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HANDBOOK

TO

THE NATIONAL GALLERY

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A POPULAR HANDBOOK

TO THE

NATIONAL GALLERY

INCLUDING, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION,

NOTES COLLECTED FROM THE WORKS OF
MR. RUSKIN

COMPILED BY

EDWARD T. COOK

WITH PREFACE BY JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D., D.C.L.

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A picture which is worth buying is also worth seeing. Every noble picture is a manuscript book, of which only one copy exists, or ever can exist. A National Gallery is a great library, of which the books must be read upon their shelves (RUSKIN : *Arrows of the Chace*, i. 71).

CONTENTS

Handbook to the Painters and Pictures:— PAGE

Room XIII. The Later Italian Schools . . 305

„ XIV. The French School . . . 334

„ XV. The Spanish School . . . 372

„ XVI. The English School (*Reynolds and Gainsborough*) 387

„ XVII. The English School (*Hogarth and Wilson*) 424

East Vestibule—The English School . . 445

West Vestibule „ „ . . 449

Room XVIII. „ „ . . 455

„ XX. „ „ . . 489

„ XXI. „ „ . . 544

„ XXII. The Turner Gallery . . . 574

„ XIX. „ „ . . . 629

PAGE

STAIRCASES (Miscellaneous Pictures and Sculptures) . . 648

BASEMENT (Miscellaneous Pictures and Drawings) . . 651

ADDENDA (Pictures not at present hung) . . . 654

APPENDIX I. INDEX LIST OF PAINTERS . . . 665

,, II. INDEX LIST OF PICTURES . . . 677

ROOM XIII

THE LATER ITALIAN SCHOOLS

"THE sixteenth century closed, like a grave, over the great art of the world. There is *no* entirely sincere or great art in the seventeenth century" (RUSKIN: *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. xviii. § 20).

"THE eclectic schools endeavoured to unite opposite partialities and weaknesses. They trained themselves under masters of exaggeration, and tried to unite opposite exaggerations. That was impossible. They did not see that the only possible eclecticism had been already accomplished;—the eclecticism of temperance, which, by the restraint of force, gains higher force; and by the self-denial of delight, gains higher delight" (RUSKIN: *Two Paths*, § 59).

WE now come to works representative of the decay of the various schools which we have already surveyed—exhibited not, as is the case in many continental galleries, side by side with works of the golden age of Italian art, but hung together in a room devoted to its decadence. It is interesting to notice that the lower repute in which these painters are now held is of comparatively recent date. Poussin, for instance, ranked Domenichino next to Raphael, and preferred the works of the Carracci to all others in Rome, except only Raphael's, and Sir Joshua Reynolds cited them as models of perfection. Why, then, is it that

modern criticism stamps the later Italian Schools as schools of the decadence? To examine the pictures themselves and to compare them with earlier works is the best way of finding out; but a few general remarks may be found of assistance. The painting of the schools now under consideration was "not spontaneous art. It was art mechanically revived during a period of critical hesitancy and declining enthusiasms." It was largely produced at Bologna by men not eminently gifted for the arts. When Ludovico Carracci, for instance, went to Venice, the veteran Tintoretto warned him that he had no vocation. Moreover "the painting which emerged there at the close of the sixteenth century embodied religion and culture, both of a base alloy. . . . Therefore, though the painters went on painting the old subjects, they painted all alike with frigid superficiality. If we examine the list of pictures turned out by them, we shall find a pretty equal quantity of saints and Susannahs, . . . Jehovahs and Jupiters, . . . cherubs and cupids. . . . Nothing new or vital, fanciful or imaginative, has been breathed into antique mythology. What has been added to religious expression is repellent, . . . extravagantly ideal in ecstatic Magdalens and Maries, extravagantly realistic in martyrdoms and torments, extravagantly harsh in dogmatic mysteries, extravagantly soft in sentimental tenderness and tearful piety. . . . If we turn from the ideas of the late Italian painters to their execution, we shall find similar reasons for its failure to delight or satisfy. Their ambition was to combine in one the salient qualities of several earlier masters. This ambition doomed their style to the sterility of hybrids" (*Symonds*, vii. 403). For it must be observed that "all these old eclectic theories were based not upon an endeavour to unite the various characters of nature (which it is possible to do), but the various narrownesses of taste, which it is impossible to do. . . . All these specialities have their own charm in their own way; and there are times when the particular humour of each man is refreshing to us from its very distinctness; but the effort to add any other qualities to this refreshing one instantly takes away the distinctiveness" (*Two Paths*, § 58). It was not an attempt to unite the various characters of *nature*.

On the contrary, "these painters, in selecting, omitted just those features which had given grace and character to their models. The substitution of generic types for portraiture, the avoidance of individuality, the contempt for what is simple and natural in details, deprived their work of attractiveness and suggestion. It is noticeable that they never painted flowers. While studying Titian's landscapes, they omitted the iris and the caper-blossom and the columbine, which star the grass beneath Ariadne's feet. . . . They began the false system of depicting ideal foliage and ideal precipices—that is to say, trees which are not trees, and cliffs which cannot be distinguished from cork or stucco. In like manner, the clothes wherewith they clad their personages were not of brocade, or satin, or broadcloth, but of that empty lie called drapery . . . one monstrous nondescript stuff, differently dyed in dull or glaring colours, but always shoddy. Characteristic costumes have disappeared. . . . After the same fashion furniture, utensils, houses, animals, birds, weapons, are idealised—stripped, that is to say, of what in these things is specific and vital"[1] (*Symonds*, vii. 405).

With regard to the historical development of the declining art whose general characteristics we have been discussing, it is usual to group the painters under three heads—the Mannerists, the Eclectics, and the Naturalists. By the first of these are meant the painters in the several schools who succeeded the culminating masters and imitated their peculiarities. We have already noticed, under the Florentine School (see p. 9), how this "mannerism" set in, and all the other schools show a like process. Thus Giulio Romano shows the dramatic energy of Raphael and Michael Angelo passed into mannerism. Tiepolo is a "mannerised" Paolo Veronese, Baroccio a "mannerised" Correggio. Later on, however, and largely under the

[1] It was this false striving after "the ideal," as Mr. Symonds points out (pp. 406, 407), that caused Reynolds, with his obsolete doctrine about the nature of "the grand style," to admire the Bolognese masters. For Reynolds's statement of his doctrine see his *Discourses*, ii. and iii., and his papers in the *Idler* (Nos. 79 and 82); for Mr. Ruskin's destructive criticism of it, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. i.-iii.

influence of the "counter-Reformation"—the renewed activity, that is, of the Roman church consequent on the Reformation,—a reaction against the Mannerists set in. This reaction took two forms. The first was that of the Eclectic School founded by the Carraccis at Bologna in about the year 1580. This school—so called from its principle of "selecting" the qualities of different schools—includes, besides the Carraccis themselves, Guido Reni, Domenichino, Sassoferrato, and Guercino. The last-mentioned, however, combined in some measure the aims both of the Eclectics and of the other school which was formed in protest against the Mannerists. This was the school of the so-called Naturalists, of whom Caravaggio (1569-1609) was the first representative, and whose influence may be traced in the Spanish Ribera (see Room XV.) and the Neapolitan Salvator Rosa. They called themselves "Naturalists," as being opposed to the "ideal" aims alike of the Mannerists and the Eclectics; but they made the fatal mistake—a mistake which seems to have a permanent hold on a certain order of minds, for it is at the root of much of the art-effort of our own day—that there is something more "real" and "natural" in the vulgarities of human life than in its nobleness, and in the ugliness of nature than in its beauty (see below under 172, p. 327, and under Salvator Rosa *passim*).

228. CHRIST AND THE MONEY CHANGERS.

Bassano (Venetian: 1510–1592). *See under* VII. 277, p. 151.

Christ is driving out from the House of Prayer all those who had made it a den of thieves—money-changers, dealers in cattle, sheep, goats, birds, etc. A subject which lent itself conveniently to Bassano's characteristic *genre* style.

93. SILENUS GATHERING GRAPES.

Annibale Carracci (Eclectic-Bologna: 1560–1609).

Annibale Carracci, younger brother of Agostino and cousin of Ludovico, was one of the three masters of the Eclectic School at Bologna. He was the son of a tailor and was intended for the business, but went off to study art under Ludovico. After studying at Parma and Venice he returned to Bologna, but left in 1600 to paint by commission in the Farnese Palace at Rome—where "he was received and

treated as a gentleman," we are told, "and was granted the usual table allowance of a courtier." This was thought worthy of remark, for he was boorish in his manner, fond of low society and eaten up with jealousy.

Silenus in a leopard skin, the nurse and preceptor of Bacchus, the wine-god, is being hoisted by two attendant fauns so that with his own hands he may pick the grapes. This and the companion picture, 94, originally decorated a harpsichord.

94. BACCHUS PLAYING TO SILENUS.[1]

Annibale Carracci (Eclectic-Bologna: 1560–1609).

A clever picture of contrasts. The old preceptor is leering and pampered, yet with something of a schoolmaster's gravity, "half inclining to the brute, half conscious of the god." The young pupil—like the shepherd boy in Sidney's *Arcadia*, "piping as though he should never be old"—is "full of simple careless grace, laughing in youth and beauty; he holds the Pan's pipe in both hands, and looks up with timid wonder, with an expression of mingled delight and surprise at the sounds he produces" (Hazlitt: *Criticisms upon Art*, p. 6).

624. THE INFANCY OF JUPITER.

Giulio Romano (Roman: 1498–1546).

Giulio Pippi, called "the Roman," was born at Rome and was Raphael's favourite pupil; to him Raphael bequeathed his implements and works of art. But the master could not also bequeath his spirit, and in Giulio's works (such as 643 and 644, pp. 326, 330, which, however, are now attributed to a pupil), though "the archaeology is admirable, the movements of the actors are affected and forced, and the whole result is a grievous example of the mannerism already beginning to prevail" (Woltmann and Woermann: *History of Painting*, ii. 562). "Raphael worked out the mine of his own thought so thoroughly, so completely exhausted the motives of his invention, and carried his style to such perfection, that he left nothing unused for his followers. . . . In the Roman manner the dramatic element was conspicuous; and to carry dramatic painting beyond the limits of good style in art is unfortunately easy. . . . For all the higher purposes of genuine art, inspiration passed from his pupils as colour fades from

[1] Authorities differ between this title and "Pan teaching Apollo to play on the Pipes." Certainly there is the "Pan's pipe," but then if it is Pan he ought to have goats' legs and horns. The fact that the picture is a companion to "Silenus gathering Grapes" makes also in favour of the description given in the text above.

Eastern clouds at sunset, suddenly" (*Symonds*, iii. 490, 491). In 1523 Giulio entered the service of the Duke of Mantua, and besides executing a very large number of works in oil and fresco, he was distinguished as an architect and rebuilt nearly the whole town. Vasari made his acquaintance there and admired his works so much that Giulio deserved, he said, to see a statue of himself erected at every corner of the city.

An illustration of the classic myth of the infancy of Jupiter, who was born in Crete and hidden by his mother, Rhea, in order to save him from his father Saturn ("all-devouring Time"), who used to devour his sons as soon as they were born, from fear of the prophecy that one of them would dethrone him. In the background are the Curetes "who, as the story is, erst drowned in Crete that infant cry of Jove, when the young band about the babe in rapid dance, arms in hand to measured tread, beat brass on brass, that Saturn might not get him to consign to his devouring jaws" (*Lucretius*, Munro's translation, ii. 629).[1]

135. LANDSCAPE WITH RUINS.

Canaletto (Venetian: 1697–1768). *See under* 939, p. 316.

The artist, "disgusted with his first profession (of scene painter), removed," we are told, "while still young to Rome, where he wholly devoted himself to drawing views from nature, and in particular from ancient ruins" (*Lanzi*, ii. 317). This is no doubt one of the results. There is something effective in the sculptured lion who sits sedate among the ruins—something of the idea expressed by the Persian poet—

> They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
> The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep.

1054. A VIEW IN VENICE.

Francesco Guardi (Venetian: 1712–1793).

Guardi was a scholar and imitator of Canaletto.

An interesting record of Venetian costume—notice the crinolines and the big wigs—a hundred years ago.

[1] S. Palmer, the artist, and friend of William Blake, wrote of this picture, "By the bye, if you want to see a picture bound by a splendid imagination upon the fine, firm, old philosophy, do go and look at the Julio Romano (Nursing of Jupiter) in the National Gallery. That is precisely the picture Blake would have revelled in. I think I hear him say, 'As fine as possible, Sir! It is not permitted to man to do better!'" (*Memoir of Anne Gilchrist*, p. 59).

1157. THE NATIVITY.

Bernardo Cavallino (Neapolitan: 1622–1654).

A very unpleasing picture by a pupil of Stanzioni (who was a rival of Spagnoletto).

48. TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.

Domenichino (Eclectic-Bologna: 1581–1641).

Domenico Zampieri was a scholar of the Carraccis. Like Agostino, he was invited to Naples, and like him incurred the hostility of the trade unionism of the Neapolitan painters. The notorious triumvirate of these painters, the "Cabal of Naples," were suspected of causing his death. At Rome also, where he worked for some years, he was much persecuted by rival artists. Accusations of plagiarism were levelled at him, and his more pushing competitors "decried him to such a degree that he was long destitute of all commissions." It is interesting to contrast the conditions of (literally) "cut-throat competition," under which the Italian painters of the decadence worked, with the Guild System of the Flemish (see p. 260), and the honourable time and piece work of the earlier Italians.

For the story of Tobias and the angel see I. 781, p. 17.

22. ANGELS WEEPING OVER THE DEAD CHRIST.

Guercino (Eclectic-Bologna: 1591–1666).

An interesting work by Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, called Guercino, the Squintling, from an accident which distorted his right eye in babyhood. He attained to much fame and wealth in his day; but was self-taught, and the son of humble parents, his father being a wood-carrier, and agreeing to pay for his son's education by a load of grain and a vat of grapes delivered yearly. In art-history Guercino is interesting as showing the blending of the Eclectic style of the Carraccis with the Naturalistic style of Caravaggio. In the motives of his picture one sees reflected the Catholic revival of his day,—"the Christianity of the age was not naïve, simple, sincere, and popular; but hysterical, dogmatic, hypocritical, and sacerdotal. It was not Christianity indeed, but Catholicism galvanised by terror into reactionary movement" (*Symonds*, vii. 403). A comparison even of this little picture—in its somewhat morbid sentiment—with such an one as Crivelli's VIII. 602, p. 180—with its deeper because simpler feeling—well illustrates the nature of the change.

214. CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN.

Guido (Eclectic-Bologna: 1575–1642). *See under* 196, p. 321.

In pictures of this subject two distinct conceptions may be noticed. In some the coronation of the Virgin is, as it were, dramatic; the subject is represented, that is to say, as the closing act in the life of the Virgin, and saints and disciples appear in the foreground as witnesses on earth of her coronation in heaven. 1155 in Room II. p. 47 is a good instance of this treatment. This picture, on the other hand, shows the mystical treatment of the subject—the coronation of the Virgin being the accepted type of the Church triumphant. The scene is laid entirely in heaven, and the only actors are the angels of the heavenly host. Notice the carefully symmetrical arrangement of the whole composition, as well as the charming faces of many of the angel chorus.

198. THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY.

Annibale Carracci (Eclectic-Bologna: 1560–1609).
See under 93, p. 308.

The legend of the temptation of St. Anthony, here realistically set forth, is the story of the temptations that beset the ascetic. In the wilderness, brooding over sin, he is tempted; it is only when he returns to the world and goes about doing good that the temptations cease to trouble him. St. Anthony lived, like Faust, the life of a recluse and a visionary, and like him was tempted of the devil. "Seeing that wicked suggestions availed not, Satan raised up in his sight (again like Mephistopheles in *Faust*) the sensible images of forbidden things. He clothed his demons in human forms; they hovered round him in the shape of beautiful women, who, with the softest blandishments, allured him to sin." The saint in his distress resolved to flee yet farther from the world; but it is not so that evil can be conquered, and still "spirits in hideous forms pressed round him in crowds, scourged him and tore him with their talons—all shapes of horror, 'worse than fancy ever feigned or fear conceived,' came roaring, howling, hissing, shrieking in his ears." In the midst of all this terror a vision of help from on high shone upon him; the evil phantoms vanished, and he arose unhurt and strong to endure. But it is characteristic of the love of horror in the Bolognese School that in Carracci's picture the celestial vision does not dissolve

the terrors. Nay, the pointing and sprawling angels in attendance on the Saviour seem themselves to be part of the same horrid nightmare.

160. A "RIPOSO."

Pietro Francesco Mola (Eclectic-Bologna: 1612–1668).

Mola, a native of Milan, and the son of an architect, studied first at Rome and Venice, but afterwards at Bologna—returning ultimately to Rome, where he held the office of President of the Academy of St. Luke.

The Italians gave this title to the subject of the Holy Family resting on the way in their flight to Egypt,—"the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt."

11. ST. JEROME IN THE WILDERNESS.

Guido (Eclectic-Bologna: 1575–1642). *See under* 196, p. 321.

For St. Jerome, see II. 227, p. 41.

936. THE FARNESE THEATRE, PARMA.

Ferdinando Bibiena (Bolognese: 1657–1743).

A scene in the theatre with *Othello* being played. The pit is unseated: it is a kind of "promenade play."

942. ETON COLLEGE.

Canaletto (Venetian: 1697–1768). *See under* 939, p. 316.

Painted during the artist's English visit, 1746-1748, perhaps in the same year (1747) that Gray published his well-known ode—

> Ye distant spires, ye antique towers
> That crown the watery glade,
> Where grateful Science still adores
> Her Henry's holy shade.

1192, 1193. SKETCHES FOR ALTAR-PIECES.

Giovanni Battista Tiepolo (Venetian: 1696–1770).

"Touched in with all the brilliant, flashing, dexterous *bravura* of the last of the rear-guard of the Venetians. The pictorial art of Venice finished with Tiepolo, and it seemed as if he was resolved it should not die ignominiously, for in spirit and gaiety he was little inferior to Veronese himself. He had not the stronger qualities of his model; Veronese's grasp of

character, his air of nobility, his profound and imaginative harmonies of colour are wanting in the eighteenth century painter. It must be confessed also that the graces of the latter are too obviously borrowed; he has caught the trick of Veronese rather than assimilated his style. The two pictures recently added to the Gallery are compositions of four or five figures each, representing bishops and saints, with attendant boys and the usual child-angels in the clouds. The manipulation indicates a full brush and fluent colour. Tiepolo required a large canvas to display his skilful handling to the best advantage" (*Times*, December 22, 1885).

1100. A SCENE IN A PLAY.

Pietro Longhi (Venetian: 1702–1762).

Pietro Longhi, who studied in Bologna, but afterwards settled in his native Venice, has been called "the Italian Hogarth," but he is greatly inferior in every respect to that painter. Moreover he was not a satirist like Hogarth, and there is more truth in the description of him as "the Goldoni of painters"—Goldoni, the popular playwright, with whom Longhi was nearly contemporary, and who, like him, just reflects "the shade and shine of common life, nor renders as it rolls grandeur and gloom."

The engraved portrait on the wall is inscribed "Gerardo Sagredo di Morei," and perhaps the picture is a group of the Sagredo family, in whose palace in Venice Longhi is known to have worked. The family preferred, perhaps, to be taken in the characters of a scene in a play of Goldoni's or some other popular writer—just as in the "Vicar of Wakefield" they resolved to be drawn together, in one large historical piece. "This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner."

935. A RIVER SCENE.

Salvator Rosa (Neapolitan: 1615–1673).
See under 1206, p. 317.

937. VENICE: SCUOLA DI SAN ROCCO.

Canaletto[1] (Venetian: 1697–1768). *See under* 939, p. 316.

The principal building is the Scuola of the religious fraternity of St. Roch—"an interesting building of the early

[1] The figures are by Tiepolo (see above under 1192, p. 313).

Renaissance (1517), passing into Roman Renaissance," and, "as regards the pictures it contains (by Tintoret), one of the three most precious buildings in Italy" (*Stones of Venice*, Venetian Index). From the adjoining Church of St Roch, the Holy Thursday procession of the Doges and Officers of State, together with the members of the Fraternity, is advancing under an awning on its way to St. Mark's. Notice the carpets hung out of the windows—a standing feature, this, in Venetian gala decorations from very early times (see, for instance, VIII. 739, p. 184).[1] Notice, also, the pictures displayed in the open air—a feature which well illustrates the difference between the later "easel pictures" and the earlier pictures intended to serve as architectural decorations. "A glance at this picture is sufficient to show how utterly the ordinary oil painting fails when employed as an architectural embellishment. Pictures which were to adorn and form part of a building had to consist of figures, separated one from another, all standing in simple and restful attitudes, and all plainly relieved against a light ground" (Conway: *Early Flemish Artists*, p. 270). Apart from one of the conditions of early art thus suggested, the picture is interesting as showing how in the eighteenth century in Italy, as in the thirteenth, art was part and parcel of the life of the people. Cimabue's pictures were carried in procession; and here in Canaletto's we see Venetian "old masters" hung out to assist in the popular rejoicing.

940. See below under 939, 940, p. 316.

1193. See above under 1192, p. 313.

1101. MASKED VISITORS AT A MENAGERIE.

Pietro Longhi (Venetian: 1702–1762). *See under* 1100, p. 314.

A characteristic glimpse of Venetian life a hundred years ago. "At that time," it has been said, "perhaps people did not amuse themselves more at Venice than elsewhere, but they amused themselves differently. It is this seizing on peculiarities, on local and characteristic details, that makes Longhi's little canvasses so curious." Here he shows us two ladies in dominoes, escorted by a cavalier, at a menagerie. The trainer exhibits a rhinoceros to them.

[1] Visitors who have been to Venice will remember that "Carpaccio trusts for the chief splendour of any *festa* in cities to the patterns of the draperies hung out of windows" (*Bible of Amiens*, p. 3).

25. ST. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS.

Annibale Carracci (Eclectic-Bologna: 1560–1609).

See under 93, p. 308.

"And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts till the day of his shewing unto Israel" (Luke i. 80). In his left hand is the standard of the Lamb, the symbol of his mission, for which he is preparing himself in the desert solitude, while with his right he catches water in a cup from a stream in the rocks, symbolical of the water by which that mission, the baptism unto repentance, was to be accomplished.

939, 940. VENICE: THE PIAZZETTA, AND THE DUCAL PALACE.

Canaletto (Venetian: 1697–1768).

Antonio Canale, commonly called Canaletto, was born in Venice, lived in Venice, and painted Venice. The numerous pictures by him in this room should be compared at once with Turner's Venetian pictures. It is impossible to get a more instructive instance of the different impression made on different minds by the same scenes. Canaletto drew, says one of his admirers (*Lanzi*, ii. 317), exactly as he saw. Well, what he did see we have shown us here. What others have seen, those who have not been to Venice can discover from Turner's pictures, from Shelley and Byron's verse, or Ruskin's prose. "Let the reader restore Venice in his imagination to some resemblance of what she must have been before her fall. Let him, looking from Lido or Fusina, replace, in the forest of towers, those of the hundred and sixty-six churches which the French threw down; let him sheet her walls with purple and scarlet, overlay her minarets with gold, . . . and fill her canals with gilded barges and bannered ships; finally, let him withdraw from this scene, already so brilliant, such sadness and stain as had been set upon it by the declining energies of more than half a century, and he will see Venice as it was seen by Canaletto (as it might have been seen by him, Mr. Ruskin means); whose miserable, virtueless, heartless mechanism, accepted as the representation of such various glory, is, both in its existence and acceptance, among the most striking signs of the lost sensation and deadened intellect of the nation at that time. . . . The mannerism of Canaletto is the most degraded that I know in the whole range of art. Professing the most servile and mindless imitation, it imitates nothing but the blackness of the shadows; it gives no single architectural ornament, however near, so much form, as might enable us even to guess at its actual one; . . . it gives the buildings neither their architectural beauty nor their ancestral dignity, for there is no texture of stone nor character of age in Canaletto's touch; which is invaribly a violent, black, sharp, ruled penmanlike line, as far removed from the grace of nature as from

her faintness and transparency: and for his truth of colour let the single fact of his having omitted all record whatsoever of the frescoes, whose wrecks are still to be found at least on one half of the unrestored palaces, and, with still less excusableness, all record of the magnificent coloured marbles" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 30). Stated in the fewest words, the difference between Canaletto and the others is this: To Canaletto Venice was a city of murky shadows, to them it is a city of enchanted colour. But his pictures satisfied the taste of his time, as the great number of them still extant testifies. Moreover his fame extended beyond his own country. There was an English resident at Venice who engaged Canaletto (who started in life at his father's profession, that of scene painter) to work for him at low prices, and then used to retail the pictures at an enormous profit to English travellers. At last Canaletto came to England himself, and was given many commissions; but after two years he returned to Venice, as it was still Venetian pictures that his patrons wanted. How completely the public taste has now changed is shown by the fact that the Venice of all the most popular painters to-day, of whatever nation, is the Venice of Ruskin and Turner. Canaletto's pictures, however, will always possess one element of interest, apart from any fluctuations in taste. Within his limits they are historical records of the appearance of Venice in his time; and as more and more of the old Venice is destroyed, Canaletto's pictures will increase in interest.

Canaletto's representation of the central spot of Venice. In 939 is the Piazzetta, the little Piazza or square, in front the church of St. Mark, with its bell towers; on the left are the mint and library; on the right is the ducal palace. This appears again in 940, with the famous column of St. Mark, patron saint of Venice, while beyond it is the Ponte della Paglia, the Bridge of Straw,—"so called because the boats which brought straw from the mainland used to sell it at this place," the prisons, and the Riva degli Schiavoni—the chief quay in Venice, called after the Sclavonian (or Dalmatian) settlers.

1206. LANDSCAPE AND FIGURES.

Salvator Rosa (Neapolitan: 1615–1673).

There is perhaps no painter whose life is more accurately reflected in his work than Salvator. Look for a moment at 84 on the next wall, p. 322. Conspicuous in that picture are a withered tree on the right and a withered tree on the left: they are typical of the painter's blasted life, and "indignant, desolate, and degraded art." He was born near Naples, the son of an architect and land-surveyor. In early youth he forsook his father's business and began secretly to learn painting. At seventeen his father died, and Salvator, being one of a large and poor family, was thrown on his own resources. He "cast himself carelessly

on the current of life. No rectitude of ledger-lines stood in his way; no tender precision of household customs; no calm successions of rural labour. But past his half-starved lips rolled profusion of pitiless wealth; before him glared and swept the troops of shameless pleasure. Above him muttered Vesuvius; beneath his feet shook the Solfatara. In heart disdainful, in temper adventurous; conscious of power, impatient of labour, and yet more of the pride of the patrons of his youth, he fled to the Calabrian hills, seeking, not knowledge, but freedom. If he was to be surrounded by cruelty and deceit, let them at least be those of brave men or savage beasts, not of the timorous and the contemptible. Better the wrath of the robber, than enmity of the priest; and the cunning of the wolf than of the hypocrite." It was in this frame of mind that he sought the solitudes of the hills: "How I hate the sight of every spot that is inhabited," he says in one of his letters. It was thus that he formed the taste for the wild nature which distinguishes his landscapes. It is said indeed that he once herded for a time with a band of brigands in the Abruzzi. "Yet even among such scenes as these Salvator might have been calmed and exalted, had he been, indeed, capable of exaltation. But he was not of high temper enough to perceive beauty. He had not the sacred sense—the sense of colour; all the loveliest hues of the Calabrian air were invisible to him; the sorrowful desolation of the Calabrian villages unfelt. He saw only what was gross and terrible,—the jagged peak, the splintered tree, the flowerless bank of grass, and wandering weed, prickly and pale. His temper confirmed itself in evil, and became more and more fierce and morose; though not, I believe, cruel, ungenerous, or lascivious. I should not suspect Salvator of wantonly inflicting pain. His constantly painting it does not prove he delighted in it; he felt the horror of it, and in that horror, fascination. Also, he desired fame, and saw that here was an untried field rich enough in morbid excitement to catch the humour of his indolent patrons. But the gloom gained upon him, and grasped him. He could jest, indeed, as men jest in prison-yards (he became afterwards a renowned mimic in Florence); his satires are full of good mocking, but his own doom to sadness is never repealed." It is characteristic of the man that the picture on the reputation of which he went up from Naples to Rome was "Tityus torn by the Vulture." At Rome, besides his fame as a painter, he made his mark as a musician, poet, and improvisatore. He cut a brave figure in the Carnival, and his satires were bold and biting. Partly on this account he afterwards found it well to leave Rome for Florence, where he formed one of the company of "I Percossi" (the stricken)—of jovial wits and artists—who enjoyed the hospitalities of Cardinal Carlo Giovanni de' Medici. But in spite of his merry-making he knew (as he says in a cantata) "no truce from care, no pause from woe." He ultimately died of the dropsy, having shortly before his death married the Florentine Lucrezia, who had borne him two sons. "Of all men whose work I have ever studied," say Mr. Ruskin, in summing up his career as typical of the lives which cannot conquer evil but remain at war with, or in captivity to

it, "he gives me most distinctly the idea of a lost spirit. Michelet calls him, 'Ce damné Salvator,' perhaps in a sense merely harsh and violent; the epithet to me seems true in a more literal, more merciful sense,—'That condemned Salvator.' I see in him, notwithstanding all his baseness, the last traces of spiritual life in the art of Europe. . . . All succeeding men . . . were men of the world; they are never in earnest and they are never appalled. But Salvator was capable of pensiveness, of faith, and of fear. The misery of the earth is a marvel to him; he cannot leave off gazing at it. The religion of the earth is a horror to him. He gnashes his teeth at it, rages at it, mocks and gibes at it. He would have acknowledged religion, had he seen any that was true. . . . Helpless Salvator! A little early sympathy, a word of true guidance, perhaps, had saved him. What says he of himself? 'Despiser of wealth and of death.' Two grand scorns: but, oh, condemned Salvator! the question is not for man what he can scorn, but what he can love" (*Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. iv. See also vol. i. pt. i. sec. ii. ch. ii. § 9; vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. xviii. § 21; vol. v. pt. ix. ch. viii. § 14. For a full record of fact and romance about this painter, see Lady Morgan's interesting *Life and Times of Salvator Rosa;* London, 1855).

A good example of Salvator's scenic effects in landscape. The sense of power in the painting, the "vigorous imagination, the dexterous and clever composition" of Salvator are well shown; but "all are rendered valueless by coarseness of feeling, and habitual non-reference to nature." For instance, take first his hills: "A man accustomed to the strength and glory of God's mountains, with their soaring and radiant pinnacles, and surging sweeps of measureless distance, kingdoms in their valleys, and climates upon their crests, can scarcely but be angered when Salvator bids him stand still under some contemptible fragment of splintery crag, which an Alpine snow-wreath would smother in its first swell, with a stunted bush or two growing out of it, and a volume of manufactory smoke for a sky." Then look closely at the clouds: "Now it may, perhaps, for all I know, be highly expedient and proper in art, that the variety, individuality, and angular character of nature should be changed into a mass of convex curves, each precisely like its neighbour in all respects, and unbroken from beginning to end; it may be highly original, masterly, bold, whatever you choose to call it; but it is *false.* I do not take upon me to assert that the clouds which in ancient Germany were more especially and peculiarly devoted to the business of catching princesses off desert islands, and carrying them to enchanted castles, might not have possessed something of the pillowy

organisation which we may suppose best adapted for functions of such delicacy and despatch: but I do mean to say that the clouds which God sends upon his earth as the ministers of dew, and rain, and shade, and with which he adorns his heaven, setting them in its vault for the thrones of his spirits, have not, in one instant or atom of their existence, one feature in common with such conceptions and creations." And lastly look at the trees: "It appears that this artist was hardly in the habit of studying from nature at all, after his boyish rambles among the Calabrian hills; and I do not recollect any instance of a piece of his bough-drawing which is not palpably and demonstrably a made-up phantasm of the studio, the proof derivable from this illegitimate tapering being one of the most convincing. The painter is always visibly embarrassed to reduce the thick boughs to spray, and *feeling* (for Salvator naturally had acute feelings for truth) that the bough was wrong when it tapered suddenly, he accomplishes its diminution by an impossible protraction; throwing out shoot after shoot until his branches straggle all across the picture, and at last disappear unwillingly where there is no room for them to stretch any farther. The consequence is, that whatever leaves are put upon such boughs have evidently no adequate support, . . . or, if the boughs are left bare, they have the look of the long tentacula of some complicated marine monster, or of the waving endless threads of branchy sea-weed, instead of the firm, upholding, braced, and bending grace of natural boughs. I grant that this is in a measure done by Salvator from a love of ghastliness. . . . But even where the skeleton look of branches is justifiable or desirable, there is no occasion for any violation of natural laws. I have seen more spectral character in the real limbs of a blasted oak than ever in Salvator's best monstrosities; more horror is to be obtained by right combination of inventive line, than by drawing tree branches as if they were wing-bones of a pterodactyle" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 5, sec. iii. ch. iii. § 7, sec. vi. ch. i. § 11; vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. ii. ch. ii. § 19).

210. VENICE: THE PIAZZA DI SAN MARCO.

Guardi (Venetian: 1712–1793). *See under* 1054, p. 310.

Notice the effect of light on the church of St. Mark at the end of the square: "Beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square

seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away;—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of coloured light" (*Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. iv. § 14).

85. ST. JEROME AND THE ANGEL.

Domenichino (Eclectic-Bologna: 1581–1641).
See under 48, p. 311.

For St. Jerome, see under II. 227, p. 41. The apparition of the angel implies the special call of St. Jerome to the work of translating the Scriptures.

934. VIRGIN AND CHILD.

Carlo Dolci (Florentine: 1616–1686).

Carlo Dolci, the son of a Florentine tailor, is, like his contemporary Sassoferrato, a good instance of the affected religious school described above (see p. 306). He was of a very retiring and pious disposition, much given, we are told, to melancholy. Every one who looks first at the pictures of similar subjects by earlier Italian artists will be struck by something sentimental and effeminate in Dolci's conceptions. Similarly in his execution there is an over-smoothness and softness, corresponding to "polished" language in literature (see *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. ix. § 7).

196. SUSANNAH AND THE ELDERS.

Guido Reni (Eclectic-Bologna: 1575–1642).

Guido Reni, a native of Bologna, was a pupil of the Carraccis, and worked for twenty years in Rome, and afterwards in Bologna. "As a child he was very beautiful, with blonde hair, blue eyes, and a fair complexion. He was specially characterised by devotion to the Madonna. On every Christmas-eve for seven successive years, ghostly knockings were heard upon his chamber door; and every night, when he awoke from sleep, the darkness above his bed was illuminated by a mysterious globe of light. In after life, besides being piously addicted to Madonna-worship, he had a great dread of women in general and witches in particular. He was always careful, it is said, to leave his studio door open while drawing from a woman" (see *Symonds*, vii. 380). To the temperament thus indicated we may trace the half-effeminate, half-spiritual character of some of his works —the "few pale rays of fading sanctity," which Mr. Ruskin sees in him (*Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. iv. § 4). In later life his effeminate eccentricity amounted to insanity, and he gave himself wholly up to the gaming table. To extricate himself from money troubles he sold his time, says his biographer, at a stipulated sum per hour, to certain dealers, one of whom tasked him so rigidly as to stand by him, watch in hand, while he worked. How different from the honourable

terms on which the earlier masters worked! How easy to understand the number of bad Guidos in the world!

"A work devoid alike of art and decency" (*Modern Painters*, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. i. ch. xiv. § 24). For the circumstances of its acquisition see below under 193, p. 324.

84. MERCURY AND THE WOODMAN.

Salvator Rosa (Neapolitan: 1615–1673).
See under 1206, p. 317.

An illustration of Æsop's fable of the dishonest woodman who, hearing of the reward which an honest fellow-labourer had obtained from Mercury for not claiming either the gold or silver axe which the god first offered, threw his axe also into the water, hoping for like good fortune. Mercury—here seen standing in the stream—showed him a golden axe. He claimed it, and the god having rebuked him for his impudence, left him to lose his axe and repent of his folly. The painting of the picture is conspicuous for that want of sense for colour, noted above as fatally characteristic of Salvator. "There is on the left-hand side something without doubt intended for a rocky mountain, in the middle distance, near enough for all its fissures and crags to be distinctly visible, or, rather, for a great many awkward scratches of the brush over it to be visible, which, though not particularly representative either of one thing or another, are without doubt intended to be symbolical of rocks. Now no mountain in full light, and near enough for its details of crags to be seen, is without great variety of delicate colour. Salvator has painted it throughout without one instant of variation; but this, I suppose, is simplicity and generalisation;—let it pass: but what is the colour? *Pure sky blue*, without one grain of gray, or any modifying hue whatsoever; the same brush which had just given the bluest parts of the sky has been more loaded at the same part of the pallet, and the whole mountain thrown in with unmitigated ultramarine. Now mountains can only become pure blue when there is so much air between them that they become mere flat dark shades, every detail being totally lost: they become blue when they become air, and not till then. Consequently this part of Salvator's painting, being of hills perfectly clear and near, with all their details visible, is, as far as colour is concerned, broad, bold falsehood, the direct assertion of direct impossibility." In connection with Salvator's want

of sense for colour one should take his insensitiveness to other beauty. For instance his choice of withered trees, which are here on both sides of us, "is precisely the sign of his preferring ugliness to beauty, decrepitude and disorganisation to life and youth" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. ii. ch. ii. § 4; vol. v. pt. vi. ch. viii. § 7).

77. THE STONING OF ST. STEPHEN.

Domenichino (Eclectic-Bologna: 1581–1641).

See under 48, p. 311.

9. "LORD, WHITHER GOEST THOU?"

Annibale Carracci (Eclectic-Bologna: 1560–1609).

See under 93, p. 308.

The apostle Peter, according to a Catholic tradition, being terrified at the danger which threatened him in Rome, betook himself to flight. On the Via Appia our Saviour appeared to him bearing his cross. To Peter's question: Domine quo vadis? ("Lord, whither goest thou?") Christ replied, "To Rome, to suffer again crucifixion." Upon which the apostle retraced his steps, and received the crown of martyrdom. So much for the subject. As for its treatment, the note of almost comic exaggeration in St. Peter's attitude will not fail to strike the spectator; and "there is this objection to be made to the landscape, that, though the day is breaking over the distant hills and pediment on the right hand, there must be another sun somewhere out of the picture on the left hand, since the cast shadows from St. Peter and the Saviour fall directly to the right" (Landseer's *Catalogue*, p. 193).

75. ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

Domenichino (Eclectic-Bologna: 1581–1641).

See under 48, p. 311.

Compare this conventional representation of the subject with the imaginative one by Tintoretto (VII. 16, p. 135). Amongst points of comparison notice the absence of anything terrible in the dragon, the crowd of spectators (on the walls in the distance), St. George's helmet; and where is his spear?

200. THE MADONNA IN PRAYER.

Sassoferrato (Eclectic: 1605–1685). *See under* 740, p. 324.

193. LOT AND HIS DAUGHTERS LEAVING SODOM.
Guido (Eclectic-Bologna: 1575–1642). *See under* 196, p. 321.

This and the companion picture (196) are interesting as being two of the nation's conspicuously bad bargains. The purchase of them at very high prices, £1680 and £1260, was indeed one of the grievances that led to the Select Committee of the House of Commons, 1853, and to the subsequent reconstitution of the Gallery. "Expert" witnesses declared before the Committee that these two pictures ought not to have been bought at any price or even accepted as a gift. Mr. Ruskin had sometime previously written to the *Times* about them as follows: "Sir, if the canvasses of Guido, lately introduced into the Gallery, had been good works of even that bad master, which they are not,—if they had been genuine and untouched works, even though feeble, which they are not,—if, though false and retouched remnants of a feeble and fallen school, they had been endurably decent or elementarily instructive, some conceivable excuse might perhaps have been by ingenuity forged, and by impudence uttered, for their introduction into a gallery where we previously possessed two good Guidos (11 and 177, pp. 313, 327) . . . but now, sir, what vestige of an apology remains for the cumbering our walls with pictures that have no single virtue, no colour, no drawing, no character, no history, no thought?" (*Arrows of the Chace*, i. 64, 65).

163. VENICE: A VIEW ON THE GRAND CANAL.
Canaletto (Venetian: 1697–1768). *See under* 939, p. 316.

The Church, that of S. Simeone Piccolo, was built in Canaletto's time. "One of the ugliest churches in Venice or elsewhere. Its black dome, like an unusual species of gasometer, is the admiration of modern Italian architects" (*Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. Venetian Index, *s. v.* Simeone).

138. ANCIENT RUINS.
Giovanni Paolo Pannini (Roman: 1691–1764).

740. MADONNA AND CHILD.
Sassoferrato (Eclectic: 1605–1685).

Giovanni Battista Salvi, called Sassoferrato from his birthplace, not far from Urbino, is generally described as a follower of the Carracci,

but he seems to have been chiefly a copyist of Titian and Raphael. He also copied Perugino. Compare Sassoferrato's Madonnas with the earlier models, and the distinction between sentimentality and sentiment becomes plain.

28. SUSANNAH AND THE ELDERS.

Ludovico Carracci (Eclectic-Bologna: 1555–1619).

Ludovico is famous in art history as the founder of the Eclectic school of Bologna. Disgusted with the weakness of the Mannerists (of whom Baroccio, 29, p. 328, was the best), he determined to start a rival school, and enlisted the services of his two cousins, Agostino and Annibale, for that purpose. Their object, as expressed in a sonnet by Agostino, was to be to "acquire the design of Rome, Venetian action, and Venetian management of shade, the dignified colour of Lombardy (Leonardo), the terrible manner of Michael Angelo, Titian's truth and nature, the sovereign purity of Correggio's style, and the just symmetry of Raphael." Ludovico, who was the son of a Bolognese butcher,[1] was a man of very wide culture and of great industry. He superintended the school, at first conjointly with his cousins, afterwards alone, from 1589 to his death.

A less objectionable rendering than most, of the story of Susannah in the Apocrypha—a story for all time, setting forth as it does the way in which minions of the law too often prey upon the innocent, and the righteous condemnation that the people, when there are just judges in the land, mete out to the offenders. Two judges, "ancients of the people," approached Susannah and threatened to report her as guilty unless she consented to do their bidding. She refused, and was reported accordingly. Judgment had well-nigh gone against her, when Daniel arose to convict the elders of false witness, and they were straightway put to death. It is the moment of Susannah's temptation that the artist here depicts. "It is," says Hazlitt, (p. 5), "as if the young Jewish beauty had been just surprised in that unguarded spot—crouching down in one corner of the picture, the face turned back with a mingled expression of terror, shame, and unconquerable sweetness, and the whole figure, with the arms crossed, shrinking into itself with bewitching grace and modesty." But Hazlitt never took notes, and Susannah's arms are not crossed—nor is her expression quite so naïve as he describes.

[1] In the little-known collection in the Library of Christ Church, Oxford, there is a powerful but unpleasantly realistic picture of a butcher's shop by one of the Carracci, which is perhaps a family portrait.

643. THE CAPTURE OF CARTHAGENA.

Ascribed to Rinaldo Mantovano (Roman : early 16th century).

This and the companion picture, 644, p. 330, formerly ascribed to Giulio Romano, are now ascribed to Rinaldo of Mantua, one of the scholars whom Giulio formed when at work in that city. Rinaldo is mentioned by Vasari as the ablest painter that Mantua ever produced, and as having been "prematurely removed from the world by death."

In the upper compartment is represented the capture of New Carthage by the Roman general, Publius Cornelius Scipio, B.C. 210. He distinguished himself on that occasion by the generosity with which he treated the Spanish hostages kept there by the Carthaginians. This is the subject of the lower compartment. Among the hostages was a girl—hardly represented here as in the story, "so beautiful that all eyes turned upon her,"—whom Scipio protected from indignity and formally betrothed to her own lover: who is here advancing to touch the great man's hand, and when they brought thank-offerings to Scipio, he ordered them, as we see here, to be removed again: "accept them from me," he said, "as the girl's dowry" (*Livy*, xxvi. ch. 50).

56. LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES.

Annibale Carracci (Eclectic-Bologna : 1560–1609).

See under 93, p. 308.

941. VENICE: THE GRIMANI PALACE.

Canaletto (Venetian: 1697–1768). *See under* 939, p. 316.

This palace—situated on the Grand Canal and used until lately as the post-office—was built in the sixteenth century by San Micheli, and is "the principal type at Venice, and one of the best in Europe, of the central architecture of the Renaissance schools; that carefully studied and perfectly executed architecture to which those schools owe their principal claim to our respect, and which became the model of most of the important works subsequently produced by civilised nations. . . . It is composed of three stories of the Corinthian order (*i.e.* in which the ornament is concave, distinguished from Doric, in which it is convex), at once simple, delicate, and sublime; but on so colossal a scale that the three-storied palaces on its right and left only reach to the cornice which marks the level of its first floor" (*Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. ch. ii. §§ 1, 2). Buildings in the same style in London are St. Paul's and Whitehall.

177. THE MAGDALEN.

Guido (Eclectic-Bologna: 1575–1642). *See under* 196, p. 321.

Just such a picture as might have suggested the lines in Pope's epistle on "The Characters of Women"—

> Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
> In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye;
> Or dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
> With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine;
> Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
> If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Just such a picture, too, as Guido turned out in numbers. "He was specially fond," says one of his biographers, "of depicting faces with upraised looks, and he used to say that he had a hundred different modes" of thus supplying sentimentality to order.

174. PORTRAIT OF A CARDINAL.

Carlo Maratti (Roman: 1625–1713).

Carlo Maratti (called also Carlo delle Madonne, from the large number of Madonna pictures that he painted) was an imitator of Raphael, and for nearly half a century the most eminent painter in Rome. The portrait of a cardinal should have come kindly to him, for he was in the service of several popes, and was appointed superintendent of the Vatican Chambers by Innocent XI.

172. THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS.

Caravaggio (Naturalist: 1569–1609).

Michael Angelo Merigi is called Caravaggio from his birthplace of that name, near Milan. His life was not out of keeping with the characteristics of his art as described below. He had, we are told, an ungovernable temper, and led a roving life of not very reputable adventures.

One notices first in this picture the least important things—the supper before the company, the roast chicken before Christ. Next one sees how coarse and almost ruffianly are the disciples, represented as supping with their risen Lord at Emmaus (Luke xxiv. 30, 31). Both points are characteristic of the painter, who was driven by the insipidities of the preceding mannerists into a crude "realism," which made him resolve to describe sacred and historical events just as though they were being enacted in a slum by butchers and fishwives. His first altar-piece was removed by the priests for whom it was painted, as being too vulgar for such a subject. "It seems difficult

for realism, either in literature or art, not to fasten upon ugliness, vice, pain, and disease, as though these imperfections of our nature were more real than beauty, goodness, pleasure, and health. Therefore Caravaggio, the leader of a school which the Italians christened Naturalists, may be compared to Zola" (*Symonds*, vii. 389).

127. VENICE: THE SCUOLA DELLA CARITA.

Canaletto (Venetian: 1697–1768). *See under* 939, p. 316.

An interesting piece of "old Venice." Beyond the canal is what is now the National Gallery of Venice—the Academy of Arts—but was in Canaletto's time still the Scuola della Carità, the conventual buildings of the Brotherhood of our Lady of Charity. Notice the green grass in the little square: the Campo, as it is called (the field), is now covered with flagstones (there is a sketch of this spot among the Turner drawings given by Mr. Ruskin to the University Galleries at Oxford: see *Guide to the Venetian Academy*, p. 34).

63. LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES.

Annibale Carracci (Eclectic-Bologna: 1560–1609).
See under 93, p. 308.

This picture was originally in the Giustiniani Palace at Rome; hence the figures are supposed to represent (as stated on the frame) Prince Giustiniani and his attendants returning from the chase.

29. "OUR LADY OF THE CAT."

Federigo Barocci, called *Baroccio* (Umbrian: 1528–1612).

An admirable example of the decline of Italian art. The old religious spirit has entirely vanished, and the Holy Family is represented as worrying a bird with a cat! John the Baptist holds the little goldfinch; while the Madonna expressly directs the attention of the infant Christ to the fun. "See, the cat is trying to get at it," she seems to say. Behind the bird, the painter, in unconscious irony, has placed the Cross. The visitor who wishes to see how far Italian art has travelled in a hundred years should compare this picture with such an one as Bellini's (VII. 280, p. 153), or with one of Raphael's, of whom Baroccio was a fellow-countryman. The connecting link should then be seen in Correggio (IX. 23, p. 201), upon which master, as well as upon Raphael, Baroccio formed his

style. With Bellini or Perugino, the motive is wholly religious. With Raphael it is intermingled with artistic display. Correggio brings heaven wholly down to earth, but yet paints his domestic scene with lovely grace. Baroccio brings, one may almost say, heaven down to hell,[1] and uses all his skill to show the infant Saviour's pleasure in teasing a bird. But the artist only embodied the spirit of his time. Baroccio was one of the most celebrated painters of his day, and his biographer (Bellori) writes of him that "his pencil may be said to have been dedicated to religion: so devout, so tender, and so calculated to awaken feelings of piety are the sentiments expressed in his pictures."

933. BOY WITH A BIRD.

Alessandro Varotari, called *Padovanino* (Venetian: 1590–1650).

Contrast with this child caressing a dove Baroccio's Christ teasing a bird. Padovanino (so called from his birthplace, Padua) lived much at Venice, and shared perhaps the Venetian's fondness for pigeons—the sacred birds of St. Mark's, which are kept and fed in the great square to this day at the public charge.

271. "ECCE HOMO!"

Guido (Eclectic-Bologna: 1575–1642). *See under* 196, p. 321.

For the subject, see under IX. 15, by Correggio, p. 200. It was from Correggio that the Eclectics borrowed the type of face for this subject—which was a favourite one with them; but notice how much more they dwell on the physical pain and horror, how much less on the spiritual beauty, than Correggio did.

70. CORNELIA AND HER JEWELS.

Alessandro Varotari, called *Padovanino* (Venetian: 1590–1650).

Cornelia, a noble Roman lady, daughter of the elder Scipio Africanus, and mother of the Gracchi, was visited by a friend, who ostentatiously exhibited her jewels. Cornelia being asked to show hers in turn, pointed to her two sons, just then returning from school, and said, "These are my jewels."

[1] See Blake's *Auguries of Innocence.*

644. THE RAPE OF THE SABINES.

Ascribed to Rinaldo Mantovano (Roman : early 16th century). *See under* 643, p. 326.

Romulus, the founder of Rome—so the story goes—had collected a motley crew of men about him, and demanded women from the neighbouring states wherewith to people his kingdom. And when they refused, he determined to take them by stratagem. He appointed a day for a splendid sacrifice, with public games and shows, and the neighbouring Sabines flocked with their wives and daughters to see the sight. He himself presided, sitting among his nobles, clothed in purple. At a signal for the assault, he was to rise, gather up his robe, and fold it about him. Many of the people wore swords that day, and kept their eyes upon him, watching for the signal, which was no sooner given than they drew them, and, rushing on with a shout, seized the daughters of the Sabines, but quietly suffered the men to escape. This is the subject of the upper compartment of this picture. But afterwards the Sabines fought the Romans in order to recover their daughters. The battle was long and fierce, until the Sabine women threw themselves between the combatants and induced them to ratify the accomplished union with terms of friendship and alliance. This is the subject of the lower compartment—the intervention of the Sabine women in the right-hand part, the reconciliation in the left.

69. ST. JOHN PREACHING IN THE WILDERNESS.

Pietro Francesco Mola (Eclectic-Bologna : 1612–1668)

> The last, and greatest, herald of Heav'n's King,
> Girt with rough skins, hies to the desert wild : . . .
> There burst he forth—"All ye whose hopes rely
> On God ! with me amidst these deserts mourn ;
> Repent ! repent ! and from old errors turn."
> Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry ?
> Only the echoes, which he made relent,
> Rung from their flinty caves—Repent !—repent !
>
> DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN : *Flowers of Zion.*

1059. VENICE: SAN PIETRO IN CASTELLO.

Canaletto (Venetian : 1697–1768). *See under* 939, p. 316.

A humble church, typical of the humble origin of Venice, a city founded on the sands by fugitives. The church stands on one of the outermost islets, where, in the seventh

century, it is said that St. Peter appeared in person to the bishop of Heraclea, and commanded him to found, in his honour, a church in that spot. "The title of Bishop of Castello was first taken in 1091; St. Mark's was not made the cathedral church till 1807. . . . The present church is among the least interesting in Venice; a wooden bridge, something like that of Battersea on a small scale, connects its island, now almost deserted, with a wretched suburb of the city behind the arsenal; and a blank level of lifeless grass, rotted away in places rather than trodden, is extended before its mildewed façade and solitary tower" (*Stones of Venice*, vol. i. Appendix iv.)

88. ERMINIA AND THE SHEPHERD.

Annibale Carracci (Eclectic-Bologna: 1560–1609).
See under 93, p. 308.

A scene from the "Jerusalem Delivered" by Carracci's contemporary, Tasso. Erminia from the beleaguered city of Jerusalem had beheld the Christian knight, Tancred, whom she loved, wounded in conflict. Disguised in the armour of her friend Clorinda, wearing a dark blue cuirass with a white mantle over it, she stole forth at night to tend him. The sentinels espy her and give her chase. But she outstrips them all, and after a three days' flight finds herself amongst a shepherd family, who entertain her kindly. The old shepherd is busy making card-baskets, and listening to the music of his children. Their fear gives place to delight as the strange warrior, having dismounted from her horse and thrown off her helmet and shield, unbinds her tresses and discloses herself a woman—

An old man, on a rising ground,
In the fresh shade, his white flocks feeding near,
Twig baskets wove; and listen'd to the sound
Trill'd by three blooming boys, who sat disporting round.
These, at the shining of her silver arms,
Were seized at once with wonder and despair;
But sweet Erminia sooth'd their vain alarms,
Discovering her dove's eyes and golden hair.
"Follow," she said, "dear innocents, the care
Of heaven, your fanciful employ;
For the so formidable arms I bear,
No cruel warfare bring, nor harsh annoy
To your engaging tasks, to your sweet songs of joy."

From Landseer's *Catalogue*, p. 214.

938. VENICE: REGATTA ON THE GRAND CANAL.

Canaletto (Venetian: 1697–1768). *See under* 939, p. 316.

A state regatta—a pastime which owes its origin to Venice—in honour of the visit to the city of the King of Denmark in 1709. In the centre of the canal are the gondoliers, racing; to the sides are moored the spectators, the gala barges of the nobles conspicuous amongst them. The variegated building on the left is a temporary pavilion for the distribution of prizes. These regattas at Venice took the place of our royal processions here. "Wherever the eye turned, it beheld a vast multitude at doorways, on the quays, and even on the roofs. Some of the spectators occupied scaffoldings erected at favourable points along the sides of the canal; and the patrician ladies did not disdain to leave their palaces, and, entering their gondolas, lose themselves among the infinite number of the boats" (*Feste Veneziane:* quoted in Howells's *Venetian Life*, ii. 69). Another custom in which we have begun to imitate the Venetians, and which may be seen in this picture, is that of hanging out carpets and stuffs by way of decorations. "The windows and balconies," says the same account, "were decked with damasks, stuffs of the Levant, tapestries, and velvets;" a very old Venetian custom: see under 937, p. 315.

191. THE YOUTHFUL CHRIST AND ST. JOHN.

Guido (Eclectic-Bologna: 1575–1642). *See under* 196, p. 321.

St. John is charming in the beauty of boyhood. In the youthful Christ the painter has striven after something more "ideal," and has produced a namby-pamby, goody-goody face—characteristic of the artist's narrow creed.

1058. VENICE: THE CANAL REGGIO.

Canaletto (Venetian: 1697–1768). *See under* 939, p. 316.

One of the principal water-ways, after the Grand Canal, in Venice. The picture is a good instance of this painter's method of representing water. He "covers the whole space of it with one monotonous ripple, composed of a coat of well-chosen, but perfectly opaque and smooth sea-green, covered with a certain number, I cannot state the exact average, but it varies from three hundred and fifty to four hundred and upwards, according to the extent of canvas to be covered, of white concave

touches, which are very properly symbolical of ripple.[1] . . . If it be but remembered that every one of the surfaces of those multitudinous ripples is in nature a mirror which catches, according to its position, either the image of the sky, or of the silver beaks of the gondolas, or of their black bodies and scarlet draperies, or of the white marble, or the green sea-weed on the low stones, it cannot but be felt that those waves would have something more of colour upon them than that opaque dead green. . . . Venice is sad and silent now to what she was in his time; but even yet, could I but place the reader at early morning on the quay below the Rialto, when the market boats, full-laden, float into groups of golden colour, and let him watch the dashing of the water about their glittering steely heads, and under the shadows of the vine leaves; and show him the purple of the grapes and the figs, and the glowing of the scarlet gourds, carried away in long streams upon the waves; and among them, the crimson fish-baskets, plashing and sparkling and flaming as the morning sun falls on their wet tawny sides; and above, the painted sails of the fishing-boats, orange and white, scarlet and blue,—he would not be merciful to Canaletto any more" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. v. ch. i. §§ 18, 19).

[1] The visitor should contrast Canaletto's painting of still water with Turner's (see under XIX. 535, p. 630).

☞ *Visitors who have made the tour of the Italian Schools, and now wish to examine the Northern Schools historically, should go* (1) *to Room XI., and then* (2) *to Rooms X. and XII.*

ROOM XIV

THE FRENCH SCHOOL

Whate'er Lorraine *light-touch'd* with *softening* hue,
Or *savage* Rosa *dash'd*, or *learned* Poussin *drew.*

THOMSON.

OF the pictures in this room nearly all the more important are the works of three masters—Claude and the two Poussins. It is of them, therefore, that a few general remarks will here be made. It should be noticed in the first place how very different this French School of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is from the French School of to-day. The latter school is distinguished for its technical skill, which makes Paris the chief centre of art teaching in the world, but, also, and still more markedly, for its "excessive realism and gross sensuality." "A few years ago," adds Professor Middleton, "a gold medal was won at the Paris *Salon* by a 'naturalist' picture—a real masterpiece of technical skill. It represented Job as an emaciated old man covered with ulcers, carefully studied in the Paris hospitals for skin diseases." There could not be a greater contrast than between such art as that and the "ideal" landscapes of Claude, the Bacchanalian scenes of Poussin, or the soft girl-faces of Greuze.

Confining ourselves now to Claude and the Poussins—

with whom, however, the contemporary works of Salvator Rosa (in Room XIII.) should be studied, we note that in spite of considerable differences between them they agree in marking a great advance in the art of landscape painting. The old conventionalism has now altogether disappeared; there is an attempt to paint nature as she really is. There are effects of nature, too,—not shown in any earlier pictures, and here painted for the first time,—graceful effects of foliage, smooth surface of water, diffusion of yellow sunlight. In some of these effects Claude has never been surpassed; but when his pictures are more closely examined, they are found to be vitiated by two faults. First, they are untrue to the forms of nature. Trees are not branched, nor rocks formed, nor mountains grouped as Claude or Poussin represents them. Secondly, their whole conception of landscape, and especially of its relation to human life, is debased by the "classical ideal," to which as far as possible they made their pictures approach. This "classical" landscape is "the representation of (1) perfectly trained and civilised human life; (2) associated with perfect natural scenery, and (3) with decorative spiritual powers. (1) There are no signs in it of humiliating labour or abasing misfortune. Classical persons must be trained in all the polite arts, and, because their health is to be perfect, chiefly in the open air. Hence the architecture around them must be of the most finished kind, the rough country and ground being subdued by frequent and happy humanity. (2) Such personages and buildings must be associated with natural scenery, uninjured by storms or inclemency of climate (such injury implying interruption of the open air life); and it must be scenery conducing to pleasure, not to material service; all cornfields, orchards, olive-yards, and such-like being under the management of slaves, and the superior beings having nothing to do with them; but passing their lives under avenues of scented and otherwise delightful trees—under picturesque rocks and by clear fountains. It is curious, as marking the classical spirit, that a sailing vessel is hardly admissible, but a galley with oars is admissible, because the rowers may be conceived as absolute slaves. (3) The

spiritual powers in classical scenery must be decorative; ornamental gods, not governing gods; otherwise they could not be subjected to the principles of taste, but would demand reverence. In order, therefore, as far as possible, without taking away their supernatural power, to destroy their dignity . . . those only are introduced who are the lords of lascivious pleasures. For the appearance of any great god would at once destroy the whole theory of classical life; therefore Pan, Bacchus, and the Satyrs, with Venus and the Nymphs, are the principal spiritual powers of the classical landscape" (abridged from *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. v. §§ 1-8).

A survey of the pictures in this room will suffice to show how accurately this description covers the work of Claude and Poussin. But it may finally be interesting to point out how entirely their ideal accords with the prevailing taste and literature of their time. The painting of Claude and Salvator precisely corresponds to what is called "*pastoral* poetry, that is to say, poetry written in praise of the country, by men who lived in coffee-houses and on the Mall[1]— . . . the class of poetry in which a farmer's girl is spoken of as a 'nymph,' and a farmer's boy as a 'swain,' and in which, throughout, a ridiculous and unnatural refinement is supposed to exist in rural life, merely because the poet himself has neither had the courage to endure its hardships, nor the wit to conceive its realities. . . . Examine the novels of Smollett, Fielding, and Sterne, the comedies of Molière, and the writings of Johnson and Addison, and I do not think you will find a single expression of true delight in sublime nature in any one of them. Perhaps Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, in its total absence of sentiment on any subject but humanity . . . is the most striking instance; . . . and if you compare with this negation of feeling on one side, the interludes of Molière, in which shepherds

[1] Elsewhere Mr. Ruskin speaks of "Twickenham classicism" (with a side allusion, of course, to Pope) "consisting principally in conceptions of ancient or of rural life such as have influenced the erection of most of our suburban villas" (*Pre-Raphaelitism*, reprinted in *On the Old Road*, i. 283).

and shepherdesses are introduced in court dress, you will have a very accurate conception of the general spirit of the age.[1] It was in such a state of society that the landscape of Claude, Gaspar Poussin, and Salvator Rosa attained its reputation. It is the complete expression on canvas of the spirit of the time. Claude embodies the foolish pastoralism, Salvator the ignorant terror, and Gaspar Poussin the dull and affected erudition" (Edinburgh *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, pp. 163-167). The reputation thus gained survived almost into the present century, until Wordsworth in poetry and Turner in painting led the return to nature, and the modern school of landscape arose.

N.B.—*Visitors should here make a slight deviation from their usual "left to right" progress round the rooms, and look first at the two pictures "on the line" to the right on entering. The reason for this will be immediately explained.*

12. ISAAC AND REBECCA, OR "THE MILL"[2]

Claude (French 1600–1682). *See under* 1018, p. 348.

This and the Claude on the other side of the door (14) are of peculiar interest as being the two which Turner selected for

[1] In a later lecture on landscape (delivered at Oxford and reported in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, December 10, 1884) Mr. Ruskin cited Evelyn (who was nearly contemporary with Claude) as another case in point: "We passed through a forest (of Fontainebleau)," says Evelyn, "so prodigiously encompass'd with hideous rocks of white hard stone, heaped one on another in mountainous height, that I think the like is nowhere to be found more horrid and solitary." Then he describes Richelieu's villa, with its "walks of vast lengths, so accurately kept and cultivated that nothing can be more agreeable," and its "large and very rare grotto of shell-work, in the shape of satyrs and other wild fancies." "He has pulled down a whole village to make room for his pleasure about it"—making a solitude and calling it delight. And then, lastly, Mr. Ruskin read an account of how Evelyn took his pleasure in the Alps, passing through the "strange, horrid, and fearful craggs of the Simplon Pass." It is interesting to note how long this ignorance of mountains lasted, even amongst painters. James Barry, the R.A., was "amazed at finding the realities of the Alps grander than the imaginations of Salvator," and writes to Edmund Burke from Turin in 1766 to say that he saw the moon from the Mont Cenis five times as big as usual, "from being so much nearer to it"! (*Arrows of the Chace*, i. 22, 23)

[2] The picture is inscribed "Mariage d'Isaac avec Rebecca," but it is a repetition with some variations in detail of the Claude know as *Il Molino* (The Mill) in the Doria palace at Rome. Mr. Ruskin characterises this

"the noble passage of arms to which he challenged his rival from the grave." He left two of his own pictures to the nation on the express condition that they should always hang side by side—as they are hanging to-day—with these two by Claude.[1] To fully discuss the comparative merits of the pictures would be beyond the scope of this handbook; the whole of the first volume of *Modern Painters* was written to establish the superiority of Turner.[2] We can only select a few leading points. "The greatest picture is that which conveys the greatest number of the greatest ideas." Let us try this picture by that test.

Take first what Mr. Ruskin calls "ideas of relation," by which he means "the perception of intellectual relations, includ-

version of the subject as a "villanous and unpalliated copy." "There is not," he adds, "one touch or line of even decent painting in the whole picture; but as connoisseurs have considered it a Claude, as it has been put in our Gallery for a Claude, and as people admire it every day for a Claude, I may at least presume it has those qualities of Claude in it which are wont to excite the public admiration, though it possesses none of those which sometimes give him claim to it; and I have so reasoned, and shall continue to reason upon it, especially with respect to facts of form, which cannot have been much altered by the copyist" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. iii. ch. i. § 9, sec. iv. ch. ii. § 8).

[1] The following is the text of this portion of Turner's will: "I give and bequeath unto the Trustees and Directors for the time being of a certain Society or Institution, called the 'National Gallery' or Society, the following pictures or paintings by myself, namely Dido Building Carthage, and the picture formerly in the De Tabley collection. To hold the said pictures or paintings unto the said Trustees and Directors of this said Society for the time being, in trust for the said Institution or Society for ever, subject, nevertheless, to, for, and upon the following reservations and restrictions only; that is to say, I direct that the said pictures or paintings shall be hung, kept, and placed, that is to say, always between the two pictures painted by Claude, The Seaport and Mill." The "picture formerly in the De Tabley collection" is the "Sun rising in a Mist," 479. Turner bought it back at Lord de Tabley's sale at Christie's in 1827 for £514 : 10s., and ever afterwards refused to part with it. The other picture, the Carthage (498), was returned unsold from the Academy, and Turner always kept it in his gallery. His friend Chantrey used to make him offers for it, but each time its price rose higher. "Why, what in the world, Turner, are you going to do with the picture?" he asked. "Be buried in it," Turner replied—a remark he often made to other friends.

[2] It is not perhaps without significance that up to 1857 Claude's name nearly always appears in the lists of "pictures most frequently copied" given in the Director's Annual Reports. In that year Turner's pictures were exhibited. In the very next year Claude disappears from the list, and Turner heads it (with the "Old Téméraire," XXII. 524, p. 613). From that time to this Claude has hardly ever been amongst the most frequently copied masters, but Turner has always been.

ing everything productive of expression, sentiment, character." Now from this point of view this picture is a particularly clear instance of Claude's "inability to see the main point in a matter" or to present any harmonious conception. "The foreground is a piece of very lovely and perfect forest scenery, with a dance of peasants by a brook side; quite enough subject to form, in the hands of a master, an impressive and complete picture. On the other side of the brook, however, we have a piece of pastoral life; a man with some bulls and goats tumbling headforemost into the water, owing to some sudden paralytic affection of all their legs. Even this group is one too many; the shepherd had no business to drive his flock so near the dancers, and the dancers will certainly frighten the cattle. But when we look farther into the picture, our feelings receive a sudden and violent shock, by the unexpected appearance, amidst things pastoral and musical, of the military; a number of Roman soldiers riding in on hobby-horses, with a leader on foot, apparently encouraging them to make an immediate and decisive charge on the musicians. Beyond the soldiers is a circular temple, in exceedingly bad repair; and close beside it, built against its very walls, a neat watermill in full work. By the mill flows a large river with a weir all across it. The weir has not been made for the mill (for that receives its water from the hills by a trough carried over the temple), but it is particularly ugly and monotonous in its line of fall, and the water below forms a dead-looking pond, on which some people are fishing in punts. The banks of this river resemble in contour the later geological formations around London, constituted chiefly of broken pots and oyster-shells. At an inconvenient distance from the water-side stands a city, composed of twenty-five round towers and a pyramid. Beyond the city is a handsome bridge; beyond the bridge, part of the Campagna, with fragments of aqueducts; beyond the Campagna the chain of the Alps; on the left, the cascades of Tivoli. This is, I believe, a fair example of what is commonly called an 'ideal' landscape; *i.e.* a group of the artist's studies from Nature, individually spoiled, selected with such opposition of character as may ensure their neutralising each other's effect, and united with sufficent unnaturalness and violence of association to ensure their producing a general sensation of the impossible. Let us analyse the separate subjects a little in this ideal work of Claude's. Perhaps there is no more impressive scene on earth

than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome under evening light. . . . A dull purple poisonous haze stretches level along the desert, veiling its spectral wrecks of massy ruins, on whose rents the red light rests, like dying fire on defiled altars. The blue ridge of the Alban Mount lifts itself against a solemn space of green, clear, quiet sky. Watch-towers of dark clouds stand steadfastly along the promontories of the Apennines. From the plain to the mountains the shattered aqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into darkness, like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners, passing from a nation's grave. Let us, with Claude, make a few 'ideal' alterations in this landscape. First, we will reduce the multitudinous precipices of the Apennines to four sugar loaves. Secondly, we will remove the Alban Mount, and put a large dust-heap in its stead. Next we will knock down the greater part of the aqueducts, and leave only an arch or two, that their infinity of length may no longer be painful from its monotony. For the purple mist and declining sun, we will substitute a bright blue sky, with round white clouds. Finally, we will get rid of the unpleasant ruins in the foreground; we will plant some handsome trees therein, we will send for some fiddlers, and get up a dance, and a picnic party. It will be found, throughout the picture, that the same species of improvement is made on the materials which Claude had ready to his hand. The descending slopes of the city of Rome, towards the pyramid of Caius Cestius, supply not only lines of the most exquisite variety and beauty, but matter for contemplation and reflection in every fragment of their buildings. This passage has been idealised by Claude into a set of similar round towers, respecting which no idea can be formed but that they are uninhabitable, and to which no interest can be attached beyond the difficulty of conjecturing what they could have been built for. The ruins of the temple are rendered unimpressive by the juxtaposition of the watermill, and inexplicable by the introduction of the Roman soldiers. The glide of the muddy streams of the melancholy Tiber and Anio through the Campagna is impressive in itself, but altogether ceases to be so when we disturb their stillness of motion by a weir, adorn their neglected flow with a handsome bridge, and cover their solitary surface with punts, nets, and fishermen. It cannot, I think, be expected, that landscapes like this should have any effect on the human heart, except to harden or to degrade it; to lead it from the love of

what is simple, earnest, and pure, to what is as sophisticated and corrupt in arrangement, as erring and imperfect in detail. So long as such works are held up for imitation, landscape painting must be a manufacture, its productions must be toys, and its patrons must be children" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i., preface to Second Edition, pp. xxxvi.-xxxix.)

Take now the "ideas of truth" in the picture—the perception, that is to say, of faithfulness in a statement of facts by the thing produced. And first (1) for truth of *colour*. "Can it be seriously supposed that those murky browns and melancholy greens are representative of the tints of leaves under full noonday sun? I know that you cannot help looking upon all these pictures as pieces of dark relief against a light wholly proceeding from the distances; but they are nothing of the kind, they are noon and morning effects with full lateral light. Be so kind as to match the colour of a leaf in the sun (the darkest you like) as nearly as you can, and bring your matched colour and set it beside one of these groups of trees, and take a blade of common grass, and set it beside any part of the fullest light of their foregrounds, and then talk about the truth of colour of the old masters!" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. ii. ch. ii. § 5). (2) Next for truth of *chiaroscuro*. Claude neglects that distinctness of shadow which is the chief means of expressing vividness of light. Thus "the trunks of the trees between the water-wheel and the white figure in the middle distance, are dark and visible; but their shadows are scarcely discernible on the ground, and are quite vague and lost in the building. In nature, every bit of the shadow, both on the ground and building, would have been defined and conspicuous; while the trunks themselves would have been faint, confused, and indistinguishable, in their illumined parts,[1] from the grass or distance" (*ibid.*, ch. iii. § 4). (3) Thirdly, for truth of *space*. In nature everything is indistinct, but nothing vacant. But look at the city on the right bank of the river. "I have seen many cities in my life, and drawn not a few; and I have seen many fortifications, fancy ones included, which frequently supply us with very new

[1] "So in N. Poussin's "Phocion" (40, p. 363), the shadow of the stick on the stone in the right-hand corner, is shaded off and lost, while you see the stick plainly all the way. In nature's sunlight it would have been the direct reverse: you would have seen the shadow black and sharp all the way down; but you would have had to look for the stick, which in all probability would in several places have been confused with the stone behind it" (*ibid*).

ideas indeed, especially in matters of proportion; but I do not remember ever having met with either a city or a fortress *entirely* composed of round towers of various heights and sizes, all facsimiles of each other, and absolutely agreeing in the number of battlements. I have, indeed, some faint recollection of having delineated such a one in the first page of a spelling book when I was four years old; but, somehow or other, the dignity and perfection of the ideal were not appreciated, and the volume was not considered to be increased in value by the frontispiece. Without, however, venturing to doubt the entire sublimity of the same ideal as it occurs in Claude, let us consider how nature, if she had been fortunate enough to originate so perfect a conception, would have managed it in its details. Claude has permitted us to see every battlement, and the first impulse we feel upon looking at the picture is to count how many there are. Nature would have given us a peculiar confused roughness of the upper lines, a multitude of intersections and spots, which we should have known from experience was indicative of battlements, but which we might as well have thought of creating as of counting. Claude has given you the walls below in one dead void of uniform gray. There is nothing to be seen or felt, or guessed at in it; it is gray paint or gray shade, whichever you may choose to call it, but it is nothing more. Nature would have let you see, nay, would have compelled you to see, thousands of spots or lines, not one to be absolutely understood or accounted for, but yet all characteristic and different from each other; breaking lights on shattered stones, vague shadows from waving vegetation, irregular stains of time and weather, mouldering hollows, sparkling casements: all would have been there; none indeed, seen as such, none comprehensible or like themselves, but all visible; little shadows and sparkles, and scratches, making that whole space of colour a transparent, palpitating, various infinity"[1] (*ibid.*, ch. v. § 7). (4) Lastly, the picture entirely ignores truth of *mountains.* And this in two ways. First, there is a total want of magnitude and aerial distance. "In the distance is something white, which I believe must be intended for a snowy mountain, because I do not see that it can well be intended for anything else. Now no mountain of elevation sufficient to be sheeted with perpetual snow can by any possibility sink so low on the

[1] Compare on this point G. Poussin's "Abraham and Isaac" (31, p. 359).

horizon as this something of Claude's, unless it be at a distance of from fifty to seventy miles. At such distances . . . the mountains rise from the horizon like tranparent films, only distinguishable from mist by their excessively keen edges and their brilliant flashes of sudden light; they are as unsubstantial as the air itself, and impress their enormous size by means of this aerialness, in a far greater degree at these vast distances, than even when towering above the spectator's head.[1] Now, I ask of the candid observer, if there be the smallest vestige of an effort to attain, if there be the most miserable, the most contemptible, shadow of attainment of such an effect by Claude? Does that white thing on the horizon look seventy miles off? Is it faint, or fading, or to be looked for by the eye before it can be found out? Does it look high? Does it look large? Does it look impressive? You cannot but feel that there is not a vestige of any kind or species of truth in that horizon; and that however artistical it may be, as giving brilliancy to the distance (though as far as I have any feeling in the matter, it only gives coldness), it is, in the very branch of art on which Claude's reputation chiefly rests, aerial perspective, hurling defiance to nature in her very teeth. But there are worse failures in this unlucky distance. . . . No mountain was ever raised to the level of perpetual snow without an infinite multiplicity of form. Its foundation is built of a hundred minor mountains, and from these, great buttresses run in converging ridges to the central peak. . . . Consequently, in distant effect, when chains of such peaks are visible at once, the multiplicity of form is absolutely oceanic; and though it is possible in near scenes to find vast and simple masses composed of lines which run unbroken for a thousand feet or more, it is physically impossible when these masses are thrown seventy miles back to have simple outlines, for then these large features become mere jags and hillocks, and are heaped and huddled together in endless confusion. . . . Hence these mountains of Claude, having no indication of the steep vertical summits which are characteristic of the central ridges, having soft edges instead

[1] One may compare with Mr. Ruskin's description the similar one by Tennyson of a distant view of Monte Rosa—

> How faintly-flush'd, how phantom-fair,
> Was Monte Rosa, hanging there
> A thousand shadowy-pencill'd valleys
> And snowy dells in a golden air.
>
> *The Daisy.*

of decisive ones, simple forms instead of varied and broken ones, and being painted with a crude raw white, having no transparency, nor filminess, nor air in it, instead of rising in the opalescent mystery which invariably characterises the distant snows, have the forms and the colours of heaps of chalk in a limekiln, not of Alps" (*ibid.*, sec. iv. ch. ii. §§ 8, 9).

479. THE SUN RISING IN A MIST.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (English: 1775–1851). *See* p. 574.

This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1807, and belongs therefore to his first period (see p. 588), which was distinguished by "subdued colour and perpetual reference to precedent in composition." This effect of sunrise in a mist was a favourite one with Dutch painters, and Turner, when he went to the sea-shore, painted it in the Dutch manner. A time was to come when he would paint the sun rising no longer in a mist. Yet from the first, the bent of his own mind was visible in his work. He paints no such ideal futilities as are pointed out above in Claude's picture, but fishermen engaged in their daily toil. One of his father's best friends was a fishmonger, whom he often visited: "which gives us a friendly turn of mind towards herring-fishing, whaling, Calais poissardes, and many other of our choicest subjects in after-life." He was the painter not of "pastoral indolence or classic pride, but of the labour of men, by sea and land" (*Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. ix.)

498. DIDO BUILDING CARTHAGE.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (English: 1775–1851). *See* p. 574.

From the technical point of view this is not one of Turner's best pictures. It was exhibited in 1815, and belongs therefore to his first period, when he had still not completely exorcised "the brown demon." The picture, says Mr. Ruskin, "is quite unworthy of Turner as a colourist," "his eye for colour unaccountably fails him,"[1] and "the foreground is heavy and evidently paint, if we compare it with genuine passages of Claude's sunshine" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 45, sec. ii. ch. i. § 13, ch. ii. § 18).

[1] It may be worth noting that, according to the son of Turner's friend, Trimmer, this picture "had an entire new sky painted at the desire of Lawrence and other brother artists, who, when he had altered it, said the picture was ruined" (Thornbury's *Life of Turner*, i. 175).

But there is a noble idea in the picture. Dido, Queen of Carthage, surrounded by her people, and with plans and papers about her, is superintending the building of the city which was to become the great maritime power of the ancient world. "The principal object in the foreground (on the left) is a group of children sailing toy boats. The exquisite choice of this incident, as expressive of the ruling passion which was to be the source of future greatness, in preference to the tumult of busy stone-masons or arming soldiers, is quite as appreciable when it is told as when it is seen,—it has nothing to do with the technicalities of painting; a scratch of the pen would have conveyed the idea and spoken to the intellect as much as the elaborate realisations of colour. Such a thought as this is something far above all art; it is epic poetry of the highest order. Claude, in subjects of the same kind (see the next picture), commonly introduces people carrying red trunks with iron locks about, and dwells, with infantine delight, on the lustre of the leather and the ornaments of the iron. The intellect can have no occupation here; we must look to the imitation or to nothing. Consequently Turner arises above Claude in the very first instant of the conception of his picture, and acquires an intellectual superiority which no powers of the draughtsman or the artist (supposing that such existed in his antagonist) could ever wrest from him" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. i. sec. i. ch. vii. § 2).

14. SEAPORT: QUEEN OF SHEBA.

Claude (French: 1600–1682). *See under* 1018, p. 348.

This seaport—inscribed in the right corner "La Reine de Saba va trouver Salomon"—is usually ranked as one of Claude's masterpieces. The picture which Turner selected to vie with it is, on the other hand, not one of his best. Yet Turner starts with at least one great advantage: there is no thought in his rival's work. The queen is starting for a distant expedition, and was going in great state (she went "with a very great company, and camels that bare spices, and gold in abundance, and precious stones"); yet the prominent incident in the picture is the carrying of one schoolgirl's trunk. She is going by sea, and is setting out in the early morning (for the sun is represented only a little above the horizon); [1]

[1] Amongst the curiosities of criticisms are the differences between experts as to whether this is a morning, or an evening, effect. Contra-

yet she has no wraps, nor even a head-dress. So much for the general idea of the picture. The "tame waves" are beautifully painted, but show Claude's usual limitation. "A man accustomed to the broad, wild sea-shore, with its bright breakers, and free winds, and sounding rocks, and eternal sensation of tameless power, can scarcely but be angered when Claude bids him stand still on some paltry chipped and chiselled quay, with porters and wheel-barrows running against him, to watch a weak, rippling, bound and barriered water, that has not strength enough in one of its waves to upset the flower-pots on the wall, or even to fling one jet of spray over the confining stone"[1] (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 5). Claude's ships, too, and his conception of sea-ports generally show a strange want of true imagination. His ships, "having hulls of a shape something between a cocoa-nut and a high-heeled shoe, balanced on their keels on the top of the water, with some scaffolding and cross-sticks above, and a flag at the top of every stick, form perhaps the *purest* exhibition of human inanity and fatuity which the arts have yet produced. The harbours also, in which these model navies ride, are worthy of all observation for the intensity of the false taste which, endeavouring to unite in them the characters of pleasure-ground and port, destroys the veracity of both. There are many inlets of the Italian seas where sweet gardens and regular terraces descend to the water's edge; but these are not the spots where merchant vessels anchor, or where bales are disembarked. On the other hand, there are many busy quays and noisy arsenals upon the shores of Italy; but queens' palaces are not built upon the quays, nor are the docks in any wise adorned with conservatories or ruins. It was reserved for the genius of Claude to combine the luxurious with the lucrative, and rise to a commercial ideal, in which cables are fastened to temple pillars, and lighthouses adorned with rows of beaupots" (*Harbours of England*, pp. 17, 18). Notice, lastly, the "atrocious error in ordinary perspective" in the quay on the left on which the figure is sitting

dictory opinions on the point were submitted to the Select Committee of 1853, but as the picture had been "restored," each side was able to impute the difficulty of deciding to the "ruinous" nature of that operation.

[1] It may be interesting to note on the other side that Dr. Waagen (whose experience of the sea is given on p. 216 *n.*) finds the waves in this picture to "run high," and to be "extraordinarily deep and full."

with his hand at his eyes[1] (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. i. sec. i. ch. v. § 5, pt. ii. sec. vi. ch. ii. § 1).

660. A MAN'S PORTRAIT.

François Clouet (French: about 1510–1574).

François Clouet, like his father Jeannet before him, was court painter to the King of France. Jeannet was, however, probably a Netherlander, and François remained faithful to the old northern style of painting. This and the other portrait ascribed to him (1190, p. 368) might well be taken for works of the Flemish School.

947. A PORTRAIT.

Unknown.

36. A LAND STORM.

Gaspar Poussin (French: 1613–1675).

See under 31, p. 359.

The one gleam of light breaking through the clouds falls on the watch-tower of a castle, perched on a rock—"a stately image of stability," where all things else are bent beneath the power of the storm. The spirit of the picture is, however, better than its execution. Take, for instance, the clouds. They are mere "massive concretions of ink and indigo, wrung and twisted very hard, apparently in a vain effort to get some moisture out of them" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. iii. ch. iv. § 6). In the tree forms, again, Mr. Ruskin sees a concentration of errors. The foreground tree is "a piece of atrocity which, I think, to any person who candidly considers it, may save me all further trouble of demonstrating the errors of ancient art. I do not in the least suspect the picture; the tones of it, and much of the handling are masterly; yet that foreground tree comprises every conceivable violation of truth which the human hand can commit, or head invent, in drawing a tree, except only that it is not drawn root uppermost. It has no bark, no roughness nor character of stem; its boughs do not grow out of each other, but are stuck into each other; they ramify without diminishing, diminish without ramifying, are terminated by no complicated sprays, have their leaves tied to their ends like the heads of Dutch brooms; and finally, and chiefly, they are evidently not made of wood, but of some soft elastic substance, which the wind can stretch out as it pleases,

[1] Compare for equally defective perspective the covered portico in 30, p. 352.

for there is not a vestige of an angle in any one of them. *Now the fiercest wind that ever blew upon the earth could not take the angles out of the bough of a tree an inch thick.* The whole bough bends together, retaining its elbows, and angles, and natural form, but affected throughout with curvature in each of its parts and joints. . . . You will find it difficult to bend the angles out of the youngest sapling, if they be marked; and absolutely impossible, with a strong bough. You may break it, but you will not destroy its angles. And if you watch a tree in the wildest storm, you will find that though all its boughs are bending, none lose their character but the utmost shoots and sapling spray. Hence Gaspar Poussin, by his bad drawing, does not make his stem strong, but his tree weak; he does not make his gust violent, but his boughs of Indian-rubber" (*ibid.*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. vi. ch. i. §§ 12, 13).

236. CASTLE OF SANT' ANGELO, ROME.

Claude Joseph Vernet (French: 1714–1789).

Vernet (grandfather of Horace Vernet, and himself one of the most celebrated of French artists) lived for twenty years in Rome, and here gives us the past and present of the Imperial City as he saw it. Behind is the castle which the Emperor Hadrian had built for his family tomb, in which were buried several of the Emperors after him, and the history of which in the Middle Ages was almost the history of Rome itself. In front is a fête on the Tiber, with a fashionable crowd in crinolines watching the boats tilting on the river.

1018. A CLASSICAL LANDSCAPE.

Claude Lorraine (French: 1600–1682).

Claude Gelée was born, the son of humble parents (to the end he was an unlettered man), in a house which may still be seen in the village of Champagne in the Vosges, and thus derives his name of Lorraine from his native province. He was brought up, it is said, as a pastry-cook, but he entered the household of Agostino Tassi, a Perugian landscape painter, at Rome, in the capacity of general factotum, and from him received his first instruction in art. Subsequently he travelled to the Tyrol and to Venice—the influence of which place may be seen in the "gentle ripples of waveless seas" in his Seaports. After working for some time at Nancy, the capital of Lorraine, he returned in October 1627 to Rome, and there settled down for the remainder of his life. The house which he inhabited may still be seen at the angle of the streets Sistina and Gregoriana. Of his life at Rome many interesting particulars are given by his friend Sandrart, a German painter, who

was for some years his companion. "In order," says Sandrart, "that he might be able to study closely the innermost secrets of nature, he used to linger in the open air from before daybreak even to nightfall, so that he might learn to depict with a scrupulous adherence to nature's model the changing phases of dawn, the rising and setting sun, as well as the hours of twilight. . . . In this most difficult and toilsome mode of study he spent many years; making excursions into the country every day, and returning even after a long journey without finding it irksome. Sometimes I have chanced to meet him amongst the steepest cliffs at Tivoli, handling the brush before those well-known waterfalls, and painting the actual scene, not by the aid of imagination or invention, but according to the very objects which nature placed before him."[1] (One of these sketches is now in the British Museum.) On one expedition to Tivoli, Claude was accompanied, we know, by Poussin, but for the most part he lived a secluded life; "he did not," says Sandrart, "in everyday life much affect the civilities of polite society." Such seclusion must partly have been necessary to enable Claude to cope with the commissions that crowded in upon him. For the Pope, Urban VIII., he painted the four pictures now in the Louvre, and the three succeeding popes were all among his patrons. So was Cardinal Mazarin and the Duke of Bouillon, the Papal Commander-in-Chief, for whom amongst other pictures he painted two (12 and 14) in this Gallery. England was a great buyer of his works: nineteen were ordered from here in 1644 alone; and commissions came also from Denmark and the Low Countries. One sees the pressure of a busy man in the number of "stock" subjects which he repeated. He suffered much too from forgers, and it was partly to check the sale of fictitious Claudes that he prepared his "Liber Veritatis"—a collection of drawings of all his pictures, now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. Two hundred and seventy more of his drawings may be seen in the British Museum. For his figures, however, he was glad of outside help, and many painters put these in for him. The soft, pensive, and almost feminine charm which characterises his landscapes well agrees with what we know of his life. He was passionately fond of music. To a little girl, "living with me and brought up in my house in charity," he bequeathed much of his treasures. He had received also a poor, lame lad into his house, whom he instructed in painting and music, and who rewarded him by demanding arrears of salary for "assistance." Towards his poor relations he was uniformly generous, and when Sandrart left him it was a nephew from the Vosges whom he called to keep house for him.

With regard to the characteristics of Claude's art, his general position in the history of landscape painting has been defined above,

[1] "When they went to nature, which I believe to have been a very much rarer practice with them than their biographers would have us suppose, they copied her like children, drawing what they knew to be there, but not what they saw there" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. ii. ch. iii. § 7).

and some further points of detail are noticed under his several works. Here, however, it may be convenient to give Mr. Ruskin's summary of the matter. (1) Claude had a fine feeling for beauty of form, and is seldom ungraceful in his foliage. His tenderness of conception is especially shown in delicate aerial effects, such as no one had ever rendered before, and in some respects, no one has ever done in oil colour since. But their character appears to arise rather from a delicacy of bodily constitution in Claude than from any mental sensibility; such as they are, they give a kind of feminine charm to his work, which partly accounts for its wide influence. To whatever their character may be traced, it renders him incapable of enjoying or painting anything energetic or terrible. Thus a perfectly genuine and untouched sky of Claude is beyond praise in all qualities of air. But he was incapable of rendering great effects of space and infinity. (2) As with his skies, so too with his seas. They are the finest pieces of water painting in ancient art. But they are selections of the particular moment when the sea is most insipid and characterless. (3) He had sincerity of purpose; but in common with the other landscape painters of his day, neither earnestness, humility, nor love, such as would ever cause him to forget himself. Hence there is in his work no simple or honest record of any single truth, and his pictures, when examined with reference to essential truth, are one mass of error from beginning to end. So far as he felt the truth, he tried to be true; but he never felt it enough to sacrifice supposed propriety, or habitual method, to it. Very few of his sketches and none of his pictures show evidence of interest in other natural phenomena than the quiet afternoon sunshine which would fall methodically into a composition. One would suppose he had never seen scarlet in a morning cloud, nor a storm burst on the Apennines. (4) He shows a peculiar incapacity of understanding the main point of a matter, and of men of name is the best instance of a want of imagination, nearly total, borne out by painful but untaught study of nature, and much feeling for abstract beauty of form, with none whatever for harmony of expression. (5) Yet in spite of all his deficiencies Claude effected a revolution in art. This revolution consisted in setting the sun in heaven. We will give him the credit of this with no drawbacks.[1] Till Claude's time no one had seriously thought of painting the sun but conventionally; that is to say, as a red or yellow star, (often) with a face in it, under which type it was constantly represented in illumination; else it was kept out of the picture, or introduced in fragmentary distances, breaking through clouds with almost definite rays. Claude first set it in the pictorial heaven (collected from *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. §§ 3, 5, 14, sec. iii. ch. i. § 9, ch. iii. §§ 13-15, 17; vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. ii. ch. ii. § 18;

[1] But Mr. Ruskin does not quite keep his promise. "If Claude had been a great man he would not have been so steadfastly set on painting effects of sun; he would have looked at all nature, and at all art, and would have painted sun effects somewhat worse, and nature universally much better" (*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. xviii. § 23).

vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. xviii. §§ 22, 27, and Appendix i.; vol. v. pt. ix. ch. v. §§ 10, 11).

A characteristic example of Claude's classical compositions as described above (p. 335). It is one of his late works, being dated 1673; the names of Anchises and Æneas occur.

2. CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

Claude (French: 1600–1682). *See under* 1018, p. 348.

For the story of Cephalus, who is here receiving from Procris the presents of Diana, the hound Lelaps, and the fatal dart with which she was killed, see under I. 698, p. 28. As for the landscape, Mr. Ruskin cites this picture as an instance of the "childishness and incompetence" of Claude's foregrounds. "I will not," he writes, "say anything of the agreeable composition of the three banks, rising one behind another from the water, except only that it amounts to a demonstration that all three were painted in the artist's study, without any reference to nature whatever. In fact, there is quite enough intrinsic evidence in each of them to prove this, seeing that what appears to be meant for vegetation upon them, amounts to nothing more than a green stain on their surfaces, the more evidently false because the leaves of the trees twenty yards farther off are all perfectly visible and distinct; and that the sharp lines with which each cuts against that beyond it are not only such as crumbling earth could never show or assume, but are maintained through their whole progress ungraduated, unchanging, and unaffected by any of the circumstances of varying shade to which every one of nature's lines is inevitably subjected. In fact the whole arrangement is the impotent struggle of a tyro to express by successive edges that approach of earth which he finds himself incapable of expressing by the drawing of the surface. Claude wished to make you understand that the edge of his pond came nearer and nearer; he had probably often tried to do this with an unbroken bank, or a bank only varied by the delicate and harmonious anatomy of nature: and he had found that owing to his total ignorance of the laws of perspective such efforts on his part invariably ended in his reducing his pond to the form of a round O, and making it look perpendicular. Much comfort and solace of mind in such unpleasant circumstances, may be derived from instantly dividing the obnoxious bank into a number of successive promontories,

and developing their edges with completeness and intensity" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. iv. ch. iv. §§ 17, 18).

30. SEAPORT: THE EMBARKATION OF ST. URSULA.

Claude (French: 1600–1682). *See under* 1018, p. 348.

The best Claude in the Gallery, for it is a perfect example of his chief merit—the painting of quiet skies. As for the subject: St. Ursula, a beautiful and gifted Sicilian princess, was sought in marriage by a prince of Britain; but having already dedicated herself to Christ, she made a condition that before her marriage, she, with eleven thousand attendant virgins, should be permitted for the space of three years to visit the shrines of the Saints. This being permitted, the maidens started on a miraculous voyage. Guided by angels they proceeded as far as Rome, where pagans having plotted their death, on their further journey to Cologne they were martyred by the barbarians besieging that city. Here in the picture they are represented as embarking on their three years' voyage.

95. DIDO AND ÆNEAS.

Gaspar Poussin (French: 1613–1675).
See under 31, p. 359.

Dido, Queen of Carthage, enamoured of the Trojan Æneas, the destined founder of Rome, sought to detain him by strategy within her dominions. The goddess Juno, who had espoused Dido's cause, contrived that a storm should befall when the Queen and her guest were on a hunting party—

> A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain
> With hail and thunder and tempestuous rain . . .
> One cave a grateful shelter shall afford
> To the fair princess and the Trojan lord.
>
> DRYDEN'S *Virgil*, Æn. iv. 119.

This is the moment represented in the picture. In front of the cave a Cupid holds the horse of Æneas, and two others are fluttering above. High in the clouds is Juno, accompanied by Venus, who had contrived all this for Dido's undoing.

As for the execution of the picture, "the stormy wind blows loudly through its leaves, but the total want of invention in the cloud-forms bears it down beyond redemption. Look at the wreaths of *cloud* (?), with their unpleasant edges cut as hard and solid and opaque and smooth as thick black paint can

make them, rolled up over one another like a dirty sail badly reefed"[1] (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. iii. ch. iv. § 23; vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. ii. ch. ii. § 18).

65. CEPHALUS AND AURORA.

Nicolas Poussin (French: 1594–1665).

The life of Nicolas Poussin may be summed up in the cry of Æneas, *Italiam petimus*—we make for Italy. He was born in Normandy, of a noble family, and when eighteen went to Paris. Here he became acquainted with Courtois, the mathematician, whose collection of Italian prints fired him with a desire to go to Rome. This devotion to Rome became from that day the leading point alike in his life and in his art. After several unsuccessful efforts to get there, he fell in at Lyons with the poet Marini, who took him into his employ, and in whose company he found himself at last, in 1624, in Rome. Here he suffered both poverty and sickness. He was nursed by a compatriot, Dughet, whose daughter, when his affairs were more prosperous, he married. His success was largely due to the patronage of the Cardinal Barberini, and in 1640, on his return to Paris, he was introduced by Cardinal Richelieu (for whom amongst other pictures he painted 63, p. 328, in this Gallery) to Louis XIII. The king appointed him his painter-in-ordinary, with a salary of £120 and rooms in the Tuileries, but three years later, disgusted with the intrigues and jealousies of Paris, and being anxious to rejoin his wife, he returned to Rome, where he continued—full of work—for the rest of his life. His house on the Pincian, adjoining the church of the Trinità, may still be seen, and he is buried in the church of St. Lorenzo.

It is Rome which gives the leading idea also to Poussin's art. He has been called the "Raphael of France;" and certain it is that at a time when the local art of France was purely decorative in character, he returned, and strenuously adhered, to classical traditions. Already at Paris he had studied casts and prints after Raphael; and when he first went to Rome he lived with Du Quesnoy ("Il Fiammingo"), under whom he learnt the art of modelling *bassi-relievi*. His profound classical learning has caused him to be called "the learned Poussin." "He studied the beautiful," says his biographer, "in the Greek statues of the Vatican." "He studied the ancients so much," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "that he acquired a habit of thinking in their way, and seemed to know perfectly the actions and gestures they would use on every occasion." His learning went, however, farther than this in its influence on his art. His idea, says Lanzi, was that of "philosophy in painting;" and in one of his letters Poussin illustrates the idea from the Greek theory of "modes" in music. If a subject were serious, it should be painted in the Doric mode; if vehement, in the

[1] See also the remarks on the companion storm piece, 36, p. 347.

Phrygian; if plaintive, in the Lydian; if joyous, in the Ionic.[1] This classical learning of Poussin was the source at once of his strength and of his weakness as an artist. On the one hand, it often made his work wonderfully harmonious and impressive. Thus in the Ionic mode, his Bacchanalian pictures in this Gallery and elsewhere are nearly the best representations in art of the Epicurean ideal of life, of a world in which enjoyment is the end of existence. "His best works," says Mr. Ruskin, "are his Bacchanalian revels, always brightly wanton, full of frisk and fire; but they are coarser than Titian's,[2] and infinitely less beautiful. In all minglings of the human and brutal character he leans on the bestial, yet with a sternly Greek severity of treatment." Again, in more serious Doric mode, he is "the great master of the elevated ideal of landscape." He does not "put much power into his landscape when it becomes principal; the best pieces of it occur in fragments behind his figures. Beautiful vegetation, more or less ornamental in character, occurs in nearly all his mythological subjects, but his pure landscape is notable only for its dignified reserve; the great squareness and horizontality of its masses, with lowness of tone, giving it a deeply meditative character:" see especially 40, p. 363. On the other hand, he had the defects of his training. It made him too restrained and too cold. "His peculiarities are, without exception, weaknesses, induced in a highly intellectual and inventive mind by being fed on medals, books, and *bassi-relievi* instead of nature, and by the want of any deep sensibility." Thus he "had noble powers of design, and might have been a thoroughly great painter had he been trained in Venice; but his Roman education kept him tame; his trenchant severity was contrary to the tendencies of his age, and had few imitators, compared to the dashing of Salvator and the mist of Claude. These few imitators adopted his manner without possessing either his science or invention; and the Italian School of landscape soon expired. . . . This restraint, peculiarly classical, is much too manifest in him; for, owing to his habit of never letting himself be free, he does nothing as well as it ought to be done, rarely even as well as he can himself do it; and his best beauty is poor, incomplete, and characterless, though refined." Finally, his "want of sensibility permits him to paint frightful subjects without feeling any

[1] See *Lanzi*, i. 477, and a paper by Mr. R. Heath in the *Magazine of Art* for September 1887, where Poussin's theory is illustrated from his pictures in the Louvre. English readers may be reminded that Poussin is particularly well represented in the Dulwich Gallery.

[2] Elsewhere Mr. Ruskin says of Poussin, "Whatever he has done has been done better by Titian." Also, "the landscape of Nicolo Poussin shows much power, and is usually composed and elaborated on right principles, but I am aware of nothing that it has attained of new or peculiar excellence; it is a graceful mixture of qualities to be found in other masters in higher degrees. In finish it is inferior to Leonardo's, in invention to Giorgione's, in truth to Titian's, in grace to Raphael's (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 14).

true horror; his pictures of the plague are thus ghastly in incident, sometimes disgusting, but never impressive:" see 165, p. 358 (collected from *Modern Painters*, vol. i. preface p. xxv., pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 14; vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. ii. ch. ii. § 19; vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. xviii. § 28; vol. v. pt. ix. ch. v. § 17).

None of the "learned" Poussin's pictures in the Gallery shows so well as this how steeped he was alike in the knowledge and in the feeling of Greek mythology. Cephalus was a Thessalian prince whose love of hunting carried him away at early dawn from the arms of his wife Procris (see under I. 698, p. 28). Hence the allegorical fable of the loves of Cephalus and Aurora, the goddess of the dawn, and her attempt to rival Procris in his affections. Cephalus here half yields to Aurora's blandishments, but a little Cupid holds up before him the portrait of his wife and recalls her love to his mind. Behind is Aurora's car, in which she is drawn by the white-winged Pegasus across the sky. But Pegasus, with that intermingling of many ideas which is characteristic of all Greek myths, is also "the Angel of the Wild Fountains: that is to say, the fastest flying or lower rain-cloud, winged, but racing as upon the earth."[1] Hence beside him sleeps a river-god, his head resting on his urn. But the mountain top is tipped with dawn; and behind, one sees a Naiad waking. Farther still beyond, in a brightening horizon, the form of Apollo, the sun-god whose advent follows on the dawn, is just apparent, his horses and his car melting into the shapes of morning clouds.[2]

19. NARCISSUS AND ECHO.

Claude (French: 1600–1682). *See under* 1018, p. 348.

Narcissus, a beautiful youth, was beloved by the nymph Echo, but he spurned her love, and when she pined away she was changed into a stone which still retained the power of voice. But Narcissus, seeing his own image reflected in a fountain, became enamoured of it, and when he could never reach his phantom love he killed himself for grief, and the

[1] See *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. vii. ch. iv. § 13.

[2] Mr. Ruskin (*ibid.*, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. ii. ch. iv. § 16) notices this treatment of Apollo under the head of "Imagination Contemplative," as an instance of an imaginative abstraction "in which the form of one thing is fancifully indicated in the matter of another; as in phantoms and cloud shapes, the use of which, in mighty hands, is often most impressive, as in the cloudy-charioted Apollo of Nicolo Poussin in our own Gallery, which the reader may oppose to the substantial Apollo, in Wilson's Niobe," see XVII. 110, p. 442.

nymphs who came to burn his body found only the "short-lived flower" that bears his name. Here, half hidden in the trees, we see the

> Naiad hid beneath the bank,
> By the willowy river-side,
> Where Narcissus gently sank,
> Where unmarried Echo died.
>
> *Ionica.*

In the details of its foliage, Mr. Ruskin instances this picture as showing Claude's ignorance of tree structure. "Take the stem of the chief tree in Claude's Narcissus. It is a very faithful portrait of a large boa-constrictor with a handsome tail; the kind of trunk which young ladies at fashionable boarding schools represent with nosegays at the top of them by way of forest scenery." Again, "observe the bough underneath the first bend of the great stem, . . . it sends off four branches like the ribs of a leaf. The two lowest of these are both quite as thick as the parent stem, and the stem itself is much thicker after it has sent off the first one than it was before. The top boughs of the central tree, in the 'Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca' (12, p. 337), ramify in the same scientific way" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. vi. ch. i. §§ 7, 9).

903. CARDINAL FLEURY.

Hyacinthe Rigaud (French: 1659–1743).

A portrait, by a celebrated painter of the time, of the famous tutor, and afterwards prime minister, of Louis XV. It is eminently the "pacific Fleury," who strove to keep France out of war and starved her army and navy when she was forced into it, that we see in this amiable old gentleman—the scholar and member of the Academy, who completed what is now the National Library of France—rather than the statesman.

101, 102, 103, 104. THE FOUR AGES OF MAN.

Nicolas Lancret (French: 1690–1743).

Very interesting historical records as showing the ideal of life at the French court in the time of the regent Orleans and Louis XV., for Lancret was a friend and imitator of Watteau, and painted like him to suit the taste of the day. He was elected a member of the French Academy of Painting in 1719, and Councillor in 1735. In "Infancy" (101) children, in the gayest clothes and garlanded with flowers, are at play

under a stately portico—life being not so much a stage as a game, and all the men and women (in that sense) "merely players." To what should children, thus educated, grow up but to the pomps and vanity of life, as shown in "Manhood" (103)? The adornment of the person is the chief occupation, it would seem, of the dwellers in "the Armida Palace, where the inmates live enchanted lives, lapped in soft music of adulation, waited on by the splendours of the world." And "Youth" (102) is like unto manhood. The business of life is pleasure on the greensward, with shooting at the popinjay! "Old Age" (104) has no place in such a philosophy of life. One old man is indeed attempting a last amour. The other caresses a dog, while the old women sleep or spin. But in "Old Age" the painter changes his scene from the court to common life; the thought of old age is banished, it seems, from the high life of princes. "In short," wrote an English observer at the time when this picture was painted, "all the symptoms which I have ever met with in History, previous to all Changes and Revolutions in government, now exist and daily increase in France" (Lord Chesterfield: see Carlyle's *French Revolution*, bk. i. ch. ii.)

5. A SEAPORT AT SUNSET.

Claude (French: 1600–1682). *See under* 1018, p. 348.

An instance of false tone (*cf.* under Cuyp, X. 53, p. 218). "Many even of the best pictures of Claude must be looked close into to be felt, and lose light every foot that we retire. The smallest of the three Seaports in the National Gallery is valuable and right in tone when we are close to it, but ten yards off it is all brickdust, offensively and evidently false in its whole hue." Contrast "the perfect and unchanging influence of Turner's picture at any distance. We approach only to follow the sunshine into every cranny of the leafage, and retire only to feel it diffused over the scene, the whole picture glowing like a sun or star at whatever distance we stand, and lighting the air between us and it" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. ii. ch. i. § 20).

62. A BACCHANALIAN DANCE.

Nicolas Poussin (French: 1594–1665). *See under* 65, p. 353.

> Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs! whence came ye,
> So many, and so many, and such glee?
> Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left
> Your nuts in oak-tree cleft?—

"For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree;
For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
And cold mushrooms;
For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth;
Great god of breathless cups and chirping mirth!
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our mad minstrelsy!"

KEATS: *Endymion.*

Lent by the Earl of Dufferin.

HEAD OF A GIRL.

Greuze (French: 1725–1805). *See under* 206, p. 361.

Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream.

TENNYSON.

61. LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES.

Claude (French: 1600–1682). *See under* 1018, p. 348.

The history of this picture is curiously interesting as showing the passion in an earlier generation for Claude. It belonged to Sir George Beaumont, who valued it so highly that it was, we are told, his travelling companion. He presented it to the National Gallery in 1826, but unable to bear its loss begged it back for the rest of his life. He took it with him into the country, and on his death, two years later, his widow restored it to the nation. The figures are differently interpreted as representing The Annunciation, The Angel appearing to Hagar, or Tobias and the Angel.

165. THE PLAGUE AT ASHDOD.

Nicolas Poussin (French: 1594–1665). *See under* 65, p. 353.

The Philistines having overcome the Israelites removed the ark of the Lord to Ashdod, and placed it in the temple of their god Dagon. "And when they of Ashdod arose early on the morrow, behold, Dagon was fallen upon his face to the earth before the ark . . ." (seen here in the temple to the right). "But the hand of the Lord was heavy upon them of Ashdod, and he smote them with a loathsome plague" (1 Samuel v. 4, 6).

The picture—a ghastly subject ghastlily treated—is yet a good instance of Poussin's learned treatment. Everywhere the intention to express alarm is obvious, and in the foreground are figures fleeing the infection, with nose and mouth muffled.

Others are engaged removing the dead and dying, while in the centre are the dead bodies of a mother and child ; another child approaches the mother's breast, but the father stoops down to avert it. A similar group to this occurs in a design by Raphael, "Il Morbetto," and was also in the celebrated picture by Aristides which Alexander the Great, at the sack of Thebes, claimed for himself and sent to his palace at Pella (Wornum : *Epochs of Painting*, p. 47, ed. 1864).

31. THE SACRIFICE OF ISAAC.

Gaspar Poussin (French : 1613–1675).

Nicolas Poussin, who had no children, adopted his wife's brother, Gaspar Dughet, who thus took the name of Poussin. Gaspar was Nicolas's pupil, but Claude also "contributed," we are told, "to his instruction." In his prime he worked so fast that he would often, we are told, "finish a picture in a day"! There is more serious feeling in his landscapes, more "perception of the moral truth of nature," and "grander reachings after sympathy" than in those either of Nicolas or of Claude. It is impossible to look at many of his pictures in this Gallery without sharing the sense of grandeur and infinity in nature which inspired them, and hence it is that from Gaspar's own time till now they have enjoyed "a permanent power of address to the human heart." On the other hand, scarcely less obvious are the deficiencies in his art. "They are full," says Mr. Ruskin, "of the most degraded mannerism;" first and foremost, in his search of a false sublimity, he painted every object in his picture, vegetation and all, of one dull gray and brown ; and too many of his landscapes are now one dry, volcanic darkness. And secondly, he had a total want of imagination in seizing the true forms of natural objects, so that some passages of his landscapes are, as we shall see, perfect epitomes of the falseness to nature in the painters of that age[1] (collected from *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. §§ 3, 14 ; vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. i. ch. v. § 12, sec. ii. ch. ii. § 18 ; vol. iv. pt. v. ch. xvi. § 24).

