely (154); and "Samuel Butler, the author of 'Hudibras,'" by the same artist (155); "Lady Betty Sidney," by Vandyck (157); "Dr. William Harvey," by Jansen (165); "Lady Mandeville in her Wedding Dress," by Vansomer (169); "Charles the Second when Prince of Wales," by Dobson (170); "Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland" (173); "James, Duke of Monmouth" (174); "Earl of Clarendon" (175); "Lord Chancellor Bacon," by Jansen (178); "Sir Nathaniel Bacon, the Painter," by himself (179).

Here the visitor should cross to the north side of the Nave, and begin his examination of the second half of the British Portrait Gallery, with the paintings at the back of Saloon D. Here he will find himself in the midst of the Court and mistresses of the Second Charles, as bequeathed to us by Lely. Let him observe, by this master, "The Duchess of Portsmouth" (180); "The Duchess of Richmond, *la belle* Stuart, as Bellona" (181); Charles the Second in his Robes" (182); "The Duchess of Newcastle" (183); "The Duchess of Cleveland" (184-185); the proud "Duchess of Albemarle and Montague," whom Lord Montague courted and married as Emperor of China, the lady having determined to give her hand only to a sovereign prince (189); "Nell Gwynne, with a Lamb" (197); "Anne Hyde, Duchess of York" (206); "King James the Second, when Duke of York, with his first Wife, Anne Hyde, and two Children, the future Queens Mary and Anne" (208); "The Earl of Devonshire" (213); "Catherine of Braganza, Wife of Charles the Second, in her Portuguese Dress" (215); "Countess of Grammont" (216); "The Countess of Southesk" (217); "Countess of Rochester, Mother of the celebrated Earl" (218); "The Earl of Shaftesbury," in buff and armour (229); "The Earl of Rochester Crowning his Monkey with Laurel," attributed to Lely (227a). Let us now turn to Kneller's portraits, hereabouts. Remark "King William III. in his Coronation Robes" (195), and his "Queen" (196); "Duchess of Somerset" (212); "Sir Isaac Newton" (222); "John Locke" (223); "John Evelyn, holding his *Sylva*" (225); "William, Lord Russell, the Patriot" (227); and "Sir Christopher Wren" (229c). Against this wall let the visitor also remark "Mary of Modena, Queen of James the Second," by Verelst (220); gossiping "Samuel Pepys," by Hales (224); and "Jacob Hall, the Rope Dancer, Dressing his Hair" (226).

Against Saloon E, the visitor will remark "Queen Anne," by Closterman (230d); "King George the Second," and his "Queen Caroline," and "George Frederick Handel" (236, 237, 238), by Hudson; "Sir Isaac Newton," by Vanderbank (240); "Grinling Gibbons, the Sculptor" (241), and "The Great Duke of Marlborough," by Kneller (242); "George the First," painted by his Mother, the Electress Sophia, as Cupid (244); "John Locke," by Kneller (248); "The Earl of Oxford holding a Medal of Queen Anne" (249), by Dahl; "Sir Isaac Newton in his Old Age," by Sir James Thornhill (251); "The Duke of Cumberland, Hero of Culloden," by Arthur Pond (252); "The Young Pretender," by J. S. Copley, R.A. (257); his "Wife," by the same artist (258); "Rob Roy" (259), "Robert Harley, subsequently Earl of Oxford, as Speaker of the House of Commons," by Kneller (260); "Jacob Tonson, the Bookseller," (264), by Kneller; "John Dryden holding a Laurel Wreath" (265), also by Kneller; as also "Sir John Vanbrugh, Dramatist" (266); "William Congreve" (267), "Sir Richard Steele" (268), and "Joseph Addison" (269). Here, too, are "Matthew Prior, the Poet," by Jonathan Richardson (270); "Alexander Pope (by the same artist) with his Dog, 'Bounce'" (271), "Dean Swift," by Charles Jervas (272); "Head of Alexander Pope," by Kneller (273); "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," by Chevalier Rusca (274); "Dr. Young, the Poet," by Highmore (277); "Thomson (author of 'The Seasons')," by Aikman (278); "The Great Lord

Chatham," by Hoare, of Bath (281). We now approach Reynolds. He begins with the good "Lord Littleton, Poet and Historian" (282); and "Garrick, as 'Kately'" (286). We have here, too, his "George the Third in his Coronation Robes" (288), "Queen Charlotte in her Coronation Robes" (289), "The Earl of Bute" (290), and "Warren Hastings" (291.) Remark, also, the "Duke of Wellington," by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. (292); "George Stephenson, the Engineer," by Lucas (294); "John Smeaton, the Engineer," by Mather Brown (296); "Lord Amherst" and "Mr. and Mrs. Garrick," by Gainsborough (297-284-285); "Sir Benj. West," by Sir Thomas Lawrence (301); Sir Thomas's own Portrait, unfinished (302); "Dr. Samuel Johnson," by Gainsborough (304); "Boswell, Edward Gibbon, and himself," by Sir Joshua Reynolds (305, 306, 307); "Mrs. Siddons, aged 29," by Sir Thomas Lawrence (308); "J. P. Kemble," also by Sir Thomas (309); "Gainsborough's Portrait of himself" (310); "David Hume, the Historian," by Allan Ramsay (313); "General Wolfe," by Sir N. Dance, R.A. (315); two Portraits of "Robert Burns," by Alex. Nasmyth (317-318); "William Pitt, Prime Minister," by Gainsborough (319); "Sir Joseph Banks," by Thomas Phillips, R.A. (322); "Sir Humphrey Davy," by Sir Thomas Lawrence (324); "John Murray, of Albemarle-street," by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. (328); "Sir Walter Scott," by Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A. (329); "Lord Byron," "George Crabbe," "Robt. Southey," and "S. T. Coleridge," by T. Phillips, R.A. (330, 331, 332, 333); "William Gifford, editor of the *Quarterly Review*," by John Hoppner, R.A. (334); "Lockhart," by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. (335); "Samuel Rogers," by S. Lawrence, Esq. (336); and "John Keats," by S. W. Severn.

The *Athenæum* has thus rapidly and pleasantly discoursed of this noble Gallery:—

"The Historical Portrait Gallery has been reserved for English worthies and unworthies—kings, queens, nobles, poets, lawgivers, lawbreakers, and sages. We begin with a curious Byzantine sort of painting, with a diapered gold background, of that weak-looking fop, Richard the Second, with his dull, fat face and hobbledohoy look, armed with his sceptre, orb, and all the pomp of ill-used sovereignty. Next him is the grave and calculating Henry, who cuckooed the spendthrift stripling—a grim Wickliffe—and a truculent looking Richard the Third, nervous and guilty, fidgetting at his signet, as Hollinshed tells he used to do when he was not fingering his dagger or biting his lip. No jury would acquit such a gallows bird. Then, by easy stages, we move on to Henry the Eighth. His dress is a marvel of jewels, lace, and needlework. On one side of him is his victim, the Earl of Surrey, a poet Achilles, dressed like his master, and apeing his manner, legs straddling and thumb in his girdle. He is all in scarlet, many shades of carnations deepening to blood red, and his robes multitudinous as those of a jockey sweating for a race. A ponderous tassel decorates his pouch and dagger, and his ruffles are of the fairies' needlework. Observe how frank, and brave, and proud his gaze is compared with Henry's pig eyes and episcopal chin. Lady Jane Seymour has the angular tire, square-cut dress, and hanging sleeves of the period—formal, but in fine taste, or rather tasteful yet no fine. Near her

