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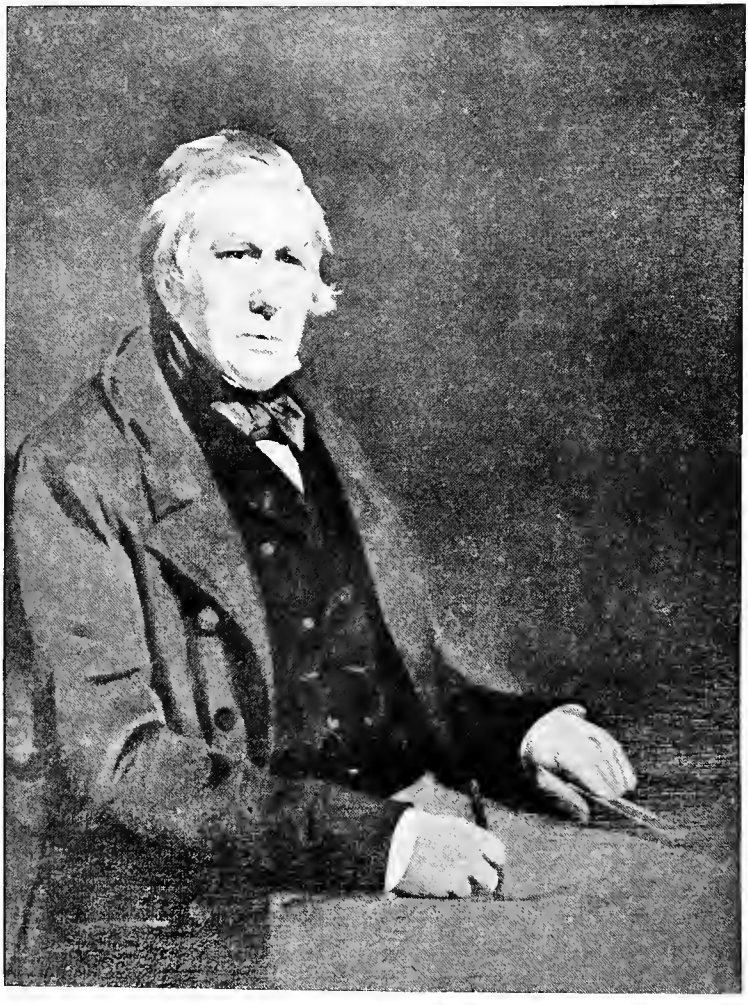

DAVID COX.

BY SIR JOHN WATSON GORDON, R.A., P.R.S.A.

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"The whole world without Art would be one great wilderness."

DAVID COX

AND

PETER DE WINT

By GILBERT R. REDGRAVE

NEW YORK
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1891

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PREFACE.

FEW who have not attempted the task of writing the lives of those belonging to a former generation, will be able to appreciate the difficulty of collecting the materials for such a work, and it cannot fail to be a mournful reflection to those still living, to find how speedily all records of the career, even of the men who were distinguished in their day, pass away from the memories of their successors. In the case of David Cox, however, the office of the biographer is one of comparative ease, for devoted friends and admirers of his art have recorded many of the circumstances relating to his personal history and experiences, and his memoirs have been already written on several previous occasions at considerable length. The difficulty, indeed, has rather been to give proper scale to the various occurrences, since we hear much more of the last few years of his life, when the details were fresh in the memories of his friends, than we do concerning those early days when he was struggling to make his way in his art, and when his ultimate success had still to be achieved. This is perhaps always the case with biographical work undertaken by acquaintances within a few years after the artist's death, as the period within our own knowledge and experience is so much more readily described than the bygone days, for an account of which we must rely upon mere hearsay and the recollections of relatives. It is on this account that any scrap of autobiography becomes

so valuable, and even, in the absence of better material, the letters and correspondence of him of whom we have to treat may furnish most useful hints.

No one who examines the art of Cox, so characteristic and so thoroughly independent, can doubt that he was a genius and a man of a high intellectual type, but he was at the same time a most simple-minded and modest individual; plain and homely in his exterior, known to the artists of the day as "Old Farmer Cox"; kind and sincere in his friendships, of a most sociable and cheerful disposition, and contented through life with the most humble surroundings. Such was the man as he appears to one who knows him only through the writings of others, and the glimpses afforded by his own letters and correspondence. It is this aspect of his character that I have endeavoured to portray, and I have sought to describe his art from examples readily accessible to the student, and from works preserved in our public galleries.

It is less than thirty years ago that my father was instrumental in the foundation of a National Collection of Water-Colour Drawings at South Kensington. In this attempt to illustrate a truly English art, he was greatly aided by the advice and liberality of private connoisseurs, among them being Mr. William Smith, Mrs. Ellison, and others. In the Collection thus formed Cox is fairly well represented, and by the kind permission of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, I have been allowed to select several of these drawings for reproduction in this work. I must also express here my indebtedness to Mr. Whitworth Wallis, F.S.A., and to the Museum and School of Art Committee of the Corporation of Birmingham, who graciously acceded to my request to reproduce certain of the oil-pictures by David Cox, forming part of the munificent bequest of the late Mr. Joseph H. Nettlefold to

his native town. Permission was likewise most kindly accorded to me to photograph some fine examples of the art of Cox and of De Wint from the choice collection of Mr. James Orrock, to whom I would here acknowledge my obligations.

Turning to the other artist whose career I have endeavoured to trace—Peter De Wint—I am here confronted with certain of the difficulties to which I have already alluded, namely, the scantiness of the material extant upon which to found a biography. It is true that his widow, shortly after his death, prepared a brief memoir of De Wint, which Miss Tatlock, his grand-daughter, has kindly allowed me to consult, and I have also had the advantage of perusing Mr. Walter Armstrong's memoir, and from both of these sources I have derived many interesting details. I have been able to learn but little, however, of De Wint's early life, and many circumstances relating to his career have to be inferred rather than founded upon documentary evidence.

De Wint and Cox were alike in one respect—in their genuine love of Nature and of English landscape scenery; but they saw Nature very differently, and interpreted her varied phases each for himself. There is no doubt greater power and individuality in the art of Cox; more sympathy with the commoner aspect of a sunny English landscape, or that view of it which most men can realise, in the work of De Wint. Each artist formed a style of his own: that of De Wint being neither realistic nor ideal; that of Cox, without having the appearance thereof, being mannered in the extreme.

I have thought it best to write of De Wint as the life-long friend of Hilton, an artist who was never rightly understood, and as a sturdy and devoted admirer of English scenery, which he has taught many to love and to appreciate. It must be remembered that, when Cox and De Wint began to paint, the

beauties of England were, comparatively speaking, unknown. Landscapes to be approved had to be "classic" and founded upon rule. The early water-colour painters despised these precepts; they went at once to Nature and painted the landscape as they found it, and for this alone we owe them a deep debt of gratitude.

De Wint is seen at his best in the South Kensington Galleries, and from these collections I have been allowed to choose several admirable illustrations of his art. As an oil painter he is but little known; though he was possessed of undoubted powers in this medium also, as his works at South Kensington will testify. The "Henderson Bequest" to the National Gallery contains some valuable drawings by De Wint, which are rarely seen in the badly-lighted Gallery to which they have been consigned; let us hope that a day is near at hand when more justice will be done to our earlier English painters than they have hitherto obtained at the hands of their countrymen.

Even as I write, a wonderful collection of the works of David Cox, probably the most comprehensive series of his oil pictures and drawings ever brought together in one gallery, is on view at Birmingham. The appreciation bestowed upon the art of Cox and of De Wint gains, rather than loses, as time progresses. I can only hope that by making their merits known to a wider circle of readers I may aid, however humbly, in adding to reputations which time can never dim.

G. R. R.

SUNNYSIDE, MUSWELL HILL,
November, 1890.

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Inscription of Plate facing page 83 : *for* Strongbow, *read* Stonebow.

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In the Orrock Collection.

DAVID COX.

CHAPTER I.

FEW artists of modern times have found more appreciative and more zealous biographers than David Cox, the subject of this brief memoir. It is true it was not until some years after his death, which occurred in 1859, that the first sketch of his career was published by the author's relatives in their *Century of Painters of the English School;* but shortly afterwards Mr. N. Neal Solly, of Edgbaston, gave us the chatty and abundantly illustrated biography of the painter, which was issued in 1873; and this was followed eight years later by the able and

discriminating memoir of Cox, written by Mr. William Hall, a most intimate acquaintance and companion of the artist, and one well qualified for the task he had undertaken of doing justice to the genius of his friend. These publications have been consulted and have furnished materials for several subsequent essays on the career and works of David Cox, among which we may mention Mr. F. Wedmore's account of this artist in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, of March, 1878, and Mr. Monkhouse's memoir which appeared originally in the *Portfolio*, and has been republished with additions in his recent volume entitled, *The Earlier English Water-Colour Painters*. To each and all of these writers we must, at the outset, express our obligations for much of the information we have here brought into small compass for the assistance and convenience of the art student.

Concerning the birth and parentage of David Cox, there is little to record that can have an interest for those who would study the details of his artistic career. His father was a man of scant education, a whitesmith, as distinguished from a shoer of horses or "blacksmith," whose forge, situated at Deritend, a suburb of Birmingham, has long ago disappeared to make way for modern improvements. In fact, the whole of Heath Mill Lane where it stood, with the exception of the Old Crown Inn, a half-timbered structure, dating back to the middle of the sixteenth century, has been removed to permit of the construction of the railway. Joseph Cox, the father of the artist, was twice married: by his first wife, Frances Walford, he had two children, the elder Mary Ann, a girl, and the younger, a son, born on April 29th, 1783, the subject of this memoir.

At that time even, as is still the case, Birmingham was the seat of a thriving metal industry, and the forges of the smiths were scattered all over the district, then, no doubt, sparsely inhabited. Joseph Cox was a skilled forger of gun-

barrels, bayonets, and various implements in iron and steel, but he also made horses' shoes, since we learn that his son, many years later, when on a journey discovered a horse-shoe bearing his father's stamp. The elder Cox was in the habit of putting his mark on his productions, and when David first came to London he frequently entered into conversation with sentrymen and soldiers in order to find a pretext to examine their weapons and to see if they bore the stamp of his father.

Frances Walford, the smith's first wife, was a woman of superior education to her husband; she was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer and miller, who gave his name to the mill he had built himself on Gravelly Hill, on the left-hand side of Holloway Head as you go up from St. Martin's Church. The mother of Cox had, moreover, a fund of strong common-sense, and she was possessed of a deep religious feeling which she instilled into the mind of her son; and there can be no doubt that her precepts and example, and the careful training which she was able to impart to him, served to guide him aright in the difficulties and dangers to which the vocation he adopted at his entrance into life peculiarly exposed him.

He appears to have been a delicate and somewhat sickly child, always rather shy and sensitive, and his first schooling was obtained at a day-school in the vicinity of his home. He subsequently attended for a short term the Birmingham Free School.

One evening, going home in the dusk, he had the misfortune to stumble over a scraper and broke his leg. This happened in the early years of his school life. During the time that he was laid up from the effects of this accident, a cousin whose name was Allport, and whose father seems to have been a general painter, gave the little invalid a colour-box, which proved a great source of delight to him. He painted designs

on the kites of his school-fellows, and produced coloured copies of prints, which were sold to neighbours and friends.

Finding that he was clearly not strong enough to follow his father's vocation, at which he worked for a time, and that he had a marked inclination for art, he was sent to take lessons in drawing at a school kept by Mr. Joseph V. Barber, senior, who taught at the Grammar School, and whose sons in later life became the companions of Cox. Here he made good progress and devoted himself diligently to his work. He seems to have shown at all times a great love for drawing, and he did all he attempted to do thoroughly. Before he was sixteen he was apprenticed by his father to Mr. Fieldler, a locket-painter and a maker of devices for snuff-boxes and trinkets.

The jewellery trade, of which this was a branch, was introduced into the Birmingham district by Mr. J. Taylor about 1755, and it has subsequently taken so large an extension as to render the town almost as much noted for this industry as for its earlier work in iron and other metals. Cox had not been long engaged at the factory when one morning his master, who was missing, was found by the lad hanging dead at the top of the stairs, having in a fit of despondency committed suicide. This discovery gave a great shock to young Cox, and the death of his employer forced him to seek for some other occupation. During the eighteen months of his apprenticeship he had, however, learned enough of his business to paint a miniature portrait with much skill, as is shown by a locket still in the possession of his family, a photograph of which will be found in Mr. Solly's book.

He does not appear to have been long without work, for his cousin, the same who had provided him with the colour-box, obtained for him a situation at the Birmingham theatre, of which the elder Macready, the father of the famous tragedian, was at

that time the manager. Macready had secured the services of a foreign artist of note, M. De Maria, to produce his scenery, and David Cox's duties, like those of his eminent predecessor, Claude, were to grind the colours, clean the palettes, and assist the painters in their work. De Maria, who had previously been painting scenery for the Italian Opera in London, was an artist of considerable ability, and his works had a great effect on the youthful colour-grinder, and stimulated Cox to become a landscape painter.

We have no records of the after events in the career of De Maria, but we learn from the biographers of Cox that many years later, in the Gallery of the Water Colour Society, they met once more, when Cox had gained his ambition, and had become a painter. Seeing a gentleman gazing intently on one of his landscapes, Cox recognised his former master, and made himself known to him. The meeting must have been a pleasant surprise to both of them, and De Maria is reported to have said: "What! are you the David Cox, the painter of this picture, the boy who used to grind my paints at Birmingham?" On the artist modestly answering that he had much to thank him for, De Maria said, "I have now to learn a great deal from *you*." There can be no doubt that to the largeness of handling, and the ready dash of the scene-painter, Cox owed much, and we know how greatly David Roberts and Stanfield profited by their work for the stage.

The authors of the *Century of Painters* say in their life of Cox: "Of scenic art more than any other art, the essential object is to please the eye, to make effective points tell, and to express the intended effect with facility and ease. It may be presumed that young Cox, during the four years he remained at Birmingham as scene-painter, laid the foundation of those very qualities which are so characteristic of his works, and which,

added to his refined sense of the colouring of landscape, of the effects of air and the fresh atmosphere of English scenery, make his pictures such favourites with all who love Art."

It is on record that when in later life, some forty years afterwards, Cox was staying with a friend at Sevenoaks, and enjoying the splendid panorama spread before his eyes, he described with enthusiasm the scenes painted by De Maria, especially a wooded landscape, and after a detailed account of its effect and breadth, he added earnestly how very much he should like to see it again.

While engaged for several years in the most humble capacity at the Birmingham Theatre, Cox found means to profit in his art, and we learn that De Maria, perceiving his ability, set him to paint side-scenes and encouraged him to improve himself. Moreover, Macready having become aware of his skill, employed him to copy on his own account a set of scenes for the Sheffield Theatre. In course of time De Maria resigned his appointment, and Cox took his place and prepared scenery for Birmingham. Though his work was thus utilised, his name was not put on the bills; and on one occasion when a new play was being produced with scenery painted by Cox, he found to his mortification that the artist was described as the famous Mr. Daubeney of London. Our artist, who was much mortified to find his handiwork thus assigned to another, begged Macready to give him the credit of his own performance, whereupon the manager flew into a rage, and is reported to have told him to "go and be hanged!" "Who was *he?*" "Did he suppose *his* name would draw the public?"

Cox, however, did not for some time give up his employment at Birmingham, and his ultimate determination to do so would seem to have been caused mainly by his desire to comply with the wishes of his parents, who feared that his moral character

WATER MILL IN WALES. BY DAVID COX.

In the South Kensington Museum.

might be injured by his surroundings. He had made many friends among the players, and the son of Macready, who was then a boy at Rugby School, had a toy theatre for which Cox painted the requisite scenery. One of the scenes represented a flock of sheep being driven to market, and this was so arranged on two rollers as to present the appearance, when the handle was turned, of an interminable procession.

During the time that Cox remained with the Birmingham actors, frequent moves were made from one town to another, and this unsettled life was very distasteful to him. He was often compelled to put up with very poor quarters while on his travels; and on one occasion he was much annoyed at being set to watch at an inn, where he and some of the actors had been lodging, while one of the company cut sufficient meat off the joint to take away in paper for dinner. From time to time, on an emergency, he took a minor part, and he even on one occasion played pantaloon; but Cox was no actor, and the life of a strolling player did not suit him, so he resolved at length to throw up his engagement and to seek for some other work in London.

His choice of London was due to an invitation he received from the proprietor of Astley's Circus, who, visiting Birmingham about this time, saw what Cox could do as a scene-painter, and offered him work at Lambeth. At first Macready refused to cancel his articles, and it was not until Cox's mother joined her entreaties to Mrs. Macready to her son's importunities that he was at length released.

Cox came to London in the summer of 1804, when about 21 years of age, and shortly afterwards he secured work in the scene-loft at Astley's Theatre. He obtained lodgings at the house of a widow lady of the name of Ragg, living in a small street not far from the Elephant and Castle at the back of the

theatre; and it would appear that his mother, who came with him to London to see him settled, chose these quarters for her son and commended him to the widow's care. Though engaged in painting at Astley's, he does not seem to have worked for that theatre; he found the painters there were fully occupied, and he was perhaps too modest to seek to intrude. He, however, painted scenery for the Surrey and other theatres, and according to Mr. Solly some of the scenery he produced in Lambeth was painted in the open air, in the yard of a carpenter and jobbing builder of the name of Hills, who was a relative of the Raggs.

All the time that Cox remained in London he worked steadily at landscape painting, and he was ever an early riser and a most industrious sketcher from Nature. Two of his Birmingham friends, Charles Barber and R. Evans, came up to town, and the three studied together, the younger men being helped and encouraged by Cox. The landscapes he painted about this time were disposed of for trifling sums to printsellers and picture-dealers, and the remuneration, small as it was, that Cox received for his drawings sufficed for his modest requirements, eked out by a little teaching and an occasional commission.

It must have been about this period that he finally relinquished scene-painting and betook himself solely to painting in water-colours. Probably the last stage scenery painted by David Cox was that for the theatre at Wolverhampton. A bill for this work is still preserved, and the price he received seems barely sufficient to pay for the canvas and paints. The following is a copy of the account :—

1808. MR. STRETTON to DAVID COX, Dr.

Feb. 15th. To painting 310 yards of scenery at 4*s.* per square yard £62 0 0

In order to dispose of his sketches and partly also, as we read, for the purpose of study, Cox was a frequent visitor to the shops of the dealers, and he greatly admired the works of Varley, Havell, and Glover. Some of their drawings he copied for self-improvement, and he resolved to take some lessons from John Varley, who at that time lived at No. 16, Broad Street, Golden Square. David Cox often said later in his career how much he rejoiced that he had come to this decision. He took several lessons in water-colours, for which he was to pay at the rate of ten shillings each; but, after he had had a few lessons, Varley, addressing his pupil, said, "I hear you are an artist, Mr. Cox." "No, sir," he replied, "I am only trying to become one." "Well," said Varley, "however that may be, I shall be happy to give you any advice or assistance in my power, and I hope you will come here and see me draw as often as you please, but I cannot take any more of your money."

In 1805 Cox made his first sketching tour to Wales, being accompanied thither by his friend Charles Barber. He went through the wildest parts of Merioneth and Carnarvonshire, and made many sketches. His works at this period were very slight, some being only in outline or lightly tinted in Indian ink. On subsequent journeys, Mr. Solly tells us, he carried with him indigo, gamboge, purple-lake and sepia, dissolved in bottles, and some of the sketches then made are broad and effective. His key of colouring was, as a rule, low in tone, and showed very strongly the influence of Varley and other masters of the older school. His prices for the drawings he produced about this time were curiously small. His regular charge for landscapes in Indian ink or sepia was two guineas per dozen; these were chiefly purchased by country drawing-masters as "copies" for their pupils.

Among the brother-artists of Cox, with whom he was at this period on friendly terms, we may mention Samuel Prout, who had not as yet made his mark upon the quaint architecture of Normandy and Brittany. Both were then struggling for a bare livelihood, and by mutual consent they agreed to dispose of their works at the shops of different dealers, so as not to spoil the market.

Mr. Hall, in his memoir, tells us that Cox greatly admired a landscape by Poussin, and was permitted to copy it under many difficulties. This was accomplished at the shop of a dealer of the name of Simpson, who resided in Greek Street, Soho, and who allowed Cox to come to his house for the purpose. The copy he made is still preserved in a private collection at Brixton Hill. In order to improve himself in composition he purchased early in his career a set of etchings from pictures by Poussin, Claude, and Salvator Rosa; these he found very suggestive, and he used frequently to refer to them in after-life.

He was fond of visiting the open spaces round London, and the wharves on the banks of the Thames, and these furnished him with many of the subjects for his pictures of this date.

He visited from time to time the well-known shop of Palser, the dealer, then living in the Westminster Bridge Road, in order to dispose of some of his sketches, and it was through the instrumentality of this connection that Cox subsequently made the acquaintance of Col. the Hon. H. Windsor, afterwards Earl of Plymouth, who became one of his earliest patrons.

In the year 1808 Cox married Mary Ragg, the elder daughter of his landlady; she made him an excellent and devoted wife, and, though some twelve years his senior, she appears to have been extremely well suited to him, as she entered into his artistic pursuits and helped and encouraged

him in his work. The younger sister of Mrs. Cox married a Mr. Gardiner, an agent for the sale of Government maps, and a good friend to the painter.

After his marriage Cox moved to the outskirts of London, and took a small cottage at the corner of Dulwich Common, then a very retired and out-of-the-way neighbourhood. Here their only child, David, was born in 1809, and here Cox lived a quiet rural life, painting the scenery in the vicinity and working up the materials acquired during his Welsh tours. It was in this retreat that he was discovered one Sunday morning by Colonel Windsor, who had admired some of his sketches at Palser's, and wished to take lessons from him. The Colonel was told by the dealer, who at first hesitated to give him the required information, that Cox lived a long way out of town; but the Colonel, finding that his retreat was at Dulwich, a place he passed on his way to London from Beckenham, where he resided, sought him out and arranged with him for lessons. Better than this, he introduced him to several other pupils, among whom were Lady Gordon, Miss Eden, and Lady Arden. Cox at first charged five shillings per lesson, but under the advice of Col. Windsor's mother he raised his terms to ten shillings, the amount generally obtained by fashionable teachers.

During nearly every year of his residence at Dulwich, Cox paid a visit to his parents at Birmingham, who at that time resided in Hill Street, near the corner of Swallow Street. While staying in that neighbourhood he sketched and gave lessons. In the spring of 1812 he went with his wife and child to Hastings, and found much to interest him in its coast-scenery and fishermen. This was his first chance of studying the sea, and he made many sketches of the effects he witnessed. He took lodgings near his friend Havell, and they

worked together. It would seem that while at Hastings, Cox painted a little in oil, as there are many oil-sketches on millboard produced about this period. Havell also attempted the new medium. They worked early and late, and Mr. Solly tells us that on one occasion Cox got up and painted a sunrise, and then woke Havell by flinging pebbles at his window, in order to announce the fact that he had already completed a sketch before his friend was out of bed.

Gradually Cox applied himself to larger and more ambitious works, and availed himself of one of the London galleries for their display. The Society of Painters in Water-Colours had held their first Annual Exhibition in 1805, and their venture at the outset met with considerable success. Their doors were, however, not opened to outsiders, and the rising school of water-colour painters found scant hospitality at the Royal Academy. An attempt was therefore made in 1808 to found another society, under the presidency of Mr. W. Wood. This body took for its title the "Associated Artists in Water-Colours," and under its auspices an exhibition was opened in Lower Brook Street in rooms which had formerly been occupied by the older society. Among the members were Bone, Alfred Chalon, Villiers, Laporte, Westall and others, and Cox sent many of his drawings to their gallery.