These remarks cannot be better illustrated than in the present picture. Abraham and Isaac—the former with a lighted torch, the latter with the wood—are ascending the hill on the right to the sacrifice ; while Abraham's two servants await his return below. The whole spirit of the picture is "solemn and unbroken," in perfect harmony with the subject. But it is kept from being a really grand picture by the "hope-

[1] Gaspar was particularly untruthful in his representation of leaves (see 98, p. 367). It is interesting therefore, as showing how long it passed for truth, to note that Lanzi (i. 481) singles out this point for special praise : "Everything that Gaspar expresses is founded in nature ; in his leaves he is as various as the trees themselves."

less want of imagination" in the forms of the clouds, the colour of the sky, and the treatment of the distant landscape. These painters, says Mr. Ruskin, looked at clouds "with utter carelessness and bluntness of feeling; saw that there were a great many rounded passages in them; found it much easier to sweep circles than to design beauties, and sat down in their studies, contented with perpetual repetitions of the same spherical conceptions, having about the same relation to the clouds of nature, that a child's carving of a turnip has to the head of the Apollo. . . . Take the ropy, tough-looking wreath in the 'Sacrifice of Isaac,' and find one part of it, if you can, which is not the repetition of every other part of it, all together being as round and vapid as the brush could draw them" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. iii. ch. iii. § 8). Equally deficient is the colour of the sky. "It is here high noon, as is shown by the shadow of the figures; and what sort of colour is the sky at the top of the picture? Is it pale and gray with heat, full of sunshine, and unfathomable in depth? On the contrary, it is of a pitch of darkness which, except on Mont Blanc or Chimborazo, is as purely impossible as colour can be. He might as well have painted it coal-black; and it is laid on with a dead coat of flat paint, having no one quality or resemblance of sky about it. It cannot have altered, because the land horizon is as delicate and tender in tone as possible, and is evidently unchanged; and to complete the absurdity of the whole thing, this colour holds its own, without graduation or alteration, to within three or four degrees of the horizon, where it suddenly becomes bold and unmixed yellow. Now the horizon at noon may be yellow when the whole sky is covered with dark clouds, and only *one* open streak of light left in the distance from which the whole light proceeds; but with a clear, open sky, and opposite the sun, at noon, such a yellow horizon as this is physically impossible. . . . We have in this sky (and it is a fine picture, one of the best of Gaspar's that I know) a notable example of the truth of the old masters, two impossible colours impossibly united! . . . Nor is this a solitary instance; it is Gaspar Poussin's favourite and characteristic effect" (*ibid.*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. iii. ch. i. § 10). Lastly, the same want of truth is shown in the wide expanse stretching away to the distance. "It is luminous, retiring, delicate and perfect in tone, and is quite complete enough to deceive and delight the careless eye to which all distances are alike; nay, it is perfect and masterly,

and absolutely right, if we consider it as a sketch,—as a first plan of a distance, afterwards to be carried out in detail. But we must remember that all these alternate spaces of gray and gold are not the landscape itself, but the treatment of it; not its substance, but its light and shade. They are just what nature would cast over it, and write upon it with every cloud, but which she would cast in play, and without carefulness, as matters of the very smallest possible importance. All her work and her attention would be given to bring out from underneath this, and through this, the forms and the material character which this can only be valuable to illustrate, not to conceal. Every one of those broad spaces she would linger over in protracted delight, teaching you fresh lessons in every hair's breadth of it, and pouring her fulness of invention into it, until the mind lost itself in following her; now fringing the dark edge of the shadow with a tufted line of level forest; now losing it for an instant in a breath of mist; then breaking it with the white gleaming angle of a narrow brook; then dwelling upon it again in a gentle, mounded, melting undulation, over the other side of which she would carry you down into a dusty space of soft crowded light, with the hedges and the paths and the sprinkled cottages and scattered trees mixed up and mingled together in one beautiful, delicate, impenetrable mystery, sparkling and melting, and passing away into the sky, without one line of distinctness, or one instant of vacancy"[1] (*ibid.*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. ii. ch. v. § 8).

206. THE HEAD OF A GIRL.

Jean Baptiste Greuze (French: 1725–1805).

To understand the great reputation which Greuze enjoyed in his day one should remember, besides the prettiness of his pictures in themselves, the contrast which they afforded in their subject matter to the art around them. Look, for instance, at 1090, p. 370, and 101-104, p. 356, in this room. Those pictures are nearly contemporary with Greuze's, and are typical, the first of the mythological, the latter of the courtliness, and all of the sensuality, of the current art of the time. The return to nature, the return to simple life and sounder morals, which inspired Rousseau, found expression in Greuze's domestic scenes and sweet girl faces. "Courage, my good Greuze," said Diderot of one of Greuze's pictures of domestic drama, "introduce morality into painting. What, has not the pencil been long enough and too long consecrated to debauchery and vice? Ought we not to be delighted at seeing it at last unite

[1] Compare on this point Claude's "Isaac and Rebecca," 12, p. 342.

with dramatic poetry in instructing us, correcting us, inviting us to virtue?"[1] Greuze's art, in comparison with what was around it, was thus simple, natural, moral. Yet one sees now that something of the artificiality, against which his pictures were a protest, nevertheless affected them. For instance there is an obvious posing in this picture, just as there is a touch of affectation in 1154, p. 368. Decidedly, too, Greuze "invests his lessons of bourgeois morality with sensuous attractions." There is neither the innocence nor the unconsciousness in the girls of Greuze that there is in those of Reynolds or Millais.

The life of Greuze is interesting for the curious instance it affords of the inability, which so many eminent men have shown, to know in what direction their best powers lay. Greuze's reputation rested on his *genre* painting—on his rendering of domestic scenes or faces; but his ambition was to figure as an historical painter. His one picture in this style—"Severus and Caracalla" (in the Louvre)—was painted in 1769 as his diploma work for the French Academy of painting, and when on his formal reception they praised him for "his former productions, which are excellent," and shut their eyes to this one, which was unworthy alike of them and of him, he was greatly incensed and ceased to exhibit. Greuze, who was born at Mâcon, in Burgundy, died at Paris in the Louvre in great poverty, having squandered his large earnings by extravagance and bad management (Lady Dilke's article in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and Morley's *Diderot*, vol. ii. ch. iii.)

> What wert thou, maid?—thy life—thy name
> Oblivion hides in mystery;
> Though from thy face my heart could frame
> A long romantic history.
>
> Transported to thy time I seem,
> Though dust thy coffin covers—
> And hear the songs, in fancy's dream,
> Of thy devoted lovers.
>
> How witching must have been thy breath—
> How sweet the living charmer—
> Whose every semblance after death
> Can make the heart grow warmer!
>
> CAMPBELL: *Lines on a picture of a girl by Greuze.*

[1] The view Diderot thus took of Greuze's art suggests the importance of historical perspective in criticism. Pictures, like everything else, should be judged with reference to contemporary circumstances, as well as by the standard of our own time. From the former point of view Greuze, as we have seen, is a moralist in painting. From the latter Mr. Ruskin suggests the consideration "how far the value of a girl's head by Greuze would be lowered in the market if the dress, which now leaves the bosom bare, were raised to the neck" (*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. v. § 7).

58. A STUDY OF TREES.

Claude (French: 1600–1682). *See under* 1018, p. 348.

40. LANDSCAPE: PHOCION.

Nicolas Poussin (French: 1594–1665). *See under* 65, p. 353.

"The work of a really great and intellectual mind, one of the finest landscapes that ancient art has produced" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. ii. ch. i. § 8),—its excellence consisting in the perfect harmony of the landscape with the subject represented, and thus marking the painter's sense of the dependence of landscape for its greatest impressiveness on human interest. In the foreground to the left is Phocion "the good"—the incorruptible Athenian general and statesman, contemporary with Philip and Alexander the Great, of whom it is recorded that he was "never elated in prosperity nor dejected in adversity," and "never betrayed pusillanimity by a tear nor joy by a smile." He wears an undyed robe, and is washing his feet at a public fountain, the dress and action being thus alike emblematic of the purity and simplicity of his life. In entire keeping with this figure of noble simplicity is the feeling of the landscape in which "all the air a solemn stillness holds."

In detail, however, the picture is deficient in truth of nature. It is false, first, in *tone*. Thus "the first idea we receive from this picture is that it is evening, and all the light coming from the horizon. Not so. It is full noon, the light coming steep from the left, as is shown by the shadow of the stick on the right-hand pedestal; for if the sun were not very high, that shadow could not lose itself half-way down, and if it were not lateral, the shadow would slope, instead of being vertical. Now ask yourself, and answer candidly, if those black masses of foliage, in which scarcely any form is seen but the outline, be a true representation of trees under noonday sunlight, sloping from the left, bringing out, as it necessarily would do, their masses into golden green, and marking every leaf and bough with sharp shadow and sparkling light. The only truth in the picture is the exact pitch of relief against the sky of both trees and hills; and to this the organisation of the hills, the intricacy of the foliage, and everything indicative either of the nature of the light, or the character of the objects, are unhesitatingly sacrificed. So much falsehood does it cost to obtain two apparent truths of tone!" (*ibid.*) Next, it is false in *colour*.

Thus "in the upper sky the clouds are of a very fine clear olive-green, about the same tint as the brightest parts of the trees beneath them. They cannot have altered (or else the trees must have been painted in gray), for the hue is harmonious and well united with the rest of the picture, and the blue and white in the centre of the sky are still fresh and pure. Now a green sky in open and illumined distance is very frequent, and very beautiful; but rich olive-green clouds, as far as I am acquainted with nature, are a piece of colour in which she is not apt to indulge" (*ibid.*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. ii. ch. ii. § 5).

42. A BACCHANALIAN FESTIVAL.

Nicolas Poussin (French: 1594–1665). *See under* 65, p. 353.

A realisation of the classic legends of mirth and jollity, precisely in the spirit of Keats's ode *On a Grecian Urn*—

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

1057. A RIVER SCENE.

Claude Joseph Vernet (French: 1714–1789). *See under* 236, p. 348.

An unimportant picture. The famous series of French seaports which Vernet was summoned by Louis XV. from Rome to paint are to be seen in the Louvre.

68. A VIEW NEAR ALBANO.

Gaspar Poussin (French: 1613–1675). *See under* 31, p. 359.

"A woody landscape"—which in nature would be a mass of intricate foliage—"a mere confusion of points and lines between you and the sky. . . . This, as it comes down into the body of the tree, gets closer, but never opaque; it is always transparent, with crumbling lights in it letting you through to the sky; then, out of this, come, heavier and heavier, the masses of illumined foliage, all dazzling and inextricable, save here and there a single leaf on the extremities: then, under these, you get deep passages of broken irregular gloom, passing into transparent, green-lighted, misty hollows . . . all penetrable and transparent, and, in proportion, inextricable and

incomprehensible, except where across the labyrinth and mystery of the dazzling light and dream-like shadow, falls, close to us, some solitary spray, some wreath of two or three motionless large leaves, the type and embodying of all that in the rest we feel and imagine, but can never see.

"Now, with thus much of nature in your mind, go to Gaspar Poussin's 'View near Albano.' It is the very subject to unite all these effects, a sloping bank shaded with intertwined forest. And what has Gaspar given us? A mass of smooth, opaque, varnished brown, without one interstice, one change of hue, or any vestige of leafy structure, in its interior, or in those parts of it, I should say, which are intended to represent interior; but out of it, over it rather, at regular intervals, we have circular groups of greenish touches, always the same in size, shape, and distance from each other, containing so exactly the same number of touches each, that you cannot tell one from another. There are eight or nine and thirty of them, laid over each other like fish-scales; the shade being most carefully made darker and darker as it recedes from each until it comes to the edge of the next, against which it cuts in the same sharp circular line, and then begins to decline again, until the canvas is covered, with about as much intelligence or feeling of art as a house-painter has in marbling a wainscot, or a weaver in repeating an ornamental pattern. What is there in this, which the most determined prejudice in favour of the old masters can for a moment suppose to resemble trees? It is exactly what the most ignorant beginner, trying to make a complete drawing, would lay down; exactly the conception of trees which we have in the works of our worst drawing-masters, where the shade is laid on with the black lead and stump, and every human power exerted to make it look like a kitchen grate well polished"[1] (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. vi. ch. 1. §§ 16-19). A further "untruth of vegetation" is the perpetration of the bough at the left-hand upper corner. This is "a representation of an ornamental group of elephants' tusks, with feathers tied to the end of them. Not the wildest imagination could ever conjure up in it the remotest resemblance to the bough of a tree. It might be the claws of a witch, the talons of an eagle, the horns of a fiend; but it is a full assemblage of every conceivable falsehood which can be told respecting

[1] See also the next picture, 98, in which the tree is said by Mr. Ruskin to be "a mere jest" compared to this.

foliage, a piece of work so barbarous in every way, that one glance at it ought to prove the complete charlatanism and trickery of the whole system of the old landscape painters" (*ibid.*, § 7).

98. VIEW OF LA RICCIA.

Gaspar Poussin (French: 1613–1675). *See under* 31, p. 359.

This picture and the scene of it—the ancient town of Aricia, about fifteen miles from Rome, famous in Roman legend, and Horace's first stopping place on his journey to Brindisi—are described by Mr. Ruskin in an often-quoted passage of *Modern Painters*: "Whether it can be supposed to resemble the ancient Aricia, now La Riccia, close to Albano, I will not take upon me to determine, seeing that most of the towns of those old masters are quite as much like one place as another; but, at any rate, it is a town on a hill, wooded with two-and-thirty bushes, of very uniform size, and possessing about the same number of leaves each. These bushes are all painted in with one dull opaque brown, becoming very slightly greenish towards the lights, and discover in one place a bit of rock, which of course would in nature have been cool and gray beside the lustrous hues of foliage, and which, therefore, being moreover completely in shade, is consistently and scientifically painted of a very clear, pretty, and positive brick red, the only thing like colour in the picture. The foreground is a piece of road which, in order to make allowance for its greater nearness, for its being completely in light, and, it may be presumed, for the quantity of vegetation usually present on carriage-roads, is given in a very cool green gray; and the truth of the picture is completed by a number of dots in the sky on the right, with a stalk to them, of a sober and similar brown.[1]

"Not long ago, I was slowly descending this very bit of carriage road. . . . The noon-day sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riccia, and their masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain. I cannot call it colour, it was conflagration. Purple,

[1] It should be noted that this, as well as very many other pictures, has of late years been cleaned. Thus 98 and 68 (in 1880), 36 and 40 (in 1868), have been "cleaned and varnished." 31 was "relined, repaired, and varnished" in 1878; 161 was "cleaned and repaired" in 1868.

and crimson and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life; each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks for foam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the gray walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every glade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it, as sheet-lightning opens in a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock—dark though flushed with scarlet lichen, casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound; and over all, the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine, were seen in fathomless intervals between the solemn and orbed repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blinding lustre of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the sea. Tell me who is likest this, Poussin or Turner?" (vol. i. pt. ii. sec. ii. ch. ii. §§ 1-3).

Mr. Ruskin further instances the picture as an example of "untruth of trees." It is an elementary law of tree structure that stems only taper when sending off foliage and sprays. "Therefore we see at once that the stem of Gaspar Poussin's tall tree, on the right of the 'La Riccia,' is a painting of a carrot or a parsnip, not of the trunk of a tree. For, being so near that every individual leaf is visible, we should not have seen, in nature, one branch or stem actually tapering. We should have received an *impression* of graceful diminution; but we should have been able, on examination, to trace it joint by joint, fork by fork, into the thousand minor supports of the leaves. Gaspar Poussin's stem, on the contrary, only sends off four or five minor branches altogether, and both it and they taper violently, and without showing why or wherefore; without parting with a single twig, without showing one vestige of roughness or excrescence; and leaving, therefore, their unfortunate leaves to hold on as best they may. The latter, however, are clever leaves, and support themselves as swarming

bees do, hanging on by each other" (*ibid.*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. vi. ch. i. § 6; and *cf.* vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. ii. ch. ii. § 18).

1190. A BOY'S PORTRAIT.

Ascribed to François Clouet (French: about 1510–1574). *See under* 660, p. 347.

This picture was presented to the Gallery by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., and it is interesting to note the sage-green background which Mr. Watts has sometimes employed in his own portraits.

1154. GIRL WITH A LAMB.

Greuze (French: 1725–1805). *See under* 206, p. 361.

> Be always like the lamb, so mild—
> A sweet and pure and gentle child.
>
> *Old Nursery Song.*

An unfinished study—characteristic of the touch of affectation often visible in Greuze's pictures of simplicity. Children fondling pet lambs are a favourite motive in art, but its treatment is seldom free from affectation. See, for instance, Murillo's St. John, XV. 176, p. 380, and compare the fine lady with her lamb in X. 1011, p. 256.

6. DAVID AT THE CAVE OF ADULLAM.[1]

Claude (French: 1600–1682). *See under* 1018, p. 348.

David, in front of the cave, "longed and said, 'Oh that one would give me to drink of the water of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!' And the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines (seen in the valley), and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David" (2 Samuel xxiii. 15, 16). With regard to the landscape, the picture is a good instance at once of Claude's strength and weakness. Thus "the central group of trees is a very noble piece of painting" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. iv. ch. ii. § 8). On the other hand the rocks, both in the left corner and in the right, are highly absurd. "The Claudesque landscape is not, as so commonly supposed, an idealised abstract of the nature about Rome. It is an ultimate condition of the Florentine conventional landscape, more or less softened by reference to nature" (*ibid.*, vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. xviii. § 27). So, too, "the brown foreground and rocks are as

[1] Called also "Sinon before Priam" (*Æneid*, ii. 79).

false as colour can be: first, because there never was such a brown sunlight, for even the sand and cinders (volcanic tufa) about Naples, granting that he had studied from these ugliest of all formations, are, where they are fresh fractured, golden and lustrous in full light, compared to these ideals of crags, and become, like all other rocks, quiet and gray when weathered; and secondly, because no rock that ever nature stained is without its countless breaking tints of varied vegetation" (*ibid.*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. ii. ch. ii. § 16).

161. AN ITALIAN LANDSCAPE.

Gaspar Poussin (French: 1613–1675). *See under* 31, p. 359.

A recollection probably of the mountain scenery in North Italy—possibly near Bergamo. The spray of foliage prominent on the left is very characteristic of Gaspar. "One of the most remarkable characters of natural leafage is the constancy with which, while the leaves are arranged on the spray with exquisite regularity, that regularity is modified in their actual effect. For as in every group of leaves some are seen sideways, forming merely long lines, some foreshortened, some crossing each other, every one differently turned and placed from all the others, the forms of the leaves, though in themselves similar, give rise to a thousand strange and differing forms in the group. . . . Now go to Gaspar Poussin and take one of his sprays, where they come against the sky; you may count it all round: one, two, three, four, one bunch; five, six, seven, eight, two bunches; nine, ten, eleven, twelve, three bunches; with four leaves each; and such leaves! every one precisely the same as its neighbour, blunt and round at the end (where every forest leaf is sharp, except that of the fig-tree), tied together by the stalks, and so fastened on to the demoniacal claws above described (see under 68, p. 365), one bunch to each claw" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. vi. ch. i. §§ 16, 17).

1159. THE CALLING OF ABRAHAM.

Gaspar Poussin (French: 1613–1675). *See under* 31, p. 359

A very impressive picture in spite of the somewhat grotesque angel who accosts Abraham and points him to the Almighty seated in the clouds above (Genesis xii.) And indeed it is in his skies that Gaspar points us to the Infinite—in the open sky, stretching far away into that yellow horizon. To what does this strange distant space owe its attractive power?

"There is one thing that it has, or suggests, which no other object of sight suggests in equal degree, and that is—Infinity. It is of all visible things the least material, the least finite, the farthest withdrawn from the earth prison-house, the most typical of the nature of God, the most suggestive of the glory of his dwelling-place. For the sky of night, though we may know it boundless, is dark; it is a studded vault, a roof that seems to shut us in and down; but the bright distance has no limit, we feel its infinity, as we rejoice in its purity of light. . . . Of the value of this mode of treatment (*i.e.* the rendering of open sky) there is a further and more convincing proof than its adoption either by the innocence of the Florentine or the ardour of the Venetian; namely, that when retained or imitated from them by the landscape painters of the seventeenth century, when appearing in isolation from all other good, among the weaknesses and paltrinesses of Claude, the mannerisms of Gaspar, and the caricatures and brutalities of Salvator, it yet redeems and upholds all three, conquers all foulness by its purity, vindicates all folly by its dignity, and puts an uncomprehended power of permanent address to the human heart upon the life of the senseless and the profane"[1] (*Modern Painters*, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. i. ch. v. §§ 5, 12).

91. VENUS SLEEPING, SURPRISED BY SATYRS.

Nicolas Poussin (French: 1594–1665). *See under* 65, p. 353.

55. THE DEATH OF PROCRIS.

Claude (French: 1600–1682). *See under* 1018, p. 348.

See for this subject under I. 698, p. 28.

1090. PAN AND SYRINX.

François Boucher (French: 1704–1770).

A good example of the sensual art of the time, by an artist who was the idol of his day, and made an enormous income out of his popularity. For a less gross version of the same subject see X. 659, p. 248.

39. THE NURSING OF BACCHUS.

Nicolas Poussin (French: 1594–1665). *See under* 65, p. 353.

The wine-god is represented in infancy, nursed by the nymphs and fauns of Eubœa, and fed not on milk but on the

[1] See, however, for some deductions afterwards made from this estimate, *ibid.*, vol. iv. pt. v. ch. iii. §§ 6, 7.

juice of the grape. "The picture makes one thirsty to look at it—the colouring even is dry and adust. The figure of the infant Bacchus seems as if he would drink up a vintage—he drinks with his mouth, his hands, his belly, and his whole body. Gargantua was nothing to him" (Hazlitt: *Criticisms on Art*, p. 33).

1020. GIRL WITH AN APPLE.

Greuze (French: 1725–1805). *See under* 206, p. 361.

> A cloud of yellow hair
> Is round about her ear.
> She hath a mouth of grace,
> And forehead sweet and fair.
>
> AUSTIN DOBSON: *A Song of Angiola.*

1019. THE HEAD OF A GIRL.

Greuze (French: 1725–1805). *See under* 206, p. 361.

> I will paint her as I see her . . .
> With a forehead fair and saintly,
> Which two blue eyes undershine,
> Like meek prayers before a shrine.
>
> Face and figure of a child,—
> Though too calm, you think, and tender,
> For the childhood you would lend her.
>
> MRS. BROWNING: *A Portrait.*

64. RETURN OF THE ARK FROM CAPTIVITY.

Sebastien Bourdon (French: 1616–1671).

A picture of which the subject and the merits alike must, in its present condition, be taken on authority only. It was a great favourite with Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom it once belonged. He cited it, together with a picture by Salvator Rosa, to the students of the Academy (Discourse xiv.) as an instance of "the poetical style of landscape," calling particular attention to the "visionary" character of "the whole and every part of the scene." The subject is the return of the ark by the Philistines to the valley of Bath-shemesh, as described in 1 Samuel vi. 10-14. The painter was one of the original twelve *anciens* of the old French Academy of painting, of which he died rector; he had formerly been painter to Queen Christina of Sweden, to whose country he had fled as a Protestant.

ROOM XV

THE SPANISH SCHOOL

"For the learned and the lettered," says a Spanish author in the reign of Philip IV., "written knowledge may suffice; but for the ignorant, what master is like Painting? They may read their duty in a picture, although they cannot search for it in books."

"What we are all attempting," said Sir Joshua Reynolds, "to do with great labour, Velazquez does at once."

None of the great schools of painting is so scantily represented in the National Gallery as the Spanish, although the works in this room by its greatest master, Velazquez, are of exceptional excellence in quality and of exceptional interest as illustrating the progress of his art. The deficiency in Spanish pictures is not peculiar to London. "Spain," said Sir David Wilkie, "is the Timbuctoo of artists." The Spanish School of painters and their history are still only half explored, and can only be fully studied in Spain itself. "He who Seville (and Madrid) has not seen, has not seen the marvels great" of Spanish painting.

There are, however, enough examples of the school here to make some few general remarks desirable. The first point to be noticed is this, that all the painters represented in the room (with two exceptions) are nearly contemporary. The period 1588-1682 covers all their lives.

They are four of the chief painters of Spain, and they all reach a high level of technical skill. This fact suggests at once the first characteristic point in the history of the Spanish School. It has no infancy.[1] It sprang full-grown into birth. The reason of this was its Italian origin. The art of painting, except as purely decorative, was forbidden to the Moors; and it was only in 1492, when the banner of Castile first hung on the towers of the Alhambra, that the age of painting, as of other greatness, began for Spain. But the very greatness of Spain led to Italian influence in art. The early Spanish painters nearly all found means of going to Italy (Theotocopuli,—1122, p. 381—was born there in 1548), and the great Italian painters were constantly attracted to the Spanish court.

But though Spanish art sprang thus rapidly to perfection under foreign influence, it was yet stamped throughout with a thoroughly distinctive character. In the first place the proverbial gravity of the Spaniard is reflected also in his art. Look round this room, and see if the prevailing impression is not of something grave, dark, lurid. There is here nothing of the sweet fancifulness of the early Florentines, nothing of the gay voluptuousness of the later Venetians. The shadow of the Spaniard's dark cloak seems to be over every canvas. Then secondly, Spanish painting is intensely "naturalist." Velazquez exhibits this tendency at its best: there is an irresistible reality about his portraits which makes the men alive to all who look at them; Murillo exhibits it in its excess: his best religious pictures are spoiled by their too close adherence to ordinary and even vulgar types.

Both these characteristics are partly accounted for by a third. Painting in Spain was not so much the handmaid, as the bondslave, of the Church. As the Church was in Spain, so had art to be—monastic, severe, immutable. "To have changed an attitude or an attribute would have been a change of Deity." Pacheco, the master of Velazquez, was

[1] This statement, though broadly true, requires, of course, much modification already—in the light of early Spanish architectural and missal painting; and as the subject is further investigated, will probably require still more.

charged by the Inquisition to see that no pictures were painted likely to disturb the true faith. Angels were on no account, he prescribed, to be drawn without wings, and the Blessed Virgin, in the Immaculate Conception, was always to be dressed in blue and white, for that she was so dressed when she appeared to Beatrix de Silva, a Portuguese nun, who founded the order called after her. One sees at once how an art, working under such conditions as these, would be likely to lose the play of fancy and the love of beauty which distinguish freer schools. And then, lastly, one may note how the Spanish church tended also to make Spanish art intensely naturalistic. Pictures were expected to teach religious dogmas and to enforce mystical ideas: the Immaculate Conception, for instance, is an especially Spanish subject. But, in the inevitable course of superstition, the symbol passed into a reality This was more particularly the case with statues. Everything was done to get images accepted as realities. To this day they are not only painted but dressed: they have, like queens, their mistress of the robes, and ladies appointed to make their toilets. It was inevitable that this idea of art—as something which was not to appeal to the imagination, but was to pass itself off as a reality—should extend also to Spanish painting. How far it did so is best shown in a story gravely related by Pacheco. A painter on a high scaffold had just half finished the figure of the Blessed Virgin when he felt the whole woodwork on which he stood giving way. He called out in his horror, "Holy Virgin, hold me," and straightway the painted arm of the Virgin was thrust out from the wall, supporting the painter in mid-air! When a ladder was brought and the painter got his feet on it, the Virgin's arm relapsed and became again only a painting on the wall. One need not go farther than this story to see the origin of the realistic character of Spanish art, or to understand how Murillo, although often the most mystic of all painters in his conceptions of religious subjects, was also the most naturalistic in his treatment of them (see W. B. Scott: *Murillo and the Spanish School of Painting*).

232. THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

Velazquez (1599–1660). *See under* 1129, p. 376.

An early work of the painter,[1] in his first manner, when it was founded on the style of Ribera and Caravaggio. A glance at 172 in an adjoining room (XIII., p. 327) will show the similarity in a moment. "No Virgin ever descended into Velazquez's studio. No cherubs hovered around his pallet. He did not work for priest or ecstatic anchorite, but for plumed kings and booted knights; hence the neglect and partial failure of his holy and mythological pictures—holy, like those of Caravaggio, in nothing but name—groups rather of low life, and that so truly painted as still more to mar, by a treatment not in harmony with the subject, the elevated sentiment" (Ford: *Handbook for Travellers in Spain*). In the distance is the guiding angel as the star of the Epiphany; but there is little adoration in the rough peasant group. It is, however, a pretty piece of observation of child nature that makes Velazquez paint the boy offering his animals to the infant Christ. One remembers George Eliot's "young Daniel" (in *Scenes of Clerical Life*), who says to Mr. Gilfil, by way of making friends, "We've got two pups, shall I show 'em yer? One's got white spots."

1229. VIRGIN AND CHILD.

Luis de Morales (1509–1586).

Luis de Morales was born at Badajos, and is one of the most native of Spanish artists. He did not resort to Italy, such foreign influence as is discernible in him being rather that of the Flemings; and the religious sanctity of his work won him the surname of "the Divine." He was very largely commissioned by churches and convents, and his fame spread over Spain. He was called to the court of Philip II. in 1563, but was dismissed as soon as he had painted one picture, and thereafter he fell into great poverty. He had appeared at court, it is said, "in the style of a grand *seigneur*," which seemed to the king and his courtiers absurd in a mere painter, and was the cause of their disfavour. Some years later, however, the king, learning of his poverty, granted him a pension. In his earlier period, Morales painted crowded compositions with numerous figures; in his later, smaller pictures, such as the one before us.

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[1] "The Venetians and Velazquez are never wrong, at least after his style was formed; early pictures, like the 'Adoration of the Magi' in our Gallery, are of little value" (*Two Paths*, Appendix i.)

1129. KING PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN.

Velazquez (1599–1660).

Don Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velazquez was born at Seville of well-to-do parents—his father's name being Silva, his mother's Velazquez. His talent for drawing quickly showed itself, and when only twenty he married Juana, the daughter of his second master, Pacheco (his first being another painter of Seville, Herrera). Pacheco's house, says one of the Spanish historians, was "the golden prison of painting," and it was here that Velazquez met Cervantes, and obtained his first introduction to the brilliant circle in which he was himself to shine. In Pacheco's company he went in 1622 to Madrid, where he had influential friends, and next year he was invited to return by Olivares, the king's great minister. Olivares persuaded the king to sit to Velazquez for his portrait. The portrait was a complete success, and the painter stepped at once into fame and favour. This immediate success is characteristic of his extraordinary facility. "Just think," says Mr. Ruskin, "what is implied when a man of the enormous power and facility that Reynolds had, says he was 'trying to do with great labour' what Velazquez 'did at once.'" Velazquez shows indeed "the highest reach of technical perfection yet attained in art; all effort and labour seeming to cease in the radiant peace and simplicity of consummate human power"[1] (*Two Paths*, § 68; *Fors Clavigera*, 1876, p. 188). From the time of this first portrait of Philip IV. onwards, the life of Velazquez was one long triumph. He was not only the favourite but the friend of the king. He was made in succession painter to the king, keeper of the wardrobe, usher of the royal chamber, and chamberlain, and offices were also found for his friends and relations. He lived in the king's palace on terms of close intimacy, painting the king and his family in innumerable attitudes, and accompanying him on his royal progresses. When our Charles I., then Prince of Wales, visited Madrid in 1623, Velazquez painted his portrait, and figured in all the royal fêtes held in the English prince's honour. The Duke of Buckingham, it would seem, was also his friend, and Velazquez saw something too of Rubens, when the latter came on his diplomatic mission to Madrid (see p. 222). In 1630 he obtained permission to travel in Italy, and the journey was important to him as marking the beginning of his maturer style. He travelled with recommendations from the king, and wherever he went—Venice, Ferrara, Rome, Naples,—he was received with all the honours accorded to princes. His second visit to Italy was in 1648, when the king sent him to buy pictures

[1] Similarly Raphael Mengs, a later Spanish painter, said of Velazquez that he appears to have painted with his will only, without the aid of his hand. Of the striking truth of Velazquez's portraits, there is this story told. A certain Admiral Pareja had been ordered to sea; the king entering Velazquez's studio soon after and seeing, as he thought, the admiral in the corner, exclaimed, "What, still here?" But it was not the admiral, it was his portrait by Velazquez.

with the view of forming a Spanish Academy. At Rome he painted the portrait of the Pope (Innocent X.), which made so great a mark that it was carried in triumphal procession, like Cimabue's picture of old. His royal master, however, became impatient for his return, and he hurried back to Madrid, after giving commissions to all the leading artists then at Rome. On his return he was given fresh honours and offices—especially that of Quarter Master, whose duty it was to superintend the personal lodgment of the king during excursions. It was the duties of this office which were the immediate cause of his death. He accompanied the king to the conference at Irun—on the "Island of the Pheasants"—which led to the marriage of Louis XIV. with the Infanta Maria Teresa. There is a picture of him at Versailles by the French artist Lebrun, which was painted on this occasion. The portrait, sombre and cadaverous looking, was no doubt true to life; and when Velazquez returned to Madrid, it was found that his exertions in arranging the royal journey had sown the seeds of a fever, from which after a week's illness he died. Seven days later his wife died of grief, and was buried at his side.

Though Velazquez spent all his life, as we have seen, amongst the great ones of the earth, no trace of vanity or meanness is discernible in his character. Mr. Ruskin (*Two Paths*, §§ 62, 65) connects his sweetness of disposition with the truthfulness which was characteristic of his art. "The art which is especially dedicated to natural fact always indicates a peculiar gentleness and tenderness of mind, and all great and successful work of that kind will assuredly be the production of thoughtful, sensitive, earnest, kind men, large in their views of life, and full of various intellectual power . . . (One instance is Reynolds). The other painter whom I would give you as an instance of this gentleness is a man of another nation, on the whole I suppose one of the most cruel civilised nations in the world,—the Spaniards. They produced but one great painter, only one; but he among the very greatest of painters, Velazquez. You would not suppose, from looking at Velazquez's portraits generally, that he was an especially kind or good man; you perceive a peculiar sternness about them; for they were as true as steel, and the persons whom he had to paint being not generally kind or good people, they were stern in expression, and Velazquez gave the sternness; but he had precisely the same intense perception of truth, the same marvellous instinct for the rendering of all natural soul and all natural form that our Reynolds had. Let me, then, read you his character as it is given by Mr. Stirling (afterwards Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell): 'Certain charges, of what nature we are not informed, brought against him after his death, made it necessary for his executor to refute them at a private audience granted to him by the king for that purpose. After listening to the defence of his friend, Philip immediately made answer, "I can believe all you say of the excellent disposition of Diego Velazquez." Having lived for half his life in courts, he was yet capable both of gratitude and generosity. . . . No mean jealousy ever influenced his conduct to his brother artists; he could afford not only to acknowledge

the merits, but to forgive the malice of his rivals. His character was of that rare and happy kind, in which high intellectual power is combined with indomitable strength of will, and a winning sweetness of temper.'" Nothing shows his character better than his treatment of Murillo, who came to Madrid, an unfriended youth, in 1640. Velazquez received him to his house, gave directions for his admission to all the galleries and for permission to copy, presented him to the king, procured him commissions, and offered him facilities for making the journey to Rome.

The chief characteristics of Velazquez's art have been already incidentally alluded to. His style, in its maturity, is distinguished by unerring facility and by the closest fidelity to natural fact. And then, lastly, this truthfulness had its reward in making Velazquez distinguished also amongst all Spanish painters by the sparkling purity of his colour. "Colour is, more than all elements of art, the reward of veracity of purpose. . . . In giving an account of anything for its own sake, the most important points are those of form. Nevertheless, the form of the object is its own attribute; special, not shared with other things. An error in giving an account of it does not necessarily involve wider error. But its colour is partly its own, partly shared with other things round it. The hue and power of all broad sunlight is involved in the colour it has cast upon this single thing; to falsify that colour, is to misrepresent and break the harmony of the day: also, by what colour it bears, this single object is altering hues all round it; reflecting its own into them, displaying them by opposition, softening them by repetition; one falsehood in colour in one place, implies a thousand in the neighbourhood. . . . Hence the apparent anomaly that the only schools of colour are the schools of Realism. . . . Velazquez, the greatest colourist, is the most accurate portrait painter of Spain" (*Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. xi. § 8 *n.*)

The king is younger here than in 745, p. 383; hanging from his chain is the order of the Golden Fleece. Notice also that the head is not so minutely painted here as in 745; that being a bust portrait would be seen near, this being a full-length would naturally be placed above the level of the eye. The smaller picture might be called, in the art-slang of to-day, "a harmony in black and gold;" this, from the shimmer on its lace and the flashing on the rapier hilt, "a harmony in black and silver."

197. A WILD BOAR HUNT.

Velazquez (1599–1660). *See under* 1129, p. 376.

A very interesting picture, both for the sparkling brilliancy of its execution and for the truth with which it reproduces the court life of the time. Philip IV. was as fond of the chase as he was of the arts; and here we see some state

hunting-party in a royal enclosure (such as was arranged, no doubt, for the pleasure of our Charles I. when he visited Madrid), with an array of huntsmen and guards, and magnificent carriages for the ladies of the court. Notice also the two splendid dogs near the left-hand corner. Velazquez is very great in painting dogs; he "has made some of them nearly as grand as his surly kings" (*Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. vi. § 13). With regard to the execution of the picture (which was bought in 1846 and was alleged to have been damaged in cleaning) Mr. Ruskin wrote: "I have seldom met with an example of the master which gave me more delight, or which I believed to be in more genuine or perfect condition. . . . (The critic's) complaint of loss of substance in the figures of the foreground is, I have no doubt, altogether groundless. He has seen little southern scenery if he supposes that the brilliancy and apparent nearness of the silver clouds is in the slightest degree overcharged; and shows little appreciation of Velazquez in supposing him to have sacrificed the solemnity and might of such a distance to the inferior interest of the figures in the foreground. . . . The position of the horizon suggests, and the *lateral* extent of the foreground *proves*, such a distance between the spectator and even its nearest figures as may well justify the slightness of their execution. Even granting that some of the upper glazings of the figures had been removed, the tone of the whole picture is so light, gray, and glittering, and the dependence on the power of its whites so absolute, that I think the process hardly to be regretted which has left these in lustre so precious, and restored to a brilliancy which a comparison with any modern work of similar aim would render apparently supernatural, the sparkling motion of its figures and the serene snow of its sky" [1] (*Arrows of the Chace*, i. 58-60).

[1] This was written in 1847. In 1853 some "horrible revelations" were made about the picture before the Select Committee on the National Gallery. Mr. Ruskin turned out to be curiously wrong, but also curiously right. He was wrong; for so far from the picture being "in genuine and perfect condition," a considerable portion of the canvas, as we now see it, turned out to be not by Velazquez's hand at all. Lord Cowley, its former owner, had sent it to a Mr. Thane, a picture dealer, to be relined. A too hot iron was used, and a portion of the paint entirely disappeared. Thane was in despair. The picture haunted him at nights. He saw the figure of it in his dreams becoming more and more attenuated until it appeared at length a skeleton. He was near going mad over it, when a good angel came to his rescue in the shape of Lance, the flower and fruit painter

176. ST. JOHN AND THE LAMB.

Murillo (1618–1682).

Bartholomé Estéban Murillo, the most widely popular of the Spanish painters, was himself sprung from "the people." He was born of humble parents in Seville, and his earliest attempts at art were pictures for fairs. He is also believed to have supplied some of the Madonnas which were shipped off by loads for the convents in Mexico[1] and Peru. A turning point in his artistic career came, however, when a certain Pedro de Moya came into the studio of Murillo's uncle, Castillo. De Moya had been studying under Van Dyck in London. Van Dyck's style was a revelation to Murillo, who determined forthwith to start off on the grand tour. First, however, he went to Madrid, where Velazquez helped him greatly (see p. 378). His studies here were so successful, and his popularity became so great that the foreign journey was abandoned. He married a lady of fortune, his house became a centre of taste and fashion, commissions poured in upon him, and in 1660 he formed the Academy of Seville. His life was as pious as it was busy. He was often seen praying for long hours in his parish church, and in his last illness (which was brought on by his falling, in a fit of absence of mind, from a scaffold) he was carried every day to the church of Santa Cruz to pray before a "Descent from the Cross." "I wait here," he said to the sacristan who asked one day if he were ready to go, "till the pious servants of our Lord have taken him down."

Murillo was thus one of the last sincerely religious painters—a class

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(see p. 509), who offered to restore the missing parts out of his head. So far Mr. Ruskin was decidedly wrong. But he was also right. The parts which Lance painted in "out of his head" were the groups on the left of the foreground, and some of the middle distance. "I endeavoured," he says, "to fill up the canvas, such as I supposed Velazquez would have done; and I had great facility in doing that, because if there was a man without a horse here, there was a horse without a man there, so I could easily take his execution as nearly as possible, and my own style of painting enabled me to keep pretty near the mark" (!). But the high lights of the sky, he particularly added, were untouched by him. So that there Mr. Ruskin was right. The picture, when restored to its owner, gave complete satisfaction, and Lance's share in it was kept a secret. A year or two later he must have felt a proud man. The picture was being exhibited at the British Gallery. In front of it Lance met two *cognoscenti* of his acquaintance. "It looks to me," he said, testing them, "as if it had been a good deal repainted."—"No! you're wrong there," they said; "it is remarkably free from repaints."

[1] "In some of the convents (in Mexico) there still exist, buried alive like the inmates, various fine old paintings . . . brought there by the monks" (Dublin National Gallery Catalogue). The Spanish influence gave birth, moreover, to a native Mexican School of painting, said to be of considerable merit.

which, "after a few pale rays of fading sanctity from Guido, and brown gleams of gipsy Madonnahood from Murillo, came utterly to an end" (*Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. iv. § 4). But it was "*gipsy* Madonnahood:" there is an entire want of elevation in his religious types, and the peasants whom he painted as beggars or flower-girls he painted also as angels or Virgins. This mingling of the common with the religious alike in subject and treatment was no doubt a principal reason of his great popularity in his own country.[1] His vulgarity of treatment in his favourite beggar subjects is best seen in the Dulwich Gallery; of his religious style, the pictures here are characteristic examples. There is a certain "sweetness" and sentimentality about them which often makes them immensely popular. The French in particular are subject to a *furore* for Murillo, his "Immaculate Conception," now in the Louvre, having been bought in 1852 for £23,440 —the largest sum ever given up to that time for a single picture.[2] With children, too, Murillo is nearly always a great favourite. A maturer taste, however, finds the sentiment of Murillo overcharged, and the sweetness of expression an insufficient substitute for elevation of character. One charm however his pictures have which no criticism is likely to take away: they are all stamped with the artist's individuality, there is never any mistaking a Murillo.

An interesting illustration of the substitution of the palpable image for the figurative phrase. The mission of St. John the Baptist was to prepare the way for Christ, to proclaim to the people "Behold the Lamb of God!" Murillo makes the standard of the Lamb, with those words upon it, lie upon the ground below; but he further represents the young St. Baptist as embracing an actual lamb.

1122. ST. JEROME. (*See* II. 227, p. 41.)

Domenico Theotocopuli (1548–1625).

Theotocopuli, called also "Il Greco," and supposed to have been of Greek descent, was born in one of the Venetian

[1] "Murillo, of all true painters the narrowest, feeblest, and most superficial, for those reasons the most popular" (*Two Paths*, § 57 *n.*) —"the delight of vulgar painters (as Murillo) in coarse and slurred painting merely for the sake of its coarseness, opposed to the divine finish which the greatest and mightiest of men disdained not" (*Modern Painters*, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. i. ch. x. § 3).

[2] The French partiality for Murillo is traditional, dating back to Marshall Soult's time, from whose collection the "Immaculate Conception" was bought. Murillos were his favourite spoils from the Peninsular War. "One day, showing General G—— his gallery in Paris, Soult stopped opposite a Murillo, and said, 'I very much value *that*, as it saved the lives of two estimable persons.' An aide-de-camp whispered, 'he threatened to have both shot on the spot unless they *gave* up the picture'" (Ford's *Handbook*).

States, but migrated in early life to Spain, where most of his works are now to be found. The inscription on the book, "Cornaro aet suae 100-1566," is interpolated.

74. A SPANISH PEASANT BOY.

Murillo (1618–1682). *See under* 176, p. 380.

Look at this and the other little boy near it (176), and you will see at once the secret of Murillo's popularity. "In a country like Spain he became easily the favourite of the crowd. He was one of themselves, and had all the gifts they valued. Not like Velazquez, reproducing by choice only the noble and dignified side of the national character, Murillo could paint to perfection either the precocious sentiment of the Good Shepherd with the lamb by his side, or the rags and happiness of the gipsy beggar boy" (W. B. Scott's *Murillo*, p. 76)—

Poor and content is rich and rich enough.

230. A FRANCISCAN MONK.

Francisco Zurbaran (1598–1662).

Of all the Spanish pictures in the Gallery this is the most characteristic, and the most suggestive of that subserviency of painting to the Church, which distinguishes the Spanish School. Zurbaran was a pupil of the painter priest Juan de Roelas, of Seville, and it is a piece of the religious life around him that we have here before us. Seville was at that time the most orthodox city in the most Catholic country,—at every corner of the streets there were Franciscan monks, with prayers or charms to sell in exchange for food or money. "For centuries in Spain country people bought up the monks' old garbs, to use them in dressing the dead, so that St. Peter might pass them into heaven thinking they were Franciscans. It was in the streets and convents of Seville therefore that Zurbaran found his models. This picture was bought for the National Gallery from the Louis Philippe sale in 1853. When the gallery of Spanish pictures to which it formerly belonged was inaugurated in the Louvre, "what remained most strongly in the Parisian mind, so impressionable and so *blasé*, was not the suavity of Murillo, nor the astonishing pencil of Velazquez, making the canvas speak and palpitate with life; it was a certain 'Monk in Prayer' of Zurbaran, which it was impossible to forget, even if one had seen it only once. On his knees, in a poor garb of gray-brown, worn and patched, his visage lost

in the shadow of his hood, the monk implores the mercy of the Christian God, God soft and terrible. The hands, pallid and emaciated, hold the death's head, and the eyes are lifted to heaven; he seems to say, "Out of the depths have I cried to Thee, Lord, Lord" (C. Blanc, cited in W. B. Scott's *Murillo*, p. 55).

745. KING PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN.

Velazquez (1599–1660). *See under* 1129, p. 376.

Few kings have left so many enduring monuments of themselves as Philip IV., whose face figures twice on these walls and meets one in nearly every European gallery. It is a face which, once seen, is not soon forgotten. Velazquez, as we have said, caught its expression at once, and by comparing the face in its youth (1129, p. 376) with its middle age here, one can almost trace the king's career. In youth we see him cold and phlegmatic, but slender in figure, graceful and dignified in bearing, and with a fine open forehead. But the young king was bent on ease and pleasure, and his minister Olivares did nothing to persuade him into more active kingship. The less pleasing traits in his character have, in consequence, come to be deeper impressed at the time of this later portrait. He was devoted to sport, and the cruelty of the Spaniard is conspicuous in the lip—more underhung now than before. In the growth of the double chin and yet greater impassiveness of expression, one may see the traces of that "talent for dead silence and marble immobility" which, says the historian, "he so highly improved that he could sit out a comedy without stirring hand or foot, and conduct an audience without movement of a muscle, except those in his lips and tongue." It is not the face of a great ruler; but it is one which rightly lives on a painter's canvas, for no king was ever at once so liberal and so enlightened a patron of the arts as he. Himself too he was something of an artist; and the best-known piece of his painting tells a pretty story, which it is pleasant to remember in front of Velazquez's portraits of him. Velazquez painted once his own portrait in the background of the king's family (the "Maids of Honour"—Las Meninas—now at Madrid). "Is there anything wrong with it?" Velazquez asked. "Yes," said the king, taking the palette in his hand, "just this"—and he sketched in on the painter's portrait the coveted red cross of the order of Santiago.

1148. CHRIST AT THE COLUMN.

Velazquez (1599–1660). *See under* 1129, p. 376.

An intensely dramatic rendering of the central lesson of Christianity. The absence of all decorative accessories concentrates the attention at once on the figure of the Divine sufferer—bound by the wrists to the column. His hands are swollen and blackened by the cords; the blood has trickled down the shoulder—so terrible was the punishment—and the scourges and rod have been flung contemptuously at his feet. Yet abnegation of self and Divine compassion are stamped indelibly on his countenance, as he turns his head to the child who is kneeling in adoration. The guardian angel behind bids the child approach the Redeemer in prayer (hence the alternative title that has been given to the picture, "The Institution of Prayer"). From the wise and prudent the lessons of Christianity are often hidden, but Christ himself here reveals them unto babes. "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities : the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed" (For an interesting discussion of this picture, see the *Times*, August 16, 1883).

13. THE HOLY FAMILY.

Murillo (1618–1682). *See under* 176, p. 380.

This picture—known as the Pedroso Murillo, from the Pedroso family in whose possession it remained until 1810—is one of the painter's last works, painted when he was about sixty, and is characteristic of what is known as his third, or *vaporoso* manner.[1] It is characteristic also of his religious subjects. The look of child-like innocence in the head of the young Christ is very attractive, although the attitude is undeniably "stagey." The heads of the Virgin and St. Joseph also are good instances of Murillo's plan of "supplying the place of intrinsic elevation by a dramatic exhibition of sentiment" (W. B. Scott).

235. THE DEAD CHRIST.

Giuseppe Ribera, called Spagnoletto (1598–1648).

Ribera is a leading artist amongst what are called the *Naturalisti* or *Tenebrosi* (an alternative title, curiously significant of the warped

[1] His first manner is called *frio*, or cold; his second warm, or *calido*, and the third, from its melting softness, *vaporoso*. The first style is generally

and degraded principle of the school, as if "nature" were indeed only another name for "darkness").[1] His life was like his art, being "one long contrast between splendour and misery, black shadow and shining light" (Scott). He made his way when quite a youth to Rome, where one day, as he was sketching in the streets, dressed in rags and eating crusts, he was picked up by a cardinal and taken into his household. They called him in Italy by the name Lo Spagnoletto, the little Spaniard (to distinguish from Lo Spagna, the Spaniard, see VI. 1032, p. 106). But Ribera could not brook the cardinal's livery, and stole away into poverty and independence again. He especially studied the works of Caravaggio, and went afterwards to Parma to study Correggio. Then he moved to Naples, where a picture dealer discovered his talent and gave him his daughter in marriage. A large picture of the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, which he painted about this time, was exhibited by the dealer on the balcony of his house, and created such a *furore* that the Spanish Viceroy, delighted at finding the painter to be a Spaniard, loaded him with appointments and commissions. This was the making of Ribera's fortune. He soon became very wealthy—never going out but in his carriage, and with an equerry to accompany him, and so hard had he to work to keep pace with his orders that his servants were instructed at last to interrupt him when working hours were fairly over. He kept open house—entertaining Velazquez, for instance, when the later visited Naples in 1630; but though lavish he was yet mean, and together with two bravos formed a cabal, which by intimidation and intrigue kept all other painters out of work in Naples. But his life ended, like his pictures, in darkness. His daughter was carried off by one of his great friends, Don Juan of

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spoken of as lasting up to 1648, the second up to 1656, but he did not so much paint in these different manners at different times as adapt them to the different subjects severally in hand.

[1] Mr. Ruskin, in his classification of artists from this point of view, calls them "sensualists," reserving the traditional title "naturalists" to the greatest men, whose "subject is infinite as nature, their colour equally balanced splendour and sadness, reaching occasionally the highest degrees of both, and their chiaroscuro equally balanced between light and shade." This class represents the proper mean. In excess on one side are the "purists" (Angelico, Perugino, Memling, Stothard), who "take the good and leave the evil. The faces of their figures express no evil passions; the skies of their landscapes are without storm; the prevalent character of their colour is brightness, and of their chiaroscuro fulness of light." Then in excess on the other side are the "sensualists" (Salvator Rosa, Caravaggio, Ribera), who "perceive and imitate evil only. They cannot draw the trunk of a tree without blasting and shattering it, nor a sky except covered with stormy clouds; they delight in the beggary and brutality of the human race; their colour is for the most part subdued or lurid, and the greatest spaces of their pictures are occupied by darkness" (*Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. vi.) Elsewhere Mr. Ruskin speaks of Caravaggio and Ribera as "the black slaves of painting" (*Elements of Drawing*, p. 317).

Austria, and Ribera was so overwhelmed with grief that he left Naples and was never more heard of.[1]

The Virgin, accompanied here by St. John and Mary Magdalen, is weeping over the dead Christ—the subject termed by the Italians a *Pietà*. It is instructive to compare this Spanish treatment of it with an Italian Pietà, such as Francia's V. 180, p. 87. How much more ghastly is the dead Christ here! How much less tender are the ministering mourners!

244. A SHEPHERD WITH A LAMB.

Spagnoletto (1598–1648). *See under* 235, p. 384.

741. THE DEAD ORLANDO.

Ascribed to Velazquez.[2] *See under* 1129, p. 376.

The closing scene, according to one of the many legends, in the history of that "peerless paladin," Orlando, or Roland, who was slain at the battle of Roncesvalles, when returning from Charlemagne's expedition against the Saracens in Spain. Invulnerable to the sword, he was squeezed to death by Bernardo del Carpio. He lies, therefore, prostrate, but fully dressed and armed, his right hand resting on his chest, his left on the hilt of his famous sword. Over the dead man's feet there hangs from a branch a small brass lamp, the flame of which, like the hero's life, has just expired. On either side are the skulls and bones of other "paladins and peers who on Roncesvalles died."

[1] This is the story told by Domenico, the Neapolitan historian. According to Cean Bermudez, following Palomino (the Spanish historian), Ribera died at Naples honoured and rich.

[2] "'Velazquez has left a great number of striking pictures, each containing a single figure. The Count de Pourtalès, in the collection at Paris, (from which this picture was bought in 1865), has an excellent specimen of one of these studies, called 'The Dead Orlando'" (Stirling's *Annals of the Artists of Spain*, 1848, p. 680). Other authorities ascribe the picture to Valdes Leal (1630-1691), whose most celebrated picture (at Seville) is called "The Two Dead Men."

ROOM XVI

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: REYNOLDS AND GAINSBOROUGH

"WHATEVER is to be truly great and truly affecting must have on it the strong stamp of the native land. Not a law this, but a necessity, from the intense hold on their country of the affections of all truly great men. All classicality, all middle-age patent reviving, is utterly vain and absurd; if we are now to do anything great, good, awful, religious, it must be got out of our own little island" (RUSKIN: *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 37).

"OF the modern mind in England you may take Sir Joshua and Gainsborough for not only the topmost, but the hitherto total, representatives; total, that is to say, out of the range of landscape, and above that of satire and caricature. All that the rest can do partially, they can do perfectly. They do it, not only perfectly, but nationally; they are at once the greatest, and the Englishest, of all our school" (RUSKIN: *The Art of England*, Lecture iii.)

Is there an English School at all? In the fullest sense of the term, there certainly is not. Every visitor who, after studying any one of the Italian Schools or the Dutch School, walks through the rooms devoted to the "English School,"[1] cannot fail to be struck by the absence of uni-

[1] The term "English School" seems permissible in the National Gallery, inasmuch as there are also national galleries for Scotland and for Ireland. Moreover, the number of Scottish pictures here is inconsiderable, and though several of the painters represented were Irishmen, they all settled early in life in London.

formity in the latter. Instead of one general type of picture, modified only by individual peculiarities, he will find in the English rooms almost as many styles as there are painters. Here and there, indeed, if the collection of English pictures were more completely representative, traces would be found of common methods of *technique*, as well as of common ideals, amongst little groups of painters. There is a "Pre-Raphaelite School," for instance (see p. 536), and a "Norwich School" (see p. 496). But, taking all the English pictures together, one cannot detect any uniformity of method and style, such as would justify the application, in the strict sense, of the term "English School." It were a subject of great interest, which cannot, however, be pursued here, to determine why this is so. For one thing, there has been no such general diffusion of artistic taste amongst the English, as there was in mediæval Italy: hence there have been no general principles of art to which every English painter was constrained to submit. Neither has there been any attempt at systematic teaching within the artistic sect itself. Most of the leading English artists have studied in the Royal Academy schools, but the Academy has neither discovered nor enforced any definite and permanent code of artistic law. After leaving the Academy schools, the painters have generally gone their own way; the system of long and severe apprenticeship to an established master, which was the rule in Italy, has been almost entirely unknown in England. Some of the evil effects of our English licence in art matters will be obvious to every spectator. Take, for instance, the two greatest painters in two specially English branches of art—Reynolds in portraiture, and Turner in landscape. In charm there are very few Italian pictures against which Reynolds's will not hold their own; but whereas the Italian pictures are still, after three or four or five centuries, as fresh and firm as when they were first painted, Reynolds's, after less than one century, are already fading away before our eyes. "Reynolds filled the Halls of England," says Mr. Ruskin, "with the ghosts of her noble Squires and Dames." But alas! they are now too many of them the ghosts of ghosts. With Turner's pictures the case is stronger still. In im-

agination and in gift for colour he is as great as any old master; yet, in what is after all the elementary business of a painter—the laying of colour durably on canvas—the "modern painter" is palpably inferior even to Canaletto. Nor is it only in *technique* that the evil effect is seen. It appears also in a certain indefiniteness of aim. "Tired of labouring carefully," says Mr. Ruskin of Turner, "without either reward or praise, he dashes out into various experimental and popular works—makes himself the servant of the lower public, and is dragged hither and thither at their will; while yet, helpless and guideless, he indulges his idiosyncracies till they change into insanities; the strength of his soul increasing its sufferings, and giving force to its errors; all the purpose of life degenerating into instinct; and the web of his work wrought, at last, of beauties too subtle to be understood, his liberty, with vices too singular to be forgiven—all useless, because magnificent idiosyncracy had become solitude, or contention, in the midst of a reckless populace instead of submitting itself in loyal harmony to the Art-laws of an understanding nation. And the life passed away in darkness; and its final work, in all the best beauty of it, has already perished, only enough remaining to teach us what we have lost" (*Queen of the Air*, § 158).[1] Such is the effect on painters of the highest power; in the case of inferiors, it is more disastrous still. "Under strict law, they become the subordinate workers in great schools, healthily aiding, echoing, or supplying, with multitudinous force of hand, the mind of the leading masters: . . . helpful scholars, whose work ranks round, if not with, their master's, and never disgraces it." But in England few, if any, of the great men have formed schools in which lesser men might be trained, nor has there been any consistency of public taste to guide their choice. Hence that "mania of eccentricity" which always strikes the foreign student of English painting. Hence also the "high purpose but warped power" of men of original talent, like Haydon and Barry

[1] Those who wish to look into this matter more fully should refer also to *The Cestus of Aglaia*, reprinted in *O. O. R.*, vol. i. §§ 319, 320, and the Appendix to *The Art of England*.

and Blake (p. 467). Hence the inconsistency of aim which led Wilkie to waste the second period of his life in giving the lie to the work of the first (p. 490). And hence, too, the strange deficiencies in a man of great gift like Maclise (p. 520).

Such are some of the principal characteristics which the visitor may note, in going round the English rooms, as results of the absence of any English School in the strict sense of the term. But in another sense there certainly is an English School. Not only do the separate manifestations of English art form a considerable and noteworthy whole; but considered broadly, they reflect many aspects of the national mind. In the first place that seriousness of purpose, that predominance of the moral element, which has been said to distinguish the English character, is very conspicuous in English art. "The only great painters in our schools of painting in England have been either of portrait—Reynolds and Gainsborough; of the philosophy of social life—Hogarth; or of the facts of nature in landscape—Wilson and Turner. In all these cases . . . the success of the painter depended on his desire to convey a truth, rather than to produce a merely beautiful picture; that is to say, to get a likeness of a man, or of a place; to get some moral principle rightly stated, or some historical character rightly described, rather than merely to give pleasure to the eyes. Compare the feeling with which a Moorish architect decorated an arch of the Alhambra, with that of Hogarth painting the 'Marriage à la Mode,' . . . and you will at once feel the difference between art pursued for pleasure only, and for the sake of some useful principle or impression" (*Inaugural Address at the Cambridge School of Art*, p. 23). But this seriousness of purpose is not confined to the great men enumerated by Mr. Ruskin. Note, in going round the English rooms, the historical pictures—those, that is, that seek to revive past history for us (such, for instance, as E. M. Ward's); the historical pictures in another sense—that of marking contemporary incident or domestic drama (such as Wilkie's and Mulready's and Frith's); the literary pictures, which illustrate famous English authors (such as

Leslie's and Maclise's); the landscapes and seascapes; the portraits—note all these, and then see how very few are left over! Landseer's pictures of animals, too, are not only studies in natural history, but are most of them made moreover to point a moral or adorn a tale. And even that "painter's painter," Etty, whose works might seem to aim solely at sensuous beauty, strove in all things, he tells us, "to paint some great moral on the heart." In the present day, foreign influences have to some extent introduced other ideals. But both decorative and sensuous forms of art are in England exotics, and there is nothing as yet to show that the movement in such directions is not a back-water, rather than a progressive stream. Whilst on the other hand the one indisputably efficacious and permanent influence in this generation—that, namely, which was exerted by the Pre-Raphaelites—tended in the old direction, founded as it was on seriousness in aim and sincerity in conception. And not only does the general ideal of English art reflect the seriousness of the English character, but its limitation of range and its specialities of subject are also thoroughly national. Thus we have shown little excellence in purely decorative design. This is partly the result of our being such a "practical" people, and partly due to the absence of any hereditary art discipline. Again, the English School is conspicuously deficient in the highest fields of ideal or theological art. Such deficiency is natural in a nation "the vast majority of whose readers have probably never succeeded in getting quite through the only two great epic poems in their language," and which moreover has always had a keen delight in the burlesque—a condition fatal to excellence in ideal art. "But we need not feel any discomfort in these limitations of our capacity. We can do much that others cannot. Our first great gift is the portraiture of living people," of which there are so many splendid examples in this room. Our second gift is "an intense power of invention and expression in domestic drama." The large number of English artists who have devoted their best talents to the illustration of English authors is a striking instance of the national character of our art.

"Thirdly, in connection with our simplicity and good-humour, and partly with that very love of the grotesque which debases our ideal, we have a sympathy with the lower animals which is peculiarly our own." Landseer, for instance, may almost be said to have revealed the dog as a subject for art. Fourthly, English art has a quite special skill and interest in landscape. And lastly, no other school has shown the same felicity and fidelity as ours in the painting of the sea and the ships, that are the elements of England's greatness (Oxford *Lectures on Art*, § 13-17; and *cf. Harbours of England*, p. 6).

To this description of the characteristics of the English School, it remains to add some general outline of its historical development. So far as the pictures in the National Gallery go, the English School begins in the middle of the last century,[1] with the already accomplished work of Hogarth in domestic drama, Wilson in landscape, Reynolds in portraiture, and Gainsborough in both. But English art did not of course spring up full-grown in the reign of George III., like Athena from the head of Zeus. For the real first-fruits of the artistic gifts of our race, the student must go to the Gothic cathedrals, or the paintings on the walls of the Chapter House at Westminster. These and other such paintings were done in the thirteenth century, and are at least equal to any done by contemporary artists in Italy. Much beautiful early English work is to be seen, too, in missals, miniatures, and glass painting. But with the next century there comes a complete pause of English pictorial art, until its revival under George III. Mr. Ruskin suggests as *one* reason for this pause,[2] "that the flat scenery and severer climate, fostering less enthusiasm and urging to more exertion, brought about a practical and rational temperament, progressive in policy, science, and literature, but wholly retrograde in art." Other and historical reasons may be found first in the poverty and anarchy brought about by the French wars and the wars of the Roses; and then, when

[1] With the exception of a portrait by Dobson recently purchased, XVII. 1249, p. 441.

[2] See *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. pt. v. ch. xx. for a discussion of the subject.

wealth and artistic interests began to revive, in the importation of foreign painters. Just as a Venetian doge took pride in bringing eastern workers and eastern pillars to Venice, so the English kings took pride in alluring foreign artists to their court. And so, as the Italians dwarfed early Spanish and French painting, the Dutch and Germans dwarfed our native talent. Thus Mabuse was one of the glories of Henry VII.'s reign; Holbein, of Henry VIII.'s; Sir A. More, of Mary's; and Rubens and Van Dyck, of Charles I.'s. In Charles II.'s reign Lely and the two Vandeveldes were the chief painters. All along there had indeed been native artists as well—some of them "painters to the king," such as were Nicholas Hilliard (1547-1619) and Isaac Oliver (1555-1617), the celebrated miniature painters; George Jamesone (1586-1644), called by Walpole the "Scottish Van Dyck;" William Dobson (1610-1646), called by Charles his "English Tintoret;" Robert Walker, Cromwell's painter; and Richard Gibson (1615-1690), the dwarf. But it was only when the kings and nobles began to employ exclusively English painters that native art had any chance of full and free development. The foundation in this sense of the modern English School dates from the reign of Queen Anne, when Sir James Thornhill was commissioned to paint the dome of St. Paul's. The Italian, Sebastian Ricci (see Addenda, 851, p. 661), who had hoped for the commission, left the country in disgust, and the English School began to hold the field. From what has been already said of the individual character of English painters, the reader will see that its subsequent history hardly admits of the general treatment followed in the case of the other schools, it is the history rather of the succession of separate painters than of general tendencies. But a few generalisations may be attempted as suggestions towards a connected view of the English rooms. (1) Sir James Thornhill was Hogarth's father-in-law, and Hogarth is the Giotto of the English School. English art begins under him, as the art of every nation begins, with reflecting the life of the times. The turn of his mind was dramatic and satirical, and he took therefore to drawing, for the delight of society, its deformities and

weaknesses. (2) Reynolds was a courtier, and his artistic gift took the one form which, in a Protestant country which had abjured the religion that gave motives to early art elsewhere, it could take—namely, contemporary portraiture. Down to the end of the century, this is the line along which the main current of English art went. Reynolds formed no school; but Gainsborough, Romney, Lawrence, Hoppner, Jackson, Raeburn, and Opie were all his rivals or successors in the portraiture of the English nobility and gentry. These artists were all dead by 1830. (3) To them succeed two different sets of painters—the one continuing, in a fresh field, the traditions of Hogarth; the other endeavouring to carry forward those of Reynolds. Of the former class, Wilkie may be taken as the central example. It was a true piece of criticism which made Sir George Beaumont designate him as Hogarth's successor (see p. 490). Wilkie and the other *genre* painters of the period had not Hogarth's spirit of satire; but they had the same dramatic instinct as he, the same fondness for everyday life. As for the manner of this group, it was a direct heritage from the Dutch. It will be seen in the notices of the several painters how many of them studied from Dutch models, "and it requires little proficiency in criticism," says Mr. Hodgson, R.A.,[1] "to detect the influence of Ostade in Wilkie or of Metsu in Mulready." Many of the painters in this group lived on after 1850, but that may roughly be taken as the terminal date. (4) Contemporaneous with them were the "historical" painters. Reynolds himself had tried historical and ideal painting, for which portraiture is the proper preparation. He had failed, and those who succeeded him failed worse. Many of the pictures under this head have now been removed from the Gallery. Copley remains, but West, Barry, and Haydon have gone. (5) With the year 1850 begins a new era in English art. The International Exhibition of 1851 gave it a great impetus, and the Pre-Raphaelite movement a fresh direction. Of strictly Pre-

[1] *Fifty years of British Art*, as illustrated by the Pictures and Drawings in the Manchester Royal Jubilee Exhibition, 1887, p. 13, hereafter referred to as *Hodgson*.

Raphaelite pictures there are as yet only two in the gallery (XX. 563 and 1210, pp. 539, 536); and very few pictures subsequent to and indirectly influenced by the movement, can here be studied. (Turner, it should be understood, will be separately treated.) One new feature, however, in which the Pre-Raphaelites shared, may be noticed in some of the pictures in the gallery which were painted between 1850 and 1870. This was a reaction from the low key of colour, and predominance of bitumen, in the Dutch masters. "Impressed," says M. Chesneau,[1] "by the weary monotony of neutral tints, they wished to strike out a new line, and find some fresh method. In their justifiable horror of bitumen, therefore, they gave themselves up to a perfect glut of colouring. This new epidemic raged from 1850 to 1870. In the pictures of the English School there was then a blinding clash of colour, a strife of incongruous hues; no softening tints, everywhere harsh tones set side by side with unexampled barbarity; blues and greens, violets and yellows, reds and pinks, placed in most cases quite by chance." The solution of the problem of harmonising colours in a high key has been the task of the best living English painters. (6) Lastly, the progress of landscape remains to be noticed. The founder of the English School here in method—in the loving study, that is, of nature—was Wilson; but he worked, like Callcott after him, under foreign influences. The first man who struck out a more distinctively English line in landscape—English in subject, realistic in treatment—was Gainsborough; and from him the succession is direct to Constable and the Norwich School. Greater than them all, and uniting in the course of his career the tastes and strength of them all, is Turner, whose place in the history of English art will subsequently be discussed. No sketch of English art, however rough, should be concluded without a reference to water-colour painting, which is one of the chief glories of the English School. But no historical study of this branch of our

[1] *The English School of Painting*, 1885, p. 108, hereafter referred to as *Chesneau*. "Any of my pupils," says Mr. Ruskin (*Art of England*, p. 144), "may accept M. Chesneau's criticism as my own."

national art will be possible to the general public until, when the organisation of the national art treasures is taken seriously in hand, the Turner collection is promoted from the cellars of Trafalgar Square, and the drawings by other masters, now dispersed at South Kensington and the British Museum, are brought together and united with those in the custody of the National Gallery.

760. PORTRAIT OF A PARISH CLERK.

Thomas Gainsborough, R.A. (1727–1788).

Gainsborough, the rival of Reynolds in portraiture, and of Wilson in landscape, was born at Sudbury in Suffolk. His father was a crape merchant; from his mother, who was skilful in flower painting, he inherited, perhaps, his artistic talent. He was sent to a grammar school kept by his uncle, but was fond of playing truant. On one occasion he escaped by forging a note from his father, "Give Tom a holiday." "Tom will one day be hanged," said his father on hearing of the trick. But on seeing the drawings done by the truant, he varied his prediction: "Tom will one day be a genius." His youthful facility was indeed remarkable. He was the means one day of convicting a would-be orchard-stealer of felonious intent: the boy was sketching in the garden, and instantly caught the likeness of a man who was looking over the wall at a tempting pear-tree. His parents decided to give the boy his bent, and when fifteen he was sent up to London to study. For three years he was with Hayman, then a painter of repute; and afterwards he set up in Hatton Garden on his own account—painting both landscapes and portraits. But meeting with little success he returned home, and busied himself with sketching from nature. When only nineteen he married Margaret Burr; she brought him a fortune of £200 a year, and they took a house in Ipswich. Here he soon obtained work—largely owing to the good offices of a Mr. Thicknesse, whose first introduction to the artist well illustrates Gainsborough's skill. Walking in a friend's garden, Thicknesse saw a melancholy face looking over the wall. "The poor fellow has been standing there all day," he was told,—much to his astonishment, until it was explained that the fellow was only a painted sentinel set up by Gainsborough. In 1760 Gainsborough removed at Thicknesse's suggestion to Bath, where he soon found so many patrons that he raised his price for portraits to eight, and ultimately to forty, guineas (or one hundred guineas for a full length). He exhibited also at the Royal Academy, and there is a pleasant story of the terms on which his pictures travelled. Wiltshire, the carrier, refused to take any money for conveying them to London. "I admire painting too much," he said; and Gainsborough used to pay him in "Gainsboroughs" instead of in cash. The artist was always lavish in giving away his pictures. To one lady he is reported to

have given no less than twenty of his drawings, though she was so little of a connoisseur as to paste them up over her dressing-room wall. He was passionately fond of music; and he gave his famous "Boy at a Stile" in exchange for a solo on the violin! The independence of Gainsborough agrees well with the character of an enthusiastic lover of the arts for their own sake. A pompous lord was sitting for his portrait, and after elaborately composing himself, begged the artist not to overlook a dimple on the chin. "Confound the dimple on your chin," said Gainsborough, and refused to put another stroke to the portrait. His quarrel with the Academy shows the same impetuous independence. He was offended by the bad position given to his "Three Princesses," withdrew that and his other pictures, and never exhibited there again. This was in 1784. He had settled in London in 1774, in a portion of Schomberg House in Pall Mall, and, good Tory that he was, had quickly gained the favour of the king and court. Between Reynolds and himself there was the coolness of jealousy. Reynolds had given him one sitting, but Gainsborough would never finish the portrait. Unlike Reynolds, he had little taste either for aristocratic or for learned society. "He loved," we are told, "to sit by the side of his wife during the evenings, and make sketches of whatever occurred to his fancy, all of which he threw below the table, save such as were more uncommonly happy, and these were preserved and either finished as sketches or expanded into paintings." In summer he had lodgings at Hampstead, for the sake of the green fields. In February 1788, whilst hearing the trial of Warren Hastings, he felt a chill in his neck, which proved to be the beginning of cancer, and he died in August of the same year. A few days before his death, he wrote to Reynolds expressing a wish to see him once more before he died. Reynolds came, and bent his ear to catch Gainsborough's failing words. They were these: "We are all going to Heaven, and Van Dyck is of the company," words which "we may take for a beautiful reconciliation of all schools and souls who have done their work to the best of their knowledge and conscience." Gainsborough was buried in Kew Churchyard—where a plain slab alone, according to his express instructions, marks his grave—and Reynolds bore his pall.

Of Gainsborough as a landscape painter, there is something said under a picture farther on (109, p. 408). With regard to his portraits, a certain resemblance to those by Reynolds is what probably first strikes most spectators. They were contemporaries, and all the little peculiarities of the age—often too the actual sitters—are the same in pictures by them both. They trod the same path, side by side, each courted by the English aristocracy; and both treated their subjects with exquisite talent. Moreover, "both Reynolds and Gainsborough, bred in country villages, learned there the country boy's reverential theory of 'the squire,' and kept it. They painted the squire and the squire's lady as centres of the movements of the universe, to the end of their lives" (*Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix.

ch. ix. § 7). Yet beneath the surface there are decided differences between their portraits, resulting largely from the differences in their bringing-up. Reynolds received a classical education, and treatises on painting, together with classical models, formed his earliest training in art. It was finished in Italy, where he set himself to copy and to analyse the old masters. Gainsborough, on the other hand, as we have seen, ran wild in his native woods. "It is by the artifice of a perfect science," says M. Chesneau, "that Reynolds obtains such striking effects in his portraits. He forged for his own use a complete armoury of weapons, a magazine of rules and well-tried systems. . . . Gainsborough, on the other hand, regards his model in the same way as he regards nature. It is the model which, in each new work, furnishes him with fresh artistic ideas. . . . He strove to take in all that was noble and pure in his sitters, and thus, without flattering, he gives to every work produced by his hand a particular character of ideal dignity combined with truthfulness. . . . Moreover, it is to the human countenance that he devotes all his attention; he shows us, not only the model, but the soul of the model, which, like a divine melody, permeates the whole picture. Lastly, there is observable in most of his portraits an especial charm of pathetic tenderness, a tinge of melancholy, which it is difficult to attribute to all the persons that have sat to him. It must be, then, from himself that it emanates, and so appears in his portraits as it does in his landscapes."[1] This last characteristic pointed out by M. Chesneau is noticed also by Mr. Ruskin, who speaks of "deep-thoughted, solemn Gainsborough," "pure in his English feeling, profound in his seriousness, graceful in his gaiety." "A great name his, whether of the English or any other school." Great because, finally, he was "the greatest colourist since Rubens." "Gainsborough's power of colour (it is mentioned by Sir Joshua as his pecular gift) is capable of taking rank beside that of Rubens; he is the purest colourist, Sir Joshua himself not excepted, of the whole English School; with him, in fact, the art of painting did in great part die, and exists not now in Europe. . . . In management and quality of single and particular tint, in the purely technical part of painting, Turner is a child to

[1] *The English School*, pp. 22-40. "There is far more to be learnt," adds M. Chesneau, "from the works that Gainsborough has left us than from the rules laid down in Reynolds's Discourses." In one well-known instance Gainsborough set himself to refute in practice Reynolds's theories. Reynolds had laid down the principle that blue cannot be used in a picture as the dominant colour, and also that the most vivid tints ought to be placed in the centre of the painting. Gainsborough painted his "Blue Boy" in defiance of both rules, and it is one of his admitted masterpieces. It should be noticed in connection with, and to some degree in modification of, what M. Chesneau says about Gainsborough's spontaneity, that he "applied himself to the Flemish School," and "occasionally made copies from Rubens, Teniers, and Van Dyck, which it would be no disgrace to the most accurate connoisseur to mistake, at the first sight, for the works of those masters" (see Reynolds's *Discourses*, xiv.)

Gainsborough. . . . His hand is as light as the sweep of a cloud, as swift as the flash of a sunbeam. . . . His forms are grand, simple, ideal. . . . He never loses sight of his picture as a whole. . . . In a word, Gainsborough is an immortal painter" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i., preface to 2d ed. p. xix. *n.*, and pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 17).

The "charm of pathetic tenderness and tinge of melancholy," noticed above as characteristic of Gainsborough's portraits, is not absent from the face of the parish clerk, who raises his eyes from the Bible in front of him to look toward the light; and hears, like Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," one may think—

> . . . the parson pray and preach,
> He hears his daughter's voice,
> Singing in the village choir,
> And it makes his heart rejoice.
> It sounds to him like her mother's voice
> Singing in Paradise!

This picture is one of those given by Gainsborough to the carrier Wiltshire. The sitter was Edward Orpin, parish clerk of Bradford in Wiltshire.

111. PORTRAIT OF LORD HEATHFIELD.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792).

Sir Joshua, the first President of the Royal Academy, was born in Devonshire, at Plympton Earl, where his father (a "Parson Adams" in real life) was a schoolmaster. His pictures are remarkable for the impression of facility they give, and much of the talent which produced them was, it is clear, innate. "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness," wrote his father over a drawing which the boy had done in his exercise-book. "While I am doing this," wrote Joshua himself of his drawing, a few years later, "I am the happiest creature alive." The artistic instinct must have been very strong in the lad to surmount the obstacles of circumstance. "I am inclined to think," says Mr. Ruskin, "considering all the disadvantages of circumstances and education under which his genius was developed, that there was perhaps hardly ever born a man with a more intense and innate gift of insight into human nature than our own Sir Joshua Reynolds. Considered as a painter of individuality in the human form and mind, I think him, even as it is, the prince of portrait painters. Titian paints nobler pictures, and Van Dyck had nobler subjects, but neither of them entered so subtly as Sir Joshua did into the minor varieties of human heart and temper; and when you consider that, with a frightful conventionality of social habitude all around him, he yet conceived the simplest types of all feminine and childish loveliness;—that in a northern climate, and with gray, and white, and black, as the principal

colours around him, he yet became a colourist who can be crushed by none, even of the Venetians;—and that with Dutch painting and Dresden china for the prevailing types of art in the saloons of his day, he threw himself at once at the feet of the great masters of Italy, and arose from their feet to share their throne—I know not that in the whole history of art you can produce another instance of so strong, so unaided, so unerring an instinct for all that was true, pure, and noble" (*Two Paths*, § 63). It was some time before Reynolds had the opportunity of studying his favourite Italian masters in their own country. When he was eighteen he was sent up to London to study under Hudson (see XVII. 1224, p. 443); after two years he had made such good progress as to estrange his master. After a year spent at Plymouth, he came up to London again; but upon his father's death he returned in 1746 to Plymouth, and, with his sisters to keep house for him, established himself there as a portrait painter. The urbanity of manner which distinguished him through life soon won him friends and patrons. Amongst these was Lord Edgcumbe, who introduced him to Captain Keppel (see 886, p. 414). Keppel was about to sail for the Mediterranean, and knowing how much Reynolds's mind was set on going to Italy, offered to take him on board his own ship, the *Centurion*. In May 1749 they set sail, and till the end of the year Reynolds stayed with the Governor of Minorca, painting portraits. He thus obtained the necessary funds for his Italian tour, and for two years he studied in Rome. Of his first impressions there he has left us a minute account, recording especially his original disappointment, his humility (it was necessary, he says, to become before the great masters "as a little child"), his subsequent enthusiasm, and his diligence in studying and copying. He paid for this diligence dearly, for he caught a bad cold in the Vatican corridors, and thus contracted the deafness from which he suffered throughout life. From Rome he went to Parma, Florence, and Venice; and though he did not say so much about the pictures at these cities, there can be no doubt that they influenced his own art far more than those at Rome. At Parma he came under Correggio's influence, of which there is record in the St. John of his Holy Family (78, p. 654), copied from Correggio's Cupid (IX. 10, p. 203). At Venice he learnt yet more; indeed, one may suspect that though Raphael and Michael Angelo served to grace his Discourses, Titian was his real flame. "To possess a real, fine picture by that great master," he once said, "I would willingly ruin myself." Having thus "cast himself at the feet" of the great masters of Italy, Reynolds returned to London in 1752 "to share their throne." He settled first in St. Martin's Lane, afterwards in Great Newport Street, and finally (from 1760 onwards) in Leicester Square, where his house, No. 47, may still be seen, nearly opposite to the site of Hogarth's. Lord Edgcumbe busied himself to obtain clients for Reynolds, and the results of his Italian studies soon made themselves apparent. His portraits were unlike those of a previous generation. "Ah, Reynolds," said a rival of the old school, "this will never

answer : you don't paint in the least like Sir Godfrey—Shakespeare in poetry and Kneller in painting, damme !" But Reynolds hit the taste of the town for all that, and his studio soon became crowded, says one of his biographers, "with women who wished to be transmitted as angels, and men who wished to appear as heroes and philosophers." From this time forward Reynolds's life was one of unbroken success; other painters arose from time to time to divide his popularity—Opie, Gainsborough, Hoppner—but Reynolds's supremacy was never seriously threatened. In 1768, when the Royal Academy was founded, he was elected President by acclamation, and was knighted by the king—an honour which has ever since been offered to the holder of that office. In 1773 he was made a D.C.L. of Oxford, and was elected Mayor of Plympton, a distinction, he told the king, that gave him more pleasure than any he had ever received, "excepting that which your majesty so graciously conferred on me." One can trace Reynolds's rising reputation in his ascending scale of prices more clearly than in external honours. His price for a head was originally five guineas; in 1755 he raised it to twelve. Five years later it was twenty-five; and he then moved into his big house and set up his famous grand chariot, with the four seasons painted on its panels. Ten years later the price for a Reynolds's portrait was thirty-five guineas, whilst in his later years it was fifty. The painter's industry may be judged from the fact that at a time when his price was twenty-five guineas, he told Johnson that he was making £6000 a year. He received six sitters a day, and calculated upon being able to paint a portrait in four hours. He kept prints of all his pictures in a portfolio, and allowed his sitters to select therefrom the style they preferred. He was not above a little gentle falsehood, which, however, he "discreetly touched, just enough to make all men noble, all women lovely: 'we do not need this flattery often, most of those we know being such; and it is a pleasant world, and with diligence,—for nothing can be done without diligence,—every day till four (says Sir Joshua), a painter's life is a happy one'" (*Sir Joshua and Holbein*, reprinted in *O. O. R.*, i. 233). There was, however, high effort behind this happy diligence. "Labour," Sir Joshua told the Academy students, "is the only solid price of fame, and there is no easy method of becoming a great painter." And what he preached, he practised. "Whenever a new sitter came to him for a portrait," says his pupil, Northcote, "he always began it with a full determination to make it the best picture he had ever painted." To industry in his own pursuit, Sir Joshua added a high sense of public duty. The Academy dinners were started by him, and his famous Discourses are a collection of the addresses he delivered to the students at the annual prize-giving. The burden of his advice was "study the old masters;" and that examples might not be wanting, he offered the Academy his collection of pictures at a very low price—an offer which they declined. A quarrel with the Academy, of which this refusal was perhaps the outcome, was the one embitterment of his life. The quarrel was over the election of a Professor of Perspective,

in which they chose Fuseli instead of his candidate, Bonomi. This was in 1789, and in the same year his eye-sight failed him. His final Discourse was delivered December 10, 1790; he was afterwards seized with a liver complaint, and after a long illness, "borne," said Burke, "with a mild and cheerful fortitude," he died, on February 23, 1792. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side of Sir Christopher Wren, and his eulogy was written by Burke, who spoke of him as "one of the most memorable men of his time, and the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country."

What, then, precisely is it that Reynolds added, or introduced, to the art record of his country? First and foremost the gift of "portraiture of living people—a power so accomplished in him that nothing is left for future masters but to add the calm of perfect workmanship to his vigour and felicity of perception" (Oxford *Lectures on Art*, § 15). It is interesting to connect this gift of faithful portraiture in Reynolds's case, as in that of Velazquez (see p. 377), with charm of character. "The swiftest of painters," he was also "the gentlest of companions." "Two points of bright peculiar evidence are given by the sayings of the two greatest literary men of his day, Johnson and Goldsmith. Johnson, who, as you know, was always Reynolds's attached friend, had but one complaint to make against him, that he hated nobody: 'Reynolds,' he said, 'you hate no one living; I like a good hater!' Still more significant is the little touch in Goldsmith's 'Retaliation.' You recollect how in that poem he describes the various persons who met at one of their dinners at St. James's Coffee-house, each person being described under the name of some appropriate dish. You will often hear the concluding lines about Reynolds quoted—

> He shifted his trumpet, etc.;

less often, or at least less attentively, the preceding ones, far more important—

> Still born to improve us in every part,
> His pencil our faces, his *manners our heart;*

and never, the most characteristic touch of all, near the beginning—

> Our dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
> Our Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;
> To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
> That Rich is anchovy, and *Reynolds is lamb.*"

(*Two Paths*, § 64). But if Reynolds's gift of veracity in portraiture was thus primarily due to his largeness of mind and gentleness of temper, it was cultivated by habits of close attention. Johnson, in talking to Boswell of their common friend, laid stress on both points. "Sir Joshua Reynolds, sir," he said at one time, "is the most invulnerable man I know; the man with whom if you should quarrel you would find the most difficulty how to abuse." "I know no man," he said at another time, "who has passed through life with more observation

than Sir Joshua." And so said Sir Joshua himself. "The effect of every object that meets a painter's eye may give him a lesson, *provided his mind is calm*, unembarrassed with other objects, and open to instruction." It was by this close observation that Sir Joshua cultivated his faculty of catching a true likeness. But to this he added a second requisite of great art—namely, keen perception of beauty. "The grace of Reynolds" has passed almost into a proverb; "his portraits," said Burke, "remind the spectator of the invention and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend upon it from a higher sphere." And then, whilst thus true and beautiful, Reynolds's work is magnificently skilful. He is "usually admired for his dash and speed. His true merit is in an ineffable subtlety combined with this speed. The tenderness of some of Reynolds's touches is quite beyond telling" (*Modern Painters*, vol. iv. pt. v. ch. iv. § 16 *n.*) So, then, we have in Reynolds the three motives which must be present in all great pictorial art. "He rejoices in showing you his *skill;* and those of you who succeed in learning what painter's work really is, will one day rejoice also, even to laughter—that highest laughter which springs of pure delight, in watching the fortitude and the fire of a hand which strikes forth its will upon canvas as easily as the wind strikes it on the sea. He rejoices in all abstract *beauty* and rhythm and melody of design; he will never give you a colour that is not lovely, nor a shade that is unnecessary, nor a line that is ungraceful. But all his power and all his invention are held by him subordinate,—and the more obediently because of their nobleness,—to his true leading purpose of setting before you such *likeness* of the living presence of an English gentleman or an English lady, as shall be worthy of being looked upon for ever" (Oxford *Lectures on Art*, § 102). But Reynolds, it should be noticed finally, had to the full the defects of his qualities. "How various the fellow is," said Gainsborough of him. But though various within his range (look for instance from this portrait of a veteran, across the room to the infant Samuel in prayer), that range itself was curiously limited. He painted English gentlemen and English ladies and English children to perfection; but he seldom painted anything else. He was for ever preaching the praises of an art loftily ideal in its character; but though he ends his last lecture in the Academy with "the *name* of Michael Angelo," he "never for an instant thought of following out the purposes of Michael Angelo, and painting a Last Judgment upon Squires, with the scene of it laid in Leicestershire" (*Fors Clavigera*, 1874, p. 197, and *cf. O. O. R.*, i. 223-225). There is, however, a more serious drawback than Sir Joshua's limitation of range. Compare him with the best of the old masters, and it will be seen that beside theirs his work, "at its best, is only magnificent sketching; giving indeed, in places, a perfection of result unattainable by other methods, and possessing always a charm of grace and power exclusively its own; yet, in its slightness addressing itself, purposefully, to the casual glance and common thought—eager to arrest the passer-by, but care-

less to detain him; or detaining him, if at all, by an unexplained enchantment, not by continuance of teaching, or development of idea" (*O. O. R.*, i. 230). The want of permanence in Sir Joshua's pigments, to which allusion has already been made, was largely due to his frequent experiments. He was convinced that the old masters had some secret which the moderns had lost, and he even cut some of their pictures to pieces to try and find it. "The wonder is," said Haydon, with reference to some of Reynolds's experimental substances, "that the pictures did not crack beneath the brush." They are cracking all too fast now. When a collection of them was exhibited at the Grosvener Gallery in 1884, "it was seen," said Mr. Ruskin, "broadly speaking, that neither the painter knew how to paint, the patron to preserve, nor the cleaner to restore" (*Art of England*, p. 248). The visitor who feels in a less stern mood, may prefer Sir George Beaumont's conclusion. Even a hundred years ago it was complained that Sir Joshua "made his pictures die before the man." "Never mind," said Sir George, "a faded portrait by Reynolds is better than a fresh one by any one else."

"Lord Heathfield in the full uniform of a Lieutenant-General, magnanimously and irrevocably locking up Gibraltar,"—a very fine and characteristic example of Reynolds's method of portraiture. He rarely represents his characters in fixed postures, but sets them "in the midst of active life as if simply interrupted by the artist's arrival." Thus here he shows us the famous General Elliott (who was raised to the peerage for his successful defence of Gibraltar against France and Spain),[1] standing as firmly planted as the rock itself, with the keys of the fortress, which he locked up, grasped tightly in his hand. The air is full of smoke, but the sturdy veteran stands unmoved amidst it all. "These are the touches of genius, because they are so perfectly characteristic of the individual. Herein lies the secret of the lasting interest attaching to so many of his works, which are yet only portraits" (Chesneau: *The English School*, p. 26). "It is remarkable," adds Mr. T. H. Ward (*English Art in the Public Galleries*, pp. 19, 20), "that two eminent artists at least have left on record their opinion of this masterpiece, which, as Northcote says, 'seems to have silenced instead of exciting envy.' 'It is highly probable,' wrote James Barry, Sir Joshua's soured and disappointed rival, 'that the picture of Lord Heathfield, the glorious defender of Gibraltar, would have been of equal importance (with the picture of Mrs. Siddons) had it been a whole length; but even as it is, only a

[1] For a picture of the siege itself, see 787, p. 450.

bust, there is great animation and spirit, happily adapted to the indications of the tremendous scene around him, and to the admirable circumstance of the key of the fortress firmly grasped in his hands; than which imagination cannot conceive anything more ingenious or heroically characteristic.' And Constable, again,—though for him to praise Sir Joshua is nothing so exceptional—speaks of the picture as 'almost a history of the defence of Gibraltar. The distant sea, with a glimpse of the opposite coast, expresses the locality, and the cannon pointed downward, the height of the rock on which the hero stands, with the chain of the massive key of the fortress passed twice round his hand, as to secure it in his grasp. He seems to say, 'I have you, and I will keep you.'" But the limitation in Reynolds's powers, of which mention has been made above, is not perhaps wholly absent even here. Mr. Ruskin once instanced this portrait as showing Reynolds's incapacity to conceive heroism. "He could conceive a most refined lord or lady, but not a saint or a Madonna; and his best hero, Lord Heathfield, is but an obstinate old English gentleman after all. Gainsborough takes very nearly the same view of us. Hogarth laughs at us or condemns us. . . . Is it not a rather strange matter that our seers or painters, contemplating the English nation, cannot, all of them put together, paint an English hero?[1] Nothing more than an English gentleman in an obstinate state of mind about keys; with an expression which I can conceive so exceedingly stout a gentleman of that age as occasionally putting on, even respecting the keys of the cellaret. Pray consider of it a little, good visitors, whether it is altogether the painter's fault or anybody else's!" (*Academy Notes*, 1859, pp. 20, 21). The portrait was painted in 1788, when Lord Heathfield was sixty-five.

683. MRS. SIDDONS (1755–1831).

Gainsborough (1727–1788). *See under* 760, p. 396.

A portrait of the great English actress, Sarah Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, taken in her twenty-ninth year, the year after Reynolds painted her as the Tragic Muse. It was in that year, when she was at the height of her fame, that Johnson saw her: "neither praise nor money," he said, "the two powerful corruptors of mankind, seemed to have depraved her!" In

[1] Compare Carlyle's remarks on the inability of another popular English painter to realise "the hero as priest," cited at p. 568, on XXI. 894.

the stately face depicted by Gainsborough—severe even in its beauty—one sees stamped the character of the actress who turned the heads of half the town, but never herself lost her self-restraint, and who was as celebrated for the blamelessness of her private life as for her command of passion on the stage. "One would as soon think of making love to the Archbishop of Canterbury," said one of her admirers. The strong sharply-defined features repeat the tale of her hardness and haughtiness. "Damn it, madam," said Gainsborough, after working at this portrait for some time in silence, "there is no end to your nose." Equally marked and yet more characteristic is the jaw-bone: "The Kemble jaw-bone!" exclaimed the actress herself, laughing; "why it's as notorious as Samson's!" One should note, too, the finely-formed eyebrows: their extreme flexibility was one of the secrets of her art, and lent expressive aid to eyes brilliantly beautiful and penetrating. She was "a daughter of the gods"; in stature "divinely tall," and of equal grace and dignity in her movements. "She behaved," said Miss Burney, describing a party at which she had been present, "with great propriety, very calm, modest, quiet and unaffected. She has a very fine countenance and her eyes look both intelligent and soft. She has, however, a steadiness in her manner and deportment by no means engaging. Mrs. Thrale, who was there, said, 'Why this is a leaden goddess we are all worshipping.'" Miss Burney with the frizzly head, and Mrs. Thrale, who "skipped about like a young kid," clearly thought the stately queen of tragedy not quite "in the mode." In her toilette the actress herself takes credit for her departure therefrom. Sir Joshua Reynolds, she says, "approved very much of her costumes," of her hair "so braided as to ascertain the size and shape of her head," whilst "my short waist, too, was to him a pleasing contrast to the long stiff stays and hoop petticoats which were then the fashion." One can see from the beautiful use made of the costume in this picture that Gainsborough also found Mrs. Siddons's taste pleasant to a painter's eye. And it was a faithful likeness as well as a charming picture. "Two years before the death of Mrs. Siddons," says Mrs. Jameson, "I remember seeing her when seated near this picture, and looking from one to the other; it was like her still at the age of seventy." For another portrait of Mrs. Siddons, see XXI. 785, p. 570; and for one of her husband, XXI. 784, p. 559.

Lent by the Dilettanti Society.

HIS OWN PORTRAIT WHEN FORTY-THREE (1766).
Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792). *See under* 111, p. 399.

312. LADY HAMILTON AS A BACCHANTE.

George Romney (1734–1802).

Romney is one of the great English artists who is least adequately represented in the National Gallery. The two heads here are indeed beautifully representative of his skill in this sort; but "few artists," said his friend Flaxman, "since the fifteenth century, have been able to do so much in so many different branches," and for his historical and poetic works the student has to look elsewhere. Romney was born at Beckside, Dalton-in-Furness, the son of "honest John Romney" a cabinet-maker, and at an early age showed talent in designing and wood-carving. At twenty-one he was apprenticed to an indifferent painter, Steele, and for some years he painted in the North—going from house to house for a job. In 1762 he went to London, leaving his wife, whom he had married when he was twenty-two, behind him at Kendal. He never called her to share in his success, though he made her an annual allowance; nor did he return to her till he came "to die at home at last" in 1798. For ten years he met with varying success in London, and then he spent two years in Italy, studying much from the nude model at Rome. On his return to London he established himself in Cavendish Square, in a house afterwards occupied by another painter, Sir Martin Shee, P.R.A. Romney for a time divided the town with Reynolds. "There are two factions in art," said Lord Thurlow, "and I am of the Romney faction." The remark is said to have much annoyed Reynolds, who could never bring himself to refer to his rival except as "the man in Cavendish Square." Romney himself, it should be noted, never exhibited at the Royal Academy, and was therefore ineligible as a member. Besides his portraits, from which Romney made a very large income, he painted many large historical compositions, and his head was full of others yet larger and more ambitious. "I have formed a system of original subjects," he wrote in 1794, "moral and my own, and I think one of the grandest that has been thought of—but nobody knows it. Hence it is my view to wrap myself in retirement and pursue these plans." The words apply, says one of his biographers, to all periods of his life; he was always dreaming and sketching. Much of this wandering of the fancy must be attributed to Hayley, the poet, and friend of William Blake, who was for ever plying Romney with flattery and suggestions. Cowper and Gibbon were also amongst the artist's friends. In 1796 he carried out his idea of retirement by taking a house at Hampstead on Holly Bush Hill. He added "a whimsical structure" to it, and "filled his study and galleries," says Flaxman, "with fine casts from the most perfect statues, groups, basso-relievos,

and busts of antiquity. He would sit and consider these in profound silence by the hour; and, besides the studies in drawing or painting he made from them, he would examine them under all the changes of sunshine and daylight; and with lamps prepared on purpose at night, he would try their effects from above, beneath, and in all directions, with rapturous admiration." His health had, however, for some time been failing; he had worn himself out partly by incessant application: he often worked, says his son, thirteen hours a day. In 1798 he was seized with a paralytic stroke, and returned to his wife at Kendal. It was when she was nursing him through a fever forty-three years before that he had fallen in love with her, and she nursed him tenderly again; but he never entirely regained his powers, and sinking at last into imbecility died in 1802.

Much of Romney's life was bound up with the face of this all too-lovely woman—

> Rosy is the west, rosy is the south,
> Roses are her cheeks, and a rose her mouth.

Emma Lyon, or "Mrs. Hart," was a professional model—the mistress of Charles Greville and of Nelson, the wife of Sir William Hamilton (see p. 422), and the source of half the charm associated with the name of Romney. He painted her in every attitude and every character, and his infatuation for her knew no bounds. "At present," he wrote to Hayley in 1791, "and the greatest part of the summer, I shall be engaged in painting pictures from the divine lady; I cannot give her any other epithet, for I think her superior to all womankind."

109. THE WATERING PLACE.

T. Gainsborough, R.A. (1727–1788). *See under* 760, p. 396.

It is recorded that Reynolds once, at an Academy Banquet, proposed the health of Gainsborough as "the best landscape painter," and that Wilson (of whose presence Reynolds was unaware) added, "and the best portrait painter." Neither of them was far wrong, for to Gainsborough there belongs also the distinction of being the founder of the English School of landscape. Wilson, as we shall see, was an "Italianiser" and an imitator. But Gainsborough was English both in his subjects and in his treatment of them. "He did not wait until a spirit from on high should influence him under other skies; he never left his island; and the Suffolk woods always seemed to him the most beautiful in the world." The same limitation, indeed, of subject which may be noticed in the figure-pieces of him and Reynolds, appears also in Gainsborough's landscapes: "no noble natural scenes, far less any religious subject:—only market-carts; girls with pigs; woodmen going home to supper; watering-places; gray cart-horses in fields, and such like" (*Sir Joshua and Holbein*, in *O. O. R.*, i. 227). In his

treatment of these simple Suffolk subjects, Gainsborough was true to that fidelity to nature which has ever since characterised the English School of landscape. Here too, however, there are limitations to be noticed. We have seen how the old masters (see for instance Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," VII. 35, p. 146) bestowed much delicate and affectionate care on their foregrounds; "and on this their peculiar excellence I should the more earnestly insist, because it is of a kind altogether neglected by the English School, and with most unfortunate results; many of our best painters missing their deserved rank solely from the want of it, as Gainsborough. . . . He has great feeling for masses of form and harmony of colour; but in the detail gives nothing but meaningless touches; not even so much as the species of tree, much less the variety of its leafage, being ever discernible. . . . Their colour, too, is in some measure dependent on a bituminous brown and conventional green, which have more of science than of truth in them" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. §§ 9, 17; *Elements of Drawing*, p. 164).

The differences between Gainsborough's landscapes and those of his contemporary Wilson are easily discernible from a comparison of this picture with those of Wilson in the next room. Sir George Beaumont hit off the main difference very happily when he said "Both were poets; and to me the *Bard* of Gray and his *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* are so descriptive of their different lines that I should have commissioned Wilson to paint a subject from the first, and Gainsborough one from the latter." Sir George did not give his commission; but Gainsborough's picture of the watering-place at evening is quite in the spirit of Gray's lines—

> The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
> The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
> The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
> And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

888. JAMES BOSWELL, THE BIOGRAPHER OF JOHNSON.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792). *See under* 111, p. 399.

One of those portraits that verifies "the saying of Hazlitt, that 'a man's life may be a lie to himself and others: and yet a picture painted of him by a great artist would probably stamp his character.' The thin nose, that seems to sniff the air for information, has the sharp shrewdness of a Scotch accent. The small eyes, too much relieved by the high-arched eyebrows, twinkle with the exultation of victories not won—an expression contracted from a vigilant watching of Dr. Johnson,

who, when he spoke, spoke always for victory; the bleak lips, making by their protrusion an angle almost the size of the nose, proclaim Boswell's love of 'drawing people out,' a thirst for information at once droll and impertinent; but which finally embodied itself in a form that has been pronounced by Lord Macaulay the most interesting biography in the world; the ample chins, fold upon fold, tell of a strong affection, gross, and almost sottish, for port wine and tainted meats; (whilst the whole portrait expresses) . . . the imperturbable but artless egotism, the clever inquisitiveness, which have made him the best-despised and best-read writer in English literature" (Littell's *Living Age*, cited in Mabel E. Wotton's *Word Portraits of Famous Writers*, 1887). The circumstances under which the portrait was painted are as characteristic of Boswell as the features themselves. Boswell, as every one knows, was, like Johnson, a friend of Reynolds and a fellow-member of "the club." In 1785 Boswell wrote to Reynolds as follows: "My dear Sir—The debts which I contracted in my father's lifetime will not be cleared off by me for some years. I therefore think it unconscientious to indulge myself in any article of elegant luxury. But in the meantime, you may die, or I may die; and I should regret very much that there should not be at Auchinleck my portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whom I have the felicity of living in social intercourse. I have a proposal to make to you. I am for certain to be called to the English bar next February. Will you now do my picture, and the price shall be paid out of the first fees which I receive as a barrister in Westminster Hall? Or if that fund should fail, it shall be paid at any rate in five years hence, by myself or my representatives." The letter was found in Reynolds's papers endorsed with his signature and the words, "I agree to the above conditions." Reynolds did his friend a further service by making his brush "be to his faults a little kind,"—as any one may see who compares this not unpleasant portrait with Sir T. Lawrence's pencil sketch (prefixed to the fifth volume of Croker's *Boswell*), or Miss Burney's ill-natured portrait in words.

1068. "THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER."

George Romney (1734–1802). *See under* 312, p. 407.

A rosebud, set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her.

TENNYSON: *The Princess.*

1198. MR. HENRY BYNE.

Lemuel F. Abbott (1760–1803).

Lemuel Abbott (he added the name of Francis afterwards, possibly out of compliment to his master, Francis Hayman) was the son of a Leicestershire parson. In 1780, after two years with Hayman, he set up on his own account in Caroline Street as a portrait painter. He did heads only, and amongst his sitters were Cowper and Nelson. He made a very unhappy marriage and died insane.

Mr. Byne, a country gentleman of Carshalton, Surrey, was first cousin to the General Byne of Kent who fell at the battle of Bergen-op-Zoom (1814).

305. SIR ABRAHAM HUME, BART., F.R.S.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792).
See under 111, p. 399.

An intimate friend of the painter. He died in his ninetieth year in 1838. This portrait was painted about 1780, when therefore he was thirty-one. Like Sir Joshua, he was a great collector of "Old Masters." His collection—consisting chiefly of Italian pictures bought at Bologna and Venice from 1786 to 1800—was dispersed in 1824; it was particularly strong in Titian, a notice of whose "Life and Works" was published by Sir A. Hume in 1829. He had also a famous collection of minerals, especially of diamonds (an account of which was published in 1816). He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1775, his certificate stating that he was "a gentleman particularly conversant in natural history and mineralogy." His interest in the latter led him to assist in founding the Geological Society, of which he was Vice-President from 1809 to 1813.

925. "GAINSBOROUGH'S FOREST."

T. Gainsborough, R.A. (1727–1785). *See under* 760, p. 396.

So the engraving from this picture was lettered—the scene being the woods and village of Cornard in Suffolk. Sir George Beaumont's comparison of Gray's elegy to Gainsborough's landscapes (see under 109, p. 408) again comes forcibly home to one before this picture of an English wood, with the rustics at work or at rest in the foreground, and the view of the village church through the trees.

1197. DAVID GARRICK (1716-1799).

Ascribed to Johann Zoffany, R.A. (1733–1810).

Zoffany, by descent a Bohemian, by birth a German, was one of the original members of the Royal Academy. He came to England in 1758, and met with considerable success, more especially for his theatrical portraits. For seven years he was in Lucknow; he returned to England with a large fortune and settled at Kew, where he died.

A portrait of the actor of whom Pope said "he never had his equal, and will never have a rival," and whose death "eclipsed," said Johnson, "the gaiety of nations." He was great alike in tragedy and comedy: hence in the emblematic trophy below are introduced both the tragic and the comic mask. In the actor's face the artist has well caught an expression of momentarily suspended mobility. This mobility made Garrick a difficult subject to draw. He and his brother actor, Foote, went to Gainsborough for their portraits; who tried again and again without success, and dismissed them in despair: "Rot them for a couple of rogues," he said; "they have everybody's faces but their own." Goldsmith makes the same point in his well-known lines—

> Here lies David Garrick—describe me, who can,
> An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man . . .
> On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
> 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
> With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
> He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day.

1044. THE REV. SIR HENRY BATE DUDLEY, BART.

T. Gainsborough, R.A. (1727–1785). *See under* 760, p. 396.

The Rev. Henry Bate was born in 1745, and educated at Cambridge. He took the name of Dudley in 1781 on succeeding to some property under an uncle's will. He was a forerunner in the last century of the "church and stage guild." There was, however, in this handsome gentleman more of the stage than of the church. He was originally curate of Hendon, and was a notorious man of pleasure about town—a bruising Christian, who fought duels (over pretty actresses) one moment, and wrote slashing articles the next. He was the first editor of the *Morning Post* (established in 1772), and was the accepted theatrical censor of the day. He was a great friend of Garrick, who sent him in 1775 to Cheltenham to report on Mrs. Siddons. He was himself the writer of some ephemeral

plays, as well as of sermons; and charges were made against him of adultery as well as of simony. It was one of his enemies who said of another portrait of him, with a dog, by Gainsborough, that "the man deserved execution and the dog hanging." Dudley, however, was on intimate terms with the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., by whom he was made a baronet in 1812 and a Prebend of Ely in 1816.

885. THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792). *See under* 111, p. 399.

Of this composition, in which "he mingles his reminiscences of Titian with his own mannerisms," Sir Joshua painted several versions. There is another at St. Petersburg and a third at the Soane Museum. The other title is "Love unbinding the zone of Beauty"—

> To Chloe's breast young Cupid slyly stole,—

but by the side of Love, pursuing Beauty only, is the snake's head in the grass.

107. THE BANISHED LORD.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792). *See under* 111, p. 399.

Perhaps a study, like 106, for Sir Joshua's "Count Ugolino." The title "The Banished Lord" was given to the picture when it was engraved, and well suits the mingled expression of dignity and mildness, of melancholy and courage, shown in the face.

162. THE INFANT SAMUEL.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792). *See under* 111, p. 399.

"I wish," wrote Hannah More to her sister, describing a private view of Sir Joshua's pictures for the Academy Exhibition of 1776, "you could see a picture Sir Joshua has just finished of the prophet Samuel on his being called. 'The gaze of young astonishment' was never so beautifully expressed. Sir Joshua tells me that he is exceedingly mortified when he shows this picture to some of the great; they ask him who Samuel was. I told him he must get somebody to make an oratorio of Samuel, and then it would not be vulgar to confess they knew something of him."

> With joy the guardian Angel sees
> A duteous child upon his knees,
> And writes in his approving book
> Each upward, earnest, holy look.

Light from his pure aërial dream
He springs to meet morn's orient beam,
And pours towards the kindling skies
His clear adoring melodies.

KEBLE : *Lyra Innocentium.*

306. PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792). *See under* 111, p. 399.

This portrait, painted for Mrs. Thrale, shows the painter in his early prime. "In stature he was somewhat below the middle size ; his complexion was florid ; his features blunt and round; his aspect lively and intelligent; and his manners calm, simple, and unassuming" (Allan Cunningham).