is Wolsey, the butcher's son, with his red cape and hood and crinkly linen sleeves, with his two caps and tasselled Cardinal's hat hanging up close by—his mouth firm and tight, his chin monastically full, his brow clenched and frowning. He looks more the man to break other men's hearts than his own, this red man, so insolent and swollen with pride. Sir H. Guilford has a lowering brow, and an uneasy, dyspeptic look, as if he were musing of the scaffold—and next to him enters that pretty babe of grace, Edward the Sixth, at all ages—fat as a suckling, with cap and feather—then in his furred robe and dagger, then with his cropped head and ermine and white satin worked with spider's webs of gold—just the clever child, the phenomenon, born only to go to heaven unstained. We have, too, on the same wall, above and below, ladies of his father's Court, with their gold net sleeves, Venetian tires, angular and jewelled, their pendant gems and straight skirts faced down the middle with pearls and rubies. Leaving Windsor, we come to the Tower, and see Spanish Philip, with his prominent jaws and squinnying and prying eyes—and poor hard-featured Mary, the image of an ill-favoured maid-of-all-work, dull and plain. We have left the matter-of-fact, brown, careful Holbeins, and come to the Sir Antonio Mores, and the dry, quaint, but more refined Zuccheros. Here is Elizabeth, plain and picked with the caricature nose, full eyes, prim mouth, and reddish hair in all shapes that a harlequin vanity can assume. Now, sentimental and demure, she eyes her thin, long, white hands; now, in a strange white dress and transparent ruff, she treads proudly on the map of England veined with rivers. Now, in an absurd, narrow Eastern dress of figured chintz or Persian foolscap and blue shoes, she simpers self-approval. Here, again, she is borne in a litter in the Hunsdon House procession, nobles in red, white, and green, with short cloaks and rapiers, pacing before her like so many mad dancing-masters. These red walls with the blue labelled names hold a vast number also of lesser worthies. Sir Christopher Hatton, 'Lids,' as his mistress affectionately called him, with thin, dancing legs, in white rolled stockings and cloth-of-gold breeches,—the ruff quilled to perfection, the suit spotless and of a rare make. Then there is the Earl of Essex, the Deputy of Ireland, in blue and gold with a polished gorget and square beard; and there are men with great peaked beards, chains, and slashed sleeves. Raleigh, the bold-faced, too, and a wonderful lady with short blue and red gown, red stockings, and green shoes; soon the fardingale widens, the ruff becomes gilt, the men's hair falls and the dress grows more sedate and Spanish, the hand loops in the plain cloak, the slashes vanish. Here is an old Lady Capulet in black and pearls with a crooked cane. Next her flaunts a gayer bird, with red bows, lavender suit and gold-thread borderings, with little feet creeping in and out beneath. Nor must we forget to contrast Mary of Scotland with her greater-souled and less frail cousin of England. Here she is with plain dress and blue cloak and red cross,—her brow broad and full, her features milder and sweeter than her Amazonian rival's. The fringed chairs, the tapestry, the banded armour, the swords, are all significative, and bring before us the outer life of past ages. We remember Raleigh's face as we read of his adventure, and we think of the pearl embroidered suit he donned and the brooch that looped his hat. Here is a gallant in yellow and

white,—here a hunting scene, where men in green prepare to slice the deer's throat. Not far off is Leicester, the gipsy earl, with his dark close-cut hair, and suffused vindictive-looking face, handsome and hawk-like enough, but no honour, no virtue; and see how Mephistophelian is the arch of his eyebrows. He is not the man to tweak by the nose. In a cluster about this spot is Lady Jane Grey's grandmother, a wise old age,—the Marquis of Winchester, with a gerkin-looking nose,—the Duke of Norfolk, ever angry,—chivalrous Fletcher,—Shakespeare, calm and full-faced,—Ben Jonson, dogged and aggressive,—and Lucy Harrington, the great Countess of Bedford,—starred round with many lords and ladies of worth or wisdom. Now we come to James the First with his Scotch Latin, his pedantic commonplaces, his love of the flagon and hatred of tobacco, his promising son Henry, his daughter the Queen of Hearts and Bohemia,—Lord Bacon, ponderously wise,—Wotton, on the watch for a joke,—Sir Charles Cavendish and Falkland's father,—and the Duke of Buckingham, pert and impudent, with his green suit, painted shoes, and scarf-like garters. In this series we pass by countless ruffs and cloaks, lined and edged, and loaded with gold. The Earl of Lincoln, for instance, with his pottle-cap, fur robe, loose sleeves, white beard and ruff,—and a brave lordly-looking man in complete armour and orange scarf of a later epoch,—and Lord Vere of Tilbury, with dark armour and broad blue scarf,—and the Countess of Pembroke,—and the Earl of Oxford, fiery and chivalrous.

“Patience and time bring us to the stately Vandycks, row by row. We pass Charles the First, weak and melancholy, with his tottering children and proud, despotic, mischievous wife,—Prince Rupert, hot and heady,—Prince Maurice, a born negative,—Hamilton, Huntley, Newcastle, Carlisle, and Wentworth, malignant and scheming, with his scowling eye and long thin hand,—the Earl of Arundel, fierce in full armour,—Harvey, worn and abstracted-looking—Hobbes, with his vivacious and animated face all in motion,—Lady Kirk, in yellow satin,—the Cavendish that held Welbeck against the Parliament, quiet and lady-like,—Sir H. Middleton, in black, with a severe meditative look,—Killigrew, the careless cavalier,—Lovelace, the poet,—the Earl of Pembroke, whom Clarendon does not praise,—and Lord Brooke, with a matchlock in his hand. Then there is Inigo Jones, combative and full of speculation,—Vandyck himself, Dobson, his pupil,—Waller and Suckling. Then after all these reds and yellows, and laced and square-toed boots, and tags and points and plumes, come the simple, almost rudely-clad Roundheads who swept them away. Hampden, grave, plain, and earnest,—Sir John Eliot, with his thin, hollow face,—sturdy Pym,—bold Blake, the model of a stout Englishman,—and, last of all, Cromwell, not friendly and sour, but gravely smiling, and full of quiet serene majesty.

“Crossing over, we find Lely hard at work at the Restoration, with all its pimps, parasites, and bare-bosomed Venuses. Charles the Second, swarthy and hang-dog, and his unlucky wife, Catharine of Portugal,—Monk, fat and commonplace, the tool of faction,—Wren, looking at St Paul's,—the Duke of Ormond, honest and bold, and somewhat hot of temper,—H. Locke, ascetic and

benevolent,—Lord Russell, fat and phlegmatic,—the Duke of Newcastle, chivalrous and old fashioned,—his *dilettante* wife, good, but rather a butt of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and such French cattle. There is Evelyn undressed and anxious, and Arlington with his white rod and beadle robes, with a bow on his shoe and a dancing-master's antic, and the black cut over his nose that Rochester laughs at and mimics. On we go to James the Second, narrow-minded and obstinate, with the huge nose that always implies some weakness,—and that poor smart boy Monmouth,—then William and Mary, discreet and respectable,—and the favourite Bentinck and Newton, rapt, and looking like a wise old clergyman. Now, breaking away from *la belle* Hamilton, Nelly, and all the loose-robed voluptuously clad beauties of the Stuart harem, let us pass over sternly to Marlborough, with his blue and red, his armour, staff, and voluminous ermine, and his full-fleshed face so difficult to read when you get beyond courage and far-seeing powers of combination. Leaving Harley with his full face, we come to the rather foolish looking Pretender, with his powdered hair, full forehead, and undeniably regal bearing, about the only good gift he had,—and not caring for Lord Chancellor Harcourt or the Countess of Tankerville, and leaving Somers and pompous Vanbrugh, we come to Dryden, with his eager vehement look,—and old Tonson, always ready for business. Steele, honest, sympathetic Steele, with the portly face and farmer's look,—Addison, cold and wise, the king

—o' the douce folk that live by rule,
Grave, tideless blooded, calm and cool,

that Burns, when rather drunk, delighted to rail at, believing demureness too often hypocrisy, and 'o'er gude' a decent mask for a devil. A careless, loose-dressed Lady Mary points the way to Pope, sickly and lean, but with such a brow as God seldom gives a man,—Prior and Swift, cynical, but with no habitual frown of ill-nature,—and we come to George the First, supported by Harley and Walpole, fat and squire-like, George's son, Queen Caroline and her favourite Lady Sundon. Pelham, Chatham, Lyttleton, and Thomson, the fat pastoral poet, follow. The handsome, shrewd-looking Earl of Bute, with his rather malicious smile, shines in a full-length, and opens the long reign of George the Third; but we must not forget Young, with his affected leer and twisted mouth, or jovial Gay, or Mason, with his ugly coarse face of a Bow-street runner. Round Johnson's seamed face all the great men of his age are placed:—Gibbon, with the pudding-bag cheeks; Reynolds, beaming through his spectacles; West, the king of mediocrity; Garrick, cunning and versatile; Sir Joseph Banks, with the look of an old sea-captain; Wilson, heavy and naked-looking, while Hume struts in scarlet, and Smeaton bends his calculating and sagacious head. Then come the later men:—Sir H. Davy, more like a country gentleman than a great philosopher; Burns, with his lamps of eyes; Scott, so like a plain grazier, but with a column, a very hat-full of brain, and thoughtful eyes not full open. Here is Coleridge, with his fat, beaming smile; a young Brougham, like a cross **Dominie**; Gifford, the executioner; Dr. Wollaston, Southey, the hawk-eyed;

Byron, the English Apollo, ever scornful, with a worm at his heart's core; Lockhart, looking young and smart; and Campbell, dandyish.