It is much to be regretted that the records of this Association are extremely scanty; indeed the history of these early efforts to found a water-colour society has still to be written. The undertaking met with little public support, and if Mr. Solly's information is correct, the works of the members at the last of the exhibitions were seized for rent by the owners of the Gallery. Among the principal sufferers was poor Cox, who could ill afford to have his contributions thus impounded. The works were shortly afterwards disposed of, and with them was one of

the largest drawings Cox had hitherto attempted, a "View of Windsor Castle," 4 feet × 3 feet. This was purchased by Mr. J. Allnut, and a curious fact connected with this work is that when in 1861 the collection of Mr. Allnut was being prepared by his executors for sale at Christie's, two other drawings by Cox were found beneath it, attached to the same sketching-board. De Wint's fine picture of "The Cricketers," now at South Kensington, was found in a very similar way by Mr. Vokins underneath another sketch.

THE SHRIMPERS. BY DAVID COX.
In the Birmingham Art Gallery: Nettlefold Bequest.

CHAPTER II.

THE original Water-Colour Society was broken up in 1813, and was shortly afterwards reconstituted by the efforts of Glover, Barret and others, and at this time Cox was elected a member. The scope of the exhibition, which had previously been confined to works in water-colours by the members, was henceforth, mainly at the instigation of Glover, considerably altered. Paintings in oil and the works of outsiders were admitted, the title being changed to that of the "Society of Painters in Oil and Water-Colours." Cox, not apparently daunted by previous ill-luck, loyally contributed to the exhibitions, though it is clear that his drawings did not at this date find much favour with connoisseurs. He sent seventeen works to the New Gallery in 1813, and thirteen in 1814, and with the exception of the years

1815 and 1817 he contributed regularly to the displays of the Society for a period of no less than forty-six years.

Though there is reason to fear that for his larger and more laboured productions the artist at this time found little demand, he appears to have been steadily engaged in teaching. His friends and patrons moreover were persons of position and influence, and when in 1814 a teacher of landscape drawing was required for the senior officers at the Military College near Farnham, Cox had sufficient influence to obtain the appointment. In order to discharge his duties he took up his residence at the College, where his friend, Andrew Wilson, was already installed as the drawing-master to the junior officers. Cox received the complimentary title of "Captain," and had a servant assigned to him. His pupils comprised many men who afterwards became eminent in the service, and while the ability of their teacher was fully recognised, it soon became apparent that the kind of art in which he excelled was not that needed by the young officers.

He found the restraint imposed by his military duties extremely irksome, and the work was utterly unsuited to his disposition. No wonder, then, that the appointment was speedily relinquished, and that at the end of the first term Cox returned to London, after a very few months' absence, and had to seek for some other employment, for he had given up his Dulwich cottage, and his wife had gone to stay with her mother. He soon heard of something likely to suit him at Hereford, to which a chance sight of an advertisement in the *Times* directed his attention. A drawing-master was required for a ladies' school, kept by Miss Croucher, the salary offered was £100 a year, and permission was accorded to the teacher to give private lessons in his spare time. Cox applied for the post, and succeeded in obtaining it. He had to give lessons twice a week at the school, and

would have much leisure time for sketching. His wife was always delicate, and he may have taken into consideration the benefit she was likely to derive from the change. Doubtless also the knowledge of the beauty of the scenery of the Wye would have weight with him ; living would be cheap, and he would obtain excellent schooling for his boy at the well-known Grammar School. The fixed salary, though small, would render him less dependent upon the precarious sale of his drawings, and there can be no doubt that he was well advised in taking this step. He had to borrow £40 from Lady Arden to defray the expenses of the journey and the removal, and he was soon able to engage a cottage whither he transferred his wife and child.

He found in the picturesque old city and its surroundings countless subjects for his pencil, and the years he passed in Hereford were rich in progress in his art. He sent many drawings to the London exhibitions, and paid an annual visit to the metropolis to see the exhibitions and to keep himself in touch with his brother painters.

Cox reached Hereford towards the close of 1814, and at first rented a rather dilapidated cottage, more than two miles away from the town. It had been originally tenanted by a small farmer or a gamekeeper, and it was from all accounts a dull and dreary place in which to spend a winter.

In the following spring the artist removed into a better house nearer the city, and here he remained until 1817, when he made another move to a cottage on Ailstone Hill, where he built himself a painting-room and made various alterations to render the house more convenient for his purpose. He lived in this little house for five-and-a-half years, in fact, until he was able to carry out a pet project and to build a house of his own. This house he completed, on a plot of ground he had previously

HAYMAKING. BY DAVID COX.

In the South Kensington Museum.

purchased, towards the end of 1824. He called it Ash Tree House.

During the earlier part of his residence in Hereford, Cox was busied in the production of soft-ground etchings from his own drawings for the illustration of a work on landscape art. This book, entitled *A Treatise on Landscape Painting and Effect in Water Colours*, was published by Messrs. S. & J. Fuller, of Vere Street, Rathbone Place, in 1814. It had been in progress for upwards of two years, as some of the plates are dated 1812. There are twenty-five pages of etchings and thirty-two of aquatints. The designs are simply and effectively rendered, mostly in outline with a little bold shading, and are well adapted for teaching purposes. They are indeed intended as examples of composition and of effects of light and shade. He made many other designs for Messrs. Fuller, as is proved by entries in his memorandum book recorded by Mr. Solly during the period from 1814 to 1820. Some of these etchings were no doubt intended to serve as copies, others were views in Bath, and some may have been the illustrations for a later work by Cox entitled *The Young Artist's Companion or Drawing Book.* This work contains forty pages of etchings and twenty-four pages of aquatints, some of the latter being coloured. This seems to have been first issued in 1825, though many of these books were republished at different dates. The price he received for the etched copper-plates was three guineas each, and later in 1818, for the views in Bath, four guineas each. He appears also about this time to have made some sepia drawings for the purpose of book illustrations, for which he received about 1½ guineas each. Later in life Cox supplied part of the illustrations for Roscoe's *Wanderings and Excursions in North Wales*, and subsequently also some of those for the *Wanderings in South Wales* by the same

author. Engravings from some of his works were published in the *Art Journal*, and for the Art Union of London Mr. E. Radclyffe supplied, in 1862 and 1863, a series of twelve beautiful line engravings from drawings by D. Cox.

Cox did not, while he resided at Hereford, confine himself to teaching at Miss Croucher's school, he gave lessons also at the school of Miss Poole, and taught the boys at the Grammar School. For this latter engagement he received the modest stipend of six guineas per annum. He did not secure many private pupils, but he went as far afield as Leominster to give lessons.

Shortly after he came to Hereford he made a sketching tour along the valley of the Wye as far as Chepstow, visiting Ross, Monmouth, and Tintern, and some of his drawings of these places were exhibited in London in 1816. In the following year he sent nothing to the Exhibition, partly because he was too busy with his teaching, and partly on account of a serious illness by which he was laid up for some time.

While he lived at Hereford, Cox was in the habit of taking boarders to whom he taught drawing and painting. From the entries in his notebook it appears that he was paid either £70 or seventy guineas per annum for board, lodging, and instruction. Mr. Solly records the names of several of these pupils, only one of whom seems to have made a name in art. A favourite sketching ground with the painter was in the Llug Meadows, in which he made many drawings. In fact he was always partial to certain spots, and he seems to have been able to paint many pictures from the varied aspects of a single landscape. We read that many of his most beautiful works at his favourite Bettws-y-Coed were produced in one field.

Cox frequently, in the summer months, made sketching excursions into Wales, North Devon, and other picturesque parts

of the kingdom, and on these occasions he was almost always accompanied by some artist-friend. He did not like to be alone, and a journey he took in 1819 was often referred to as a very dull one because he was without a companion.

On his annual expeditions to London he always passed through Birmingham, to spend a few days with his parents, who still lived in Hill Street. He also stayed with friends to whom he gave lessons, and several of the Birmingham dealers were willing to purchase his drawings, the prices of which, even at this time, were extremely moderate. Thus we read in Mr. Solly's book, that in 1817 he received from Mr. Everitt, a Birmingham dealer, from four shillings to seven shillings each for drawings in Indian ink. In the following year he sold some of his works to Messrs. S. & J. Fuller, of London, at the prices quoted:—

		£	s.	d.
Feb. 18.	One drawing, Berry Pomeroy . .	1	5	0
	One ditto, View below Gravesend .	1	5	0
	Four ditto, 18*s.* each	3	12	0
	Twenty-one ditto, 8*s.* each . . .	8	8	0

During his stay in Hereford his wife engaged a young servant, who remained with the family as long as Cox lived, becoming the housekeeper after the death of Mrs. Cox in 1845. The name of this servant was Ann Fowler, and his biographers make frequent mention of her devoted attachment to the artist and to the members of his family. During the final year of his residence at Hereford, Cox paid his first visit to the continent; he took his son with him and accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Gardiner, started by coach for Dover. This was in the early part of 1826. The party crossed by boat to Calais, and travelled *viâ* Dunkerque and Bruges to Brussels, where Mr. Gardiner had a business engagement. They saw all the sights, including the field of Waterloo, Cox making

many sketches of the city and of the market-people in their quaint dresses. By a fortunate chance our artist found that some Herefordshire friends were staying in Brussels, and he needed but little pressing to accept a seat in their travelling carriage to Ghent and Antwerp, and thence through Holland. During this trip Cox made numerous sketches, chiefly in pencil, as the time pressed, but he afterwards worked up his notes into pictures which were exhibited at the Water-Colour Society's Gallery.

After his return from abroad in the autumn of the same year, he found a purchaser for the house he had built for himself, and carried out an intention he had long formed of settling in London. No doubt he felt he was rather too far away from the artistic world, and he thought his son, destined to become an artist, would have more chance of success in the metropolis. He sold Ash Tree House to a retired West Indian planter for nearly a thousand pounds, and in the spring of 1827 took up his residence on Kennington Common, at 9 Foxley Road. Cox may have also been influenced in this move by the desire of Mrs. Cox to see more of her family. Her health, never very good, improved after her return to London, and she was again able to take long walks and to see her relatives.

Mr. Hall tells an amusing story of the sale of the Hereford cottage. Mr. Reynolds, the purchaser, who had made his fortune at Berbice, had, when the transaction was being completed, a few shillings to receive from Cox, who searched his pockets to find the necessary coins, when the new owner exclaimed, "Never mind the change, Mr. Cox! you can give me five or six of your little drawings for the balance!" and Cox assured his friends that he really meant this—such was the low value which the retired planter set on works of art!

The return to London, after nearly thirteen years of quiet

country life, is sometimes spoken of as the date of a new epoch in the art of David Cox; but this was scarcely the case, as his work at that period underwent little change. The true dividing point in the history of his art must be placed many years later when he began to practise as an oil painter, after his retirement to Harborne. Nevertheless, there was about this time a change of subject, if not a change of manner. He began to paint from his continental sketches, and he gave us works manifesting a wider range of experience and instinct with new charms. He betook himself at once with characteristic energy to teaching. He sought out some of his former patrons, and found many new ones. His services were greatly in request, and he was soon able to raise his terms, and to charge a guinea a lesson.

Even at this time he was so careless of his work as to make a practice of allowing the pupils to keep the drawing he had executed before them. He did not abandon this, according to Mr. Solly, until shortly after 1832. He had now no longer a difficulty in selling his works. Money was more abundant than it was in the stormy times of 1814, and his drawings began to be appreciated. Still there were those who could not understand his rugged and blurred landscapes, and who preferred the smoothness or finish of the stippled work of his contemporaries. Indeed, a lady is reported to have said to him on one occasion, "Pray, Mr. Cox, do you not think it would be worth while to take a few lessons from Mr. —— in finish?"

All this while Cox was a most industrious contributor to the Water-Colour Exhibition. In 1827 he sent seventeen drawings, mainly from Welsh scenery. In the following year he contributed twenty-six works, and in 1829 there were no less than thirty-five drawings by him in the gallery in Pall Mall, several of the latter works being from places on the continent—Calais, Brussels, etc.

He had profited much from his former visit to the Low Countries, and he determined to see more of the continent, and therefore, in the summer of 1829, he planned a lengthened tour in France, accompanied by his son. He travelled *viâ* Calais to Paris, and there availed himself of the guidance of John Pye, the engraver, who had been long resident in France, in seeing the sights of the city. Cox had the misfortune, very early in his stay there, to sprain his ankle, and he thus was prevented from getting about on foot, and could not sketch as much as he would have liked. Still, he managed to make many drawings during the six weeks he was away, though he had to give up his intended tour along the banks of the Loire. He made yet another visit to the continent a year or two later, in 1832, and on that occasion spent most of his time at Boulogne and Dieppe, but he was only absent from England for a week.

He admired the scenery of Belgium and Holland, but he was not favourably impressed with the parts of France he visited, and in later life he never expressed a wish to return to the continent. Indeed, when anyone showed him continental views he would exclaim, "Oh! that's foreign," which expression, we learn, became a by-word with him. Mr. Solly tells us that a gentleman who had travelled much abroad, tried to persuade Cox's son to go to Switzerland to paint, saying it was so much superior to anything at home. Cox listened quietly, and at the end of the conversation he remarked, "Don't try to induce David to go on the continent in search of scenery. Wales, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire have been good enough for me, and I quite believe they may yet do for him."

Throughout the whole of the fourteen years he remained in London, Cox devoted a month or two each summer to some country excursion. In this way he visited Yorkshire in 1830,

and spent some time in the neighbourhood of Bolton Abbey and in the picturesque valley of the Wharfe. This country he admired greatly, and he often returned to paint there, and made many drawings from Bolton Abbey. In the year following he stayed for some time at that renowned artistic haunt, the 'Peacock' at Rowsley, that dear old stone-built hostelry where so many artists have spent happy days, within a short walk of Haddon and the pleasant valley of Darleydale. Cox formed a strong attachment for the place and went there again and again; he was very fond of the worthy people who kept the 'Peacock,' Mr. and Mrs. Severn. He mentions them often, and he says in a letter, quoted by Mr. Solly, that "Haddon alone is quite enough for one summer." He loved with the love of an artist and of a poet the old terrace with its broad flight of grey stone steps, and balustrades, and its yew-tree walk; he greatly admired also the interior, the antique tapestries, panellings and carvings; the quaint old hall had not at that time been done so much to death by painters as it is now.

During these years he went more than once to the Lake Country, but he does not seem to have been so much impressed with its beauty as with that of some other places he frequented. His visit to Lancaster in 1834 is noteworthy for the production of some fine drawings of the broad expanse of Ulverston Sands. One of the charming pictures founded on this subject, from the collection of Mr. James Orrock, forms the headpiece to Chapter I. The train of country people receding from the spectator across the wide stretch of barren sand, serves to indicate vividly the expanse traversed, and the drifting sand and rolling masses of cloud constitute in the hands of Cox all that he needs for a grand rendering of nature. Cox delighted in these sandy tracts and handled such subjects with

amazing skill. The placid serenity of the English Lakes, nestling amid the hills, does not seem to have tempted his pencil, but some of his most effective landscapes are based on the grand cloud-filled skies and the yellow sweep of a vast tract of sand. This latter he knew well how to enliven with groups of market-folk and flocks of sea-birds.

In the early months of 1838 Cox spent some weeks at Seabrook near Hythe, whither he had gone in the hope of benefiting his wife's health. He made many sketches of the coast scenery in the vicinity, and he paid a visit to Dover, where he painted the pier; later on in the year he again spent some weeks at Haddon and Hardwicke.

The last few years of his life in London found Cox more and more in request as a teacher, and his works, which he sold at very low prices, were largely sought after by the dealers. The more important drawings he contributed to the exhibitions in ever increasing numbers do not, however, appear to have met with a very ready sale. He sent thirty-four works in 1836 to the Gallery of the Water-Colour Society, twenty-five in 1837, and thirty-two in 1838. His prices were still extremely moderate. For seven drawings sold in 1837 six guineas was, with one exception, the highest sum he received; but one picture was purchased for what was, in those days, the unusual amount of thirty-five guineas.

It was his practice, as we find by his letters, to remain in London until after the close of the exhibition, in order to pack and send off the pictures he had disposed of in the gallery to the various purchasers. This kept him in town until near the end of July. He then arranged a tour in some of the districts he desired to paint, accompanied by certain of his Birmingham or London friends: he rarely, as has previously been stated, made a journey alone. Mr. Roberts, an amateur of much

TENDING SHEEP. BY DAVID COX.

In the Birmingham Art Gallery: Nettlefold Bequest.

ability, and a Birmingham manufacturer, was his frequent companion, and has preserved many letters about these summer outings. He invariably, in passing through Birmingham to his sketching grounds, paid a visit to one or other of the group of friends to whom he had there endeared himself, comprising Mr. Everitt, Mr. C. Birch, and Mr. William Radclyffe, the engraver, who has most felicitously reproduced certain of his drawings.

CHAPTER III.

No one can read the faithful account of his life left us by Mr. Hall without being aware that Cox felt his incessant engagements as a teacher of drawing extremely irksome, and probably during his last few years in London this distaste for teaching grew upon him. In fact, but for the influence of his wife, who had sometimes literally to take him to the houses at which he had engaged to give lessons, he would have declined teaching altogether. His great aim at this time was to make suitable provision for the old age of himself and those dear to him, and when he found his son growing up and able and willing to undertake teaching and to keep up the connection he had formed, the desire to break loose from this drudgery became irresistible.

But there was yet another motive which induced him to seek for change; he was turning to the study of oil painting. Was he, perhaps, conscious of his own powers, thinking of possible Academy honours? There is no hint of this in any life of him we have consulted; but it is strange, in reading the memoirs of eminent members of the Water Colour Society, to find how many of them in the zenith of their fame hungered after the mastery of another medium, and turned aside for awhile from their favourite studies to practise with unfamiliar materials.

Cox, who did all he attempted to do thoroughly, no sooner resolved to work in oil than he set about to procure lessons

from a competent teacher, as he had done in those early days when he forsook scenic art to become a landscape painter.

His choice fell upon William Müller, one of the most powerful colorists of modern times, and one whose art has many points of resemblance with that of Cox. Müller, then in his twenty-seventh year, had just returned to England after prolonged travels in the East, which he had employed with rare ability. George Fripp, the water-colour painter, was a great friend of his, and through the instrumentality of Fripp, Müller and Cox were made acquainted with each other. The art of Müller was marvellously dexterous, his dash and rapid execution amazed Cox, who has recorded that at the first lesson the small picture which Müller undertook by way of illustration was nearly completed at a single sitting. When he went for his second lesson, Müller, being dissatisfied with his previous work, had wiped it out and had begun a second picture, the subject of which was "The Ammunition Waggon."

Cox profited greatly in his mastery of the vehicle from the teaching of Müller, though his style and his method of working were little influenced. Müller could paint equally well with either hand, and when he was tired of working with the right hand he would use the left with perfect freedom. Sometimes we are told he worked with both hands at once! It has been said that when engaged upon a canvas of large dimensions he would have a palette strapped upon each arm and would grasp in either hand a bundle of brushes. Such stories as these convey a vivid picture of the rapidity of his execution.

We read, in the accounts left us of Cox, again and again of his admiration for the paintings of Müller. He managed, either by exchange or purchase, to become the owner of several, which he valued most highly, and he would on no consideration be tempted to part with them.

The desire for liberty and leisure to practise in the new medium grew upon Cox; he was tired of his life in London, and in the course of a visit he paid to Birmingham in March, 1841, he arranged to take a lease of Greenfield House, in the village of Harborne, about two miles out of the town. It was an old house and was much out of repair, but the landlord agreed to put it in order and to construct a good-sized bow-window in the principal sitting-room, which Cox considered would give him a pleasant view of the garden. All repairs having been completed, Cox bade farewell to his friends and relatives at Kennington and started by train on June 20th, 1841, for Birmingham.

The change of residence was very agreeable to him; he liked his new home and he was able to devote himself to the work he enjoyed. Some of his best paintings were executed at Harborne, and he attained during this period the height of his fame as a painter.

The lanes and fields surrounding him at Harborne were very paintable. The suburbs of Birmingham were not then the "Black Country" that they have now become, and the artist found many pretty "bits" within a few yards of his dwelling. Greenfield House was rather an old-fashioned place, and the neighbourhood was well-wooded and close on the verge of pastoral country, where he could find pleasant fields and rustic scenes in abundance. His garden was a large one and was well-filled with flowers and shrubs, and he took a pride in its cultivation and worked in it himself. It contained among other things a willow which had grown from a slip brought from Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena. He was fond of cultivating broad-leaved plants, such as docks and rhubarb, suitable for foregrounds, and he especially delighted in hollyhocks, which grew round him in profusion.

Though well advanced in years when he came to reside at Harborne, he was still hale and vigorous and not afraid of hard work, and he does not seem to have long delayed his intention to begin his new studies. His first care, however, was to prepare some drawings for the Manchester Exhibition, and after this was off his mind he worked hard at oil painting. Later in the year, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Birch, he paid a visit to Bolton Abbey. On his return we hear of him again busy painting, sometimes in oil and sometimes in water-colours and occasionally giving a few lessons.

Concerning a visit paid to Yorkshire in the following year (1842), we read that for the first time he took with him a small easel and paint-box, and worked from Nature in oil, instead of making a preliminary study in water-colours as he had been wont to do.

These early years of his return to Birmingham were rich in artistic progress, and at this period, as we have seen, some of his finest works were produced. His increasing powers as an oil-painter seem to have strengthened rather than impeded his mastery of water-colours. His work now shows at all points his perfect comprehension of the true vocation of the artist, to suggest rather than to produce a literal rendering of Nature. It is in the breadth and sweep of his style that we recognise the real charm of Cox's landscape art. He knew how little was really needed to conjure up all the scene in the imagination of the spectator, and he grasped in all its fulness the quality of mystery or suggestiveness, which calls into play the imaginative powers of the beholder. A few strokes of his brush, a bright spot here and there of colour, sometimes a mere scratch with the knife, serve to reveal when viewed at their proper distance all he would wish us to remember of some sunlit distance or the cloud-shadows drifting over the far-off hills.

Cox never condescended to minute finish, even his figures are mere blots of colour, if we examine them too closely, but how well do they fit into their places in his picture, and how true is the relative tone of foreground and distance! A work by David Cox is sure to grow upon one; we do not all at once discover its beauties; the more diligently we study it, the more we appreciate its subtle suggestiveness.

It has been claimed for David Cox, by some well able to pronounce such an opinion, that he was pre-eminently a truthful painter—not in the pre-Raphaelite sense of truthfulness, indeed, which would aim at the representation of every blade of grass and every spray of foliage, but in that he saw Nature as she appears to the instructed vision of the casual beholder. At times full of storm and mist, at others brilliant in a glow of sunlight, there is always a sparkle about his work and a true appreciation of atmospheric effect—some effect he had really seen and transferred to his well-stored memory, and which he was then able to treasure up for all time and crystallize for ever by his powerful brush.

How slight is the subject of many of his most charming drawings! A wide expanse of sky, filled with clouds which we can almost fancy in motion; a gray undulating moorland whose colouring would seem to be indicated by one sweep of a well-filled pencil; a few peasants according admirably in character with the landscape, and the whole so perfect that we feel that another touch would spoil it, and the least attempt at finish would destroy all the charms of its effect. The authors of the *Century of Painters* thus sum up his capabilities as an artist: "He seems more intent upon obtaining the exact tone and colour of Nature than in defining *form*, which is gradually developed in his pictures by the juxtaposition of hues and tints rather than by drawing. Apparently simple transcripts of

Nature, his works are yet cunningly dominated by Art. The light and shade are well distributed, the figures in the most appropriate place, the keeping always excellent. . . No painter has given us more truly the moist brilliancy of early summer-time, ere the sun has dried the spring bloom from the lately-opened leaf; the sparkle and shimmer of foliage and weedage in the fitful breeze that rolls away the clouds from the watery sun, when the shower and sunshine chase each other over the land, have never been given with greater truth than by David Cox."