106. A MAN'S HEAD.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792). *See under* 111, p. 399.

One of the painter's studies for the head of Count Ugolino (Dante, *Inferno*, Canto xxxiii.), in the picture (exhibited at the Academy in 1773 and now at Knole) of him surrounded by his children in the tower of Pisa, where they were starved to death. Sir Joshua's model for this character was a pavior, named Wilson.

892. ROBINETTA.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792). *See under* 111, p. 399.

A fancy portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Tollemache.

Sweet pet it was : the darling bird
Knew her as well as she her mother :
It never from her shoulder stirred,
But hopped about,
And in and out,
Nor twittered to another (G. R., from *Catullus*).

886. ADMIRAL KEPPEL.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792). *See under* 111, p. 399.

A characteristic portrait of the bluff old admiral—with his hand on his sword and the sea behind him—whose courage and good-nature made him, we are told, "the idol of the people, and possessed, in a greater extent than any officer in the Service, of the affection of the Navy." He was born in 1725, and after serving with distinction under Anson was appointed in 1749 to the command of the Mediterranean Squadron, with instructions to repress the Algerian pirates. It was on this occasion that Keppel picked up Reynolds at Plymouth and took him

to the Mediterranean. Keppel was only twenty-four, and when he went to the Dey of Algiers, that monarch said, "I wonder at the English king's insolence in sending me such a foolish, beardless boy." Keppel with the dare-devil pluck that distinguished him, replied, "Had my master supposed wisdom to be measured by length of beard, he would have sent a he-goat." After a long life of active service Keppel was in 1778 tried by court-martial on a charge of incompetence or cowardice; but he was acquitted, amidst great popular rejoicings, and declared by the court to have acted as "a judicious, brave, and experienced officer." In gratitude for the professional assistance he received from Dunning, Erskine, and Lee (who were his counsel), and the sympathy given him by Burke, Keppel had four portraits of himself painted by Reynolds to present to his four friends. This portrait, painted in 1780, is presumably one of them. Keppel was made a peer in 1782 and died in 1786.

887. DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792). *See under* 111, p. 399.

"The memory of other authors," says Macaulay, "is kept alive by their works. But the memory of Johnson keeps many of his works alive. The old philosopher is still among us, in the brown coat and the metal buttons"—thanks chiefly to Boswell, but not a little to his other good friend Reynolds. Johnson had his portrait taken many times. He condemned the reluctance to sit for a picture as an "anfractuosity of the human mind." Reynolds alone painted him four times, two of the four pictures being undertaken at Mr. Thrale's request. In the first of these two, Sir Joshua painted him holding a manuscript near his face—a reference to his short-sightedness. which Johnson did not like. "It is not friendly," he said, "to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man." A few years later Sir Joshua painted another portrait of him for Mr. Thrale. This is the one now before us, and as it was accomplished without any bickerings we may take it as "the author's own portrait." It was painted in 1772, when Johnson was sixty-three, and "at the zenith of his fame,"—when Reynolds was forty-nine, and at the best of his powers. There can be no question of the likeness. The importance of truth and baseness of falsehood were inculcated, Sir Joshua once said, more by Johnson's example than by precept, and all who were of the Johnsonian school were remarkable for a love of truth and

accuracy. Here then is a truthful portrait of Johnson's "large, robust, and unwieldy person"—his countenance "naturally of the cast of an ancient statue, but somewhat disfigured by the scars of St. Vitus's dance." But Reynolds has here handed him down to posterity with his imperfections suggested rather than expressed. The convulsive motions are subdued, the deafness and blindness are hinted at only in the contraction of the face. In his clothes, too, Johnson is here made to figure, out of compliment to the Thrales, in his "Sunday best,"—his coat not uncleanly, his wig fresh powdered, and his buttons of metal,—"Streatham best," one should call it rather, for it was at Mrs. Thrale's suggestion, Boswell tells us, that Johnson got better clothes and "enlivened the dark colour, from which he never deviated, by metal buttons." As for his wig, Mr. Thrale's butler always had a better one ready at Streatham; and as Johnson passed from the drawing-room when dinner was announced, the servant would remove the ordinary wig and replace it with the newer one. Mr. Thrale, it may be interesting to add, paid thirty-five guineas for this portrait. When it changed hands in 1816, it fetched £378. It used to hang in the Portrait Gallery which Mrs. Thrale described in a rhyming catalogue—

> Gigantic in knowledge, in virtue, in strength,
> With Johnson our company closes at length; . . .
> To his comrades contemptuous we see him look down
> On their wit and their worth with a general frown.

678. STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT.

T. Gainsborough, R.A. (1727–1785). *See under* 760, p. 396.

The finished picture, for which this is a study, was a full-length portrait of Mr. Abel Moysey (he was afterwards a Welsh judge, and deputy-king's-remembrancer), when a young man. It was done no doubt during Gainsborough's Bath period, for which town Mr. Moysey was at one time M.P. The tinge of melancholy noticeable in so many of Gainsborough's portraits is just perceptible here, where the young man leans his head on his hand and seems to look forward into the future.

891. PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792).
See under 111, p. 399.

A duplicate of this picture, known as the "Hon. Mrs. Musters and Son," is at Colwick Hall, Notts, the residence of

the Musters family. "The present beauty," wrote Miss Burney in 1779, "is a Mrs. Musters, an exceeding pretty woman, who is the reigning toast of the season." A portrait of the same lady without the child was engraved in 1825, from a picture at Holland House, and erroneously described as Mrs. C. J. Fox.

Lent by the Dilettanti Society.

PORTRAITS OF MEMBERS OF THE DILETTANTI SOCIETY.

Sir Joshua Reynolds P.R.A. (1723–1792).
See under 111, p. 399.

In 1734 "some gentlemen who had travelled in Italy, desirous of encouraging at home a taste for those objects which had contributed so much to their entertainment abroad, formed themselves into a society under the name of *The Dilettanti*, and agreed upon such resolutions as they thought necessary to keep up the spirit of the scheme." The name "Dilettante" has fallen into disrepute since the Society was founded, and come to mean little more than a trifler. But these Dilettanti were amateurs and connoisseurs in the old sense of both terms; men, that is to say, who loved the arts and knew about them, and had in some ways serious purpose in promoting them. They established art-studentships, and it was largely through their influence and patronage that the Royal Academy came to be founded. They sent out archæological expeditions and undertook the publication of learned works. Thus in 1775-1776 —a year before these portraits were painted—the Society published some *Travels in Asia Minor and in Greece*, undertaken by Dr. Chandler at a cost to them of £2500. For "dilettanti" of a less serious kind Reynolds had scant courtesy—

> When they talk'd of their Raffaelles, Correggios, and stuff,
> He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

But he was painter to this Dilettanti Society, and his two portraits of its members in this room prove his sympathy with their characters and objects. The way in which the Society raised funds for its costly undertakings shows the good-fellowship that prevailed among its members. There were ordinary subscriptions and also fines paid by members "on increase of income by inheritance, legacy, marriage, or preferment." At the time when these portraits were taken the Society had

rooms at the "Star and Garter" in Pall Mall, and it is at one of its meetings there, held to examine curiosities (gems, they seem in this case to be), and discuss points of connoisseurship, that we must suppose the scene before us to be laid. The members represented are (beginning with the head lowest on the left): (1) Lord Mulgrave, a naval officer, who in 1773 had published an account of his voyage to discover the North-West Passage; (2) above him, Lord Dundas; (3) lower down again, the Earl of Seaforth; (4) above him, Charles Francis Greville, Esq., M.P.; (5) a little higher again, John Charles Crowle, Esq., Secretary to the Society at the time; (6) below him, the Duke of Leeds; and (7) to the extreme right, Sir Joseph Banks, elected President of the Royal Society in 1777. A year later he was elected a member of "the club," in which connection Johnson speaks of him as "Banks the traveller, a very honourable accession." He had accompanied Captain Cook on his first voyage round the world, as naturalist; and had subsequently equipped a vessel at his own expense to explore Iceland. He is further entitled to grateful memory as having bequeathed his library and collections to the British Museum.

889. HIS OWN PORTRAIT.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792).

See under 111, p. 399, and 306, p. 414.

307. THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792).

See under 111, p. 399.

Child of the pure unclouded brow.

In no respect is the continuity of Christian art so remarkable as in the beautiful representation of children. It is "a singular defect in Greek art, that it never gives you any conception of Greek children. . . . But from the moment when the spirit of Christianity had been entirely interpreted to the Western races, the sanctity of womanhood in the Madonna, and the sanctity of childhood in unity with that of Christ, became the light of every honest hearth, and the joy of every pure and chastened soul; . . . and at last in the child-angels of Luca, Mino of Fesole, Luini, Angelico, Perugino, and the first days of Raphael, it expressed itself as the one pure and

sacred passion which protected Christendom from the ruin of the Renaissance. Nor has it since failed; and whatever disgrace or blame obscured the conception of the later Flemish and incipient English schools, the children, whether in the pictures of Rubens, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, or Sir Joshua, were always beautiful. An extremely dark period indeed follows, . . . [but again there] rises round us, Heaven be praised,"—in the illustrations of Kate Greenaway and the pictures of Millais, recollections many of them of Sir Joshua,—"the protest and the power of Christianity, restoring the fields of the quiet earth to the steps of her infancy" (*Art of England*, pp. 137, 138). Another characteristic of English art, distinguishing it from classical, may be noticed in this picture: the spirit is studied rather than the flesh, the face rather than the body. "Would you really," Mr. Ruskin asks the classicists, "insist on having her white frock taken off the 'Age of Innocence'; . . . and on Lord Heathfield's (111) parting,—I dare not suggest, with his regimentals, but his Order of the Bath, or what else? . . . I feel confident in your general admission that the charm of all these pictures is in great degree dependent on toilette; that the fond and graceful flatteries of each master do in no small measure consist in his management of frillings and trimmings, cuffs and collarettes; and on beautiful flingings or fastenings of investiture, which can only here and there be called a *drapery*, but insists on the perfectness of the forms it conceals, and deepens their harmony by its contradiction. And although now and then, when great ladies wish to be painted as sibyls or goddesses, Sir Joshua does his best to bethink himself of Michael Angelo, and Guido, and the Lightnings, and the Auroras, and all the rest of it,—you will, I think, admit that the culminating sweetness and rightness of him are in some little Lady So-and-so,—with round hat and strong shoes" (*Art of England*, pp. 85-87). In place of the strong shoes we have, however, here, two pretty "feet beneath her petticoat, Like little mice stealing out."

79. THE GRACES DECORATING A STATUE OF HYMEN.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723-1792).
See under 111, p. 399.

A fancy portrait of the three beautiful daughters of Sir William Montgomery. The Hon. Mrs. Gardner, mother of

the Earl of Blessington (who bequeathed the picture to the nation), is in the centre; on the left, the Marchioness Townshend; on the right, Mrs. Beresford. "The Miss Montgomerys," says Moore in his *Memoirs*, "to whose rare beauty the pencil of Sir Joshua has given immortality, were among those whom my worthy preceptor most boasted of as pupils; and I remember his description of them long haunted my boyish imagination as though they were not earthly-born women, but some spiritual 'creatures of the element.'" It is exactly in this spirit that Sir Joshua has painted them. "Great, as ever was work wrought by man. In placid strength, and subtlest science, unsurpassed;—in sweet felicity, incomparable. If you truly want to know what good work of painter's hand is, study those two pictures[1] from side to side, and miss no inch of them: in some respects there is no execution like it; none so open in the magic. For the work of other great men is hidden in its wonderfulness—you cannot see how it was done. But in Sir Joshua's there is no mystery: it is all amazement. No question but that the touch was so laid; only that it *could* have been so laid, is a marvel for ever. So also there is no painting so majestic in sweetness. He is lily-sceptred: his power blossoms, but burdens not. All other men of equal dignity paint more slowly; all others of equal force paint less lightly. Tintoret lays his line like a king marking the boundaries of conquered lands; but Sir Joshua leaves it as a summer wind its trace on a lake; he could have painted on a silken veil, where it fell free, and not bent it. Such at least is his touch when it is life that he paints: for things lifeless he has a severer hand. If you examine the picture of the Graces you will find it reverses all the ordinary ideas of expedient treatment. By other men flesh is firmly painted, but accessories lightly. Sir Joshua paints accessories firmly, flesh lightly;—nay, flesh not at all, but spirit. The wreath of flowers he feels to be material; and gleam by gleam strikes fearlessly the silver and violet leaves out of the darkness. But the three maidens are less substantial than rose petals. No flushed nor frosted tissue that ever faded in night-wind is so tender as they; no hue may reach, no line measure, what is in them so gracious and so fair. Let the hand move softly—itself as a spirit; for this is

[1] This one and the "Holy Family" (78), which latter, owing to its bad state of preservation, is no longer publicly exhibited: see p. 654.

Life, of which it touches the imagery" (*Sir Joshua and Holbein*, in *O. O. R.*, i. 221-223). Yet there is a shadow upon the fair flowers of Sir Joshua's fancy. The three daughters, as we have seen, all made "good matches," and the painter with that graceful flattery of his, pictures them as Graces decorating a statue of the God of Marriage. But "the world round these painters had become sad and proud, instead of happy and humble;—its domestic peace was darkened by irreligion, its national action fevered by pride. And for sign of its Love, the Hymen, whose statue this fair English girl, according to Reynolds's thought, has to decorate, is blind, and holds a coronet" (Oxford *Lectures on Art*, § 183).

890. GEORGE IV. AS PRINCE OF WALES.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792).

See under 111, p. 399.

"To make a portrait of him at first seemed a matter of small difficulty. There is his coat, his star (and ribbon of the Garter), his wig, his countenance simpering under it. . . . But this George, what was he? I look through all his life, and recognise but a bow and a grin. I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a star and blue ribbon . . . and then nothing. . . . I suppose he must have been very graceful. There are so many testimonies to the charm of his manner, that we must allow him great elegance and powers of fascination. He and the King of France's brother, the Count d'Artois, a charming young prince who danced deliciously on the tight-rope . . . divided in their youth the title of first gentleman in Europe" (Thackeray: *The Four Georges*).

182. HEADS OF ANGELS.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792)

See under 111, p. 399.

A sketch of five cherub heads—portraits in different views of the daughter of Lord William Gordon, by whose wife the picture was presented to the National Gallery—very characteristic of "the grace of Reynolds":—"that is to say, grace consummate, no painter having ever before approached Reynolds in the rendering of the momentary loveliness and trembling life of childhood, by beauty of play and change in every colour and curve" (*Academy Notes*, 1858, p. 34). "An incompar-

ably finer thing than ever the Greeks did.[1] Ineffably tender in the touch, yet Herculean in power; innocent, yet exalted in feeling; pure in colour as a pearl; reserved and decisive in design . . . if you built a shrine for it, and were allowed to see it only seven days in a year, it alone would teach you all of art that you ever needed to know" (*Queen of the Air*, § 176).

Lent by the Dilettanti Society.

PORTRAITS OF MEMBERS OF THE DILETTANTI SOCIETY.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792).
See under 111, p. 399.

See the companion picture, p. 417. The members here represented are (beginning with the head lowest on the left): (1) Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., M.P., well known in his day for his benevolence, patriotism, and upright character; (2) above him, Sir John Taylor, Bart., F.R.S.; (3) lower down again, Stephen Payne Gallwey, Esq.,; (4) below in the centre Sir William Hamilton; (5) above him, holding up a glass, Richard Thompson, Esq.; (6) above to the extreme right, W. Spencer Stanhope, Esq.; and below, (7) John Lewin Smith, Esq. The most distinguished of the party is Sir William Hamilton, who was for many years British Ambassador at the Court of Naples, and who in 1782 married the beautiful Emma Lyon—whose portrait now hangs on the opposite wall (312). Amongst other books, he wrote several volumes on Etruscan antiquities, and Reynolds marks his speciality by placing an Etruscan vase on the table before him.

301. VIEW IN ITALY.

Richard Wilson, R.A. (1714–1782). *See under* XVII. 304, p. 430.

[1] "*Finer than ever the Greeks did.*" It may be interesting to add that elsewhere Mr. Ruskin cites this sketch as a typical instance of Gothic, as contrasted with Greek art. "A final separation," he says, "from the Greek art, which can be proud in a torso without a head, is achieved by the master who paints for you five little girls' heads, without ever a torso" (*Art of England*, p. 87). Besides "the face principal, instead of the body," another typical contrast to Greek art (and through it, Florentine) may be noticed in the fact that Reynolds lets the ringlets of his cherubs float loosely in the air, instead of arranging them in "picturesque" regularity (see on this subject *Catalogue of the Educational Series*, p. 45).

754. PORTRAITS OF TWO GENTLEMEN.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792).

See under 111, p. 399.

A charming portrait of two young connoisseurs of the time, painted in 1778-1779, when one was twenty-eight, and the other twenty-four. They are here shown as kindred spirits, brought together by their common love of the arts; but their subsequent careers were tragically different. The elder man, on the spectator's left, is the Rev. George Huddesford, who in his youth was a painter, and a pupil of Sir Joshua. But he afterwards settled down into the cultivated college don and country parson, became a D.D., and a fellow of his college (New College, Oxford), and divided his leisure between college affairs and writing comic and satirical pieces ("Salmagundi," "Topsy-Turvy," etc). He was born in 1750 and died in 1809. His companion has more inspiration in his face, and a certain wild look which was not belied by his after life. He is Mr. John Codrington Warwick Bampfylde, who was born in 1754, of an old Devonshire family, and was educated at Cambridge, where he wrote some pretty sonnets. He is said to have been of a very amiable disposition, and to have been beloved by all who knew him. In one of his sonnets he says of himself—

> I the general friend, by turns am joined with all,
> Lover and elfin gay, and harmless hind;
> Nor heed the proud, to real wisdom blind,
> So as my heart be pure, and free my mind.

But he afterwards went mad, owing, it is said, to a hopeless passion—an explanation which finds some countenance in his amorous verses,—and he died in a private asylum at the age of forty-two. There is a little record of the friendship between the two men in Huddesford's *Poems* (1801), in which are included a few "written by an abler pen than my own": they are by Bampfylde. In Bampfylde's own poems, too, there is a sonnet written after dining at Trinity, Oxford; this was on a visit doubtless to Huddesford, whose father was President of Trinity.

ROOM XVII

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: HOGARTH AND WILSON

"I WAS pleased with the reply of a gentleman, who being asked which book he esteemed most in his library, answered,—'Shakespeare'; being asked which he esteemed next best, replied—'Hogarth.' His graphic representations are indeed books; they have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words.* Other pictures we look at,—his we read" (CHARLES LAMB: *On the Genius and Character of Hogarth*).

"I BELIEVE that with the name of Richard Wilson, the history of sincere landscape art, founded on a meditative love of Nature, begins for England" (RUSKIN: *The Art of England*, Lecture vi.)

1097. A LANDSCAPE.

Unknown.

Attributed, when presented by the trustees of the British Museum, to Wilson (see under 304, p. 430).

1161. MISS FENTON AS "POLLY PEACHUM."

William Hogarth (1697–1764).

Apart from the intrinsic merit of his pictures, Hogarth should be especially interesting as the first man of genius in the native British School. He was born in London, the son of a Westmoreland schoolmaster, who had come to the capital and worked as a literary hack. "The love of mimicry common to all children," says William Hogarth in the Memoranda which are the chief material for his biography, "was remarkable in me;" and his inclination for art caused his father to apprentice him to a silver-plate engraver in Cranbourne Street,

Leicester Square. At the age of twenty-three he set up in business on his own account, engraving crests and the like. At this time, to rise to the height of copper-plate engraving was, he tells us, his highest ambition, and gradually he obtained work as a book-illustrator; amongst other work of the kind, he engraved twelve prints for Butler's *Hudibras*. He was always on pleasure bent, and owed his artistic training less to schools than to cultivating his natural powers of observation. One may picture him roaming about the streets of London, storing up oddities and characters in his memory, and now and then, when something particularly fantastic struck him, stopping to make a thumb-nail sketch. It is told, for instance, how one day in a public-house he saw two drunken women brawling. One of them filled her mouth with brandy and spirted it in the eyes of her antagonist. "See! see!" said Hogarth to his companion, taking out his sketch-book and drawing her, "look at the brimstone's mouth." This sketch was afterwards worked up in his "Modern Midnight Conversation." But besides these studies from nature, Hogarth seems to have worked in the school of Sir James Thornhill, serjeant-painter to the king, and in 1729 he clandestinely married the great man's daughter. He settled in lodgings in South Lambeth, and for three or four years painted small "conversation pieces." He also obtained some repute as a portrait painter. The work, however, which first established his fame was the series of the "Harlot's Progress." He had two convincing proofs of its success. It reconciled his father-in-law to him. "Very well! very well!" Sir James exclaimed on being shown the work; "the man who can make works like this can maintain a wife without a portion." More than this, the "Harlot's Progress" called forth that sincerest form of modern flattery: the prints which he executed from his designs were extensively pirated. Amongst Hogarth's other claims to the gratitude of artists is this, that he succeeded a few years later (1735) in inducing Parliament to pass an Act recognising a legal copyright in designs and engravings. The "Harlot's Progress" was immediately followed by the "Rake's Progress" (now in the Soane Museum), and as these works are similar in scope and design to the "Marriage à la Mode" in this Gallery, it is worth while to notice the reasons which induced him, he says, to "turn his thoughts to painting and engraving subjects of a modern kind and moral nature." "I thought," he says, "both critics and painters had, in the historical style, quite overlooked that intermediate species of subjects which may be placed between the sublime and the grotesque. I therefore wished to compose pictures on canvas similar to representations on the stage. In these compositions, those subjects that will both entertain and inform the mind bid fair to be of the greatest public utility, and must therefore be entitled to rank in the highest class." Hogarth did not, however, obtain recognition "in the highest class." The world bought his engravings, but not his pictures. But he sometimes obtained large prices for his portraits; "for the portrait of Garrick," he says, "I received more than any English artist ever before received for a single

portrait" (£200); and he had occasional commissions for sacred and historical subjects. In 1753 he appeared as an author (see below, under 112, p. 444), and in 1757 he succeeded his father-in-law as serjeant-painter, a post to which he was re-appointed on George III.'s accession. In 1733 he had moved to a house in Leicester Fields, where he lived for the rest of his life; he is buried at Chiswick, where he had a villa. For thirty years he was incessantly busy with his pictures, his prints, his squibs and satires. His character may be read in his speaking portrait of his own face in this Gallery (112), and in the epitaphs of friends. Garrick's is the best known, but Johnson's best sums up the artist's life—

> The hand of him here torpid lies
> That drew the essential forms of grace:
> Here closed in death the attentive eyes
> That saw the manners in the face.

The most striking feature in Hogarth's art is involved in what has just been said. He is often described as being "more of a satirist than an artist"; but this is hardly so. He was a satirist because he was so faithful an artist. What he did (as a critic of our own day puts it) was to "hold up to every class Nature's unflatt'ring looking-glass." Hogarth had, as we have seen, a direct moral intention in his holding up of nature's glass; and herein is perhaps the secret of his greatness (see p. 390). But whilst the greatest English artists have never followed art for the sake of pleasure only, on the other hand no great artist ever followed art without pleasure. Hogarth is no exception to this rule. "There is seldom wanting in his works," says Coleridge, "some beautiful female face; for the satirist in him never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as an artist." Look, for instance, at the "yielding softness and listless languor" in the figure of the bride (113), or at the delicacy of drawing in that of the girl at the quack doctor's (115). And then, secondly, note in the whole "Marriage à la Mode" series the infinite inventiveness of the artist. "The quantity of thought," says Charles Lamb, "which Hogarth crowds into every picture, would alone *unvulgarise* every subject which he might choose." The connoisseurs of the historical style and the grand style have been very severe upon Hogarth's incursions into that field; but his "Sigismonda" (1046, p. 429) is admirable alike for its command of expression and its colour.

A portrait of the actress—Lavinia Fenton—who took the town by storm at the first representation of Gay's "Beggar's Opera" (January 29, 1728), in the part of Polly Peachum, the simple heroine—

> Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
> But her ripe lips are more sweet than those—

who, in order to escape the worse fate designed by her parents, marries a dissolute young gallant with many wives already

(" How happy could I be with either, Were t'other dear charmer away"). In the end, after many hair-breadth escapes from the gallows, he makes the faithful Polly happy. Miss Fenton herself made a great match in the end. Ballads had been written in her honour declaring that—

> Of all the belles that tread the stage,
> There's none like pretty *Polly*,
> And all the music of the Age,
> Except her voice, is Folly.

So much was the actress identified with her part that the name of Polly clung to her—witness Gay's letter to Swift, in 1728, announcing her marriage: "The Duke of Bolton has run away with Polly Peachum, and settled £400 a year on her." And later Walpole wrote: "The famous Polly, Duchess of Bolton, is dead, having, after a life of merit, relapsed into her Pollyhood." When young, she was described as "very accomplished, a most agreeable companion, with much wit and good strong sense, and a just taste in polite literature."

119. A LANDSCAPE FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."
Sir George Beaumont, Bart. (1753–1827).

Sir George Howland Beaumont, seventh baronet of a very ancient family, has a double claim to the grateful memory of all visitors to the National Gallery. He was largely instrumental in the original establishment of the Gallery, and he was the friend and patron of many old masters of the British School. When Lord Liverpool was debating whether or not to buy the Angerstein collection for the nation, Sir George went to him and said, "Buy them and I will add mine." The bribe was accepted and duly paid, and though Beaumont was himself a painter of some ability, the country could better spare the paintings he made than the paintings he gave. The extent of his gift can be seen on reference to Index II, and it was not a gift that cost him nothing. How sincerely and even passionately he loved his pictures is shown, among other things, by the pretty story attaching to one of his Claudes, which has already been told (see XIV. 61, p. 358). But Beaumont was as much and as sincerely devoted to artists as to pictures. Sir Joshua, and Lawrence, and Chantrey, were all amongst his friends. He had taken lessons from Wilson, whom he regarded as a greater even than his favourite Claude, and to whom he was much attached. His kindness and generosity to young artists were unbounded. He supported Jackson (see p. 531); he was one of the first to detect and encourage the genius of Wilkie (see p. 490); and he was a generous patron of Haydon. Nothing gives a better insight into the life of the cultivated country gentleman of the time than the recollections in Haydon's *Autobiography* of visits to Sir George at Coleorton. His relations with the poets of the day are known to every one through

Wordsworth's sonnets, dedications, and inscriptions, and may now be read in the *Memorials of Coleorton* (edited by Professor Knight, 1887).

As a painter, Beaumont had some taste and imagination. He was educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, and cultivated his taste for painting on a tour which he made in Italy, shortly after his marriage to a lady who shared both his refinement and his generosity. His house at Grosvenor Square was a meeting-place for all who were interested in the arts; but what he best loved was to gather painters and poets around him at Coleorton, his country-seat in Leicestershire. "Sir George painted," says Haydon, "and Lady Beaumont drew, and Wilkie and I made our respective studies for our own purposes. At lunch we assembled and chatted over what we had been doing, and at dinner we all brought down our respective sketches, and cut up each other in great good humour." That Sir George had some faculty of calling out imagination is shown by the fact that an early picture of his suggested Wordsworth's beautiful lines on "Peele Castle." Several of Wordsworth's other poems were in their turn illustrated by Sir George Beaumont. Of the many eulogies which his contemporaries have written of him, none is more interesting than Scott's, for it not only praises his character and his painting, but adds a significant tribute to his powers as an art critic. "Sir George Beaumont's dead," writes Scott in his Diary, February 14, 1827, "by far the most sensible and pleasing man I ever knew; kind, too, in his nature, and generous; gentle in society, and of those mild manners which tend to soften the causticity of the general London tone of persiflage and personal satire. As an amateur painter he was of the very highest distinction; and, though I know nothing of the matter, yet I should hold him a perfect critic in painting, *for he always made his criticisms intelligible, and used no slang.*"

Like every critic, no matter how judicious, Sir George Beaumont exercised the right of departing in practice from his own precept. This picture is an instance—being a representation of a scene from Shakespeare, a kind of subject of which, in a letter to Haydon, Beaumont "always doubted the prudence." The scene is that in Act ii. Scene 1 of *As You Like It*, where the Duke, about to go and kill venison, confesses that it irks him to gore the poor dappled fools, and the "First Lord" replies that the melancholy Jaques also (part only of whose figure is here seen) "grieves at that." They had only to-day stolen behind him as—

> he lay along
> Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
> Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
> To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
> That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
> Did come to languish.

1046. SIGISMONDA AND GUISCARDO.

William Hogarth (1697–1764). *See under* 1161, p. 424.

A picture with an interesting history. Hogarth had a standing feud with the connoisseurs of his day and their admiration of the old masters. He determined to show that he was as good as they; and when Sir Richard Grosvenor gave him a commission in 1759, he chose for his subject Sigismonda, a picture of which, ascribed to Correggio, had just sold at an auction for the then high price of £400.[1] The subject is from one of Boccaccio's tales (translated by Dryden) which tells how Sigismonda, the daughter of Tancred, Prince of Salerno, secretly loved and married Guiscardo, a poor but noble youth, page to her father. Tancred, having discovered the union, caused Guiscardo to be strangled, and sent his heart in "a goblet rich with gems, and rough with gold" to Sigismonda:

> Thy father sends thee this to cheer thy breast,
> And glad thy sight with what thou lov'st the best.

Sigismonda accepted the gift and took a poisoned draught; and as she prepared to die, wept over her lover's heart—

> Her hands yet hold
> Close to her heart the monumental gold.

Hogarth took much trouble with his picture—his handsome wife sitting to him, it seems, for Sigismonda, and sent it for his patron's approval. Sir Richard Grosvenor, not liking the picture, shirked out of the bargain on the ground that though it was "striking and inimitable," "the constantly having it before one's eyes would be too often occasioning melancholy ideas to arise in one's mind, which a curtain's being drawn before it would not diminish the least." Hogarth revenged himself in poetry for the insult to his painting: "I own," he wrote—

> He chose the prudent part
> Rather to break his word than heart,
> And yet, methinks, 'tis ticklish dealing
> With one so delicate in feeling.

[1] Hogarth's contempt was more for the connoisseurs than for the old masters whose names they took in vain. "The connoisseurs and I are at war, you know," he said to Mrs. Piozzi; "and because I hate *them*, they think I hate *Titian*—and let them!" The present case is in point. The Sigismonda sold as a Correggio was really by Furini (one of the "people of importance in their day" in Mr. Browning's *Parleyings*).

The picture remained on the artist's hands, and when he died he enjoined his widow not to dispose of it for less than £500. She kept his wish, but at the sale of her effects it fetched only fifty-six guineas. Time, however, has now avenged Hogarth's reverses. It was sold at Christie's in 1807 for 400 guineas—slightly more than the sum paid for the alleged Correggio which it was painted to out-do. It was afterwards bequeathed to the nation, and now hangs, as we see it, opposite to Hogarth's most famous works.

316. LAKE SCENE IN CUMBERLAND.

Philip James de Loutherbourg, R.A. (1740–1812).

An unimportant work by a French artist (born at Strassburg, educated at Paris), who settled in London, where he became scene painter to Garrick at £500 a year, and a few years later R.A. He was remarkable chiefly for versatility; for, besides stage scenery, he painted portraits, landscape, seascape, still life, and battles. To these various duties he added that of "faith healer"—a business which he carried on with pecuniary success in his house (near Garrick's) facing the river at Chiswick Mall. The combination of this trade with a faculty for painting, which was manifold but never first-rate, recalls to one, as applicable to de Loutherbourg, the epigram of Martial,—"All pretty, nothing good, my man, Makes a first-rate charlatan."

1162. THE SHRIMP GIRL.

William Hogarth (1697–1764). *See under* 1161, p. 424.

A sketch from the life, taken perhaps on a holiday jaunt such as the one when "Hogarth and four friends set out, like Mr. Pickwick and his companions, for Gravesend, Rochester, Sheerness, and adjoining places. One of the gentlemen noted down the proceedings of the journey, for which Hogarth and Scott (whose portrait hangs close by, 1224) made drawings. The book is chiefly curious at this moment from showing the citizen life of those days, and the rough jolly style of merriment, not of the five companions merely, but of thousands of jolly fellows of their time" (Thackeray's *English Humourists*). One catches something of the contagion of such merry open-air life in this vigorous sketch of the jolly fish-wife, crying her wares, with her basket and measuring mug on her head.

304. LAKE AVERNUS.

Richard Wilson, R.A. (1714–1782).

Wilson has a double claim upon our interest—he was the first English landscape painter of any importance, and he was one of

the "teachers of Turner" (see p. 647). He was born, not as the other founders of the English landscape school, in the Eastern counties, but in Wales. He was the son of a Welsh parson, and having shown some early taste for drawing,—his first pictures were done with burnt sticks on white walls,—a rich kinsman took him up to London and placed him under an obscure portrait painter. One of Wilson's portraits may be seen in the National Portrait Gallery: it is of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, and shows therefore that he had attained some celebrity in this branch of art. At the age of thirty-six he had saved enough money to realise the dream of his life and go to Italy. At Venice the artist Zuccarelli urged him to take to landscape painting, and at Rome the French painter Vernet (see p. 348) asked for one of Wilson's pictures in exchange for one of his own. Wilson stayed in Italy six years, and on Vernet's recommendation obtained several commissions. "Don't talk of my landscapes alone," Vernet used to say to English purchasers, "when your own countryman, Wilson, paints so beautifully." In 1757 he returned to London and lodged in Covent Garden. His "Niobe" (110, p. 441), painted two years later, won him some repute. When the Royal Academy was founded in 1768, he was one of the original members, and he afterwards obtained the post of librarian. The small salary, attached to this post, alone kept him from starvation. His pictures ceased to sell; pawnbrokers were his principal patrons, and even they turned at last. One broker, when asked to take yet another, pointed to a pile of landscapes and said: "Why, look ye, Dick, you know I wish to oblige, but see! there are all the pictures I have paid you for, these three years." Neglect such as this embittered Wilson's temper, but did not make him forsake his own ideals. Artists used to come and advise him to adopt a more popular manner. He would hear them out; and when they left, pour forth volleys of contemptuous wrath, and go on with his painting. The one continually bright spot in his life seems to have been the friendship of Sir William Beechey (see p. 546), at whose house he was a frequent guest. But other occasional pleasant glimpses of "Poor Dick," as they called him, occur in the memoirs of the time. Garrick used sometimes to drop in to supper, and send a bottle of wine to replace the pot of porter which Wilson affected. "Mister Wilson," said Mrs. Garrick, at a party to which he had been invited to meet Johnson, Sterne, and Goldsmith, "is rough to the taste at first, tolerable by a little longer acquaintance, and delightful at last." Towards the end of his life he came, by the death of a brother, into the possession of a small property in Wales, whither he retired from a wretched lodging in Tottenham Court Road; but his strength began to fail, and after a few years he died.

The neglect from which Wilson suffered in the later years of his life[1]

[1] As an instance of critical foresight, it may be interesting to cite "Peter Pindar's" prophecy of Wilson's fame in a century to follow—

Till then old red-nosed *Wilson's* art
Will hold its empire o'er my heart,
By *Britain* left in poverty to pine.

may be accounted for by the style of his art. Gainsborough, though thirteen years younger, was rising into fame and leading a reaction from the "classical landscape" to one which was English in subject, and more realistic in treatment. Wilson, on the other hand, studied in Italy, and even there, saw not Italy as she was, but the Italy of Claude, Poussin, and Vernet. "Had he studied under favourable circumstances, there is evidence of his having possessed power enough to produce an original picture; but, corrupted by the study of the Poussins, and gathering his materials chiefly in their field, the district about Rome,—a district especially unfavourable, as exhibiting no pure or healthy nature, but a diseased and overgrown flora, among half-developed volcanic rocks, loose calcareous concretions, and mouldering wrecks of buildings, and whose spirit I conceive to be especially opposed to the natural tone of the English mind,—his originality was altogether overpowered; and though he paints in a manly way and occasionally reaches exquisite tones of colours, and sometimes manifests some freshness of feeling (as in the 'Villa of Mæcenas,' 108, p. 440), yet his pictures are in general mere diluted adaptations from Poussin and Salvator, without the dignity of the one, or the fire of the other" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 17). The extent to which Wilson carried the Italianising process is well shown by the incident of his dealings with George III., who had given him an order for a view of Kew Gardens. Instead of painting the reality, Wilson substituted an Italian scene illumined by a southern sun. The king failed to recognise any resemblance to Kew, and returned the picture.

A picture of special interest; the subject being one which laid great hold on Turner's imagination. The Lake Avernus by him in this Gallery (XIX. 463, p. 647) is one of his early works, painted long before he had been to Italy, and was no doubt an imitation, or rather a reminiscence (for Turner never *copied* his original), of Wilson's picture of the scene.

1064. ON THE RIVER WYE.

Richard Wilson, R.A. (1714–1782). *See under* 304, p. 430.

267. LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES.

Richard Wilson, R.A. (1714–1782). *See under* 304, p. 430.

A characteristic example of Wilson's "Byronic" way of looking at Italy: it was for him always a land with lovely distances, but with a sarcophagus or a ruin in the foreground.

But, honest *Wilson*, never mind;
Immortal praises thou shalt find,
And for a dinner have no cause to fear
Thou start'st at my prophetic rhymes:
Don't be impatient for those times;
Wait till thou hast been dead a hundred years.

Wilson spent much of his time at or near Rome, and there is the same spirit in his paintings of Italian scenery that Byron afterwards expressed in poetry—

> The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
> Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
> An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
> Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago.

675. PORTRAIT OF MARY HOGARTH.

William Hogarth (1697–1764). *See under* 1161, p. 424.

The elder of the artist's two sisters—the family likeness to himself (see 112, p. 444) is unmistakable. The portrait was painted in 1746, when Hogarth was a prosperous man, and his sisters were living unmarried in a ready-made clothes shop in Little Britain. He "loved them tenderly," we are told, supported them generously, and, as we see, painted their plain, honest faces.

314. OLD WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Samuel Scott (died 1772).

"The best marine painter of his time in England, was born early in the eighteenth century. Walpole says of him: 'If he was but second to Vandevelde in sea pieces, he excelled him in variety, and often introduced buildings in his pictures with consummate skill. His views of London Bridge, of the quay at the Custom House, and others, were equal to his marines, and his figures were judiciously chosen and admirably painted; nor were his washed drawings inferior to his finished pictures.' Scott, says Dallaway, 'may be styled the father of the modern school of painting in water colours.' He died of the gout, October 12, 1772" (Official Catalogue).

This bridge was built by Charles Labelye, a Swiss, at a cost of £390,000: it was commenced in 1739, and opened to the public in 1750. The first stone was laid by Henry, Earl of Pembroke. (The present bridge was begun in 1860.)

1174. THE WATERING PLACE.

T. Gainsborough, R.A. (1727–1788).

A sketch for the larger picture, XVI. 109, p. 408.

303. A VIEW IN ITALY.

Richard Wilson, R.A. (1714–1782). *See under* 304, p. 430.

One of Wilson's favourite Italian compositions—sometimes called "Hadrian's Villa," from the Roman ruin on which the modern hut has been built.

302. A ROMAN RUIN.

Richard Wilson, R.A. (1714–1782). *See under* 304, p. 430.

313. OLD LONDON BRIDGE, 1745.

Samuel Scott (died 1772). *See under* 314, p. 433.

"This bridge, of which the last remnant was removed in 1832, was commenced by Peter of Colechurch in 1176, and occupied thirty-three years in building. The houses as seen in the picture were built after the great fire in 1666, and they were all removed between the years 1754 and 1761. The view is seen from the Surrey side" (Official Catalogue).

1071. A ROCKY RIVER SCENE.

Richard Wilson (1714–1782). *See under* 304, p. 430.

Something of the "idealising" which distinguishes Wilson's landscapes may be seen in this little picture. It is a rocky river scene, yet the "river is not a mountain stream, but a classical stream, or what is called by head gardeners 'a piece of water.'"[1]

1016. A PORTRAIT OF A GIRL.

Sir Peter Lely (Dutch: 1617–1680).

Lely, the court painter of the reign of Charles II., by whom he was knighted, was a native of Holland; his father's name was Van der Vaes, but the son took the nickname of Le Lys or Lely (from the lily with which the front of his father's house was ornamented), as a surname. He was born in Westphalia, but settled in England in 1641, the year of Van Dyck's death, on whom he modelled his style. It was Lely who is said to have painted Cromwell, "warts and all," but he easily accommodated himself to the softer manners of the Restoration. The rich curls, the full lips, and the languishing eyes of the frail beauties of Charles II. may be seen at Hampton Court. Lely was "a mighty proud man,"[2] says Pepys, "and full of state." The painting of great ladies was a lucrative business, and his collection of drawings and pictures sold at his death for £26,000, a sum which bore a greater proportion to the fortunes of the rich men of that day than £100,000

[1] *Catalogue of the Turner Gallery*, p. 6, where, in describing Turner's "View in Wales" (466, now at Stoke-upon-Trent), Mr. Ruskin remarks that the view is "idealised and like Wilson, and therefore has not a single Welsh character."

[2] But also a man of humour. A nobleman said to him once, "How is it that you have so great a reputation, when you know, as well as I do, that you are no painter?"—"True," replied Lely, "but I am the best you have."

would bear to the fortunes of the rich men of our time. He was struck with apoplexy while painting the Duchess of Somerset, and was buried at St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

The courtly affectation which distinguishes Lely's portraits is not absent from this little girl. She is feeding the parrot, but obviously takes no interest in it—not even troubling indeed to look at it. Her concern seems to be only to hold up her flowing frock (or "simar") prettily and to point her fingers gracefully.

1153. A FAMILY GROUP.

William Hogarth (1697–1764). *See under* 1161, p. 424.

A characteristic family party (the Strodes) in the "age of bag-wigs and of flowered dresses." It is as persons of some consequence that the artist paints them. The gentleman to the left is their learned friend, Dr. A. Smith, Archbishop of Dublin, who is represented with an open book. The family butler, too, is introduced (pouring water into the tea-pot). It is a household where everything is done in good style—even to the books bound solemnly "to pattern" (in the background to the left). But Hogarth was not to be done out of his joke, and he puts it accordingly into the dogs, which keep their distance at either side of the room, and look unutterable things at each other.

113-118. THE MARRIAGE À LA MODE.

William Hogarth (1697–1764). *See under* 1161, p. 424.

A series "representing," said Hogarth in his original prospectus, "a variety of modern occurrences in high life. Particular care is taken that the whole shall not be liable to any exception on account of indecency or inelegancy, and that none of the characters shall be personal." As an accurate delineation of the surroundings of the high life of the eighteenth century, the pictures have never been assailed, and they are thus *historical* paintings of the utmost value—for just as Reynolds rose "not by painting Greek women, but by painting the glorious little living ladies this, and ladies that, of his own time," so did Hogarth rise "not by painting Athenian follies, but London follies" (Edinburgh *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, p. 220). True to their own time in the scenes and accessories, and in their moral, writ so that he who runs may read, the pictures are true to all time, the tragedy of ill-assorted and mercenary marriages being one that has a perpetual "run": it is marriage in a "mode" that never changes. But famous as the pictures have since become for this double interest, in Hogarth's own day they could scarce find a purchaser. They were in "Carlo Maratti" frames, which had cost him twenty-four guineas.

Yet when he put them up to auction, the only bid was £110. The sale was to close at mid-day. "No one else arrived," says the purchaser, a Mr. Lane, of Hillingdon, near Uxbridge, "and ten minutes before twelve, I told the artist I would make the pounds guineas. The clock struck, and Mr. Hogarth wished me joy of my purchase." Mr. Angerstein, from whose collection they came into the National Gallery, bought them fifty years later for £1381.

113. SCENE I: THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

Negotiations for the marriage, whereby the alderman is to get a title for his daughter, and the old earl is in return to be relieved from his mortgages. There is a meaning perhaps in the "plan of the new building,"—which the lawyer is holding up at the window,—the earl, too, hopes to build up his house by this money-match; and notice throughout the care with which the artist marks his characters and tells his story: there is not a single stroke thrown away. Thus pride and pomposity appear in every accessory surrounding the gouty old *earl.* "He sits in gold lace and velvet—as how should such an earl wear anything but velvet and gold lace? His coronet is everywhere: on his footstool, on which reposes one gouty toe turned out; on the sconces and looking-glasses; on the dogs; on his lordship's very crutches; on his great chair of state, and the great baldaquin behind him, under which he sits pointing majestically to his pedigree, which shows that his race is sprung from the loins of William the Conqueror. He confronts the old *alderman* from the city, who has mounted his sword for the occasion, and wears his alderman's chain, and has brought a bag full of money, marriage-deeds, and thousand-pound notes for the arrangement of the transaction pending between them. Whilst the steward (a Methodist, therefore a hypocrite and a cheat, for Hogarth scorned a papist and a dissenter) is negotiating between the old couple, their children sit together, united but apart"—like the two pointers in the foreground, joined in a union of chains, not of hearts. The *young lord*—a fop in his dress and something of a fool in his face—is admiring his countenance in the glass, with a reflected simper of self-admiration—

> Of amber-lidded snuff box justly vain,
> And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

His *bride* is twiddling the marriage ring on her pocket-handkerchief, with a look of "listless languor and tremulous

suspense," while she listens to the *lawyer Silvertongue*, who has been drawing the marriage settlements, and is represented with "a person, and a smooth dispose, framed to make women false." The girl is pretty, but "the painter, with a curious watchfulness, has taken care to give her a likeness to her father, as in the young viscount's face you see a resemblance to the earl, his noble sire. The sense of the coronet pervades the picture, as it is supposed to do the mind of its wearer. The pictures round the room are sly hints, indicating the situation of the parties about to marry. A martyr is led to the fire; Andromeda is offered to sacrifice; Judith is going to slay Holofernes. There is the earl himself as a young man, with a comet over his head, indicating that the career of the family is to be brilliant and brief."

114. SCENE II: MARRIED LIFE.

How brief, we begin to see in this epitome of their married life. My lord takes his pleasure elsewhere than at home, whither he returns in the morning, tired, and tipsy—the jaded face of the debauchee lecturing on the vanity of pleasures as audibly as anything in Ecclesiastes. The nature of his pleasure is soon scented out by the little dog, which (like an *enfant terrible*) finds the tell-tale girl's cap in his master's pocket. He sits in an attitude of reckless indifference even to the wife whom he finds yawning over her breakfast. She has been up all night playing at cards in the inner room, where, though the daylight is streaming in, a sleepy servant is but now putting out the candles. There is again a piece of sly satire in the "old masters'" pictured saints of old, looking down on the latter-day dissipation. The old steward, with a parcel of bills and a solitary receipt, leaves the room in despair. Notice, too, in the foreground the violin, which has played its part in the evening's dissipation. Hogarth did not love the fashionable music craze of his day, as we shall see again presently.

115. SCENE III: AT THE QUACK DOCTOR'S.

Here we have further evidence of the husband's profligacy: to his ruined fortunes he now adds a wasted constitution. He rallies the quack and the procuress for having deceived him. The quack treats him with insolent indifference. As for the procuress (who might do for a picture of Mrs. Sinclair in

Clarissa Harlowe), "the commanding attitude and size of this woman, the swelling circumference of her dress, spread out like a turkey cock's feathers,—the fierce, ungovernable, inveterate malignity of her countenance, which hardly needs the comment of the clasp-knife to explain her purpose, are all admirable in themselves, and still more so as they are opposed to the mute insensibility, the elegant negligence of the dress, and the childish figure of the girl who is supposed to be her *protégée*." This latter figure is one of Hogarth's masterpieces. "Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the extreme softness of her person and the hardened indifference of her character. The vacant stillness, the docility to vice, the premature suppression of youthful sensibility, the doll-like mechanism of the whole figure, which seems to have no other feeling but a sickly sense of pain—show the deepest insight into human nature."[1]

116. SCENE IV: IN THE COUNTESS'S DRESSING-ROOM.

By the old earl's death the heroine, we now learn, has attained the summit of her ambition. She has become a countess: the coronet is over her bed and toilet-glass. She ranges through the whole circle of frivolous amusements, and her morning *levée* is crowded with persons of rank, while her lover, the young lawyer Silvertongue, makes himself very much at home, and presents her with a ticket of admission to a masquerade such as is depicted on the screen behind him. On the wall to the left is the picture of a lawyer,—the evil genius of the piece,—looking down as it were on his handiwork. Notice, too, the coral on the back of the countess's chair, telling us that she is a mother, and is neglectful of her maternal duties. In the group of visitors, Hogarth's satire is seen at its best—every form of ridiculous affectation being shown in turn. First we have the preposterous, overstrained admiration of the lady of quality; then, the sentimental, insipid, patient delight of the man, with his hair in paper, and sipping his tea; next, the pert, smirking, conceited, half-distorted approbation of the figure next to him, and, lastly, a transition to the total insensibility of the round face in profile. So, too, the gross, bloated

[1] A different, and more painful explanation of this, the only obscure picture of the series, is given by C. R. Leslie, R.A., in his *Young Painters' Handbook*, p. 132.

appearance of the Italian singer is well relieved by the hard features of the instrumental performer behind him, which might be carved out of wood and suggests the wielder of a wooden touch. Hogarth had good reason for satirising the Italian singers; for whilst his pictures went, as we have seen, "for an old song," the fashionable world was literally throwing gold and diamonds at the feet of its favourites in the Italian opera. The negro pages were another fashionable hobby (*cf.* XXI. 430, p. 562). Notice how the gay, lively derision of the one playing with the statuette of Actæon forms an ingenious contrast to the profound amazement of the other at the rapture of his mistress. If further instances be needed of the artist's infinite activity of mind, one may observe how the papers in the hair of the bride are made to suggest a wreath of half-blown flowers, while those on the head of the musical amateur very much resemble horns, which adorn and fortify the lack-lustre expression and mild resignation of face underneath. Finally note the sanguine complexion and flame-coloured hair of the female virtuoso. The continuing of the red colour of the hair into the back of the chair has been pointed out as one of those instances of "alliteration in colouring" of which these pictures are everywhere full.

117. SCENE V: THE DUEL.

After the masquerade. The husband becomes aware of the infidelity of his wife, and finds her with her paramour in a disreputable house. A duel ensues, and the earl is mortally wounded. The countess kneels in passionate entreaty for forgiveness; and while her paramour endeavours to escape through the window, the "watch" arrives to take him into custody on a charge of murder.

118. FINALE: THE DEATH OF THE COUNTESS.

She dies by her own hand in her father's house overlooking the Thames. The bottle which contained the poison is on the floor, close to "Counsellor Silvertongue's last dying speech,"—showing that he has been hanged for the earl's murder. The apothecary, a picture of petulant self-sufficiency, rates the servant for having purchased the poison. This fellow's coat and yellow livery are as long and melancholy as his face; the disconsolate look, the haggard eyes, the open mouth, the comb sticking in the hair, the broken, gapped teeth, which, as it were, hitch in an answer, everything about him denotes the

utmost perplexity and dismay. There is no expression of grief except on the part of the dying woman's baby-child, and the old nurse who holds it up for a last kiss. As the tragedy began sordidly, so does it end; and the avaricious father—like the hound that seizes the opportunity to steal the meat from the table—carefully abstracts the rings from his dying daughter's fingers. (Much of the above description is borrowed from Thackeray's *English Humourists* and Hazlitt's *Criticisms on Art.*)

108. THE VILLA OF MÆCENAS, AT TIVOLI.

Richard Wilson, R.A. (1714–1782). *See under* 304, p. 430.

A proper subject for an artist to paint for a patron—being the villa of the great art patron of the Augustan age. This picture was painted for Sir George Beaumont. The artist painted four other pictures of the same subject; the first of the series was for the Earl of Thanet, who, going one day with Wilson from Rome to Tivoli in company with Lord North, was so much struck with the beauty of the spot that he commissioned the artist to paint it for him. Wilson chose his point of view, but his patron asked to have Horace's "Bandusian fountain," which is really some miles above Tivoli, introduced to increase the poetic interest. Here, therefore, issuing from the rock on the left, is the celebrated stream represented: thus once more verifying the poet's prophecy (Horace's *Odes*, iii. 13, translated by Conington)—

> Thou too one day shalt win proud eminence
> 'Mid honour'd founts, while I the ilex sing,
> Crowning the cavern, whence
> Thy babbling wavelets spring.

Horace's villa stood behind the trees on the left, fronting that of Mæcenas. The building to the right of the latter, among the cypresses, was a Jesuit convent; the temple beneath was built in honour of the river-god Tiber.

Wilson's representation of this celebrated spot is marked with much impressiveness of feeling; but the picture is typical also of the defects of his style. Notice the "two-pronged barbarisms in the tree on the left." Wilson's tree-painting is false; "not because Wilson could not paint, but because he had never looked at a tree." The whole picture, too, is "constructed on Wilson's usual principle; the shadows, that is to say, are nearly coal-black, and the darks all exaggerated to

bring out the lights." His "foregrounds are opaque, heavy, and bituminous, whilst large trees with thick black foliage stand on either side. From such a frame, arranged like the dark hall of a diorama, the light shines out brightly and creates some illusion. Suppress the surrounding and the charm disappears" (*Catalogue of the Turner Gallery*, pp. 6, 9, 54; *Two Paths*, Appendix, 1 *n.;* and Chesneau's *English School of Painting*, p. 113).

1249. ENDYMION PORTER.

William Dobson (English: 1610–1646).

"Dobson, sometimes called 'the English Van Dyck,' was born in 1610, and was articled to Sir R. Peake, a painter and picture dealer, with whom Dobson's chief education consisted in copying the works of Van Dyck and Titian; he seems to have had some instruction also from Franz Cleyn, the German, who conducted the King's tapestry works at Mortlake. One of these copies had been noticed by Van Dyck himself, who recommended the young painter to the notice of Charles; and after Van Dyck's death Charles made Dobson his sergeant-painter and groom of the privy-chamber. His career was, however, short; he got into difficulties at the outbreak of the Civil War, and was imprisoned for debt. He lived many years at Oxford, but died in St. Martin's Lane, London" (Wornum: *Epochs of Painting*, p. 496).

A portrait of the Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles I., the friend of Ben Jonson and of Herrick (who addresses one of his *Hesperides* to Mr. Endymion Porter). "Dobson's imperfect artistic training allowed him to perpetrate errors which are almost childish, and which mar the effect of work that is often good in colour and solid in execution. Here the boy's face and the hare are admirable; the principal figure is dignified, and the scheme of colour harmonious; but a landscape composed of a shapeless tree stuck on a hill, and accessories like the astounding capital supporting the inane laurel-crowned bust are vulgarities on a level with the art of the sign-painter" (*Times*, June 4, 1888).

110. THE DESTRUCTION OF NIOBE'S CHILDREN.

Richard Wilson, R.A. (1714–1782). *See under* 304, p. 430.

A rocky landscape, into which Wilson has introduced figures from classical story after the manner of Claude and Poussin. Sir Joshua Reynolds, when lecturing at the Royal Academy on Gainsborough, contrasted that master's common sense with Wilson's habit "of introducing gods and goddesses, ideal

beings, into scenes which were by no means prepared to receive such personages." As an example he instanced this picture (which, like the "Villa of Mæcenas," its companion, was painted for Sir George Beaumont), by "our late ingenious academician, Wilson." "In a very admirable picture of a storm, which I have seen of his hand, many figures are introduced in the foreground, some in apparent distress, and some struck dead, as a spectator would naturally suppose, by the lightning; had not the painter injudiciously (as I think) rather chosen that their death should be imputed to a little Apollo, who appears in the sky, with his bent bow, and that those figures should be considered as the children of Niobe. . . . The first idea that presents itself, is that of wonder, at seeing a figure in so uncommon a situation as that in which the Apollo is placed; for the clouds on which he kneels have not the appearance of being able to support him; they have neither the substance nor the form fit for the receptacle of a human figure; and they do not possess, in any respect, that romantic character which is appropriated to such an object, and which alone can harmonise with poetical stories" (Discourse xiv.) Sir Joshua remarks that to manage a subject of this kind, a mind "naturalised in antiquity," like that of Nicolas Poussin, is required; and it is instructive to compare "the substantial and unimaginative Apollo here with the cloudy charioted Apollo in Poussin's 'Cephalus and Aurora'" (XIV. 65, p. 355) (*Modern Painters*, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. ii. ch. iv. § 16). As for the story: Niobe, proud of her seven sons and seven daughters, "presum'd Herself with fair Latona to compare, Her many children with her rival's two." Latona, stung by Niobe's presumptuous taunts, entreated her children, Apollo and Diana, to destroy those of Niobe: "So by the two were all the many slain."

309. THE WATERING PLACE.

T. Gainsborough, R.A. (1727–1785). *See under* XVI. 109, p. 408.

Another version of one of Gainsborough's favourite subjects—

> Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight.

A "CONVERSATION PIECE."[1]

Unknown.

[1] This picture is not yet numbered or described in the Official Catalogue (June 1888).

1076. PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN.

Unknown.

Supposed to be the poet Gay, the author of the *Fables* and the *Beggar's Opera* (see 1161, p. 426). "In the portraits of the literary worthies of the early part of last century, Gay's face is the pleasantest perhaps of all. It appears adorned with neither periwig nor night-cap (the full dress and *négligé* of learning, without which the painters of those days scarcely ever portrayed wits), and he laughs at you over his shoulder with an honest boyish glee—an artless sweet humour. . . . Happy they who have that sweet gift of nature! It was this which made the great folks and court ladies free and friendly with John Gay—which made Pope and Arbuthnot love him, and melted the savage heart of Swift when he thought of him" (Thackeray's *English Humourists*).

1223. OLD WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Samuel Scott (died 1772). *See* 314, p. 433.

1224. PORTRAIT OF SAMUEL SCOTT.

Thomas Hudson (1701–1779).

A picture of double interest—first as the portrait by one artist of another (for Scott, see 314, p. 433), and secondly, as an example of Reynolds's master. Like Reynolds, Hudson was a native of Devonshire, and it was through a mutual friend that the young Reynolds was placed in Hudson's studio. Hudson was the fashionable portrait painter of the day; and when after two years with him, Reynolds's pictures began to meet with applause, he parted company with his too-promising pupil. Reynolds accepted the disagreement as a blessing in disguise; for otherwise, he said, it might have been difficult for him to escape from Hudson's tameness and insipidity, and from "the fair tied-wigs, blue velvet coats, and white satin waistcoats" which his master bestowed liberally on all customers. Scott, however, as a fellow artist, was allowed, it seems, to preserve his individuality and even his *négligé* dress: as a marine painter, he is represented holding a drawing or print of a sea-piece. Hudson, it may be noted, estimated the value of his own teaching a good deal higher than Reynolds did. When Reynolds came back from Italy, with the bold and dashing execution which distinguished him from his predecessors, Hudson's remark was, "You don't paint so well, Reynolds, as when you left England."

112. HIS OWN PORTRAIT.

William Hogarth (1697–1764). *See under* 1161, p. 424.

"His own honest face, of which the bright blue eyes shine out from the canvas and give you an idea of that keen and brave look with which William Hogarth regarded the world. No man was ever less of a hero; you see him before you, and can fancy what he was—a jovial, honest, London citizen, stout and sturdy; a hearty, plain-spoken man, loving his laugh, his friend, his glass, his roast-beef of old England" (Thackeray's *English Humourists*). One may see a little of his life and character in the accessories also. He puts in his favourite pug, "Trump," by his side, and rests his picture on books by Shakespeare, Milton, and Swift. The choice is significant. Like Swift, Hogarth was "an English Humourist"; he aspired sometimes to work, like Milton, in the grand style; whilst for the general aim of his work, his ambition was to be a Shakespeare on canvas: "I have endeavoured," he says, "to treat my subjects as a dramatic writer; my picture is my stage, my men and women my players, who, by means of certain actions and gestures, are to exhibit a dumb show." Finally, there is a chapter of his life told on the palette, in the lower corner to the left, with the "Line of Beauty and Grace" marked upon it, and the date 1745. "No Egyptian hieroglyphic," he says, "ever amused more than my 'Line of Beauty' did for a time. Painters and sculptors came to me to know the meaning of it, being as much puzzled with it as other people." Hogarth explained the mystery in 1753 by publishing his *Analysis of Beauty*, in which he propounded the doctrine that a winding or serpentine line was the source of all that is beautiful in works of art. The jovial, serio-comic character of the man, as one sees it in his face, is well illustrated by the epigram in which he quizzed his own book—

> "What! a book, and by Hogarth! then, twenty to ten,
> All he's gained by the pencil he'll lose by the pen."
> "Perhaps it may be so—howe'er, miss or hit,
> He will publish—here goes—it is double or quit."

☞ *The western doors in this Room lead down a side staircase into the Entrance Hall, and thus form an exit from the Gallery. The visitor, who wishes to see the rest of the English School, should return into Room XVI. and thence proceed into the East Vestibule.*

EAST VESTIBULE

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL (*Continued*)

684. RALPH SCHOMBERG, M.D.

T. Gainsborough, R.A. (1727–1785). *See under* XVI. 760, p. 396.

Dr. Schomberg belonged to the family of Field-Marshal Duke Schomberg (killed at the Battle of the Boyne), whose house in Pall Mall was taken by Gainsborough. The doctor was something of a courtier, and had his portrait taken in a court suit of velvet, with his cocked hat and cane in his hand.

144. BENJAMIN WEST, P.R.A.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. (1769–1830).

Lawrence—"the second Reynolds," as he was called by his admirers,[1] or "an attenuated Reynolds," as he is called by later critics—was one of the infant prodigies of art. His parents were gentlefolk who had fallen on bad times, and at the date of his birth his father was landlord of the Black Bear at Devizes. When the boy was only five, he was already on show both for his drawings and his powers of recitation. "Come now, my man," said Garrick once, when putting up at the inn and listening to the boy's performances, "bravely done! whether will ye be a painter or a player?" At nine he was able unaided to copy the most elaborate pictures, and soon after ten he earned money in different provincial towns as a taker of portraits in crayons. "His studio before he was twelve years old was," we are told, "the favourite resort of the beauty and fashion and taste of Bath: young ladies loved to sit and converse with the handsome prodigy; men of taste and *vertu* purchased his crayon heads, which he drew in vast numbers, and carried them far and near, even into foreign lands, to show as the work of the boy-artist of Britain." The child in Lawrence's case was father of the man. His success when he came up to London was instantaneous, and for forty years he was the idol of fashionable society. At nineteen, he had already been received into favour at court. At twenty-two, he was elected "a supplemental A.R.A." (the limit of age in ordinary cases being twenty-four), and four years later he was elected full R.A. He had already been appointed painter to the king. In 1820, upon the death of West, he was unanimously elected President of the Academy. His manners to the lady-sitters who flocked to him were all too fascinating, and he was even suspected of undue attentions to the Princess of Wales, who had asked him to stay in her house whilst painting her. He wrote the prettiest of notes and

[1] They have Reynolds himself with them. "This young man," he is reported to have said of Lawrence, "has begun at a point of excellence where I left off."

paid the neatest of compliments. He was an admirable reciter, and passed round copies of verses. But he was not merely a lady's man. Byron has celebrated his praises as an artist: "Were I now as I was, I had sung What Lawrence has painted so well"; and in one of his letters has noticed "Lawrence's delightful talk." The painter's affection for his own family, to whom he made handsome allowances, was never weakened, and there are many pleasant records of his generosity to young artists. He was on the Continent in 1818-1819, painting various foreign princes for the series of portraits which the king commissioned him to take after the conclusion of the French War, and which now hang in the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor. It was on a visit to Sir Robert Peel, with whom he was on intimate terms of friendship, that Lawrence was seized with the illness from which he soon afterwards died in his house at 65 Russell Square. He was buried with much pomp—Peel being one of the pall-bearers—in St. Paul's, beside Reynolds and Barry and West.

Lawrence is seen at his best in his male portraits, especially those where he was not burdened by freaks of passing fashion in costume.[1] In his pictures of women and children, especially those which belong to his earlier years, there was often a meretricious affectation which gave the point to the remark of the poet Rogers, "Phillips (see XX. 183, p. 529) shall paint my wife and Lawrence my mistress." Lawrence, at the beginning of his career, had been introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds. "'Study nature more, the old masters less,' was his advice to Lawrence, advice exactly opposite to that given by him to many another student, but advice," adds Mr. Humphry Ward (*English Art in the Public Galleries*, p. 46), "which showed that he had at once detected the real danger that lay in the path of the young aspirant. Unluckily the hint was not taken, and the cleverest portrait painter of the time—the cleverest, indeed, that appeared in England for two generations—parted ever more widely from nature as he grew in power and fame, till he became identified with Court, and the style of the Prince Regent, and the false elegance and the false sentiment of that day." Fortunately, however, for Lawrence's public fame, his male portraits are so far confined in the National Gallery to sitters—West, Angerstein, Romilly—who did not expose him to his besetting sin.

A characteristic portrait of Lawrence's predecessor in the presidential chair, of the most ambitious and least successful, perhaps, of all noted English painters. The portrait was taken for the Prince of Wales in 1811, when West was seventy-three. But the venerable painter is represented as still intent on big

[1] "Utterly unlike Reynolds or Gainsborough, particularly the latter, who, although never giving in to any freak of fashion, yet so quickly and always found some safe means to represent it by which it might be divested of its ephemeral character, Sir Thomas Lawrence himself sets the fashion; he paints on a canvas that will last for centuries a style of dress, a particular cut of coat, which will only last for a day" (Chesneau: *The English School*, pp. 52, 53).

designs. On the easel beside him is a sketch of Raphael's cartoon of the Death of Ananias—one of those large compositions which West attempted to imitate, either in historical or Biblical story, on ever larger scale as he grew older. The fortunes of his pictures are one of the curiosities in the history of taste. In his lifetime his fame was very great. When he died he was buried in full state in St. Paul's, and his biographer declared that "he was one of those great men whose genius cannot be justly estimated by particular works, but only by a collective inspection of the variety, the extent, and the number of their productions." Lawrence's portrait of the "great man," still intent in his old age on great things, has a pathetic interest when one contrasts the verdict of posterity with royal patronage and contemporary fame. Twenty years after his death some of his pictures, for which he had been paid 3000 guineas, were knocked down at a public sale for £10; and such of his pictures as had been presented to the National Gallery have now been removed to the provinces. West's life (which is more interesting than his art) may be read in *Allan Cunningham*, vol. ii. He came of an old Quaker family, which had emigrated to America in 1715, and was born in Pennsylvania in 1738. When he was twenty-two, some friends and relatives clubbed together to send him to Italy. In 1763 he settled in London, sent for the girl he had left behind him in Pennsylvania, married, won the favour of George III., was one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and in 1792 succeeded Reynolds as president. The knighthood which is offered to all holders of that post was declined by West. Mrs. Moser was a candidate against him, but only received one vote, that of Fuseli, who met the remonstrance of a brother academician by declaring that "he did not see why he shouldn't vote for one old woman as well as another." West's best claim to remembrance in the development of English art is that he was the first to introduce modern costume into the representation of contemporary history—an innovation which created much stir in artistic circles at the time, and called forth at first the protests of Reynolds.

1146. PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A. (1756–1823).

Raeburn has been called "the Scotch Reynolds," and it is pleasant to know that he was kindly received by the great English painter.

After serving an apprenticeship to a jeweller in Edinburgh, he came up to London and made the acquaintance of Sir Joshua, who urged him to go to Italy, and offered him both introductions and funds for the purpose. Raeburn, however, had married a rich widow, and with her he resided for two years in Italy. He then established himself as a portrait painter at Edinburgh, and soon "led the fashion" there, much as Sir Joshua did in London. In 1822 he was elected R.A. (A.R.A. in 1812), knighted and appointed "His Majesty's Limner for Scotland." There was an exhibition of 325 portraits by him in Edinburgh in 1876, which included nearly all the eminent Scottish men and women of two generations ago. "I heard a story," says Mr. R. L. Stevenson, in his essay on the exhibition (in *Virginibus Puerisque*), "of a lady who returned the other day to Edinburgh, after an absence of sixty years: 'I could see none of my old friends,' she said, 'until I went into the Raeburn Gallery, and found them all there.'" It is much to be hoped that before long there may be more than this one picture in the National Gallery by the great Scottish portrait painter of whom the patriotic Wilkie, in recording his impressions of Madrid, said that "the simple and powerful manner of Velazquez always reminded him of Raeburn."

The lady is a member of the Dudgeon family: "gowned in pure white," "half light, half shade, She stands, a sight to make an old man young."

143. PORTRAIT OF LORD LIGONIER.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792).

See under XVI. 111, p. 399.

This distinguished officer, of whom there is a monument in Westminster Abbey, was a French Huguenot by birth, but was educated in England and at an early age entered the British army. He fought at Blenheim and at Marlborough's other great battles. He was knighted (Sir John Ligonier) after the battle of Dettingen, in which he commanded a division under George II. He was afterwards made a peer, field-marshal, and commander-in-chief. He died in 1770 at the age of ninety-two. At the battle of Laffeldt in 1747 he rescued the allied army from destruction by charging the whole French line at the head of the British dragoons. Reynolds, with his usual felicity, painted him therefore on horseback and in action. The portrait is one of Reynolds's earlier works, its date being about 1760, and was one of the painter's favourites. According to an anecdote told by Nollekens, Reynolds, at a sale of prints, was once expatiating to a friend on the extraordinary powers of Rembrandt, and proceeded to observe

that the effect which pleased him most in all his own pictures was that displayed in his Lord Ligonier on Horseback; the chiaroscuro of which he found, he said, in a rude woodcut upon a half-penny ballad on the wall of St. Anne's church, in Princes Street.

681. CAPTAIN[1] ORME.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792).

See under XVI. 111, p. 399.

Richard Orme (Coldstream Guards) was aide-de-camp, with Washington, to General Braddock (with whom he was a great favourite), in America during the campaign of 1755. He is described by his comrades as "an honest and capable man, who made an excellent impression on all he encountered." He was wounded in the attack on Fort Duquesne on July 9, 1755, and shortly afterwards returned to England. This portrait was taken in 1761, and Sir Joshua paints him on foot, as one whose fighting days were over; for in 1756 Orme married the Hon. Audrey Townshend and retired into private life. He died in 1781. His MS. journal of the campaign is in the British Museum, having been presented by George IV.

☞ *The visitor should now descend the steps. Ascending those opposite, he will come into the West Vestibule, which leads to the remaining rooms of the English School.*

WEST VESTIBULE

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL (Continued)

789. A FAMILY GROUP.

T. Gainsborough, R.A. (1727–1785).

See under XVI. 760, p. 396.

This picture—"the best Gainsborough in England known to me," says Mr. Ruskin (*Art of England*, p. 211 *n.*)—is a group of the family of Mr. J Baillie, of Ealing Grove—one of the many such groups that Gainsborough and Reynolds were employed to paint. "The two great—the two only painters of their age—happy in a reputation founded as deeply in the heart as in the judgment of mankind, demanded no higher

[1] So he was commonly called, though in fact he never rose above the rank of lieutenant.

function than that of soothing the domestic affections; and achieved for themselves at last an immortality not the less noble, because in their lifetime they had concerned themselves less to claim it than to bestow" (*Sir Joshua and Holbein*, in *O. O. R.*, i. 229).

787. THE SIEGE AND RELIEF OF GIBRALTAR (1782).

John Singleton Copley, R.A. (1737–1815).

It is interesting that the painter of this and many another memorable scene in English history should have been an American colonist, and the son of an Irish·mother. Copley was born at Boston—in the year before that in which another celebrated historical painter, Benjamin West, was born in Pennsylvania. West became famous in England earlier of the two, and it was largely owing to his friendly encouragement that Copley came over to this country in 1774. He was, however, by that time known on this side of the water, having sent pictures over to the Academy, and he was in large practice as a portrait painter at Boston. From London he proceeded to Italy, and after a year's travel and study returned to London and established himself at 25 George Street, Hanover Square. West procured him patronage, and in 1777 he was elected A.R.A. His "Death of Chatham" (XVIII. 100, p. 485), painted a year later, proved a great success, and in 1783 he was elected R.A. As one might guess from his works, Copley was a great reader—being especially fond of history. He preferred books, we are told, to exercise, and as he lived to the age of three score years and eighteen, it cannot be said that his habits injured his health. The same capacity for hard work and the same hardy constitution were present in his distinguished son, Lord Lyndhurst, who was four times Lord Chancellor of England, and lived to be ninety-two.

This is a sketch for the large picture (25 ft. by 22½) in the Guildhall which Copley was commissioned to paint by the Court of Common Council. The scene represented is the famous repulse of the floating batteries towards the end of the siege which Gibraltar, under the command of Sir George Elliott (afterwards Lord Heathfield, see XVI. 111, p. 404), sustained from the combined land and sea forces of France and Spain during the years 1779-1783. The attack here depicted was made on September 13, 1782; the floating batteries planned by an eminent French engineer at a cost of half a million sterling were supplemented by gun-boats. "The showers of shot and shell," says Drinkwater, who was present, "which were directed from their land batteries, and, on the other hand, from the various works of the garrison, exhibited a scene of which perhaps neither the pen nor

the pencil can furnish a competent idea. It is sufficient to say, that 400 pieces of the heaviest artillery were playing at the same moment; an instance which scarcely occurred in any siege since the invention of those wonderful engines." The Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) hastened from Paris to see the capture of the place, and arrived in time to see instead the total destruction of the floating batteries. "In this picture," says Allan Cunningham,[1] "Copley introduced many portraits: the gallant Lord Heathfield himself is foremost in the scene of death; and near him appear Sir Robert Boyd, Sir William Green, chief-engineer, and others. The fire of the artillery has slackened; the floating batteries, on whose roofs thirteen-inch shells and showers of thirty-two-lb. balls had fallen harmless at ten o'clock in the forenoon, are now sending up flames on all sides; whilst the mariners are leaping in scores into the sea, and English officers are endeavouring to rescue the sufferers from the burning vessels."

308. MUSIDORA BATHING HER FEET.

T. Gainsborough, R.A. (1727–1785).

See under XVI. 760, p. 396.

This is the only "nude" that Gainsborough ever painted. The picture illustrates the lines from Thomson's *Summer*—

> . . . Thrice happy swain!
> A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
> Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
> For, lo! conducted by the laughing loves,
> This cool retreat his Musidora sought;
> Warm in her cheek the sultry season glowed,
> And rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe
> Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.

1128. TITANIA AND BOTTOM.

H. Fuseli (1741–1825).

This is perhaps the best picture ever painted by the eccentric Anglo-Swiss Henry Fuseli (or Fuessli). "What do you see, sir?" he asked once of an Academy student; "you ought to see distinctly the true image of what you are trying to draw. I see the vision of all I paint—and I wish to heaven I could paint up to what I see." In this remark Fuseli well hit off his character as an artist. He was full of

[1] *Lives of the most eminent British Painters, etc.*, five vols., 1829, elsewhere referred to as *Allan Cunningham*.

enthusiasm and of literary interest; but chiefly, no doubt, from want of early training, was generally feeble, and nearly always careless in transferring what he saw to canvas. His visions, too, were eccentric: "painter in ordinary to the devil," he used to be called; and as for nature, "damn nature," he was heard to say, "she always puts me out." He was the son (the second of eighteen children) of a Zurich painter, and divided his early years between the classics and the study of prints from the old masters. His versatility (amongst other things he was ambidextrous) was expressed by his friend Lavater, the physiognomist, who, when Fuseli was going to London to seek his fortune, said to him, "Do but the tenth part of what you can." He reached London when he was twenty-one, and having already given proof of his capacity by translating *Macbeth* into German, soon obtained hack-work from editors and journalists. But having received encouragement in his drawing from Sir Joshua, he went abroad for eight years to study art. On his return to London in 1799 he painted several pictures for the Shakespeare Gallery, and others from Milton and Gray; whilst he volunteered assistance to Cowper in the work of translating Homer. Fuseli was very proud of his linguistic accomplishments, and fond of airing them to the confusion of his less learned brothers in art. "I can speak Greek, Latin, French, English, German, Danish, Dutch, Icelandic and Spanish," he said, "and so let my folly or my fury get vent through my nine different avenues." He was elected A.R.A. in 1788, R.A. in 1790, Professor of Painting 1799, and Keeper in 1803. Many are the stories told of his bursts of fury—generally accompanied with sarcasm and "damns"—in this latter post; but he was liked by the students, says C. R. Leslie, who was one of them. "It would have required a Reynolds to do justice to the intelligence of his fine head. His keen eye, of the most transparent blue, I shall never forget." He was a great favourite among ladies; and at the meetings at Johnson's, the bookseller, where for forty years he was a conspicuous figure, Mary Wollstonecraft (whose portrait hangs in the next room) fell in love with him when he was fifty. The flirtation not unnaturally displeased the painter's admirable wife — a model whom he married in 1788. "Sophia, my love," he said, by way of appeasing her, "why don't you damn? You don't know how much it would ease your mind." Sophia's mind was probably better eased by Mary Wollstonecraft's departure not long afterwards for France. Fuseli had many friends also amongst his fellow-artists—chief among whom was Lawrence. "Is Lawrence come, is Lawrence come?" were his last words. He lies buried near his friend in St. Paul's.

This is one of the pictures which Fuseli painted for Alderman Boydell's "Shakespeare Gallery" in Pall Mall. The scene is from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Act iv. Sc. 1), where Titania, Queen of the Fairies, under the spell of her husband Oberon's magic arts, takes the weaver Bottom (to

whom the mischievous elf Puck has given an ass's head) "for her true-love." The place is Fairyland, on the—

> . . . bank where the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows.

Titania hangs lovingly over her hideous monster; and the wood is filled with her vassals—"The cowslips tall her pensioners be,"—they and all the blossoms contain little fairies, some of them with lovely baby-faces smiling from the flower-calyxes which form their hoods. A little elf's face (Moth's) peers up from the ground from beneath a large moth which is its body. The attendant fairies stand on either side behind Titania, and seem to look sadly on at her delusion:—but one mischievous sprite in the foreground is enjoying it, while laughingly holding a little withered gnome in a leash. Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth and Mustardseed, their companions, have been ordered to—

> Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
> Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes,
> Feed him with apricocks and dewberries.

> *Titania.* Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
> While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
> And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
> And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
> *Bottom.* Scratch my head. . . . I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.
> *Titania.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms . . .
> So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
> Gently entwist; the female ivy so
> Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
> O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

677. LEWIS AS THE "MARQUIS" IN "THE MIDNIGHT HOUR."

Sir Martin Shee, P.R.A. (1770–1850).

It is interesting that the only picture by Shee in the Gallery should be of an actor, for the painter himself had connections with the stage. He came of an old Irish family, and it was Burke who introduced him, when he came from Dublin to London in 1789, to Reynolds. His own suavity and good manners were even better introductions to the portrait painter's *clientèle*, and he soon met with distinguished patrons. In 1798 he was elected A.R.A., and having married, moved into Romney's old house in Cavendish Square. In 1800 he became R.A; whilst in 1805 he published a volume of verse (followed in 1809 and

1814 by others), which called forth praise from Byron in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*—

> And here let Shee and genius find a place,
> Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace:
> While honours, doubly merited, attend
> The poet's rival, but the painter's friend.

The honour of the presidency of the Academy, to which he was elected upon Lawrence's death in 1830, did not, however, strike the public as particularly well merited, for as a portrait painter Shee had been eclipsed by such men as Hoppner, Jackson, and Raeburn, whilst Wilkie was marked out by the popular verdict for the post. The general feeling of surprise was embodied in an epigram of the time—

> See Painting crowns her sister Poesy!
> The world is all astonished!—so is *Shee!*—

For the business and functional duties of the presidency, Shee was, however, admirably fitted. His connection with the stage was less happy. In 1824 he produced a tragedy called *Alasco*, of which the scene was laid in Poland. It was accepted at Covent Garden, but the licenser refused his sanction on the score of alleged treasonable allusions; and Shee was thus robbed of the unique distinction of having produced an acted play, as well as having painted portraits of actors.

William Thomas Lewis, known as "Gentleman Lewis" from the elegance of his deportment, was the leading light comedian of his time. He first appeared at Covent Garden in 1773, and became deputy manager there in 1782, afterwards starting theatres of his own at Manchester and Liverpool. He is here "made up" in the character of the Spanish marquis, the hero in *The Midnight Hour*,—a comedy adapted by Mrs. Inchbald from the French,—who ultimately wins his lady-love by the stratagem of lending her his clothes, and thus getting her irate guardian to turn her out of doors as a male intruder.

ROOM XVIII

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL (*Continued*)

CONSTABLE'S PALETTE.

For Constable, see 1235, p. 459. This palette was presented to the Gallery in 1887 by Miss Isabel Constable.

1242. STIRLING CASTLE.

Alexander Nasmyth (1758–1840).

There are few cases on record of such evenly dispersed hereditary gifts as the Nasmyth family presents. Alexander Nasmyth was originally a pupil of Allan Ramsay. Then after several years' study at Rome, he settled at Edinburgh as a portrait painter. The only authentic portrait of Burns is by him, and the poet was often his companion on country rambles. For Nasmyth was an ardent lover of nature; and (like Gainsborough) if he painted portraits for money, he painted landscapes for love. He was also a scene painter, and in that capacity came across Roberts and Stanfield. The former said that he founded his style on Nasmyth's scenery for the Glasgow theatre; and the latter recorded Nasmyth's advice to him as follows: "there's but one style an artist should imitate, and that is the *style of nature.*" But Nasmyth had other occupations still. He was the son of an architect and builder, and both inherited and transmitted a taste for mechanics. Not only did his son Patrick inherit much of his father's artistic talent, but all his five daughters were artists of genuine ability. Their brother James, of steam-hammer fame, has a greater renown than any of them, but his genius too was inherited. He is himself a most accomplished draughtsman in pen and ink, while his father, Alexander Nasmyth, was hardly less famous in his day as an architect and an

engineer than as a painter. He is responsible for most of the New Town of Edinburgh, and was also the inventor of the "Bow-and-String" Bridge. It is interesting to recall before this picture of Stirling Castle—a picture which justifies Wilkie's praise of the artist as the "founder of the landscape school of Scotland, and the first to enrich his native land with the representation of her romantic scenery"—that the same hand also contrived the mechanism by which the arch of Charing Cross railway station was constructed! Fine art and mechanical art are not always divorced, it seems. One more point of interest may, in conclusion, be noted before this picture of Stirling. James Nasmyth, in his autobiography, records "a most delightful journey" which he made with his father in 1823. They went to Stirling, as his father had received a commission to paint a view of the Castle. In order to ensure greater accuracy, James Nasmyth (who was then fifteen) was told off to make detailed sketches of architectural "elevations" and so forth. Is this the picture which thus links the fame of father and son?

There is a simplicity of treatment which gives much impressiveness to this picture of—

> The bulwark of the North,
> Gray Stirling with her towers.

It is ordinarily said that Patrick Nasmyth, the son, "greatly improved on the style of his father," but this is certainly not the verdict which will suggest itself to visitors, who now have the means of comparing on the same walls the work of the father and son. Alike in the greater dignity of his subject and in the broader manner of his treatment, the father decidedly bears off the palm.

1030. THE INSIDE OF A STABLE.

George Morland (1763–1804).

Said to be the stable of the "White Lion" at Paddington, an hostelry which was opposite the house where Morland lived for some time, and in which the ne'er-do-weel artist spent many of his days. He came of an artistic family, and it was the absurd way in which his father exploited the boy's precocious talents—alternately confining him closely to work, and indulging him with luxurious living—that sowed the seeds of his future dissipation. During the period of his residence at Paddington "he was visited by the popular pugilists of the day, by the most eminent horse-dealers, and by his never-failing companions, the picture merchants. He was a lover of guinea-pigs, dogs, rabbits, and squirrels; he extended his affection also to asses. At one time he was the owner of eight saddle horses, which were kept at the 'White Lion'; and that the place might be worthy of an artist's stud he painted the sign where they stood at livery with his own hand" (*Allan*

Cunningham, ii. 227). Accounts of his queer tastes and low manner of life may be read in several biographies, which came out soon after his death to meet the curiosity for scandals about the artist. He had married a daughter of the artist, J. Ward, but she separated from him; and after a life of dissipation, duns, and debts, he died in a spunging-house in Coldbath Fields. Morland is one of several cases in the history of art in which a sordid life is combined with lovely work. This picture is sometimes called the painter's masterpiece; but besides mere pictures of animals, he painted many charming domestic scenes, "little idyls of rustic life, which pointed so many of his personally unpractised morals, and adorned so many of his unheeded tales." (For an estimate of Morland on his better side, the reader is referred to Mr. G. H. Boughton's notice in *English Art in the Public Galleries* and Mr. Wedmore's *Studies in English Art.*)

374. VENICE: THE PILLARS OF THE PIAZZETTA.

R. P. Bonington (1801–1828).

"I have never known in my own time," wrote Sir Thomas Lawrence, "an early death of talent so promising, and so rapidly and obviously improving." Richard Parkes Bonington, of whom this was said, died of consumption when his fame in England was only beginning. In France, however, he already enjoyed a high reputation, having obtained a gold medal for his picture in the Salon of 1824—the year in which Constable won a like honour. Bonington had indeed received his artistic education in Paris, where he had resided since he was fifteen. It was in 1824 that he travelled in Italy, and stayed for some time in Venice, making sketches for this and other pictures which he afterwards exhibited at the British Institution. When the first of them appeared there, Allan Cunningham relates how a critic and connoisseur came up to him in a sort of ecstasy and said, "Come this way sir, and I will show you such a thing—a grand Canaletti sort of picture, sir, as beautiful as sunshine and as real as Whitehall."

To the right is the Dogana (or custom-house); between the pillars are seen the domes of the church of Sta. Maria della Salute; and to the left is the corner of the library. The Piazzetta, the open space on which the pillars stand, is so called to distinguish it from the Piazza—the larger open space in front of the church of St. Mark. Of the two granite pillars, the one is surmounted by the bronze lion of St. Mark, the other by the statue of St. Theodore, the Protector of the Republic. "They are to Venice, in fact, what the Nelson column would be to London if, instead of a statue of Nelson and a coil of rope on the top of it, we had put one of the four evangelists and a saint, for the praise of the Gospel and of

Holiness—trusting the memory of Nelson to our own souls" (*St. Mark's Rest*, ch. i. ii.) The pillars were brought by the Doge Domenico Michael as spoils from his victories in the East, early in the twelfth century, and were erected in their present position in 1180. The statue of St. Theodore was placed on the column in 1329; the lion of St. Mark, a work of later date, was carried to Paris in 1797, but restored to its original position in 1816.

380. A COTTAGE, FORMERLY IN HYDE PARK.

Patrick Nasmyth (1786–1831).

Patrick, the son of Alexander Nasmyth, was born in Edinburgh, but when about twenty settled in London, and for the most part "painted by preference the footpaths, hedges, common pasture-grounds, and dwarf oaks of the outskirts of London." He exhibited at the Academy, and was one of the original members of the Society of British Artists. His life was one of solitude and suffering, from which he sought refuge in strong drink as well as in the beauties of nature. He became deaf from an illness in his boyhood, and having lost the use of his right hand from an accident, painted with his left. He caught his death of a cold contracted when out sketching; and when he lay dying in his lodgings at Lambeth, his last request, we are told, was that he might be raised in his bed to see a passing thunder-storm. Nasmyth, when he came up to London, was a close student of the Dutch landscape painters, and the name that has been given him of "the English Hobbema," or the "English Ruysdael" (see for instance 1177, p. 483), sufficiently characterises his art.

1182. A SCENE FROM MILTON'S "COMUS."

C. R. Leslie, R.A. (1794–1859).

See under XX. 403, p. 514.

Comus, son of Circe and Bacchus, was master of all the arts of sorcery and all the excesses of wanton revel. And he enchanted all travellers who passed through the wood wherein he dwelt, with his mother's and his father's wiles. One day it chanced that a lady was travelling in the wood with her two brothers, and while they stepped aside to fetch berries for her, Comus in the guise of a shepherd offered her shelter in his cottage, and conducted her to his palace of sorcery. Here we see her seated in the Enchanted Chair, while Comus—holding his magic wand and garlanded "with rosy twine"—offers her wine in a crystal glass, which will turn those who drink of it into monsters. The lady shrinks from his advances and refuses the fatal cup—

Comus. Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
And you a statue, or, as Daphne was,
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.
Lady. Fool, do not boast;
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees good.

The picture is a study for (or from) Leslie's fresco in the Buckingham Palace summer-house, for which Landseer did another scene from *Comus* (see XXI. 605, p. 548). "I have been very busy," writes Leslie in July 1843, "painting a fresco, a first attempt, in a little pavilion in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. I was asked to do this by the Prince, and there are seven other artists engaged in the same way—Maclise, Landseer, Sir Charles Ross, Stanfield, Uwins, Etty, and Eastlake. Two or three of us are generally there together, and the Queen and Prince visit us daily, and sometimes twice a day, and take a great interest in what is going on. The subjects are all from *Comus*, and mine is *Comus offering the cup to the lady*."

1066. ON BARNES COMMON.

J. Constable, R.A. (1776–1837). *See under* next picture.

1235. THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE ARTIST WAS BORN.

John Constable, R.A. (1776–1837).

Constable, who was a boy of nine when Gainsborough died, and, like him, a native of Suffolk, carried on Gainsborough's work of portraying the common aspects of "English cultivated scenery, leaving untouched its mountains and lakes." One sees in Constable's pictures exactly what the poets have sung as characteristic of lowland England—of Tennyson's "English homes," with "dewy pastures, dewy trees." He was born at East Bergholt, on the Stour—the son of a miller who had two wind-mills and two water-mills (one of which may be seen in his pictures, XX. 327 and 1207), and it was in Suffolk villages that he learned first to love, and then to paint, what he saw around him. He has himself described the scenes of his boyhood, which he was fond of saying made him a painter: "gentle declivities, luxuriant meadow-flats sprinkled with flocks and herds, well cultivated uplands, with numerous scattered villages and churches, with farms and picturesque cottages." "I love every stile," he says in another letter, "and stump, and lane in the village; as long as I am able to hold a brush, I shall never cease to paint them." There are many other passages in his writings which show in what affectionate and reverent spirit he

approached his work. He was particularly fond of painting the spring and early summer. "All nature revives," he writes, "and everything around me is springing up and coming into life. At every step I am reminded of the words of Scripture, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'" "The landscape painter," he said in one of his lectures, "must walk in the fields with an humble mind. No arrogant mind was ever permitted to see nature in all her beauty. If I may be allowed to use a very solemn quotation, I would say most emphatically to the student, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'" "The feelings of Constable with respect to his art might," says Mr. Ruskin, "be almost a model for the young student." He painted English scenery, and he painted it in a simple, vigorous, unaffected way. "His works," continues Mr. Ruskin, "are to be deeply respected, as thoroughly original, thoroughly honest, free from affectation, manly in manner, frequently successful in cool colour, and realising certain motives of English scenery with perhaps as much affection as such scenery, unless where regarded through media of feeling derived from higher sources, is calculated to inspire" (*Modern Painters*, Preface to second edition, p. xxxix. *n.*, and vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 18). It was the spectacle in Constable's work of homely scenes painted in a simple way that caused his pictures to make so much sensation in France, where the "ideal" style of landscape, as practised by Claude and Poussin, had been until then in vogue.[1] "What resemblance," the Parisian critics cried in despair, "can you find between these paintings and those of Poussin, whom we ought always to admire and imitate? Beware of this Englishman's pictures; they will be the ruin of our school, and no true beauty, style, or tradition is to be discovered in them." The warning was not misplaced, for to Constable, it is now admitted, the modern French school of landscape is largely due. Constable reported this adverse French criticism himself, and added, "I am well aware that my works have a style of their own, but to my mind, it is exactly that which constitutes their merit, and besides, I have ever held to Sterne's precept, 'Do not trouble yourself about

[1] A less fortunate result of Constable's influence was the adoption and exaggeration of his somewhat blurred forms. "His tree drawing, for instance, is," says Mr. Ruskin, "the kind of work which is produced by an uninventive person dashing about idly with a brush, . . . and as representative of tree form, wholly barbarous . . . wholly false in ramification, idle and undefined in every respect; it being, however, just possible still to discern what the tree is meant for, and therefore the type of the worst modernism not being completely established" (*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. ix. § 13; vol. iv. pt. v. ch. v. § 19). This is why Mr. Ruskin elsewhere expresses "regret that the admiration of Constable, already harmful enough in England, is extending even into France." "Constablesque" is only one stage removed from "blottesque," from "the blotting and blundering of Modernism" (see *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. Appendix i.; and *Two Paths*, Appendix i.)

doctrines and systems, go straight before you, and obey the promptings of nature.'" The style of Constable is indeed very strongly marked; he is one of the most easily recognisable of painters, and the fact suggests an important principle of criticism. The aspects of nature are infinitely various. Many painters may set themselves with equal fidelity to paint nature as they see it, yet each of them will see it differently. Take for instance Gainsborough and Constable. Both lived in Suffolk and loved Suffolk, and each with the same love of truth went straight to the fountain-head with the one desire of representing faithfully what they saw. Yet there is no possibility of mistaking Gainsborough's Suffolk for Constable's. "Sweetness, grace, and a tinge of melancholy shed their softening charm over Gainsborough's. Through the clouds one imagines a soft sky; no hard or sharp angles are visible; the too-vivid colours tone themselves down, subject to his unconsciously sympathetic handling; every smallest detail breathes of the serenity which issued from Gainsborough's own peaceful temperament" (Chesneau: *The English School*, p. 141). What Constable on the other hand saw in nature is summed up in Fuseli's sarcasm, "I am going to see Constable; *bring me mine ombrella*." "Fuseli's jesting compliment," says Mr. Ruskin, "is too true; for the showery weather in which the artist delights misses alike the majesty of storm and the loveliness of calm weather; it is greatcoat weather, and nothing more. There is strange want of depth in the mind which has no pleasure in sunbeams but when piercing painfully through clouds, nor in foliage but when shaken by the wind, nor in light itself but when flickering, glistening, restless, and feeble." Some of the narrowness of Constable's choice was due to his passion for chiaroscuro. "No chiaroscuro ever was good, as such, which was not subordinate to character and to form; and all search after it as a first object ends in the loss of the thing itself so sought. One of our English painters, Constable, professed this pursuit in its simplicity. 'Though my pictures should have nothing else, they shall have chiaroscuro.' The sacrifice was accepted by the fates, but the prayer denied. His pictures *had* nothing else; but they had *not* chiaroscuro"[1] (*Academy Notes*, 1859, p. 53). Not quite nothing else, as we have seen. But undoubtedly when his works are compared with Turner's, they are found very narrow in their range. And it is just this narrowness, this restriction to common aspects of nature, that ensures Constable's popularity. For "there are some truths easily obtained, which give a deceptive resemblance to Nature; others only to be obtained with difficulty, which cause no

[1] "It is singular to reflect what that fatal Chiaroscuro has done to art, in the full extent of its influence. It has been not only shadow, but shadow of Death; passing over the face of ancient art, as death itself might over a fair human countenance; whispering, as it reduced it to the white projections and lightless orbits of the skull, 'Thy face shall have nothing else, but it shall have chiaroscuro'" (*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. x. § 20 *n.*)

deception, but give inner and deeper resemblance. These two classes of truths cannot be obtained together; choice must be made between them. The bad painter gives the cheap deceptive resemblance. The good painter gives the precious non-deceptive resemblance. Constable perceives in a landscape that the grass is wet, the meadows flat, and the boughs shady; that is to say, about as much as, I suppose, might in general be apprehended, between them, by an intelligent fawn, and a skylark. . . . Even those who are not ignorant, or dull, judge often erroneously of effects of art, because their very openness to all pleasant and sacred association instantly colours whatever they see, so that, give them but the feeblest shadow of a thing they love, they are instantly touched by it to the heart, and mistake their own pleasurable feelings for the result of the painter's power. Thus when, by spotting and splashing, such a painter as Constable reminds them somewhat of wet grass and green leaves, forthwith they fancy themselves in all the happiness of a meadow walk" (*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. x. § 3; vol. iv. pt. v. ch. iii. § 6).

Of Constable's life, the most interesting thing to note is its remarkable fidelity to his art. His early years were a long struggle to realise his ideals. At school he excelled in nothing but penmanship.[1] "Come out of your painting room," the master used to say when the lad's attention wandered from his books. But his true painting room was in the fields, where he used to sketch with a village plumber named Dunthorne. His father designed him for the Church, but afterwards put him in charge of one of his mills—an apprenticeship which was of great value to Constable, as leading him to study the sky. In a letter written many years later, Constable, in describing his sky studies, significantly remarks on the importance of the sky even in everyday life for practical purposes. From the mill he passed in 1796 to the Academy Schools, but though dissatisfied with his progress, he never lost hope. "I feel more than ever convinced," he wrote in 1803, "that one day or other I shall paint well; and that even if it does not turn to my advantage during my lifetime, my pictures will be handed down to posterity." "Mark what I say," he said to a friend thirty years later; "they accuse me of sprinkling my pictures with a whitewash brush. But the time will come—I may not live to see it, but you may—when you will find that my pictures will kill all the others near them. These whites and glittering spots which they dislike

[1] It is interesting to know that Gainsborough shared Constable's fondness for good penmanship. "I have heard him (Gainsborough) say that the sight of a letter written by an elegant penman pleased him beyond expression, and I recollect being with him one day when the servant brought him one from his schoolmaster in Suffolk, which, after reading, he held at a distance, as John Bridge the jeweller would a necklace, first inclining his head upon one shoulder and then on the other, after which he put it upon the lower part of his easel, and frequently glanced at it during the time he was scraping the colours together upon his easel" (J. T. Smith: *Nollekens and his Times*, i. 186).

will tone down, and, without losing their purpose, time will harmonise them with the rest" (*Athenæum*, March 10, 1888). In 1815 he married a girl whom—faithful in love as in art—he had loved since he was a boy. In 1819 he was elected A.R.A., but not till 1829 full R.A. In 1820 he removed from Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, to Well Walk, Hampstead, the better to study his favourite skies. He died suddenly in London, when coming away from his "dear old Somerset House" (where the Academy was then housed). In his latter years he inherited money through his wife, which made him independent of any professional earnings; but many of his best works remained on his hands for years, and the majority of those he sold were bought by personal friends. But all the while that he was waiting for acceptance, he never became bitter. Equally admirable was the catholicity of his taste. He had, as he said, a style of his own, and was a rebel from all the scholastic rules of his time.[1] Yet he admired what was great in those whose work was different from his own, no less than the work of those with whom he was artistically in sympathy. Sir George Beaumont, to whom Constable, like so many artists, was indebted for help, had shown him the little Claude, now numbered 61, p. 358, and he was greatly delighted with it. Many years later he wrote to his friend, Archdeacon Fisher, "I looked into Angerstein's the other day: how paramount is Claude!" "Cozens is all poetry," he exclaimed. "Did you ever see a picture by Turner," he asked, "and not wish to possess it?" "I cannot think of it even now," he said of one of Gainsborough's landscapes, "without tears in my eyes." So true is it what Mr. Ruskin says, that "he who walks humbly with nature will seldom be in danger of losing sight of art. He will commonly find in all that is truly great of man's works something of their original, for which he will regard them with gratitude, and sometimes follow them with respect" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i., Preface to 2d ed., p. xxxix. *n.*)

How much Constable loved his home we have just seen; and one sees further, in looking at this rough but effective sketch, from the very simplicity of his favourite scenes, how sincere was his affection. It is further interesting to compare this and the other small Constables in this room with his larger pictures in the next room; these here, though not free from the "blottesque," are painted more broadly, and without that spottiness of touch which led the critics to talk of "Constable's snow."

[1] The system is best exhibited in Sir George Beaumont's rules. His first question on seeing a landscape used to be, "Where is your brown tree?" His second is shown in the following story. "'I see,' he said, looking at a picture by Constable 'your first and your second light, but I can't make out which is your third.' Constable told this to Turner, who said, 'You should have asked him how many lights Rubens introduced.'"

343. THE WOODEN BRIDGE.

Sir Augustus Wall Callcott, R.A. (1779–1844).

Callcott was originally a choir boy at Westminster Abbey, and is said to have derived his first impulse to become a painter from seeing Stothard's illustrations to *Robinson Crusoe.* He entered the Academy Schools, and also studied under Hoppner, was elected A.R.A. in 1806, and R.A. in 1810. In 1837, in which year he had departed from his usual groove of landscape, cattle, and marines, and exhibited "Raphael and the Fornarina," he was knighted, and a few months before he died was appointed Keeper of the Queen's Pictures. "On the works of Callcott," says Mr. Ruskin, "high as his reputation stands, I should look with far less respect; I see not any preference or affection in the artist; there is no tendency in him with which we can sympathise, nor does there appear any sign of aspiration, effort, or enjoyment in any one of his works. He appears to have completed them methodically, to have been content with them when completed, to have thought them good, legitimate, regular pictures; perhaps in some respects better than nature. He painted everything tolerably, and nothing excellently; he has given us no gift, struck for us no light, and though he has produced one or two valuable works, of which the finest I know is the Marine in the possession of Sir J. Swinburne, they will, I believe, in future have no place among those considered representatives of the English School" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 18). His work is not represented at its best in the National Gallery. Many of his other pictures have fetched large prices, though the tendency in his fame, as thus measured, seems now, as Mr. Ruskin predicted, to be downward. Thus an English landscape, with Cattle by Landseer, sold in 1863 for 3000 guineas, but in 1883 for £1470. Personally, Callcott was much esteemed by a very numerous circle of friends, one of whom described his career as "resembling one of those softly illuminated and gently flowing rivers he often sympathetically painted."

A scene described (with a curious piece of final bathos) by Leigh Hunt—

> A wooden bridge, a hut embowered, a stream
> That calmly seems to wait the dredger's will;
> Horses with patient noses in a team;
> A wife, babe holding, yet laborious still;
> A burst of sunshine, cloud-racks, wide and chill—
> 'Tis a right English and a pleasant scene
> To duteous eyes, and eke the ducks, I ween.

1245. CHURCH PORCH, BERGHOLT, SUFFOLK.

J. Constable, R.A. (1776–1837). *See under* 1235, p. 459.

381. THE ANGLER'S NOOK.

Patrick Nasmyth (1786–1831). *See under* 380, p. 458.

1069. THE MYTH OF NARCISSUS.

T. Stothard, R.A. (1755–1834).

Thomas Stothard, who is best known for his book illustrations, but who is well represented also in the National Gallery, is the chief "purist" of the English School—the Angelico of England.[1] "The vignettes from Stothard," says Mr. Ruskin, "however conventional, show in the grace and tenderness of their living subjects how types of innocent beauty, as pure as Angelico's, and far lovelier, might indeed be given from modern English life, to exalt the conception of youthful dignity and sweetness in every household" (*The Cestus of Aglaia*, in *O. O. R.*, i. 536). In such pictures, too, as this, one sees the same "singular gentleness and purity of mind" as in Fra Angelico (see p. 43). "It seems as if he could not conceive wickedness, coarseness, or baseness; every one of his figures looks as if it had been copied from some creature who had never harboured an unkind thought, or permitted itself an ignoble action. With this intense love of mental purity is joined, in Stothard, a love of mere physical smoothness and softness, so that he lived in a universe of soft grace and stainless fountains, tender trees, and stones at which no foot could stumble." He seems, as Mr. Ruskin elsewhere puts it, to "baptise all things and wash them with pure water" (*Modern Painters*, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. i. ch. xiv. § 20; vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. vi. § 5; *cf. Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. vi. § 52). But this purism implies by its very nature a certain weakness, as that of "a fugitive and cloistered virtue," and hence "nothing can be more pitiable than any endeavour by Stothard to express facts beyond his own sphere of soft pathos or graceful mirth" (*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. *loc. cit.*)

The life of Stothard was in keeping with the shrinking purity of his art. He was very busy always, but never strikingly successful. He lived in the same house in London for fifty years (28 Newman Street), and whenever he was not at work was taking long walks, during which he filled his sketch-books with hints from the streets or fields. He married young and had a large family. But quiet domestic content rather than passionate love was his constant ideal. After attending his wedding ceremony he spent the afternoon, it is said, in quietly drawing in the schools, and, on leaving, requested a fellow-student to accompany him "to a family party." "Do come," he said, "for I have this day taken unto myself a wife." His letters

[1] Mr. Ruskin thus compares him to Angelico, Turner compared him to Giotto. "Turner proved the sincerity of his admiration," says Leslie (*Recollections*, i. 130), "by painting a picture in avowed imitation of him. While retouching it in the Academy, Turner said to me, 'If I thought he liked my pictures half as well as I like his, I should be satisfied. He is the Giotto of England.'"

in after years to his wife are composed in a singularly minor key; his great pleasure in coming home, he said, would be to see the children "in their best bibs and tuckers." Five of his children died in infancy, and two of those who grew up, afterwards died under very painful circumstances; but grief did not interfere, any more than pleasure, with the even tenor of his laborious days. Even his physical infirmity agrees with his character. In early life he was very delicate, and afterwards he was very deaf. He was regular in his attendance at meetings of the Academy, but on coming away would say to a friend, "What have we been doing?" He was in the world, but not altogether of it—just as in his art he treated worldly themes, but touched them with spiritual grace. The incidents of his life were few and uneventful. He was born in Yorkshire, the son of an innkeeper in Long Acre, and received most of his schooling in country schools. When a lad he was a designer of flowered brocades for a Spitalfields silk-weaver. Harrison, the editor of the *Novelist's Magazine*, happened to see some of the designs, and detecting the boy's talent, at once employed him on the *Magazine*. His designs quickly became the fashion, and soon no book was considered complete without "numerous illustrations by T. Stothard." The increasing necessities of his family made him willing to accept work "of too minute an order," says his enthusiastic biographer and daughter-in-law, Mrs. Bray, "for a painter of his master mind and hand; for instance, such commissions as designing for pocket-books, ladies' fashions, sketches of court balls and amusements, royal huntings, and for ordinary magazines and play books." In 1778 he became a student at the Academy. In 1791 he was elected A.R.A., in 1794 R.A., and in 1812 Librarian. Flaxman, Blake (until their quarrel, see p. 481), Rogers, Constable, and Leslie were amongst his friends. His fellow-academicians thought highly of him, but aristocratic patrons such as Sir G. Beaumont had ignored him, and he never therefore received very large prices for his works. His designs are said to be as many as 5000, of which more than 3000 were engraved in various publications; there is a large collection of his prints in the British Museum.

The mountain nymph Echo, who had loved the fair Narcissus, listens amongst the trees but hears no voice; whilst Naiads and Dryads (nymphs of the river and the forest) find not the lovely boy, but the flower into which he was changed, the—

> . . . narcissi, the fairest amongst them all,
> Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess
> Till they die of their own dear loveliness.
>
> SHELLEY: *The Sensitive Plant.*

1244. BRIDGE AT GILLINGHAM, SUFFOLK.

J. Constable, R.A. (1776–1837). *See under* 1235, p. 459.

1110. THE SPIRITUAL FORM OF PITT GUIDING BEHEMOTH.

William Blake (1757–1827).

William Blake is one of the most original figures in the history of British art. In the first place he was a poet as well as a painter. Many of his lyrics are of singular and striking beauty; and some of his other poems "have much more than merit; they are written with absolute sincerity, with infinite tenderness, and, though in the manner of them diseased and wild, are in verity the words of a great and wise mind, disturbed, but not deceived, by its sickness; nay, partly exalted by it, and sometimes giving forth in fiery aphorism some of the most precious words of existing literature." Not only, however, was Blake, like Rossetti, a poet as well as a painter; but in his best-known productions, beginning with the *Songs of Experience*, he combined the verse and design in an entirely original way—which was revealed to him, he says, by his brother Robert in a vision of the night. Rising in the morning, Blake sent out his wife with the only half-crown they possessed to buy materials. "On small plates of copper, and with the stopping-out varnish of engravers, he wrote the verses, and outlined the designs which occasionally intermingled with the text. The rest of the surface was then eaten away with acid, leaving the text and outlines in relief. From these he took impressions in any tint he chose, using colours ground by himself in common glue. He taught his wife to help him in the process, and even to aid him in illuminating the designs after the original drawings. She further performed the part of bookbinder. Copies of this little work are now rare. But those who may have the good fortune to see a fine example of it, coloured by Blake's own hand, cannot but be carried away by the prismatic beauty of each page" (Official Catalogue). Of the beauty of the book these pictures unfortunately give little idea. The "Pitt," however, is a fair example of the third great point which distinguishes Blake—namely, his weird power of imagination. The neglect and poverty to which, as we have seen, was due the unique beauty of his illustrated poems, were here disastrous to his effectiveness as an artist. The question has often been debated whether or not Blake was insane. He was undoubtedly insane in the sense that he lived in "a conscientious agony of beautiful purpose and warped power." He was "driven into discouraged disease by his isolation, and found refuge for an entirely honest heart from a world which declares honesty to be impossible, only in a madness nearly as sorrowful as its own—the religious madness which makes a beautiful soul ludicrous and ineffectual" (*Eagle's Nest*, § 21; *Fors Clavigera*, 1877, p. 32; *Queen of the Air*, § 159; *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. xvi. § 10 *n.*; and *Cestus of Aglaia, in O.O.R.*, i. 448).