“With the exception of the Queen and Prince Albert, no living celebrities are admitted into this preserve. Many a dusty corridor and mouldy oak-pannelled chamber have been scanned to collect this rich collection of rarities, that photography and engraving will now keep together for ever, and which, from mere curiosities, will henceforth become household words in every Art-loving family.”

Hence, the visitor should turn to the north-western entrance to the Orchestra Gallery, where he will find

THE PHOTOGRAPHS,

and a miscellaneous collection of pictures.

The Photographs need little or no introduction. “As usual,” says the *Athenæum*, “Mr. Thurston Thompson contributes a long series of careful copies of Raphael's drawings, the very rub and catch of the chalk imitated, their fire and fervour and intensity of love perfectly reproduced. Mr. Fenton is great in distances and rough stone gateways. Mr. Claudet is great in portraiture; a branch of the art in which he fears no rival. Dr. Diamond's Studies of the Insane excite deep wonder, art contending for admiration and respect with nature. Messrs. Bisson are grand in their architectural views, the Louvre, for instance, proud of a better atmosphere for the purpose than London has. Mr. Watkins is admirable for his touched portraits, complete works of art, and remarkable for rare simplicity and breadth. Mr. Taylor's studies of the tangles of plants astonish nature. Messrs. Dolamore and Bullock are transparent in their Kenilworth studies. Mr. Bedford's Welsh views pass belief for needle-point finish and minuteness; and Mr. White's rustic bits are matchless. Every different exhibitor has some peculiar merit, either of choice or execution. One gives the clear, sharp shadows of sunlight best; another likes a predominant golden mellow middle tint. A takes corners of hedge-rows, prickly and flower-spangled; B follows the owl to crumbly towers and ivied belfries high up among the bells; C, perhaps more adventurous, tries to make a picture and throw half Rembrandt's mystery over Newman-street models. No. 1 is all for children, and No. 2 settles down perseveringly with most commendable energy to still-life studies of ivory cups and luminous light focussing armour. So by turns we get all the world done,—and one taking the joint and another the side-dish, the whole dinner is eaten.”

Upon Screens A and B, the visitor should remark some portraits of Crimean heroes from the ranks, photographed for Her Majesty, by Mr. Joseph Cundall. Upon Wall C, M. Baldus's wonderful view of the Clock-tower of the Louvre, Messrs. Fenton and Bedford's productions; and Le Gray's well-known sea and cloud pictures. Upon Wall D, a collection of views of Italian buildings, contributed by the Prince Consort, and Mr. Delamotte's views of Oxford. Upon Wall E, a view of the Alps, upwards of six feet in length, and Thurston

Thompson's wonderful photographic fac-similes of the Raffaele drawings in the Royal Library. Wall F, some of Bisson Frère's specimens, and some English landscapes, by Messrs. Llewelyn, F. Bedford, Roger Fenton, Bullock, and Ponting, and some copies of the Raffaele drawings in the Louvre, by Mr. Thurston Thompson.

THE CLOCK ENTRANCE GALLERY

Should be carefully examined, for here are some cartoons by Ary Scheffer, his four pictures from "Faust" (644, 647), etc. Here, too, the visitor may examine a "Cattle Piece," by the famous Rosa Bonheur; a "Landscape," by Auguste Bonheur, her sister (652); Linnell's "Spring" (610); "Columbus in the Convent," by Sir David Wilkie (618); Delaroche's "Napoleon at Fontainebleau" (642); and his "Crossing the Alps" (659); Ary Scheffer's "Christ Teaching Humility" (680); Ziem's "Venice" (660); "The Queen of Hungary Distributing Alms," by De Keyser (678).

TAPESTRY.

On leaving the Gallery, the visitor should enter the Transept. There are here many objects that will engage his attention. In the first place he should notice the Tapestries from the Raffaele Cartoons, hung against the northern and southern ends of the Transept—the Silk Tapestry from Buckingham Palace being to the north. Let us note here that, on his way to the Refreshment Department, the visitor should notice some fine Gobelin Tapestry. Specimens of Tapestry will also be found in the Gallery leading from the South Side of the Transept to the Second Class Refreshment Rooms. More, two glass cases in the Transept call for examination, especially on the part of ladies, since they contain wonderful Embroidery and Lace.

SCULPTURE.

We now beg the attention of the visitor to the Sculpture,—the more important pieces of which are hereabouts, and in double file on either side of the Nave. It is hardly necessary to give a list of the pieces, since they are chiefly marked; but we may reasonably draw the visitor's attention to a few of the more remarkable groups. In the Transept, the visitor will notice, as the central group, M'Dowall's "Virginius, Sacrificing his Daughter" (75); Thomas's "Boadicea" (70); Wyatt's "Ino and Bacchus" (79); Raffaele's "Boy and Dolphin" (89); and Canova's "Dying Magdalen" (84). In the Nave, the visitor should presently remark, Gibson's "Hunter" (7); Marshall's "Ophelia" (8); Canova's "Venus" (18); "Children at Play," by Alex. Munro (24); "Venus Disarming Cupid," by Schwanthaler (43); Baily's "Eve at the Fountain" (1); Gibson's "Narcissus at the Brook" (44); nor should we pass from this part of the Exhibition without reminding the visitor that "Gibson's Wounded Amazon" (96) is in Saloon F; Hiram Power's well-exhibited "Greek Slave" (95) in Saloon H; and Mrs.

Thornycroft's Statues of "Prince Alfred" and "Princess Alice," in the Water-colour Gallery. In the Transept, the visitor will find many busts of eminent men, living and dead. Among these, he should not omit to examine, the busts of Adam Smith, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Derby, Mr. Hallam, Mr. Layard, Professors Owen and Faraday, Dr. Simpson (of Edinburgh), Moore, Wordsworth, James Watt, John Rennie, Alfred Tennyson, and Douglas Jerrold. Of the latter the *Athenæum* says, "The only Art-memorial which completely and truly represents Douglas Jerrold to the many who are left to mourn his decease, is Bailey's bust, now in the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition." The *Athenæum* thus fairly comments on the sculptured treasures of the Exhibition:—

"The modern sculpture stands in double file on either side of the great hall,—the less important examples of modern genius and modern imitation being in a more humble, but no less honourable, position in the side walks, so that Venus hides behind a man-at-arms in complete steel, and Cupid smiles out in front of a Mars, all black and gold, of the fifteenth century, on which the figures of the Gobelín Tapestry look down with that grave complacency with which a Pawnee brave watches the boiling rage and throbbing spasms of a Mississippi steam-engine sawing wood, as Coleridge said, "like a giant with one idea." The sculpture consists almost entirely of the works of Canova and those of living men, with the results also of the life of a few thinkers in stone not yet fairly settled in their too early graves. We should have liked to have seen some attempts, however scanty, to trace the history of British sculpture from Cibber downwards, with one work even, or a cast of it, of such historical men as Nollekins and Bacon. There would have been, too, in the galleries quite room enough for good casts of the best works of such men as Bailey, Foley, Gibson, and Bell, and even for the French, as Pradier, and others.

"The man who is invited to ox-tail soup has no right to grumble because we do not give him turtle; and on this principle we say no more about the deficiencies of a collection which has never before been equalled—not in England, perhaps scarcely in the world. To go, first, down among the dead men, whose tombstones these statues are, we come to Canova's sweet meretriciousness, detecting everywhere the jaunty curls and the theatrical and exaggerated innocence of Pauline Bonaparte, who, if she were the means of creating many of Canova's statues, broke herself a great many statutes undoubtedly divine. The Italian's grace, sentiment, and feeling of beauty render luminous his dying Magdalene, Psyche, and Venus. The visitor should not neglect to carefully compare his school of idealism, somewhat Byronic, only quieter, with the modern naturalism which exults in girls sewing and maidens spinning a yarn.

"In the noble army of martyrs who have at various times sat for busts, chiefly, as we have very good reason to suppose, on the ground of their superior ugliness, and who now make death hideous and uncomeliness immortal, we must single out Chantrey's busts of Hunter and Clive,—the former intensely sagacious, the latter supernaturally plain, as we think Bell observes in his 'Anatomy of Expression.'