Cox first met with the rough paper in which he so greatly delighted in 1836. It was originally intended for use as a wrapping paper, and it was manufactured in Dundee. The surface was hard and firm, and it did not readily absorb colour. The paper was made from old linen sailcloth, well bleached. Having accidentally obtained a few sheets of it at Messrs. Grosvenor and Chater's, he took steps to procure more, and ultimately ordered a ream of it. It was some time before it was delivered, and on its arrival he was surprised to find that the package weighed 280 lbs. This was much more than he had bargained for, and the price was £11. His friend, Mr. Roberts, consented, however, to share the purchase with him; but in later years, when he found that his favourite paper was no longer to be had, Cox was led to regret that he had not laid in a larger stock. This paper was very thick, not quite white, and had occasional specks of black and brown. Of course, in the landscape part of the picture these specks were of no importance, but they came awkwardly sometimes in the sky. On being asked on one occasion how he managed to get rid of them, he replied, "Oh, I just put wings to them, and then they fly away as birds!"

Soon after he began to paint in oil he sent works to the

Royal Academy, and also to the British Institution. It is owing to this fact that we have imagined that he was not unmindful of possible recognition by the academicians; but, be this as it may, he was but rarely a contributor of pictures in oil to the London Galleries. Mr. Solly quotes a letter from Mrs. Cox to her daughter-in-law, written in 1844, in which mention is made of the rejection of one of David Cox's works, which he tells us was "Going to the Hayfield." This had been sent to the British Institution and it was returned to him unhung. He was greatly mortified by this failure, and did not again send them a picture.

In the year 1844 Cox paid his first visit to Bettws-y-Coed, and stayed several weeks at the 'Royal Oak.' He was intensely pleased with this place, and it became henceforth his most favourite sketching ground; in fact, he returned to Bettws almost each year until 1856, within three years of his death. Some of his best paintings were inspired by the scenes he witnessed in the lovely valley, and many of his happiest hours were spent among his friends at this retired Welsh village.

It will be remembered that he painted the signboard for the 'Royal Oak,' and that this work has recently been the subject of a protracted lawsuit. We read in a letter of his, dated September, 1847: "The sign was in so bad a state, I thought I could not damage it much, and I set to work, and in a very short time made a tree much fresher in its looks than it was before." The subject was of course the tree in which King Charles took refuge, with horsemen beneath it and dogs in the distance. The sign no longer occupies its original place, but has been framed and carefully varnished, and hangs in the hall of the new Royal Hotel.

In the course of 1879 the then tenant of the 'Royal Oak,' Mr. Thomas, became bankrupt, and the trustee of his

PLOUGHING. BY DAVID COX.

In the Orrock Collection.

estate claimed the signboard as a valuable asset. This claim was disputed by Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, the owner of the Gwydyr estates, of which the hotel forms part, and the signboard was demanded on her behalf as the ground landlord of the property. The County Court Judge decided in her favour. On appeal to Sir J. Bacon, the chief justice in bankruptcy, a judgment was given on 13th Oct. 1880, reversing the decision of the County Court Judge; but on further appeal in February, 1881, Sir J. Bacon's decision was reversed, and it was finally decided that the inn-sign goes with the house and belongs to the owner of the hotel, where it still remains.

CHAPTER IV.

THE year 1845 was darkened by the shadow of a great sorrow, the loss of his tender and devoted wife, who passed away after a brief illness. This bereavement seems to have stunned poor Cox for awhile, and his letters of the period show how deeply she was mourned. Throughout their wedded life he had trusted greatly to her advice and highly valued her criticism and her opinion on his art. She spent much of her time by his side while he painted, and she was in the habit of reading aloud to him while he was at work. Again and again we meet with traces of her influence in Mr. Solly's biography, and we can appreciate how great must have been the shock occasioned by her decease.

Cox was of a deeply religious temperament, and throughout life was a strict observer of Sunday, and doubtless he was fortified by the faith that was in him to face the blow. He gradually returned to his cherished art, and painted as he had never painted before. The servant who had lived with the family for so many years made an excellent housekeeper, and the group of kind friends he had gathered round him at Harborne cheered him in his solitude. His son, who had married and settled in London, had a young family to whom Cox was deeply attached, and his passion for work no doubt helped to engross his attention, and enabled him to bear up bravely against his sorrows.

We now enter upon a period of the life of Cox which has been very fully described by his biographers, and the details of which are still, relatively speaking, fresh in the memories of many surviving friends. Mr. Hall bears pleasant testimony to the fun and mirth of the sketching excursions at Bettws-y-Coed, in which he took part, and of the sayings and doings of the artist on these occasions; the jokes about the weather, the choice of sketching grounds, the selection of subjects, the lunch and the soothing pipe. David Cox was a confirmed smoker, and derived much comfort from his cigar. He seems not to have been very particular whether it was a half-smoked one or not, and he would put away one that was partly consumed and return to it later with renewed relish. We read that he was a great stickler for punctuality, and that having made arrangements to dine at a particular hour, he would insist upon going home at the proper time when it arrived, and would allow no inducements to prevail upon him to stay and complete a sketch.

He was, as we have already seen, an early riser, and he would often get up and do a great deal of work before breakfast. We are told that he would sometimes return from these early expeditions before his younger friends had left their bedrooms. During wet weather he never allowed himself to be idle, but busied himself with studies of interiors, and sketches in the neighbouring barns and cowsheds.

On one of the wet days when he was perforce compelled to remain indoors, Cox executed in water-colour paints on the unsightly bare plaster of a bricked-up doorway of the 'Royal Oak,' a reminiscence of the fresco by the father of the author, which depicted "Catherine Douglas barring the castle door with her arm," one of the competition designs for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament. This work was executed very effec-

tively, and surprised many a stranger, we are told, on first entering the room. When the house was altered, great pains were taken to preserve it uninjured, but we are not aware whether it still remains; the original fresco has, we regret to say, become a wreck. The visitors' book at the inn was also supplied by Cox, who enriched it with a vigorous sketch of an oak-tree, and inscribed his name on the first page.

As time wore on, and as Bettws-y-Coed became more and more a place of fashionable resort for artists and tourists, Cox put up at the Church Farm, which was the property of the landlord of the 'Royal Oak,' and which was rather quieter and more suited to his habits than the crowded inn. In the early days he merely slept at the farm, and came across to the 'Royal Oak' for his meals, but subsequently he seems to have stayed there altogether, as the bustle at the inn was too much for him. This arrangement was first made in the autumn of 1854.

While Cox was staying at the 'Royal Oak' at the latter end of 1849, Mr. Solly tells us, a Miss Roberts, who was a relation of the landlord, died. She was quite young, and was much beloved in the neighbourhood, and her death was the occasion of much sorrow and sympathy. Cox attended the funeral, which according to local custom took place in the evening, and his impression of the ceremony resulted in his picture of "The Welsh Funeral," one of the most powerful and important of his works, originally exhibited in 1850. It represents the hills and crags on the eastern side of the valley of Bettws-y-Coed, under which, partly concealed by foliage, amongst which the dark boughs of the yew are conspicuous, is the belfry of the little church in which the bell may be seen on the swing. Along the road, with their backs to the spectator, wend the melancholy train of mourners, chiefly weeping women in long cloaks. Among them is the figure of an old man with a stick, said to

represent the artist. The road is bordered by the characteristic stone dykes. This picture was unsold at the exhibition, but it attracted the attention of Mr. Topham, who persuaded the holder of a £50 Art Union prize to become its possessor. The owner, however, does not appear to have appreciated the treasure, and he subsequently resold it to Mr. Topham, from whom it passed to Mr. Craven. This picture was one of the gems of the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester in 1857.

The summer visits to Bettws-y-Coed resulted in rich stores of sketches, which Cox was wont to work up into finished pictures during the remainder of the year at Harborne; he often painted by lamplight, and we find from some hints given in a letter to his son that he considered many valuable effects could best be obtained by the use of artificial light. His life seems to have been very quiet and peaceful after he had settled down to work steadily in oils. He at first mistrusted his powers in the new medium, and was fond of taking counsel from certain of his Birmingham friends who had long practised oil-painting. The advice of Mr. Roberts seems to have been often sought, and his biographer, Mr. Hall, was a constant guest and critic.

Mr. Hall has given us a vivid picture of the daily life at Glenfield House, the last home of David Cox. He tells us that there was nothing in its external appearance to attract attention. "It was modest and old-fashioned, containing a front parlour with a bow-window looking into the garden; another smaller sitting-room adjoining it, only occasionally used; and a kitchen on the same level, with a particularly light, cheerful, and cleanly look; roomy and comfortable, with generally a flitch of bacon and some hams hanging from the ceiling." "The 'master' usually sat in the parlour in front.

There he frequently worked at his drawings when the weather was too cold to sit in the painting-room upstairs, and always in the evening, by lamplight, when alone and not expecting friends to drop in for an hour's pleasant chat."

These simple gatherings of friends and admirers of his art became towards the close of his career a strong feature of his life at Harborne. Once or twice a week a knot of his friends from Birmingham dropped in after tea for a gossip, bringing with them the latest news, and enjoying the treat of looking over his portfolios and seeing the progress he had made in the works on hand; one of the party became showman for the night, as Mr. Hall tells us, and placed the drawings one after the other on the small table-easel, whilst the others sat round and admired and criticised the sketches submitted to them. Any hints made as to alteration or improvement, Cox always listened to attentively and often enough was ready to adopt.

His son generally came down to stay with him at Christmas time, and this was made the occasion of a more than usually pleasant gathering of friends and a great overhauling of sketches. It was then he decided upon the drawings to be sent to the forthcoming exhibition, and selected the sketches which were to be worked up and completed. He had always a large number of outlines and suggestions for subjects on hand—pictures in embryo, if we may so style them. Many of them were touched in slightly in outline during his summer excursions to Bettws-y-Coed, or roughed in by lamplight during the long evenings at Harborne. When his son visited him, there was, moreover, much to be done in the mounting of sketches completed, the straining of paper for fresh work, and the finishing touches to drawings executed on commission.

To certain of his sketches Cox became peculiarly attached,

CHANGING PASTURES. BY DAVID COX.

In the Birmingham Art Gallery: Nettlefold Bequest.

and no inducement would tempt him to part with them. Thus we read in a letter to his son, dated August 16, 1848: "You must know that with the sales of my drawings in the exhibition, my July dividend, and the sale of my 'Green Lane,' * altogether enabled me to buy £200 stock. The parting with the drawing of the 'Green Lane' was the most unpleasant part of the transaction; but I hope to do better things some day." On the other hand, he sometimes appeared peculiarly reluctant to complete works that had been bespoken, or on the back of which intending purchasers had written their names. He seemed to lose all interest in them, and preferred to lay them aside and to take up some fresh subject or to work out some new "idea." These ideas sometimes occurred to him while he was in the midst of the work on some other picture; but he would at once turn away from the drawing on hand to realise the new impression, and was thus constantly wandering away, we read, "to fresh woods and pastures new."

It was the disinclination during the close of his life to embark upon a large picture which led to the comparatively small size of his paintings in oil. He could not command the fire and perseverance needed for the completion of a picture of large dimensions, hence the fact that the great majority of his oil pictures are on a small scale, and bear the impress of rapid and facile execution. He was fond of painting on millboard, and he had a colour-box contrived to hold two millboards so that they could be placed face to face without touching one another. When out sketching in Bettws he would begin two subjects in one day, painting on each alternately, the one a morning, the other an afternoon effect. His price for these small pictures was £7 10*s.* each, but he would charge £8 if they were extra well finished. Many of these small

* The fine picture subsequently acquired by Mr. Quilter for £368.

paintings have since his death been sold for twenty or thirty times the amount he was paid for them.

One of these little pictures was once rescued by Mr. Hall, he tells us, under the following circumstances: He was painting with Cox in the big meadow at Bettws-y-Coed by the side of the river Llugwy, the subjects they were engaged upon being close at hand. "An hour or two had passed very pleasantly, both pictures, judging from the space of canvas covered, had progressed apparently well," when all of a sudden Mr. Hall heard a great bustle behind him, and looking round to ascertain the cause saw Cox preparing, rag in hand, to rub out the whole of his morning's work. "What is the matter? Don't do that, Mr. Cox!" "Matter!" said Cox, "why I can't paint at all to-day, Nature is a great deal too hard for me." And again he prepared to efface what he had been doing. "Stop! stop!" said Mr. Hall, "don't rub it out, give it to me; I like it very much, it is very good indeed." "Take it along then," said Cox. "Can you spare me a tube of Indian yellow? I have used all mine. Give me one for the picture." Needless to say, the exchange was made with great satisfaction to Mr. Hall, on whose walls the sketch was afterwards much admired.

In the valuable Memoir of Cox by Mr. Solly, he has collected together a large number of the letters written by Cox to his friends during his visits to Bettws, or while he was living at Harborne. Some of the earlier letters are in fac-simile, and give us an admirable idea of the bold and vigorous calligraphy of the artist. He wrote an upright hand, somewhat angular but highly characteristic. He always signs his name in full David Cox, and this signature he almost invariably appended to his completed works. We do not remember to have seen any picture by him signed only D. Cox.

CHAPTER V.

ONE of the chief events towards the close of his life was his journey to Edinburgh in 1856, to have his portrait painted. It was suggested early in 1855, by certain of his Birmingham friends and patrons, that a portrait should be painted of him by some artist of eminence, with a view of its presentation to one of the public galleries in his native town. The proposal was warmly taken up, and a Committee was formed to carry out the project. When a sufficient sum had been collected, the commission was entrusted to Sir J. Watson Gordon, R.A., P.R.S.A. But here a difficulty arose which it took some time to overcome. The eminent portrait-painter was advanced in years, and could not come to Birmingham to undertake the picture, and Cox was not only old but in feeble health, and very infirm. His friends feared the excitement and strain of the long journey to Edinburgh, and though his medical adviser thought it might be accomplished in easy stages, Cox himself declined to attempt it. However, after much persuasion, he at length consented to undergo the fatigue and risks of a visit to the North, and in the month of August, 1856, he started for Scotland, accompanied by Mr. Hall and his son.

It was decided to break the journey at Carlisle, and Cox took advantage of a stroll on the ramparts to make a sketch of the Keep of the fine old Castle. On the evening of the second day they reached Edinburgh, and on the morrow presented

themselves at the studio of Sir John, in George Street. He appears to have been delighted with his sitter, assuring him that he had not had so fine a subject since he painted Sir Walter Scott, whom Cox at that period somewhat resembled. The portrait progressed rapidly, and in five sittings the artist had accomplished all that he required from the life. The likeness was a great success, and added much to the reputation of Sir J. W. Gordon when it was exhibited next year at the Royal Academy in London. We are able to present our readers with a reproduction of this excellent portrait, which forms the frontispiece of the Memoir. It recalls in a striking manner the attitude and appearance of the venerable artist, and gives a vivid impression of his kindly and intelligent features.

In describing a visit paid to the house of Sir J. W. Gordon, near Newhaven, where Cox was invited to dine with him, Mr. Hall tells us that in an outhouse at the bottom of the garden there was a workshop and all the requisite tools for making the stretchers for his pictures, and he adds that his canvasses were also prepared on the premises with the assistance of a relative, Mr. Watson. The material on which he painted was not the ordinary canvas, but so-called Scotch sheeting.

After a stay of a week in Edinburgh the party returned south, resting for a short time at the pretty cottage of Mr. R. G. Reeves at Bolton-le-Sands.

The portrait, after it had been exhibited in London, was most successfully engraved, for presentation to the subscribers, by Mr. Samuel Bellin, and the plate was handed to Cox to be bequeathed to his son.

The formal presentation of the picture to Cox took place at the house of Mr. Charles Birch, the chairman of the committee, on November 19th, 1855. A large party met at Metchley Abbey, Harborne, on the occasion, and after the

dinner an address was read by the secretary, in which the respect and admiration of the subscribers for the genius and perseverance of the artist were feelingly and ably set forth. In the concluding paragraph the hope was expressed that he might long be spared to wear the laurels he had so well won, to give evidence of the unabated freshness of his thoughts and the vigour of his pencil, and to enjoy the serene repose of a virtuous and honoured old age. Poor Cox was greatly overcome by the compliments bestowed upon him, but was unable to do more than bow his acknowledgments for their kindness, and at the conclusion of the few words uttered on his behalf by Dr. Bell Fletcher, his friend and medical adviser, he wished his kind and hospitable entertainers good night and went home to his frugal supper of bread and milk.

When the portrait was returned from the engraver it was deposited with Cox to be retained by him during his lifetime, and to be subsequently placed as the committee had decided in some public institution in Birmingham. It hung for some years in his sitting-room at Harborne, and was removed at his death to the Birmingham and Midland Institute. It now occupies a place of honour in the Corporation Museum and Art Gallery among the fine collection of Cox's works bequeathed to the town by the late Mr. Joseph H. Nettlefold.

Cox himself was greatly pleased with the picture, and often said to his friends, "Oh, I wish David could have had that picture!" So strong was his desire that his son should possess his likeness, painted by an artist of distinction, that he ultimately resolved to come up to London and to sit to Mr. (afterwards Sir Wm.) Boxall. This he did in the year following, and the portrait, which was an excellent one, though it did not give so much general satisfaction as that of the Scotch painter, was afterwards presented to his son.

Throughout the winter of 1855 and the spring of the following year Cox continued to paint both in oil and water-colours, but he was beginning to feel acutely the decline of his powers. His eyesight failed him and his hand was trembling and unsteady. In the course of a visit to London in the early summer of 1857 he was attacked with a rather serious illness, but he recovered in a short time sufficiently to enable him to return home. Both during the remainder of this year, and throughout 1858 he did not stir from home beyond occasional short strolls in the vicinity, and he was compelled by increasing infirmity to forego a visit to his beloved Bettws-y-Coed.

Early in 1859 his illness increased considerably in severity, and during the greater part of January his life was despaired of. But again he rallied and was able to get downstairs and to resume his painting. A severe cold, acquired soon after he had sent off his drawings to the exhibition, again prostrated him and left him visibly weakened, and though he bore up for awhile, he had at the beginning of June once more to take to his bed.

Mr. Hall tells us that one evening just before this happened, when he was retiring to rest earlier than usual, worn out with pain and weariness, he looked round his old sitting-room as he went out at the door, and, taking a loving glance at the pictures he seemed to have a presentiment that he should see no more, said mournfully, "Good-bye, pictures!"

In a few days he became decidedly worse, and on the 7th of June he expired quite tranquilly, in the presence of his son and the sorrowing members of his household, in his 77th year. His last words were "God bless you all!"

Seven days later he was laid to rest in Harborne Churchyard, in the grave to which he had been preceded some fourteen

years before by his wife, beneath the branches of a spreading chestnut tree. Many of his oldest friends and most intimate associates were present at the funeral, together with the representatives of the societies of which he was a member: Mr. Frederick Tayler representing the Old Water-Colour Society, and Mr. Peter Hollins attending on behalf of the Birmingham Society of Artists.

In honour of his memory a few of his old friends subscribed for a window to be placed in Harborne Church, beneath which is the following simple inscription, "To the glory of God and in memory of David Cox, Artist, this window was erected by a few friends, A.D. 1874."

Cox's will was signed on 2nd August, 1858, and after bequeathing drawings to friends and executors, he left substantial legacies to each of his four grand-daughters, £500 to his faithful housekeeper Ann Fowler, who had been with him since her childhood, first as servant and then in charge of his household, his son being named residuary legatee of all his estate and effects. His property was proved under £12,000, a modest sum enough when we come to think of the prices which some of his best works have since realised, but to him a competency for those he loved, and for whom he had laboured so unremittingly. His son, who died in 1885, retained all his father's own works, paintings, drawings, and sketches, though many we believe have now been parted with by the family. David Cox, jun., was elected an Associate of the Old Water-Colour Society in 1845, and worked much after the manner of his father.

Poor Cox was scarcely cold in his grave before the public began to be aware of the true value of his works. Shortly before his death, towards the close of 1858, an exhibition of some of his pictures had taken place in the large room of the Conver-

sazione Society at Hampstead. This display, though it was not a thoroughly representative one, contained many fine examples, and among the chief contributors were Mr. W. S. Ellis, Mr. Hollingsworth, Mr. Mayou, Mr. Wilkinson, and others, together with Cox and his son, and early in the following year a much more important exhibition was organised in the Gallery at 168, New Bond Street, the proceeds of which were devoted to "The Artists' Benevolent Fund." The collection comprised 169 works, some in oil and some in water-colour. The committee was an influential one, and among the contributors we find the names of many of the artist's most ardent admirers. In a notice of this exhibition quoted by Mr. Solly, it is stated that it "cannot fail to prove a rich treat, and will convince any sceptic, if he has eyes, that David Cox must always stand in the first rank of British landscape painters."

A far more representative display, however, of the art of Cox, was that formed under the auspices of the Liverpool Art Club at the close of 1875, and which was opened to the public in their rooms at Myrtle Street. The collection consisted of no less than 448 works of all periods. It contained, in all, 57 pictures in oil, together with a large number of his most important water-colour drawings, and many sketches in sepia and charcoal. The exhibition at Liverpool had been preceded in 1870 by one on a smaller scale at Manchester, and it must not be forgotten that the fine display of his works at the Art Treasures Exhibition in Manchester in 1857 was probably the first occasion on which the art of Cox came prominently into public notice.

At this time the works of Cox were still far from popular, and the rage for the collection of his drawings had not set in. It is, therefore, interesting to note that no less than eighteen very choice pictures by him were shown at Manchester, and

GOING TO THE HAYFIELD. BY DAVID COX.

In the Firmingham Art Gallery: Nettlefold Fequest.

many Art lovers were astonished to find so great a painter comparatively so little known.

In the International Exhibition of 1862, Cox was represented by "The Welsh Funeral," "The Junction of the Severn and the Wye," "Going to the Hayfield," "Beaumaris," "Beeston Castle," "Fern Gatherers," and "The Horse Fair." Mr. Palgrave, in his handbook to the Fine Arts Catalogue, says concerning certain of these drawings, "They belong peculiarly to the artist's later style, in which his often blurred and imperfectly realised execution is a severe lesson to the lover of the neat and the conventional. Yet this seemingly slight and hasty touch conceals a thoughtfulness and a delicacy in handling, which is more like Turner's than any other man's work."

CHAPTER VI.

THE display of the works of Cox in the Historical Collection of Water-Colours at South Kensington, though somewhat meagre, is, taken as a whole, one fairly representative of the various phases of his art. It comprises eleven drawings, none of them quite capable of ranking with his best efforts, though "The Challenge, A Storm on the Moor," depicting a snorting bull in the midst of a violent tempest of wind and rain, is a very fine work. This drawing formed part of the collection bequeathed by the late Mr. Townshend, which included many important pictures, among them two other works by Cox. The late Mr. William Smith bequeathed the fine early work entitled "Water Mill, North Wales," the sketch of "Dover Pier," and the unfinished "Hilly Landscape with Figures."

Perhaps the earliest in point of date of these sketches is the "Water Mill" (p. 9), a drawing which strongly reminds us of the works of Havell, both in colouring and in the method of treatment. Like them, also, it has suffered severely from the fading of the blues and the undue prominence thus given to the Indian red or other more stable pigment. We have reproduced this sketch as an example of Cox's early style. It shows no use of body-colour, but the penknife has been freely employed to give the light on the water, the ducks and the sparkle on the water-wheel. It is rather stiff and formal in treatment, and we miss in it that feeling for air-tints and

delicate gradations of colour, which forms the principal charm in his later works. Somewhat subsequent to this in point of time is the grand drawing entitled "The Llug Meadows," which doubtless belongs to the early days of his residence at Hereford, and would therefore have been produced about 1816. A characteristic of all these early works is the evident attempt at careful composition, the sombre tone, and the serious damage they have undergone due to the failure of the blue (doubtless indigo.)

The charming drawing of "A Hayfield," which we have reproduced at p. 19, belongs to his best period, and has all the delicacy and grace of his mature handling. In our illustration it suffers somewhat from the faintness of the sky, which in the picture is filled with a grand mass of rolling cumulus cloud. The middle distance has come out a trifle dark, and the glow of sunlight on the distant hills scarcely takes its true keeping as in the original. The figures here, as in most of Cox's works, are admirably touched in. The drawing bears the signature somewhat indistinctly written in the left-hand corner. Cox had a trick of using the same name for his pictures again and again, and of some of his most successful works he produced numerous replicas; thus there are three "Welsh Funerals" known to us, and at least four drawings entitled "Skirts of the Forest:" this repetition leads at times to confusion.