It is, however, the taint of insanity thus engendered which gives its piquancy to Blake's career, and has in these days provided food for

the cult that has sprung up about him. He was the son of a hosier, who kept shop at 28 Broad Street, Golden Square, and his father encouraged his early love for art by sending him to a drawing school in the Strand. When fourteen he was apprenticed to an engraver, Basire, with whom he remained for seven years. He then set to work on his own account, engraving for publishers, and occasionally sending pictures, which were exhibited, but not sold, to the Academy. In 1799 he was introduced to Cowper's friend, Hayley, who lent him a cottage at Felpham, near Bognor, where he spent four happy years. On his return to London he found but deepening neglect—only occasionally relieved by gleams of patronage from friends, such as Dr. Bell, and John Linnell, the artist. He died in great poverty in lodgings at 3 Fountain Court, Strand. From his early youth he had been a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams. Walking in Peckham Rye, when he was only eight or ten, he "looked up and saw a tree filled with angels." Amongst the tombs of Westminster Abbey the ghosts of departed kings and heroes appeared to him in vision. When he walked in the garden at Felpham by night he saw "a fairy funeral"—"a procession of creatures of the size and colour of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf." "Dear Sculptor of Eternity," so he writes to Flaxman from Felpham, "Heaven opens here on all sides her golden gates; her windows are not obstructed by vapours; voices of celestial inhabitants are here distinctly heard." It is easy to understand how a mind, attuned like this, became in the midst of a perverse and unsympathetic world more and more thrown in upon itself, and how its imaginations more and more overpowered a plastic faculty which had received little training and less appreciation; so that in the end Blake as artist "produced, with one only majestic series of designs from the Book of Job, nothing for his life's work but coarsely iridescent sketches of enigmatic dream" (*Ariadne Florentina*, Appendix, p. 240). At least one other thing, however, we owe to Blake—the example of a pure-hearted and single-minded life, such as can hardly be paralleled in the history of art. He was hot-tempered, but forgiving; unrecognised, but uncomplaining. He had to make many an unsuccessful application to publishers and patrons. "Well, it is published elsewhere," he would quietly say, "and beautifully bound." The fortune of life, as the world counts, was all against him. But his own reckoning was very different. There is a pretty story of a rich lady who once brought her daughter to see him. The old man stroked her hair, and said, "May God make this world to you, my child, as beautiful as it has been to me!" He had no children of his own, but the devoted sympathy of his wife sustained him to the end. When he was dying his eyes rested on her. "Stay!" he cried, "keep as you are! you have been ever an angel to me: I will draw you!" and so he died, singing songs to his Maker so sweetly that when she stood to hear him he looking upon her most affectionately and said, "My beloved, they are not *mine*. No! they are not mine."

To understand this "iridescent sketch of enigmatic dream," one must refer to the description which Blake himself gave of it when he exhibited it with other pictures—"Poetical and Historical Inventions"—in 1809. It was a companion picture to the "Spiritual Form of Nelson guiding Leviathan," and Blake said of them in his Descriptive Catalogue: "Clearness and precision have been the chief objects in painting these pictures. . . . (They are) a proof of the power of colours unsullied with oil or with any cloggy vehicle. . . . Oil, being a body itself, will drink or absorb very little colour, and changing yellow, and at length brown, destroys every colour it is mixed with, especially every delicate colour . . . This is an awful thing to say to Oil Painters; they may call it madness, but it is true. . . . One convincing proof among many others that these assertions are true is, that real gold and silver cannot be used with oil, as they are in all the old pictures and in Mr. B.'s frescoes." Here, then, we see the first point of view from which the artist means us to look at this picture. We are to look at it as a piece of decorative colour. The picture has probably changed a good deal since it left "Mr. B.'s" studio, the gold having scaled off in places. But it is still possible to admire the green and gold tones of Pitt's robe, catching here and there a red reflection from the flames that rise round and behind Behemoth; the flash of red and gold in the nimbus; and the iridescent colour with which the monster's head is illuminated. "In expressing conditions of glaring and flickering light, Blake is greater than Rembrandt" (*Elements of Drawing*, Appendix, ii. p. 352). But the picture is an "enigmatic dream" as well as an "iridescent sketch." The Spiritual Forms of Pitt and Nelson are "compositions of a mythological cast," said Blake in his Catalogue, "similar to those Apotheoses of Persian, Hindoo, and Egyptian Antiquity which are still preserved on rude monuments, being copies from some stupendous originals now lost, or perhaps buried till some happier age. The Artist having been taken in vision into the ancient republics, monarchies, and patriarchates of Asia, has seen those wonderful originals, . . . from which the Greeks and Hetrurians copied Hercules Farnese, Venus of Medicis, Apollo Belvedere, and all the grand works of ancient art. They were executed in very superior style to those justly admired copies, being with their accompaniments terrific and grand in the highest degree. The Artist has endeavoured to emulate

the grandeur of those seen in his vision, and to apply it to modern Heroes, on a smaller scale. . . . Those wonderful originals seen in my visions were some of them one hundred feet in height; some were painted as pictures, and some carved as basso-relievos, and some as groups of statues, all containing mythological and recondite meaning, where more is meant than meets the eye. The Artist wishes it was now the fashion to make such monuments, and then he should not doubt of having a national commission to execute these two Pictures on a scale that is suitable to the grandeur of the nation, who is the parent of his heroes, in high-finished fresco, where the colours would be as pure and as permanent as precious stones, though the figures were one hundred feet in height." We have seen how Blake spent much time sketching in Westminster Abbey, and it was no doubt there that these visions of monuments to dead heroes appeared to him. The *idea* of this mythological composition in honour of Pitt may well have come to him in the shadow of "the stately monument of Chatham," above which "his effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes." The *form* of Blake's allegory was decided by his familiarity with the Book of Job, to the illustration of which he devoted the best work of his life. Behemoth is there typical (Job xl. 15, 19) of the monstrous beasts of the world whom the Almighty, who created, alone can tame: "Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee; . . . he is the chief of the ways of God: he that made him can make his sword to approach unto him." Pitt, on the other hand, is described by Blake as "that Angel who, pleased to perform the Almighty's orders, rides on the whirlwind directing the storms of war. He is ordering the Reaper to reap the Vine of the Earth, and the Ploughman to plough up the Cities and Towers." With these explanations it is easy to see that the picture is an allegory of the power of statesmanship (Pitt) in controlling the brute forces of the world (Behemoth). "The earth bursts into flame at the touch of the ploughshare, and from behind the flames cannons are discharged upon a group of flying figures, at the back of which is seen a great building on fire. Beneath the figure of the reaper another group is being shot down by musketry, while a terrible rain, lit up as by lightning, falls from heavy clouds." In the nimbus or glory around Pitt's head are various flying and falling figures—the

idea being perhaps that of Horace's line: *delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi:* the glory of a patriot minister finds a lurid reflection in the sufferings of a people. Higher up are several spheres, and a star, recalling Shelley's lines in *Hellas*,

> Kings are like stars; they rise and set, they have
> The worship of the world, but no repose.
>
> *Chorus.*
>
> Worlds on worlds are rolling ever
> From creation to decay,
> Like the bubbles on a river,
> Sparkling, bursting, borne away.
> But they are still immortal
> Who, through birth's orient portal
> And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,
> Clothe their unceasing flight
> In the brief dust and light
> Gathered around their chariots as they go.

The form of Pitt himself (not unlike the portraits of him) is full of dignity, as of one doing "the Almighty's orders": "Deck thyself now with majesty and excellency, and arm thyself with glory and beauty. Cast abroad the rage of thy wrath; and behold every one that is proud, and abase him." In his right hand is a cord or bar of iron: "Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? or his tongue with a cord that thou lettest down?" In Behemoth notice the eye, or other spot, in his belly: the eyes of brute beasts are in their stomachs, and of Behemoth it is written: "his force is in the navel of his belly."

1037. WELSH SLATE QUARRIES.

"Old" Crome (1768–1821).

John, called "Old" Crome to distinguish him from his eldest son J. B. Crome, who was also a landscape painter of repute, was the son of a Norwich weaver, and was for a time a doctor's errand boy. Afterwards he was apprenticed to a coach and sign painter, and coming across a collection of Dutch and Flemish pictures in the neighbourhood, attained so much proficiency that he was able to establish himself as a drawing master. An idea of his large practice may be obtained from the fact that he required to keep two horses to go his rounds. He seldom exhibited in London; but occasionally went up there on visits—staying, when he did so, with Sir W. Beechey, who had befriended him from the first. Crome had married young, and had a large family; and could spare only the leisure from his work as a drawing master to paint pictures. In 1803 he founded the

Society of Norwich Artists; but even then was not above the humblest of odd jobs. There is a receipt of his in existence, dated May 27, 1803, for £1 : 1s. for "Painting Ye Lame Dog," and 5s. for "Writing and Gilding Ye Maid's Head." Only once did Crome give himself the luxury of a foreign journey. This was in 1814, when he went to Paris, and his letters thence to his wife show a simple and homely disposition. "I shall make this journey pay," he says; "I shall be very cautious how I lay out my money. I have seen some shops. They ask treble what they will take; so you may suppose what a set they are." Crome's affection for his art is well illustrated by the record of his dying words. "When evidently wandering," relates Mr. Wodderspoon (*J. Crome and his Works*, 1876), "he put his hands out of bed and made motions as if painting, and said, 'There—there—there's a touch—that will do—now another,—that's it—beautiful!' and the very day of his death he earnestly charged his eldest son, who was sitting by his bed, never to forget the dignity of art. 'John, my boy,' he said, 'paint, but paint for fame; and if your subject is only a pig-stye—dignify it.'" He painted mostly from the scenery around his native Norwich, and the chief impressiveness of his pictures arises from the feeling of solitude which he makes them convey. This picture, for instance, of desolate hills, on which men work at the quarry, creates a forcible impression of loneliness and labour.

1237. VIEW ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

J. Constable, R.A. (1776–1837). *See under* 1235, p. 459.

Particularly interesting from the cattle which the artist has introduced peacefully grazing. The scene is curiously similar to that of which we are told as having been Landseer's first studio. That painter used to be taken, when a mere child, to Hampstead Heath, where, thirty years ago, "the creatures grazed or stood as nearly in a state of nature as civilisation permits to any of their kind in England."

348. VIEW ON THE DUTCH COAST.

Sir A. W. Callcott (1779–1844). *See under* 343, p. 464.

Presumably a copy from a Dutch picture, as the costume of the figures belongs to an earlier period.

1236. HAMPSTEAD HEATH: "THE SALT-BOX."

J. Constable, R.A. (1776–1837). *See under* 1235, p. 459.

A view taken from "The Judges' Walk," or farther on in the same direction, looking towards Hendon, with Harrow-on-the-Hill in the distance. Next to his native Suffolk, Constable loved Hampstead Heath, on which he passed so many years of

his life. Suffolk sufficed to teach him the beauties of "dewy pastures, dewy trees," but the critics all agree in seeing fresh charms in his pictures after he had come to love the Hampstead skies. If there be any who are unconvinced of the desirability of preserving the Heath as a health resort for London, they should be confronted with the blue distances and breezy spaces of this and the companion picture (1237) which Miss Isabel Constable has presented (1887) to the Gallery.

1065. SKETCH OF A CORNFIELD.

John Constable, R.A. (1776–1837). *See under* 1235, p. 459.

1179. A LANDSCAPE.

Patrick Nasmyth (1768–1831). *See under* 380, p. 458.

318. A WOODLAND DANCE: "FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE."

T. Stothard, R.A. (1755–1834). *See under* 1069, p. 465.

"Again with feathered feet we bound,
Dancing in a festive round;
Again the sprightly music warms,
Songs delight, and beauty charms!
Debonair, and light and gay,
Thus we dance the hours away."

1181. ON THE SEA-SHORE.

William Mulready, R.A. (1786–1863).
See under XX. 394, p. 497.

1208. WILLIAM GODWIN (1756–1836).

J. Opie, R.A. (1761–1807).

John Oppy, or Opie, as he called himself, was born near Truro, the son of a carpenter. From a very early age he was distinguished by skill in arithmetic and penmanship, whilst his love of drawing, though sternly repressed by his father, was encouraged by his mother. He attracted the attention of Dr. Wolcot (the satirist, "Peter Pindar"), who was then practising as a physician at Truro. He took the boy into his household, and after some lessons in portrait painting brought him up to London. Wolcot showed him off as the self-taught "Cornish Wonder." His first picture at the Academy was exhibited in 1782; he was made R.A. in 1787. For some time he was the talk of the town. "He was a peasant," says Allan Cunningham, "and therefore a novelty; he could paint, and that was a wonder. So eager were the nobility and gentry to crowd into his gallery (in Orange Court, Leicester Fields), that their coaches became a nuisance; and the painter jestingly said to one of his brethren, 'I must plant cannon at my door to keep the multitude off.'" This fever soon reached its cold fit.

But a little while, and not a coroneted equipage was to be seen in his street, whereupon Opie applied himself with the greater diligence to improve both his drawing and his culture. "Other artists," said his rival Northcote, "paint to live; Opie lives to paint." "Mr. Opie," said Horne Tooke, "crowds more wisdom into a few words than almost any man I ever knew." "Had Mr. Opie turned his powers of mind," said Sir James Mackintosh, "to the study of philosophy, he would have been one of the first philosophers of the age." Instead of that he painted portraits—and amongst them this one, of the first political philosopher of the age. In 1805 he was made Professor of Painting at the Academy. His lectures were afterwards published, and amongst his other writings, we should here remember, was a *Letter* advocating the formation of a National Gallery. He died of congestion of the brain, and was buried by the side of Reynolds, in St. Paul's. He was twice married. His first marriage, to the daughter of a pawnbroker, was unhappy, and he had to sue for a divorce. His second wife, who long survived him, was the Amelia Opie whose tales and poems had much vogue with lady readers of a generation or two ago.

A portrait exactly corresponding to the written descriptions of the great "philosophical radical"—the remarkable man who, starting from Calvinism, ended in free thought, and who, though advocating free love, was himself the most passionless of men. "In person," says S. C. Hall, in his *Memories of Great Men*, "he was remarkably sedate and solemn, resembling in dress and manner a dissenting minister rather than the advocate of 'free thought' in all things—religious, moral, social, and intellectual; he was short and stout, his clothes loosely and carelessly put on, and usually old and worn; his hands were generally in his pockets; he had a remarkably large, bald head, and a weak voice; seeming generally half asleep when he walked, and even when he talked. Few who saw this man of calm exterior, quiet manners, and inexpressive features, could have believed him to have originated three romances—*Falkland*, *Caleb Williams*, and *St. Leon*,—not yet forgotten because of their terrible excitements; and the work, *Political Justice*, which for a time created a sensation that was a fear in every state of Europe. . . . Southey said of him, in 1797, 'He has large noble eyes, and a nose—oh! most abominable nose.'"

926. THE WINDMILL.

Old Crome (1768–1821). *See under* 1037, p. 471.

A scene probably on the same desolate Mousehold Heath, near Norwich, that is painted in 689, p. 476. There is something

even more impressive here, from the addition of the man going wearily home from his work, of the donkeys—types of plodding labour, and of the windmill—painted not in the pleasant "picturesqueness of ruin," but in the solitude of serviceableness. "There is a dim type of all melancholy human labour in it,—catching the free winds, and setting them to turn grindstones. It is poor work for the winds; better indeed, than drowning sailors or tearing down forests, but not their proper work of marshalling the clouds, and bearing the wholesome rains to the place where they are ordered to fall, and fanning the flowers and leaves when they are faint with heat. Turning round a couple of stones, for the mere pulverisation of human food, is not noble work for the winds. So, also, of all low labour to which one sets human souls. It is better than no labour; and, in a still higher degree, better than destructive wandering of imagination; but yet, that grinding in the darkness, for mere food's sake, must be melancholy work enough for many a living creature. All men have felt it so; and this grinding at the mill, whether it be breeze or soul that is set to it, we cannot much rejoice in" (*Modern Painters*, vol. iv. pt. v. ch. i. § 11—a passage describing a not dissimilar mill by Turner, set, as this one is, "dark against the sky, yet proud, and on the hill-top"). One may deepen one's impression from the picture by remembering that Crome himself must many a day have returned home—on his pony by the pathway yonder—from his "grinding at the mill" as a drawing master.

725. AN EXPERIMENT WITH THE AIR-PUMP.

Wright of Derby (1734–1797).

"Joseph Wright, commonly called from his birthplace, Wright of Derby, was born in 1734; his father was an attorney and town-clerk of Derby. In 1751 he visited London, and entered the school of Hudson, the portrait painter, the master of Reynolds. He established himself as a portrait painter at Derby, but acquired his reputation by fire or candle-light subjects, in which he especially excelled.[1] In 1773 he married, and went with his wife and John Dowman, the painter, to Italy, where he resided for two years, chiefly in Rome. He had the good fortune while at Naples to witness a fine eruption of Mount Vesuvius, of which he painted an effective picture; he also painted the

[1] Wright on one occasion offered to exchange works with Wilson. "With all my heart," said Wilson; "I'll give you air, and you will give me fire."

periodical display of fireworks from the Castle of St. Angelo at Rome, known as the *Girandola.* In 1775 he returned to England with his family (a daughter was born in Rome), and set up at first at Bath; but not finding the success he anticipated, he removed in 1777 to Derby, where he was well known and better appreciated; and there he remained until his death in 1797. In 1782 he was elected an associate of the Academy; but finding Edmund Garvey, a landscape painter, elected to the full honours before him, in 1784 he withdrew his name from the Academy books. Like Hogarth and Copley, Wright painted in the solid old English method, and his pictures are still in perfect preservation" (compressed from the Official Catalogue).

A family party is grouped round a table to see an experiment with the air-pump, which was still somewhat of a novelty in England. "The experimenting philosopher is in the act of restoring the air to an exhausted receiver, into which a parrot has been placed to experiment upon. The bird is just recovering its vitality, to the great relief of two young girls present, who thought it dead. The light proceeds from a candle, concealed from the spectator by a sponge in a glass bowl of water" (Official Catalogue).

689. MOUSEHOLD HEATH, NEAR NORWICH.

Old Crome (1768–1821). *See under* 1037, p. 471.

"A work the simplicity of which is so great that only a master could have imparted to it any character. It represents a vast slope of pale verdure, which, from a foreground covered with flowering grass and heath, rises rapidly towards the sky. Great golden clouds float on the rounded summit of the hill. There is nothing more. With so little subject as this, Crome has yet given the truest representation of solitude and stillness. In this plot of ground, which not a breath of wind ruffles, not a sound disturbs, one might imagine oneself as far from the busy town as anywhere in the world. It is the desert in its majesty" (Chesneau: *The English School*, pp. 122, 123).

1167. MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN.[1]

J. Opie, R.A. (1761–1807). *See under* 1208.

A portrait of the remarkable woman famous as the author of *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, and as the mother

[1] The portrait was bought as such at the sale of Mr. W. Russell's pictures in 1884; but Mr. C. Kegan Paul—whose *Life of William Godwin* is well known—wrote to the *Times* (January 6, 1885) as soon as the picture was hung, throwing doubt upon its authenticity. Mr. Paul, after comparing it with another portrait of her by Opie which is in Sir Percy Shelley's

of Shelley's second wife. She is represented reading, as befits one so thoughtful and intellectual; but there is much womanly tenderness in the face also, and the portrait seems to reflect the brief period of calm that followed her marriage to Godwin (1796) and ended her stormy life (1759–1797). It must have been not long after this portrait was taken that she died in giving birth to the daughter, who, with her mother, was afterwards to be immortalised in Shelley's verse—

> They say that thou wert lovely from thy birth,
> Of glorious parents thou aspiring child.
> I wonder not—for One then left this earth
> Whose life was like a setting planet mild,
> Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled
> Of its departing glory.
>
> *The Revolt of Islam.*

129. JOHN JULIUS ANGERSTEIN.

Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A. (1760–1830).

See under 144, p. 445.

A portrait of particular interest—for its own excellence, for the connection of the sitter with the National Gallery, and for the relations between him and the artist. Lawrence was closely attached, as we shall see, to Angerstein, and "has expended his best powers on this portrait of the keen-spirited, sagacious old man. In the individual truth of nature and of character, in careful finish and brilliance and depth of colouring, he never surpassed it" (Mrs. Jameson). As for the sitter himself, it is somewhat curious that the man who in a sense founded the National Gallery of England should have been a Russian. Angerstein was born at St. Petersburg, but settled in England when he was fifteen, and from an under-writer at Lloyd's rose by his abilities and assiduity to be one of the chief merchants and bankers of his time. Policies which he took up were by

possession, and the authenticity of which is undisputed, pronounced it to be certainly not a genuine portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft. The face, he said, was like, but much older; and he concluded that it was an early forgery, perpetrated for the engraving in the *Monthly Mirror* in 1796. Sir F. Burton, the Director of the Gallery, replied (*Times*, January 7, 1885), saying on the contrary that the two portraits were unmistakably alike. In Sir Percy Shelley's she is apparently about twenty-five; here she is nearer forty. Her hair is doubtless powdered in the fashion of the time. She died when she was thirty-eight; and Sir F. Burton concludes that this was the portrait painted for Godwin by Opie, Sir Percy Shelley's being an earlier one.

way of distinction called "Julians." He helped to establish the modern "Lloyd's," and procured the passing of an Act forbidding shipowners to re-baptize unseaworthy vessels. He devised a scheme of State lotteries, and otherwise played an important part in high finance. In 1811 he retired on a princely fortune, and spent his life between his house in Pall Mall and his country-place at Blackheath. He was well known as a philanthropist and a man of private generosity, but better still as an amateur of the arts. His famous collection, which formed the nucleus of the National Gallery, and contained (as may be seen from Index II.) many of its greatest treasures, was formed with the assistance of Benjamin West and Sir T. Lawrence. Of the latter he was a great friend and patron, and Lawrence was further attached to him in business relations. The painter was a spendthrift and a wretched man of business. He started his professional career deeply in debt, and in spite of his large income he never got out of it. It was to Angerstein that he used to apply for "accommodation," and his income was at one time entirely mortgaged to the banker to liquidate large advances. Angerstein died in 1823, at the age of eighty-eight, and by his will directed that his pictures in his Pall Mall house should be sold. It was the purchase of them by the State that formed the nucleus of the National Gallery.

323. THE RAFFLE FOR A WATCH.

Edward Bird, R.A. (1762–1819)

A scene in a country tavern, such as the artist himself has doubtless often observed, for he was the son of a journeyman carpenter, and was brought up as a japanner. It was *genre* subjects, such as these, by which he first made his reputation; but on coming up to London and being elected R.A. (1814), he took to historical compositions, of which two of the most important may now be seen at Stafford House.

1238. SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY (1757–1818).

Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A. (1760–1830). *See under* 144, p. 445.

"Lawrence made coxcombs of his sitters," it has been said. But the expression here—in its mingled benignity and penetration—is worthy of the great lawyer by whose eloquence and mild insistence the barbarity of our penal code was first abated.

1163. THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS (after Chaucer).
T. Stothard (1755–1834). *See under* 1069, p. 465.

The Pilgrims, now safely on their way from the Tabard at Southwark, are ambling along, in the fresh spring morning, through the pretty fields of Peckham and Dulwich, such as they were in Stothard's time when he made expeditions to the Old Kent Road to get his local colour. The *Miller*, "stout carl" that he is, is riding away well to the front—

> A whit cote and a blew hood werede he,
> A baggepipe wel cowde he blowe and sowne,
> And therewithal he broughte us out of towne.

After him, turning round to the company, rides the *Host*—

> A large man he was with eyghen stepe.

The artist has selected the moment when the Host stops his steed, and holding up the lots in his hand, proposes the re-counting of Tales to beguile the time. Then, riding five abreast, come (beginning with the farthest from us) the *Doctor of Physic*, clad in "sangwyn," and with a grave, stern look, as suited one who "knew the cause of every maladye." Next to him we recognise the *Merchant* by his "forked beard" and "Flaundrisch bevere hat." Then, after the pale-faced *Serjeant-at-Law*, rides the fat, jolly *Franklin*—the well-to-do *paterfamilias*—

> Whit was his berde, as is the dayesye.
> Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.
> Well lovede he by the morwe a sop in wyn.

Last in this line is the "verray perfight gentil *Knight*," great in battles and victories, but without parade. Exactly behind the Knight is the *Reeve* (or bailiff), he—

> . . . was a sklendre colerik man,
> His berd was schave as neigh as evere he can.

He has fallen behind his line, for "evere he rood the hyndreste of the route." By the side of the Knight, but nearer to us, rides his *Son*, "the yung Squyer, a lovyere, and a lusty bacheler," who, it is easy to see, thinks a good deal of himself, and loves to show his prowess in riding. Behind him is his servant, the "*Yeman*," clad (like Robin Hood) in Lincoln green, and a pleasant fellow he looks, in his picturesque array—

> A Cristofre on his brest of silver schene.
> An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of grene.

Then comes another group riding five abreast—the figure farthest from us being the *Ploughman;* and next to him is his brother, the poor *Parson* of a town—

> Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
> And in adversité ful pacient; . . .
> But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
> He taughte, but first he folwede it himselve.

Beside the parson is the Nun's *Priest*, fat and rubicund, and then comes the *Nun* in holy converse with her superior, the lady *Prioress*, "Madame Eglentyne." In the next company, farthest from us, is the pale-faced student, the *Clerk of Oxenford*—

> For him was levere have at his beddes heede
> Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reede,
> Then robes riche, or fithele, or gay sawtrie.

Next to him rides the *Manciple*: his face is not shown, for Chaucer does not describe him: he is looking round, no doubt, at the Wife of Bath, the centre of general attraction. So also is *Chaucer* himself, who comes next. Stothard painted this picture from a portrait of the poet preserved in the British Museum, and done probably by Thomas Occleve, Chaucer's scholar. In front of this group, with his back towards us, is the *Shipman*—

> A daggere hangyng on a laas hadde he
> Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun.

Then, easily recognisable, is the *Wife of Bath*. She seems too young, indeed, "for the merry dame who had buried five husbands; but the artist has well contrived to make it evident that her talk and laugh are loud, by their attracting the attention of those who are riding before and behind her, as well as of the persons closest to her." Her dress makes a pretty and necessary spot of colour in the group—

> Bold was hire face, and fair, and reed of hewe. . . .
> Uppon an amblere esily sche sat,
> Ywympled wel, and on hire heed an hat
> As brood as is a bokeler or a targe.

Stothard used to tell his friends jocosely that he liked to take his stand near the the Wife of Bath, listening to her pleasant and witty sayings. "You will find me," he would say, "resting by the bridle of her steed." He has represented her as laughing and coquetting with the *Pardoner*, who follows behind, his face radiant with smiles—

> Ful lowde he sang, Com hider, love, to me. . . .
> This pardoner hadde heer as yelwe as wex,
> But smothe it heng, as doth a strike of flex. . . .
> A vernicle hadde he sowed upon his cappe.
> His walet lay byforn him in his lappe,
> Bret-ful of pardoun come from Rome al hoot.

Behind this couple comes the *Sompnour* (or crier of the court), with his "fyr-reed cherubynes face." He wears a garland, as a follower of Bacchus, for—

> Wal lovede he garleek, oynouns, and ek leekes,
> And for to drinke strong wyn reed as blood.

Next comes the *Monk*, "a lord ful fat and in good poynt." His companion, nearer to us, is the *Friar*—

> . . . a ful solempne man . . .
> Ful sweetely herde he confessioun,
> And plesaunt was his absolucioun.

In the rear of the procession follow the traders, in their liveries, "of a solempne and a gret fraternité"—

> An *Haberdasshere* and a *Carpenter*,
> A *Webbe*, a *Deyere*, and a *Tapicer*.

Last of all rides the *Cook*, refreshing himself on the way—

> Wel cowde he knowe a draughte of Londone ale.

The circumstances under which Stothard came to paint this picture form an interesting chapter in the history of artists'quarrels. The original idea of painting the Pilgrimage was Blake's. He was at work on his design, and was soliciting subscriptions for the engraving from it, when Cromek, the engraver, happened to come in. He praised the design; and being of Fuseli's opinion that "Blake was damned good to steal from," went off to Stothard and commissioned him to paint the same subject, which Stothard thereupon put in hand. Blake was furious with Cromek and with Stothard also—whose warm friend he had been, but who—he now rightly or wrongly believed—was privy to Cromek's piracy. The breach between them was never healed. Stothard's picture was finished first, was exhibited in May 1807, and proved very popular. There is an interesting criticism of it in a letter by Hoppner, the artist, who went to see it and wrote (May 30, 1807) to a friend: "This intelligent group is rendered still more interesting by the charm of colouring, which, though simple, is strong,

and most harmoniously distributed throughout the picture. The landscape has a deep-toned brightness which accords most admirably with the figures; and the painter has ingeniously contrived to give a value to a common scene and very ordinary forms, that would hardly be found by unlearned eyes in the natural objects. He has expressed, too, with great vivacity and truth, the freshness of morning at that season when nature herself is most fresh and blooming—the spring; and it requires no great stretch of fancy to imagine we perceive the influence of it on the cheeks of the fair Wife of Bath, and her rosy companions, the Monk and the Friar. In respect of the execution of this very pleasing design, it is not too much praise to say, that it is wholly free from that vice which painters term *manner;* and it has this peculiarity besides, which I do not remember to have seen in any picture ancient or modern, namely, that it bears no mark of the period in which it was painted, but might very well pass for the work of some able artist of the time of Chaucer. The effect is not, I believe, the result of any association of ideas connected with the costume,[1] but appears in primitive simplicity, and the total absence of all affectation either of colouring or pencilling." Blake's picture was not exhibited till May 1809; but it is interesting to note that in the engraving, Blake forestalled his forestaller. His plate was published in 1810—the plate from Stothard, after many vicissitudes, in 1813. The latter had, however, a great vogue, though Stothard himself received nothing for it. For this, the original picture, he was paid £60; it was bought at the Leigh Court sale in 1884 for £800.

733. THE DEATH OF MAJOR PEIRSON, (January 6, 1781).

J. S. Copley, R.A. (1737–1815). *See under* 787, p. 450.

"The French invaded Jersey, stormed St. Helier, took the commander prisoner, and compelled him to sign the

[1] It is worth mentioning, however, that Stothard took great pains with his costumes, armour, etc., studying them from MSS. in the British Museum and from monuments of the period. Blake, in criticising the critic, remarks that "Mr. H.'s" only just observation was calling the group "a common scene and very ordinary forms," "for it is so, and very wretchedly so indeed." "The scene of Mr. S.'s picture," adds Blake, "is by Dulwich hills, which was not the way to Canterbury; but perhaps the painter thought he would give them a ride round about, because they were a burlesque set of scarecrows, not worth any man's respect or care."

surrender of the island. Major Peirson, a youth of twenty-four (upon whom the command then devolved), refused to yield, collected some troops, charged the invaders with equal courage and skill, defeated them with much effusion of blood, but fell himself in the moment of victory, not by a random shot, but by a ball aimed deliberately at him by a French officer, who fell in his turn, shot through the heart by the African servant of the dying victor. It is enough to say in praise of any work that it is worthy of such a scene. The first print I ever saw was from this picture. . . . I was very young, not ten years old; but the scene has ever since been present to my fancy. I thought then, what I think still, on looking at the original—that it is stamped with true life and heroism: there is nothing mean, nothing little,—the fierce fight, the affrighted women, the falling warrior, and the avenging of his death, all are there" (*Allan Cunningham*, v. 176). The picture was one of Copley's many "Graphic" or "Illustrated" accounts of memorable scenes in the great war of his time, and was a commission from Alderman Boydell. It was subsequently bought by Lord Lyndhurst, who lived on in his father's house and made it his object to collect his father's pictures. At the sale of his collection in 1864 it was bought for the National Gallery.

1177. A LANDSCAPE.

Patrick Nasmyth (1768–1831). *See under* 380, p. 458.

A picture of some interest from being dated 1831—the year of the artist's death. In his choice of subject Nasmyth returned home, as it were, to die—the view here shown being apparently that of a Scotch torrent.

1246. A HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD.

J. Constable, R.A. (1776–1837). *See under* 1235, p. 459.

A good instance (in the trees) of the "blottesque" style which modern art owes, in so large a measure, to Constable, (see p. 460, *n.*)

1164. THE PROCESSION FROM CALVARY.

William Blake (1757–1827). *See under* 1110, p. 467.

"The body of Christ, with composed, finely chiselled features, is borne on a flat bier by four apostles, the foremost being no doubt John. Nicodemus, a venerable bearded man, walks midway by the bier, bearing the vase of spices; the

Virgin and the two Maries follow. The glimpses of the architecture of Jerusalem have a Gothic character (as introduced by Blake even in the Job series); the three crosses appear in the distance, under a blue sky streaked with yellow. The whole expression of the subject is serene and sustained, rather than mournful" (W. M. Rossetti, in Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*, 1863, ii. 228).

322. A BATTLE: A SKETCH.

T. Stothard, R.A. (1755–1834). *See under* 1069, p. 465.

1185. NYMPHS AND SATYRS.

T. Stothard, R.A. (1755–1834). *See under* 1069, p. 465.

1067. A QUARRY WITH PEASANTS.

George Morland (1763–1804). *See under* 1030, p. 456.

320. DIANA BATHING WITH NYMPHS.

T. Stothard, R.A. (1775–1834). *See under* 1069, p. 465.

1070. CUPIDS PREPARING FOR THE CHASE.

T. Stothard, R.A. (1755–1834). *See under* 1069, p. 465.

"Stothard's children, whether real or mythologic, are almost always delightful, and designed with an intimate knowledge and affection. See the fresh vivacity of this Cupid sounding his horn; the earnest and boyish sturdiness of the little fellow with the long staff behind him; the grip which the curly-headed boy in front has of the dog's neck—it is all bold, simple, and alive: while in the city, on a hill in the distance, is the touch of poetic colour and mysterious suggestion that lifts the whole scene into the region of romance" (F. Sitwell, in *English Art in the Public Galleries*, p. 51).

438. WOOD CUTTERS.

John Linnell (1792–1882).

Linnell was the son of a carver and gilder in London, and was thus early thrown amongst artists. His first instructors were West and Varley, and he afterwards entered the Academy Schools. In 1813, when he was toiling at portraits, miniatures, and engravings, he was introduced to Blake, whom he asked to help him. He remained to the end the chief friend and stay of Blake's declining years; it was he who commissioned Blake to do both the Job and the Dante series, and he did many other services to Blake and his wife. Another intimate friend of Linnell's was Mulready, with whom he lived for a time. Linnell is now best known for his landscapes, generally of some quiet English scene made impressive by sunrise or sunset effects or

storm (as in XX. 439, p. 499), but fifty years ago he was more famous for his portraits—of Peel and Carlyle amongst others, several of which he afterwards engraved. He also published other illustrated "Galleries," as well as several works on Biblical criticism, to which he devoted much of his leisure. He was a frequent exhibitor at the Academy, but was never elected to its membership, and late in life he is said to have refused the offer of Associateship. He was, however, able to sell his pictures for large sums, and in 1852 he removed to a property which he purchased at Redhill. Mr. Ruskin, writing in 1848 of a picture by Linnell, referred to the close study pursued by him "through many laborious years, characterised by an observance of nature scrupulously and minutely patient, directed by the deepest sensibility, and aided by a power of drawing almost too refined for landscape subjects, and only to be understood by reference to his engravings after Michael Angelo" (*Modern Painters*, vol. ii., Addenda).

An open space in the outskirts of Windsor Forest, such as Pope has described—

> There, interspers'd in lawns and opening glades,
> Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.

80. THE MARKET CART.

T. Gainsborough, R.A. (1727–1788). *See under* XVI. 760, p. 396.

897. A VIEW AT CHAPELFIELDS, NORWICH.

Old Crome (1768–1821). *See under* 1037, p. 471.

311. COUNTRY CHILDREN.

T. Gainsborough, R.A. (1727–1788). *See under* XVI. 760, p. 396.

1178. A LANDSCAPE.

Patrick Nasmyth (1768–1831). *See under* 380, p. 458.

A characteristic piece of the park scenery on the outskirts of London—in Hertfordshire, perhaps—which Nasmyth loved to paint.

100. THE EARL OF CHATHAM'S LAST SPEECH (April 7, 1778).

J. S. Copley, R.A. (1737–1815). *See under* 787, p. 450.

The scene represented took place in the old House of Lords (the Painted Chamber) on the occasion of the debate upon an address moved by the Duke of Richmond against the further prosecution of hostilities with the American Colonies. The portraits of the Duke and of the other fifty-three peers—all in their state robes—may be made out from the explanatory key below the picture. Chatham was bitterly opposed to the "dismemberment of the Empire;" and in spite of failing

health and growing infirmities, which had for some time caused him to absent himself from Parliament, resolved to come down and speak against the Duke of Richmond's motion. "When the Duke had spoken, Chatham rose. For some time his voice was inaudible. At length his tones became distinct and his action animated. Here and there his hearers caught a thought or an expression which reminded them of William Pitt. But it was clear that he was not himself. He lost the thread of his discourse, hesitated, repeated the same words several times, and was so confused that in speaking of the Act of Settlement he could not recall the name of the Electress Sophia. The House listened in solemn silence, and with the aspect of profound respect and compassion. The stillness was so deep that the dropping of a handkerchief would have been heard. The Duke of Richmond replied with great tenderness and courtesy; but while he spoke, the old man was observed to be restless and irritable The Duke sat down. Chatham stood up again, pressed his hand on his breast, and sank down in an apoplectic fit. Three or four lords who sat near him caught him in his fall. The House broke up in confusion. The dying man was carried to the residence of one of the officers of Parliament, and was so far restored as to be able to bear a journey to Hayes. At Hayes, after lingering a few weeks, he expired in his seventieth year" (Macaulay's *Essays:* "The Earl of Chatham").

This picture, commonly called "The Death of Chatham," was immensely popular at the time it was painted, and its early history is interesting as giving one of the first instances of the "one picture shows" now so common. The innovation was by no means relished; and Sir William Chambers, the architect, wrote to Copley on the subject as follows: "No one wishes Mr. Copley greater success, nor is more sensible of his merit than his humble servant; who, if he may be allowed to give his opinion, thinks no place so proper as the Royal Exhibition to promote either the sale of prints or the raffle for the picture, which he understands are Mr. Copley's motives; or, if that should be objected to, he thinks no place so proper as Mr. Copley's own house, where the idea of a raree-show will not be quite so striking as in any other place, and where his own presence will not fail to be of service to his views." This sarcasm did not interfere with the success of the exhibition; and when Bartolozzi's engraving from the picture was published, 2500

copies were sold within a few weeks. The picture was presented to the nation by Lord Liverpool—the minister under whom the National Gallery was founded.

321. "INTEMPERANCE."

T. Stothard, R.A. (1755–1834). *See under* 1069, p. 465.

This is the sketch for one of the large compositions which Stothard, fresh from studying Rubens, painted at Burghley, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter, during the summers 1799-1802. The subject is "Mark Antony and Cleopatra," surrounded with various allegorical figures, and the moment chosen is when Cleopatra, in one of the feasts given to Antony at Alexandria, melted pearls into the cups to make the entertainment more sumptuous.

1072, 1073. THE EARL OF CHATHAM'S LAST SPEECH.

J. S. Copley, R.A. (1737–1815). *See under* 787, p. 450.

These two sketches in monochrome are preparatory studies for the large picture above (100, p. 485).

310. WOODY LANDSCAPE: SUNSET.

T. Gainsborough, R.A. (1727–1788).
See under XVI. 760, p. 396.

Yet another "watering-place" (*cf.* XVI. 109 and XVII. 309, pp.408, 442). As a landscape painter, Gainsborough is like the rustics of Gray's Elegy; "his sober wishes never learned to stray" beyond the gentle scenery of his Suffolk home. "He was well read," he once wrote, "in the volume of Nature, and that was learning sufficient for him;" and he preferred the old, old chapter that he knew to opening new pages in the book. "He painted portraits," he said at another time, "for money, and landscapes because he loved them." They often indeed returned to him from the exhibitions unsold, "till they stood," says Sir W. Beechey, "ranged in long lines from his hall to his painting room." This picture was among them, being one of those that were included in the sale of his effects in 1789.

1158. HARLECH CASTLE.

James Ward, R.A. (1769–1859).

James Ward, a distinguished animal and landscape painter, born in Thames Street, London, was originally placed with J. R. Smith, the engraver, and afterwards with an elder brother, William, also an

engraver. This was the branch of art which he first practised, but he subsequently took to painting, and became a disciple of Morland, whose sister he married, whilst Morland married Miss Ward. Besides studying with Morland, Ward also attended diligently at a school of anatomy. "The effect of this course of study," says Mr. Boughton (*English Art in the Public Galleries*, p. 68), "became immediately apparent in his work. There was perhaps, if anything, an over-insisted-on correctness and hardness at first in his reaction against Morland's looser and lighter style. There was no longer any hesitation in the structural parts of bone or muscle; the vagueness, the generalisation, and the convenient masses of shadow had given place to a hard and fast definition of correctness worthy of a professor of anatomy." This over-insisted-on anatomy is very conspicuous in his cattle-pieces, see XX. 1175, p. 495, and 688 (staircase, p. 648). But "he saw too," adds Mr. Boughton, "by the same process of analysis, deeper and with a more geological eye beneath the surface of landscape. He looked upon nature no longer as a vague bit of background to his figures or animals, to be generalised into a fitting and helping bit of colour scheme; he saw it with large inquiring eyes, and found in the older masters—of nobly selected and treated landscape, like Titian, Rubens, and Rembrandt—a more sympathetic grasp and treatment." Ward was elected A.R.A. in 1807, and R.A. in 1811.

"Full of observation and movement. A prostrate tree-trunk is a prominent figure in the scene, for it seems almost human. The brawny woodman who has felled it still hacks at its sprawling limbs. A great, heavy-wheeled timber waggon writhes and crunches down the hill, laden with hewn logs. In a curiously small space we see the struggling contorted team of powerful horses dragging at their heavy load. Old women are gathering faggots with real movement and interest, and far away stretches 'a lusty plaine, abundant of vitaille,' that reminds one of Chaucer's description of his magnificent Italian landscape" (G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., in *English Art in the Public Galleries*, p. 69).

☞ *Room XIX. is devoted to part of the Turner Collection. In order to see the whole of that collection together, visitors will find it more convenient to now proceed to Rooms XX. and XXI.; after which they will find themselves in Room XXII., where the principal Turner Pictures are hung. They can then retrace their steps to the remaining Turner Pictures in Room XIX., from which room is the exit from the Gallery.*

ROOM XX

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL (Continued)

446. THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

J. C. Horsley, R.A. (born 1817: still living).

John Callcott Horsley—son of the well-known musician, and grand-nephew of Callcott, the artist—first appeared as an exhibitor at the Academy in 1839 with the present picture. He was elected A.R.A. in 1855, and R.A. in 1864. He has also been identified with the cause periodically advocated in the *Times* newspaper by the "British Matron." He is now Treasurer and Trustee of the Academy, and has taken an active part in promoting the annual exhibitions of the "Old Masters." The fresco of "Religion" in the House of Lords was executed by him in 1845. "There is always a sweet feeling in Mr. Horsley's pictures," says Mr. Ruskin (*Academy Notes*, 1856, p. 25); and this, like the one of which he then spoke, "is an old story, but prettily told."

"She never even mentioned her lover's name, but would lay her head on her mother's bosom and weep in silence. In this way she was seated between her parents one Sunday afternoon; the lattice was thrown open, and the soft air that stole in brought with it the fragrance of the clustering honeysuckle which her own hands had trained round the window. A tear trembled in her soft blue eye. Was she thinking of her faithless lover? or were her thoughts wandering to that distant churchyard into whose bosom she might soon be gathered?" (Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*).

99. THE BLIND FIDDLER.

Sir David Wilkie, R.A. (1785–1841).

Wilkie, the most celebrated of British *genre* painters, is particularly well represented in the National Gallery—this and the next picture being admirable specimens of his first manner, and the "John Knox" in the next room (894, p. 567) one of the best-known in his second manner. In this latter style he appears as what is called an "historical painter;" but it is in his earlier style, when he set himself with minute fidelity to paint what he himself had seen, that he is in the only true sense an historical painter, and it is as such that he has the best claim to remembrance. Regarding Wilkie from this point of view, every visitor who has previously been through the Dutch rooms will recognise the resemblance to the work of that school. "I have seen some pictures by Teniers," Wilkie wrote when he first went up to London, "which for clear touching certainly go to the height of human perfection in art." Wilkie borrowed pictures by Teniers and Ostade whenever he could; and whilst he was painting this picture of the "Blind Fiddler" he had a Teniers all the time on his easel. And in the opinion of his contemporaries, the disciple out-did the master. Jackson the artist (see 124, p. 531) was once present (in 1806) when Sir George Beaumont and Lord Mulgrave were praising the Dutch School. "I will find you a young Scotsman," he said, "who is second to no Dutchman that ever bore a palette on his thumb." He took them to see the "Village Politicians" —the first important picture that Wilkie had painted, and they "were so electrified with it that they each gave him a commission"—one for the "Blind Fiddler," the other for the "Rent Day." What Jackson said of Wilkie's work was that it was "quite equal to Teniers in handling, and superior in the telling of the story." An artistic critic of our own time makes this same point. In Dutch *genre* pictures, he says, "though the figures represented are living figures, they are silent and still, and will remain still, and might so remain for ever. . . . English pictures are equally true as mere presentment, and true with the magic of motion. . . . The Dutch artist shows exactly what he saw; English work unites you with the artist's feeling, and carries you with his thought" (Mr. Woolner, in *English Art in the Public Galleries*, p. 131). Compare Wilkie's "Village Festival" here with Teniers's "Village Fête" (XII. 952, p. 300), and the truth of the criticism will at once become apparent. The other painter with whom it is interesting to compare Wilkie is Hogarth. When Sir George Beaumont became possessed of Hogarth's maul-stick he resolved to retain it until he should find a genius worthy of the gift. No sooner did he see the "Village Politicians" than he hastened to transfer it to Wilkie. The points of resemblance between the artists are obvious—their attention to the life of their own day, their shrewdness of observation, their minute wealth of detail, their sense of humour. "But of what shades and differences," says Bulwer, "is not humour capable? Now it loses itself in terror, now it broadens into laughter. What a distance from the Mephistopheles of Goethe to the Sir Roger

de Coverley of Addison, or from Sir Roger de Coverley to Humphrey Clinker! What an illimitable space from the dark power of Hogarth to the graceful tenderness of Wilkie. Wilkie is the Goldsmith of painters, in the amiable and pathetic humour, in the combination of smiles and tears, of the familiar and the beautiful. He is the exact illustration of the power and dignity of the popular school in the hands of a master; dignified, for truth never loses a certain majesty, even in her most familiar shapes." It was in rendering the actual life around him that Wilkie became great. "Wilkie was an historical painter, Chantrey an historical sculptor, because they painted, or carved, the veritable things and men they saw, not men and things as they believed they might have been, or should have been. But no one tells such men they are historical painters, and they are discontented with what they do; and poor Wilkie must needs travel to see the grand school, and imitate the grand school, and ruin himself" (Edinburgh *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, p. 219).

These two periods in Wilkie's art correspond with two in his life, though the change from the former to the latter was occasioned by a desire to improve his health more than to improve his style. He was the son of a Scottish minister, and was born at Cults, on the banks of Eden Water. His talent for drawing was developed very early, and the direction it was to take was shown by the picture he painted at home when he was nineteen. It was of "A Country Fair at Pitlessie"; "for which I have the advantage," he wrote, "of our herd boy and some children who live about the place as standers, and I now see how superior painting from nature is to anything that our imagination, assisted by our memory, can conceive." Wilkie introduced his father also, and the minister was much scandalised at being shown talking to a publican, until it was suggested that he was warning the man of the wickedness of drink. The young man sold this picture for £5, came up to London, and studied at the Academy schools. The story of his student days—industrious and thrifty, but happy and full of aspiration, and of his friendship with Haydon, is one of the pleasantest chapters in the history of British art. His "Village Politicians" was exhibited in 1806, and was very favourably noticed in the papers. "I was in the clouds," says Haydon, "hurried over my breakfast, rushed away, met Jackson, who joined me, and we both bolted into Wilkie's room. I roared out, 'Wilkie, my boy, your name's in the paper!'—'Is it rea-al-ly,' said David. I read the puff—we huzzaed, and taking hands, all three danced round the table until we were tired." Next day the friends went arm-in-arm to the gallery. There was no getting near the picture, "sideways or edgeways." Wilkie, pale as death, kept saying: "Dear, dear, it's just wonderful." From this time forward his success was assured and continuous, though it is worth noting that the prices he obtained for his pictures were very moderate; indeed, his modesty in this matter was proverbial. For his celebrated "Rent Day" he asked £50, but was paid £150; the picture subsequently sold for £2000. Wilkie's relations

with Haydon afterwards cooled, but more because Haydon was soured by failure than because Wilkie was corrupted by success. He was elected A.R.A. in 1809, and R.A. in 1811; and was as much in request in social circles as in artistic. Amongst his other friendships was one dating from student days,—with Collins, the painter (see 352, p. 508),—a friendship commemorated in the name of his godson, Wilkie Collins. In 1823 Wilkie was appointed "Limner for the King in Scotland," and this was the culminating point in his career, for next year misfortunes came thick upon him. Some of his dearest friends died, he suffered heavy losses from a commercial breakdown, and was afflicted with serious nervous debility. It was for the sake of his health that in 1825 he set out for three years' travel on the continent. His ambition to succeed in the grand style was already formed, for he had begun his "John Knox" in 1822, but it was his foreign tour and the admiration he thus conceived for the old masters, especially for Correggio, Rembrandt, and Velazquez, that caused him to now appear exclusively as an historical and portrait painter. In 1830, on the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Wilkie succeeded him as "Painter in Ordinary to the King." He was also a candidate for the presidency of the Academy, but obtained only one vote, that of his friend Collins. But the royal favour did not desert him. He was knighted by George IV. in 1836, and next year, on the accession of Queen Victoria, was commanded to paint Her Majesty's First Council (exhibited at the "Old Masters," 1887). In 1840 he again set out in search of health—this time to the East. He went to Constantinople, the Holy Land, and Egypt. He complained of illness while at Alexandria, and on June 1, 1841, he died suddenly on board the *Oriental* steamer, off Gibraltar. The picture of his burial at sea (XIX. 528, p. 637), which Turner exhibited at the Academy next year, was typical of the deep impression that his loss made upon the nation.

This picture was painted for Sir George Beaumont, as described above, in 1807, when the artist was twenty-two, and is full both of the elaborate detail and of the humorous observation that distinguish Wilkie's earlier work. "Music hath charms" in the farmhouse as well as in the hall. The mother tosses her baby to the tune of the fiddle; the father snaps his fingers; the boy mimics the musician; and the girl listens intently, not pleased, it would seem, at her brother's tricks. Even the dog is intent upon the music, though he does not quite relish, perhaps, an intrusion which distracts all attention from him. The one discordant note, as it were, is the group of the fiddler's wife and child, who have no ear for the music: there is a touch of shrewd observation in thus making those alone unmindful of the music for whom it is not

an art, but merely the means to a meal. But, indeed, the whole picture was studied closely from the life. Wilkie, when painting it, had one eye on the Teniers which hung, as mentioned above, on his easel, but another on the live model. The hands of all the figures were painted from Wilkie's own, and the girl leaning over the back of the chair is said to be very like what the artist himself was at the time, "a raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman," as Jackson described him. The subject of the picture had already been introduced by Wilkie as one of the incidents in his picture of "Pitlessie Fair," and there is a humorous piece of home recollection, perhaps, in the sketches of the human and animal form pasted on the wainscot "behind the hope of the family—artist and musician of equal power" (*Arrows of the Chace*, i. 10). For Wilkie, when a very small boy, used to decorate the walls of his nursery with his sketches; he "could draw," he says, "before he could read, and paint before he could spell." Notice also, in the right-hand corner, the spinning-wheel and distaff, of a type still made here and there by Scottish workmen.

453. INTERIOR OF A HIGHLAND COTTAGE.

Alexander Fraser (1786–1865).

Fraser, like Wilkie, whose assistant he was, was a student in the "Trustees' Academy" at Edinburgh. He was an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy, and an exhibitor from 1823 to 1848—of pictures in the style of Wilkie—at the Academy in London.

122. THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

Sir D. Wilkie, R.A. (1785–1841). *See under* 99, p. 490.

The title originally given to the picture was "The Ale-house Door," and the host on the left serving two guests (one of them a portrait of Liston, the actor) might stand for a personification of John Barleycorn—

> Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn,
> What dangers thou canst make us scorn!

In the centre of the picture is a country fellow, divided between the dangerous invitations of his companions and the appeal of his wiser half—

> On ae hand, drink's deadly poison
> Bare ilk firm resolve awa',
> On the ither, Jean's condition
> Rave his very heart in twa.

On the other side of the picture is an elderly woman sternly contemplating her "fou" and hopelessly impenitent son. The painter's treatment of such incidents in the Festival is characteristic of the contrast between him and Hogarth. Wilkie is "a pleased spectator," as Mr. Austin Dobson puts it, rather than "an angry censor." From the technical point of view, the picture is commonly blamed on the ground that the figures are too small for the extent of canvas. It was finished in 1811 for Mr. Angerstein, and cost Wilkie much labour. The allusions in his Diary to studies for it are frequent, and begin as early as 1808. In 1812 it was included in an exhibition of his pictures which Wilkie held in Pall Mall. The exhibition was not a financial success, and the "Village Festival" was distrained for rent—an incident, it is said, which gave the painter the first idea of his subsequent picture of "Distraining for Rent."

425. SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

J. R. Herbert, R.A. (born 1810: still living).

This veteran artist, who has done much injury to his reputation of late years by exhibiting at the Academy after his hand has lost its cunning, was born at Maldon, in Essex, where his father was Controller of Customs. He entered the Academy Schools in 1826, and was at first well known as a portrait painter. Some of his best subsequent work as an historical painter is to be seen in the Peers' Robing Room and Committee Rooms at the House of Lords. He has been R.A. since 1846, two years later than the exhibition of this picture.

Sir Thomas More, author of *Utopia*, the friend of Erasmus and Holbein, and Lord High Chancellor of England, was imprisoned in the Tower for thirteen months on a charge of treason, for having refused to take the oath of allegiance and subscribe to the supremacy of Henry VIII. as head of the Church. During his imprisonment he saw from the prison-windows, as here shown, three monks going to execution—precursors of the fate which not many days after, as he full well knew, was to overtake himself—

"Sir Thomas More being now prisoner in the Tower, and one daye looking forth at his window saw a father of Syon, and three monkes, going out of the Tower to execution, for that they had refused the oath of supremacy; whereupō, he, languishing it were with desire to beare them company, said unto his daughter Roper, then present, 'Looke, Megge, doest thou not see that these blessed fathers be now going as cheerfully to theyr deathes as bridegrooms to theyr marriage? by which thou

mayst see, myne owne good daughter, what a great difference there is between such as have spent all theyr dayes in a religious, hard, and penitential life, and such as have in this world like wretches (as thy poore father here hath done) consumed all theyr tyme in pleasure and ease'" (Roper's *Life of Sir Thomas More*).

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

317. A GREEK VINTAGE.

T. Stothard, R.A. (1755–1834).
See under XVIII. 1069, p. 465.

This picture was sent by Stothard to the Academy exhibition of 1821—his choice being directed as usual, his daughter-in-law tells us, by his having a frame that happened to fit this particular canvas. At the "private view" Lawrence and Flaxman expressed their enthusiastic admiration of it. Keats's "Ode to a Grecian Urn" had been published a year or two before in a periodical called the *Annals of Fine Arts.* Had Stothard seen it, and thence derived his inspiration?—

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never can'st thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair! . . .

And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young.

1175. REGENT'S PARK, 1807.

James Ward, R.A. (1769–1859).
See under XVIII. 1158, p. 487.

The present Regent's Park was only commenced in 1812, from the designs of Nash, the architect, who had lately finished Regent's Street (both street and park being called, of course, after the Prince Regent). This view, taken five years previously, with its herd of cattle, exactly agrees with the descriptions of the extensive tract of pasture land called Marylebone Park Fields, out of which the present park was formed.

"Down to the commencement of the present century, it had about it all the elements of rustic life; indeed, the locality seems to have been but little altered then from what it was two centuries previously, for in *Tottenham Court*, a comedy by Thomas Nabbs in 1638, is a scene in Marylebone Park, in which is introduced a milkmaid whose song testifies to the rural character of the place—

> What a dainty life the milkmaid leads,
> When o'er these flowery meads
> She dabbles in the dew,
> And sings to her cow,
> And feels not the pain
> Of love or disdain.
> She sleeps in the night, though she toils all the day,
> And merrily passeth her time away.
>
> THORNBURY: *Old and New London*, v. 263.

1204. THE VALLEY OF THE YARE.

James Stark (1794–1859).

Stark, one of the group of painters known as the Norwich School, was the son of a master dyer in that city, and was articled to "Old Crome," under whom he remained for three years. In 1817 he entered the Academy Schools, and soon after exhibited successfully at the British Institution; but was obliged, owing to bad health, to return to Norwich and refrain for some years from work. In 1830 he returned to London, removing in 1840 to Windsor, where the adjoining woodland and river scenery furnished the subjects for many of his later pictures. These, however, were less excellent than those of the Norwich period, when he was under the immediate influence of Crome. The present picture is an admirable specimen of Stark's earlier style. What were the qualities aimed at by the leader of the Norwich School, is shown in a quaint letter which Crome wrote to Stark in 1816. "I cannot let your sky go by," says Crome, "without some observation. I think the character of your clouds too affected, that is, too much of the character of some of our modern painters, who mistake some of our great masters: because they sometimes put in some of those round characters, they must do the same; but if you look at any of their skies, they either assist in the composition, or make some figure in the picture, nay, sometimes play the first fiddle. I have seen this in Wouwerman's and many others I could mention. Breath (breadth) must be attended to if you paint. . . . Trifles in nature must be overlooked that we may have our feelings raised by seeing the whole picture of a glance, not knowing how or why we are so charmed. I have written you a long rigmarole story about giving dignity to whatever you paint—I fear so long that I should be scarcely able to understand what I mean myself: you will, I hope, take the word for the

deed, and at the same time forgive all faults in diction, grammar, spelling, etc."

A scene near Thorpe, Norwich, showing—

. . . a full-fed river winding slow
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow-streaks of rain.
. . . the reapers at their sultry toil.
In front they bound the sheaves.

TENNYSON: *Palace of Art.*

328. THE FIRST EARRINGS.

Sir D. Wilkie, R.A. (1785–1841). *See under* 99, p. 490.

Il faut souffrir pour être belle.

The difference between Wilkie's later and earlier manner will be perceptible in a moment by comparing this picture, painted in 1835, with the one immediately below it (921), which is dated 1811.

921. BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

Sir D. Wilkie, R.A. (1785–1841). *See under* 99, p. 490.

This is the original sketch (exhibited at the Academy in 1812) for the large picture of the same subject which was painted for the Prince Regent, and exhibited in the following year. The sketch was bought by one of Wilkie's earliest patrons, the Earl of Mulgrave.

394. FAIR TIME.

William Mulready, R.A. (1786–1863).

Mulready, who is probably most widely known by the "Mulready envelope," which he designed for the Post Office in 1840, is usually accounted the best English *genre* painter after Wilkie. He showed his bent very early in life. He was born at Ennis, in Ireland, the son of a leather-breeches maker, and the history of his early years was narrated by William Godwin (in *The Looking Glass*). By the time he was ten "he drew little groups of boys at hoops or marbles, and girls about the same size, with infants in their arms, looking on and observing the sport." For more than sixty years he continued to draw these "little groups." "I hardly know," wrote Mr. Ruskin in 1851, "how to speak of Mulready: in delicacy and completion of drawing and splendour of colour, he takes place beside John Lewis and the Pre-Raphaelites; but he has, throughout his career, displayed no definiteness in choice of subject. He must be named among the painters who have studied with industry, and have made themselves great by doing so; but, having obtained a consummate method of execution, he

has thrown it away on subjects either altogether uninteresting, or above his powers, or unfit for pictorial representation. . . . Mulready, therefore, while he has always produced exquisite pieces of painting, has failed to do anything which can be of true or extensive use. He has, indeed, understood how to discipline his genius, but never how to direct it" (*Pre-Raphaelitism*, in *O. O. R.*, i. 271). Perhaps it is the want of importance in his subjects that has made Mulready's reputation so variable. "Some years ago," says Mr. Woolner (*English Art in the Public Galleries*, p. 126), "while talking of Mulready with a distinguished artist, I spoke of him with that affectionate reverence I had always felt and had always been taught to regard him (with) by those wiser and more experienced than myself, when the artist remarked that he was surpised to hear me speak in that manner, as I was the first person able to appreciate poetical art he had ever known to praise Mulready." In 1849 his "Woman Bathing" was considered the "gem of the Academy." In 1884 it was knocked down at Christie's for 105 guineas. Mulready's own life had its ups and downs. He made an early and an unfortunate marriage, and was often hard pressed for money. But his industry was unfailing. He executed many elaborate studies for all his pictures, and his rate of work was very slow—the average number of pictures which he exhibited a year being only two. He was a member of the Academy for nearly fifty years, and was a most zealous and efficient teacher. His robust health, too, was remarkable, and he was still drawing in the Life School of the Academy two days before he died, at the age of seventy-seven. Two of his Academy studies may be seen in one of the Water Colour Rooms.

This picture—of two tipsy men returning from a fair—was originally exhibited at the Academy in 1809, when Mulready was twenty-four. The present background was added thirty-one years later, when he again exhibited the picture.

378. THE NEWSPAPER.

Thomas S. Good (1789–1872).

This painter was a contemporary and imitator of Wilkie. He was brought up as a house painter, married a wife who afterwards came into some money, and lived all his life in the town of Berwick, where he was born. He was a friend of Bewick, the wood-engraver, an excellent portrait of whom by Good is in the Museum of the Natural History Society at Newcastle.

354. "THE WINDOW," called also "A DUTCH GIRL."

G. S. Newton, R.A. (1794–1835). *See under* 353, p. 535.

919. STUDY OF A BOY.

T. S. Good (1789–1872). *See under* 378, above.

607. HIGHLAND DOGS.

Sir E. Landseer, R.A. (1802–1873). *See under* 1226, p. 505.

A sketch on copper for the engraved frontispiece of Mr. Scrope's book on deer-stalking (1839).

439. THE WINDMILL.

John Linnell (1792–1882). *See under* XVIII. 438, p. 484.

452. THE FRUGAL MEAL.

John F. Herring (1795–1865).

A study of three horses' heads by a painter who knew them well, for Herring, who was a self-taught artist, was originally a stage-coachman, and for four years drove the "York and London Highflyer." Mr. Frith, by the way, acknowledges in his *Autobiography* great assistance in the high-mettled racer (in the "Derby Day," 615, p. 524) from Herring, "one of the best painters of the race-horse I have ever known."

407. VENICE: THE CANAL OF THE GIUDECCA.

Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. (1793–1867).

William Clarkson Stanfield is remarkable as amongst the first of our painters to introduce that faithful painting of ships and shipping which has ever since distinguished the English School. He differs from the painters of earlier schools in his thorough knowledge both of the sea itself and of ships; whilst he differs from Turner in missing somewhat of the majesty and mystery of the sea,[1] and from later painters, like Mr. Henry Moore, in missing somewhat of the sea-colour. "He is," says Mr. Ruskin, "the leader of the English Realists, and perhaps among the more remarkable of his characteristics is the look of common sense and rationality which his compositions will always bear, when opposed to any kind of affectation. He appears to think of no other artist. What he has learned, has been from his own acquaintance with, and affection for, the steep hills and deep sea; and his modes of treatment are alike removed from sketchiness or incompletion, and from exaggeration or effort" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 36). He is thus taken by Mr. Ruskin as the typical instance of a "modern painter" of marine subjects, as contrasted with the ignorance of sea form amongst the old masters. "The works of Stanfield evidently, and at all times, proceed from the hand of a man who has both thorough knowledge of his subject, and thorough acquaint-

[1] "He is," says Mr. Ruskin, "a definer, as opposed to Copley Fielding, because, though like all other moderns, he paints cloud and storm, he will generally paint all the masts and yards of a ship, rather than merely her black bows glooming through the foam; and all the rocks on a hillside, rather than the blue outline of the hill through the mist" (*Modern Painters*, vol. iv. pt. v. ch. iv. § 2 *n.*)

ance with all the means and principles of art. . . . The local colour of Stanfield's sea is singularly true and powerful, and entirely independent of any tricks of chiaroscuro. . . . His surface is at once lustrous, transparent, and accurate to a hair's-breadth in every curve; and he is entirely independent of dark skies, deep blues, driving spray, or any other means of concealing want of form, or atoning for it. He fears no difficulty, desires no assistance, takes his sea in open daylight, under general sunshine, and paints the *element* in its pure colour and complete forms." And thus "one work of Stanfield alone presents us with as much concentrated knowledge of sea and sky, as, diluted, would have lasted any of the old masters his life." But, on the other hand, Stanfield's pictures, though correct, are wanting in charm. His architecture, for instance, is "admirably drawn but commonly wanting in colour." His sky is "apt to be cold and uninventive, always well drawn, but with a kind of hesitation in the clouds whether it is to be fair or foul weather; they having neither the joyfulness of rest nor the majesty of storm. Their colour is apt also to verge on a morbid purple," and generally, he is "wanting in impressiveness" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. iii. ch. iii. § 27, sec. v. ch. ii. §§ 10, 11).

The correctness of Stanfield's painting of the sea was based on personal knowledge. He was born of Irish parents at Sunderland, and commenced life as a sailor. When he was still quite young he met with an accident which disabled him from active service; and, forming at the same time an acquaintance with Douglas Jerrold, he was employed to paint the scenes for Jerrold's theatrical entertainments. In 1818 he was appointed scene painter at the old "Royalty," a sailors' theatre. Subsequently he held similar appointments with David Roberts (see p. 555) at the "Cobourg" in Lambeth, and finally at Drury Lane, where his drop scenes were much admired. He soon, however, began to exhibit pictures, and brought back sketches from journeys to Italy and Holland, which he alternated with purely marine pictures. He was elected A.R.A. in 1832, and R.A. in 1835; and from the latter year to his death was a regular exhibitor at the Academy. He was in request too for annuals and similar publications which were then in vogue, whilst his friendship with Jerrold and Dickens threw him so much into literary and artistic circles that he came, it has been said, to take the position as a painter of the sea that Landseer took, about the same time, as a painter of animals.

The canal is that separating the main city of Venice from the Giudecca, a crescent-shaped island said to derive its name from the number of Jews who lived upon it, and now inhabited chiefly by the poorer citizens. The quay on the Venice side of the canal is the "Fondamenta delle Zattere;" the church is that of "Sta. Maria del Rosario."[1] This part of

[1] The Official Catalogue calls it the "Church of the Jesuits." This is a mistake. The church of the Jesuits (*Gesuiti*) is in a different part of

Venice is largely given up to shipping, the canal being that in which most of the large trading vessels lie at anchor. In the background, away to the west, is a distant view of the Alps; but Stanfield's picture, though in other respects very accurate in its detail, is uncharacteristic in colour, and gives neither the opalescent hues of Venetian atmosphere nor the deep blues and reds of Venetian distances. The visitor will find it instructive to compare this picture with Turner's, XIX. 534, p. 635.

451. THE TIRED SOLDIER.

F. Goodall, R.A. (born 1822: still living).

Mr. Frederick Goodall was born in London, being the son of an eminent engraver, and was brought up originally to his father's profession. He first exhibited at the Academy in 1839, when he was only seventeen. The present picture was exhibited three years later, and purchased by that judicious patron, Mr. Vernon. The other picture by Mr. Goodall in this Gallery (450, p. 524, also bought by Mr. Vernon) was exhibited in 1847, and greatly extended the artist's reputation. He was elected A.R.A. in 1853, R.A. in 1863, and is still a constant exhibitor at the Academy—in later years, principally of religious pictures.

'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by feverish lips
May give a thrill of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours."

TALFOURD.

412. THE HUNTED STAG (exhibited 1833).

Sir E. Landseer, R.A. (1802–1873). *See under* 1226, p. 505.

"Or deer and deerhounds in a mountain torrent. The stag has crossed a lake, and still worried by two hounds, is falling with them down a rocky torrent. Inevitable death is forcibly pictured in the head of the stag" (Official Catalogue). Landseer's love of animals is shown in nothing more than in his insistance always upon the nobler side of sport, which, just as war calls out heroism in man, calls out heroism in animals. Compare any stag-hunting scene by Landseer with one by the Dutch painters, such, for instance, as X. 1096, p. 238, and the difference between noble and vulgar treatment will at once be perceived. It may be interesting to add that

Venice altogether—on the Fondamenta Nuova. This church on the canal of the Giudecca stands on the site of a church built in 1493 by the *Gesuati*, a distinct religious society which was suppressed in 1668.

in spite of his numerous pictures of all kinds of sporting subjects, Landseer was not himself a keen sportsman. "In truth," says Mr. Stephens (*Sir Edwin Landseer*, pp. 83, 84), "he often carried the gun as an introduction to the sketch-book. . . . On one occasion the gillies were astonished, just as a magnificent shot came in the way, to have Sir Edwin's gun thrust into their hands, with 'Here, take, take this,' hastily ejaculated, while the sketch-book was pulled out. The gillies were often disgusted by being led about the moors, walking, with more sketching than shooting; and they grumbled dreadfully in their own tongue; 'but,' said one of them, 'Sir Edwin must have had some Gaelic in him, for he was *that angry* for the rest of the day, it made them very careful of speaking Gaelic in his hearing after.'"

614. THE BATHER.

William Etty, R.A. (1787–1849).

Etty enjoys a high place amongst British painters as one of the best colourists. Almost alone indeed amongst the painters of his time had he any feeling for truth of flesh colour: look, for instance, from this picture to the violet-powder in Maclise's flesh-painting (XXI. 422, p. 564), or the brick-dust in Ary Scheffer's (XXI. 1170, p. 553), and Etty's superiority will at once become apparent. In his own day, however, he had to wait long, as we shall see, for recognition. "Example had been given," wrote Mr. Ruskin in 1848, "by two of our academicians, Mr. Mulready and Mr. Etty, of a splendour based on the Flemish system (of oil painting), and consistent, certainly, in the first case, with a high degree of permanence; while the main direction of artistic and public sympathy to works of a character altogether opposed to theirs, showed fatally how far more perceptible and appreciable to our present instincts is the mechanism of handling than the melody of hue" (*Review of Eastlake's History of Oil-Painting*, in *O. O. R.*, i. 202). And this melody of hue goes far to redeem Etty's painting of the nude from taint of grossness. "The purity of flesh-painting depends, in very considerable measure, on the intensity and warmth of its colour. For if it be opaque, and clay cold, and devoid of all the radiance and life of flesh, the lines of its true beauty, being severe and firm, will become so hard in the loss of the glow and gradation by which nature illustrates them, that the painter will be compelled to sacrifice them for a luscious fulness and roundness, in order to give the conception of flesh. . . . But the mere power of perfect and glowing colour will, in some sort, redeem even a debased tendency of mind itself. . . . Much may be forgiven to Rubens; less, as I think, to Correggio. . . . Beneath which again will fall the works devoid alike of art and decency, as that 'Susannah' of Guido, in our own Gallery (XIII. 196, p. 321); and so we may descend to the absolute clay of the moderns, excepting

always Etty;[1] only noticing in all how much of what is evil and base in subject or tendency, is redeemed by what is pure and right in hue; so that I do not assert that the purpose and object of many of the grander painters of the nude, as of Titian, for instance, were always elevated, but only that we, who cannot paint the lamp of fire within the earthen pitcher, must take other weapons in our left hands" (*Modern Painters*, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. i. ch. xiv. §§ 20-24).

That the "purpose and object" Etty proposed to himself were elevated, is plain from his own words. His first inclination, he says in his *Autobiography*, was towards landscape: "The Sky was so beautiful, and the effects of Light and Cloud. Afterwards, when I found that all the great painters of Antiquity had become thus great through painting Great Actions and the Human Form, I resolved to paint nothing else. And finding God's most glorious work to be WOMAN, that all human beauty had been concentrated in her, I resolved to dedicate myself to painting,—not the draper's or milliner's work,—but God's most glorious work, more than ever had been done before." That Etty's purposes were sincere is proved by the remarkable perseverance and single-mindedness of his life. He was the son of a Methodist gingerbread maker at York, and after some indifferent schooling was apprenticed at eleven and a half to the printer of the *Hull Packet*. Here he endured seven years' bondage, occupying his leisure time with drawing. By the generosity of a London uncle, a gold-lace merchant, he was then enabled to enter the Academy Schools, where Collins, Wilkie, Haydon, Leslie, and Constable were amongst his fellow-students, and also to enter Lawrence's studio for a year as a pupil. He worked for years with extraordinary diligence, but uniform ill success. It was not until 1811 that he had a picture accepted for exhibition, nor until 1821 that he made any mark (with his "Cleopatra"). He then travelled for some time in Italy, painting principally at Venice, "the birthplace and cradle of colour, the hope and idol of my professional life." Here his skill was quickly appreciated. "He paints with the fury of a devil," said the Italians, "and with the sweetness of an angel," and they elected him an honorary member of the Venetian Academy. On his return home in 1824 he exhibited "Pandora," and was elected A.R.A. and four years later R.A. His devotion to the Life School at the Academy was so great that he declined even then to desist from his studies: "If my continuing to paint in the Life School is considered derogatory to an academician, let them not make me one, for I shall *not* give it up." He still obtained but poor prices

[1] In his last edition of *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (1883), Mr. Ruskin takes back this exception. "Not in the least excepting him," he says in a footnote. "This sentence, I fear, is mere politeness to a painter then living; and it ought to have been explained as only meaning that his colour was not 'absolute clay.'" See also vol. i. pt. ii. sec. ii. ch. i. § 12, where reference is made to "the earthiness and opacity which all the magnificent power and admirable science of Etty are unable entirely to conquer." And *cf.* Edinburgh *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, p. 219.

for his pictures, and it was only in 1834 that he was able to repay his brother (a partner in the gold-lace business) the final instalment of £4000 advanced to him during his artistic career. Etty was unfortunate in love and never married. A niece kept house for him for twenty-three years at the river end of Buckingham Street, Strand. He was a man of notoriously good life and retiring habits—his two passions, next to his art, being tea and York Minster. He died in his native city, from the excitement and fatigue in connection with the exhibition of his works at the Society of Arts in 1849. His life was written by Gilchrist, the biographer of Blake—a book, said Carlyle, which "I read with unusual satisfaction; a book done in a vigorous, sympathetic, vivacious spirit, and promising me delineation, actual and intelligible, of a man extremely well worth knowing."

This picture (exhibited 1844) is one of many versions of a favourite subject with Etty—the bather standing listening, "at the doubtful breeze alarmed."

406. THE LAKE OF COMO.

Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. (1793–1867).

See under 407, p. 499.

This picture, like the same painter's Venice, is deficient in the charm of colouring which is the glory of Como (contrast in this respect 1205, p. 527). The scene is that described in Rogers's *Italy*—

> . . . and now the purple mists
> Rise like a curtain; now the sun looks out,
> Filling, o'erflowing with his glorious light
> This noble amphitheatre of hills;
> And now appear as on a phosphor sea
> Numberless barks, from MILAN, from PAVIA;
> Some sailing up, some down, and some at rest;
> Lading, unlading, at that small port-town
> Under the promontory—its tall tower
> And long flat roofs, just such as GASPAR drew,
> Caught by a sun-beam starting through a cloud,
> A quay-like scene, glittering and full of life,
> And doubled by reflection.

1111. WHERRIES ON THE YARE.

J. S. Cotman (1782–1842).

John Sell Cotman is best known for his etchings and water-colour drawings (a collection of which may be seen at South Kensington); but he also held a distinguished position amongst the members of the Norwich School. He was the son of a well-to-do linen draper at Norwich; and after receiving his early education at the Grammar School

there, went up to London and studied drawing in company with Turner, Girtin, and others. In 1807 he returned to Norwich, and was a large contributor to the Norwich Society of Artists which was founded in that year. From 1812 to 1823 he lived at Yarmouth, to be near his friend Dawson Turner, the antiquary, in conjunction with whom he produced works of "architectural antiquities." In 1834 he was appointed drawing master at King's College School, London, a post which Turner's peremptory advice to the Governors secured him. He died in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, having suffered severely during the last years of his life from mental depression. In connection with this picture it is interesting to know of Cotman's love for all things nautical. "He had been as a boy and lad to Cromer, and had watched intently cliffs and waves, and such small boats as could be beached on the stormy coast, with such as could come alongside of the primitive plank-jetty. A little later in his life at Yarmouth, shipping from all the seas was easily within his study, and it is told how he had small models made for him of all craft, from rowing boat to brig" (Wedmore: *Studies in English Art*, p. 146).

759. THE REMORSE OF JUDAS.

Edward Armitage, R.A. (born 1817: still living).

Mr Armitage was educated in France and Germany. At the age of twenty he entered the studio of Paul Delaroche at Paris, when he was selected to assist in the decoration of the Hemicycle of the School of Fine Arts. He has executed some extensive frescoes in Westminster Palace, and has presented another to the Roman Catholic Church of St. John at Islington. He was elected A.R.A. in 1867, R.A. in 1872, and Professor of Painting in 1875, in which post he has since been succeeded by Mr. J. E. Hodgson. This picture, which was exhibited at the Academy in 1866, was presented by the painter to the National Gallery in the same year.

"Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? see thou to that" (Matthew xxvii. 3, 4).

1226. "A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY."

Sir E. Landseer, R.A. (1802–1873).

Sir Edwin Henry Landseer—the chief modern painter of the dog—is a typical representative of the English School. The "sympathy with the lower animals which is peculiarly our own" is indeed so strong in him that the chief weakness of his pictures consists in the animals being made too human. "In our modern treatment of the dog, of

which the prevailing tendency is marked by Landseer, the interest taken in him is disproportionate to that taken in man, and leads to a somewhat trivial mingling of sentiment, or warping by caricature, giving up the true nature of the animal for the sake of a pretty thought or pleasant jest. Neither Titian nor Velazquez ever jest; and though Veronese jests gracefully and tenderly, he never for an instant oversteps the absolute facts of nature. But the English painter looks for sentiment or jest primarily, and reaches both by a feebly romantic taint of fallacy, except in one or two simple and touching pictures, such as the 'Shepherd's Chief Mourner'" (*Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. vi. § 20). In fact Landseer is "much more a natural historian than a painter; and the power of his works depends more on his knowledge and love of animals, on his understanding of their minds and ways, on his unerring notice and memory of their gestures and expressions, than on artistical or technical excellence. He never aims at colour;[1] his composition is always weak, and sometimes unskilful; and his execution, though partially dexterous, and admirably adapted to the imitation of certain textures and surfaces, is far from being that of a great Painter attained by the mastery of every various difficulty, and changefully adapted to the treatment of every object" (*Modern Painters*, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. ii. ch. iv. § 11 *n.*) It is in virtue of his fidelity to nature that Mr. Ruskin claims Landseer as a "Pre-Raphaelite" (see p. 536). "I need not point out," he says, "to any one acquainted with his earlier works, the labour, or watchfulness of nature which they involve, nor need I do more than allude to the peculiar faculties of his mind. It will at once be granted that the highest merits of his pictures are throughout found in those parts of them which are least like what had before been accomplished; and that it was not by the study of Raphael that he attained his eminent success, but by a healthy love of Scotch terriers" (*Pre-Raphaelitism*, in *O. O. R.*, i. 272).

But to "the healthy love of Scotch terriers" must be added hereditary taste for art. Landseer belonged to a family of artists. His father was John Landseer, the engraver, and author (amongst other art-books) of a Catalogue to the National Gallery, which has occasionally been cited in these pages. Henry Landseer, a brother of John, was also an artist. Of John Landseer's sons, Thomas, the eldest, was the celebrated engraver, to whose skill Edwin's work owes much of its popularity. Charles, the second son, was an R.A. (see 408, p. 518); whilst three daughters were all of them artists of ability also. What distinguished Edwin amongst this artistic family was his extraordinary precocity: able drawings of his are in existence (some of them at the South Kensington Museum) done when he was nine and even five years

[1] So M. Chesneau (*English School*, p. 98) says: "There are some of his works of which one must see the engravings and avoid the pictures, for fear of being hopelessly disenchanted; they vanish away under a sort of veil of gray dust spread, as if purposely, on the surface of the picture, which does away with all effect, all relief, and every appearance of life."

old. He began to exhibit at the Academy when he was thirteen: two pictures, of a mule and some dogs respectively, appearing in the 1815 catalogue as by "Master E. Landseer, Honorary Exhibitor." It was soon after this that he entered the Academy Schools: "Where is my little dog boy?" Fuseli, the Keeper, used to say. As soon as he was twenty-four he was elected A.R.A., and four years later R.A. But long before he received the former honour he was a celebrated and popular painter. He had had a work purchased by Sir George Beaumont —which in those days constituted a sort of hall-mark for a painter— as early as 1818, when he was only sixteen, and a year or two before he was elected A.R.A. Sir Walter Scott had invited him to Abbotsford, "where," said his friend Leslie, relating the circumstance, "he will make himself very popular, both with the master and mistress of the house, by sketching their doggies for them." In connection with Landseer's precocity, one should mention the extraordinary facility of his powers when they reached his prime (see under 409, p. 510). He was, however, no exception to Reynolds's rule that "labour is the only price of solid fame, and there is no easy method of becoming a great painter." His father did indeed give the boy his bent, but he trained it carefully from the first. He directed his son's practice, says Mr. Wornum, to nature, so that "as soon as he could hold a pencil with some steadiness, the boy was sent or accompanied into the fields to draw from sheep, goats, and donkeys." Some allusion has already been made to young Landseer's early sketching, under a picture of Hampstead Heath (XVIII. 1237, p. 472), the spot which was his first school of art. He had another master in Haydon. He and his brothers Charles and Thomas had the run of Haydon's studio, but though he made copies of dissections by Haydon he was not a regular pupil in the way that his brothers were. Early as was his fame, it was not till he was twenty-two that Landseer left his father's roof: up to that time his father even managed his commissions and fixed his prices for him. In 1825 he moved to 18 St. John's Wood Road, the house in which he lived for the rest of his life, and which, since his death, has been occupied by another cattle painter, Mr. Davis, R.A. Besides his fame as a painter, Landseer was in great request socially. "From his early youth," says his friend, Mr. Frith, "he had been admitted to the highest society, and no wonder, for in addition to his genius, which was exercised again and again for the 'great,' either in ornamenting their scrap-books or in the more important form of pictures—for which they paid him very inadequately—he was the most delightful story-teller and the most charming companion in the world. He also sang delightfully. In speaking, he had caught a little of the drawl affected in high life, and he practised it till it became a second nature." He was in high favour at court, and the Queen and the Prince Consort used to make etchings from his designs. He was the friend of Sydney Smith and Dickens and most of the celebrities of his day. The prices he obtained for his pictures were large (Mr. Vernon gave him £1500 for "Peace" and "War" in this collection), and those for the copyright—with a

view to engraving—were larger still. In 1850 he was knighted, in 1867 the Lions, which were commissioned from Landseer in 1859, were placed in Trafalgar Square. Upon Sir C. Eastlake's death in 1867 Landseer declined to be proposed as President of the Academy. He was awarded medals of distinction at the Paris Exhibition in 1855, and at Vienna in 1873. In the last few years of his life he suffered from nervous weakness and failing mental powers. He was given the honour of a public funeral in St. Paul's.

"The large Newfoundland dog, with a black head and a white muzzle, reclines on the last stone of a quay, while the summer ripples slowly rise at the sea-wall, where the mooring ring catches the lapsing wavelet as it runs along the stone." "The likeness of the dog," adds Mr. F. G. Stephens, "is a wonderful representation; this may be truly said, notwithstanding all that can be averred in respect to the *chic* and dexterity of the painter. The earnest expression, the semi-human pathos of the dog's eyes, is not less effective than truthful. He lies in the broad sunlight, and the shadow of his enormous head is cast sideways on his flank as white as snow. He looks seaward with a watchful eye, and his quickness of attention is hinted at by the gentle lifting of his ears. The painting of the hide, here rigid and there soft, here shining with reflected light, there like down; the masses of the hair, as the dog's habitual motions caused them to grow; the foreshortening of his paws as they hang over the edge of the quay, induce us to rank it with the painter's masterpieces." The picture is so familiar from engravings that probably many visitors will be surprised to hear that it is a very recent addition to the National Gallery. The dog represented, named "Paul Pry," belonged to Mrs. Newman Smith. Landseer noticed him carrying a basket of flowers, and, struck with the beauty of the animal, asked permission to paint him. The picture, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1838, was bought by Mr. Smith, who bequeathed it, subject to the life interest of his wife, to the National Gallery, which acquired it in 1887.

395. CROSSING THE FORD.

W. Mulready, R.A. (1786–1863). *See under* 394, p. 497.

352. THE PRAWN CATCHERS.

William Collins, R.A. (1788–1847).

This artist (the son of an Irish picture dealer and the father of Wilkie Collins, the well-known novelist) was a thorough Londoner,

and "in his country lanes, cottage doors, sweeps of landscape, and sea-side views, he presents," it has been said, "the ideal of all a tired citizen would wish to behold when enjoying his annual holiday. And it is this ability to satisfy the wholesome and natural craving of so many of his countrymen that has made his works deservedly popular. 'Happy as a King,' children riding on the gate of a lane, gives the artist's view of country life as fully as any one of his known works; but it would be impossible to name any of his shore scenes that could take precedence of others, as they are all fresh with salt waves, and breathe an odour of sea-weed" (T. Woolner in *English Art in the Public Galleries*, p. 122).

1186. LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE.

John Glover (1767–1849).

"Glover, a native of Leicestershire, began life as a writing master; but in 1805 removed to London, and contributed to the exhibitions of the Society of Painters in water colours. He subsequently travelled abroad, and after studying in the Louvre painted a large oil picture which attracted the attention of Louis XVIII. and procured the painter a gold medal. In 1820 he held a private exhibition of pictures in Bond Street, and sold some of them for large prices. In 1831 he emigrated to Tasmania, and painted many pictures of local scenery. During the later years of his life he appears to have ceased from painting and passed his time in religious study" (Official Catalogue).

A typical piece of English lowland scenery, with "cattle grazing in the water'd vales"—

> For me this freshness in the morning hours,
> For me the water's clear tranquillity:
> . . . the brook whereby the red kine meet
> And wade and drink their fill.
>
> JEAN INGELOW: *Honours.*

443. A FRUIT PIECE.

George Lance (1802–1864).

Lance is the most distinguished still-life painter amongst the English old masters. It is strictly to the old masters that he belongs—as any one will see by comparing this piece with similar pieces by the Dutch masters in rooms X and XII. He was born near Dunmow in Essex, and was the son of an officer in the yeomanry. After an unsuccessful attempt to tie him down to a manufactory, he came up as a lad to London and wandered one day into the British Museum. There he saw three young men sketching from the Elgin marbles, each of whom, he observed, signed himself "Pupil of Haydon." He asked one of them (it was Charles Landseer) for Haydon's address, and went next morning early, to inquire his terms. "Show me what you can do, my boy," said Haydon, "and if there is talent in you, I will take you for nothing." This was the beginning of seven years' study under

Haydon. His first picture, exhibited in 1822, was bought by Sir George Beaumont, and his still-life pieces were afterwards very popular. Haydon allowed his pupil to follow his bent, but Lance occasionally painted historical pictures, and of his "Velazquez touch" we have already heard (see XV. 197, p. 380 *n.*)

409. SPANIELS OF KING CHARLES'S BREED.

Sir E. Landseer, R.A. (1802–1873). *See under* 1226, p. 505.

This picture (exhibited in 1832) "most fortunately illustrates the perfect command of the brush, and the extraordinary facility which long-continued and severe studies gave to the painter. It is sometimes styled 'The Cavalier's Pets.' The dogs were pets of Mr. Vernon's, and the sketch was made in his house as a commission to Landseer, but, after a short sitting, not continued for some time. One day Mr. Vernon met the artist in the street, and reminded him of the commission. Two days later the work, as it now appears, was delivered at Mr. Vernon's house, although it was not begun when the meeting happened.[1] It is due to not more than two days' labour, and a triumph of dexterity in brush working, showing as much facility as the ancient fresco painters exhibited when they dealt with and completed an important head of a man in one day. The sweeping touches by which the feather in the felt hat is expressed, have been placed with exquisite precision, and deserve the most careful consideration of all students and amateurs in dexterous art. This kind of execution, of which Landseer's pictures exhibit innumerable illustrations, is magical. . . . Both the dogs in Mr. Vernon's picture came to violent ends. The white Blenheim spaniel fell from a table and was killed; the true King Charles fell through the railings of a staircase in his master's house, and was picked up dead at the bottom" (*Stephens*, pp. 64, 65).

431. THE DISGRACE OF LORD CLARENDON.

E. M. Ward, R.A. (1816–1879).

Edward Matthew Ward, a nephew, on his mother's side, of Horace and James Smith (the authors of *Rejected Addresses*), was born in Pimlico, and entered the Academy Schools in 1835. In 1836 he went to Rome, where he remained nearly three years, afterwards studying fresco painting under Cornelius at Munich. This study served him in good stead when, in 1852, he was commissioned to paint eight historical frescoes for the corridor of the House of Commons.

[1] A somewhat different version of this story is given in Mr. Frith's *Autobiography*, i. 319.

His "Dr. Johnson," now in this gallery, was exhibited at the Academy in 1845, and secured him his election as A.R.A. in the following year. In 1855 he was elected R.A. Ward was a friend of Mr. Frith, who says of him that he was "a well-read man, an admirable talker, and a wonderful mimic." For some years, however, before his death he was subject to intense depression of spirits, which culminated in insanity. "He did not lack talent, but unfortunately, from the point of view of *technique*, his painting exhibits all the defects commonly seen in the pictures of the epoch; it is heavy, without solidity, while its colour is depressingly sombre" (Chesneau: *The English School*, p. 104 *n.*)

A sketch for the picture in Lord Northwick's Collection. The scene is the departure of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor under Charles II., after his last interview with the king at Whitehall Palace, 1667. Clarendon was at the time the best hated man in the country. The king hated him for his stubborn opposition to the royal usurpations; the Commons hated him for his equally stubborn opposition to any extension of their prerogatives; whilst the Court hated him for the austerity of his morals. "He missed no opportunity of showing his scorn of the mimics, revellers, and courtesans who crowded the palace, and the admonitions which he addressed to the king himself were very sharp, and, what Charles disliked still more, very long." Hence it was that the king determined to dismiss him, and the Commons to impeach him. He has now been in to plead his cause in vain with the king, and is descending the garden steps, on his way to fly the country. The retiring figure in the middle distance, of which the back only is seen, represents the king. Various courtiers, among whom is conspicuous the king's mistress, Lady Castlemaine, are in the balcony, exulting in the disgrace of the fallen minister. "This day," writes Pepys (*Diary*, August 27, 1667), "Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, was with me, and tells me how this business of my Lord Chancellor's was certainly designed in my Lady Castlemaine's chamber, and that when he went from the king on Monday morning she was in bed (though about twelve o'clock), and ran out in her smock into her aviary looking into White Hall garden, and thither her woman brought her her nightgown, and stood blessing herself at the old man's going away, and several of the gallants of White Hall (of which there were many staying to see the chancellor's return) did talk to her in her bird-cage, among others, Blancford, telling her she was the bird of passage."

393. THE LAST IN.

W. Mulready, R.A. (1786–1863). *See under* 394, p. 497.

A truant, the "last in" at school, comes timidly in, while the schoolmaster ironically takes off his hat and makes the defaulter a humble bow.

> There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
> The village master taught his little school.
> A man severe he was, and stern to view;
> I knew him well, and every truant knew:
> Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
> The day's disasters in his morning face;
> Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
> At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
> Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
> Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
>
> GOLDSMITH: *The Deserted Village.*

359. THE LUTE PLAYER.

W. Etty, R.A. (1787–1849). *See under* 614, p. 502.

> When with sweet notes I the sweet lute inspired,
> Fond fair ones listen'd, and my skill admired.

405. THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR (October 21, 1805).

Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. (1793–1867).

See under 407, p. 499.

A sketch for the large picture which the artist was commissioned to paint for the Senior United Service Club. "The picture represents the centre of the combined fleet, at half-past two o'clock, about an hour and a half after Lord Nelson received his death wound. The *Victory*, the ship which bore his Lordship's flag, after sustaining a heavy fire from four of the enemy's ships, is in the act of disengaging herself from the *Redoubtable*, a French 74, at that time lashed alongside the *Temeraire*, a British 98, and at the moment the *Fougueux*, another French 74, became the prize of the latter. On the left of the spectator is Vice-Admiral Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, with her prize, the *Santa Anna*, totally dismasted, and the other ships of the lee division. On the right of the *Victory* is the *Bucentaur*, a French 80, Admiral Villeneuve's, with her main and mizen masts shot away, and the *Santissima Trinidad*, a Spanish four-decker, both ships unmanageable wrecks" (*Royal Academy Catalogue*, 1836).

411. HIGHLAND MUSIC (exhibited 1830).

Sir E. Landseer, R.A. (1802–1873). *See under* 1226, p. 505.

"An old Highland piper appears to have mischievously interrupted the frugal meal of a group of five hungry dogs by a sudden blast of his 'bagpipes.' The variety of effect of the 'Highland music' on the different dogs is very striking. A blind-eyed little terrier to the left seems disposed to put a stop to the interruption, another has set up an accompaniment of his own; the two hounds appear to be disposed to hear the tune out, and the fifth, with his eyes turned up to the old piper, appears to thoroughly appreciate the stirring strains" (Official Catalogue).

344. THE BENIGHTED TRAVELLER.

Sir A. W. Callcott (1779–1844). *See under* XVIII. 343, p. 464.

A small sketch for a picture exhibited at the R.A. in 1832.

426. THE TRUANT.

Thomas Webster, R.A. (1800–1886).

Webster was born in Pimlico and brought up at Windsor, his father holding an appointment in the household of George III. Having shown an early taste for music, he was placed in the choir of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, a few years after Callcott. He determined, however, to become a painter, and in 1825 entered the Academy Schools. He soon made a hit with his village scenes, the style of *genre* to which he remained faithful throughout his long life. He was elected A.R.A. in 1840, and R.A. in 1846. "Men of my generation," says Mr. J. E. Hodgson, "have long been familiar with the kindly face, the long snow-white hair, of a veteran artist who, from time to time, would emerge from his retreat at Cranbrook in Kent, and make his appearance at the Royal Academy amongst men who might have been his children. . . . There was a beautiful soul in the old man, a spirit of extreme purity and kindliness, of sincere love for the humble virtues and simple joys which he depicted. . . . His art has a neatness and precision, a limpid translucent quality of colour which is in strict keeping with the nature of the conception" (*Fifty years of British Art*, p. 18).

This picture, exhibited at the Academy in 1836, depicts

> . . . the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
> And shining morning face, creeping like snail
> Unwillingly to school. *As you Like It*, Act ii. Sc. 7.

389. THE BURNING FIERY FURNACE.

George Jones, R.A. (1786–1869).

There are three interesting things about this painter. In the first place the Vernon Collection, which forms so large and valuable a part

of the National Gallery, was formed chiefly on his advice. Secondly, he was the intimate friend, and one of the executors, of Turner. The friendship between the two artists is illustrated by the history of this picture, which was exhibited at the Academy in 1832. Jones had told Turner what he was painting, and the latter replied, "A good subject; I'll do it also." Jones said he was going to do it kit-cat size, upright, on panel. Turner said he would do the same, "but remember that if I come into your room while you are painting the subject, you hide it instantly." The picture which Turner painted by way of aping his old crony is now in the Gallery, but being in bad preservation, is not publicly exhibited (517, p. 658). Thirdly, Jones is one of the few instances of fighting painters. He was the son of an engraver, and was trained as a boy to art; but afterwards threw up art for arms, and served as an officer of militia through the Peninsular war. He was also in Paris in 1815 during the occupation of the Allies. He then turned his warlike experiences to good effect, and a picture of the Battle of Waterloo procured him his election as A.R.A. in 1822. Another battle-piece by him, exhibited in 1829, hangs on the east staircase (391, p. 649). He was elected R.A. in 1824, and from 1840-1850 was Keeper, having previously been Librarian.

Nebuchadnezzar pointing to Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego walking in the furnace—

"Then Nebuchadnezzar the king was astonied, and rose up in haste, and spake, and said unto his counsellors, Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire? They answered and said unto the king, True, O king. He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God" (Daniel iii. 24, 25).

403. UNCLE TOBY AND WIDOW WADMAN.

C. R. Leslie, R.A. (1794–1859).

Charles Robert Leslie (father of Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A.) is one of the best of English artists in that class of *genre* painting which concerns itself, not like Wilkie's with contemporary life, but with literary illustration. He had much sympathetic imagination, enabling him to enter into the spirit of the authors he illustrated; an unerring refinement, which kept him from offending good taste; and above all, great skill in giving subtleties of expression. "There has perhaps never been a greater master than Leslie," says Mr. Ruskin, "of the phases of such delicate expression on the human face as may be excited by the slight passions and humours of the drawing-room or boudoir. . . . His subtleties of expression are endlessly delightful. . . . The more I learn of art, the more respect I feel for Mr. Leslie's painting, as such; and for the way it brings out the expressional result he requires. Given a certain

quantity of oil colour,[1] to be laid with one touch of pencil, so as to produce at once the subtlest and largest expressional result possible, and there is no man living who seems to me to come at all near to Mr. Leslie, his work being, in places, equal to Hogarth for decision, and here and there a little lighter and more graceful, Hogarth always laying his colour somewhat in daubs and spots" (*Academy Notes*, 1855, p. 30; 1857, p. 22; 1859, p. 19). Besides his skill as a painter, Leslie made claim to distinction as an author. For three years (1848-1851) he was Professor of Painting at the Academy, and he afterwards (1855) published his lectures under the title of *A Handbook for Young Painters*—a rash proceeding, says Mr. Ruskin, for "the power over slight and passing expression is always a separate gift, eminently possessed by many caricaturists, and it has never, I believe, in a single instance been consistent with any understanding of the qualities of the highest art." Other books, about which there is less reason for difference of opinion, are Leslie's *Life of Constable* (1845), with whom he had a long and warm friendship, and his interesting *Autobiographical Recollections* (edited by Tom Taylor, 1860).

It is an interesting coincidence that Leslie, a great painter of literary illustration, began life as a bookseller's apprentice. He was born in Clerkenwell, of American parents, who returned when he was five to Philadelphia. The circumstances of his call to the career of art are not unlike those of Maclise's (see p. 520). The town of Philadelphia had gone mad over the arrival of the celebrated actor, G. G. Cooke. By the good offices of a friendly scene painter, Leslie saw the great man in *Macbeth*, and made a likeness of him. Bradford, Leslie's employer, was so much struck by it that he raised a subscription for sending the young man to study art in Europe. In 1811 Leslie arrived in London, and entered the Academy Schools. He came with plenty of introductions, and soon found himself among friends, chief amongst whom were Washington Irving, and Newton the artist. "Nothing could be more agreeable," he says, "than my daily intercourse at this period. We visited in the same families, chiefly Americans resident in London, and generally dined together at the York Chop House, in Wardour Street. Delightful were our excursions to Richmond or Greenwich, or to some suburban fair, on the top of a coach." In 1821 Leslie was elected A.R.A., in 1826 R.A. In 1825 he had married, and in 1833 the prospect of a settled income induced him to accept an appointment as Professor of Drawing at the Military Academy of West Point, New York. After five months, however, he returned to London, and continued to contribute regularly to the Academy exhibitions. He lived on friendly terms with all the artists and connoisseurs of the day—such as Wilkie, Constable,

[1] Of oil-colour as a means of conveying expression, that is; not as itself conveying a pleasurable sensation. In the colour gift, in this latter sense, Leslie was deficient. "It is, of course, not well coloured," says Mr. Ruskin of one of his best works; it is "meagre and cold."

Stothard, Turner, Sidney Smith, and Rogers; whilst his chief patron was Lord Egremont, for whom the first version of the "Sancho Panza" (XXI. 402, p. 544) was painted. There are pleasant anecdotes of his visits to Lord Egremont at Petworth, both in his own Autobiography and in Mr. Ruskin's *Dilecta* (contributed by his elder son, R. C. Leslie). Very pleasant, too, are the glimpses of Leslie's home life, of his quiet little house in St. John's Wood, of his affection for his children, and his love of flowers. "He had a very pretty habit," says his son, G. D. Leslie, "of going into the garden before breakfast and picking either a honeysuckle or a rose—his favourite flowers—and putting them in a glass on the mantel-shelf in his painting-room. I hardly ever saw his room in the summer without these flowers."

A scene from Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*. Behind hangs a plan of Dunkirk; but widow Wadman has also a plan of campaign—for capturing Uncle Toby in his sentry-box—

"'I am half distracted, Captain Shandy,' said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric-handkerchief to her left eye, as she approach'd the door of my Uncle Toby's sentry-box; 'a mote, or sand, or something, I know not what, has got into this eye of mine; do look into it: it is not in the white.' . . . I see him yonder, with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it,—looking,—and looking,—then rubbing his eyes and looking again, with twice the good nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in the sun. . . . 'I protest, madam,' said my Uncle Toby, 'I can see nothing whatever in your eye.'—'It is not in the white,' said Mrs. Wadman. My Uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil."

"Inimitable Jack Bannister," says Tom Taylor, "one of the pleasantest of actors, most genial of companions and kindest of men, and a genuine lover of art into the bargain, sat for the Uncle Toby; and it would be hard to find a better model for him. This picture is perhaps the best illustration of Leslie's perfect taste. In his hands the widow becomes so lovable a person that we overlook the fierceness of the amorous siege she is laying to Uncle Toby's heart; while Uncle Toby himself is so thoroughly the gentleman—so unmistakably innocent and unsuspecting and single-hearted—that the humour of the situation seems filtered of all its grossness."

444. "THE DEVIL TO PAY."

Augustus L. Egg, R.A. (1816–1863).

Egg was the son of a gunmaker in Piccadilly. He learnt drawing first at the private academy of Mr. Sass, in Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, and afterwards as a student at the Academy. He first exhibited there in 1838, entering at once upon the line of the higher *genre* in

which he afterwards became distinguished. He was elected A.R.A. in 1848, and R.A. in 1860. He was a great friend of Mr. Frith, with whom he made more than one continental trip. He lived at Ivy Cottage, at the corner of the Queen's Road, and was famous for his dinner parties, at which such men as Dickens, Leech, Mark Lemon, and Mulready used to assemble. He was fond of acting and appeared in Dickens's private theatricals.

A scene from Le Sage's *Le Diable Boiteux*. Patricio, a dissolute young Spaniard, has met two ladies of the town, and taken them off to breakfast at a tavern. "Sir," says the host, "what would you please to eat? I have crammed chickens, partridges of Leon, pigeons of Old Castile, and more than half a ham of Estremadura." The ladies fell greedily upon the meat, while Patricio feasted on the beauties of his friend. One of the ladies lays her claws upon the partridges that remained in the dish, and crams them into a linen pocket under her petticoat. The game is continued until the larder is cleared, and at last Patricio calls for the reckoning, which amounted to fifty reals. He puts his hand into his pocket, and finding but thirty reals there, he is forced to pawn his rosary, adorned with silver medals, to meet the account (from *The Devil on two Sticks*, 1778, ch. viii.)

404. ENTRANCE TO THE ZUYDER ZEE.

Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. (1793–1867).

A good specimen of Stanfield's "true salt, serviceable, unsentimental sea." See under 407, p. 499.

424. IN A JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

Solomon A. Hart, R.A. (1806–1881).

Hart, a native of Plymouth and a Jew by race, was the son of a goldsmith, and began his professional career as a miniature painter. The present picture, painted in 1830, was one of his earliest subject pictures. He was elected A.R.A. in 1836, and R.A. in 1840. "His acquaintance with the history and technical practice of his art was very considerable, and from 1854 to 1863 he succeeded Leslie as Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy. In 1865 he was elected Librarian to the same institution, an office which he held until the close of his life, discharging its duties with zeal and ability. Indeed it is not too much to say that to his untiring energy in the acquisition and arrangement of publications, whether English or foreign, bearing on the subject, the Royal Academy owes the excellence and usefulness of its present library. For some years he was Curator of the pictures in Greenwich Hospital; and one of the Art Examiners to the Science and Art Department at South Kensington" (Official Catalogue).

"The five books of Moses, here called the Law, contained fifty-three sections, so that by reading one on each Sabbath, and two in one day, they read through the whole in the course of a year; finishing at the Feast of Tabernacles (in October), which they called the Rejoicing of the Law. The Jewish doctors, to show their reverence for the Scriptures, always stood when they read them, but when they taught the people they sat down" (Burder's *Oriental Customs*).

604. DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Sir E. Landseer, R.A. (1802–1873). *See under* 1226, p. 505.

"The noble blood-hound of the Duke of Grafton's breed (exhibited 1839), who calmly regards an approaching person, has received on terms of intimacy a snappish little Scotch terrier, whose irritability is not soothed by grand companionship. The big dog's name was 'Grafton,' a name of his family; that of the little one is unknown to fame" (*Stephens*, p. 79).

408. CLARISSA HARLOWE IN THE SPUNGING-HOUSE.

Charles Landseer, R.A. (1799–1879).

Charles, elder brother of Edwin Landseer, was a pupil of Haydon, and entered the Academy Schools in 1816. He first exhibited at the Academy in 1828, and was elected A.R.A. in 1842, and R.A. in 1845, his pictures being mainly "historical." From 1851 to 1873 he was Keeper of the Academy.

The unfortunate heroine of Richardson's romance (the story of whose cruel injuries, at the hands of the rake Lovelace, lacerated the hearts of half the ladies of England a century ago) has just been carried to the debtors' prison by the infamous procuress's orders, and is now kneeling in prayer in a tattered bedroom. The drawing of a gibbet on the walls, with some other indications, tell of the calling of the last occupants:—

"A bed at one corner, with coarse curtains tucked up at the feet to the ceiling; because the curtain rings were broken off; a coverlid plaguily in tatters; the windows dark and double-barred, the tops boarded up to save mending; an old, tottering, worm-eaten table; on the mantel-piece an iron shove-up candlestick, and near that, on the same shelf, an old looking-glass, cracked through the middle. . . . *And this, thou horrid Lovelace, was the bedchamber of the divine Clarissa!* . . . She was kneeling in a corner of the room, near the dismal window,

against the table, her back to the door; her arms crossed upon the table, the forefinger of her right hand in her Bible. She had perhaps been reading in it, and could read no longer. Paper, pens, ink, lay by her book on the table. Her dress was white lustring, exceeding neat. . . . Her head-dress was a little discomposed; her charming hair in natural ringlets, but a little tangled, irregularly shading one side of the loveliest neck in the world, as her disordered rumpled handkerchief did the other. Her face, how altered, yet lovely in spite of all her griefs and sufferings, was reclined upon her crossed arms" (compressed from Richardson's *Clarissa*, book 6, letter 66).

1040. A RIVER SCENE.

William J. Müller (1812–1845).

Müller, whose father, a German, was Curator of the Bristol Museum, and the author of some books on natural history, was apprenticed at fifteen to J. B. Pyne, the landscape painter, and from that time to his early death never departed from the habit of studying nature closely. "I paint in oil on the spot," he wrote from Wales in 1842 (the year before the first volume of *Modern Painters* was published); "indeed, I am more than ever convinced of the *actual necessity* of looking at nature with a much more observant eye than the most of young artists do, and in particular at skies; these are generally neglected." His earliest pictures were of the country around Bristol. In 1833 he first exhibited at the Academy, but neither then, nor at any period of his career, were his pictures well hung there. In 1834 he travelled in Switzerland; in 1838 in Greece and Egypt, settling on his return in London. After various other excursions he set out in 1843 for Lycia with the expedition undertaken by Sir Charles Fellowes for the Dilettanti Society; the collection of sketches and drawings which he made on this expedition is now in the British Museum. "After two detentions in quarantine on the return journey, he writes: 'I *want* to *paint*—it's oozing out of my fingers. I covered the walls of the lazaretto at Smyrna; and at Malta they would not let me.' His passion for art consumed him before his time. . . . His strength gave way; the heart was affected, and while his brother, who nursed him tenderly, was setting his palette for him, he fell back and died at the age of thirty-three. He had worked until the very last. When he could no longer go out to sketch, he brushed a fresco on the walls of his room, and was painting from the flowers and fruit his friends sent him when he died" (F. Sitwell, in *English Art in the Public Galleries*, pp. 155, 156).

A scene, apparently in Scotland, "land of the mountains and the flood," very typical of the modern interest in wild and solitary landscape, such as the mediæval painters avoided altogether, or only introduced as scenes of terror or penance, and not as itself beautiful or conducive to such gently serious thought as the poet finds in—

The dashing waters when the air is still,
From many a torrent rill
That winds unseen beneath the shaggy fell,
Track'd by the blue mist well:
Such sounds as make deep silence in the heart,
For Thought to do her part.

KEBLE: *Christian Year.*

410. HIGH LIFE AND LOW LIFE.

Sir E. Landseer, R.A. (1802–1873). *See under* 1226, p. 505.