“Some specimens of Flaxman would have been most appropriate here; but we cannot have everything; and we must remember not only that Life is short and Art long,” but that time was short and art long in getting these spoils together in the great black city of white cotton. Old Westmacott, soberly classical and coldly judicious, is represented by his ‘Euphrosyne,’ a dancing figure quite beside itself in a respectable and classical way with the joy of ‘dancing taught in six lessons.’ It is one of old Westmacott’s best works. The flowers at the nymph’s feet are delicately undercut, and wrought with a finish that would make a nursery gardener fall down and worship. This is perhaps the earliest instance of Pre-Raphaelitism in English sculpture. Benj. Wyatt, though dead, under a quiet stone at Rome, where olives crisp and black cypresses nod and bow, still lives at this Manchester show. His ‘Nymph preparing for the Bath,’ is the finest statue in this whole Pantheon of Art, Exquisite grace, and a poise perfectly momentary and startlingly life-like, animate this marble body. The innocence is not that of the ballet dancer when the flowers fall at her feet, but of Ruth when Boaz gazed at her amid the yellow sea of corn.”

There are too, in the Transept and Nave the following bronzes: the “Praying Boy,” by Fischer, after the antique; “Mercury,” after John of Bologna; Weekes’ “Young Naturalist,” &c. In the Transept, let the visitor not fail to examine, in addition to the above works, the splendid Shield presented to Her Majesty by the King of Prussia.

FURNITURE, CARVINGS, &c.

While the visitor remains in the Transept, he would do well to give his attention, for a few minutes, to the carved furniture arranged hereabouts, and under the Organ Gallery. Let him pause to consider the bed, by a working man of Warrington, who was stimulated to the work by the sight of the Great Exhibition of 1851. Under the Organ Gallery are some Venetian chairs, about three centuries old, together with some Elizabethan bed-posts, inlaid cabinets, sideboards, and the celebrated Alscot buffet. To the south of the Transept is a book-case of the early part of the 16th century; and hereabouts, too, are some bold, old wood carvings.

We would now direct the attention of the visitor who is desirous of following the carvings and furniture systematically to the north side of the Nave. Here are some precious specimens of art-workmanship, including a large throne seat, dated 1559, and the Medici coffer. Against the south wall, opposite, the visitor will find an Italian marriage coffer of the 16th century; a carved dressoir of the 15th century; a frame of carvings in ivory; a model of York Minster, carved in cork; carved chairs from the wonderful Soulages Collection (a catalogue of which may be had in the Palace for the use of serious students).

THE SOULAGES COLLECTION

Was formed by M. Jules Soulages, an advocate of Toulouse, in the intervals between the years 1830 and 1840. This magnificent depository of decorative art was the result of repeated tours made through the principal cities of Italy, for the purpose of acquiring examples of the fine arts of the Renaissance. Its founder, in the commencement of his labours, devised for himself a definite scheme of a collection, and all his acquisitions were made with reference to that scheme. His aim appears to have been to collect a perfect series of decorative objects of utility, and of minor productions of celebrated artists, which are not ordinarily assumed to meet the denomination of "*high art*." The collection, which had its original habitation in Paris, was subsequently removed by M. Soulages to Toulouse, where, for many years, it enjoyed an extended celebrity, some of the principal objects having been engraved in Continental journals of high standing. During this time tempting offers from various amateurs and lovers of art, to acquire isolated objects by purchase, were made, but M. Soulages consistently resisted all inducements to dismember his collection, resolving to dispose of it in its entirety; pending these negotiations, however, he could not ignore the astonishing enhancement of the value of the works in his possession; and he, consequently, progressively augmented the price at which he was willing to part with his collection. He ultimately obtained a fair price for it—viz., thirteen thousand five hundred pounds, which was, in the first instance, subscribed for by a London committee, composed of three members, Messrs. Dudley Coutts Marjoribank, Matthew Uzielli, and Henry Cole. Subsequently, the collection was offered to the Government, and the purchase was declined; and it has since been purchased, upon their own responsibility, by the members of the Executive Committee of the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition.

It behoves us to say a few words in this place, not only as regards the Soulages Collection itself, but with respect to the marvellous specimens of ceramic art which form the most important part of this famous collection of decorative art-treasures. We will commence, therefore, with a brief account of Majolica ware, more commonly called among English amateurs, "*Raffaelle Ware*," or "*Fairy Ware*." This beautiful species of pottery had a high *prestige*. There was a belief among lovers of porcelain and earthenware, that Raffaelle had, at one period of his brilliant career, painted plates and dishes, but we have no absolute means of knowing that the great artist of the "*Transfiguration*" and the "*Cartoons*" ever lent the magical aid of his pencil to works of this description. Though now deprived of the interest attached to it by its reputed association of the "*divine*" painter of Urbino, modern collectors have acknowledged in the Majolica ware an importance which is every day being more fully recognised, and is now allowed to be one of the most valuable and important departments of decorative art which we possess. The manufacture of Majolica in Italy, was, it appears, much promoted by the decorative earthenware already manufactured by the Arabs in Spain, and which throughout the middle ages continued

to be imported into Italy. Towards the fifteenth century this peculiar ware was imitated by the Italians, who were most probably assisted by Moorish workmen. From the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, Majolica ware was a staple manufacture of Italy, manufactories being founded and fostered by princes, just as has since been the case with porcelain manufacture, the artists were "maestri," enjoying extensive individual repute; and the towns which were the principal seats of manufacture, Faenza, Urbino, Castel Durante, Gubbio, Pesaro, became cities famous in art topography. The Majolica in the Soulage Collection is renowned for the many specimens of the class known as "lused," and affording examples of the "iridescent colours," "reflects metalliques," "colori cangianli," or "madre perla," all of which are simple pigments of a metallic nature deposited in the surface of the ware in a state of extreme division. The secret of one of these lustres, the famous crimson or ruby, died out early in the sixteenth century, and has said to be so confined—though the aspersions has since been disproved—to one celebrated master of Majolica, Maestro Giorgio, of Gubbio. Of this great artist there are several admirable specimens in the collection, as well as by his son, Vincenzio, better known as Maestro Cencio. There are also some beautiful specimens of enamelled sculpture in Majolica, by Luca della Robbia. The attention of the visitor should be particularly directed to the works of the last-named artist, of which there are numerous specimens, numbering from 437 upwards. A circular relief, "Virgin and Child" (437), and "The Adoration of the Kings" (438), are admirable specimens of enamelling in Della Robbia ware; also a "Chimney-piece," in carved stone (442), from its elaborate workmanship will not fail to interest either the connoisseur or general visitor. The series of twenty-eight circular Medallions of Painted Glass (445-472) exhibit a variety of Scriptural and historical subjects, all of them of the highest merit.

The works of the unfortunate Bernard Palissy (whose romantic history is so well known) are among the most interesting of this valuable collection. His talent as a ceramic artist, and not a hero of romance, would have been quite sufficient to entitle him to the fame he enjoys to this day. Nos. 134 and 135, two large oval dishes, are undoubtedly the works of Palissy himself, far surpassing the other specimens in the glaze and purity of the enamel tints. No. 58, a small tazza, or cup, by Giorgio, 1525, is an exquisite example of his powers as a colourist. The harmonious quality of colour displayed in this work has never since been surpassed in any ceramic medium. The numerous examples included in this collection render it impossible to give but a slight idea of its grandeur, consisting, as it does, of 700 specimens of all that is beautiful and instructive.

In addition, under this head, we would draw the visitor's attention to the antique furniture, inlaid with China (in cases near the Grand Entrance); and to some fine Florentine inlaid caskets, &c.; and (near the armour) a buhl cabinet, made for Cardinal de Retz; the Fonthill jewel cabinet, and a cabinet, executed by eminent artists, after a design by Horace Walpole. The ivory carvings are chiefly in the Southern Wall Cases.

The following letter to the Editor of the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, with reference to the Soulages Collection, from the pen of Thomas Fairbairn, Esq., Chairman of the Executive Committee, will be interesting to the reader :—

“The history of the Soulages Collection of works of decorative art, and the fact of the collection being now the property of the members of the Executive Committee of the Art-Treasures Exhibition, have been noticed from time to time in your columns, and must be known to many of your readers. I am induced, notwithstanding, to ask your insertion of a few remarks on the subject.

“The European celebrity which the collection enjoyed whilst located at Toulouse induced frequent applications from collectors to purchase separate specimens for the enrichment of their own museums. These offers, however tempting in price, were uniformly refused by M. Soulages, on the ground that it would be a public wrong to break the completeness of the series he had brought together with infinite pains, upon a definite and pre-arranged plan, and to dismember a collection which possessed an especial value for purposes of public instruction and art education. His desire was to part with the collection as a whole; and thus, after a careful examination and valuation had been made of it by a competent authority from England, it was purchased for the subscribers to a guarantee fund, in the names of three gentlemen in London, well known for their efforts in promoting art education. In the beginning of this year, the collection was arranged at Marlborough House, where it was inspected by many thousands of visitors; and its purchase for the nation was strongly urged upon the government by eminent individuals, and by memorials from the various learned and artistic societies of the metropolis, and from the schools of art and design throughout the kingdom.