Quite in his later manner, and a gem of atmospheric treatment, is the little sketch at Kensington, a "Showery Effect," which is signed and dated 1854, and was evidently produced about that time. Some of these blurred drawings have been found fault with by critics as hasty and blotted; but Cox had a reason for all his brush-work, and a careful study of the pictures wherein he aimed at some effect of storm, or mist, or passing shower will persuade the Art-lover that to blame him

is to fail to perceive subtle beauties of handling which grow upon us the longer we study his methods.

"The Challenge," already referred to by us, belongs to Cox's latest period. The sky is black with rain, the bull stands to the right of the picture amidst a wild and rocky moorland landscape, bordered afar off by some misty hills which tell out light against the dark mid-distance. A pool of water to the left catches a bright gleam from the sky. The scene inspires a vivid feeling of bleakness and desolation and the torrential rain sweeps down in pitiless streams; no work we have seen by David Cox can compare with this in the mastery displayed in dealing with atmospheric effects of the most difficult and complex nature. This drawing was exhibited at the Old Water-Colour Society in 1853.

From the admirable collection of Mr. James Orrock, we have been permitted to reproduce two works by Cox, the more important of which is the oil-painting entitled "Going to the Plough," p. 35. Like many of his most striking pictures this landscape is made up of very slender materials. It would seem to be a tract of the fen-country. In the middle distance we see a team of horses drawing the plough and some carts, and near the front of the picture to the left are two horses going forward to join those at work. A mass of tangled weedage fills the foreground, and to the right is a little pool of water with its sparkling reflection of the sky. This is one of his early works in oil, as it is signed and dated 1841, the year of his retirement to Harborne. The collection of Mr. Orrock is rich both in works in oil and water-colours, far more so than any other private collection. His picture, entitled "Crossing the Sands from Market," we have already described on p. 25. This in subject and mode of treatment recalls the Birmingham picture of "The Shrimpers." The perspective of the train of

THE SKIRTS OF THE FOREST. BY DAVID COX.

In the Birmingham Art Gallery: Nettlefold Bequest.

figures passing away into the distance is admirably thought out, and the dark shadow in the foreground gives tone and richness to the tract of sand in the middle distance.

In order to form a correct estimate of Cox's power and genius as a painter in oil, it is necessary to undertake a pilgrimage to the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery, where, in consequence of the noble bequest of the late Mr. Joseph H. Nettlefold, a far finer collection of his works has been brought together than in any other locality. To some extent there is a fitness in this rich representation of the artist in the place of his birth, though it cannot fail to be a matter of regret that Cox is not seen to greater advantage in our Metropolitan Galleries. In the Print-room of the British Museum, and in the National Collections at Trafalgar Square and South Kensington, but scant justice is done to his powers as a water-colour painter, and as an oil painter he is in London itself but little known. It is true that he achieved fame and made his mark in our midst in the former medium, and that it was not until late in life that he did great things in oil; but few who have had an opportunity of examining a good collection of Cox's works in oil will deny that he succeeded admirably also in that branch of Art, and that he takes a high rank among the oil painters.

We have felt some hesitation in deciding whether to represent his art more largely by his oil pictures or by his water-colour drawings; indeed; but for the liberality with which the trustees of the Birmingham Collection have responded to our request to reproduce some of their treasures, we should have confined ourselves chiefly to his earlier and better known work in water-colours. We trust, however, that it will be deemed that justice has here been done to the art of Cox in each of the phases in which he was pre-eminent.

It is a hard task at the present day, when men of all shades

of opinion combine to do homage to his genius, to believe that less than half a century ago his works were looked upon with indifference by the connoisseurs and lightly esteemed by the best judges of the time. The admirers of David Cox were a select few—his art did not appeal to the uninstructed public, and his drawings were sold, as we have seen, at comparatively small prices. There was, even in those early days, however, a band of devoted admirers of the art of Cox in Birmingham, who, long before the merits of his works had forced themselves upon the notice of art-buyers in London, recognised his power as a landscape painter, and eagerly bought up his works both in the public galleries and in his own studio.

The collection formed by Mr. J. Nettlefold, one of his Birmingham patrons, and bequeathed to his native city, brings before us a series of oil-paintings representative of the best work of Cox in this medium, and it has furnished many of our illustrations in the present work.

Foremost in importance among these we must place "The Skirts of the Forest," see p. 53, a subject rather larger in size than Cox was wont to attempt in oil, and which was originally painted for Mr. David Jones. It is a scene in Sherwood Forest, and depicts some stunted and weather-beaten oaks, which have borne for many a long year the force of gale and tempest. The colouring is rich and effective, and the group of peasants give scale and importance to the forest trees; to the left is a glimpse of water, which the artist so often introduces with good effect, and some fine bold leafage and water-plants.

Of all the oil pictures in the Birmingham Galleries, none is more pleasing in colour and treatment than the small work, dated 1849, entitled "Tending Sheep, Bettws-y-Coed," illustrated on p. 27. Beneath the shadows of some dark trees in the foreground are the shepherd and the sheep, while the

rough mountain-side forms an appropriate background. The subject is one somewhat out of the common, and the execution is in the artist's best style. "Changing Pastures," a reproduction of which will be found on p. 41, is another favourite picture; it is dated 1847. The upper part of the sky is filled with dark leaden clouds, the scene is taken at eventime. Of the two shepherds, the one is standing and the other reclines, as the sheep rush through an open gate in the centre of the picture. There is a beautiful passage of bluish-green sky, and some cirrus clouds faintly tinged with the setting sun. The landscape is flecked with cloud-shadows; on a hill to the right of the spectator is a windmill. The picture has the usual broken foreground in which Cox delighted.

Another beautiful little picture of a subject he frequently repeated is entitled "Going to the Hayfield," signed and dated 1853 (see p. 49). This drawing contains more minute and careful detail than we generally find in Cox's works. The figures are very accurately put in, and the effects of the breeze on the draperies are clearly indicated. The sky with its mass of grey clouds is finely rendered, and as we look into the picture we can see clearly that a shower is impending, but still on the whole the landscape is full of sunshine.

"The Shrimpers," dated in the same year, 1853, which forms the headpiece to Chapter II., is yet another example of the manner in which Cox could make a picture out of scanty materials. We see a tract of sandy foreshore, with some low hills in the distance, the sky filled with a mass of rolling grey clouds. In the front of the picture is a man on horseback, and two women with their nets going away from the spectator (Cox so often chooses to represent the figures with their faces turned away from us). In the middle distance are some horsemen galloping across the sands.

It has become a practice in recent times to bring together on special occasions the selected works of artists whom the public delight to honour, and, as we have seen, the art of Cox has been frequently thus selected for display. It is paying him no mean compliment when we say that, seen together at such times, his works are sure to be a source of delight, and that they do not suffer from this juxtaposition. It is only pictures of rare excellence which can stand such an ordeal as this, but it is one in which the art of Cox appears to great advantage. As we go to press another exhibition is about to be opened at Birmingham, which will be the most important and representative display of any which have hitherto taken place.

PETER DE WINT

PETER DE WINT.

CHAPTER I.

It is a trite saying that "happy is the nation that has no history"; this remark, we think, possibly applies with equal force to individuals as it does to nations. An uneventful life is very often a joyful and a prosperous one; and yet happiness is so rare in this world that it surely deserves to be chronicled. The difficulty we encounter in depicting such a life is that there is so little to record about it, especially when, as is the case with the subject of this memoir, happiness has been secured by a round of duties conscientiously performed, by domestic felicity based upon the sure foundation of moral worth, and by the calm pursuit of an art for which the votary had an unusual and original vocation; and not by startling and extraordinary efforts, not by wonderful or curious fortunes or misfortunes, nor by brilliant strokes of erratic genius.

Peter de Wint's life exemplifies the former conditions by its simple, calm, and uneventful course, while at the same time it is far removed from the commonplace, not only on account of his great merit as a painter, but owing also to his possession of a privilege of perhaps still more rare attainment—a faithful friendship.

So many years have now elapsed since De Wint's death, that

it is a little difficult to reproduce the mere facts of his life, much more the feelings and thoughts of the man who seems to have been not altogether easy to understand. His single-hearted friendship may even have stood in the way; his affections, though so deep, were perhaps on that very account not so expansive; his home life was so happy that he had small occasion to take counsel with the outer world, and his art was so absorbing that his whole mind leant entirely to its due fulfilment.

Yet though De Wint's life seemed to flow on so calmly, there were circumstances connected with his birth and parentage which had in them something of romance. He sprang, as his name implies, from a mixed race, and tokens of his Dutch and Scotch origin are developed in the painter, and confirm the usual belief that the alliance of persons of different nationalities tends to effect the improvement of the race.

The De Wints or De Windts, as the name was first spelt, came originally from Holland, and the ancestors of the painter were merchants of wealth and position in Amsterdam. Their coat-of-arms, consisting of "Four heads proper blowing four winds," conveys an appropriate idea of their hereditary instincts, which led them to emigrate to various countries.

One of our painter's forefathers settled in the West Indies, another left the quaint Dutch town, built upon piles, with its slow canals and busy marts, to try his fortune among the more active settlers in the new continent of America. The grandfather of Peter de Wint lived near New York, where he enjoyed a comfortable fortune, and, mindful of that land from whence he came forth, sent his second son Henry, our painter's father, to be educated at the University of Leyden. How the young man got on in his father's country is not recorded, but while still quite young he came over to England, inclining perhaps to

LINCOLN MINSTER. By De Wint.
In the South Kensington Museum.

a place where they spoke his mother-tongue, and joined the staff of St. Thomas's Hospital, for his education had fitted him to enter the medical profession, and he only wanted to improve himself in its practice.

Once arrived in London he probably went into society here, at any rate the young physician did not pass his days entirely alone, for the little God of Love came in unawares to upset, with his fiery dart, the plans which the father in America had matured for the future of his young doctor-son. Miss Caroline Watson, a young Scotch lady of good birth, but of no fortune, for her father had dissipated his property by his adherence to the unfortunate cause of the young Pretender, engaged Henry de Wint's affections, and he married the young lady without, apparently, informing his father in New York of the fact, until they had been husband and wife for some time, and had given hostages to fortune in the shape of two children.

The father in the meantime had allowed the young physician £300 a year, and he intended him upon his return to New York to supplement this allowance and his professional gains by marrying a rich cousin. On hearing that his son was already provided with a wife, and of the hopelessness therefore of keeping the family wealth in the family name, he immediately disinherited the young physician. Henry de Wint never again saw his father, as almost directly after the old man had taken this decisive step, he received an injury by falling out of his carriage. From this he never recovered, and dying very shortly afterwards from its effects, his money all went to his elder son.

The younger De Wint resolved to remain in England and to set up as a doctor. This he did first at Cardiff in Wales, where, however, he did not remain long, for finding he could not understand the Welsh language and disliking the class of

patients who resorted to him for advice, he moved later to Stone in Staffordshire, where he had been told there was an opening for a medical man. This period must have been a time of struggle and poverty for the young couple, for youth is no recommendation for a physician, and in his case there was the added drawback of his being a stranger, though from an English-speaking land.

It was at Stone in Staffordshire, therefore, that Peter de Wint, the fourth son of the physician, and the future painter, first saw the light on the 21st of January, 1784. There are few records of his early days, he was but one in a large family, twelve in all we believe, though five only seem to have reached man's estate. Like many boys, he was devoted to the study of natural objects; he delighted in watching the flight of birds, in listening to the babbling of the brook, and the soughing of the wind in the trees, and from this cause he was happy and contented when out of doors, alone with Nature, and he preferred those hours which he spent in solitude in the woods, and in the unrestricted enjoyment of rural life.

Like many other painters, he was from a child devoted to drawing, and he always expressed his strong desire to become an artist. This love of scribbling and sketching is observable in many boys who never take to art as a profession, but it is a little singular in one whose family seemed totally without any artistic instinct, and who can rarely have seen a picture, or an artist at work.

His passion for drawing became so developed at school, that he not only taught it to his schoolfellows, but he employed as many of his school hours as he dared in its pursuit. His father, perceiving his devotion to art, allowed him a few lessons from a Mr. Rogers, a drawing-master of Stafford, though he himself destined his son for the medical profession.

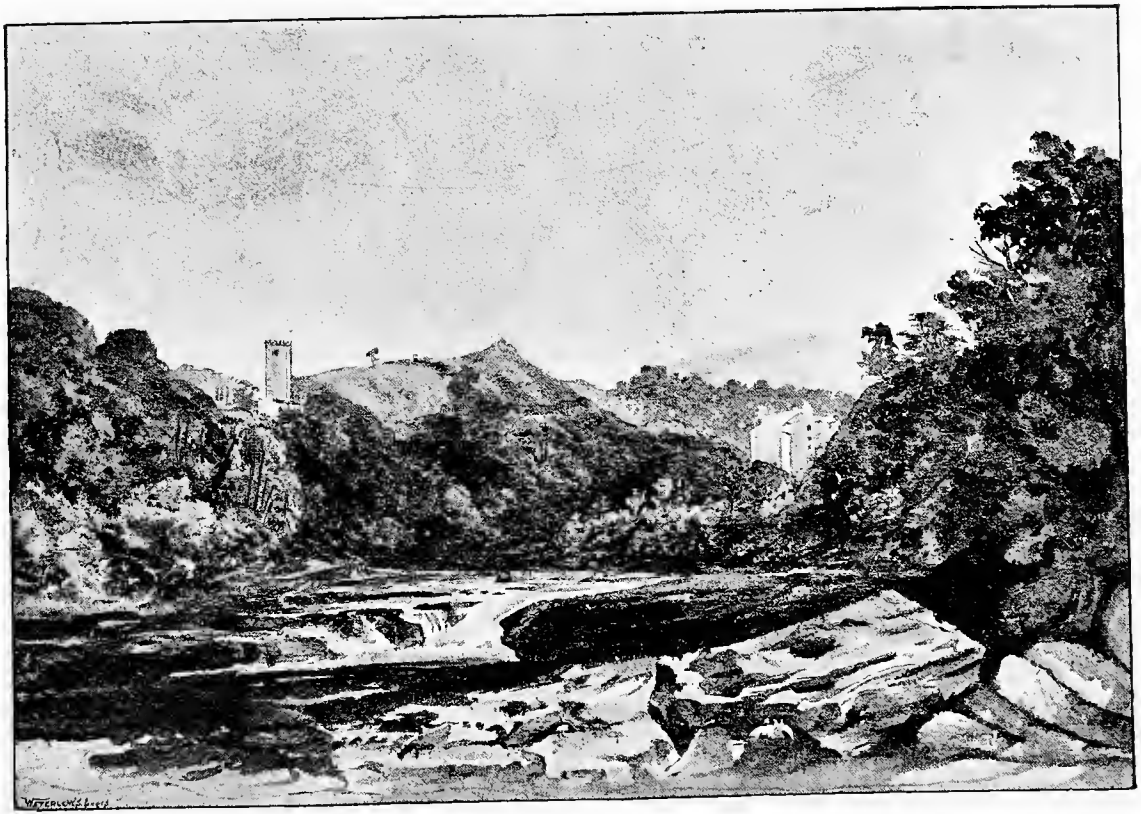
It was not until Peter had left school, that, finding how he disliked the prospect of studying medicine, his father resolved to allow him to follow Art.

For this purpose he placed him as a pupil with an eminent mezzotint engraver of that day, John Raphael Smith. The youth probably delighted in this move; we hear that when in early boyhood he first saw an engraving, in the total dearth and want of art or pictures which surrounded his childhood, he was so enchanted with it that he thought it must be the work of an angel! Now he, too, was going to take part in "angels'" work, and was to join that grand community, of whom one of the greatest, on examining a fine masterpiece, could find no other language than those joyful words, "I, too, am a painter!"

John Raphael Smith was the younger son of a self-taught local artist of Derby, who desiring the best gifts, or what he considered as such, for his two boys, had christened the elder "Correggio," and the younger "Raphael." Correggio's career in art was a mediocre one; but as he lived in Staffordshire, near the De Wints, it was probably through him that they knew of his more celebrated brother, J. R. Smith, who has claims of a more decided character to our regard.

His works in mezzotint are full of colour and are charming in drawing. He began life as a shopman in a linen-drapery establishment, and he devoted his leisure to the production of miniatures; but these are rather poor in quality and not to be compared with his engravings, nor are his crayon-portraits, though they show more ability, so remarkable for their quality as for their quantity. It is owing to his engravings, particularly to his works after Reynolds, that he became popular, formed an extensive connection, and was appointed engraver to the Prince of Wales.

His other qualifications for superintending and guiding



AYSGARTH FORCE, YORKSHIRE. By De Wint.

In the Orrock Collection.

yielded, and the son having become an excellent draughtsman under his tuition, was placed by his father with J. R. Smith, with whom he was well acquainted, in order that he might continue his art education under the best auspices.

Hilton, though considerably younger than De Wint, had already been eighteen months at work in town when the latter came to London. Poor Hilton must have gone through a somewhat trying experience, passing from a quiet country town and the care of a devoted and affectionate mother, to the rather rollicking and careless household of the mezzotint engraver; and till young De Wint arrived in town, Hilton's life was anything but a happy one. Then, indeed, a pleasant time must have begun for both young men, their friendship daily augmenting through the unifying bond of a similar pursuit, and their tastes strengthening with their growth and uniting them always more and more to each other.

Their master seems to have been much satisfied with their artistic progress, and he encouraged them in sketching, often taking them with him when he went on his frequent fishing expeditions. Throughout life De Wint was passionately devoted to sketching, and his enthusiasm for it never died out, nor did his pleasure in it ever fade. Smith seems to have soon discovered that the bent of neither young men led them towards the art of engraving, and it would appear that he did not compel them to attempt it. On the contrary, he encouraged them in portrait painting, and in the practice of going at once to Nature. At the time De Wint lived with J. R. Smith, he was, as we have seen, residing in King Street, Covent Garden. Here De Wint's indentures were signed on the 7th June, 1806, and he bound himself to stay an extra year with Smith after his apprenticeship was over, because that engraver took him without a premium.

After the fellow-pupils had worked together about a year with their master, several circumstances occurred in his family to make the friends so uncomfortable that Hilton resolved to run away, his fellow-conspirator on this occasion being no doubt De Wint, who was of course deep in his friend's confidence, and who also naturally refused to break his vow of secresy, or to give his master any clue to Hilton's whereabouts. The engraver, furious with what he deemed the contumacy of his pupil, had him up before a magistrate, and the young man was sent to prison. Here the modern Damon was at first very harshly treated, and, but for the kindness of a woman who had been in the employment of the Smiths, might have suffered much from the cold. However, De Wint's relatives hearing of his sad plight soon came to his rescue, while Hilton, safe at Lincoln with his parents, was in despair at his friend's position. After mutual explanations, Hilton returned to his master, De Wint was liberated from his prison, and complimented on his devoted friendship, and the lads were afterwards better treated and more diligently attended to by the Smith family than they had previously been.

Their apprenticeship, however, came to an end much sooner than was expected, as the two young men resolved to learn their art and to earn their bread at the same time. Perhaps Hilton's success in getting a picture hung at the Royal Academy Exhibition may have had something to do with this decision to set up for themselves; anyhow, De Wint engaged to paint eighteen oil pictures, nine the first year and nine the second, of certain specified sizes, for Smith, in lieu of the four years cancelled, and of the extra year's work which he had promised when first apprenticed, and this new arrangement our painter faithfully carried out.

The close of De Wint's apprenticeship was signalised by a

visit to Hilton's parents at Lincoln, his first view of the city which inspired so many of his happiest efforts. The Hiltons had a house near the wall of Lincoln Castle, and to it was attached a garden from whence there was a beautiful view, and a fine opportunity for studying skies; a chance of which De Wint was not slow to avail himself. It was during this visit that he first saw his future wife. What a pretty picture comes before us! Imagine the shy, slender, dark-haired young painter introduced by his best friend to his only sister, a rosy, fresh and blue-eyed maiden. Imagine the sister first seeing the friend so dear to her only brother; one who had suffered so much in that brother's cause that he had actually dared to go to prison for his sake! Youth and love and romance all combining in a holiday glow of sunshine and domestic happiness! For the Hiltons were a most united and harmonious family, much more so from the smallness of their home circle than the larger family of the De Wints could possibly be. Harriet Hilton was at home for the holidays when the young painters arrived; she was at that sweet age fifteen, in the first dawn of opening womanhood, not a child and yet not grown up:—

> "Standing with reluctant feet,
> Where the brook and river meet,
> Womanhood and childhood fleet!"

What wonder that young De Wint should lose his heart, or that the maiden should respond to his affection? At any rate the foundation was then laid of an enduring love between them which only grew deeper with each year of their lives.

Harriet Hilton was at school with a lady greatly celebrated at that day, a friend of her father's living in Leicester, who became known to the elder Hilton while he too was residing in that town. This was a Miss Linwood, an artist in needlework,

who in her time enjoyed a great reputation for her tapestry copies of the Old Masters! Alas! her collection, though exhibited in London, brought her more popularity than profit, and it was disposed of after her death for a mere old song. Harriet Hilton was a favourite pupil, and was allowed to sit by her mistress's side in play hours, and to read aloud to her during her labours while the learned lady tapestried a Raphael. This pleasant talent of being a good reader Harriet Hilton retained through life, and she exercised it frequently for the benefit of her husband during her married years. She had a sweet voice, that "excellent thing in woman," and knew how to use it.

From Lincoln De Wint made a walking tour through Derbyshire to his native county, and here he was again joined by Hilton, and both young men painted several portraits, which no doubt, as they were neither of them at all affluent, they found a great help to the common purse, apparently kept by them at this time.

Dr. De Wint was now well off, and standing well in his profession, he was doubtless able to help his son Peter and his friend by getting them commissions for portraits, as from his duties as a medical man he must naturally have had a large circle of friends. He died about two years after this, in 1807, and his eldest son, who seems to have been the reverse of an amiable character, took possession of everything, and though he had a lucrative profession appears to have been unable to help his family.

Peter De Wint, though only twenty-three, had to assist his younger brother and sisters, and afterwards his mother, who, but for the conduct of her elder son, ought to have been independent of her children. After this son's death she lived at Ancaster with her youngest son Thomas, who was also a doctor, and who died in 1851.

CHAPTER II.

HOLIDAY time over, the two young men returned to London for the winter, and settled in apartments in Broad Street, Golden Square. They were on the best of terms with their late master, who seems to have been in the main a generous-minded man. He probably helped them in the disposal of their works, and gave them sound advice. Hilton was already a student of the Royal Academy. De Wint was admitted later, in March, 1809, but it was not till two years afterwards that he entered the Life School of the Academy, on the 16th March, 1811; his card being endorsed by Fuseli as keeper, and W. Beechey as visitor. He was then a married man.

The friends spent their Sundays about this period with an aunt of De Wint's, a Mrs. Brooks, her son being the intimate friend of both young men. This son afterwards took Holy Orders, and became in his later years a Canon of Lincoln. Probably it was partly through his influence that De Wint imbibed that strongly religious habit of thought which characterized his whole life.

The fear of an invasion of England by the French under Napoleon was one of the scares of that time, and we find the three young men, like good patriots, all enrolled as volunteers in the St. Margaret and St. John's Corps, though the date of their entrance is not given.

In 1809 Hilton suffered from a serious attack of fever, and his mother and sister came up to town to help to nurse him through it. An incident occurred during this illness which might have proved very unfortunate for De Wint. He was sitting up one night with his friend, and instead of administering his medicine to him, De Wint gave him by mistake a glass of vinegar. "Oh!" cried the patient, "that is not the medicine; you have killed me." Poor De Wint immediately rushed off to consult the doctor, who lived at some distance from their lodgings. On his way he passed Drury Lane Theatre, which was just at that moment bursting into flames, for it was the very night upon which it was burnt down. The people who met De Wint rushing along naturally concluded that he was running to give the alarm of fire, and kept stopping him to inquire where it was, and all about it. These delays only added to his distress, but at last he reached his goal, and to his great joy learned that his unauthorised dose would do the patient no harm.