These panels, first exhibited in 1831 (measuring 18 in. by 13½ in. each), are amongst the smallest of celebrated pictures in the world. The gentle, gentlemanly stag-hound, who represents *High Life*, is probably a portrait of Sir Walter Scott's Maida, whom Landseer drew also for his "Scene at Abbotsford," when he stayed there in 1824. *Low Life* is shown in "a broad and brawny bull-dog, the *aide* of a butcher, by whose block, and guarding whose hat, pipe, boots, and pot, he sits. Our dog here is in a state of satisfaction with the recent past and the soon to come; he has had a capital meat breakfast—note the beef bone in front of the step; the sun is bright and warm, so that it makes him lazily blink one eye, while the other, being shaded, is watching. Fat, he lounges against the jamb of the door; the savour, nay the very flavour of the bone and its adjuncts, lingers about his muzzle, which he licks gently and unctuously. His prospects are almost as agreeable as his experiences; for is he not about to have a ride in the cart—note the whip hanging on the door-latch, and the boots—to market, where there will be company and canine sports?" (*Stephens*, p. 63). Mr. Ruskin notices this bull-dog's expression as a typical representation of one essential feature of vulgarity. "Cunning," he says, "signifies especially a habit or gift of over-reaching, accompanied with enjoyment and a sense of superiority. It is associated with small and dull conceit, and with an absolute want of sympathy or affection. Its essential connection with vulgarity may be at once exemplified by the expression of the butcher's dog in Landseer's 'Low Life'" (*Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. 7 § 11).

423. MALVOLIO AND THE COUNTESS.

Daniel Maclise, R.A. (1806–1870).

"Maclise," says Mr. Hodgson, "was the 'great artist' of his age, and covered acres of canvas. He executed frescoes on public buildings,

huge historical compositions, cartoons, easel pictures, great and small, portraits, water-colour drawings, and illustrations" (*Fifty Years of British Art*, p. 16). His studio was the resort of persons of distinction and influence, and it was at the special request of the Prince Consort that in 1859 he devoted himself exclusively to the work of executing a series of frescoes in the Royal Gallery at Westminster. During eight years Maclise worked away unceasingly in that "gloomy hall," but owing to a subsequent alteration of the plans only two of his designs were executed. Maclise was on intimate terms, too, with many of the literary men of his time, especially Forster and Dickens, the latter of whom, speaking at the Academy Dinner a few days after Maclise's death, pronounced this eulogy upon his talents and character: "Of his prodigious fertility of mind and wonderful wealth of intellect, I may confidently assert that they would have made him, if he had been so minded, at least as great a writer as he was a painter. The gentlest and most modest of men; the freest as to his generous appreciation of young aspirants; and the frankest and largest hearted as to his peers." Of Maclise's influence upon young artists of his time, Mr. Frith tells us in his *Autobiography* (vol. i. ch. xi.) "My admiration for Maclise," he says, "scarcely stopped short of worship;" whilst he recalls another young artist-friend's saying: "Maclise is out and away the greatest artist that ever lived. There isn't an old master fit to hold a candle to him; and if I could only get some of his worse qualities into my pictures I should be satisfied." What these bad qualities were Mr. Frith goes on to explain: "Under happier circumstances I have always believed, and still believe, that Maclise would have been one of the greatest artists that ever lived, if his birth had been put back two or three centuries, and he had been coerced, as the great masters were, and subjected to a seven years' apprenticeship to one of the old Venetians. Instead of such mediæval training, after a perfunctory education at the Royal Academy, the bright young fellow was left to his own unaided efforts. His great natural powers betrayed him; he painted huge compositions of figures without using models. His sense of colour, never very strong, was destroyed by his constant indulgence in the baleful practice of painting without nature before him. His eyes, as he told me himself, saw the minutest details at distances impossible to ordinary vision.[1] He was evidently proud of his eyes, and he indulged them to the utter destruction of 'breadth'

[1] "I have heard it said," wrote Mr. Ruskin (*Academy Notes*, 1857, p. 11), "that Mr. Maclise is singularly far-sighted, and draws more decisively than other painters, in the belief that he sees more clearly. But though his sight had the range of the eagle's, and clearness of the lynx's; though it were as manifold as a dragon-fly's and as manageable as a chameleon's, there is a limit to his sight, as to all our sights. . . . And, as far as in his pictures I am able to compare his power of sight with that of other people, he appears to see, not more, but a great deal less, than the world in general. . . . All natural objects are confused to us, however near, however distant, because all are infinite."

in his pictures. As to colour, he gave it up altogether; and when any reference was made to the old masters or the National Gallery, Maclise expressed his contempt in much the same words as those of another mistaken clever R.A., who would 'like to burn them all from Moscow to Madrid.'" The absence of truth and nature in Maclise's colouring of flesh will be obvious to any spectator as soon as it is pointed out. Another defect on which Mr. Ruskin lays stress is Maclise's painting of hair (a defect conspicuous both in the Countess here and in Ophelia in XXI. 422, p. 564): "If Mr. Maclise looks fairly, and without any previous prejudice, at a girl's hair, however close to him, and however carefully curled, he will find that it verily does not look like a piece of wood carved into scrolls, and French-polished afterwards. . . . It is not often that I plead for any imitation of the work of bygone days, but, very seriously, I think no pupil should be allowed to pass the examination ordeal of our school of painting until he had copied, in a satisfactory manner, a lock of hair by Correggio. Once let him do that with any tolerable success, and he would know to the end of his life both what the word 'painting' meant; and with what flowing light and golden honour the Maker of the human form has crowned its power, and veiled its tenderness" (*Academy Notes*, 1857, pp. 12, 13). To Maclise's absence of truth must be added a certain lack of distinction and a stageyness which make his Shakespearean pictures unpleasant to those familiar with the poet.[1] There is much truth in some advice which Sir George Beaumont once gave to Haydon. "For my part," he said, "I have always doubted the prudence of painting from poets. This is particularly applicable to painting from Shakespeare, when you not only have the powerful productions of his mind's pencil to contend with, but also the perverted representations of the theatres." The "perverted representations" in this case are hardly those of the stage; it is the impression left on the mind by such actresses as Miss Ellen Terry that makes Maclise's wooden figures additionally unsatisfying.

Mr. Frith attributes Maclise's defects, we have seen, to his too scanty training and too quick success. He was, indeed, no more than nineteen[2] when he made a happy hit with a drawing of Sir Walter Scott, then on a visit to Cork, which attracted the poet's attention and induced Maclise to open a studio. He was the son of a respectable tradesman at Cork, and had a respectable education in that town, being particularly distinguished for proficiency in English literature and history. He was then sent to a bank, but found time to learn some anatomy at a surgeon's. By 1827 he had saved enough money to go

[1] "Nothing, perhaps, can more completely demonstrate the total ignorance of the public of all that is great or valuable in Shakespeare than their universal admiration of Maclise's Hamlet" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. i. sec. i. ch. i. § 2 *n.*)

[2] Or, according to his own account, fourteen. Maclise used to say he was born in 1811; but the register of the old Presbyterian Church at Cork fixes 1806 as the date.

over to London and join the Academy Schools. Next year he made another hit with a sketch of Charles Kean (the younger), taken at a Drury Lane "first night." At the Academy Schools he carried everything before him, and in 1829 the first picture he exhibited—a "Malvolio" (of which this is a replica)—brought him at once into fashion. From that year onwards he was a regular exhibitor at the Academy, often sending six or seven pictures in one year. He was elected A. R. A. in 1834, and R. A. in 1840. His labours in Westminster Hall had a bad effect on his health, and the death of his sister, who kept his house, in 1865, further shattered him. He declined the Presidency of the Academy in that year, and five years later died of acute pneumonia at his house in Cheyne Walk.

From Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, Act iii. Sc. 4. Olivia—whose "red and white" the painter has hardly followed "Nature's cunning hand" in "laying on"—is seated in her garden, thinking sadly of her unrequited love for Viola. Her maid Maria stands behind her, chuckling over the trick she has played upon Malvolio, Olivia's steward, by bidding him, in a letter pretending to be from her mistress, come with a smiling face, and "remember who commended thy yellow stockings and wished to see thee cross-gartered." "Yond gull Malvolio does obey every point of the letter that Maria dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies"—

> *Olivia.* How now, Malvolio!
> *Malvolio.* Sweet lady, ho, ho.
> *Olivia.* Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?
> *Malvolio.* Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs.
> *Olivia.* God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

427. A DAME'S SCHOOL.

T. Webster, R.A. (1800–1886). *See under* 426, p. 513.

> In every village marked with little spire,
> Embowered in trees and hardly known to fame,
> There dwells in lowly shed and mean attire
> A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name,
> Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
> They, grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
> Awed by the power of this relentless dame,
> And ofttimes on vagaries idly bent,
> For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.
>
> SHENSTONE.

450. A VILLAGE HOLIDAY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

F. Goodall, R.A. (born 1822 : still living).

See under 451, p. 501.

When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound,
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday.

MILTON'S *L'Allegro.*

615. THE DERBY DAY.

W. P. Frith, R.A. (born 1819: still living).

Mr. William Powell Frith, the most widely popular painter of his day, was born at Aldfield in Yorkshire, his father being a servant at Studley Royal, and afterwards landlord of the Dragon Inn at Harrogate. His family were from the first anxious to make an artist of him, his own inclination, however, being to the trade of auctioneer. He was educated at a private school near Dover, and in 1835 entered Mr. Sass's drawing school at 6 Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury—a school which has the honour of turning out many of our best painters, Sir John Millais amongst the number. Here Mr. Frith for two years drew from the antique, afterwards passing into the Academy Schools. He obtained some little occupation as a portrait painter in country houses, and his first picture subjects were from Scott and Shakespeare—one of these, a "Malvolio," was hung at the Academy in 1840, the same year in which Maclise's "Malvolio" (423, p. 520) was exhibited. It was Maclise whom Mr. Frith set himself at this period to imitate, his great difficulty, as he tells us, being to think of subjects. A picture of "Dolly Varden" secured him the friendship of Dickens, and in 1844 he was elected A.R.A. In 1852 he was elected R.A. in succession to Turner. It was in this year that he first attempted a subject in modern life, to which he had always felt impelled, but from which the difficulty of dealing with modern costume had long deterred him. His first great success in this line was with "Ramsgate Sands" in 1854. This was followed by "The Derby Day," "The Railway Station," "The Marriage of the Prince of Wales," "The Road to Ruin," "The Race for Wealth," "For Better or for Worse," and "The Private View." Of late years Mr. Frith has returned to literary and historical subjects, but it is on his pictorial mirrors of modern life that he justly bases his claim to fame. The limits of that fame were thus defined by Mr. Ruskin in criticising the present picture, which is admittedly the painter's masterpiece: "I am not sure how much power is involved in the production of such a picture as this; great ability there is assuredly—long and careful study—considerable humour—untiring industry—all of them qualities entitled to high praise, which I doubt not they will receive from the delighted

public. It is also quite proper and desirable that this English carnival should be painted; and of the entirely popular manner of painting, which, however, we must remember, is necessarily, because popular, stooping and restricted, I have never seen an abler example. The drawing of the distant figures seems to me especially dexterous and admirable; but it is very difficult to characterise the picture in accurate general terms. It is a kind of cross between John Leech and Wilkie, with a dash of daguerreotype here and there, and some pretty seasoning with Dickens's sentiment" (*Academy Notes*, 1858, p. 20).

A scene on the race-course at Epsom in May 1856—Blink Bonnie's year, in days when gambling-tents and thimble-rigging, prick-in-the-garter and the three-card trick had not been stopped by the police. "The picture shows us," says a fellow-academician, "as Hogarth did, what the life of our great metropolis is like. The races on Epsom Downs, the great saturnalia of British sport, bring to the surface all that is most characteristic of London life. In this picture we can discern its elements, its luxury, its wealth, its beauty and refinement, its respectability and its boredom, its hopeless, unspeakable misery. All its sad tales are told, from that of the jaded Traviata seated in her carriage to the thimble-rigger's accomplice, luring a silly countryman to lose his money, and the hungry young acrobat, who forgets all about his somersault in the cravings of his poor empty little stomach. Though Mr. Frith does not intentionally pose as a moralist in this picture, its truth and its wealth of incident answer the same purpose. We are surrounded by evils, many of them past cure, and not of our own making. It must needs be that offences come, and not only woe but utter discomfort and *ennui* must come to those by whom they come; so it is written, and so it fares with this mad world—and here is the sign of it!" (J. E. Hodgson: *Fifty Years of British Art*, p. 23). Of the origin, production, and reception of the picture, Mr. Frith gives a very interesting account in his *Autobiography*. He came back from Epsom in 1856, convinced that the scene offered "abundant material for the line of art to which I felt obliged, in the absence of higher gifts, to devote myself; and the more I considered the kaleidoscopic aspect of the crowd on Epsom Downs, the more firm became my resolve to attempt to reproduce it." Mr. Frith began to transfer his mental notes to canvas, and after making numbers of studies from models for all the principal figures, prepared a small sketch of the whole composition. Mr. Jacob Bell saw

it, and at once commissioned the artist to paint a large picture from it. The price was to be £1500; while for the copyright for the engraving Mr. Frith obtained another £1500. The sum was large; but the picture involved an immense amount of labour, and a very large number of models. For the main incident, that of the acrobat and his hungry little boy, the artist found what was wanted in the Drury Lane pantomime; but the young gentleman's idea of sitting being to throw somersaults, Mr. Frith acquired their dresses and put them on professional models. His friends and children were also put largely under contribution. The lady in a riding-habit in the left-hand corner is "that witty, charming creature, Miss Gilbert," who also figures in Landseer's "Pretty Horse Breaker." With regard to the racing element, "my determination to keep the horses as much in the background as possible did not arise," says Mr. Frith, "from the fact of my not being able to paint them properly, so much as from my desire that the human being should be paramount; still it was impossible to avoid the steeds and their riders altogether. There I found my friend Tattersall of great service. He procured an excellent type of the jockey class—a delightful little fellow, who rode a wooden horse in my studio, and surprised me by his endurance of a painful attitude, that of raising himself in his stirrups and leaning forward in the manner of his tribe." When at last, "after fifteen months' incessant labour," the picture was ready for the Academy of 1858, Mr. Frith tells us how Maclise spoke of the "gem-like bits of the beautiful mosaic you have so skilfully put together," and how, when the exhibition was opened (then in Trafalgar Square), the Queen "instead of, as she invariably did, looking at the pictures in their order according to the Catalogue, went at once to mine; and after a little while sent for me and complimented me in the kindest manner. . . . It was on this occasion that the Prince Consort surprised me exceedingly by his intimate knowledge of what I may call *the conduct* of a picture. He told me why I had done certain things, and how, if a certain change had been made, my object would have been assisted. I put many of the Prince's suggestions to the proof after the close of the exhibition, and I improved my picture in every instance." The verdict of the Queen was endorsed by her people. So great was the crowd round "The Derby Day" that a rail had to be fixed up to protect it—an attention that had

been paid to no picture since Wilkie's "Chelsea Pensioners" in 1822. "People three or four deep before the picture," reported the owner to the artist, "those in front with their faces within three or four inches of the canvas. The nature of the picture requires a close inspection to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest it; and from what I have seen, I think it not unlikely that some of the *readers* will leave their *mark* upon it, unless means be taken to keep them at a respectful distance." The critics and some of the painter's academic brethren were not equally enthusiastic. "There is no hope for art in this country," said one of them, "when the people are so besotted as to crowd round such a thing as that." "That thing of yours," said another, "is very popular; but I intend next year to exhibit Monday Morning at Newgate,—the hanging morning, you know. I shall have a man hanging, and the crowd about him; great variety of character, you know. I wonder you never thought of it."

815. DUTCH BOATS AT FLUSHING.

P. J. Clays (*Belgian*: born 1819; still living).

Pierre Jean Clays is a native of Bruges. He studied art in Paris under Gudin, and afterwards settled at Brussels, where in 1851 he received a gold medal. He has frequently exhibited at the French *Salon*, and is a chevalier of the Legion of Honour as well as of the Order of Leopold. For a long time, says a French critic, "the sea, or rather the water, has had no interpreter more exact than Clays: he knows its clearness, and he knows how to render the little noisy waves, all bathed in light." "He does not paint the sea," says another, "but the Scheldt where it widens, and those gray and light waters that bear you on a steamer from Moerdyk to Rotterdam. With a profound feeling for these things he expresses the humidity of the skies of Western Flanders, the sleep of the calmed waters, or the caressing, and sometimes menacing, of the breeze which makes the little uneasy waves stride around the barges loaded to the brim." Some of his pictures have fetched very large prices—one having sold in New York for £3550 (Miss Clements and Lawrence Hutton: *Artists of the Nineteenth Century*).

1205. LAKE COMO: VARENNA.

Frederick Lee Bridell (1831–1863).

This talented painter, who died of consumption, was a native of Southampton, and at first self-taught. His genius was detected by a local picture-dealer, who gave him commissions which enabled him to go abroad for purposes of study. He exhibited at the Academy in 1859, and went to the Italian Lakes—a visit which resulted

(besides other pictures) in this one. It was presented to the Gallery in 1886 by his widow. Many of his pictures were commissions from Mr. Wolff of Southampton, who formed a Bridell Gallery there.

The scene is the slope, with woods of sweet chestnut, above Varenna—"a tangled mass of woods, of light and shade." Below is "the green blue of the waters, clear as glass, opaque through depth." To the left, in the extreme distance, is the crest of Monte Rosa, "flushed and phantom-fair." It was from an opposite spot on the lake that Longfellow, looking over to Varenna, wrote the lines—

> I ask myself is this a dream?
> Will it all vanish into air?
> Is there a land of such supreme
> And perfect beauty anywhere?
> Sweet vision! Do not fade away;
> Linger until my heart shall take
> Into itself the summer day,
> And all the beauty of the lake.

447. DUTCH BOATS IN A CALM.

E. W. Cooke, R.A. (1811–1880).

One of the very numerous sea-pieces of the same kind which Edward W. Cooke, who was of Dutch descent and who visited Holland fifteen times, was constantly producing. His father was well known as an engraver of Turner's pictures, and he himself was at first largely employed in similar work. He also studied botany, geology, and architecture, and became a fellow of several learned societies. He was elected A.R.A. in 1851, and R.A. in 1864. His pictures are very numerous; and amongst other "quarries across the foam" hunted by him are Venice, Spain, and Egypt.

448. THE BOAT HOUSE.

E. W. Cooke, R.A. (1811–1880).

241. THE PARISH BEADLE.

Sir D. Wilkie, R.A. (1785–1841). *See under* 99, p. 490.

"And an officer giveth sufficient notice what he is, when he saith to the party, 'I arrest you in the king's name'; and in such case the party, at their peril, ought to obey him" (Burns's *Justice of the Peace*). Such was the quotation in the Academy Catalogue when the picture was exhibited in 1823. There is no doubt that the officer has given due notice to the party of Savoyards of his importance as a minister of the king; but the

black-eyed woman with the hurdy-gurdy seems half inclined to resist him. It is characteristic of Mr. Bumble (who was a fat and choleric man) that he should have seized the small boy for his especial charge. The picture is interesting technically, as being the first which Wilkie painted in the larger and bolder manner which characterised his later works. Wilkie's usual dog is impressed into the service of the strolling minstrels; the monkey was painted, Wilkie tells us in his Diary, from one at Exeter Change (then a large menagerie, on the site of the present Exeter Hall).

342. COWS GRAZING: EARLY MORNING.

Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A. (1779–1844).

See under XVIII. 343, p. 464.

331. NEWSMONGERS.

Sir D. Wilkie, R.A. (1785–1841). *See under* 99, p. 490.

"Wilkie is one of those happy natures, neither gloomy nor dreamy nor enthusiastic, who have the good sense to think that everything is arranged for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Public calamity does not affect him; he lives in the midst of a little group of persons who do not suffer by the fall of empires, and who often hear nothing about national catastrophes until everything is once more in order. The newspaper may be read in those parts, but it is that of last year, and one cannot get very sad or cry long over ancient history" (Chesneau: *The English School*, p. 89).

183. SIR DAVID WILKIE.

Thomas Phillips, R.A. (1770–1845).

Phillips was originally a glass painter, and afterwards a painter of historical subjects; but from 1796 his pictures were almost entirely portraits, of which he exhibited 339 in the Academy. He was elected A.R.A. in 1804, and R.A. in 1808; whilst from 1825 to 1832 he was Professor of Painting. He was a friend of Wilkie (one of whose last letters was to him), and upon Wilkie's death he presented this portrait to the National Gallery.

Painted in 1829, when Wilkie was forty-four, and was already broken in health. He had just returned from his three years' residence abroad, but he looked, says Haydon, "thinner and seemed more nervous than ever; his keen and bushy brow looked irritable, eager, nervous, and full of genius. . . . He looked gaunt and feeble. God knows what to make of Wilkie's health." One sees something of Wilkie's nervous

temperament in this portrait, but still more of the modesty and good humour of a man who had no enemies and many friends, and of whom Scott said "no man possesses more justly the general esteem and affection."

810. PARDON DAY IN BRITTANY.

Charles Poussin (French: born 1819; still living).

M. Pierre Charles Poussin was a pupil of L. Cogniet, and has been an exhibitor at the French *Salon* since 1842, but has never obtained a prize. Many of his pictures have been, like this one, of scenes in Brittany. He has not exhibited since 1882.

The scene is that of a fête held in honour of *Nôtre Dame de Bon Secours* of Guingamp in Brittany, on the 2d of July in every year. Pope Paul V. in 1619 granted a plenary indulgence to all persons "who truly confessed and communicated, who shall visit the said church of Nôtre Dame de Guingamp on the day and fête of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which it is the custom every year to celebrate on the 2d day of July; who shall devotionally pray for the preservation of concord and peace among all Christian princes; who shall render hospitality to the poor pilgrims; who shall make peace with their enemies, and shall promote it amongst others—shall, in short, sweetly bring into the way of salvation some unfortunate and erring soul." An English visitor published a long account of the fête in the *Standard* of July 5 and following days in 1870, describing "the frank but sedate festivity" and "merry-making under the trees." That was twenty years after this picture was painted. Meyerbeer's opera of *Dinorah* refers to a similar festival.

130. THE CORN FIELD.

J. Constable, R.A. (1776–1837).

See under XVIII. 1235, p. 459.

This picture—known sometimes as "The Corn Field," sometimes as "The Country Lane"—was presented to the Gallery by an association of gentlemen who bought it of Constable's executors. The scene depicted is very characteristic of the painter, being just such as Mrs. Browning describes as typical of lowland England—

> I learnt to love that England . . .
> . . . . such an up and down
> Of verdure,—nothing too much up or down,
> A ripple of land; such little hills, the sky

Can stoop to tenderly and the wheatfields climb;
Such nooks of valleys . . .
Fed full of noises by invisible streams;
And open pastures . . .
. . . . at intervals
The mystic oaks and elm-trees standing out
Self-poised upon their prodigy of shade.

Aurora Leigh.

1207. THE HAY WAIN.

J. Constable, R.A. (1776–1837).
See under XVIII. 1235, p. 459.

This picture was exhibited at Somerset House in 1821. Twelve months later it was at the British Institution, but at neither place did it find a purchaser. In 1823 a French dealer offered Constable £70 for it. This was refused; but in 1824 the painter sold both it and "A Lock" to the same man for £250, throwing in a small picture of Yarmouth. The two larger landscapes were hung in that year's "Salon," where they made a great stir among artists, and won a gold medal from the king, and called forth the criticisms already alluded to (see p. 460). The spot represented is the same as in 327, one looking up, the other down the Stour. There is a freshness in the landscape which explains what the French critics said: "Look," they cried, "at these pictures by the Englishman. The ground seems to be covered with dew."

327. THE VALLEY FARM.

J. Constable, R.A. (1776–1837).
See under XVIII. 1235, p. 459.

The farmhouse on the banks of the Stour is that known as Willy Lott's house—a veritable "haunt of ancient peace," for of Willy Lott, who was born in it, it is said that he lived more than eighty years without having spent four whole days away from it. Constable lived in London, but it was his Suffolk home that he loved to paint—

. . . the lovely laughter of the wind-swayed wheat,
The easy slope of yonder pastoral hill.

JEAN INGELOW: *Honours.*

124. THE REV. WILLIAM HOLWELL CARR.

John Jackson, R.A. (1778–1831.)

A portrait of one of the principal benefactors of the National Gallery, by an artist who owed his training to the generosity of another.

Jackson was the son of a tailor in Yorkshire, of Methodist inclinations. Sir George Beaumont, seeing the promise in some of his earlier sketches, received the young man into his town house and gave him an annual allowance of £50 to enable him to study at the Academy. Jackson made good use of his opportunities, and became A.R.A. in 1815, R.A. in 1817. He painted the portraits of several of his brother academicians, and otherwise enjoyed a large practice in this branch of art, being especially noted for his speed of hand: he was able, it is said, to turn out a finished portrait in six sittings of an hour each.

The present portrait was painted by Mr. Carr's direction, in order to be included in his munificent gift to the Gallery, particulars of which may be gathered from Index II., and which included fine pictures by Titian, Claude, Tintoret, Andrea del Sarto, Rembrandt, and the Poussins. Mr. Carr was an absentee country clergyman who held a rich living, married a rich wife, and devoted himself and his fortune to the arts. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, where he was elected to a fellowship. It was when travelling in Italy on the strength of this fellowship that he began to form his collection of pictures. From 1797-1820 he exhibited, as an "honorary exhibitor" at the Academy, a series of landscape views done by himself. He died in 1830, at the age of seventy-two, in his house at Devonshire Place, and his pictures came next year into the National Gallery by his bequest.

429. THE PATHWAY TO THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

Thomas Creswick, R.A. (1811–1869).

Creswick—a native of Sheffield, who settled in London and had a career of uniform success as a landscape painter, broken only by some years of heart disease at the end—is entitled to particular mention as having in his early practice set an example, then much needed, of diligent sketching out of doors. To this practice must be attributed his success in rendering such sunny aspects of woodland England as we see in this picture. Mr. Ruskin instances Creswick as a typical "modern painter" not of the first class, in the faithfulness of his study from nature, in contrast to the conventional untruthfulness in old masters such as Poussin (see under XIV. 68, p. 364). Creswick's is "the work of a man who has sought earnestly for truth: and who, with one thought or memory of nature in his heart, could look at the two landscapes, and receive Poussin's with ordinary patience? . . . Creswick has sweet feeling, and tries for the real green too, but, from want of science in his shadows, ends in green paint instead of green light" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. vi. ch. i. §§ 20, 34).

A young girl pauses at the stile—

The "why" is plain as way to parish church.

918. FISHERMAN WITH A GUN.

T. S. Good (1789–1872). *See under* 378, p. 498.

A coast scene near the painter's home, at Berwick—the fisherman on the look-out for sea-gulls.

398. HAIDÉE: A GREEK GIRL.

Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, P.R.A. (1793–1866).

Sir Charles Eastlake, though he was President of the Royal Academy (elected 1850), is more interesting, in a handbook to the National Gallery, as a Keeper, than as a painter, of pictures. On the death of Mr. Seguier, the original Keeper of the Gallery, in 1843, Eastlake was appointed to succeed him. This office he resigned in 1847, partly in consequence of the outcry raised in the newspapers against the management of the Gallery, and in particular the purchase of the spurious Holbein (see p. 261). The history of the dispute may be read in the fullest detail in the Report of the Select Committee of 1853, an impartial study of which shows that whatever blunders may have been committed were principally due to the system of divided responsibility. In 1855 the management of the Gallery was entirely reorganised, and Sir Charles Eastlake (who was already, in virtue of his being P.R.A., an *ex-officio* trustee) was appointed Director at a salary of £1000, an office which he held, being re-elected every five years, till his death. The chief feature of the new scheme was the grant of an annual sum, to be expended at the discretion of the Director in the purchase of pictures. Up to 1855 the total number of pictures purchased for the Gallery from its foundation in 1824 was only ninety-six; during Sir C. Eastlake's directorate the number was 155. A reference to Index II. will show what the pictures bought during 1855-1866 were, and their prices. The most notable purchases were the great Perugino, the great Paul Veronese, the Fra Angelico, the Garvagh Raphael, and Gainsborough's "Mrs. Siddons." But Sir C. Eastlake's purchases—in prosecution of which he used to make an annual tour on the continent—comprised 111 masters, in eight different schools, and extended over a period of seven centuries. In these generally judicious purchases he was assisted by his wide knowledge of the history of painting. His *Materials for a History of Oil Painting*[1] is still the standard work on the subject, and he also edited a translation of Kugler's *Italian Schools of Painting*. His literary and official work interfered with his professional practice as an artist, and the total number of pictures exhibited by him was only ninety-six. These were chiefly either historical, or of subjects suggested by his early residence for fourteen years in Italy. He was a native of Plymouth, and was educated (like Sir Joshua Reynolds) at the Plympton Grammar School. He

[1] A review of this book by Mr. Ruskin—one of his only two anonymous articles—appeared in the *Quarterly*, and is reprinted in *On the Old Road*, vol. i.

was then for a short time at the Charterhouse, and after studying under Haydon became a pupil at the Academy Schools. In 1817 he went to Greece and Italy. In 1827 he was elected A.R.A., in 1830 R.A. In this latter year he returned from Italy to London, residing first in Upper Fitzroy Street and afterwards in Fitzroy Square. He is described as "a man of unassuming and rather courtier-like bearing," and he discharged his official duties with much dignity and tact. His son is the present Keeper of the National Gallery.

This picture (exhibited at the Academy in 1831) is a translation to canvas of Byron's Haidée, "the greatest heiress of the Eastern Isles" (see *Don Juan*, Canto ii.)—

> Her brow was overhung with coins of gold
> That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair. . .
> . . . Her dress was many colour'd, finely spun ;
> Her locks curl'd negligently round her face,
> But through them gold and gems profusely shone ;
> Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace
> Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious stone
> Flash'd on her little hand ; . . .
> She wore two jellicks—one was of pale yellow.
> Of azure, pink, and white, was her chemise—
> 'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow ;
> With buttons form'd of pearls as large as peas,
> All gold and crimson shone her jellick's fellow ;
> And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,
> Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flow'd round her.

441. A BASKET OF FRUIT AND A BIRD'S NEST.

G. Lance (1802–1864). *See under* 443, p. 509.

Very skilfully painted—especially the raspberries. Notice also particularly "the little pitted speck" in the pear and the drops of moisture upon the apple. Herein Lance shows his kinship with the Dutch flower and fruit painters. "In every flower-piece of pretension, by the masters of that old school, two accessory points of decoration are never absent. The first of these is the dew-drop, or rain-drop—it may be two or three drops, of either size, on one of the smoothest petals of the central flower. This is always, and quite openly, done to show how well the painter can do it,—not in the least with any enjoyment of wetness in the flower. The Dutchman never got a wet flower to paint from. He had his exquisite and exemplary poppy or tulip brought in from the market, as he had occasion, and put on its dew-drops for it, as a lady's dressing-maid puts on her diamonds, merely for state" (*Notes on Prout and Hunt*, p. 14).

353. YORICK AND THE GRISETTE.

G. S. Newton, R.A. (1794–1835).

Gilbert Stuart Newton was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, whither his parents had fled from Boston when the British were expelled by Washington. He came to England in 1818 and entered the Academy Schools. He was first known as a portrait painter, but afterwards took to *genre* subjects. He was a great favourite in society, and his friend Leslie complained that their intercourse was too often interrupted by Newton's social engagements. He was elected A.R.A. in 1828, and R.A. in 1832. He became insane and died three years later in an asylum at Chelsea. He was especially noted for his colouring. "Newton," said Leslie, "is blessed with an exquisite eye for colour;" and Washington Irving, who, while in England was the friend of them both, wrote in 1834: "Newton has for some years past been one of the most popular painters in England in that branch of historical painting peculiarly devoted to scenes in familiar life. His colouring is almost unrivalled, and he has a liveliness of fancy and quickness of conception, and a facility and grace of execution, that spread a magic charm over his compositions."

From Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*. Mr. Yorick, the king's jester, has entered an open shop to ask the way to the Opera Comique: would the lady tell him? "'Most willingly,' said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her. . . . I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest *grisette*, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy." So sensible was he of it that he came back to ask the way again. The shop-boy was going in that direction with a parcel of gloves; he should show the way. "'*Apropos*,' said I, 'I want a couple of pairs myself.' The beautiful *grisette* rose up when I said this, and, going behind the counter, reached down a parcel, and untied it: I advanced to the side over against her: they were all too large. The beautiful *grisette* measured them one by one across my hand. It would not alter the dimensions." Notice the quiet humour in the pug beside the chair: he has a scent, it would seem, for the sentiment of gloves.

1039. ON THE SOMERSET DOWNS.

Thomas Barker (1769–1847).

Thomas Barker, commonly known as "Barker of Bath," was the son of a painter who settled in that town. The son found a valuable patron in Mr. Spackman, a coach-builder, who furnished him with means to go to Rome. He afterwards settled in Bath, where his

works are still principally to be seen, and where he found ample patronage. Some of his pictures—of landscapes and rustic subjects —attained a wide popularity, and were copied on to pottery, cottons, and linens. He made a fortune, and his chief work is an historical *fresco*, which he painted in his house at Sion Hill, Bath.

SCREEN I

1210. "ECCE ANCILLA DOMINI."

D. G. Rossetti (1828–1882).

Dante Gabriel Rossetti—the head of the romantic movement in modern English poetry, and of the Pre-Raphaelite movement in English painting—was born in London, the son of Gabriel Rossetti,—an Italian patriot, and commentator upon Dante,—who was at the time Professor of Italian at King's College. Like all the members of his family, young Rossetti had innate taste and interest in art, but in the direction which his art took—Gothic instead of Classic—he was the outcome of English influences. He never doubted, says his friend, Mr. Holman Hunt, of his call to exceptional effort in life; and from the time when he was not more than nineteen or twenty he began to exercise a powerful influence on many of the foremost minds—in art and literature—of the time, such as Mr. W. Morris, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. George Meredith. He was the leading spirit in the little band—comprising, beside himself, his brother W. M. Rossetti, Millais, Woolner, J. Collinson, and F. G. Stephens—who associated themselves under the name of the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." To the general public, however, he was little known as a poet until 1870, when his *Poems and Ballads* were published,—or as a painter till the year after his death, when a collection of his works were exhibited at Burlington House—for he lived almost as a recluse, and seldom exhibited any pictures. From eight to fifteen he was at King's College School. He then studied art successively at Mr. Cary's studio in Bloomsbury, at the Academy, and in the studio of Mr. F. Madox Brown. In 1849 he exhibited his first oil picture, "The Girlhood of the Virgin," and in the following year he painted the present picture. In 1860 he married his model, Miss Elizabeth Siddall, who died two years later, and in whose coffin he buried the manuscript of his poems. In the later years of his life he suffered from insomnia and depression of spirits: he yielded too much to chloral, and died at Birchington-on-Sea at the age of fifty-four.

This picture is admirably illustrative—in its sincerity and simplicity—of the aims of the Pre-Raphaelite school, whilst at the same time it is wholly free from the affectations peculiar to Rossetti which characterise his later works. Mr. Ruskin,

who was the earliest literary advocate of the Pre-Raphaelites,[1] defined their leading principle as the resolve "to paint things as they probably did look and happen, and not, as by rules of art developed under Raphael (hence the name 'pre, or before Raphaelite'), they might be supposed gracefully, deliciously, or sublimely to have happened." To understand the meaning of the change, compare, for instance, the Virgin in this picture waking from her sleep on a pallet bed, in a plain room, startled by sudden words and ghostly presence which she does not comprehend, and casting in her mind what manner of salutation this should be, with the Madonnas of the old masters "dressed in scrupulously folded and exquisitely falling robes of blue, with edges embroidered in gold (see III. 666, p. 52), kneeling under arcades of exquisite architecture, and receiving the angel's message with their hands folded on their breasts in the most graceful positions, and the missals they had been previously studying laid open on their knees" (see VIII. 739, p. 184). The angel Gabriel is appearing to the Virgin to announce unto her the birth of a son, Jesus. The Virgin rises to meet him — "Ecce Ancilla Domini," "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word." "Rossetti's 'Annunciation' differs," says Mr. Ruskin, "from every previous conception of the scene known to me,[2] in representing the angel as

[1] In a preface to an Annotated Catalogue of the Millais exhibition (by Mr. A. Gordon Crawford), Mr. Ruskin wrote (January 22, 1886) as follows: "I must in the outset broadly efface any impression that may be given by it of my criticisms having been of any service to the Pre-Raphaelite School, except in protecting it against vulgar outcry. The painters themselves rightly resented the idea of misjudging friends that I was either their precursor or their guide: they were entirely original in their thoughts, and independent in their practice. Rossetti, I fear, even exaggerated his colour because I told him it was too violent; and, to this very day, my love of Turner dims Mr. Burne-Jones's pleasure in my praise."

[2] Upon the originality of thought displayed in this picture Mr. Holman Hunt has expressed himself as follows: "We will not presume in concert to lay down the law about his merits, but I think there is no reason why I should not state my own view about one of his paintings which I saw at the National Gallery a few weeks since. It was a copying day. I had gone in mainly to see the new Raphael, and I had seen it, and had enjoyed the contemplation of many more of our precious possessions, those naturally which were new most arresting my attention. In turning about to see that I was in nobody's way, the picture of The Annunciation, by Rossetti, seemed to speak to me long-forgotten words. I approached; it

waking the Virgin from sleep to give her his message. The Messenger himself also differs from angels as they are commonly represented, in not depending, for recognition of his supernatural character, on the insertion of bird's wings at his shoulders. If we are to know him for an angel at all, it must be by his face, which is that simply of youthful, but grave, manhood. He is neither transparent in body, luminous in presence, nor auriferous in apparel;—wears a plain, long, white robe;—casts a natural and undiminished shadow,—and although there are flames beneath his feet, which upbear him, so that he does not touch the earth, these are unseen by the Virgin. She herself is an English, not a Jewish girl, of about sixteen or seventeen, of such pale and thoughtful beauty as Rossetti could best imagine for her. She has risen half up, not *started* up, in being awakened; and is not looking at the angel, but only thinking, with eyes cast down, as if supposing herself in a strange dream. The morning light fills the room, and shows at the foot of her little pallet-bed, her embroidery work, left off the evening before,—an upright lily. Upright, and very accurately upright, as also the edges of the piece of cloth in its frame,—as also the gliding form of the angel,—as also, in severe foreshortening, that of the Virgin herself. It has been studied, so far as it has been studied at all, from a very thin model; and the disturbed coverlid is thrown into confused angular folds, which admit no suggestion whatever of ordinary girlish grace. So that, to any spectator little inclined towards the praise of barren 'uprightness,' and accustomed on the contrary to expect radiance in archangels, and grace in Madonnas, the first effect of the design must be extremely displeasing. . . . But the reader will, if careful in reflection, discover in all the Pre-Raphaelite pictures, however distinct

was being copied by two ladies, and I felt at once that they had made a wise selection. The living merit of the work made it stand out as among the most genuine creations in the gallery, and I distinctly concluded that there was no painting there, done by hands so young as Rossetti's were when he did that, which could be compared to it. He was twenty-one at the time. Raphael was twenty-four when he painted the Ansidei Madonna. Raphael's picture, although of course more complex, and having special value as containing evidence of the steps by which he reached his final excellence, is not to be compared to it for the difficulty of the attempt, or for the artistic discrimination of form, and there is no hint of the power of expression which Rossetti's work gives." (Address on the occasion of the unveiling of the Rossetti Memorial Fountain, printed in the *Pall Mall Budget*, July 21, 1887.)

otherwise in aim and execution, an effort to represent things as they are, or were, or may be, instead of, according to the practice of their instructors and the wishes of their public, things as they are *not*, never were, and never can be: this effort being founded deeply on a conviction that it is at first better, and finally more pleasing, for human minds to contemplate things as they are, than as they are not. Thus, Mr. Rossetti, in this and subsequent works of the kind, thought it better for himself and his public to make some effort towards a real notion of what actually did happen in the carpenter's cottage at Nazareth, giving rise to the subsequent traditions delivered in the Gospels, than merely to produce a variety in the pattern of Virgin, pattern of Virgin's gown, and pattern of Virgin's house, which had been set by the jewellers of the fifteenth century" (*The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism*, in *O. O. R.*, i. 312-318; see also *The Art of England*, Lecture i.)

SCREEN II

379. LANDSCAPE WITH LYCIAN PEASANTS.

W. J. Müller (1812–1845). *See under* 1040, p. 519.

A view taken, no doubt, on one of the artist's Eastern journeys. In the distance is Mount Massicytus.

563. JERUSALEM AND THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

Thomas Seddon (1821–1857).

Seddon, born in the parish of St. Botolph, Aldersgate, was the son of the eminent cabinet-maker, and was brought up to his father's business, devoting himself more particularly to the designing of furniture. He subsequently adopted painting as his profession, and was a devotee of the strictest sect of the Pre-Raphaelites, of which Mr. Holman Hunt was, and is, the most illustrious member. In 1849, when he went on his first sketching tour to Bettws-y-Coed, we see the spirit in which he approached his art. He was in the company of several artists, and was much surprised at their thinking a day enough for a sketch, for which to him weeks seemed all too few. He applauded too, says his biographer, "the heroic resolution of an amateur who declared he would give himself three weeks' hard labour to endeavour to draw one single branch of a tree properly, and would only go on drawing if he found he succeeded in that attempt." In 1853 he accompanied Mr. Holman Hunt to the East, whence he returned in 1854 with two

finished pictures, the "Pyramids of Ghizeh," and this one of Jerusalem, which was painted on the spot, and took five months' continuous work in its execution. "After visiting every part of the city," he wrote from Jerusalem, "and surrounding country to determine what I would do, I have encamped upon the hill to the south, looking up the valley of Jehoshaphat; I have sketched the view which I see from the opening of my tent. I am painting from one hundred yards higher up, where I see more of the valley, with the Tombs of the Kings and Gethsemane. I get up before five, breakfast, and begin soon after six. I come in at twelve and dine, and sleep for an hour; and then, about two, paint till sunset." During all this time Seddon camped out—sleeping in a deserted tomb in the Field of Aceldama, on the Hill of Evil Counsel. On his return to London, Seddon opened an exhibition of his Eastern sketches at 14 Berners Street (March-June 1855). "Mr. Ruskin came," he writes, "and stayed a long time. He was much pleased with everything and especially 'Jerusalem,' which he praised wonderfully; and in good truth it is something for a man who has studied pictures so much to say, 'Well, Mr. S., before I saw these, I never thought it possible to attain such an effect of tone and light without sacrificing truth of colour.'" Shortly afterwards Seddon, who resided at 27 Grove Terrace, Kentish Town, married. In 1856 he had another exhibition of his works, this time at Conduit Street. In the autumn of that year he set out for a second journey to the East, but was seized with dysentery and died at Cairo, where he is buried. A committee was formed in London—consisting of Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Ford Madox-Brown, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and others—to arrange an exhibition of his works and promote a memorial, which was to consist of the purchase of this picture from his widow for 400 guineas and its presentation to the National Gallery. Mr. Ruskin, speaking at a conversazione at the Society of Arts on behalf of the fund, said "that the position which Mr. Seddon occupied as an artist appears to deserve some public recognition quite other than could be generally granted to genius, however great, which had been occupied only in previously beaten paths. Mr. Seddon's works are the first which represent a truly historic landscape art; that is to say, they are the first landscapes uniting perfect artistical skill with topographical accuracy; being directed, with stern self-restraint, to no other purpose than that of giving to persons who cannot travel trustworthy knowledge of the scenes which ought to be most interesting to them. Whatever degrees of truth may have been attained or attempted by previous artists have been more or less subordinate to pictorial or dramatic effect. In Mr. Seddon's works, the primal object is to place the spectator, as far as art can do, in the scene represented, and to give him the perfect sensation of its reality, wholly unmodified by the artist's execution." The question before them, he added, was "whether they would further the noble cause of truth in art, while they gave honour to a good and a great man, and consolation to those who loved him; or whether they would add one more to the victories

of oblivion, and suffer this picture, wrought in the stony desert of Aceldama, which was the last of his labours, to be also the type of his reward; whether they would suffer the thorn and the thistle to choke the seed that he had sown, and the sand of the desert to sweep over his forgotten grave." In response to this appeal a sum of £600 was raised; the picture was duly presented to the National Gallery, and the balance of the money was given to Mrs. Seddon as a further tribute of respect to her husband's memory (*Memoirs and Letters of the late Thomas Seddon, Artist.* By his brother, 1858).

The foreground from which the view of Jerusalem is taken is the southern summit of the Olivet mountains which "stand round about Jerusalem," known as the Hill of Evil Counsel, whereon the chief priests "bought the potter's field to bury strangers in" with Judas's thirty pieces of silver. The sleeping figure under the pomegranate tree represents the painter's Syrian servant, resting during the heat of the day. Facing the spectator on the left are seen the modern walls of Jerusalem, and the mosque of El-Aska on Mount Moriah, supposed to be on the site of the ancient Temple. "As now the dome of the mosque El-Aska, so then must have risen the Temple-tower; as now the vast enclosure of the Mussulman sanctuary, so then must have spread the Temple-courts; as now the gray town on its broken hills, so then the magnificent city, with its background — long since vanished away — of gardens and suburbs on the western plateau behind. Immediately below was the valley of the Kedron, here seen in its greatest depth as it joins the valley of Hinnom, and thus giving full effect to the great peculiarity of Jerusalem seen only on its eastern side—its situation as of a city rising out of a deep abyss." [1] Below the walls of the city are the terraces of Mount Zion and the village of Siloam. Running north and south is the valley of the Kedron, identified with the valley of Jehoshaphat or of the Divine judgment, long regarded by Christian and Mussulman pilgrims as the destined scene of the judgment of the world. On the east of the valley is the ridge of the Mount of Olives, with the garden of Gethsemane

[1] Dean Stanley (*Sinai and Palestine*, 1873, p. 193). But the same peculiarity sometimes strikes the spectator as he looks at the city in this view of it from the south. I was once standing before this picture when two French visitors came up to it. They missed the inscription, and gave the picture only a momentary glance. "What can it be?" asked one of them. "Why, it must be a recollection of Monaco, of course," replied his friend.

sloping down to the valley, and nearer to the spectator the "Mount of Offence," so called from Solomon's idol-worship. "I am told," wrote the artist (June 10, 1854) in describing the view represented in his picture, "that, a month ago, the Mount of Olives was covered with beautiful flowers; now they are all over, and, as most of the corn is cut, it is rather bare. It is dotted over with scattered olive trees which, in our Saviour's time, were probably thick groves, giving a good shelter from the heat of the sun. Its present look is peculiar; the rock is a light-gray limestone, showing itself in narrow ledges all up the sides; the soil is whitish, and the grass, now burned to a yellowish colour on the ledges in narrow strips, forms altogether a most delicate and beautiful colour, on which the gray-green olives stand out in dark relief. The evening sun makes it at first golden hued, and afterwards literally, as Tennyson writes, 'the purple brows of Olivet.'"

The topographical accuracy of the picture has been noticed in Mr. Ruskin's words above. Anything short of it would have seemed sacrilege to the painter. The spirit in which he set himself to depict the Holy City comes out very clearly in the same letter from which we have just quoted. "Besides the beauty of this land," he writes, "one cannot help feeling that one is treading upon holy ground; and it is impossible to tread the same soil which our Lord trod, and wander over His favourite walks with the apostles, and follow the very road that He went from Gethsemane to the Cross, without seriously feeling that it is a solemn reality, and no dream." It was one of the dearest wishes of his heart that this picture should find its way to the National Gallery. He had offered it to a gentleman, who expressed a wish to purchase it, for a lower sum than he would otherwise have taken, on the condition that he would promise to leave it to the nation on his decease; and he left behind him a memorandum of plans for a larger version of the same subject to be placed in some public gallery, so as to give the public a "correct representation of the very places which were so often trod by our Redeemer during His sojourn on earth." One cannot have a more instructive lesson in Pre-Raphaelitism than by comparing this picture—painted in such a spirit and depicting a scene as it really looks—with Sir Charles Eastlake's representation, in the next room (397, p. 554), of the scene as he supposed it might gracefully and prettily have looked. The latter version will often attract more than

Seddon's, the clear blue sky and complete absence of atmosphere here being in particular a block of offence to those unacquainted with the East. But the very unattractiveness of the true scene is not without significance. "The first view of Olivet impresses us chiefly by its bare matter-of-fact appearance; the first approach to the hills of Judæa reminds the English traveller not of the most, but of the least, striking portions of the mountains of his own country. Yet all this renders the Holy Land the fitting cradle of a religion which expressed itself not through the voices of rustling forests, or the clefts of mysterious precipices, but through the souls and hearts of men; which was destined to have no home on earth, least of all in its own birthplace; which has attained its full dimensions only in proportion as it has travelled farther from its original source, to the daily life and homes of nations as far removed from Palestine in thought and feeling as they are in climate and latitude; which, alone of all religions, claims to be founded not on fancy or feeling, but on Fact and Truth" (Stanley: *Sinai and Palestine*, p. 156).

ROOM XXI

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL (*Continued*)

231. THOMAS DANIELL, R.A.

Sir D. Wilkie, R.A. (1785–1841). *See under* XX. 99, p. 490.

Thomas Daniell, born 1749, was the son of an inn-keeper at Chertsey, and had been apprenticed to an heraldic painter. In 1784 he set out with his nephew William for India, where he stayed for ten years, and acquired a competence as a landscape painter. There is an Indian landscape by him in this room, 899, p. 562. On his return to London he set to work on the publication of six large volumes of *Oriental Scenery*, the plates being executed by himself and his nephew. He published many other illustrated works of architecture and travel, and was a Fellow of the Royal Society as well as R.A. He died at Kensington at the age of ninety-one.

402. A SCENE FROM "DON QUIXOTE."

C. R. Leslie, R.A. (1794–1859). *See under* XX. 403, p. 514.

This picture, exhibited in 1844, is a repetition (for Mr. Vernon), with some slight alterations, of a picture painted for Lord Egremont, and exhibited in 1824, when the following quotation was affixed—

"First and foremost I must tell you I look on my master, Don Quixote, to be no better than a downright madman, though sometimes he will stumble upon a parcel of sayings so quaint and so lightly put

together, that the devil himself could not mend them; but in the main, I cannot beat it out of my noddle but that he is as mad as a March hare. Now because I am pretty confident of knowing his blind side, whatever crotchets come into my crown, though without either head or tail, yet can I make them pass on him for gospel. Such was the answer to his letter and another sham that I put upon him the other day, and is not in print yet, touching my lady Dulcinea's enchantment; for you must know, between you and I, she is no more enchanted than the man in the moon" (*Don Quixote*, vol. iii. ch. xxxiii., Shelton's translation).

"In the expressions of the actors, says Tom Taylor, "the painter has caught the very spirit of the scene. Sancho, half-shrewd, half-obtuse, takes the duchess into his confidence, with a finger laid along his nose; his way of sitting shows that he is on a style of seat he is unused to. Chantrey (the sculptor) sat to Leslie for the expression of the Sancho, and his hearty sense of humour qualified him to embody the character well. The duchess's enjoyment breaks through the habitual restraint of her high breeding and the grave courtesy of her Spanish manners in the sweetest half-smile—a triumph of subtle expression. The sour and literal Doña Rodriguez is evidently not forgetful how Sancho, on his arrival, had desired her to have a care of Dapple. The mirth of the whispering waiting-maid culminates in the broad sunshiny grin of the mulatto-woman. All the accessories are painted with the nicest sense of propriety. Petworth was a treasure house to Leslie of old-world wealth in furniture, jewellery, china, and toilet ornaments; and during his visits there he made careful and numerous studies of such objects."

620. A RIVER SCENE.

F. R. Lee, R.A. (1799–1879), *and T. Sidney Cooper, R.A.* (born 1803: still living).

One of the results of an artistic partnership which began about 1848, and continued for many years; the present picture was exhibited in 1855. The cattle are by Mr. Cooper, whose works are still familiar to visitors at the Academy; the landscape by Frederick Richard Lee. He was originally a soldier, but left the service owing to delicate health, and entered as an Academy student in 1818. He became a regular exhibitor at the Academy from 1827 onwards, being elected A.R.A. in 1834, and R.A. in 1838. His pictures were chiefly landscapes, but in later years he exhibited some successful sea-pieces—such as "Plymouth Breakwater" in 1856 (see for Mr. Ruskin's estimate of the painter *Academy Notes*, 1856, p. 22; and *Modern Painters*, vol. i., Preface to second edition, p. xix. *n.*)

A broad river at evening, with cattle added by Mr. Cooper—

> . . . The dews will soone be falling;
> Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
> Mellow, mellow;
> Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
> Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
> Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
> Hollow, hollow.
>
> JEAN INGELOW: *High Tide.*

120. JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, R.A. (1737–1823).

Sir William Beechey, R.A. (1753–1839).

It is somewhat curious that this should be the only picture by Beechey in the National Gallery, for he had surpassed all painters up to his time in the number of his contributions to the Academy, having exhibited 362 portraits there—including those of nearly all the famous and fashionable personages of the time. At the age of nineteen he had left a notary's office at Stowe in Gloucestershire and come up to London to be articled to a solicitor, but as a matter of fact he went off to the Academy Schools, and rapidly made himself a great name as a portrait painter. In 1793 he was elected A.R.A., and was appointed portrait painter to the Queen. In 1798 he painted a picture (now at Hampton Court) of a Royal Review in Hyde Park, which procured him his election as R.A. and the honour of knighthood. He is not one of the great portrait painters, but his works are adequate and vigorous, and are another instance of the general excellence of the English School in this branch of art.

Nollekens is one of the most curious figures in the history of English art. He was for more than half a century the fashionable sculptor of his time—the predecessor in this respect of Sir Francis Chantrey. Kings, statesmen, actors, authors, beauties, all sat to him. He restored the "Townley Venus" and many other ancient sculptures; he executed also many mythological groups of his own, and his mural monuments were in great request. But he was a rough, vulgar, uneducated man; and, in spite of some latent kindness of heart, was a confirmed miser. He left behind him a fortune of £200,000, his executors being Sir William Beechey and a former apprentice, Mr. J. T. Smith. The latter gentleman had expected more than the £100 bequeathed him for his trouble, and avenged himself by writing an ill-natured but exceedingly entertaining work on his old friend (*Nollekens and his Times*, 1828). A more friendly life is contained in Allan Cunningham's

book. In these works the visitor may read how "old Nolly," or "little Nolly," drove a splendid trade at Rome by doing up old sculptures for new; how he boasted to Lord Mansfield of having smuggled, in one of his busts, the lace ruffles that he went to court in, and how he saved by living on the scraps he called "Roman Cuttings"; and how when his wife Mary, who surpassed him in frugality, hoped he was not going to ask some visitors to dinner, he promised "never to encourage that sort of thing: let them get their meals at home." But there was one distinguished visitor who was always admitted — Dr. Johnson to wit, who used to back "his friend Joe Nollekens to chop out a head with any of them," and say that "Mary might have been his if little Joe had not stept in." Many too are the anecdotes of Nollekens and his sitters and his models. Something of the old man's miserliness and rough originality may be traced in this portrait.

432. THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

E. M. Ward, R.A. (1816–1879). *See under* XX. 431, p. 510.

> The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath;
> And these are of them.

A scene in Change Alley in 1720—"when the South Sea Company were voting dividends of fifty per cent, when a hundred pounds of their stock were selling for £1100, when Threadneedle Street was daily crowded with the coaches of dukes and prelates, when divines and philosophers turned gamblers, when a thousand kindred bubbles were daily blown into existence,—the periwig-company, and the Spanish-jackass-company, and the quicksilver-fixation-company" (Macaulay's *Essays*). "The crowds were so great indoors," adds Lord Mahon (*History of England*), "that tables with clerks were set in the streets. In this motley throng were blended all ranks, all professions, and all parties, churchmen and dissenters, whigs and tories, country gentlemen and brokers. An eager strife of tongues prevailed in this second Babel; new reports, new subscriptions, new transfers flew from mouth to mouth; and the voices of ladies (for even many ladies had turned gamblers) rose loud and incessant above the general throng."

> Our greatest ladies hither come
> And ply in chariots daily,
> Or pawn their jewels for a sum,
> To venture it in Alley. *Ballad of the Time.*

356. "YOUTH ON THE PROW AND PLEASURE AT THE HELM."

W. Etty, R.A. (1787–1847). *See under* XX. 614, p. 502.

This picture (exhibited 1832) is a transfer to canvas of the picture in Gray's *Bard* of the lull before a storm, of pleasure before destruction—

> Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
> While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
> In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
> Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
> Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
> That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning prey.

605. THE DEFEAT OF COMUS.

Sir E. Landseer, R.A. (1802–1873). *See under* XX. 1226, p. 505.

The victims of Comus's sorceries (see XVIII. 1182, p. 458) assumed, as the potion worked its spell, "the inglorious likeness of a beast." But the attendant spirit, sent by Jupiter to befriend the innocent, warns the two brothers, who had lost their sister in the wood, that she is in the power of Comus, and instructs them to "rush on him: break his glass, And shed the luscious liquor on the ground." One of them is here seen rushing in with his spear and overturning the monsters in the doorway on the right. The glass has been dashed to the ground, and Comus, in the centre of the picture, throws up his magic wand in despair. One of his revel rout still clings appealingly to him, for those who drink of his cup "all their friends and native home forget, To roll with pleasure in a sensual stye." The picture is a sketch painted for the Queen in 1843 for a fresco in the summer-house at Buckingham Palace. The task set before Landseer was curiously opposite to the natural bent of his genius. At other times he painted beasts as half human, here he had to paint men and women as half beasts: but he makes their faces human still: notice, for instance, the tears in the eyes of two of the female monsters.

922. A CHILD WITH A KID.

Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A. (1760–1830). *See* 144, p. 445.

A portrait of Lady Giorgiana Fane at the age of five, dated 1800. The affectation of the "setting"—the child being made to stand on a bank by a tub of clothes with a kid in the water by her side—is characteristic of Lawrence's taste, whose

children will hardly bear comparison with those of Reynolds and Gainsborough. The circumstances of the painter's own early life perhaps had something to do with it: having been a show boy himself, he made show children of his little sitters also.

603. THE SLEEPING BLOODHOUND.

Sir E. Landseer, R.A. (1802–1873). *See under* XX. 1226, p. 505.

Another instance of Landseer's astonishing rapidity of work (see under 409, p. 510). The hound, called "Countess," belonged to Landseer's friend, Mr. Jacob Bell. "She was lying one night on a balcony awaiting her master's return. She heard the wheels of his gig in the distance, and in leaping down missed her balance, fell between twenty and thirty feet, and died during the night. Next morning (Monday), her master took her to Landseer in hopes of securing a sketch of the old favourite, who had long been waiting for a sitting. The sight of the unfortunate hound, Mr. Bell said, suddenly changed an expression of something approaching vexation (at the interruption of his work) into one of sorrow and sympathy, and after the first expression of regret at the misfortune, the verdict was laconic and characteristic: 'This is an opportunity not to be lost; go away; come on Thursday at two o'clock.' It was then about midday, Monday. On Thursday, two o'clock, there was 'Countess' as large as life, asleep, as she is now" (*Stephens*, pp. 75, 76).

1142. THE AUGUST MOON.

Cecil G. Lawson (1851–1882).

Cecil Lawson was one of the most promising artists who have been affected by the recent movement in English art towards landscape for the sake of landscape, rather than landscape as the frame for some definite human interest (see Chesneau's *English School*, p. 256). He was the youngest son of Mr. William Lawson, of Edinburgh, a portrait painter; and "having shown an early taste for art, he studied its technicalities under his father's guidance, and while still a boy devoted himself to landscape." He first drew in black and white for magazines. Afterwards he exhibited at the Academy in 1870 a view of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea (where he resided). He continued to exhibit at the Academy for some years, but when the Grosvenor Gallery was opened, exhibited there—this picture was at the Grosvenor in 1880. His early London pictures met with much success, but he was a member of none of the art societies, and his later pictures of pure landscape did not meet with equal acceptance: this one was presented to

the National Gallery by his widow in fulfilment of his wish. He had married in 1879; and a few years later his health declined. He went to the South of France, but returned no stronger, and died at Brighton at the early age of thirty-one.

A wide stretch of plashy country painted at Blackdown, near Haslemere, in Surrey, where the painter lived for some time after his marriage—

. . . a glimmering land
Lit with a low large moon.

TENNYSON: *Palace of Art.*

621. THE HORSE FAIR.

Rosa Bonheur (French: born 1822; still living).

Mdlle. Rosalie Bonheur, usually called Rosa Bonheur, the most talented of French animal painters, was born at Bordeaux. Her father was an artist, and when the family afterwards settled in Paris she used to frequent the streets and *abattoirs* to draw all kinds of animals. She first exhibited at the Salon in 1841, and was decorated with the Legion of Honour in 1865. A still higher compliment was paid her in 1870-1871, when, during the siege of Paris, her studio and residence at By, on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau, were spared by the special order of the (then) Crown Prince. For many years she regularly attended horse fairs both in France—such as she has here depicted—and abroad, adopting as a rule men's costume in order to carry out her studies and purchases without attracting attention. Mr. Frith relates how when he and Sir John Millais went to lunch with her in 1868, they were met at the station by a carriage, the coachman appearing to be a French Abbé. "The driver wore a black broad-brimmed hat and black cloak, long white hair with a cheery rosy face. It was Rosa Bonheur, who lives at her château with a lady companion, and others in the form of boars, lions, and deer, who serve as models."

This picture is a repetition from a larger one of the same subject, which, for its vigour and spirit, is one of the artist's most celebrated productions. Mr. Ruskin, whilst praising the artist's power, calls attention to "one stern fact concerning art" which detracts from her full success. "No painter of animals ever yet was entirely great who shrank from painting the human face; and Mdlle. Bonheur *does* shrink from it. . . . In the Horse Fair the human faces are nearly all dexterously, but disagreeably, hidden, and the one clearly shown has not the slightest character. Mdlle. Bonheur may rely upon this, that if she cannot paint a man's face she can neither paint a horse's, a dog's, nor a bull's. There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a

flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul. I assure Mdlle. Bonheur, strange as the words may sound to her after what she has been told by huntsmen and racers, she has never painted a horse yet. She has only painted trotting bodies of horses" (*Academy Notes*, 1858, pp. 32, 33).

416. Mr. ROBERT VERNON.

H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. (1782–1875).

Henry W. Pickersgill was the son of a silk-weaver at Spitalfields. He had from boyhood a strong love of painting, and for nearly three-quarters of a century was connected with the Academy, first as student, then as exhibitor (from 1806 onwards), as A.R.A. in 1802, R.A. in 1826, and Librarian in 1856. He exhibited in all 363 pictures at the Academy, mostly portraits, which included a large proportion of all the eminent persons of his time.

This portrait, taken in 1846, is said to be "a striking and exact likeness" of Mr. Vernon (1774-1849), who is entitled to the grateful remembrance of every visitor as one of the largest benefactors that the National Gallery has had. Up to the year 1847 it contained only forty-one pictures of the British School; but on December 22 of that year Mr. Vernon presented by deed of gift his collection of 157 pictures, all, with only two exceptions, by painters of the British School. Mr. Vernon had been as generous a patron in forming the collection as he was munificent in giving it away. He was a horse-dealer who made his money by supplying the army during the Wellington wars. Of the fortune thus amassed, he spent at least £150,000 on the works of contemporary artists. He was one of the band of amateurs more numerous half a century ago perhaps than now, who collected works of art, "influenced (as Mr. Frith says) by the love of it, and not by the notion of investment so common in the last few years." He made it a rule always to buy from the painters themselves, and not from dealers. He was always anxious too, to find out and encourage rising talent. "There is a gentleman here," wrote Sir Thomas Lawrence in 1829 to a young artist in Rome whom he befriended, "who is desirous of having two small pictures of you, at your own price and subject. He is not in the circles of fashion, but known to almost all our artists by his liberal patronage and gentlemanly conduct. His name

is Vernon." But with a view of making his gallery representative of the best work of his time, he was in the habit, "from time to time, and at an immense sacrifice of money, of 'weeding' his collection, never, however, parting with any man's work whom he did not purpose (and for him to purpose was always to perform) commissioning to execute a more important subject in his improved style. His merit, however, was not confined to this more direct and public patronage of art and artist. He was a patron in the least ostentatious sense of the term. Many are the cases in which he befriended an artist because he was an artist, and without any direct expectation of reaping the fruits of his well-timed benevolence. Nor was his unostentatious munificence confined to his favourite pursuit. He expended large sums in charity, public and private, and it was his pleasure to exercise that highest kind of charity which does not consist in the mere giving of money, but in the giving it under circumstances which make the gift of more value" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1849, vol. xxxii.) Mr. Vernon is here painted with a pet spaniel—similar to one of those which he commissioned Landseer to paint for him (XX. 409, p. 510.)

608. ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

Sir E. Landseer, R.A. (1802–1873). *See under* XX. 1226, p. 505.

The celebrated Greek cynic is said to have shown his contempt for riches by taking up his abode in a large tub. Plutarch relates that Alexander visited him when in his tub at Corinth, and said to him, "I am Alexander the Great;" "and I am Diogenes the Cynic," replied the philosopher. "What can I do for you?" said the king. "Stand out of the sunshine," said the cynic. Alexander, struck with the remark, to reprove those of his courtiers who were ridiculing the uncouth rudeness of the Greek philosopher, said, "If I were not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes." Landseer "personifies Diogenes by a dingy, meditative little beast in inferior condition of health and of poor belongings. He appears to be a farrier's tyke, to judge by the box of nails, with its thumb-hole, and the hammer, which lie before the tub; and he is undoubtedly of abstemious habits, if we may judge by the 'rope' of onions and the herbs suspended at the side of his place of shelter, and the potatoes which lie on the flag-stones. Alexander, the big white bull-dog, with his military collar,

stands before the tub, and regarding its cynical occupant askant, knits his brows—not a dog's action, by the bye—at once inquiringly and with hauteur. The courtiers are commonplace; two are whining, with hypocritical mouths turned down, the one has upcast eyes, the other is self-absorbed in meditation, and with his eyes dreamingly half-closed, occupies part of the background. A greyhound of the gentler sex, whose collar is decorated with a hawk's bell, and who is herself a courtier, is courted by the sneaking little spaniel, with his set smile on his lips, and adulatory eyes as lustrous as globes of glass. A contumelious spaniel of another breed is near, and, with nose upturned and scornful, looks at the more scornful and not less insincere cynic, who, with greater pride, tramples on the pride of Alexander" (*Stephens*, pp. 91, 92). "Politicians," says Mr. Bell, by whom the picture was bequeathed to the National Gallery, "and persons having a lively imagination, may see in Alexander the type of a successful bully, who has fought his way in the world by *physical force*, and has a sovereign contempt for *moral influence.* His motto is '*vi et armis*,' in support of which propensity he has obtained a few scars. Nevertheless he is quite ready at any moment—

> To fight his battles o'er again,'
> And thrice to slay the slain.

Among his followers may be traced the portraits of a numerous class of persons who are always to be found in the wake of lucky adventurers, looking out for any share of the spoil which chance or flattery may bring within their grasp" (*Descriptive Catalogue of Pictures, etc., exhibited at the Marylebone Institution, etc.*, 1859).

1170. ST. AUGUSTINE AND ST. MONICA

Ary Scheffer (French-Dutch: 1795–1858).

An artist who once enjoyed a great vogue (a version of this picture was bought in 1845 by the ex-Queen of the French for £1000), and whose pictures are historically interesting for their extraordinary absence of the colour-sense. Ary Scheffer's pictures, says Mr. Ruskin (*Academy Notes*, 1858, p. 40), are designed "on the assumption that the noblest ideal of colour is to be found in dust," and what he said in 1846 of the German School is equally true of Ary Scheffer: "Brightness of colour is altogether inadmissible without purity and harmony; and the sacred painters must not be followed in their frankness of unshadowed colour, unless we can also follow them in its clearness. As far as I am acquainted with the modern schools of Germany, they seem to be entirely ignorant

of the value of colour as an assistant of feeling, and to think that hardness, dryness, and opacity are its virtues as employed in religious art; whereas I hesitate not to affirm that in such art, more than in any other, clearness, luminousness, and intensity of hue are essential to right impression" (*Modern Painters*, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. ii. ch. v. § 15). Ary Scheffer, whose father was court painter at Amsterdam, was born at Dordrecht. On the death of his father in 1809 his mother removed to Paris, and he became a pupil of Pierre Guérin. In 1826 he became drawing master in the Orleans family, and for the rest of his life he was attached to them. In 1830, in company with Thiers, he brought Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, to Paris; in 1848 he helped the king to fly, and went with him to Brussels. The events of the next few years shocked him so much that for a time he "could neither paint, eat, nor sleep," and he ceased altogether to exhibit. His best known works are "Paolo and Francesca" (1822), and "Dante and Beatrice" (1839). The former of these sold in 1842 for over £2000; but at the posthumous exhibition of his works, held shortly after his death, his reputation suffered greatly, and at subsequent sales the prices paid for his pictures went down with a rush. Their sentimentality made them popular for a while, but it could not save them from the condemnation due to their commonness of thought and poverty of colour.

To illustrate the popularity which Ary Scheffer enjoyed forty years ago, it may be interesting to cite what Mrs. Jameson said of this picture: "I saw in the atelier of the painter, Ary Scheffer, in 1845, an admirable picture of St. Augustine and his mother Monica. The two figures, not quite full-length, are seated; she holds his hand in both hers, looking up to heaven with an expression of enthusiastic undoubting faith;—'the son of so many tears cannot be cast away! He also is looking up with an ardent, eager, but anxious, doubtful expression, which seems to say, 'Help thou my unbelief.' For profound and truthful feeling and significance, I know few things in the compass of modern art that can be compared to this picture" (*Sacred and Legendary Art*, 1850, p. 186).

397. CHRIST LAMENTING OVER JERUSALEM.

Sir C. Eastlake, P.R.A. (1793–1866)

See under XX. 398, p. 533.

The "refined feeling and deep thoughtfulness" which characterise Sir C. Eastlake's works, rather than any other merits, are conspicuous in this carefully thought-out picture. Christ is seated upon the Mount of Olives, and the disciples have "come unto him, saying, Tell us, when shall these things be?" He laments over Jerusalem: "How often would I have

gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" (Matthew xxiii. 37, 38; xxiv. 3). Near the hen is a woman leading a child, and carrying a vessel of water on her head; and in the middle ground is a shepherd with his flock; for it was to be when they should say "Peace and safety," that sudden destruction should come upon them (1 Thessalonians v. 3). The woodman's axe, one sees, has been already struck into the root of the tree.

401. THE CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, ANTWERP.

David Roberts, R.A. (1796–1864).

Roberts was the chief architectural painter of his day. "The fidelity of intention and honesty of system of Roberts," says Mr. Ruskin, "have always been meritorious; his drawing of architecture is dependent on no unintelligible lines or blots, or substituted types; the main lines of the real design are always there, and its hollowness and undercuttings given with exquisite feeling; his sense of solidity of form is very peculiar, leading him to dwell with great delight on the roundings of edges and angles; his execution is dexterous and delicate" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 35). Of his skill in this respect, his other picture in this gallery—the "Cathedral of Burgos" (on the Screen, 400, p. 572), painted in 1835, thirteen years earlier than this one—is a better example, for "he had a great gift of expressing the ins and outs of Spanish balconies and roofs, and the hollow work of complex tracery. . . . His old painting of the spires of Burgos Cathedral—of its turreted chapter-house, the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, etc., involved points of interest and displays of skill which his later subjects seldom contained or admitted" (*Academy Notes*, 1859, p. 18). The present picture was a commission from Mr. Vernon.

Roberts was the son of a shoemaker (born at Stockbridge, near Edinburgh), and showed early taste for art, but his father wanted him to stick to the cobbler's last. As a kind of compromise, we may suppose, he was apprenticed for seven years to a house-painter and decorator. He devoted his evenings to artistic painting, and for some years divided his time between house decorating and scene painting—appearing also sometimes as an actor in pantomime. In 1820 he made Clarkson Stanfield's acquaintance, and at his advice began exhibiting as an artist. In 1822 he moved to London, and obtained appointments with Stanfield as a scene painter. In 1826 he went to Normandy, and a picture of Rouen Cathedral that he exhibited in that year at the Academy laid the foundation of his fame as an artist. In 1832-1833 he visited Spain; in 1838 the East. The sketches made on these, as on other foreign tours, were afterwards engraved in *Landscape Annuals* and other illustrated volumes. In 1831 he was elected President of the Society of British Artists, in 1839 A.R.A., in 1841 R.A.; and in 1858 he

was presented with the freedom of the city of Edinburgh. In 1863 several of his pictures were sold at the dispersal of the Bicknell Collection, and fetched five, and sometimes even ten, times the prices he had been paid for them twenty years earlier. He was painting a view of St. Paul's when he was stricken with apoplexy, and died the same day.

"The church, as it at present exists, is a work of the seventeenth century. The original church, which was attached to a Dominican convent, was destroyed in 1547. The marble altar is by Pieter Verbrugghen, the younger; the altar-piece, by Cornelis Cels, was painted in Rome in 1807" (Official Catalogue).

1169. MRS. ROBERT HOLLOND.

Ary Scheffer (French-Dutch: 1795–1858).

See under 1170, p. 553.

A portrait of the lady—an English resident in Paris, and a friend of Ary Scheffer—who sat to him for St. Monica. The two pictures were bequeathed to the Gallery by her husband.

1209. THE VAGRANTS.

Frederick Walker, A.R.A. (1840–1875).

This highly gifted artist was born in London and educated at the North London School. "At the age of sixteen we find him copying from the antique sculptures in the British Museum. This, we may suppose, was his first step in art education, and it is in a way significant of certain qualities in his design that he was always very careful to cultivate and to preserve. Throughout the whole of his career the influence of Greek art was a real and permanent force in the direction of his talent, and it doubtless served, even in the treatment of domestic themes, to save him from the dangers which beset so many painters of *genre*" (J. Comyns Carr: *Frederick Walker*, p. 15). Walker next entered an architect's office; but in 1858 joined the Academy Schools, and soon got employment as a draughtsman for wood-engraving. Thackeray noticed his skill, and commissioned him to illustrate *Philip*. Some interesting records of Walker's association with the novelist will be found in the essay by Mr. Comyns Carr from which we have just quoted. In 1863 Walker exhibited for the first time at the Academy. This picture was exhibited in 1868. In 1873 the state of his health compelled him to winter in Algeria. He returned to a cold English spring, and gradually becoming weaker, died of consumption in Scotland a few years after his election as A.R.A. "In Walker," says Mr. Hodgson, who knew him intimately, "I was often struck by a strange petulance and irritability out of all proportion with its exciting cause. The trifles which he knew so well how to dignify and make important

in his art were allowed to have too much influence upon his life. Conscious, probably, of the taint of hereditary disease, he took a gloomier view of life." We see then that Walker's mood was stern; and we have seen his devotion to the antique. His originality in English art consists in the way in which he interpreted (as Millet has done in France) the grave beauty of rustic labour, showing all its stern reality, and yet endowing it (as in the figure of the tall gipsy woman here) with something of the grace of antique sculpture. To this it may be added of Walker's pictures that "their harmonies of amber-colour and purple are full of exquisite beauty in their chosen key; their composition always graceful, often admirable, and the sympathy they express with all conditions of human life most kind and true; not without power of rendering character which would have been more recognised in an inferior artist, because it would have been less restrained by the love of beauty" (*Arrows of the Chace*, i. 174).

This picture was purchased in 1886 from the Graham Collection, which also included the "Bathers" by the same artist. There was some discussion with regard to the selection of the "Vagrants" for acquisition by the National Gallery. It may be interesting to cite Mr. Swinburne's opinion on the subject. Writing of the "Vagrants," which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1868, Mr. Swinburne said: "Mr. Walker's picture of Vagrants has more of actual beauty than his Bathers of last year; more of brilliant skill and swift sharp talent it can hardly have. The low marsh with its cold lights of gray glittering waters here and there, the stunted brushwood, the late and pale sky, the figures gathering about the kindling fire, sad and wild and worn and untameable; the one stately shape of a girl standing erect, her passionate beautiful face seen across the smoke of the scant fuel; all these are wrought with such appearance of ease and security and speed of touch, that the whole seems almost a feat of mere skill rather than a grave sample of work; but in effect it is no such slight thing" (*Essays and Studies*, p. 366).

606. SHOEING.

Sir E. Landseer, R.A. (1802–1873).
See under XX. 1226, p. 505.

This picture, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1844, is a collection of portraits. The bay mare, "Old Betty," who belonged to Mr. Bell, stands exactly as she was accustomed to appear, "at ease" and without a halter—an appendage which she would never tolerate. She was so fond of being shod, we

are told, that she would go of her own will to the farrier. The ass, the bloodhound ("Lama"), and the man are also portraits. "The painting of the mare," adds Mr. Stephens, "is worthy of Landseer's peculiar skill; her skin is glossiness itself." In connection with this point Mr. Ruskin has written as follows, under the head of "Imagination Contemplative": "There is capability of representing the essential character, form, and colour of an object, without external texture. On this point much has been said by Reynolds and others, and it is, indeed, perhaps the most unfailing characteristic of great manner in painting. Compare a dog of Edwin Landseer with a dog of Paul Veronese. In the first, the outward texture is wrought out with exquisite dexterity of handling and minute attention to all the accidents of curl and gloss which can give appearance of reality; while the hue and power of the sunshine, and the truth of the shadow, on all these forms are neglected, and the large relations of the animal, as a mass of colour, to the sky or ground, or other parts of the picture, utterly lost. This is realism at the expense of ideality; it is treatment essentially unimaginative. With Veronese, there is no curling nor crisping, no glossiness nor sparkling, hardly even hair; a mere type of hide, laid on with a few scene-painter's touches; but the essence of the dog is there; the entire, magnificent, generic animal type, muscular and living, and with broad, pure, sunny daylight upon him, and bearing his true and harmonious relation of colour to all colour about him. This is ideal treatment. The same treatment is found in the works of all the greatest men; they all paint the lion more than his mane, the horse rather than his hide" (*Modern Painters*, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. ii. ch. iv. § 11). In a note to this passage Mr. Ruskin added (ed. 1846), "I do not mean to withdraw the praise I have given, and shall always be willing to give, to pictures, such as the Shepherd's Chief Mourner, and to all in which the character and inner life of the animals are developed. But all lovers of art must regret to find Mr. Landseer wasting his energies on such inanities as Shoeing, and sacrificing colour, expression, and action to an imitation of a glossy hide."

814. DUTCH BOATS IN A CALM.

P. J. Clays (Belgian: born 1819; still living).

See under XX. 815, p. 527.

413. PEACE.

Sir E. Landseer, R.A. (1802–1873). *See under* XX. 1226, p. 505.

The scene of Peace is very effectively placed on Dover Cliff—the eminence that commands "the streak of silver sea" which enables "happy England" to live, if she will, in peace. "The cannon has been tumbled from its place, and is here topsy-turvy on the grass; in its harmless muzzle a pretty lamb is grazing; other sheep and a few goats are browsing near; close by are three bright-faced, heedless children, the shepherds of the flock, one of whom has placed grass in the cannon's mouth for the lamb" (*Stephens*, p. 89)—a new version of "the lion lying down with the lamb." In its whole conception, indeed, the picture is most interesting as a fresh and simple treatment of a theme at other times embodied in ancient allegories. "'For Peace,' cried Diderot to La Grenée, 'show me Mars with his breast-plate, his sword girded on, his head noble and firm. Place standing by his side a Venus, full, divine, voluptuous, smiling on him with an enchanting smile; let her point to his casque, in which her doves have made their nest.' Is it not singular that even Diderot sometimes failed to remember that Mars and Venus are dead, that they can never be the source of a fresh and natural inspiration, and that neither artist nor spectator can be moved by cold and vapid allegories in an extinct dialect?[1] If Diderot could have seen such a treatment of La Grenée's subject as Landseer's *Peace*, with its children playing at the mouth of the slumbering gun, he would have been the first to cry out how much nearer this came to the spirit of his æsthetic method than all the pride of Mars and all the beauty of Venus" (John Morley: *Diderot*, ii. 69, ed. 1886). Visitors to the National Gallery will find it even more instructive to contrast Landseer's "Peace" and "War" with Rubens's actual picture (X. 46, p. 243) than with Diderot's suggestion for one.

784. WILLIAM SIDDONS.

J. Opie, R.A. (1761–1807). *See under* XVIII. 1208, p. 473.

The man who for thirty-three years was known to the world as "the husband of Mrs. Siddons"—a part which he

[1] With the pictures of Watts and Burne-Jones to refute us, is not this rather a rash assertion? So far from mythology being exhausted as a motive of art, its full capacity is only now beginning to be understood (See *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. viii. § 7; and *Art of England*, Lecture ii.)

played to better purpose than those he assumed on the stage. The Rev. H. Bate Dudley (see XVI. 1044, p. 412), when engaging the young couple on Garrick's behalf, reported the husband as being "a damned rascally player, though seemingly a very civil fellow." He was a Birmingham apprentice, who had joined the Kembles' provincial company of players. Before Sarah Kemble was seventeen she had fallen in love with him. "He was just the man," says her latest biographer, "to fascinate a young and high-spirited girl: good-looking, calm, sedate, even-tempered, not over burdened with brain-power, and with not too much will of his own." They were married in 1773, when Sarah was nineteen; and the marriage was a very happy one. Mrs. Siddons was greatly attached to her children, and her husband—besides being a handy man of business—protected her from the dangers of her calling. Towards the end of his life Siddons suffered much from rheumatism, and found it necessary to live away from his wife at Bath. At the beginning of 1808 she spent some weeks with him there; left him apparently much better, to perform an engagement at Edinburgh; but hurried back on hearing that he was again worse. He died on March 11. "May I die the death," she wrote to Mrs. Piozzi, "of my honest, worthy husband; and may those to whom I am dear remember me when I am gone as I remember him, forgetting and forgiving all my errors, and recollecting only my quietness of spirit and singleness of heart."

399. THE ESCAPE OF THE CARRARA FAMILY.

Sir C. Eastlake, P.R.A. (1793–1866).

See under XX. 398, p. 533.

An episode from the history of the Italian Republics. Francesco Novello di Carrara, last Lord of Padua, having been forced to yield to Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, was for some time detained by the latter at Milan. He was then sent to Cortazon, near Asti, where he lived as a plain country gentleman with his wife and family. But the Duke of Milan stationed men in ambush to kill him—which when Francesco heard, he determined to fly for his life. Accordingly, in the month of March, 1389, he left suddenly, with his wife and a few servants, and arrived after many dangers at Monaco, whence he afterwards set out for Florence. Here we see him "toiling along steep mountain paths, support-

ing his wife at the edges of precipices," whilst the followers of the Duke of Milan are in sight in the valley below (from Sismondi's *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age*, vii. 285, 288). From the technical point of view one is struck by the conflict of reds and pinks in the colouring, characteristic of the "glut of colouring" in which English painters at this period indulged (see Chesneau: *The English School*, p. 108).

428. COUNTRY COUSINS.

R. Redgrave, R.A. (born 1804: still living).

Mr. Richard Redgrave, the son of a manufacturer, entered the Academy Schools in 1826, and for a time was a drawing master. In 1840 he was elected A.R.A., and in 1850 R.A. He is best known, however, by his *Century of Painters*, which he published in conjunction with his brother Samuel in 1866, and for his connection with South Kensington. For many years he was art-assessor, as it were, to Sir Henry Cole. He was instrumental in the foundation of Schools of Art and in the other undertakings, in some of which he has held official appointments, associated with Sir Henry Cole's name. In 1858 he was also appointed Surveyor of Crown Pictures, but this post, as well as his other appointments, he resigned in 1880.

The unwelcome intruders from the country are mere objects of curiosity to their town relatives—

A little more than kin, and less than kind.

414. WAR.

Sir E. Landseer, R.A (1802–1873).

See under XX. 1226, p. 505.

After the battle. "A cottage is in ruins, lurid smoke dashes the still sunny walls with shadows, the torn roses of the porch shine in the desolation, a dying horse and his dead rider lie near the door; a second horse and a second dead man lie close to the others" (*Stephens*, p. 90).

437. THE FISHERMAN'S HOME.

Francis Danby, A.R.A. (1793–1861).

This painter, chiefly distinguished for his sunset scenes, though it was on the strength of an historical composition that he was in 1825 elected A.R.A., was born and educated in Ireland, and was for some time a drawing master at Bristol. He afterwards came up to London, had one of his pictures bought by Sir T. Lawrence, and thus attracted public attention. He resided for several years in Switzerland, and afterwards at Lewisham, and finally near Exmouth. "The works of

Danby, as I remember them forty years ago," says Mr. Madox Brown (*Magazine of Art*, February 1888), "enjoyed an immense reputation, and were credited with all sorts of qualities, while many people admired them in preference to Turner's pictures." Many of the "solemn and beautiful works" mentioned by Mr. Madox Brown are, however, now in a ruined condition; and the present picture can only be seen on exceptionally bright days.

609. "THE MAID AND THE MAGPIE."

Sir E. Landseer, R.A. (1802–1873).

See under XX. 1226, p. 505.

From the popular tale so called, founded on a trial in the French *Causes Célèbres*, which Rossini adopted in his opera, the *Gazza Ladra*. "A pretty Belgian girl, with a gay red cap on her head, has come a-milking; the cow is willing, and turns with affectionate docility to her friend; but the girl, whose expression is happy, is ardently listening to her lover, who, leaning against a post, sighing and longing, speaks to her. Thus far she neglects her immediate duties. She is supposed to get into further trouble because, having placed a silver spoon in one of the wooden shoes at her side, she did not observe how a malicious magpie pilfered the treasure" (*Stephens*, pp. 97, 98).

899. VIEW ON THE NULLAH, BENGAL.

Thomas Daniell, R.A. (1748–1837).

For Daniell, see under Wilkie's portrait of him, 231, p. 544.

430. DOCTOR JOHNSON IN LORD CHESTERFIELD'S ANTE-ROOM.[1]

E. M. Ward, R.A. (1816–1879). *See under* XX. 431, p. 510.

An incident founded on Lord Chesterfield's neglect of Johnson during the progress of his Dictionary, the first prospectus of which he had dedicated to his lordship. "The world

[1] This picture attracted much attention at the time of its first exhibition. It is interesting to note that it was a Johnson picture which was also one of Mr. Frith's great successes. This was the "Before Dinner at Boswell's Lodgings," which was exhibited in 1868 and sold in 1875 for £4567, the largest price ever paid at that time for a picture by a living artist. "There was a period in English history," says Mr. Hodgson (*Fifty Years of English Art*, p. 22), "when the great lexicographer held the same position with artists that trumps do with whist players; the rule was, when in doubt about a subject, play Dr. Johnson."

has been for many years amused," wrote Boswell in his *Life of Johnson*, "with a story confidently told, and as confidently repeated with additional circumstances, that a sudden disgust was taken by Johnson upon occasion of his being one day kept long in waiting in his lordship's ante-chamber, for which the reason assigned was, that he had company with him; and that at last, when the door opened, out walked Colley Cibber; and that Johnson was so violently provoked when he found for whom he had been so long excluded, that he went away in a passion, and never would return." Johnson's own reference to the incident is contained in the letter which he wrote, on the completion of the Dictionary, to Lord Chesterfield: "Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to a verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before." Notice the various devices by which the painter embodies Johnson's sense of disgust. The waiting is tedious: one of Johnson's companions in misfortune is yawning, another winding up his watch. Yet the indignity is greater for Johnson than for any other of my lord's petitioners; he is the cynosure of all eyes; whilst those who have been preferred to him regard him with the insolent curiosity of coxcombs.

1029. THE TEMPLES OF PÆSTUM.

William Linton (1791–1876).

"Linton was born at Liverpool, and was at first placed in a merchant's office there, to draw him from his fancy for painting, but to little purpose; he persisted in his choice, and in 1817, having got three landscapes into the Royal Academy exhibition, he was sufficiently encouraged. He made tours in Wales and in the Highlands of Scotland, painting many views. He eventually made several continental excursions, and produced some pictures of the most remarkable places, as this view of 'The Temples of Pæstum.' He died in London. He was a member of the Society of British Artists" (Official Catalogue).

Poseidonia (the original Greek name of the place) "was founded in the sixth century before Christ, by colonists from Sybaris. Three centuries later the Hellenic element in this settlement was submerged by a deluge of recurrent barbarism.

Under the Roman rule it changed its name to Pæstum, and was prosperous. The Saracens destroyed it in the ninth century of our era; and Robert Guiscard carried some of the materials of its buildings to adorn his new town of Salerno. Since then the ancient site has been abandoned to malaria and solitude. The very existence of Pæstum was unknown, except to wandering herdsmen and fishers coasting near its ruined colonnades, until the end of the last century. Yet, strange to relate, after all these revolutions, and in the midst of this total desolation, the only relics of the antique city are three Greek temples, those very temples where the Hellenes, barbarised by their Lucanian neighbours, met to mourn for their lost liberty. . . . Beneath the pediment of Pæstum's noblest ruin, I could not refrain from thinking that if the spirits of those captive Hellenes were to revisit their old habitations, they would change their note of wailing into a thin ghostly pæan when they found that Romans and Lucanians had passed away, that Christians and Saracens had left alike no trace behind, while the houses of their own *ἀντήλιοι θεοί*—dawn-facing deities—were still abiding in the pride of immemorial strength. Who knows whether buffalo-driver or bandit may not ere now have seen processions of these Poseidonian phantoms, bearing laurels and chanting hymns, on the spot where once they fell each on the other's neck to weep" (J. A. Symonds: *Sketches and Studies in Italy*).

422. THE PLAY SCENE IN "HAMLET."

D. Maclise, R.A. (1806–1870). *See under* XX. 423, p. 520.

The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

The play being enacted in the background shows the act of murder by pouring poison into the ear—" 'tis a knavish piece of work," Hamlet had explained to the king, his uncle, "but what of that? your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." And the galled jade does wince; very palpably, as Hamlet lying in front and intently observing sees full well; behind Ophelia, who is seated on the left, is Horatio, watching the king also, as Hamlet had bidden him—

Hamlet to Horatio. There is a play to-night before
the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance

Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle . . .
. . . . Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face.

Macready, the actor, who took a great interest in this picture of the scene by his friend Maclise, passed a curious criticism upon it. "To Maclise;" he writes in his Diary (April 5, 1842), "and was very much pleased to see his grand picture of Hamlet, which was splendid in colour and general effect. With some of the details (!) I did not quite agree, particularly the two personages, Hamlet and Ophelia." This is praising a picture of Hamlet "with Hamlet left out." But indeed the figure of Hamlet here is entirely without any suggestion of that subtle mixture of jesting madness with grim earnest, of sickly irresolution with righteous anger, which is the point of the character; whilst in Maclise's Ophelia there is nothing surely, either of the charm which makes her weakness the more pitiable, or the passion which makes her subsequent madness explicable.

1156. ON THE OUSE, YORKSHIRE.

George Arnald, A.R.A. (1763–1841).

Arnald was elected A.R.A. in 1810, and in the following year his name appears in the Academy Catalogue as "Landscape Painter to H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester." In 1812 he exhibited a view of Coleorton, Sir George Beaumont's place, and from this time forward he was a regular contributor to the Academy; but in 1820 and 1826 his name is absent from the Catalogue. He travelled and painted on the Continent, and among the results of his labours is a series of views on the Meuse, engraved in mezzotint from his drawings, and accompanied by descriptive text written by the author.

340. HOME FROM MARKET.

Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A. (1779–1844).

See under XVIII. 343, p. 464.

346. ENTRANCE TO PISA FROM LEGHORN.

Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A. (1779–1844).

See under XVIII. 343, p. 464.

On the right is a portion of the quay of the Arno, with the buildings about the gate leading into the city from Leghorn.

The old tower, now destroyed, flanks the western bridge (now replaced), and was a remnant of the days when Pisa was a strong city with command of the river and the neighbouring seas. This view was taken about 1833.

898. LORD BYRON'S DREAM.

Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A. (1793–1866).

See under XX. 398, p. 533.

This picture was painted at Rome in 1823 in illustration of the poem, "The Dream," which Byron had written at Diodati in 1816, and in which he had embalmed the story of his first love—

> There was a mass of many images
> Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
> A part of all; and in the last he lay
> Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
> Couch'd among fallen columns in the shade
> Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
> Of those who rear'd them; by his sleeping side
> Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
> Were fastened near a fountain; and a man,
> Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
> While many of his tribe slumber'd around.

900. THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD.

John Hoppner, R.A. (1759–1810).

It is much to be regretted that Hoppner is only represented in the National Gallery by a single portrait; for he is the greatest of all the followers of Reynolds. Like another painter, Callcott, he was originally a choir-boy; but he had court connections (his mother was a German lady-in-waiting), and on the strength of a pension from the king he entered the Academy Schools. In 1782 he won the gold medal; in 1783 he was elected A.R.A., and two years later R.A. Patronised by the Prince of Wales, he soon became a fashionable portrait painter, the Whig ladies making a point of sitting to him, just as the Tory ladies sat to Lawrence. "You will be sorry to hear," wrote the latter painter to a friend, when Hoppner was dying, "that my most powerful competitor, he whom only to my friends I have acknowledged as my rival, is, I fear, sinking into the grave. . . . You will believe that I sincerely feel the loss of a brother artist, from whose works I have often gained instruction, and who has gone by my side in the race these eighteen years." Hoppner, who resided in Charles Street, at the gates of Carlton House, was a man of wide culture and information, and was something also of a poet, having published in 1805 a volume of verse translations from *Eastern Tales*.

A portrait, taken when she was twenty-three, of Jane Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. J. Scott, and wife of the fifth Earl of Oxford—exhibited at the Academy in 1798, and bequeathed by her daughter, Lady Langdale, in 1873. It is interesting before so good a specimen of Hoppner's work to recall what was the artist's own ideal for his portraits of beautiful women. "The ladies of Lawrence," said he, "show a gaudy dissoluteness of taste, and sometimes trespass on moral, as well as professional, chastity." For his own he claimed, by implication, purity of look as well as purity of style. "This sarcastic remark found wings in a moment, and flew through all coteries and through both courts; it did most harm to him who uttered it; all men laughed, and then began to wonder how Lawrence, limner to perhaps the purest court in Europe, came to bestow lascivious looks on the meek and sedate ladies of quality about St. James's and Windsor, while Hoppner, limner to the court of the young prince, who loved mirth and wine, the sound of the lute, and the music of ladies' feet in the dance, should, to some of its gayest and giddiest ornaments, give the simplicity of manner and purity of style which pertained to the quaker-like sobriety of the other. Nor is it the least curious part of the story that the ladies, from the moment of the sarcasm of Hoppner, instead of crowding to the easel of him who dealt in the loveliness of virtue, showed a growing preference for the rival who 'trespassed on moral as well as on professional chastity'" (*Allan Cunningham*, v. 247).

894. THE PREACHING OF JOHN KNOX.

(June 10, 1559).

Sir D. Wilkie, R.A. (1785–1841). *See under* XX. 99, p. 490.

The scene represented took place in the parish church of St. Andrews when the great Reformer had returned to Scotland after thirteen years of exile, and joined the Congregation, as the Protestants were called—the lay leaders of the party, mostly noblemen, being known as the Lords of the Congregation. Undismayed by the threats of the archbishop, Knox preached before them, and "such was the influence of his doctrine, that the provost, bailies, and inhabitants harmoniously agreed to set up the Reformed Worship in the town." Close to the pulpit, (which is a drawing of the one in which Knox actually preached, Wilkie having discovered it in a cellar), on the right of Knox,

are Richard Ballenden, his amanuensis, and Christopher Goodman, his colleague; and in black the Knight Templar, Sir James Sandilands, in whose house the first Protestant Sacrament was received. Beyond, in red cap and gown, is that famous scholar of St. Andrews, the Admirable Crichton. Under the pulpit is the precentor, with his hour-glass. The schoolboy below is John Napier, the inventor of logarithms. On the other side of the picture are Lord James Stuart, afterwards Regent Murray; and the Earls of Glencairne, Morton, and Argyll, whose countess, the half-sister of Queen Mary, and the lady in attendance upon her, form the chief light of the picture. Above this group are the Archbishop of St. Andrews, the Bishop of Glasgow, and Quinten Kennedy, who maintained a public disputation with Knox; Kennedy is whispering to the archbishop, while a "jackman," a retainer of the Cathedral, stands ready with the harquebuss, waiting the signal of the archbishop to fire upon the preacher. The Admirable Crichton, however, has his eye upon the jackman, and his hand on his sword, though his mind seems with Knox. In the gallery are the provost, the bailies, and some professors. At the back of it is a crucifix, attracting the regard of Catholic penitents, and in the obscurity above is an escutcheon to the memory of Cardinal Beaton.

The picture, though only completed (for Sir Robert Peel) in 1832, was commenced (for Lord Liverpool) ten years before. It was indeed in its conception Wilkie's first important attempt in his second manner. The minute Teniers-like execution of his earlier pictures is exchanged for a broader handling; and instead of being historical, in the sense of painting the actual events of his own time, Wilkie joins the army of "historical painters" who are so called from painting their ideas of the events of former times. Carlyle refers to this picture as a typical instance of the worthlessness of historical painting in this latter sense. "There is not the least *veracity*," he says, "even of intention, in such things; and, for most part, there is an *ignorance* altogether abject. Wilkie's 'John Knox,' for example: no picture that I ever saw by a man of genius can well be, in regard to all earnest purposes, a more perfect failure! Can anything, in fact, be more entirely *useless* for earnest purposes, more *un*like what ever could have been the reality, than that gross Energumen, more like a boxing Butcher, whom he has set into a pulpit surrounded by

draperies, with fat-shouldered women, and play-actor men in mail, and labelled 'Knox'?" (*Project of a National Exhibition of Scottish Portraits*, in *Miscellanies*, people's ed., vii. 134). Carlyle's criticism upon the "boxing butcher" is the more interesting from the fact, probably unknown to him, that his old friend Edward Irving was the model from whom Wilkie drew his conception of Knox. Wilkie went to hear Irving preach in London; and the preacher, "tall, athletic, and sallow, arrayed in the scanty robe of the Scotch divines, displaying a profusion of jet-black glossy hair reaching to his ample shoulders," unconsciously sat to the painter for the study of John Knox. Some of Carlyle's blame may therefore be shifted to the model, whose "performances did not inspire me with any complete or pleasant feeling; there was a want of spontaneity and simplicity, a something of strained and aggravated, of elaborately intentional, which kept jarring on the mind" (Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, Norton's ed., ii. 135). Visitors who cannot endorse Carlyle's condemnation of the picture may comfort themselves with Scott's praise, not indeed of the picture in its final state (which he probably never saw), but of the first sketch for it. "I recollect," writes Collins, "Wilkie taking a cumbrous sketch in oil, for the picture of John Knox, all the way to Edinburgh, for Sir Walter Scott's opinion. I was present when he showed it to him; Sir Walter was much struck with it, as a work of vast and rare power."

1091. THE VISION OF EZEKIEL.

P. F. Poole, R.A. (1806–1879).

Paul Falconer Poole was born at Bristol, and was strictly self-taught. "A self-taught painter," said Constable, "is one taught by a very ignorant person;" and to this cause must be attributed the faultiness in the execution of Poole's pictures—his claim to distinction resting rather on the ambitious flights of his fancy. He passed through many hardships in early life, but ultimately attained much success. He first exhibited at the Academy in 1830, was elected A.R.A. in 1846, and R.A. in 1860.

"And I looked, and, behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness *was* about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber . . . *came* the likeness of four living creatures" (Ezekiel i. 4, 5).

Of this picture, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1875 at the same time as one by Mr. G. F. Watts, called "Dedicated to all the Churches," Mr. Ruskin said: "Here at least are

pictures meant to teach. . . . Though this design cannot for a moment be compared with the one just noticed (Mr. Watts's) in depth of feeling, there is yet, as there has been always in Mr. Poole's work, some acknowledgment of a supernatural influence in physical phenomena, which gives a nobler character to his storm-painting than can belong to any mere literal study of the elements. But the piece is chiefly interesting for its parallelism with that "Dedicated to all the Churches" in effacing the fearless realities of the elder creed among the confused speculations of our modern one. . . . The relation between this gray and soft cloud of visionary power (in Mr. Watts's picture) and the perfectly substantial, bright, and near presence of the saints, angels, or deities of early Christian art, involves questions of too subtle interest to be followed here; but in the essential force of it, belongs to the inevitable expression, in each period, of the character of its own faith. The Christ of the thirteenth century was vividly present to its thoughts, and dominant over its acts, as a God manifest in the flesh, well pleased in the people to whom He came; while ours is either forgotten; or seen, by those who yet trust in Him, only as a mourning and departing ghost. . . . (So with regard to this picture) the beasts in Raphael's vision of Ezekiel are as solid as the cattle in Smithfield; while here, if traceable at all in the drift of the storm-cloud (which it is implied, was all that the prophet really saw), their animal character can only be accepted in polite compliance with the prophetic impression, as the weasel by Polonius. And my most Polonian courtesy fails in deciphering the second of the four—not living—creatures" (*Academy Notes*, 1875, pp. 10-12).

785. MRS. SIDDONS.

Sir T. Lawrence P.R.A. (1760–1830). *See under* 144, p. 445.

A portrait of the great actress in middle age, demurely dressed, and with matronly frontlets. Of the same lady, in her youth and beauty, there is elsewhere in the Gallery a glorious picture by Gainsborough (XVI. 683, p. 405). Lawrence was an old friend of Mrs. Siddons, who had sat for him when young in the characters of Zara and Aspasia. In spite of some idle gossip which accused him of simultaneous flirtations with both Mrs. Siddons's daughters, Lawrence remained on friendly terms with the family to the end, and this portrait was bequeathed to the Gallery by one of the daughters.

616. JAMES II. RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE LANDING OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

E. M. Ward, R.A. (1816–1879). *See under* XX. 431, p. 510.

The king is in his palace at Whitehall, where a messenger has just arrived (his departing form is seen in the left-hand corner) with the news of the Prince of Orange having at last landed at Torbay, November 5, 1688 (see XIX. 369, p. 634). "The king turned pale, and remained motionless; the letter dropped from his hand; his past errors, his future dangers rushed at once upon his thoughts; he strove to conceal his perturbation, but, in doing so, betrayed it; and his courtiers, in affecting not to observe him, betrayed that they did" (Sir John Dalrymple's *Memoirs*). In the left-hand corner of the room is the Earl of Feversham, the incompetent commander-in-chief of James's forces. With him are the notorious Judge Jeffreys; Father Petre, the intriguing Jesuit; and opposite to him, the Papal Nuncio. Beside the king is Churchill (afterwards Duke of Marlborough), who was soon to desert him. The Lord Justices, etc., whom James had summoned to his council, are grouped in the corner to the right. The queen is at the king's side, and in front is the baby prince, whose birth—as foreshadowing a Catholic succession—had hastened the coming of the Prince of Orange. To the left, listening round the corner, is a courtier, preparing, one may expect, to desert the setting for the rising star—less faithful than the hound whom the painter has introduced to give contrast to this part of the composition.

SCREEN I

1038. A SNOW SCENE.

W. Mulready, R.A. (1781–1863). *See under* XX. 394, p. 497.

A design for a Christmas Card, it might have been—with the letterpress suggested by the group of rustics in the foreground—

> The rich man in his jovial cheer,
> Wishes 'twas winter throughout the year;
> The poor man 'mid his wants profound,
> With all his little children round,
> Prays God that winter be not long!
>
> MARY HOWITT.

1112. MRS. ANN HAWKINS.

John Linnell (1792–1882). *See under* XVIII. 438, p. 484.

917. NO NEWS.

T. S. Good (1789–1872). *See under* XX. 378, p. 498.

1176. A LANDSCAPE.

Patrick Nasmyth (1786–1831). *See under* XVIII. 380, p. 458.

1184. A FRUIT-PIECE.

G. Lance (1802–1864). *See under* XX. 443, p. 509.

1225. THE ARTIST'S FATHER AND MOTHER.

Thomas Webster, R.A. (1800–1886). *See under* XX. 426, p. 513.

Painted to commemorate their golden wedding. "The unity of earthly creatures is their power and their peace; not like the dead and cold peace of undisturbed stones and solitary mountains; but the living peace of trust, and the living power of support; of hands that hold each other and are still" (*Modern Painters*, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. i. ch. 6. § 2).

SCREEN II

400. THE CATHEDRAL AT BURGOS.

D. Roberts, R.A. (1796–1864). *See under* 401, p. 555.

The Gothic Cathedral of Burgos, the capital of old Castile, was commenced early in the thirteenth century; but was not completed till some centuries later. The staircase in the north transept, which forms the chief feature in this picture, communicates with the upper tower; for Burgos stands on the declivity of a hill, the summit of which was originally crowned by a castle, built at the command of Alphonso III. When in process of time the Moors receded gradually to the south of the city, the higher parts were abandoned for a lower position towards the plain, so that the street which is now the highest was formerly the lowest in the place; and the Cathedral is thus so situated that the whole of the north flank of the edifice, more particularly the transept itself, is partially buried by the declivity of the hill, while that to the south is clear and overlooks the whole city.

330. A WOODY LANDSCAPE.

Sir D. Wilkie, R.A. (1785–1841). *See under* XX. 99, p. 490.

One of the few landscapes that Wilkie occasionally painted. "I certainly wish," he wrote to Sir George Beaumont, "to get practice, and to obtain some kind of proficiency in landscape; but my ambition is not more than that of enabling myself to paint an out-door scene with facility, and in no respect whatever to depart from my own line."

442. RED CAP.

G. Lance (1802–1864). *See under* XX. 443, p. 509.

1183. A LANDSCAPE.

Patrick Nasmyth (1786–1831). *See under* XVIII. 380, p. 458.

319. CUPID CARESSED BY CALYPSO AND HER NYMPHS.

T. Stothard, R.A. (1755–1834). *See under* XVIII. 1069, p. 465.

329. THE BAGPIPER.

Sir D. Wilkie, R.A. (1785–1841). *See under* XX. 99, p. 490.

ROOM XXII

THE TURNER GALLERY

"THERE is no test of our acquaintance with nature so absolute and unfailing, as the degree of admiration we feel for Turner's painting. Precisely in the degree in which we are familiar with nature, constant in our observation of her, and enlarged in our understanding of her, will his works expand before our eyes into glory and beauty" (RUSKIN: *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. vi. ch. ii. § 4).

"TURNER will one day take his place beside Shakespeare and Verulam: a third star in that central constellation, round which, in the astronomy of intellect, all other stars make their circuit. By Shakespeare, humanity was unsealed to you; by Verulam, the *principles* of nature; and by Turner, her *aspect*. All these were sent to unlock one of the gates of light, and to unlock it for the first time. But of all the three, though not the greatest, Turner was the most unprecedented in his work. Bacon did what Aristotle had attempted; Shakespeare did perfectly what Æschylus did partially; but none before Turner had lifted the veil from the face of nature; the majesty of the hills and forests had received no interpretation, and the clouds passed unrecorded from the face of the heaven which they adorned, and of the earth to which they ministered" (RUSKIN: Edinburgh *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, p. 181).

TURNER is by common consent the greatest landscape painter that ever lived. But very different opinions are held upon the question wherein his greatness consists. Is it in truths that he recorded, or in visions that he

invented? Is it the real beauties of nature that he puts before us, or is he great for adding—

> The gleam,
> The light that never was on land or sea,
> The consecration and the poet's dream?

Again there is this further question to be asked with regard to Turner's greatness. The first thing that will strike every one, on looking round this room, is the contrast between the dark and heavy pictures on the wall to the left and the bright and aerial pictures opposite. Is Turner great for the former, or the latter? In his own day the common opinion was to divide his work into two portions,—one sane, the other insane,—and to acknowledge his greatness in his canvases in drab, but to deny it to those in scarlet and gold. The object of the following remarks is to provide some clue to the perplexities which thus beset the visitor to the Turner Gallery.