“Her Majesty’s government declined the purchase just at the time when the Exhibition Committee were busily occupied in their arrangements for attempting the formation of a grand museum of ornamental art, and at a moment when, I assure you, we had little idea that our applications to the collectors of these interesting and instructive objects, and to the owners of such priceless treasures, would be responded to with the gratifying liberality which has filled the central hall of the Palace at Old Trafford with an unrivalled profusion of the most choice and rare art specimens. It was felt by the present owners of the collection, that the managers in London had been guided in their proceedings by right motives and sound judgment; and believing that it was worth another effort to secure the collection for permanent exhibition and public instruction, we purchased it, upon our own responsibilities, for the sum of £13,500, and determined that its merits and value should be pronounced upon by the wider circle of the visitors to the Art-Treasures Exhibition. The deed of purchase imposed upon us certain conditions and obligations which I am desirous of bringing prominently under the notice of my fellow citizens, because the future of the Soulages Collection is now in their hands.”

“The conditions are these :—

“1. Until the expiration of twenty-eight days next after the close of that Exhibition, the corporation of Manchester or any other person or persons who

may be desirous to purchase the collection entire, for purposes of permanent public exhibition and instruction in Manchester, and will engage to devote it to such and no other purposes, shall have the pre-emption of the collection at the sum of fourteen thousand one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

“2. If such right of pre-emption be not claimed, and a contract to that effect signed within such twenty-eight days, the President of the Committee of Her Majesty’s Privy Council on Education shall then have the option of purchasing the collection entire, for public purposes, at the like sum, during the then next twenty-eight days.

“3. If such purchase of the entire collection be declined by the President of the Committee of Her Majesty’s Privy Council on Education, then he and the Manchester managers shall have the further right to purchase it between them in equal portions.

“4. If the collection be not disposed of as above mentioned, or only half of it be so disposed of, then the Manchester managers shall (with the concurrence of the London managers) cause the collection, or the undisposed portion of it, to be sold by public auction in London with all reasonable speed, and not later than the first of June, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight.’

“The Executive Committee have recently had the whole collection, as far as practicable, brought together, in order that it might be carefully examined by all who may be disposed to share their opinion that it is desirable it should not be dispersed. With the exception of eight valuable and curious pictures, which are hung in the saloons of the Old Masters, and the interesting medallions in stained glass, which are fixed in the corridor leading from the South Transept, the whole series is now grouped together in one court, and may be conveniently studied.

“It is not for me, sir, to make any suggestion with reference to the ultimate destination of the collection ; and I may add that I have ventured thus especially to direct public attention to it upon my own responsibility, and without consultation with my colleagues. I began to fear that its beauties might lie undiscovered, and its merit remain unknown amidst the aggregate of splendour by which it is surrounded ; and I determined to write this appeal, because I had noticed that it was the habit of many, nay most of the visitors to the Exhibition, drawn, no doubt, by the more prominent and popular attractions of the pictures, to saunter along the central hall, apparently unconscious of the treasures it contained, or at least ignorant of the instructive lessons which were to be gathered there. Now, sir, what is true of the Exhibition of Art-Treasures as a whole, is especially applicable to that department of it which constitutes the museum of ornamental art. Patient investigation and systematic study are essential to anything like a true appreciation of the importance and value of the Art-Treasures. Knowledge is a further condition to their perfect enjoyment. The latter faculty must be calculated upon as possessed by few only ; but precisely in proportion as the former are exercised will be the gratification to the visitors themselves, and the permanent good to our country which the Exhibition will produce. The language of art, we all know, is universal ; but, like all other languages, its grammar, construction, and technicalities must be mastered before its real enjoyment and teachings can be felt : and thus the meaning, beauties, and moral lessons of the pictures, carvings, and treasures of

art generally, are no more disclosed to the mind of him who lounges in idle vacancy through the courts and galleries at Old Trafford than are the inspirations of the poet, the truths of the historian, or the principles of the philosopher revealed to the holiday stroller past the bookshelves of a show library.

“Without study, the value of the Soulages Collection, as a museum of reference for our designers, cabinet makers, and artisans, will never be known. It should be examined by those upon whose decision its fate now depends, in company with the instructive and excellent catalogue which has been written by Mr. J. C. Robinson, of Marlborough House. If this be done, and our leading merchants and employers are satisfied that there is in it the nucleus of an useful institution, I feel sure the means will readily be devised of retaining in Manchester a collection which would give reputation to the city, and afford means of permanent study and considerable enjoyment to its inhabitants.

“I am, &c.,

“THOMAS FAIRBAIRN.

“Northwood, July 25, 1857.”

We now approach the

GOLD AND SILVER WORK.

How it glitters like “a swarm of fire-flies” tangled, indeed, in many gilded braids. But first let us remind the visitor not to pass by, near the Grand Entrance, on the north side, a tortoise-shell and amber clock, mounted with silver, belonging to the Queen. The wealth of silver and gold, of glistening croziers, and sparkling cups, of collars of office, and sacred utensils, is now before the visitor.

“Stepping out once more into the centre hall,” says the *Athenæum*, “footing it through bronze statues of Elizabeth and huge inlaid buffets of French work, we come to Messrs. Hunt and Roskill’s case, shining like the offerings of the Magi with huge silver flagons, three feet high, presentation cups, and gold vases. In the midst of them is the Cornelius shield the King of Prussia gave the Prince of Wales, a trophy of art, and not far off the return shield, covered with reliefs, by Vechte, in clouds and processions of figures. The work as fine as if steel were clay, and could be pinched into shape at a moment’s pleasure. At one corner of the case are some vases of *repoussé* work in dead silver, equal to Cellini’s labours, built up of struggling and battling Titans, on whom Jove from a calm summit looks down with majesty. On the left-hand side is a great curiosity,—a trophy of the smith’s art; it is Florentine work of a doubtful age, probably not later than Elizabeth. It is a chariot, surmounted by a canopy, drawn by four horses, and containing five figures,—a king, a jester, and three courtiers,—the faces in a strain of energetic expression; the jester dancing and gesticulating, the king cheering and exhorting, and the attendants quarrelling. On the box sits a coachman, and under the box swings a lamp. The horses’ reins are studded

with turquoises and the wheels with rubies. Some presentation sabres and some old silver-mounted mirrors, pixes and chalices make up the costly show.

“Another case, a mountain of gold, consists chiefly of corporation plate,—a legend about every mace and badge,—and some of the rarest specimens of the Queen’s mediæval plate,—some crystals, cut into the shapes of fish and monsters, the well-known nautilus,—and all sorts of salt-cellar, fire-dogs, salvers, and flagons.”

Let us specially draw the visitor’s attention, under this head, to the silver table and tripods, near the armour, presented by the city of London to Charles the Second; then to a silver statuette of Queen Elizabeth; Napoleon (in bronze) planning his Egyptian Campaign; locks, keys and bells, in the North Wall Cases. In the south, remark Vechte’s Kings of France, in case H. The chariot referred to by the *Athenæum* is in case R, north side. We now beg the visitor’s attention to

THE ARMOUR,

As arranged by M. J. K. Planché, Rouge Croix. There is an interest about this old metal work that will not fail to draw the visitor to a close examination. Let him wander about it, gossiping pleasantly, as the *Athenæum* critic did. Our gossip said:—“From the cumbrous pot-helmets of Stephen—not the saint, but the saint worshipper—down to the times when armour grew thin as a flower-leaf, yet strong as adamant—so useful, so beautiful, that a Francis the First knight might have exhibited himself and cleared a handsome sum by holding somebody else’s hat at his own castle-gate—specimens are here; in stars of swords, in knife-boxfulls of halberds, in suits of armour hung up to dry, nests of the spider and homes of the rat; in cases of slender rapiers and two-handed swords, that would cleave a giant to the brisket, and would take a whole club of round-collared fops even to lift. Here are poinards, too, with which angry men used to lift the steel crab-shells of Maximilian’s troopers, just as one opens the familiar native for the sweet mouthful of our own oyster. Here are axes that would split a rock, and hunting-knives, just the very thing to open and scrape your red-skinned filbert. Here are more bills than were ever discounted in Lombard-street, and the very bows that spoke so shrilly at Cressy. Daggers that have glistened in dying men’s eyes—pistols that, hot and smoking, have been flung at the gleaming files of bayonets—spears that have shivered on brave men’s hearts—blades that have been swung at Morgarten by rough men of Uri, bent on taming the Austrian or the Burgundian—lie here in cases, mere fossils of a bygone age, innoxious now as museum thunderbolts. The guisarme of the German *schwartz Reiter*, the bill of the English yeoman, once clashed together in war, now jostle each together like cronies in the velvet-lined repository.