Hilton went down to Lincoln to recover, but he had a relapse there which nearly cost him his life. While Hilton was away, De Wint moved his rooms to Carburton Street, and here he continued diligently working and giving lessons in water-colour drawing. He had been introduced ere this, as early as 1806, to Dr. Monro, the patron of so many distinguished painters, but whether he worked for the doctor on the same terms as did Turner, Girtin, Cozens, and others is not known; at any rate he must have enjoyed the fine water-colour drawings to be seen in Dr. Monro's portfolios.

In 1809, when living with Hilton, in Norton Street, Portland Road, De Wint became an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, which had that season removed from its gallery in Old Bond Street to a larger one in Spring

HAY HARVEST. By De Wint.

In the South Kensington Museum.

Gardens. The society had at that time only twenty-four members, and they did very well while the exhibition was a novelty, from 1805 to 1813. For the last year or two, however, of this period the profits fell off, and some of the members becoming panic-stricken, called a general meeting, at which it was resolved to dissolve the society. Twelve members, however, more courageous than the rest (De Wint was not one of them), immediately re-united and determined to continue the exhibition; this they did with varying but eventual success, and subsequently when located in the rooms they at present occupy in Pall Mall East, De Wint again joined the society, and became one of the most steady contributors to its exhibitions.

On the 16th of June, 1810, De Wint married Harriet Hilton, and after spending a six weeks' honeymoon in London, he went down to pass the summer at Lincoln with his wife and her family, only leaving it to make a short sketching excursion into Yorkshire. The winter found the De Wints and Hilton again settled in town, and the two painters at work and busy in Percy Street. In this home seventeen years passed happily by, during this period Hilton produced his finest pictures, and De Wint became more and more known as a water-colour painter and as a drawing-master of great capacity. The only drawback to his happiness lay in the delicacy of his wife's health, which after the birth of a little daughter, their only child, in 1811, for some time gave him much uneasiness.

This cause probably led him to spend his summers at Lincoln, varied only by occasional visits to the country houses of his pupils; for he made many friends among those to whom he taught his art, and he enjoyed sketching and visiting in many lovely neighbourhoods where they resided, being always accompanied on these occasions by his wife and child, without whom he could seldom be induced to stir from home.

Either his strong domestic affections, or his real love of English landscape, prevented De Wint from ever caring to go abroad or to paint foreign scenery, and though he did pass a short time in Normandy in 1828, he declared himself much disappointed with it. In reference to this trip he used often jokingly to remark that he had never seen Brighton look beautiful but once, and that was when he saw it from the vessel in which he was returning home from Dieppe.

He refused many advantageous offers of going abroad, and steadily rejected all the inducements urged upon him to try foreign landscape. His love of English scenery was on the other hand extremely catholic, though perhaps Northern scenery may have had more attractions for him than that nearer home. Still, he saw many beauties in Norfolk and Suffolk, which were not at that time certainly deemed beautiful counties, and he knew and delighted in Shropshire, North Wales, and Gloucester.

His celebrated work "The Cricketers," which we have reproduced on p. 87, and which forms part of the Historical Collection at South Kensington, is taken from a Surrey scene; Leith Hill occupies the middle distance and the peasants are playing their favourite game on Ockley Green. In this work, which may be regarded as a type of his more finished compositions, he loses somewhat of the freshness and charm of his open-air sketches. The sky has sadly faded, and the tone in consequence is hot and a trifle foxy. The foliage in the middle distance is massed according to his wont, but the hills and the lines of extreme distance are delicately touched in, though here, again, the red tint is too obtrusive. It will be seen that a figure of one of the cricketers, too near the foreground, has been erased, and the repainting of this and a defect in the sky now tell out too strongly, owing to abrasion of the surface. There is a richness

in the colouring and an exquisite mellowness in the tone of this picture which cannot fail to charm the observer, and by us it will ever be regarded as one of the most valued masterpieces of the earlier period of water-colour art.

Yorkshire and parts of Derbyshire were probably the places De Wint knew best after Lincoln. He was a great admirer of the Thames, and he made many studies on the Trent; he ever loved

> ". . . a full-fed river winding slow,
> By herds upon an endless plain."

He delighted in Ludlow, its castle and river; in Bridgnorth, with its pleasant old brick houses and its winding steps; in Lancaster with its castle; he loved to paint Tintern, Carnarvon, and Conway, and many historic country seats. He went frequently to Lowther Castle, Lord Lonsdale being one of his patrons. Bolton Abbey he often visited, and always with increasing delight. He first saw it in 1814 from Farnley Hall, when staying with Mr. Fawkes. He spent many happy weeks at Castle Rising in Norfolk, where the Greville Howards lent him their house during the autumn of many years; from thence he visited Hunstanton with the curious old mansion of the L'Estranges, and its bold sea-coast and parti-coloured white and red rocks. From having seen bad drawings of Wales when quite a young man, he had an idea that he should not like the scenery, but while stopping at Oakley Park near Ludlow, with Mr. and Lady Mary Windsor Clive, he was induced to go on into Wales, and he ever after thought most highly of it. He was introduced into Powis Castle one fine summer evening at sunset, and he never forgot the grand impression left upon his mind. His last visit to the principality was to the mountainous districts of Carnarvonshire and Merionethshire in 1835, when he took cold from too ardent

sketching, and, as his wife thought, laid the foundation of the disease from which he died.

De Wint, as we have said before, was passionately fond of sketching out of doors, and very probably in his enthusiastic delight in his subject, he often sat longer than was prudent, and moreover remained out at times when our variable and changeable climate rendered sitting on a camp-stool near the damp ground exceedingly dangerous. For though he was accustomed on first going into the country after the London season, to take a whole week's holiday before he began his sketching, it must be remembered that he left town exhausted by the constant strain of teaching, which he did continuously during the spring and summer of each year from nine in the morning till six in the evening, taking only about an hour's rest in the middle of the day. He had what would be called a "first-rate" teaching connection, and it was among his pupils that his most lasting and valuable friendships were formed. It was somewhat late in life that he was introduced to Mr. Richard Ellison, of Sudbrook Holme, who became one of his best patrons, and who left some of the finest works in his collection to the South Kensington Museum.

De Wint does not seem to have cared much for the sea, though that he could paint it with much skill is proved by a beautifully fresh and breezy little sea piece with a boat in the foreground, now in the possession of his grand-daughter Miss Tatlock. He sometimes visited Sherringham, then a small hamlet on the Norfolk coast near Cromer, and he had a special liking for the sailors of that village, considering them a fine manly race, simple and religious.

Throughout life he took a great interest in gipsies; he used to say that they were always to be found in picturesque places. To him they invariably behaved with great civility, and he was

in the habit of visiting them and making finished studies of their tents and implements. There was something romantic about their history, and much that was quaint and paintable in the details of their wandering life, which had a fascination for the painter, and he would go long distances at any time to meet with them in their favourite haunts.

De Wint was in the habit of making many drawings of figures to place in his finished works, for which these studies of gipsies must at times have proved most useful. A school friend of his daughter's remembers sitting to him in his studio for a gleaner in a harvest-field, when two pillows did duty as sheaves of corn.

NOTTINGHAM. BY DE WINT.
In the South Kensington Museum.

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE going on with the placid and uneventful details of De Wint's life, it will be as well perhaps in this chapter to give some account of his art, his method of work, and his manner of teaching. We have seen that his bent, notwithstanding the fact that he was apprenticed to a crayon-painter and engraver, was towards landscape art, and this he practised during his whole life, both in oil and water-colour. His water-colours, however, were so much more numerous and so much better known than his works in oil, that it is a surprise to most people to learn that he ever used this latter medium. Yet it is undoubtedly true that he may be said never to have given up painting in oil, and in the first few years of this century he certainly exhibited oil pictures at the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Even as late as 1828 we find an oil picture by him, "Vessels in a Fog," placed on the walls of its exhibitions. Still, he was not a frequent contributor, and assuredly he received no patronage for his works in oil. They were all placed in an upper room in his house in Gower Street, and a visitor to

LANDOC BRIDGE, WALES. By De Wint.

In the Orrock Collection.

them had to go up a very narrow and indifferent staircase if he wished to see them.

In the diary of the author's father, it is noted, under 15 March, 1872: "Mrs. Tatlock, De Wint's daughter, has this day kindly allowed me to select for the South Kensington Museum twelve water-colour sketches from nature, the work of her father. She has besides given me two fine large oil paintings, and two smaller oil paintings. *These are the first oil paintings by De Wint I have seen.*" These two pictures, which now occupy a place of honour at South Kensington, were originally offered to the National Gallery, but Sir W. Boxall, the then director, refused them, owing, as he alleged, to want of space. They will always hold their own as fine works, and are marked by De Wint's particular manner and style, which is distinct enough from that of his contemporaries to prove his originality as an artist. Their treatment is unlike in most ways what we should expect from a water-colour painter, though there are some indications in both works that they are painted by a man accustomed to lay on his colour in washes. There is less impasto and less executive handling than there would have been, probably, had De Wint been only an oil painter. In his way he seems to have as much feeling for English scenery as had Constable, and it is a curious fact that Constable too seems to have always had a sympathy for De Wint's art, and was the only painter who was a purchaser of his works. There is a likeness in unlikeness to each other which is difficult to account for; though De Wint has not the brilliancy and dash of Constable's work, he has an equal feeling for an effect which, however, he obtains by less drastic powers of the brush and palette-knife.

The better of the two pictures in the South Kensington Gallery both in subject and handling is perhaps "A Cornfield."

It depicts a sultry day with a not improbable shower threatening in the sky, which is most luminously treated. The harvesters are hastening to carry the corn, but yet some of the reapers have time to refresh themselves, sitting under the scanty shade afforded by the sheaves of corn. The shadows, thrown by the figures on the right, show the intense heat of the day. In the mid-distance a river winds by lovely woods, while grazing flocks add interest to the scene. The figures stand out as brilliant bits of jewelled light and dark. The perfect melting away into the plain of the distance of the flat, yet rich country, and the fine harmony of sunlight is very beautiful.

"A Woody Landscape," the second of the oil paintings, is the stronger in effect, in light and dark, and in rich sober tones of colouring, but it has not the glow of sunlight of the other work. The rugged path in the foreground is a carefully studied piece of painting, and the flowers and weedage on the right are well drawn, and painted without littleness. A horseman, a thoroughly countrified figure, on a white pony, with two dogs, rides forward along the path. The mid-distance is rich in rolling woods, and a serene river flows along it, while the wide plain beyond gradually loses itself into the sky.

Miss Tatlock possesses an oil picture by her grandfather, from a scene in Lincoln, which has the brilliancy and finish of a Dutch work. It shows a canal running through a street of old red brick houses; the light on the water seen through the arch over which the houses are built, is very lovely. She has also two large oil paintings, one of which resembles the wooded landscape at the South Kensington Museum. Who can tell how much may have been lost to art by De Wint's pursuit of water-colours rather than oil. He had made up his mind early in life that he must live by his art, and he chose that medium which enabled him best to do so, without misgiving and without regret.

His method in water-colours was very simple. He used as a rule only ten pigments :—

Yellow Ochre.	Brown Pink.
Gamboge.	Burnt Sienna.
Vermilion.	Sepia.
Indian Red.	Prussian Blue.
Purple Lake.	Indigo.

Indian red and Prussian blue he used in a special preparation. Alas ! Indian red has sometimes, as in the " Cricketers," eaten away the blues in his work, and indigo is not a safe colour to paint with. He was so conservative in his mode of painting that he could not reconcile himself to modern innovations, or what he considered as such. His daughter told the author's father that he did not like and would not use moist colours, but preferred the simple cake-colours in vogue in his youth, though it would seem as if moist colours would have been most suitable to his manner.

De Wint made a practice of painting on ivory-tinted Creswick paper, which he kept rather wet. This paper has a somewhat coarse surface, and this surface he contrives shall give a texture to his flat masses, and hide any deficiency of handling. A rough surface is also of value in giving the appearance of finish with little labour. He laid in his effect at once in broad flat washes, and he had a fine sense of colour, and a most keen appreciation of the tints and harmonies of nature, which his rich and flowing brush enabled him to carry out swiftly, with great freshness and purity. De Wint rarely flattened his tints by stippling, though he occasionally resorted to broad hatchings in his skies. He objected strongly to the use in his works of body colour or white, but he now and again forced the high lights of his figures into sharpness by touches of solid white.

This is very observable in the cattle of his picture of "Nottingham" in the South Kensington Museum. He also at times *took out* high lights, but as a rule he avoided those executive processes which other painters have resorted to in order to gain effect in their pictures. His handling and execution are not his strong points, and perhaps on this very account there is a breadth and tone about his masses of foliage which is so true that we cannot regret the omission of details. He introduced figures plentifully into his landscapes, using them as a landscape painter should do, as enhancing points of colour, leading the eye into the picture. They are always well placed and effective as to light and shade, and supply bright and jewelled bits of colour, even though they may be sometimes a little defective in drawing. In his feeling for breadth and in the fine sense of colour De Wint's water-colour art is truly original.

With regard to his teaching, it was probably in advance of the usual drawing lessons of that day. After making his pupil study a group of any objects which came conveniently to his hand, piled together, often with a white cloth thrown against them, which he had to imitate with as much attention as possible to their general effect, he carried the young draughtsman direct to Nature, making him afterwards endeavour to produce from his sketch a more finished picture; De Wint in the meanwhile always helped the beginner with advice and sometimes practically with his brush.

Many of De Wint's sketches seem to have more freshness and ease than his more elaborate and finished compositions. The very onceness of his sketches made out of doors has in it a most peculiar charm. Yet we know that he looked upon his sketches as mere material for his winter's work of making finished pictures. Of these each returning year he sent many

to the exhibition of the Old Water-Colour Society, disposing sometimes of more than half their number before sending them in to the gallery. When he first started in art, De Wint used to be paid about five guineas apiece for his finished water-colour drawings, and five shillings a lesson was his fee for teaching drawing; but we find him gradually raising his terms, and receiving in 1827 as much as fifty guineas for a water-colour drawing, and a guinea a lesson from his pupils.

The year 1827 is the first in which his wife kept an account of his works, and of how much he got for them; the prices varying, as we have said, from five to fifty guineas. Since his death, as we know, the sums paid for his water-colours have risen, and a drawing for which he received thirty guineas has been sold for sixteen hundred and fifty pounds.

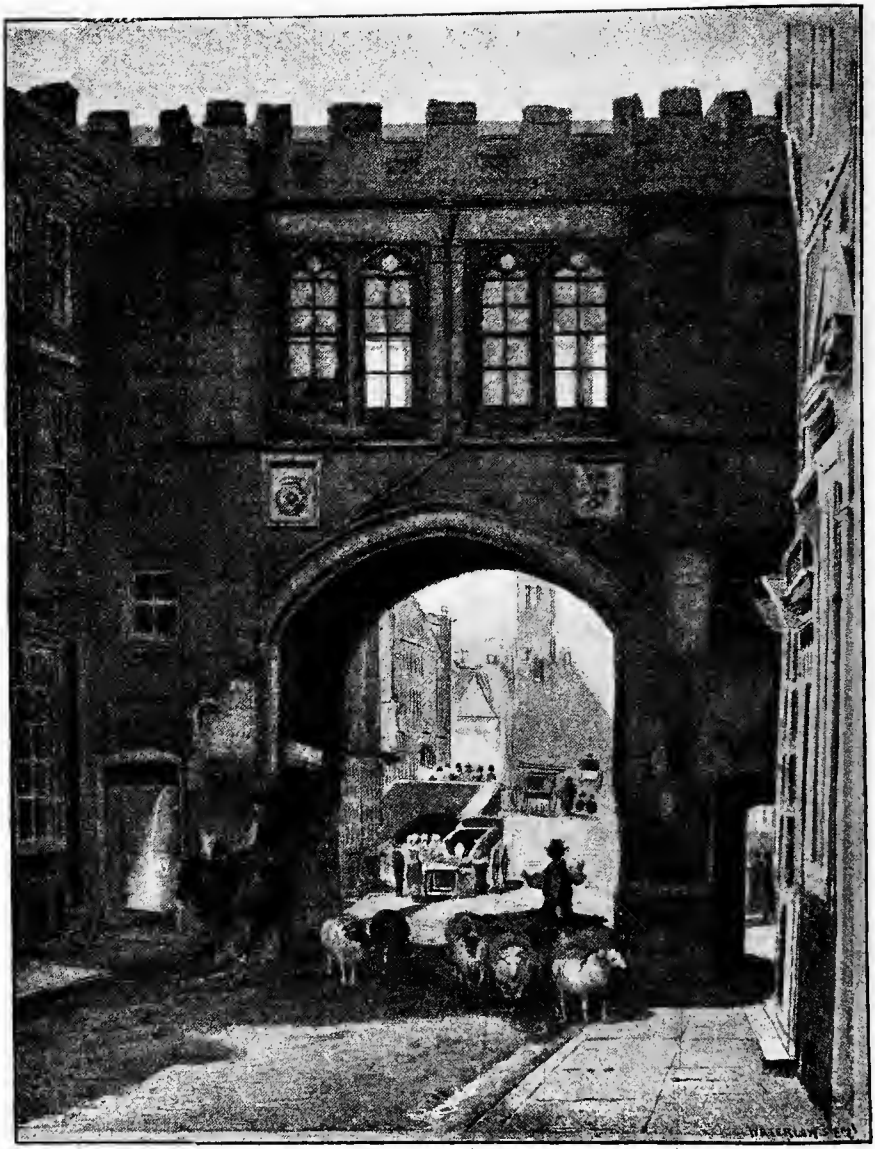
De Wint has been reproached with being too fond of money. This may have been the case, but we must recollect that he started in life a poor man, that he married young and had his wife and child to maintain, and that what may now be considered in him a money-loving spirit may to him have appeared but a due regard to providing for his own household.

The following anecdotes related of him surely tell both ways. One of his patrons objected to paying him in guineas, saying, "There are no guineas now, De Wint; you mean pounds." "No," said the painter, "the pounds are mine, the shillings belong to my wife; I always charge guineas for my pictures."

In the next case also our sympathies are with the painter. He was accustomed, before sending in his works for exhibition to the old Water-Colour Society in Pall Mall, to have a show day at his own house, where his friends and patrons flocked to see and to buy. A wealthy friend often came into the painter's drawing-room on these show days, for it was round this room

that he arranged his drawings, and would feelingly lament each succeeding year that this or that "perfect gem" was labelled sold, and that therefore he was unable to secure it for his own. He was right in this, for it became increasingly usual with De Wint to sell his pictures before they went into the exhibition; one year as many as eighteen out of twenty-nine of the artist's works were sold before they reached the gallery in Pall Mall. But the painter after a time became tired of the pretended patron's ruse, and, his patience being exhausted, he laid a plot for the trickster. The show day came round once more, and so did the wealthy friend, and shortly he fell into raptures before two little drawings with the magic ticket upon them. "Now, De Wint," he cried, "those are exactly the things I should like to possess; what a pity they are not to be had." "My dear sir," said the painter, slapping him on the shoulder, "I knew you would like them, so I put the tickets on to keep them for you;" and the unwilling purchaser had to take them, too, "otherwise," said the painter, "I should have shown him the door."

It must be remembered, moreover, on the other side of the question, that De Wint could act generously when it was a case of benefiting art in any way, as when he allowed the Royal Dublin Society to buy eight of his drawings for rather less than half the sum he would otherwise have obtained for them, and begged the Society to consider the other half of the money as his contribution towards their work. Three years after this, also, he generously made them a set of drawings for the use of their students, at a much lower rate of payment than he was in the habit of accepting. The fact is that while he was strictly honest, just, and upright in all his dealings, he had felt all his young life probably, the pinch of the want of money, and it is not to be wondered at that he was a little anxious about



STRONGBOW, LINCOLN.

In the South Kensington Museum.

acquiring and retaining what, from experience, he knew the value of. That this economical turn of mind was concurrent with considerable carelessness may be gleaned from the fact that one of his best works, "The Cricketers," was found with another finished drawing strained over it, after the painter's death. It is supposed that the drawing, not having sold in the exhibition, was used by De Wint as a mount for a fresh piece of paper, pasted over the old strainer: so here again is an anecdote which tells both ways.

De Wint had throughout life a great horror of picture-dealers. He used to say that he painted only for *gentlemen*, and had but one price; implying, what was very true, that he had no wish for the good offices of the middleman, who of course, in any transaction entered into with the artist, had always his own living to make out of the purchase. He relaxed this rigid rule a little in the latter years of his life (and after consultation with his wife), in favour of Mr. Vokins, who professed himself as always ready to pay the *gentleman's* price for any works which De Wint would allow him to buy.

Another idiosyncrasy of De Wint's was that of scarcely ever signing either his name or his initials to any of his works. A signed picture by him is of extremely rare occurrence. In the late Sir J. Heron's collection there was an important drawing by him, "On the Yare," bearing a genuine signature and date; but this is almost a unique instance. This picture, a fine one in many ways, was sold recently at Christie's for £257. It is somewhat distantly similar in treatment and subject to a Cotman, and has a fine luminous sky reflecting into the river which flows out at the foreground. The signature in question is written in ink in the shadow on the left, and is as follows: "P. Dewint, 1811." It is curious that this way of spelling the name as one word is not even found in the Academy

Catalogue, and is never used now. De Wint himself probably abandoned it in his early manhood, in favour of the more ordinary method of writing the signature. The painter used to assert with much veracity to those of his purchasers who pressed him to add his autograph to his works, that his pictures were "signed all over." He was very right in this, for there are few artists whose sign-manual is so readily apparent in their pictures as is that of De Wint.

In the National Gallery, in Trafalgar Square, there are now twenty-two drawings by De Wint, forming the Henderson bequest. They are placed in a room through the Turner water-colour rooms, and though the light is not good, so few people take advantage of the gift that there is always ample space and opportunity for examining them.

There are two of these works which are exceedingly interesting and valuable, owing to the fact that one is the sketch, and the other the finished drawing, of the same subject. The scene represented is at Bray on the Thames, and the central point of the composition is the old church tower and its reflection in the brimming water. The feeling of the ripple of the river is equally good in both works. The sketch is taken on a somewhat grey day. In the finished work, however, the tone is altogether warmer. The trees in the mid-distance are touched in with various colours, those in the sketch are put in at once with a full brush and in one tint. The sketch has not much foreground, in the picture the foreground has been most carefully studied. It is rich in weeds, docks, and bulrushes, all probably taken from varied sketches, studies from Nature which the painter kept by him for this very purpose. A large barge, with a mast tall enough to cut the further edge of the water and thus to break the long river line, has been inserted in the picture, where in the sketch there is but a small boat. The

sky in the finished work has faded; the onceness with which the cloudy sky of the sketch was put in, has saved its brilliancy, and in this respect it has fared better than that of the picture, where much more pains have been taken.

Another fine work is the "Lincoln Cathedral from the Castle Moat." Here the central point is the tower of the cathedral, most elaborate in drawing, which stands out boldly in brilliant sunlight. Though there is a great deal of finished detail in the foreground, in the shrubs and weedage growing in the moat, the painter has thrown it all into shadow, preserving the broad masses of light and shade, and accentuating the cathedral tower as the part of the work which is to keep and strike the eye of the spectator.