In the first place, Turner's greatness consists in this: that he stands at the head of the naturalistic school of landscape. We have seen how, with the old masters of Italy, landscape was either treated in a purely conventional way, or given an entirely subordinate importance. The *Giottesque* painters who first sought to give some resemblance to nature in their backgrounds painted on this recipe: "The sky is always pure blue, paler at the horizon, and with a few streaky white clouds in it; the ground is green, even to the extreme distance, with brown rocks projecting from it; water is blue streaked with white. The trees are nearly always composed of clusters of their proper leaves relieved on a black or dark ground." In the next periods, "distant objects were more or less invested with a blue colour; and trees were no longer painted with a black ground, but with a rich dark brown or deep green. But rocks and water were as imperfect as ever, and the forms of rocks in Leonardo's 'Vierge aux Rochers' (I. 1093, p. 25) are no better than those on a china plate. The most satisfactory work of the period is that which most resembles missal painting, *i.e.* which is fullest of beautiful flowers and animals scattered among the landscape, in the old indepen-

dent way, like the birds upon a screen (see, for instance, Benozzo Gozzoli, II. 591, p. 38). Correggio and Titian carried the advance farther (see under VII. 4, p. 140); but there were still no effects of sunshine and shadow; and the clouds, though now rolling in irregular masses, and sometimes richly involved among the hills, were never varied in conception or studied from nature." The next step was to do away with conventionalism altogether. The attempt was made by Claude, the two Poussins, and Salvator Rosa; but it failed in the manner and for the reasons that we have already discussed (see p. 335). The reaction against the artificial and pastoral school of landscape, which in literature is seen in Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley and Tennyson, is in painting first seen in its perfection in Turner. "He was the first painter to draw a mountain or a stone, no other man having learned their organisation, or possessed himself of their spirit. He was the first painter to draw the stem of a tree, and the first to represent the surface of calm, or the force of agitated, water." Turner did all this with scientific accuracy—not because he was himself learned in science,[1] but because of his genius for seeing into the heart of things and seizing their essential forms and character (see p. 610). And this is what is, or should be, meant by saying that Turner's landscape is "ideal." "The true ideal of landscape is precisely the same as that of the human form; it is the expression of the specific, not the individual, but the specific character of every object in its perfection." And observe that Turner not only did each of the things above described, but did them all. "Every landscape painter before him had acquired distinction by confining his efforts to one class of subject. Hobbema painted oaks; Ruysdael, waterfalls and copses; Cuyp, river or meadow scenes in quiet afternoons; Salvator and Poussin, such kind of mountain

[1] He was, however, much interested in science. Dr. M'Culloch, the *geologist*, was delighted with his acute mind, and said, "That man would have been great in any and everything he chose to take up; he has such a clear, intelligent, piercing intellect." He was fond, too, of discussing *optics*; and late in life he was for some time a constant visitor at Mr. Mayall's, the *photographer*, who initiated him in the processes of that art.

scenery as people could conceive who lived in towns in the seventeenth century. But Turner challenged and vanquished each in his own peculiar field, Vandevelde on the sea, Salvator among rocks, and Cuyp on Lowland rivers; and having done this, set himself to paint the natural scenery of skies which, until his time, had never been so much as attempted. He is the only painter who has ever drawn the sky, not the clear sky—which was painted beautifully by the early religious schools, but the various forms and phenomena of the cloudy heavens: all previous artists having only represented it typically or partially, but he perfectly and universally." An examination of the skies in the Turner rooms will show that there are almost as many different effects of sky—of sunrise, sunset, sunshine, storm, and rain, as there are pictures. Further, he is the only painter who has perfectly represented the effects of space on distant objects. Next to his skies there is nothing so peculiarly "Turnerian" as his distances. Look at such pictures as 497 and 516, pp. 606, 603; and see if anywhere else in the Gallery there are such vistas fading away into incomprehensible dimness, but retaining always their gradation of light as they recede into the distance. Leslie, the artist, once gave Turner a commission for an American friend, and had to explain to him afterwards that the purchaser thought the picture indistinct. "You should tell him," replied Turner, "that indistinctness is my *forte*." It was Turner's *forte*, but it is also nature's rule, with whom nothing is ever distinct and nothing ever vacant (see p. 611). The fulness and mystery of Turner's distances is conspicuous in his landscapes, but the truth of it will perhaps be understood better in observing the distant character of rich architecture, than of any other object. "Go to the top of Highgate Hill on a clear summer morning," says Mr. Ruskin, "and look at Westminster Abbey. You will receive an impression of a building enriched with multitudinous vertical lines. Try to distinguish one of those lines all the way down from the one next to it: you cannot. Try to count them: you cannot. Try to make out the beginning or end of any one

of them: you cannot. Look at it generally, and it is all symmetry and arrangement. Look at it in its parts, and it is all inextricable confusion. Am not I, at this moment, describing a piece of Turner's drawing, with the same words by which I describe nature? . . . Turner, and Turner only, would follow and render on the canvas that mystery of decided lines, that distinct, sharp, visible, but unintelligible and inextricable richness which, examined part by part, is to the eye nothing but confusion and defeat, which, taken as a whole, is all unity, symmetry, and truth." So, again, Turner is the first painter who fully represented the beauty of natural colour. The full *truth* he could not give. For "take a blade of grass and a scarlet flower, and place them, so as to receive sunlight, beside the brightest canvas that ever left Turner's easel, and the picture will be extinguished." Again, it was Turner who for the first time gave the full beauty of sun-colour. He began with imitations of Claude and Cuyp in painting the sun rising through vapour (XIV. 479, p. 344), but he ended with painting such visions of the sun in his glory as in the "*Téméraire*" or the "Ulysses" (see under X. 53, p. 218). And "the peculiar innovation of Turner was the perfection of the colour chord by means of *scarlet*. Other painters had rendered the golden tones, and the blue tones of sky; Titian especially the last, in perfection. But none dared to paint, none seemed to have seen, the scarlet and purple. Nor was it only in seeing this colour in vividness when it occurred in full light, that Turner differed from preceding painters. His most distinctive innovation as a colourist was his discovery of the scarlet *shadow*." This was Turner's innovation, but it was not his invention. "We are only to paint," he said, "what we see." A friend once asked him incredulously whether he painted his clouds from nature. Turner eyed him with an angry frown and growled out, "How would you have me paint them?" This, then, is Turner's first claim to greatness. He is the painter of the truth and beauty of natural scenery.

But if this be so, why, it may be asked, do Turner's pictures often look, at first sight, so different from nature?

And why, if one knows some particular spot painted by Turner, does it fail to immediately recall the reality? For two reasons, both of them lying at the root of art criticism. In the first place, the whole truth of any visible scene can never be portrayed on any single canvas. There are some truths, easily obtained, which give a deceptive resemblance to nature; others only to be obtained with difficulty, which cause no deception, but give inner and deep resemblance. Turner's peculiarity is that he perceives more of this latter kind of truth than other painters. Take one instance from his mountains. One truth about mountains is that they stand out in such and such relief from a clear sky—that is an effect which many of the earlier painters gave. But what Turner saw also in the hills was their multitudinousness—the valleys and gulleys, the forests and pastures, that fill their hollows or curve their sides. "Invention, colour, grace of arrangement, we may find in Tintoret and Veronese in various manifestation; but the expression of the infinite redundance of natural landscape had never been attempted until Turner's time; and the treatment of masses of mountain in the 'Daphne' (520, p. 610) is wholly without precursorship in art." The more one looks at that picture the more one sees the multitude of truths expressed by it, but the very expression of them deprives it of any immediate appearance of deceptive imitation. And this sacrifice of lesser truths to greater is especially necessary in the field which especially distinguishes Turner's pictures. If one had to characterise the aim of his artistic ambition in a single word, one would say that it was to gain a complete knowledge and reach a complete representation of *light* in all its phases.[1] But "it is wholly impossible to paint an effect of sunlight truly. It never has been done, and never will be. For the sun is red fire, as well as red light": nature's highest light is incomparably above any light possible to the

[1] Chesneau: *The English School*, p. 149. But what, it may well be asked, of these dark pictures on the left? They were studies in the style of earlier painters with a view of perfecting his knowledge. "When these clever imitations were exhibited to the public, he was declared to be a master by the leading judges of the day. Turner only smiled to himself,

artist. Hence all resemblances to sunshine must be obtained by sacrifice. "De Hooch, Cuyp, Claude, Both, Richard Wilson, and all other masters of sunshine, invariably reach their most telling effects by harmonies of gold with gray, giving up the blues, rubies, and freshest greens. Turner did the same in his earlier work. But in his later work he reached magnificent effects of sunshine colour." Indeed he alone has painted nature in her true colours, but his effects seem unnatural because he cannot contrast these colours duly with the sky: on the summit of the slope of light nature evades him. This limitation in the capacities of painting is the first reason for Turner's unnaturalness. The second is to be found in the very functions of painting. A picture cannot be as much as a window; but it ought not to be a mere window, even if it could. It is to be, not a transcript, but a work of art—the representation of a scene not as any one might see it, but as the artist himself saw it. A fellow-artist once complained to Turner that, after going to Domodossola, to find the site of a particular view which had struck him several years before, he had entirely failed in doing so: "it looked different when he went back again." "What," replied Turner, "do you not know yet, at your age, that you ought to paint your *impressions?*" The faculty of receiving such impressions strongly and reproducing them vividly is precisely what distinguishes the poet—whether in language or painting. The function of an artist is to "receive a strong impression from a scene and then set himself as far as possible to reproduce that impression on the mind of the spectator of his picture." His aim is to "give the far higher and deeper truth of mental vision, rather than that of the physical facts, and to reach a representation which, though it may be totally useless to engineers or geographers, and, when tried by rule and measure, totally unlike the place, shall yet be capable of producing on the far away beholder's

and, unhindered by either flattery or criticism, slowly but surely continued in his course towards the attainment of his purpose. At the time when others said of his work, 'That is perfection!' he was saying of himself, 'I have just done with leading strings, and am beginning to walk alone.'

mind precisely the impression which the reality would have produced."[1] Turner is in this sense the greatest of all imaginative landscape painters. First because, as we have already seen, his insight into the truth and beauty of nature was greater than other men's. Secondly, because of his prodigious memory. "It was thought that he painted chiefly from imagination, when his peculiar character, as distinguished from all other artists, was in always drawing from memories of seen facts." Every one who came across him on his sketching tours was struck alike by his conscientiousness in observing phenomena, and by his power of recalling them. He would generally take only the roughest notes of scenes or effects, often mere pencil memoranda, many thousands of which, similar to those exhibited in the Water-colour Rooms, were found in his portfolios and sketch-books after his death. But "there is not one change in the casting of the jagged shadow along the hollows of the hills, but it is fixed on his mind for ever; not a flake of spray has broken from the sea of cloud about their bases, but he has watched it as it melts away, and could recall it to its lost place in heaven by the slightest effort of his thoughts."

But there is a further element of greatness in Turner's pictures. He not only saw nature in its truth and beauty, but he saw it in relation and subjection to the human soul. This is what makes his works so *picturesque*, the essence of which is a sublimity not inherent in the thing depicted, but caused by something external to it, especially by the expression of suffering, pathos, or decay. It is the depth and breadth of his sympathy with the spirit of the things he depicted that make Turner's landscapes so great. But though wide in range, this sympathy was uniform in

[1] The distinction between the prosaic and poetic treatment of landscape in literature may be perceived in a moment by comparing Wordsworth's "The Thorn," in which he sinks to such land-surveying as—

> I've measured it from side to side,
> 'Tis three feet long and two feet wide—

with the magnificently imaginative description of the yew trees, "The Fraternal Four" of Borrowdale, to which he rises in the "Excursion." In reading the former poem one may remember Turner's horror of being what he said Wilson called "too *mappy*."

tendency. "The distinctive effect of light he introduced was that of sunset; and of sunset fading on ruin. None of the great early painters drew ruins except compulsorily. The shattered buildings introduced by them are shattered artificially, like models. There is no real sense of decay; whereas Turner only momentarily dwells on anything else than ruin." This is characteristic of the tone of his mind. He paints the loveliness of nature, but with the worm at its root; for he ever connects that loveliness with the sorrow and labour of men. Look round this room and note the spirit of the pictures—The Destruction of Sodom, The Women of Egypt mourning for their First Born, The Ruin of Italy, The Decay of Carthage. Even in his view of daily labour there is the same feeling of solemnity and humiliation. Note the shipwrecks: pictures of the utmost anxiety and distress of which human life is capable; and the weariness of man and beast with those who plough the fields. His mythological subjects have the same spirit—The Goddess of Discord, Medea slaying her Children, and Apollo's gift of Immortality but not of perpetual Youth. And especially is "this dark clue discernible in the intensity with which his imagination dwelt always on the three great cities of Carthage, Rome, and Venice—Carthage in connection especially with the thoughts and study which led to the painting of the Hesperides' Garden, showing the death which attends the vain pursuit of wealth; Rome showing the death which attends the vain pursuit of power; Venice, the death which attends the vain pursuit of beauty. How strangely significative, thus understood, those last Venetian dreams of his become, themselves so beautiful and so frail; wrecks of all that they were once—twilight of twilight!" And, as if there should be no doubt of the essential unity of motive underlying all his work, there is the manuscript poem from which he produced mottoes for his principal pictures, and which he entitled the "Fallacies of Hope." There are critics who dispute, or deny, the moral motive in Turner's pictures; he painted the beauty of nature, they say, "for art's sake." So the critics said in his own day; and it was the knowledge that it was said, that made him anxious to reinforce his

meanings by some other medium than the art of painting. But he was a man of no literary education. He tried when he was in middle age to learn Latin, and when he was an old man to learn Greek; whilst all his life he struggled to become articulate in verse. But though very fond of poetry, he was entirely devoid of the literary gift. His letters are barely intelligible, his speeches and lectures were hopelessly involved, and it beat the best legal talent of the country to extract any definite meaning from his will. But he found an effective means of communication to those who have ears to hear, in his earnest desire to arrange his works in connected groups, and his evident intention with respect to each drawing, that it should be considered as expressing part of a continuous system of thought. He drew not separate views, but "River Scenery," "Rivers of France," "Harbours of England." "Silent always with a bitter silence, disdaining to tell his meaning, when he saw there was no ear to receive it, Turner only indicated this purpose by slight words of contemptuous anger, when he heard of any one's trying to obtain this or the other separate subject as more beautiful than the rest. 'What is the use of them,' he said, 'but together?'" Still more eloquent was his resolve, at whatever pecuniary sacrifice, to leave a connected series of his works to the nation. He refused two offers of £100,000 for the contents of his gallery at Queen Anne Street, and £5000 for the two "Carthages." A distinguished committee, including Sir Robert Peel, offered to buy these pictures for the nation; but he refused, because he had "already willed them." This will (or rather codicil), dated 1832, bequeathed all his finished pictures (except the two which were to be hung beside two Claudes) to the National Gallery, "provided that a room or rooms are added to the present National Gallery, to be, when erected, called Turner's Gallery." The public owes an additional debt of gratitude to Turner for his foresight in making this condition,[1] for his water-colour drawings, which came to the

[1] A later codicil made this bequest further conditional on the "Turner Gallery" being "provided or constructed" within ten years of his death.

nation without conditions, are not properly exhibited to this day. And it was only because the oil pictures would have otherwise been forfeited, that due provision was at the last legal moment made for them, and that the "Turner Gallery" became an accomplished fact instead of another "Fallacy of Hope."

It is often said that Turner's life was a contradiction to his art. But this is not so. That which cometh out of a man can only proceed from what the man himself is, and in the case of Turner, as in that of other great painters, some knowledge of his life and character is indispensable to the true appreciation of his art. We have seen how the secret of his art—on its expressional side—was his sympathy and large-mindedness; and we shall see presently how largely his technical mastery was founded on the patient study of other men's work. And this is precisely in accord with what we know of his character. "Having known Turner," says Mr. Ruskin, "for ten years, and that during the period of his life when the brightest qualities of his mind were, in many respects, diminished, and when he was suffering most from the evil-speaking of the world, I never heard him say one depreciating word of living man, or man's work; I never saw him look an unkind or blameful look; I never knew him let pass, without some sorrowful remonstrance, or endeavour at mitigation, a blameful word spoken by another. Of no man but Turner, whom I have ever known, could I say this." "The severest criticism he was ever known to make,"[1] says Mr. Frith, "was on a landscape which every one was tearing to pieces. He was forced to confess that a very bad passage in the picture, to which the malcontents drew his attention, was *a poor bit.*" Haydon, whose whole life was passed in war with the Royal Academy, drew back suddenly in the midst of one of his most violent expressions of exultation, and said, "But Turner behaved well and did me justice." And he did a great deal more than justice. Once, when he was on the Hanging Committee for the Academy exhibition, a picture by Bird had great merit, but no place for it could be found. Turner took down one of his own pictures, sent it out of the Academy, and hung Bird's in its

He died in 1851. His will was proved in the following year, and was for four years in Chancery. In 1856 the Court of Chancery awarded the pictures and drawings to the National Gallery. The latter (19,000 in number) were sorted, and in part arranged for exhibition, by Mr. Ruskin, and are now in the Water-colour Room in the basement of the Gallery. The pictures, after a selection of them had been exhibited in Marlborough House, were placed in the South Kensington Museum, whence they were removed in 1861 to the National Gallery.

[1] A nearer approach to severity perhaps, was the criticism he passed when he was taken to see the pictures of Thomson, a Scottish artist, at Edinburgh. "You beat me in *frames*," was Turner's only remark.

place. "Match that, if you can, among the annals of hanging committees." In 1826 Turner's picture of Cologne, with its brilliant sky, was hung between two portraits by Lawrence, which it effectually killed. He passed a wash of lamp-black in water-colour over the whole sky, and utterly spoiled his picture for the time. "Poor Lawrence was so unhappy," he said, "it'll all wash off after the exhibition." It was for the benefit too of his fellow-artists that Turner intended the bulk of his fortune,—the will in which he propounded his scheme "for the Maintenance and Support of Male Decayed Artists" having been made as early as 1831. This was the one purpose about which, in all his subsequent codicils, he never changed his mind; it was also the one purpose which the Court of Chancery did nothing to carry out. It is clear from what has been said, that Turner's nature was at bottom both kindly and generous. But some sketch of his life is necessary to show how it was crossed by dark clouds, and how these reacted on his art. Joseph Mallord William Turner was born in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden,—in a house now pulled down. He was the son of a barber, and his father intended him very properly for his own profession. Of regular literary or moral education he seems to have had next to none. More than most boys therefore, he was thrown back on the influences of his surroundings. Mr. Ruskin traces recollections of Covent Garden in his foregrounds, "which had always a succulent cluster or two of green-grocery at the corner" (see under 501, p. 626). So also he "never got free of market-womanly types of humanity." It was the seamy side of nature and of man that he saw, but with it he acquired understanding of and regard for the poor. And of great significance was his fondness for the river—for "that mysterious forest below London Bridge—better for the boy than wood of pine or grove of myrtle." Of his earliest sketches, made in pencil and Indian ink when he was a boy, a large proportion consists of careful studies of stranded boats; and amongst the contents of his neglected portfolios, sorted after his death by Mr. Ruskin, were large quantities of drawings of the different parts of old Dutch shipping. All this was beneficial, in training him to love and understand the sea; but such intercourse with the sailor world did not tend to refine his habits, and the older he grew the more he adopted the sailor's morality. Of home influences the boy had none—or none that were for good. Of his mother we hear nothing; and "all that dad ever praised me for," he said in after years, "was saving a halfpenny." This absence of home influence intensified a natural disposition to secretiveness which he had already shown in boyhood, and which grew upon him with years. He was ungainly in appearance and deficient in address, and was more and more driven in upon himself. Meanwhile his artistic education was more fortunate. His bent was very soon manifested, and "a sketch of a coat of arms on a silver salver, made while his father was shaving a customer, obtained for him, in reluctant compliance with the admiring customer's advice, the permission to follow art as a profession. He had, of course, the usual difficulties of young artists to en-

counter, and they were then far greater than they are now. But Turner differed from most men in this, that he was always willing to take anything to do that came in his way. He did not shut himself up in a garret to produce unsaleable works of 'high art,' and starve, or lose his senses. He hired himself out every evening to wash in skies in Indian ink on other people's drawings, as many as he could, at half-a-crown a night, getting his supper into the bargain. 'What could I have done better?' he said afterwards: 'it was first-rate practice.' Then he took to illustrating guide-books and almanacs, and anything that wanted cheap frontispieces. . . . And there was hardly a gentleman's seat of any importance in England, towards the close of the last century, of which you will not find some rude engraving in the local publications of the time inscribed with the simple name *W. Turner*." Of his early patrons, the most useful to him was Dr. Monro—"the good doctor," as he always called him, who allowed him to copy his Old Masters; of his companions, the most useful was Girtin, the water-colour painter. "Had Tom Girtin lived," he used to say, "I should have starved." It was in water-colour that Turner first painted; and he continued to sketch in water-colour throughout life. By 1789 he had begun to paint in oils, and was admitted as a student at the Academy—which, says Mr. Ruskin, "carefully repressed his perception of truth, his capacities of invention, and his tendencies of choice, whilst the one thing it ought to have taught him, viz. the simple and safe use of oil colour, it never taught him." But it was at any rate quick to recognise his merit. In 1797 a visit to Yorkshire proved the turning-point of his career. The pictures painted on his return were immediately successful, and in 1799 he was elected A.R.A. In 1802 he became R.A., and in 1806 he was appointed Professor of Perspective. In 1799 his address was 64 Harley Street, where he seems to have bought himself a house. In 1812 he built a house in Queen Anne Street West (No. 47), which he retained until his death, and where he had a gallery for the private exhibition of his pictures. From 1800 onwards his life was one of unremitting labour, broken by sketching tours at home and abroad. To the Royal Academy exhibitions alone he sent 257 contributions, a very large number, when the size and importance of the works are considered. His water-colour drawings are innumerable. They are also unsurpassable in delicacy: yet Mr. Ruskin has calculated that he must sometimes have produced them at the rate of one a week.[1] Very many of these drawings were prepared for the engravers and booksellers; and

[1] The quantity and quality of Turner's work are facts to which due weight has not been given by his biographers. A welcome correction is supplied in the article on Turner in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by Mr. George Reid. "The immense quantity of work accomplished by Turner during his lifetime, work full of the utmost delicacy and refinement, proves," says Mr. Reid, "the singularly fine condition of his nervous system, and is perhaps the best answer that can be given to the charge of being excessively addicted to sensual gratification."

it is to the fortunate coincidence of Turner and the English School of line-engravers being contemporaneous, that he owed much of his fame and probably most of his wealth.[1] In his dealings with the engravers the spirit of the petty tradesman which Turner inherited from his father came out unpleasantly. On the other hand, with regard to his pictures, he was the reverse of grasping. He was often punctiliously moderate in the prices he charged, and was quite depressed when he had sold a picture: "I have been parting with one of my children," he would say. In its social aspects, the life of Turner during all this time was "a strange case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." At home he was an unamiable recluse; abroad he was sociable and merry. Part of his secretiveness was due to the fact that he had a skeleton in his cupboard. "He made his home," says his latest biographer, "the scene of his irregularities, and by entering into intimate relations with uneducated women, cut himself off from healthy social influence, which would have given daily employment to his naturally warm heart and prevented him from growing into a selfish, solitary man" (*Monkhouse*, p. 77). But to his father at least Turner always remained devotedly attached. From about 1795, till his death in 1830, the old man constantly lived with his son. He used to stain the canvases and varnish the pictures, which made Turner say that his father "began and finished his pictures for him." It was partly no doubt for his father's sake that Turner built a house at Twickenham, which was one of his addresses from 1814 to 1826, and where he spent some of the most healthy and pleasant years of his life. His father used to come up to Queen Anne Street every morning to open the gallery, and was much exercised over the expense of the journey, until he persuaded a market-gardener to bring him up in his vegetable cart, for a glass of gin a day—a story which throws suggestive light on the domestic economy of the Turnerian *ménage*. But when away from home Turner, though eccentric, was very sociable. He had many friends, and was respected by them all. Chief among those who were friends and patrons in one, was Mr. Walter Fawkes, of Farnley Hall, situated upon the shores of Wharfe, about a mile and a half from Otley. For a quarter of a century Turner was a constant guest there, no family festival being considered complete without him; and upon Mr. Fawkes's death in 1825 friendly relations were kept up by his son, "Hawkey," until Turner himself died. Another house where Turner often visited on terms of similar friendship was Lord Egremont's at Petworth—of which there are two reminiscences in this Gallery (XIX. 559, 560, pp. 642, 646). Another of his friends records that "Turner was fond of children, and children discovered it and were fond of him." And "it will not be thought in

[1] For the "Antwerp: Van Goyen looking for a Subject," painted in 1833, Turner received £315. In 1863 the picture sold for £2635, and in 1887 for £6825. These figures are typical of the comparatively small sums which Turner received for his pictures, and of their enormous enhancement in value since his death.

after years," says Mr. Ruskin, "one of the least important facts concerning him, that, living at his cottage at Twickenham he was nicknamed 'Blackbirdy' by the boys, because of his driving them away from his blackbirds' nests." Equally convincing is the evidence of Turner's warmth of heart. He "could never make up his mind to visit Farnley after his old friend's death, and he could not speak of the shores of the Wharfe but his voice faltered." By his fellow-artist friends he seems to have been universally loved. "He was very amusing," says Mr. C. R. Leslie, "on the varnishing, or rather the painting days, at the Academy. Singular as were his habits—for nobody knew how or where he lived—his nature was social, and at our lunch on those anniversaries he was the life of the table." And then from such recollections as these, one has to turn back to his sordid solitude in his own home. Truly in his life, as in his art, Turner embodied the joy and the sadness of the world—"the rose with the cankerworm at its root." The gradual deterioration of his moral nature has been already hinted at. But it was complicated by the growing isolation in which he found himself as an artist; and we now pass therefore to a sketch of his artistic development, which the foregoing outline of his life and character will better enable us to understand.

"The works of Turner are broadly referable to three periods, during each of which he wrought with a different aim, or with different powers." The following observations are, for the most part, confined to his oil-pictures in this gallery, but it should not be forgotten that Turner can only be fully understood by studying his oil-pictures in connection with his water-colour drawings. (1) In his first period (1800-1820), or period of apprenticeship, "he laboured as a student, imitating successively the works of the various masters who excelled in the qualities he desired to attain himself." The pictures of this period have three characteristics. *First*, they are imitations. Thus the "Carthage" (XIV. 498, p. 344) was an imitation of Claude; the "Hesperides" (477, p. 592) of Poussin; the "Clapham Common" (XIX. 468, p. 640) of Morland; and his early sea pieces were imitations of Vandevelde. But "though they nearly all are imitations, none of them are *copies*. . . . Instead of copying a Vandevelde, he went to the sea, and painted *that*, in Vandevelde's way. Instead of copying a Poussin, he went to the mountains, and painted *them*, in Poussin's way. And from the lips of the mountains and the sea themselves he learned one or two things which neither Vandevelde nor Poussin could have told him; until at last, continually finding these sayings of the hill and waves on the whole the soundest kind of sayings, he came to listen to no others." The *second* characteristic of his manner is the "firm, sometimes heavy, laying on of the paint." A general glance at the pictures hung on the left wall of this room sufficiently shows that. The reason for it is partly "mere unskilfulness (it being much easier to lay a heavy touch than a light one), but partly also in the struggle of the learner against indecision, just as the notes are struck heavily in early practice (if useful and progressive) on a pianoforte. But besides these reasons,

the kind of landscapes which were set before Turner as models, and which, during nearly the whole of this epoch, he was striving to imitate, were commonly sober in colour and heavy in touch. Brown was thought the proper colour for trees, gray for shadows, and fog-yellow for high lights." *Thirdly*, the pictures in Turner's first manner are distinguished by their absence of colour.[1] They are all painted "on the same principle, subduing the colours of nature into a harmony of which the key notes are grayish-green and brown; pure blues and delicate golden yellows being admitted in small quantity as the lowest and highest limits of shade and light; and bright local colours in extremely small quantity in figures or other minor accessories." (2) In the second period (1820-1835) Turner "worked on the principles which, during his studentship, he had discovered; imitating no one, but frequently endeavouring to do what the then accepted theories of art required of all artists—namely, to produce beautiful compositions or ideals, instead of transcripts of natural fact." The pictures belonging to this second period are technically distinguished from those of the first in three particulars. *First*, "colour takes the place of gray. . . . The immediate cause . . . was the impression made upon him by the colours of the continental skies (during his foreign tour in 1820). When he first travelled on the Continent (1800) he was comparatively a young student; not yet able to draw form as he wanted, he was forced to give all his thoughts and strength to this primary object. But now he was free to receive other impressions; the time was come for perfecting his art, and the first sunset which he saw on the Rhine taught him that all previous landscape art was vain and valueless, that, in comparison with natural colour, the things that had been called paintings were mere ink and charcoal, and that all precedent and all authority must be cast away at once, and trodden under foot. He cast them away: the memories of Vandevelde and Claude were at once weeded out of the great mind they had encumbered; they and all the rubbish of the schools together with them; the waves of the Rhine swept them away for ever; and a new dawn rose over the rocks of the Siebengebirge." *Secondly*, "refinement takes the place of force. He had discovered that it is much more difficult to draw tenderly than ponderously, and that all the most beautiful things in nature depended on infinitely delicate lines." *Thirdly*, "Turner saw there were more clouds in any sky than ever had been painted; more trees in every forest, more crags on every hill-side; and he set himself with all his strength to proclaim this great fact of Quantity in the universe." (3) In the third period (1835-1845), "his own strong instincts conquered the theories of art altogether. He thought little of ideals, but reproduced, as far as he could, the simple impressions he received from nature, associating them with his own deepest feelings." But many of the works of this period are quite unworthy of him. This was the result partly of the isolation

[1] "But in slight and small *drawings* of the period, some play of colour begins to show itself."

in which he found himself. The public and the critics no longer understood him, and "the spirit of defiance in which he was forced to labour led him sometimes into violences from which the slightest expression of sympathy would have saved him. The new energy that was upon him, and the utter isolation into which he was driven were both alike dangerous, and many drawings of the time show the evil effects of both; some of them being hasty, wild, or experimental, and others little more than magnificent expressions of defiance of public opinion. Goaded by the reproaches cast upon his work, he would often meet contempt with contempt, and paint, not as in his middle-period, to prove his power, but merely to astonish or defy his critics."[1] Mr. Frith, in his personal reminiscences of Turner, tells two stories, which, taken together, show very clearly the spirit of mingled bitterness and jest in which much of his work in this period was done. At an Academy lunch, Reinagle said he was going to make his fortune, and would give all his friends commissions. Then looking aside at Turner, who sat next to him, he added, "And I will give you a commission if you will tell me which way to hang the picture up when I get it." "You may hang it just as you please," said Turner, "if you will only pay for it." Turner, adds Mr. Frith, "used to ridicule his own later works quite as skilfully as the newspapers did. For example, at a dinner where I was present, a salad was offered to Turner, who called the attention of his neighbour at the table (Lord Overstone) to it in the following words: 'Nice cool green in that lettuce, isn't it? and the beetroot pretty red—not quite strong enough, and the mixture, delicate tint of yellow that. Add some mustard and you have one of my pictures" (Frith's *Autobiography*, i. 130, 131). And often, no doubt, Turner "would *play* with his Academy work, and engage in colour tournaments with his painter friends; the spirit which prompted such jests or challenges being natural enough to a mind now no longer in a state of doubt, but conscious of confirmed power. But here, again, the evil attendant on such play, or scorn, becomes concentrated in the Academy pictures; while the real strength and majesty of his mind are seen undiminished only in the sketches which he made during his summer journeys for his own pleasure, and in the drawings he completed from them." Especially did he derive fresh inspiration from his visits to Venice, and from his journey to Switzerland in 1840 or 1841. The drawings referable to that journey, and the best pictures of the third period, mark the culmination of his work. "The perfect repose of his youth had returned to his mind, while the faculties of imagination and execution appeared in renewed strength; all conventionality being done away by the force of the impression which he had received from the Alps after his long separation from them. The

[1] It is interesting to note how this phase of Turner's temper has often been reflected in his disciple. Many of Mr. Ruskin's passages of most cutting irony and most startling paradox seem to have been written to confound a perverse generation, or confuse a purblind critic.

drawings are marked by a peculiar largeness and simplicity of thought, most of them by deep serenity, passing into melancholy." "Formerly he painted the *Victory* in her triumph, but now the old *Téméraire* in her decay; formerly Napoleon at Marengo, now Napoleon at St. Helena; formerly the Ducal Palace at Venice, now the Cemetery at Murano; formerly the Life of Vandevelde, now the Burial of Wilkie."

The period of decline was from 1845 to 1851. "In 1845 his health gave way, and his mind and sight partially failed." He still occasionally dined with his friends, and was as merry and sociable at such gatherings as ever; but he repulsed every attempt made to penetrate into his domestic secrets. "There never was yet," says Mr. Ruskin, "so far as I can hear or read, isolation of a great spirit so utterly desolate." Mr. Ruskin's own enthusiasm never, he tells us, gave Turner any pleasure; whilst he felt bitterly even Mr. Ruskin's failure sometimes to understand him. He was extremely sensitive too to criticism. "A man may be weak in his age," he said once, at the time when he felt he was dying, "but you should not tell him so." Such isolation as this, adds Mr. Ruskin, "may be borne, and borne easily, by men who have fixed religious principles, or supporting domestic ties. But Turner had no one to teach him in his youth, and no one to love him in his old age. Respect and affection, if they came at all, came unbelieved, or came too late. Naturally irritable, though kind,—naturally suspicious, though generous,—the gold gradually became dim, and the most fine gold changed, or, if not changed, overcast and clouded." As his end approached the isolation became impenetrable. Friends sought to find him out, but he was full of devices for eluding their kindly search. Even his old housekeeper failed to discover his whereabouts until, in turning out a pocket of an old coat, she came upon a letter directed to him, and written by a friend who lived at Chelsea. She went to the place and found him in a miserable lodging by the river-side, where he had been living under an assumed name with a Mrs. Booth, and had passed amongst the neighbours for a broken-down old admiral. But at the last the gold which was mixed with Turner's clay shone out brightly. He would often, during his last illness, rise at daybreak, and go up to the railed-in roof to see the sun rise. "The sun is God," were almost his last words; and "the window of his death-chamber was turned towards the west, and the *sun* shone upon his face in its setting, and rested there as he expired."[1]

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[1] All the passages in the above notice of Turner's life and work which are included in quotation marks are taken (except where otherwise specified) from Mr. Ruskin's books. It would be tedious to enumerate the particular references; but the most important passages are *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. chs. ix., xi., xii.; *Pre-Raphaelitism*, reprinted in *O. O. R.*, vol. i. §§ 195-225; Edinburgh *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, Lect. iii.; and *Notes on the Turner Gallery* (1856-1857), *passim*. A satisfactory life of Turner still remains to be written. Thornbury's book

474. THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

"Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire . . . and he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground. But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt" (Genesis xix. 24-26).

Painted 1805. Of this and the other pictures of Turner's first period, which are hung high and are in bad condition, it is impossible to see anything except on particularly bright days; on such days it is worth while examining them, in order to notice how, even whilst Turner was imitating the old masters, he made a vigorous effort to realise scenes as they might in truth have happened. Compare, for instance, this grimly realistic version of Lot and his daughters leaving the burning city, with such a conventional and uncharacteristic one as Guido's (XIII. 193, p. 324). One sees by such comparisons what is meant by the statement that Turner is "the head of the Pre-Raphaelite School" (*cf.* p. 537).

477. THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES.

The three daughters of Hesperus dwelt in the Gardens of the West, which were protected by a great dragon, and had charge of the golden apples, the gift of Earth to Juno on her wedding day. To them,—

> All amidst the gardens fair
> Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,
> That sing about the golden tree,—

comes the Goddess of Discord, to choose the apple which was to cause the contention of the Judgment of Paris (see X. 194, p. 230). This story, like most Greek myths, had two distinct meanings—one natural, the other moral, and both may be traced in Turner's picture.[1] "As *natural* types, the Hesperides, or Maidens of the West, are representatives of the soft western

(cited elsewhere as *Thornbury*), though full of interest, is not a life so much as a collection of ill-assorted and too often unverified materials for one. Mr. Monkhouse's *Life* in the "Great Artists" series (cited elsewhere as *Monkhouse*) is unduly weighed with controversial matter, but gives most of the known facts about Turner.

[1] It is often objected that Turner had no deep mythological meanings in these classical compositions, for that his only source of inspiration was probably Lempriere's *Classical Dictionary*. Such criticisms show a want of acquaintance with that excellent book, for the author nearly always adds to his bald versions of the myths an interpretation—according to his lights—of their natural and moral meanings.

winds and sunshine; whilst the dragon is the representative of the Sahara wind, or Simoom, which blew over the garden from above the hills on the south, and forbade all advance of cultivation beyond their ridge." And thus in Turner's picture "a clear fountain is made the principal object in the foreground,—a bright and strong torrent in the distance,—while the dragon, wrapped in flame and whirlwind, watches from the top of the cliff." The *moral* significance of the story lies deeper. "The Hesperides, in this sense, are the nymphs of the sunset. They are called the Singing Nymphs, and are four: Brightness, Blushing, the Spirit of the Hearth, and the Ministering Spirit. O English reader! hast thou ever heard of these fair and true daughters of Sunset beyond the mighty sea? And was it not well to trust to such keepers the guarding of the golden fruit which the Earth gave to Juno at her marriage?—Juno, the housewives' goddess, to whom the earth presents its golden fruit, which she gives to two kinds of guardians. The wealth of the earth, as the source of household peace and plenty, is watched by the Singing Nymphs. But, as the source of sorrow and desolation, it is watched by the Dragon. He is the representative of the consuming passions—Child of Malignity and Secretness—the flame-backed dragon, sleepless, the demon of all evil passions connected with covetousness, that is, of fraud and rage and gloom. Note the serpent clouds floating from his head, the grovelling and ponderous body, the grip of the claws, as if they would clutch (rather than tear) the rock itself into pieces. One of the essential characters of the creature is its coldness and petrifying power; this in the demon of covetousness must exist to the utmost; breathing fire, he is yet himself of ice. Draw this dragon as white instead of dark, and take his claws away, and his body would become a perfect representation of a great glacier, there being only this difference, that his shoulders have the form, but not the fragility, of ice."[1] It remains to explain the Goddess of Discord. "Turner derives his conception of her from Spenser ('Als as she double spake, so heard she double'). Following all the circumstances of decrepitude and distortion, through hand and limb, with patient

[1] For some further remarks upon this dragon—as "an anticipation of the grandest reaches of recent inquiry into the form of the dragons of the old earth," and therein as "one of the most curious exertions of the imaginative intellect with which I am acquainted in the arts," see *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. x. § 18, and *Notes on the Turner Gallery*. p. 24.

care, he has added one final touch of his own: the nymph who brings the apples to the goddess offers her one in each hand; and Eris, of the divided mind, cannot choose."

Turning now to the landscape, the reader should note that the picture (exhibited in 1806) is "the first composition in which Turner introduced the mountain knowledge he had gained in his Swiss journey (of 1802). It is a combination of these Swiss experiences, under the guidance of Nicolas Poussin, whose type of landscape has been followed throughout." Note *first* "the impossibilities of mountain form into which the wretched system of Poussin's idealism moulded Turner's memory of the Alps. It is not *possible* that hill masses on this scale should be divided into these simple, steep, and stone-like forms. Great mountains, however bold, are always full of endless fracture and detail, and indicate on the brows and edges of their cliffs, both the multitudinousness and the deeply wearing continuance of the force of time, and stream, and tempest." *Secondly*, note "the enormous torrent which rushes down behind the dragon above the main group of trees. In nature that torrent would have worn for itself a profound bed, full of roundings and wrinkled lateral gulphs. Here, it merely dashes among the squared stones, as if it had just been turned on by a New River Company. And it has not only had no effect on its bed, but appears quite unable to find its way to the bottom, for we see nothing more of it after it has got down behind the tree tops. In reality, the whole valley beneath would have been filled by a mass of rounded stones and *débris* by such a torrent as that." *Thirdly*, "when the streams are so lively in the distance one might at least expect them not to be stagnant in the foreground, and if we may have no orderly gravel walks, nor gay beds of flowers in our garden, but only large stones and bushes, we might surely have had the pleasantness of a clear mountain stream. But Poussin never allowed mountain streams; nothing but dead water was proper in a classical foreground; so we have the brown pool with a water-lily or two, and a conventional fountain, falling, not into a rocky trough or a grassy hollow, but into a large glassy bowl or tureen." *Fourthly*, "it is not a work in colour at all. It is a simple study in gray and brown, heightened with a red drapery, and cooled with a blue opening in the sky.[1] Indeed, unless we were expressly assured

[1] The above passage is from *Notes on the Turner Gallery* (p. 20), where Mr. Ruskin adds, with reference to the sombre colour of the picture,

of the fact, I question whether we should have found out that these were gardens at all, as they have the appearance rather of wild mountain ground, broken and rocky; with a pool of gloomy water; some heavy groups of trees, of the species grown on Clapham Common (XIX. 468, p. 640); and some bushes bearing very unripe and pale pippins—approaching in no wise the beauty of a Devonshire or Normandy orchard, much less that of an orange grove, and, least of all, of such fruit as goddesses would be likely to quarrel for. It is another notable proof of the terrible power of a precedent on the strongest human mind, that just as Vandevelde kept Turner for twenty years from seeing that the sea was wet, so Poussin kept Turner for twenty years from seeing that the Alps were rosy, and that grass was green" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, pp. 19-26, *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. x., "The Nereid's Guard").

500. THE FIELD OF WATERLOO (June 18, 1815).

Exhibited in 1818, with the following quotation from Byron (*Childe Harold*, iii. 28) affixed in the Catalogue—

> Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
> Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
> The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
> The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
> Battle's magnificently stern array!
> The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
> The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
> Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
> Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

472. CALAIS PIER. ENGLISH PACKET ARRIVING.

Exhibited in 1803, and the first-fruits therefore of the painter's first foreign tour (1802). "Turner evidently loved

"Possibly the Goddess of Discord may have had something to do with the matter; and the shadow of her presence may have been cast on laurel bough and golden fruit; but I am not disposed to attribute such a piece of far-fetched fancy to Turner at this period." But in the last volume of *Modern Painters*, published three years later, Mr. Ruskin adopts this discarded hypothesis, and says: "The reason of the gloom, extending, not to the dragon only, but also to the fountain and tree of golden fruit, is this. Although the Hesperides, in their own character, as the nymphs of domestic joy, are entirely bright, yet seen or remembered in sorrow, or in the presence of discord, they deepen distress. Euripides describes their entirely happy character; but to Dido in her despair they recur under another aspect, and Spenser makes the fruit grow first in the garden of Mammon" (pt. ix. ch. x. §§ 22, 23).

Calais excessively. There are at least five studies by him of it . . . records of successive impressions, as plainly written as ever traveller's diary." This was "what he saw when he had landed, and ran back directly to the pier to see what had become of the brig. The weather had got still worse, the fishwomen were being blown about in a distressful manner on the pier head, and some more fishing-boats were running in with all speed." "It may be well to advise the reader that the 'English packet' is the cutter in the centre, entering the harbour; else he might perhaps waste some time in trying to discover the *Princess Maude* or *Princess Alice* through the gloom on the left. The figures throughout will repay examination; none are without individuality and interest. It will be observed, perhaps, that the fisherman at the stern of the boat just pushing from the pier, seems unreasonably excited in bidding adieu to his wife, who looks down to him over the parapet; but if the spectator closely examines the dark bottle which he shakes at her, he will find she has given it him only half full of cognac. She has kept the rest in her own flask. The sky is throughout very noble, as well as the indication of space of horizon beyond the bowsprit of the vessel outside the harbour. (On a dark day the finer passages on this side of the picture are, however, quite invisible.) But the picture is still painted nearly on the old Wilsonian principles: that is to say, the darks are all exaggerated to bring out the lights (the post for instance, in the foreground, is nearly coal-black, relieved only with brown); all the shadows are coal-black, and the grays of the sky sink almost into night effect. And observe, this is not with any intention of giving an impressive effect of violent storm. It is very squally and windy; but the fishing-boats are going to sea, and the packet is coming in in her usual way, and the flat fish are a topic of principal interest on the pier. Nobody is frightened, and there is no danger. The sky is black only because Turner did not yet generally know how to bring out light otherwise than by contrast." Notice particularly the fish: they are the first indication in Turner's work of colour properly so called. Note "the careful loading and crumbling of the paint to the focus of light in the nearer one; and the pearly, playing colour in the others." Turner himself, it is interesting to know, regarded these fish as bearing the sign-manual of his power of colour. "Several years after he had painted the picture, he went to the

engraver to examine the progress of a plate from it. He stood before the picture for some moments; then laughed, and pointing joyously to the pearly fish wrought into hues like those of an opal, said, 'They say that Turner can't colour!' and turned away" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, p. 8; and *Pre-Raphaelitism*, in *O. O. R.*, i. 290, 293).

470. THE TENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

"And it came to pass, that at midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt. . . . And Pharaoh rose, he and all the Egyptians; and there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead" (Exodus xii. 29, 30).

Exhibited in 1802, and painted in imitation perhaps of Poussin's Plagues. The subject was included in the *Liber Studiorum*, and a glance at the drawing (Water-colour Room, *Liber Studiorum*, No. 9) will assist the spectator in deciphering the picture. The inclusion of the subject in that collected series of his works is significant. "Turner was the painter of the sorrow of men: ruin of all their glorious work, passing away of their thoughts and their honour, mirage of pleasure, *Fallacy of Hope;* gathering of weed on temple step; gaining of wave on deserted strand; weeping of the mother for the children, desolate by her breathless first-born in the streets of the city, desolate by her last sons slain, among the beasts of the field ('Rizpah,' 464, now at Liverpool)" (*Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. ix. § 21).

476. THE SHIPWRECK.

Painted in 1805, and originally purchased by Sir John Fleming Leicester, afterwards Lord de Tabley. Lady Leicester having lost a favourite nephew at sea, was unable to bear the associations called up by the picture, and Turner exchanged it for the "Sun rising in a Mist" (XIV. 479, p. 344), which he afterwards bought back in order to present to the nation. Looking at Turner's pictures, as they should be looked at, as forming one great whole, the visitor will find it instructive to look alternately from the "Shipwreck" to the "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" (516, p. 603), or the "Caligula's Palace" (512, p. 608). Here, there is the utmost anxiety and distress of which human life is capable; in the "Childe Harold," the utmost recklessness and rapture. Here, nature is an infinity of cloud and condemnation; in the other two pictures, an infinity of light and beneficence.

Here the work of man is in its lowest humiliation—the wreck disappearing from the sea like a passing shadow: in the "Caligula," the work of man is in its utmost pride. Time, here, has death and life in its every moment: in the "Childe Harold" it exists only to be laughed away. Yet in all three pictures alike there is death and ruin. In those of Italy, the boughs wave, and the sun lightens, and the buildings open their glorious gates upon the track of Pride and Pleasure; and here, the sea asks for, and the heavens allow, the doom of those in whom we know no evil. The pictures were not indeed painted with any thought of their comparison or opposition; but they indicate two opposite phases of the painter's mind, and his bitter and pitying grasp of this world's ways. The "Shipwreck" is only one of many in which he strove to speak his sympathy with the mystery of human pain. The others are definitely painted as an expression of the alluring paths of pleasure.[1]

With regard to the painting here, it marks an advance on the "Calais" chiefly in "the more delicate and mysterious gray instead of the ponderous blackness." The picture was painted doubtless in imitation of Vandevelde, but the rendering of the sea is "far in advance of anything that had been done before." It is wonderful in its rendering of the action of waves; and notice the "exact truth of the lines of the *wake* of the large boat running back to the left from her stern: very few painters would have noticed these. But neither the lustre of surface, nor nature of the foam—still less of the spray—are marked satisfactorily. Turner's sympathies were given to the rage of the wave, not to its shining; and as he traced its toss and writhe, he neglected its glow. The want of true foam drawing is a worse fault; none of the white touches in these seas have, in the least, the construction or softness of foam; and there is no spray anywhere. In reality, in such a sea as this of the 'Shipwreck,' the figures even in the nearest boat would have been visible only in dim fragments through the mist of spray; and yeasty masses of spume would have been hanging about the breakers like folds of cloth, and fluttering and flashing on the wind like flights of birds. But there is a worse fault than the want of spray. Nobody is

[1] Mr. Ruskin made his comparison with the "Phryne" (522, now at Oldham), but as this latter picture is now removed, I have adapted his words to two of the pictures still in this gallery.

wet. Every figure in that boat is as dry as if they all were travelling by waggon through the inland counties. Nothing can show more distinctly the probationary state of Turner's mind at the period. I used once to think Homer's phrase, 'wet water,' somewhat tautological; but I see that he was right, and that it takes time to understand the fact." Note further that "the crew of the nearer boat prove infinitely more power of figure-painting than ever landscape painter showed before. Look close into it: coarse it may be; but it comes very nearly up to Hogarth in power of expression. Look at that ghastly woman's face and those helpless arms; and the various torpor and terror, and desolate agony, crushed and drenched down among the rending planks and rattling oars. Think a little over your 'landscapes with figures.' Hunt up your solitary fishermen on river-banks; your Canaletto and Guardi crowds in projecting dominoes and triangular hats; your Claudesque nymphs and warriors; your modern picturesque groups of striped petticoats and scarlet cloaks; and see whether you can find *one* piece of true action and emotion drawn as that boat's crew is, before you allow yourself again to think that Turner could not paint figures"[1] (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, pp. 10-19).

490. SNOWSTORM: HANNIBAL AND HIS ARMY CROSSING THE ALPS.

This picture, now hardly visible, was exhibited in 1812, when Turner appended to it in the Catalogue his first extract from his "MS. Poem," the "Fallacies of Hope"—the lines having reference to the pillage of Saguntum in 219 B.C., and Hannibal's expedition into Italy across the Alps in the following year—

> Craft, treachery, and fraud,—Salassian force
> Hung on the fainting rear; then plunder seized
> The victor and the captive,—Saguntum's spoil
> Alike became their prey; still the chief advanc'd,
> Looked on the sun with hope; low, broad and wan.
> While the fierce archer of the downward year,
> Stains Italy's blanched barrier with storms.
> In vain each pass, ensanguined deep with dead,
> Or rocky fragments, wide destruction roll'd.
> Still on Campania's fertile plains—he thought
> But the loud breeze sobb'd, Capua's joys beware.

[1] See on this subject under 502, p. 617.

The idea was suggested to Turner partly by a picture of the same subject by J. Cozens, partly by a storm at Farnley.[1] "One stormy day," says Mr. Fawkes, "Turner called to me loudly from the doorway, 'Hawkey, Hawkey!—come here, come here! Look at this thunderstorm! Isn't it grand?—isn't it wonderful?—isn't it sublime?' All this time he was making notes of its form and colour on the back of a letter. I proposed some better drawing-block, but he said it did very well. He was absorbed—he was entranced. Presently the storm passed, and he finished, 'There!' said he, 'Hawkey; in two years you will see this again, and call it *Hannibal Crossing the Alps*'" (*Thornbury*, ii. 88).

480. THE DEATH OF NELSON (October 21, 1805).

"A magnificent picture in his early manner (exhibited 1808), being remarkable in many ways, but chiefly for its endeavour to give the spectator a complete map of everything visible in the ships *Victory* and *Redoutable* at the moment of Nelson's death-wound." The battle is represented as seen from the mizen starboard shrouds of the *Victory*. To the right is the *Redoutable*, and beyond that the *Téméraire*, the *Bucentaur*, and the *Santa Trinidada*. Nelson has just fallen, and has been carried down from the quarter deck, having been struck by a musket shot from a rifleman in the mizen fore-jib of the *Redoutable*. The midshipman who afterwards shot the rifleman is preparing to fire.

Turner was doubtless at Margate, on the 22nd of December following, when the *Victory* arrived there with the body of Nelson, "and vowed that Trafalgar shall have its tribute of memory some day. Which, accordingly, is accomplished—once, with all our might, for its death; twice, with all our might, for its victory (556, p. 603); thrice, in pensive farewell to the old *Téméraire* (524, p. 613), and, with it, to that order of things" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, p. 78; *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. ix. § 8).

493. THE DELUGE (exhibited 1813).

> Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with black wings
> Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
> From under heaven . . .
> . . . the thicken'd sky

[1] See *Monkhouse*, p. 67.

Like a dark ceiling stood, down rushed the rain
Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was seen. MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

481. SPITHEAD: BOAT'S CREW RECOVERING AN ANCHOR.

Exhibited 1809. The buoy on the left marks the spot where the *Royal George* went down.

513. THE VISION OF MEDEA.

Painted in Rome in 1829, and exhibited at the Academy in 1831, this picture belongs to Turner's "second period"—the period of colour, of which the first gleams are discernible in the picture below (488). The following quotation, which Turner affixed in the Catalogue, shows how the story of Medea connected itself in his mind with his haunting conception of the "Fallacies of Hope"—

Or Medea, who in the full tide of witchery
Had lured the dragon, gained her Jason's love,
Had fill'd the spell-bound bowl with Æson's life,
Yet dash'd it to the ground, and raised the poisonous snake
High in the jaundiced sky to writhe its murderous coil,
Infuriate in the wreck of hope, withdrew,
And in the fired palace her twin offspring threw.

For Medea, a princess of Colchis, and a mighty enchantress, had lulled to sleep the dragon which guarded the Golden Fleece (471, p. 608) when Jason came in search of it, and so she had won his love. And for ten years they lived in married tenderness, till Jason proved unfaithful to her, and she, *infuriate in the wreck of hope*, killed her two children; and having harnessed the dragons of evil passions, which once she had lulled to sleep, she fled through the air and went her way. She is here represented "performing an incantation; on the ground by her side are the three Fates; immediately above and behind them appears to be her dragon-chariot with her twins; the chariot is also represented in the clouds above to the left, where Medea is again seen in the act of throwing her children into the fired palace below" (Official Catalogue).

488. APOLLO AND THE PYTHON.

This mythological picture appeared five years after the "Hesperides" (477, p. 592)—"another dragon—this time not triumphant, but in death-pang, the Python slain by Apollo.

Not in a garden this slaying, but in a hollow, among wildest rocks, beside a stagnant pool. Yet instead of the sombre colouring of the Hesperid hills, strange gleams of blue and gold flit around the mountain peaks, and colour the clouds above them. The picture is at once the type, and the first expression, of a great change which was passing over Turner's mind." That change (see p. 589) was from darkness to light. "He had begun by faithful declaration of the sorrow there was in the world. It is now permitted him to see also its beauty. He becomes, separately and without rival, the painter of the loveliness and light of the creation. Of its loveliness: that which may be beloved in it, the tenderest, kindest, most feminine of its aspects. Of its light; light not merely diffused, but interpreted, light seen pre-eminently in colour." In the colouring of this picture are the first signs of such a change. "You will see there is rose colour and blue on the clouds, as well as gold." And the subject of the picture is a type of the change. The victory portrayed is "over vapour of many kinds;—Python-slaying in general. Look how the Python's jaws smoke as he falls back between the rocks:—a vaporous serpent."

The subject is the killing of the Python-dragon by Apollo, who

> To preserve the fame of such a deed
> For Python slain, the Pythian games decreed.

Apollo is in the act of shooting, and the figure is perhaps the best of any in Turner's pictures,[1] while the rocks and trees are convulsed with the dying struggle of the monster—

> Envenom'd by thy darts, the monster coil'd,
> Portentous, horrible, and vast, his snake-like form:
> Rent the huge portal of the rocky den,
> And in the throes of death, he tore
> His many wounds in one, while earth
> Absorbing, blacken'd with his gore.[2]

[1] "There is one figure which is admirable, that of Apollo. I do not know whether the great French artist, M. Gustave Moreau, has ever seen this life-like painting, but whenever he does he will appreciate the genius of one of his ancestors" (Chesneau: *The English School*, p. 151).

[2] These were the lines which Turner put to the picture in the Academy Catalogue, ascribing them to "Callimachus." But there is little doubt that they were of his own composition. They are not from Callimachus, but are a combination of the descriptions of two of Ovid's dragons—the Python (*Metamorphoses*, book i.) and the dragon destroyed by Cadmus

"This monster, the Python, or corrupter, is the treasure-destroyer,—where moth and rust doth corrupt,—the worm of eternal decay. Apollo's contest with him is the strife of purity with pollution; of life with forgetfulness; of love with the grave. I believe this great battle stood, in the Greek mind, for the type of the struggle of youth and manhood with deadly sin—venomous, infectious, irrecoverable sin. Well did Turner know the meaning of that battle; he has told its tale with fearful distinctness. The Mammon dragon was armed with adamant; but this dragon of decay is a mere colossal worm: wounded, he bursts asunder in the midst, and melts to pieces rather than dies, vomiting smoke—a smaller serpent-worm rising out of his blood. Alas, for Turner! This smaller serpent-worm, it seemed, he could not conceive to be slain" (*Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. xi.) The same "serpent-worm" may be seen in other of Turner's pictures; *e.g.* in 505, p. 624.

556. THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR (Oct. 21, 1805).

A sketch of a larger picture—the second of the series "painted at different times, but all illustrative of one haunting conception, of the central struggle at Trafalgar" (see under 480, p. 600). The large picture was presented by George IV. in 1829, for whom it was painted, to Greenwich Hospital, where it still hangs in the Painted Hall. "It is a broadside view, and represents the *Redoutable* as sinking, though it did not really sink till the next night. Turner has, in fact, with epical grandeur, crowded together the events of several different hours" (see *Thornbury*, i. 292, and Ruskin's *Harbours of England*, p. 16, for some interesting stories about the large picture. "I can't make English of it, sir," said one old Greenwich pensioner of it, "I can't make English of it." "What a Trafalgar!" exclaimed another, "it's a damned deal more like a brickfield!").

516. CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

One of the most important pictures in the rooms both for its own beauty and as showing the drift of the painter's mind. "Turner painted," says Mr. Ruskin, "the labour of men, their

(book iii). "Something very like a javelin, Cadmus's weapon, is sticking in the dragon, and has reappeared after being painted out" (see *Monkhouse*, pp. 68-72).

sorrow, and their death. This he did nearly in the same tones of mind which prompted Byron's poem of 'Childe Harold'; and the loveliest result of his art, in the central period of it, was an effort to express on a single canvas the meaning of that poem. It may now be seen, by a strange coincidence, associated with two others,—'Caligula's Bridge' (512, p. 608) and 'Apollo and the Sibyl' (505, p. 622);—the one illustrative of the vanity of human labour, the other of the vanity of human life." The general motives of the picture are described in the quotation from Byron which Turner himself affixed to it—

> And now, fair Italy
> Thou art the garden of the world, the home
> Of all art yields and nature can decree—
> Even in thy desert what is like to thee?
> Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
> More rich than other climes' fertility,
> Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
> With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced.
>
> *Childe Harold:* iv. 26.

In the spirit of these lines Turner set himself to paint the ancient ruin, the mediæval convent and walled town, the modern life—and the sun going down alike upon the glorious wreck of the past, and upon the fascinating out-door life of the present Italy. It is interesting to go from this painted poem —done in 1832, when Turner was fifty-seven—to see him, "as a boy, at work with heavy hand and undiverted eye, on the dusty Clapham Common road" (XIX. 468, p. 640), or as a young man watchful of Jason's footstep over the dry bones to the serpent's den (471, p. 608). "Age usually makes men prosaic and cold; but in Turner the course of advancing mind was the exact reverse of this. And thus the richest and sweetest passages of Byron, which usually address themselves most to the imagination of youth, became an inspiration to Turner in his later years: and an inspiration so compelling, that, while he only illustrated here and there a detached passage from other poets, he endeavoured, as far as in him lay,[1] to delineate the whole mind of Byron."

[1] "The illustration is imperfect," adds Mr. Ruskin, "just because it misses the *manliest* character of Byron's mind; . . . and, beautiful as the dream may be, Turner but joins in the injustice too many have done to Byron, in dwelling rather on the passionate than the reflective and analytic elements of his intellect. . . . Turner was strongly influenced, from this time forward, by Byron's love of nature; but it is curious how

With regard to Turner's treatment of his subject, "the landscape on the right-hand portion of the picture is exquisitely beautiful—founded on faithful reminiscences of the defiles of Narni, and the roots of the Apennines, seen under purple evening life. The tenderness of the mere painting, by which this light is expressed, is not only far beyond his former work, but it is so great that the eye can hardly follow the gradations of hue; it can feel, but cannot trace them. On what mere particles of colour the effect depends, may be well seen in the central tower of the distant city, on the hill beyond the bridge. The side of it turned away from the light receives a rosy reflection from the other buildings in the town; and this reflection will be found, on looking close, to be expressed with three touches of vermilion, laid on the blue distant ground, the touches being as fine as the filament of a feather. It is very interesting to walk back from this 'Childe Harold' to the 'View on Clapham Common,' and observe the intensity of the change of subject and method: the thick, plastered, rolling white paint of the one, and the silvery films of the other; the heavy and hot yellow of the one, and the pale rosy rays of the other, touched with pencillings so light, that, if the ground had been a butterfly's wing, they would not have stirred a grain of its azure dust." Beautiful, however, as the picture still is, it is now only a ghost of its former self. Whether from the too light glazing of one colour over another, or from the mixing of colours chemically discordant, or from some other cause, this (like most of Turner's greatest pictures) has largely lost its original effect. "What amount of change has passed upon it may be seen by examining the bridge over the river on the right. There either was, or was intended to be, a drawbridge or wooden bridge over the gaps between the two ruined piers. But either the intention of bridge was painted over, and has penetrated again through the disappearing upper colour; or (which I rather think) the realisation of bridge was once there, and is disappearing itself." Notice lastly the drawing of the stone pine. "Those in the 'Bay of Baiæ'

unaware he seems of the sterner war of his will and intellect; and how little this quiet and fair landscape, with its delicate ruin and softened light, does in reality express the tones of thought into which Harold falls oftenest in that watchful and weary pilgrimage" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, p. 52). For a further statement of Mr Ruskin's estimate of Byron, the reader may refer to *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, in *O.O.R.*, vol. ii.

(505, p. 623) have no resemblance to the real tree, except in shade and heavy-headedness. But this pine has something of the natural growth of the tree, both in its flatter top and stiffer character of bough : and thus, though the leaves are not yet right pine leaves, naturalism is gradually prevailing over idealism. . . . But through all these phases of increasing specific accuracy, the bough drawing, considered as a general expression of woody character, is quite exquisite. It is so delicate in its finish of curves, that, at first, the eye does not follow them ; but if you look close into the apparently straight bough, the lowest and longest on the left of this pine in the 'Childe Harold,' you will find there is not a single hair's breadth of it without its soft changes of elastic curve and living line. If you can draw at all accurately and delicately, you cannot receive a more valuable lesson than you will by outlining this bough, of its real size, with scrupulous care, and then outlining and comparing with it some of the two-pronged barbarisms of Wilson, in the tree on the left of his 'Villa of Mæcenas'" (XVII. 108, p. 440) (*Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. xi. § 26 ; *Notes on the Turner Gallery*, pp. 47-54).

473. THE HOLY FAMILY.

Exhibited in 1803. "A bad imitation of Reynolds ; an uninteresting picture, except as showing the extraordinary daring and versatility of the painter's mind, and his uncertainty as yet in what road to direct his genius" (*Thornbury*, i. 264).

497. CROSSING THE BROOK.

A view of the Tamar which divides Devonshire and Cornwall, looking towards Plymouth, with the bridge above Calstock in the middle distance. One of the culminating works in the artist's first period—"glorious in composition, and perfect in all that is most desirable and most ennobling in art." Note the beautiful expression of "tender diffused daylight over a wide and varied landscape. The painting of the middle distance, *i.e.* the river-side, the bridge, the brewery, the wooded bank traversed by glistening brook and shadow-crossed pathway, is admirable in ease of execution and suggestion of detail. Beyond, the river winds seaward in soft lines of gray light. Above all, the summer cloud rises and spreads itself along the slow-moving currents of upper air with exquisite buoyancy" (A. W. Hunt in *English Art in the Public Galleries*, p. 77). In sentiment the picture is full of the

painter's enjoyment of the loveliness of quiet English scenery. "We shall see nothing finer than this if we stay till sundown," said Turner, as some wide distance such as this burst upon his view, "because we can't; let us go home." The picture was exhibited in 1815. His tour to Plymouth was made in 1812, in company with Mr. Cyrus Redding, who has left an interesting account of the way in which Turner's glance "commanded in an instant all that was novel in scenery, and stored it in his memory with wonderful felicity, placing his pictorial memoranda on a sheet of letter-paper, quite unintelligible to others." One of these memoranda—a sketch for the tree on the left—may be seen in the Water-colour Room (First Period, No. 16: see Mr. Ruskin's Catalogue, p. 8). "Meeting him in London one morning," continues Mr. Redding, "he told me that if I would look in at his gallery I should recognise a scene I well knew, the features of which he had brought from the west. I did so, and traced, except in a part of the front ground, a spot near Newbridge, on the Tamar, we had visited together" (*Thornbury*, i. 204). Mr. Hunt notices as an example of Turner's love of local truth, and his way of accepting and finding use for it, "the foreground, which provokes the thought of composedness more than any other part of the picture (for the stones in the stream have a look of classical polish about them). The square, smooth blocks of granite tell of a quarry close by,—well worked in his time—and may be seen at this day with the brook flowing amongst them." On the other hand "the facts of an actually existing scene have been a little overmuch bent, like the fir-tree bough on the left, to the painter's will. The vision of that extreme distance involves exaggeration of the height of the ground from which the view is gained, and this exaggeration is perhaps the cause of a slight look of compression in the thicket on the near hill-side, which we seem able to see through, and over, and under, in a slightly confusing way." And note lastly, that like the other pictures in Turner's first period, it is "scarcely to be looked upon as a piece of colour; it is an agreeable, cool, gray rendering of space and form, but it is not colour,—being, indeed, painted in nothing but gray, brown, and blue, with a point or two of severe local colour in the figures" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 42, sec. ii. ch. ii. § 18, sec. vi. ch. i. § 15; *Pre-Raphaelitism*, in *O. O. R.*, i. 276).

471. JASON IN SEARCH OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

This picture, exhibited in 1802, is one of the earliest to show Turner's increasing power in his first period, for it is full of the imagination and love of horror which formed some of the most important elements in his mind. The serpent, the guardian of the Golden Fleece, has been drugged to sleep by the charms of Medea (*cf.* 513, p. 601), and the moment represented is when Jason stealthily passes by the terrible monster. "In very sunny days a keen-eyed spectator may discern something in the middle like the arch of an ill-built drain." This is a coil of the dragon, beginning to unroll himself. Mr. Ruskin notices this showing only a part of the dragon's body, and thereby increasing our awe, as an instance of Turner's "penetrative imagination," —of his power, that is, of seizing the main point of a thing and disdaining the rest. The following passage refers to Turner's drawing of the same subject (see in the Water-colour Room, *Liber Studiorum*, No. 1); but applies also, though not so strongly, to this picture itself:—

"No far forest-country, no secret paths, nor cloven hills; nothing but a gleam of pale horizontal sky, that broods over pleasant places far away, and sends in, through the wild overgrowths of the thicket, a ray of broken daylight into the hopeless pit. No flaunting plumes nor brandished lances, but stern purpose in the turn of the crestless helmet, visible victory in the drawing back of the prepared right arm behind the steady point. No more claws, nor teeth, nor manes, nor stinging tails. We have the dragon, like everything else, *by the middle.* We need see no more of him. All his horror is in that fearful, slow, grinding upheaval of the single coil. . . . Further, observe that the painter is not satisfied even with all the suggestiveness thus obtained, but to make sure of us, and force us, whether we will or not, to walk his way, and not ours, the trunks of the trees on the right are all cloven into yawning and writhing heads and bodies, and alive with dragon energy all about us; note especially the nearest, with its gaping jaws and claw-like branch at the seeming shoulder; a kind of suggestion which in itself is not imaginative, but is imaginative in its present use and application, for the painter addresses thereby that morbid and fearful condition of mind which he has endeavoured to excite in the spectator, and which in reality would have seen in every trunk and bough, as it penetrated into the deeper thicket, the object of its terror" (*Modern Painters*, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. ii. ch. iii. § 13).

512. CALIGULA'S PALACE AND BRIDGE.

The Bay of Baiæ seems to have impressed Turner deeply as the chief site of the ruins of the luxury and power of Rome.

In the "Apollo and the Sibyl" (505, p. 622), exhibited in 1823, he painted it as the scene of Apollo's gift of love, but not of immortality; in this picture, exhibited in 1831, it is the scene of another "Fallacy of Hope"—children sporting with goats upon the ruins of the palace and bridge which were the monument of a Roman emperor's pride and power.[1] For Caligula, in order to confute a prophecy that he would no more be emperor than he could drive his chariot across the Bay of Baiæ, had constructed a bridge of boats from the mole at Puteoli across the bay to Baiæ, upwards of three Roman miles, and he both rode and drove over it. Yet

> What now remains of all the mighty bridge
> Which made the Lucrine like an inner pool,
> Caligula, but massy fragments left
> As monuments of doubt and ruined hopes,
> Yet gleaming in the morning's ray, that tell
> How Baiæ's shore was loved in times gone by.
>
> *Fallacies of Hope.*

Mr. Ruskin calls this composition "a nonsense picture," and it is worthy of note that Turner has here mistaken his text. Caligula's bridge was a temporary one of boats; but Turner has assumed that a solid structure, similar to that of the mole (which Antoninus Pius restored), was continued completely across the bay.

558. A FIRE AT SEA.

An unfinished picture, and no longer in the state in which Turner left it. "Very often," says Mr. Ruskin, "the first colour, richly blended and worked into, is also the last; sometimes it wants a glaze only to modify it; sometimes an entirely different colour above it. Turner's storm-blues, for instance, were produced by a black ground with opaque blue, mixed with white, struck over it. In cleaning the 'Hero and Leander' (521, now at Glasgow), these upper glazes were taken off, and only the black ground left. I remember the picture when its distance was the most exquisite blue. I have no doubt the 'Fire at Sea' has had its distance destroyed in the same manner" (*Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. viii. ch. iv. § 18). "On the right is seen the flaming ship, burning to the water's

[1] The goats were introduced (according to *Thornbury*, i. 319), with Turner's consent, by Mr. E. Goodall, the engraver. But see under 492, p. 626.

edge; on the left is the boisterous sea; in the centre is a vast raft crowded with human beings, men, women, and children, while others are already washed by the waves from their precarious refuge. A mother is vainly endeavouring to recover her child, floating away from her; some have already given way to despair; one terrible looking figure, which seems lashed to the raft, stands out in appalling relief against the dark sky; others are battling against the elements; some are exerting themselves strenuously for the common good; two men in the centre are endeavouring to fix a mast, and many others are striving with oars and spars to keep the raft clear of the burning ship; all are threatened by both the fire and the storm, alternately drenched by the one and scorched by the other; fire rains upon them from above, and the waves are opening to engulf them below. One great wave threatens imminent destruction to many. Yet the calm moon peeping between the black clouds, and showing where the beneficent sun is still shining, restores our confidence in the stability of things, reminds us how partial and momentary are these terrible calamities which visit the world, and revives hope. The contrast between the fire and the illumined waves, and the black sea and sky beyond, has a most powerful effect" (R. N. Wornum: *The Turner Gallery*, p. 91).

520. APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

One of the most important pictures of Turner's third period, and full of his naturalism. Note first the beauty and truth of the *mountains*. "By looking back to the 'Hesperides' (477, p. 592), and comparing the masses of mountains there with these, the naturalism of the last period will be easily felt. All these mountains are possible—nay, they are almost reminiscences of real ranges on the flanks of Swiss valleys; the few scattered stones of the 'Hesperides' have become innumerable ridges of rock; the overhanging cliffs of the 'Hesperides' have become possible and beautiful slopes; the dead colours of the 'Hesperides' are changed into azure and amber." Indeed, though Turner was not a geologist, his unerring certainty of perception here makes him see the facts of mountain form with geological accuracy. "The mountains on the left descend in two precipices to the plain, each of which is formed by a vast escarpment of the beds whose upper surfaces are shown between the two cliffs, sinking with an even slope from the summit of the lowest to

the base of the highest, under which they evidently descend, being exposed in this manner for a length of five or six miles. . . . Look also at the mountain on the right. It is simple, broad, and united as one surge of a swelling sea; it rises in an unbroken line along the valley, and lifts its promontories with an equal slope. But it contains in its body ten thousand hills. There is not a quarter of an inch of its surface without its suggestion of increasing distance and individual form. First, on the right, you have a range of tower-like precipices, the clinging wood climbing along their ledges and cresting their summits, white waterfalls gleaming through its leaves; not, as in Claude's scientific ideals, poured in vast torrents over the top, and carefully keeping all the way down on the most projecting parts of the sides; but stealing down, traced from point to point, through shadow after shadow, by their evanescent foam and flashing light,—here a wreath, and there a ray,—through the deep chasms and hollow ravines, out of which rise the soft rounded slopes of mightier mountain, surge beyond surge, immense and numberless, of delicate and gradual curve, accumulating in the sky until their garment of forest is exchanged for the shadowy fold of slumberous morning cloud, above which the utmost silver peak shines islanded and alone. Put what mountain painting you will beside this, of any other artist, and its heights will look like mole-hills in comparison, because it will not have the unity and the multiplicity which are in nature, and with Turner, the signs of size." This truth of *space* is indeed noticeable throughout the picture. Nothing is empty, yet nothing is distinct. Notice, for instance, the capital lying on the foreground. "Not one jag of the acanthus leaves is absolutely visible, the lines are all disorder, but you feel in an instant that all are there. And so it will invariably be found through every portion of detail in his late and most perfect works." Observe also, in the *vegetation*, the masses which "enrich the heap of ruin with embroidery and bloom."

It remains to explain the meaning of the figures, and their relation to the landscape. "Daphne was the daughter of the river Peneus, the most fertilising of the Greek rivers, by the goddess Terra (the earth). She represents, therefore, the spirit of all foliage, as springing from the earth, watered by rivers;—rather than the laurel merely. Apollo became enamoured of her, on the shore of the Peneus itself, that is to

say, either in the great vale of Larissa, or in that of Tempe. The scene is here meant for Tempe, because it opens to the sea: it is not in the least *like* Tempe, which is a narrow ravine: but it expressed the accepted idea of the valley as far as Turner could interpret it, it having long been a type to us moderns of all lovely glens or vales descending from the mountains to the sea. The immediate cause of Apollo's servitude to Daphne was his having insulted Cupid (proud of his achievement in the destruction of the Python, 488, p. 601), and mocked at his arrows. Cupid answered simply, 'Thy bow strikes all things, Apollo, but mine shall strike *Thee*.' The boy god is seen in the picture behind Apollo and Daphne. Afterwards, when Daphne flies and Apollo pursues, Ovid compares them to a dog of Gaul, coursing a hare—the greyhound and hare Turner has, therefore, put into the foreground. When Daphne is nearly exhausted, she appeals to her father, the river Peneus,—'gazing at his waves,'—and he transforms her into a laurel on his shore. That is to say, the life of the foliage—the child of the river and the earth—appeals again to the river, when the sun would burn it up; and the river protects it with its flow and spray, keeping it green for ever. So then the whole picture is to be illustrative of the union of the rivers and the earth; and of the perpetual help and delight granted by the streams, in their dew, to the earth's foliage. Observe, therefore, that Turner has put his whole strength into the expression of the roundings of the hills under the influence of the torrents; has insisted on the loveliest features of mountain scenery when full of rivers, in the quiet and clear lake on the one side, and the gleaming and tender waterfalls on the other: has covered his foreground with the richest foliage, and indicated the relations of the whole to civilisation in the temples and village of the plain" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. ii. ch. v. § 14, sec. iv. ch. iii. §§ 6, 16; vol. iv. pt. v. ch. xvii. §§ 42, 48; vol. v. pt. vi. ch. x. § 20; *Notes on the Turner Gallery*, pp. 57-59).

536. FISHING BOATS BRINGING A DISABLED SHIP INTO PORT RUYSDAEL.

Exhibited in 1844, and interesting, *first*, as an instance of Turner's respect for earlier painters, even when he had long attained to mastery; for the Port Ruysdael was a fiction of the painter, invented to do honour to Jacob Ruysdael, the celebrated

landscape painter (see under X. 628, p. 236). *Secondly*, it is in itself among the most perfect sea pictures Turner ever produced —perfect in its "expression of the white, wild, cold, comfortless waves of northern sea"—and "especially remarkable as being painted without one marked opposition either of colour or of shade, all quiet and simple even to an extreme. The shadow of the pier-head on the near waves is marked solely by touches indicative of reflected light, and so mysteriously that when the picture is seen near, it is quite untraceable, and comes into existence as the spectator retires. It is instructive as a contrast to the dark shadows of his earlier time" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. v. ch. iii. § 37).

524. THE FIGHTING *TÉMÉRAIRE* TUGGED TO HER LAST BERTH TO BE BROKEN UP, 1838.

The flag which braved the battle and the breeze,
No longer owns her.

Exhibited at the Academy in 1839, with the above lines cited in the Catalogue. Of all Turner's pictures in the National Gallery this is perhaps the most notable. For, *first*, it is "the last picture he ever painted with *perfect* power—the last in which his execution is as firm and faultless as in middle life; the last in which lines requiring exquisite precision, such as those of the masts and yards of shipping, are drawn rightly at once. When he painted the '*Téméraire*' Turner could, if he had liked, have painted the 'Shipwreck' (476, p. 597) or the 'Ulysses' (508, p. 619) over again; but when he painted the 'Sun of Venice' (XIX. 535, p. 629), though he was able to do different, and in some sort more beautiful things, he could not have done *those* again. His period of central power thus begins with the 'Ulysses' and closes with the '*Téméraire*.' The one picture, it will be observed, is of sunrise, the other of sunset. The one of a ship entering on its voyage, and the other of a ship closing its course for ever. The one, in all the circumstances of the subject, unconsciously illustrative of his own life in its triumph, the other, in all the circumstances of its subject, unconsciously illustrative of his own life in its decline. Accurately as the first sets forth his escape to the wild brightness of nature, to reign amidst all her happy spirits, so does the last set forth his returning to die by the shore of the Thames." And besides having been painted

in Turner's full power, the "*Téméraire*" is of all his large pictures the best preserved. *Secondly*, the subject of the picture is both particularly, and generally, the noblest that in an English National Gallery could be. The *Téméraire* was the second ship in Nelson's line at the Battle of Trafalgar; and this picture is the last of the group which Turner painted to illustrate that central struggle in our national history. The part played by the *Téméraire* in the battle will be found detailed below. And, generally, she is a type of one of England's chief glories. "It will always be said of us, with unabated reverence, 'They built ships of the line.' Take it all in all, a Ship of the Line is the most honourable thing that man, as a gregarious animal, has ever produced. By himself, unhelped, he can do better things than ships of the line; he can make poems and pictures, and other such concentrations of what is best in him. But as a being living in flocks, and hammering out, with alternate strokes and mutual agreement, what is necessary for him in those flocks, to get or produce, the ship of the line is his first work." And as the subject was the noblest Turner could have chosen, so also was his treatment of it. "Of all pictures of subjects not visibly involving human pain, this is, I believe, the most pathetic that was ever painted. The utmost pensiveness which can ordinarily be given to a landscape depends on adjuncts of ruin: but no ruin was ever so affecting as this gliding of the vessel to her grave. A ruin cannot be (so), for whatever memories may be connected with it, and whatever witness it may have borne to the courage and the glory of men, it never seems to have offered itself to their danger, and associated itself with their acts, as a ship of battle can. The mere facts of motion, and obedience to human guidance, double the interest of the vessel: nor less her organised perfectness, giving her the look, and partly the character of a living creature, that may indeed be maimed in limb, or decrepit in frame, but must either live or die, and cannot be added to nor diminished from—heaped up and dragged down—as a building can. And this particular ship, crowned in the Trafalgar hour of trial with chief victory—prevailing over the fatal vessel that had given Nelson death—surely, if ever anything without a soul deserved honour or affection, we owed them here. Those sails that strained so full bent into the battle—that broad bow that struck the surf aside, enlarging silently in steadfast haste, full front to the shot—resistless and without reply—those triple ports whose

choirs of flame rang forth in their courses, into the fierce revenging monotone, which, when it died away, left no answering voice to rise any more upon the sea against the strength of England—those sides that were wet with the long runlets of English life-blood, like press-planks at vintage, gleaming goodly crimson down to the cast and clash of the washing foam—those pale masts that stayed themselves up against the war-ruin, shaking out their ensigns through the thunder, till sail and ensign drooped—steeped in the death-stilled pause of Andalusian air, burning with its witness-clouds of human souls at rest,—surely, for these some sacred care might have been left in our thoughts, some quiet space amidst the lapse of English waters? Nay, not so. We have stern keepers to trust her glory to—the fire and the worm. Never more shall sunset lay golden robe on her, nor starlight tremble on the waves that part at her gliding. Perhaps, where the low gate opens to some cottage-garden, the tired traveller may ask, idly, why the moss grows so green on its rugged wood; and even the sailor's child may not answer, nor know, that the night-dew lies deep in the warrents of the wood of the old *Téméraire*." And, *lastly*, the pathos of the picture—the contrast of the old ship's past glory with her present end; and the spectacle of the "old order" of the ship of the line whose flag had braved the battle and the breeze, yielding place to the new, in the little steam-tug—these pathetic contrasts are repeated and enforced by a technical *tour de force* in the treatment of the colours which is without a parallel in art. And the picture itself thus combines the evidences of Turner's supremacy alike in imagination and in skill. "The old masters, content with one simple tone, sacrificed to its unity all the exquisite gradations and varied touches of relief and change by which nature unites her hours with each other They gave the warmth of the sinking sun, overwhelming all things in its gold, but they did not give those gray passages about the horizon where, seen through its dying light, the cool and the gloom of night gather themselves for their victory. . . . But in this picture, under the blazing veil of vaulted fire, which lights the vessel on her last path, there is a blue, deep, desolate hollow of darkness out of which you can hear the voice of the night wind, and the dull boom of the disturbed sea; the cold deadly shadows of the twilight are gathering through every sunbeam, and moment by moment as you look, you will fancy some new film and faintness of the night

has risen over the vastness of the departing form" (compiled from *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 46 *n.*, sec. ii. ch. i. § 21; *Harbours of England*, p. 12; and *Notes on the Turner Gallery*, pp. 75-80).

Finally a few words about the history of the picture itself may be interesting. The subject of it was suggested to Turner by Clarkson Stanfield (who himself, it will be remembered, had painted a "Battle of Trafalgar," XX. 405, p. 512). They were going down the river by boat, to dine, perhaps, at Greenwich, when the old ship, being tugged to her last berth at Deptford, came in sight. "There's a fine subject, Turner," said Stanfield. This was in 1838. Next year the picture was exhibited at the Academy, but no price was put upon it. A would-be purchaser offered Turner 300 guineas for it. He replied that it was his "200-guinea size" only, and offered to take a commission at that price for any subject of the same size, but with the "*Téméraire*" itself he would not part. Another offer was subsequently made from America, which again Turner declined. He had already mentally included the picture, it would seem, amongst those to be bequeathed to the nation; and in one of the codicils to his will, in which he left each of his executors a picture to be chosen by them in turn, the "*Téméraire*" was specially excepted from the pictures they might choose.[1]

[1] Mr. W. Hale White recently drew up for Mr. Ruskin, from official records, the following history of the *Téméraire*. To him and to Mr. Ruskin I am indebted for permission to insert the history here. It will be seen that Turner was right in calling his picture the "*Fighting Téméraire*," and the critic who induced him to change the title in the engraving to the "*Old Téméraire*" wrong:—

"The *Téméraire*, second rate, ninety-eight guns, was begun at Chatham, July 1793, and launched on the 11th September, 1798. She was named after an older *Téméraire* taken by Admiral Boscawen from the French in 1759, and sold in June 1784. The Chatham *Téméraire* was fitted at Plymouth for a prison ship in 1812, and in 1819 she became a receiving ship and was sent to Sheerness. She was sold on the 16th August 1838, to Mr. J. Beatson, for £5530. The *Téméraire* was at the battle of Trafalgar on the 21st October 1805. She was next to the *Victory*, and followed Nelson into action; commanded by Captain Eliab Harvey, with Thomas Kennedy as first lieutenant. Her main topmast, the head of her mizenmast, her foreyard, her starboard cathead and bumpkin, and her fore and main topsail yards were shot away; her fore and main masts so wounded as to render them unfit to carry sail, and her bowsprit shot through in several places. Her rigging of every sort was cut to pieces; the head of her rudder was taken off by the fire of the *Redoutable*; eight feet of the starboard side of the lower deck abreast of the mainmast were stove in, and the whole of her quarter-galleries on both sides carried away. Forty-six men on board of her were killed, and seventy-six wounded. . . . The *Téméraire* was built with a beak-head, or, in other words, her upper works were cut off across the catheads; a peculiarity which can be observed in Turner's picture. It was found by experience in the early part of the French war that this mode of construction exposed the men working the guns to the enemy's fire, and it was afterwards abandoned." "It has been objected," adds Mr. White, "that the masts and yards in the picture are too light for a ninety-

561. MOUNTAIN GLEN.

Unfinished. The story of Diana and Actæon is slightly sketched in, in the foreground.

506. CARTHAGE: DIDO DIRECTING THE EQUIPMENT OF THE FLEET.

Another of the numerous pictures of Carthaginian history which Turner painted—a subject which had taken a deep hold of his imagination; partly because of the type he saw in Carthage of the vain pursuit of wealth, partly because she was a prototype to him of the naval empire of England. The alternative title was the "Morning of the Carthaginian Empire;" and notice that in this picture, exhibited in 1828, the same incident of children sailing toy-boats (in the foreground to the right) is introduced as in the "Dido Building Carthage," or "Rise of the Carthaginian Empire" (XIV. 498, p. 344), exhibited thirteen years previously. The companion picture, the "Decline of the Carthaginian Empire" (499), exhibited in 1817, is now at Manchester.

502. ENGLAND: RICHMOND HILL, ON THE PRINCE REGENT'S BIRTH-DAY.

> Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
> The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose?
> All is the same with thee; say, shall we wind
> Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
> Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
> Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
> While radiant summer opens all its pride,
> Thy hill, delightful Shene?
>
> THOMSON.

The figures here—especially that of the giraffe-like lady to the left of the central group—are amongst the worst that Turner perpetrated; but the badness of his figure-drawing must already have attracted every visitor's attention. What is curious, is that his figures became worse as his pictures became

eight gun ship; but the truth is that when the vessel was sold she was juryrigged as a receiving ship, and Turner therefore was strictly accurate. He might have seemed more accurate by putting heavier masts and yards in her; but he painted her as he saw her. This is very important, as it gets rid of the difficulty which I myself have felt and expressed, that it was very improbable that she was sold all standing in sea-going trim, as I imagined Turner intended us to believe she was sold, and answers also the criticism just mentioned as to the disproportion between the weight of the masts and yards and the size of the hull." Part of the *Téméraire*, Mr. White tells me, is still in existence. Messrs. Castle, the shipbreakers of Millbank, have the two figures of Atlas which supported the sterngallery.

better. Thus in his earlier works his figure-drawing is often vigorous and effective, see, *e.g.* the "Calais Pier" (472, p. 596) and the "Python" (488, p. 602). This picture was exhibited in 1819, and belongs to his first manner, but the figures in pictures of twenty years later are no better, and are far more incomplete. With regard to which matter, the reader may minimise the offence caused by this singular defect if he remembers the following considerations pointed out by Mr. Ruskin. *First*, as far as the want of drawing (as distinguished from bad drawing) goes, that is necessary in order to give truth of space: "for it is totally impossible that if the eye be adapted to receive the rays proceeding from the utmost distance, and some partial impression from all the distances, it should be capable of perceiving more of the forms and features of near figures than Turner gives." *Secondly*, it may be doubted whether really good figure-painting, which can only be attained by long application, is possible to a great landscape-painter; and if not, is it not as well to make no laborious attempt? This explains the sketchiness, but not the awkwardness, of Turner's figures—which remains inexplicable by the side of his exquisite sense of grace and proportion in other forms. Constantly, for instance, he makes the head a foot too high, as in the figure of Apollo in the "Bay of Baiæ" (505, p. 622): legs that will not join the trunk are frequent also; but his favourite mismanagement of all is the putting one eye an inch or two higher than the other. "All that I can guess," says Mr. Ruskin, "is that he had got so much into the habit of weaving natural forms—rocks, boughs, and waves—into exactly the shapes that would best help his composition, that when he came to an unsubduable form in man or animal, he could not endure the resistance, and lifted features out of their places, as he would have raised or dropped one window in a tower, whose equalities tormented him, and wrung a neck as remorselessly as he would have twisted a bough, to get it into the light or shade he wanted" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. ii. ch. iv. § 8; *Notes on the Turner Gallery*, pp. 61-67).[1]

[1] The following passage from Mr. Frith's *Autobiography* (i. 130) is interesting in this connection: "Many a time I have benefited by Turner's wonderful knowledge of light and shade; and though I confess the drawing of the figures in his pictures is often funny enough, he was quick to see and point out errors in the action and drawing of mine, and more than once he has taken his brush and corrected a piece of foreshortening that had mastered me."

508. ULYSSES DERIDING POLYPHEMUS.

Ulysses having escaped from the monster Polyphemus by blinding him when he slept, is putting out to sea at sunrise.[1] Close into shore are the remains of the fire in which Ulysses and his companions heated the olive staff with which they put out the monster's eye. The sailors flock up the masts to unfurl sail; the oars are thrust out to force the galley forward; the flags—one bearing Ulysses's name, the other depicting the siege of Troy—flaunt boastfully, whilst in the distance is the rest of the fleet, ready to join in the flight. Ulysses himself, being now safely off to sea, waves the blazing olive tree and taunts the distant giant. The gods assist Ulysses in his flight, and a shoal of sea-nymphs urge his vessel on. Meanwhile the monster Polyphemus is seen sprawling his huge bulk on the top of the cliff—

> While raging he repeats his cries,
> With hands uplifted to the starry skies.

This, says Mr. Ruskin, is the central picture in Turner's career, the one, that is, in which his special powers are seen in their perfection; "and it is in some sort a type of his own destiny. He had been himself shut up by one-eyed people—he had seen his companions eaten in the cave by them (many a painter of good promise had fallen by Turner's side in those early toils of his); at last, when his own time had like to have come, he thrust the rugged pine-trunk, all a-blaze (rough nature, and the light of it), into the faces of the one-eyed people, left them tearing their hair in the cloud-banks, got out of the cave in a humble way, under a sheep's belly (helped by the lowliness and gentleness of nature, as well as by her ruggedness and flame)—and so got away to open sea as the dawn broke over the Enchanted Islands."

The time, it should be noted, "is necessarily morning—the Cyclops had been blinded as soon as he slept; Ulysses and his companions escaped when he drove out the flock in the early morning, and they put instantly to sea. The somewhat gloomy and deeply coloured tones of the lower crimson clouds, and of the stormy blue bars underneath them, are always given by Turner to skies which rise over any scene

[1] The Official Catalogue originally described the picture as a *sunset*, and the same misapprehension occurs in Mr. Monkhouse's recent *Life* of Turner, where, in describing this picture, he speaks of "the dying sun."

of death, or one connected with any deathful memories.[1] But the morning light is unmistakably indicated by the pure whiteness of the mists, and upper mountain snows, above the Polyphemus; at evening they would have been in an orange glow. Moreover in the distance is Apollo,—his horses are rising beyond the horizon (see under X. 53, p. 218), but above it, gaining somewhat of a victory over vapour, it appears." (The chariot and horses of the God of Day were once, Mr. Ruskin tells me, more visible than they are now.) "The white column of smoke which rises from the mountain slope is a curious instance of Turner's careful reading of his text (I presume him to have read Pope only)[2]—

> The land of Cyclops lay in prospect near,
> The voice of goats and bleating flocks we hear,
> And from their mountains rising smokes appear.

Homer says simply: 'We were so near the Cyclops' land, that we could see smoke, and hear the voices, and the bleating of the sheep and goats.' Turner was, however, so excessively fond of opposing a massive form with a light wreath of smoke (perhaps almost the only proceeding which could be said with him to have become a matter of recipe) that I do not doubt we should have had some smoke at any rate, only it is made more prominent in consequence of Pope's lines. The Cyclops' cave is low down at the shore—where the red fire is—and, considering that Turner was at this time Professor of Perspective to the Royal Academy, and that much outcry has lately been raised against supposed Pre-Raphaelite violations

[1] "The very sign in heaven itself, which, truly understood, is the type of love, was to Turner the type of death. The scarlet of the clouds was his symbol of destruction. In his mind it was the colour of blood." So he used it in the "Fall of Carthage" (499, now at Manchester). Note his own written words, "While o'er the western wave the *ensanguined* sun, etc." Other instances are the drawing of Goldau, the Slave-ship, the Napoleon at St. Helena and the *Téméraire* (524) (see *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. pt. v. ch. xviii. § 24; vol. v. pt. ix. ch. xi. § 31 *n.*)

[2] Thornbury relates a story in this connection which is amusingly characteristic of "the secretive sort of fun" with which Turner "loved to mystify busy-bodies and dilettanti." Turner was at a dinner-party where this picture was the theme of some idle talk. "Come now," said Turner, "I bet you don't know where I took the subject from." "From the *Odyssey*, of course," replied his fellow-guest. "Odyssey!" grunted Turner, bursting into a chuckle; "not a bit of it! I took it from Tom Dibdin. Don't you know the lines—

> He ate his mutton, drank his wine,
> *And then he poked his eye out.*"

of perspective law, I think we may not unwarrantably inquire how our Professor supposed that *that* Cyclops could ever have got into *that* cave. For the naval and mythological portion of the picture, I have not much to say: its real power is in its pure nature, and not in its fancy. If Greek ships ever resembled this one, Homer must have been a calumnious and foul-mouthed person in calling them continually 'black ships'; and the entire conception, so far as its idealism and water-carriage are concerned, is merely a composition of the Lord Mayor's procession with a piece of ballet-scenery. The Cyclops is fine, passionate enough, and not disgusting in his hugeness; but I wish he were out of the way, as well as the sails and flags, that we might see the mountains better. The island rock is tunnelled at the bottom—on classical principles. The sea grows calm all at once, that it may reflect the sun; and one's first impression is that Leucothea is taking Ulysses right on the Goodwin Sands. But, granting the local calmness, the burnished glow upon the sea, and the breezy stir in the blue darkness about the base of the cliffs, and the noble space of receding sky, vaulted with its bars of cloudy gold, and the upper peaks of the snowy Sicilian promontory, are all as perfect and as great as human work can be. This sky is beyond comparison the finest that exists in Turner's oil paintings. Next to it comes that of the 'Slaver,' and third, that of the '*Téméraire*'" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, pp. 46, 47). These skies of Turner's have the same gorgeous colouring that Shelley loved (*cf.* under XIX. 548, p. 633)—

> Half the sky
> Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
> Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
> Down the steep west into a wondrous hue
> Brighter than burning gold.
>
> *Julian and Maddalo.*

461. MORNING ON THE CONISTON FELLS.

> Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
> From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
> Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts in gold,
> In honour to the world's Great Author rise.
>
> MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, bk. v.

This picture, now invisible, was exhibited in 1798, and these lines were the first poetical motto given by Turner to a picture of his. "There is a strange ominousness—as there is

about much that great men do—in the choice of it. Consider how these four lines express Turner's peculiar mission as distinguished from other landscapists; his mind was set from the first, it would seem, on rendering atmospheric effects" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, p. 32; *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. x. § 3).

505. THE BAY OF BAIÆ, WITH APOLLO AND THE SIBYL.

Waft me to sunny Baiæ's shore.

This quotation, put by Turner to the picture when he exhibited it in 1823, marks that spirit of exultation in the splendour and gladness of the world which was characteristic of his second period (see p. 589). It is a picture of one of the most beautiful spots in Italy—"the bay with the gracious splendour of blue sea, which made the Roman nobles build palaces round it." Horace celebrated it as without a rival in the world: *nullus in orbe sinus Baiis prælucet amœnis* (Epist. i. 1, 83), and on a stone to the left Turner puts another tribute from Horace: *liquidæ placuere Baiæ* (Odes iii. 4, 24). The castle of Baiæ, from which the bay takes its name, is seen on the right; and on the opposite side, is the distant Puzzuoli, the Puteoli of the Romans. But in the details it is a Baiæ of Turner's own creation,[1] which he has bathed with all his loveliest light, and upon which he has lavished all his powers of rendering the exceeding intricacy of nature's foregrounds. Mr. Ruskin says of this picture, and of the "Mercury and Argus" (now in a foreign collection): "Often as I have paused before these noble works, I never felt on returning to them as if I had ever seen them before. . . . For the foregrounds of Turner are so united in all their parts that the eye cannot take them by divisions,[2] but is guided from stone to stone

[1] There is an interesting story attached to the "splendid falseness" of the scene. Turner's friend, Jones, having discussed the picture with a traveller fresh from the spot, wrote on the frame *splendide mendax.* Turner saw it, and laughed. His friend told him that where he had planted some hills with vineyards, there was nothing in reality but a few dry sticks. Turner smiled, and said it was all there, and that all poets were liars. The inscription remained on the frame of the picture for years; Turner never removed it (*Thornbury*, i. 229).

[2] "The following procedure will, I think, under these circumstances, be found serviceable. Take a stiff piece of pasteboard, about eight inches square, and cut out in the centre of it an oblong opening, two and a half inches by three. Bring this with you to the picture, and standing three or

and bank to bank, discovering truths totally different in aspect according to the direction in which it approaches them, and approaching them in a different direction, and viewing them as part of a new system every time that it begins its course at a new point" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. iv. ch. iv. § 29). True to nature in its infinite variety, it is true also in its rendering of the refinement of natural forms. "Examine, for example, carefully, the drawing of the brown tendrils and lighter leaves which encompass the stem of the tree on the left, then the bough drawing, spray by spray, in the trees themselves, then the little bit of bay underneath the Castle of Baiæ, just close to the stems; go afterwards to the 'View of Clapham Common' (XIX. 468, p. 640), and you will feel the change sufficiently (from Turner's first to his second manner). There is a curious sign, however, of the remaining influences of the theories of idealism on Turner in the treatment of the stone pines. . . . He takes a stone pine to begin with, and keeps its general look of close shade and heaviness of mass; but as boughs of stone pine are apt to be cramped and rugged, and crampedness and ruggedness are un-ideal, he rejects the pine nature in the branches, and gives them the extremities of a witch elm!" (*cf.* under 516, p. 605).

Turning now from the details of the landscape to the general sentiment of the picture, one may notice in it a strange sense of desolation. "The gods sit among the ruins, but do not attempt to mend any, having apparently come there as tourist gods. Though there are boats and figures on the shore, and a shepherd on the left, the greater part of the landscape is very desolate in its richness—full of apples and oranges, with nobody to eat them; of pleasant waters, with nobody to drink; of pleasant shades, with nobody to be cool; only a snake and a rabbit for inheritors of all that dominion of hill and forest:—we perceive, however, with consternation, by the two streams which have been diverted from the river to fall through the

four feet from it, according to your power of sight, look through the opening in the card at the middle distance, holding the card a foot or two from the eye, so as to turn the picture, piece by piece, into a series of small subjects. Examine these subjects quietly, one by one; sometimes holding the opening horizontal, sometimes upright, according to the bit you are examining, and you will find, I believe, in a very little while, that each of these small subjects becomes more interesting to you, and seems to have more in it, than the whole picture did before" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, p. 41).

arches of the building near the bridge, that Nobody must have succeeded in establishing a mill among the ruins. Concerning which, it must be remembered that, though Turner had now broken through accepted rules of art, he had not broken through the accepted laws of idealism; and mills were, at this time, necessary and orthodox in poetical landscape, being supposed to give its elements, otherwise ethereal and ambrosial, an agreeable earthy flavour, like truffles in pies" (see, for instance, Claude's equally ideal mill, XIV. 12, p. 337). But if we examine the two figures in the foreground, "we shall presently accept this beautiful desolation of landscape with better understanding." It is a picture of the Bay of Baiæ; of the sunshine of the south, that is, and of the beauty of the earth. But also of "the story of Apollo and the Sibyl," that is, "of wasted splendour, of haggard beauty, and of abiding fear." For "this Cumæan Sibyl, Deiphobe, was in her youth beloved by Apollo, and when he promised to grant her whatever she would ask, she took up a handful of earth, and asked that she might live for as many years as there were grains of dust in her hand. She obtained her petition, and Apollo would have given her also perpetual youth, in return for her love; but she denied him, and wasted into the long ages—known at last only by her voice. We are thus led to think of her here, as the type of the ruined beauty of Italy; foreshowing, so long ago, her low murmurings of melancholy prophecy, with all the unchanged voices of her sweet waves and mountain echoes." And there is another lesson of the vanity of human life in the picture still. The fable seems to have made a strong impression on Turner's mind. He had painted Lake Avernus long ago (XIX. 463, p. 647), and he painted it again in "The Golden Bough" (371, now at Dublin). In that picture, as in this, there is a snake in the foreground among the fairest leafage, a type of the terror, or temptation, which is associated with the lovely landscapes. "In the midst of all the power and beauty of nature, he still saw this death-worm writhing among the weeds. A little thing now, yet enough: Apollo giving love; but not youth, nor immortality" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, pp. 38-43; *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. xi. §§ 12, 26).

486. WINDSOR.

Painted about 1810.

523. AGRIPPINA LANDING WITH THE ASHES OF GERMANICUS.

Exhibited in 1839, when Turner put the following lines in the Catalogue—

> The clear stream
> Aye, the yellow Tiber glimmers to her beam,
> Even while the sun is setting.

Agrippina was the mother of Caligula and the widow of Germanicus. Her husband had died of poison at Antioch, and she brought home his ashes in an urn. Turner transfers the landing of Agrippina from Brindisi to Rome, and gives us here his restoration of the Triumphal Bridge and Palace of the Cæsars. "There was once," wrote Mr. Ruskin in 1856, "some wonderful light in this painting, but it has been chilled by time" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, p. 68).

504. ROME: THE ARCH OF TITUS AND THE CAMPO VACCINO, SEEN FROM THE COLOSSEUM.

Painted about 1820, from a sketch made in Rome in 1819, but never exhibited.

> This was the Roman Forum.
>
> ROGERS.

> The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
> And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero!
> The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood:
> Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,
> From the first hour of Empire in the bud,
> To that when further worlds to conquer failed.
>
> There is given
> Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
> A spirit's feeling; and where he hath leant
> His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
> And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
> For which the palace of the present hour
> Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.
>
> BYRON: *Childe Harold*, iv. 112, 113, 129.

492. A FROSTY MORNING: SUNRISE.

> The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam.
>
> THOMSON'S *Seasons*.

Exhibited in 1813, and one of the best of the pictures in Turner's first manner. "The ground sparkles with frost, and

the tall, spindly, bare tree conveys a sense of cold. The tone is beautifully soft, mellow, and subdued. The yellow, cloudless sky, the crushed crisp grass, and the dead weeds are all perfectly painted" (*Thornbury*, i. 295). Mr. F. E. Trimmer, the son of Turner's old friend and executor, gives the following reminiscences about this picture. Turner, when living at Richmond, had, "besides his boat, a gig and an old horse; an old crop-eared bay horse, or rather a cross between a horse and a pony. In this gig he used to drive out sketching. He has immortalised his old Crop-ear in his 'Frosty Morning.' Both horses are taken from Crop-ear. Turner could not paint a horse; still, he has been very happy in catching the stiffness of old Crop-ear's forelegs, and on this subject of horses, I once asked Turner, long afterwards, if Gilpin had not painted the horse in 'Hannibal Crossing the Alps,' and he said it was his own design, and that no painter had ever touched any picture of his. The Frost Piece was one of his favourites. Once he talked of giving it to my father, who greatly prized it. He said he was travelling by coach in Yorkshire, and sketched it *en route*. There is a stage-coach in the distance that he was on at the time. My father told me that when at Somerset House (in the Academy Exhibition) it was much brighter, and made a great sensation. It was over the fireplace in his gallery. The girl with the hare over her shoulders, I have heard my father say, reminded him of a young girl whom he occasionally saw at Queen Anne Street, and whom, from her resemblance to Turner, he thought a relation. The same female figure appears in his 'Crossing the Brook'" (497, p. 606).

501. THE MEUSE: ORANGE-MERCHANTMAN GOING TO PIECES ON THE BAR.

Exhibited 1819. Boats are unloading the wreck, and fishermen picking up oranges in the river. *A propos* of Turner's boyhood in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, with "magnificence of oranges in wheelbarrows round the corner," Mr. Ruskin remarks how the painter never forgot his early impressions. "Enchanted oranges gleam in Covent Gardens of the Hesperides (477); and great ships go to pieces in order to scatter chests of them on the waves" (*Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. ix. § 4).

494. DIDO AND ÆNEAS LEAVING CARTHAGE ON THE MORNING OF THE CHASE.

One of Turner's twenty Carthaginian pictures, and one of the first of his works in which he introduced his favourite stone pines. The "brown demon," as Mr. Ruskin calls it, is very conspicuous in this and the next picture. They were both exhibited in 1814, when the following lines were given in the Catalogue to this one—

> When next the sun his rising light displays,
> And gilds the world below with purple rays,
> The Queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian Court
> Shall to the shady woods, for sylvan game, resort.
>
> DRYDEN'S *Æneid*, bk. iv.

495. "APULEIA IN SEARCH OF APULEIUS."

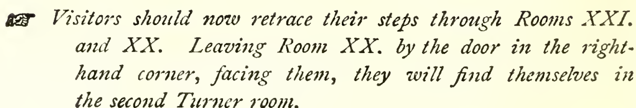
Exhibited at the British Institution 1814, when the reference in the Catalogue was to Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.[1] In the foreground are Apuleia and her companions, and some peasants reposing in the shade of a tree. In this part of the foreground is inscribed on the picture, *Apuleia in search of Apuleius, learns from the swain the cause of his metamorphosis;* whilst one of the peasants is pointing to the name *Apuleius* carved in the bark of a tree. For the story was that a shepherd of Apulia (*Appulus pastor*, wrongly called Apuleius by Turner) invaded the haunts of some dancing nymphs and insulted them so grievously that he was changed into a wild olive tree for his rudeness. Turner adds to the story that his wife went in search of him, and learnt, as described above, the reason of his transformation—

> He mocked the nymphs with imitated bound,
> With rustic coarseness both of word and deed;
> Nor was he silenced till he met his meed:

---

[1] The reference is to Book xiv., 517-526 ("Appulus has illa pastor," etc). Apuleia and Apuleius are characteristic misreadings by Turner of his text, and have caused much confusion in descriptions of this picture. In translations of Ovid the shepherd is called "a shepherd of Apulia." Turner evidently took the name of the country for the name of a woman, and confounded "Appulus" with "Apuleius" (the author of the *Metamorphosis, or the Golden Ass*). This ingenious solution of the difficulty is taken from Mr. Monkhouse's *Turner*, p. 69 (who, however, is hardly correct in speaking of "the story of Appulus").

Bark clasped his throat and silenced his rough tongue,
And now the oleasters . . .
In bitter berries and rough saps retain
The rudeness of Apulia's shepherd swain.



☞ *Visitors should now retrace their steps through Rooms XXI. and XX. Leaving Room XX. by the door in the right-hand corner, facing them, they will find themselves in the second Turner room.*

ROOM XIX

THE TURNER GALLERY (Continued)

458. PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF WHEN YOUNG.

Said to have been painted about 1802, when Turner would have been twenty-seven, but the portrait surely shows a younger man than that. Indeed he looks decidedly younger here than in the portrait by Dance, which was taken in 1800. It is clear from both portraits that in his youth he was not so entirely unprepossessing in person, or negligent and dirty in dress, as he afterwards became. Notice the intelligent blue eyes, which all observers remarked in him; the prominent nose, very conspicuous in the silhouette farther on in this room (p. 640), but here concealed by being taken full-face; the strong chin, and the somewhat sensual mouth. He wears the fashionable double waistcoat of the period, with full white neckerchief.

535. THE "SUN OF VENICE" GOING TO SEA.

A picture which Mr. Ruskin described, when it was exhibited in 1843, as "faultless," and to which he afterwards referred as "best representing" the painter's "entire power." It does so because it represents just what is most characteristic of, and peculiar to, Turner. Thus, observe, in his painting of the boat, his unerring instinct in seizing upon the *essential character* of a thing. The "Sun of Venice" (*Sol di Venezia*), it should first be explained, is supposed to be the name of the fishing boat. "I have actually seen," says Mr.

Ruskin, "this name on a boat's stern. The nomenclature is emphasised by a painting of Venice, with the sun rising, on the main sail of the boat, which is itself a little vignette. The compliment to the Venetian fisher as an artist is, however, a little overstrained. I have never seen any elaborate landscape on the sails, but often the sun, moon, and stars, with crosses and chequer patterns—sometimes a saint or madonna, rather more hard-featured than mainland saints. But in all the innumerable paintings of Venice, old and modern, no notice whatever had been taken of these sails, though they are *exactly* the most striking feature of the marine scenery around the city,[1] until Turner fastened upon them, painting one important picture, the 'Sun of Venice,' entirely in their illustration. And he paints both them and the boat perfectly. The sails are true in form and set, and exquisitely wrought in curve. Nothing could be more faithful than the boat in the exact height of the boom above the deck, the quartering of it with colour, the hanging of the fish-baskets about the bows, and the blaze of colour which the artist elicits from the right use of these circumstances. For the Venetian boat, when its painted sails are at full swell in sunshine, is as beautiful as a butterfly with its wings half-closed." Then notice another characteristic, the *painting of the water*. "No man ever painted the surface of calm water but Turner." "The peculiar power of the picture is the painting of the sea surface, where there are no reflections to assist it. A stream of splendid colour falls from the boat, but that occupies the centre only; in the distance the city and crowded boats throw down some playing lines, but these still leave on each side of the boat a large space of water reflecting nothing but the morning sky. This is divided by an eddying swell, on whose continuous sides the local colour of the water is seen, pure aqua-marine (a beautiful occurrence of closely observed truth). But still there remained a large blank space of pale water to be treated; the sky above had no distinct details, and was pure faint gray, with broken white vestiges of cloud; it gave no help therefore. But there the water lay, no dead gray flat paint, but downright clear, playing, palpable surface, full of indefinite hue, and retiring as regularly and visibly back and

[1] Since Turner's time they have been a favourite motive in Venetian pictures. And they are still a prominent object at Venice—a faded likeness "in lowly lustre" of the old Venetian galleys painted with divers colours, and "far seen in pleasant splendour."

far away, as if there had been objects all over to tell the story by perspective."[1] Then notice, thirdly, "the marvellous brilliancy of the arrangement of *colour*, rendering it," says Mr. Ruskin, "one of Turner's leading works in oil." And lastly, it is characteristic of the prevailing *melancholy* of his mind. "There seemed through all his life to be one main sorrow and fear haunting him—a sense of the passing away, or else the destructive and temporary character, of beauty. The choice of subject for a clue to all his compositions, the 'Fallacies of Hope,' marked this strongly; and he would constantly express an extreme beauty where he *meant* that there was most threatening and ultimate sorrow." This sentiment was marked in the present picture by the quotation adapted from Gray's "Bard" which Turner affixed to it—

> Fair shines the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
> Venezia's Fisher spreads his painted canvas gay
> Nor heeds the Demon who in grim repose
> Expects his evening prey.[2]

(Put together from *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 46, sec. v. ch. iii. § 11; *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. App. 2; *St. Mark's Rest*, p. 5; *Harbours of England*, p. 5; and *Notes on the Turner Gallery*, pp. 71-73.)