This collection of armour is partly from Windsor and the Tower, and partly from the inestimable collection of Sir Samuel Meyrick, whose castle of Goodrich has been rummaged by Mr. Planché and his learned colleague. The worthy

baronet had much learning and small taste. His great delight was to 'stuff doll-faced dummies, with disunited legs and angular arms, and invest them with suits of ringed mail or deck them with the elaborate *repoussé*-worked suit of an Italian Duke. Smearly-red cheeks and goggly eyes delighted him, as they would have done a South Sea Islander. In one ambitious group he clubbed together, in slashed Elizabethan dresses, the likenesses of some twenty men who had formed his retinue as Herefordshire sheriff, much to the astonishment and disgust of some prosaic judge of that day, who thought Greenwich fair had come to meet him, and felt almost afraid he was being laughed at. Still, with all his hypothesis and crotchets, Sir Samuel was a true antiquary, and turned armour into a real science, being far beyond the age that ridiculed him. His discovery of the true date of ring mail and its shape he believed had immortalized him. He turned his bran new Edward-the-Second castle into a marine-store shop, and, in his enthusiasm for his art, allowed himself scarcely room to move. Well—peace to his ashes—here is his life's work,—pot helmet, black mail, cable-ringed and twisted, such as Richard wore at Ascalon, and scymetar broke on; fluted breastplate, with roundels, lance-rest, and all fitments; square shoe, pointed toe, and all the plates and vam-braces that brave men once used to keep death out, washed in blood often enough, we dare say; beaten with rougher hammers than the armourer's, sliced with knives, of which the autograph scratches remain; dented with bullets and pounded with maces. This short suit of armour, striped and blazoned with gilded thistles and initial letters, belonged to that fair hope of Christendom, Prince Henry, the stammering pedant's son, who lamented Raleigh, and sighed for some kingly rival to cross a sword with. It is made for a strong stripling, and is of rare and costly workmanship, fit for a king's son. That half breastplate is put on as an extra guard for tilting. That black and gold suit covered with E. E's Mr. Planché supposes to have belonged to Essex—either the broken-hearted quieter of Ireland, or his hot-headed and ill-fated son. Its long-pointed breastplate, made to receive the peculiar doublet, marks the period to within twenty years. Of another suit, extraordinary to say, part was found at Goodrich and part at Windsor. We observe in this department a complete history of spurs, from the simple steel goad of the Crusader to the big wheel-spurs of the Roses, and the modifications of the Stuarts. The fire-arms are, also, a complete chronology, from the early complications of wheels and hammers to the finest work preceding our own times. Years of labour have been lavished on these death-bringers, which look delicate as lady's toys. They are inlaid with brass, and silver, and steel, and red enamel, and sometimes even chased with low relief round the butt and stock. The biting, viscious-looking triggers are of a thousand forms. Some have six barrels, strong and thick, but small in the bore as pea-shooters. Of partizans, there is a great store; the blades of the most varied shapes, growing out into all varieties of spoke and edge; often pierced with exquisite tracery, pleasant to the eye; and making death by them, we should almost think, quite an amusement. The handles are frequently banded with steel, making them indestructible to the enraged sword sweep.

Frequently they are studded with gilt nails like coffin-rims; generally they are tufted and hung with bunchy crimson tassels, now dusty and faded. Among them, we observe a few serjeant's halberds with snake mouths, such as Marlborough's men used to insert the cannon-match into. The rapiers are such a collection as a Charles-the-Second duellist might have had,—the blades long, narrow, triangular, and grooved, inflicting almost incurable wounds; the handles a lace-work of steel and silver, and in some cases ornamented with enamels and inserted in white or velvet sheaths. Amongst the miscellanea are some carved dagger-sheaths, some old powder-flasks and touch-boxes; a German saddle inlaid with white, green, and black ivory, in figures and legends; Highland targets studded with silver nails, some pigeon-breasted cuirasses, a good row of maces and steel life-preservers, a huge painted paviss and some elaborate shields—one painted with an angel's head. And when we have seen it all, and begin to wonder if we have done wisely in coming, like snails, out of our shells to bide the pelt and hail of fire and shot, remembering that red broad-cloth is but paper and linen to the Chinese sword or the Affghan's bullet, we bethink us of the old story of the Life Guardsman, who was brought to George the Fourth fresh from Waterloo to give his opinion as to the question of increasing the defensive armour of the Englishman. 'Now,' said the King, 'if there was another scrimmage like Waterloo, and you had your own choice, how should you dress for it?'—'Well, an please your Majesty,' said the London Mars, 'I should like to take off my coat and tuck up my sleeves.' So much for a practical man's opinion of defensive armour, which, at the boom of the first cannon, dropped off the European, who henceforward prepared to meet death bare-breasted and open-eyed."

CHINA, PORCELAIN, GLASS, &c.

The Exhibition is rich under this head, thanks to the purchasers of the Soulages Collection, and others. We need hardly do more than draw the visitor's attention, however, to the various wares, and their whereabouts. This ceramic work, ranged upon shelves, or cast into pyramids, has a fine effect, and makes an interesting study. We are reminded that "here we see works of men of many countries and ages, ignorant often of each others works, yet reaching the same goal, and submitting to the same destiny,—limitation, the capability of the materials." It is said, too, to learn that "great men worked (at this art) for centuries to reach a perfection which has since again been lost." Let us point the visitor's attention to the various kinds of ceramic manufactures. Chinese and Japanese porcelain may be seen on the south side of the Nave, in Case D, while near at hand, in Case C, are samples of Dresden, Sèvres, Copenhagen, Italian, Spanish, and Berlin porcelain; as also of Bow, Chelsea, Derby, and Worcester china. The Queen's Majolica Plate is in Case Q; and the Raffaele and Palissy wares will be found on the northern side of the Nave, in Cases R, P, and O. Case E, on the south side, also contains some Palissy ware. The glass and enamels are very fine. In Case A is an Arabian glass lamp, the oldest in the mediæval collection. The Soulages Collection has

furnished some valuable samples to this collection, especially in Venetian glass, in Case M, north side of Nave. Remark, also, Case T, north side; Wall Case C, south side. The following is instructive gossip on this department:—

“The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries left us these heirlooms. These glistening iridescent vases and salvers have been saved from oblivion, and have survived the potter, who, himself made of clay, fell to dust, and went again into Nature’s great kiln, the grave, two hundred years ago. In these cases, look you, are very choice things. Let us point out that Majolica dish with St. John presiding in the centre,—in another is a Cupid or a Diana,—in another, Daniel,—in a third, the arms of the great Colonna, the prop of Italy. Moses, and Leda, Abraham, and Brutus, figure alternately in these orange and green plates, rayed with white, patterned with arabesques. This four-handed brown ware vessel is Calabrian ware and modern, but this with the rayed and scalloped borders is of the sixteenth century. Blues, browns, and whites, *amorini* and saints, hearts pierced with love arrows, portraits of uncomely women, adorn this pottery of George of Gubbio. The later work is smaller, dryer, and more pinched, the colours duller and less pure,—the earlier has a pearly lustre, and is of a grander, and simpler, and more flowing type. The ugly, rough old delft ware besides the rainbow Majolica is like Caliban beside Miranda. It is all so stocky, potty, and punchy, and yet is honest, sturdy work, and did not crack with all the thunder of Alva’s guns. It floated when the dykes broke, and frightened Louis of the fourteen feet wig, and will last some centuries yet, even though it get dry for want of a red draught. The most curious things here, besides the plain jug stone ware flagons with the metal lids, are these green and white pitchers, stamped with shields and figures. This square bottle with metal top is of James the First’s reign,—this tankard, of the famous Botcher ware, its lid is brass, its ornament gilt. These sucking-pig and trussed goose dishes are German dullnesses, meant for jokes in clay. This lobster is a Dresden folly. Observe the fine tazza by Assineau, with dragons for handles, *à la Palissy*. The Jacobus Kanetje, and the brown mugs with ringed necks and stamped handles, are worth a look or two. The bottles and ewers have also all an historical interest.