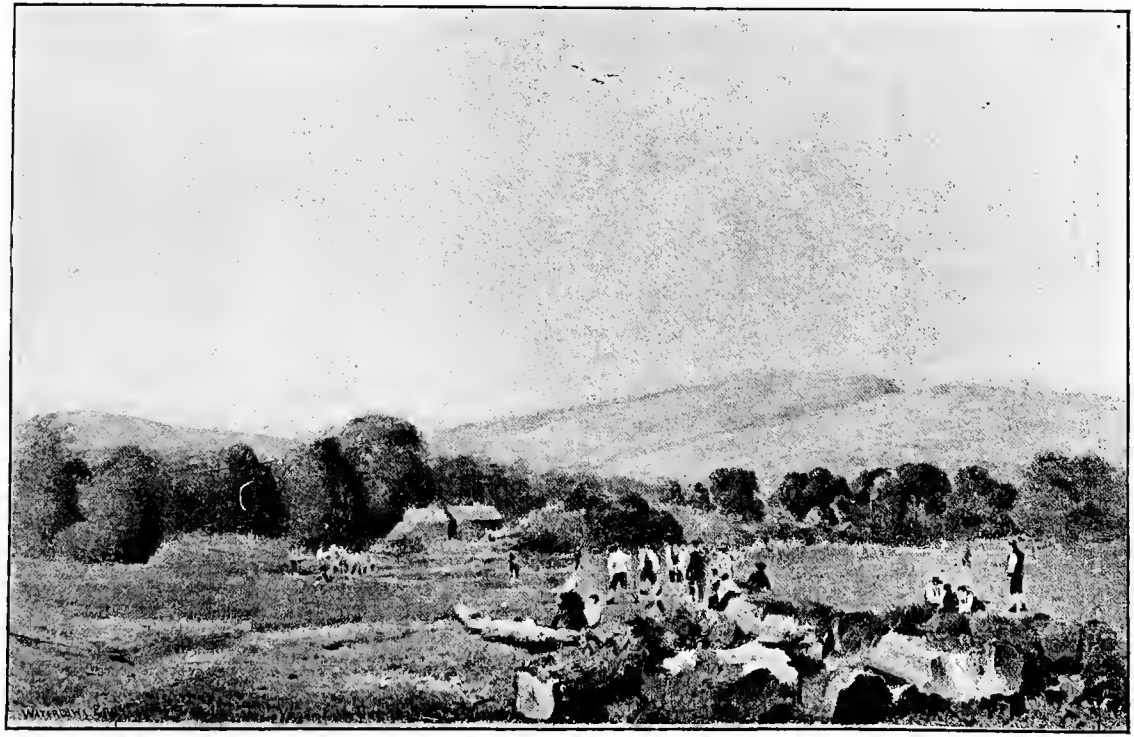
The "Cottage and Harvesters," is another bold sketch in which the masses are capitally given. De Wint has recognised the point that makes our old English cottages and farmsteads so picturesque, namely, the pitch of the roof, when it is well calculated with respect to the rest of the building. If the proportions are harmonious, the simplest forms at once become agreeable to the eye. Here the cottage is all in shade, but it is a pleasant mass, finely supported by old trees. The linen hanging out on the right allows opportunely for a bit of sharp white, while two old peasants binding up the sheaves in the foreground, give the human touch which is wanted to make a landscape interesting. The sky of this work is a grand cloud effect.

Another drawing, "Ruins of Lincoln Castle," is inclined to sombreness, but it is noticeable from its largeness of execution and its finely-given masses, in which the details are rendered without littleness. Some of De Wint's drawings here are a little black; they have probably darkened with time. The "Westmoreland Hills bordering the Ken," with the snow on

the mountains in the distance, is unlike De Wint's usual handling, but is a very interesting sketch; he has left the foreground unfinished.

One or two of the sketches here shown are probably works done with pupils. There are also two small ones in the South Kensington Gallery which we should think must have been undertaken at the same time with some beginner to show him how to study from Nature. They are entitled "Chelsea Church from Gore Lane," and "Brompton Church" from the same place. It is interesting and almost pathetic to see the pleasant hayfields and hedgerow-elms, and the market-gardens occupying the space which is now covered by the dismal hideousness of stuccoed houses, in the worst of builder's taste, at present known as Queen's Gate. Gore Lane once ran along the side of the gardens of Gore and Grove Houses, whose occupiers, Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay, were such notorious personages in their day. The fine trees which bordered their large gardens are seen to the left in one of De Wint's sketches.

After "The Cricketers," perhaps one of De Wint's finest water-colours at South Kensington is "Lincoln Cathedral," illustrated by us in reduced fac-simile on p. 81. This picture forms a part of the Ellison bequest. It is a study of the place itself, and must have had at the time quite a topographical interest, though this is not a quality usually to be admired in a work of art. The skill with which the artist has introduced, or rather left out, his *whites* in the picture, is very striking. The houses on the left, their whiteness shining out in the sunlight, and still further relieved by the white pigeons against the stormy sky, are very broadly given. Then the white is very dexterously carried round and out to the foreground of the work by the white horse in the market-cart, the woman's apron, and the heap of turnips lying in the market-



CRICKETERS. By De Wint.
In the South Kensington Museum.

place in the foreground. A curious example of how a fine colourist can give a sense of colour without absolutely using the brilliant forces of his palette, can be seen in the same gallery in De Wint's drawing of "Haddon Hall." The sunlight is very vivid; one feels it is a warm bright summer day, and yet, as respects colour, the work may almost be said to be a subject in black and white only.

The sky in his picture of "Nottingham"—reproduced as the headpiece to this chapter—which hangs near to the "Haddon Hall," has luckily remained almost as bright and fresh as when it left De Wint's hands; the blue has certainly been preserved intact. This is not the case with another work in the South Kensington Gallery, "The Snowdrift," where the Indian red has almost played as much havoc as it has in the sky of "The Cricketers." No work we have seen by De Wint is more brilliant and sunny than this view of Nottingham from the valley of the Trent. The town stands out on high ground on the left of the picture, in the middle distance the river is spanned by a stone bridge of many arches. There is a charming tract of sunlit lowland country, through which the river winds in shine and shadow, and the water in the foreground luminously reflects the sky, one of De Wint's most delightful cloud studies.

Our illustration of the "Hay Harvest" at p. 71, probably an early work by De Wint, also forms part of the Kensington collection, though not placed among the historical series of drawings.

Another sketch by De Wint in the collection at South Kensington, "The Stonebow, Lincoln," an admirable study of the ancient gateway, is reproduced at p. 83. The glimpse of the street beyond is well given, and the figures, as usual, are appropriately introduced.

The excellent private collection of Mr. James Orrock, which we have already placed under contribution in the memoir of David Cox, has furnished us with three charming specimens of De Wint's art. Of these the most important is the "Cows in Water," illustrated on p. 91. Here we see the artist at his best, and we can study the ease and delicacy with which he treats the distant landscape, and his characteristic handling of foliage. The group of trees on the right are admirable in modelling, but they fail somehow to impress us with an accurate regard for nature. There is a feeling that composition has been carefully attended to in the work, and that it is not done out of doors. The water, both that falling over the weir and the broad expanse in the foreground, is handled with great knowledge and dexterity. The Welsh sketch of "Landoc Bridge" which we have reproduced at p. 77, is a much more rapid transcript of nature, evidently painted out of doors. The view of "Aysgarth Force," p. 65, is quite in De Wint's earlier manner, and is a bold and effective study of a rocky landscape.

Our illustration of "Richmond Hill," at p. 99, is from an engraving by W. B. Cooke, after a drawing by De Wint. The works of this artist have been on several occasions engraved in books descriptive of picturesque scenery or places of historic interest. Indeed at one time De Wint was much employed by the publishers, and his drawings lend themselves well to reproduction in this way.

It is pleasant to be able to see such good examples of so original a painter in our two great national collections; and as water-colour is an art which has ever an increasing number of followers, it is certain that the De Wints, in both galleries, will attract an always-widening circle of students.

CHAPTER IV.

In 1819, De Wint's father-in-law, the elder Hilton, paid a visit to London, accompanied by his wife. He was then in declining health, but he was much cheered during his stay in Percy Street by the congratulations he received on all sides on account of his relationship with two such distinguished painters. His own admiration of their performances was very real; he was proud and happy in their success, and made a point of collecting and carefully preserving any scraps of their drawings which he found lying about. He had also another taste which he was able to gratify, a love of engravings, a very fine collection of which he bequeathed to his children. He died Sept. 7th, 1822, having just completed his seventy-eighth year, and his death was the first real grief his son and daughter ever knew.

After this Mrs. Hilton passed most of the winters in London with her children, they in return spending their summers and autumns principally with her at Lincoln. The De Wint's little only daughter lived during her childhood almost entirely with her grandmother, as Mrs. De Wint's delicate health obliged her to be a good deal separated from her child. The years spent in the Percy Street house were years of real progress and advancement in art for both De Wint and his brother-in-law.

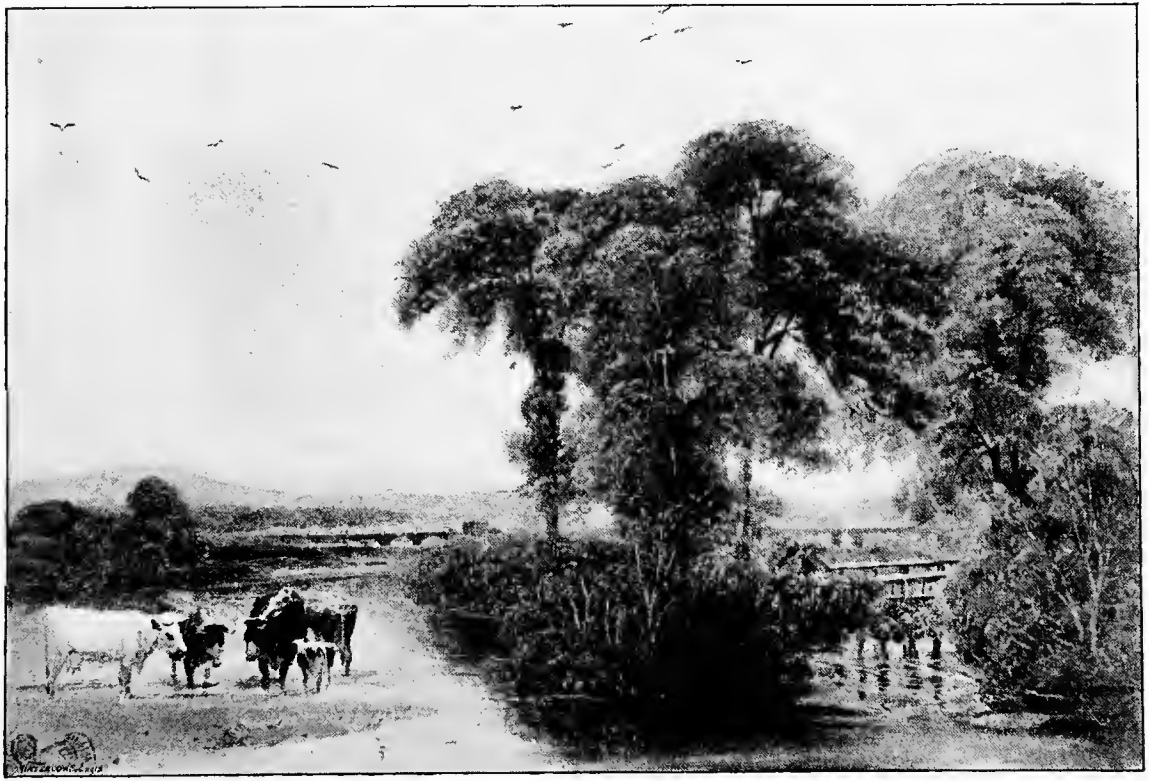
In 1813, Hilton had been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and he became a full member in 1819. In 1825, in company with a brother academician, T. Phillips, R.A., he

visited Italy, and he was away from England for six months, having at last an opportunity of seeing and studying the great masterpieces of the Italian Schools. Before this he had only been to Paris at the time of the Peace, previous to Napoleon's escape from Elba, when of course he visited the Louvre, and examined the many pictures which the emperor had there collected together. The sight of the wonders of Italy, however, did not prevent Hilton from being very delighted to return to his native land; he was quite as much devoted to home life as was De Wint. It was at this period that he produced his best pictures, and the grey shadows of want of encouragement and lack of appreciation, which darkened and saddened the end of his life, had not closed in around him.

De Wint, who had chosen a simpler walk in art than Hilton, was more prosperous than his brother-in-law. Landscape art is more in conformity with the English taste than the historic style in painting. Nevertheless Hilton had in his friend a staunch supporter and a never-wearied admirer, and let us hope that friendship and family love cheered him, notwithstanding his disappointment in those higher walks of art for which his poetic temperament and his refined taste so surely fitted him.

Hilton's marriage, in February 1828, to Justina, the eldest daughter of the Rev. G. D. Kent, of Lincoln, though it broke up the home in Percy Street, made no real difference in the united family relations. His appointment to the Keepership of the Royal Academy rendered it necessary, however, for him to live in the building, and he and his wife began their housekeeping at Somerset House as soon as possible after the wedding.

De Wint and his wife removed to 40, Upper Gower Street, where they lived until the painter's death. They had always cherished the hope of spending the end of their days at Lincoln,



COWS IN A STREAM. By De Wint.

In the Orrock Collection.

and on this account had actually had the house there, at Motherby Hill, altered and enlarged; yet, when the time came for removing there, the health of De Wint was so delicate that it was thought better that he should remain in London, both on account of the milder climate and the vicinity to good medical advice.

Thus, to their great regret, the Lincoln house had to be disposed of, and the scene of so many sketches, and so many happy family gatherings, passed entirely out of their hands. Amongst Hilton's papers, after his death, was found a withered rose which he had gathered when he last visited his Lincoln home.

Perhaps the greatest trial of the De Wints in the years which elapsed after Hilton's marriage, was the ill-health both of that painter and of his wife. Whether it was the close confinement consequent upon his duties as keeper, or his disappointment about his art, which operated upon a naturally pensive and melancholy temperament, or whatever it may have been, Hilton's health gradually grew worse, and he seemed to droop and fade away. In 1832 he had a very severe illness in consequence of some disagreement and disappointment about a picture, and his life was despaired of. From this, however, he rallied; but two years later, in 1834, an aunt of his wife's having died rather suddenly, he went with Mrs. Hilton and his mother to pay a visit at Christmas-time to the bereaved husband. On arriving at the house of mourning they discovered, what they had not before known, that the aunt had died from scarlet fever. Hilton and his mother both took the complaint, and his wife became ill from other causes.

When Mrs. Hilton, senior, had sufficiently recovered, she went to the De Wints in Upper Gower Street, where shortly afterwards she was again taken ill, being attacked by the

disease from which she died. She expired on Good Friday, April 19, 1835, in the arms of her son-in-law, De Wint, who had always cherished her with the deepest affection. Her death happened at that trying moment when painters are harassed with the sending in of their pictures for the exhibitions.

In the autumn of the same year, Hilton with his wife and sister went for a few weeks to Belgium, while De Wint and his family made an expedition into North Wales. The Hiltons returned by October 1 for the opening of the Academy Schools; very shortly afterwards Mrs. Hilton became ill, and died suddenly from what proved to be water on the brain. The De Wints, who were travelling about in Wales, received the melancholy intelligence of her illness and death on one and the same day; and though they returned with all speed to London from Powis Castle, where they were staying, they only reached town on the afternoon of the day of the funeral. They found poor Hilton overwhelmed with grief, and from this time his spirits sank more and more, while he suffered greatly from asthma and disease of the heart.

In December, 1838, he left the hot rooms of the Royal Academy and most imprudently travelled outside the coach to Kingston, to visit an uncle of his wife's, who was ill and who had sent for him. Owing to this he took a severe chill, and though he tried change of air with his niece and sister at Matlock, and also a smaller change by removing from Trafalgar Square to Maida Hill, he never really rallied. On the 3rd of December in the following year he returned from Maida Hill to his sister's house in Upper Gower Street, to be with those he loved best. On the evening of that day he took to his bedroom, which he never again left, and he died on the 30th December, 1839. De Wint was with him at the supreme

moment and closed his eyes, and thus was ended one of the most faithful friendships of which we have any record.

We have seen that Hilton's art suffered from neglect during his lifetime. He had with great resolution devoted himself exclusively to history-painting, and was not tempted to turn aside from it by the gains of portraiture, or by any search after a more lucrative branch of art. Haydon mentions in his Diary that Hilton, when quite a young man, had been successful in selling his "Mary anointing the feet of Christ," for what was then considered the large sum of 500 guineas, which, says Haydon, with his usual exaggeration, saved him from ruin.

Haydon was of course himself in difficulties, and he seems to have told his fellow-student that he was a lucky fellow. "How?" said Hilton. "I explained my circumstances," adds Haydon, "and he immediately offered me a large sum to assist me. This was indeed generous; I accepted only £34, but his noble offer endeared him to me for the rest of his life. A more amiable creature never lived, nor a kinder heart, but there was an intellectual and physical weakness in everything he did." We are scarcely inclined to agree with Haydon's criticism, but certainly Hilton's pictures have suffered dreadfully from another and a fatal cause—the use of asphaltum—so that what in his work looked to a former generation fresh and beautiful, has necessarily now been entirely repainted, the original work having shrunk and corrugated together, and in some cases it has actually nearly slipped from the canvas.

Miss Tatlock has in her dining-room a portrait of Mrs. De Wint and her own mother, painted before Hilton took to this unfortunate pigment, which seems almost as secure as when first painted, and which is a very good example of Hilton's art, and a pleasing portrait of "Mother and Child" in simple and graceful attitudes.

Hilton's large work, "Sir Calepine rescuing Serena," exhibited in 1831, and his "Editha," which was at the Royal Academy the same year, have both nearly perished from his pernicious practice of mixing asphaltum with so many of his colours, and of using it so largely in his painting. This is the more unfortunate, as "Sir Calepine" was bought by subscription on the part of the Academy students, who loved and honoured Hilton as their teacher, and it was presented by them to the National Gallery; while his "Editha" at one time formed part of the Vernon Collection. Both these works are now no longer shown on the walls on account of their ruined condition.

Hilton's funeral took place from his rooms at the Royal Academy on 7th January, 1840. The students, to whom he was always considerate and kind, and who had marked their high sense of the services he rendered them, by presenting him with a valuable piece of plate, were allowed to go in and to take a last look at him in his coffin. He was followed to his grave in the churchyard of the Savoy by the President and Council of the Academy, while his faithful friend De Wint officiated as chief mourner. Poor Hilton! his latter years were passed not only in physical sickness, but in that grievous sickness that arises from hope deferred. Had his art been more prosperous, his bodily health might have been better, but he was naturally of a modest and retiring disposition—he felt things very acutely, and disappointment told upon his sensitive nature more than it would have done upon most men.

De Wint was of a stronger mould; he never had to encounter the same difficulties in the branch of art he had chosen; his disposition was more irritable than pensive, and he had a stronger will and a greater courage to fight against the trials of life than his sensitive brother-in-law had. Perhaps, too, he was assisted in this by his being what is popularly called "a

good hater." Even in their external appearance there was a great difference between the two friends; Hilton being pale and delicate-looking, with a high forehead and brown eyes, which were apt to shine with singular brilliancy when excited, while De Wint was of middle height, dark complexion, and in youth had very dark hair.

It is a little difficult at this distance of time to know precisely what were De Wint's characteristics outside of his love of art and of his unfailing industry in the practice of it. He seems to have enjoyed his wife's reading exceedingly, and to have been a lover of poetry; his pictures, especially in the latter years of his life, having generally some appropriate quotation attached to them. In speech De Wint was full of anecdote, and he enlivened his conversation with many pithy sayings; and in his disposition he was, though irritable, naturally cheerful. He does not seem to have associated very much with his brother-painters; yet his wife, in a letter written some years after his death, laments rather feelingly that since she lost him she had seemed to drop out of the acquaintance of the painters, adding, "the happiest portion of my life has been mixed up with art and artists, but most of those I knew have passed away." Perhaps in some ways De Wint's deeply religious nature separated him from the more careless painters of his day. Some of them, we know, were not what he would have approved of as men, however highly he might have thought of their art.

Again, his constant intercourse with his pupils, and the society they moved in may have put him out of tune with the usual artist world. His religious feelings were throughout life very deep and earnest; he would never begin his day's work without reading a portion of Scripture and writing out a prayer, and this practice he never omitted, even when travelling. He was also in the habit of conducting daily prayers with his house-

hold. In his latter days he was much given to the perusal of books of devotion, and his religious life seemed only to grow stronger with his advancing years.

We have said that De Wint paid many visits to his pupils. There is a rather curious anecdote related concerning his stay at Badger, in Shropshire, with a favourite pupil and patron, Mr. H. Cheney, where on one occasion he declared that he knew from a certain oppression on his chest that there must be a fire in the house. He was so decided about this, asserting it in fact so vigorously, that his friends, though incredulous, instituted a search. However, this search proved for a long time a very fruitless one, and they were just about to abandon it, when the flames suddenly burst through the floor of one of the rooms, justifying De Wint's apprehensions.

In the summer of 1843 De Wint went into Hampshire, intending to remain there some time, and to devote himself to the scenery of the New Forest, a part of the country he had not before visited. He was accompanied on this expedition by his wife and daughter, and a friend who was very fond of sketching. In order to please this friend, De Wint, contrary to his usual practice, set to work at once to sketch, fearing that he might disappoint his friend if he did not draw. He had had a very hard season's work teaching in London, and was rather worn out by his unceasing toil. The effort told upon his constitution, and this, added to the excitement and exertion of sketching, proved too much for his strength. The fatigue of walking to his sketch one hot morning, and the subsequent chill he got by sitting down to his work and continuing at it for too long a time, brought on a severe attack of bronchitis. This at the time nearly proved fatal, and from it, though he lived for six years afterwards, he never entirely recovered The attack came on at Christchurch, from thence he went to

Lymington, where he became much worse, and it was with great difficulty that he managed to get home.

The next year, 1844, his only daughter, Helen, married a friend and neighbour, a Mr. Tatlock. He was a man nearly as old as De Wint, but the marriage seems to have been a very happy one, and the birth of a little granddaughter cheered the last days of the painter.

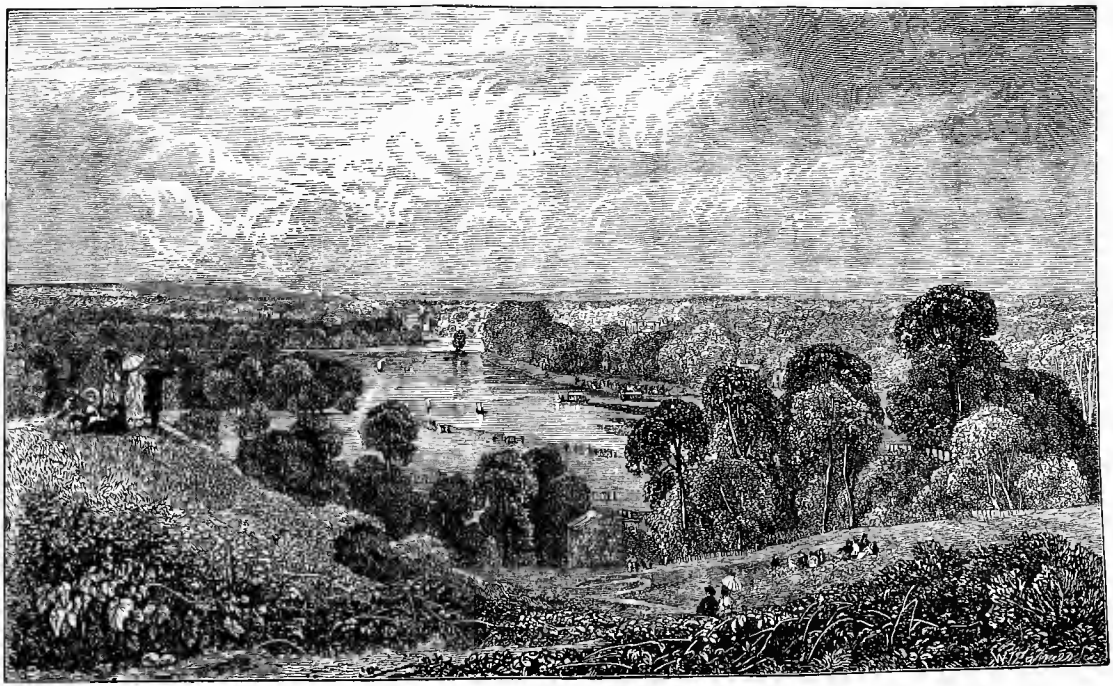
A few years before this date, De Wint had made an excursion as far as Lynton in Devon, and had greatly enjoyed the scenery there, as well as the pretty picturesque cottages of Minehead and Dunster, and the lovely bit of Somersetshire he had to pass through to reach Lynton. The last excursion of his life was also destined to be made into Devonshire. He had been very ailing all through the year 1848, but in September he resolved to make an effort to get some country air, which his doctors believed might be beneficial for him, and the mild climate of Devon was suggested, though this probably did not really suit him. He felt better during the first few days of the change which he spent in the ancient city of Exeter, and he was able to sketch a good deal. He admired the city, and the venerable old cathedral; De Wint loved a cathedral, and he had always cherished a vague hope, as we have said, of retiring altogether to Lincoln; indeed, one of his day-dreams had been that he would attend the daily services in that cathedral. This, however, was not to be.