465. MOUNTAIN SCENE.

An unimportant early work, painted about 1800.

370. VENICE.

> There is a glorious city in the sea,
> The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
> Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
> Clings to the marble of her palaces.
>
> ROGERS'S *Italy*.

Turner's first Venetian picture, exhibited in 1833, and bought by Mr. Vernon for 200 guineas—a price which

[1] "The sea was once exquisitely beautiful; it is not very severely injured, but has lost much of its transparency in the green ripples. The sky was little more than white flake laid with the pallet-knife: it has got darker, and spotted, destroying the relief of the sails" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, p. 72).

[2] "Turner seems to have revised his own additions to Gray, in the Catalogues, as he did his pictures on the wall, with much discomfiture to the printer and the public." The lines, as printed, were as follows, both of two alternative readings being included in some of the catalogues—

> Fair shines the morn and soft the zephyrs blow a gale
> Venicia's fisher spreads his painted sail, etc.

Turner seems to have thought a large one: "if they will have scraps," he said, "they must pay for them." In the foreground, to the left, is "Canaletto painting" (such was Turner's "sub-title" to the picture). This choice of incident is characteristic of Turner's respect for his predecessors in art (*cf.* "Port Ruysdael," XXII. 536, p. 612). He respected them and imitated them, but finally challenged them all in turn; and having now come to Venice, he challenges Canaletto in his turn. It is very instructive to compare the two painters' versions of Venice, and to note the different kinds of truth they convey. "The effect of a fine Canaletto (see, for instance, XIII. 941, p. 326), is, in its first impression, dioramic. . . . Every house has its proper relief against the sky—every brick and stone its proper hue of sunlight and shade—and every degree of distance its proper tone of retiring air. Presently, however, we begin to feel that it is lurid and gloomy, and that the painter, compelled by the lowness of the utmost light at his disposal to deepen the shadows, in order to get the right relation, has lost the flashing, dazzling, exulting light which was one of our chief sources of Venetian happiness. . . . But what more there is in Venice than brick and stone—what there is of mystery and death, and memory and beauty—what there is to be learned or lamented, to be loved or wept—we look for to Canaletto in vain." Next look at Clarkson Stanfield's Venice (XX. 407, p. 499). In that picture "we are further still from anything like Venetian tone; all is cold and comfortless, but there is air and good daylight, and we will not complain. And now let us look into the buildings, and all is perfection and fidelity; every shade and line full of feeling and truth, rich and solid and substantial stone; every leaf and arabesque marked to its minutest curve and angle,—the marble crumbling, the wood mouldering, and the waves splashing and lapping before our eyes. But it is all drawn hard and sharp, there is nothing to hope for or to find out, nothing to dream of or discover; we can measure and see it from base to battlement, there is nothing too fine for us to follow, nothing too full for us to fathom. This cannot be nature, for it is not infinity." Finally, look at Turner, "and thank heaven we are in sunshine again—and what sunshine! not the lurid, gloomy, plague-like oppression of Canaletto, but white flushing fulness of dazzling light, which the waters drink and the clouds breathe, bounding and burning in intensity of joy. That sky—it is a very visible in-

finity, liquid, measureless, unfathomable"[1] (*Modern Painters*, first edition, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. §§ 7, 9, 10). This picture is a good example of Turner's rendering of full Venetian *light*. His rendering of the dream-like mystery of the sea-city is better observed in the later Venetian pictures in this room.

548. QUEEN MAB'S GROTTO.

Exhibited in 1846, when the lines given by Turner in the Catalogue were—

Frisk it, frisk it, by the moonlight beam.
Midsummer Night's Dream.

Thy orgies, Mab, are manifold.
MS. "Fallacies of Hope."

A piece of painted poetry, which is of special interest as definitely suggesting what must already have occurred to many visitors, namely, the affinity between Turner's imagination and Shelley's. Look back at the large pictures in Turner's latest manner, with "their vast landscape melting into indefinite distance,"[2] and see if they do not recall the light and aerial descriptions which abound in Shelley's *Prometheus*, where

The spirits of the mind
Voyage, cloudlike and unpent,
Through the cloudless element.

Or, look again at Mr. Ruskin's description of the double tones in the "*Téméraire*" (XXII. 524, p. 615); does it not read like a version of some scene in Shelley, which is luminous and radiant while it is yet—

[1] This picture was hung at the Academy next a view of Ghent, by Turner's old friend, George Jones, R.A. On varnishing day at the Academy, Turner said to him: "Why, Joney, how blue your sky is! but I'll out-blue you." And immediately scrambling upon a box, joking and chuckling, he deepened the sky of his Venice with a scumble of ultramarine. "I've done you now, Georgey," he said, as he passed on to another picture. In his absence, as a joke, Jones determined to baffle the great man, and instantly set to work and painted the sky of Ghent a blank white, which, acting as a foil, made Turner's Venetian sky look preposterously blue. Next day Turner laughed heartily when he returned to his picture to find himself checkmated. "Well, Joney," he said, "you have done me now. But it must go," and he never altered the sky any more (*Thornbury*, ii. 241).

[2] "In describing the cloud-scenery of the sky, and vast realms of landscape, as well as in his eye for subtle colour, Shelley is the Turner of poetry" (Stopford Brooke: *English Literature Primer*, § 150). Mr. Ruskin has often compared Turner's skies with Shelley's, see, *e.g.*, *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. iii. ch. ii. § 10; vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. ii. ch. iv. § 18; *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. i. p. 30; and see under XXII. 508, p. 621.

> Dim and dank and gray,
> Like a storm-extinguished day,
> Travelled o'er by dying gleams?

In this picture the affinity between the poet in verse and the poet on canvas is closer still. Turner refers to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (though the line he quotes is not to be found there), and his conception of the fairy's grotto seems to be compounded from that play, and from Mercutio's speech in *Romeo and Juliet*—

> O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
> She is the fairies' midwife, and . . .
> . . . gallops night by night
> Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love.

Turner's picture was called "incomprehensible" and "a riddle," and he was told (like Mercutio): "thou talk'st of nothing"—to which he might have made Mercutio's answer—

> True, I talk of dreams,
> Which are the children of an idle brain,
> Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
> Which is as thin of substance as the air.

But in the realisation of his dream, Turner's grotto is that of Shelley's "Queen Mab" (a personification of the imaginative power) rather than of Shakespeare's. The details indeed are different, but does not the general effect of this picture strangely resemble Shelley's description of Mab's palace?—

> When those far clouds of feathery purple gleam
> Like islands on a dark blue sea;
> Then has thy fancy soared above the earth,
> And furled its wearied wing
> Within the Fairy's fane.
> Yet not the golden islands
> That gleam amid yon flood of purple light,
> Nor the feathery curtains
> That canopy the sun's resplendent couch,
> Nor the burnished ocean-waves
> Paving that gorgeous dome,
> So fair, so wonderful a sight
> As Mab's etherial palace could afford.

369. THE PRINCE OF ORANGE, AFTERWARDS WILLIAM III., LANDING AT TORBAY, (November 5, 1688).

Exhibited in 1832, and bought by Mr. Vernon, when the following note was given in the Catalogue, showing once more

Turner's interest in ships: "The yacht in which His Majesty sailed was, after many changes and services, finally wrecked on Hamburgh sands, while employed in the Hull trade."

"A soft breeze sprang up from the south, the mist dispersed, the sun shone forth, and under the mild light of an autumnal noon the fleet turned back, passed round the lofty cape of Berry Head, and rode safe in the harbour of Torbay. . . . The disembarkation instantly commenced. Sixty boats conveyed the troops to the coast. The Prince soon followed. He landed where the quay of Brixham now stands—a fragment of the rock on which the deliverer stepped from his boat has been carefully preserved, and is set up as an object of public veneration in the centre of that busy wharf" (MACAULAY'S *History of England*, ch. ix.)

1180. CLIVEDEN ON THE THAMES.

A view looking across the river, on the famous Cliveden reach, above Maidenhead. Painted probably about 1815, when Turner was living at Twickenham, and was fond both of sketching and fishing on the Thames.

534. APPROACH TO VENICE, LOOKING TOWARDS FUSINA.[1]

The scene is on the Giudecca Canal, by which in old days the traveller approached Venice from Fusina, seen here on the horizon—

> The path lies o'er the sea, invisible;
> And from the land we went
> As to a floating city, steering in,
> And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
> So smoothly, silently.
>
> ROGERS'S *Italy*.

The point of view is nearly the same as in Clarkson Stanfield's picture (XX. 407, p. 499), and it is very instructive to compare the two versions of the same scene. *Topographically* Stanfield's is accurate, whereas Turner's is imaginary. There is in reality no church which could be included in Turner's

[1] This title (as given in the Official Catalogue), though correctly descriptive of the scene, is incorrectly applied to this picture, which was exhibited in 1843 as "St. Benedetto, looking towards Fusina." Another picture, called "Approach to Venice," was exhibited, in 1844, and does not belong to the nation. Turner's title "St. Benedetto" is inaccurate, the church of that name being in a different part of Venice (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, p. 73).

view. "The buildings on the right are also, for the most part, imaginary in their details, especially in the pretty bridge which connects two of their masses." Yet *essentially* Turner's version of Venice is the liker of the two. He has seized on the characteristic forms and colours, and thus realised completely the spirit of the scene. "Without one single accurate detail," says Mr. Ruskin, "the picture is the likest thing to what it is meant for—the looking out of the Giudecca landwards, at sunset—of all that I have ever seen. The buildings have, in reality, that proportion and character of mass, as one glides up the centre of the tide stream: they float exactly in that strange, mirage-ful, wistful way in the sea mist—rosy ghosts of houses without foundations; the blue line of poplars and copse about the Fusina marshes shows itself just in that way on the horizon; the flowing gold of the water, and quiet gold of the air, face and reflect each other just so; the boats rest so, with their black prows poised in the midst of the amber flame, or glide by so, the boatman stretched far aslope upon his deep-laid oar. . . . One of the strongest points in Turner's Venice painting is his understanding of the way a gondola is rowed, owing to his affectionate studies of boats when he was a boy, and throughout his life. No other painters ever give the thrust of the gondoliers rightly; they make them bend affectedly—very often impossibly—flourishing with the oar as if they stood up merely to show their figures. Many of our painters even put the oar on the wrong side of the boat. The gondolier on the right side of this picture, rowing the long barge, is exactly right, at the moment of the main thrust. Nevertheless, considered as a boatman, Turner is seriously to be blamed for allowing the fouling of those two gondolas in the middle of the picture, one of which must certainly have gone clear through the other before they could get into their present position." "Take it all in all," adds Mr. Ruskin, "this is the best Venetian picture of Turner's which is left to us. . . . The upper clouds were always dark purple, edged with scarlet; but they have got chilled and opaque. The blue of the distance has altered slightly, making the sun too visible a spot; but the water is little injured, and I think it the best piece of surface-painting which Turner has left in oil-colours" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, pp. 73-75. For the last point *cf.* under 535, p. 630; and for some remarks on the truth and beauty of the "purple dashes of cloud-spray," see *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. vii. ch. ii. § 16).

482. THE GARRETEER'S PETITION.

Exhibited at the Academy in 1809, with the following lines affixed in the Catalogue—

> Aid me, ye powers! O bid my thoughts to roll
> In quick succession, animate my soul;
> Descend my Muse, and every thought refine,
> And finish well my long, my *long-sought* line.

A poet in his attic consuming "the midnight oil." Notice the Hogarthian touch in the plan of Parnassus and a table of *fasts* pasted on the garret wall: the poet cultivates the Muses without breaking his fast. For the Muses seldom come "when sorest bidden"; Turner himself was to petition them all his life, but his long-sought line was never finished well, and the ambition to become a poet—except in colour—remained a "Fallacy of Hope" to the end.

528. PEACE: BURIAL AT SEA OF THE BODY OF SIR DAVID WILKIE.

> The midnight torch gleam'd o'er the steamer's side,
> And Merit's corse was yielded to the tide.
>
> "Fallacies of Hope."

A picture of great interest, as showing Turner's depth of feeling for an old comrade. Shortly after Wilkie's death (see p. 492), Turner said to his friend Jones, "I suppose no one will do anything to commemorate Wilkie?" "I shall pay a humble tribute," replied Jones, "by making a drawing representing his funeral." "How will you do it?"—"On the deck of the vessel, as it has been described to me by persons present, and at the time that Wilkie's body was lowered into the sea." "Well," said Turner, "I will do it as it must have appeared off the coast." And he did it at once, this picture being exhibited at the Academy in the following year (1842), under the title and with the motto given above. Notice the touch of false sentiment in the "funereal and unnatural blackness" of the sails. Stanfield objected to this at the time, and Turner with characteristic obstinacy replied, "I only wish I had any colour to make them blacker." "It is very like Turner," says Jones, who tells the story, "to have indicated mourning by this means, probably retaining some confused notions of the death of Ægeus and the black sails of the returning Theseus."

483. LONDON FROM GREENWICH PARK.

Painted in 1809, and engraved for the *Liber Studiorum* (No. 33). "I never know whether most to venerate or lament the strange impartiality of Turner's mind, and the vast cadence of subjects in which he was able to take interest. Who could have supposed, that a man capable of climbing those crags of Atlas, would be found next year sauntering in Greenwich Park: that from the fiery dragon he would have turned to peaceful fauns and hinds—from the rolling of the Atlantean storm-clouds to the smoke of London chimneys—from the apples of the Hesperides to the Cider Cellar. So it is, however. He does not show one whit less care, patience, or exertion of power in painting this reach of the river round the Isle of Dogs, than that cataract down the cliff of dragons: nay, in some respects, the Deptford distance is the more elaborate, and certainly the more skilful, for Turner at this time understood it better" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, p. 26). The picture was originally in the possession of Mr. Fawkes of Farnley, but was afterwards exchanged by the painter. Mr. Stopford Brooke gives the following description of Turner's "voiceless thought, as I imagined it to have been"—

> The river is a highway of the nations. It is London, and not Greenwich that I draw, and commerce and not war is the source of London. And there she lies along the horizon, filling it from end to end, the mysterious city, full of an impassionating attraction; and rolling over it, the smoke which tells of home, and human labour, and incessant life below. So, I will make the smoke beautiful, and bathe St. Paul's in it and all the spires, and wreathe it into the loveliest lines I can draw, and make it the plaything of the wind, until, borne away to the right where the city ceases, it is swept upwards to lose itself in the heavens. But its lighter and fantastic curves are not quiet enough for thought, nor grave enough. So I will dispose above it the clouds of heaven, and their lines shall be various, but firm in ordered array and soft as wind-blown shadows; and higher still there shall be a space of peaceful sky with floating clouds spun into delicate threads of gold, to tell of that which may sit afar in stillness above the smoke and stir of this dim spot (*Notes on the Liber Studiorum*, 1885, p. 89).

813. FISHING BOATS IN A STIFF BREEZE.

"A stormy sky and a heavy sea; a view of a town on the coast, and some ships at anchor in the distance. In the foreground, a buoy, and a small boat with four fishermen, who appear to wish to put their fish on board one of the sailing

boats near them. This example is in the style of Turner's pictures of about the year 1801" (Official Catalogue).

526. THE NEW MOON.

Exhibited in 1840. Sands at low water, at sunset, with the new moon above—the moon being represented by "a white button of paint."[1]

478. THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

Exhibited at the Academy in 1807, when Turner described it as "A Country Blacksmith disputing upon the price of Iron, and the price charged to the Butcher for shoeing his Pony." The picture "seems to have been painted in emulation of Wilkie,[2] and perhaps convinced Turner of his weakness in more delicate figure drawing, and delivered him for ever to the teaching of the clouds and hills" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, p. 67). Yet Turner seems to have had an affection for the picture, for he bought it back at Lord de Tabley's sale in 1827 for £147.

469. SEA PIECE.

An unimportant and no doubt early work, painted presumably about 1800.

475. VIEW OF A TOWN: A SKETCH.

561a. A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

One of the very numerous sketches, in various stages of completion, which were included in Turner's bequest.

[1] The pictures in Turner's Gallery became latterly most dilapidated. "Mr. E. Goodall tells me," says Thornbury, "that in one picture particularly, a great white button of paint that had stood for the sun had dropped off. 'I think some one has picked it off intentionally,' he could not help saying. 'I think he has,' replied Turner, quite unmoved" (ii. 178).

[2] There is a story (told in A. A. Watts's Memoir) of Turner's trying to eclipse Wilkie by brightening the colours of this picture. "The writer of the *Life* assures us that 'there is no doubt of the correctness of the story;' but there happens to be just as much doubt of it as may arise from the fact of there being no bright colours *in* the 'Blacksmith's Forge.' It was indeed painted in emulation of the 'Village Politicians,' but Wilkie's picture, exhibited in 1806, could not sustain severe injury from the colour of Turner's, exhibited in 1807" (*Catalogue of the Sketches and Drawings by Turner*, etc., 1858, p. 38, *n.*) Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler" was exhibited in 1807, but was not hung next to this picture.

459. MOONLIGHT: A STUDY AT MILLBANK.

This study was exhibited at the Academy in 1797, at which time Turner's pictures were nearly all architectural. "Turner was not in existence as a painter," says Mr. Ruskin, "before 1800. That is to say, there was nothing in his drawings or oil paintings before that year which gives definite promise of any extraordinary excellence." "This example is an imitation of the Dutch moonlights, but closely studied from the real moon, and very true in expression of its glow towards the horizon: for the rest, its heavy and leaden sky, feeble execution, and total absence of apparent choice or arrangement in the form of boats and buildings, as they make it singular in demerit, so they make it precious, as an example of the unpresumptuous labour of a great man in his youth. And the Trustees have judged well in showing it among these mighty pictures: for the sorrowful moonlight on the Thames and its gloomy city, as it was his youth's study, was one of the last sights which sank before his dying eyes" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, p. 4). A little west of the spot from which this view was taken is the cottage, near Cremorne pier, in which Turner died.

468. VIEW ON CLAPHAM COMMON.

"The manner of this painting (done about 1802), though still leaning to Wilson's, is much complicated with that of Morland, whom Turner was studying about this time, very admiringly. The somewhat affected rolling and loading of the colour in the sky is founded altogether on Morland. Nevertheless this picture is really a study from Nature; possessing therefore some noble qualities of tree form. It is evidently left unfinished in the foreground" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, p. 6).

TURNER'S PALETTE.

This palette (according to the document affixed) was presented by Turner in 1824 to Mr. George Cobb, to whom also the note in Turner's handwriting was addressed.

SILHOUETTE OF TURNER.

Taken by stealth on board the *City of Canterbury* steamboat, September 23, 1838, when Turner was sixty-three. Turner once sat for his portrait in his youth (to Dance), but

never afterwards. "If he had his portrait taken," he said, "people would never believe he painted his own pictures."

530. SNOW STORM: STEAMBOAT OFF A HARBOUR'S MOUTH MAKING SIGNALS, IN SHALLOW WATER, AND GOING BY THE LEAD.

Exhibited in 1842 under the above title. Notice the precise particulars given, to which Turner added in the Catalogue, "The *author* was in this storm the night the *Ariel* left Harwich." The use of the term "author" instead of "artist" is the more significant from the following explanation, which Turner once gave to a visitor who was admiring the picture. "I did not paint it to be understood," he said, "but I wished to show what such a scene was like; I got the sailors to lash me to the mast to observe it; I was lashed for four hours, and I did not expect to escape, but I felt bound to *record* it if I did. But no one had any business to like it." And the critics did not like it; it was described by one of them as a "mass of soapsuds and whitewash." "Turner was passing the evening," says Mr. Ruskin, "at my father's house on the day this criticism came out; and after dinner, sitting in his arm-chair by the fire, I heard him muttering low to himself at intervals, 'Soapsuds and whitewash!' again, and again, and again. At last I went to him, asking, 'why he minded what they said?' Then he burst out—'Soapsuds and whitewash! What would they have? I wonder what they think the sea's like? I wish they'd been in it.'"

"Few people, comparatively, have ever seen the effect on the sea of a powerful gale continued without intermission for three or four days and nights; and to those who have not, I believe it must be unimaginable, not from the mere force or size of surge, but from the complete annihilation of the limit between sea and air. The water from its prolonged agitation is beaten, not into mere creaming foam, but into masses of accumulated yeast,[1] which hang in ropes and wreaths from

[1] "The picture marks how far the sense of foaming mystery, and blinding whiteness of surf and salt, then influenced Turner's conception of the sea, rather than the old theories of black clouds relieving terminated edges of waves. The sea is, however, even so not quite right: it is not yeasty *enough:* the linear wave-action is still too much dwelt upon, and confused with the true foam" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, p. 15).

wave to wave, and, where one curls over to break, form a festoon like a drapery from its edge; these are taken up by the wind, not in dissipating dust, but bodily, in writhing, hanging, coiling masses, which make the air white and thick as with snow, only the flakes are a foot or two long each; the surges themselves are full of foam in their very bodies, underneath, making them white all through, as the water is under a great cataract; and their masses, being thus half water and half air, are torn to pieces by the wind whenever they rise, and carried away in roaring smoke, which chokes and strangles like actual water. Add to this, that when the air has been exhausted of its moisture by long rain, the spray of the sea is caught by it, and covers its surface not merely with the smoke of finely divided water, but with boiling mist; imagine also the low rain-clouds brought down to the very level of the sea, as I have often seen them, whirling and flying in rags and fragments from wave to wave; and finally, conceive the surges themselves in their utmost pitch of power, velocity, vastness, and madness, lifting themselves in precipices and peaks, furrowed with their whirl of ascent, through all this chaos; and you will understand that there is indeed no distinction left between the sea and air; that no object, nor horizon, nor any landmark or natural evidence of position is left; that the heaven is all spray, and the ocean all cloud, and that you can see no farther in any direction than you could see through a cataract. Suppose the effect of the first sunbeam sent from above to show this annihilation to itself, and you have the sea-picture of the Academy, 1842, the 'Snowstorm,' one of the very grandest statements of sea-motion, mist, and light, that has ever been put on canvas, even by Turner. Of course it was not understood; his finest works never are: but there was some apology for the public's not comprehending this, for few people have had the opportunity of seeing the sea at such a time, and when they have, cannot face it" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. v. ch. iii. § 38; vol. v. pt. ix. ch. xii. § 4 *n.*; *Notes on the Turner Gallery*, p. 15.)

559. PETWORTH PARK: TILLINGTON CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE.

Painted in 1829 and unfinished. A view of Lord Egremont's park, where Turner spent many pleasant visits, painting and fishing. In the foreground to the left is a chair which the

artist may have taken out from the house when he was watching the sunset and making some of his notes of the "effects." The effect here depicted is that of "the moment before the sun sinks, when his light turns pure rose-colour, and when this light falls upon a zenith covered with countless cloud-forms of inconceivable delicacy, threads and flakes of vapour, which would in common daylight be pure snow-white, and which give therefore fair field to the tone of light. There is then no limit to the multitude, and no check to the intensity, of the hues assumed. The whole sky, from the zenith to the horizon, becomes one molten mantling sea of colour and fire; every black bar turns into massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied shadowless crimson, and purple, and scarlet, and colours for which there are no words in language and no ideas in the mind. . . . There is no connection, and no one link of association or resemblance, between those skies and the work of any mortal hand but Turner's" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. ii. ch. ii. § 7).

485. ABINGDON, BERKSHIRE.

Painted about 1810. "A very beautiful example of the painter's most skilful work in his first period: the main lesson to be derived from it being the dignity of the simplest objects, when truly painted, under partial concealment by aerial effects. They must be truly painted, observe, first; the forms given must be studied with exquisite care, but veiled as far as is needful to give them largeness and mystery. To so singular an extent will the forms of things come out gradually *through* the mist as you look long at Turner's effects of this kind, that many of his admirers have thought that he painted the whole scene first, with all its details, and then threw the mist over it. But it is not so; and all efforts to copy Turner on such a plan will end in total discomfiture. . . . The misty appearance is given by resolvedly confusing, altering, or denying the form at the moment of painting it; and the virtue of the work is in the painter's having perfectly clear and sharp conception of all that he chooses to confuse, alter, or deny: so that his very confusion becomes suggestive,—his alteration decorative,—and his denial affirmative: and it is because there is an idea with and in—not *under*—every touch, that we find the objects rising into existence as we gaze" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, pp. 27, 28).

511. VIEW OF ORVIETO.

Painted at Rome in 1829, and exhibited at the Academy next year. "Once a very lovely picture, and still perfect in many parts: the tree, perhaps, the best bit of foliage painting in the rooms" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, p. 47). The picture brings out admirably, too, the chief characteristic of Orvieto, namely its situation on a sheer rock. "On the road from Siena to Rome is the town of Orvieto. . . . None who see it from a distance can fail to be struck with its imposing aspect, as it rises from the level plain upon that mass of rock among the Apennines. Orvieto is built upon the first of those huge volcanic blocks which are found like fossils embedded in the more recent geological formations of central Italy. . . . Their advanced guard, Orvieto, stands up definite and solid, an almost perfect cube, with walls precipitous to north and south and east, but slightly sloping to the westward. At its foot rolls the Paglia, one of those barren streams which swell in winter with the snows and rains of the Apennines, but which in summer time shrink up and leave bare beds of sand and pestilential cane-brakes to stretch irregularly round their dwindled waters. The weary flatness and utter desolation of this valley present a sinister contrast to the broad line of the Apennines, swelling tier on tier from their oak-girted basements, set with villages and towers, up to the snow and cloud that crown the topmost crags. The time to see this landscape is at sunrise; and the traveller should take his stand upon the rising ground over which the Roman road is carried from the town—the point, in fact, which Turner has selected for his vague and misty sketch in our Gallery" (J. A. Symonds: *Sketches in Italy*).

491. HARVEST DINNER, KINGSTON BANK.

The Thames at Kingston, reapers at their dinner. Painted about 1809. It is noticeable as showing the breadth of Turner's sympathies that he painted not only shipwrecks and fires at sea, but canal boats and river barges. "A certain class of entirely tame subjects were treated by him even with increased affection after he had seen the full manifestation of sublimity. He had always a great regard for canal boats, and instead of sacrificing these old, and one would have thought unentertaining, friends to the deities of storm, he seems to have returned with a lulling pleasure from the foam

and danger of the beach to the sedgy bank and stealthy barge of the lowland river. Thenceforward his work which introduces shipping is divided into two classes; one embodying the poetry of silence and calmness, the other of turbulence and wrath" (*Harbours of England*, p. 24).

496. BLIGH SAND, NEAR SHEERNESS.

Painted in 1809, but not exhibited till 1815, when Turner refused to sell it to his old detractor, Sir George Beaumont. "It is a fine picture of its class; and has more glow in its light, and more true gloom in its dark, than the great sea-pieces we have already seen (XXII. 472 and 476, pp. 595, 597). But the subject is wholly devoid of interest: the fishing-boats are too far off to show their picturesque details; the sea is too low to be sublime, and too dark to be beautiful; and the shore is as dull as sand can be" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, p. 30).

538. RAIN, STEAM, AND SPEED.

Exhibited at the Academy in 1844. A picture of great interest, as being not only (what Mr. Monkhouse calls it) "the boldest attempt to represent abstract ideas in landscape that ever was made," but also the first and greatest attempt to elicit beauty out of a railway-train.[1] "The Great Western Railway" was Turner's sub-title, and the bridge is perhaps a recollection of Maidenhead. Notice the devices which the artist employs to aid his representation of speed—the puffs of steam gradually diminishing as they recede, and the little hare running at full speed before the engine. The "driving" rain contributes too, to the effect—as also does the contrast with the little boat on the river. By way of letting us into "the very pulse of the machine," Turner makes his engine open in front—which is certainly an eccentric proceeding in a train going at full speed. Six years before this picture was painted, a train had beaten record by making the journey from Birmingham to London at an average speed of twenty miles an hour; but the train here represented is a goods train.

[1] Mr. Frith (i. 120) thus describes the Duke of Wellington before this picture: "Unperceived, I watched the duke's puzzled expression as he read the quotation from the 'Fallacies of Hope.' He then looked steadily at the picture, and with a muttered 'Ah! *poetry!*' walked on." But there was no quotation from the "Fallacies of Hope," so that the poetry the duke saw with puzzled disgust was all in the picture.

484. ST. MAWES, FALMOUTH HARBOUR.

Painted about 1809.

489. COTTAGE DESTROYED BY AN AVALANCHE.

"If the reader will look back for a moment to the 'Abingdon' (485, p. 643), with its respectable country house, safe and slow carrier's waggon, decent church spire, and nearly motionless river, and then return to this avalanche, he will see the range of Turner's sympathy, from the quietest to the wildest of subjects. We saw how he sympathised with the anger and energy of waves: here we have him in sympathy with anger and energy of stones. No one ever before had conceived a stone in *flight*, and this, as far as I am aware, is the first effort of painting to give inhabitants of the lowlands any idea of the terrific forces to which Alpine scenery owes a great part of its character, and most of its forms. Such things happen oftener and in quieter places than travellers suppose. The last time I walked up the Gorge de Gotteron, near Fribourg, I found a cottage which I had left safe two years before, reduced to just such a heap of splinters as this, by some two or three tons of sandstone which had fallen on it from the cliff. There is nothing exaggerated in the picture; its only fault, indeed, is that the avalanche is not vaporous enough. In reality, the smoke of snow rises before an avalanche of any size, towards the lower part of its fall, like the smoke from a broadside of a ship of the line" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, p. 29).

560. CHICHESTER CANAL.

Painted in 1829 and unfinished; similar to one of the pictures painted by Turner for the Carved Room at Petworth. "Full of light, and yet solemn, calm, and almost plaintive. There is even gentle movement in it, for the smooth waters glide along and carry us with them into the picture. We all know that the sun does not go out like a candle, yet the old way of painting it was nearly this. But here the sun, though partly sunk behind the hill in the distance, seems by its intensity to be in front of it, and to burn a fiery gap and hollow in it. I daresay you have often noticed this effect in nature. . . . Nothing could be simpler than the composition: a river in perspective, a long horizon, and an old ship; yes, that old ship fills it with human interest; now no longer buffeted by the waves, this perilous adventurer, this hero of

many battles with the winds, rests for a while by a green bank that is fringed with summer trees and long rushes; its little pennant droops listlessly from its tall masts, that rise into the gentle breath of evening, and sink down reflected roots in the living waters" (G. A. Storey, A.R.A., in *Thornbury*, ii. 12).

463. ÆNEAS WITH THE SIBYL: LAKE AVERNUS.

An early work, painted about 1800, in imitation of Wilson (see XVII. 304, p. 432). The cave in which the Sibyl dwelt is in a subterranean passage, near the Lake Avernus, and close to the shores of the Bay of Baiæ. She was Æneas's guide to the lower world, and bade him pluck the golden bough from the tree sacred to Proserpine—

> Go, search the grove, and raise your longing eyes
> And look aloft, and seize the glorious prize.
> If your descent approving fates allow,
> Your hand with ease will crop the willing bough.
>
> RING'S *Æneid*, bk. vi.

544. VENICE. MORNING: RETURNING FROM THE BALL.

Exhibited in 1846, and now much injured, but still capable of fascinating those who have patience to watch the apparent chaos gradually clear into dream-like palaces rising "as from the stroke of the enchanter's wand." "Dream-like and dim, but glorious, the unnumbered palaces lift their shafts out of the hollow sea—pale ranks of motionless flames—their mighty towers sent up to heaven like tongues of more eager fire—their gray domes looming vast and dark, like eclipsed worlds—their sculptured arabesques and purple marble fading farther and fainter, league beyond league, lost in the light of distance. Detail after detail, thought beyond thought, you find and feel them through the radiant mystery, inexhaustible as indistinct, beautiful, but never all revealed; secret in fulness, confused in symmetry, as nature herself is to the bewildered and foiled glance, giving out of that indistinctness, and through that confusion, the perpetual newness of the infinite and the beautiful" (*Modern Painters*, first edition, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 10). This ghost-like Venice, as Turner's later pictures thus show it, is exactly the Venice described by Byron—

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.

Childe Harold, iv. 3.

☞ *From this room a staircase leads to the exit from the Gallery. On this staircase, and on a corresponding one opposite, there are the following pictures :—*

WEST STAIRCASE

688. LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE.

James Ward, R.A. (1769–1859). *See under* XVIII. 1158, p. 487.

This picture, which is usually accounted the artist's masterpiece, was painted in 1820-1822 at the suggestion (as he himself informs us) of West, in emulation of Paul Potter's famous picture of a Bull at the Hague. It was through a connection with the Royal Agricultural Society that Ward was led to take to animal painting, and it was somewhat from the Agricultural Show point of view that he seems to have painted all his animals. The fine Alderney cattle here were the property of one of his chief patrons, Mr. John Allnutt, of Clapham.

EAST STAIRCASE

MISCELLANEOUS PICTURES

1043. GORDALE SCAR, YORKSHIRE.

James Ward, R.A. (1769–1859). *See under* XVIII. 1158, p. 487.

A chasm in the limestone cliffs, about a mile from Malham. "I saw it," says Gray, "not without shuddering;" and Wordsworth described it as—

Gordale chasm, terrific as the lair
Where the young lions crouch.

Here the artist introduces cattle and deer, to bring out the height of the scar that towers above them.

BUST OF MANTEGNA.

After Sperandio.

This is a plaster cast from a bust of Mantegna, in the Mantegna Chapel, Basilica of St. Andrew, at Mantua. It was presented in 1883 by Mr. H. Vaughan.

811. TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.

Salvator Rosa (Neapolitan: 1615–1673).

See under XIII. 1206, p. 317.

A "wild rocky landscape" (for the subject of Tobias, who is in the water holding the fish, see I. 781, p. 17), hardly discernible in its present place for anything beyond the general sense of savage power which Salvator's works always convey. Salvator, says Mr. Ruskin, is "a good instance of vicious execution, dependent on too great fondness for sensations of power, vicious because intrusive and attractive in itself, instead of being subordinate to the results and forgotten in them" (*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. i. sec. ii. ch. ii. § 9).

391. THE BATTLE OF THE BORODINO.

(September 8, 1812.)

G. Jones, R.A. (1786–1869). *See under* XX. 389, p. 513.

The battle after which Napoleon entered Moscow, only to have to retreat. To the right is Napoleon, dismounted, watching the result of an attack made on the great redoubt of the Russians. "A column of French infantry is ascending the eminence, supported by light cavalry on its left; and on its right cuirassiers are led by Caulaincourt, who forced the redoubt, but was slain in the struggle against the persevering courage of the Russians. On the left Murat is advancing and encouraging the troops" (Official Catalogue).

SCULPTURES AND MARBLES

On the staircases, in the Entrance Hall, and elsewhere, are the following sculptures and marbles:—

SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A. Statue, in marble, by Samuel Joseph. Presented to the National Gallery by an association of gentlemen in 1844.

THETIS AND HER NYMPHS, RISING FROM THE SEA, TO CONDOLE WITH ACHILLES ON THE LOSS OF PATROCLUS. Alto-rilievo in marble, by Thomas Banks, R.A. Presented to the National Gallery in 1845 by the sculptor's daughter, Mrs. Forster.

WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A. Bust, in marble, by Henry Weekes, R.A. Presented by an association of gentlemen in 1866.

BUST OF THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A., marble, by Henry Weekes, R.A. Presented by an association of gentlemen in 1868.

BUST OF MR. ROBERT VERNON, by W. Behnes. Presented to the National Gallery by Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince Consort, and the noblemen and gentlemen whose names are inscribed on the pedestal.

BUST OF NAPOLEON I., bronze. Bequeathed by P. C. Crespigny, Esq., in 1851.

BUST OF MR. WYNN ELLIS. Presented by his nephew, Mr. H. Churchill, in 1878.

BUST OF WILLIAM BEWICK the painter (1795-1866), by John Gibson, R.A. Bequeathed by his widow, Mrs. Bewick, in 1871.

Also the following marbles, which formed part of the Vernon Collection :—

1. HYLAS AND THE WATER NYMPHS. A group in marble, executed in Rome, by John Gibson, R.A., *b.* 1791, *d.* 1866.
2. BUST OF THE MARQUIS OF WELLESLEY, Governor-General of India, by John Bacon, R.A., *b.* 1740, *d.* 1799.
3. BUST OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart., by Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A., *b.* 1782, *d.* 1841.
4. BUST OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE CANNING, after Nollekens, by E. H. Baily, R.A., *b.* 1788, *d.* 1867.
5. BUST OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON, after Roubilliac, by E. H. Baily, R.A.
6. BUST OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, from a cast in the possession of the sculptor, by E. H. Baily, R.A.
7. BUST OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, after Nollekens, by E. H. Baily, R.A.

☞ *The water-colour collection is in the basement, to which access is obtained by the staircase in the east corner of the Entrance Hall. Admission is free, but visitors are required to enter their names and addresses in a book kept for that purpose. A few miscellaneous pictures, enumerated below, are also hung in the basement.*

BASEMENT—ROOM I

MISCELLANEOUS PICTURES.

37. GROUP OF HEADS.

After Correggio. (*See under* IX. 15, p. 199).

This, and the companion picture (7, p. 652), are probably copies by Annibale Carracci from Correggio's compositions in the church of S. Giovanni at Parma (*Layard*, ii. 631).

661. THE MADONNA DI SAN SISTO.

After Raphael. (*See under* VI. 1171, p. 108).

A tracing from the original picture by Raphael at Dresden, by Jakob Schlesinger (1822).

148. THE TRIUMPH OF GALATEA.

Agostino Carracci (Eclectic: 1557–1602).

Agostino Carracci was the elder brother of Annibale (XIII. 93, p. 308), and cousin of Ludovico (XIII. 28, p. 325). It was he who composed the sonnet in which the aims of the "Eclectic School," founded by him and his two relatives, are set forth (see p. 325). He was a man of learning, and superintended the theoretical instruction of the school. His pictures are rare, but he was also distinguished as an engraver.

A cartoon for a fresco in the Farnese Palace at Rome. The frescoes themselves were the work of Annibale. The sea-nymph Galatea is borne on the ocean by Glaucus, preceded by Triton blowing his horn, and surrounded by Nereids and Cupids on Dolphins.

382. HEAD OF A NEGRO.

John Simpson (English: 1782–1847).

Simpson was a portrait painter of repute, and during the latter years of the life of Sir T. Lawrence was that master's principal assistant.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1793.

Karl Anton Hickel (German: 1749–1798).

This picture and one of "Sion House" belong to the National Portrait Gallery, and are only deposited temporarily at Trafalgar Square. This bird's-eye view of the House of

Commons was painted by Hickel in London in 1793, and was presented by the Emperor of Austria, in 1885, to Lady Paget (the wife of the British Ambassador of Vienna) for the National Portrait Gallery.

MEN DESTROYED BY DRAGONS.

*B. Spranghe*r (Flemish: 1546–1628).

Bartholomew Spranghe, born in Antwerp and trained in Italy, was the head of the colony of Flemish artists who settled at the Court of the Emperor Rudolph II. at Prague. He had previously been painter to the Pope Pius V., by whom he was employed to execute many large and important works. "We have some difficulty, now, in understanding the reputation which this artist undoubtedly enjoyed in his own time. In his works generally the mannerism of design and the eccentricity of the attitudes are enhanced by the bad taste of the colouring and total absence of colour" (Wauters: *The Flemish School*, p. 193).

THE INTERIOR OF SION HOUSE.

Marcus Gheerardt (Flemish: 1561–1635).

Mark Gheerardt, the younger, was the son of another painter of the same name (called Garrard in England), whom he succeeded as painter to Queen Elizabeth. The Gheerardts came from Bruges, but settled in England, where most of their works are to be seen.

This picture was purchased for the National Portrait Gallery (to which institution it belongs) at the Hamilton sale in 1882 for £2520—the largest sum hitherto paid by that Gallery for any single picture. The picture then bore the name of the Spanish painter, Pantoja de la Cruz; but this inscription was shown to be a forgery by Mr. Scharf, the Director, who assigned the work to its true author, Gheerardt. It represents the conference held in London in 1604, for the Ratification of the Treaty for Peace and Commerce between England and Spain. On the right are the English Commissioners; on the left the six Commissioners for the King of Spain and the Archdukes of Austria.

7. GROUP OF HEADS.

After Correggio. (*See under* IX. 15, p. 199).

See under the companion picture, 37, above, p. 651.

BASEMENT—ROOMS II. AND III

THE TURNER WATER-COLOUR COLLECTION

A catalogue of these drawings and sketches, "cast into progressive groups, with explanatory notes," has been written by Mr. Ruskin, and may be bought of the attendant in these rooms, or obtained from Mr. George Allen, Orpington (price 1s.)

BASEMENT—ROOMS IV. AND V

THE WATER-COLOUR ROOMS

In these rooms there are a series of twenty-three drawings by De Wint and ten by Cattermole, bequeathed to the National Gallery by the late Mr. John Henderson; seven crayon studies by Gainsborough, presented by Mr. Thomas Birch Wolfe; two drawings by Blake, presented by Mr. Geo. Thos. Saul; two Academy studies from life by Mulready, presented by the Society of Arts; a chalk drawing by A. Raffaelle Mengs, bequeathed by Miss H. Kearsley; and seventeen studies in crayon or monochrome by Rubens and Van Dyck, purchased with the Peel Collection.

Also the following drawing, included in the Vernon Collection:—

456. COUNCIL OF WAR AT COURTRAI.

Louis Haghe (English: 1806–1885).

This artist was born at Tournai, but in 1823 settled in England, where he proceeded, in conjunction with Day, the lithographer, to produce many illustrated works. He was for several years President of the Institute of Painters in Water-colours.

The Council is sitting in the Town Hall at Courtrai (West Flanders); notice the rich carvings of the chimney-piece.

ADDENDA

Under this head are included a few pictures which are still retained in the National Gallery, but which are not at present (June 1, 1888) hung in rooms open to the public.

78. THE HOLY FAMILY.

Sir J. Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723–1792)

See under XVI. 111, p. 399.

This picture had fallen into such a bad state of preservation that it has not latterly been exhibited to the public, but it is very widely known from engravings, etc. The picture is full of "the grace of Reynolds" and of his mastery of the painter's art. "As showing gigantic power of hand, joined with utmost accuracy and rapidity, the folds of drapery under the breast of the Virgin are, perhaps, as marvellous a piece of work as could be found in any picture, of whatever time or master." But the picture is very instructive also, as showing Reynolds's limitations (see under XVI. 111, p. 405). Compare this group with any similar one by the old Italian masters, and it will be felt at once that "beautiful as it is, this Holy Family has neither dignity nor sacredness other than those which attach to every group of gentle mother and ruddy babe." Reynolds indeed could not paint a Madonna, "for surely this dearest pet of an English girl, with the little curl of lovely hair under her ear, is *not* one."[1] Mr. Ruskin notes, further, how, "owing to the

[1] Charles Lamb is more severe than Mr. Ruskin. "Here," he says, "for a Madonna Sir Joshua has substituted a sleepy, insensible, un-

utter neglect of all botanical detail, this 'Holy Family' has lost every atom of ideal character, and reminds us of nothing but an English fashionable flower-garden; the formal pedestal adding considerably to this effect" (*Sir Joshua and Holbein*, in *O. O. R.*, i. 221-236; *Modern Painters*, vol. i. preface to 2d ed., p. xxviii.)

105. A SMALL LANDSCAPE.

Sir George Beaumont (1753–1827)
See under XVII. 119, p. 427.

A little picture, now in very bad condition, of a wooded stream, with mountains in the distance, and a stormy sky.

123. A LANDSCAPE: BY MOONLIGHT.

Edward Williams (English: 1782–1855).

This artist (a nephew of James Ward, R.A.) was the son of an engraver, and combined the trade of carver and gilder with miniature and landscape painting.

136. PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A. (English: 1769–1830).
See under 144, p. 445.

A portrait of the wife of Mr. Francis Robertson of Brighton.

139. RELIGION ATTENDED BY THE VIRTUES.

Angelica Kaufmann, R.A. (English: 1741–1807).

This artist was born in Switzerland, but in 1766 came to England, where she was received with great distinction, and two years later was elected one of the original members of the Academy. She knew all the celebrities of the day, and Sir Joshua Reynolds was ever her "firmest friend." Her work, which was immensely popular (especially in engravings), has indeed a faint and faded resemblance to Sir Joshua's; but her pictures no longer meet a popular craze or command high prices, and she is now best remembered for her romantic story, which has been so prettily idealised in Miss Thackeray's *Miss Angel.*

140. PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

Bartholomeus van der Helst (Dutch: 1613–1670).

Little is known of the life of this painter (who appears to have studied under De Keyser, X. 212, p. 246) except that he resided constantly at Amsterdam, and was in good practice there as a portrait

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motherly girl—one so little worthy to have been selected as the mother of the Saviour, that she seems to have neither heart nor feeling to entitle her to become a mother at all."

painter. He had a part in founding the Painters' Guild there, whilst his likeness of Paul Potter at the Hague (1654), and his partnership with Bakhuizen, who laid in the backgrounds of some of his pictures in 1668, indicate a constant companionship with the best artists of the time. He married at an advanced age, and had one son, who also painted portraits, but with little success. His masterpiece is in the Museum at Amsterdam. It contains thirty-five portraits, whole length, and represents a banquet given by a company of the civil-guard of Amsterdam, in commemoration of the Peace of Münster, in 1648. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his *Journey to Flanders and Holland*, says of that work that it "is, perhaps, the first picture of portraits in the world, comprehending more of those qualities which make a perfect portrait than any other I have ever seen." Whilst delighted with Van der Helst, Sir Joshua was disappointed by Rembrandt; and certainly "Van der Helst attracts by qualities entirely differing from those of Rembrandt and Frans Hals: nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the strong concentrated light and the deep gloom of Rembrandt, and the contempt of chiaroscuro peculiar to his rival, except the contrast between the rapid sketchy touch of Hals and the careful finish and rounding of Van der Helst."

147. CEPHALUS AND AURORA.

Agostino Carracci (Eclectic–Bologna: 1557–1602). *See under* 148, p. 651.

A cartoon, like the companion picture (148), for a fresco in the Farnese Palace. Cephalus, while on a hunting expedition on Mount Hymettus, is forcibly carried off by Aurora.

167. THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

Peruzzi (Sienese: 1481–1537). *See under* II. 218, p. 40.

A drawing in chiaroscuro, which was engraved by Agostino Carracci in 1579, of the same composition as in 218.

178. SERENA AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

William Hilton, R.A. (English: 1786–1839).

Hilton, born at Lincoln, was the son of a portrait painter, and studied under J. R. Smith, the engraver. He was elected A.R.A. in 1813, R.A. in 1819, and Keeper in 1827. "Already, in 1803, he appeared as an exhibitor at the Academy, and very soon acquired distinction for his choice of subject, his refined taste in design, and a harmonious and rich style of colouring, though, from an injudicious method of mixing and applying his colours, his pictures are now rapidly perishing The use of asphaltum seems to be the chief cause of this mischief" (Wornum's *Catalogue*).

A large picture illustrating Spenser's *Faërie Queene*, book vi. canto viii.

225. BEATIFIC VISION OF THE MAGDALEN.

Giulio Romano (Roman: 1498–1546).
See under XIII. 624, p. 309.

A semi-circular fresco, showing the Magdalen borne upwards by angels to witness the joys of the blessed.

315. THE INSTALLATION OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

B. West, P.R.A. (English: 1738–1820). *See under* 144, p. 446.

333–336. EDITH AND HAROLD.

W. Hilton, R.A. (English: 1786–1839). *See under* 178, p. 656.

No. 333 is a very large picture, showing Edith and the monks discovering the dead body of Harold after the battle of Hastings. Nos. 334-336 are studies of heads for 333.

355. DULL READING.

Andrew Geddes, A.R.A. (English: 1789–1844).

Geddes, a native of Edinburgh, and a friend of Wilkie, was chiefly a portrait painter, but he also painted landscapes and a few historical pieces. He was elected A.R.A. in 1832.

A portrait of Terry, an actor, and his wife, who was a sister of Patrick Nasmyth (see XVIII. 380, p. 458). The wife has read her husband to sleep.

454. STUDY OF A FEMALE HEAD.

E. V. Rippingille (English: 1798–1859).

507. SCENE FROM BOCCACCIO.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (1775–1851). *See on* p. 574.

This picture, as well as most of those by Turner which are not publicly exhibited, belongs to the worst period of his Academy pictures (see p. 590). It is, says Thornbury (i. 306), "a careless, sketchy, and unpleasing picture in imitation of Stothard, called 'Boccaccio relating the tale of the Birdcage.' The trees of the glen are pleasantly grouped, but the figures are bad, and the distant white castle is very crude and glaring. 'No such story as the *Birdcage* is in the *Decameron*,' says Mr. Wornum; but I perfectly remember the obscene story to which Turner alludes reservedly in his title." "Of the peculiar, and almost the only serious weakness of Turner's mind—with respect to *figures*—this," says Mr. Ruskin, "and the 'Shadrach, Meshach,

and Abednego' (517, below), are very lamentable instances. Except as subjects for curious study, they are of no value whatsoever" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, p. 43).

510. PILATE WASHING HIS HANDS.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (1775–1851). *See on* p. 574.

Exhibited at the Academy in 1830. A very unsuccessful picture on the text:—

"And when Pilate saw he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it" (Matthew xxvii. 24).

514. WATTEAU PAINTING.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (1775–1851). *See on* p. 574.

This and the following picture (515) were exhibited at the Academy in 1831. The full title was "Watteau Painting: Study by Fresnoy's Rules"

White, when it shines with unstained lustre clear,
May bear an object back, or bring it near.

These two lines are a translation from Du Fresnoy's Latin poem on the Art of Painting—a work which Dryden translated, and Sir Joshua Reynolds annotated. The picture is only interesting as showing Turner's study of the precepts and practice of his art: note the introduction of an artist's name into the title (*cf.* under XXII. 536, p. 612).

515. LORD PERCY UNDER ATTAINDER, 1606.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (1775–1851). *See on* p. 574.

A poor picture, showing Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, and Dorothy Percy, visiting their father, Lord Percy, when he was under attainder on suspicion of being implicated in the Gunpowder Plot—interesting only as showing the persistence with which, in spite of failure, Turner attempted figure subjects.

517. THE FIERY FURNACE.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (1775–1851). *See on* p. 574.

Exhibited in 1832, and painted in friendly rivalry with Jones's picture (see under XX. 389, p. 514). The figures are very bad (see under 507, p. 657); but "there is a smirched blackness and sweeping flame about this small picture that is very grand, obscure as all else in it is" (*Thornbury*, i. 321).

529. WAR. THE EXILE AND THE ROCK LIMPET.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (1775–1851). *See on* p. 574.

Exhibited in 1842, as a companion to "The Burial of Wilkie" (XIX. 528, p. 637), which Turner called "Peace." The picture represents Napoleon on the shore of St. Helena at sunset, watching a solitary shell. "Once a noble piece of colour, now quite changed just at the focus of light where the sun is setting, and injured everywhere. The figure is not, however, in reality quite so ill-drawn as it looks, its caricatured length being in great part owing to the strong reflection of the limbs, mistaken by the eye, at a distance, for part of the limbs themselves. The lines which Turner gave with this picture are very important, being the only verbal expression of that association in his mind of sunset colour with blood before spoken of (under XXII. 508, p. 620)—

Ah! thy tent-formed shell is like
A soldier's nightly bivouac, alone
Amidst a sea of blood. . . .
. . . But you can join your comrades.
M.S. "Fallacies of Hope."

The conceit of Napoleon's seeing a resemblance in the limpet's shell to a tent, was thought trivial by most people at the time; it may be so (though not to my mind); the second thought, that even this poor wave-washed disc had power and liberty, denied to *him*, will hardly, I think, be mocked at"[1] (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, pp. 70, 71).

531. SHADE AND DARKNESS. THE EVENING OF THE DELUGE.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (1775–1851). *See on* p. 574.

This and the companion picture (532) were exhibited in 1843, when "Turner, tired now of plain sober truth, or deter-

[1] The picture was ridiculed at the time of its appearance by Thackeray, and also parodied in *Punch*, which called it "The Duke of Wellington and the Shrimp (Seringapatam, early morning)—

And can it be, thou hideous imp,
That life is, ah! how brief, and glory but a shrimp!"

These criticisms hurt Turner sorely, says Mr. Ruskin, and his want of articulateness (see p. 583) had its tragic side. But the comic critics were not without excuse, for Mr. Ruskin himself records how Turner "tried hard, one day, for a quarter of an hour, to make me guess what he was doing in the picture of Napoleon, before it had been exhibited, giving me hint after hint in a rough way; but I could not guess, and he would not tell me" (*Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. xi. § 30 *n.*)

mined to puzzle and astonish by prismatic experiments a public that would not buy his pictures and did not comprehend his genius (see p. 590), launched out into some of his wildest dreams" (*Thornbury*, i. 347).

532. LIGHT AND COLOUR. THE MORNING AFTER THE DELUGE.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (1775–1851). *See on* p. 574.

545. WHALERS.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (1775–1851). *See on* p. 574.

Exhibited in 1845—Turner's first picture of a subject, suggested by Beale's *Natural History of the Sperm Whale*, which he repeated twice in the following year (546, now at Nottingham, and 547, now at Glasgow).

549. UNDINE GIVING THE RING TO MASANIELLO, FISHERMAN OF NAPLES.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (1775–1851). *See on* p. 574.

Undine, a water-spirit, was sent to live with an old fisherman and his wife, to console them for the loss of their daughter. She grew up a beautiful girl, full of tricks and waywardness; but without the gift of a soul: *that* she might not have until some noble knight should love her well enough to marry her. When the marriage was to be performed, her adopted parents produced a ring, but Undine exclaimed, "Not so! my parents have not sent me into the world quite destitute; on the contrary, they must have anticipated with certainty that such an evening as this would come." And so saying she left the room and reappeared with a ring (De La Motte Fouqué's *Undine*). Of this and the two following pictures marking the period of Turner's decline, Mr. Ruskin wrote: "They occupy to Turner's other works precisely the relation which *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous* hold to Scott's early novels" (*Notes on the Turner Gallery*, p. 75). The "Undine," in particular, was much ridiculed at the time of its exhibition. Mr. Gilbert à Beckett called it "a lobster salad"—a similitude which Turner himself once applied to his own work (see p. 590).

550. THE ANGEL STANDING IN THE SUN.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (1775–1851). *See on* p. 574.

"And I saw an angel standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, Come

and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God; that ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses and of them that sit on them, and the flesh of all men, both free and bond, both small and great" (Revelation xix. 17, 18).

551. THE HERO OF A HUNDRED FIGHTS.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (1775–1851). *See on* p. 574.

A picture, now at least, quite undecipherable, suggested by the German invocation upon casting the bell, called in England "Tapping the Furnace."

600. THE BLIND BEGGAR.

John Laurens Dyckmans (Flemish: 1811–1888).

"A blind old man is standing in the sunshine by a church door: before him is a young girl, who is holding out her hand for alms to the passers-by; an old lady coming from the church is feeling in her pocket for a sou; some other figures are seen in the porch at their devotions before a crucifix. Painted at Antwerp, signed *J. Dyckmans*, 1853" (Official Catalogue).

601. GERALDINE.

Sir William Boxall, R.A. (English: 1800–1879).

Boxall, who was born at Oxford and educated at Abingdon, was a portrait painter of considerable repute in his day. He was elected A.R.A. in 1851, and R.A. in 1863. He was also Director of the National Gallery from 1865 to 1874, the purchase of the Peel collection being the most notable event of his term of office.

613. UNCLE TOBY AND WIDOW WADMAN.

C. R. Leslie, R.A. (English: 1794–1859).

A repetition, painted in 1842, of No. 403 (see Room XX. p. 514).

765. MAW-WORM.

R. Smirke, R.A. (English: 1752–1845).

Robert Smirke, the principal of the early English *genre* painters, was a native of Cumberland, and originally a painter of coach panels. He was educated at the Academy schools, and was elected R.A. in 1793, but he seldom exhibited there, being chiefly employed as a book illustrator.

A scene from Bickerstaffe's play of the *Hypocrite*, Act ii. Sc. 1, adapted from Colley Cibber's *Non-Juror*.

851. VENUS SLEEPING.

Sebastiano Ricci (Venetian: 1659–1734).

For a reference to this painter, see p. 393.

893. THE PRINCESS LIEVEN.

Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A. (English: 1769–1830).

See under 144, p. 445.

A small bust portrait, from the Peel Collection.

996. A CASTLE IN A ROCKY LANDSCAPE.

Hobbema (Dutch: 1638–1708). *See under* X. 685, p. 235.

1015. FRUIT, FLOWERS, AND DEAD BIRDS.

Jan van Os (Dutch: 1744–1808).

Prominent amongst the flowers is the red cockscomb. A picture by the most distinguished flower painter of his time, and characteristic, in an interesting particular, of Dutch pictures of this kind generally. "If the reader has any familiarity with the galleries of painting in the great cities of Europe, he cannot but retain a clear, though somewhat monotonously calm, impression of the character of those polished flower-pieces, or still-life pieces, which occupy subordinate corners, and invite to moments of repose, or frivolity, the attention and imagination which have been wearied in admiring the attitudes of heroism, and sympathising with the sentiments of piety. Recalling to his memory the brightest examples of these . . . he will find that all the older ones agree,—if flower-pieces—in a certain courtliness and formality of arrangement, implying that the highest honours which flowers can attain are in being wreathed into grace of garlands, or assembled in variegation of bouquets, for the decoration of beauty, or flattery of *noblesse*. If fruit or still-life pieces, they agree no less distinctly in directness of reference to the supreme hour when the destiny of dignified fruit is to be accomplished in a royal dessert; and the furred and feathered life of hill and forest may bear witness to the Wisdom of Providence by its extinction for the kitchen dresser. Irrespectively of these ornamental virtues, and culinary utilities, the painter never seems to perceive any conditions of beauty in the things themselves, which would make them worth regard for their own sake: nor, even in these appointed functions, are they ever supposed to be worth painting, unless the pleasures

they procure be distinguished as those of the most exalted society" (*Notes on Prout and Hunt*, pp. 10, 11, where Mr. Ruskin goes on to contrast with this Dutch ideal the simple pleasure in the flowers and fruits for their own sake which marks W. Hunt's still-life drawings).

1187. A SKETCH OF RUSTIC FIGURES.

Sir D. Wilkie, R.A. (1785–1841).
See under XX. 99, p. 490.

A study (in pen and ink) for (or from) a group in the picture of the "Village Festival," XX. 122, p. 493. Underneath is a scrap of paper on which is written: "Sent by D. Wilkie, 15 Aug. 1811."

1191. THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE" (August 29, 1782).

J. C. Schetky (1778–1874).

John Christian Schetky (descended from an old Transylvanian family) was born in Edinburgh, and studied art under Alexander Nasmyth (XVIII. 1242, p. 455). He afterwards held appointments as drawing-master at various military and naval colleges, and was marine-painter in succession to George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria.

The scene represented is the sinking of the *Royal George*, of 100 tons, at Spithead, when Admiral Kempenfeldt and his 800 men were drowned, as told in Cowper's well-known poem—

> It was not in the battle;
> No tempest gave the shock;
> She sprang no fatal leak,
> She ran upon no rock.
>
> A land breeze shook the shrouds,
> And she was overset;
> Down went the Royal George,
> With all her crew complete.

On the left is the *Victory*, firing guns of distress, and hoisting the signal for "Boats to assist ship in distress with all speed."

1247. THE CARD PLAYERS.

Nicolas Maas (Dutch: 1632–1693). *See under* X. 207, p. 234.

This picture, recently purchased at the Monson sale, was stated by the auctioneer to be by Rembrandt, but there is little

doubt that it is really by his disciple, Maas ; though, as it is larger than most of the known works by that master, other critics have ascribed it to another pupil of Rembrandt named Carl Faber, or Fabricius, as he was also called, who was, unfortunately, killed, with his parents and family, in an explosion of gunpowder. "In any case it is unmistakably of the Rembrandt school, and owes its inspiration to the method of presentation peculiar to the master. From every technical point of view it is first-rate. It is infused with the largeness of style, the just appreciation of character, and the glowing colour to be found in Rembrandt's matured works. . . . The subject is a young man and woman seated at a table and playing at cards. The figures are life-size, and reach to below the knees. It is the turn of the girl to play. She regards her hand in evident perplexity, doubtful which card to throw down. The man is apparently sure of his game. He wears a black furred cloak covering a gray and silver doublet ; probably he is an officer in the army. The girl is dressed in a red gown, slashed at the sleeves ; her fair hair is suffused with golden light. A brown table-cloth and the base of a column in the background, the rest being lost in gloom, complete the materials of the picture" (*Times*, June 4, 1888).

1248. PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

Bartholomeus van der Helst (Dutch : 1613–1670).
See under 140, p. 655.

A lady of the Braganza family, in a richly painted blue brocade dress and pearl necklace, holding a feather in her hand.

1250. CHARLES DICKENS.

D. Maclise, R.A. (English : 1806–1870).
See under XX. 423, p. 520.

[There is also in the possession of the Gallery, but not yet accessible to the public, a collection of forty-five small water-colour copies, by the late W. West, from "Old Masters" principally, in the Prado Gallery at Madrid. The collection was presented in 1886 by Dr. E. J. Longton, of Southport.]

APPENDIX I

INDEX LIST OF PAINTERS

In the following list all the painters represented in the National Gallery are enumerated. Painters only represented by pictures belonging to, but now removed from, the Gallery are not included. The painters are given in alphabetical order, and are cited by the names by which they are most commonly known. But where such names differ from the proper patronymics, the latter are also given, with references to the former.

Pictures by *unknown* artists will be found under the general head "Unknown," classified according to the schools to which they severally belong.

In the case of painters represented by several pictures, the first reference after each name is to the page in the Handbook where some general account of the painter will be found. The subsequent references are to the room in which each picture is at present hung (June 1, 1888: but see note on p. xxi.), to the official number on its frame, and to the page in the Handbook where the picture is described.

Abbott, L. F., xvi. 1198, p. 411.
Agnolo, Andrea d'. *See* Sarto.
Albertinelli, Mariotto, i. 645, p. 34.
Aldegrever, H., xi. 1232, p. 262.
Allegri. *See* Correggio.
Allori, Cristofano, i. 21, p. 28.
Alunno. *See* Foligno.
Angelico, Fra Giovanni, p. 43; ii. 582, p. 47; 663, p. 43.
Armitage, Edward, xx. 759, p. 505.
Arnald, George, xxi. 1156, p. 565.

Assisi, Andrea di, p. 106; vi. 702, p. 101; 1220, p. 106.

Bachiacca, Il, vi. 1218, 1219, p. 123.
Bakhuizen, Ludolf, p. 214; x. 204, p. 232; 223, p. 214; 1000, p. 250; 1050, p. 243; xii. 818, p. 284; 819, p. 283.
Barbarelli, G. *See* Giorgione.
Barbieri. *See* Guercino.
Barker, T., xx. 1039, p. 535.
Barocci, F., xiii. 29, p. 328.
Basaiti, Marco, p. 178; vii. 281, p. 174; 599, p. 178.
Bassano, Il, p. 151; vii. 173, p. 169; 277, p. 151; xiii. 228, p. 308.
Bazzi. *See* Sodoma.
Beaumont, Sir. G., p. 427; xvii. 119, p. 427; *Addenda*, 105, p. 655.
Beechey, Sir W., xxi. 120, p. 546.
Bellini, Gentile, vii. 1213, p. 159.
Bellini, Giovanni, p. 153; vii. 189, p. 155; 280, p. 153; 726, p. 161; 808, p. 155; 812, p. 161; 1233, p. 171.
—— *ascribed to*, vii. 694, p. 162.
—— *School of*, vii. 234, p. 150.
Beltraffio, ix. 728, p. 207.
Benvenuti, Giov. Battista. *See* Ortolano.
Benvenuto da Siena, ii. 909, p. 49.
Berchem, p. 212; x. 240, p. 212; 1004, p. 216; xii. 820, p. 293; 1005, p. 301; 1006, p. 295.
Betto. *See* Pinturicchio.
Bibiena, F., xiii. 936, p. 313.
Bigio, Francia, i. 1035, p. 22.
Bigordi. *See* Ghirlandajo.
Bird, Edward, xviii. 323, p. 478.
Bissolo, F., vii. 631, p. 173.
Blake, William, p. 467; xviii. 1110, p. 467; 1164, p. 483.
Bles, Hendrik, p. 262; xi. 718, p. 271; 719, p. 262.
Boccaccino, Boccaccio, ix. 806, p. 196.
Bol, Ferdinand, x. 679, p. 228.
Bonheur, Rosa, xxi. 621, p. 550.
Bonifazio (the elder), vii. 1202, p. 159.
Bonington, R. P., xviii. 374, p. 457.
Bono di Ferrara, v. 771, p. 88.
Bonsignori, F., vii. 736, p. 174.
Bonvicino. *See* Moretto.
Bordone, Paris, p. 167; vii. 637, p. 168; 674, p. 167.
Borgognone, Ambrogio, p. 197; ix. 298, p. 197; 779, 780, p. 206; 1077, p. 197.
Both, Jan, p. 217; x. 71, p. 241; 209, p. 237; 956, p. 217; xii. 957, p. 295; 958, p. 300; 959, p. 301.
Botticelli, p. 56; i. 275, p. 34; 915, p. 31; iii. 226, p. 61; 916, p. 53; 1034, p. 56; 1126, p. 59. *See* also pp. 20 *n.*, 56 *n.*
—— *ascribed to*, 782, p. 51.
Boucher, F., xiv. 1090, p. 370.
Bourdon, S., xiv. 64, p. 371.
Bouts, Thierri, p. 277; *ascribed to*, xi. 783, p. 277. *See* also xi. 774, p. 272; 943, p. 282.
Boxall, Sir W., *Addenda*, 601, p. 661.
Bridell, F. L., xx. 1205, p. 527.
Bronzino, Angelo, p. 29; i. 650, p. 10; 651, p. 29; 670, p. 17; 704, p. 21.
Buonacorso, N., ii. 1109, p. 37.
Buonarroti. *See* Michelangelo.
Busi, Giovanni. *See* Cariani.

Cagliari, Paolo. *See* Veronese.
Callcott, Sir A., p. 464; xviii. 343, p. 464; 348, p. 472; xx. 342, p. 529; 344, p. 513; xxi. 340, p. 565; 346, p. 565.
Campaña, Pedro, *Octagon*, 1241, p. 188.
Canaletto, p. 316; xiii. 127, p. 328; 135, p. 310; 163, p. 324; 937, p. 314; 938, p. 332; 939, p. 316; 940, p. 315; 941, p.

326; 942, p. 313; 1058, p. 332; 1059, p. 330.
Cappelle, Jan van der, p. 285; xii. 865, p. 285; xii. 964, 965, p. 295; 966, 967, p. 299.
Caravaggio, xiii. 172, p. 327.
Cariani, vii. 1203, p. 151.
—— *ascribed to*, *Octagon*, 41, p. 192.
Carnovale, Fra, vi. 769, p. 100.
Carpaccio, vii. 750, p. 157.
Carracci, Agostino, *Basement*, 147, 656; 148, p. 651.
Carracci, Annibale, p. 308; xiii. 9, p. 323; 25, p. 316; 56, p. 326; 63, p. 328; 88, p. 331; 93, p. 308; 94, p. 309; 198, p. 312.
Carracci, Ludovico, xiii. 28, p. 325.
Carucci, Jacopo. *See* Pontormo.
Casentino. *See* Landini.
Castagno, Andrea del, ii. 1138, p. 47.
Catena (?). *See* p. 150 *n.*
Cavallino, Bernardo, xiii. 1157, p. 311.
Cavazzola. *See* Morando.
Cenni. *See* Cimabue.
Champaigne, Philippe de, xii. 798, p. 296.
Cima da Conegliano, p. 156; vii. 300, p. 156; 634, p. 178; 816, p. 149; 1120, p. 174.
Cimabue, iv. 565, p. 74.
Cione, Andrea di. *See* Orcagna.
Claude Lorraine, p. 348; xiv. 2, p. 351; 5, p. 357; 6, p. 368; 12, p. 337; 14, p. 345; 19, p. 355; 30, p. 352; 55, p. 370; 58, p. 363; 61, p. 358; 1018, p. 348.
Clays, P. J., p. 527; xx. 815, p. 527; xxi. 814, p. 558.
Clouet, Fr., xiv. 660, p. 347.
—— *ascribed to*, xiv. 1190, p. 368.
Collins W., xx. 352, p. 508.
Cologne Crucifixion, Master of, xi. 707, p. 271.
Constable, J., p. 459; xviii. 1065, p. 473; 1066, 1235, p. 459; 1236, 1237, p. 472; 1244, p. 466; 1245, p. 464; 1246, p. 483; xx. 130, p. 530; 327, 1207, p. 531.
Cooke, E. W., xx. 447, 448, p. 528.
Cooper, T. S., and F. R. Lee, xxi. 620, p. 545.
Copley, J. S., p. 450; *West Vestibule*, 787, p. 450; xviii. 100, p. 485; 733, p. 482; 1072, 1073, p. 487.
Coques, Gonzales, p. 256; x. 1011, p. 256; 1114-1118, p. 255; xii. 821, p. 302.
Cornelissen, Jacob, xi. 657, p. 269.
Corradini. *See* Carnovale.
Correggio, p. 199; ix. 10, p. 203; 15, p. 199; 23, p. 201.
—— *copy after*, ix. 76, p. 202; *Basement*, 7, p. 652; 37, p. 651.
Cosimo, Piero di, i. 698, p. 28.
Costa, Lorenzo, p. 86; v. 629, p. 86; 895, p. 86.
Cotignola. *See* Zaganelli.
Cotman, J. S., xx. 1111, p. 504.
Cranach, Lucas, xi. 291, p. 263.
Credi, Lorenzo di, p. 11; i. 593, p. 19; 648, p. 11.
Creswick, T., xx. 429, p. 532.
Crivelli, p. 180; viii. 602, p. 180; 668, p. 182; 724, p. 186; 739, p. 184; 788, p. 186; 807, p. 182; 906, p. 185; 907, p. 187.
Crome ("Old"), John, p. 471; xviii. 689, p. 476; 897, p. 485; 926, p. 474; 1037, p. 471.
Cuyp, A., p. 218; x. 53, p. 218; 797, p. 249; xii. 822, p. 291; 823, p. 294; 824, p. 303; 960, p. 300; 961, 962, p. 295.

Dalmasii, Lippo, v. 752, p. 91.
Danby, F., xxi. 437, p. 561.
Daniell, T., xxi. 899, p. 562.
David, Gerard, xi. 1045, p. 273.
Delen, Dirk van, xii. 1010, p. 296.
Dietrich, J. W. E., xii. 205, p. 295.
Dobson, W., xvii. 1249, p. 441.
Dolci, Carlo, xiii. 934, p. 321.

Domenichino, p. 311; xiii. 48, p. 311; 75, 77, p. 323; 85, p. 321.
Dono, Paolo di. *See* Uccello.
Dossi, Dosso, p. 90; v. 640, p. 90; 1234, p. 92.
Dou, Gerard, p. 252; x. 192, p. 252; xii. 825, p. 292; 968, p. 296.
Duccio, p. 46; ii. 566, p. 46; 1139, p. 39; 1140, p. 39.
Dughet, Gaspar. *See* G. Poussin.
Dürer, Albert, xi. 245, p. 280.
Dyckmans, *Addenda*, 600, p. 661.

EASTLAKE, Sir C. L., p. 533; xx. 398, p. 533; xxi. 397, p. 554; 399, p. 560; 898, p. 566.
Egg, A. L., xx. 444, p. 516.
Elzheimer, Adam, x. 1014, p. 248.
Emmanuel, iv. 594, p. 68.
Engelbertz, xi. 714, p. 270.
Ercole da Ferrara. *See* Grandi.
Etty, W., p. 502; xx. 359, p. 512; 614, p. 502; xxi. 356, p. 548.
Eyck, Jan van, p. 275; xi. 186, p. 275; 222, p. 274; 290, p. 276.

FAVA, Giangiacomo. *See* Macrino d'Alba.
Filipepi, Sandro. *See* Botticelli.
Foligno, Niccolo da, vi. 1107, p. 101.
Foppa, Vincenzo, ix. 729, p. 198.
Forli, Melozzo da, vi. 755, 756, p. 97.
Francesca, Piero della, p. 120; vi. 585, 665, p. 122; 758, p. 121; 908, p. 120.
Francia, p. 87; v. 179, p. 89; 180, p. 87; 638, p. 90.
Fraser, A., xx. 453, p. 493.
Frith, W. P., xx. 615, p. 524.
Fuseli, H., *West Vestibule*, 1228, p. 451.
Fyt, Jan, xii. 1003, p. 295.

GADDI, Taddeo, *School of*, p. 67; iv. 215, 216, p. 67; 579a, p. 72; 579, p. 74.

Gainsborough, T., pp. 396, 408; xvi. 109, p. 408; 678, p. 416; 683, p. 405; 760, p. 396; 925, p. 411; 1044, p. 412; xvii. 309, p. 442; 1174, p. 433; *East Vestibule*, 684, p. 445; *West Vestibule*, 308, p. 451; 789, p. 449; xviii. 80, p. 485; 310, p. 487; 311, p. 485.
Garofalo, p. 83; v. 81, 170, p. 84; 642, p. 83; 671, p. 85.
Geddes, A., *Addenda*, 355, p. 657.
Gellée, Claude. *See* Lorraine.
Gheerardt, M., *Basement*, p. 652, *a picture on loan.*
Ghirlandajo, Domenico, *North Vestibule*, p. 3; i. 1230. p. 18.
Ghirlandajo, Ridolfo, i. 1143, p. 13.
Giolfino, Niccolo, viii. 749, p. 184.
Giorgione, vii. 269, p. 176. *See* also pp. 157 *n.*, 177 *n.*
——*School of*, vii. 930, p. 151.
Giotto, p. 72; iv. 276, p. 69.
——*School of*, iv. 568, p. 72.
Glover, John, xx. 1186, p. 509.
Goes, Hugo van der, *ascribed to*, xi. 774, p. 272.
Good, T. S., p. 498; xx. 378, p. 498; 918, p. 533; 919, p. 498; xxi. 917, p. 572.
Goodall, F., p. 501; xx. 450, p. 524; 451, p. 501.
Gossaert, Jan. *See* Mabuse.
Gozzoli, Benozzo, p. 42; ii. 283, p. 42; 591, p. 38.
Grandi, Ercole di Giulio, v. 1119, p. 82.
—— *ascribed to*, v. 73, p. 90.
Grandi, Ercole di Roberti, v. 1217, p. 92. *See* also p. 86 *n.*
Greuze, Jean Baptiste, p. 361; xiv. 206, p. 361; 1019, 1020, p. 371; 1154, p. 368; *also a picture on loan*, xiv. p. 358.
Guardi, Francesco, xiii. 210, p. 320; 1054, p. 310.
Guercino, xiii. 22, p. 311.

Guido Reni, p. 321; xiii. 11, p. 313; 177, p. 327; 191, p. 332; 193, p. 324; 196, p. 321; 214, p. 312; 271, p. 329.

Hackaert, Jan, xii. 829, p, 287.
Haghe, Louis, *Basement*, 456, p. 653.
Hals, Dirk, x. 1074, p. 216.
Hals, Frans, x. 1021, p. 250.
Hart, S., xx. 424, p. 517.
Helst, B. van der, p. 655; *Addenda*, 140, p. 655; 1248, p. 664.
Hemessen, Catharina van, xi. 1042, p. 282.
Hemling. *See* Memling.
Herbert, J. R., xx. 425, p. 494.
Herring, J. F., xx. 452, p. 499.
Heyden, Jan van der, p. 289; x. 994, p. 249; xii. 866, p. 289; 992, 993, p. 297.
Hickel, K. A., *Basement*, p. 651, *a picture on loan*.
Hilton, W., *Addenda*, 178, p. 656; 333-336, p. 657.
Hobbema, M., p. 235; x. 685, p. 235; xii. 830, p. 289; 831, p. 293; 832, p. 291; 833, p. 287; 995, p. 299; *Addenda*, 996, p. 662.
Hogarth, W., p. 424; xvii. 112, p. 444; 113-118, p. 435; 675, p. 433; 1046, p. 429; 1153, p. 435; 1161, p. 424; 1162, p. 430.
Holbein, Hans (the younger), x. p. 253. *See* also xi. 195, p. 261.
Holbein, Sigmund, *ascribed to*, xi. 722, p. 279.
Hondecoeter, x. 202, p. 212; xii. 1013, p. 299.
Hooch, Pieter de, p. 235; x. 794, p. 235; xii. 834, p. 288; 835, p. 284.
Hoppner, J., xxi. 900, p. 566.
Horsley, J. C., xx. 446, p. 489.
Huchtenburgh, J. van, xii. 211, p. 301.
Hudson, T., xvii. 1224, p. 443.
Huysman, Cornelis, x. 954, p. 250.
Huysman, Jacob, x. 125, p. 245.
Huysum, Jan van, p. 238; x. 796, p. 238; 1001, p. 217.

Ingegno, L'. *See* Assisi.

Jackson, J., xx. 124, p. 531.
Jardin, Karel du, p. 290; x. 985, p. 255; xii. 826, p. 288; 827, p. 289; 828, p. 290.
Jones, George, p. 513; xx. 389, p. 513; *Stairs*, 391, p. 649.
Justus of Padua, iv. 701, p. 71.

Kaufmann, Angelica, *Addenda*, 139, p. 655.
Keyser, Thomas de, x. 212, p. 246.
Koninck, Philip de, p. 291; xii. 836, p. 291; 974, p. 298.

Lance, George, p. 509; xx. 443, p. 509; 441, p. 534; xxi. 442, p. 573; 1184, p. 572. *See* also xv. 197, p. 379 *n*.
Lancret, xiv. 101-104, p. 356.
Landini, Jacopo, iv. 580, p. 78; 580 a, p. 71.
Landseer, Charles, xx. 408, p. 518.
Landseer, Sir E., p. 505; xx. 409, p. 510; 410, p. 520; 411, p. 513; 412, p. 501; 604, p. 518; 607, p. 499; 1226, p. 505; xxi. 413, p. 559; 414, p. 561; 603, p. 549; 605, p. 548; 606, p. 557; 608, p. 552; 609, p. 562.
Lanini, B., ix. 700, p. 198.
Lawrence, Sir T., p. 445; *East Vestibule*, 144, p. 445; xviii. 129, p. 477; 1238, p. 478; xxi. 785, p. 570; 922, p. 548; *Addenda*, 136, p. 655; 893, p. 662.
Lawson, Cecil, xxi. 1142, p. 549.
Lee, F. R., and T. S. Cooper, xxi. 620, p. 545.
Lely, Sir Peter, xvii. 1016, p. 434.

Leslie, C. R., p. 514; xviii. 1182, p. 458; xx. 403, p. 514; xxi. 402, p. 545.
Liberale da Verona, vii. 1134, p. 177.
Libri, Girolamo dai, vii. 748, p. 133.
Licinio. *See* Pordenone.
Liesborn, the Meister von, p. 268; xi. 260, p. 268; 261, p. 264.
Lievens, Jan, x. 1095, p. 249.
Lingelbach, Jan, xii. 837, p. 294.
Linnell, John, p. 484; xviii. 438, p. 484; xx. 439, p. 499; xxi. 1112, p. 572.
Linton, W. xxi. 1029, p. 563.
Lippi, Filippino, p. 20; i. 293, p. 20; 592, p. 26; 1124, p. 20; iii. 598, p. 58; 927, p. 54; 1033, p. 54. *See* also p. 20 *n.*
Lippi, Fra Filippo, p. 52; i. 589, p. 30; ii. 248, p. 41; 586, p. 45; iii. 666, p. 52; 667, p. 61. *See* also p. 20 *n.*
Lochner, Stephan, xi. 705, p. 277.
Lombard, Lambert, xi. 266, p. 280.
Longhi, Pietro, p. 314; *Octagon*, 1102, p. 191; xiii. 1100, p. 314; 1101, p. 315.
Looten, Jan, x. 901, p. 230.
Lorenzetti, Ambrogio, ii. 1147, p. 48.
Lorenzetti, Pietro, ii. 1113, p. 38.
Lorenzo, Fiorenzo di, vi. 1103, p. 99.
Lorraine. *See* Claude.
Lotto, Lorenzo, p. 136; vii. 699, p. 158; 1047, p. 163; 1105, p. 136.
Loutherbourg, P. de, xvii. 316, p. 430.
Luciani, Sebastiano. *See* Piombo.
Luigi, Andrea di. *See* Assisi.
Luini, Bernardino, ix. 18, p. 198.
Lyversberg Passion, Master of the, xi. 706, p. 262.

MAAS, NICOLAS, p. 234; x. 207, p. 234; xii. 153, 159, p. 299.
Maas, Nicolas, *ascribed to*, *Addenda*, 1247, p. 664.
Mabuse, p. 280; xi. 656, p. 280; 946, p. 282.
Maclise, D., p. 520; xx. 423, p. 520; xxi. 422, p. 564; *Addenda*, 1250, p. 664.
Macrino d'Alba, ix. 1200, 1201, p. 205.
Manni, Giannicolo, vi. 1104, p. 101.
Mantegna, Andrea, p. 180; viii. 274, p. 182; 902, p. 183; 1125, p. 187; 1145, p. 180.
Mantegna, Francesco, vii. 639, 1106, p. 173.
Mantovano, Rinaldo, p. 326; *ascribed to*, 643, p. 326; 644, p. 330.
Maratti, Carlo, xiii. 174, p. 327.
Marcellis, Otto, x. 1222, p. 217.
Margaritone, iv. 564, p. 76.
Marinus van Romerswael, xi. 944, p. 266.
Martino da Udine. *See* San Daniele.
Marziale, Marco, p. 186; viii. 803, p. 186; 804, p. 183.
Masaccio (?), iii. 626, p. 55.
Matteo di Giovanni, p. 38; ii. 247, p. 38; 1155, p. 47.
Mazzola, Francesco. *See* Parmigiano.
Mazzolini, Ludovico, p. 89; v. 82, p. 82; 169, p. 89; 641, p. 90.
Meire, Gerard van der, p. 264 *n*; *ascribed to*, xi. 264, p. 264; 696, p. 279.
Melone, Altobello, ix. 753, p. 207.
Memling, Hans, xi. 686, p. 274.
—— *ascribed to*, xi. 709, p. 270; 747, p. 277; 943, p. 282.
Merian, Matthew, jun., *ascribed to*, x. 1012, p. 242.
Merigi. *See* Caravaggio.
Messina, Antonello da, p. 172; vii. 673, p. 172; 1141, p. 173; 1166, p. 172.
Metsu, Gabriel, p. 285; xii. 838,

p. 303; 839, p. 285; 970, p. 298.
Metsys, Quentin, xi. 295, p. 265.
Michelangelo, p. 14; i. 8, p. 31; 790, p. 14; 809, p. 26.
Michele da Verona, *Octagon*, 1214, p. 191.
Mieris, Franz van, xii. 840, p. 303.
Mieris, Willem van, xii. 841, p. 291.
Mocetto, G. vii. 1239, 1240, p. 170.
Mola, P. F., p. 313; xiii. 69, p. 330; 160, p. 313.
Montagna, B., p. 131; vii. 802. p. 132; 1098, p. 131.
Morales, Luis de, xv. 1229, p. 375.
Morando, Paolo, p. 149; vii. 735, p. 149; 777, p. 156.
More, Sir Antonio, p. 261; xi. 184, p. 262; 1094, 1231, p. 261.
Moretto, Il, p. 131; vii. 299, p. 164; 625, p. 131; 1025, p. 145; *Octagon*, 1165, p. 189.
Morland, G., p. 450; xviii. 1030, p. 450; 1067, p. 484.
Morone, Domenico, *Octagon*, 1211, 1212, p. 190.
Morone, Francesco, *Octagon*, 285, p. 189.
Moroni, Giambattista, p. 132; vii. 697, p. 152; 742, p. 158; 1022, p. 139; 1023, p. 132; 1024, p. 163.
Mostaert, Jan, xi. 713, p. 273.
Moucheron, Frédéric de, xii. 842, p. 289.
Müller, W. J., p. 519; xx. 379, p. 539; 1040, p. 519.
Mulready, W., p. 497; xviii. 1181, p. 473; xx. 393, p. 512; 394, p. 497; 395, p. 508; xxi. 1038, p. 571.
Murillo, p. 380; xv. 13, p. 384; 74, p. 382; 176, p. 380.

Nasmyth, A., xviii. 1242, p. 455.
Nasmyth, Patrick, p. 458; xviii. 380, p. 458; 381, p. 465; 1177, p. 483; 1178, p. 485; 1179, p. 473; xxi. 1176, p. 572; 1183, p. 573.
Neefs, Pieter, x. 924, p. 248.
Neer, Aart van der, p. 214; x. 152, p. 223; 239, p. 214; 732, p. 229; xii. 969, p. 302.
Netscher, Gaspard, p. 294; xii. 843, p. 294; 844, p. 302; 845, p. 303.
Newton, G. S., p. 535; xx. 353, p. 535; 354, p. 498.

Oggionno, Marco d', ix. 1149, p. 207.
Opie, J., p. 473; xviii. 1167, p. 476; 1208, p. 473; xxi. 784, p. 559.
Orcagna, p. 70; iv. 569, p. 70; 570-578, pp. 69, 71, 78.
Oriolo, G., v. 770, p. 85.
Orley, Bernard van, xi. 655, p. 271.
Ortolano, L', v. 669, p. 91.
Os, Jan van, *Addenda*, 1015, p. 662.
Ostade, A. van, xii. 846, p. 290.
Ostade, Isaac van, p. 231; x. 963, p. 250; xii. 847, 848, p. 293.
—— *ascribed to*, x. 1137, p. 231.

Pacchia, Girolamo del, ii. 246, p. 38.
Padovanino, xiii. 70, 933, p. 329.
Palmezzano, Marco, vi. 596, p. 117.
Pannini, Giovanni Paolo, xiii. 138, p. 324.
Pape, Abraham de, x. 1221, p. 254.
Parma, Ludovico da, ix. 692, p. 205.
Parmigiano, ix. 33, p. 201.
Patinir, Joachim, p. 263; xi. 715, p. 271; 716, p. 270; 717, p. 269; 1082, p. 267; 1084, p. 265.

Patinir, Joachim, *ascribed to*, xi. 945, p. 263.
Perugino, p. 102 ; vi. 181, p. 115 ; 288, p. 102 ; 1075, p. 116.
Peruzzi, Baldassare, p. 40 ; *Addenda*, 167, p. 656.
—— *ascribed to*, ii. 218, p. 40.
Pesellino, Francesco, i. 727, p. 12.
Phillips, T., xx. 183, p. 529.
Piazza, Martino, ix. 1152, p. 207.
Pickersgill, H. W., xxi. 416, p. 551.
Piero della Francesca. *See* Francesca.
Piero di Cosimo. *See* Cosimo.
Pietro, Giovanni di. *See* Spagna.
Pinturicchio, p. 105 ; vi. 703, p. 98 ; 693, p. 105 ; 911, p. 121 ; 912-914, p. 96.
Piombo, Sebastiano del, p. 141 ; vii. 1, p. 141 ; 20, p. 142 ; 24, p. 136.
Pippi. *See* Romano.
Pisano, Vittore, vii. 776, p. 175.
Poel, Egbert van der, x. 1061, p. 249.
Poelenburg, C. van, x. 955, p. 249. *See* also x. 209, p. 237.
Pollajuolo, Antonio, p. 18 ; i. 292, p. 18 ; 296, p. 17 ; 781, p. 17 ; 928, p, 35.
Ponte, Jacopo da. *See* Bassano.
Pontormo, p. 22 ; i. 649, p. 22 ; 1131, p. 32.
—— *ascribed to*, i. 1150, p. 26.
Poole, P. F., xxi. 1091, p. 569.
Pordenone, *Octagon*, 272, p. 192.
Potter, Paul, p. 287 ; xii. 849, p. 287 ; 1009, p. 302.
Potter, Pieter, *ascribed to*, x. 1008, p. 240.
Poussin, Charles, xx. 810, p. 530.
Poussin, Gaspar, p. 359 ; *North Vestibule*, p. 2 ; xiv. 31, p. 359 ; 36, p. 347 ; 68, p. 364 ; 95, p. 352 ; 98, p. 366 ; 161, p. 369 ; 1159, p. 369.
Poussin, Nicolas, p. 353 ; xiv. 39, p. 370 ; 40, p. 363 ; 42, p. 364 ; 62, p. 357 ; 65, p. 353 ; 91, p. 370 ; 165, p. 358.
Previtali, Andrea, vii. 695, p. 178.

Raeburn, Sir H., *East Vestibule*, 1146, p. 447.
Raibolini. *See* Francia.
Raphael, p. 108 ; vi. 27, p. 116 ; 213, p, 107 ; 168, p. 114 ; 744, p. 113 ; 1171, p. 108.
—— *copies after: Basement*, 661, p. 651 ; vi. 929, p. 102.
Redgrave, R., xxi. 428, p. 561.
Rembrandt, p. 223 ; x. 45, p. 230 ; 47, p. 233 ; 51, p. 227 ; 54, p. 250 ; 72, p. 235 ; 166, p. 214 ; 190, p. 229 ; 221, p. 249 ; 237, p. 248 ; 243, p. 226 ; 289, p. 239 ; 672, p. 223 ; 775, p. 214 ; xii. 43, p. 298 ; 850, p. 304.
—— *School of*, x. 757, p. 246.
Reni. *See* Guido.
Reynolds, Sir J., p. 399 ; xvi. 79, p. 419 ; 106, p. 414 ; 107, p. 413 ; 111, p. 399 ; 162, p. 413 ; 182, p. 421 ; 305, p. 411 ; 306, p. 414 ; 307, p. 418 ; 754, p. 423 ; 885, p. 413 ; 886, p. 414 ; 887, p. 415 ; 888, p. 409 ; 889, p. 418 ; 890, p. 421 ; 891, p. 416 ; 892, p. 414. *Also three pictures on loan*, pp. 407, 417, 422 ; *East Vestibule*, 143, p. 448 ; 681, p. 449 ; *Addenda*, 78. p. 654.
Ribera. *See* Spagnoletto.
Ricci, Sebastiano, *Addenda*, 851, p. 661.
Rigaud, Hyacinthe, xiv. 903, p. 356.
Rippingille, E. V., *Addenda*, 454, p. 657.
Roberts, David, p. 555 ; xxi. 400, p. 572 ; 401, p. 555.
Robusti, Jacopo. *See* Tintoretto.
Rokes, Hendrik. *See* Sorgh.
Romanino, Il, vii. 297, p. 169.
Romano, Giulio, p. 309 ; xiii. 624, p. 309 ; *Addenda*, 225, p. 657.
Romerswael. *See* Marinus.

Romney, G., p. 407; xvi. 312, p. 407; 1068, p. 410.
Rosa, Salvator, p. 317; xiii. 84, p. 322; 935, p. 314; 1206, p. 317; *Staircase*, 811, p. 649.
Rosselli, Cosimo, ii. 227, p. 41.
Rossetti, D. G., xx. 1210, p. 536.
Rossi, Francesco. *See* Salviati.
Rottenhammer, J., x. 659, p. 248.
Rubens, P. P., p. 220; x. 38, p. 220; 46, p. 243; 57, p. 242; 59, p. 240; 66, p. 232; 67, p. 241; 157, p. 239; 187, p. 217; 194, p. 230; 278, p. 243; 279, p. 242; 948, p. 233; 1195, p. 254; xii. 852, p. 286; 853, p. 285.
Ruysdael, Jacob van, p. 236; x. 627, p. 238; 628, p. 236; 737, p. 243; 746, p. 240; 986, p. 239; 989, p. 236; xii. 854, p. 294; 855, p. 292; 987, p. 300; 988, 990, p. 299; 991, p. 297.

SALVI. *See* Sassoferrato.
Salviati, Francesco, i. 652, p. 21.
San Daniele, Pellegrino da, *Octagon*, 778, p. 188.
San Severino, Lorenzo di, vi. 249, p. 99.
Santa Croce, Girolamo da, p. 152; vii. 632, p. 152; 633, p. 156.
Santi, Giovanni, vi. 751, p. 115.
Sanzio. *See* Raphael.
Sarto, Andrea del, p. 27; i. 17, p. 23; 690, p. 27.
Sassoferrato, p. 324; xiii. 200, p. 323; 740, p. 324.
Savery, Roelandt, x. 920, p. 234.
Savoldo, G. G., vii. 1031, p. 168.
Schalcken, Godfried, p. 252; x. 199, p. 252; 998, p. 250; xii. 997, p. 295; 999, p. 296.
Scheffer, Ary, p. 553; xxi. 1169, p. 556; 1170, p. 553.
Schetky, J. C., *Addenda*, 1191, p. 663.
Schiavone, Gregorio, p. 193; viii. 904, p. 185; *Octagon*, 630, p. 193.
Schongauer, Martin, xi. 658, p. 272.
Schoorel, Jan van, xi. 720, 721, p. 270.
Sciarpelloni. *See* Credi.
Scott, Samuel, p. 433; xvii. 313, p. 434; 314, p. 433; 1223, p. 443.
Seddon, T., xx. 563, p. 539.
Segna di Buonaventura, iv. 567, p. 71.
Shee, Sir Martin, *West Vestibule*, 677, p. 453.
Signorelli, Luca, p. 117; vi. 910, p. 123; 1128, p. 117; 1133, p. 119.
Simpson, J., *Basement*, 382, p. 651.
Smirke, R., *Addenda*, 765, p. 661.
Sodoma, Il, ix. 1144, p. 204.
Solario, Andrea, p. 205; ix. 734, p. 206; 923, p. 205.
Sorgh, x. 1055, p. 255; 1056, p. 256.
Spagna, Lo, p. 106; vi. 691, p. 102; 1032, p. 106.
—— *ascribed to*, vi. 282, p. 124.
Spagnoletto, p. 384; xv. 235, p. 384; 244, p. 386.
Spinello Aretino, p. 2; *North Vestibule*, 1216, 1216 A and B, p. 2; iv. 581, p. 75.
Spranger, B., *Basement*, p. 652, *a picture on loan*.
Stanfield, Clarkson, p. 499; xx. 404, p. 517; 405, p. 515; 406, p. 504; 407, p. 499.
Stark, James, xx. 1204, p. 496.
Steen, Jan, xii. 856, p. 287. *See* also p. 211 *n*.
Steenwyck, Hendrick, x. 1132, p. 251.
Stephan. *See* Lochner.
Stothard, T., p. 465; xviii. 318, p. 473; 320, p. 484; 321, p. 487; 322, p. 484; 1069, p. 465; 1070, p. 484; 1163, p. 479;

1185, p. 484; xx. 317, p. 495; xxi. 319, p. 573.
Sunder. *See* Cranach.

Tacconi, Francesco, ix. 286, p. 196.
Teniers, David (the elder), p. 295; xii. 949, p. 296; 950, p. 298; 951, p. 295.
Teniers, David (the younger), p. 212; x. 154, p. 212; 155, p. 242; 158, p. 214; 242, p. 240; 805, p. 239; 817, p. 239; xii. 857-860, p. 303; 861, p. 291; 862, p. 293; 863, p. 294; 952, p. 300; 953, p. 296.
Terburg, Gerard, p. 285; x. 896, p. 251; xii. 864, p. 285.
Theotocopuli, Domenico, xv. 1122, p. 381.
Tiepolo, G. B., xiii. 1192, 1193, p. 313.
Tintoretto, p. 133; vii. 16, p. 133; 1130, p. 160.
Tisi, Benvenuto. *See* Garofalo.
Titian, p. 138; vii. 3, p. 167; 4, p. 140; 32, p. 163; 34, p. 138; 35, p. 145; 270, p. 152; 635, p. 143; 636, p. 148.
—— *ascribed to*, vii. 224, p. 140.
Treviso, Girolamo da, vii. 623, p. 154.
Tura, Cosimo, p. 81; v. 590, p. 85; 772, p. 81; 773, p. 80; 905, p. 80. *See* also p. 82 *n.*
Turner, J. M. W., p. 574; xiv. 479, 498, p. 344; xix. 369, p. 634; 370, p. 631; 458, p. 629; 459, p. 640; 463, p. 647; 465, p. 631; 468, p. 640; 469, p. 639; 475, 478, p. 639; 482, p. 637; 483, p. 638; 484, p. 646; 485, p. 643; 489, p. 646; 491, p. 644; 496, p. 645; 511, p. 644; 526, p. 639; 528, p. 637; 530, p. 641; 534, p. 635; 535, p. 629; 538, p. 645; 544, p. 647; 548, p. 633; 559, p. 642; 560, p. 646; 561 A, p. 639; 813, p. 638; 1180, p. 635; xxii. 461, p. 621; 470, p. 597; 471, p. 608; 472, p. 595; 473, p. 606; 474, p. 592; 476, p. 597; 477, p. 592; 480, p. 600; 481, p. 601; 486, p, 624; 488, p. 601; 490, p. 599; 492, p. 625; 493, p. 600; 494, 495, p. 627; 497, p. 606; 500, p. 595; 501, p. 626; 502, p. 617; 504, p. 625; 505, p. 622; 506, p. 617; 508, p. 619; 512, p. 608; 513, p. 601; 516, p. 603; 520, p. 610; 523, p. 625; 524, p. 613; 536, p. 612; 556, p. 603; 558, p. 609; 561, p. 617; *Addenda*, 507, p. 657; 510, 514, 515, 517, p. 658; 529, 531, p. 659; 532, 545, 549, 550, p. 660; 551, p. 661.

Ubertini, Francesco. *See* Bachiacca.
Uccello, Paolo, iii. 583, p. 53.
Udine, Martino da. *See* San Daniele.
Ugolino da Siena, ii. 1188, 1189, p. 48.
Unknown:—
British, xvii. 1076, p. 443; 1097, p. 424. *See* also p. 442.
Dutch and Flemish, x. 1243, p. 255; 1017, p. 297.
Early Flemish, xi. 708, p. 269; 710, p. 280; 1078, 1079, p. 279; 1081, p. 265; 1083, p. 270; 1086, p. 271; 1089, p. 263; 1151, p. 279.
Early Flemish or Dutch, xi. 1036, p. 280; 1063, p. 282.
Early German, xi. 1080, p. 280; 1085, p. 272; 1087, p. 266.
Ferrarese, v. 1062, p. 82.
Florentine, ii. 1199, p. 40; iii. 626, p. 55; 1196, p. 56. *See* also p. 20 *n.*
French (?), xiv. 947, p. 347.

German, xi. 195, p. 261 ; 1088, p. 278.
Italian, vii. 932, p. 148 ; *Octagon*, 1048, p. 192.
Lombard, ix. 1052, p. 198.
North Italian, v. 1127, p. 86.
Sienese, ii. 1108, p. 39.
Umbrian, vi. 1051, p. 102.
Venetian, vii. 1121, p. 173 ; 1123, p. 157 ; 1160, p. 174 ; 1173, p. 177.
Veronese, *Octagon*, 1135, 1136, p. 189.
Westphalian, xi. 1049, p. 266.

VAN. [Dutch and Flemish painters, to whom "Van" is prefixed, should (if not found here) be looked for under the initial letter of their surname, *e.g.*, Van Eyck, under Eyck].
Vandevelde, Adrian, p. 287 ; xii. 867, p. 291 ; 868, p. 288 ; 869, p. 287 ; 982, p. 298 ; 983, p. 298 ; 984, p. 296.
Vandevelde, Willem (the younger), p. 215 ; x. 149, p. 216 ; 150, p. 215 ; 981, p. 219 ; xii. 870, p. 287 ; 871, p. 288 ; 872, p. 284 ; 873, p. 285 ; 874, p. 304 ; 875, p. 303 ; 876, p. 284 ; 977, p. 296 ; 978, p. 297 ; 979, p. 298 ; 980, p. 298.
Van Dyck, p. 226 ; x. 49, p. 226 ; 50, p. 228 ; 52, p. 229 ; 156, p. 247 ; 680, p. 256 ; 1172, p. 227 ; xii. 877, p. 301.
Vanucci, Pietro. *See* Perugino.
Varotari. *See* Padovanino.
Vecellio. *See* Titian.
Velazquez, p. 376 ; xv. 197, p. 378 ; 232, p. 375 ; 745, p. 383 ; 1129, p. 376 ; 1148, p. 384.
—— *ascribed to*, xv. 741, p. 386.
Veneziano, Bartolommeo, vii. 287, p. 150.
Veneziano, Domenico, p. 12 ; i. 766, 767, p. 12 ; 1215, p. 13.
Venusti, Marcello, p. 17 ; i. 1194, p. 17 ; 1227, p. 16.
Vernet, C. J., p. 348 ; xiv. 236, p. 348 ; 1057, p. 364.
Verocchio (?). *See* p. 17 *n*.
Veronese, Paolo, p. 136 ; vii. 26, p. 136 ; 97, p. 170 ; 268, p. 160 ; 294, p. 165 ; 1041, p. 137 ; *Octagon*, 931, p. 193.
Vinci, Leonardo da, i. 1093, p. 24.
Vivarini, Antonio, *Octagon*, 768, p. 193.
Vivarini, Bartolommeo, viii. 284, p. 185.
Vliet, Willem van der, x. 1168, p. 219.

WALKER, F., xxi. 1209, p. 556.
Walscappelle, J., x. 1002, p. 216.
Ward, E. M., p. 510 ; xx. 431, p. 510 ; xxi. 430, p. 562 ; 432, p. 547 ; 616, p. 571.
Ward, James, p. 487 ; xviii. 1158, p. 487 ; xx. 1175, p. 495 ; *Staircase*, 688, 1043, p. 648.
Webster, T., p. 513 ; xx. 426, p. 513 ; 427, p. 523 ; xxi. 1225, p. 572.
Weenix, Jan, p. 234 ; x. 238, p. 234 ; 1096, p. 238.
West, B., p. 446, *Addenda*, 315, p. 657.
Weyden, Roger van der (the elder), p. 267 ; xi. 664, p. 264.
—— *ascribed to*, xi. 653, 654, p. 267 ; 711, p. 273 ; 712, p. 277.
Wilkie, Sir D., p. 490 ; xx. 99, p. 490 ; 122, p. 493 ; 241, p. 528 ; 328, p. 497 ; 331, p. 529 ; 921, p. 497 ; xxi. 231, p. 544 ; 329, p. 573 ; 330, p. 573 ; 894, p. 567 ; *Addenda*, 1187, p. 663.
William of Cologne, xi. 687, p. 265.
Williams, E., *Addenda*, 123, p. 655.
Wils, Jan, x. 1007, p. 238.
Wilson, R., p. 430 ; xvi. 301, p. 422 ; xvii. 108, p. 440 ; 110,

p. 441 ; 267, p. 432 ; 302, p. 434 ; 303, p. 433 ; 304, p. 430 ; 1064, p. 432 ; 1071, p. 434. *See* also xvii. 1097, p. 424.
Witte, Emanuel de, x. 1053, p. 238.
Wouwerman, Philips, p. 292 ; x. 1060, p. 214 ; xii. 878, p. 292 ; 879, p. 293 ; 880, p. 290 ; 881, p. 293 ; 882, p. 289 ; 975, p. 298 ; 976, p. 300.
Wright of Derby, xviii. 725, p. 475.
Wynants, Jan, p. 301 ; xii. 883, p. 290 ; 884, p. 286 ; 971, p. 301 ; 972, p. 302 ; 973, p. 298.

ZAGANELLI, vi. 1092, p. 99.
Zampieri. *See* Domenichino.
Zelotti, Battista, vii. 595, p. 169.
Zoffany, *ascribed to*, xvi. 1197, p. 412.
Zoppo, Marco, *ascribed to*, v. 597, p. 82.
Zurbaran, F., xv. 230, p. 382.

APPENDIX II

INDEX LIST OF PICTURES

In this Index all the pictures belonging to the National Gallery are enumerated in the order of the numbers given to them on the frames and in the Official Catalogues.

Following the title and painter of each picture, is a *reference* to the *page in this Handbook* on which the picture is described, as well as to the *room in the Gallery* in which it is at present hung (June 1, 1888).

Several pictures belonging to the National Gallery have, however, been *removed on loan* to other institutions (under a Treasury Minute, 1861, and the "National Gallery Loan Act," 1883). These pictures are distinguished in the Index by their titles being printed in *italics;* whilst the name of the institution, or (in the case of provincial galleries) the name of the town, in which they are now to be seen, is stated in the fifth column. Several other pictures, though still retained in the National Gallery, are not at present hung in the public rooms: these pictures are referred to, in the "Room" column, as "*Addenda*," under which head they are described in the Handbook.

In the next two columns, the manner and date of each picture's acquisition are given. The names are those of the persons from whom the pictures were purchased, or by whom they were given or bequeathed.

In the last column, the prices paid for all the purchased pictures are given. The dates of the appointment of successive Keepers or Directors are also given at their proper places in the Index, so that the curious reader may discover the use made by these officers of the funds at their disposal. It should, however, be remembered—as already stated (see pp. xvi., 533)—that up to 1855 the responsibility for purchases rested rather with the Trustees and the Treasury than with the Keeper.

The following is a summary of the cost of the pictures purchased up to the end of 1886, beyond which time the figures are not available—

Purchased out of Parliamentary Grants.		£	s.	d.	Purchased out of Private Bequests.		£	s.	d.
38 pictures	(Angerstein Collection)	57,000	0	0	15 pictures	Clarke Fund	4,016	15	0
31 ,,	(Lombardi-Baldi ,,)	7,035	0	0	12 ,, .	Lewis ,,	4,838	15	0
33 ,,	(Beaucousin ,,)	9,205	3	1	15 ,, .	Walker ,,	9,010	10	0
77 ,,	(Peel ,,)	75,000	0	0	7 ,, . .	Wheeler ,	2,557	10	0
306 ,,	(Smaller Purchases)	267,174	0	5					
2 ,,	(Blenheim Collection)	87,500	0	0					
487 pictures at a cost of .		£502,914	3	6	49 pictures at a cost of .		£ 20,423	10	0

It will be seen from this table that 536 pictures in all have been purchased at a total cost of £523,337 : 13 : 6, showing an average cost for each picture of about £975. *Pictures purchased out of private bequests* are distinguished in the following Index, from the others, by their prices being printed in *italics*.

A. Mr. Angerstein's Collection (38 pictures) was purchased in one lot for £57,000.

(1) Nos. 9, 35, and 62 were purchased together for £9000.

(2) Nos. 10 and 15 were purchased together for £11,500.

(3) Nos. 13 and 59 were purchased together for £7350.

(4) The Krüger Collection (64 pictures) was purchased in 1854 by, and on the responsibility of, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Gladstone), for £2800. Seventeen of them were originally hung in the Gallery; 10 were sent to Dublin; and the remaining 37 were sold at Christie's in 1857, and realised £249 : 8s., or £6 : 14s. each. Of the 17 originally hung in the gallery, all but 4 were weeded out in 1862, the rejected pictures being divided between Dublin and the Science and Art Department.

(5) Nos. 280, 285, and 286, together with five others deposited in the National Gallery of Ireland, and two which were sold at Christie's for £130 : 9s., were purchased from the Baron Galvagna, Venice, for £2189 : 16 : 10.

(6) The Lombardi-Baldi Collection (Florence), 31 pictures, was purchased in one lot for £7035.

(7) The Beaucousin Collection of 46 pictures (13 of which were not kept for the Gallery), was purchased at Paris in one lot for £9205 : 3 : 1.

(8) The Peel Collection of 77 pictures and 18 drawings was purchased in one lot for £75,000.