“The Limoges enamels are a splendid sequence, fine as miniatures, and imperishable as jewels,—the drawing, of course, often hard and grotesque, but sometimes exquisitely delicate, and true to a hair line. This reliquary, and book-cover, and crucifix are twelfth century work. These round *plaques* are all seventeenth. This *Mater Dei* is by Jean Landin. These *tazze in grisaille* by Pierre Raymond and Jourtois. Besides ‘The Last Supper,’ ‘Christ shown to the Jews,’ &c., some of the specimens are portraits, some are medallions; used in one instance to decorate both sides of a purse, and often for stands and ornaments, or to hang up as pictures. The purple greys, the unequal yet rich surface, give a peculiar character to these Francis the First works.

“The chocolate-coloured Wedgwoods we may class in the same way with the miscellaneous china. Agate ware, Peruvian pottery, brown Tygs tazzas, snuff-boxes, crowd upon the eye with a conflicting richness of colours,—leaf-shaped dishes, nautilus-shaped tureens, terra cotta vases, gold reflex water bottles, help

to fill one case, and make a rich show, that Palissy would have crawled to Cologne on hands and knees to see."

While the visitor remains in the Nave, before he braves the heat of the Engraving and Miniature Gallery, to the south west, let us point out a few curiosities, not hitherto noticed. Cardinal Wolsey's hat is upon a table, on the south side,—and in Wall Case A, on the same side, are the shirt, watch, and snuff-box of Charles Stuart (the latter found under the royal oak),—to say nothing of the dagger with which Felton stabbed the Duke of Buckingham. We can understand the feeling of ungovernable envy with which a Tussaud would contemplate the latter relic. It is a formidable instrument.

The visitor will not fail to notice the collection of drawings, miniatures, cameos, and other works of art, collected by John Mather, Esq., relative to the Bonaparte family, and important personages connected with them during the Republic and Empire of France. The case containing these relics will be found the third from the North Transept going east under the Gallery. "A Miniature (1) of Charles Bonaparte, the Father of Napoleon the Great," interesting as being the only likeness known to be in existence of the grandfather of the present Emperor, and strangely enough was at one time in his possession. "A Miniature (3) of Napoleon when Military Student at Brienne;" two "Miniatures (4 and 6) of Josephine, Wife of Napoleon, and her Daughter Hortense Beauharnais, Wife of the King of Holland, and Mother of the present Emperor." "A Miniature (20), enamelled after the celebrated painter Isabey, of Josephine," of whom an interesting story is told by the painter relative to her being divorced from Napoleon, and his intended marriage with Maria Louisa. When asked by Isabey what jewels she would be painted in, she answered him in emeralds, as she had heard that in England the women wear green to denote to their friends they are forsaken, but as the emeralds represented the freshness of her grief, she wished them to be surrounded by diamonds to pourtray the purity of her love. Though unintelligible to Isabey at the time, it was soon explained by the rumour of Napoleon having asked from the Emperor of Austria the hand of Maria Louisa. (23) "A Miniature of the young King of Rome." (26) "A Miniature of Napoleon when at Elba," painted by Isabey. (28) "Murat, in the Dress he wore when Shot at Pizzoin, in Calabria." (33) "Bernadotte, King of Sweden." (41) "Large Miniature of Ney, in Marshal's Uniform," the sabre cut on his nose strongly marked. (46) "A Snuff-box" lined with gold, with portrait of Josephine in an oval, and left by her to Madame Ney, bearing an inscription of her death inside the lid. (52) "Miniature Enamel of Louis Philippe." (54) "A Miniature of the Unfortunate Princess Elizabeth, Sister of Louis the Sixteenth," with inscription on the back. (62, 63) Cameos, in sardonix, of "Napoleon, Maria Louisa, and the young King of Rome." (66, 69) Four allegorical classic drawings, by Lafitte, emblematic of "The Union of France and Austria, in the persons of The Emperor and Maria Louisa." (66) "The Arrival of Maria Louisa in Paris." (67) "The Union." (68) "The Triumph of Napoleon and Maria Louisa on their re-union;" and (69) "The Prosperity of the Empire of France." (70) A large oval-shaped sardonix representing "Napoleon as a Warrior," cut by Pertrucci, by

order of George the Fourth. (72) "A Brooch containing a Lock of Hair presented to Captain Ross, by Napoleon, at St. Helena." (74) "The Private Seal of Napoleon," having the concealed recess alluded to in his life. (77) "Miniature of the Prince de Condè." (104) "Miniature of Madame Sevigne," by Petitot; and a variety of equally interesting portraits illustrating the period of Henry the Eighth.

THE MINIATURES AND ENGRAVINGS.

In the south-west and north-west Transept Galleries are the miniatures, engravings, and lithographs, the two latter being chronologically arranged, to afford the visitor a view of the progress of the art. The miniatures are chiefly English, and contributed by the Dukes of Portland and Buccleuch, &c. They are described at page 207 of the Catalogue. There are no less than 1859 specimens of engravings in the Palace, dating from Tomaso Finiguerra, of Florence, who flourished in the early part of the fifteenth century, to living engravers. We are reminded by Mr. Edward Holmes, M.A. (to whom the public is indebted for the arrangement of this department), that "this is the first time in the history of the art of engraving at which an attempt has been made to show to the public generally, at one view, a complete chronological series of prints from the commencement of the art up to the present time. Fine specimens of various epochs are from time to time shown in glazed frames in the French Museum, and the officers in charge of the print department at the British Museum have long desired to adopt some such course, but the requisite facilities not being at their disposal, such a display has not as yet been accomplished there. We feel, therefore, that independently of the excessive rarity and excellence of the engravings themselves, these galleries will be viewed with the utmost interest."

The public is also indebted to Mr. William Smith, F.S.A., and Dominic Colnaghi, Esq. (of the firm of Colnaghi and Co., London). We must briefly call the attention of the visitor to the numbers, as given in the Official Catalogue, of the more remarkable artists.

LINE ENGRAVINGS.—Albert Durer's works run from 110 to 136, Mark Antonio Rainrondi (202-289), Julio Bonasone (335-359), Ludovico Caracci (473, 474), Augustino Caracci (479-483), Annibal Caracci (483-487), W. Fairthorne, temp. 1620 (567-578); William Hogarth (642-652); G. B. Piranesi (663, 667); J. G. Wille (671-690); Sir Robert Strange (698-707); W. Woollett (715-728); G. Vertue (742-744); Raphael Morgben (747-764); P. Sandby (779, 780); L. A. B. Desnoyers (822-825); F. Girardet (852-855); W. Nuller (860-880); J. T. Willmore (881-897); Robert Graves (910-913); J. Cousen (914-916); S. Raimback (931-935); John Burnet (936-939); W. B. Cooke (956-974); G. Cooke (975-977); E. Goodall (978-984); J. H. Robinson (993-1009); Mandel (1027-1038); Antonio da Correggio (1075); Albert Durer (1076-1080); F. Parmegiano (1082-1087); J. Tintoretto (1092); Annibal Caracci (1094); Claude Lorraine (1097-1110); J. Ribera (1112-1115); A. Vandyck (1116-1125); W. Hollar (1126-1144); B. E. Murillo, his only etching, (1147); Rembrandt Van

Rhyn (1149-1221); S. Cuyt (1222); D. Teniers, jun. (1228); S. V. Ostade (1238-1267); P. Potter (1283-1286); Gaspar Poussin (1289-1291); C. Du Jardin (1292-1299); J. Ruisdael (1311-1312); N. Burghem (1318-1323); Sir D. Wilkie (1339-1341); Sir E. Landseer (1342-1343); George Cruikshank (1345-1353); the Etching Club (1357); Ary Scheffer (1358-1359).

MEZZOTINTS. — T. C. Furstenberg (1360-62); Prince Rupert (1371-74); Paul Sandby (1391-93); T. Watson (1394-96); J. Watson 1397-98); R. Earlow (1422-1428); George Clint (1476); J. M. W. Turner (1477-1525); Samuel Cousins (1526-1537); H. Cousens (1538).

WOOD ENGRAVINGS. — Old woodcuts (old Japanese) supposed to be illustrations of a Poem (1551); from block books (1552-56); Campagnola, temp. 1507 (1560-61); Ugo da Carpi (1566-73); Albert Durer (1577-86); H. Holbein (1600-1602); woodcuts after Titian (1607-12); Marie de Medici (1617); J. B. Jackson, temp. 1726 (1626-30); T. Berwick, temp. 1753 (1634-1806); Luke Clennell (1810-1813); Wm. Harvey (1814-1817); J. Thompson, native of Manchester (1824-26); G. Williams (1829-31); T. Williams (1832); T. Orris Smith (1833-34); E. Landells (1836); W. J. Linton (1837-38); Mason Jackson (1839-43); E. Dalziel (1844).