On his departure from Exeter he went on to Totnes, at which place he became worse; seeing new scenery always excited him, and he greatly fatigued himself by walking about all day to explore the district. From Totnes he proceeded to Dartington to stay with Mr. Champerknowne; here he remained nearly a fortnight, and it was from the scenery of the Dart that he made his last sketch. He found himself so completely worn

out and exhausted by this effort, that he concluded that he must not attempt to sketch again, and soon afterwards he returned to town to seek further medical advice.

He continued in very delicate health all the winter. On the 22nd of June he drove round the Regent's Park, by the recommendation of his doctors, and returned home very much exhausted. A day or two afterwards Drs. Tweedie and Chambers, who both saw him, pronounced him to be beyond hope of recovery, his disease being aggravated by slight paralysis. On the 30th of June, 1849, De Wint died at nine o'clock in the morning, having only kept his bed for one day. Throughout his long illness he was most carefully nursed and watched over by his wife. Theirs was an intense affection; and such was their tender love towards each other, that neither could bear to mention the subject of their having ere long to part, and thus his death was never alluded to between them, though of course it must have been quite obvious to so devoted a nurse that his days were numbered.

It is curious that the two friends, Hilton and De Wint, both died from the same complaint, heart disease. In their death they were not divided, for they were buried in the same tomb in the churchyard of the Savoy Chapel. De Wint's funeral took place on the 9th July; he was in his sixty-sixth year when he died. The widow and sister placed a tablet to the united memory of the brother painters, in the Savoy Chapel, which was destroyed when the edifice was nearly burnt down in 1864. As the tablets were not allowed to be replaced when the church was restored, Mrs. De Wint gave instead the new font to the memory of the two friends. This font was the last work designed by Mr. Edward Blore, the distinguished architect and antiquary, who came out of his retirement to pay homage to his departed friends. It is of Caen stone, with a canopy of



VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL. By De Wint.

From the Engraving by W. B. Cooke.

carved wainscot oak. Mrs. De Wint also erected a monument to her husband and brother in Lincoln Cathedral; an altar-tomb designed by Blore and executed by Forsyth. Three of the panels have bas-relief sculptures from Hilton's pictures, viz., "The Crucifixion," "The Raising of Lazarus" (a work which Hilton had given to the church in Newark in memory of his father), and "Mary anointing the feet of Christ." This last picture had been bought from Hilton by the British Institution, and it was presented by them to a church in the City.

Mrs. De Wint survived her husband for many years. She wrote a short account of the two painters, which her granddaughter has very kindly allowed us to make use of for this memoir. The lives of Hilton and De Wint were so closely connected together that it would be almost impossible to write an account of the one without also giving many details of the other. So true and lasting a friendship is not often to be found, for from the time that the painters met as youths in 1802, in the studio of J. R. Smith, until Hilton's appointment as keeper to the Royal Academy in 1828, they were never separated, excepting occasionally for a few weeks. In every respect they shared each other's joys and sorrows, and mutually assisted each other in those trials and disappointments incident to a painter's lot. Theirs was the affection so well described by Pope :—

> "A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
> Burns with one love, with one resentment glows."

Hilton's marriage did not in the least affect these intimate mutual relations, and as we have seen, after his wife's death, he found his chief and best consolers in the De Wint family, and it was to their house he returned at last to pass away

among his own people, and to die in the arms of his best friend.

In the May following De Wint's death, about five hundred of his sketches, studies, and finished drawings, were sent to Christie's and sold. They would sell for a much larger sum in these days, but they fetched what was considered a very good price at that time. The sale realised about £2,364. At a later period a dealer bought several drawings by De Wint, hoping to make a profit by selling them again separately. He is said to have given £4,000 for them. He was, however, a little before his time with the market, and, finding it a bad speculation, he brought an action against the vendors. Tayler and Cattermole were called in to give evidence as to the value of the water-colours, and Tayler used to relate how the counsel for the prosecution, taking up a drawing which he either considered or appeared to consider a mere daub, asked indignantly if the witness meant to set any value on such blots and smudges; of course the witnesses, who knew their worth, persisted, and the plaintiff was non-suited. To what varying fortunes may not the works even of a talented artist be exposed!

De Wint has been more fortunate than Hilton in the medium in which he painted, though there are water-colours by him which have darkened, and others which have lost their pristine freshness, and there are a few sad cases where one colour has eaten away another, and so destroyed the original intention of the painter. On the whole we can, however, discern in all of them the artist's originality of aim, and his ample and large view of Nature. We can in all of them enjoy his power of always catching the best possible point of view for his subject; this is equally visible in his slightest sketches and in his most finished pictures. He seizes upon one "look there," and he subordinates the other parts of his

picture to that feature. He does not fritter away his powers, but steadily keeping in view the one purpose which has led him to select the subject, he subordinates to it the minor details, and, rather than tease the eye with trifling minutiæ, he passes them over with a sweep of his brush. There is generally some passage in most of his water-colours which leaves something to be filled up by the mind of the spectator, or something is suggested which the mind's eye of the beholder has to create. This is a sure charm in painting, and it at once lifts the onlooker beyond the commonplace and gives to the imagination scope to expand itself.

Another great merit in De Wint's work is his striking sense of the value of line in his compositions; this contrasts agreeably with his otherwise somewhat impressionist method of painting. Moreover, De Wint's colour is always pleasant and harmonious, and true to local effect; though in a few cases his colour is sombre and heavy, yet as a rule it is rich and agreeable. His light and shade is always felicitously given; at once broad and simple, it yet adds to the vigour and freshness of his work by its dexterous arrangement. If his figures are at times deficient in drawing, they are always placed so as to help the composition, and they invariably add sparkle to the effect, while they have about them a rural feeling which atones for want of drawing and for indifferent execution.

Lastly, De Wint is a faithful and devoted lover of real English landscape, he admires the varied scenery of our native land and depicts it with true affection. Some traces of his Dutch origin may perhaps be found in his love of river scenery, and of broad masses of sky; but, take him for all in all, he was one of the most truly English of our painters, and, as such, his works will always appeal to the sympathies of his countrymen.

A Loan Collection of the Works of PETER DE WINT was exhibited in the Galleries of Messrs. J. & W. Vokins in Great Portland Street, in 1884 (the centenary of the artist's birth). His grand-daughter, Miss Tatlock, Lady Mary Windsor Clive, Mr. G. F. Smith, Lord Windsor, and Mr. R. Thorne Waite, were the principal contributors of drawings.

DRAWINGS BY DAVID COX

In the Exhibitions of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

1813.

No.
9. Gravesend, Fishing-boat.
10. Hay Stack, from nature. 64. Eton College.
101. View on the Thames, near Chertsey.
107. Lane near Dulwich.
118. Hastings Fishing-boats returning on approach of a storm.
121. Westminster Abbey, from Battersea Fields.
122. Llanberis Lake. 123. Heath Scene.
144. Corn-field, near Dulwich.
166. Edinburgh Castle. 167. A Barley-field.
168. Stacking Hay.
170. A Lee Shore, coast of Sussex.
174. Cottage near Windsor, sketch from nature.
182. The Wrekin, Shropshire.
191. Westminster Bridge, from Lambeth.

1814.

26. Cottage, near Windsor. 30. Oak Trees.
136. Sketch from Nature. 137. Twilight.
138. Westminster Abbey, from Lambeth.
142. Windsor Castle, from St. Leonard's Hill.
145. Mid-day.
146. Llanberis Lake, North Wales.
174. View on the Thames, below Gravesend.
193. Millbank, Thames side. 194. Morning.
241. Snowdon, North Wales. 261. Dulwich Mill.
264. Beddgelert, North Wales.

1816.

97. Sketch on the Banks of the Thames.
149. Windmill, Staffordshire. 194. Hastings, Boats.
265. Cottages, near Hereford.
275. Chepstow Castle, River Wye.
303. Sands at low water, Hastings.
312. Fish-market, Hastings.

1818.

2. View on Sydenham Common.
20. Vale of Festiniog, North Wales.
37. The Thames, near Gravesend.
210. View on the River Llug, near Hereford.

No.
266. Heath Scene.
268. Gloucester, from the Ross Road.
278. Early Morning.
280. Scene on the Beach at Hastings.
284. Bridge, Beddgelert—Vale of Clwyd—Mountain Scene, Llyn Gwynant—Bala Lake.
295. A Stack Yard.
302. Three figures—Cottage Child—Fisherman—Beggar. 312. Ploughing, a sketch.
316. Cottage in Kent. 345. Landscape, Morning.

1819.

157. Landscape, a sketch.
219. Dindor Hill & Rotheros Woods, Herefordshire.
233. Windmill, a sketch.
248. View, looking from Dolgelly to Barmouth.
249. Fish-market on the Beach at Hastings.
252. Hay-field. 271. Part of Hereford, a sketch.
284. Cader Idris, from the Machynlleth Road.
307. Distant View of Goodrich Castle.
310. Stacking Hay, a sketch.

1820.

4. Coast Scene, Evening.
7. View in North Wales. 9. Coast Scene.
10. Haymakers.
21. Coast Scene, near Hastings.
27. Ploughing Scene in Herefordshire.
221. Cottage in Herefordsire.
222. View in the Pass of Llanberis.
228. View of Bath, from Beacon Hill.
232. Sketch from nature.
257. Scene on the Sands, Hastings. 264. Hay-field.
275. Llug Meadows, near Hereford.
279. View on the Coast, near Barmouth.
288. Ross Market-house.
296. Llanberis Lake, and Snowdon.
292. Boy Angling, River Llug. 362. Cader Idris.

1821.

33. Water-mill at Festiniog.
113. Cæsar's Tower and part of Leicester Buildings, Kenilworth.

No.
120. Comb Martin, North Devon.
131. View on the Beach, near the Old Pier, Hastings.

1822.

11. View near Pipe, Herefordshire.
64. Repairing a Vessel, off Rotherhithe.
87. Morning Scene on the Thames, near Gravesend. 89. Evening Scene on the Thames.
96. Scene on the Thames, near Northfleet.
149. Domestic Ducks.
163. Town and Castle of Hay, on the River Wye.
168. View in the Pass of Llanberis.
169. Hay-field, Gloucestershire.
170. Distant View of Harlech Castle, Morning.
173. Scene on the Beach at Hastings.

1823.

15. Boats on the Thames, Morning.
16. Peter-boat on the Thames, above Westminster Bridge. 51*. Heath Scene.
52. Rocky Scene with Figures.
110. Hastings—Fishing-boats.
126. Hawkers crossing the Sands, near Barmouth.
135. Dockyard—Building a Sloop.
172. Scene on the Thames below Greenwich.
177. Scene on the Thames near Rotherhithe.
184. On the Medway. 195. The Pool of London.
202. View near Norwood.
206. Vessels on the Thames.
234. Embarkation of H.M. George IV., from Greenwich, Aug. 10, 1822.
261. Boats on the Thames.
265. Boats on the Thames, Evening, Greenwich in the distance.
269. Village of Bullingham, Herefordshire.
271. Lane Scene, near Hereford.
272. Fishing-boat on the Thames.

1824.

2. A Hay Cart.
9. Early Morning on the Thames, Battersea.
15. Cader Idris from the Barmouth Road.
19. Fishing-boat on the Thames.
48. Vessels coming up the Thames.
65. Shepherds collecting their Flocks.
112. Interior of Tintern Abbey.
119. Gravesend Fishing-boats.
121. Passengers landing at the Stairs, Gravesend.
129. Vessels on the Thames, by the Custom-House.
131. Boats on the Thames, near Gravesend.
140. Westminster Abbey from Lambeth Palace.
146. Rocks on the River Wye.
153*. Part of Goodrich Castle, Herefordshire.
160. Windmill on a Heath.
167. Great Malvern Church, a sketch.
182. Sands at low water, Hastings.
195. Distant view of Harlech Castle.
240. Greenwich from Sydenham Hill.

No.
248. Vessels at Rotherhithe.
250. Lynmouth Pier, North Devon.
294. Lambeth Palace from Millbank.
296. Cows, Evening.
298. Hay-field, View near Hereford.

1825.

3. Boats on the Thames, near Battersea.
73. Distant View of Greenwich.
75. Llanlltid Vale, North Wales, Morning.
80. View on the Wye.
126. Aberystwith Castle, Evening.
134. Coast Scene, near Barmouth.
140. Evening. 160. Goodrich Castle.
171. Cader Idris, from Kymmer Abbey.
189. Corn-field, Herefordshire. 189. A Sketch.
206. A Heath Scene. 213. Near Rome.
214. On the Medway.
222. Lane near Hereford. 224. Hay-field.
234. Hay on the River Wye. 242. Evening.
263. Billingsgate, from the Custom-House Stairs, low water. 279. A Sketch.
288. Battersea Bridge. 291. Clifton, near Bristol.
295. Graveseod Boats. 297. On the Thames.
302. Morning. 305. Landscape with Sheep.
308. Warwick Castle.
332. Hereford, a sketch from nature.

1826.

2. View on the Thames. 7. A Sketch.
33. Vallis Crucis Abbey. 64. Hay-field.
73. Coast Scene, with Fishermen.
94. Moelwyn, near Tan-y-Bwlch, Merionethshire.
95. Evening.
111. Distant View of Cardigan Bay.
113. Boats on Thames, Greenwich in distance.
120. Snowdon from near Beddgelert.
122. Westminster Bridge.
131. Kenilworth Castle, Evening.
133. The Ion at Talyllyn, North Wales.
175. View between Hay and Builth, Brecknockshire. 189. London from Herne Hill.
193. Lynmouth Pier, North Devon.
204. Snowdon. 231. Lane Scene.
239. Westminster from Lambeth, Twilight.
278. Hay-field, Harlech in the distance.

1827.

8. Dover, from the Sea. 22. Hay-field.
63. Fishermen, Hastings.
65. Part of Kenilworth Castle.
72. Canal, Birmingham. 99. Festiniog.
125. On the Coast, near Towyn, North Wales.
133. Great Malvern, from the Worcester Road.
184. London, from Nunhead Hill.
264. View near Dolgelly.
293. Shrimp-catchers going out.
309. Fishermen on the Coast, Hastings.
315. Corn-field. 324. Scotch Drovers.

1828.

No.
4. Hay-field. 62. View from Kymmer Abbey.
121. London from Greenwich Park.
131 The Grave. 136. Cader Idris, Evening.
155. Ulleswater, Morning. 167. Welsh Drovers.
172. A Windmill.
209. Lynmouth Pier, North Devon.
212. The Dying Brigand, evening.
274. A Heath Scene.
275. On the Beach at Hastings.
277. Dolgelly, North Wales.
283. The Aran Mountain, from the Beddgelert Road. 289. Chelsea Reach.
294. Bolton Abbey.
297. Hastings, Boats returning on the approach of a storm.
310. The Moelwyn, North Wales, misty Moroing.
317. On the Coast, near Towyn.
325. Scotch Drovers.
331. Cader Idris, from the Barmouth Road.
335 Snowdon, Twilight.
342. Boats on a River, Twilight.
352. On the banks of the Thames, Battersea.
355. South side of Cader Idris.
358. The Aran Mountain, North Wales.

1829.

14. On the Thames below Gravesend.
122. Fruit and Flower Market at Brussels.
123. Road Scene with figures.
137. From Little Malvern Hill.
138. Pastoral Landscape.
166. Entrance to Calais Harbour.
169. Landscape. 180. Shepherds.
186. Rocks, near Beddgelert.
199. Vessels off Gravesend.
201. Dutch Hay-boats.
208. Heath Scene, Afternoon. 210. Gravel-Pit.
212. Calais Pier. 220. Returning from Market.
239. Interior of Maentwrog Church, North Wales.
287. Sand Carriers, Calais.
288. On the Coast, Boulogne.
289. Dutch Boats on the Scheldt.
291. Tintern Abbey.
296. Fish-market, Boulogne.
299. Millbank, Thames-side.
301. On the sands at Hastings. 308. Hay-field.
309. Vessels on the Thames, below Greenwich.
320. Wandsworth Common.
321. Boats on the Thames, off Greenwich.
327. Gipsies. 328. Convict Ship, Sheerness.
336. Beach at Hastings. 337. Coast Scene.
344. Gleaners, Afternoon. 372. Coast Scene.
397. Dover.

1830.

17. Cottages on a Common. 24. Bolton Abbey.
61. Cader Idris, Morning.
107. The Severn and the Wye.
114. Village of Mansel.
No.
115. Boats on the Thames.
116. Chelsea Hospital. 117. Shrimpers, Calais.
125. Shepherds. 126. Sand Banks, Calais.
128. East Cliff, Hastings.
154. London Bridge in 1825.
163. On the Coast, Boulogne.
178. In the Garden of the Tuileries.
187. Shakespeare's Cliff.
205. Part of the Tuileries at Paris.
206. Pedmore Church, Worcestershire.
260. Gleaners. 261. On the Coast of Picardy.
264. Coast Scene.
269. Cader Idris from the Barmouth Road.
287. Evening. 293. On the Thames.
294. Drovers.
297. Gleaners Returning, Afternoon.
301. Goodrich Castle. 303. Vauxhall Bridge.
313. Ferry House. 319. Coast, Hastings.
349. On the Lake, Tal-y-llyn, North Wales.
357. Corn-field.

1831.

6. View on the Wye. 85. Pont Neuf, Paris.
104. Brigands. 114. Harlech Castle, Evening.
115. Pont Louis Seize, Paris.
132. A Sketch in Yorkshire.
173. Tal-y-llyn Lake, North Wales.
183. Interior of Halesowen Church.
197. Winchester Tower, Windsor Castle.
202. A Saw-pit. 216. Boats, Hastings.
234. Landscape, with Banditti.
240. Boats on the Scheldt.
246. Rue Vivienne, Paris.
289. Part of Greenwich Hospital.
290. Door of the Church of St. Roch, Paris.
298. Lane Scene, near Hereford.
305. Fort Rouge, Calais. 313. Dieppe Pier.
316. A Heath Scene.
325. Harlech Castle, Twilight.
334. The Arrival. 335. Whitehall.
337. Calais Pier. 338. Bridge in Warwickshire.
347. Cottage near Hereford.
363. Scene in Yorkshire.
364. Chamber of Deputies, Paris.
365. Wynd Cliff, on the Wye.
374. Goodrich Castle. 377. Battersea Fields.
404. Cader Idris.
419. On the River Ure, Yorkshire.
427. On the Wharfe, near Bolton Abbey.

1832.

40. Bolton Castle. 47. Antwerp, Morning.
49. Entrance to Ioner Court, Dudley Castle.
53. A Hay-field. 64. An Interior.
82. Peat Moor, North Wales.
138. Heath Scene. 155. Corn-field.
160. A Rocky Glen. 163. Part of Windsor Castle.
169. Stacking Hay. 185. June.
197. Lane in Herefordshire.
213. Westminster from Vauxhall Bridge.

No.
231. Harlech Castle.
241. Entrance to Haddon Hall. 245. Ploughing.
251. Windermere during the Regatta.
271. Langdale Pikes, Westmorland.
275. Westminster Abbey, from Lambeth.
277. A Rocky Coast, after a storm.
281. Near Dolgelly. 283. Bedroom at Haddon.
302. Pier at Dieppe.
304. Shrimpers on the Coast, Calais.
323. Bolton Abbey.
325. Calais Boats off Fort-Rouge.
327. Coast, Boulogne.
350. Recess in the Drawing-room, Haddon.
362. Rowsley Bridge, Derbyshire.
372. Near Harlech, Morning.
397. Snowdon, North Wales.
403. The Garden, Haddon.
415. On the Coast, near Barmouth.

1833.

5. Landscape, Showery Day.
16. Calais Pier. 20. The Causeway, Boulogne
46. A Brig entering Dieppe Harbour.
68. The Music Lesson. 70. Landscape.
87. On the French Coast. 98. The Proposal.
100. On the Sands, Calais.
112. Coast near Boulogne. 139. Harlech Castle.
221. An Old House at Amiens.
271. Garden Scene. 281. Ploughing.
288. Bridge near Maentwrog, North Wales.
298. From Richmond Hill.
300. Boat on the Thames.
318. Hay-field. 324. Dieppe, Morning.
327. Pont-y-Cysylty, Vale of Llangollen.
329. A Landscape.
330. Returning from Ploughing.
335. Funeral of a Nun.
342. Fort Rouge, Calais, Morning.
350. Staircase at Haddon Hall.
359. Boats on the Scheldt.
361. On the Sands, Boulogne.
366. Melham Cove, Yorkshire.
376. Bolton Abbey.
379. Boats on the Thames.
389. A Road Scene. 399. Shakespeare's Cliff.
401. Lane Scene, Herefordshire.

1834.

21. Bridge over the Derwent, near Chatsworth.
64. On the French Coast.
71. Lane Scene, Staffordshire.
120. Rocky Landscape, with figures.
140. Bolton Abbey.
142. Distant View of Bolsover.
154. On the Castle Walls, Harlech.
162. Snowdon. 181. Landscape, Showery Day.
214. Part of Kymmer Abbey, North Wales.
279. A Villa. 281. Barge on the Thames.

No.
292. On the Coast, near Boulogne.
302. Cernioge, North Wales.
304. Lane Scene, Herefordshire.
315. Penmaenmawr. 317. Heath Scene.
326. View near Ambleside.
328. Road Scene, with figures. 339. Heath Scene.
349. The Lady of the Manor.
351. Lac de Gaure, Hautes Pyrénées.
378. Woody Landscape.
386. Terrace, with figures.

1835.

6. Ulverstone Sands.
145. South Downs, Sussex.
154. Waterfall of Pont-y-Pair, North Wales.
157. Waiting for the Ferry-boat.
167. Showery Day, Bolton.
168. Hope Green, Cheshire.
191. Returning from Ploughing.
199. Heath Scene, with figures.
252. Lane Scene, Herefordshire.
253. Lancaster, Morning.
270. On the Thames, near Gravesend.
274. A Fresh Breeze. 281. Norwood, Surrey.
286. On the River Llugwy, North Wales.
304. Old London Bridge.
312. Market people crossing the Ulverstone Sands.
314. Holyhead Road, Nant Frangon.
325. Bolsover Castle.

1836.

33. Pass of Killiecrankie.
100. Stirling Castle, Evening.
117. Ellerside Peat Moss. 119. Lancaster Sands.
122. Haddon Hall.
135. Bridge near Capel Curig. 138. Lane Scene.
147. Windmill, near Kenilworth.
225. Harlech Castle.
230. Landscape with Fern-cutters.
233. Market People crossing Lancaster Sands.
237. Chatsworth Park.
239. Bolton Castle, Twilight. 243. Heath Scene.
261. Boats on the Scheldt.
263. Bridge near Coniston Lake.
271. Windmill, Morning.
275. Waterfall on the Luggy, North Wales.
281. Landscape. 292. Near Loch Awe.
293. On the French Coast, Evening.
296. Lancaster Sands, Morning.
306. Road Scene, with figures.
309. On the Road from Tremadoc to Beddgelert.
319. Cottages near Bettws-y-Coed.
324. Criccieth Castle, North Wales.
326. Evening. 327. Showery day.
333. Aston Hall. 335. Barden Castle.
337. Snowdon and Moel Siabod.
342. On the Road from Sheffield to Baslow.