No.	Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P.=Purchased. G.=Given. B.=Bequeathed.	When	Price.
					Mr. William Seguier was appointed Keeper in 1824.		
1	Raising of Lazarus.	S. del Piombo	141	VII.	P. Angerstein . .	1824	A
2	Cephalus and Procris	Claude . .	351	XIV.	P. ,, . .	,,	,,
3	A Concert . .	Titian . .	167	VII.	P. ,, . .	,,	,,
4	Holy Family . .	,, . .	140	,,	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
5	Seaport . . .	Claude . .	357	XIV.	P. Angerstein . .	1824	A
6	Cave of Adullam .	,, .	368	,,	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
7	Group of Heads .	*After* Correggio	652	Basement.	P. Angerstein . .	1824	A
8	Dream of Human Life	Michael Angelo	31	I.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
9	"Domine quo vadis"	An. Carracci	323	XIII.	P. Hamlet . .	1826	(1)
10	Mercury, Venus, and Cupid	Correggio .	203	IX.	P. Ld. Londonderry.	1834	(2)
11	St. Jerome . .	Guido Reni .	313	XIII.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
12	Isaac and Rebecca.	Claude . .	337	XIV.	P. Angerstein . .	1824	A
13	Holy Family . .	Murillo . .	384	XV.	P. Bulkeley Owen .	1837	(3)
14	Seaport . . .	Claude . .	345	XIV.	P. Angerstein . .	1824	A
15	"Ecce Homo!" .	Correggio .	199	IX.	P. Ld. Londonderry.	1834	(2)
16	St. George & Dragon	Tintoretto .	133	VII.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
17	Holy Family . .	A. del Sarto .	23	I.	B. ,, .	,,	

No.	Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
18	Christ and the Pharisees	B. Luini.	198	IX.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
19	Narcissus and Echo	Claude	355	XIV.	G. Sir G. Beaumont	1826	
20	Ippolito de' Medici and S. del Piombo	S. del Piombo	142	VII.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
21	Portrait of a Lady	Allori	28	I.	B. ,,	,,	
22	Dead Christ	Guercino	311	XIII.	B. ,,	,,	
23	La Vierge au Panier	Correggio	201	IX.	P. M. Perrier	1825	£3,800
24	Portrait of a Lady	S. del Piombo	136	VII.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
25	St. John in the Wilderness	An. Carracci	316	XIII.	P. Angerstein	1824	A
26	St. Nicholas	P. Veronese	136	VII.	G. Brit. Inst.	1826	
27	Julius II.	Raphael	116	VI.	P. Angerstein	1824	A
28	Susannah	L. Carracci	325	XIII.	P. ,,	,,	,,
29	"Madonna del Gatto"	Baroccio	328	,,	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
30	St. Ursula	Claude	352	XIV.	P. Angerstein	1824	A
31	Sacrifice of Isaac	G. Poussin	359	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
32	Rape of Ganymede	Titian	163	VII.	P. ,,	,,	,,
33	Vision of St. Jerome	Parmigiano	201	IX.	G. Brit. Inst.	1826	
34	Venus and Adonis	Titian	138	VII.	P. Angerstein	1824	A
35	Bacchus & Ariadne	,,	145	,,	P. Hamlet.	1826	(1)
36	Land Storm	G. Poussin	347	XIV.	P. Angerstein	1824	A
37	Group of Heads	*Aft.* Correggio	651	Basement	P. ,,	,,	,,
38	Rape of the Sabines	Rubens	220	X.	P. ,,	,,	,,
39	Nursing of Bacchus	N. Poussin	370	XIV.	B. G. J. Cholmondeley	1831	
40	Landscape: Phocion	,,	363	,,	G. Sir G. Beaumont	1826	
41	Death of Peter Martyr	*Asc. to* Cariani	192	Oct.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
42	Bacchanalian Scene	N. Poussin	364	XIV.	P. Angerstein	1824	A
43	Deposition from Cross	Rembrandt	298	XII.	G. Sir G. Beaumont	1826	
44	*Charity*	Giulio Romano	..	S. Kens.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
45	Woman taken in Adultery	Rembrandt	230	X.	P. Angerstein	1824	A
46	Blessings of Peace	Rubens	243	,,	G. Lord Stafford	1828	
47	Adoration of the Shepherds	Rembrandt	233	,,	P. Angerstein	1824	A
48	Tobias & the Angel	Domenichino	311	XIII.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
49	Portrait of Rubens	Van Dyck	226	X.	P. Angerstein	1824	A
50	St. Ambrose and Theodosius	,,	228	,,	P. ,,	,,	
51	Jew Merchant	Rembrandt	227	,,	G. Sir G. Beaumont	1826	
52	Portrait of Gevartius	Van Dyck	229	,,	P. Angerstein	1824	A
53	Evening Landscape	Cuyp	218	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
54	Woman Bathing	Rembrandt	250	,,	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
55	Death of Procris	Claude	370	XIV.	G. Sir G. Beaumont	1826	
56	Landscape	An. Carracci	326	XIII.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
57	St. Bavon	Rubens	242	X.	B. ,,	,,	
58	Study of Trees	Claude	363	XIV.	G. Sir G. Beaumont	1826	
59	The Brazen Serpent	Rubens	240	X.	P. Bulkeley Owen	1837	(3)
60	*Tower of Babel*	Leandro Bassano	..	Dublin	B. Col. Ollney	,,	
61	Landscape	Claude	358	XIV.	G. Sir G. Beaumont	1826	
62	Bacchanalian Dance	N. Poussin	357	,,	P. Hamlet.	,,	(1)
63	Landscape	An. Carracci	328	XIII.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
64	Return of the Ark	S. Bourdon	371	XIV.	G. Sir G. Beaumont	1826	
65	Cephalus & Aurora	N. Poussin	353	,,	B. G. J. Cholmondeley	1831	
66	Landscape	Rubens	232	X.	G. Sir G. Beaumont	1826	
67	Holy Family	,,	241	,,	P. Angerstein	1824	A
68	View near Albano	G. Poussin	364	XIV.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
69	St. John Preaching	P. F. Mola	330	XIII.	B. ,,	,,	
70	Cornelia & her Jewels	Padovanino	329	,,	B. Col. Ollney	1837	
71	Muleteers	Both	241	X.	G. Sir G. Beaumont	1826	
72	Tobias & the Angel	Rembrandt	235	,,	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	

No.	Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
73	Conversion of St. Paul	*Asc. to* Ercole di Giulio Grandi	90	v.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
74	Spanish Boy . .	Murillo . .	382	xv.	G. M. Zachary . .	1826	
75	St. George & Dragon	Domenichino .	323	xiii.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
76	Christ's Agony .	*Aft.* Correggio	202	ix.	P. Angerstein . .	1824	
77	Stoning of Stephen	Domenichino .	323	xiii.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
78	Holy Family . .	Sir J. Reynolds	654	Addenda	G. Brit. Inst. . .	1828	
79	The Graces . .	,,	419	xvi.	B. Lord Blessington .	1837	
80	The Market Cart .	Gainsborough	485	xviii.	G. Brit. Inst. . .	1828	
81	Vision of St. Augustine	Garofalo .	84	v.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
82	Holy Family . .	Mazzolini .	82	,,	B. ,, .	,,	A
83	*Phineus* . . .	N. Poussin .	..	Dublin	G. Gen. Thornton .	1837	
84	Mercury & Woodman	Salvator Rosa	322	xiii.	P. George Byng .	,,	£1,680
85	St. Jerome . .	Domenichino .	321	,,	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
86	*The Entombment* .	L. Carracci .	..	S. Kens.	B. Col. Ollney . .	1837	
87	*Perseus* . . .	Guido . .	..	Dublin	G. William IV. . .	1836	
88	Erminia . . .	An. Carracci .	331	xiii.	P. Angerstein . .	1824	A
89	*Portraits* . .	Sustermans .	..	Dublin	P. ,, . .	,,	,,
90	*Venus and Graces* .	Guido . .	..	Edin.	G. William IV. . .	1836	
91	Sleeping Venus .	N. Poussin .	370	xiv.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
92	*Cupid and Psyche* .	Aless. Veronese	..	S. Kens.	B. Col. Ollney . .	1837	
93	Silenus . . .	An. Carracci .	308	xiii.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
94	Bacchus and Silenus	,, .	309	,,	P. Angerstein . .	1824	A
95	Dido and Aeneas .	G. Poussin .	352	xiv.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
96	*Ecce Homo* . .	*Copy of* Correggio	..	S. Kens.	B. ,, .	,,	
97	Rape of Europa .	P. Veronese .	170	vii.	B. ,, .	,,	
98	La Riccia . .	G. Poussin .	366	xiv.	B. ,, .	,,	
99	The Blind Fiddler .	Sir D. Wilkie.	490	xx.	G. Sir G. Beaumont .	1826	
100	Death of Chatham .	J. S. Copley .	485	xviii.	G. Lord Liverpool .	1828	
101	Infancy . . .	Lancret . .	356	xiv.	B. Col. Ollney . .	1837	
102	Youth . . .	,, . .	,,	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
103	Manhood . .	,, . .	,,	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
104	Age . . .	,, . .	,,	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
105	Landscape . .	Sir G. Beaumont	655	Addenda	G. Lady Beaumont .	1828	
106	Man's Head . .	Sir J. Reynolds	414	xvi.	G. Sir G. Beaumont .	1826	
107	The Banished Lord	,,	413	,,	G. Rev. W. Long .	,,	
108	Mæcenas's Villa .	R. Wilson .	440	xvii.	G. Sir G. Beaumont .	,,	
109	The Watering Place	Gainsborough	408	xvi.	G. Ld. Farnborough.	1827	
110	Niobe . . .	R. Wilson .	441	xvii.	G. Sir G. Beaumont .	1826	
111	Lord Heathfield .	Sir J. Reynolds	399	xvi.	P. Angerstein . .	1824	A
112	His Own Portrait .	Hogarth .	444	xvii.	P. ,, . .	,,	,,
113–118	Marriage "à la Mode"	,, . .	435	,	P. ,, . .	,,	,,
119	Landscape . .	Sir G. Beaumont	427	,,	G. Lady Beaumont .	1828	
120	J. Nollekens, R.A. .	Sir W. Beechey	546	xxi.	G. Rev. R.E. Kerrick	1835	
121	*Cleombrotus* . .	B. West . .	..	Liverpool	G. W. Wilkins, R.A.	1827	
122	The Village Festival	Sir D. Wilkie.	493	xx.	P. Angerstein . .	1824	A
123	Moonlight . .	E. Williams .	655	Addenda	B. Col. Ollney . .	1837	
124	Rev. W. H. Carr .	J. Jackson .	531	xx.	B. Rev. W. H. Carr.	1831	
125	Izaak Walton. .	Huysman .	245	x.	B. Rev. Dr. Hawes .	1838	
126	*Pylades and Orestes*	B. West . .	..	Glasgow	G. Sir G. Beaumont .	1826	
127	View in Venice .	Canaletto .	328	xiii.	G. Sir G. Beaumont .	,,	
128	*William Wyndham*	Sir J. Reynolds	..	N. P. Gal.	B. G. J. Cholmondeley	1831	
129	John J. Angerstein	Sir T. Lawrence	477	xviii.	G. William IV. . .	1836	
130	The Cornfield .	J. Constable .	530	xx.	B. Bought by Subs.	1837	
131	*Christ Healing the Sick*	B. West . .	..	Nottingham	G. Brit. Inst. . .	1826	
132	*The Last Supper* .	,, . .	..	Glasgow	G. George IV. . .	1828	
133	*Portrait of an Actor*	J. Hoppner .	..	N. P. Gal.	G. Mr. Sergt. Taddy	1837	
134	*Landscape* . .	Decker . .	..	S. Kens.	B. Col. Ollney . .	,,	
135	Landscape with Ruins	Canaletto .	310	xiii.	G. Col. Ollney . .	,,	
136	Portrait of a Lady .	Sir T. Lawrence	655	Addenda	G. F. Robertson .	,,	

No.	Subject	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
137	*Landscape* . .	Von Goyen .	..	S. Kens.	B. Col. Ollney . .	1837	
138	Ancient Ruins .	Pannini . .	324	XIII.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
139	Religion: an Allegory	A. Kaufmann	655	Addenda	B. J. Forbes . .	1835	
140	Portrait of a Lady .	Van der Helst	,,	,,	B. Col. Ollney . .	1837	
141	*Palace of Dido* .	Steenwyck .	..	Dublin	B. ,, . . .	,,	
142	*J. Kemble as Hamlet*	Sir T. Lawrence	..	N. P. Gal.	G. William IV. . .	1836	
143	Lord Ligonier. .	Sir J. Reynolds	448	E. Vest	G. ,, . . .	,,	
144	B. West, P.R.A. .	Sir T. Lawrence	445	,,	G. ,, . . .	,,	
145	*Portrait of a Man*	*Asc. to* Van der Helst	..	Edin.	B. Col. Ollney . .	1837	
146	*View on the Maas.*	Abraham Stork	..	S. Kens.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
147	Cephalus and Aurora	Ag. Carracci .	656	Addenda	G. Ld. Ellesmere .	,,	
148	Galatea . . .	,, .	651	Basement	G. ,, . .	,,	
149	A Calm . . .	Vandevelde .	216	X.	B. Ld. Farnborough .	1838	
150	A Gale . . .	,, .	215	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
151	Leda . . .	P. F. Mola .	..	..[1]	B. ,, .	,,	
152	Evening Landscape	Van der Neer	223	X.	B. ,, .	,,	
153	The Little Nurse .	Maas	299	XII.	B. ,, .	,,	
154	A Music Party .	D. Teniers (Jr.)	212	X.	B. ,, .	,,	
155	Money-changers .	,,	242	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
156	Study of Horses .	Van Dyck .	247	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
157	Landscape . .	Rubens . .	239	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
158	Boors Regaling .	D. Teniers (Jr.)	214	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
159	Dutch Housewife .	Maas . .	299	XII.	B. ,, .	,,	
160	A "Riposo" . .	P. F. Mola .	313	XIII.	B. ,, .	,,	
161	Landscape . .	G. Poussin .	369	XIV.	B. ,, .	,,	
162	Infant Samuel .	Sir J. Reynolds	413	XVI.	B. ,, .	,,	
163	View in Venice .	Canaletto .	324	XIII.	B. ,, .	,,	
164	*Holy Family* . .	Jordaens .	..	Dublin	G. D. of Northumbd.	,,	
165	Plague at Ashdod .	N. Poussin .	358	XIV.	G. ,, .	,,	
166	Capuchin Friar .	Rembrandt .	214	X.	G. ,, .	,,	
167	Adoration of Magi .	B. Peruzzi .	656	Addenda	G. Lord Vernon .	1839	
168	St. Catherine . .	Raphael .	114	VI.	P. Beckford . .	,,	
169	Holy Family . .	Mazzolini .	89	V.	P. ,, . .	,,	} £7,350 (168–170)
170	,,	Garofalo .	84	,,	P. ,, . .	,,	
171	*Sir J. Soane* . .	J. Jackson .	..	N. P. Gal.	G. Brit. Inst. . .	,,	
172	Supper at Emmaus	Caravaggio .	327	XIII.	G. Lord Vernon .	,,	
173	Male Portrait . .	Il Bassano .	169	VII.	G. H. G. Knight .	,,	
174	A Cardinal . .	C. Maratti .	327	XIII.	G. ,, .	,,	
175	*John Milton* . .	Van der Plaas	..	N. P. Gal.	G. C. Lofft. . .	,,	
176	St. John & the Lamb	Murillo . .	380	XV.	P. Sir S. Clark . .	1840	2,100
177	The Magdalen .	Guido .	327	XIII.	P. ,, . .	,,	430 10
178	Serena & the Knight	W. Hilton .	656	Addenda	G. Bought by Subs. .	1841	
179	Virgin and Child .	Francia . .	89	V.	P. Duke of Lucca .	,,	} 3,500 (179–180)
180	A Pietà . . .	,, . .	87	,,	P. ,, .	,,	
181	Virgin and Child .	Perugino .	115	VI.	P. Beckford . .	,,	800
182	Heads of Angels .	Sir J. Reynolds	421	XVI.	G. Lady W. Gordon .	,,	
183	Sir D. Wilkie .	T. Phillips .	529	XX.	G. The Painter . .	,,	
184	Jeanne d'Archel .	Sir A. More .	262	XI.	P. Col. Baillie . .	1858	200

Sir C. L. (then Mr.) Eastlake was appointed Keeper in 1843.

No.	Subject	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired.	When	Price.
185	*Sir W. Hamilton* .	Sir J. Reynolds	..	N. P. Gal.	Lent Brit. Mus. .	1843	
186	Portraits of Jan Arnolfini & Wife	Jan van Eyck	275	XI.	P. General Hay .	1842	630
187	Apotheosis of William the Taciturn	Rubens . .	217	X.	P. Lord Eldin . .	1843	200
188	*Mrs. Siddons.* .	Sir T. Lawrence	..	N. P. Gal.	G. Mrs. Fitz Hugh .	,,	
189	The Doge Loredano	Gio. Bellini .	155	VII.	P. Beckford . .	1844	630
190	A Jewish Rabbi .	Rembrandt .	229	X.	P. J. Harman . .	,,	473 11
191	Christ and St. John	Guido . .	332	XIII.	P. ,, . .	,,	409 10
192	His own Portrait .	Gerard Dou .	252	X.	P. ,, . .	,,	131 5

[1] This picture does not appear in the Official Catalogue; nor can I find any trace, in the Directors' Annual Reports, of what was done with it.

No.	Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
193	Lot & his Daughters	Guido . .	324	XIII.	P. Penrice. . .	1844	£1,680
194	Judgment of Paris .	Rubens . .	230	X.	P. ,, . . .	,,	4,200
195	A Medical Professor	German School	261	XI.	P. Rochard . .	1845	630
196	Susannah & Elders	Guido . .	321	XIII.	P. Penrice. . .	,,	1,260
197	Wild Boar Hunt .	Velazquez .	378	XV.	P. Lord Cowley .	1846	2,200
198	St. Anthony . .	An. Carracci .	312	XIII.	P. Ld. Dartmouth .	,,	787 10
199	Lesbia . . .	Schalcken .	252	X.	B. R. Simmons. .	,,	
200	Madonna . .	Sassoferrato .	323	XIII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
201	*Seaport* . . .	C. J. Vernet .	..	Dublin	B. ,, . .	,,	
202	Domestic Poultry .	Hondecoeter .	212	X.	B. ,, . .	,,	
203	*Conventual Charity*	Van Harp .	..	S. Kens.	B. ,, . .	,,	
204	Dutch Shipping .	Bakhuizen .	232	X.	B. ,, . .	,,	
205	Itinerant Musicians	Dietrich. .	295	XII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
206	Head of a Girl .	Greuze . .	361	XIV.	B. ,, . .	,,	
207	The Idle Servant .	Maas . .	234	X.	B. ,, . .	,,	
208	*Landscape* . .	Breenberg .	..	S. Kens.	B. ,, . .	,,	
209	Judgment of Paris .	Both & Poelenburg	237	X.	B. ,, . .	,,	
210	View in Venice .	Guardi . .	320	XIII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
211	A Battle . . .	Huchtenburgh	301	XII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
212	Merchant and Clerk	De Keyser .	246	X.	B. ,, . .	,,	

Mr. Thomas Uwins, R.A., was appointed Keeper in 1847.

No.	Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired.	When	Price.
213	Vision of a Knight .	Raphael. .	107	VI.	P. Rev. T. Egerton .	1847	1,050
214	Coronation of Virgin	Guido . .	312	XIII.	B. W. Wells . .	,,	
215	Saints . . .	*Sch. of* Taddeo Gaddi	67	IV.	G. W. Coningham .	1848	
216	,, . . .	,,	,,	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
217	*William Woollett.*	Gilbert Stuart	..	N. P. Gal.	G. H. Farrer . .	1849	
218	Adoration of Magi .	B. Peruzzi .	40	II.	G. E. Higginson .	,,	
219	*Dead Christ* . .	*Asc. to* Razzi .	..	S. Kens.	G. Sir W. C. Trevelyan	,,	
[1] *	Landscape with Figures	G. Poussin .	2	N. Vest.	G. G. P. Pusey. .	,,	
*	,, .	,, .	2	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
220	*John Hall* . .	Gilbert Stuart	..	N. P. Gal.	G. H. Graves and Co.	1850	
221	His own Portrait .	Rembrandt .	249	X.	P. Visct. Midleton .	1851	430 10
222	A Man's Portrait .	Jan van Eyck	274	XI.	P. ,, .	,,	365
223	A Gale . . .	Bakhuizen .	214	X.	B. C. L. Bredel .	,,	
224	The Tribute Money	*Asc. to* Titian .	140	VII.	P. Marshal Soult .	1852	2,604
225	Vision of the Magdalen	Giulio Romano	657	Addenda	G. Ld. Overstone .	,,	
226	Virgin and Child .	Botticelli .	61	III.	P. J. H. Brown .	1855	331 13
227	S. Jerome . .	Cosimo Rosselli	41	II.	P. Conte Ricasoli .	,,	114 17
228	Christ and the Money-changers	Il Bassano .	308	XIII.	G. P. L. Hinds . .	1853	
229	*Benj. West, P.R.A.*	Gilbert Stuart	..	N. P. Gal.	G. J. H. Anderdon .	,,	
230	A Franciscan Monk	Zurbaran .	382	XV.	P. King Louis Philippe	,,	265
231	T. Daniell, R.A. .	Sir D. Wilkie .	544	XXI.	B. Miss M. A. Fuller	1837	
232	Adoration of the Shepherds	Velazquez .	375	XV.	P. King Louis Philippe	1853	2,050
233	*William Pitt* .	J. Hoppner .	..	N. P. Gal.	G. G. Moffat . .	,,	
234	Warrior adoring Infant Christ	*Sch. of* Bellini	150	VII.	P. S. Woodburn .	,,	525
235	Dead Christ . .	Spagnoletto .	384	XV.	G. D. Barclay . .	,,	
236	Castle of St. Angelo	C. J. Vernet .	348	XIV.	G. Lady Simpkinson	,,	
237	A Woman's Portrait	Rembrandt .	248	X.	B. Lord Colborne .	1854	
238	Dead Game . .	Jan Weenix .	234	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
239	Moonlight Scene .	Van der Neer	214	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
240	Crossing the Ford .	Berchem .	212	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
241	The Village Beadle	Sir D. Wilkie	528	XX.	B. ,, .	,,	

[1] The donor was informed when he offered these two pictures that they were too large, in view of the limited wall-space then at the disposal of the Gallery, to be placed in the rooms to which the public were admitted. The pictures were presented on those terms, and appear to have never been numbered or incorporated in the Official Catalogue.

No.	Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
242	Game of Backgammon	D. Teniers (Jr.)	240	x.	B. Lord Colborne .	1854	
243	An Old Man . .	Rembrandt .	226	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
244	Shepherd with Lamb	Spagnoletto .	386	xv.	B. ,, .	,,	
245	A Senator . .	Albert Dürer .	280	xi.	P. M. de. Bammeville	,,	£145 7
246	Madonna and Child	Pacchia . .	38	ii	P. ,,	,,	92 8
247	"Ecce Homo" .	M. di Giovanni	,,	,,	P. ,,	,,	55 13
248	Vision of S. Bernard	Filippo Lippi .	41	,,	P. ,,	,,	400
249	Marriage of S. Catherine of Siena	Lorenzo di S. Severino	99	vi.	P. ,,	,,	393 15
250	*Four Saints* . .	Meister v. Werden	..	S. Kens.	P. Herr Krüger Minden	,,	(4)
251	,, . .	,,	..	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
252	*Conversion of S. Hubert*	,,	..	Edin.	P. ,,	,,	,,
253	*Mass of S. Hubert*	,,	..	S. Kens.	P. ,,	,,	,,
254	*Three Saints* . .	Meister v. Liesborn	..	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
255	,, . .	,,	..	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
256	*The Annunciation*	,,	..	Edin.	P. ,,	,,	,,
257	*The Purification* .	,,	..	S. Kens.	P. ,,	,,	,,
258	*Adoration of Magi*	,,	..	Edin.	P. ,,	,,	,,
259	*Christ on the Cross*	,,	..	S. Kens.	P. ,,	,,	,,
260	Three Saints . .	,,	268	xi.	P. ,,	,,	,,
261	,, . .	,,	264	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
262	*The Crucifixion* .	*Sch. of* ,,	..	S. Kens.	P. ,,	,,	,,
263	*Coronation of the Virgin*	The younger ,,	..	Dublin	P. ,,	,,	,,
264	Penitent and Saint .	*Asc. to* Van der Meire	264	xi.	P. ,,	,,	,,
265	*Virgin and Child* .	Ludger zum Ring	..	S. Kens.	P. ,,	,,	,,
266	The Deposition from the Cross	Lambert Lombard	280	xi.	P. ,,	,,	,,
267	Landscape .	R. Wilson .	432	xvii.	B. Mr. & Miss Garnons	,,	,,
	Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., was appointed Director in 1855.						
268	Adoration of Magi .	P. Veronese .	160	vii.	P. Sig. Toffoli . .	1855	1,977
269	A Knight in Armour	Giorgione .	176	,,	B. Samuel Rogers .	,,	
270	"Noli me Tangere"	Titian . .	152	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
271	"Ecce Homo" .	Guido . .	329	xiii.	B. ,, . .	,,	
272	An Apostle . .	Pordenone .	192	Oct.	G. Cav. Vallati . .	,,	
273	*John Smith* . .	Sir G. Kneller	..	N. P. Gal.	G. W. Smith . .	1856	
274	Virgin and Child .	A. Mantegna .	182	viii.	P. Sig. Roverselli .	1855	1,125 12
275	Virgin and Child .	Botticelli .	34	i.	P. G. Bianconi . .	,,	159 11 6
276	Sts. John & Paul .	Giotto . .	69	iv.	P. Samuel Rogers .	1856	78 15
277	The Good Samaritan	Il Bassano .	151	vii.	P. ,, .	,,	241 10
278	Triumph of Cæsar .	Rubens . .	243	x.	P. ,, .	,,	1,102 10
279	Horrors of War .	,, . .	242	,,	P. ,, .	,,	210
280	Madonna and Child	Gio. Bellini .	153	vii.	P. Baron Galvagna .	1855	(5)
281	St. Jerome Reading	Marco Basaiti	174	,,	P. M. Marcovich .	,,	43 13 1
282	Glorification of the Virgin	*Asc. to* Lo Spagna	124	vi.	P. Lord Orford . .	1856	651
283	Virgin and Child .	Benozzo Gozzoli	42	ii.	P. Casa Rinuccini	1855	137 16 8
284	Madonna and Child	B. Vivarini .	185	viii.	P. Conte degl' Algarotti	,,	97
285	,,	F. Morone .	189	Oct.	P. Baron Galvagna .	,,	(5)
286	,,	Tacconi . .	196	ix.	P. ,,	,,	,,
287	Lodovico Martinengo	B. Veneziano .	150	vii.	P. Conte G. Pisani .	,,	48 10
288	Virgin and Child .	Perugino .	102	vi.	P. Duke Melzi . .	1856	3,571 8 7
289	The Night Watch .	Rembrandt .	234	x.	B. Rev. T. Halford .	1857	
290	A Man's Portrait .	Jan van Eyck	276	xi.	P. H. Carl Ross .	,,	189 11
291	Portrait of a Girl .	Lucas Cranach	263	,,	P. Lord Shrewsbury .	,,	50 8
292	St. Sebastian . .	Pollajuolo .	18	i.	P. Marchese Pucci .	,,	3,155 4 6

No.	Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
293	Virgin and Child .	Filippino Lippi	20	I.	P. Cav. Gius. Rucellai	1857	£627 8
294	Family of Darius .	P. Veronese .	165	VII.	P. Conte V. Pisani .	,,	13,650
295	Christ and Virgin .	Quentin Metsys	265	XI.	P. King of Holland .	,,	137 12 9
296	Virgin Adoring .	Pollajuolo .	17	I.	P. Sig. Contugi	,,	455 16 8
297	The Nativity . .	Il Romanino .	169	VII.	P. Conte Avveroldi .	,,	804
298	The two S. Catherines	Borgognone .	197	IX.	P. Sig. Taddeo . .	,,	430
299	An Italian Nobleman	Il Moretto .	164	VII.	P. Henfry . . .	1858	360
300	Madonna and Child	Cima . .	156	,,	P. M. Roussele .	,,	339 6 5
301	View in Italy . .	R. Wilson .	422	XVI.	G. Vernon . . .	1847	
302	Roman Ruin . .	,, .	434	XVII.	G. ,, ...	,,	
303	View in Italy . .	,, .	433	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
304	Lake Avernus .	,, .	430	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
305	Sir Abraham Hume	Sir J. Reynolds	411	XVI.	G. ,, ...	,,	
306	His own Portrait .	,,	414	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
307	Age of Innocence .	,,	418	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
308	Musidora . .	Gainsborough	451	W. Vest.	G. ,, ...	,,	
309	Watering Place .	,,	442	XVII.	G. ,, ...	,,	
310	Landscape . .	,,	487	XVIII.	G. ,, ...	,,	
311	Country Children .	,,	485	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
312	Lady Hamilton .	G. Romney .	407	XVI.	G. ,, ...	,,	
313	Old London Bridge	S. Scott . .	434	XVII.	G. ,, ...	,,	
314	Westminster Bridge	,, . .	433	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
315	The Installation .	B. West . .	657	Addenda	G. ,, ...	,,	
316	Lake Scene . .	P. Loutherbourg	430	XVII.	G. ,, ...	,,	
317	Greek Vintage .	T. Stothard .	495	XX.	G. ,, ...	,,	
318	Woodland Dance .	,, .	473	XVIII.	G. ,, ...	,,	
319	Cupid & Calypso .	,, .	573	XXI.	G. ,, ...	,,	
320	Diana Bathing .	,, .	484	XVIII.	G. ,, ...	,,	
321	Intemperance . .	,, .	487	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
322	A Battle . . .	,, .	484	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
323	The Raffle . .	E. Bird . .	478	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
324	*Countess of Darnley*	Sir T. Lawrence	..	Liverpool	G. ,, ...	,,	
325	*John Fawcett* .	,,	..	N. P. Gal.	G. ,, ...	,,	
326	*Miss Stephens* .	J. Jackson .	..	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
327	The Valley Farm .	J. Constable .	531	XX.	G. ,, ...	,,	
328	The First Earrings	Sir D. Wilkie .	497	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
329	The Bagpiper . .	,, .	573	XXI.	G. ,, ...	,,	
330	Landscape . .	,, .	,,	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
331	Newsmongers .	,, .	529	XX.	G. ,, ...	,,	
332	"*Peep-o'-Day*" .	,, .	..	Dublin	G. ,, ...	,,	
333	Edith and Harold .	W. Hilton .	657	Addenda	G. ,, ...	,,	
334	Study of a Head .	,, .	,,	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
335	,, .	,, .	,,	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
336	,, .	,, .	,,	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
337	*Cupid Disarmed* .	,, .	..	Oldham	G. ,, ...	,,	
338	*Abraham's Servant*	,, .	..	Leicester	G. ,, ...	,,	
339	*Wood Nymph* .	T. Phillips .	..	Warrington	G. ,, ...	,,	
340	Home from Market	Sir A. Callcott	565	XXI.	G. ,, ...	,,	
341	*Coast Scene* . .	,,	..	Manchester	G. ,, ...	,,	
342	Cows Grazing .	,,	529	XX.	G. ,, ...	,,	
343	The Wooden Bridge	,,	464	XVIII.	G. ,, ...	,,	
344	The Benighted Traveller	,,	513	XX.	G. ,, ...	,,	
345	*Littlehampton* .	,,	..	Liverpool	G. ,, ...	,,	
346	Entrance to Pisa .	,,	565	XXI.	G. ,, ...	,,	
347	*Dutch Ferry* . .	,,	..	Nottingham	G. ,, ...	,,	
348	Coast of Holland .	,,	472	XVIII.	G. ,, ...	,,	
349	*Flower Girl* . .	H. Howard .	..	Stockport	G. ,, ...	,,	
350	*The Dead Robin* .	H. Thomson .	..	Manchester	G. ,, ...	,,	
351	*Happy as a King* .	W. Collins .	..	Dundee	G. ,, ...	,,	

No.	Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
352	Prawn Catchers	W. Collins	508	XX.	G. Vernon	1847	
353	Yorick & the Grisette	G. S. Newton	535	,,	G. ,,	,,	
354	The Window	,,	498	,,	G. ,,	,,	
355	Dull Reading	A. Geddes	657	Addenda	G. ,,	,,	
356	Youth and Pleasure	W. Etty	548	XXI.	G. ,,	,,	
357	*A Persian*	,,	..	Leicester	G. ,,	,,	
358	*Candaules*	,,	..	Oldham	G. ,,	,,	
359	The Lute Player	,,	512	XX.	G. ,,	,,	
360	*The Dangerous Playmate*	,,	..	Warrington	G. ,,	,,	
361	*Head of Christ*	,,	..	Sheffield	G. ,,	,,	
362	*Christ and Mary Magdalen*	,,	..	Glasgow	G. ,,	,,	
363	*Il Duetto*	,,	..	Dublin	G. ,,	,,	
364	*Window in Venice*	,,	..	Nottingham	G. ,,	,,	
365	*The Magdalen*	,,	..	Stockport	G. ,,	,,	
366	*Bathers*	,,	..	Liverpool	G. ,,	,,	
367	*Infant Bacchus*	Sir M. A. Shee	..	Stockport	G. ,,	,,	
368	*T. Morton*	,,	..	N. P. Gal.	G. ,,	,,	
369	William III. landing at Torbay	J. M. W. Turner	634	XIX.	G. ,,	,,	
370	Venice	,,	631	,,	G. ,,	,,	
371	*The Golden Bough*	,,	..	Dublin	G. ,,	,,	
372	*Venice: the Dogana*	,,	..	Leicester	G. ,,	,,	
373	*Arabs dividing Spoil*	Sir W. Allan	..	Dundee	G. ,,	,,	
374	Pillars of Piazzetta	R. P. Bonington	457	XVIII.	G. ,,	,,	
375	*Spaniards and Peruvians*	H. P. Briggs	..	Nottingham	G. ,,	,,	
376	*Juliet and the Nurse*	,,	..	Stockport	G. ,,	,,	
377	*Falstaff & Mrs. Ford*	G. Clint	..	Sheffield	G. ,,	,,	
378	The Newspaper	T. S. Good	498	XX.	G. ,,	,,	
379	Lycian Peasants	W. J. Müller	539	,,	G. ,,	,,	
380	A Cottage	P. Nasmyth	458	XVIII.	G. ,,	,,	
381	The Angler's Nook	,,	465	,,	G. ,,	,,	
382	A Negro	J. Simpson	651	Basement	G. ,,	,,	
383	*Vigilance*	H. Wyatt	..	Manchester	G. ,,	,,	
384	*The Philosopher*	,,	..	Glasgow	G. ,,	,,	
385	*De Tabley Park*	J. Ward	..	Oldham	G. ,,	,,	
386	*Council of Horses*	,,	..	Manchester	G. ,,	,,	
387	*Claret Vintage*	T. Uwins	..	Dundee	G. ,,	,,	
388	*Le Chapeau de Brigand*	,,	..	Sheffield	G. ,,	,,	
389	The Fiery Furnace	G. Jones	513	XX.	G. ,,	,,	
390	*Lady Godiva*	,,	..	Coventry	G. ,,	,,	
391	Battle of Borodino	,,	649	Staircase	G. ,,	,,	
392	*Utrecht*	,,	..	Oldham	G. ,,	,,	
393	The Last in	W. Mulready	512	XX.	G. ,,	,,	
394	Fair Time	,,	497	,,	G. ,,	,,	
395	Crossing the Ford	,,	508	,,	G. ,,	,,	
396	*The Young Brother*	,,	..	Dublin	G. ,,	,,	
397	Christ Lamenting over Jerusalem	Sir C. L. Eastlake	554	XXI.	G. ,,	,,	
398	Haidée: a Greek Girl	,,	533	XX.	G. ,,	,,	
399	Escape of the Carrara Family	,,	560	XXI.	G. ,,	,,	
400	Burgos Cathedral	,,	572	,,	G. ,,	,,	
401	Church of St. Paul, Antwerp	D. Roberts	555	,,	G. ,,	,,	
402	Sancho Panza and the Duchess	C. R. Leslie	544	,,	G. ,,	,,	
403	Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman	,,	514	XX.	G. ,,	,,	

No.	Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
404	The Zuyder Zee .	C. Stanfield .	517	XX.	G. Vernon	1847	
405	Battle of Trafalgar.	,, .	512	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
406	Lake of Como. .	,, .	504	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
407	Venice . . .	,, .	499	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
408	Clarissa Harlowe .	C. Landseer .	518	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
409	Spaniels . . .	Sir E. Landseer	510	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
410	High Life and Low Life	,,	520	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
411	Highland Music .	,,	513	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
412	The Hunted Stag .	,,	501	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
413	Peace . . .	,,	559	XXI.	G. ,, ...	,,	
414	War . . .	,,	561	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
415	*A Dialogue at Waterloo*	,,	..	Dublin	G. ,, ...	,,	
416	Mr. Robert Vernon	H. W. Pickersgill	551	XXI.	G. ,, ...	,,	
417	*A Syrian Maid* .	,,	..	Warrington	G. ,, ...	,,	
418	*The Cover Side* .	F. R. Lee .	..	Nottingham	G. ,, ...	,,	
419	*Showery Weather* .	,, .	..	Glasgow	G. ,, ...	,,	
420	*Stepping Stones* .	W. F. Witherington	..	Warrington	G. ,, ...	,,	
421	*The Hop Garland* .	,,	..	Oldham	G. ,, ...	,,	
422	Play Scene in Hamlet	D. Maclise .	564	XXI.	G. ,, ...	,,	
423	Malvolio and the Countess	,, .	520	XX.	G. ,, ...	,,	
424	Jewish Synagogue .	S. A. Hart .	517	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
425	Sir Thomas More .	J. R. Herbert	494	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
426	The Truant . .	T. Webster .	513	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
427	A Dame's School .	,, .	523	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
428	Country Cousins .	R. Redgrave .	561	XXI.	G. ,, ...	,,	
429	The Pathway to the Village Church .	T. Creswick .	532	XX.	G. ,, ...	,,	
430	Dr. Johnson in the Ante-room of Lord Chesterfield	E. M. Ward .	562	XXI.	G. ,, ...	,,	
431	The Fall of Clarendon	,, .	510	XX.	G. ,, ...	,,	
432	South Sea Bubble .	,, .	547	XXI.	G. ,, ...	,,	
433	*The Tambourine* .	Penry Williams	..	Nottingham	G. ,, ...	,,	
434	*Italian Peasants* .	,,	..	Leicester	G. ,, ...	,,	
435	*Milking Time* .	T. S. Cooper .	..	Warrington	G. ,, ...	,,	
436	*Cattle, Morning* .	,, .	..	Stoke-on-Trent	G. ,, ...	,,	
437	Fisherman's Home.	F. Danby .	561	XXI.	G. ,, ...	,,	
438	Woodcutters . .	J. Linnell .	484	XVIII.	G. ,, ...	,,	
439	The Windmill .	,, .	499	XX.	G. ,, ...	,,	
440	*The Gouty Angler*.	T. Lane . .	..	Stockport	G. ,, ...	,,	
441	Fruit . . .	G. Lance .	534	XX.	G. ,, ...	,,	
442	Red Cap. . .	,, .	573	XXI.	G. ,, ...	,,	
443	Fruit . . .	,, .	509	XX.	G. ,, ...	,,	
444	Le Diable Boiteux.	A. L. Egg .	516	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
445	*The Cottage of Sclaunder*	F. R. Pickersgill	..	Glasgow	G. ,, ...	,,	
446	The Pride of the Village	J. C. Horsley.	489	XX.	G. ,, ...	,,	
447	Dutch Boats . .	E. W. Cooke .	528	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
448	The Boat House .	,, .	,,	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
449	*Lord Wm. Russell in the Tower*	A. Johnston .	..	Manchester	G. ,, ...	,,	
450	A Village Holiday .	F. Goodall .	524	XX.	G. ,, ...	,,	
451	The Tired Soldier .	,, .	501	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	
452	The Frugal Meal .	J. F. Herring	499	,,	G. ,, ...	,,	

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453	Cottage Interior .	A. Fraser .	493	XX.	G. Vernon . . .	1847	
454	Female Head . .	E.V. Rippingille	657	Addenda	G. ,, ...	,,	
455	*A Capuchin Friar*	,,	..	Liverpool	G. ,, ...	,,	
456	Council of War at Courtrai	L. Haghe .	653	Basement	G. ,, ...	,,	
457	*The Surprise* . .	C. M. Dubufe	..	Liverpool	G. ,, . . .	,,	
458	Portrait of Himself.	J. M. W. Turner	629	XIX.	B. The Painter . .	1856	
459	Moonlight . .	,,	640	,,	B. ,, . . .	,,	
460	*Buttermere Lake* .	,,	..	Stockport	B. ,, . . .	,,	
461	Coniston Fells .	,,	621	XXII.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
462	*Cattle in Water* .	,,	..	Warrington	B. ,, . . .	,,	
463	Æneas, with Sibyl .	,,	647	XIX.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
464	*Rizpah* . . .	,,	..	Liverpool	B. ,, . . .	,,	
465	Mountain Scene .	,,	631	XIX.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
466	*View in Wales* .	,,	..	Stoke-on-Trent	B. ,, . . .	,,	
467	*Sandpit* . . .	,,	..	Oldham	B. ,, . . .	,,	
468	Clapham Common .	,,	640	XIX.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
469	Sea Piece . .	,,	639	,,	B. ,, . . .	,,	
470	The Tenth Plague	,,	597	XXII.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
471	Jason . . .	,,	608	,,	B. ,, . . .	,,	
472	Calais Pier . .	,,	595	,,	B. ,, . . .	,,	
473	The Holy Family .	,,	606	,,	B. ,, . . .	,,	
474	Destruction of Sodom	,,	592	,,	B. ,, . . .	,,	
475	View of a Town .	,,	639	XIX.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
476	The Shipwreck .	,,	597	XXII.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
477	The Garden of the Hesperides	,,	592	,,	B. ,, . . .	,,	
478	Blacksmith's Shop .	,,	639	XIX.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
479	Sun Rising in a Mist	,,	344	XIV.	B. ,, . . .	1853	
480	Death of Nelson .	,,	600	XXII.	B. ,, . . .	1856	
481	Spithead . . .	,,	601	,,	B. ,, . . .	,,	
482	The Garreteer's Petition	,,	637	XIX.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
483	London from Greenwich	,,	638	,,	B. ,, . . .	,, ,,	
484	St. Mawes, Cornwall	,,	646	,,	B. ,, . . .	,,	
485	Abingdon, Berkshire	,,	643	,,	B. ,, . . .	,,	
486	Windsor . . .	,,	624	XXII.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
487	*Ruin, with Cattle* .	,,	..	Sheffield	B. ,, . . .	,,	
488	Apollo & the Python	,,	601	XXII.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
489	Avalanche . .	,,	646	XIX.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
490	Hannibal crossing the Alps	,,	599	XXII.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
491	Kingston Bank .	,,	644	XIX.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
492	Frosty Morning .	,,	625	XXII.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
493	The Deluge . .	,,	600	,,	B. ,, . . .	,,	
494	Dido and Æneas .	,,	627	,,	B. ,, . . .	,,	
495	Apuleia in Search of Apuleius	,,	,,	,,	B. ,, . . .	,,	
496	Bligh Sand . .	,,	645	XIX.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
497	Crossing the Brook .	,,	606	XXII.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
498	Dido building Carthage	,,	344	XIV.	B. ,, . . .	1853	
499	*The Decline of Carthage*	,,	..	Manchester	B. ,, . . .	1856	
500	The Field of Waterloo	,,	595	XXII.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
501	Orange - Merchantman going to Pieces	,,	626	,,	B. ,, . . .	,,	
502	Richmond Hill .	,,	617	,,	B. ,, . . .	,,	
503	*Rome, from the Vatican*	,,	..	Liverpool	B. ,, . . .	,,	
504	The Arch of Titus .	,,	625	XXII.	B. ,, . . .	,,	
505	The Bay of Baiæ .	,,	622	,,	B. ,, . . .	,,	

No.	Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
506	Carthage . .	J. M. W. Turner	617	XXII.	B. The Painter . .	1856	
507	Scene from Boccaccio	”	657	Addenda	B. ” . .	”	
508	Ulysses deriding Polyphemus	”	619	XXII.	B. ” . .	”	
509	*The Loretto Necklace*	”	..	Dundee	B. ” . .	”	
510	Pilate washing his Hands	”	658	Addenda	B. ” . .	”	
511	View of Orvieto .	”	644	XIX.	B. ” . .	”	
512	Caligula's Palace and Bridge	”	608	XXII.	B. ” . .	”	
513	The Vision of Medea	”	601	”	B. ” . .	”	
514	Watteau painting .	”	658	Addenda	B. ” . .	”	
515	Lord Percy under attainder	”	”	”	B. ” . .	”	
516	Childe Harold's Pilgrimage	”	603	XXII.	B. ” . .	”	
517	The Fiery Furnace .	”	658	Addenda	B. ” . .	”	
518	*Heidelberg Castle* .	”	..	Stoke-on-Trent	B. ” . .	”	
519	*Regulus leaving Rome*	”	..	Dublin	B. ” . .	”	
520	Apollo and Daphne .	”	610	XXII.	B. ” . .	”	
521	*Hero and Leander*	”	..	Glasgow	B. ” . .	”	
522	*Phryne going to the Bath*	”	..	Oldham	B. ” . .	”	
523	Agrippina . .	”	625	XXII.	B. ” . .	”	
524	The Téméraire .	”	613	”	B. ” . .	”	
525	*Bacchus and Ariadne*	”	..	Sheffield	B. ” . .	”	
526	The New Moon .	”	639	XIX.	B. ” . .	”	
527	*Venice, Bridge of Sighs*	”	..	Leicester	B. ” . .	”	
528	Burial of Wilkie .	”	637	XIX.	B. ” . .	”	
529	The Exile and the Rock Limpet	”	659	Addenda	B. ” . .	”	
530	Snowstorm . .	”	641	XIX.	B. ” . .	”	
531	The Evening of the Deluge	”	659	Addenda	B. ” . .	”	
532	The Morning after the Deluge	”	660	”	B. ” . .	”	
533	*The Opening of the Walhalla*	”	..	Dublin	B. ” . .	”	
534	Approach to Venice	”	635	XIX.	B. ” . .	”	
535	The "Sun of Venice" going to sea	”	629	”	B. ” . .	”	
536	Port Ruysdael	”	612	XXII.	B. ” . .	”	
537	*Van Tromp* . .	”	..	Sheffield	B. ” . .	”	
538	Rain, Steam, & Speed	”	645	XIX.	B. ” . .	”	
539	*Venice, the Giudecca*	”	..	Dublin	B. ” . .	”	
540	*Venice, the Quay* .	”	..	Liverpool	B. ” . .	”	
541	*Venice, Noon* . .	”	..	Warrington	B. ” . .	”	
542	*Venice, Sunset* .	”	..	”	B. ” . .	”	
543	*Venice: Going to the Ball*	”	..	Manchester	B. ” . .	”	
544	Venice: Returning from the Ball	”	647	XIX.	B. ” . .	”	
545	Whalers . . .	”	660	Addenda	B. ” . .	”	
546	*Whalers* . . .	”	..	Nottingham	B. ” . .	”	
547	*Whalers boiling Blubber*	”	..	Glasgow	B. ” . .	”	
548	Queen Mab's Grotto		633	XIX.	B. ” . .	”	
549	Masaniello . .	”	660	Addenda	B. ” . .	”	
550	The Angel in the Sun	”	”	”	B. ” . .	”	
551	Tapping the Furnace	”	661	”	B. ” . .	”	

No.	Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
552	*Æneas and Dido* .	J. M. W. Turner	661	Manchester	B. The Painter . .	1856	
553	*Mercury and Æneas*	,,	..	Plymouth Inst.	B. ,, . .	,,	
554	*The Trojan Fleet* .	,,	..	Manchester	B. ,, . .	,,	
555	*The Visit to the Tomb*	,,	..	Stockport	B. ,, . .	,,	
556	Battle of Trafalgar	,,	603	XXII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
557	*Richmond Bridge* .	,,	..	Dublin	B. ,, . .	,,	
558	Fire at Sea . .	,,	609	XXII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
559	Petworth Park .	,,	642	XIX.	B. ,, . .	,,	
560	Chichester Canal .	,,	646	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
561	Mountain Glen .	,,	617	XXII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
561 A	A Mountain Stream	,,	639	XIX.	B. ,, . .	,,	
562	*Harvest Home* .	,,	..	Plymouth Inst.	B. . .	,,	
563	Jerusalem . .	T. Seddon .	539	XX.	G. Subscription . .	1857	
564	Virgin and Child .	Margaritone .	76	IV.	P. Lombardi - Baldi Gal.	1847	(6)
565	Madonna and Child	Cimabue .	74	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
566	,,	Duccio . .	46	II.	P. ,,	,,	,,
567	Christ on the Cross	Segna di Buonaventura	71	IV.	P. ,,	,,	,,
568	Coronation of the Virgin	*Sch. of* Giotto	72	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
569	,,	Orcagna . .	70	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
570	The Trinity . .	,, . .	78	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
571	Angels Adoring .	,, . .	,,	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
572	,, .	,, . .	,,	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
573	The Nativity . .	,, . .	69	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
574	Adoration of Magi .	,, . .	,,	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
575	The Resurrection .	,, . .	,,	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
576	The three Maries .	,, . .	71	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
577	The Ascension .	,, . .	,,	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
578	The Holy Spirit .	,, . .	,,	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
579	The Baptism of Christ	*Sch. of* Taddeo Gaddi	74	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
579 A	,,	,,	72	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
580	Assumption of St. John	Jacopo da Casentino	78	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
580 A	,,	,,	71	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
581	Saints . . .	Spinello Aretino	75	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
582	Adoration of Magi .	Fra Angelico .	47	II.	P. ,,	,,	,,
583	Battle of Sant' Egidio .	Paolo Uccello	53	III.	P. ,,	,,	,,
584	*Various Saints* .	*Sch. of* A. del Castagno	..	Edin.	P. ,,	,,	,,
585	Isotta da Rimini .	P. della Francesca	122	VI.	P. ,,	,,	,
586	Madonna and Child	Filippo Lippi .	45	II.	P. ,,	,,	,,
587	*Saints* . . .	*Sch. of* ,, .	..	Edin.	P. ,,	,,	,,
588	*St. Mark and St. Augustine*	,,	..	Dublin	P. ,,	,,	,,
589	Virgin and Child .	,,	30	I.	P. ,,	,,	,,
590	Christ in the Tomb	Cosimo Tura .	85	V.	P. ,,	,,	,,
591	Rape of Helen .	Benozzo Gozzoli	38	II.	P. ,,	,,	,,
592	Adoration of Magi .	Filippino Lippi	26	I.	P. ,,	,,	,,
593	Virgin and Child .	Lor. di Credi .	19	,,	P. ,,	,,	,,
594	St. Cosmas and St. Damian	Emmanuel .	68	IV.	P. ,,	,,	,,
595	Portrait of a Lady .	Battista Zelotti	169	VII.	P. Sig. Menchetti .	1858	£214 18
596	The Entombment .	Palmezzano .	117	VI.	P. Sig. Gismondi .	,,	537 4 7
597	St. Dominic . .	*Asc. to* Marco Zoppo	82	V.	P. Marchese G. Costabili	,,	} 202 16 10
598	St. Francis . .	Filippino Lippi	58	III.	P. ,,	,,	}

No.	Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
599	Madonna of Meadow	Marco Basaiti	178	VII.	P. Sig. A. Farina .	1858	£641 9 4
600	The Blind Beggar .	Dyckmans .	661	Addenda	B. Miss Jane Clarke	1859	
601	Geraldine . .	Sir W. Boxall .	,,	,,	G. J. Kenyon . .	,,	
602	A Pietà . . .	Crivelli . .	180	VIII.	P. Cav. Vallati . .	,,	303
603	Sleeping Bloodhound	Sir E. Landseer	549	XXI.	B. Jacob Bell . .	,,	
604	Dignity and Impudence	,,	518	XX.	B. ,, .	,,	
605	The Defeat of Comus	,,	548	XXI.	B. ,, .	,,	
606	Shoeing . . .	,,	557	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
607	Highland Dogs .	,,	499	XX.	B. ,, .	,,	
608	Alexander and Diogenes	,,	552	XXI.	B. ,, .	,,	
609	Maid and Magpie .	,,	562	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
610	*Bloodhound and Pups*	Chas. Landseer	..	Liverpool	B. ,, .	,,	
611	*Pillaging a Jew's House*	,,	..	Dundee	B. ,, .	,,	
612	*The Sacking of Basing House*	,,	..	Sheffield	B. ,, .	,,	
613	Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman	C. R. Leslie .	661	Addenda	B. ,, .	,,	
614	The Bather . .	W. Etty . .	502	XX.	B. ,, .	,,	
615	The Derby Day .	W. P. Frith .	524	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
616	James II. . .	E. M. Ward .	571	XXI.	B. ,, .	,,	
617	*Bibliomania* . .	W. Douglas .	..	Glasgow	B. ,, .	,,	
618	*The Foundling* .	G. B. O'Neill .	..	Liverpool	B. ,, .	,,	
619	*Evening in the Meadows*	Lee and Cooper	..	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
620	River Scene . .	,,	545	XXI.	B. ,, .	,,	
621	Horse Fair . .	Rosa Bonheur	550	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
622	(See note below)[1]						
623	Madonna and Child	Girolamo da Treviso	154	VII.	P. Ld. Northwick .	,,	472 10
624	Infancy of Jupiter .	Giulio Romano	309	XIII.	P. ,, .	,,	920
625	An Altar-piece .	Il Moretto .	131	VII.	P. ,, .	,,	577 10
626	Portrait of a Man .	Florentine .	55	III.	P. ,, .	,,	108 3
627	Waterfall . .	Ruysdael .	238	X.	P. Count Stolberg .	,,	1,187 15 6
628	,,	,, .	236	,,	P. ,, .	,,	1,069 15 3
629	Madonna and Child	Lorenzo Costa	86	V.	P. M. Reiset . .	,,	880
630	,,	G. Schiavone .	193	Oct.	P. Beaucousin Coll. .	1860	(7)
631	Portrait of a Lady .	Bissolo . .	173	VII.	P. ,, .	,,	,,
632	A Saint . . .	Girolamo da Santa Croce	152	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
633	,, . . .	,,	156	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
634	Madonna of Goldfinch	Cima da Conegliano	178	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
635	The "Repose" .	Titian . .	143	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
636	Portrait of Ariosto .	,, . .	148	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
637	Daphnis and Chloe	Paris Bordone	168	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
638	Virgin and Child .	Francia . .	90	V.	P. ,, .	,,	,,
639	"Noli me tangere"	F. Mantegna .	173	VII.	P. ,, .	,,	,,
640	Adoration of Magi .	Dosso Dossi .	90	V.	P. ,, .	,,	,,
641	The Woman taken in Adultery	Mazzolini .	90	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
642	Christ's Agony .	Garofalo .	83	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
643	The Capture of Carthagena	*Asc. to* Rinaldo Mantovano	326	XIII.	P. ,, .	,,	,,
644	The Rape of the Sabines	,,	330	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
645	Virgin and Child .	Albertinelli .	34	I.	P. ,, .	,,	,,
646	*St. Catharine* .	*Asc. to* R. Ghirlandajo	..	S. Kens.	P. ,, .	,,	,,
647	*St. Ursula* . .	,,	..	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,

[1] No. 622 appears to have been missed in the official numbering.

No.	Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
648	Virgin and Child .	LorenzodiCredi	11	I.	P. Beaucousin Coll. .	1860	(?)
649	Portrait of a Boy .	J. da Pontormo	22	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
650	Portrait of a Lady .	An. Bronzino .	10	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
651	All is Vanity . .	,,	29	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
652	Charity . . .	Salviati . .	21	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
653	Portraits of himself and Wife . .	*Asc. to* Van der Weyden	267	XI.	P. ,, .	,,	,,
654	The Magdalen .	,,	,,	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
655	,,	B. Van Orley	271	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
656	A Man's Portrait .	Mabuse . .	280	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
657	Husband and Wife	J. Cornelissen	269	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
658	The Death of the Virgin	Martin Schongauer	272	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
659	Pan and Syrinx .	Rottenhammer	248	X.	P. ,, .	,,	,,
660	A Man's Portrait .	Fr. Clouet .	347	XIV.	P. ,, .	,,	,,
661	A Tracing of the "Madonna di San Sisto"	*After* Raphael	651	Basement	G. Colnaghi and Co.	,,	
662	*Neapolitan Peasants*	Penry Williams	..	Stoke-on-Trent	B. Mrs. Huskisson .	,,	
663	The Resurrection .	Fra Angelico .	43	II.	P. Sig. G. Valentini .	,,	£3,500
664	Entombment of Christ	R. Van der Weyden	264	XI.	P. Guicciardi Family	,,	120 14 6
665	Baptism of Christ .	P. della Francesca	122	VI.	P. Sig. Uzielli . .	1861	241 10
666	The Annunciation .	Filippo Lippi .	52	III.	G. Sir C. L. Eastlake	,,	
667	St. John the Baptist and Saints	,,	61	,,	P. A. Barker . .	,,	2,500 (for 667–669)
668	The Beato Ferretti .	Crivelli . .	182	VIII.	P. ,, . .	,,	
669	St. Sebastian, St. Roch, and St. Demetrius	L'Ortolano .	91	V.	P. ,, . .	,,	
670	A Knight . .	An. Bronzino .	17	I.	G. G. F. Watts, R.A.	,,	
671	Madonna and Child	Garofalo .	85	V.	P. Conte A. Mazza .	1860	763 16
672	His own Portrait .	Rembrandt .	223	X.	P. MM. de Richemont	1861	800
673	"Salvator Mundi"	Ant. da Messina	172	VII.	P. Cav. Isola . .	,,	160
674	Portrait of a Lady .	Paris Bordone	167	,,	P. Duca di Cardinale	,,	257 13 1
675	Mary Hogarth .	Hogarth .	433	XVII.	B. R. Frankum. .	,,	
676	*Paul's Wharf* .	J. A. Sleap .	..	Glasgow	B. ,, . .	,,	
677	Lewis the Comedian	Sir M. A. Shee	453	W. Vest.	B. T. D. Lewis. .	1863	
678	Study for a Portrait	Gainsborough	416	XVI.	G. Messrs. Moysey .	1861	
679	An Astronomer .	F. Bol. . .	228	X.	G. Miss E. A. Benett	1862	
680	The Miraculous Draught of Fishes	Van Dyck .	256	,,	P. Cav. Carelli . .	1861	220
681	Captain Orme .	Sir J. Reynolds	449	E. Vest.	P. R. Williams . .	1862	210
682	*Punch* . . .	B. R. Haydon	..	Leicester	B. Dr. Darling . .	,,	
683	Mrs. Siddons . .	Gainsborough	405	XVI.	P. Major Mair . .	,,	1,000
684	Dr. Ralph Schomberg	,,	445	E. Vest.	P. J. T. Schomberg .	,,	1,000
685	Showery Weather .	Hobbema .	235	X.	P. G. H. Phillips .	,,	1,575
686	Madonna and Child	Memling .	274	XI.	P. J. P. Weyer. .	,,	759
687	The Sancta Veronica	William of Cologne	265	,,	P. ,, . .	,,	165
688	Alderney Cattle .	James Ward .	648	Staircase	P. G. R. Ward . .	,,	1,500
689	Mousehold Heath .	Old Crome .	476	XVIII.	P. W. Yetts . .	,,	420
690	His own Portrait .	Andrea del Sarto	27	I.	P. Sig. N. Puccini .	,,	270 2
691	Ecce Homo . .	Lo Spagna .	102	VI.	B. Sir W. Moore .	,,	
692	St. Hugo of Grenoble	Ludovico da Parma	205	IX.	B. ,, .	,,	
693	St. Catherine . .	Pinturicchio .	105	VI.	B. ,, .	,,	
694	St. Jerome in Study	*Asc. to* Gio. Bellini	162	VII.	P. Manfrini Gallery, Venice	,,	1,047 16 2 (for 694–696)
695	Madonna and Child	Previtali. .	178	,,	P. ,,	,,	
696	Marco Barbarigo .	*Asc. to* G. Van der Meire	279	XI.	P. ,,	,,	

No.	Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
697	Portrait of a Tailor	Moroni . .	152	VII.	P. Sig. F. Frizzoni de Salis	1862	£320
698	The Death of Procris	Piero di Cosimo	28	I.	P. Sig. F. Lombardi .	,,	171 6 3
699	Agostino and Nicolo Della Torre	Lorenzo Lotto	158	VII.	P. Sig. G. Morelli .	,,	320
700	The Holy Family .	Lanini . .	198	IX.	P. G. H. Phillips .	1863	1,200
701	Coronation of the Virgin	Justus of Padua	71	IV.	G. Her Majesty .	,,	
702	Madonna and Child	L'Ingegno .	101	VI.	G. ,, .	,,	
703	,,	Pinturicchio .	98	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
704	Portrait of Cosmo I.	An. Bronzino .	21	I.	G. ,, .	,	
705	Three Saints . .	Stephan Lochner	277	XI.	G. ,, .	,	
706	The Presentation	Master of the Lyversberg Passion	262	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
707	St. Peter and St. Dorothy	Master of the Cologne Crucifixion	271	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
708	Madonna and Child	Early Flemish	269	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
709	,,	*Asc. to* Memling	270	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
710	A Monk . . .	Early Flemish	280	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
711	Mater Dolorosa .	*Asc. to* R. Van der Weyden	273	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
712	"Ecce Homo" .	,,	277	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
713	Madonna and Child	Jan Mostaert .	273	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
714	Mother and Child .	C. Engelbertsz	270	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
715	The Crucifixion .	J. Patinir .	271	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
716	St. Christopher	,, .	270	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
717	St. John in Patmos	,, .	269	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
718	The Crucifixion .	Hendrik Bles .	271	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
719	The Magdalen .	,,	262	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
720	A "Repose" . .	Schoorel . .	270	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
721	Portrait of a Lady .	,, . . .	,,	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
722	Portrait of a Lady .	*Asc. to* Sigmund Holbein	279	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
723	(See note below)[1] .						
724	Madonna della Rondine . . .	Crivelli . .	186	VIII.	P. Conte L. de Sanctis	1862	2,182 11 5
725	The Air-Pump .	Wright of Derby	475	XVIII.	G. E. Tyrrell . .	1863	
726	Christ's Agony .	Gio. Bellini .	161	VII.	P. Rev. W. Davenport Bromley	,,	630
727	The Trinity . .	Pesellino .	12	I.	P. ,,	,,	2,100
728	Madonna and Child	Beltraffio .	207	IX.	P. ,,	,,	462
729	Adoration of Kings	Foppa . .	198	,,	P. ,,	,,	127 1
730	*Sir Guyon* . .	T. Uwins .	..	Nottingham	B. A. Pellatt . .	,,	
731	*Loch-an-Eilan* .	Thomson of Duddingston	..	,,	B. Mrs. A. Thompson	1864	
732	Canal Scene . .	A. Van der Neer	229	X.	P. Lord Shaftesbury.	,,	800
733	The Death of Major Peirson	J. S. Copley .	482	XVIII.	P. Lord Lyndhurst .	,,	1,600
734	A Milanese Lawyer	Andrea Solario	206	IX.	P. Sig. G. Baslini .	1863	636 3 9
735	St. Roch and the Angel	Paolo Morando	149	VII.	P. Dr. C. Bernasconi	1864	880 (735–736)
736	A Venetian Senator	Bonsignori .	174	,,	P. ,,	,,	
737	Waterfall . .	Ruysdael .	243	X.	B. J. M. Oppenheim .	,,	
738	*Incident in a Battle*	C. P. Tschaggeny	..	Oldham	B. ,, .	,,	
739	The Annunciation .	Crivelli . .	184	VIII.	G. Lord Taunton .	,,	
740	Madonna and Child	Sassoferrato .	324	XIII.	P. Sig. Jenne, Venice	,,	380
741	A Dead Warrior .	*Asc. to* Velazquez	386	XV.	P. Pourtalès Coll., Paris	1865	1,549 4 6

[1] No. 723 appears to have been missed in the official numbering.

No.	Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
742	Portrait of a Lawyer	Moroni . .	158	VII.	P. Pourtalès Coll., Paris	1865	£528 8 6
743	*Sir D. Brewster*	Sir J. W. Gordon	..	N. P. Gal.	G. H. G. Watson .	,,	
744	"Garvagh Madonna"	Raphael . .	113	VI.	P. Lord Garvagh .	,,	9,000
745	Philip IV. of Spain	Velazquez .	383	XV.	P. M. Emm. Sano .	,,	} 1,200
746	Landscape, with ruin	Ruysdael .	240	X.	P. ,, .	,,	
747	St. John and St. Lawrence	*Asc. to* Memling	277	XI.	P. ,, .	,,	480
748	Madonna and Child, with St. Anne .	Girolamo dai Libri	133	VII.	P. The Conti Monga, Verona	1864	} 1,580
749	The Giusti Family .	N. Giolfino .	184	VIII.	P. ,, .	,,	
750	The Doge Gio. Mocenigo	Carpaccio .	157	VII.	P. Conte A. Mocenigo	1865	3,400
751	Madonna and Child	Giovanni Santi	115	VI.	P. Sig. M. Gualandi .	,,	120
752	,,	Lippo Dalmasii	91	V.	P. ,, .		400
753	On the road to Emmaus	Altobello Melone	207	IX.	P. Conte C. Castelbarco, Milan	1864	320
Sir William (then Mr.) Boxall was appointed Director in 1866.							
754	Portraits of Two Gentlemen	Sir J. Reynolds	423	XVI.	G. Mrs. Beaumont .	1866	
755	Rhetoric . . .	Melozzo da Forli	97	VI.	P. W. Spence . .	,,	} 600
756	Music . . .	,,	,,	,,	P. ,, . .	,,	
757	Christ Blessing Little Children	*Sch. of* Rembrandt	246	X.	P. Herr Suermondt .	,,	7,000
758	Countess Palma of Urbino	Piero della Francesca	121	VI.	P. Sig. Egidj . .	,,	160
759	Remorse of Judas .	E. Armitage .	505	XX.	G. The Painter . .	,,	
760	Parish Clerk . .	Gainsborough	396	XVI.	P. J. Wiltshire . .	1867	325 10
761	*From "Don Quixote"*	R. Smirke .	..	Stoke-on-Trent	G. Captain and Mrs. Lambert	,,	
762	,,	,, .	..	,,	G. ,,	,,	
763	,,	,, .	..	,,	G. ,,	,,	
764	,,	,, .	..	,,	G. ,,	,,	
765	Maw-worm . .	,, .	661	Addenda	G. ,,	,,	
766	Head of a Saint .	Dom. Veneziano	12	I.	P. Lady Eastlake .	,,	27 10
767	,, .	,,	,,	,,	P. ,, .	,,	27 10
768	St. Peter and St. Jerome	Antonio Vivarini	193	Oct.	P. ,, .	,,	40
769	St. Michael and the Dragon	Fra Carnovale	100	VI.	P. ,, .	,,	50
770	Leonello D'Este .	Giovanni Oriolo	85	V.	P. ,, .	,,	25
771	St. Jerome . .	Bono . .	88	,,	P. ,, .	,,	55
772	Madonna and Child	Cosimo Tura .	81	,,	P. ,, .	,,	160
773	St. Jerome . .	,, .	80	,,	P. ,, .	,,	75
774	Madonna and Child	*Asc. to* Van der Goes	272	XI.	P. ,, .	,,	225
775	An old Woman .	Rembrandt .	214	X.	P. ,, .	,,	1,200
776	St. Anthony and St. George	Vittore Pisano	175	VII.	G. ,, .	,,	
777	Madonna and Child	Paolo Morando	156	,,	P. Count L. Portalupi	,,	900
778	,,	Pellegrino da San Daniele	188	Oct.	P. Sig. V. Azzola .	,,	112
779	Family Portraits .	Borgognone .	206	IX.	P. Sig. G. Baslini .	,,	} 160
780	,, .	,, .	207	,,	P. ,, .	,,	
781	Raphael and Tobias	Pollajuolo .	17	I.	P. Count Galli Tassi	,,	} 1,000
782	Madonna and Child	*Asc. to* Botticelli	51	III.	P. ,,	,,	
783	Exhumation of St. Hubert	*Asc. to* Thierri Bouts	277	XI.	P. Lady Eastlake .	1868	1,500
784	Mr. W. Siddons .	J. Opie . .	559	XXI.	B. Mrs. C. Combe .	,,	
785	Mrs. Siddons . .	Sir T. Lawrence	570	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
786	*The Raising of Lazarus*	B. R. Haydon	..	Plymouth	G. R. E. Lofft . .	,,	

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787	Siege of Gibraltar .	J. S. Copley .	450	W. Vest.	P. W. Grist . .	1868	£400
788	An Altar-piece .	Crivelli . .	186	VIII.	P. G. H. Phillips .	,,	3,360
789	A Family Group .	Gainsborough	449	W. Vest.	B. A. Baillie . .	,,	
790	The Entombment .	Michael Angelo	14	I.	P. R. Macpherson .	,,	2,000
791	*The Nun* . .	H. W. Pickersgill	..	Stoke-on-Trent	G. The Painter. .	,,	
792	*The Woodman* .	T. Barker .	..	Nottingham	G. R. E. Lofft . .	,,	
793	*Destruction of Pompeii*	J. Martin .	..	Manchester	P. C. Buttery . .	1869	200
794	Dutch Courtyard .	P. de Hooch .	235	X.	P. M. Delessert .	,,	1,722
795	*The Worship of Bacchus*	G. Cruikshank	..	Bradford	G. The Painter's Friends	,,	
796	Vase of Flowers .	J. van Huysum	238	X.	P. C. J. Nieuwenhuys	,,	900
797	A Man's Portrait .	A. Cuyp. .	249	X.	P. ,, .	,,	900
798	Cardinal Richelieu .	P. de Champaigne	296	XII.	G. A. W. Franks .	,,	
799	*A Lady as Hebe* .	B. West . .	..	Glasgow	B. Miss Worrell .	,,	
800	*Relief of Lucknow* .	G. Jones .	..	Coventry	G. The Painter . .	1870	
801	*Passage of Ganges at Cawnpore*	,, .	..	,,	G. ,, .	,,	
802	Madonna of the Cherry	B. Montagna .	132	VII.	P. Sig. G. Baslini .	1869	180 18
803	The Circumcision .	Marco Marziale	186	VIII.	P. ,, .	,,	1,005
804	Madonna and Child	,,	183	,,	P. ,, .	,,	502 10
805	Peeling Pears .	D. Teniers (jr.)	239	X.	P. G. H. Phillips .	1870	600
806	The Procession to Calvary	B. Boccaccino	196	IX.	P. Sig. G. Baslini .	,,	300
807	Madonna and Child	Crivelli . .	182	VIII.	G. Marchioness of Westminster	,,	
808	St. Peter Martyr .	Gio. Bellini .	155	VII.	P. Sig. G. Baslini .	,,	280
809	The Holy Family .	Michael Angelo	26	I.	P. Ld. Taunton .	,,	2,000
810	Pardon Day in Brittany	C. Poussin	530	XX.	G. R. E. Lofft . .	,,	
811	Tobias and the Angel	Salvator Rosa	649	Addenda	G. Wynn Ellis . .	,,	
812	Death of P. Martyr	Gio. Bellini .	161	VII.	G. Lady Eastlake .	,,	
813	Fishing Boats .	J.M.W.Turner	638	XIX.	B. J. M. Parsons .	,,	
814	A Calm . . .	P. J. Clays .	558	XXI.	B. ,, .	,,	
815	Flushing . . .	,, .	527	XX.	B. ,, .	,,	
816	The Incredulity of St. Thomas	Cima da Conegliano	149	VII.	P. Hospital of St. Francesco	1871	1,800
817	The Château of Teniers at Perck	D. Teniers (jr.)	239	X.	P. C. J. Nieuwenhuys	,,	1,000
818	Coast Scene . .	Bakhuizen .	284	XII.	P. Sir Robert Peel .	,,	(8)
819	Mouth of the Thames	,, .	283	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
820	Landscape with Ruin	Berchem .	293	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
821	A Family Group .	Gon. Coques .	302	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
822	Evening Landscape	A. Cuyp. .	291	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
823	On the Meuse .	,, . .	294	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
824	Ruined Castle .	,, . .	303	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
825	Poulterer's Shop .	Gerard Dou .	292	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
826	Landscape, Animals	K. du Jardin .	288	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
827	The Ford . .	,, .	289	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
828	Landscape & Cattle	,, .	290	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
829	Stag Hunt . .	Jan Hackaert	287	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
830	The Avenue . .	M. Hobbema .	289	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
831	Brederode Castle .	,, .	293	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
832	Water Mills . .	,, .	291	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
833	Forest Scene . .	,, .	287	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
834	Dutch Interior .	P. de Hooch .	288	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
835	Court of a House .	,,	284	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
836	View in Holland .	P. de Koninck	291	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
837	Hay Harvest . .	J. Lingelbach	294	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
838	The Duet .	G. Metsu .	303	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
839	The Music Lesson .	,, .	285	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,

No.	Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
840	Lady feeding Parrot	F. van Mieris	303	XII.	P. Sir Robert Peel .	1871	(8)
841	Fish & Poultry Shop	W. van Mieris	291	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
842	Garden Scene . .	F. Moucheron	289	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
843	Blowing Bubbles .	G. Netscher .	294	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
844	Maternal Instruction	,, .	302	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
845	Spinning Wheel .	,, .	303	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
846	The Alchymist .	A. van Ostade	290	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
847	Village Scene . .	I. van Ostade	293	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
848	Skating Scene .	,,	,,	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
849	Landscape & Cattle	Paul Potter .	287	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
850	Man's Portrait .	Rembrandt .	304	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
851	Venus Sleeping .	Seb. Ricci .	661	Addenda	P. ,, .	,,	,,
852	"Chapeau de Paille"	Rubens . .	286	XII.	P. ,, .	,,	,,
853	Triumph of Silenus	,, . .	285	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
854	Forest Scene . .	J. Ruysdael .	294	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
855	Waterfall . .	,, .	292	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
856	The Music Master .	Jan Steen .	287	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
857	The Four Seasons .	D. Teniers (jr.)	303	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
858	,, .	,,	,,	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
859	,, .	,,	,,	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
860	,, .	,,	,,	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
861	Country Scene .	,,	291	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
862	The Surprise . .	,,	293	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
863	Rich Man in Hell .	,,	294	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
864	The Guitar Lesson .	Terburg . .	285	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
865	Coast Scene . .	Van der Cappelle	,,	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
866	Street in Cologne .	Van der Heyden	289	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
867	Farm Cottage. .	A. Vandevelde	291	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
868	The Ford . .	,,	288	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
869	Frost Scene . .	,,	287	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
870	Shipping in a Calm	W. Vandevelde	,,	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
871	Bathing . . .	,,	288	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
872	Shipping off the Coast	,,	284	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
873	,,	,,	285	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
874	A Calm at Sea .	,,	304	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
875	A Light Breeze .	,,	303	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
876	A Gale . . .	,,	284	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
877	His own Portrait .	Van Dyck .	301	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
878	"Pretty Milkmaid"	Wouwerman .	292	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
879	Interior of a Stable.	,,	293	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
880	On the Sea Shore .	,,	290	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
881	Gathering Faggots .	,,	293	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
882	Landscape . .	,,	289	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
883	Beggar by Roadside	J. Wynants .	290	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
884	Sand Dunes . .	,, .	286	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
885	The Snake in the Grass	Sir J. Reynolds	413	XVI.	P. ,, .	,,	,,
886	Admiral Keppel .	,,	414	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
887	Dr. Johnson . .	,,	415	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
888	James Boswell .	,,	409	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
889	His own Portrait .	,,	418	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
890	George IV. as P. of Wales	,,	421	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
891	Portrait of a Lady .	,,	416	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
892	Robinetta . .	,,	414	,,	P. ,, .	,,	,,
893	Princess Lieven .	Sir T. Lawrence	662	Addenda	P. ,, .	,,	
894	John Knox Preaching	Sir D. Wilkie	567	XXI.	P. ,, .	,,	
895	Francesco Ferruccio	Lorenzo Costa	86	V.	B. Sir A. Sterling .	,,	
896	The Peace of Münster	Terburg . .	251	X.	G. Sir R. Wallace .	,,	
897	Chapel-Fields, Norwich	Old Crome .	485	XVIII.	B. H. F. Chorley .	1872	
898	Byron's Dream .	Sir C. L. Eastlake	566	XXI.	B. T. Howard . .	,,	
899	On the Nullah .	T. Daniell .	562	,,	B. Mrs. Mansfield .	,,	

No.	Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
900	Lady Oxford . .	J. Hoppner .	566	XXI.	B. Lady Langdale .	1873	
901	Landscape . .	Jan Looten	230	X.	B. Mrs. J. H. Jewer	,,	
902	Triumph of Scipio .	A. Mantegna .	183	VIII.	P. Captain Vivian .	,,	£1,500
	Sir Frederick W. (then Mr.) Burton was appointed Director in 1874.						
903	Cardinal Fleury .	Rigaud . .	356	XIV.	G. Mrs. Charles Fox.	1874	
904	Madonna and Child	Schiavone .	185	VIII.	P. A. Barker . .	,,	189
905	Madonna in Prayer	Cosimo Tura .	80	V.	P. ,, . .	,,	84 10
906	Madonna in Ecstacy	Crivelli . .	185	VIII.	P. ,, . .	,,	577 10
907	St. Catherine and Mary Magdalene	,, .	187	,,	P. ,, . .	,,	210
908	The Nativity . .	P. della Francesca	120	VI.	P. ,, . .	,,	2,415
909[1]	The Madonna of the White Rose .	Benvenuto da Siena	49	II.	P. , . .	,,	558 12
910	The Triumph of Chastity	Luca Signorelli	123	VI.	P. ,, . .	,,	840
911	Ulysses and Penelope	Pinturicchio .	121	,,	P. ,, . .	,,	2,152 10
912	The Story of Griselda	, .	96	,,	P. ,, . .	,,	210
913	,,	,, .	,,	,,	P. ,, . .	,,	241
914	,,	,, .	,,	,,	P. ,, . .	,,	273
915	Mars and Venus .	Botticelli .	31	I.	P. ,, . .	,,	1,050
916	Venus with Cupids	,, .	53	III.	P. ,, . .	,,	1,627 10
917	No News . .	T. S. Good .	572	XXI.	B. Mrs. M. E. Good	,,	
918	Fisherman with Gun	,, .	533	XX.	B. ,, . .	,,	
919	Study of a Boy .	,, .	498	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
920	Orpheus . . .	R. Savery .	234	X.	B. S. J. Ainsley .	,,	
921	Blind Man's Buff .	Sir D. Wilkie	497	XX.	B. Miss Bredel . .	1875	
922	Child with a kid .	Sir T. Lawrence	548	XXI.	B. Lady G. Fane .	,,	
923	A Venetian Senator	Andrea Solario	205	IX.	P. Sig. G. Baslini .	,,	1,880
924	Gothic Interior .	Pieter Neefs .	248	X.	G. H. H. Howorth .	,,	
925	"Gainsborough's Forest"	Gainsborough	411	XVI.	P. Watts Russell .	,,	*1,207 10*
926	The Windmill .	Old Crome .	474	XVIII.	P. Watts Russell .	1875	*231*
927	Angel Adoring .	Filippino Lippi	54	III.	B. Wynn Ellis . .	1876	
928	Apollo and Daphne	Pollajuolo .	35	I.	B. ,, . .	,,	
929	"Bridgewater Madonna" . .	After Raphael	102	VI.	B. ,, . .	,,	
930	The Garden of Love	*Sch. of* Giorgione	151	VII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
931	The Magdalen .	P. Veronese .	193	Oct.	B. ,, . .	,,	
932	A Knight of Malta	Italian School	148	VII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
933	Boy with Dove .	Padovanino .	329	XIII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
934	Madonna and Child	Carlo Dolci .	321	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
935	River Scene . .	Salvator Rosa	314	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
936	Farnese Theatre, Parma	Ferd. Bibiena	313	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
937	Scuola di San Rocco	Canaletto .	314	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
938	Regatta on the Grand Canal	,, .	332	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
939	Venice: Piazzetta .	,, .	316	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
940	The Ducal Palace .	,, .	315	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
941	The Grimani Palace	,, .	326	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
942	Eton College . .	,, .	313	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
943	A Portrait . .	*Asc. to* Memling	282	XI.	B. ,, . .	,,	
944	Two Usurers . .	Marinus van Romerswael	266	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
945	St. Agnes . .	J. Patinir .	263	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
946	A Man's Portrait .	Mabuse . .	282	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
947	,, .	Unknown .	347	XIV.	B. ,, . .	,,	
948	Landscape . .	Rubens . .	233	X.	B. ,, . .	,,	

[1] The central portion of this triptych was bought in 1874 for £525. The two side panels were bought in 1878, at the sale of Mr. Barker's pictures, for £33 : 12s., and were added to the central compartment under the same number (909).

No.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
949	Landscape: Gipsies	D. Teniers (sen.)	296	XII.	B. Wynn Ellis . .	1876	
950	Village Gossips .	,,	298	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
951	Playing at Bowls .	,,	295	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
952	A Village Fête .	D. Teniers (jr.)	300	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
953	The Toper . .	,,	296	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
954	A Landscape . .	Corn. Huysman	250	X.	B. ,, . .	,,	
955	Women Bathing .	Poelenburg .	249	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
956	Italian Landscape .	J. Both . .	217	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
957	Goatherds .	,, . .	295	XII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
958	Outside Rome .	,, . .	300	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
959	River Scene . .	,, . .	301	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
960	Windmills . .	A. Cuyp . .	300	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
961	The "Large Dort"	,, . .	295	XII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
962	The "Small Dort"	,, . .	,,	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
963	Skating Scene .	I. van Ostade	250	X.	B. ,, . .	,,	
964	River Scene . .	Van der Cappelle	295	XII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
965	River Scene, with Barge	,,	,,	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
966	Dutch Shipping .	,,	299	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
967	River Scene . .	,,	,,	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
968	His Wife's Portrait	Gerard Dou .	296	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
969	A Frost Scene .	A. Van der Neer	302	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
970	The Drowsy Landlady	Metsu . .	298	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
971	Landscape . .	Wynants .	301	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
972	,, . .	,, .	302	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
973	Sandbank . .	,, .	298	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
974	Antwerp Cathedral	De Koninck .	,,	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
975	Stag Hunt . .	Wouwerman .	,,	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
976	Battle Scene . .	,,	309	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
977	Sea Piece . .	W. Vandevelde	296	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
978	River Scene . .	,,	297	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
979	A Stiff Breeze .	,,	298	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
980	Dutch Shipping .	,,	,,	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
981	A Storm at Sea .	,,	219	X.	B. ,, . .	,,	
982	Forest Scene . .	A. Vandevelde	298	XII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
983	Bay Horse . .	,,	,,	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
984	Cattle . . .	,,	296	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
985	Sheep and Goats .	Du Jardin .	255	X.	B. ,, . .	,,	
986	Watermills . .	Ruysdael .	239	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
987	Rocky Torrent .	,, .	300	XII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
988	An Old Oak . .	,, .	299	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
989	Bleachers . .	,, .	236	X.	B. ,, . .	,,	
990	Wooded Prospect .	,, .	299	XII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
991	The Broken Tree .	,, .	297	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
992	Gothic and Classic Buildings . .	Van der Heyden	,,	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
993	Landscape . .	,,	,,	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
994	Street in a Town .	,,	249	X.	B. ,, . .	,,	
995	Woody Landscape .	Hobbema .	299	XII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
996	Castle on a Hill .	,,	662	Addenda	B. ,, . .	,,	
997	Scouring the Kettle	Schalcken .	295	XII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
998	The Duet . .	,, .	250	X.	B. ,, . .	,,	
999	Candle Light . .	,, .	296	XII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
1000	An Estuary . .	Bakhuizen .	250	X.	B. ,, . .	,,	
1001	Flower Piece . .	Van Huysum .	217	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
1002	,, . .	Walscappelle .	216	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
1003	Dead Birds . .	Jan Fyt . .	295	XII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
1004	Italian Landscape .	Berchem .	216	X.	B. ,, . .	,,	
1005	Ploughing . .	,, .	301	XII.	B. ,, . .	,,	
1006	Hurdy-Gurdy .	,, .	295	,,	B. ,, . .	,,	
1007	Rocky Landscape .	Jan Wils .	238	X.	B. ,, . .	,,	
1008	Stag Hunt . .	Pieter Potter .	240	X.	B. ,, . .	,,	
1009	An Old Gray Hunter	Paul Potter .	302	XII.	B. ,, . .	,,	

No.	Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
1010	Architecture of the Renaissance	Dirk van Delen	296	XII.	B. Wynn Ellis .	1876	
1011	Portrait of a Lady .	Gon. Coques .	256	X.	B. ,, .	,,	
1012	A Man's Portrait .	*Asc. to* Merian	242	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
1013	Geese and Ducks .	Hondecoeter .	299	XII.	B. ,, .	,,	
1014	St. Lawrence .	Elzheimer .	248	X.	B. ,, .	,,	
1015	Fruit and Flowers .	Jan Van Os .	662	Addenda	B. ,, .	,,	
1016	Portrait of a Girl .	Sir P. Lely .	434	XVII.	B. ,, .	,,	
1017	A Woody Landscape	Flemish .	297	XII.	B. ,, .	,,	
1018	Classical Landscape	Claude .	348	XIV.	B. ,, .	,,	
1019	Head of a Girl .	Greuze .	371	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
1020	Girl with an Apple.	,, .	,,	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
1021	A Woman's Portrait	Frans Hals .	250	X.	P. F. A. Keogh .	,,	*£105*
1022	An Italian Nobleman	Moroni .	139	VII.	P. Sig. G. Baslini .	,,	} 5,000
1023	An Italian Lady .	,, .	132	,,	P. ,, .	,,	}
1024	An Italian Ecclesiastic	,, .	163	,,	P. ,, .	,,	}
1025	An Italian Nobleman	Il Moretto .	145	,,	P. ,, .	,,	}
1026	*Troilus and Cressida*	J. Opie .	..	Manchester	B. G. Silk .	1834	
1027	*Ariel* . . .	H. Singleton .	..	Coventry	B. The Painter .	1840	
1028	*Manto and Tiresias*	,, .	..	Leicester	B. ,, .	,,	
1029	Temples of Pæstum	W. Linton .	563	XXI.	B. ,, .	1876	
1030	Inside of a Stable .	G. Morland .	456	XVIII.	G. T. Birch Wolfe .	1877	
1031	Mary Magdalene .	Savoldo .	168	VII.	P. Sig. G. Baslini .	,,	350
1032	Christ's Agony .	Lo Spagna .	106	VI.	P. Fuller Maitland .	1878	2,000
1033	Adoration of Magi .	Filippino Lippi	54	III.	P. ,, .	,,	800
1034	The Nativity .	Botticelli .	56	,,	P. ,, .	,,	1,500
1035	Portrait of a Man .	Francia Bigio.	22	I.	P. ,, .	,,	500
1036	A Man's Portrait .	Early Flemish	280	XI.	P. ,, .	,,	*350*
1037	Slate Quarries .	Old Crome .	471	XVIII.	P. ,, .	,,	*500*
1038	A Snow Scene .	Mulready .	571	XXI.	P. ,, .	,,	200
1039	Somerset Downs .	T. Barker .	535	XX.	P. ,, .	,,	*100*
1040	River Scene .	W. J. Müller.	519	,,	P. ,, .	,,	*300*
1041	St. Helena .	P. Veronese .	137	VII.	P. Novar Collection .		3,465
1042	A Man's Portrait .	C. Van Hemessen	282	XI.	P. J. C. Wallace .	,,	*60*
1043	Gordale Scar .	James Ward .	648	Staircase	P. Lord Ribblesdale .	,,	1,500
1044	Rev. Sir H. Bate Dudley	Gainsborough.	412	XVI.	G. T. Birch Wolfe .	1877	
1045	A Canon and his Patron Saints	G. David .	273	XI.	B. W. B. White .	1878	
1046	Sigismonda .	Hogarth .	429	XVII.	B. J. H. Anderdon .	1879	
1047	A Family Group .	Lorenzo Lotto	163	VII.	B. The Misses Solly .	,,	
1048	Portrait of a Cardinal	Italian School	192	Oct.	P. W. C. Spence .	1878	225
1049	The Crucifixion .	Westphalian .	266	XI.	G. E. Shipperdson .	1847	
1050	A Sea Piece .	Bakhuizen .	243	X.	B. The Misses Solly .	1879	
1051	Our Lord, St. Thomas, and St. Anthony	Umbrian School	102	VI.	B. ,, .	,,	
1052	Portrait of a Young Man	Lombard School	198	IX.	B. ,, .	,,	
1053	Interior of a Church	De Witte .	238	X.	B. ,, .	,,	
1054	View in Venice .	Guardi .	310	XIII.	B. J. Henderson .	,,	
1055	Village Card Party	Sorgh .	255	X.	B. ,, .	,,	
1056	"A Kiss in the Cup"	,, .	256	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
1057	A River Scene .	C. J. Vernet .	364	XIV.	B. ,, .	,,	
1058	On the Canal Reggio, Venice	Canaletto .	332	XIII.	B. ,, .	,,	
1059	San Pietro in Castello, Venice	,, .	330	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
1060	Two Vedettes. .	Wouwerman .	214	X.	B. ,, .	,,	
1061	Explosion at Delft .	Van der Poel .	249	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
1062	A Battle Piece .	Ferrarese .	82	V.	P. W. B. White .	,,	79 16
1063	A Man's Portrait .	Early Flemish	282	XI.	P. J. H. Anderdon .	,,	63

No.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
1064	On the River Wye	R. Wilson	432	XVII.	P. J. H. Anderdon	1879	£27 6
1065	A Corn Field	J. Constable	473	XVIII.	P. ,,	,,	27 6
1066	On Barnes Common	,,	459	,,	P. ,,	,,	37 16
1067	A Quarry	G. Morland	484	,,	P. ,,	,,	42
1068	The Parson's Daughter	G. Romney	410	XVI.	P. ,,	,,	378
1069	Narcissus	T. Stothard	465	XVIII.	P. ,,	,,	110 5
1070	Cupids	,,	484	,,	P. ,,	,,	37 16
1071	A Rocky River Scene	R. Wilson	434	XVII.	P. ,,	,,	19 19
1072	Death of Chatham	J. S. Copley	487	XVIII.	P. ,,	,,	33 12
1073	,,	,,	,,	,,	P. ,,	,,	54 12
1074	An Oyster Supper	Dirk Hals	216	X.	P. E. C. Hill	,,	80
1075	The Virgin & Child	Perugino	116	VI.	P. Baron de la Penna	,,	3,200
1076	The Poet Gay (?)	English School	443	XVII.	P. J. H. Anderdon	,,	57 15
1077	An Altar-piece	Borgognone	197	IX.	P. Sig. G. Baslini	,,	1,200
1078	The Deposition	Early Flemish	279	XI.	B. Mrs. J. H. Green	1880	
1079	The Adoration	,,	,,	,,	B. ,,	,,	
1080	The Head of St. John the Baptist	Early German	280	,,	B. ,,	,,	
1081	Man Praying	Early Flemish	265	,,	B. ,,	,,	(1)
1082	The Visit of the Virgin to St. Elizabeth	J. Patinir	267	,,	B. ,,	,,	
1083	Christ crowned with Thorns	,,	270	,,	B. ,,	,,	
1084	Flight into Egypt	,,	265	,,	B. ,,	,,	
1085	Virgin and Child	Early German	272	,,	B. ,,	,,	
1086	Christ appearing to the Virgin	Early Flemish	271	,,	B. ,,	,,	
1087	Mocking of Christ	Early German	266	,,	B. ,,	,,	
1088	The Crucifixion	German School	278	,,	B. ,,	,,	
1089	Virgin and Child	Early Flemish	263	,,	B. ,,	,,	
1090	Pan and Syrinx	Boucher	370	XIV.	G. Mrs. R. Hollond	,,	
1091	The Vision of Ezekiel	P. F. Poole	569	XXI.	B. The Painter	1879	
1092	St. Sebastian	Zaganelli	99	VI.	P. Sig. F. Sacchi	1880	60
1093	Vierge aux Rochers	L. da Vinci	24	I.	P. Lord Suffolk	,,	9,000
1094	Portrait of a Man	Sir A. More	261	XI.	G. British Museum	,,	
1095	Anna Maria Schurmann	Jan Lievens	249	X.	G. ,,	,,	
1096	A Hunting Scene	Jan Weenix	238	,,	G. ,,	,,	
1097	Landscape	English School	424	XVII.	G. ,,	,,	
1098	Virgin and Child	B. Montagna	131	VII.	P. Sig. G. Baslini	1881	200
1099	(See note below).[1]						
1100	Scene in a Play	P. Longhi	314	XIII.	P. ,,	,,	50
1101	Menagerie	,,	315	,,	P. ,,	,,	50
1102	The Chevalier Andrea Tron	,,	191	Oct.	P. Sig. M. Guggenheim	,,	300
1103	Virgin and Child	Fiorenzo di Lorenzo	99	VI.	P. Marchese Monaldi	,,	} 1,361 11 (1103–1104)
1104	The Annunciation	Manni	101	,,	P. ,,	,,	
1105	The Prothonotary Apostolic, Juliano	Lotto	136	VII.	P. Sig. M. Guggenheim	,,	600
1106	The Resurrection	F. Mantegna	173	,,	P. A. W. Thibaudeau	,,	300
1107	The Crucifixion	Niccolò da Foligno	101	VI.	P. Sig. A. Castellani	,,	} 1,200 (1107–1108)
1108	Virgin Enthroned	Early Sienese	39	II.	P. ,,	,,	
1109	Marriage of the Virgin	Buonacorso	37	,,	P. C. F. Murray	,,	80
1110	Spiritual Form of Pitt	W. Blake	467	XVIII.	P. S. Palmer	,,	100
1111	Wherries on the Yare	J. S. Cotman	504	XX.	P. W. Cox	,,	315
1112	Mrs. Ann Hawkins	Linnell	572	XXI.	G. F. Piercy	1882	
1113	A Legendary Subject	P. Lorenzetti	38	II.	G. C. Fairfax Murray	,,	

[1] No. 1099 appears to have been missed in the official numbering.

No.	Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
1114	The Five Senses (Sight)	Gonzales Coques	255	X.	P. De Bus di Gisignies, Brussels	1882	£910 0 8
1115	,, (Hearing)	,,	,,	,,	P. ,,	,,	
1116	,, (Feeling)	,,	,,	,,	P. ,,	,,	
1117	,, (Smell)	,,	,,	,,	P. ,,	,,	
1118	,, (Taste)	,,	,,	,,	P. ,,	,,	
1119	The Virgin & Child with Saints	Ercole di Guilio Grandi	82	V.	P. Marchese Strozzi .	,,	2,970
1120	St. Jerome in the Desert	Cima da Conegliano	174	VII.	P. Duke of Hamilton	,,	493 10
1121	Portrait of a Young Man	Venetian School	173	,,	P. ,,	,,	525
1122	St. Jerome . .	Theotocopuli .	381	XV.	P. ,,	,,	336
1123	Venus and Adonis .	Venetian School	157	VII.	P. ,,	,,	1,417 10
1124	Adoration of Magi .	Filippino Lippi	20	I.	P. ,,	,,	1,627 10
1125	Summer & Autumn	A. Mantegna	187	VIII.	P. ,,	,,	1,785
1126	The Assumption .	Botticelli .	59	III.	P. ,,	,,	4,777 10
1127	The Last Supper .	North Italian .	86	V.	P. ,,	,,	630
1128	The Circumcision .	Luca Signorelli	117	VI.	P. ,,	,,	3,150
1129	Philip IV. of Spain .	Velazquez .	376	XV.	P. ,,	,,	6,300
1130	Christ washing his Disciples' Feet	Tintoretto .	160	VII.	P. ,,	,,	*157 10*
1131	Joseph in Egypt .	J. da Pontormo	32	I.	P. ,,	,,	*315*
1132	A Vestibule . .	H. Steenwyck	251	X.	P. ,,	,,	*204 15*
1133	The Nativity . .	Luca Signorelli	119	VI.	P. Italy . . .	,,	*1,200*
1134	Madonna and Child	Liberale . .	177	VII.	P. Chevalier Fabris .	,,	
1135 1136	Trajan & the Widow	Veronese School	189	Oct.	P. ,,	,,	240
1137	Portrait of a Boy .	I. van Ostade	231	X.	P. ,, .	,,	*840*
1138	The Crucifixion .	A. del Castagno	47	II.	P. C. F. Murray .	,,	137
1139	The Annunciation .	Duccio . .	39	,,	P. Florence . .	,,	*178*
1140	Christ healing the Blind	,,	,,	,,	P. ,, .	,,	
1141	His own Portrait .	A.-da Messina	173	VII.	P. Genoa . . .	,,	*1,040*
1142	The August Moon .	Cecil Lawson .	549	XXI.	G. Mrs. C. Lawson .	1883	
1143	The Procession to Calvary	R. Ghirlandajo	13	I.	P. Marchese Antinori	,,	1,200
1144	Madonna and Child	Il Sodoma .	204	IX.	P. C. F. Murray .	,,	160
1145	Samson and Delilah	A. Mantegna .	180	VIII.	P. D. of Marlborough	,,	*2*,362 10
1146	Portrait of a Lady .	Sir H. Raeburn	447	E. Vest.	B. R. Dudgeon . .	,,	
1147	Heads of Four Nuns	A. Lorenzetti .	48	II.	P. Cav. P. Lombardi	,,	*45*
1148	Christ at the Column	Velazquez .	384	XV.	G. Sir J. Savile Lumley	,,	
1149	Madonna & Child .	Marco d'Oggionno	207	IX.	P. Manfrini Gallery, Venice	,,	150
1150	Portrait of a Man .	*Asc.to* Pontormo	26	I.	P. C. F. Murray .	,,	50
1151	The Entombment .	Early Flemish	279	XI.	P. Sig. G. Baslini .	,,	80
1152	St. John the Baptist	Martino Piazza	207	IX.	P. Sig. P. Vergani .	,,	240
1153	A Family Group .	Hogarth .	435	XVII.	B. Rev. W. Finch .	,,	
1154	Girl with a Lamb .	Greuze . .	368	XIV.	B. Mme. Helmholtz .	,,	
1155	The Assumption .	M. di Giovanni	47	II.	P. Sig. Griccioli .	,,	2,100
1156	On the Ouse . .	G. Arnald .	565	XXI.	P. London . .	1884	*105*
1157	The Nativity . .	Cavallino .	311	XIII.	G. W. Pilkington .	,,	
1158	Harlech Castle .	James Ward .	487	XVIII.	P. London . .	,,	*350*
1159	Calling of Abraham	G. Poussin .	369	XIV.	P. Leigh Court Coll. .	,,	1,995
1160	Adoration of Magi .	Venetian School	174	VII.	P. ,, .	,,	383 5
1161	Miss Fenton as Polly Peachum	Hogarth .	424	XVII.	P. ,, .	,,	*840*
1162	The Shrimp Girl .	,, .	430	,,	P. ,, .	,,	*262 10*
1163	Canterbury Pilgrims	T. Stothard .	479	XVIII.	P. ,, .	,,	441
1164	The Procession from Calvary	W. Blake .	483	,,	G. F. T. Palgrave .	,,	
1165	St. Hippolytus & St. Catherine	Il Moretto	189	Oct.	G. ,, .	,,	
1166	The Crucifixion .	A.-da Messina	172	VII.	P. London . .	,,	*350*
1167	Mary Wollstonecraft	J. Opie . .	476	XVIII.	P. W. Russell . .	,,	*231*

No.	Subject	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When	Price.
1168	Portrait of a Jesuit	W. van der Vliet	219	X.	P. W. Russell . .	1884	*£241 10*
1169	Mrs. Robert Hollond	Ary Scheffer .	556	XXI.	B. R. Hollond . .	,,	
1170	St. Augustine and St. Monica	,, .	553	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
1171	"Ansidei Madonna"	Raphael . .	108	VI.	P. D. of Marlborough	1885	70,000
1172	Charles the First .	Van Dyck .	227	X.	P. ,, .	,,	17,500
1173	Unknown Subject .	Venetian School	177	VII.	P. Bohn Collection .	,,	*135*
1174	The Watering Place	Gainsborough	433	XVII.	B. Mrs. E. Vaughan .	,,	
1175	Regent's Park, 1807	James Ward .	495	XX.	B. ,, .	,,	
1176	Landscape . .	P. Nasmyth .	572	XXI.	B. ,, .	,,	
1177	,, . .	,, .	483	XVIII.	B. ,, .	,,	
1178	,, . .	,, .	485	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
1179	,, . .	,, .	473	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
1180	Cliveden-on-Thames	J. M. W. Turner	635	XIX.	B. ,, .	,,	
1181	On the Sea Shore .	W. Mulready .	473	XVIII.	B. ,, .	,,	
1182	Milton's "Comus"	C. R. Leslie .	458	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
1183	Landscape . .	P. Nasmyth .	573	XXI.	B. ,, .	,,	
1184	A Fruit Piece . .	G. Lance .	572	,,	B. ,, .	,,	
1185	Nymphs and Satyrs	T. Stothard .	484	XVIII.	B. ,, .	,,	
1186	Landscape . .	J. Glover .	509	XX.	B. ,, .	,,	
1187	Rustic Figures .	Sir D. Wilkie .	663	Addenda	B. ,, .	,,	
1188	The Betrayal of Christ	Ugolino da Siena	48	II.	P. Fuller Russell Coll.	,,	*26 5*
1189	The Procession to Calvary	,,	,,	,,	P. ,, .	,,	
1190	Portrait of a Boy .	*Asc. to* Clouet	368	XIV.	G. G. F. Watts, R.A.	,,	
1191	The loss of H. M. S. *Royal George*	J. C. Schetky .	663	Addenda	G. The Misses Trevenen	,,	
1192	Design for an Altar-piece	G. B. Tiepolo	313	XIII.	P. Beckett-Denison .	,,	*162 15*
1193	,,	,,	315	,,	P. ,,	,,	
1194	Christ driving out the traders	M. Venusti .	17	I.	P. ,,	,,	*966*
1195	Birth of Venus .	Rubens . .	254	X.	P. ,,	,,	*672*
1196	Triumph of Chastity	Florentine .	56	III.	P. Genoa . . .	,,	*500*
1197	David Garrick .	*Asc. to* Zoffany	412	XVI.	B. N. D. Garrick .	,,	
1198	Mr. Henry Byne .	L. F. Abbott .	411	,,	G. Miss C. Lippincott	,,	
1199	Madonna and Child	Florentine .	40	II.	P. Milan . . .	,,	*170*
1200	Group of two Saints	Macrino d'Alba	205	IX.	P. ,, ...	,,	*400*
1201	,,	,,	,,	,,	P. ,, ...	,,	
1202	Madonna and Child	Bonifazio .	159	VII.	P. ,, ...	1886	*720*
1203	,,	Cariani . .	151	,,	P. ,, ...	,,	*420*
1204	Valley of the Yare .	James Stark .	496	XX.	P. Stark . . .	,,	*400*
1205	Lake of Como .	F. Lee Bridell	527	,,	G. Mrs. Bridell Fox .	,,	
1206	Landscape & Figures	Salvator Rosa	317	XIII.	B. Mrs. F. Ricketts .	,,	
1207	The Hay-Wain .	J. Constable .	531	XX.	G. H. Vaughan . .	,,	
1208	William Godwin .	J. Opie . .	473	XVIII.	P. London . .	,,	*150*
1209	The Vagrants . .	F. Walker .	556	XXI.	P. Graham Sale .	,,	*1,858 10*
1210	"Ecce Ancilla Domini"	D. G. Rossetti	536	XX.	P. ,, . .	,,	*840*
1211	Marriage Fête at Mantua	Domenico Morone	190	Oct.	P. Milan . . .	,,	*1,200*
1212	,,	,,	191	,,	P. ,, . .	,,	
1213	Portrait of a Professor	Gentile Bellini	159	VII.	P. ,, . .	,,	
1214	Coriolanus, Volumnia, and Veturia	Michele da Verona	191	Oct.	P. ,, . .	,,	
1215	Madonna and Child	Dom. Veneziano	13	I.	G. Earl of Crawford	,,	
1216, ,, A, ,, B	Fall of the Rebel Angels	Spinello Aretino	2	N. Vest.	G. Sir H. Layard .	,,	
1217	Israelites gathering Manna	Ercole di Roberti Grandi	92	V.	P. London . .	,,	*650*
1218	The History of Joseph	F. Ubertini .	123	VI.	P. ,, . .	,,	*3,150*
1219	,,	,,	121	,,	P. ,, . .	,,	

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1220	Madonna and Child	L'Ingegno .	106	VI.	P. London . .	1886	
1221	"Darby and Joan"	A. de Pape .	240	X.	P. Blenheim Coll. .	,,	£252
1222	Study of Foliage, etc.	Otto Marcellis	217	,,	G. J. Whitworth Shaw	,,	
1223	Old Westminster Bridge	Samuel Scott .	443	XVII.	P. London . .	,,	15 15
1224	Samuel Scott . .	T. Hudson .	,,	,,	P. ,, . .	,,	65
1225	The Artist's Father and Mother	T. Webster .	572	XXI.	B. The Painter . .	,,	
1226	"A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society."	Sir E. Landseer	505	XX.	B. Newman Smith .	1887	
1227	Virgin and Child .	M. Venusti .	16	I.	P. Lewis Fund . .	,,	
1228	Titania and Bottom	Fuseli . .	451	W. Vest.	G. Miss J. Carrick Moore	,,	
1229	Virgin and Child .	Luis de Morales	375	XV.	G.	,,	
1230	Portrait of a Girl .	D. Ghirlandajo	18	I.	P. Walker Fund .	,,	
1231	Portrait of a Gentleman	Sir A. More .	261	XI.	P. ,, .	,,	
1232	,,	H. Aldegrever	262	,,	P. ,, .	,,	
1233	The Blood of the Redeemer	Giovanni Bellini	171	VII.	P. Clarke Fund. .	,,	
1234	A Muse inspiring a Court Poet	Dosso Dossi .	92	V.	P. ,, . .	,,	
1235	The House in which the Artist was born	Constable .	459	XVIII.	G. Miss Isabel Constable	,,	
1236	The "Salt-box," Hampstead Heath	,, .	472	,,	G. ,,	,,	
1237	View on Hampstead Heath	,, .	,,	,,	G. ,,	,,	
1238	Sir S. Romilly .	Sir T. Lawrence	478	,,	B. Charles Romilly .	,,	
1239	Murder of the Innocents	G. Mocetto .	170	VII.	..	1888	
1240	,,	,, .	,,	,,	..	,,	
1241	Christ in the Temple	P. Campaña .	188	Oct.	P.	,,	
1242	Stirling Castle .	A. Nasmyth .	455	XVIII.	..		
1243	Portrait of a Gentleman	Dutch School	255	X.	..		
1244	Bridge at Gillingham	Constable .	466	XVIII.	G. Miss Isabel Constable	,,	
1245	Church Porch, Bergholt	,, .	464	,,	G. ,,	,,	
1246	House at Hampstead	,, .	483	,,	G. ,,	,,	
1247	The Card Players .	*Asc. to* N. Maas	663	Addenda	P. Gatton Park Sale.	,,	
1248	Portrait of a Lady .	Van der Helst	664	,,	P. Col. Everett. .	,,	
1249	Endymion Porter .	W. Dobson .	441	XVII.	P. Gatton Park Sale.	,,	
1250	Charles Dickens .	Maclise . .	664	Addenda	B. Sir E. R. Jodrell.	,,	

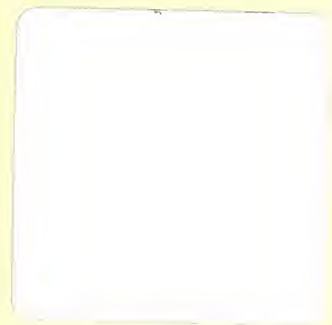
PICTURES DEPOSITED ON LOAN AND OTHER ITEMS NOT NUMBERED.

Subject.	Painter.	Page in this Book.	Room in which Hung.	How Acquired. P. = Purchased. G. = Given. B. = Bequeathed.	When
Christina of Denmark	Holbein . .	253	X.	Lent by Duke of Norfolk	1880
Constable's Palette .	..	455	XVIII.	G. Miss Constable . .	1888
Turner's Palette .	..	640	XIX.	G. Mr. H. Nibbs . .	1883
Silhouette of Turner	..	,,	,,		
House of Commons, 1793	K. A. Hickel .	651	Basement	Lent by Nat. Port. Gal. .	1885
Sion House, 1604 .	M. Gheerardt	652	,,	,, ,,	,,
Men destroyed by Dragons	B. Spranger .	,,	,,		
His own Portrait .	Sir J. Reynolds	407	XVI.	Lent by Dilettanti Society	1886
Dilettanti Society .	,,	417	,,	,, ,,	,,
,, .	,,	422	,,	,, ,,	,,
A Conversation Piece	English School	442	XVII.	..[1]	
Giovanna Tornabuoni	D. Ghirlandajo	3	N. Vest.	Lent by H. Willett . .	1888
Head of a Girl .	Greuze . .	358	XIV.	Lent by Earl of Dufferin .	?

[1] I can find no trace of this picture in the Directors' Annual Reports.

THE END.

Printed by R. & R. Clark, *Edinburgh*.



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