LITHOGRAPHIC ENGRAVINGS. — A collection of the first specimens and attempts at lithography in England (1845); T. Bewick, his only attempt, (1846); Lassalle (1853); Muilleron (1854-56); Weinhold (1859).

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS AND SKETCHES BY OLD MASTERS.

As the pattern is to the magnificent brocade or the elaborate tapestry, so is the first rough sketch, or drawing, which is afterwards to form the basis for a finished picture, an object of special interest and curiosity to all who wish to trace art from its cradle, and watch the development of graphic ideas into a glorious culmination. The Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition is especially rich in original drawings and sketches by the Old Masters, a few of which we have hereinafter mentioned. By Masaccio, whose works in the Old Masters' Saloon, command, and deserve, the admiration of every visitor to the Exhibition, we have a "Man seated, Reading" (3), a slight but artistic sketch; (7), "Birth of the Virgin" (Gherlandajo). The finished picture is engraved in the latest edition of "Kugler's Handbook of Italian Art." (16-18) Three Sketches in black chalk, by Michael Angelo Buonarotti; (16) "Study for St. Bartholomew," particularly worthy of attention; (19-22) four Drawings, by Leonardo da Vinci; observe (22) "Portrait of a Youth in Black Cap;" (28) Study, in black chalk, of "The Infant Saviour," (Fra Bartolomeo); (29) "Head of a Youth," by Andrea del Sarto, supposed to be a Portrait of himself; (32-35) Studies by Raphael for his second series of Cartoons; (36) "Fragment of a Cartoon," by Raphael; the upper part of a woman in the picture of the "Massacre of the Innocents;" (39) "Fawn and Bacchantes;" highly-finished pen drawing, by Andrea Man-

tegna ; (46) "Head of Madonna Looking Down," Raphael ; (49) original drawing of "Madonna and Child," Raphael ; a Study in chalk for the picture at Vienna called the "Madonna in the Green;" (51) the celebrated pen and ink drawing of "The Entombment," Raphael, purchased by Mr. Rogers for £120 ; (56) "Virgin and Child;" "St. John and St. Elizabeth," Raphael ; (61a) the celebrated pen and ink sketch for the "Massacre of the Innocents," Raphael, of which there is an engraving in the Exhibition by Marc Antonio.

Among the numerous specimens of drawing, and sketches by Titian, the following selection will be found worthy the visitor's attention : (640) "A Mother and Boy," a sketch in black chalk ; (67) "St. Hubert Kneeling to the Stag;" (70) "Study of Three Saints," for the lower part of the painting in the Vatican, and bearing his own signature ; (74) "Portrait of Philip II.;" (75) "Abraham's Sacrifice," a drawing in black chalk ; (102) "Hawking Party," sketched in pen and ink ; (87-92) highly interesting outline Drawings, by Canaletto, descriptive of Scenes in Venice ; (96) "The whole length of St. Mark's Palace," by Canaletto ; (103, 104) "Boy Scattering Flowers," and companion Picture, by Correggio ; (106) highly finished Drawing of a Man's Head, by Parmegiano ; (116) six large Cartoons of Angels, by Correggio, drawn for his Frescoes ; (117a) "Head of a Youth," in black and red crayon, by Guido Reni ; (123) "Head of a Girl, carrying a Basket," for the Fresco in the Carthusian Convent at Bologna, by Guido ; (125) "Group of Trees fractured by a Storm," by Salvator Rosa, bearing his own inscription (127-131), Murillo ; (128) Sketch for a large Picture of "St. Joseph Crowned in Paradise by the Infant Jesus;" (129) "Christ on the Cross," a coloured and extremely careful chalk drawing ; (133-136) Albert Durer ; (134) a highly finished coloured Drawing of a Rabbit ; (142) "Victory Crowning an Armed Warrior," by Rubens, a black chalk drawing ; (149) a chalk drawing of the "Duke of York, afterwards James II., when a Child," the finished picture is to be seen in Saloon C. (683) ; (151) "Portrait of Margaret Sernon," in indian ink (Vandyck) ; (155) "Ruins of the Hotel de Ville, Amsterdam," by Rembrandt, with memorandum by him that it was taken after the fire in 1652 ; (160) "Stern of a Man of War," an extremely careful pencil drawing, by Van der Velde ; (161-167) chalk Drawings, by Sir Peter Lely, studies for his oil paintings ; (168) "Louis XIV.," drawing in chalk from the life, taken at Versailles, 1684, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. The numerous drawings and sketches by Claude prevent us doing more than call the visitor's attention to some of the more important :—(173) Pen and ink study of Trees, elaborately finished ; (179) "A Reposo," drawn in pastel, with extreme finish ; (190) "Peter, James and John, in a boat, Fishing" (204-219), and (233) "Grand Landscape," in chalk, bearing his own inscription, 1663.

It only remains for us to notice and direct the attention of the visitor to the few pencil and chalk drawings exhibited by English artists. (236-237a) Portions of a Cartoon for Window, a most careful and studied sketch by Dyce. (241) "Two River Scenes." (242) "Study for the Picture of the Market Cart," the original of which is to be seen in the Saloon of Modern Masters. (250) "Road through a Wood," by Gainsborough. Three sketches in pen and ink by

Hogarth, including the Portrait of Wilkes (253), and a clever but greatly exaggerated drawing by Fuseli, of "The Death of Cardinal Beaufort."

The visitor has now seen all the more remarkable treasures in the Palace. But, spite of all its wealth, it does not sum up the art-treasures of the United Kingdom, as the following list of galleries not represented here, as set down by a writer in the *National Review*, will testify amply:—

"For instance, there is no work from either the Grosvenor or Bridgewater Galleries; nothing from Bath House or the Grange; nothing from Lansdowne House or Bowood; nothing from Hamilton Palace, Petworth, Chatsworth, Leigh Court, or Blenheim. Here are neither the great Westminster Rubenses, nor the Wolf-Hunt of Legranes. Of the twenty-two or twenty-three pictures in England, which may with some confidence be ascribed to Raffaele, here are six only; Lord Ellesmere's Titians, the Duke of Devonshire's and Mr. Munro's Tintorets are all absent. There is not a single work ascribed to Giorgione that can confidently be given to the master. Even of the English historical portraits, so numerous represented here, there is not one of the twenty-three Vandycks belonging to Lord Clarendon; not a single picture from Gorhambury; not one from the gallery of Lord Salisbury. These examples, selected at random, from schools and great houses, will sufficiently warn those who are unacquainted with the vast number and value of the pictures scattered through Great Britain, against concluding that Manchester exhibits what is best or best known among them. Dr. Waagen, we have heard, calculates the contents of the Old Trafford Building as one-third of the pictorial treasures of the country; and this is certainly not an under-estimate."

APPENDIX.

EXPLANATORY DEFINITIONS.

- DIPTYCH.**—An altar-piece, generally small, made in two leaves to close face to face.
- TRIPTYCH.**—An altar-piece, composed of three parts ; the centre generally large and either square or pointed, with a leaf or door at each side, made with hinges to close in front and join in the middle.
- PREDELLA.**—A name given to a small step or base of the altar-piece, and usually decorated with small pictures in panels or otherwise. The paintings by Perugino and Raphael, Nos. 70, 72, 133, 138, &c., are examples.
- PIETA.**—A name given to representations of the dead Saviour mourned by the Virgin, with or without angels and holy persons. It is to be distinguished from the entombment, where the body is either being carried, or rests supported on the edge of the tomb.
- SACRA CONVERSAZIONE.**—An ideal assemblage of saints grouped round the Madonna and Child.
- THE VISITATION.**—The meeting between Mary and Elizabeth.
- THE DEPOSITION.**—The taking down from the Cross, in which the event is treated historically, and part, at least, of the Cross introduced.
- A SILENTIUM.**—A Holy Family, in which the infant Saviour is asleep, and the Virgin by a finger to the lip imposes silence on the little St. John.
- “ECCE HOMO.”**—“Behold the Man.” The figure of the Saviour crowned with thorns, and holding the reed as he appeared before the multitude.
- RIPOSO.**—A representation of the Holy Family resting during their Flight into Egypt.
- “NOLI ME TANGERE.”**—The Magdalen on her knees in the Garden recognising the Saviour.
- FRESCO-PAINTING.**—When the colours are actually laid on the coat of plaster whilst still moist.
- TEMPERA.**—Painting where the colours are mixed with water alone, having a little glue or yolk of egg to fix them,—the same process as modern scene-painters employ.