1837.

No.
3. Cottage on Gill's Heath, Warwickshire.
30. Mountain Road, Infantry on their march.
138, Landscape, Showery Day.
139. Road Scene. 142. Near Harlech.
151. Heath Scene. 152. Goodrich Castle.
161. Windsor Castle, Morning.
168. Portrait Gallery.
188. Market People crossing Lancaster Sands.
193. Water-mill, near Dolbenmaen.
201. Lane Scene.
243. Landscape, Cattle and Drivers.
250. Pont-y-Cefn, near Capel Curig.
263. Cottage in Surrey. 273. Vallis Crucis Abbey.
274. Calais Pier. 302. Lancaster Sands, Evening.
306. Windsor Castle.
308. Entrance to Calais Harbour.
310. Cyssylte Aqueduct. 319. Haddon Hall.
325. Showery Day. 327. Windermere Lake.
329. Public-House, side of Ulverston Sands.
334. Road near Ulverston.
335. Kenilworth Castle. 351. Ploughing.
362. Corn-field, Mid-day.
363. Evening, Gleaners returning.

1838.

18. Returning from Hawking, Haddon Hall.
73. Ulverston Sands.
78. Louvre and Tuileries from Pont Neuf.
86. Bolton Abbey. 87. Windmill.
103. Kenilworth Castle.
124. On the Coast near Aberdovey.
125. Rocky Scene, Infantry on the march.
139. Road Scene, with Gipsies.
145. On the Thames, near Gravesend.
148. River Scene, North Wales.
154. Pier at Ulverston.
155. Terrace in the Garden at Powis Castle.
166. Near Bolton Park. 167. Gipsies.
170. Garden Scene, Powis Castle.
173. Dover Pier. 179. Ploughing.
193. Landscape, near Woodstock.
220. Lancaster Sands, Morning.
227. Harlech Castle. 265. Castleton, Derbyshire.
296. Powis Castle. 302. Noon, Boys Angling.
309. Going to Market. 316. Penmaenmawr.
323. Going out Hawking.
326. Barden Tower, on the Wharfe.
331. Drovers. 336. A Mountain Road.
345. Stirling Castle, Cavalry on the march.

1839.

10. Market People crossing Lancaster Sands.
20. A Farm in Staffordshire. 22. Boys Angling.
34. Barden, from Bolton Park.
60. The Town Walls, Conway.
71. Going to Market. 83. Bolsover Castle.
94. Cavalry on the march.
100. View near Windsor.

No.
104. Rocky Scene, with Brigands.
112. Cader Idris. 119. A Lane Scene.
125. A Hay-field. 156. Evening.
157. A Sawpit. 164. A Summer Day.
166. On the Thames, Morning.
169. On the Holyhead Road. 190. Bala Lake.
224. A Hay Cart. 236.* Inverary Castle.
280. Battersea Fields. 287. A Mountain Road.
288. A Marine Village, Morning.
297. A Castle in the Olden Time.

1840.

3. From the Tremadoc Road. 15. A Brook.
23. A Forest. 75.* Boats on the Thames.
82. Bay Window in the Portrait Gallery, Hardwick.
89. The Portrait Gallery, Hardwick Hall.
94. Throne in the Portrait Gallery, Hardwick Hall.
108. A Farm-yard. 123. Mill on the Trent.
132. Water-mill in Staffordshire.
145. Mountain Road. 154. Rocky Coast.
172. Harlech Coast. 218. Coast Scene.
244. Pier at Liverpool. 284. A Wood Scene.
290. Bolsover Castle. 297. Hardwick Park.

1841.

38. Noon.
43. Market People crossing the Lancaster Sands.
53. Road through a Wood, Tan-y-Bwlch.
125. On the River Llugwy, North Wales.
210. Landscape, Brigands reposing.
213. Lancaster Sands, from West Bank.
315. Vallis Crucis Abbey.
324. Windsor Castle from Sandpit Gate.

1842.

5. Brook Scene. 33. Lancaster.
82. The old Holyhead Road. 129. Twilight.
148. Distant View of Kenilworth.
150. Corn-field, Kenilworth.
158. Bolsover Castle. 171. Powis Castle.
237. Lane at Harbourne, Staffordshire.
248. Bolton Abbey. 263. Going to Plough.
271. Heath Scene.
300. Gate Tower, Kenilworth Castle.
303. Fern Gatherers.
338. Breiddyn Hills, from Powis Park.

1843.

54. Sands at Rhyl. 57. Penmaenmawr.
130. Cader Idris. 133. Bolsover Castle.
156. Stubble-field with Gleaners.
183. River Wnion, North Wales.
189. On the Wharfe. 199. Sherwood Forest.
237. Wharton Hall.
270. Lancaster Sands, Morning.
281. Harlech Castle. 289. Kenilworth Castle.
337. Vale of Conway.

1844.

No.
16. Summons to the Noonday Meal.
39. Scene in Bolton Park.
62. Mill near Bromsgrove. 103. Bala Lake.
141. Merivale. 228. A Mill on the Trent.
275. Mountain Road, near Harlech.
280. River Scene, Derbyshire. 288. Powis Park.
309. On the River Llugwy.

1845.

32. Distant View of Kenilworth Castle.
59. Gipsies, Early Morning.
60. Market People crossing the Lancaster Sands.
69. Distant View of Brough Castle.
101. Knaresborough Castle. 112. Cloudy Day.
132. Garden Terrace, Haddon.
146. River Wye, near Chepstow.
209. Mill near Conway. 248. Hampton Court.
262. Morning. 318. Evening.
335. Cottages in Cheshire. 338. Midday.

1846.

9. Hardwick Hall. 55. Outskirts of a Forest.
75. Vale of Dolwyddelan.
87. Mill at Bettws-y-Coed.
96. The Wateriog-trough.
138. Ford over the River Wharfe.
149. A Brook Scene. 164. A Mountain Spring.
194. Knaresborough Castle.
216. Cottages at Bettws-y-Coed.
218. Near Atherstone, Warwickshire.
226. Harlech Castle. 275. Corn-field, near Rhyl.
289. Cottages at Rowley.

1847.

45. River Llugwy. 76. Windsor Park.
83. George's Dock, Liverpool.
104. Mill near Llangadoc. 116. Bolton Abbey.
117. East Cliffs, Hastings.
122. Caer-Cennen Castle.
165. Vale of Dolwyddelan.
186. Cottages at Bettws-y-Coed.
210. Mill in Staffordshire. 227. Near Atherstone.
242. Moorland near Kirkby Stephen.
281. Welsh Scenery. 310. Vale of Clwyd.

1848.

32. Going to the Hay-field.
45. Green Lane, Staffordshire.
97. The Skylark. 114. Windy Day.
129. River Trent. 154. Peace and War.
206. Sherwood Forest.
213. Haymaking, Festiniog. 254. Showery Day.
264. A Gravel Pit. 307. Mountain Stream.
322. Rowsley, Derbyshire. 341. Holyhead Road.

1849.

No.
27. Barden Tower. 33. The Night Train.
86. Counting the Flock.
106. The Missing Flock. 138. Cross Roads.
158. Beeston Castle. 233. Lane in Surrey.
256. Going to the Corn-field.
268. Cottages at Rowley. 278. Near Altringham.
305. River Leder. 320. Mill, Bettws-y-Coed.
340. Rainy Day.
348. From the Mountain above Bettws-y-Coed.

1850.

24. Summer. 35. Changing the Pasture.
81. Vale of the Conway, Evening.
133. Beaver Grove, Bettws-y-Coed.
141. Blackberry-gatherers.
143. Cottages near Bettws-y-Coed.
152. The Water Tower, Kenilworth Castle.
171. The Vale of Conway.
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295. River Machno, Pandy Mill, North Wales.
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297. Flint Castle. 355. Farm at Bettws-y-Coed.
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1851.

70. Rocky Scene, near Capel Curig.
102. Going to the Hay-field.
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132. Corn-field, Bettws-y-Coed.
135. Cutting green rye.
138. Laugharne Castle, South Wales.
248. Beaver Grove, Bettws-y-Coed.
265. Moel Siabod. 269. Sketch near Llanrwst.

1852.

10. Cottages at Harbourne.
58. Part of Conway Castle.
129. Bettws-y-Coed Church.
147. Besom-makers gathering Heath on Carrington Moss.
158. On the Llugwy, near Bettws-y-Coed.
198. Penmaen Bach, on the Coast between Conway and Bangor.
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252. Lane near Llanrwst.
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284. Mountain Path above Bettws-y-Coed.
286. Lane near Sale, Cheshire.
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1853.

20. Rainbow. 58. Barden Castle.
78. Near Bettws-y-Coed. 79. Mountain Rills.
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175. The Challenge.
222. Old Road from Capel Curig to Bangor.

No.
238. North-east Point of Great Orme's Head.
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329. Ludford Bridge. 335. Crossing the Downs.

1855.

31. Skirt of a Wood. 32. Flint Castle.
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106. The coming gale.
107. Besom-makers carrying Heather.
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236. Gipsy Encampment. 243. Going to Market.
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1857.

No.
29. Near Capel Curig.
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274. Near Capel Curig.
299. Bolton Abbey, Evening.
307. Near Rhwy, North Wales.

1858.

15. Snowdon, from Capel Curig. 18. Snowdon.
25. Near St. Asaph. 117. Kenilworth.
141. Skirts of a Common. 178. Going to Market.
196. Near Capel Curig. 278. Coast at Rhyl.
303. Bettws-y-Coed. 316. Rhyl, on the Sands.

1859.

11. The Stepping-Stones, Bettws.
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126. Penmaenmawr. 167. Kenilworth Castle.
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In 1815 *&* 1817 *Cox did not exhibit.*

In the South Kensington Museum.

No.
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334. The Belated Traveller.
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1427. The Challenge, a Storm on the Moor.

No.
1505. On the Lune, Kirkby Lonsdale.
1523. Windermere.
1018. Windsor Castle from Sandpit Gate.
2970. Hilly Landscape with figures (unfinished).
2977. Dover Pier. 3028. Water-mill, N. Wales.
49. Sketch of a Ruined Castle.
465. The old Gravel Pits at Moseley, near Birmingham.
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1112. View at Wyndcliffe.

SKETCHES.

In the National Gallery.

Sketch of Harlech Castle, Wales. | Sketch of a Harbour.

Oil-Paintings.

In the Birmingham Art Gallery.

Nettlefold Bequest.

A Herefordshire Village Church, 1818.
Fishing-boats at Hastings, '20.
A Herefordshire Village, '20.
Shrimpers, '43. Windermere, '44.
The Skirts of the Forest, '55–'56.
Welsh Shepherds, '40. Flint Castle, '46.
Tending Sheep, Bettws-y-Coed, '49.
Battersea, '24. Driving Sheep, '54.
Lane Scene, Herefordshire, '40.
Market Gardeners, '50. Cottage Interior, '40.
Bettws-y-Coed Church, '49. Eveniog, '52.
Waiting for the Ferry, '37. In the Hay-field, '55.
A Herefordshire Lane, '43. Driving Cattle, '48.
Waiting for the Ferry (Hunscom's Ferry on the Wye), '45. Sheep Shearing, '45.
Crossing the Sands, '53. The Farmstead, '47.
The Missing Lamb, '52. Bolton Abbey, '52.
Steppiog-Stones, '52. Changiog Pastures, '47.
The Cross Roads, '50. Kilgarran Castle, '52.
Peat Gatherers, '50. Rhyl Sands, '54.
On the Sands, 53. Goiog to the Hay-field, '53.

Fifty-seven other oil-paintings by David Cox from private Collections were exhibited in the Birmingham Art Gallery in November and December, 1890.

LIST OF DRAWINGS BY PETER DE WINT.

In the Exhibitions of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

1813.

No.
43. A Landscape. 52. Stacking Hay.
110. Ploughing. 119. Scene in Yorkshire.
147. Scene in Buckinghamshire.

1814.

24. A Village Church.
160. Moor Game Shooting.
190. Bolton Wood, Yorkshire.
192. Cookham, Berks.
284. Taplow from Maidenhead Bridge.
289. Harewood Castle, Yorkshire.

1815.

130. A Bridge in Derbyshire.
208. Distant View of Lincoln.
212. Windmill, near Lincoln.
266. A Cricket Match.
293. Entrance to a Village in Nottinghamshire.
302. Landscape. 310. Cottages in Somersetshire.
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221. Landscape with Cattle. 265. A Landscape.
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14. Distant view of Ulleswater, Cumberland.
58. Patterdale, Westmoreland.
97. View from the Churchyard at Newnham, Gloucestershire.
106. Neath Abbey, with the Copper Works, Glamorganshire.
117. Pennarth Castle, Glamorganshire.
153. Distant View of Derwentwater.
211. Stackiog Barley.
228. Hastings, from the East Cliff.
271. Briton Ferry, Glamorganshire.

1826.

238. View of Lancaster.

1827.

6. View in Silverdale, Lancashire.
12. Hay-field, June. 43. Lincoln.
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140. Windmills, near Lincoln.
144. Corn-field, Westmorelaod.
161. Dacre Castle, Cumberland.
164. Scarborough Castle. 194. Landscape.
241. Kenilworth Castle. 257. Hay-field.
323. The Keep of Cardiff Castle.
340. Windmill, with a distant Corn-field.

1828.

No.
14. Distant View of Goodrich Castle.
20. Distant View of Lyon. 52. Hay-field.
73. View on the Wye.
87. A Rainbow, View in Norfolk.
110. View on the Coast of Glamorganshire.
132. A Corn-field.
174. View on the Brathy, Ambleside.
182. Evening. 183. Dunstanborough Castle.
258. View in Lancashire, near Levens.

1829.

12. Over Bridge, near Gloucester.
95.* A Barley-field, Norfolk. 147. Elijah.
154. A Corn-field, Lincolnshire. 172. Rouen.
191. View on the Essex Coast.
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359. Lime Kilns, Westmoreland.
363. Tending Cows, Normandy.

1830.

12. Dieppe Castle.
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50. Corn-field in Silverdale, Westmoreland.
65. Lincoln, from the Banks.
86. A November Morning.
90. Corn-field, with Distant View of Lincoln.
108. Fécamp, Normandy.
110. Covendale, Yorkshire. 129. Twilight.
149. Travelling Gipsies, View of Bolsover Castle.
220. View in the Grounds at Bolton.
257. Landscape with Cattle.
290. View of Morecambe Bay.
306. Penrith Castle.
311. View in Glen-Coe, Westmoreland.
361. Castle Rising, from Babingly, Norfolk.

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93. A Rainbow. 108. A Water-mill.
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212. Conway. 222. A Barley-field.
256. Distant View of the Forest Hall Mountains, Westmoreland.
319. A Windmill. 411. Ripon.

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121. Loading Hay. 125. Water-mill near Bangor.
152. Castle Rising. 174. Wynnstay.
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262. View in Norfolk. 395. View in Cumberland.

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89. Distant View of Crnwland Abbey.
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291. Loading Corn.

1840.

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317. Stormy effect on the Cross Fells, Cumberland.

1841.

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156. View in Leveo's Park.
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255. Newark Castle. 261. Vallis Crucis Abbey.
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1844.

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1845.

4. Stacking Hay. 29. Village in Norfolk.
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50. Christchurch, Hants. 82. Ancaster.
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242. A Fair.
307. Distant View of Kenilworth Castle.

1846.

No.
37. Canterbury. 53. View in Ireland.
67. Matlock, High Tor. 84. Bolton Abbey.
107. Dover from the Road to Canterbury.
130. A Water-mill. 143. Harrow.
162. Bolton Abbey and Rectory.
168. Rural Scene, with Horses.
190. Honey Lane Green, Essex.
207. View on Hampstead Heath.
224. Village in Lincolnshire.
243. View in Powis Park. 256. Stacking Hay.
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1847.

12. Water-mill near Corwen.
46. Richmond, Yorkshire. 64. A Corn-field.
106. Matlock Village. 119. A Water-Mill.
270. Kenilworth Castle.
299. Corn-field, near Iffley, Oxon.
300. Distant view of the Clee Hills.
307. Stacking Hay.

1848.

No.
3. Landscape with Cattle.
11. Hay-field near Waltham Abbey.
24. Saltwood Castle. 28. Nottingham.
47. Lympne Castle, Kent. 89. Berkhamstead.
118. Kenilworth Castle. 119. Walton-on-Thames.
135. Vale of Dolwyddellan.
142. Near Egremont. 147. Lincoln.
153. A Corn-field, Lincolnshire.
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335. Stainton Beck, Lincolnshire.

1849.

24. Matlock, High Tor. 34. Windsor.
38. View on the River Dart.
124. Aldbury, Herefordshire.
139. View of Lincoln, from below the Lock.
178. Bray on the Thames. 236. Stacking Barley.
260. Hay-field on the River Witham.
294. Wilsford, Lincolnshire. 326. Kirkstall Abbey.

In 1816, 1817, 1819 *to* 1824, *De Wint did not exhibit.*

In the National Gallery.

Henderson Bequest.

No.
1. Knaresborough Castle.
2. View near Oxford. 3. Lincoln Cathedral.
4. Roman Canal, Lincolnshire.
5. Kenilworth Castle. 6. Bray, on the Thames.
7. Corn-field, Ivinghoe, Buckinghamshire.
8. A Road in Yorkshire.
9. Harvest-time, Lancashire.
10. Cottage and Harvesters.
11. Bray, on the Thames, from the towing-path.
12. Burning Weeds; a Sketch.

No.
13. A Warwickshire Lane.
14. The Trent near Burton.
15. View of Tours, France.
16. Bridge over a branch of the Wytham.
17. On the Eden, Cumberland.
18. Distant View of Nottingham.
19. Hay-field, Yorkshire.
20. Westmoreland Hills.
21. Ruins of Lincoln Castle.
22. A Corn-field; a Sketch.
23. London, from Greenwich Park.

In the South Kensington Museum.

No.
328. Landscape with Cattle.
329. Thornbury Castle, Gloucestershire.
476. The Stonebow, a Gateway at Lincoln.
515. The Cricketers. 516. Nottingham.
517. Walton-on-Thames.
563. The Hay Harvest. 1480. Landscape.
586. Landscape, with Waggon and Cattle.
262. A Mountain Tarn.
263. Ferry of the Severn, near Tewkesbury.
264. Haddon Hall.
265. Shap Fells, Westmoreland.
266. Wilsford, Lincolnshire.
267. Rick-making, near Lincoln.

No.
268. Reapers in a Corn-field, near Lincoln.
269. Tutbury Castle.
270. View near Salt Hill, Bucks.
271. Corn-field with loaded Waggons, near Lincoln. 272. Stacking Hay, near Lincoln.
273. Church on the Bank of a Winding River.
1019. Water-Mill, Cumberland.
1020. Village in Lincolnshire.
1021. Lincoln Cathedral.
1022. A Snow Drift.
3050. Torksey Castle, on the Trent, Lincolnshire.
3051. Cowes Castle. 628. Landscape with Church.
1099. River Scene.

No.
14. View of Gore Lane, with Holy Trinity Church, Brompton.
15. View from Gore Lane, with St. Luke's Church, Chelsea.
439. Courtyard of Haddon Hall, Derbyshire.
1088. Landscape, with Bridge, Windmill, and Cattle.
1195. Beverley, Yorkshire.
1201. Corn-field with Harvesters.

OIL-PAINTINGS.

In the South Kensington Museum.

No.
258. A Corn-field.
259. Landscape, with Lightning playing, and a Hermit entering his Cave.
260. Hay making.
261. Wooded Landscape, with Water, and a Horseman attended by Dogs.
1036. Black Gang Chine, Isle of Wight.

APPENDIX.

WHILE this work was in the press, but too late to be included in its proper place, I received the following letter from the Rev. Alfred J. Capel, which is too characteristic of David Cox to be omitted.

G. R. R.

St. John's Mount, Hereford,
November 27, 1890.

DEAR SIR,

From the catalogue of the Birmingham Collection of David Cox's paintings, I learn you are about to publish a life of that great artist. It has occurred to me, therefore, that any authentic story told of him by those who enjoyed the privilege and the pleasure of his acquaintance during his residence in the city of Hereford from 1814 to 1827, may be of some special interest to you. If, however, I am mistaken in this opinion, I must trust to your kindness to pardon the liberty I am taking in addressing you, a perfect stranger to me.

It appears that David Cox had two particular friends and companions here. One, the late Dr. S. S. Wesley, then organist of Hereford Cathedral, and perhaps the greatest composer of Church music that England has ever produced; and the other, Mr. Edward Smith, a very talented young artist, a native of Hereford, and also a musician of no mean ability. Respecting this friendship, I heard from Mr. Smith himself, who after an absence of very many years returned to Hereford, and died here a short time since at the advanced age of eighty-six or eighty-seven. He informed me that Dr. Wesley and he were frequently invited to David Cox's house

to partake of a plain and homely dinner, the other members of the party being Mrs. Cox and little David their son, a Hereford Cathedral schoolboy. The repast itself did not last very long, but immediately after dinner Mr. Cox and his boy, with the two friends, retired to the studio, when the last published number of the Waverley Novels—then just coming out—was at once produced, eagerly placed in young David's hands, and as soon as the guests were comfortably seated and the father had lighted his cigar and prepared brushes, paints, &c., for work, the boy was bidden to read aloud. That three such men should revel in, admire, and thoroughly appreciate Sir Walter Scott is not to be wondered at, and it was with the greatest delight that Mr. Edward Smith recalled to memory these happy meetings. At the end of each chapter their practice was to discuss what had been read—one pointing out this beauty in the writing, another that, and so forth—David Cox all the while painting away most assiduously. He was constantly at work, said Mr. Smith, at his favourite pursuit, and never cared to be idle. This was evidently due to his great love of the Art, since, as is well known, his only certain income in these days came from his engagement as drawing-master at Miss Croucher's Gate House School, at the Hereford Cathedral School, and from lessons given to a few private pupils. Amongst the latter was a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Taylor, headmaster of the Grammar School. This lady is still living, and is the fortunate possessor of several of her distinguished master's paintings. Hereford and the neighbourhood, it seems, afforded plenty of beautiful subjects for David Cox's canvas, but whether it was that the inhabitants generally failed to appreciate his talents, or had not the means of purchasing his works, we do not know; certain it is, however, that a few only of his pictures are to be found in the cathedral city or neighbourhood, and that he determined,

after a residence of thirteen years, to shift his quarters and try his fortunes elsewhere. So disheartened does he appear to have been with his own want of success in Hereford, that he gave the following piece of advice to his friend Edward Smith, who was desirous to start for himself either as a painter or musician: "If you make up your mind to follow my profession —and there is no reason why you should not succeed in it—let me only recommend you to go east, to go west, to go north, to go south, but never to think of settling in the ancient city of Hereford." Mr. Smith left Hereford, gave up painting, and became the very efficient organist of a parish church.

Among the few genuine works by David Cox now to be found in Hereford, and painted during his residence in the city, are the following :—

	Owner.
"A View from Wye Bridge, Hereford"	Mrs. Johnson.
"Interior of a Welsh Church"	Mrs. Johnson.
"Cows cooling themselves in a lake"	Mrs. Johnson.
Several small sketches	Mrs. Johnson.
"The old Butcher's Row, Hereford"	Mrs. Cane.
"Newark Castle"	Rev. A. J. Capel.

This and the two following belonged formerly to Mrs. Johnson (*née* Miss Taylor) and were given to her, like the others belonging to this lady, by David Cox on his leaving Hereford.

"Welsh Peasants returning from Market" (*an unfinished sketch*)	Rev. A. J. Capel.
"Old Bridge, with women washing" (*a pencil drawing*)	Rev. A. J. Capel.
Three Sketches (*purchased from the late Mrs. Bainham*)	Mr. F. Meyrick.
Four beautiful landscapes representing the Seasons. "Llug Meadows"	The Misses Williams.

Yours very truly,

ALFRED J. CAPEL,

Vicar of St. John Baptist, Hereford.

GILBERT REDGRAVE, ESQ.

INDEX.

*** The names of drawings and paintings are given in *italics*.

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